

Chapter 119

Ava ran back into the woods without thinking. She had been raised in a forest, so she knew she would find her way out eventually, and there wasn't much of a chance of getting lost when the only direction she could head in was away from the magic prickling her skin from the dark forest.

Zeke was insane. Did he really think she would be that easy?

Sure, she behaved like a whore every time he touched her, and the incident earlier hadn't helped anything. She was pretty sure her body was still reacting to him, even after the nap before the picnic.

But to say she was his?

Wolves who mated spoke like that about each other! How could Zeke speak like that? In his case, she would not be his mate. How could she be? She was human, and he was an Alpha. She would be his toy until he found a wolf who could help him lead his pack. His future Luna.

So, the two of them together would never happen. She would take endless cold showers to stop this madness if she had to.

But still, she'd run away from him like a madwoman because if he had kissed her, the answer would have been yes. Yes to everything. She was fighting her own body, which craved whatever scraps he was going to throw at her. Her body was desperate for it.

When she burst through the trees, she was glad to see that she'd not strayed too far off her course. She was in Jared's backyard. Was he still on his bed, all alone! Jared had been so scared of what Ezekiel would do to him, so she didn't want to add to his distress when he was already suffering. But she had to know he had at least started to heal in his wolf form.

As she marched up the yard, she saw someone asleep on the lounge. Not someone, but two of them in their bathing suits, sunning themselves. When she got closer, she realized they were Jared's Omegas. So deep in their sleep that they didn't hear her approach.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

The two wolves jumped up in fear, clearly disoriented as they looked around. And when they saw her, their fear didn't stop. These wolves had loathed her when she'd been living there, understandably so, because Jared had made them cook for her.

"Is Jared better!" she asked.

"N... No. We don't know."

"So why are you out here?!" she shouted.

“We haven’t been back very long. We went to the Omega dorms for our days off.”

“But there’s an injured man in this house that you haven’t checked on! Have you no compassion at all?”

This was what was wrong with this school. They forced people into jobs they were not good at just because of their roles. It was like how they would make Douche Dexter an Alpha of his pack when he didn’t have the right skills for it.

“We’ll go and tend to him now,” one of them said quickly before they rushed into the house.

She shook her head as she turned back to the woods and turned towards Zeke’s house. It would be for the best if his Omegas took care of him. Now wasn’t the right time to antagonize Zeke any further. She had seen his face when she’d started running, and pissed wasn’t the word for it.

Derek and Myles were also by the pool and had a few girls around them. All around them. All over them. She averted her gaze, her cheeks burning, and rushed into the house. It was no secret that wolves were horny beasts, so she shouldn’t have been surprised. Maybe Zeke could join them instead of hounding her.

Her chest squeezed at the thought like she was having a heart attack, but she ignored it as she ran up the stairs. The door to her room was still on the floor where Zeke left it, so she picked it up and leaned it against its

broken frame. It would be useless if Zeke followed her but her message was loud and clear. She wanted to be left alone.

Hours later, the sun had set, and her door was still undisturbed. Zeke hadn't come back yet. The festivities in the backyard were finished, based on the lack of noise, but those wolves hadn't come upstairs either.

She turned her light on to ward off the darkness and hugged her pillow as she watched the door.

She seemed to have just blinked, and it was morning again. Had she even slept? She felt completely drained and out of sorts, like she was coming down with something. Maybe a cold, but though she was human, she was hardly ever sick. It was probably the side effect of being in Isolation. Perhaps she hadn't escaped unscathed after all.

She went to get her toiletries but remembered all her belongings had been moved to Zeke's room. It took her almost half an hour to get the guts to walk down the hallway and knock on his door,

What did one say to a scary giant wolf after rejecting their advances? Would she even be welcome here anymore? Would he still help her escape?

When there was no answer, she slowly opened the door. His bed was exactly how she left it when she made it before their 'date'.

Zeke hadn't come home.

The wretched feeling in her gut increased, but she ignored it as she pushed into the room and headed for the wardrobe. All would be right with her again as soon as she left. She would see her father again in three days, and at the end of the weekend, she would go home. With or without Zeke's help.

When she had showered, dressed and headed downstairs, the house was still quiet. Were Derek and Myles not home either? And where were the Omegas? Had she been alone all night? Zeke had said himself that she was in danger, and the only reason she felt safe here was that it was his house. So, had they really left her alone?

She grabbed some fruit and protein bars to eat along the way. It was an unsatisfying breakfast, but since it looked like she was walking to school, she wouldn't make it there in time if she made breakfast.

She felt hollow as she walked to her classes. Empty. Everything felt wrong, but she couldn't pinpoint exactly what was wrong with her. When she saw the First-Year block looming in front of her, she realized she had been too preoccupied and hadn't had her meagre breakfast. But that was okay because she felt like if she ate anything, she would throw up.

The students moved out of the way as she walked down the hall. A part of her felt annoyed that she didn't even have the murderous Alpha behind her, but his shadow still followed her around. Like he had already branded her his property without her consent. Another part of her felt a rush. There was no shoving. No name-calling. And something in her wanted to hold her head high and look them all in the eyes to milk the hell out of this feeling.

But she ignored both parts as she dragged her feet to her first class. A lecture on the importance of choosing the right cleaning product was the last thing she needed right now, but at least she would get to sit down.

“Miss Morgan.”

Her eyes widened as she turned back to the room she had just passed. Mr. Patrick stood there looking more serious than she had ever seen him.

“A word, please.”

Not just a word. Several words. She felt her spirits lift a little as she walked into the empty lecture room and watched him chant a few words as he closed the door. She was getting answers today, whatever it took.

“You almost killed me!” she snarled.

“Yet here you are.” Mr. Patrick said. “But you’re still going to die, Miss Morgan, if you don’t listen to me.”