

Chapter 35

Ava opened her eyes slowly, Groggy and confused, she turned her head to look around. It was the infirmary again, but she was in a room this time. All sorts of beeping machines were hooked up to her, and an IV needle was in her arm.

“I’m alive, she whispered.

How the hell had that happened? Dexter and Claire had attacked her as if they were on an actual battlefield. Every punch, kick and knee had been excruciatingly painful as her bravado deserted her. She’d lost count of the number of times they had thrown her across the training hall, the number of times she had smashed into the walls. And she had lost count of how often she had heard something break. She was pretty sure she left all her teeth on the mat.

The way those two had been going, she had a feeling they’d continued attacking her long after she lost consciousness. That bastard coach wouldn’t have stopped them.

She moved her arm. It had bent the wrong way when she had landed after Dexter had smashed her into a wall and just before Claire had delivered the blow that had made her pass out from the pain. There was

no cast on her arm. She frowned as she lifted it and tested her range of movement.

“Damn,” she said to herself.

She needed to marry Jared’s witch because that was some potent stuff she whipped up. Though her head felt a little bit fuzzy because she had taken more hits this time, there was absolutely no pain in her body! She would have to ask Jared if she could get hundreds of jars of this stuff.

She brought both hands to feel her ribs that had broken again and then the shoulder that had been dislocated. She felt along her collarbone because she’d heard it when it snapped. She lifted one leg and the other, moving her ankles in circles. And then she felt her face. Claire had been particularly hard on her face, but she didn’t feel any tenderness and pain. And she had all her teeth!

Though this meant she had no evidence to take to the dean a part of her was glad she would stick this in Claire’s face again when she saw her. The doctor would likely force her to go to lessons again, so there would be no avoiding that psycho.

She was about to pull the IV out when the familiar spicy cologne filled her nostrils. Her heart did a little flip before it started the usual hammering. She didn’t even need to be hooked up to the now incessantly beeping heart monitor to know it was out of control; the loud drumming was all she could hear.

Ava slowly turned her head and met glowing red ones. Ezekiel was stock still as he watched her. And the anger she felt from him... She wasn’t a

wolf but she could feel the white heat of his rage battering her body. It made the heart monitor crazier as she shrank back on the bed.

Someone walked in, but she couldn't look away from Ezekiel to see who it was. She felt trapped in his gaze.

Only when the monitor stopped and silence filled the room did Ezekiel's gaze release her. He looked at the unfortunate person who had walked in to unhook the machines with the same murderous expression

"Is she okay?" he growled.

His voice was different. It was gravelly and deeper, like his wolf was talking. She had heard the wolves in her pack speak this way when they struggled to control their wolves, but Ezekiel seemed very much in control,

"I can't discuss my patient's confidential information with another--"

"Is she okay?" Ezekiel repeated.

Only then did she look up and see the same doctor who had treated her the first time. He looked wary of Ezekiel, rightfully so. Ezekiel seemed unhinged by any standards. And he was very insistent, so he would not leave without an answer. She wanted him to leave. His presence was so overwhelming that she couldn't think straight

"Am I okay, doctor?" she asked.

The vampire doctor looked at her as he pulled her chart up.

“Scans showed nothing. Blood tests indicated low iron, and you were very dehydrated, hence the intravenous fluids,” the doctor said. “We gave you a healing potion as soon as you came in, but I guess there wasn’t much damage for it to heal. You’re fine.”

“You guess?” Ezekiel growled.

The doctor shook his head and ignored the wolf as he made some notes on the folder.

“You can go, Miss Morgan. Try not to come back here a third night in a row.”

And then he left the room. When she turned her eyes back to Ezekiel, his claws were digging into the arms of the chair. He didn’t look as in control as he had earlier. Then she noticed the wound around his arms—angry-looking, bleeding welts and deep grooves that didn’t look like they were healing. They had to have been caused by silver. When she inspected the rest of his tense body, she saw his legs were in the same shape, criss-crossed lines across what would probably have been the most perfect skin and the longest, most muscular legs she had ever seen.

And a thick silver shackle on one ankle that would still be hurting him.

Who had done this to him? Had someone been torturing him?

She looked at him in horror and found his gaze back on her. He had regained his control, but his eyes were still red, overwhelming her with the depths of their darkness.

Ezekiel stood, and his presence filled the room. How she hadn't felt him there to start with was a mystery, but she blamed it on whatever the doctors had given her this time that was making her dizzy. His gaze was so intent on her every like move as if he was studying her and cataloguing everything.

He walked to the bed, the sound of the chain on the broken shackle echoing loudly in the room. Every nerve in her body told her to run, to hide from this man, but she had nowhere to escape. This beast had her scent and could hunt her down anywhere. Ava couldn't help flinching when Ezekiel brought his hand to her cheek, but his deep growl made her freeze in place and let him touch her.

Like every other time he had touched her, the contact sent a jolt through her body. She closed her eyes and willed herself not to react.

“Come,” he said gruffly. Tin taking you home.”

But all she could see now was his girlfriend's angry eyes as she had tried to break her. All of this shit had to be Ezekiel's fault. He needed to keep his hands off other women

She opened her eyes and met the red ones, not even bothering to look away.

“No. Thanks, but I can get there myself.”

“You will do as you're told.”

She was so tired. Why did she always have to bend backwards for everybody? She was still being hurt even when she followed the rules and kept her head down. Ava looked away from his eyes and pushed the blanket off her body.

“I’ll do no such thing. Go fuck yourself, Ezekiel Michelson.”