

Chapter 137

Blood. Screams. Crunching sounds. Blood Screams. Crunching sounds. Claws. Claire. Her friends.

So much blood.

Ava woke up with a jolt and immediately felt her stomach churning. With her heart still pounding, she pushed the bedding off her body and rushed to the adjoining bathroom.

The moment her stomach was empty, the overwhelming guilt took her over again.

She had to make amends. Those poor families were grieving because of her. If it was true that she had a wolf, what sort of wolf did that? What kind of monster would cause that horror she saw every night in her nightmares?

It was the sort of wolf that the Council put down. She'd heard the stories. Wolves that were uncontrollable just disappeared. It was for the best for the people around them.

And now she was one of those uncontrollable wolves. From wolfless to a monster in one afternoon.

The Council could have her. It was probably why they wanted her in the first place. They had seen it somehow. They had seen all that darkness within her. All that blood on her hands.

She pulled herself up from the toilet bowl to brush her teeth and then stepped into the shower. But no amount of scrubbing could remove the blood she could still see on her hands.

When she finished, she wrapped her towel around her body and walked into Zeke's walk-in closet to grab a pair of jeans and a T-shirt to wear. Someone had done all her laundry and put her clothes neatly with Zeke's.

The Omegas... Had they sensed the monster, too? Was that why they had started avoiding her gaze?

She was sobbing when she finally tied her hair back into a ponytail and found her old trainers. The best place for her was isolation until the Head of the Council came. The dean had been right to want to put her in there, after all.

She was ready to leave when the bedroom door burst open, and her father rushed in.

"Ava," he said as he pulled her into his arms.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” she sobbed. “I didn’t mean to, I can’t even remember any of it.”

“Shh. It will be okay, little one,” her dad said as she pulled her away from him and looked into her eyes. “I’ve always told you have a wolf. How else could you have kept up with the rest of the pack without one?”

She didn’t think she’d kept up at all. She’d had to work three times as hard as anyone else just to barely catch up. She had no idea why her father had always believed in her when there was absolutely no evidence to show she had a wolf.

“We will talk about that later. Right now, we have some company,” he said as he pulled her to the window.

It was completely dark as she looked out, but she could sense something there. Someone there.

“About ten wolves just beyond the trees,” he confirmed,

See? How could she even start to reconcile the fact that she had a wolf if she couldn’t even see what her father saw? Maybe there was a mistake. But she looked down at her hand and saw them covered in blood again.

“Do they want me?” she asked quietly.

Alpha Roland never sugar-coated anything. He told her things as they were so she could learn to deal with the hard lessons in life. But this lesson she could have done without.

“I’ll go hand myself in. I’ve thought about it, and it’s the right thing to do.”

“Except you have a mate now who would probably kill the whole school to protect you,” her dad said, still looking outside. “You sure know how to pick them, kid. Why couldn’t you bring home an accountant or a doctor?”

She frowned as she looked up at her dad. He had a slight smile even though his attention was still outside.

“Are you happy about this?” she asked, shocked he could even accept the bond with Zeke when she was still struggling.

“I’m not doing a jig or anything” her dad said, “but he’ll protect you with his life.”

“I don’t want that! I’ve done something wrong and should face the consequences,” she said as she looked outside again.

This time, she saw shadows crossing the yard slowly. Wolves. Wolves who had been told to hunt her.

Was it Dexter’s dad? The dean?

It didn’t matter.

The wolves were almost by the pool when they stopped moving. She heard their whimpers, and then they ran back into the woods. Something had spooked them.

The smile on her father's face grew,

“Now that's impressive,” Alpha Roland said. “Let's go speak to your mate; he's very anxious to tell us what you should do.”

She shook her head. Of course, he wanted to tell her what to do. This was Zeke they were talking about.

“Do you know he has a sex dungeon downstairs?” her dad asked as he led her out of the room.

“It's not a sex dungeon, Dad,” she sighed.

“Just checking.”

They walked past her bedroom, the door still off the hinges. Her dad stopped to sniff the air, probably realizing that it was her room, and then frowned at her.

She looked away and quickly walked past him to get to the stairs. That was one story he wouldn't hear from her.

Zeke was at the bottom of the stairs as if he had been waiting for her, and the worry on his face disappeared when he smiled at her.

Her mate. Her father was right. With the mark Zeke had given her, he would be compelled to defend her. She should have thought of that, but she'd been incapable of thinking at the time.

“Are you okay?” Zeke asked as he pulled her into his arms.

And once again, the pain in her heart eased.

“Shall we get to it then, kids,” Alpha Roland said. “You’re supposed to learn how to meditate so you can talk to your wolf.”

“That’s it? That’s the plan?” Zeke asked, letting go of her to frown at her father.

“Part of it,” her father said. “Whether we escape this weekend or stay to fight the Council, Mr. Patrick is right about one thing Ava needs to find her wolf.”

Speak to the monster that had put her in this position? No. She would confess and get punished, but she would not speak to her wolf.

“Or we can just talk about how we can find a cloaking potion so you can sneak me out of here in your luggage,” she said, turning from them to walk into the lounge.

Derek and Myles were in there, standing by the windows as if they were still keeping an eye out for the wolves.

“Did someone say you have to find your wolf?” Myles asked with a grin. “I fucking knew it.”

Any other day, she would have been ecstatic. Finding her wolf was all she’d ever wanted. Until the bullying started, when she learned she preferred being human than to ever think she was better than anybody the just because she was a wolf.

“And maybe that’s why you’ll make the best Luna.”

Mr. Patrick’s stare startled her so much she screamed.

“Where the hell did you come from?” Derek shouted as they all turned to the doorway.

“Sorry I’m late. I had to wait for your guests to leave,” Mr. Patrick said as he strolled casually into the room.

“What the fuck are you?” Zeke growled, pulling ha

“Your only chance of getting out of this alive. Now, shall we begin?”