

## Chapter 88

Ava went to her lessons that day and the day after with all her anger fueling her. She was grateful that the other students left her alone since that display by Zeke and his pack in the cafeteria the other day, but even that was pissing her off.

So she had begged them to stop making her life hell and they didn't listen, but one word out of Ezekiel's mouth, and suddenly even the teachers weren't saying anything to her? In training, the coach hadn't insulted her a single time, even though she could see in his beady little eyes that he was itching to do so. Then Ezekiel informed her that her detentions had been moved to allow her in train a little longer for the mocks. The dean had supposedly agreed. Bullshit. Utter bullshit.

When the coach blew his whistle to signal the end of the session, he told them to try not to die during the mocks and left the room.

She shook her head as she headed to grab some water.

“Ava.”

She turned to watch Zeke approach. It was funny how she had become less formal in her mind, but when she was calling his name now, she always said ‘Master Ezekiel’. He didn’t like that, Tough.

“Yes, Master Ezekiel,” she answered.

She lowered her eyes, but not before seeing his jaw clench.

“We’re using the same training room as yesterday” he said.

“If you’ve got me out of detention, I don’t see why I shouldn’t do my duties here before I come and train. I’m an Omega, just like everyone else here,” she said.

She was so livid about that. Detention was the only place she could have seen Mr. Patrick, but Zeke had ruined everything.

“We talked about this...”

“Oh yes, that’s right. I’m sorry, Master. I’ll do as I’m told.”

She rolled her eyes as she threw her empty water bottle into the trash and started walking out of the training room. The halls were still full of students leaving their respective rooms, but they all moved out of her way as she approached. She would have loved to think that was because of her, that somehow they had seen that she wasn’t too weak in protect herself, but she knew it was because of the brooding, psychotic wolf walking behind her.

A few students were still in the small training room when she opened the door, and they all quickly exited.

“Why are you being like this?”

“I’m following the rules, Master. Is that not what’s expected of me as the lowliest student at this school? Is that not my place?”

Zeke shook his head and said nothing else as he headed to the locked cabinet where they kept the weapons.

“Mocks start tomorrow, and the coach will want to get you guys out of the way before everyone else. That means he will try his best to send you to the Infirmary again, Ava. We can’t mess around.”

Zeke was right. Though they had trained every morning and every evening, she had let her anger with him affect her training. That went against everything her father had taught her. Emotions had no place in this if she wanted to survive.

But this anger she felt towards Zeke was something else. He had treated her exactly the same as everyone else had, but something in her snapped. Like maybe she expected him to treat her better. Like she wanted to mean more to him.

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine, Alpha”

Zeke’s shoulders tensed, and then he turned around to face her.

“I have to worry. If things don’t end well for you, they won’t end well for anybody else,” he said.

What did he mean by that? He had been acting possessive, but would he actually attack the people she was paired with? Surely, he could control himself better than that? He was an alpha!

“If I’m not satisfied with your training tonight, then... just keep your head in it, okay?”

He turned back to pull the two daggers she had used the first time in her weapons training

“Are you sure you want to give the weapons right now?”

“Gave me your best shot,” Zeke said

She accepted the weapons and unsheathed them. Once again, she was struck by how perfect they were. Zeke chose a pair of smaller daggers before he came to stand in front of her.

“You’ve shown more skill than what Coach allowed you to showcase, but I know you can do better. I know you can take care of yourself. I’m not going to hold back tonight.”

And he didn’t. Without warning. Zeke attacked. She dodged, just barely, and turned quickly to face him.

“No one is going to fight fair. Keep that in mind,” he reminded her.

And then he attacked again. Though she was sure he was still holding back, something in her rose at the challenge as her years of training worked in her favor. She used her size against him as she worked the daggers like they were musical instruments, creating a symphony with every move. She could hold her own against anyone, and the fact that no one seemed to think so made her double her efforts.

Zeke pinned her a few times, but halfway through, she got her first win. She was right on top of the Alpha with her blade against his neck. The adrenaline rush from that win carried her through the rest of the session. By the end, she wasn't sure if Zeke was still holding back or if she could actually hold her own against him.

They were both breathless when Zeke called time after her last win

“I won!” she shrieked as she did a happy dance.

She pulled herself back quickly when she remembered who she was with. Zeke had a look on his face that she couldn't describe, but she looked away from him quickly to return the weapons to the cabinet

“Who did you say trained you, again!” Zeke asked as he brought his daggers, too.

“My dad and my brothers,” she answered.

Zeke nodded and then handed her some water. He still looked thoughtful.

“We’ll go shower at home. Just grab your stuff,” he said as he locked the cabinet again. “Then we will eat and have an early night.”

She did as she was told, still experiencing the high of a good training session. For the first time since the coach had told them they would fail, she felt like she stood a chance.

If things continued like this, maybe she could survive the Academy after all.

She was grabbing her stuff from the locker when she saw Emily cowering on a bench at one end. Emily was disheveled, and her eyes were red as if she had been crying. Her face was pale, and there was so much fear on her face as she looked at her.

“Please... I can’t take it anymore. Just tell me what you want from me,” Emily whispered. “I can’t eat, I can’t sleep... I don’t want to die, Ava. Tell me what I should do.”

Had Zeke threatened to kill her? Was that the conversation they’d had after training when she had seen them?

“There’s nothing you can do. I trusted you, and you led me to die,” she snapped as she slammed her locker shut.

Emily’s wail followed her out of the room. Zeke was waiting outside with a frown on his face. He would have heard that conversation, and she wanted to ask questions, but whatever he’d told Emily was none of her business.

“Let’s go. I’m starving”