

Chapter 291 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

“Do you think she could have been possessed?” I asked, worried.

Enzo looked at me for a short while before taking another look at the letter. I could see the worry and stress in his eyes, and it took everything I had not to reach out to him and wrap my arms around him.

He opened his mouth to say something, but the arena doors opened making me take a lengthy step away from my mate. When I looked at the doorway, I was relieved to see my father standing there.

I sighed.

“Dad...” I said, running toward him.

He held his arms out for me, and I flew into them. If I couldn't hug my mate, at least I could hug my father. I felt like I needed a hug after everything that's been happening. I felt so defeated and confused.

I wasn't sure who I could trust but I knew one thing for sure, I could always trust my father.

“Hey, Lila Bean,” he said, patting down my dark curls.

“Is there any news?” I asked, peering up at him.

“Headmaster Prescott is updating all the student information as we speak. Once we get accurate reports on all students and their abilities, we will be able to go through them,” he answered. “We might need your help though because you know them better than we do.”

I nodded.

“I'll do what I can to help,” I told him. “It's hard to believe that a student at this school is capable of murder.”

“This school is made up of beings with great power,” Enzo muttered from behind us. “It doesn’t surprise me at all.”

“We don’t know what happened,” my father said firmly.

He was right; it could have been darkness. But I didn’t want to say those words out loud; if I said them out loud, it would make it real.

The door of the arena opened again, and Alpha Jonathan walked inside.

“I had to follow the stench of Bastien, what are you doing in the arena—?” He began to ask but then his eyes landed on me. “Oh, hello, Lila. What are you doing in the arena?”

“I came looking for my professor,” I told him, glancing at Enzo. “I wanted to show him a move I’ve been working on.”

“I’m enforcing another lockdown for this school until we know for certain who the murderer is,” Alpha Jonathan stated. “I’ll be making an announcement in a few minutes. But I came to find Alpha Bastien first.”

My stomach clenched.

Another lockdown?

We’ve already missed so much school from the last lockdown.

“Oh, but first; Lila, did you get my letter?” Alpha Jonathan asked, eyeing me carefully.

My entire body stiffened; Enzo still had the letter. I glanced at him briefly and then looked at Jonathan who directed his narrowed eyes at me.

“Letter?” My father asked, raising his brows as he looked between the two of us. “What letter?”

“Yes, I received it, Alpha,” I told him. “I appreciate the invite, but I’m afraid I’ll have to decline.”

His jaw clenched as he looked at me for a moment longer and then he looked at my father.

“I’m having a banquet on Saturday to honor Lila’s victory during the election. Of course, her friends and family are also invited,” Alpha Jonathan explained.

“That’s kind of you,” my father said to him, nodding his head before looking at me. “Why are you declining such an invite? This banquet is to honor you. It’s polite to accept the invitation.”

“Because we don’t trust him,” Val growled from inside me. I knew she was struggling to keep herself under control; I appreciated her attempt though.

I wanted to open my mouth to come up with some kind of excuse, but my father continued.

“What plans do you have for Saturday?” He asked, folding his arms across his chest.

I sighed.

“I guess I don’t have any plans,” I admitted; I couldn’t lie to my father.

He’d be able to see right through me.

“Then it’s settled; we’ll be happy to attend the banquet, Alpha Jonathan. Thank you for the invitation,” he said, giving Jonathan another nod.

“I’ll alert the chefs,” Alpha Jonathan said, giving me a sly smile before glancing at Enzo.

For a moment, I thought he was going to invite Enzo to the banquet as well. I was praying to the moon goddess that he would. The silence felt so loud; I could practically hear my heart beating inside my chest.

But to my dismay, he turned his back to Enzo to address my father.

“May we have a word, Alpha?”

“Yes, of course,” my father said just before glancing at me. “We will call for you when we need you. You should head back to your dorm for right now.”

I nodded, feeling uneasy in the pit of my stomach.

Enzo stared at the closed door for a long while before turning to face me.

“I don’t want you going there without protection,” he said firmly.

“My father will be there,” I told him, hardly recognizing my own voice.

I didn’t want to go there without Enzo, and I knew he was feeling the same way. Enzo stepped closer to me and placed his hands on my shoulders. I lifted my gaze to meet his.

“That’s not good enough,” he said in a low tone. “Obviously I can’t go if I’m not invited. It would make him suspicious. But that doesn’t mean I can’t have one of my men go with you. We can say that because Bastien has been spending a lot of time at my pack, it would be easier for him to take one of my warriors instead of his own.”

“Okay,” I said, trying to keep the tears from forming in my eyes. “Who should accompany me?”

“I was thinking of maybe Ethan. He’s my second in command and he could benefit your father. Plus, he’s skilled in combat as well and I trust him with my life” Enzo said.

I nodded in return.

“I like that idea,” I said in return. “But I don’t like the idea of going without you.”

He sighed, but he kept his eyes on mine.

“Neither do I…” he breathed. “But if I can’t be there, at least someone I trust will be.”

I wanted to kiss him, but I knew it was probably better if I didn’t. At least not here.

“You should get back to your dorm,” he said, dropping his hands from my shoulders.

“I wanted to find Rachel first,” I told him. “I heard she’s in the library. Then, I’ll go to my dorm with her.”

Enzo’s eyes darkened for a moment, and I could tell he was thinking about something intently; it made me worry. I furrowed my brows at him, asking him silently what was on his mind.

“Be careful around Rachel,” he said to me, surprising. “I saw her outside the academic center when I smelled the rotting flesh. Something was off with her.”

My heart fell into my stomach.

“You don’t think Rachel had anything to do with it, do you?” I asked.

He thought long and hard about that for a moment.

“I’m not sure; I can’t be sure about anything right now.”

“She’s a bear, Cole,” I said, shaking my head. “She couldn’t have—”

My voice trailed off as I thought about darkness.

“Just be careful, Lila.”

I looked back up at him and nodded.

“I’ll see you later,” I said to him as I turned and left the arena.

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Rachel sat in the back corner of the library at a small table with her history textbook laid out in front of her. She had a notebook to the side of the textbooks with different colored notes sprawled out on the thin paper.

She had her fingers dug into her dark hair and I could see that she was incredibly stressed.

“Hey,” I said, sitting beside her. “You look stressed.”

She lifted her gaze and met my eyes.

“I have to study for this stupid history exam,” she muttered. “It counts for 50% of my grade. Stressed isn’t the word I’d use.”

“Do you need some help?” I asked. “I’m pretty good at studying.”

“It’s a bear history course, Lila. What do you know about bears?”

I shrugged; truth be told, I didn’t know much about them besides what Rachel told me. I knew they were known as the weaker species. Rachel’s race of bears eats a lot of nuts and berries. But I knew other bears ate a lot of meat and protein. It was also uncommon for bears to have special abilities.

Bears don’t live in packs; they enjoy being alone unless they are with family. They tend to live in dark spaces, like caves. But nowadays, they’ve made homes out of their caves, and they look a lot more modern.

I also knew that, like werewolves, bears can also have mates. They are usually mated with other bears, but they are unlikely to be mated to werewolves either.

Witches and fairies can also have mates, but it’s less likely for them to be mated to other species like werewolves and bears.

Vampires don’t get goddess-given mates despite falling under the same goddess, but they can take chosen mates and have their own mating ceremonies to strengthen their bond.

“I’m a fast learner,” I told her, glancing at her notebook.

She quickly closed her notebook before I could get a chance to read anything.

“It’s fine, Lila,” she said, standing to her feet. Her tone startled me and I felt my face warming.

“Okay...” I said slowly, standing up with her. “We should get back to our dorm though; I hear we are going to have another lockdown.”

Her eyes widened at my words.

“Why?”

“Because they are reopening the investigation on the murders,” I told her as I helped her pack her things. “Until they know for sure what happened, they are enforcing a lockdown.”

“Shit...” she whispered, sounding a little hoarse. “Didn’t Scott confess to those murders?”

“Yeah, but he didn’t do it,” I told her.

Rachel slung her bag over her shoulder, and we began to walk out of the library. I waved goodbye to the librarian, who returned it with a kind smile.

“And you know that for sure?” She asked, furrowing her brows together.

“Yes,” I answered without hesitation.

She was quiet, staring down at her feet as we walked.

“Alpha Jonathan is having a banquet on Saturday by the way. He told me I could invite my friends. I was mainly coming to find you so I could invite you. You’re welcome to come,” I told her, glancing at her side profile as we walked the campus and headed toward the dormitory.

She didn’t look phased by my question, she only nodded.

“Yes, I know,” she surprised me by saying. “I was already attending it.”

“Wait, what?” I asked, stopping in my tracks. “What do you mean by that?”

“I was already going to the banquet. I have to be there,” she said, shrugging.

“Why?”

“Because my father is his business partner,” she answered simply. “My father has to be there... which means I have to be there.”

Chapter 292 Another Lockdown

Chapter 292 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila’s POV

“Good evening, students. This is Alpha Jonathan. I know you’re not used to hearing me on the intercom, but Headmaster Prescott is a little busy right now. Unfortunately, with new facts and evidence we are reopening the murder cases and I’m enforcing another lockdown until further notice. But the good news is you will not be missing out on any classes. I have purchased enough laptops for every student at this school and starting Wednesday you will be doing online courses until this lockdown is over. We are hoping by next week you will be back to in-person classes.

Only authorized officials will be allowed to roam the campus and if any students for whatever reason need to leave their dormitories, I ask that the dorm advisors make sure that a gamma warrior accompanies them. As we know more information, we will update you. Until then, I thank you for your understanding and apologize for any inconvenience.”

As Alpha Jonathan’s voice faded away, leaving the crackling of the speakers, the entire campus had fallen silent. Rachel and I still stood outside staring up at the sky as if the voice came from the heavens above.

I knew this lockdown was approaching, but it didn’t make this announcement any less hard to hear.

“Get to your dorms,” I heard the gruff sounds of a gamma warrior saying as he walked outside of the student lounge. “Nobody should be outside right now. You heard the Alpha. Let's go.”

He motioned for us to go with him to the dorms.

I glanced at Rachel who looked pale but neither of us argued with the warrior. We went directly to the dorm and once we got into the living quarters of our section, a bunch of other girls were scrambling around in a panic.

Some were curled up on the couch and crying.

Eileen Carter was trying her best to calm everyone down, but to no prevail.

She looked stressed too.

I walked over to her, leaving Rachel’s side.

“Can I help?” I asked, peering at Miss Carter with a compassionate gaze.

