

Chapter 93

Ava hadn't managed to eat anything, and Zeke sat in the dining hall opposite her, not even pretending to eat. He sat so still as he watched her that she wondered what scheme he was hatching in his head. Would it get him sent to Isolation again? Or much worse?

Zeke's gaze only shifted from her when his body tensed, and he looked at the entrance. Moments later, a group of students entered the dining hall. She recognized a few of them as the vampires who had visited Zeke last night.

The whole dining hall quietened down as they stopped to look around. Since vampires didn't eat solid food, she had never seen any in the dining hall before, and those, in particular, she would have remembered. Like last night, she was struck by how powerful their allure was. Not as strong as the dean's secretary or the Councilor, but such strength was rare in people so young.

Wolves and vampires were natural enemies, even if the Council forced everyone to co-exist. She hadn't imagined they would willingly interact, but they seemed to be making their way to Zeke's table. What business did Zeke have with the vampires?

Or rather, what business did they have with her?

It was her they were looking at as they approached.

“Alpha Ezekiel, one of them said with a slight nod at the wolf.

“Prince Gideon” Zeke said. “To what do I owe this pleasure?”

Prince? No wonder he was so strong. Royal blood was stronger than anything. He would be a force to be reckoned with when he was older.

She got the feeling Zeke was not impressed by the vampires stopping by. His whole body was tense as he watched them. Maybe the relationship wasn't as cordial as she had thought.

“I just wanted to thank Ava for sparing young Robert today,” the vampire said, looking back at her. “I'm sure you could have made that match much more unbearable for him. Now I have two vampires in my nest who can't stop talking about you, so I had to come and meet you myself.”

The second vampire must be Max. She hadn't seen him around since she brushed him off.

“It was nothing,” she shrugged and then returned to pushing her food around her plate.

“It was everything to my vampires. I'd like to invite you to our residence after the evaluations are behind us to show my appreciation.”

A human in a vampire's nest. No, that was not a good idea.

“Thank you, but I'm afraid I have to decline. I'll be busy.”

She didn't know why Zeke visibly relaxed after she said that. The prince's brow arched at her words. He was as handsome as everyone else here and probably not used to hearing the word 'no: Vampire hierarchies worked almost like wolf ones, so he probably had an ego the size of an Alpha's.

“I haven't said the day yet.”

“I'll still be busy. I'm a very busy person.”

Instead of showing the typical alpha behavior, the prince smiled and nodded.

“Intriguing,” he said, looking over at Zeke and sliding a small box over at him. Zeke took it off the table quickly. If she hadn't been looking, she would have missed that exchange.

“Nevertheless, I appreciate what you did. Thank you. Miss Morgan. And good luck,” the prince said before turning to walk back out of the dining hall.

“Have you finished eating?” Zeke asked.

She didn't even have a chance to answer that as Zeke took her tray and headed over to dump her food. If there hadn't been other students listening, she would have had plenty to say about that, but as it was, she

had to put her head down and follow him. He headed for the parking lot and got into his car.

With a sigh, she opened the passenger door and got in. The moment she closed the door, Zeke opened the box he had been given and then pulled out a vial of blood. She realized straight away what it was.

“Drink this,” Zeke ordered.

“That vampire blood.”

“And it will rip you in your next matches,” Zeke said as he put it in her hand.

“Yes, but... If I die today, with that blood in my system.”

Zeke’s eyes flashed.

“Drink it. Ava. If things go wrong, you’ll be dead, or you’ll be a vampire. What’s worse?”

Ava palmed the vial as the anxiousness about what was still coming hit her again. But did she want to be a vampire? As a new vampire, it would take her decades to earn a charmed ring so she could see the sun again. She wouldn’t be able to see her family, not only because of the charmed ring but because her pack wouldn’t allow a vampire in their midst. And she would forever be a nineteen-year old virgin. That was a big decision to make.

“I think about it,” she said as she slipped the vial into her pocket and opened the door. “I need the bathroom.”

“Ava please listen to me.”

Zeke didn't follow her as she made her way to the bathrooms. She took too long in there, watching the blood slide up and down the little tube. She didn't want to die, but she didn't want to become a vampire. Without Jared's cream, her chances of dying were very high. They were even higher on the last day when even her beginner classmates would be a big challenge when they were allowed to fight however they wanted. How would she fight a wolf, a witch, or even Robert, who was useless at fighting but still had vampire speed, strength, and fangs?

She had made her decision when she finally stepped out of the bathrooms and came face to face with Zeke.

“If you see that I need it maybe give it to me then, she told him. “but I will probably need it more on the last day.”

“I can get more.” Zeke protested

As she looked at him, a little voice in the back of her head asked if he would even want her if she became a vampire, but she shut it up and started walking. That was not what she was bang her decision on. If Zeke decided he didn't want her anymore, it would actually make life easier.

But still, her stupid heart squeezed. Her reactions were always stupid when it came to this man.

“Ava.”

“I think I’ll be fine.” she lied

“You’re being stubborn for no reason. I’m trying to help you.”

“I’ll tap out if I have to Zeke. There’s no need to take such drastic measures just yet.”

She realized she had said his name out loud, and her cheeks colored. But they were thankfully already at the arena, and the next lot of fights were about to start.

The moment she reached her section, the coach stood, smirked at her, and then did what he had done that morning.

He blew his whistle. And then he called her name.