

Chapter 13

Her scent was every–fucking–where. It was up his nostrils and clinging to his clothes and skin.

“Calm down. Zeke

Calm down? Calm down?! How the fuck was he supposed to calm down when a human was calling to him like she was siren? He had sensed her presence and smelled her long before she appeared on that bastard’s arm.

She had been touching him! And she had let him touch her! The moment Jared had put his hand on her knee, he had been seconds from ripping that arm off. Rapping it off and then stuffing it so deep up that stupid dick’s ass before ripping his head off.

Shadow snarled again, doing everything he could to escape his control. He continued pacing up and down the path behind the kitchens, clenching and unclenching his fists.

Last night, she’d had that ridiculous cap covering most of her face and her boyish clothes covering her body, but now he could see her so clearly. When she had walked in, he’d felt like he’d been sucker–punched. She was so small, barely reached his chest, but the package she

came in... The delicate facial features, the curves he could see under her fitted blazer, the way her hips widened at the waist, and the legs... With so much skin exposed, his mind had gone to one place.

Why hadn't she just done as he had told her? Why had she come to the assembly like she was staying here: Why had she paraded herself, swinging her hips as she walked like she was on some fucking runway? Then, when she'd let that bastard seat her in the Alpha seats, she looked at him like she didn't know she was doing something wrong. She had met his gaze head-on so defiantly that he had been lost instantly in those big blue eyes.

Shadow wanted to make her submit to him right there. And he had wanted to mark her for all the bastards to see.

That was not good. That was not fucking good at all.

Even now, despite the rage he felt, he could feel the heat rushing through his body as the need to pin her down under him threatened to take him over.

“What's this about? Was it Jared?” Myles asked.

He didn't answer them. They were his friends and future hands but were still under his father's command. They would report this in a heartbeat.

“Are you worried about the Council coming early? Derek asked Look, man. I already said 171 back you up. What happened over the break wasn't your fault, plus I'm pretty sure that if it was a problem, they wouldn't have waited all this time.”

“Mate! Take me to my mate! Shadow snapped with a growl in his head.

He shoved Shadow back as hard as possible and told him to shut up. The beast snarled at him, his displeasure coloring everything in his head. Shadow would fight dirty if he got the chance. His beast could be a bastard like that sometimes. This situation wouldn't end well as long as the girl was here.

His pack mates finally shut up when he didn't answer their questions. He wished they'd just leave him alone, but he needed them there

In case they had to stop him.

Restrain him.

Save everyone from him.

He was still pacing when Claire's scent colored the air. He wrinkled his nose at the unwelcome scent desecrating the human's sweet scent, but the closer Claire got the clearer his head became. He turned to watch her approach, hoping this was the lifeline he needed. Even Claire would be a better choice for a mate than a human.

“There you are,” Claire said, “I've been looking for you everywhere.”

She couldn't have been looking that hard. All she'd have had to do was follow her nose, and she would have found him. But he didn't comment as he pulled her into his arms.

Her friends were trailing behind her as usual but he ignored them as he took Claire's lips in a searing kiss. It did nothing but agitate Shadow, and he admitted it did absolutely nothing for him. Her kiss cooled him down instead of doing the opposite.

He let her go with a frustrated growl Claire smiled at him and must have taken his frustration the wrong way because she said, "Don't worry, baby. I'll come to you tonight"

He nodded before turning away and walking towards his first class. He couldn't help wiping his lips. Derek and Myles came to walk on either side of him, and their worry was like a beacon. The two of them would bring too much attention to him.

"I'm fine," he said to them.

"You're not fine, so don't take us for idiots, Derek said.

"I can handle Shadow. It's the first day of term; give him a chance.

Shadow used to struggle with crowds. There were too many scents and sounds, and his enemies' scents mixed in with everything. Try telling such a beast that there were rules to follow here, and he couldn't just kill everyone.

But that hadn't happened since the first year he'd shifted. Derek and Myles knew that.

Though Claire's kiss had been horrible, it had cleared his head enough to try to think of a solution. There had to be a way get rid of this human

before everything fell apart. Everyone in the assembly had heard his warning growl, but even their fear had not been enough to make him stop.

Mr. Michelson.”

He looked up to see the dean, Alpha Russell, standing next to the entrance of the fourth-year building and almost swore. He was the last person he wanted to see right now. With a tighter hold on Shadow, he approached the older wolf

“Would you care to explain what happened?” Alpha Russell asked

Though Shadow was more dominant, he still had to give respect where it was due.

“I’m sorry I disrupted the assembly, sir,” he said. “It won’t happen again.”

Alpha Russell’s gaze narrowed on him before he growled. “This is an important time, Mr. Michelson. You and I both know the Council doesn’t change their plans without a reason. Keep yourself and your pack under control.”

“Already handled, sir” he lied, and then he gave the dean a nod he entered the building.

His schedule this year involved more intensive training on top

the finals for his degree. His father and the Academy

expected him to excel in both, as he always did. He would not let the human take him off course.

She had to go.

By any means necessary.