

Chapter 134

Their voices were distorted and echoed like they were in a tunnel. They all sounded far away. Ava's thoughts whirled in her head, making no sense. Her heart pounded against her chest so loud it was all she could hear.

She turned away from them to open the door, but it wouldn't budge.

She was trapped.

And they were still speaking to her, surrounding her, their concern heavy in the air. How could she feel that?

"Let me out!"

She couldn't tell whether she screamed it or said it. The three men in front of her stepped back and looked at her as if she had grown three heads.

What her dad had said was impossible. That nightmare started after she had been nosy and read the newspaper articles about the time her birth

father was murdered and those dismembered bodies were found in the forest.

It had nothing to do with her.

Impossible.

She had been six when the police found her. Six! Alpha Roland might have believed that her wolf had forced a shift and saved her, but even he'd never heard of a pup shifting. She was wolfless Human. That was why she hadn't shifted when she'd come of age.

Everybody in her pack knew this. Everyone at this academy knew this.

She felt the burning in her chest that indicated a panic attack and turned back to the door. She had to get out. She needed air.

"Please let me out," she sobbed.

She didn't realize she'd started crying until her tears down her cheeks.

"I can't breathe. Let me out!"

Mr. Patrick came beside her and touched the door. Then she was free.

She didn't think about where she was going as she started to walk down the hallway. Then she started to jog. But still, she couldn't shake this darkness inside her, this loud noise in her head that said maybe it was true. She was a murderer.

All this time she'd been scared of Zeke, of what he had done to Claire...
But she was the monster?

It was dark now, and there wasn't as much activity as she burst through the front doors into the fresh air. She fell to her knees on the pavement and took a deep breath, but it didn't help. It felt like it wasn't enough. Like she would never breathe again.

She was a monster.

She'd killed Claire.

She'd killed her friends. All those people.

"Breathe, Ava."

Zeke's voice is hand on her back. And just like that she took her first full breath as she lowered her trembling body to the ground.

Zeke had always been able to do that. Because she was a wolf?

Her mind started to spiral again thinking of all the things that hadn't made sense before.

"In and out. Ava. Deep breaths," her father said gently.

She did as she was told, trying to push back all of the thoughts she didn't want to examine right now. Maybe not ever. Because she couldn't be a murderer.

“Let’s go back in and talk about this in private,” Zeke suggested.

But she shook her head and stool. What was there to say now?

“I want to go home,” she whispered

“Take her. I’ll go back and find out more information,” her dad said.

“Keep my girl safe, Ezekiel. I’ll be there shortly.”

Her father pulled her into his arm, and she breathed in his familiar, soothing scent.

“We’ll be okay. Go and lie down, I’ll be right behind you.” Alpha Roland said as he dropped a kiss on top of her head.

The moment he released her, Zeke took a hold of her hand. And that contact soothed her more, even as it broke her heart. Humans didn’t do that. Humans didn’t feel what their significant other was feeling.

They had only taken a step when they saw Emily in front of them. She had tears on her face, and her whole body shook.

“Please,” Emily whispered. “I can’t live like this anymore.”

And that crushed her heart even more. Ava sucked in a breath and fought back her tears as the Omega fell to her knees and started sobbing

Emily had been there.

Emily had seen it all.

And this was the reason she was so terrified of her.

She covered her mouth to try to stifle her cry as Emily continued to sob in front of them.

Monster. Emily knew she was a monster.

She stepped back, feeling exposed and vulnerable, and yet still holding on to a huge part of her that believed she would never do anything so heinous. She wasn't capable of that.

"Please, don't leave me like this," Emily sobbed. "I know I'm a coward, and I know I'm unworthy. I will take any punishment. But please... Just tell me what I need to do."

Every word that Emily spoke felt like a knife twisting in her heart. She couldn't listen anymore

Her feet were moving before she even decided to run away from Emily, but once she started, she couldn't stop. She could feel Zeke behind her, and that made her sob louder.

She could have tried to blame it on the mating bond, but she had felt him even before that.

When she finally ran into the house she wasn't even breathing hard.

Her chest tightened even more. This couldn't be happening. If this was true, then she would gladly hand herself over when the Head of Council

came. She deserved to be punished. She deserved to lose her life.

She didn't realize she had made her way to Zeke's bedroom until she grabbed his pillow and held onto it as if the scent of his cologne would fix everything again. But the man himself slipped into the bed behind her and pulled her back against him.

And once again the burden on her heart eased, but it made her cry harder. Because only wolves could do that.

Just that afternoon she'd found a slice of happiness amid all the crap she'd been going through. But now she would never be happy again. She didn't deserve to be.

"I know it's a lot to take in," Zeke whispered "But we'll figure it out. I'll be with you every step of the way."

"There's nothing to figure out," she sobbed. "If it's true I'm turning myself in. I won't live with this guilt."

And it wasn't just the guilt. Even with her eyes wide open, she could see the darkness creeping in through the window, waiting to consume her.

Or maybe it was waiting to make her pay for her crimes. Whatever the Council decided to do to her, she would accept, and it still wouldn't make up for what she had done.

Monster.