

## Chapter 7

Zeke shifted in the woods behind Jared's house and snarled with frustration. What he wanted... What he needed was on that dick's property. The scent was so strong here that Shadow was going crazy trying to cross the boundary.

He usually had a tighter grip on his wolf than this, so it occurred to him for a second that maybe he needed to worry. It had taken years of work to get that unstable beast under control.

But that scent... He was with Shadow on this. They had to find it

So, he jogged back to his house and entered through the back doors. Myles and Derek were in the lounge with a group of girls who were definitely not wolves. He ignored their questioning looks when he strode past them naked. He didn't give a shit that his junk was swinging all over the place in front of strangers. Other wolves wouldn't have cared, but he felt the girls eyeing him as if he were their next meal.

Derek found him as he was putting a shirt on.

"Are we going somewhere?" he asked.

“Just me.”

He didn't want to elaborate. The whole situation stunk of hypocrisy, which he was well aware of. Claire had only mentioned the party, and he had been ready to rip her apart. Even now, the thought of going over to Jared's house was grating on his nerves. Was it worth it? Did he need to enter the enemy's territory just to find out what that scent was?

“Yes, Shadow said.

Shadow hardly ever talked, not since he had taken control of him. But he didn't have time to stop and think about that. It didn't matter anyway since they agreed. They were going to the party.

“Don't tell me you're going back to Claire,” Derek said. “You know your father disapproves.”

He frowned at Derek as he put on his tie. Being questioned about his every move was something he wouldn't miss once he became the Alpha. Somehow, his father always found a way to micro-manage things, even so far away.

“Not that it's any of your fucking business, but no, I'm not going to see Claire,”

“So why are you getting dressed up?”

Zeke looked at his reflection in the mirror and paused as he made the final knot in his tie. Shit. What the fuck was he doing? This was Jared's party, and he dressed like he was going on a date. He had no idea why

he'd felt the need to do that. There would be no one he'd want to impress at Jared's house; they were all members of his pack or people they had allied with. Which meant they were all his enemies.

Which meant he would be outnumbered if he went alone. But sl...

He pulled the tie off and found a pair of jeans and a T-shirt.

"Zeke, are you okay?"

"Yes. I'm just... I'm hungry.

He was starving. He wanted whatever was whetting his appetite like this. He wanted to inhale it. Lick it. Bathe in it. He wanted it all over him if he could. The scent had invaded every part of him, almost like the scent of prey on a hunt. He couldn't stop. His thoughts were all jumbled up as he finally pulled the T-shirt over his head and walked out of his room. with Derek close behind.

"Then order something. You don't need to go out now, not when the vampires-"

"I know what's out there," he growled as he rushed down the stairs.

He walked past the lounge entrance, where Myles was already entertaining some of the girls. The scent of lust was heavy in the air, tainting the sweet scent that seemed to have melded onto every cell in his body. The moment he stepped out into fresh air, the scent hit him again. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

Fuck, that was amazing.

When he opened his eyes again and looked toward Jared's house, he struggled to push Shadow back. Shifting there would be seen as an act of war, and the consequences would be more than he was willing to pay.

"Zeke... Your eyes, man," Derek said quietly.

He took another deep breath before he looked at his friend. Why did he look so worried? He was known for his control over Shadow, It had been years since...

He looked away from Derek again to start walking down his driveway. All he wanted was to find where this scent was coming from. There would be no trouble tonight.

"Go back to your girls. I'm not staying out too long." he commanded.

Maybe that made him a dick because Derek had to comply instead of following him. But he wasn't going to let anyone stop him.

People moved out of his way as he went up Jared's driveway. They stopped talking as he looked around, trying to find the source. But it wasn't out here. He followed it into the house and stopped just inside the doorway. The scent was everywhere here. With a frown, he followed it in every room before he came to the kitchen.

The Omegas in the kitchen dropped what they were doing and shrank back. Knives clattered on the surfaces; trays fell to the floor. Zeke didn't

pay them any attention as he looked at the food on offer. He poked a piece of steak that looked like it was cooked to perfection. He had nothing but a few bites of his pastry at lunch, so looking at that meat should have made him want to eat it. None of it smelled like what he wanted, but he was practically drooling standing there. Starved. But not for this food.

He eyed the Omegas one by one, but all he could smell on them was fear.

“What else have you made? What’s that scent? Like vanilla and something fruity,” he demanded.

They didn’t lift their heads to answer him. He wondered if Jared had ordered his Omegas to never interact with him. Scowling at them, he walked around the kitchen island to stand beside them. Shadow was going crazy, in complete agreement with him. They would not be denied.

“Tell me what else you made,” he growled.

The Omega swallowed before she said, “This is everything, sir.”

He didn’t sense a lie. He growled in frustration as he backed off and left the kitchen.

If it wasn’t food in the kitchen, it had to be on one of the guests, he followed the scent to the wide-open back doors, where he could smell Jared and his pack. The patio was full of people talking loud and obnoxious and participating in things they knew were not allowed on

campus. But Jared was an arrogant ass-wipe who always flouted the rules. He would fail as an Alpha.

If he lived long enough to become one.

His nose pointed him to a spot somewhere at the loungers by the pool. First, he noticed Jared laughing at something.

And then he noticed her.

A little woman with a massive plate of food on her lap. He couldn't stop his eyes from glowing as his body filled with the undeniable need to ravish her. He took another deep breath, and the scent almost knocked him off his feet. It was her.

Vanilla. A hint of orange blended so perfectly that his body started to react. And human.

He recoiled back. Human?

And then Shadow said something that didn't make sense but still filled him with dread.

'Mine.'