

The Alpha Train - Oh Good 111[786 words]

Chapter 111

“It took a while for me to come to terms with it. Sylvie as well. In some ways, it felt like I was losing Aimee all over again, having to let go of that guilt. I guess you have to decide if Christina is worth it. It’s not easy. For me, Sylvie was worth it. And I guess I was worth it for her too.”

Thankfully, I didn’t have too much time to dwell on it before Strength class and since I knew Christina had something planned, I was ready for the challenge. I had wondered if she was going to switch to wolf form. As a female, she has an advantage in that form that males don’t. Most she-wolves, especially Alphas, are much more agile than their male counterparts. It’s part of what we train in our sparring when we go wolf to wolf. She-wolves can use their agility to their advantage to take out a larger, stronger male wolf.

As usual, Christina didn’t disappoint. Other than making sure she didn’t get in her head at the ice challenge, she rocked that Beast. All it did was reinforce the strength of my feelings for her. I haven’t felt so proud of anyone since Ryan got first place on the leaderboard..

It was a good day all around with three of the six young Alphas. defeating the beast and the instructor they challenged, since Ezra defeated Daniel after Christina defeated me,

The rest of the day went by in a blur and before I knew it, it was dinner time. I’ve struggled with it all day, but I know it’s only fair to give Christina the token for last night. She earned it. Hell, she deserves the whole fucking **bag** of them for that orgasm last night. I’ve broken her down, watched her fall apart for me, and then carefully put her back together. But this time, she’d broken me down.

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I’d felt shattered and vulnerable, and she’d held me while I pulled myself back together. THAT had never happened before. Suzanne had never made me feel so exposed, never made me explode so completely that all that was left was me, bare to the world.

But that’s exactly what Christina did and then she’d patiently helped me piece myself back together again. And that’s where the guilt had come from. How could a woman that I’ve only known a couple of years strip me of everything so easily when my own mate never could. When I forced myself to think about the answer. I didn’t like it. James is right, I need to decide if Christina is worth me giving up Suzanne all over again. Although somewhere deep down, I already know that she is. If she wasn’t, my wolf wouldn’t be trying to claim her.

I'm sure the others realize that I'm unusually quiet at dinner, but thankfully, no one says anything. Afterward, James stands and excitedly announces that he has some ten-point tokens to give out. We all clap as he gives Tyler and Christina two each, one for defeating an Alpha on the Beast and one for them being first to complete in different forms. Ezra earns his ten points for defeating Daniel and then another ten points when Charlotte announces that he gave her an orgasm through touch. Tyler earns another ten when Haley says he gave her an oral orgasm and then the others begin giving out individual tokens.

When it's my turn, I hand out the ones that I have for others, saving Christina for last. I see her smile as I walk toward her. I hand her the first one easily.

"For the best competition I've had on the Beast in a very long time," I say, watching her smile get bigger.

Then I stare at the next one, fighting against myself and my guilt. "For the best orgasm of my life," I say, finally handing her the coin. I watch her head tilt, and a small frown crease her brow, but I don't wait.

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While the others are howling for Christina, I head back to my seat. seeing James watching me closely.

When all of the coins are given out, I stand to leave, feeling raw all over again.

"Fifteen minutes, Sebastian?" Christina asks, walking over.

"Not tonight, Christina. Tonight's not a good night. We'll talk tomorrow," I tell her, quickly making my escape. I'm feeling too raw with this guilt clawing at my insides.

I get to my room and pour myself a bourbon, shooting the first glass down and then pouring a second, drinking it more slowly.

I'm not at all surprised when I hear the knock at my door. I sigh and open it for her. She's still dressed in the same clothes she was wearing at dinner.

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"May I come in?" she asks.

I open the door and hold up my drink, offering her one.

“Yes, thank you.”

She stands there, watching me while I pour her drink. When I hand it

to her, I finally look at her and see the confusion on her face.

“Have I done something to offend you, Sebastian? Have I done something wrong?”

“No, Christina. You haven’t done anything wrong,” I say, turning away from her. “In fact, you’ve done everything perfectly.”

I stare out the window, seeing her reflection in the glass as she watches.

1. me.

“I don’t understand,” she says softly.

I turn and look at her. “I feel like I’m cheating on my mate,” I tell her honestly.

She frowns. “Your mate?”

“Yes. Suzanne. My dead mate. I feel like I’m cheating on her.”

“Because you’re my partner in the sex class,” she says, as if still trying to make sure she understands.

“No, well yes, but that shouldn’t have been a problem. It’s not like I haven’t been with women since Suzanne died. I’m not a eunuch,” I say,

sighing and shooting the rest of this drink down before throwing myself onto the couch and putting my head in my hands.