She sighed and nodded.

“I just need them to relax,” she said, sounding just as exhausted as she looked.

I nodded in understanding and closed my eyes. I wasn’t used to this ability yet; I hadn’t practiced with it often. But I knew I could manipulate their minds and spread my own aura to those around me. I’ve never tried to do this at the same time though.

I imagined each student in this dormitory to calm down and relax. I imagined that they stopped crying and felt at ease. My bright aura shined even brighter and expanded from my body to touch each of them.

Without opening my eyes, I knew it was working. Their crying seemed to have lessened, and I heard some sighing in relief as their bodies relaxed.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that they were looking a lot more at ease, though they still had worry in their eyes and they appeared to be pale.

I looked at Miss Carter who seemed surprised but then she looked at me incredibly pleased.

“Thank you,” she breathed.

I nodded, giving her a faint smile.

I looked at Rachel who stood frozen, she still looked incredibly pale, and it didn't seem my abilities had worked on her. She was very tense, and her body trembled slightly. I furrowed my brows at her; something was seriously off with her.

Enzo was right.

She wasn't acting like herself, and I needed to be wary of her. This pained me to think because Rachel had been my best friend from my very first day at this school.

“Are you okay?” I asked as I walked toward her.

She blinked a few times as if she was in some kind of trance and then she nodded, forcing a smile.

“Yes,” she answered. “I'm going to get some rest.”

On that note, she turned and ran up the stairs and toward our dorm room.

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Third Person POV

“You were careless when you chose to murder at my school,” Alpha Jonathan growled; his ember eyes glowing as his wolf fought to take control.

He stalked toward Jazzy and Zagreus who stood near the cage that would soon trap that Volana wolf.

“We took care of it,” Jazzy said, folding her arms across her chest. “That nobody boy took the fall thanks to my love.”

She gave Zagreus a pointed look who only grinned in return.

“Yeah, well it wasn't good enough,” he growled. “They are reopening the investigation because they refuse to believe he did it.”

That got Jazzy's attention: she straightened her stance as she stared at the Alpha.

“What are you talking about? He confessed,” she said through her teeth. “Why would they reopen this?”

“Because you chose to frame a boy that was once close to Lila,” Jonathan said through his teeth. “She knows him well and knows he isn’t capable of murder. Not to mention his father is an Alpha and refuses to believe it as well. I’m forced to investigate this murder and put the students on another lockdown until we have answers.”

“Then frame another student,” she said, feeling a wave of fury flashing through her.

“I’m not going down for this Jasmine,” he said in return, a low and angry growl emerging from his throat.

“Fine,” she muttered turning to walk toward her dark purple glowing orb that sat on a pedestal she set up for it.

She ran her fingers over the orb to make it glow even brighter as Zagreus and the Alpha watched in pure fascination. This never got old for her either.

“Tell me, girl. What is going on at the school right now,” she spoke in a nearly unrecognizable tone.

There was a beat of silence, and then the small and frightened voice of Rachel, Jazzy’s recent vessel who has been taken over by Zagreus’s darkness, sounded from the purple orb.

“T...they are investigating the murders...” she whispered, and Jazzy could tell the girl had been crying.

“What is that sign of weakness I’m getting from you?” Jazzy asked, obvious annoyance in her tone.

“I’m frightened...” She whispered. “They were going to find out it was me... why did you make me do that?”

Jazzy rolled her eyes.

“Because if you didn’t, the darkness inside of you would have needed to feed off you,” Jazzy told her for the hundredth time. “It needs the sacrifice to survive. If it killed you, then it would have needed to find a new vessel. You either eat or be eaten.”

“What am I going to do?” Rachel whimpered. “I’m so scared...”

“You are going to trust me, for starters,” Jazzy said, glancing over her shoulder at the very curious Alpha before turning back to the orb. And I’m going to need you to do me another favor.”

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Tears flooded Rachel's face as she stood outside the vampire den. It was technically the dormitory that the vampires lived in because it was a vast space with limited windows to keep the sunlight out. But the students around the school, including the vampires, call it the vampire den.

It was a small attachment to the dormitory building, so Rachel didn't need to go outside to access the entrance. But it did take her quite a bit to be able to sneak over to his section of the dormitory undetected.

Her entire body shook as she held the dagger that darkness had formatted and provided for her. It was a silver dagger with dark swirls like waves going across the blade. It wasn't a dagger she had ever seen before, and she wondered where the darkness had got it from.

She raised her hand to knock on the door knowing that the dorm advisor would be the one to answer. The dorm advisors for both the boys' and girls' sections were both vampires.

Rachel stood outside the boy's dormitory, and she knew the boy's advisor's name was Rodrick, or as most refer to him, Rod.

Rod was the only hybrid at this school who was both a vampire and a werewolf. His mother was a werewolf, and his father was a vampire, hence forming a hybrid son. Rod mainly followed the vampire schedule and became one of the youngest dorm advisors and professors. He was only 18 when he first became the dorm advisor, which was odd because he was the age of most of the students.

Though students were able to attend this school as early as 17, Rod was always gifted growing up and attended this school at the age of 15.

Rachel only met him a couple of times when she was 17, last year, because he mainly kept to himself with the other vampires, despite also having werewolf genes. He became the bloodlust professor once he reached age 19.

She hasn't seen him at all this new semester though.

Skylar speaks of him often during their student committee meetings; she finds him incredibly attractive as does most of his female students.

Rod was kind to her when they met last year and knowing what Rachel was about to do was destroying the bear inside of her. But she had no choice; she felt the claws of darkness digging into her brain and forcing her to do its bidding.

She had to fulfill her orders.

She rose her first and knocked on the door; her entire body trembled as she waited for the door to open. The wait felt like it lasted forever, but then she heard movement.

The smell of pine and vanilla filled her nose making her entire body freeze. The scent was glorious and made her entire heart skip a beat. This was a feeling that didn't come familiar to her, but she was eager to find out what it meant.

She felt the excitement bubbling inside of her, making her bear come alive and alert. Bears don't often speak to their humans like wolves do, but they could during high-intensity moments or whenever bears were shifted into their full form.

The knob of the door began to turn, and Rachel stared with fascination as the door was pulled open and Rod stood in front of her. His eyes were dark with a golden tint but he stared back at him with shock and curiosity.

His voice came out low and shook Rachel to the core.

"Mate..." he whispered, staring directly at her.

"Mate..." Rachel's bear whispered, leaving Rachel's lips as she stared up at him.

But then the darkness gripped her brain even harder, fading Rachel out of the moment as she captured his eyes and placed him in a dark trance.

She spoke in a firm voice, watching as his eyes darkened along with hers.

"It was you that murdered those people and framed Scott," she said to him, placing the thoughts in his mind. He stood frozen, taking in the information. "And now you are trying to murder me..." She continued, handing him the dagger. "Stab me."

Chapter 293 Don't Kill Him

Chapter 293 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

When I heard the sirens, I knew something was seriously wrong. The last time I heard sirens there was a murder. My heart fell into my stomach as I watched Becca rush to the window of our dorm and peer down into the parking lot.

“There’s an ambulance and a couple of cop cars,” she said, peeing back at me with a worried frown. “I wonder if they found somebody else.”

I felt like I was about to get sick.

She looked back down at the parking lot, and I heard her gasp lightly.

“I see your dad and Professor Enzo,” she said, pointing to the lot.

I jumped to my feet, rushing toward her.

“Are they okay?” I asked, feeling a rise of panic.

“Yes,” she answered. “They are talking to Alpha Jonathan and Headmaster Prescott.”

I peered down into the lot and sure enough I saw my father and mate speaking with Headmaster Prescott and Alpha Jonathan. I could hardly see their faces, but I knew from their body language alone that something was seriously wrong.

EMTs were rushing toward one of the outside entrances of the vampire den. My heart fell deep into my stomach.

What could have happened in the vampire den?

The cops were following them into the building as well without even a single look in the headmaster’s direction. Alpha Jonathan turned away from them and walked into the vampire den as well.

Before I could say anything more to Becca about what we were watching, we both nearly jumped out of our skin as we heard someone knocking on the door.

I turned to face the door, feeling my heart pounding against my ribcage. We both shared identical frightened looks before we gained enough courage to move from the window and go to the door.

When I opened it, I was surprised to see a very tear-filled Eileen Carter standing before us.

“Miss Carter...” Becca was the first to speak. “Is everything okay?”

She looked at the two of us for a long while without speaking; it felt like an eternity before she actually decided to speak.

“It’s Rachel...” she said hoarsely.

“Rachel?” I asked, furrowing my brows together. “She’s been in her room all night.”

Miss Carter shook her head as a sob escaped her lips.

“She must have snuck out the window or something,” she said through her tears. “She was found in the vampire's dormitory stabbed.”

I thought I was going to pass out. I had to hold onto the edge of the door, or I would have fallen over. Becca nearly did fall over; she practically tripped over herself as she ran toward Rache's bedroom door.

She began knocking on it hard and then she started to slap it; her entire body trembled as a sob escaped her lips. Neither of us wanted to believe that it could be true.

She gripped the doorknob and yanked it open, stumbling into Rachel's dark room. My entire body was numb; I didn't think I could move even if I wanted to, but I watched as Becca frantically went into Rachel's room and screamed for her.

This only made Miss Carter sob even harder as she covered her mouth and nose with her hands.

“Rachel!!!” Becca cried out for our roommate and best friend.

Tears burned in my eyes; I was about to fall apart.

“She's not here, Lila!” Becca sobbed. “She's not here... she's not...”

She fell to the ground as a sob escaped her lips. Becca was soon crying in her hands, screaming and trembling in Rachel's dark room.

I couldn't breathe.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Alex said, stepping beside Miss Carter.

For once, I actually saw remorse on his face as he looked down at me.

“Your father wants to see you. He's in the front lot. He asked for me to escort you to him,” Aled continued.

I didn't trust my voice and I certainly didn't trust that I could walk on my own. My legs were practically Jelly. If I moved, I would have crumbled to the floor like Becca.

“It's urgent, Lila,” he said when I did not attempt to move or speak. “We have to go, now.”

My body began to shake; I almost wanted to request Enzo to come and pick me up, but I knew he couldn't do that in front of everybody. Some girls had overheard the conversation from their dorm rooms, and I heard them begin to cry heavily.

It wouldn't be long before word traveled around about this.

“I'm not going without Becca,” I said hoarsely.

Becca was still crying on the ground; I didn't think she'd be able to walk either. But we were in this together.

