

## Chapter 143

Zeke watched Ava go back into the house and then shifted into his human form.

These people were part of his pack. The people he had protected since his father had put him in that position.

And they had come here to kill his mate? Even after he had shown them who their true Alpha was?

Shadow tried to force another shift so he could teach them all a lesson and end the bastard still unconscious on the driveway. But killing an Alpha in cold blood would bring the Council there much sooner than expected and they weren't ready for that.

He was disappointed. Not every member of his pack had come, but there were enough to make him wonder how many of these he would have to get rid of if he finally took his rightful place. Myles, Derek and their fathers were not among them, which meant his father had only gone to those he knew would agree to this act of treason. Or those he could manipulate with his lies. He took note of all of them.

The crowd parted for him and the white wolf behind him as he walked to his father. Ezra Michelson's face had already started healing, though he still hadn't stirred. His pulse was weak, but he was in no danger of dying

Shadow was beyond words as he thrashed inside him, ready to correct that mistake. Ezra Michelson had signed his death warrant. Maybe not today, but it was coming

It hurt to suppress his urges, especially with Shadow pulling him to give in, but he forced himself to turn away from his father and settle his gaze on the people around him. They were still backing away from him like they thought he would spare them.

“What do you think would have happened to all of you if you'd succeeded?” he asked, “What do you think will happen now? Did you think that through? Hmm?”

“He ordered us to come, Ezekiel,” one of the men said, his gaze on the ground, “We're sorry.”

If he had to stand out here with them any longer, he wouldn't be able to control himself. He turned away from all of them and walked towards his house. He needed to see his mare. To touch her. Nothing would calm him now except their bond.

“Take your Alpha and go. Go back home,” he ordered as he went up the front steps. “I don't want to see any of you at this academy by the end of the day.”

His father would be beyond livid when he woke up. This was the ultimate humiliation; he would never hold his head up again, So, it was inevitable that he would come after Ava again, which would be his end.

And to make matters worse, news of this would travel quickly, and when it did, his excuse to leave the academy to help his father with the rogue issue would become invalid. No one would believe his father asked him for help when he had just tried to kill his mate.

He walked into the house and then stopped when he saw his mate leading the asshole Jared out of his basement. His private basement. Her back was to him, but Jared saw him instantly and lowered his gaze.

He looked like shit again.

The anger he always felt when he saw that face filled him instantly. Why was he there, contaminating his space with his scent? He hadn't even processed what had just happened with Ava, and now he had to deal with this shit?

Ava must have sensed him because she turned around and stood in front of Jared as if she was protecting him. Again.

Her face swollen and bruised, and the scent of her blood made him clench his fists in reaction. He could feel himself spiraling out of control, unable to process his emotions quickly enough. He was ready to avenge her, kill Jared and fuck her all at the same time.

“Your father brought him here. He was going to make him kill me so you could kill him and get into trouble,” Ava explained quickly.

Of course, it was his father. He'd used the two people guaranteed to make him react to the extreme.

Ava looked lower on his naked body and then quickly away. He could feel her embarrassment through their bond. And he could sense her excitement. Her heartbeat elevated, and her breathing hitched. He could see her rapid pulse at the base of her neck, right where his mark was.

He closed the distance between them, ignoring the bastard that tensed behind her. Then he took her hand. Her knuckles were bloody, but they had already healed. And it wasn't just her blood on her body, he could smell his father's blood on her, too.

And that was what pushed him over the edge. Kill. He needed to kill his father. Right now. Or his mate would never be safe.

Ava's panic barely pulled his focus back to her, but she gripped his hand tightly and stepped closer to him.

"I need a shower and some rest. Take me upstairs," Ava said.

As always. Ava's needs came first.

His bloodlust disappeared the second he met her gentle gaze .

Without a word, he led her to the stairs, leaving Jared where he was and ignoring the broken front door. He could hear Mr. Patrick speaking to Alpha Morgan in the lounge, but he was focused on his mate. Ava walked up first, still gripping his hand as if she felt he would bolt out of

the door. She led him to his room and straight to the ensuite before she let go.

When he started the shower so it could warm up, he turned back to her and found she was still looking everywhere else but his body.

“You can look, Ava. I’m yours.”

His voice sounded gravelly, but he knew it was the strain of holding everything together. And also trying not to scare his newly deflowered mate with the strength of his needs.

Ava met his gaze, her eyes full of the fire he knew was in his. And then she lowered her gaze. Slowly. He felt that fire as if she were touching him and knew that this time would not be as gentle as the first.

He stepped closer and grabbed the hem of her T-shirt before slowly pulling it off her. She had bruises on her torso that already looked like they were fading. The rest of her clothes came off just as slowly. And she was still looking at his naked body.

The moment he picked her up and wrapped her legs around him, he lost all sense of himself. His movements were desperate, but he could feel the same in his mate. He didn’t care who could hear them as they both took what they needed from each other.

It took hours to soothe his beast and his mate. And only when she fell asleep in his arms was his head clear enough to decide what he had to do.

They would leave tomorrow, but there would be some reckonings first.

Everyone who hurt Ava was going to die.