I hear her put down her drink and then feel the couch shift beside me.

I turn and look at her, watching her frown at whatever she sees on my face.

“Sex with you, sex with anyone, shouldn’t be better than it was with my fated mate. But it is and I don’t know how to reconcile that within myself. I told you I feel a pull to you. That was already unexpected and probably what is making our time together so incredible. But you’re perfect and I don’t know how to resolve what now feels like. imperfections in my mate. That’s making me feel like a terrible man, like maybe I was never a good enough mate to her to begin with,” I say, my voice getting thick with emotion.

She begins rubbing her hand over my back. “We can stop, Sebastian...”

I shake my head before she finishes. “No. I promised you that I would help you in any way possible.”

“Sebastian...”

“I just need some time to figure this out for myself, Christina. Let’s call this my own hell week. I have to come to terms with how I’m feeling and what that means for my past and my future.”

She leans against me. “I’m here for you. If you need to talk. If you want silent company. If you need to yell. I’ll be here for you,” she says, making me smile.

“You’ve been paying attention in the Dealing with Crisis class,” I say.

She shrugs. “It’s what any good Alpha would do, offer support to someone who needs it. You’ve given me so much support already,

Sebastian. Even today on the Beast, you made sure I didn’t let the ice challenge stop me. There’s no reason why I can’t be a support to you too. Doing this. being in the intimate positions that we are requires a lot of trust for both of us. Trust me that I won’t hurt you. Trust me that I’ll give you whatever space you need when you need it. Just be honest with me and let me know where you are with things. I don’t need to pass this Academy, Sebastian. I’m not taking over a pack. I’m doing this for myself. So, if you and I being partners for the sex class is too much, well, I’ve already earned twenty points and that will be enough

for me.”

I look at her, brushing her hair behind her shoulder. “At the risk of giving mixed signals, I’m not willing to stop being with you. I told you I wanted to see where this goes, and it’s obviously taken a hard left turn for me. But, I’ll figure it out.” I say, stroking my thumb over her cheek. “You need to focus on getting on that leaderboard, which you’re already doing a great job of, and I need to figure out how to let the ghosts of my past go. Once we both get through that, then I want to see where we end up.”

“Is there anything I can do to make it easier for you?” she asks.

“Just be you.” I say, leaning in and pressing my lips to hers. It’s a bit more than a friendship kiss, but I don’t push it any further and neither

does she.

“Thank you for being honest with me, Sebastian. I’ll leave you to your evening. Just let me know if there is anything that I can do to make this casier for you.”

“I will. By the way, how is your body feeling? Will you be good for class tomorrow night?”

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“I’ll still be on my period, but the worst of my sensitivity will be gone. We should be good.”

She stands, walking to the door. “Good night, Sebastian.”

“Good night, Christina.”

When she’s gone, I lean back against the couch. How can I want her so desperately and still feel so guilty about wanting her at the same time? Hell week, indeed.

Mia

Liam asked if we could meet before class tomorrow night so he could get a head start on learning my body. With the others moving forward, quickly earning points for bringing their partners to orgasm, I’m sure he doesn’t want to fall behind. I agreed to meet with him but told him. if he did anything to make me uncomfortable, it would be the last time.

We agreed that we would meet in his room. I didn’t want his scent on my bed and he either didn’t think about mine on his or he doesn’t care. I did make sure he’d washed his sheets. I’m not lying naked on the sheets of a young Alpha. I know too much about what Alphas do while they’re alone in bed.

I knock on his door. When he opens it, he looks distracted.

“Come in, Luna. I put a blanket on the bed hoping that will make it a bit more comfortable for you,” he says.

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I look around. His room is messy, but not the worst I’ve ever seen.

“Oh, you got your clothes today,” I say, noticing the partially unpacked. box of clothes.

“Yeah, no more pink,” he says, running his fingers through his hair.

“Liam, are you okay?” I ask.

“Yeah. You can lie down if you’re ready,” he says. “I can turn down the lights to help you relax,” he says.

“If it makes you uncomfortable to do this here, we can go to the classroom. It’s always available for practice.”

“No, it’s okay, Luna. Unless you want to,” he says, looking at me.

“No, I’m fine,” I say. I take off my robe and lie down, but something is off with Liam..

“Okay, so, I’d like your permission to use my hands and mouth on you, Luna,” he says.

“You have my permission, Liam.”

“Thank you, Luna.”