Alex glanced at her from the doorway with a timid frown, but then he nodded.

"Becca..." I croaked; I hadn't even realized I was crying until I spoke her name. My face was soaked with tears, and I had to bite my bottom lip to keep from crying. "We have to go..." I finished the sentence with a breath.

She did not attempt to move, but she lifted her gaze to meet mine.

"She was here..." she whispered. "She was here..."

"I know," I breathed. "But now she's not and we can't be either," I told her, finally feeling the strength in my legs to move to her.

I knelt beside her and placed my hand on her shoulder.

"We can't be here. We need to leave," I told her, keeping my tone low and for her ears only.

She kept her glossy eyes on mine; her lips trembled as she let out another sob, but then she nodded and allowed me to help her to her feet. I wrapped my arm through her and slowly we made our way out of Rachel's room and toward Alex.

"Take us to my father," I told him as firmly as I could.

He nodded solemnly, then he turned away and we followed him out.

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Enzo's POV

Everything happened at once. I smelled the metallic scent of blood as I walked past the dormitory and my entire body froze.

I didn't waste any time; the scent was fresh, unlike the rotting scent I smelled last week outside the academic center. I knew whatever was happening, it was happening right now.

I ran as fast as I could toward the scent; it took me to the boy's dorm and toward the expansion wing that students call the vampire den. It was created when vampires started to attend this school and needed an area that didn't harvest as much sunlight.

Vampires don't burn up in the sunlight, but it is uncomfortable with them, and long exposures to the sun would cause them to become ill. The Vampire Den is a vast space with limited windows to keep out the sun and it comes with a lounge they can hang out in if they don't want to hang out in the open with other students.

It's also run by two vampire dorm advisors, Rodrick and Jillian. Rodrick was the boy's dorm advisor and Jillian was the girl's dorm advisor.

The smell was potent in the boy section and my heart was pounding against my chest to the point where I thought it was going to explode. The vampire students knew that they weren't allowed to feed off other students. They were given a certain amount of blood each day, usually from willing donors or animals. Animal blood wasn't the same as human blood, but if they needed the blood, it still worked for them.

They described it as eating a salad with no dressing. It fills them and does the job, but it's not very satisfying.

As I reached the boy's section of the vampire den, I froze when I saw Rodrick standing above a girl who had blood dripping down her shirt. Rodrick stood frozen, his entire body trembling as he clutched a dagger that was dripping with the girl's blood.

He looked mortified, but at the same time, his expression was hard.

Another faculty member ran into the room as well and froze.

"Holy shit," he gasped. "I'm calling 911."

My feet finally worked, and I unfroze; I ran toward Rodrick as fast as I could, taking the dagger out of his hands and shoving him against the wall. He didn't fight me; he stood frozen, staring at me, but it was like he was seeing through me.

His eyes seemed darker than usual; almost like Scott's looked when he confessed to the murders.

"It was me..." Rod said in a low and strained tone. "I killed those people and framed Scott. It was me."

I heard the soft whimpers of the girl who lay on the ground at my feet. When I looked down at her I finally got a look at her face.

"Rachel?" I said in a hoarse whisper.

Fury boiled through me, and I lost control of Max entirely. He shifted into his full form and threw Rod across the room with his teeth. My wolf lunged at him, his growl echoing throughout the entire dormitory as we tackled him to the ground.

Max's claws dug into Rod's flesh and his strong metallic scent invaded my nose. I expected Rod to fight me, at least a little bit. Rod was the only hybrid at this school, so he could have shifted into his wolf form if he wanted.

But he didn't.

He allowed me to scratch and nip at him.

I was trying hard to hard to hold back my wolf, so he didn't kill him.

Thankfully, another wolf tackled me out of the way and pressed me into the ground, growling loudly in my face. I knew this wolf was Bastien without even looking at him.

I was panting and struggling against his hold, wanting to rip Rod's throat out.

Rod lay on the ground, bleeding and trembling. But I wanted him to bleed even more.

"Alpha..." We heard the soft tone of Rachel coming from the ground. She reached her hand out to me before dropping it to the ground, pooling in her own blood.

She was losing a lot of blood and would soon pass out if we didn't get her some help.

"Please... don't Kill him..." she whispered.

Then, her eyes fluttered shut and her entire body went limp.

Chapter 294 Rachel was stabbed

Chapter 294 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

The walk to the parking lot felt like an eternity long. By the time we reached the lot and I saw my father in the distance, it took everything I had not to run to him. But I think I was the one who was keeping Becca from crumbling to the ground, so I remained by her side.

However, when I saw Enzo, my entire heart fell into the pit of my stomach.

His shirt was covered in blood.

"What happened to our mate?!" Val growled; I knew my eyes were probably glowing as my wolf fought to take control.

Enzo met my eyes, and I knew he could see the worry in my eyes and the anxiety of my wolf. He glanced down at his shirt with a frown and then back at my eyes, shaking his head slowly.

“It’s not my blood,” he said in a mindlink.

“Rachel’s?” I asked; even in my mindlink, my voice came out trembling.

“Yes and no,” he answered grimly.

He must have attacked her attacker.

Tears filled my eyes and I blinked to release them. I felt raw and numb all over. I looked at my father who was watching me with remorse in his eyes. I had to stop walking because I thought I was going to fall over.

Thankfully, my father met me the rest of the way, closing the gap between us and not only wrapping me in a hug but including Becca as well.

We both melted in the arms of my father and sobbed as one unit. We were both so weak and I was suddenly so tired.

“Who did this to her?” I asked, peering up at my father through my tear-filled eyes.

“The vampire dorm advisor, Roderick,” he answered grimly.

I couldn’t help the gasp that escaped my lips. I didn’t know much about Roderick; I know most called him Rod. But from what I knew about him he was the youngest professor and advisor at this school. He was also a hybrid, born from a vampire and a werewolf. He mainly kept to himself with the other vampires, and he was also the blood lust professor.

Skylar spoke about him often and always cooed about how good-looking he was.

He was the type of teacher that his students loved because of his good looks, charm, intelligence, and kindness.

He was very nice.

I have met him maybe once since I started attending this school, and he was very nice when we spoke. I don’t even remember what we spoke about, but I remembered being surprised by his niceness.

“I don’t understand...” I said, shaking my head. “Why would he want to hurt Rachel?”

“Enzo saw her outside the boy’s dormitory with Rodrick standing over her with a dagger,” my father went on to explain.

I winced at his words, not wanting to imagine the scene.

“But there’s something else, Lila...” he continued, placing his hands on my shoulders and making me look at him.

“What is it?” I asked him, my voice coming out unfamiliar.

“He confessed to the other murders too and framed Scott.”

I stepped away from it, too shocked for any sort of contact.

“What?” I breathed.

Becca let out a loud sob.

“He’s been taken to the jail for further questioning. But once we have more information, we are going to release Scott,” he said, eyeing me carefully.

I glanced at Enzo who was staring at me with a strained look in his eyes. He met my eyes, and I knew from that one look that there was something Enzo needed to say. But I also knew he didn’t want to say it in front of anyone else other than me.

“Are you sure it was actually him?” I asked looking back at my father.

“He confessed,” my father answered.

“So did Scott,” I shot back, surprised by the force in my voice. “But he didn’t kill anybody.”

“It would make more sense for a vampire because of the blood loss in the other three victims,” my father explained. “If Enzo hadn’t walked in when he did... it would have been too late for Rachel.”

I froze.

“She’s alive?” Becca whispered, looking at my father with huge eyes.

My father nodded, but only once and a bit hesitantly.

“She lost a lot of blood; it was a silver dagger and bears are a lot weaker, so she was injured badly. They are doing what they can to save her,” he explained.

“We have to get to the hospital,” Becca said, her voice coming out a lot stronger.

She was right; we couldn’t just stand around when Rachel was alive and heading to the hospital as we spoke. She was going to be alone and afraid; we had to go to her.

“Alpha Enzo will take you girls there,” my father assured us. “I need to stay here with Alpha Jonathan and figure out the next steps.”

“Did Rod explain why he did this?” I asked, peering up at my father.

He shook his head sadly.

“Not yet,” he said, glancing at Enzo over his shoulder briefly before looking at me. “We didn’t really have a chance to talk to him.”

I glanced at the blood on Enzo’s clothing, and I realized quickly what my father meant. Enzo must have attacked Rod when he saw him standing over Rachel with the dagger. I felt a bit more relieved knowing my mate wasn’t hurt, but I couldn’t imagine what he must have witnessed.

I was feeling sick to my stomach at the very thought of it.

“We are still going to keep this lockdown going until the end of the week,” Alpha Jonathan said to Headmaster Prescott who grimly nodded her head.

I could tell she’s been crying too.

“We also need to speak with Eileen Carter, the dorm advisor. The fact that Rachel wasn’t in her room and wandering around campus is unacceptable and someone needs to be held accountable for that.”

“It’s not Miss Carter’s fault,” I found myself saying quickly. “We all thought Rachel was in her dorm room. We had no idea she left.”

“It’s your advisor’s job to know these things,” Alpha Jonathan said, narrowing his eyes at me.

“We think she snuck out the window,” Becca chimed in, wiping her face of her tears.

“We will investigate and find out exactly what happened,” Alpha Jonathan said firmly.

I turned to my father and dropped my voice to a whisper for only his ears.

“It wasn’t her fault,” I said to him. “Please make sure everyone knows that.”

I would hate if Eileen Carter got in trouble for this. I’m not sure what happened and how Rachel escaped or why she was even in the vampire den in the first place, but I know none of this was Miss Carter’s fault.

Miss Carter looked so distraught and destroyed when she told us that Rachel got hurt. She loved this job more than anything and she loved her students. If she could have prevented this, I know she would have.

“I’m going to do what I can to find answers,” my father said gently. “Go with Alpha Enzo to the hospital and be with your friend.”

I nodded, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand as I took hold of Becca's arm and pulled her along with me to Enzo's car across the parking lot.

....

The hospital always felt so grim whenever I entered the front doors. We were never here for good reasons; the last time I was here it was because Rachel had tried to kill herself after her boyfriend almost died in that fire.

The irony of that situation is they aren't even together anymore.

We were finally far enough away from the school and away from everyone else that I was finally able to be comforted by my mate. As we sat in the waiting room, he wrapped his arms around me and allowed me to rest against him.

The doctors and nurses explained that Rachel was in surgery, and it would take them a few hours to work on her. We've been sitting in the waiting room for about an hour and with each passing moment, I felt even sicker.

