

Chapter 163

When she followed Zeke out of the administration block, there was a chill in the air. Her head was a little fuzzy, but the frigid air outside cleared it.

She stopped next to Zeke and looked where the restricted area was. Where the evil was. The cold darkness had settled there and was prickling at her skin. It felt like the evil in the forest was now over the academy like a wet blanket. She didn't need anyone to tell her who was responsible for the purple-eyed creatures in the forest; she had looked the root of that evil in the eyes.

“You're coming with me.” Zeke said, breaking into her thoughts. “We need to stick together.”

She looked back at the guards standing beside the doors. Just because the dean hadn't punished them yet didn't mean they were off the hook. That man had fantasies about the number of ways he could punish her, and he had already warned her about contact with Zeke. What she had done with Zeke was more than just touching him or holding his hand.

However, despite the sudden clarity the moment she came outside, she was bone tired, and her whole body hurt. She would never get any rest if she was alone in her dorm room. It had been hard enough to close her eyes since Claire had arrived.

“Okay.”

Thinking of Claire brought only mild annoyance now, but she was sure it was because she couldn't muster the strength to feel anything stronger.

Like right now, with the Council on campus, she should have been shitting herself, but all she wanted to do was eat and sleep. Besides, they had already lost. Even if they fought, the odds of them coming out of this alive were very low,

Zeke started walking down the front steps just as one of his cars came down the road and stopped in front of the fountain. Derek stepped out of the driver's side and opened both the passenger and back seat doors.

She paused before entering the car and saw how intently the guards were watching her. She half expected them to appear beside her and pull her away, but they didn't.

The drive to Zeke's house was silent, and her eyes were shutting before they were even halfway there. But a question was going round and round in her head since Zeke told her they would have to fight. What would happen to her family if she didn't do what the Council asked? Mr. Patrick told her she had no choice but to fight, or she would hurt more people. But she knew what she would choose if it came to a choice between strangers and her family. Her family would always be first.

But at least her father was home now, he would protect her brothers if anything happened to her.

When Zeke opened the back door, she opened her eyes, dragged her sore body out of the car, and looked down the driveway to the road. There were guards stationed right in front of the driveway, not even bothering to hide that they were watching the house. There were four of them, and they stood still like statues. They didn't even look like they were blinking. Was that what she would turn into? Would she kill on command like they were trained to do?

“Come.” Zeke said

She pulled her gaze away and walked towards the house. As she approached, she imagined she smelled her father's earthy scent mixed with his usual leather. She had probably just imagined that because she had been thinking about her family, but it comforted her as it usually did as she walked into the house.

Instead of going up the stairs, Derek went to open the door under the basement. He probably wanted Zeke to explain what had happened. Since they didn't need her for that, she stopped at the foot of the stairs.

“I'm falling asleep on my feet,” she said. “I'll see you when I wake up.”

But Zeke took her hand before she started walking and led her to the basement door without a word. She sighed as she began to walk down the stairs. Did any of them have any idea what she had put her body through the past few days? Going up and down too many stairs was not

recommended. Her limbs were burning with the exertion by the time she got to the bottom steps,

“I’ll just sleep here then, shall I?” she asked sarcastically as she walked further into the room and saw Myles sitting on one of the benches.

And then she froze.

In there, her father’s earthy scent was more potent.

Because the man himself stood on the other side of the room, with his hands in his pockets, standing next to Mr. Patrick.

“What...? Are you kidding me right now?” shouted as she walked towards him.

What was he doing back here? He was supposed to be gone. He was supposed to be safe. Zeke said he had ordered him to go as she had asked.

She looked back at Zeke and saw how he kept his gaze down. Felt his guilt. He hadn’t done it!

“What the hell, Zeke?!“

“It wasn’t his fault, sweetheart.”

She looked back at her father, tears filling her eyes. What had he done? He was trapped here now. He would die here. She had failed him.

“Yes, it was. He could have listened to me and sent you home. But now you’re going to die here because you would never let me fight this battle on my own,” she said, her voice cracking as the tears fell. “He could have ordered you to go home and watch the boys, but now... You have no idea what’s out there. Dad.”

“I would have gone, but I would never have been able to live with myself. What kind of father would I be if I let you fight alone? You’re just a kid. honey. You can’t do this by yourself.” Alpha Roland said as he closed the distance between them and put his hands on her shoulders.

“Nobody can win this fight, Dad,” she said, pulling back from him. “The Head of Council is a monster. He’s the one who controls everything and everyone. None of us stand a chance.”

She turned away from her father to look at Zeke, who still couldn’t look her in the eye.

“How could you do this to me?” she whispered.

Zeke finally looked up. Though he was full of guilt, she saw no remorse in his eyes

“I would do anything to give you a chance to survive,” he said.

“You’ve just killed my father,” she hissed.

And then she turned away and started walking back up the stairs. Zeke didn’t follow her. He must have realized that he would not be welcome.

Instead of going to his bedroom, she went to her old one and pushed the broken door to the side to walk in. She was angry and terrified at the same time and would probably have blown up a lot more if she hadn't been so tired.

The bed had been stripped, but she threw herself onto the bare mattress. She expected to stew and simmer over this unwelcome development, but her eyes closed straight away.

The last image she had in her head was the purple-eyed man grinning at her as he stood over her father.