

Chapter 141

Jared was an Alpha! Did she really command him to stop?

No, that was impossible. She couldn't feel anything different inside her, though she had no idea what her wolf was supposed to feel like.

Maybe he'd heard the panic in her voice, and as an Alpha, he'd been able to pull himself back.

She knew that she was grasping at straws because she could see how weak Jared was. He wasn't like Zeke or her father. She'd never needed a wolf to know they were stronger than most, it was quite evident in how they held themselves and their auras.

Jared was still a future Alpha of his pack, though, so for the Alpha of another pack to use his Alpha command on him was an insult. His pack would never respect him if they heard about this, Jared had already suffered enough after being attacked by Zeke, why did this have to happen to him, too?

“I said kill her!”

This time, Jared remained in control. She could see it in his eyes even as he took another step forward, and she took one back.

“Make it bloody and gruesome,” Alpha a Michelson added.

Though she couldn't see him behind Jared's tall frame, she could hear the excitement in his voice. This man was trying to hurt Zeke, but something in her wouldn't allow it.

She knew it was the bond rather than her missing wolf. Like Zeke would for her, she knew she would protect him with her life while she still could. She would protect him from his father.

The flame of anger in her turned into an inferno.

This wasn't what an Alpha was supposed to do. This wasn't what a father was supposed to do.

“What are you waiting for, you useless traitor?” Alpha Michelson snarled

The door slammed shut behind Jared as if by magic, right in Alpha Michelson's face. They both startled and turned to look at it and immediately, Zeke's father started shouting expletives.

There was a loud bang on the door, which made her jump back. It sounded like he had tried to kick the door down, but it didn't budge. As an Alpha he was strong enough to have sent the door flying across the room.

She had no idea what was happening, but she took advantage of the distraction and pulled Jared quickly towards the lounge. A door couldn't stop an Alpha for long.

“Mr...”

Even with the threat of death on the other side of that door, she stopped in her tracks when she saw Mr. Patrick.

He stood in the middle of the room, arms out and his eyes completely white as he chanted something. He looked like he was in a trance. So he had done that. He'd damned the door. It was his magic.

She didn't sense any fear from him, as she had done before. Mr. Patrick was calm. And strong.

His magic rolled off her skin like the darkness from forest and Isolation had done, but it was not the same type of magic.

This one felt pure. It felt right.

The banging on the door pulled her attention back to the urgent matter as the door frame cracked,

“Go to the basement,” she whispered to Jared “The door under the stairs.”

She hoped the deranged Alpha outside hadn't heard her. The room was full of silver, and other things she knew were not allowed at the

academy, so she assumed it was a secret room. Hopefully, the Alpha didn't know about it.

“Both of you go,” Mr. Patrick said calmly, still in his trance-like state. “He fortified himself with something. He's stronger than he should be. You don't have much time.”

“Come with us, she urged.

“I'll be fine.”

The door cracked some more, pushing her into action.

She rushed towards the basement door with Jared and opened it, letting him go first.

“You think you can hide from me! I will kill all of you, and then I will make Ezekiel pay,” Alpha Michelson snarled.

Those words made her stop.

And that inferno of anger spilt over into every part of her body. Her muscles tensed, and her heartbeat started to calm down. And that thing inside her that always got her into trouble reared its ugly head.

“Come on, Ava,” Jared urged.

She looked at him, at how anxious and scared he was, and stepped back out into the hallway, Jared's life was in danger, too,

“Lock the door,” she told him, then closed the door on his protests.

The kitchen was her first stop.

Then she stood opposite the door, feet apart and arms to her sides, with a knife in each hand, waiting for the door to fall.

And when it did, the Alpha stood on the other side. His eyes were glowing, his breathing labored, and he had half-shifted. This wolf was a danger to the man she had given herself to.

And that just wouldn't do.

She charged before he could move and launched herself at him. Caught by surprise, the Alpha staggered back and tripped down the front steps. She didn't give him a chance to get back up as she followed and landed a few good punches with the hilt of a knife before he shoved her off.

He wasn't a warrior. She could tell by his movements as he got to his feet with blood flowing down his face. And his anger had intensified.

She let her emotions drain out of her as she took her stance again. Emotions led to mistakes, and she didn't intend to make any.

There was movement behind her, but the Alpha growled, “Leave her. I'll end this myself.”

It was a command. And perhaps he was right to be confident. He was the Alpha of the biggest pack in the country and could snap her neck just like that.

With all his raging emotions—hatred, anger—and his lack of skill, he charged. It felt like fighting a stronger version of Douche Dexter. Mr. Patrick said he had taken something to strengthen himself, and she felt that when his punches caught her.

Though the force of his fists sent her flying across the driveway several times, there was no pain.

Only this need to make him bleed

To make him fall to his knees.

Alpha Michelson was prematurely celebrating when she got up and attacked him again. She had already lost the knives, and whatever damage they had done to Alpha Michelson had healed.

The Alpha laughed.

“I can see why he wanted you. You don’t break so easily, do you? But don’t worry. Zeke’s new mate will take care of him a lot better.”

An angry haze filled her vision. Something snapped. Zeke was her mate. Hers! As long as she was still breathing, she would kill anyone who tried to take him from her.

She lowered into a fighting stance and attacked. But the next thing she knew, she was on top of him, and he was unconscious.

“He is mine!” she shouted at the unconscious face.

She was breathing hard when she came back to her senses and stopped.

And the wolves who had all been ordered not to touch her stood around them with their mouths hanging open.

She quickly got tall the Alpha and stepped back.

There was another stint in isolation in her future if she stayed at the academy now, she was sure of that. They had to leave before that happened.

he was at the

She didn't dare turn her back on them until she was at the broken door, where she backed into Mr. Patrick.

He was looking at her with a massive smile on her face. Had he stood there the whole time and just watched?

“Yes,” he answered, still smiling. “I watched, and it was glorious.”

Mr. Patrick's gaze went back to the man still lying unconscious on the ground.

“And I think I know what we need to do,” he whispered.