

CHAPTER 36

My hands dive into his hair, yanking him closer as I rub and writhe against him, ignoring the hands pulling at me, trying to tear me away from my mate. My Lucas. My alpha. The ki*s consumes me down to my soul, and I wrap my legs around him, reveling in the feel of him against me as he holds me to him, settling the core of me just above the erection I can feel pressing against his jeans. I gasp between ki*s'es, and grind down, begging for more, ignoring the voices around us. I feel another pinch on my thigh, and I cling to my alpha, moaning as his tongue dives into my mouth again and again, exploring every millimeter. AVA. AVA! AVA. WAKE. UP. Selene's voice breaks through the ki*s'es, but I can only feel annoyance. Go away! His hands are up my gown, squeezing my breasts, and 14:53 1/7 36 Ava: Overcome (II) ohmygod, he's pinching my nipples in a way that makes me jerk my hips against him and moan. Ava! He isn't Lucas. He isn't your mate! I pull away from the brain-numbing ki*s, panting as I try to focus on the man in front of me. Lucas? No? Yes? I blink, and lose my focus when he swoops in for another ki*s. I can still feel people trying to tug us apart, but my alpha refuses to let me go. I yank hard at his chestnut hair, telling him without words that I want it rougher, and- Wait. Lucas doesn't have hair this color. I pull back again, covering his mouth with my hand. He licks and nibbles at my palm, and I can feel him. rhythmically rubbing my hips against him in a way that makes me want to give up and let him do whatever he wants to me. But he's not Lucas. He's Clayton. 14:53 217 36 Ava: Overcome (III) Alpha Clayton. Yes. Not Lucas. Wake up, Ava. Your heat is taking over you. [www.NoVeIworm.com](#)

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u. You need to take control, unless you want to be mated to the Aspen alpha. That doesn't sound so bad. In fact, it sounds great. Great enough that I want to tear his clothes off and do it right now. Ava! I groan, then yelp as firm hands grab me around the chest and yank me out of Clayton's grip, just as Clayton falls to the ground. I see Nurse Jenna, then, with two syringes in her hand and a guilty look on her face. My body arches into the man who took me from Clayton, but whoever it is sets me on the ground with a laugh. "Won't work on me. Sorry, little omega. Here, Jen—why don't we knock her out, too? She's just going to keep escaping if we don't." I nod frantically. "Yes. Please. I can't—I want—Help me!" I'm incoherent, but at least I'm starting to realize that something is very, very wrong. 14:53 —) 3/7 38 Ava Overcomn (1) I just made out with Alpha Clayton like a s@x-depraved maniac, and I'm pretty sure his wolf is convinced we're mates. But we're not, because Lucas is my mate. Isn't he? I think he is. And—despite being horrified—there's a huge, heat-driven part of me that wants to pounce back onto Alpha Clayton and let him have his bestial way with me, driven purely by the urges of my heat. Yes, that's the heat slut in you. Just ignore her, Ava. Once you get used to it, she won't take over anymore. Selene sounds resigned. This wasn't supposed to happen this way. I told you to keep him away from your scar. I decline to mention how all her instructions went out the window the moment I saw his face. Or was it when I smelled him? I'm not sure. I want him back. No, Ava. Calm down. I'll be there soon. "Okay, Ava, honey. It's just going to be a little stick-" Whoever is holding me won't let me go, no matter how much I writhe and kick against his hold. 14:53 36 Ava Overcome (II) Dizziness rushes through me in a wave. My knees buckle. I can feel whoever's holding me tightening his grip, saving me from crashing to the floor like a boneless chicken. "Okay, it's taking effect. We need to keep an eye on her vitals. Let's get her into the isolation unit. She's as frenzied as the men are," Nurse Jenna says, her relief palpable, even to my drugged ears. I struggle to keep my eyes open. I can't hold myself up anymore, and I slump against the mountain holding me, feeling blessed relief from the manic desire that had taken over me. "Come on, little omega. Let's get you somewhere safe," the man murmurs, his voice distorted and distant. I try to protest, but my words come out as a garbled mumble. My eyelids droop, and I catch a glimpse of Alpha Clayton being lifted from the floor, his face flushed and his eyes glazed over. *** The bright, white ceiling is the first thing that really hits my brain as it loads back into consciousness. It hurna mu Quan with light and I squint at it wishing I 14:53 6/7 36 Ava Overcome (i) could just turn the lights off with my thoughts. Of course, it doesn't work. Of course not. You've had no training. I blink at the ceiling. Right. No training. No wonder I can't do it. Wait. What? I can move shit with my mind? My brain cycles into awareness faster with that shock. Of course not. Wake up, Ava. I try to sit up, only to realize my arms and legs are restrained. My eyes trail over the ties holding me to the rails of my bed, then over the room to realize I'm alone. The door is closed. It's huge and metal, not like a normal hospital door. Goosebumps prickle over my skin, and I can't help but shiver. I don't want to know what happens in this room where they need a room like that. Remembering everything that happened with Alpha Clayton, a blush fires from my chest straight into my face. f@ck. Yeah, I can see why they'd need a door like 14:54

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