

## Chapter 168

Killer training session.

These words had been running through her mind the entire time she'd been setting up the training room.

Was she to be executed then? Had they decided to make their move? She wasn't ready to die. She hadn't hugged her father before Mr. Patrick had taken him out of the room, and the last real conversation she'd had with Zeke had been stilted because she'd been so disappointed with him.

She finished her tasks early and went to sit in the bleachers to wait for her fate. Or, instead of waiting to die, she could go and break into the weapons room and get a pair of daggers. It was one thing to tell everyone she would fight and quite another when faced with the situation. She couldn't be sure if her wolf would come when she was in danger as it had done before, so it was better to be prepared.

The Omegas took longer than usual to finish setting up. She could see they were still affected from the morning. Would the Council release them from the spell after they were done with her? Would they even remember what they had done? At this academy, Omegas were invisible

unless they stepped out of line or broke the rules, She doubted Mr. Hansson would even think about them.

The class started to fill up; she'd missed her chance to get some weapons. This was it. No more of the Council's stupid games now; they could just get this over and done with.

When Claire walked in, she tracked her with her eyes across the room. Her anger at that wolf had sealed into something more controllable, but she still felt it. She expected Claire to turn her head and look at her, but she didn't. She went to the front of the room with her group of friends and stood there without an expression on her face. Stood there in perfect formation as if they were soldiers. Their dark aura filled the room as it always did.

The other students kept their distance from them. Even Douche Dexter looked wary as he made his way to the bleachers. Were these wolves to be her killers? Poetic justice? She'd killed them first, so now they were going to kill her!?

When Coach Henderson walked into the room, she saw his hesitation as he looked at Claire and her friends. There was worry on his face and a mixture of sadness and anger. The coach had to know what was coming.

He walked to the bleachers to stand in front of them, and his gaze drifted to the wolves standing still at the front of the room.

"I know I said we would be moving on to the next part of our training schedule this week, but there have been some changes," the coach

started. He looked at her directly for a moment before he looked down at his clipboard.

“The Council was impressed with the matches at the mock evaluation, and they are trying something new to...uh, to motivate you.”

As he said that, the door opened and other students started to walk in. It was the beginner class. The wolves, witches and vampires had not yet had enough training to fight properly. The Omegas in the class were still visibly shaking as they tried to hide behind everyone else. Had they all been asked to come and witness her death?

Coach Baxter walked in after them, a frown on his face as if even he found what was about to happen disturbing. But that was odd because she was sure the coach wouldn't mind if she died.

When the Beginners were all sitting in the bleachers, Coach Baxter went to stand next to Henderson, and they exchanged looks.

Moments later. Zeke walked in, looking larger than life. His gaze found hers immediately, and his eyes briefly flashed. Had he been told? The fact that he would fight with her because he was the strongest on campus was a given, and that broke her heart. She should never have mated him. Zeke walked to the front of the room but kept his distance from Claire and her friends.

The door opened again, and in walked the three Council members. The men were still dressed in suits, and the witch had a dress that hugged every curve of her body, which probably cost more than all her family's

worldly possessions put together. They looked like they were going out instead of watching a murder.

Tensions rose higher in the room when the three of them smiled as they walked towards the bleachers—smiled as if they couldn't feel all that fear in the air. Or they could feel it but they got off on it.

The three of them looked right at her, and their smiles widened, reminding her they could get into her head. She had to shield but couldn't see herself pretending to have a foursome with them again. They were beautiful on the outside but rotten inside. She would much rather think of her nailing Coach Baxter.

“That’s very hurtful, Ava,” the vampire Laughed, showing the tips of his sharp, deadly fangs as the front row of the seats cleared for them.

She looked away from them when the other students turned her way and kept her thoughts on the situation. Sooner or later, everyone would realize she was the one who had brought the terror of the Council to the school.

“Councilors Luca, Dalca and Lupei will be our guests in training while they are here,” Coach Henderson continued. “In preparation for the end of the semester evaluations, today’s matches will have the same rules. That means no holds barred. No mercy, Strike to incapacitate as quickly as—”

“Strike to kill,” the Alpha wolf cut in.

She sucked in a breath. What was the meaning of this This was a school. They were training for the future. They couldn't just kill students for the fun of it.

The Alpha laughed as if watching everyone's reaction was a joke to him.

"I'm just joking, Coach Henderson," he said. "This is a school. We're training the students for the future. We don't just kill them for the fun of it."

Word for word, what she had just thought. She wondered if she would get into trouble for thinking about her middle finger if she didn't act on it. The coach visibly relaxed and then looked down at his clipboard.

"We do, however, expect maximum effort from every student. The fight is over only when we say it is. Anyone who gives up will be dealt with accordingly."

What was this? Were they expecting her to be killed in a match and make it look like an accident? Her gaze strayed to Claire, still standing in the same spot. She already knew who her opponent would be.

"We will be going Beginner against Intermediate like in the evaluations," the coach continued.

What? The beginner class had already shown that they still had a lot to work on before attempting to go up against the next level again. She failed to see how that would be beneficial to anyone.

"Our first pair. Emily from the beginners," Coach Henderson started.

She didn't even have to look to know the Omega was a trembling mess.  
It was worse now with whatever spell had been cast on them

“And Ava.”