

Chapter 192

“Don’t show the nature of your bond. Stay away until he sends for you. That’s how you’ll protect Zeke.”

Those words rang loudly in her ears long after Iulia’s magic had released her, and they’d rushed out of the room. She’d fallen to her knees and was hyperventilating. She couldn’t breathe.

She used to think these were panic attacks, but now she could feel it, feel that thing trying to claw out of her. It was her wolf reacting to her emotions.

They had Zeke, and she still couldn’t feel him, but she was supposed to act as if they were not connected to completely. Her wolf was not having any of it.

She took her tie and blazer off to calm herself and negotiate with her wolf. Her wolf nature wouldn’t solve this problem, not yet. They had to stick to the plan.

She lay on her back and practiced her breathing but she like her chest was going to rip open. Could she trust what Andrei and Alpha Diego had told them? That their bond would get them killed?

But if she did and something terrible happened to Zeke...

Her heart pounded, and her lungs refused to work. Her vision blurred. Her clothes felt too tight. She was losing control of her body.

She desperately pleaded with her wolf. Mr. Hansson didn't want them dead; she didn't think he wouldn't kill Zeke. He had to be alive since she was alive. But if she went on a rampage...

Breathe. She needed to just breathe.

She was still on the floor when she saw the study room door open from the corner of her eyes. Someone walked in, but her vision was still blurry and filling with a red haze with each passing second. She wanted to tell the person to leave, that it wasn't safe in the room with her, but she couldn't speak.

The door closed, and the person came to stand over her.

Her senses sharpened the closer her wolf got. She could tell whoever had come in was a vampire, a strong one.

"You must be in so much pain."

The voice was gentle and belonged to a woman. It was obviously someone with no sense who couldn't understand what was about to happen.

Her bones started to break. She clenched her teeth together against the pain. Her claws scratched the floor. She fought against a howl as she kicked her shoes off and curled into a ball.

But instead of running, the woman tilted her head and tipped something down her throat. She swallowed by reflex, even as her mind screamed at her for being so stupid. The liquid burnt its way down her throat and made her panic worse. She should have spat it out. The last potion she'd taken had landed her in the Infirmary.

"Leave!" she growled.

But her eyes became heavy. The red haze disappeared. Her heartbeat started to return to normal as her clothes got less restrictive,

And she saw the woman leaning over her with her stern face not showing an ounce of concern. It was the librarian.

She felt like she had just blinked, but when she looked around, the librarian was gone, and her blazer was placed under her head as a makeshift pillow. She must have slept. That potion had made her sleep!

She jolted up and tried to feel her bond with Zeke. How was she even supposed to do that? As a mate, she was supposed to be able to sense where he was, even mentally connect with him. She was a wolf who didn't know how to be a wolf.

When she still didn't sense anything, she rushed to her feet and ran out of the room. The library seemed empty now. How long had she been out? What had they done to Zeke while she had been asleep?

"The others should be going to their training sessions now."

She twirled around to the vampire who'd appeared out of nowhere.

"I appreciate that you want to study, but next time, don't lose track of time," the librarian added.

She wanted to ask what the hell she was talking about when she realized they were probably being watched or the Council was near. Maybe the librarian knew about Mr. Hansson's means of spying.

"Run along now. You'll still make it in time." the librarian said as she walked to her desk in the middle of the atrium.

Was she one of Mr. Patrick's 'people'? Like Penelope? She could sense this woman was much stronger than the dean's receptionist. Would she help them flight?

She had many questions, but there was no time to ask. She needed to get out of there to find Zeke. She almost ran straight out of the door when she realized she had no shoes or blazer on and her shirt was ripped along the sides. If she hoped not to let on what she had almost done, this wasn't the way to do it.

When she ran back into the atrium, the librarian had disappeared. She rushed to the study room and made herself more presentable before jogging the whole way to the Training Centre.

Andrei had said to wait until they sent for her. How was she supposed to go about her day as usual when she could feel the emptiness in her soul? When her wolf was already stirring, ready to react to this threat?

A few students were still rushing into the building, so she wasn't completely late. They moved out of her way as she ran to her dressing room and changed out of her ruined uniform. She threw the uniform in the trash before she headed to the Intermediate training room. She was already starting to hyperventilate again.

Coach Henderson was still addressing the class when she slipped in and went to sit in the bleachers. And because she knew she wasn't going to spar with any of them, she concentrated on her breathing. On calming her heart.

'Please listen to me. He will die if we shift and find him. We will all die. Please trust me.'

But as always, there was silence in her head. Only these thoughts of havoc. These images of the atrocities she had committed before and wanted to do again.

Blood. Screams. Limbs

Her wolf wanted to rip through everyone until she found Zeke. Did she like Zeke now? But that thought was pushed aside when her claws started to lengthen. Her rage began to build. She wanted to taste the Council's blood on her tongue for even daring-.

“I’m sorry. Ava. Zeke isn’t here yet to begin your training”

She looked up at Coach Henderson, and when the vampire stepped back, she knew she was about to fail her mission. She should have gone home instead of putting more people at risk. At least that way, it would only be her and Zeke in danger.

But she sensed something approaching. That darkness. The evil that wanted to own her soul.

‘He’s here. Calm down. Please.’

Maybe they would bring Zeke and put her out of her misery.

Everyone must have sensed him, too, because they stopped what they were doing and nervously shuffled away from the entrance.

Coach Henderson looked down at her and saw how she gripped the seat beside her. He must have guessed this was happening because of her. Again. Were they going to see another unnecessary display of power from the Council?

When the door opened, Mr. Hansson strolled in casually with the three councilors behind him, and his gaze landed on her immediately.

“Ah. Miss Morgan. I’m so happy to see you.”

And he looked it. He looked ecstatic. She could see it in his purple eyes as if she had passed the test.

Her wolf calmed down immediately; maybe she realized this, too.

“Please join me for a little stroll. I have something that belongs to you.”