

Chapter 53

Ava was sure her head would fall off when Ezekiel set her down. It was cleaving into itself and jumbling all her thoughts. Her energy seemed to have been sucked from her body, she couldn't understand why she felt so sluggish. It took her a moment to realize she was alone. Ezekiel left her. Again.

What was wrong with that guy!

With a tired sigh, she limped to the bathroom. There was a basket of toiletries on the counter that hadn't been there that morning, as if Ezekiel had spent his time preparing for her to move in with him, but she only glossed over it as she went straight to the shower. She would have loved to soak in the giant tub in this mom, but she didn't know if she could stay awake long enough to enjoy it. It took a while to remove her ruined clothes, and then she finally stood under the cooling spray. She was sure she was sunburnt on top of everything the. She loved being outdoors, but her skin was not made for that.

She felt only marginally better when she finally stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around herself. And then like on the fi she'd had to walk for so long, she dropped onto the bed and felt the sleep start to claim her instantly.

She only needed a few hours to rest. And then, by nightfall, she would be out of here.

When she opened her eyes, the sun was still streaming into the room, but she felt incredibly refreshed. And she knew that meant she had overslept.

She sat up with a jolt and looked around the room. An alarm clock on the bedside table said it was Sunday.

“Son of a...”

Sunday afternoon? She had slept for a whole day?

She picked up the clock and shook it to make sure it was working. Her mouth fell open and her eyes widened. She had never slept that long in her life. Maybe she had lost too much blood after all, and her body had needed the rest to start repairing itself.

It didn't matter. At least she felt back to her old self and wouldn't have to worry about passing out during her escape attempt.

Once again, she looked longingly at the tub as she looked through the toiletries for a toothbrush. The downside of living with wolves was their sense of smell, so she did a thorough job on her teeth before jumping into the shower, again ignoring the tub. Her stomach was gnawing at her and demanding food immediately. A long soak would have to wait until she got back home with her family.

If she got home.

Mr. Patrick's warning ran through her mind as if he was in her head, but she pushed it away. There was nothing that would make her stay here a minute longer.

Once she was finished and wrapped a towel around her hair, she realized she had ruined the only set of clothes that Ezekiel had given her. Her only option was to borrow one of his shirts or a T-shirt so she could head back to Jared's to grab her things.

She opened a door next to the bathroom and was surprised to see a walk-in wardrobe that was probably as big as the dorm room allocated to her, which was meant for five girls. This academy once again showed their ridiculous favor. What made Ezekiel and Jared more important than the Omegas! Because one day they would lead their packs? An Alpha was nothing without his pack; if the academy couldn't see that, then she didn't want to be a part of it anyway.

She walked into the room and was immediately hit by the scent of his cologne. She took deep breaths and closed her eyes. This was probably the only thing she would miss about the academy. She'd never smelled anything so good back in her pack.

But it was time to get moving and make a plan. She couldn't daydream about escaping any longer.

Picking a T-shirt, she briefly lamented the lack of underwear as her stomach continued to growl. Once she was suitably dressed and had let her hair down to air dry, she slowly opened the door.

The house was quiet, but that didn't mean no one was home. Wolves were masters of stealth, but her dad had taught her that too. She stepped lightly as she made her way downstairs. The last thing she wanted was to explain to Ezekiel why she needed to go to Jared's house. The less she explained herself, the better.

There was a mouthwatering aroma coming from what she assumed was the kitchen, probably made by some poor Omegas forced to serve the higher ranked wolves. When she walked in, two of them were busy preparing what looked like a feast. Who was going to eat all of that? Was Ezekiel throwing a party! For some reason, she couldn't picture that. He looked too stern, too serious, to ever do anything fun,

“What do you want?” one of the Omegas hissed.

Ava rolled her eyes and walked over to the cabinets, opening the randomly until she found the dinner plates.

“That's for Alpha Michelson” the other one said, blocking her path.

“I'm hungry,” she said through her teeth, “and as you can see, I'm clearly a guest here.”

“We have not cooked any of this for you.”

“Then who are you doing in for?”

Ava turned to see one of the wolves who had picked her and Ezekiel up in the car when she storied out of the hospital. He was almost as big as Ezekiel, with short dark hair and piercing blue eyes, and he looked just

as stern as Ezekiel. His hair was disheveled, and he looked tired, but he was still very easy on the eyes.

“Sorry, Beta Derek,” the Omegas said in unison.

Derek rolled his eyes and then settled his gaze on her. She felt like she was under a microscope, like he was looking through her to try to figure her out and why she was there. Well, good luck to him. If he found out why Ezekiel acted that way, then maybe he could tell her, too,

“Help yourself,” Beta Derek said finally “They keep making this food, and it goes to waste.”

“Is it not to the Alpha’s liking? We can make anything else that he prefers,” one of the Omegas said.

She felt sorry for them. She could feel their desperation to please Ezekiel. Maybe he got off on being waited on hand and foot. What a bastard,

“He likes it just fine. But he’s told you, you don’t need to do this,” Derek sighed. “Help yourself. Ava.”

She didn’t wait to be told twice. Her stomach was growling so loud she knew the wolves could hear it. She filled her plate and then took it over to the kitchen table. She was already halfway through the plate when she realized the Beta was still standing in the doorway, watching her. She met his gaze, waiting for him to say what he needed, but he sighed and walked out of the room. It was strange that he hadn’t made a big deal out of her looking him directly in the eye.

With a shake of her head, she returned to her meal and didn't waste any of it. By the time she had washed her plate and thanked the girls who had made it, her mind was already on the next step of her plan. She would have to sneak some knives out of there or Jared's house. The next time someone attacked her, she would not stand there like a defenseless weakling.

She stepped lightly as she left the house, and it didn't take long for her to reach Jared's house. Before she could knock, the door was wrenched open, and Jared snarled as he stepped towards her. The blazing fury in his eyes rooted her to the spot. Maybe she hadn't wanted to believe Ezekiel's words, but she could see the evidence for herself

“What the fuck do you want, human?”