

## Chapter 86

Blood, Screams, Crunching sounds, Claire lying dead in the forest. Blood. Screams Crunching sounds. Claws ripping through so many bodies. Screams. Crunching sounds. The vampire, witch and werewolf circling her, ready to rip her apart.

She sat up with a jolt and saw the darkness in the room. She was sure she had left the light on again, but... Her heart pounded out of her chest as the darkness seeped through the windows, inching closer to her. The sticky, burning feeling covered her whole body, licking her skin like she was still in the forest. She was paralyzed on the bed, unable to jump off and run to safety.

She felt the tingles start rippling through her body as the pain increased, almost like the day Claire had been beating her up in town. She wanted to scream, but her throat wasn't working. Her breath was stuck in her lungs.

The darkness inched closer and closer, ready to swallow her up. She couldn't go back into it. She wouldn't be able to escape a second time.

Light flooded her room, banishing the darkness instantly. At that same moment, she let out a long, shaky breath, Ezekiel burst into the room,

dressed in nothing but boxers. Her heart didn't start to calm down until he got into the bed and wrapped his arms around her. He was alert, his gaze going over every inch of the room, but she knew there was nothing there. Her fear was from something inside her.

“Shh,” he whispered “I'm here.”

After a few moments, he laid her back and settled in the bed behind her. She didn't protest. His arms comforted her in a way she couldn't understand, but she was desperate to chase her nightmares away. His body heat and muscular arms created a haven for her, securing her in his protective bubble. Her nightmares had never been that bad, reducing her into a damsel who constantly needed saving.

Was it this the academy? Something in the air?

Wrapped in his arms, it didn't take long for her to drift back to sleep.

When she woke, her legs were entangled with his, and she felt the nudge on her back. In the early morning light, she remembered why being so close to Ezekiel was such a bad idea. She needed to come out of his arms and put some distance between them, but there was just something...

Maybe because she knew how much he wanted her, her mind seemed to push back the fact that if she pursued anything with Ezekiel, she would be nothing more than his playing.

His arms tightened around her, drawing her closer against the heat of his body. Her eyes fluttered closed again as Ezekiel brought his head to her neck and pressed his groin against her.

“Ava...” he whispered.

There was so much need in his voice that it instantly set her body on fire. She didn't protest when he rolled her over and then lowered his lips to hers. She didn't protest when he instantly deepened the kiss and sent her mind whirling. Ezekiel groaned against her lips as he settled himself between her legs.

She was lost. There was no thought in her head except for this.

“Zeke...”

She was in trouble. Her legs wrapped around him, and he groaned as he pressed himself against her. Only his boxers and her pajama shorts separate them, but even that felt like it was too much. She was ready to explode as he continued to ravish her mouth and rub himself against her.

The need to breathe made him break away from her mouth, and his lips trailed down her neck instead. And, like the other day, she tilted her head and gave him access. When he licked, she felt it. A shiver went down her spine as she trembled in his arms, aching for him to give her some relief. And then, when he sucked again, she came apart. Her mind seemed to fracture as the most intense feeling rippled through her body and had her tightening her legs around him.

And then Zeke was calling her name as he tensed above her.

It took a while for her sanity to return as she breathlessly clung onto the huge Alpha on top of her.

“Mine,” he whispered.

She tensed.

What the hell was she doing? The last thing she needed right now was a possessive Alpha wolf. She pushed against his naked chest, and he rolled over easily. She avoided his gaze and didn't dare look lower on his body as she clutched the bedding over herself.

“I'm sorry” she started. “I have to shower and get dressed.”

“I'm the one who's sorry. I didn't mean to...”

Her cheeks colored more as he pointedly kept her gaze on the ceiling

“I'll go and shower, too, then we can grab a quick breakfast before we go training. You still need to pass the mocks,” Ezekiel said.

But he still didn't move, and she could still feel his gaze burning into her.

“Are you a virgin, Ava?”

She hadn't thought she could feel more embarrassed, but her cheeks were on fire. Ezekiel lifted himself onto his elbow and looked down at

her. She risked a glance at him and had to look away straight away. His eyes were red, but she had still seen the burning need in them.

“I have to shower, Zeke,” she repeated.

He groaned, and then, without warning, he brought his lips down onto hers again. But this was a quick, hard kiss before he released her and rushed out of her room.

It took her a long time to compose herself long enough to leave her room and go to the bathroom. And when she was finally finished, she made sure no one was in the hallway before she rushed back to her room. The last thing she wanted to do right now was to face Ezekiel again. Her cheeks were still flushed as images of what had just happened flashed through her mind.

When she dressed in her training kit, carefully folded her uniform and placed it in her bag, she knew she couldn't delay going downstairs any longer.

Ezekiel was talking to Derek and Myles in the kitchen as they prepared breakfast. Did the Omegas not make anything for them today? She wanted to ask what had happened but couldn't look Ezekiel in the eyes long enough to talk to him.

“Morning, Ava,” Derek said

“Morning.”

Did they know? Had they heard her! Her cheeks colored again as she looked away from the Beta.

Zeke placed a plate full of food on the island in front of her. She mumbled her thanks without looking at him and took it in the kitchen table. The wolves continued talking as they brought their places to the table and sat with her. She was glad they didn't pay much attention to her as they discussed issues with their pack, so she let her mind wander to what Mr. Patrick had told her. She needed to speak to him as soon as possible.

By the time she and Zeke drove to the training center and he started her with her warm-ups, things seemed to be almost back to normal. Ezekiel kept it professional, as he had the day before, but she felt her body react to the contact every time she touched him.

It was only as they were finishing off that Ezekiel turned the tables and pinned her down with his whole body. Immediately, she was back in that place, forgetting everything else, craving his touch as if her life depended on it as he brought his lips down to hers. It was impossible to fight this. Her legs wrapped around him as he pressed into her and groaned against her lips.

“I fucking knew it!”

Jared's voice made her rip her lips from Zeke's to look at the wolf who had somehow snuck up on them. And then the growl that came from Zeke's lips was more menacing than any she had ever heard from him. He hadn't snapped Derek's or the librarian's necks, but as Ezekiel got off her, she was sure he was about to murder someone else.