

Chapter 90

Ava tried to stay awake because she was curious about what Zeke had to say. Would he try to justify his rotten attitude? And if he did, would she mindlessly follow everything he said?

And she was constantly thinking of when she would be able to see Mr. Patrick again. With Zeke moving her detentions and being around all the time, she couldn't get away to find him. How could he help her get out of this? How was she supposed to prepare for the Council?

But her tiredness caught up with her, and she drifted off to sleep.

When she woke, dawn was breaking, and she was nestled against a warm, hard body. She felt the tingles start in her body and shot out of bed immediately.

That was not happening against!

Zeke's eyes were open, and he popped himself up onto his elbow to look at her. He had an amused smile on his stupidly handsome face.

"Your bed is too small for me. You really need to move into my room," he said.

Sleep made his voice husky, and parts of her body reacted. She was suddenly aware of the really short pajama bottoms and strappy top that she had on as his eyes named her body. She crossed her arms to hide her chest before he could see the embarrassing pebbled outline against the thin top.

“You said you just wanted to talk!” she accused him.

“By the time I came up, you were fast asleep couldn’t bring myself to wake you.”

“So you thought the most logical thing to do was to join me?”

Zeke was still smiling as he sat up on her bed. The bedding fell, revealing his naked chest. She looked away quickly and busied herself by gathering her toiletries with jerky movements.

What was wrong with this guy? Why was he so fixated on her? She’d grown up among wolves, so she knew of their possessive nature, but this was too much, even for an Alpha,

“You really need to get used to this, Ava. I belong to you just as much as you belong to me.”

“Stop saying that,” she said through gritted teeth, and yet something in her heart soured at his words. “I have enough to deal with right now without all this.”

“You’re right. I’m sorry. We’ll get through the evaluations this weekend and then talk about us.”

Us. There he went again.

“And I really need to know what happened with Claire, Why did you go into town in the first place when you knew she wanted to kill you?”

So now she was in trouble for disobeying him? Sure, if she had listened to him, none of this mess would have happened, but his controlling nature grated on her nerves. There was nothing she could do about that, though. She supposed she couldn't blame him for that, considering what he'd had to do to get her out of that situation.

“I'm sorry,” she said, clutching her towel as she faced him. “And I know that's not enough because maybe the Council knows about that, too.”

“Forget about the Council for today,” Zeke said as he pushed the bedding off himself and stood.

She couldn't help staring. She was only human. Such perfection was too much for her. She was compelled to look because she would probably never see anyone so perfect again. Zeke's muscles rippled as he stretched, and her eyes feasted on his every movement. How did someone even get so many defined abs? And then her eyes drifted lower to the very large bulge that was not hidden anymore.

“We have time. We can get back into bed if you want.”

Heat spread across her face as she forced herself to look away.

She had to focus. She had to remember to say no to being a plaything.

When she saw him walking towards her from the corner of her eye, she tensed and waited to see what he would do. Would he touch her! Would he kiss her again?

“I don’t want you distracted while you’re being evaluated, so trust me when I say that, for this weekend at least, I will take care of everything for you. Promise me you’ll just keep your head in the game.”

She nodded. That was all she could do. Her throat was too dry to allow her to speak.

“And I didn’t mean to sound like an asshole the other day. I don’t care that you’re human or an Omega; you’re still my equal. Can you forgive me?”

And that was a load of bull. In their world, they would never be equals. She tamed the heat in her body as she nodded. What else could she do? She couldn’t argue with an Alpha.

“Okay, I’ll go and shower, and then we’ll eat and head out. There will be no training this morning because I want you to be fresh and alert when you start.”

“Okay.”

She didn’t look at him again and let out a breath of relief when he walked out of her room. Parents’ Weekend couldn’t come quickly

enough. She was getting away before she made a decision that would break her heart.

Once she had showered and put on the academy tracksuit, as per the instructions sent to her tablet about the day, she packed a change of clothes in her bag to take with her. Just in case. She knew the coach was itching to get her beaten up again, so today would likely end with her in the infirmary again. She would be prepared this time.

It was a pity she was no longer on speaking terms with Jared. His cream would have come in very handy, too.

When she walked downstairs, she a feast prepared on the dining table and heard Zeke speaking in the kitchen.

“...already told you not to do this. We all have evaluations, you should have been training, not cooking...”

Did he really expect the Omegas to do that? Zeke was an Alpha, and they had to obey him, but the academy rules trumped everything. The Omegas would never stop serving him.

She went past the dining room to see the two Omegas in front of Zeke with their heads down.

“We’re sorry. Alpha Ezekiel,” one of them said. “But if we don’t do our duties, we get punished.”

I've told you I don't tell them anything. Do what you want here. Watch some fucking TV Don't keep cleaning and cooking for me." Zeke growled.

"Sorry, Alpha."

But she could tell the apology wasn't because they would do as he said from now on. They would still do their duties because they had been conditioned to be everyone else's servants.

Zeke must have realized this, too, because he growled and came out of the kitchen.

"Let's eat and get out of here."

Breakfast was quieter as the three wolves dug into their breakfast. She ate heartily because she didn't know what the day would bring.

"It's for three days. We'll be okay," Derek said once they had all finished. "And at least we get to skip two days of lessons after that."

Zeke was a little somber when they finally started heading out. He held her back at the door and let Derek and Myles go out first.

"Keep your head in the game," he reminded her.

"I will. You already said that."

"If you feel like it's too much, no one will fault you if you tap out."

Tapping out meant she would never advance out of the coach's class. She would never tap out.

"Okay," she said instead.

And then, when she was about to walk out. Zeke pulled her back and planted his lips on hers. Like always, it weakened her knees. But it was quick, and when Zeke released her, she almost protested.

"Good luck," he said gruffly.

"Don't die."