

Chapter 57 Get out

Third Person POV

"You should seriously eat something, Enzo..." Bethany pouted as she stood at his office door.

Enzo glared at her from his desk; there was no trace of amusement on his face. Getting him to love her was going to be more difficult than she thought, but she certainly wasn't going to give up.

"I'm not hungry," he said, standing to his feet. "I ate a late lunch."

Bethany knew for a fact that he wasn't being truthful. She doesn't recall him eating at all today.

"I'm going to bed. Please, don't disturb me," he said as he brushed past her and left his office.

Bethany placed the plates of food on his desk and folded her arms across her chest. This wasn't fair. He clearly cares way too deeply for that lowly student of his.

Even his packhouse staff seems to care for the girl for whatever reason.

What made her so special?

She wanted to find out everything she could about Lila, but until then, she was determined to get Enzo to want her.

Perhaps if he saw what he could have, then he would change his mind.

Instead of going to her own room, Bethany decided to sneak into Enzo's bedroom. As she entered the room though, she could hear his shower being turned on from his bathroom. This was a perfect opportunity for her to prepare for her night with her future husband.

She took her hair out of her ponytail and allowed it to flow evenly around her shoulders and down her back. She had beautiful hair, and he was going to see that as soon as he opened that bathroom door.

Something else she had that he would soon want was her body.

She unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her incredibly busty breasts, and then slid her custom-made jeans off, kicking them to the floor, revealing her pink silk underpants.

As she looked herself over in the mirror, she was pleased with her appearance, and he soon would be too.

She went to his bed and sprawled out on top, waiting for his arrival.

His shower didn't last long; he left his bathroom with only a towel wrapped around his waist. He had droplets of water decorating his incredible chest and rippling abs, dripping down his biceps.

His appearance made Bethany's mouth water.

He paused when he saw her lying on his bed.

"What the fuck are you doing?" He said, narrowing his dark eyes at her.

"I was waiting for you..." she said. "Do you like what you see?"

"Get out of my room," he nearly growled.

She frowned and sat up.

"Enzo-"

"Get out."

He was calm when he spoke, but the look on his face was filled with fury and rage. It was humiliating for Bethany to be treated like this.

She quickly stood up and grabbed her pants.

"Are you sure you don't want to-"

"I said get out," he said again, his tone darkening.

She quickly put her pants on before he did something too harsh. He waited patiently as she scrambled out of his bedroom, sealing the door shut behind her.

As she stepped into the hall, she saw Lila staring at her from the stairway, wide-eyed and stunned.

Enzo's POV

What the hell was she thinking?

What was I thinking about allowing her to live in this packhouse?

How dare she just come into my room without being invited and lay in my bed half naked. I shuddered at the very thought.

I grabbed my pajama pants off my bed and quickly put them on. Just as I did that, I could hear light murmurs in the hallway and my entire body froze.

Somebody must have seen Bethany leaving my room nearly naked.

I went to the door and pressed my ear against it to hear who was out there. I definitely heard Bethany's voice because she was closer to my bedroom door than the other person.

"Are you stalking us?" Bethany asked. "I'm sorry that it wasn't you in that room... but you have no right to be stalking us. We were having so much fun that he couldn't even control himself..."

"I'm glad you were having fun," the other voice said.

A lighter and sadder tone.

Lila.

My heart sunk into my stomach.

"Are you though?" Bethany teased. "I'll be going to bed now. Enjoy your night."

Bethany's voice got smaller as she spoke those last words and then I heard her bedroom door shut.

First thing tomorrow I'm calling John and telling him that I can't have her here anymore.

I heard Lila's door shut as well and my heart began to ache just as hers was.

I leaned against my bedroom door, regretting a lot of my decisions.

"We should check on her..." Max suggested. "She's unwell..."

"She'll be fine," I said as I made my way into my own bed.

But even as I said those words, I knew them to be untrue. She was in extreme pain from what Bethany had said to her. She's been in extreme pain since she arrived yesterday. My wolf was in agony with hers and I didn't particularly like this feeling.

I've been trying my best to avoid her and not get too close, but it seems to be hurting us both.

I lay awake, unable to sleep.

I stared at my dark ceiling as the hours went by.

She was most likely asleep, but I could still feel the pain she was in.

I knew at that moment that my wolf was right; Lila was unwell, and I needed to make sure she was okay.

I slid out of bed and peered into the dimmed hallway. There wasn't a sound coming from any room, so I knew everyone was asleep.

I went to Lila's door and was pleased when I found it was unlocked. But as soon as I opened the door, I could hear her whimpering softly in her sleep.

She was curled up in the corner of her bed with the blankets kicked off her body. Her face was stained with the tears she had cried.

She must have cried herself to sleep.

She wore a thin nightgown that revealed most of her body and I felt my abdomen growing warm. But that wasn't the reason I was there.

I sighed as I made my way over to her bedside; I touched her face with my fingers. I didn't want to wake her, but I wanted to wipe the leftover tears off her face.

I ran my thumb down her cheekbone until it reached her chin. Her skin was soft and warm to the touch. My heart was beating rapidly in my chest the closer I got to her and the more I touched her.

I grabbed her blankets and covered her body; she was shaking slightly so I knew she was cold, and her whimpering continued.

She must have been having a bad dream.

Without a second thought, I went around her bed and slid under the covers beside her. I wrapped my arms around her small body, pulling her close to me.

In her sleep, she wiggled closer to me and allowed me to hold her. She fits comfortably in my arms like she was made for them. The scent of honeysuckle was filling her room and her flesh grew pink as she warmed.

The whimpering stopped after a few minutes and so did the shaking of her body. I kept my hold on her, keeping her close to me, not wanting to let her go.

I finally felt tired enough to close my eyes and get some sleep.