

Chapter 195

Ava was still thinking it of what Andrei said when Zeke took her hand to follow out of the basement.

“Wait,” she said, closing the door so they wouldn’t be overheard. “We should trust him. He and Iulia trapped me in the library and told me we’d get killed if I shifted and came after you. They saved our lives.”

raud told me that w

Zeke shook his head, and his eyes glowed.

“But why, Ava? Are you thinking of that? Why are they helping us? I doubt that Alpha Diego is so sentimental that he doesn’t want wolves like him to die. And Andrei slit Emily’s throat without blinking. He doesn’t know you or owe you anything he’s going to slit your throat, too, if he’s told to.”

“But if they are on our side... Come on, Zeke, you know we can’t win,” she said quietly.

“We won’t win if you think like that. You promised we wouldn’t just give up. Ava. Please, at least speak to your wolf because she has a say in this, too.”

Zeke didn’t wait for her to say anything else as he opened the door. She followed slowly, her mind going back to the look on her father’s face. How could he lie that he was okay? She’d seen the pain in his eyes. How could he still want her to fight this when they had him in their grasp?

She followed Zeke outside and found his focus somewhere in the woods.

“I was going to take you for a run, but it seems they’re everywhere right now,” Zeke said

She tried to listen. It had been so easy early when her wolf had done it. But now she heard nothing but crickets.

When she opened her eyes, a wave of dizziness hit her and made her sway slightly

“I guess you’re not going anywhere,” he said, putting his arms around her and looking into her eyes. “That was quick.”

What was in that stuff? She’d been perfectly fine when she’d come outside, but now her thoughts were whirling in her head. How was she supposed to concentrate like this?

“Trust your wolf, Ava She, more than anyone and anything else, has your back. Remember that,” Zeke said as he helped her to sit down.

He sat cross-legged in front of her and looked at her expectantly.

“And I think you’re insane if you think getting sloshed is the answer to all our problems,” she said, and her voice already sounded slurred to her

“Maybe I am a little bit insane, but that’s what makes me beautiful,” he said with a little grin.

And he was beautiful. How could he still smile like that when their world had fallen apart? Even with her thoughts becoming more jumbled, she focused on his lips as he smiled. Would they ever be able to do this properly? Get drunk like stupid young adults and maybe have picnics in the woods again! Would she ever show him her favorite spot at home or go to the beach that now felt so familiar?

Maybe the alcohol was playing tricks on her because she could smell the salty breeze and hear the waves as if they were there on those beautiful cliffs.

Zeke’s lips stopped smiling, and they parted. She pulled her gaze from them with some difficulty to look into his eyes. And in them, she saw all his feelings. His love. His belief in her. His determination. And that unshakable belief that they could do anything together. That she was enough for him and she could fight by his side.

His belief that she and her wolf were the most perfect beings on earth despite all their flaws.

She felt all of that through their bond, stronger than she had ever felt before. And she felt something else. Confusion. A very overwhelming need to be loved, to be accepted.

And she knew these were not her feelings.

It was her wolf. Did she want to be loved and accepted by her? They were a part of each other; one could not exist without the other, Wasn't that acceptance enough?

She closed her eyes to try and focus better on those feelings, even though closing her eyes made her feel dizzier.

'It's me? Why don't you want to speak to me?'

Zeke had said her wolf wouldn't want to be called insane, and that was all she had done since she had found out about her. Had she been upsetting her? Was that the part of her that she needed to accept? The part that hungered for blood?

'You don't understand me.'

The voice was so clear amid all her chaotic thoughts that it startled her and forced her to open her eyes. There was a smile knew what had past happened.

"Talk to her." Zeke whispered.

She quickly closed her eyes again.

‘I’m trying,’ she said. ‘I’ve been trying all this time.’

“You’ve been hoping that I never come out. And now that you need me, you think I’ll come like a pup starved of affection“

How long had this wolf been in her head?

‘From the beginning. Ava. From the time I had to save us when you were a child. But you are not worthy of me.’

Her wolf was withdrawing when she called out, “Wait!”

Was that it? How could they repair the relationship if her wolf wanted nothing to do with her?

‘What’s your name?’

‘Nyx.’

‘Nicks?’

‘No. N.Y.X.’

And then she was gone. The jumble returned, and she opened her eyes to look at Zeke. He looked at her so hopefully. How was she supposed to tell him that the wolf he was relying on wanted nothing to do with her?

But that longing for love and acceptance hadn’t been her imagination. She would have to work on that. Somehow. Maybe not when her head was foggy and she was worried sick about her father.

“What did she say?” Zeke asked.

He was excited and a little nervous. Like he was meeting a lover for the first time. It was cute but a little heartbreaking because she couldn't tell him what he wanted to hear. She hadn't spoken to her wolf long enough to find out why she had run away from Zeke after her first shift. She didn't know if her wolf was rejecting them both.

“Her name is Nyx.”

Zeke's smile widened.

“That's a beautiful name. Fitting. In Greek mythology, she's the goddess of the night, the daughter of Chaos, Shadow and Nyx,” Zeke said. “You see, you were always meant for us.”

Yes, but Nyx didn't think so. She messed that up for Zeke just as she was going to mess things up for the whole school and get people killed.

‘Mark him.’

The voice startled her again, and she somehow ended up in Zeke's arms, her heart pounding. How the hell did anyone ever get used to that?

‘I said mark him.’

She looked up at Zeke with her eyes wide. It was the male wolves who marked their mates. The female never did that, but she was supposed to show Nyx she could trust her. She had to do it.

At least she had an answer to one of her questions. Nyx wasn't rejecting Zeke at all—just her.

Zeke was looking at her curiously, and he bit her lip. Could she mark an Alpha male?

‘I’m an Alpha, too. If you want us to live, claim our mate.’