

## Chapter 39

Jared was waiting outside as he had promised. The wax leaning against his car eating an apple: Ava had to wonder why he was doing this. So far, he'd shown no prejudice and helped her several times. Was this still because of the person he hadn't been able to help? What had happened. Had they died?

Jared aimed his unfinished apple at a nearby trashcan when he saw her approaching and then walked around to open the passenger side door. Though it was past dinner time, many people were hanging around, and many stopped to stare.

"I see you've made it out in one piece today," Jared said as he started the car.

His tie way loose as it always, was, and he had released his hair, so he looked like one of those human actors that females went crazy for. This was the type of guy she wanted kissing her. Not angry, it rational wolves.

"They didn't make me fight today," she answered.

"I really want to punch something," she admitted.

“It’s best to avoid conflict around here. The Council gets involved once you break the serious rules,” Jared said.

Was that what Emily had meant when she said they take you in?

“Which rules, specifically? And what do they do to you?”

Jared looked away from the road to look at her briefly. She thought he wouldn’t answer her either.

“They break you. Ava. They destroy everything that makes you; take all your dreams and all your hopes, and they smash them. And no one save you from that,” Jared said quietly, “So try not to cause too many waves, okay?”

It was still a vague answer. But as they drove down the back roads and the forest came into view, she realized that anyone who could trap so evil in a place like that had to be capable of doing a lot more than that.

“Have you ever broken a serious rule?” she asked.

Jared didn’t answer for a while. He stayed silent until he’d driven up his driveway, and then once he had switched the car off, he sighed and looked at her.

“I have,” he admitted.

His beautiful eyes held a much pain, and then his eyes glowed for a few seconds before he took a breath and got out of the car. She wouldn't ask him again if it brought up painful memories.

Jared paused at the door and looked back further down the road with a frown. She saw nothing, obviously because her eyes would never be as good as a wolf's. But whatever he saw couldn't have been bad because he continued into the house.

When she followed him into the house, the smell of dinner made her forget everything. She took a deep breath and practically drooled, Jared knew how to live well, that was for sure.

"Go up to the second door on your left," he said as they came to the staircase. "Freshen up before dinner. I've had some things brought in for you."

She was about to do what he said when she paused at his statement,

"What do you mean?"

"Someone told me what happened to your dorm. You'll stay here until they fix your room and start stocking up your food."

Her eyes bulged out.

"Are you allowed to do that?" she whispered, looking around in case anyone heard his crazy statement.

There was a rule about mixing with Alphas, so there would be a rule about living with them.

“They’re not allowed to deprive you of fuel or security, no matter your role or rank,” Jared shrugged.

“Yes, but have they approved this? You’ve told me to keep my head down all day, but you want me to break this rule?”

“Relax” Jared grinned. “I’ve spoken to the dean Now go and freshen up before you die of hunger; I can hear your stomach growling.”

This had to be the best news she had lust since she arrived. Would she really be allowed to stay here until her dorm was habitable? She quickly rushed up the stairs to the room she had been directed to and saw her suitcases placed in front of a double bed and some shopping bags. She hoped he hadn’t gone through the trouble of buying things for her, this was already too much. She already felt a bit more secure just being in this room and knew she would deep well tonight.

She rushed to shower and pulled out sweats and a T-shirt from her suitcase, one of the few things that Claire hadn’t ruined. When she rejoined Jared downstairs, he looked like he had also freshly showered. She smiled at him as he led her to his dining room, and the smile widened when she saw the feast laid on it. Jared led her to a seat and pulled her chair at like a gentleman. No one other than her family had ever done anything like this for her.

“You really live alone here?” she asked as he filled a plate for her. This seemed like overkill for just one person.

Just me and my Omegas” he said. “Dig in.”

As always, the meal was delicious. When she was finished, Ava was stuffed, and it felt like she had eaten all her rage away. She knew the moment she left this house and went back to classes, the rage would return, so she chose to take advantage of the peace Jared was offering her for the night.

“You can call your family as well if you want,” Jared offered as he handed her a non-alcoholic drink.

Her heart ached as she accepted the drink. Although she had tried not to think of her family the past two days, she was desperate to hear their voices.

“I can’t They’ll want to know how I’m calling during the week, and I can’t tell them what’s happening” she said sadly.

Jared nodded sadly as he picked up a beer for himself and put the TV on. When was the last time she did something as simple as Jared sprawled onto the other sofa.

“It’s okay. Only a few more days, and you can call them,” he said. “Now, what do you want to watch?”

She didn’t know how long she stayed up, but her lack of sleep had her nodding off in the middle of the movie. Jared switched the TV off and ordered her to bed, and she didn’t resist.

She had just freshened up and changed into her pajamas when she walked back into the room and saw something outside the balcony.

Not something Someone.

She gasped and stepped back when all she saw was the hulking shadow and the red glowing eyes.

Just like that, her little bubble burst, and her anger returned. She walked to the balcony doors, maintaining eye contact before she closed the curtains and turned away.

“Psychopath,” she muttered before she went to bed.

But no matter how tired she had been, all she could think about now was Ezekiel. What was wrong with her that she would feel like this about a wolf like that? He was everything she hated! But still, it didn’t stop her from remembering the feel of his lips and the hardness of his body,

Until her eyes finally closed, and the nightmare returned. Only this time, it was Claire she was ripping to pieces.

Screams. Blood. The crunching sounds, Screams, Blood. The crunching sounds. Over and over again