He begins massaging my arms and shoulders, but something is still off. He’s not usually this tentative. I open my eyes and see him staring across the room. It’s not that I’m disappointed that he’s not ogling me, but in my experience, when a young Alpha sees his partner naked for the first time, they take in her body.

“Liam,” I say gently.

His eyes flash to mine. “Too hard?”

“Liam, what’s wrong?”

He stops and looks at me and something close to torment flashes across his face.

“Who said anything was wrong?” he says, but I hear the catch in his voice.

I sit up, pulling my robe on and look at him.

“What’s happened?” I ask him.

He clenches his jaw, the muscle jumping as his adam’s apple bobs while he tries to gain control of his emotions.

He gets up and goes to the desk in his room, coming back and handing me a card. I look at him, but he turns away from me, walking to the other side of the room.

I open it and begin reading.

“Why am I not surprised that my fuck up of an heir can’t even do the job of an omega. How the fuck do you plan to take over this pack when you can’t do anything right?”

Don't ask me for anything again and if you don't pass the Academy, don't bother coming home.

-Alpha Lawrence"

I read the words twice, feeling pain for this young Alpha. What kind of a father talks to his son like this?

"Liam, come sit," I tell him, patting the bed beside me. He turns and now the tormented look makes perfect sense.

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"Come sit," I say again.

He does, sitting beside me and putting his head in his hands.

I lean against him. "Wanna know what I think?" I ask softly.

He nods but doesn't look up at me.

"I think your father is an idiot."

His head turns up to look at me. "What?"

"He's an idiot. Liam, I hadn't even known you a week, but I saw something in you that made me want to give you a chance to redeem yourself after you fucked up. If your father can't see that there is so much more to you than what you show on the surface, then he's stupid. You have a chance to become an incredible Alpha, Liam. Don't strive to be like your father," I say, lifting the card. "Be better than him. It won't be that hard."

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I wrap my arm around his shoulders. "You hide your emotions behind that false bravado and mask of indifference. But I believe there is more to you than that. I believe in you, Liam. I believe that you will pass this semester. You may not make it on the leaderboard." I say shrugging. "But not everyone does. It's not a requirement to get on the leaderboard to pass the Academy. Focus on what you need to focus on. Do what you need to do, and don't let this idiot get in your head."

He shrugs. "But he's not wrong. I can't even do the job of an omega."

"Liam, do you know how often a young Alpha messes up their laundry while they're here?"

He shakes his head.

"There's always one. Always. Sometimes like this semester, there's more than one. If you asked me to fix my car and gave me the parts to do it, do you think I'd be able to fix my car?" I ask him.

"Probably not. Although, you're smart enough and stubborn enough to figure it out," he says with a hint of a smile.

"Thank you for the compliment, but no. I'd make a bigger mess of my car than it was before I touched it. My skills are not in mechanics, just as yours are not in laundry. We teach you how to do your laundry so you have a better appreciation of your omegas when you go home, not so you'll start actually doing your own laundry. You need to hone the skills of running a pack, managing your people, making them happy and loyal. That's your job. And I think that if you give yourself a chance, you'll be a very good Alpha."

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"You really believe that?" he whispers.

"I wouldn't say it if I didn't. You just have to start believing in yourself. Liam. Become the man and Alpha that you were meant to be."

He pulls me into a hug, holding me tightly. "Thank you, Luna. I'm not sure anyone has ever believed in me before."

"Well, you have an entire Academy of people who believe in you. If you fail, it's only because you didn't try to succeed. I'll be here with you, Liam, every step of the way. If you need talk, if you need to vent, even if you need to cry. We'll keep it between us, and we'll get through it," I tell him.

He smiles, fighting the tears that spring to his eyes.

"I'd still like to try to give you an orgasm tonight," he says.

"Good, because I could use an orgasm tonight," I say, smiling at him.

He taps the bed and stands. I lay down and two hours later, I'm pleasantly surprised that not only is Liam good with his hands, he's good with his mouth. He's surprisingly gentle when he uses his mouth, which is in direct contrast to the strength of his hands as they worked my body into a lovely orgasm.

After he brought me down, I sat up, putting my robe on.

“See, young Alpha? You have a lot to offer someone. It wasn’t the best orgasm I’ve ever had, but it was very good.”

“I’ll strive to do better, Luna.”

“Good. I like having orgasms. We can practice as often as you’d like. And during those times, if you need or want to talk, we can do that too.”

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“Thank you again, Luna. For everything.” he says.

When I leave Liam, I head to the office rather than my room. I want to look up Alpha Lawrence. It still bothers me that an Alpha would be so heartless to his own son.

“Why am I not surprised?” I say when I find it.