"How much longer do you think it's going to take?" Becca asked, peering over at me and Enzo from her seat.

There weren't many in the waiting room and I was glad about that; we needed peace.

"Hopefully not much longer," I said, sighing as I leaned my head into the side of Enzo's body.

"I'm going to make a phone call," she said, standing to her feet. "I should update Brody."

I nodded in agreement and watched as Becca made her way outside.

I looked up at Enzo who still had a troubled look in his eyes.

"What happened?" I asked, sitting up in the chair. "How did this happen?"

He met my eyes and my heart squeezed painfully in my chest.

"He had the same look as Scott did when he confessed to the murders," Enzo said, grimly.

I wasn't prepared to hear that, and it felt like the wind knocked out of me.

"You mean..." I tried to say, but my words fell short as he nodded.

"I don't think Rod killed anyone... I don't think he was himself."

"So... whatever happened to Scott..." I began. "Is happening to Roderick."

Chapter 295 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

“Where is my daughter?!” I heard a growl coming from the front entrance of the hospital.

Enzo stood to his feet quickly as Raymond stalked into the waiting room. As soon as he saw Enzo his eyes darkened, and his tip lip curled up in disgust.

“How dare you not inform me that my daughter was injured when it happened,” Raymond growled.

“I had other priorities,” Enzo said, narrowing his eyes at Ray. “Like making sure she didn’t die.”

“Why am I the last to know about this?!” Raymond asked; glaring at me and then back at Enzo, making my entire body go cold.

“Because you haven’t been in her life in a long time,” I found myself saying before I could stop myself.

Enzo quickly stepped in front of me, shielding me from Raymond’s wrath.

“What? Are you fucking your professor you little slut?” Raymond hissed; instantly I felt Enzo growing angry.

“Watch yourself, Ray,” Enzo said through his teeth.

“Does the board know you’re messing around with your students?” Ray asked, narrowing his eyes. “Where. Is. My. Daughter?”

“She’s being operated on,” Enzo said in a low and threatening tone. “You’re either going to calm yourself down, or I’m going to have them sedate you before I kill you.”

“My daughter was fatally injured, and you want me to calm down?” Ray asked, laughing bitterly. “That’s certainly coy of you, Alpha.”

“Ray—” I tried to say but his dagger of eyes stopped me.

“Shut the fuck up,” he hissed at me. “You’ve been a bitch since I’ve met you. I bet if she wasn’t your friend, this would have never happened.”

It was like a slap in the face; the force of his words made me stagger backward as if it were a fatal wound to my chest.

Enzo growled loudly, lunging toward him in one quick stride. The claws of his wolf burst through his hands and gripped Ray’s collar, practically lifting him off the ground as he revealed his wolf’s canines.

Ray’s eyes widened as he stared down at Enzo who had become more Max than Enzo.

“If you ever speak to her like that again I will tear your throat out, bear,” he growled. It was obvious that it was Max that was speaking now.

“I just want to see my daughter...” Ray said in a tone that staggered slightly. “I didn’t mean any disrespect.”

“Apologize to her or I’ll let my wolf do what he pleases to you.”

Ray’s eyes flickered to me.

“I’m sorry,” he said breathlessly.

I nodded at him; I knew he was just upset because his daughter was in the hospital. But then again, he abused her for years when she was only a child. I doubted that he cared this much about her now.

I still wasn’t sure what he wanted from her, but I knew it couldn’t have been good.

Enzo lowered him to the ground and released his hold on his shirt. I stepped beside Enzo so I could get a better look at Ray and meet his eyes.

“You are welcome to stay with us until she’s out of surgery,” I told him gently. “I’m sure she would like to see you once she’s out.”

He looked hesitant, but he nodded.

“Who did this to her?” He asked, adjusting his shirt.

“They didn’t tell you anything?” Enzo asked, raising his brows.

“No,” Ray muttered, taking a seat in one of the empty chairs. “They just told me that she was stabbed and to get to the hospital.”

Enzo sat down in a chair as well; I was too wound up to sit with them, so I remained standing.

“It was the vampire dorm advisor, Roderick,” Enzo explained.

Ray narrowed his eyes.

“What? Why would he stab my little girl?” Ray asked, his voice breaking slightly.

Enzo glanced up at me but I kept my eyes locked on Raymond. I really didn’t trust him, and Val’s reaction toward him made me trust him even less.

“We aren’t sure,” Enzo said, glancing back at him. “But you’ve been spending a lot of time with her lately. Has she ever mentioned anything about a vampire?”

“No,” Ray said, shaking his head quickly. “She’s never mentioned even knowing a vampire. I knew they went to this school, but I thought they kept to themselves.”

“Usually, yes,” Enzo answered, nodding his head slowly. “But she was outside the dormitory for a reason. I doubt Roderick lured her there.”

“She never mentioned anything,” Ray said, staring down at his hands. “Was the wound bad?”

“Bad enough where she needs surgery,” I muttered.

Ray was silent, but he nodded once. His face was filled with remorse and it was incredibly grim.

“Who called you?” I asked, narrowing my eyes at him.

“Your father,” he said, glaring at me.

Val growled at his forceful voice, and I had to take a deep breath to calm her. Before any more words were exchanged, I heard footsteps coming from nearby, turning our attention to the doctor who appeared before us.

“I’m looking for the parent or family member of Rachel Cornelia,” the doctor said, staring between all of us.

“I’m her father,” Raymond was quick to say, standing to his feet.

“But we are all her family,” I said firmly, glaring at Ray and then back at the doctor. “Plus, my father is the head of the Alpha Committee. Anything you need to say, you can speak freely.”

The doctor looked hesitant for a moment; he glanced at Raymon as if asking permission, which pissed Val and me off.

After a brief moment, Ray finally nodded at the doctor and he seemed to have relaxed.

“Okay; well, Rachel is out of surgery, and she did very well,” he said, a light smile on his lips. “She’s still sleeping, and it will take her a little bit to recover. But her vitals are good, and we think she’s going to make a full recovery.”

I felt like I could finally breathe, I nearly fell over but thankfully, Enzo caught me.

“Thank you, doctor,” Raymond said, shaking his hand firmly. “Can we see her?”

“For right now, I’ll allow only one visitor. She’s in the recovery chamber and we try to minimize visitors in that unit,” the doctor said to him.

Ray looked like he was about to step toward the doctor, but then he paused and looked at Enzo and then at me.

I gave him a small nod.

“Go ahead,” I said, motioning for him to follow the doctor.

He gave me a grateful smile before leaving with the doctor to see Rachel.

Not before long, Becca returned to the waiting room. She looked as if she’d been crying as she shoved her phone into her arm bag. She wiped her face with the back of her sleeve before joining us.

“She’s going to be okay,” I said quickly before she reached us.

She paused and looked at me through her tear-filled eyes.

“What?!” She gasped. “She’s out of surgery?”

“Yes,” I said, giving her a bright smile. “The doctor just came and told us. She’s going to be okay!”

“Oh, my goddess!” Becca breathed as she rushed toward me, wrapping her arms around me. We both laughed through our tears as Enzo watched.

“Can we go see her?” Becca asked, pulling away from me and wiping away her tears.

“They are only letting one visitor in at a time,” Enzo explained before I could say anything. “Right now, her father is going to see her.”

“Oh, right. I saw him marching inside. He didn’t look happy,” she said, looking at me.

“He’s not,” I said in return. “But Enzo calmed him down.”

“Max calmed him down,” Enzo corrected.

I smiled at him and rubbed the top of Enzo's head as if he were rubbing his wolf.

"And he did well," I said teasingly.

"I'm so relieved," Becca said, and I could see the color returning to her face.

I turned to face Enzo wanting to melt back into his arms; as if he could read my mind, he wrapped me in his arms and nuzzled his face in my hair, kissing me gently. I smiled up at him, so pleased that he was with me right now.

He bent down and kissed me gently; I closed my eyes, basking in the incredible scent and feeling of my mate. It was a feeling I never wanted to end; a feeling I was never truly prepared for.

He ran his fingers down my spine, sending chills throughout my body. But it was the good kind of chills; the kind that formed happy goosebumps across my flesh and made me crave his touch even more.

Becca cleared her throat, reminding us that we were still in public.

"I don't think I want to return to the campus," she said, holding her body as if she was afraid she'd fall apart. "I feel uneasy."

"I agree," I said, glancing at Enzo. "We are still in lockdown until the end of the week. Will they let us stay off campus?"

"I'm sure your father can pull some strings," Enzo said, nodding. "You can stay at my packhouse." He then glanced at Becca who still looked uneasy. "You can both stay at my packhouse."

"Thank you, Alpha," she said, giving him a faint smile.

We were interrupted by the sound of Enzo's phone ringing; he pulled away from me, leaving me cold and lonely, to answer the call.

"Yes, Alpha Bastien?" He asked; my eyes widened at the mention of my father's name.

He paused while my father spoke, but he didn't look pleased. The longer the silence, the more upset Enzo was looking. Worry built in my stomach as I stared at my mate.

Becca stepped closer to me, also worried.

"Okay, I'll let them know. Also, I'm bringing Lila to my packhouse for safety reasons. Can you speak to the headmaster about it?"

There was another silence before Enzo nodded, even though my father couldn't see him.

“Okay, I’ll let them know. Thank you, Alpha.”

He hung up and looked over at me.

“He said he’s going to speak to the headmaster; he said to gather the rest of your friends too. He’s worried those close to Rachel might be in trouble. If she was stabbed, there’s no telling what else could happen and to whom.

I nodded, but my eyes remained on him.

“What else did he say?” I said, knowing my mate very well.

He was hesitant for a moment but then he met my eyes.

“He said that evidence isn’t looking good in Rod’s favor,” he said slowly. “However, Scott is going to be released from jail.”

“What?” I gasped. “Today?”

He nodded, keeping his eyes on mine.

“He’s coming to the packhouse as well,” Enzo continued. “Bastien said that Scott remembered something. But he won’t talk until everybody is together. Specifically, you, Lila.”

Chapter 296 Gathering My Friends.

Chapter 296 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila’s POV

What did Scott remember that he wanted to tell all of us? Did he remember who manipulated his mind and tried to frame him for murder?

This could be huge; he could potentially save Rod from a horrific fate if what Enzo suspected was true. I didn’t want to believe that Rod was guilty of murder and truly tried to kill Rachel out of his own free will. The thought didn’t sit right with me. I had a nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach every time I thought about it.

I wished I could talk to Rachel and find out what happened between them earlier. Why was she even there in the first place? She never expressed any interest in vampires before.

