

Chapter 29

Screams. Blood. The crunching sounds. Screams. Blood. The crunching sounds. Ava sat up in bed with her heart in her mouth. She expected the same excruciating pain she had every time she moved her body so roughly, but there was nothing

Not even a headache from the insane girl's punches.

Her heart was still pounding when she looked around, and she realized she was in a hospital bed. The curtains were drawn around her, but she could hear beeping machines not too far away. They must have brought her to the infirmary when Claire knocked her out. That was a first. Usually, they just made sure she came to and then left her on the mat in the training hall to go about the rest of her day.

Whatever magic they did to her at the infirmary was excellent because she felt better than she had in a long time. Why hadn't she thought to come here last week? It would have saved her a lot of energy. Being in constant pain was mentally draining.

The medication they had given her made her feel like she could take on the world. A smile stretched her lips as she lifted her arm and moved the shoulder that Claire had dislocated. It was as good as new.

Someone had undressed her and put her in a hospital gown. Lifting it, she felt around her ribs for any tenderness, but there was nothing.

Someone pulled her curtain open without warning, startling her and making her heart slam against her chest. A tall, thin man walked in, not caring about her privacy. She could tell he was a vampire by his pale skin and the ring on his finger. Some witch had discovered how to make these charmed rings decades ago, and now vampires could walk in the sun among them. Not all vampires followed the Council, as far as she was aware. There were still some out there who lived by their own rules and preyed on humans, coming out only in the darkness.

“You’re awake. Good,” the vampire said as he picked up a chart at the foot of her bed.

He wore a doctor’s coat and a stethoscope around his neck. He looked very young, not much older than she was, but Goddess knew how old he was!

“Everything looks good; you’re free to go,” the doctor announced.

He was about to walk out when she stopped him.

“What about my ribs? What did you give me?”

“Your ribs?” the doctor questioned.

“They were broken. Do I have to do anything for aftercare?”

The doctor frowned at her and picked the folder up again.

“You were knocked out at training and brought in for a possible concussion, but a body scan showed nothing. You just needed rest, probably. First Years tend to come in a lot from mid-semester because of that, but humans tire quicker,” the doctor said as he returned the folder. “Your clothes are on the chair. I can’t give you a note to skip school today because there’s nothing wrong with you, so you better get moving if you don’t want to be late.”

What?

She’d felt the pain! She’d heard the sound of her ribs breaking. How could the doctor say there had been nothing wrong with her? Was it Jared’s cream still doing its magic on her body? How strong was the witch who had made it to heal broken

A frown marred her face as she recalled her match with Claire. That wolf hadn’t shown any mercy. Something had broken. Or had she imagined it? She got off the bed and picked up her clothes from where the doctor indicated, wrinkling her nose as she shook her training kit. It was covered in her blood and smelled awful. If she’d had real friends at the academy, someone would have brought her a change of clothes. Instead, she was forced to wear the ruined kit.

Sighing, she put it on and then found her trainers.

The infirmary was a big, busy building. It was bigger than her pack hospital and looked better equipped. If every coach trained their class the way Coach Baxter trained her, the infirmary would be at full capacity every night. What the hell was wrong with this place, allowing such brutal things to happen in training? They were sparing; things weren't supposed to be taken so far.

And teachers weren't supposed to let their personal issues affect how they taught the students.

As she walked out, she realized it was still very dark. She hadn't asked what time it was, and her bag with her tablet was still in her locker at the training center with her uniform. It would take her even longer to get to her room when she didn't know where she was.

“Ava.”

She looked towards the car park at the sound of the voice that made her heart skip. Ezekiel was leaning against a car, hands in his pocket and still in his training kit. She remembered the last time she had seen him, as he'd walked out of the training hall, and all her anger returned.

But she deflated instantly. Why had she expected the Alpha to help her, anyway? They were not friends, and he had been threatening her to leave the entire time she had known him.

“What are you doing here?”

She didn't bother looking down. She could tell Ezekiel was very angry already, so they might as well get the showdown over and done with. She just wanted to go shower and sleep.

This was probably where he said he told her so, that they would break her until there was nothing left of her but ashes. She wasn't in the mood for that today.

"I'm taking you back to your room," Ezekiel said as he pushed himself off the front of his car and walked around to the passenger side.

She didn't know what to make of this. How had he known she was coming out? Had he waited? What did his girlfriend think, seeing as she was the cause of her little hospital stay?

"I don't need anything from you."

His eyes flashed red briefly as he opened the door and held it open.

"Your duties start soon. Stop being stubborn," he growled.

She looked up at the sky and saw that it was lightening. After what Emily told her, she didn't want to add to her detentions anymore. She'd already accumulated enough for another couple of weeks, so she had to become a model student to prevent the calamity that would come if she became a repeat offender.

With a sigh, she walked over and got into the car. Ezekiel's eyes became glued to her top, and when he took a breath, his eyes glowed, and the hand holding the top of the door tightened. Why was he angry at her for?

She hadn't done anything wrong. Maybe getting into such an enclosed space with an angry Alpha was a bad idea.

He said nothing as he got into the car and started it. He didn't say a word during the drive, either, but his fists kept clenching and unclenching. When he stopped outside her dorm, she didn't know what to think about his behavior. He hadn't shouted at her or threatened her a single time.

"Thank you," she mumbled as she got out.

She was surprised when he got out and walked beside her. He didn't look at her a single time, so she had no idea why he had even gotten out, especially since he was practically vibrating with anger.

Before she reached the door, Ezekiel pulled her to the side of the building and crashed her body into his. She gasped at the contact, but she didn't have a chance to react before he brought his lips down.

A surge of heat unlike anything she had ever known flooded her body instantly as Ezekiel claimed her mouth. It felt like a million electric shocks through every nerve in her body when he picked her up and backed her against the wall. He devoured her. He pressed against her and awakened so many emotions at the same time that all she could do was close her eyes and let them take her. His hands, his mouth, his amazing cologne. Everything whirled around her as her body craved more.

But just as quickly as he had started, he stopped. He set her back on her feet and backed away.

"Burn those clothes," he growled.

And then he got into his car and sped off as if the devil himself was chasing him. She was left clinging to the wall because her knees were too weak to hold her up.