

Chapter 202

“Let play a little game.”

Ava couldn't move her head, so she was stuck looking at the faces of the people who would die today if she didn't pick five of them to sacrifice. They had all been forced back from the top of the road to witness the next murder. She sensed desperation. Terror. They were all looking above her at Jared, waiting for his life to be taken like Dexter's. Even the teachers stood helplessly by. She had never seen the dean looking so scared.

Nobody should have to live with this kind of fear hanging over them. Fear that one wrong move and someone stronger than them would swoop in and end them.

Dexter had been innocent, and now his parents would have to come to collect his body as Emily's parents had done.

Innocent. Gone all because of her.

‘It's not your fault. It's Hansson's fault.’

Zeke's voice was so clear in her head as if he had been listening to all her thoughts, but she couldn't get anything from him except what he wanted her to hear.

"How many of these will I have to kill to make sure you know your role!" Mr. Hansson mused.

"No more," she whispered.

"I'll tell you what. I will spare his life if Mr. Michelson agrees with you that he should live. And not just today; I mean letting bygones be bygones so that young Mr. Anderson can enjoy the rest of his life."

That sick...

She felt herself being turned and came face to face with Zeke. Of course, he wouldn't spare Jared's life, especially since there was a chance that the next student chosen would be someone he cared about.

Zeke's jaws clenched, and his eyes flashed red. It was a definite no. Though she still felt flashes of pain from whatever Mr. Hansson had tried to do, their bond was still intact.

"Not something you would consider?" Mr. Hansson laughed as he turned them to face him.

Jared remained silent, showing so much bravery when she knew he was terrified. She'd told him to stay away from her after what they had done to Emily, but he hadn't listened. Now, she had no way of saving him when she couldn't shift to fight her way out of this.

Zeke was right; this wasn't her fault.

She met the purple gaze of the man responsible and felt her anger rise again. Nyx stirred, restless inside her as her anger rise, too

“Are you seriously getting angry with me right now, child? What can you possibly do? You and everyone here are at my mercy. You're all alive because I let you live. There is nothing you can do about it,” Mr. Hansson snarled. “Perhaps it's time I stopped playing games. I'll give you a real choice to make.”

Before she knew was happening, someone else appeared next to Jared. Her jaw dropped when she realized who it was under that bloodied

Mr. Patrick.

He hadn't abandoned them; he'd been caught.

The suit he wore was ripped and bloody, his eyes swollen shut, and his hair disheveled and falling over his face.

“You two have been very naughty. This is how you hid your thoughts from me, and you thought I wouldn't find out,” Hansson said. “I know everything.”

She still couldn't take her eyes off Mr. Patrick's face. The professor blinked a few times as he tried to open and focus his eyes. How had he even got caught? He'd said he could handle himself. He'd said everything would be okay.

“Did you really think that such a weak, pathetic creature could protect you from me?” Hansson laughed.

She looked away from Mr. Patrick to look into the eyes of the madman.

“Why are you doing this?” she whispered “Let them go.”

“So you can meet and scheme again? I don’t think so.”

She looked at the three councilors even though she knew they would not help. The three of them were looking up at Mr. Patrick as if that had also surprised them. Were they not the ones who’d caught him and hurt him? “I will make this decision easy for you,” Mr. Hansson said.

The next moment, her father was hanging in the air next to Mr. Patrick and Jared. Fear filled her body as the scenario she had been afraid of started playing out.

“You can only save one. The other two will be your first candidates,” Hr. Hansson said.

His voice sounded far away, but the words hit her hand in her chest. She felt her heart break as she met her father’s eyes. He’d taken her in and loved her as his own, and this was how she was repaying him.

No.

No, Mr. Hansson would not take her father away. He would not take anyone. She would rather die than watch her father meet the same fate as Dexter.

“Pick one, Ava,” Mr. Hansson said as he turned his back to her to look at the three people above them.

“Will you save the coward who killed your mate’s mother and almost killed you? Will you save the weak, little Fae who filled your head with lies and made you think you stood a chance against me? Or will you save the man who loves you unconditionally despite what you are, even though he isn’t your real father?”

No.

She was not making this choice. He was not having them. She would save all of them.

Her anger sparked up and spread through her body. And then Nyx’s anger joined hers. It burned through her, raging through her blood until all she saw was a red haze as she focused on the back of Mr. Hansson’s head.

And then she felt Zeke’s anger. Shadow’s rage.

She felt the darkness well up in her, the darkness she had fought for so long that was a part of her. She welcomed it. This was who she was. A beast capable of depravities that most couldn’t even imagine. She saw it all in Nyx’s thoughts. In Shadow’s.

They were both her monsters.

She fought against the magic that held her and turned her head to look at her mate. His beautiful red eyes were already on her. Zeke already knew what they were capable of; it was what he had been trying to tell her. “Trust yourself,” he said in her mind.

She looked back at her father and met his gaze again. He was a warrior. An Alpha feared and respected by everyone, but Hansson was hanging him up there as if he was worth nothing. She met Mr. Patrick’s gaze, the man trapped in the academy for decades who was desperate to free himself. And she looked at Jared, the young man desperate to prove himself and gain forgiveness.

And then, like the magic hadn’t even existed, she felt it slither away from her body, freeing her limb by limb. She felt the darkness within her start to seep out, surround her, caressing her skin.

And then she felt Nyx burst out, ready to be the monster she was meant to be.