None of this made any sense.

I couldn't help but feel like we were missing huge parts of the puzzle.

The drive back to campus was quiet; I knew we were all thinking the same things. We were wondering what Scott had to tell us and if it would put together the missing pieces.

When we pulled into the parking lot, my father was waiting for us with Alexander. I was glad that it was only the two of them, but I wondered where Alpha Jonathan was.

"Alex is going to take you to your dorm and speak to help you collect your friends," my father said. "Make sure they all pack a bag to last them until Sunday. You will be brought back here Sunday evening."

I nodded, but I didn't move from in front of him.

"Do you know what Scott wants to talk to us about?" I asked, my voice coming out unfamiliar.

He shook his head, glancing at me then at Becca, and then back at me.

"I don't," he said gently. "But whatever it is, I'm sure it's important. Thankfully, he's being released from jail today so he will be at Enzo's packhouse this evening."

The sun was about to go down, so this evening was arriving quickly. The more the sunset, the tighter the knot in my stomach got.

"What's going to happen to Rod?" I found myself asking, looking between my father and Alex.

They were both quiet for a moment, each looking at one another.

"We aren't sure yet. But once we know, we will let you know," my father said, giving me a reassuring smile. "In the meantime, the lockdown remains on campus. I already spoke to the board about you and your friends, so you are free to get your things and meet back here in the parking lot."

I looked up at Enzo, worry clear in his eyes. Or maybe it was my worry reflecting on me.

"I need to speak with Enzo for a few. Alex will take you to your dorm."

I didn't want to leave my mate and Val certainly didn't want to walk away. I could tell from his face that he didn't want that either.

"Go on," he said softly, meeting my eyes. "I'll see you soon."

I nodded slowly and turned toward Alex; he said nothing as he turned and led toward the dormitory.

We walked in silence as if we were walking in shame. My heart continued to pound heavily in my chest, even when we were inside our section of the dormitory.

Miss Tinsel, the girl's dormitory B advisor, sat on the couch reading a book with her legs crossed. She looked tired, yet alert at the same time if that makes sense.

Beckie Tinsel.

I don't encounter her often, but she's very stuck up and I don't really like her that much.

"Miss Tinsel?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at the back of her blonde head.

She turned in perfect posture and peered up at me from the couch. Her ocean-blue eyes batted in my direction and her perfect cherry-red lips tilted upward in a coy smile.

"Oh, hello, Lila," she said, placing the book on the table. "How are you this evening?"

"What are you doing in here?" I asked, furrowing my brows together. "Where's Miss Carter?"

"Oh, Eileen?" she asked, seemingly innocent, but I could see through her easily. "She's in a meeting with the Alpha and the headmaster. I hope she's not in too much trouble. It's a shame she allowed one of her students to leave last night... resulting in a serious injury."

"She didn't let Rachel leave," Becca said, folding her arms across her chest. "Rachel snuck out the window."

"Or so you say," Miss Tinsel said, raising her brows. "But under further examination, Rachel's window was locked from the inside. It would have been impossible to escape through the window."

My heart fell into my stomach.

That couldn't have been true.

How could Rachel have walked out the front door without anyone noticing?

That nasty feeling was returning to the pit of my stomach.

"I would have never allowed that to happen with my students," Miss Tinsel said, flipping her long and silky hair behind her shoulder. "If I were them, I'd fire you immediately. But with this school, who knows what's going to happen."

"Come on," Alex said harshly before I could speak another word.

I wanted to tell Miss Tinsel off, though I knew it wasn't in my best interest to do that. Whatever was going on around this school was already destroying it, I wasn't going to partake in destroying the rest of my education here.

"We should get Brody," Becca said, tugging at her fingers nervously.

I nodded in agreement.

"And Kayla," I added.

"If we get Brody and Kayla, then we are going to need to get Sarah as well," Becca stated. "Because Brody is her mate and won't go without her and Kayla is her roommate, and they seem to be getting along well."

I nodded.

"If you want to get Luis, that would be okay too," I said, peering over at her.

She gave me a surprised look.

"Are you sure?" She asked.

I smiled at her.

"Of course, Becca," I said in return.

She looked relieved by that, and she couldn't hide her big smile. It made me laugh.

"I'll call him," she said, pulling out her phone.

"While you're at it, give Brody a call too," I said to her.

"Will do."

Alex waited in the hallway while Becca went into our dorm, and I knocked on Sarah and Kayla's door.

It was Kayla who answered, her eyes were large and filled with tears. She looked surprised to see me but once she recovered, she threw her arms around me and began to sob. I was shocked and confused at first, but then I remembered that nobody was updated on the Rachel situation.

"Word has gotten around about Rachel," she sobbed into my shirt. "I can't believe it... did she come out of surgery?"

"Yes," I answered, hugging her back. "She's going to make a fine recovery. Her father is with her now."

Kayla let out another sob before releasing me.

“She’s really going to be okay?” She asked, trembling and wiping her tears.

“Yes,” I assured her. “She’s not awake yet, but the doctors think she will make a full recovery.”

Kayla let out a sigh of relief.

“Did you hear that, Sarah? Rachel is going to be okay!” Kayla said, peering over at Sarah who was sitting on the couch.

Her eyes were red, and it was obvious she’d been crying too, which was insanely surprising to me. I didn’t think Sarah would care that much about Rachel’s well-being.

But she tried to hide the fact that she’d been crying. She quickly stood to her feet when she saw me.

“Have you been upset?” I asked her, raising my eyebrows in surprise.

She rolled her eyes, folding her arms across her chest.

“I’m upset about the entire situation,” she muttered. “It’s all just fucked up and my father won’t tell me anything. I have to resort to getting my information from Brody. I don’t like being on the outside.”

“Well, now you don’t have to be,” I told her, giving her a small smile. “I want you both to come with me and Becca to Enzo’s packhouse until Sunday.”

They looked at one another surprised.

“Why?” Kayla was the one to ask.

“I’ll explain the entire story of what happened with Rachel on the way there, but we don’t think it’s safe of us here. Anyone close to Rachel could be in danger,” I told them. “I don’t want to scare anyone, but I need you both to pack a bag and come with me.”

“Okay,” Kayla answered quickly. “We will pack.”

I smiled my thanks to her.

“We are calling Brody too,” I said, glancing at Sarah.

“Obviously,” she muttered, folding her arms across her chest and giving me a pointed look. “Or else I probably wouldn’t be going.”

“Probably not,” I said, only a little teasingly as I turned away and went to my own dorm.

I went into my room and packed my things; not that I really needed much. I had a bunch of clothes at Enzo's place still. But I could do a little laundry while I was there.

Once I was done, I went to the living room and I was pleased to see that all my friends, including Sarah and Luis, were already there. Alex leaned against the doorframe, staring at me.

"Ready?" He asked.

I nodded, trying to hide the nervousness on my face.

"Are you going to explain to us the entire story of what happened?" Kayla asked as we walked out of the dorm and toward the parking lot.

"Yes," I answered. "But you all should know that someone is meeting us at the packhouse tonight."

"Who?" Brody asked, curiously.

He was walking with both his and Sarah's bags slung over his large shoulders, and she walked closely beside him.

I glanced behind my shoulder at the rest of them before answering.

"Scott."

Chapter 297 Scott's Memory

Chapter 297 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Third Person POV

Scott lay on the small cot, staring at the ceiling as he'd done for the past few days. There wasn't much to do in the jail cell; there wasn't much he could do. Had visited him and he was pleasantly surprised by how concerned and caring he seemed.

According to Alpha Enzo, his father hasn't left the waiting room and is giving the dispatchers a hard time. That was the first time Scott had cracked a smile in what felt like an eternity.

As he lay on the cot, he thought about all the wrongs he had done in his life and all the people he had hurt. Of course, a lot of the wrongdoing was because of Sarah and the hold she had on his mind. But there were some things she didn't manipulate; some things that he lied about.

That kiss that broke him and Lila up, wasn't because Sarah manipulated him into it. He got lost in that moment and couldn't help himself. He's always felt an attraction toward Sarah, but he's always loved Lila. There was never a question about it.

But kissing Sarah was something he had to do to get it out of his system. He told Lila it was because of Sarah's manipulation, but that was a lie.

He just hoped that Lila would visit him someday so he could tell her the entire truth.

Not that it matters anymore; she found her mate; but his conscience is unclean, and he doesn't want to get locked up forever until she knows the truth.

He's surprised that Lila's father is actually willing to investigate these murders a little bit more. Remembering the events that had happened, Scott was so sure that he was the one who killed those people.

That poor girl Merida was so frightened, and she cried while she begged for her life. But all Scott remembered was wanting her blood and needing to taste her pure beating heart. Though, he had no idea why.

It wasn't until Alpha Enzo visited him and made him really think about the situation that he started to recognize that he had the same empty feeling he had when Sarah manipulated his mind. Once he came to terms with that fact, his mind began to clear, and he realized it wasn't him that killed those people.

They were memories that were placed in his mind.

He just wished he knew who had done that to him.

His first thought was Sarah, but Alpha Enzo was positive that it wasn't her. Actually, it was Lila that was positive and Alpha Enzo was just relaying the message.

Scott shook his mind clear as he sat up on the cot; why couldn't he remember a face that stood in front of him and manipulated him?

He was so lost in his mind that the sound of the little window on his door opening startled him. He saw an officer peering through the window.

"Your father is here to visit again," the officer muttered.

"Okay," Scott managed to say, quickly recovering himself.

He hated that his father had to see him like this.

A second later, the door was opened, and his father rushed into the small cell. He had an expression on his face that Scott couldn't read, but it was making him nervous.

"You are going to be released by the end of today!" His father said the expression that Scott couldn't read was happiness.

Scott stood to his feet, not sure what his father was talking about. He must have gone mad or something.

"What?" Scott asked, mimicking his thoughts.

"They found the real killer; he tried to kill again, and he was caught. He admitted to the whole thing. Including framing you."

"Who was it?" An unease filled Scott's stomach and filled his throat like a nasty bile.

"One of the vampire professors, Roderick I think his name was," his father said, shaking his head to remember the details.

Scott's heart fell into his stomach as he stared at his father in disbelief. He knew Rod well; the two often spoke sports. Scott was one of the few that Rod actually cooperated with when he wasn't hiding in the vampire den with the others.

He was the vampire dorm advisor and the bloodlust professor; one of the youngest professors at this school. He was also a hybrid, half werewolf, half vampire. It made him mysterious, and girls loved him.

