

Chapter 99

Zeke stood near the bleachers in his section, his eyes trained on Ava. She looked fearsome with that deadly weapon in her hand and her face devoid of emotion as she waited to cut her opponent down.

He would have been very impressed if he hadn't been so angry with her. Ava looked very confident with weapons in her hands. But as it stood, he wanted to fucking throttle her.

Gideon told him that the vampire yielding had not been his doing. The prince claimed to have been just as surprised as everyone else. And, of course, he couldn't rip that vampire apart because he had taken himself straight to Isolation the moment he had yielded. He would not be able to interrogate him until the end of the day.

He still had the vial of Gideon's blood in his bag, so Ava had not taken that before her last match; she'd had something else. She could have died last night! Who had given it to her? Who did he need to rip apart with his bare hands? She was keeping too many secrets; he and Shadow didn't like it.

Shadow had been growling in his head since yesterday. There was someone else out to harm Ava, but he couldn't leave the stubborn woman alone long enough to investigate this properly.

Was it Claire? Had she found a way to get to Ava through someone else?

It had been days since the Council left and told him they found Claire. If they put her in Isolation, her stint there should have ended by now, Wars he finally going to get answers! Because he sure as shit wasn't getting anything from Ava.

Stubborn woman.

The whistle sounded, and Ava went into a fighting stance. The picture she painted was so different to the softer version from yesterday, the version that had been gentle with Gideon's young vampire. She was anxious; he could sense that from where he stood, but she still looked ready. She was going to have to speak to him after this match. If this day went like the last, there was no telling who she would be fighting next. With all the weapons involved, he had a feeling they would end up in the infirmary again.

“Alpha Ezekiel.”

He turned away from Ava to concentrate on his own match. He didn't like that someone had put him among the first to fight, and there were magical barriers between him and Ava. How would he help her if she needed him?

His opponent was a third-year witch who was quite an impressive fighter, but she wouldn't be much of a challenge to him. Maybe on the third day, when she could use her magic, too, but not today.

He lifted his two battle axes and watched the witch swallow, even when she tried to keep a brave face on. She came at him first with two daggers similar to the ones he had seen Ava use. They had removed these weapons from the beginners when they were the only ones she had trained on. He knew who to blame, but Ava didn't seem phased by it.

He side-stepped the witch easily and brought the hilt of one of his axes down on the back of her head. Even keeping his eye on his opponent, he could hear Ava as she fought hers.

The witch was dazed for a moment but swiftly turned to attack again. He didn't give her a chance to get a single hit. He had no time to be nice, he had to protect his mate. In less than a minute, the witch was bloody and had his sharp axe right against her neck. The instructor called the match, and the barrier around the ring was lifted to allow them to come in and check on her. He immediately walked out of the ring to head to Ava's and wasn't surprised to see her walking out as the winner

When she looked up at him, he cocked his head for her to follow him. They needed to talk about this before she advanced to fight at the next level, which he was sure she would

But Ava looked away from him and sat down in the bleachers as if she hadn't seen him.

The little...

“I can’t see anything out of the ordinary, Zeke.”

Derek interrupted his murderous thoughts as he gave a status report. His Beta had luckily not had to fight first, but if things worked out like they had yesterday, there was a chance they would all be in the ring at the same time again. Then who would watch his mate?

He realized this was probably the reason they didn’t allow Alphas to mate with humans in the first place. Instead of worrying about his own performance, he was trying to keep his human alive. He hadn’t even thought of the fact that his father would expect the regular weekend call at lunchtime, and he would have to tell him things he didn’t want to hear. His spies may have already called him by now.

‘I’ve not heard anything, either,’ Myles said. ‘It had to be a witch, who he could whip up such undetectable potions?’

‘I want to know everyone she looks at, everyone she talks to. Don’t let her out of your sight,’ he ordered.

He decided to walk to his dressing room anyway. He needed to think things through. After a few more days, he could try to secure their way out of this place, but until then, he needed to know who her enemies were. Because they had become his enemies.

At the exit, he saw the one person he really didn’t want to see in his foul mood. Jared was looking him straight in the eye, with his hands in his pockets like he wasn’t standing at death’s door. Was this where the coward tried to negotiate for his life? Sure he wanted Jared to keep quiet

about the last kiss he saw, but not at the expense of his revenge. Nothing would ever stop that.

“We need to talk. Zeke. Jared said.

“Alpha Ezekiel,” he growled. “And no. Go fuck yourself.”

He walked past Jared without giving him another glance.

“Ezekiel, please, Hear me out. We Werc friends...”

Shadow snarled, and he almost gave in to his beast’s urges to rip Jared apart. He needed a run to let off some steam, but he couldn’t do that until he knew Ava was safe.

He ignored the dying man’s words as he stormed to his dressing room. He needed to calm Shadow down before he killed someone.