

Chapter 117

Ava stopped struggling when she realized it was useless. And she also realized that no matter how scared or angry she was with him, her body still reacted to the contact as if he was her source of life. She craved him with every fiber of her being.

It was terrifying.

It was exhilarating.

As Zeke marched up the stairs in his house, she saw Derek and Myles come out of the living room to watch. She could almost tell what they were thinking when they looked at each other and then back at the door Zeke had left open when he had walked in. They hadn't even realized she had gone.

She hid her face behind her curtain of hair that was dangling down, and of course, it was then Zeke's very muscular butt she was directly looking at. Probably the most perfect glutes on the face of the earth,

She bit her lip, but she didn't close her eyes.

Maybe there was something wrong with her. Perhaps something inside her was broken—damaged beyond repair—to make her want Zeke so much when she knew what he was. When she knew how this would end. She had been raised right and had self-respect, but that seemed to be gone now. She wanted this deranged, dangerous wolf to have his way with her.

What would that be like? To be possessed by such a powerful Alpha and have all her needs satisfied?

Before she could think about that any further, she found herself being dumped onto the bed. The broken contact cleared her head a little. Only a little. She could still feel the heat raging through her body.

“Stop it,” Zeke growled.

“What?” she mumbled, looking away from the Alpha who had rushed to put a lot of distance between them.

“That! Just stop it. I’m very angry with you right now, and I have important things to discuss with you.”

She didn’t ask what he meant because she already knew. It was a very curious state to be in furious, terrified and horny all at the same time. Yet she couldn’t stop any of those reactions.

She arranged herself on his bed and squeezed her thighs together. Her finger itched to reach for him and run over all the hard contours and ridges of his body, but she would chop them off first before she let that happen. This was completely insane.

Zeke growled and started pacing, but she still couldn't look at him

“You promised we would talk, Ava, and I've been very patient. The potion you took, the shit in town with Claire, And my father is coming. There are many things that I need to tell you so you don't end up dead,” Zeke growled.

“Then talk.”

“I can't! I can't think,” Zeke growled again, this time going as far as the door. “Go and take a shower. I'm giving you five minutes.”

“I already shower-”

“If this isn't an invitation,” Zeke cut in, “if you're not ready to spend all day in my bed, then go and take a shower and cool down.”

She had never been more mortified. The bedroom door closed before she could react, but she got off the bed quickly and rushed to his ensuite. Stupid. She was so stupid. How did she forget about his sensitive nose? And how could she want someone she didn't think she even liked? How could she be so drawn to him when he had faced her to leave a wounded student all alone in his house? He was right; there was so much to worry about without having her body controlled by raging hormones. The Council, for instance, and speaking to Mr. Patrick

She stripped her clothes and stood under the shower spray, gasping as the icy water hit her. She stood there for a few minutes before she gave up and turned the hot water on. It was like her body was stuck on 'on',

and she couldn't calm it down. Every part of her was sensitive, even her skin as the water hit it and then rolled down her body.

She bit her lip and muted a groan as she quickly closed the water. It felt worse than when Zeke kissed her. Worse than the morning he had ended up on top of her in her bed. Was it because she was exhausted from her time in Isolation, or had the magic in there lingered as it had when she had gone into the forest?

Just the thought of the sickly, sticky feeling of that magic against her skin sent her crashing back down to reality, It felt like a fog lifted, and she could think again.

That wasn't right. None of this was right.

When she quickly dried herself, she went back into the bedroom for a change of clothes. All her things were still in this room, but she would have to move them. Zeke reminded her that Parents Weekend was in a few days but whatever reaction his father would have would be nothing compared to her father's if he saw her sharing a room with a boy.

She had just finished pulling a t-shirt over her head when the door opened, and Zeke returned. He looked much calmer as he studied her, but she wouldn't make the mistake of forgetting who he was again. He walked over to one of the chairs at the other end of the room and sat down before he inclined his head for her to join him.

"What did you take, and who gave it to you?" he asked the moment she sat opposite him.

“I don’t know what it was,” she answered honestly.

A muscle in his jaw twitched. He didn’t like her answer.

“And who gave it to you?”

“A friend who was concerned about the outcome of the evaluations.”

“A friend?”

“I’m not going to say any names, Zeke. I don’t want anything else to happen because of me,” she sighed.

“I didn’t attack Jared because of you. His fate was sealed six years ago. Zeke said. “But he should never have been in that match with me, so someone is fucking with both of us, Ava. We don’t know what they’re hoping we will do, so that’s why you need to stay close.”

She already knew who was messing with them, and Mr. Patrick had the answers. She didn’t know where the staff lived, so she couldn’t even look for him until they returned to lessons,

“You’re scared,” Zeke stated.

“I’ve been scared since I got here.”

“I know, but you’d stopped being scared of me. I thought we’d gone past that. You know I’d never hurt you.”

No, she didn't know that. She had seen what he could do to other students. What more a mere human?

"I should rest," she said, changing the subject.

Zeke remained silent for a moment before he nodded.

"Tonight, I want to take you somewhere. We have things to discuss that I can't risk being overheard."

Her eyes widened as she looked at him. Escape? Was he finally going to help her get out of this place? She nodded eagerly, feeling lighter than she had felt in a while,

Zeke looked like he wanted to say much more, but he stood and headed for the door.

"Get some sleep," he said.

When she went to his bed and hugged his pillows, taking in the spicy scent of his cologne, she felt completely disgusted with herself that all it had taken were a few words, and she was right back where she started. It was like she hadn't seen Jared with her own eyes, and Claire wasn't dead.

But once she left this place, everything would be fine. She could forget all about Zeke and the academy.