Scott always found himself to be a little jealous of Rod, but he liked the guy just the same. It was difficult not to like him.

He never took him as a killer though, no. He couldn't have been the killer.

He wondered if the same thing happened to Rod; did someone manipulate his mind as well?

But why?

"Alpha Bastien and Alpha Jonathan are trying to find out more information and investigate a bit further. But they said you should be released by the end of the night," his father continued. "You are getting out of here, son!"

Scott wanted to be happy about the news, but he wasn't.

He couldn't stop thinking about Rod; he found it to be unreal. That is until the officer who remained at the door chimed in.

“He’s telling the truth. I spoke to Alpha Jonathan myself.”

Scott snapped a look at the officer who had his arms folded across his chest.

“I guess it’s your lucky day,” he continued, narrowing his eyes at Scott as if he didn’t believe Scott to be innocent.

Scott swallowed a lump in his throat and forced a smile to please his father.

“That’s wonderful news,” he said.

His father patted him on the back before turning to the officer.

“Can we uncuff him now?” His father asked.

“He still hasn’t been officially released yet,” the officer said, pressing his lips firmly together.

“But he will be and he’s going to need his wolf to be strong,” his father argued. “Let his wolf breathe.”

It would be nice to speak to Allister, his wolf, again.

“I promise I won’t break out of here,” Scott said, eyeing the officer carefully.

“It’s not like you could,” the officer scoffed. “These doors are made to keep wolves in.”

But on that note, he walked toward Scott with a set of keys, unlocked the cuffs around his arms, and unshackled his legs.

Scott had never felt freer.

Now that he could move his arms again, he took it upon himself to hug his father. He was surprised that his father returned the hug.

“I never doubted you for a second,” his father whispered to him.

“I know,” Scott said in return, and he truly did know.

His father was there from the very beginning telling people that he was innocent; he was grateful for that. But now they had to do the same for Rod; he couldn’t go down for this. Scott knew in his gut that Rod was innocent and that his mind was also manipulated.

“I’m going to the school to meet with Alpha Bastien. Then we will be back this evening to get you out of here.”

Scott nodded.

His father turned with the officer and they both left the cell, shutting and locking the door once again.

Even though Scott was innocent, he was still locked in here like an animal. He sat back on the cot and buried his face in his hands, letting out a frustrated grunt.

“Is that any way to greet me?” A familiar voice roamed through his head, making him lift his gaze.

“Allister!” He breathed.

“Of course, it’s me,” his wolf said in return. “Do you have any idea how badly I wanted to rip all of those officer's throats out? The way they manhandled us like were rabid beasts.”

“They thought we were killers,” Scott said. “I don’t blame them for how they treated us.”

“I wanted to show them what a real killer was like,” Allister muttered. “But I was locked away.”

“Then it’s a good thing you were,” Scott said, trying not to crack a smile at his wolf’s antics.

He had missed Allister while he’d been locked in this cell; it felt good to have him back again.

“I can’t wait to shift and be able to run free again,” Allister sighed. “I don't like this cell.”

“Soon, old wolf. Soon,” Scott assured him.

As Scott closed his eyes, he imagined Allister's dark grey fur and piercing green eyes roaming through the forest grounds. Allister was a large wolf, just like his father’s wolf.

“And what’s this nonsense about you not remembering what happened?” Allister asked, sounding annoyed.

“What do you mean?”

“How can you not remember what that bitch did to us?”

Scott’s eyes popped open.

“Are you saying you remember what happened?”

“Of course, I do. I was there,” Allister quipped. “A wolf’s mind isn’t easily manipulated like a human's.”

“Tell me what happened!” Scott said, his heart racing against his chest.

Before Allister could speak another word, a splitting headache formed at Scott's temple and he closed his eyes, wincing in pain. He groaned miserably as the headache only intensified. He buckled over; feeling that bile returning to his throat; he was about to vomit from the pain.

Flashes and images appeared in the darkness of his closed eyes. At first, they were like pictures. They were memories of Merida and those officers dying. But then they faded away and Scott was standing at the open doorway of his dorm room, staring into space.

"You are the one who killed Merida and those guards downstairs," her voice was clear in her mind. "You remember everything so vividly."

"I remember everything so vividly," Scott repeated like he was in a trance.

"You are a wild beast, and you are angry."

Scott growled though he could hear Allister in the back of his mind telling Scott to hold on tighter and not give in to this mind manipulation. But Scott pushed Allister even further into his mind, making his voice small and inaudible.

Anger coursed through Scott and all he wanted was to hurt someone.

In the memory, Scott tried to focus his attention on the girl that stood before him. He tried to make his past self look at this girl's face and identify her.

He started with her shoes; they were sneakers with bright green laces. Then he trailed up her fishnet leggings and to her short black skirt with a black belt which had little white skulls on it. His eyes trailed up her thin tank top and rested on her breasts for a moment.

"Focus," Allister hissed; his voice coming louder.

Scott shook his head and continued to trail up her narrow neckline and saw the gold studded piercing in the girl's nose.

He didn't have to look into her eyes to know who it was.

Just as their eyes locked, Scott returned to the present moment where he sat in the jail cell. Sweat poured off the side of his face and he quickly stood to his feet, his heart pounding in his chest.

He needed to call Bastien; he knew who manipulated his mind.

He knew who killed those people!

Chapter 298 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

The drive to the Calypso packhouse was fairly quiet. We had to take two separate cars. Alex took Sarah and Brody; and Enzo took Kayla, Becca, Luis, and me. The three of them squeezed into the backseat.

It wouldn't be long before Scott was released from jail. Apparently, he called my father and told him that he needed us all something, especially me.

I wondered what it could have been; I hoped it had to do with who manipulated his mind. If so, we could probably clear Rod's name too.

I refused to believe that Rod had anything to do with these murders. His mind must have been manipulated as well.

When we got to the packhouse, we piled out of the car. Ethan was quick to greet us at the door; he gave me a lighthearted smile and I returned it.

"Good evening, Lila," he said, bowing his head slightly at me. "Allow me to grab your luggage."

"Thank you," I said, jokingly curtsying him.

We both chuckled and he went to help Alex grab everybody's stuff.

We followed everybody into the packhouse and went into the living room area; I always liked this packhouse living room. It was quiet and cozy; Dee and her workers kept it clean, and the fireplace was on, giving the room a warm and inviting aura.

Brody and Sarah occupied the loveseat. Becca sat beside me on the long couch and Luis sat beside her. Kayla stood awkwardly near the large bookcase, pretending to gaze at the books while tugging nervously at her fingers.

I frowned at her, though she wasn't looking at me.

"Are you okay, Kay?" I asked, furrowing my brows at her.

"It's just weird being in a wolf's packhouse," she admitted, turning to face me. "Faires tend to not go near wolf packs. It's all very new for me."

With all that's been happening, I kind of forgot that Kay was a fairy and the fact that she had a whole family that could be worried about her right now.

Actually, all of them have families. I'm sure all the families besides mine and Sarah's were worried and wondering where all their kids had gone off to.

"Do you guys need to call your families?" I asked, looking around at the group of people around me. Then my eyes landed on Kay. "If you need to call your family, you can, Kay."

She nodded.

"Yeah, I probably should," she said, giving me a small smile as she grabbed her phone out of her purse. "I haven't talked to them in a while."

"My dad already knows I'm here," Sarah muttered. "Not that he would care regardless."

I somehow doubted that he wouldn't care where Sarah ran off to, but I decided not to say anything.

"I've been texting with my mom this entire time," Becca said, showing me her phone. "She's worried, but she's glad I'm safe."

"My parents hardly notice when I'm there; I doubt they'd notice or care that I've disappeared," Brody said, wrapping an arm around Sarah.

I was never going to get used to that relationship.

I looked at Luis who was staring at his hands, almost sadly.

"It's okay," Becca said softly. "Tell them."

Luis sighed and met my eyes.

"I'm an orphan," he said in a breath. "My foster family weren't good people when I turned 18 I cut contact with them."

My heart shattered for him.

"I'm so sorry," I breathed.

He gave me a small and sad smile.

"It's fine," he said in return.

The door of the living room opened, and I was pleased to see Dee walking in with a tray of cheese and crackers, along with a pot of tea.

“I thought I’d bring some snacks,” Dee said kindly, winking at me as she placed the tray on the coffee table.

She began to set up the mugs and poured some tea into each of them.

“I’m not sure how you like your tea, so I also brought some sweeteners, honey, and milk,” she continued as she placed all the stuff on the table for us to grab.

“Thanks, Dee,” I said kindly. “Oh, everybody. This is Deanna; the packhouse mother,” I introduced.

“But everybody calls me, Dee,” she added, her smile widening.

“You’re Alpha Enzo’s mother?” Becca asked, raising her brows.

Dee chuckled and shook her head.

“Not technically,” she answered. “I have raised him since he came here at 9 years old. It’s kind of a long story. But no, I’m not his birth mother.”

“Oh, I see,” Becca said, her face reddening. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, dear. I get it a lot,” Dee said kindly, giving Becca a warm smile.

“Dee is the head worker,” I explained. “She’s basically the entire pack’s mother. She makes sure all their basic needs are met. Every worker in this packhouse answers to her. She’s also the head chef and cooks amazing food.”

“You flatter me,” Dee chuckled, waving her hand at me almost dismissively, but from her chuckle, I knew she was joking.

“Thank you, Miss Dee,” Kay said as she joined the group around the coffee table.

She picked up one of the mugs of tea and began to put some sugar inside the cup.

“Did you get a hold of your parents?” I asked her, noticing that she appeared to be happier.

She nodded as she ate a cracker.

“They aren’t as worried as I thought they’d be,” she shrugged. “They were very worried when they found out about the killings. The board had called all family members to alert them about it; they made sure to inform my parents that I wasn’t hurt, and our cell service wasn’t great during lockdown.”

This was true; a lot of students were complaining that their phones weren’t working. It made the entire ordeal that much scarier.

“But they were relieved I called and that I truly am safe; even if I’m in a wolf’s pack,” she said, a faint smile on her lips. “They figured I’d make wolf friends, so they weren’t surprised.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” I said gently.

“We’ve prepared some bedrooms for each of you,” Dee shared, looking at them. “I’ll have one of my maids escort you in a little bit.”

“Miss Dee, would it be possible to share a room with Sarah?” Brody asked; Sarah leaned against him automatically.

Dee raised her brows and looked at me.

“They’re mates,” I explained.

She nodded with understanding before looking at Brody.

“Of course,” she said. “I’ll let my maid know.”

