

Chapter 167

Ava walked into Mr. Patrick's lecture room straight after her last class. It had been surreal morning. They hadn't learned much because whatever Mr. Hansson had done to the student Omegas, he had also done to the teachers and instructors.

If a spell had been cast on them because of her, the least the Council could have done was release them. But instead, she'd seen wolves jump at shadows and any sudden movement of noise. All the Omegas were a mess. It wasn't right.

She closed the door and looked at the man who could appear and disappear at will, the man who had insisted from the beginning

that he could help. He'd said he had seen the Head of the Council before, so he had to know what they were dealing with. How could he be so sure that this was a battle they could win?

"Winning? I don't know," he said as he walked over to the door and then touched it. "The Council is spread all over the world; we would never win against their full force. But we have the chance to cut off their head

and maybe inspire others to take a stand, too. People have remained quiet for far too long

“Because they know they can’t win, she mumbled as she walked to the first row to sit down.

“Where’s my father?”

“One moment,” Mr. Patrick said.

When she turned to him, she was already alone. Gripping the fabric of her bag tightly in reaction, she looked around the room. Mr. Patrick was not a witch that much was certain. The female Council member was a witch, but she was sure that Iulia could not do what Mr. Patrick did.

And a moment was all it took because when she looked back to the front of the room, the professor was standing there with her father.

She dropped her bag on the desk and rushed to him. She had been so angry when she had seen he was still there, she still was, but it felt good to have his arms around her again.

“You should have gone home,” she said against his chest.

“You knew I wouldn’t.”

That was why she had asked Zeke to command him to go. But now she had to accept that her dad was stuck there like the rest of them, and the Council would use him to get what they wanted.

“How could you do this to the boys?”

“They knew what could happen when I left them to come here. Caleb has stepped up as Alpha. They will be okay,”

She sighed as she let go of him. Nobody would be okay.

“Why can’t you just do that thing you’ve just done and take us out of here,” she asked Mr. Patrick.

“I can’t go past the forest,” Mr. Patrick said as he walked over to his desk. “Unless someone destroys it. I’m stuck here probably for the rest of my life.”

She couldn’t imagine having to live surrounded by that dark magic for the rest of her life, though she supposed if the Head of the Council had his way, she would be.

“What is he?” she asked. “He’s not a vampire, but I felt some sort of compulsion in the assembly. He’s not a witch, but he’s put a spell on the Omegas. Ever since he arrived, there’s been a dark aura over the school, like in the forest.”

“He,” Mr. Patrick started as he leaned on his desk and looked at her, “is just like me. Only worse.”

“Okay, but if you don’t tell me what you are, that means nothing to me.”

Mr. Patrick frowned and asked, “Have you not spoken to your mate? I think you need to.”

“We’ve been busy.”

And then her cheeks colored because she remembered they all knew what she had been busy doing.

“I’m Fae, Ava,” Mr. Patrick said.

She still didn’t know what it was.

“You won’t find any mention of us in the books in your library because Oskar Hansson eradicated most of us when he first formed the Council. Ask Ezekiel to explain”

“The Council has been around for many generations,” she stated, which meant Mr. Hansson was older than dirt. They had no chance.

“I’m also ‘older than dirt’. And I told you I have people who can help, people like me,” Mr. Patrick said as he pulled something from his jacket pocket.

It was a little case; when she opened it, she saw a vial with a colorless liquid. What would it do? Make her stronger! Give her powers to help her light? Make her disappear out of this awful place?

“Nothing of the sort. This will help you to focus. Bring more clarity so you can communicate with your wolf. Because after what he did in assembly. if you can’t even use your wolf’s strength to shield your thoughts and memories, all this will be over before we begin.”

She reeled back from Mr. Patrick.

“Then why didn’t you tell me this before you told me your secrets?” she shrieked. “I felt what he can do. He’ll see everything; I can’t shield from him.”

“But you did shield, Ava. You did shield, or you would have been the same as all the Omegas that were sitting with you,” Mr. Patrick said. “So he’s going to come at you stronger, test your limits.”

“You’re almost there, sweetheart. Your scent has changed,” Alpha Morgan said. “Just push a little harder to get past whatever is blocking you.”

Her scent was different? She felt a little hope flare up inside her.

“Just remember that the three Council members have a special bond. If the witch is with them, they can read your thoughts and share their strength, so you have to be more diligent when shielding. But you must always shield when you’re near the Head of the Council, no exceptions.”

“What sort of bond? Can it be broken?”

Mr. Patrick’s attention turned to the door, and then he stood up and walked towards it without answering.

“We have to go: I can’t do this spell for too long with them here. Take that potion as soon as you can, somewhere safe. Hopefully, you’ll be more shielded at our next meeting, and we can discuss specifics.”

He chanted something and touched the door, and then the next moment, he and her father were gone. She went to get her bag and put the case in

the bottom before she rushed out of the room. She didn't want anyone to see her coming out of Mr. Patrick's room and start to put two and two together.

Why would Mr. Patrick tell her what he was now when he knew that secret could be snatched from her head? Now, she would have to constantly think of kittens because her mind wasn't safe anywhere.

She turned down the hallway leading to the exit and stopped in her tracks when she saw who was coming into the building.

Zeke. Zeke and the huge wolf Council member. Seeing them side by side was a little jarring because it occurred to her that they were so similar. Their built, the dark aura around them. Though the councilor was a little bigger than Zeke, her mate would probably be the same if he also lived as long.

Did that mean the councilor's wolf was like Zeke's Bigger than any other, capable of ending a life with just one snap of his jaw?

"Ah. Your little mate," the councilor said as they approached her.

She mapped out of her thoughts and looked into his blue eyes. She hoped the witch wasn't near because she had forgotten to shield. She had already failed the first test.

"I know why you chose her. She's quite inventive, though a little too inexperienced for my taste."

She knew he was referring to how she had shielded her thoughts from them at their first meeting.

Zeke's eyes flashed red, but he didn't respond.

"I will see you later, Miss Morgan," the councilor said. "I hear today's training session will be a killer."

And then he smiled, a smile that sent a cold shiver down her spine.