It looks like Alpha Lawrence failed the Academy twice before he finally passed, barely, so he could take over his father’s pack. I tuck that bit of information away to share with Liam when he needs to hear it.

Christina

When I left Sebastian’s room, I was too unsettled to sleep. I didn’t touch the drink he gave me, only taking it to ensure that I could stay long enough to find out what was going on. What is going on is so much more than I expected.

I’d seen the way Alpha James watched Sebastian after he gave me the token for the best orgasm of his life. I’d been so proud of myself, but I’d realized right away that something about that was wrong for Sebastian. I should have realized that it was about his mate.

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I walk downstairs, pouring a drink from the bar in the dining room. Never having had a fated mate, I can’t truly understand what it must be like for him. But if I think about Dane and Harper, I can’t ever imagine Dane being with someone like he is with his mate. When he looks at her, it’s with complete and total adoration. His world revolves around her, and I know from hearing him say it over and over that there’s nothing he loves more than hearing his mate’s voice, smelling her scent, kissing her lips. I can expand that to their bedroom activities and if I put Sebastian’s predicament into that context, then I understand his guilt. Dane would be devastated if he ever felt about someone else the way he feels about Harper. They’re your fated mate for a reason.

I sip my drink and wonder if that changes when a mate dies, though. Luna Sylvic and Alpha James seem to have come together. Maybe they had the same struggles that Sebastian is having now. Maybe that was the conversation that he and Alpha James were having this morning.

I've just poured my second drink when I hear Emma's screechy, annoying voice. Not wanting to deal with her at the moment, I take my drink and duck into the kitchen, making sure I'm in shadow so I can't

be seen.

"Emma, I'm sorry, I'm just not in the mood tonight," Noah says, chasing her into the dining hall. She heads straight to the bar, pours a shot, and downs it before pouring herself another one.

'You're an Alpha, Noah. Don't tell me you're not ALWAYS in the mood. You're falling behind, or haven't you noticed? The others are making their partners orgasm but not you! You won't even meet with me individually.'

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"We have class tomorrow night, Emma. I'll do my best to make you come during class."

"Look Noah, just fuck me, make me come, and I'll tell them you gave me an orgasm based on touch."

"That's not how it works Emma. I have to do this the right way," Noah insists. I'm proud of him. Emma's giving him an easy out, but he's not taking it. And personally, I think he's smart to not meet with her individually. I wouldn't trust her either.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Noah? Are you trying to fail this class? I'm giving you the easy out. All you have to do is take it," she insists.

"I don't want the easy out, Emma. I want to do this the right way and earn the points because I deserve them. This conversation is over. I'll see you in class tomorrow night," he says, turning and heading upstairs.

I want to cheer for him and I'm already planning the token I'm going to give him tomorrow night for being so honest. Emma will know that I overheard the conversation, but so what? Maybe that will be the final straw to getting rid of her. I'd rather work more than have her stick around any longer. Luna Josephine will be here Saturday anyway. What's a few days of extra work?

I expect Emma to follow behind him, but instead, she sits down at the bar with the shot glass and the bottle. I watch her taking shot after shot, getting more drunk as she goes along.

“Stupid fucking Alpha,” she mutters. “He probably can’t even get it up.”

Another shot.

“Maybe that’s his problem. Yeah, that has to be it.”

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Another shot.

“You think you’re soooo smart, don’t you, Noah? Well, guess what? I’m the smart one.”

Another shot.

“You’re going to regret turning me down you stupid, fucking Alpha,” she growls.

Now that’s a problem. I don’t know what she intends, but I do know that first thing in the morning. I’m going straight to Alpha James. She’s a bomb about to explode and Noah deserves better.

I wait while she finishes the bottle, fuming at her arrogance. I don’t care what he or Sylvie say, she has to go.

When she’s done, she stands, wobbling on her feet before going to the sink.

“Make sure you wash your glass, Emma. We wouldn’t want that bitch Sylvie to think we’re not pulling our weight,” she mumbles, rinsing out the glass then spitting in it before setting it down on the drying rack. What a piece of work.

She throws the empty bottle away then turns, losing her balance and stumbling headfirst into the edge of the bar.

“Shit, that fucking hurt,” she slurs, putting her hand to her face and stumbling up the stairs.

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After watching her, I decide I may not want another drink for the rest of my life and dump what’s left of mine out before washing both mine. and her shot glass and putting them in the drying rack. I add her

disgusting display to the growing list of things that I’ll tell James and Sylvie tomorrow.

I check to make sure everything is in order in the kitchen, then head up

to bed.