On that note, she turned and left the living room. Enzo walked in almost immediately after and his eyes found mine.

“Your father and Alpha Emmet are on their way to the jail to get Scott,” he announced.

I felt both relieved and nervous by the news; relieved because Scott was finally being released after being faulted for something he didn’t do. But nervous because I wondered what he had to tell us.

“Where is my father?” Sarah asked, looking up at Enzo.

“He went to speak with Rod and find out more information from him. But Scott was officially proven not guilty,” he answered.

I jumped to my feet and ran to my mate; I wrapped my arms around him, pleased to have him with me and to have his protection. He returned my embrace, hesitantly at first because we were around people I go to school with. But they already knew Enzo was my mate, so we had nothing to hide here.

“Any word on Rachel?” Becca asked.

“Not yet,” Enzo answered her. “I’ll give Raymond a call in a few minutes to see if there’s any update.”

Becca nodded in understanding.

Dee poked her head in the living room.

I'm preparing a meal for when everybody gets here," she announced. "So, don't fill up on cheese and crackers."

She left again.

"Do you have a bathroom? I need to wash up," Sarah asked, jumping to her feet.

"If you go out to the front room, you'll see a hallway near the stairs. It's your first door on the right," I answered before Enzo could.

She stood and left the room.

"I'll give Ray a call," Enzo said, bending to kiss me gently on the lips.

My wolf was craving his touch; I couldn't wait to spend time alone with him tonight. He pulled away and left the room a moment later.

A maid, I recognized as Laurie, walked into the living room next.

"Bedrooms have been prepared for everyone," she announced. "I'll take you to them."

All together, we followed her into the main room, grabbing our suitcases that were left by the front door and we followed her up the spiral staircase until we reached the first floor, which was dedicated to guests.

I knew I was going to be on the top floor with Enzo, so I left my suitcase by the stairs, but I wanted to make sure my friends were well cared for. This would soon be my pack after all so I felt like they were my guests.

I went into the guest room set up for Becca and she looked around in awe.

"It's beautiful here," she breathed.

I nodded in agreement.

"Are you sure you don't want to room with Luis?" I asked, wiggling my brows at her. I was only half teasing but her face turned a bright shade of red as she turned around to face me.

"Oh, goddess no," she said with wide eyes. "We aren't ready for that yet."

I laughed.

"Just checking," I said with a shrug.

I went to check on everybody else and they were all equally amazed by their rooms; all except Sarah, who came from a very wealthy family, and her packhouse was a thousand times nicer than this one. But she seemed pleased to be with Brody, so she didn't complain much.

While everybody was getting settled, I took my things up to Enzo's room and took it upon myself to call Brianna to update her on everything.

We talked for about 30 minutes, and I knew her mind was rattling with all this information. I also invited her to the banquet on Saturday, because she was my oldest best friend and I needed her with me; especially considering Enzo couldn't be with me.

Part of me hoped this event would get canceled, but I also knew that Alpha Jonathan didn't often cancel events once they were set in motion.

"Lila, come downstairs," Enzo's voice rang in my head, and I knew right away something was wrong.

My heart pounded in my chest as I made my way out of the room and down the spiral stairs. Enzo stood in the front room with my father and Alpha Emmet.

Emmet's eyes were red and puffy; he almost looked as if he wasn't completely there. His face was pale as if he had seen a ghost and his body trembled slightly. I thought he was going to fall over.

My father also looked strained, but he wasn't crying. He was looking at Emmet with concern and then his eyes found mine.

"What's going on?" I asked, breaking the long silence.

"We went to pick up Scott..." my father began. "And we found him on the ground... torn to shreds."

"What?" I asked, barely audible. Tears instantly filled my eyes and it felt like there wasn't enough air in the room to breathe.

I took an unsteady step away from them, not wanting to believe what I just heard.

Emmet let out a sob and he had to turn away.

"He's dead, Lila..." my father said, his shoulders slumping. "Scott is dead."

Chapter 299 Scott Died

Chapter 299 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Third Person POV

Scott slammed on the cell door, desperate to make a phone call. He had to call Bastien; needed to speak with Lila and the rest of her friends. They were in serious danger. He remembered everything about the day his mind was manipulated; he remembered who did it.

He knows who killed those people and if he didn't want them, he worries this same person would kill them too.

It took a bit, but the officer finally came to the window; they had left it open for him this time considering he was scheduled to be released in a few hours.

“What?” The officer said, narrowing his eyes at Scott.

“I need to make a phone call,” Scott said desperately. “It's urgent.”

The officer rolled his eyes.

“You'll be released soon, who do you need to call so urgently?”

“Alpha Bastien,” Scott answered. “I know he just left but it's an emergency.”

The officer stared around Scott's face for a moment before sighing and unlocking the cell door. A flood of relief washed through Scott as he stepped back. The officer pulled his personal phone out of his pocket and handed it to Scott.

“Make it quick,” he muttered.

“Thank you,” Scott breathed.

He had to think for a moment what Alpha Bastien's phone number was off the top of his head; but soon, the numbers fell in place, and he was able to dial them. Alpha Bastien answered the phone on the 3(rd) ring.

“Yes?”

“Alpha, it's Scott,” Scott said breathlessly as if he ran a marathon.

“Scott?” Alpha Bastien asked, confused. “We just left. What do you need?”

“I need you to get Lila and her friends out of that school; get her somewhere safe. I’m afraid they might be in danger,” Scott warned.

There was a brief period of silence on the other end of the phone.

“What happened?” Bastien finally asked. “What are you talking about?”

“I remembered some stuff. I’d like to tell you in person. I need to speak with all of them; especially Lila,” Scott explained.

There was another, longer, silence.

“Do you want to share what you know with me?” Bastien asked.

Scott opened his mouth to tell him what he remembered, but then he shut it. There was a knot in the pit of his stomach that told him to keep his mouth shut for right now. He couldn’t say this over the phone, and he certainly couldn’t say this while he was still in jail. I needed to be somewhere safe, and he needed to get there quickly.

“Just hurry and get me out of her,” Scott begged. “I have a feeling something terrible is coming.”

The officer who lent Scott his phone was leaning against the cell door frame with raised brows.

“Okay,” Bastien said slowly. “I’ll let everybody know. I think Lila was planning on going to the Calypso pack with Alpha Enzo. I’ll have her take her friends too.”

“Thank you,” Scott breathed, relieved. Then he froze again. “Alpha... how is Rachel? You said she’s in the hospital, right?”

“Yes,” he answered. “She still hasn’t woken up. Lila stayed there until she got out of surgery. I believe Lila is on her way back to get her things though,” Bastien asked. “Why do you ask?”

Nervousness crept up the back of Scott’s neck.

“If she wakes up, can you tell me?”

“Of course,” Bastien answered. “We will see you soon. We will be as fast as we can.”

“Thank you,” Scott breathed.

Then he hung up the phone and with a racing heart he handed it back to the officer.

The officer stared at him for a long while before rolling his eyes and turning away, slamming the cell door shut and latching it. Scott sighed and went back to his cot where he will serve out the rest of his time for the next couple of hours.

Hopefully Alpha Bastien and his father and hurry and get him out of there so he can feel safe too. But until then, he was left feeling cold and vulnerable.

He heard a faint hissing sound; it reminded him of a snake and startled him deeply. He jumped to his feet, whirling around to find out where that sound was coming from. Then, the creaking of a window brought his attention upward.

Each jail cell had a small window on the top of the wall to bring in some natural lighting. But the window was usually closed and locked. So, when it started to creak open, it was shocking to Scott. He stood frozen and watched as the window slowly opened and a dark smokey creature slithered through the cracks and down the wall.

Its movement was snakelike, and the hissing grew louder, which also reminded him of a snake.

He wanted to scream for the officer to let him out, but as he opened his mouth to do so, only air came out. His entire body trembled in fear as he stared down at the snaky smoke creature that withered around him until it paused in the center of the cell. It began to expand and grow; he realized quickly that it was taking on a new shape. It was no longer a snake but forming into a person.

A girl.

She still looked like she was made out of black smoke though; it was only a form that it took. He didn't recognize the figure, but he in his gut that she wasn't his friend. He took an unsteady step away from her, which only made her smile as she took a step closer to him.

"Oh, Scott. It seems you've been a naughty boy," she said, stepping around him so she could assess his body. "You only had one job. You just needed to take the fall for those pesty little murders. You couldn't even do that."

"I didn't murder anyone," Scott said through his teeth; he wished that he could shift into his wolf, but this cell wouldn't even allow him to do that.

"Of course, you didn't," the girl laughed. "You would never be capable of such a thing. You are a pathetic excuse of a future Alpha."

Her words were like a knife to his throat; his fear had always been failing as an Alpha. Failing his father. But he had never told that to anyone; it was amazing that this being, or beast, knew this about him and was using it against him.

"You will fail, just as you failed in everything else in your life," she continued. "Nothing but a pathetic waste of space."

“Enough,” he said through his teeth. He meant it to sound strong like an Alpha, but it came out weak and barely audible.

This made her laugh.

The only human-like feature of this dark smoke figure was her emerald green eyes; though they had swirls of black in them like marbles, they were oddly beautiful.

She stepped even closer toward him, closing the small gap that sat between them. She ran her long and slender fingers through his hair and though they looked like they were a part of her smokey figure, they felt like real fingers.

Scott found himself unable to move or speak; he remained frozen in place, staring into her eyes.

She then leaned toward him and gave him a long and passionate kiss. Her lips were also a part of her smoke figure, but they felt so real. He could feel the actual moisture from her tongue entering his mouth as she swirled around his mouth. He felt the real softness of her lips as they surrounded his.

She gripped his head firmly, keeping him in place as she deepened the kiss.

It was a nice kiss, he would admit. But everything about it felt wrong. He knew he shouldn't be kissing her and he knew he didn't want to. But he couldn't move, and he realized quickly that he couldn't speak.

The longer and harder she gripped his head and kissed him; he realized just how wrong he was feeling. He could feel her withering inside of his head, circling around his brain. It was an unpleasant feeling.

She was somehow inside of his head and with each kiss that she gave him, it only made him feel even sicker.

“Allister?” He tried to get to his wolf who he knew was still there, but his voice was drowned out by the constant hissing that was now echoing in his mind.

She soon pulled back and stared him deep in the eyes.

“You want to warn that Volana about my little secret,” she said simply. “And you plan to do so tonight.”

It wasn't a question, but an observation. A smile crept on her lips.

