

Chapter 103

He was coming for her. He would finish what he started.

Ava didn't know how she knew this, but it was like her whole body was waiting for Zeke, and that terrified her.

She had no idea what had just happened in the arena. The moment she saw Emily walking to the ring, she felt like a different person. She felt so strong as she finally did what she had wanted to do since her former friend turned on her. And then she turned around and saw Zeke's glowing eyes. She was instantly lost.

Her first instinct had been to run, and just like that, the hunter had become the hunted. But she'd only exited the arena when she realized it was pointless. Then everything became a blur after that. She had been so crippled with need that she would have let him do anything. She would have so readily become his plaything.

He was an Alpha, for Goddess' sake! The future Alpha of the largest pack in the country. Claire had been right about one thing - he couldn't be with her. If life with her pack had taught her one thing, it was that no matter how inclusive or ahead of the times a pack was, no wolf wanted to be with a human.

It was why she was still a virgin. It was why her first kiss had been Zeke just before he had gone and kissed his girlfriend in the dining hall.

So, whatever she was feeling right now, she had to put a stop to it. She had no future at the academy or with Zeke. She had never felt anything so intense that she knew that if she gave in, it would be the end of her. Zeke would use her until he was tired of her, and then he would go off and continue his life as an Alpha. He would even go on to mate someone so he could provide a Luna for his pack.

Her breath caught at that thought.

Pain Lanced through her heart as she pictured Zeke doing the mating ritual with someone more suited for him. So much pain. If it felt like this when all she'd had from him were a few stolen kisses, what more if she gave in to these feelings?

A knock at her door made her jump, pulling her from her thoughts. She knew who it was. Her body had developed some sort of radar when it came to Ezekiel Michelson. Instead of answering it, she hugged her pillow and looked out her window. She forced herself to remember all the reasons why opening the door would be a bad idea.

“Open the door, Ava.”

His voice was low and gruff, but she could hear the strain. He was struggling with this, too. Why was he here? He had to know that this wasn't a good idea. As an Alpha, he knew better.

“We need to talk,” he said.

She wanted to know what happened after her match, but talking would lead to questions about how she had ended up in the infirmary. Zeke had been so angry with her and called her stupid, and that had infuriated her so much that she couldn't understand how she had ended up all over him in the first place.

“Ava!”

She hugged her pillow tighter. She was supposed to be eating her lunch and psyching herself up for a match she hadn't planned for, not trying to calm her raging hormones.

The door handle rattled, and then Zeke swore loudly when he realized she had locked it.

“Open it, or I'll break it down, Ava. We need to fucking talk, and this isn't helping.”

One week. One week until her dad came. That was how long she needed to last before she left the academy. She would hide in her dad's luggage if she had to, but she wasn't staying much longer. She would not remain a sitting duck for Zeke to take advantage of or the Council to play their stupid games.

A loud crash made her heart hammer, and adrenaline shot through her body as she jumped off the bed and took a fighting stance. Then she saw Zeke had actually carried out his threat. Her door was on the floor, and the huge, angry Alpha stepped over it as he came into the room.

“Stop being a child. Ava. Tell me what the hell is going on? What did you take yesterday, and who gave it to you? Was it a witch?”

Ava didn't relax her stance when Zeke stopped in front of her.

“You're hiding everything from me when all I'm trying to do is help you,” Zeke continued. “That Omega is so unnaturally scared of you that people will ask question She's so weak shell break the moment anyone demands answers, and then that will be it.”

Of course, Emily way weak She was probably the one who told the Council about what Zeke did to Claire, and now she was shitting herself wondering if she would meet the same fate. And if that happened, that would be her fault, too. It wasn't just Claire missing; it was also all her friends. She couldn't have another wolf on her conscience.

With a sigh, she relaxed her stance.

“I know you're angry with me for yesterday, but I'm just trying to keep myself alive long enough to get out of here,” she said. “I was told the real evaluations are more brutal than this, and I don't want to do them. Jared said someone died-“

“Don't say his name. And that boy's death is all on that asshole. That's why you can't trust a word he says.”

She almost rolled her eyes. She was trying to explain how she felt, but once again, the big, bad Alpha was brushing off her fears as if they were nothing.

“The fact still remains that I need to get out of here.”

“And I told you not to worry. I said we worry about the evaluations first.”

Wait. Did Zeke know how to get her out of the campus? From the first day, he had been pushing her to leave, and she'd suffered through all that humiliation with the dean when he could have helped her? What an asshole!

“We really need to talk, Ava. I don't know what's going on anymore,” Zeke continued.

“Can we at least wait until after tomorrow? I just need to get my head around what's happened.”

“We'll have two days free after Sunday. You'll tell me everything then?”

She nodded

“At least promise me you won't take any random potions,” Zeke said. “Your heart stopped twice. I was outside, and I could hear it. You can't do that to me again.”

Of course, he had been close. He'd been close every time she'd ended up in the Infirmary. But that was an easy promise to make because she had already decided not to do that to herself again. Mr. Patrick had a lot to explain when she finally got to speak to him.

“Promise.”

Zeke’s gaze remained on her face for a while as if he could judge the truth of her words. Maybe he could. Zeke was so different from any of the wolves she had met.

“Okay,” he said finally.

He hesitated briefly before he said, “What happened in the training room- “

“I don’t want to talk about it,” she cut in.

“You’ll have to Soon.”

It sounded like a threat, but she knew what he meant. How long could she fight this?

He turned to walk out of her room, stepping over the door he had broken.

leave in twenty minutes. Please tap out in the first match.”

She sighed again and turned to look out of her window. She was definitely tapping out. Her luck had probably run out now, anyway.