

Ava

Chapter 157

“Ava.”

Ava almost jumped out of her skin when she heard the voice behind her. It had been three days since Claire had come, and sleep had become non-existent, even with Zeke just outside her window. She was on constant alert, ready to defend herself if needed.

Not a single move from anyone.

“Sorry,” Jared said from behind her.

She turned around and briefly looked at his face before she lowered her gaze. He had completely healed from his run-in with Zeke’s dad so he looked his usual self, but without the flirty smile.

“I just wanted to talk. To see how you are.”

“I’m fine,” she said, adding, “Alpha Anderson.”

Jared mumbled swear words under his breath.

“I really need to go. I have to set up for training,” she said

“Wait I don’t know what the hell is happening around here these days, but if you need me for anything, you know where to find me,” he said as approached her.

Jared had a temperamental wolf. She doubted he could help her with anything, but she appreciated his offer all the same.

“Why are you taking their crap!” he asked in a whisper. “You know you’re not an Ome...”

Four guards appeared right next to them as if they had been watching her closely, waiting for her to break a rule. They had been doing that for days.

“No touching” one of them said.

“I haven’t touched her,” Jared growled.

She stepped back from him and then carried on her way. There was no point in Jared getting himself into trouble over this. A few steps ahead of her, Emily waited, ready to jump in and save her from any doom like the courageous, strong wolf she was. She rolled her eyes and walked past her to enter the training center.

Zeke was there today. Some days, she could imagine she could still catch the scent of his cologne as if he was right next to her. Like today, the moment she walked into the building, she smelled it everywhere. The closer she walked to his dressing room, the stronger the scent

became. It made her body tingle, and her toes curled as she took deep breaths. Her feet stopped moving just outside his locker room. He was in there. She closed her eyes and tried to fight her body's reactions. She had not touched her mate in days. She had seen enough mated wolves in her pack to know she couldn't do that much longer.

Strong arms circled her and lifted her off her feet. When she opened her eyes, she had already been dragged into the dressing room.

“Zeke!” she whispered.

But he closed the door and pressed her against it without a word before he brought his lips down to hers.

Her protest died on her lips. This was bliss. His touch brought her to life as if she had been dead the past few days. Her blood rushed through her body as her heart started working triple times. As his tongue traced her lips, she groaned and sunk her fingers through his hair. And when he softly bit her bottom lip, her whole body tightened.

Gentleness flew out of the window as Zeke pressed himself harder against her and devoured her lips. He created a storm in her body, and she was happy to let it carry her away wherever he wanted

She heard a sound that cleared the fog in her head and made her tense in Zeke's arms. And when the sound came again, louder this time, she realized it was someone clearing their throat.

She pushed against Zeke's chest, and he reluctantly released her. And when she looked around his body, she saw Myles and Derek lounging on

the sofa in the room. Her cheeks immediately colored as she straightened her uniform and redid her buttons. What the hell was she thinking? This was dangerous. This could get both of them carted off to Isolation, where they would be easy prey for the Council.

“You said you were just going to talk,” Derek said to Zeke. She didn’t need to look at the Beta’s face to know he was grinning; she could hear it in his voice.

Zeke didn’t bother looking back at his friends. He just grunted and then brought his hand to play with tendrils of her hair that had escaped her bun.

“We need to talk. Ava. Come to my house tonight, or I’ll come to your dorm and drag you out of there myself,” Zeke said to her.

“You know the new rules were set to target us. They are watching everything we do,” she whispered. “And you can’t go around kissing me, either. They’ll all know.”

“Come to my house, or I’ll drag you there,” he repeated. And then he lowered his head to her ear. “We’re leaving tomorrow. I found a way.”

She stepped back from him. How? They didn’t know if there were other guards beyond the woods. They didn’t know what the guards were capable of. He was going to put his life in danger for nothing.

Zeke put more distance between them. She could still see the effect she’d had on his body. Her eyes trailed over every inch of him, and her mind went straight back into the gutter.

“Take a shower, a cold one, before you go to your duties,” Zeke said.
“And then come home tonight.”

Right Duties. She took one last look at him before leaving the dressing room.

And then, just outside, as if she had been keeping guard, was Emily,

“For fuck’s sake.” she muttered as she rushed down the hall to their locker room.

The other Omegas were still in there, changing. She saw the subtle way they sniffed the air, which mortified her enough to make her rush to the showers.

Zeke couldn’t blatantly break the rules like this; it was too dangerous. Though she supposed she’d needed that. She felt wide awake now, even though her mind was still foggy. But this time, the fog was caused by Zeke and not lack of sleep.

By the time she had scrubbed herself clean and then gone to put her training kit on, the fog was no clearer. And her body was still not under control. It almost felt like the day Zeke had carried her out of Jared’s house. Like he needed to come and finish the job or she wouldn’t be able to concentrate.

“Ava.”

At the sound of Emily’s voice, she snapped out of it and went to the Intermediate room, where she had been transferred. Her mind kept

wandering. but worryingly, she wasn't thinking of the Council, or Zeke's probably suicidal plan to escape. It was Zeke who occupied her mind.

When the rest of the class started to walk in, she felt the darkness approaching the room. Like a void where the sun was not allowed to shine. She could almost track it down the hallway until the cause of it stood in the doorway.

She assumed Claire would ignore her as she did every day, but Claire walked straight to her. There was fury in her blue eyes and a snarl on her lips. as she brought her face inches to hers. Was this it? The fight she had been waiting for?

"I don't care that he marked you or you're shamelessly throwing yourself at him. He is still mine," Claire snarled. "Wait and see."

And then the wolf walked off to rejoin her friends as if she hadn't just thrown lighting words in her face.