He still felt these strange creatures inside of his brain, reading and obtaining every thought he ever had. He knew they were some sort of creature, but he didn't know what it was; he also knew there were multiple of them because though he still felt them around his brain and collected his thoughts, they were also beginning to slither to other parts of his body.

They were entirely inside of him.

“I’ve learned so much about you, Scott,” she said, stepping away from him, but her creatures remained. “It’s a shame things have to end the way they do.”

He had no idea what she was talking about, but he couldn’t ask; he still couldn’t speak.

“But I can’t have you ruining all my fun,” she continued; this time, she slowly turned her back toward him. “Kill him.”

Before Scott knew what was happening, he felt an explosion inside his body, and his blood splattered against the wall of the cell. He felt no pain, but he fell to the ground just the same. That’s when the explosion of pain coursed through his body and his flesh erupted as darkness ripped through him, tearing him to shreds.

He fell into a pile of his own blood, unable to obtain his breath. She stepped in front of him and lowered herself to meet his eyes.

“Let this be a lesson to anyone who tries to get in my way.

The creatures that were occupying his body slithered out of him, but not before gripping onto his faintly beating heart, and ripping it from his chest.

Hearing the echoes of her laughter and seeing nothing but darkness, Scott died.

Chapter 300 Sarah’s Illness

Chapter 300 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila’s POV

I woke up on the couch in Enzo’s packhouse.

I don’t even remember how I got there, but Dee was placing a cold cloth on my forehead when I finally came through. She looked worried, but when she saw that my eyes had fluttered open, she breathed out a sigh of relief.

“Oh, thank goddess,” she said lovingly before standing to her feet. “Enzo, she’s awake.”

Enzo rushed toward me and sat on the edge of the couch, running his fingers down the side of my face.

“Hey, sweet girl,” he said gently; I saw sadness in his eyes, and it hurt my heart to see him like this. “I’m glad you came back to me.”

His image became distorted as tears filled my eyes.

“Please tell me it’s not true,” I croaked, not wanting to remember what I was just told. I didn’t want to relive the moment my father told me that Scott was dead.

“I’m so sorry…” he breathed, taking my hand and bringing it to his lips.

My heart shattered and crumbled inside of me. Scott had done a lot of wrong in his life and we might not have been together anymore, but that didn’t mean I wanted him to die. He was never supposed to die.

He was supposed to be the Alpha of his pack and live a long and healthy life.

“Lila!” I heard my name from the doorway as Becca rushed into the living room.

When I looked at her face, I saw that she had been crying. Her entire body trembled as she threw herself at me, wrapping her arm around me.

“This can’t be happening. How did this happen?!” She sobbed.

I looked at Enzo through my tear-filled eyes.

“How did this happen?” I asked; glad my voice came out stronger than I felt.

“I’ll get your father,” he said, kissing my forehead gently before standing and running out of the room.

Moments later we were joined by Kay and Luis. Kay had bloodshot eyes, so I knew she’d been crying too. Luis looked sad, but he wasn’t crying.

“I didn’t know him…” Kay admitted softly. “But I know he didn’t deserve this. Nobody does.”

“Why does everybody keep dying?” Becca cried as Luis wrapped his arms around her. My father soon walked into the living room, his face pale and grim. Enzo was behind him and returned to my side. He wrapped me in his arms and held me tightly; I was content basking in his warmth, but my heart hurt so much that I could hardly think about anything else.

“I’m glad you came back to us, Lila Bean,” my father said, approaching me. “I am so sorry I had to be the one to bear this news.”

“What happened?” I asked again, wiping the tears off my face.

My father sighed and looked around at my friends before his eyes landed on me.

“He was ripped apart from the inside out,” my father explained, making me wince at his words. Enzo held me tighter as if he was afraid, I was going to crumble to the ground. He held me like he was holding me together. “They aren’t sure what caused it. But his heart was ripped out.”

“Do they have any leads?” Enzo asked.

“They are looking into all the officers,” my father answered. “They are the only ones that had access to him. Oddly, none of them saw what happened.”

“They should all get fired,” Becca sobbed.

“Isn’t it weird that Scott dies as soon he wants to talk to us about something?” I asked, drawing everyone’s attention to me. “I don’t think it’s a coincidence.”

“You think whoever killed him was trying to keep him quiet?” Enzo asked.

I didn’t have to say anything for him to understand what I was saying.

“The chief is looking at security footage to see who entered Scott’s cell,” my father explained. “Hopefully we will know more information soon.”

“How’s Alpha Emmet?” I asked; remembering that Emmet was here as well.

“Not good,” my father said, sighing. “I’m not sure he will recover from this. I know I wouldn’t be able to if something like this happened to you or your siblings.”

He shook his head with sadness written all over his face.

“Where is he?” I asked, my voice was barely audible now.

“We set him up in one of the guest rooms,” Enzo explained. “We gave him sleep meds to help him rest. He’s not going to be any good to anyone wound up like he was.”

I nodded, not realizing that it was late in the evening.

Brody entered the room and he looked drained.

“Sarah’s not doing so good, you guys,” he said, looking at my father and then at Enzo. “She wasn’t feeling well before this. She was pale and tired; when she left the bathroom earlier, she had some blood on her shirt. She told me it was from a bloody nose, but I think she was lying. I think she’s really sick.”

My heart fell into my stomach; I knew something had been wrong with Sarah since I saw her in that closet at school. She wasn't well then, I knew she wasn't well now. But she seemed to be managing since then.

"Where is she?" I asked, standing to my feet.

"In our room," he answered.

Enzo kept a hold of my hand as we made our way out of the living room. My father and Brody followed us as we went up the stairs and toward the guest room that Brody shared with Sarah. I could hear her crying from outside the door, which broke my heart even more. But her crying soon turned to distress and sounds of pain, which made a knot form in the pit of my stomach.

I quickly rushed into the room to see her holding onto her stomach. She was sweating profusely, and her entire body was trembling.

She groaned out in pain; Brody rushed to her bedside, sitting beside her.

"Hey, I'm here. It's okay..." he whispered to her, running his fingers down the side of her face.

"What's happening to her?" I asked, staring at Brody and then up at my father who was staring at Sarah with furrowed brows, confusion in his eyes.

"After the news about Scott, she started to cry and then she started having all this pain in her body. It was so bad that she ended up passing out. When she woke up she had a fever and the pain got worse," Brody explained.

"I'll call the pack doctor," Enzo said, grabbing his phone and rushing out of the room.

"I'll call her father," my father said grabbing his phone and following Enzo out of the room.

I went to Sarah's bedside and sat with her, holding onto her hands, I asked, "Sarah, tell me what hurts."

"Everything..." she gasped, gritting her teeth as tears fell from her eyes. "It feels like my insides are on fire."

She let out a hacking cough and when I saw blood escape her mouth, my heart fell into my stomach.

"Holy shit..." I gasped. "I'm going to grab you a cloth," I told her.

She sobbed as she struggled to wipe the blood from her mouth.

"It's okay..." Brody assured her. I went into the attached bathroom to grab a washcloth and wet it in the sink. When I returned, Sarah was sitting up in bed.

“I need my father...” she croaked.

“My father is calling him,” I assured her.

I sat beside her again and started to wipe her face with the cloth; her body still trembled, but she was no longer whimpering in pain.

“Does this happen often?” I asked her.

Tears welled in her eyes.

“Only when there’s a lot of stress...” she murmured. “I think Scott’s death triggered it.”

“Why does this happen?” Brody asked, furrowing his brows together. “You never tell me what’s really going on with you.”

She opened her mouth to speak, but my father entered the room shortly after.

“Your father is on his way,” he said gently. “He will be here soon. He wasn’t far away when I called him.”

She looked a little relieved by that and she leaned back in the bed.

“Do you need us to get you anything?” My father asked.

She shook her head as more tears fell from her eyes.

“No. But thank you,” she murmured, leaning against Brody who kept his arms wrapped tightly around her.

He nodded.

“Get some rest,” he said gently, turning away. “I’ll have your father come see you as soon as he gets here.”

I left the room with my father, giving Sarah and Brody time alone.

Enzo was in the hallway still on the phone.

“Thank you, doctor. We will see you soon,” he said, hanging up and turning to me. “How is she?”

“She’s resting with Brody. Her father will be here soon too.”

We went downstairs to join the others in the living room while we waited. Kay and Becca were still crying, and Dee was doing what she could to cheer them up. I knew they were frightened by all these murders.

I couldn't get my suspicions out of my head; something in my gut was telling me whoever killed Scott, probably killed the others too.

It didn't take long for both the doctor and Alpha Jonathan to arrive.

"Where is she?" He asked, as soon as he stepped not the packhouse.

"Upstairs with the doctor," Enzo said, walking toward him. "I'll take you to her."

"The doctor?" Alpha Jonathan seethed. "She doesn't need a doctor; she needs her medication."

I noticed he had a small pill bottle in his hands as he shook it. I furrowed my brows together as I looked at them, but I didn't say anything. I went with them up the stairs and into the guest room Sarah was in.

The doctor was already examining her when Alpha Jonathan stormed in.

"Get away from her, she doesn't need a doctor," Alpha Jonathan growled, making the doctor stand away.

"I beg to differ, Alpha," the doctor said, narrowing his eyes. "Your daughter's condition is—"

"Managed," Alpha Jonathan interrupted. "Her condition is managed."

He handed the pill bottle to Sarah; she lowered her gaze, her face reddening.

"It's gotten worse, Dad..." she murmured, opening the bottle.

"And who's fault is that?" Alpha Jonathan growled at her.

Tears welled in her eyes as she glanced at Brody and then at me; then she looked back at her father.

"Dad..."

"Take your medicine, Sarah," he ordered. "Then, we are leaving."

"Leaving?" She asked and I could hear the panic in her voice as she looked at Brody. He looked like he was struggling to keep his wolf under control.

"Yes," Alpha Jonathan said through his teeth. "We are leaving. If you can't remember to bring your medication with you, I can't trust you to care for yourself."

“Alpha—” The doctor tried to say, but the piercing look Jonathan gave him shut him up right away.

“Let’s go, Sarah,” Alpha Jonathan seethed.

She sighed as she took the medication.

“What is going on?” I found myself asking. “What’s that medication for? What’s wrong with her?”

Alpha Jonathan looked at me, narrowing his eyes, making Enzo tense from beside me and move his hand in front of me protectively.

“Easy Alpha,” Enzo growled.

Jonathan rolled his eyes.

“It’s to manage her condition,” Jonathan answered. “Without it, she will die.”