

Chapter 158

Ava looked back down the road at the guards patrolling Zeke's street. Though they were not facing her direction, she knew they were tracking her movements.

Her head had been messed up since Claire said those words.

He is still mine. Wait and see.

It was like she'd flipped a switch, and everything in her wanted to find Claire. To hunt her. To hurt her.

Her fists clenched.

The rules didn't say she couldn't go to an Alpha's house, so she hoped she wouldn't get carted away before seeing Zeke. She needed him.

The door opened before she even started walking up the steps, and Zeke stepped back from the entrance. Her mind was still a little foggy from their last encounter, but Claire's words were what had her current state. The violent thoughts going around in her head on a loop were something in a league of their own. She always hated it when she saw those images

from her nightmares, but now she welcomed them. She wanted to rip that bitch apart. She wanted to feel her blood dripping down her arms. Or maybe Claire had no blood, so the snakes and purple-eyed things from the forest would crawl out of her.

Those thoughts were not hers, and she knew that. But she still reveled in that lust for blood.

Claire would never have Zeke.

Because he was hers.

In the back of her mind, the more logical voice told her that if the Council killed her, Zeke would be free to be with someone else anyway. But this thing inside her had a life of its own. It wanted Claire, no matter the consequences.

“Was it Claire?” Zeke asked before she had even closed the door behind her.

“I can’t stop thinking about killing her,” she whispered.

And she couldn’t stop thinking of Zeke finishing the job he started. The two thoughts had been going round and round in her head all afternoon. Kill Claire. Have her way with Zeke. Having her way with Zeke was the safer option.

And because Zeke was standing right in front of her, her mind zeroed in on him so fast, as if the thoughts about Claire hadn’t existed. It was a little bit worrying how it switched from all that violence to focus on just

the rush of heat in her body. It felt like she had no control of herself anymore. One second, she wanted to be a murderer and the next, a lover. Maybe it was the lack of sleep the past few nights.

Or maybe it was more of her wolf making herself known.

It didn't matter right now. All that mattered was Zeke. He stood in front of her in a pair of sweats and a tight T-shirt that pushed all the dirty thoughts into her head.

Zeke must have seen the desperation in her eyes because he took a step closer. He took a deep breath and asked huskily, "What else are you thinking of, Ava?"

"You."

"Are you? For a moment there, I started to think you'd forgotten you had a mate," Zeke said.

There was something in his tone that she couldn't place, but his cologne was over her again. She couldn't think about anything else.

"Zeke..." she said. It sounded like a moan to her ears.

Zeke didn't say anything else. He took her hand, sending shocks through her body that had her biting her lip to stop herself from moaning again. He walked past the stairs and led her to the door underneath them instead. Like the afternoon in his dressing room, she found herself pressed right against it as he took her lips. The fire, the rush... There was more of it this time. Too much. She didn't know when Zeke

removed her clothes, but when he lifted his head from her lips and placed them on his mark, she lost the ability to think.

There was nothing left but emotions, all of them whirling through her mind as her body gave in completely.

And when the end came, her mind was completely shattered. Zeke had to hold her up to help her dress. And yet, in the back of her mind, she felt the fog wasn't completely clear. There was something inside her. A thirst that wasn't quenched.

A hunger not satiated.

But her tension had eased, and her mind was working better. Her murderous thoughts seemed to be at bay. Their bond had calmed her, even though it was possibly the reason for her insane jealousy.

"I would say that if this is how you greet me after days apart, then we need to do it more often, but I don't want to be apart from you that long again. Ava," Zeke said as he pulled his clothes back on.

"I don't want to get you into trouble. I'd rather not have to deal with Isolation before the Head of Council comes," she said as she leaned back and tried to even her breathing.

"Well, it's a good thing we're getting out tomorrow. We won't have to see them. By this time on Saturday, we'll be far from this place." Zeke said as he finally led her down the stairs into the basement.

She had forgotten that was why he had asked her to come.

“I’ll believe that when we’re out of here.”

At least her father wouldn’t be involved in this. Whatever happened now would be only on her head.

“Their patrols are quite solid,” Zeke said. “But there are fewer guards just after midnight, so there will be unguarded sections for about a couple of hours.”

“And we’re just going to walk out of here?”

That had to be the worst plan ever. They were going to die straight away.

“With the help of some witches, yes,” Zeke answered with a grin.

“And what does Mr. Patrick think of your plan?”

“I haven’t told him. I don’t think he can help us, Ava. Not when he’s stuck in here like us,” Zeke said, coming forward to take her face between his hands. “We will do this ourselves. I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with you.”

The rest of their lives. All one day’s worth of it.

“Trust me. Ava. We need to do something. Waiting for them here where they have us trapped is not an option,” Zeke said as he kissed her lips. That kiss shot a spark through her body that she tried to ignore. She didn’t have enough time, not when the guards already knew where she

was “Meet me here after your detention tomorrow, and I’ll tell you the whole plan before we leave at midnight,” Zeke said.

She nodded and started going back up the stairs. Mr. Patrick had warned them what would happen if they managed to escape. But Zeke was also right. Seeing the Head of Council was something no one ever wanted to do.

“Ava, wait,” Zeke said from behind her.

When she turned back, he kissed her again, but he released her before she lost her head.

“Do you still feel the bond between us?” he asked.

“Of course,” star answered with a frown. Why did he even have to ask? He was the one who’d marked her.

She felt drawn to him now more than ever.

Zeke kissed her again before he opened the door.

“I’ll drive you back. It’s too late for you to walk alone when Claire is around.”

Just the mention of That name brought the burning need to see Claire’s blood all over her hands again. It was so intense that she clenched her fists and sat in the back of the car without arguing

“This is bullshit,” Zeke growled when far stopped outside her dorm and saw the guards posted outside it.

Zeke turned back to her and noted her clenched fists.

“Focus on me.” he whispered “Control it.”

She nodded and left the car without a word. Focus on Zeke, Yes, she would try that. But by the time she had showered and changed, both thoughts were running through her mind again. Kill Claire. Have her way with Zeke.

It felt like a compulsion. Would she last though a day of this without giving in?