

Chapter 133

“Yes, Mr. Michelson. So please sit down, and let’s talk about Ava.”

Ava stopped inspecting Zeke’s throat to look at Mr. Patrick. Why did he make that sound so ominous, as if he thought something was wrong with her?

“The day is almost over. We need to talk about the Head of Council and what he wants,” Ava insisted as she went to take the seat next to her father in front of Mr. Patrick’s desk.

“The longer I watch you. Ava, the more I’m convinced I know what they want,” Mr. Patrick said.

Zeke sat beside her, meeting her gaze curiously before they both turned to the professor.

“And that is?” she asked

“The purpose of this school isn’t just to keep people in line and equip the future leaders with the skills to lead.” Mr. Patrick said. “They also root out their future assets and their future threats.”

“And what does any of that have to do with me?” she asked in exasperation.

“Shall I make a list!” Mr. Patrick said. “You’ve made several trips to the infirmary, where they never found any injuries. And that’s even after someone beat you and left you bleeding on the ground.”

“What!!” her father roared. “When? Who did it?”

She knew what her father would do if he got the names. It was why she’d never snitched on any of the pack members when they bullied her.

“I believe that problem was taken care of. The student is already presumed dead, and the Council has remained secretive about the outcome of that Investigation.”

“They told me they found Claire.” Zeke said. “I assumed she was thrown into isolation for attacking Ava, but I haven’t caught her scent yet.”

They had? When? Why hadn’t he told her this?

And what did he mean he assumed they had thrown her into Isolation? He knew what he had done to Claire. That wolf wasn’t coming back.

Mr. Patrick looked at her sharply before he looked at Zeke. He’d heard her! Crap. She’d just mentally confessed to being an accomplice to this terrible crime.

“Did they say they found her alive?” Mr. Patrick asked.

Zeke frowned thoughtfully before he turned to look at her.

“No.” he said, answering Mr. Patrick’s question while his gaze was locked on hers.

But why was he looking at her like that?

“So first, several students disappeared, and then you went into the forest. The Council didn’t come here for those students; they used that as an excuse to see the ones who had survived the cursed forest. Then, instead of laying low with all those eyes on you, you still beat an Alpha twice and used an Alpha command on an Omega.”

“That’s ridiculous!” she argued. “That boy is not much of an Alpha; anybody can beat him! And that Omega can’t fight to save her life. I’ve been training with Alphas all my life; I know how to take care of myself. That was a command but not an Alpha command.”

“Okay, then explain the healing.”

She had no choice but to reveal Jared’s secret now. She wasn’t going to keep them talking about this nonsense when they could be devising a plan to escape.

“I used a cream my friend gave me. I used to get black and blue when I first started training. That cream helped me heal.”

“What sort of cream works on broken bones?” Mr. Patrick asked

Her father tensed beside her. She put her hand over his to calm him.

“I don’t know. I didn’t think to ask what the ingredients were,” Ava answered sarcastically. “I get what you’re saying. All these unfortunate things brought me on their radar, so how do we get out of it?”

“Did the cream also protect you in isolation? Did it help you survive the forest? Most people get consumed by it within seconds, but here you are. They own that forest, Ava. They know what it was supposed to do to you.”

“I don’t know how any of that happened,” she said in exasperation

The time after was still a bit hazy, but she knew it was tied to Zeke. . The moment he had come home and kissed her, all of that darkness and pain had melted away.

“So it’s Mr. Michelson who was the catalyst?”

“Stop going into my head!” she snapped.

“I have to. Ava, because this isn’t a game, but you insist on secrets. We can’t discuss getting you out of here because there is nowhere to hide. The same magic that found you in a remote pack to give you your invite to this school is the same magic that will find you wherever you go,” Mr. Patrick shouted.

Though he was always annoyed with her, she had never seen him this agitated. She didn’t say anything else as Mr. Patrick took a moment to compose himself.

“I know she’s your child, Roland, but you need to listen to me. She is safer here, even if they own this place. I can help her here.”

“She’s not ready” her dad said.

“You need to trust me,” Mr. Patrick sighed. “And she’s been marked by an Alpha. I think she’ll be okay.”

Though her cheeks colored when they spoke so casually about her mark, she unconsciously raised her hand to touch it. There had been no pain even though he had drawn blood, and it felt like it had healed already. She could only feel the bumps left by his teeth, which was a little strange. Claire’s bite mark had healed entirely by the time she had regained consciousness.

“So shall we start from the beginning?” he continued. “Tell me what happened the day the students disappeared.”

She sighed and put her hand down. They would not get anywhere until Mr. Patrick laid out all her dirty laundry.

“Emily said she wanted to make it up to me for being a bitch to me by taking me shopping. I supposed that was my fault for trusting her. She led me into an ambush. Claire had her friends block the exits, and then she...”

She’d thought she was dying that day.

She felt both Zeke and her father tense as she spoke, but it was Zeke's anger she felt the most. He had seen the state she'd been in.

"I passed out, and the next thing I know, I woke up covered in blood, and they were gone."

Her father let out a sound that had her looking up at him.

"What?"

She couldn't tell what he was thinking.

"Have you... Have you been having nightmares about that day?"

Why would he ask that in front of other people? She'd been plagued with nightmares and panic attacks all her life, that in public. Though she supposed that if Zeke was serious about being there forever, she would have to talk about them with him. He'd already been in her bed for a few of those.

"Yes," she answered.

"And in your gut, what do you think happened to those students?" Alpha Roland asked.

She looked away from his probing gaze. She'd already made that confession mentally, but now she had to say it out loud. It was the only way they could finally put this incident behind them.

“They’re dead” she answered “Zeke came to save me, as he always does.”

“I... I didn’t. I was on a call with my father when you came up the driveway covered in Claire’s blood,” Zeke said quietly.

“What? I don’t understand...”

She’d heard his growl. She’d seen how terrified Claire had been before she passed out.

But still, her screams and all that blood plagued her nightmares. As if she had seen it.

She looked down at her hands and could almost see the blood on them. And the claws, ripping into their flesh...

“L... I need some air,” she said as she stood.

That didn’t make sense. It was impossible.

“It happened the same way when you were a pup, little one,” her father said gently.

“It’s not the same. It was an animal attack,” she said, backing away to the door.

It couldn’t be true. It wasn’t her. She was not a killer.