

Chapter 129

She couldn't think.

His lips. His hands. Everything about him was turning her inside out. He kept kissing and sucking on that spot on her neck that seemed connected to more intimate parts of her body, and she just couldn't...

She couldn't think.

But she was angry with him and needed to say her piece.

Did he say he wanted to mark her?

Her eyes widened, and she pulled herself out of his arms and rushed over the ridge in the clearing. She didn't look at the lake as she walked down to the grassy bank where they had their picnic. Her heart slammed against her chest as she processed his words.

“What do you mean? You can't mark me! You're an Alpha!”

But even knowing that, she couldn't put out the fire he had in her body. It was all around her, pulling her towards him even when she

needed an explanation Zeke followed her, his eyes burning for her and his breathing uneven. His intentions were obvious. One more touch, and she wouldn't be able to think anymore

“Stop!” she ordered.

He did, but he didn't stop looking at her as if he were starving and she was his next meal.

“Your father said she was your mate, and you didn't seem surprised,” she pointed out. “You already knew about her while you were busy kissing me.” “I knew I needed a mate to become Alpha after I graduate. I knew my father was arranging it,” he said, taking another step closer to her. “But then I met you, and all of my plans crumbled. It's you I want,”

“But the moment you get what you want from me, you'll realize it's not me you need.”

She would never be able to cope with that. It was so glaringly clear now.

“It's you I need,” he said, stepping forward. “It's you who will have my mark.”

“I'm human, Zeke,” she stated, pointing out the obvious. “Marking me won't do anything. You'd still be able to mark another woman when you decide you're done with me.”

“Can't you feel that, Ava? There is already something powerful between us. You can't hide from it any more than I can.”

There was something there. Was that why she felt his pain when he had been in Isolation? And when she rejected his advances and left him alone at the lake the other day?

But that was impossible!

“I don’t know what’s happening here, Zeke, but we have more important things to worry about. The Head of the Council is coming after us. We need to get out of here.”

Zeke cocked his head to the side as he considered what she had said.

“How do you know?” he asked.

Mr. Patrick had told her to keep it secret, but was the information about the Head of the Council part of it? The professor had already brought Zeke into it when he’d told her dad an Alpha had claimed her, and his warning about the Council was for both of them.

“Mr. Patrick told me when we went for our meeting.”

Zeke frowned for a moment and then nodded as if he had come to a realization.

“We can deal with that together. What’s important right now is for you to be honest with yourself,” Zeke said. “Do you want me? Do you want me to be your forever, no matter what comes our way? Because I already made that decision, Ava, and my answer is yes.”

He took another step towards her. All the pain she had felt, all the worries she had, melted instantly the moment he had touched her. She didn't know what linked them together - maybe the darkness in the forest, but she knew he was telling the truth.

They were already bonding.

And her answer was yes, she wanted to be with him.

But she would have all the Claires in the world to deal with. All those wolves who would want to take her place. The dean would hate that, as would the coach. There would always be whispers about her, and Zeke's pack would hate her, especially his father, the Alpha.

And what would her father say?

And that was assuming they actually survived whatever was coming.

"Don't think about anyone else right now, Ava. It's just you and me. Say yes," Zeke whispered, closing the gap between them.

She was lost instantly and gave up the fight. What was the point when everything in her had been pushing her to Zeke from the moment she saw him? And if the Council got their hands on them and she didn't survive that, she would have missed this chance forever.

She was his. She had already accepted that.

"Yes," she whispered.

Zeke lowered his head to hers, and there was no more thinking. With his lips still on hers, Zeke wrapped his muscular arms around her and picked her up. She didn't know what he was doing, but she surrendered completely.

When he put her down on her feet again, he released her lips and stepped back. And then he proceeded to take his clothes off, slowly, one article of clothing at a time. First, her mouth ran dry, and then she drooled. Ezekiel Michelson stood naked in front of her in broad daylight, about to give her everything she had ever fantasized about.

“Now you,” he ordered.

She felt a moment of insecurity. She was human: she didn't have the perfect features that all the other students had. She was too short, too round, too flawed.

“Maybe... Maybe we should wait?”

Until it was dark, at least. He would still be able to see her, but at least she could pretend her flaws were hidden.

“We've waited long enough, my beautiful mate.”

His mate. She felt her heart settle at his words and started to remove her uniform. Just as slowly as he had.

But Zeke didn't even wait for her to remove the last of her clothes. He growled and then took her in his arms again.

Kissing him had never felt like this. There was something in the air, something completely magical, as Zeke stole all her thoughts. When he picked her up again, he lowered them onto the picnic blanket.

She had no idea being with a man could be like this, but she suspected it wouldn't have been the same with anyone else. Zeke knew instinctively what she needed, when she needed reassurance or when she needed him to slow down or hurry up.

And when n that magical moment came again, it was a million times better than what he had teased her with in her bed the morning he had woken up next to her.

“Zeke...”

She didn't know if she shouted or whispered, but she instinctively offered him her neck and pulled his head down. Zeke growled her name and tensed just before his canines punctured that spot on her neck that he had kissed so many times.

And her mind fractured

She was completely lost

Ezekiel Michelson was hers, for better or worse.