The next morning, I get up and go for my run like always. I wave at Ezra and Tyler who are also out here running before breakfast. While I run, I go through my list of concerns that I have about Emma. I use what I'm learning in Communication class to put them in order so they are clear and concise along with my concerns and my suggestion for what needs to be done. I doubt anyone would suggest anything other than Emma being kicked out, but because this is a good opportunity to practice what I'm learning in Communication class, I go through the steps in my head.

When I get back, I shower, then head down to the dining hall to get coffee and find Alpha James. When I get downstairs, the tension in the room is so thick it feels like you could cut it with a knife. Sylvia, Mia, and Laura look really upset and there's not an instructor **in** sight.

"What's going on?" I ask.

"Emma accused Noah of sexual misconduct," Sylvie says, giving me a look that says she doesn't believe it for a second.

"She has a black eye. She said he hit her when she told him no, Laura says, looking concerned. I'm pretty sure her concern is for Noah, not

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Emma. Based on the looks I'm getting, no one believes her.

The problem is, the Academy has a no tolerance policy for sexual misconduct and Alpha James has always been clear. If there is a difference in the story, he will always believe the she-wolf.

I spin on my heel heading for the office.

"Christina, you can't go in there. They're interviewing them." Sylvie says.

I ignore her. There's no fucking way I'm letting Emma get away with this.

Christina

I knock on the door, hearing the murmuring of voices on the other side and the sound of someone crying. Give me a fucking break.

Sebastian opens the door and when he sees it's me, he steps out.

“Christina, we have a situation. If you need to talk, we can do so when this is addressed,” he says, looking over my face. I’m pretty sure he thinks my fury is aimed at him. He couldn’t be further from the truth.

“I need to be in there, Sebastian.”

“You can’t, Christina. This is a disciplinary action,” he says, the muscle in his jaw twitching as he clenches his teeth. He doesn’t believe her either, but he knows that his hands are tied. It’s Emma’s word against Noah’s and Emma, the cunt, knows it.

“I have information, Sebastian. I need to be in there,” I tell him.

He looks at me a moment before nodding and opening the door for me.

I take a deep breath, mentally switching from Communication class to Dealing with Crisis, then I step into the room.

The instructors are all leaning against walls or desks around the small space. Alpha James is sitting behind a desk and Noah and Emma are sitting in front of him. As I walk in. Noah gets up, running his fingers through his hair.

“Why are you doing this, Emma? You’re ruining my life, for what? Because I wouldn’t have sex with you?”

Alpha James looks up and frowns when he sees me.

“Alpha James, could you give Christina a minute?” Sebastian asks.

He looks at Sebastian, then at me. I’m not sure what he sees on my face, but he nods.

“Thank you, Alpha,” I say, grabbing a chair and turning it so I’m facing the two of them. I have to admit, Emma does have quite the shiner. I’m not surprised with how hard she hit the bar.

“Alpha Noah, please sit down,” I say calmly.

“Christina, you have no idea what she’s doing. What she’s said!” he yells.

“My understanding is that you have been accused of sexual

misconduct. I would like to hear both sides of the story,” I say. Noah looks like he’s moments away from losing control of his wolf and his

sanity.

I see several of the instructors look at Sebastian as if questioning if he knew I was going to do this, but I feel his intense gaze remain on me. However, I don't look away from Noah. He needs to know that I'm totally focused on the situation at hand.

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He sits, leaning over and putting his head in his hands.

“Please tell me your side of the story, Noah.” To his credit, he tells it almost exactly as I saw it last night. The only part he left out was about Emma saying she would lie to get him the ten point token. An

important omission in my opinion.

“Thank you,” I say when he finishes, then I turn to Emma. “I'd like your side of the story. Emma.”

“Well, it's like I told the instructors. I went to Noah's room last night to practice for the sex class tonight. He wanted to have sex, but I told him that we haven't gotten that far into the class yet,” she begins.

“THAT'S A LIE!” Noah screams.

“Alpha Noah,” I say, remaining calm. “You've told your side of the story without interruption. Please give Emma the same opportunity.”

He gets up and begins pacing again, tugging on his hair.

“Please continue, Emma.”

“Well, when I told him that, he didn't like it. He said he's an Alpha and Alphas need to have sex. He said I could tell the instructors that he gave me an orgasm through touch because fucking me was a sort of the same. When I tried to get up and leave, he hit me and then he took what he wanted anyway,” she says, her fat, fake tears sliding down her checks.

“So, you didn't come down to the dining hall last night?” I ask her.

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“No. I went straight from his room to mine. I was so ashamed. But I knew I had to tell the others what he did so he can't hurt another woman ever again.

