

Chapter 140

“Who is it?” Ava whispered as she peeked through the window,

She still couldn’t see anything, but there was someone there.

“Stay back from the window. And I don’t know why you’re whispering, they can hear you.”

Mr. Patrick was calm as he sat on the floor, his eyes closed, meditating. But he had been scared when he’d called her back of sheer panic that had made her realize what a dangerous situation she was in.

“I wasn’t scared.”

That was a lie. She could feel that, too.

Mr. Patrick opened his eyes and looked at her with open fascination.

“What else can you feel?” he asked.

“What?”

Why was he thinking about that and not that that they could be attacked at any minute, but Zeke and her father were not there to protect them?

“If you close your eyes and focus, can you sense them in the woods?” he asked.

Her heart hammered

“Them? What do you mean by them? How many are there?” she asked.

It wasn't g getting attacked that was terrifying her. What if it happened again? What if she passed out, and then the next thing she would remember would be the blood on her hands?

“Empty your mind, Ava. Focus. What do you feel?”

“I feel like you're out of your damn mind if you're trying to make me meditate right now,” she snapped as she turned the window again.

She'd pissed a lot of people off lately, and any one of them could be the ones waiting to attack. But what were they waiting for? She was sure they could sense that Zeke wasn't there. Unless they were waiting for him? Was that the set-up? To wait for her mate so they could get them at the same time?

“I was not scared. Just surprised that they are brave enough to come so close to Zeke's boundary.” Mr. Patrick said. “But they are not brave enough to cross it. Just open your mind and feel it.

“They were brave enough last night. I saw them in the yard,” she said, turning back to face him.

“Until they ran away with their tails between their legs.”

Then Mr. Patrick frowned and turned his attention to the front of the house as if he could hear something.

“What is it?”

“Trouble, he answered just before the doorbell rang. “Don’t answer it.”

She walked out of the lounge to look at the front door. Did they think she would just open it? Why were they knocking anyway? They were wolves; they could just break the door down if they wanted.

The bell rang again, more insistent than the first time. And then she heard her name being called.

She sucked in a breath when she realized who it was.

“Don’t open it, Ava.”

But she was already moving. She cracked the door open and saw Jared. Blood poured out of his nose, and his lip was cut shocked her the most because he wasn’t scared. He looked resigned to his fate.

When she opened the door wider, Jared fell to his knees. And behind him, with a sneer on his face, stood the man responsible.

Zeke's father.

"I've brought my son a mating present," Alpha Michelson said.

What was he doing? Such violence outside the training center was against the school rules, and he was bringing it to his son's doorstep?

Some people—parents and students—were at the bottom of the driveway, just watching. So was it Zeke's pack that was in the woods as well?

"He's not here," she answered, looking down at Jared.

He was just looking down, not even trying to run. And there was a puddle of blood on the floor in front of him now. He wasn't healing.

Why would a grown man attack a boy a lot weaker than him?

"I know he's not here. Step aside, human."

She made direct eye contact with the Alpha and felt a spark of anger. Whatever game this man was playing wasn't going to end well. She could feel that just as much as she had felt Mr. Patrick's fear and sensed his lie.

"Jared, get into the house," she said without looking away from the Alpha.

"I said step aside." Zeke's father snarled. "This is Blood Moon territory, and I'm the Alpha."

An Alpha who beat up children for the fuck of it. For the first time since she'd found out that she had a monster inside her, she wished it would come out and deal with this man. Just once, and just this man. But she pushed that thought aside because she didn't want to hurt anyone at all. "Get in the house," she repeated,

"I can't. He's right, it's his territory," Jared said quietly,

"Get in the fucking house!"

Jared stiffened and looked up at her. She hadn't meant to sound so aggressive, but she knew where they could go to stay safe. The basement. It had been secure enough to hide in when the Council had come, which meant it would keep them safe from Zeke's father.

Jared started to get to his feet, but Alpha Michelson punched him back down

The spark of anger became a flame. Where was this man's honor? How could he call himself the Alpha when he was doing all of this in front of his pack?

Zeke's father's expression changed, and she saw the hatred in his eyes,

"You think you can challenge me just because you've mated my son? You think that suddenly makes you one of us, human?"

"You don't want to know what I think," she snarled back

“I doesn’t matter you think. You and this piece of shit are going to be dead in a few minutes. You mated without my blessing, so it’s my n my right to punish my son as I wish.”

“If it’s me you want dead, why have you brought Jared here? He has nothing to do with this.”

Alpha Michelson laughed and then shoved Jared as he tried to get back up.

“You think I’m going to get my hands dirty? I follow the rules, human. But imagine what Ezekiel’s reaction is going to be when he finds his mate dead at the hands of his enemy.”

Did he not love his son at all? She couldn’t imagine her father ever doing that to any of his children.

“Jared, kill the bitch,” Alhaa Michelson said.

With the way Jared tensed, she knew that had been a command Jared got to his feet slowly, still unsteady from the punch he’d received, and looked at her with watery eyes.

He was going to do it. And in her mind, she saw the blood, the carnage, that would be the consequence of his actions. It wouldn’t be Zeke ripping all of these people apart when he came home. It would be the monster within her that would emerge and kill them all.

Where the hell was Mr. Patrick? Why wasn’t he doing something?

In her panic, she looked Jared in the eyes and saw the moment he was going to strike. He stepped into the house and raised his hand. His claws extended even though he had his eyes closed and tears not his bloody face.

“Stop!”

Jared stopped. His eyes opened. And his claws retracted. The expression on his face had gone from resignation to shock.

Was it...? Had she really done that?