

Chapter 82

Training with Ezekiel was something else. He refused to take no for an answer, and after this demonstration, she was glad. She thought he would go easy on her for some reason, maybe because he couldn't hide how much he wanted her in his bed.

But he was relentless. He was worse than her father. When she had tapped out for the last time, and Ezekiel released her from a hold, she was both impressed and pissed off.

She sat breathlessly on the mat in a smaller training room in the training center. Her whole body ached, but not in the way it had been aching after "training" with the coach. She felt like she was finally doing something productive again, but hated that she hadn't won against Ezekiel a single time.

Ezekiel walked back to her with two bottles of water and handed her one before he sat in front of her, leaning against his knees. She gratefully gulped down her water before looking at the Alpha. He hadn't even broken into a sweat; she was the only one panting like crazy.

Ezekiel studied her as he took leisurely sips of his water. There had been nothing sexual during their training, but now his gaze burnt her.

She looked away from the intense gaze, terrified that all he would have to do was beckon her with his finger, and she'd be all over him again. Even with everything she had been through and what she knew was still to come, that seemed the scariest of all. How could she want someone she knew to have been the cause of another's death?

"What is it? Ezekiel asked.

"Stop looking at me like that," she mumbled.

"Like what?"

She looked back at him and caught his golden gaze slowly trailing over her body. The training kit was a standard pair of shorts and a T-shirt, but she felt naked.

"Like that!" she repeated firmly.

The corners of his lips lifted as he gave her what was possibly the most dangerous smile in history. Had she ever seen him smile before! She didn't think she bad.

"I'm afraid that's impossible. I'll always look at you like this," he chuckled.

She didn't know why that statement made her imagine he planned to stick around forever. The thought made her heart skip, so she looked away from the probing gaze again.

“Ezekiel...” she started, but her voice trailed away.

“I like it when you call me by my name,” he drawled lazily. “But call me Zeke. All my friends do.”

Friends? She could hardly look at him.

“You know I’m not allowed to,” she mumbled again while she played with her now empty bottle.

“I won’t tell. I’d never say anything to hurt you.”

His voice was low and felt like a caress over her skin. Her whole body felt sensitive. She was forced to look up at him, and this time, she got caught in his gaze. Would she ever react normally to him? She couldn’t understand how things had gotten so intense so quickly. She wasn’t even sure if she liked him, despite what he had done for her.

Ezekiel looked away first and cleared his throat before he took another sip of his water.

“You’re driving me insane, little human,” he growled.

Maybe something was wrong with her because his statement made her insides burn. She should have been running the other way, not getting excited.

But still, she couldn’t help herself.

“How?” she whispered.

Ezekiel turned his head, and the full force of his need almost knocked her over.

“There’s a lot of shit happening that I need to take care of, he started, “and yet all I really want to do is have you underneath me.”

She sucked in a breath but didn’t look away from his gaze. Ezekiel was the first to look away again.

“Soon. Ava,” he threatened.

Or was it a promise! Her body tingled at the images she suddenly had in her head, A frown appeared on Ezekiel’s face, and his eyes flashed red and amber. His nostrils flared, and his jaw tightened.

“We need to talk about the Saturday you went to town,” Ezekiel said after a while, “but I can’t think right now.”

And that reminder was all she needed to calm her body down. A heinous crime had been committed, but all she was thinking about was a boy.

“Yes, let’s talk about Saturday,” she said quickly. “I...I’m sorry I know everything is my fault-“

“Shh,” Ezekiel said as he turned his head to the door.

And not too long after, his packmates arrived.

“I’ll pick you up after detention. We’ll talk,” Ezekiel said.

“Why does everyone always assume I have detention?” she mumbled.

Ezekiel looked at her a raised brow before he chuckled and wood up.

“Myles will be with you tonight again. I’d do it myself, but they never give me any detentions,” he said as he picked up a towel from the side.

“And that’s the most unfair bullshit I’ve ever heard in my life,” she buffed she stood up, too,

She looked at the two wolves and saw them studying her. They stood so perfectly still that she had to wonder what their wolves were telling That she was a friend or foe? Prey?

The blonde one, in particular, didn’t look like he had warmed up to her at all. Myles At least she had a name for him now.

“What?” Ezekiel asked when he came over to her.

She hadn’t realized she had been smiling,

“I was just thinking how awful your manners are,” she said. “I’ve lived with this dude for almost two weeks, and I’m sure during all must have seen me in my underwear. I’ve called him Blonde One because no one bothered to introduce themselves.”

Ezekiel threw his head back and laughed. The sound was so shocking that she turned to watch him. He looked a lot younger than he usually did Being a Fourth Year at this academy, he was twenty–two, as he had

said, and would probably turn twenty–three soon, but all that darkness around him made him seem older.

He was still laughing when he put his hand on the small of her back and led her out of the room and back to the locker room.

“I’ll pick you up here in ten minutes, and then we will go for breakfast,” he said.

And then he did something else unexpected. He leaned down and pecked her lips before he carried on walking. Pecked her lips as if that was an entirely normal thing to do. As if she was his girlfriend.

She brought her fingers to her lips as she watched him walk to his locker room. Something had changed in Ezekiel lately. He had gone from wanting her out of the campus to this in a matter of weeks. A complete one–eighty turn. And if she was honest with herself, she had felt something different within herself since her adventures in the forest. Was it the darkness? She could still feel its stickiness all over her body when she about it. Had it planted itself in her somehow, and now it was attracted to Ezekiel and his darkness?

What she was feeling for him wasn’t normal. And if she followed through with all of this madness and ended up in his bed, what would become her afterwards? She had to leave before anything happened. Maybe she would have to leave during the Parents’ Weekend after all.