

Ava

## Chapter 106

Blood, Screams. Crunching sounds. Blood. Screams. Crunching sounds.

Claws.

Claire's face.

Screams.

The darkness creeping closer and closer until she couldn't see Coating her whole body. Her insides. The sticky molasses all over her. Violet eyes. Red eyes. Pain, so much pain in her head.

Blood. Screams. Crunching sounds.

Everything repeating, playing on a loop,

Ava shot up with a jolt to the early morning light streaming through the curtains. The darkness receded from her mind as her heart hammered in her chest.

“Sshh...”

It was only when she heard his voice and felt his hand gently rubbing her back that she realized she was in Zeke's bed again.

And she was in nothing but her sports bra and underwear!

She lay back down quickly, drawing the bedding over her body as she put some distance between them. She felt the loss of contact with him as if she had ripped a part of herself off her body.

Zeke was wide awake, and the covers had fallen to his waist. His naked chest was exposed, and his hard, defined abs made it incredibly difficult for her to calm her already haywire heartbeat.

“Why am I here?”

Zeke didn't say anything. His amber eyes continued to study her face with a slight frown marring his perfect features.

“Do you know who your real parents were?” he asked

The random question made her momentarily forget about his naked chest and the little wicked voice in her head that was wondering if he was completely naked under the sheet.

“Vaguely, she answered. “Why are you asking?”

“Were they both werewolves?”

She had never talked about her past with outsiders, even before it turned out she wasn't a wolf, but something inside her wanted to speak to Zeke.

She pushed down that urge when she remembered her situation, Zeke would never be her boyfriend; she couldn't treat him like one.

“Yes,” she answered without an explanation. “Now, can you tell me why I'm in your bed again?”

“You were already healed when I got you to the infirmary, so they sent us home,” Zeke said.

She felt under the sheet for the deep claw marks Dexter had left there. And that was when it all came rushing back. She had defeated him again, and once again, she couldn't remember the details. But she remembered how much pain she had been in before she'd passed out. Her body had been through the wringer, and her blood had been everywhere, mixed with Dexter's.

It was this place affecting her mind. It was the magic in the forest. This change in her since that night had even warped nightmares that she'd had for over a decade, adding new information.

The longer she stayed close to all that darkness, the more time it would have to mess with her.

She had to leave this place before that happened.

“Nothing to say?” Zeke asked.

“I don't have a clue what's going on, Zeke,” she answered honestly.

“Yet you don't seem surprised that you always heal quickly.”

Could she tell him about Jared's magic cream? Though it had been so long since she'd applied it, she didn't know why it was still working. The only person who could answer her questions was Jared, and she didn't feel like talking to him yet

"You used to be black and blue when you first started training." Zeke pointed out.

"It's this place, Zeke. There's something here," she sighed. "But I don't feel comfortable talking to you while I'm half-naked Can I go to my room and get ready I want to get today over and done with."

"I moved all your stuff here."

"You can't keep doing that! I said that the other night," she said with a frown as she looked around the room for something she could cover herself

"I didn't get around to fixing your door"

"I'll change in the bathroom, then," she said as she finally spied a shirt on one of the chairs. "Turn around."

"Really"

"Turn around," she repeated.

Wolves had no issues with nudity, but she was not a wolf. That, and she didn't want Zeke to compare her to the other girls who must have shared his bed in the past. She couldn't hold a candle to anyone at the academy.

When Zeke sighed and turned away, she rushed out of the bed and grabbed his shirt from the chair. When she threw it over her head and finally turned around, Zeke had his arms behind his head and was unashamedly watching her. His eyes glowed amber and red as they trailed her body from head to toe. The sheet had pulled lower on his body in her haste to put some distance between them, so the resulting picture was probably the stud that hat dreams were made of. Her body felt feverish as his gaze burned her, and she couldn't help but look at him, too. In her mind, she had been intimate with Zeke a lot more than she would ever admit. It made her wonder if being with him would be as good as her imagination.

Would it be so bad to give in to this man? She would never meet anyone like Zeke in her lifetime, no matter where she ended up after escaping this place. He had rocked her world with just a kiss, and she'd read enough to know that stuff like that didn't happen except in fiction.

Maybe if she...

No. No, she couldn't touch him again. She was not going to take any chances.

She rushed out of the room as fast as she could and was in the bathroom before she remembered Zeke had all her toiletries in his room. But she wasn't going back there now.

She used the soap that was in the shower to scrub herself and found a towel and a new toothbrush in the cabinet. When she finally emerged, her mind was less clouded, and her body didn't feel so feverish. She was better equipped to face Zeke again.

His bed was empty, but she heard the shower going. Letting out a breath of relief, she opened his walk-in wardrobe to see that all her stuff was indeed hung up next to his. She didn't dwell on it as she quickly changed into a fresh kit and headed downstairs. She would have plenty of time after she tapped out today to come and move everything back.

Derek and Myles were already in the kitchen, and they stopped talking when she entered.

“Good morning,” Myles said.

It was the first time he'd spoken to her without attitude or coldness in his eyes. She frowned at him suspiciously as she walked to the fridge.

“Morning.”

The Omega hadn't prepared breakfast again, so she was glad they had finally listened to Zeke, even if she didn't like them much.

“How are you feeling?” Derek asked

“I'm fine.”

“Completely healed?” Myles asked.

They would have same questions Zeke had. She didn't know why she was still protecting Jared after what he had said and done to her.

“What happened yesterday?” she asked without answering his question,

“We should be asking you that? Myles said. “What are you, Ava?”

She frowned at his odd statement before choosing a banana for breakfast again. She would come and make a big breakfast after she tapped out in her first match.

“Did someone hit your head too hard yesterday?” she snorted. “I'm going to wait outside.”

She didn't wait for an answer as she walked out of the kitchen. She was on a mission today to get answers, no matter what. Mr. Patrick had to explain what was going on.