

Chapter 6: Hiding from Him

ARDEN

Cade took his spot next to Jaxon, completing the four Alphas from the different factions. Seeing them like this, I could feel the immense aura radiating from their bodies. They didn’t glance at each other, but the competition between them was clear as day.

“These four will determine our stay for the next two years,” Tessa continued, her eyes fixed on the stage with a determined expression. “This year, the stakes are even higher.”

I finally turned to her. “What do you mean?”

“It’s a monumental moment,” she replied, “because all of the True Alphas are here.”

True Alphas. How could I forget?

Once upon a time, our country, Fenra, didn’t have any factions.

I was born after the Breaking, so I never knew a united Fenra—only stories of the old days, when one Alpha ruled everything. But the power was too concentrated, and many fell into turmoil. Wolves rose in protest, demanding freedom from absolute rule. After much struggle, the public claimed victory. To quell the chaos, Fenra was split into four sovereign factions.

Each of Fenra’s four factions is made up of dozens of packs. But above them is a bloodline everyone bows to: the True Family.

The Trevanes were the True Family in the West. I didn’t know much about the other True Families, but it seemed they timed their pregnancies close together as all of their sons were now here.

But to keep the peace, there’s the United Faction—formed by the True Families, the most competent workers, and a handful of noteworthy individuals. Together, they form the spine of Fenra’s fragile harmony.

At the center of it all is the **Praetor**—an individual elected by the citizens of Fenra. Neither bound to a faction nor loyal to a bloodline, the Praetor serves as the middle ground. The neutral voice. The face of the people.

One of the United Faction’s most powerful institutions is Elite.

An academy built for the brightest and strongest of Fenra’s youth.

That was as much as I knew about the school—and also why I admired it so much.

“This year, the future Alphas of each faction have joined us!” Mr. Winters exclaimed, snapping me out of my thoughts. “This only happens once in a blue moon! I can’t believe we’ve finally reached a century where this is happening.” An excited glint was visible in his eyes through the large screen.

“Classes will officially start on Monday,” he continued, prompting cheers from the student body. “In the meantime, I want you to familiarize yourselves with the campus. Oh—and how can I forget? All students who attended the general assembly will receive 50 points each!”

Dings echoed across the room, followed by even louder cheers from the crowd.

“Thank you, everyone, and have an elite day ahead!” he concluded, ending his speech.

With that, students began to file out of the hall, but I remained rooted in place.

“Points?” I muttered.

Tessa glanced at me with pursed lips. “It seems you really don’t know much about Elite, huh?”

She held out her hand. “Want to grab some food so we can talk about it?”

“Sure,” I replied, running my fingers through my hair. I definitely needed food to process everything.

We began walking through the halls, and I was about to enter the first cafeteria when Tessa suddenly pulled me away.

“What are you doing?” she asked, wide-eyed.

“Going to eat?”

“Not there, silly,” she said. “That’s reserved for the Elites.”

“But aren’t we Elites?” I tilted my head to the side.

“Not officially,” she replied. “The Opulence Cafeteria is reserved for the wolves with the highest points—or in the freshmen’s case, the richest ones.”

“The segregation is insane.”

“Tell me about it,” Tessa muttered. “But for now, we follow the rules. Come on—the common cafeteria’s this way.”

We entered the cafeteria, and I quickly scanned the room, searching for the person I wanted to avoid. But he was probably in the Opulence hall, so I relaxed a bit.

Tessa and I browsed the food options, and I couldn’t help but gasp softly. The selection was massive, especially for something labeled common. If it was this good here, I couldn’t imagine how luxurious the Opulence cafeteria must be.

I placed some steak and potatoes on my plate and grabbed a strawberry milk. A small smile formed on my lips. It had always been my favorite, even though my mom hated buying it. According to her, it would only make me gain weight.

“There!” Tessa exclaimed, pointing to an empty seat in the corner. We quickly made our way there, but just as I sat down, nature called.

“As much as I want to learn more about this system, I need to pee,” I said.

Tessa chuckled, glancing at me with an amused expression. “The restroom’s to the right,” she said. “You don’t mind if I eat already, right? I’m starving!”

“No, go ahead,” I replied. “I’ll be back in a sec.”

She smiled as I walked briskly out of the cafeteria toward the restroom.

Unfortunately, the women’s restroom near the common cafeteria was under construction. I clicked my tongue, tapping my foot impatiently. I really needed to pee.

I spotted the restroom sign near the Opulence hall just a few meters away. “It wouldn’t hurt, right?” I muttered. Tessa only warned me about going inside the cafeteria, not the restroom next to it.

With that thought, I nodded to myself. Yeah, this was public property.

I entered the fancy restroom and did my business, amused by the ultra-modern toilets. After washing my hands, I stepped out—only to immediately regret it.

The person I wanted to avoid the most was there.

Jaxon was leaning against the wall, kissing another woman who wasn’t Sienna. His tongue explored her mouth like it was a cave, and he gripped her body hard, leaving imprints on her bare skin where her shirt had ridden up.

My heart skipped a beat—but not in a good way.

No matter how much I denied it, there was still an ache in my chest. One that wouldn’t fade, not after loving him for two years.

But then they pulled apart, and that ache was replaced by fear. I couldn’t let him see me. Not yet. I wasn’t ready.

Panicking, I bolted to the closest door, which happened to be the men’s bathroom. I shut it quietly and locked it, holding my breath.

“Ah, really,” I muttered. “I do *not* want to see that bastard.”

A few seconds passed. He hadn’t seen me. I sighed in relief.

But my peace didn’t last long.

“Are you the next person on the waitlist?” a deep voice asked from behind.

I gasped and turned around, eyes widening when I saw another familiar face, with a woman clinging to his side. She was kissing his neck, licking like he was the most delicious thing in the world.

He clicked his tongue and gently pushed her head away. “Don’t leave marks. I already told you that.”

I bit my lip in confusion.

“Answer my question,” he said, raising an eyebrow. “Did you come here for a session? You couldn’t wait a couple of minutes before we finished?”

“N—no?” I stammered, frozen like a deer in headlights.

“You’re unsure?”

I cleared my throat and straightened my posture, forcing myself to meet his eyes. I had no idea what he meant by session, but I was certain I wasn’t next on his waitlist.

“No, Alpha Elias,” I said firmly. “I did not come for a session—whatever that is.”