

Chapter 67

The shared bathroom was nothing like Ezekiel's. It was still spacious and decorated well, but it didn't have the large clawfoot bathtub that Ezekiel had in his.

Her face started burning again at the thought of the Alpha. Last night was a blur, but she remembered throwing herself at him. She remembered the way he had kissed her, the way she had ground herself on his hard body. And then to wake up with her limbs tangled in his...

She didn't know what had come over her. Ezekiel was a wolf, the most dangerous one she had ever met. The aura around him was always dark. He She didn't know what had come over her. Ezekiel was a wolf, the most dangerous one she had ever met. The aura always looked at her with such heat in his eyes that she knew his threat that he would have her in his bed if she didn't leave was accurate.

It could have happened last night.

She pushed that thought aside and chided herself for being so foolish. Ezekiel had done nothing to deserve her body.

Nothing except save her a few hundred times.

She pushed that away again, afraid that if she thought about it, the images in her head would pull her under again.

She bypassed the big tub and went straight into the shower. Even if this tub wasn't as inviting as Ezekiel's, she still didn't have the time to soak in it... The time on her tablet said it was already breakfast time, so she had to get a move on if she didn't want to be late for her lessons.

Would Ezekiel be excused from his lesson? Not that she cared in that way, but he looked exhausted. He needed to rest. What had happened to him while he had been away! He'd come back different.

She, on the other hand, felt absolutely fine today. She had no pain, and the confusion and depression were gone. It was almost like it never happened, only that she would never forget the things her mind had conjured. All that darkness seemed tattooed on her mind; she had to make a Conscious effort not to think about it.

Her shower was quick, and she took the opportunity to wash her hair. By the time she had finished, she felt ready to face the day. The coach couldn't pick on her today: she would do her best to keep up with everyone.

She left the bathroom wrapped in a towel and almost bumped into the last person she wanted to see when she was practically naked.

Ezekiel stopped.

His eyes burnt through her the way they always did and took her breath away. And then they slowly travelled down her body. Her body reacted instantly as if she was standing there naked. She didn't move, yet she knew she needed to. She had to run as fast as she could from this wolf. She didn't know why, but she knew the moment she ended up in his bed the way he wanted, she would be destroyed. He would own her. Every inch of her.

Ezekiel took a deep breath, and his jaw tightened. She dared not look lower than his face because she knew exactly what she would see straining against his sweatpants.

“Zeke, come and eat.”

She didn't look away from Zeke even at that interruption, and Zeke didn't take his gaze from her either.

Could he bear the irregular beating of her heart? Could he hear her ragged breath? He took another deep breath, and red bled into his eyes. And then he named his body fully to her and slowly closed the gap. His body was touching hers, short-circuiting her brain. She had never been sexually attracted to anyone before, so she'd had no idea how intense that could feel. His attention was on her neck. She couldn't tell if he wanted to take in her scent or bite her. Other wolves could bite each other and heal, but it wouldn't be the same for her. Had he forgotten she was human? Or had his wolf taken over him completely?

But still, she found herself tilting her head, offering her neck to the Alpha wolf.

“Zeke!”

She didn't know her hands started touching him, but they were slowly going up his hard, muscled chest until they gripped his T-shirt. He was so hard. And she didn't know why his cologne always got her like this.

Zeke pressed into her, pushing her against the wall. His fingers trailed up her side, and she could feel the electricity even through her towel.

And just like that, she wanted the towel gone. She wanted his touch directly on her skin.

He lowered his head to the crook of her neck. His nose grazed her from her shoulder to her ear, and then it was his lips and tongue.

Another loud moan left her lips, and her fingers tightened their grip on his T-shirt.

“Zeke!”

One second, she was ready for him, and then the next a loud menacing growl left his lips as he let her go and grabbed someone by the throat.

The shock of the abrupt movement was enough to bring her back to her senses. Ezekiel was still growling, and his Beta was pinned up against the opposite wall. He sounded so angry that he could snap the other wolf's neck if he made a wrong move.

It was like a bucket of cold water was thrown over her.

What the hell was she doing? She didn't want this; she didn't want to be with Ezekiel, yet she had offered him her neck.

She rushed into her bedroom and slammed the door. Her heart was still pounding in her chest as she asked herself why she would even allow that to happen. Claire already had a claim on him, and the last thing she wanted was to antagonize her again.

She calmed down as much as she could before putting her uniform on and tying her still-damp hair into a ponytail. Then she went to the kitchen, hoping for a quick breakfast before going to school. She would have to walk. She needed some space away from Ezekiel.

The wolves were in the dining room when she went down, and a feast was laid on the table. They had quietened down before she had even got down the stairs, so she knew they had been talking about her.

Zeke pushed a chair out for her beside him, but she shook her head and sat at the opposite end of the large dining table. His eyes narrowed on her; he wasn't pleased, but she ignored him and reached for a plate.

“Why have you got your uniform on?”

She looked up at the blond wolf with a questioning look.

“It's Saturday,” he stated.

“No, you said yesterday was Wednesday”

“And then you crawled into Zeke’s bed and didn’t get out until he came home,” Derek said.

Her knife clattered on her plate as she met Ezekiel’s gaze. How was that even possible? She’d laid on his bed and daydreamed about the beach. It had definitely been the middle of the school week.

What the hell was going on? Why was she losing so much time?

The Alpha didn’t say anything as he continued to eat, but his gaze didn’t leave her face. His eyes flashed red for a moment and then back to his beautiful amber. Was she supposed to stay in for two whole days with him when she clearly lost her head every time he was close?