

Chapter 161

The sun streaming through the window woke Zeke up. It was blinding, but he didn't have the strength to move.

It had been sucked from his body. No, wrenched from his body. He felt about as useless as a newborn pup. He had not known it could be like this.

He'd known mated couples to hole down for a couple of days when the woman went into heat, but they always came back out okay. But he felt like somebody would have to peel them off the floor and carry them out of there. He was completely spent. It had to be because they were true mates. Everything was stronger. More extreme. He had been loved within an inch of his life, and it was fucking amazing.

A small smile played on his lips as he closed his eyes against the sun.

The moan that came from beside him had his body reacting. Okay, maybe he wasn't completely spent. He turned his head to face Ava because she was the only one who could command his body to move when he had nothing left in the tank. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. But it would still do the job if she needed him to.

Ava was disheveled, sweaty and filthy, but she was still the most stunning girl in the world. She reached over and put her hand on his chest, and he could feel from the weak tremors in her body that it was an invitation.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.

He gathered the little strength left in his body and rolled over her to capture her lips.

“I’ve told you to stop apologizing,” he whispered, kissing her again.

It was bad luck. He hadn’t accounted for Ava’s heat because she hadn’t found her wolf yet. And now he had no idea how long they’d been stuck in the house and if the witch potions were still masking them

But judging from what he could sense outside, probably not.

He put most of his weight on his elbows, and his body trembled with the strain. But he was lost in his mate moments later, all his aches and tiredness forgotten as he gave them what they both needed. And when she was satisfied, he rolled onto his back and took her with him so she could recover on his chest

He played with her hair as he thought of what would happen the moment somebody finally got the balls to come into the house to separate him from Ava.

“We’re going to have to fight,” he whispered

“Is it too late to...”

They had made enough noise that he was sure it didn't matter what she said now. The guards had probably been listening in from the very beginning. He looked around the room at the furniture they had somehow broken and the things they had knocked to the floor.

“Yes. Way too late.”

“I guess we're going to fight then,” Ava said.

Just like that. No fear. Unless her head was still scrambled like his was. He was content to lie there and forget what was outside for a while.

Ava drifted off to sleep, but he resisted the urge. He didn't have that luxury when he could sense how many of them had surrounded the house. But it was hours later when they started to approach. Could they see that Ava's needs no longer imprisoned his beast? He shook his mate awake, but he could feel how tired she still was.

“We bred to get dressed.”

Ava could barely stand, and she had marks all over her body. But her scent was still the same as when he had gone to pick her up. Not a trace of human anywhere. Which probably meant she was closer to a breakthrough. The wolf that had attacked him in the forest was about to make her appearance.

And it would be a bloody massacre.

He sighed as he stood and found his clothes in the mess on the floor. Neither of his escape plans had worked out, so there was nothing left to do but face the Council. Mr. Patrick had won this round. With his backpack on, he pulled Ava to him and kissed her lips just as the front door opened. Despite the danger they were in and the lack of energy, a part of him was completely invigorated. He had never felt closer to his mate.

“Get on the floor and put your hands behind your back,” a guard growled from the doorway.

Ava’s heart wasn’t pounding as it would have done before. But he could see her fighting to keep her eyes open, so maybe she hadn’t quite figured out what was happening yet. He helped her down first before he lay beside her and faced her.

“Do you think they’ll give us something to eat before they throw us in Isolation? I’m starving.”

He was rather ravenous himself. And thirsty. He’d murder for a cold beer right about now.

“Probably not.”

A guard came forward and put cuffs on his hands. He knew they were silver from how they immediately cut into his skin and the sizzling sound.

“Ouch! You fucker,” Ava mumbled when they moved to her wrists.

But she didn't protest further or try to fight her way out of the cuffs. The silver would have had most wolves screaming in pain. Could she feel that?

He met her gaze and tried to assess her. Shadow was used to the silver, so this was nothing to him, but Ava was still new to it. In her eyes, he saw a hint of pain, and he felt it through their bond. Just a hint.

As if the silver was nothing to her, too.

“On your feet!

They did as they were told, and the guard shoved them towards the door. He went out first because he knew what he was going to see. He turned his head, ignoring the guards around him, and focused on the black limousine parked on the road. When Ava came out, she stood beside him, and her gaze followed his direction.

He felt the icy tendrils dancing in his head first, and Shadow growled and reinforced their mental walls.

The driver came out of the car and opened the door. And out stepped Councilor Iulia Luca. She met his gaze and gave him a bright smile as if she had been waiting for this moment since she had last seen him.

Behind her was Alpha Diego Lupei. He didn't bother smiling, but his gaze landed on Ava, not even hiding his curiosity. With his bound hands, he pulled her behind him to hide her, even though that was useless.

And then the vampire Andrei Dalea. He looked him over from head to toe before he gave him an unnerving grin. He didn't even try to hide that he was sniffing the air before he turned to the other Council members. And they all grinned and turned back to look at him

Even from this distance, their combined power had him on edge. But he knew they were not the worst of it because he could sense the greater threat.

The three Council members parted. The air turned frigid as the sense of darkness made him clutch Ava's T-shirt behind him tighter.

And then out walked a man who was neither vampire, witch, or wolf, though he looked like he could pass for any of those. He was tall, more built than Diego, and his skin was as pale as Andrei's.

But it was the eyes that made him step back.

They were purple.