I lean forward, looking straight into her eyes. I don't know what she sees in mine, but she sucks in air.

"You know Emma, when you plot revenge, you really should make sure there's no one there to see or hear it. Alpha Noah left out one very important part of the conversation between the two of you last night. The conversation that happened in the dining hall," I say and Noah's head snaps to me just as Emma's eyes go wide.

"You are the one who offered to have sex with him and tell the instructors that he gave you an orgasm through touch alone. He declined saying that's not how it works, and he wants to do things the right way, the way he's supposed to. It's a testament to his level of honesty and how much yours is lacking."

"That's a lie! He's the one who wanted to have sex!"

"He left you in the dining hall and what did you do then, Emma? You sat at that bar, and you drank an entire bottle of tequila. The empty bottle is still in the garbage can right where you left it," I say. Alpha Daniel pushes off the wall and leaves the room. No doubt to go find the bottle I'm speaking of.

"And while you were drinking, you talked to yourself. Out loud. You said how Noah would regret not sleeping with you and when you washed your shot glass, what was it you said? Something about making sure that bitch Sylvie knew you were pulling your weight. Of course, then you spit in the glass and left it in the drying rack," I say, letting my disgust at her actions come through my tone.

Yeah, I added the part about Sylvie knowing Alpha James will be even

more infuriated, but it is the truth.

"And then the icing on the cake, Emma." I say, as Noah falls back into his chair, staring at me like I've just thrown him the life preserver that he desperately needed to save him from drowning.

"You were so fucking drunk that you fell, hitting your face on the side of the bar. I believe you even said 'Shit, that hurt.' So, please explain to me, where, in all of that, Alpha Noah threatened you or forced you to have sex with him?" I ask just as Alpha Daniel returns with the empty bottle of tequila in his hand.

"You're lying!" she snarls.

"Am I? Alpha Daniel has the bottle of tequila in his hand, and I'll bet if we swabbed the bar where you hit your face, we'd find your blood and skin tissue. Should we do that, Emma?"

Her lips tremble and I feel Alpha James stand behind me, his angry aura rolling off him in a way that must be extremely uncomfortable for Emma.

“I think I’ve heard enough. Thank you, Christina for bringing the truth to this meeting.” he growls.

I look up and see Sebastian watching me, a proud smile tugging at his lips.

“You’re welcome, Alpha,” I say standing and walking to the door.

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Sebastian follows me, opening the door for me.

“Thank you, Christina. You literally saved that kid’s life,” he says.

“It was the right thing to do, Sebastian. She’s a liar.”

“I think we all knew that, but we couldn’t prove it. Maybe we should talk later about what YOU were doing in the kitchen that late at night.”

“I think you already know the answer,” I say to him.

He searches my face for a moment, then nods. “I have to get back in there.”

“See you at breakfast.”

“Probably not. James and I will have to deal with this.”

“Strength class?” I ask.

“Daniel will have to run it. Can you help him?”

“Of course.”

He leans in and quickly presses his lips to mine. “Thank you.”

I turn, walking back out to the dining hall.

“What happened? What’s going on?” Ezra asks. By now, all of the young Alphas have arrived for breakfast. However, everyone is waiting. to see what happens with Emma and Noah.

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"I saw everything that happened last night. So, I was able to tell the instructors the truth of what occurred," I say.

Sylvie sighs, running her fingers through her hair. "Thank the goddess.

I was kicking myself for not getting rid of her sooner.

"CHRISTINA!" Noah says. I turn and he pulls me into an uncomfortably tight hug.

"You saved my life. I can never repay you for that," he says, his voice breaking. I wrap my arms around him, feeling him fighting his tears of relief. I know he wouldn't want to break down in front of his classmates, so I hold him until he finally steps back..

He takes a deep breath and smiles at me. "I don't know how to thank you."

"You're just lucky I was in the right place at the right time, Noah."

He nods as the others come to encourage him, slapping him on the back.

"What will happen with Emma now?" Tyler asks.

"Oh, she's going home, there's no doubt about it now. And if her Alpha is unwilling to discipline her, James will," Sylvie growls. "She nearly ruined an Alpha, taking away his ability to become the leader of his pack. That sort of behavior cannot and will not be tolerated."

"I'm not even sure if I want to know, but what will happen with me and the sex class? I no longer have a partner," Noah says.

"Josephine will be here on Saturday. Sylvie and I will talk to her, let her know what's happened and that you'll need some extra time to get caught up. I'm sure she'll be willing to meet with you, Alpha Noah,"

Mia says to him.

