

## Chapter 97

The infirmary. Ava had missed it. As she slowly blinked the sleep out of her eyes, she heard the beeping of the machines and realized she was hooked up to some IVS.

The curtains were drawn around her bed, so she knew she wasn't in a private room this time. She could hear faint moaning from one side of her. It made her wonder what had happened to that poor student for them to be in that much pain because all the students healed quickly, and the Infirmary had their fancy potions to help them.

She gingerly lifted herself onto her elbows and looked around, trying to judge the time. The dim lights were on, so it was nighttime, but whether it was still the same day was up for debate. She hoped so. This would be a brilliant time to be unconscious for days so she wouldn't have to participate in the rest of the evaluation.

There was a slight commotion somewhere in the ward, and a female voice saying, "We told you to come back during visiting hours. There are too many patients tonight, you can't disrupt..."

And then somebody pulled her curtain open. She wasn't surprised to see Zeke standing there as a nurse followed behind him. The moment their

gazes met, she could see the relief on his face, and she had to admit that a part of her felt more settled when she saw him.

“Just discharge her. You know you need the beds,” Zeke growled at the nurse still whispering behind him.

“The doctors will do the rounds-”

“Whether you discharge her or not, she’s going home now,” he told the nurse as he came forward. He inspected her from head to toe and looked at the machines as if he knew what he was doing. Maybe he did.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

“Great.”

And she was. She felt back to her old self. Whatever potion Mr. Patrick gave her must have worked out of her system.

He nodded and turned back to the nurse.

“Unhook my Omega from all those machines,” he ordered,

The woman flinched and then started to do as she was told it didn’t take long for the nurse to remove the needles from her arm and apply little dressings to stop the bleeding.

“The doctors were not sure what made her react so violently even to their treatment. They want to do more tests,” the nurse tried again. “She almost died twice.”

What? Her eyes widened as she looked at the terrified nurse. Had the potion been that deadly? Had Mr. Patrick known she could have died by taking?

Either way, she didn't want the doctors doing more tests on her. The last thing she wanted was for anyone to know she had done this to herself.

"I'm fine," she said as she stood from the bed. "Go and take care of whoever is in the bed next to mine; they sound like they need you more."

The nurse looked from her to the Alpha next to her before she nodded and left them alone. Zeke then held up his hand, and she saw he had her bag with him.

"They had to throw away everything you wore, but I noticed you packed a change of clothes. It's almost as if you were expecting this," he said with a pointed look. "I'll wait outside."

She ignored his comment as she watched him walk out and then sniffed herself the moment he closed the curtain behind him. She threw her head back at the smell and heaved. It looked like they had cleaned her up as well as they could, but she could still smell the contents of her stomach all over her. Maybe that was why her neighbor was moaning. It was awful.

She quickly took the hospital gown off and dressed in clean clothes before reopening the curtain. Zeke took her bag from her and started

walking without a word. Was he angry? She couldn't tell just by looking at him as she followed behind him.

The Infirmary looked busier, but judging by the number of students carried out of the arena on stretchers, she supposed that was to be expected. How many more would end up here tomorrow and the day after?

Zeke had already started the car when she caught up with him and got into the passenger side. He didn't open the door for her as he had done before. So yes, he was probably angry. Had he guessed what she had done?

She rolled the window down when the car started moving so she wouldn't hurt his sensitive nose too much Zeke was silent the whole ride home. It reminded her of the beginning of all this mess when he was always cold or angry with her for one thing or another.

The moment he parked, she let herself out of the car and rushed to enter the house. She was halfway up the stairs when he spoke.

“Go and shower in my room.”

She turned back to him with a questioning frown.

“I moved your things to my bedroom so I can keep a closer eye on you. Go and shower, and then when you come out, you're going to tell me what the fuck you've done. All of it.”

She swallowed, squashing down her feelings at the thought of sharing his bed.

“What makes you think I’ve done anything?”

“I wasn’t born yesterday. You took an illegal substance that almost killed you and could have had you sent to Isolation for a week if they had figured it out,” Zeke growled as he came up the stairs.

“I... I don’t know what you...”

“Don’t lie to me, Ava. You’re making all of this worse.”

He stopped just in front of her, but she still had to look up to meet his gaze. The anger she felt from him was almost palpable, and something inside her wanted to apologize and promise she would never disappoint him again.

“You’ll tell me what it was and who gave it to you,” Zeke continued.  
“You’ll tell me everything, Ava. This isn’t a game, and you being stupid like this will get everyone killed.”

She reeled back at his words, her apology dying on her lips. Being stupid? This was her life! She would do whatever it took to stay alive and leave the academy.

“You’ve done a lot for me, Zeke, but maybe it’s time we set some boundaries. You saved my life, so I will consider what you have to say, but I don’t owe you any explanations. I’m going to shower, and then I’ll go to sleep. In my own room” she said, then turned around to continue

up the stairs. “If you want to talk, maybe I can squeeze you in after the evaluations when I’m not too busy trying not to die.”

She didn’t know where the filter in her mouth had gone or why she wasn’t terrified of Zeke anymore. He was still the same man who had scared her senseless from her first night at the academy and had killed Claire and some other unfortunate wolf in the woods.

But either way, she didn’t want to talk to anyone tonight. She wanted to process the events of the day and try to figure out how she had knocked out Douche Dexter because, even now, that was a little bit hazy.