Chapter 52 Moving into the packhouse

Enzo's POV

"Alpha John is requesting a meeting with you," Beta Ethan said during a mindlink. "He agreed to meet you somewhere in Higala. Perhaps a coffee shop in the morning."

"Did he say what it's about?" I asked, curiosity piquing my interest. It was odd that John would request a last-minute meeting like this. It was out of character.

"I asked and he said it was a personal matter," Ethan said in return.

"I see," I said, thinking carefully about this. "All right. We can meet at the coffee shop in the morning. 8:00 am."

"TI let him know." Ethan said as he disconnected the link.

The next morning.

The coffee shop was fairly busy in the morning with the college students all scrambling to get their morning coffee before their first rounds of classes.

I knew I wasn't going to see Lila this morning because coffee wasn't something she typically drank. She was a tea drinker.

I wasn't even sure how or why I knew that information.

"You think about her often," Max teased. "It's like you can't help yourself."

"Shut up," I seethed between my teeth.

Nothing else was said by my wolf.

I saw Alpha John sitting in a booth with a cup of coffee laid out in front of him. He was sipping it gradually, staring at the dark elixir in the cup.

I went to him and took my seat in the booth before him, and he genuinely looked pleased to see me.

"Thank you for meeting with me," John said with a faint, tired smile.

"What is this about?" I asked, wanting to get right to business. "I have a class starting soon and I'd like to prepare beforehand."

"Of course," John said in return. "As you know, my Luna passed away a couple of years ago and it's been really hard on not only myself but my daughter Bethany as well."

"My apologies for your loss. I know it crushed the kingdom when we found out about her death," I said with true sincerity.

"She hasn't lived at home in a long time and it's difficult for her to stay there when the memory of her mother. The pain of losing her is still fresh and I worry that Bethany can't handle it."

"I'm sure over time it will get easier. Once she's been here long enough."

"I'm sure yes... however, my Luna's killer is still out there somewhere... "

"I thought he was killed."

"That was a rumor. He is free somewhere and I worry that he might try to come after my daughter next," John said, lowering his gaze to his coffee. "He vowed to take everything from me. Now that Bethany is back in town, she's easier to track. I don't want her to be worried, so I haven't told her any of this."

'I won't say a thing," I assured him. "But I'm a little confused about what you would like me to do."

"I can't protect her in the way that I would like. I worry if she's in my pack and living under my roof, she will be a target for the killer. I want to protect her in any way that I can."

"I see..." I said, leaning back in my seat; I was beginning to realize what he wanted. "You'd like for her to stay in the Calypso pack in my packhouse."

It wasn't a question.

I could think of a thousand reasons why that would be a bad idea. But it wasn't like Alpha John to come to me for a favor like this. I didn't wish harm on Bethany, despite her being annoying. As an Alpha, I understood that it was our duty to protect her, even if she isn't a part of my pack.

"Yes," he finally answered. "She would think I'm sending her to live there because the memories of her mother are too much for her to handle. But it's really to protect her against this killer."

"Okay." I finally said after a long pause. "She can stay at my packhouse. But it's only until the killer is taken care of. Then, she will return to your home."

"Yes, Alpha Enzo," John said, a relieved smile spreading across his lips. "Thank you so much! And please, keep this to yourself."

I shook his hand before standing to my feet.

"I should be going," I said to him. "I'll reach out to my Beta and explain to him what's happening. She can move in this evening. I won't be there for a couple of days, but my pack will make her feel more than welcome."

"I really appreciate this," John said, chugging the rest of his coffee before standing to his feet. "I'll be seeing you soon."

Third Person POV

Bethany packed her things immediately upon her father's arrival.

The made-up story about her mother's killer being alive still was entirely Bethany's idea. The killer has been long dead, and Bethany isn't actually distraught about staying at their home. It was only to get Enzo to sympathize with the situation.

Later that evening, after she was done packing, Enzo's Beta arrived in a car for her.

She said her goodbyes to her father and went with Ethan to the car. It didn't take long to get to the Calypso pack. It was only about 20 minutes away from her father's pack.

Once she arrived, she was greeted by a few pack members and workers.

Ethan brought her stuff to her new room.

"Oh, Miss Rochelle. I am a big fan of yours," one of the older women said. "I've listened to all your songs. Mainly when I cook in the kitchen."

Thank you," Bethany said politely. "I'm glad to have some fans here. But please, treat me like I was just another member of your pack. You may call me Bethany.

"Of course," the woman said. *I am Deanna. But most call me Dee. I'm the house mother."

"A house mother?"

"I'm in charge of all the workers in the packhouse," she explained. "I do most of the cooking as well. Like a mother."

"Oh, you're the head maid," she said, almost dismissively. "Got it."

Dee frowned at her choice of words.

"I'll be cooking dinner for this evening. If you'd like to join me in the kitchen, that would be wonderful," Dee offered.

Bethany frowned at the suggestion and gave Dee a disgusted look.

"I don't cook," she said bitterly. "The help does that."

Dee tensed at Bethany's words before turning away.

"I see," Dee muttered. "Well, if you want to be treated like any other pack member, then I suggest you get off your high horse and help me in the kitchen. If not, then that's fine. I'll fetch you once dinner is ready."

Dee wasn't afraid to tell it how it was and Bethany kind of admired that. Not that she would ever tell anyone that.

Bethany decided to go to her new room and unpack her belongings.

Her room was smaller than she would have wanted, but it had a nice view of the ocean out the bay window and there was a decent-sized bathroom inside the room.

If she was going to be here for a while, she was going to have to decorate the room how she liked it. Floral designs were practically a crime.

Knock knock!

There was a small woman standing at her doorway. She had a faint smile on her face as she looked up at Bethany and her face reddened slightly. She looked a bit timid, but she bowed her head slightly.

"Dee asked if I could get you for dinner," the woman said.

Bethany said nothing as she brushed past this woman and down the stairs. She hadn't eaten all day, so she was kind of hungry. Not that she ate much anyways; she had a figure to maintain after all.

She went into the kitchen and frowned when she saw the stew in a bowl on the counter. Dee glanced at her and then at the stew.

"That's for you," Dee said.

"Stew?" Bethany asked with a disgusted look on her face.

"It's delicious," Dee assured her. "Try it."

Bethany groaned, but she was too hungry to deny this meal, so she went to the bowl and took a bite. It instantly tasted odd; she didn't like it and she made it painfully known to Dee.

"What the hell is in it?" Bethany asked, pushing the bowl away. "How do you fuck up making stew?"

Dee's frown deepened.

"I didn't mess anything up. It's a new recipe. A collab of two recipes actually," Dee explained. "It's half my recipe and half Lila's recipe."

"Lila?" Bethany couldn't help but ask.

The same name as that student at school.

"Yes. She's a young girl that visits occasionally. She's a friend of Enzo. If you ask me, I think he has a little crush on her," Dee chuckled

That piqued Bethany's interest.

"A crush you say? How interesting... "

Who was this Lila girl?

She couldn't possibly be the same person.

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