"Maybe it's good that I have the week. I'm feeling a bit uncomfortable with the idea of touching a woman at the moment," he says.

"Don't let her ruin this for you, Alpha. Emma is the exception, not the rule." Laura tells him.

He nods and we all stand by and watch as James and Sebastain lead a restrained Emma out of the office and into the dining hall.

“Alpha Daniel will be running the Strength class today. Mia, Christina has agreed to assist as well, if needed. Charlotte, I’m assigning you to Alpha Benjamin as his assistant this week until Luna Josephine arrives. If you have any questions, I’ll be back this afternoon,” James says, before leading Emma away.

James

I’m so furious that I could snap this girl’s neck. We all knew she was lying but there was no way for us to prove it. Not until Christina walked in. That woman will be getting a boatload of tokens tonight. Emma on the other hand...

We have two cells on campus. I had them installed when we had an incident with an Alpha who actually was inappropriate with an assistant, and I had to fucking babysit him all day while I waited for his father to come get him.

When we get to the cells, I uncuff Emma and shove her inside. She turns like she’s about to say something, but I hold up a finger.

“Don’t say a fucking word. You nearly destroyed that kid’s life with your lies, and I am this close to snapping your fucking neck,” I snarl, holding up my fingers so she can see that there is no space bet

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them. I am DONE with her.

Her eyes go wide, and she steps back. I guess she’s not entirely stupid. Or she at least has some sense of self-preservation.

Once she’s locked in the cell, I look up her Alpha’s number while Sebastian calls to get the train to go get him. The only way to and from the Academy is by train, so in times like this, we have to send the train to get whoever will be picking up the person.

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I dial the number for Alpha Axel’s pack and get a pack member. I ask for him and wait for him to answer the phone.

“Alpha Axel.”

“Alpha Axel, this is Alpha James from the Alpha Academy.”

“Hello Alpha, is everything alright?”

“No everything is not alright. You sent me your goddess-damned problem, and she’s made a huge fucking mess of things here,” I snarl into the phone.

He sighs. “What has Emma done now?”

“She lied and nearly got an Alpha expelled because she claimed sexual misconduct. Thankfully, their conversation was overheard, and we were able to clear the young Alpha’s name.”

He sucks in air. “Fuck!”

“Now, **I’m** guessing you dabbled in that little bit of fun, and she made your life miserable when you found your Luna. Am I on the right track?” I don’t wait for an answer. “So, you dropped your problem into my lap which makes you just a culpable as she is for putting this Alpha’s career on the line. The council will be hearing about this.”

“Fine. I’ll be there by the end of the week to get her,” he says.

“You’ll be here by the end of the day to get her. She’s not my fucking problem anymore, she’s yours. You should never have sent her in the

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first place. Get your ass here and deal with your problem. The train is already on its way.”

I can imagine him scrubbing his hands over his face. “Fine. I’ll be there. this evening.”

I end the call and turn to see Sebastian watching me.

“Fucking asshole.”

“Are you surprised? He hasn’t been out of the Academy that long and he slept around when he was here,” he says.

“No, I’m not surprised. I’m fucking disappointed in him,” I growl as Sylvie walks in with three trays of food.

“I should have kicked her out the other day,” she says. I can feel her guilt at what almost happened to Noah.

“Don’t. You gave her a chance, just like Mia gave Liam a chance. One made the right choice, one didn’t,” I say, pulling her into my arms. I bury my face in her neck, taking deep breaths of her scent to calm. myself.

She nods against my chest. "I already talked to Will about running Sensory class and Alpha Benjamin has the heightened sense of hearing, so he'll work with Christina and Ezra. I doubt Alpha Axel will be here by lunch time."

"Probably not, but he better be here by dinner time," I say.

I give Emma her food and when she asks for utensils, I growl that she can use her fucking hands.

Since we have time, I take the opportunity to follow up with Sebastian.

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11

"How are things going with Christina?"

He shrugs. "I was honest with her. I think that's why she was downstairs last night, thinking over what we'd talked about."

I let the coincidence of their talk and Noah's salvation settle in my mind. He is one lucky kid.

"And how are you after your talk?" I ask him.

"Still conflicted. How can I want her so desperately and still feel so guilty?" he asks, putting his head in his hands.

I look at him, really assessing him. Seb and I have been friends for years. I know this man almost as well as I know myself. I'd trust him with my life and more importantly, I'd trust him with my son's life. I haven't seen my friend struggle like this since he lost Suzanne.

"Are you in love with her?"

"I don't fucking know," he says, his voice tormented.

