

## Chapter 21

Zeke should never have touched her. It made everything worse!

He slammed the door as he walked into his house, then stopped short when he saw two Omegas with their bags standing near the doorway. Great. Now he had to share his personal space when he was already struggling to control Shadow.

Already, the beast was snarling, trying to go back to Ava.

As expected, the stench of fear filled his nostrils as he stopped in front of them. If everybody was scared of him, why the fuck did they keep giving him these Omegas in the first place?

“Speak,” he growled.

They startled, and one of them was visibly shaking.

“We’ve been assigned to you, sir,” one of them said.

“I know that,” he growled. “What are your names?”

It was Shadow making him so irritable, but there was nothing he could do about that. They would have no peace until Ava was out of this school.

“Samantha,” the one who had spoken first said.

Julie, the shaky one said.

“Read the rules and stay out of my way,” he told them as he walked past.

Derek was in the lounge when he walked past, and as expected, his Beta stood to follow.

“I told them which room to use but they wouldn’t move until you got home, Derek said. “I don’t know why you never pick We always end up with the ones that don’t know what they’re doing.

As he started up the stairs, he felt his face tighten, and his claws begin to extend the more Shadow fought with him.

“Do you want them to make dinner?”

He heard Derek following him up the stairs and growled. Space. That was all he needed. He couldn’t control Shadow if he kept getting distracted. And as long as Ava’s scent was all over him, Shadow would win.

Her skin was so soft. He wanted to mold it, to lick it. He wanted Ava to wrap herself around him so he could press into her heat. He wanted everything. Day two, and he was already such a mess. She had to leave.

“Zeke?”

“Give me my space, Derek,” he growled.

His voice was deeper as he struggled with Shadow.

Thankfully, the footsteps behind him stopped. He didn’t stop moving until he was in his wet room and had removed all of his clothes. He would burn them the first chance he got, but he knew it wouldn’t help. Ava’s scent had already invaded his

As he stood under the shower spray, he clenched and unclenched his fists, uncaring that his claws were cutting into him.

‘She’s mine, Shadow growled.

“But she will never be mine,” he declared loudly.

He had not come this far to be derailed by that pig-headed human! It didn’t matter how soft she was or how good she smelled. Those were not the qualities he was looking for in his Luna. He had planned his revenge to the last detail, and this would topple it all.

“But she is soft. She smells good. And she wants us,”

He groaned as Shadow’s words brought her scent back to his mind. She did want him. Even now, he could still imagine her dripping for him as he had pinned her against that door. It made him groan as he got lost in his head, and his wolf started to gloat over his victory.

“You fucking bastard,” he snarled. “It doesn’t matter who or what she is. It will never happen.”

But he still let his imagination run wild as he thought of what he wanted to do to her. Over and over again.

By the time he walked out of the shower, he was a little calmer. His palms had healed from where his claws cut him, and Shadow was a bit quieter in his head, content with the fantasies that had played out in his head. He grabbed a towel from the rack and started drying himself as he walked back into his room.

He stopped in his tracks when he saw Claire on his bed, dressed in her lingerie. He had completely forgotten she said she would come.

“Hi,” Claire smiled.

He continued to dry himself slowly as he looked at the way she had draped herself on the bed. If anyone had been created to please a man, it was Claire. The buxom chest, the voluptuous figure, the pouty lips. She did a lot of the things well, things he liked. But he would never say that out loud; he was a bastard, but not that much.

“I hope the training didn’t tire you out,” Claire continued.

Looking at her did nothing. There was no rush, no stirring. The only thing that made him keep her around for so long was gone.

He sighed as he threw his towel into a corner and walked over to his drawers. He could feel her gaze on him, and it left him feeling cold. That and the fact that Shadow was growling in his head. He was too unstable right now to be intimate with anyone.

“It did, actually,” he lied as he put a pair of boxers on and turned back to face her. “I’m having dinner, then going to sleep.

Claire pouted.

“I didn’t see you at all over the break. I thought maybe we would spend more time together this year.

“Pack business. You know how it is,” he shrugged.

He didn’t move towards her because he didn’t want to risk her touching him. He had just calmed Shadow down; he didn’t think he had it in him to do it again.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” he said when she didn’t take the hint.

Claire’s disappointment was clear on her face. But it was better she went to her dorm and stayed safe than try to make something Shadow believed belonged to someone else.”

“Okay,” she said with a tight smile as she got off the bed.

He was sure the way she sauntered across the room in her lacy underwear was meant to entice him, but he didn’t react as he usually

would have. Claire picked her coat off the chair and put it on before she tied the belt.

“Goodnight, then, Claire said.

“Goodnight.”

He didn't go down to eat or go to bed after she left. He paced his room for the second night in a row, racking his head for a way to get out of this. There had to be a way. If he asked anyone, they would put two and two together, so he had to research these true mate bonds the old-fashioned way. He would have to go to the library.