I lean forward. "Would it be so terrible if you were?" I know I'm not one to talk, but Seb's situation is different than mine. Christina never met her mate. She doesn't have the guilt that Sylvie and I, and now Sebastian have to get through. She's not holding on to a memory of someone that she can never have again.

"I've given us both some time. She needs to focus this semester, and I need to get my head straight about this. I won't lead her **on**. I won't start something that I can't finish. If I go in, I'm going all in. But I'm not there yet. And until I know that I can get there, I won't do that to her."

“I respect that. But what does that mean for you being her partner in

the sex class?” I ask, knowing that level of intimacy makes everything so much harder.

“It’s one thing for her to be your assistant. You can keep a level of professionalism there, and you don’t have to take things all the way. But as her partner, you will. And knowing Christina’s need for perfection, it won’t just be once.”

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“She offered to stop,” he says, surprising me.

“And what did you say?”

“I told her that I’d promised that I’d be here to help her and I’ll do that. I just need a couple of days to get my head straight.”

I stare at my friend, waiting until he looks up at me.

“Are you lying to her or are you lying to yourself? Being with her isn’t going to get your head straight and it sure as hell is going to take more than a couple of days,” I tell him.

“I refuse to let her down. She’s doing this because I encouraged it. I’ll handle my own demons. She deserves every possible chance to get on that leaderboard.”

“You know I’m always here if you need to talk,” I tell him.

“Yeah, I do. Thank you for that.”

It’s nearly dinnertime when the train pulls back into the Academy. Sebastian and I walk Emma out to the train where Alpha Axel meets

1. us.

I watch as Emma brightens, as if her Alpha will be her salvation.

“Alpha Axel,” she says, smiling at him.

His angry demeanor doesn’t change. “Get on the train, Emma. You had one chance to make things right and you fucked it up. You nearly cost an Alpha his title and that is inexcusable. I don’t want to hear a word

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out of your mouth. I’ve already talked to the council, and you will face

trial for your actions in two days. Until that time, you will reside in our pack's cells."

I watch her face fall, and tears begin to stream down her face.

"But Axel...

"ALPHA Axel! And I said not one word. Don't think I won't muzzle you if you don't listen. Get on the train," he snarls.

She nods and gets on the train. Thankfully, it looks like Axel brought his Beta and some other warriors so it's not just the two of them. He was smart to make sure he has lots of witnesses.

"I apologize Alphas."

"Alpha Axel, if you ever send me one of your problems again, you will answer me, understand? This place here, this is MY pack. The people here are under MY protection. I take that as seriously as you do."

"Understood, Alpha. It won't happen again."

"Safe travels," I tell him and turn. Sebastian and I have just enough time to get to dinner and give out those tokens.

Sebastian

Like a fucking addict, I can't wait to see Christina. I haven't seen her since this morning when I got to see the glorious Alpha that she is. I was so proud of how she handled herself. And something deep inside me, something instinctual that comes from my wolf felt proud that she is OURS. That feeling has done nothing to help the torment going on inside me.

The moment I see her in the dining room everything that has felt off all day settles, like she's the safe harbor in a ravaging storm.

Her

eyes find mine with a question. I nod and she smiles. We're good. And since I'm a fucking addict, I can't wait to get my hands on her tonight in sex class. It's been too long since I touched her.

After dinner and before we give out tokens, Benjamin calls the instructors over for a huddle.

“I want to give Christina a ten-point token for actually dealing with a crisis. I think she did a great job and while she wasn’t exactly textbook, she was pretty fucking perfect in my opinion,” he says.

“I was thinking the same thing. She walked into a shitshow and handled it like a pro,” James says. When we all agree, James smiles walking to the center of the dining room.

“Before we begin individual tokens tonight, we have a ten-point token to hand out. Alpha Christina,” he says, pulling out the ten-point token. “You handled a crisis this morning with poise, confidence, and composure. You interviewed both parties, maintained control of the situation, and then presented your facts in an orderly fashion, the results of which, saved Alpha Noah’s position here at the Academy.”

Everyone begins clapping. Noah stands up, staring at Christina with something that looks close to hero-worship as he claps. James hands her the ten point token, and then an individual one.

“It may have been luck, but you provided the truth I needed and couldn’t get on my own,” he tells her.

As we go around giving out tokens, I watch the exchanges. A lot is happening around the Academy that we, the instructors, don’t see. That’s not uncommon and it’s why we allow everyone to give coins.

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Mia gives Liam tokens for honesty and vulnerability, and he, in turn, gives her two for listening and supporting him. She gives him a third, announcing that he gets a ten-point coin for giving her an orgasm through touch alone.