

Chapter 4 18(th) birthday party

Lila's POV

My mother took one look at my face and started laughing.

"Why do you look like you've seen a ghost?" She asked.

"Enzo is Blaise's son?" I asked; I was completely and utterly shocked. "I had no idea he had kids."

My mother nodded.

"I don't think Enzo was ever close to his father," she explained. "I believe he lived with his mother in a different pack. When his father died, he went back to Calypso.

Being Blaise's only living relative and all."

"If I had known he was Blaise's son, I wouldn't have invited him. I'm so sorry."

"Sorry? Why are you sorry? I'm glad you invited him. Your father will be pleased. He rather likes Enzo. Said he has a good head on his shoulder. He's nothing like his father, that's for sure."

"So, we trust him?" I asked, raising my brows.

"Lila bean, we can't fault Enzo for something his father did. You should know that better than anyone."

She gave me a small smile, staring around my concerned face. She placed a hand on my shoulder, causing me to meet her eyes.

"I promise, if there's something you need to be concerned with, I will tell you," she said gently. "But for right now, there isn't. Enzo is not a villain. Those days are behind us."

I felt better knowing she wasn't worried. I trusted my mother more than anyone.

"So, when were you going to tell me about Scott?" My mother asked as we made our way out of the apartment. I paused and turned to her.

"How did you know about that?" I asked.

One of her eyebrows went straight up as she looked me over.

"I'm your mother; you can't hide things from me," she replies.

I wanted to laugh; she always knew when something was going on.

"Does dad know?" I asked.

"Do you not want him to know?"

"I just don't want to make the Alpha committee weird is all," I tell her. 'Because

Scott's dad is a member...

"Your father is extremely professional. He would let something like that intervene with his work," she said in return. "But I won't say anything if you don't want me to.

I'm assuming we won't be expecting Scott tonight then."

It wasn't a question.

I turned away and walked down the stairs to greet the guests that have arrived. The first person I saw wasn't surprising. Brianna. My best friend. She ran to me, wrapping her arms around me, and nearly knocked me off my feet.

I laughed at her excitement.

"Oh my goddess, Lila!" She cooed happily, twirling me around. "You look stunning!

How do you feel? Do you feel 18?"

I sighed, shaking my head.

"I feel the same as I always had," I tell her. "I was hoping I was going to get my wolf today..."

"You still might," she assured me, giving me a broad smile. "The day is still young.

Regardless, you are going to get your wolf and it's going to be glorious when you do!"

Brianna had gotten her wolf a couple of months ago and she hasn't stopped talking about it. She describes it as having a real genuine best friend who knows you from the inside and out. Then, she paused when she saw my face and added, "no offense.

It's just different... you know."

I assured her that I didn't take offense to that, and I knew what she meant.

My mother told me about a time she thought she lost her wolf for good. It was like losing a part of herself. Her mind was so quiet, and she felt so lonely. "Your father made me feel less lonely," she added.

That was exactly the kind of love I wanted; I wanted someone to make me feel less lonely even if I didn't have a wolf. But I also really wanted to meet my wolf. I wondered what she would look like. What she would sound like. I wondered what her name would be.

Soon, the packhouse was filled with those I love; my mother brought out a huge cake. It was red velvet with chocolate frosting; my absolute favorite flavor. When everyone sang happy birthday, I grew teary-eyed.

For a moment, I forgot all about Scott's betrayal. I forgot all about my wasted first kiss.

Until he walked in.

At first, it was just the strong scent of marshmallows, but then I saw him standing at the doorway of our packhouse. He wore a dark button-down blazer and dress pants. His hair was still shaggy, but he wasn't covered in sweat this time.

He was greeted by a few Alphas, including my father. I watched as the two shook hands; my father had said something to him that I couldn't hear. My mother stood by my side instantly.

"Enzo's looking rather nice tonight," she said from beside me.

"Yeah, he is," I admitted to her. "I wasn't really thinking he was going to show up."

"You're Alpha Bastien's daughter; of course, he's going to show up when invited. Almost every Alpha is here."

I thought about our shared kiss a couple of days ago and my face grew warm at the memory. But then I remembered that Enzo was Blaise's son. I don't think he knew what had gone down with his father and my parents. I don't even know if Enzo knew that I was a Volana wolf. We aren't that common, and most don't know what we look like at first glance.

I wondered if that would even matter to him.

I always had this strong idea of what true love would look like. My parents have true love; that was always the vision I had for myself. I wanted someone who loved me just as much as I loved them. Who would do anything for me. Someone that would die for me. But I don't envision Enzo being that person. And I wasn't even sure why.

I guess I never really envisioned Scott being that person either.

Enzo's eyes scanned the room briefly as the Alphas continued talking to him. It was like he was looking for something. As soon as his eyes landed on me, it was like he found it. His eyes darkened only slightly. I gave him a polite smile, hoping that my face didn't reveal my thoughts. His face remained expressionless though; he eventually pulled his eyes away from me to speak to the other Alphas.

The nerve of that guy.

It was my birthday, and he couldn't even come over to greet me?

"Happy birthday, kiddo," my uncle Aiden, the beta of the pack, said as he approached. He gave me a quick hug.

"Thanks," I say to him with a broad smile.

"How did you manage to get Alpha Enzo to show up?" He asked, following my gaze to Enzo who still paid me no attention. "That guy hates parties."

"How do you hate parties?" I asked, raising my brows.

"He's always been odd like that. Ever since he was a kid. He's always only had one focus and that was to get to the top. I admire his ambitions honestly, but it would be nice to see him smile once in a while."

"He doesn't smile?"

"I don't think I've ever seen him smile," Aiden answered.

The only type of smile I've seen him do was smirking. I thought he's come close to a real smile when I told Sarah off in the middle of his class, but I was probably mistaken. As I looked back over at Enzo, he was looking directly at me.

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Third Person POV

"She completely embarrassed me in the class," Sarah cried to her new boy-toy Scott.

She doesn't think of Scott as her boyfriend, she just wanted to see if she could steal him away from Lila.

Which she did.

Ever since Lila started going to the academy, everyone's attention has always been on Lila. Sarah used to be the best student and now it was Lila. Sarah used to be the center of attention, but now all anyone ever talks about is Lila.

She doesn't care that Lila is Alpha Bastien's daughter; she doesn't have a wolf so that makes her a nobody in Sarah's eyes. She's worse than an Omega.

"You should have heard what she said to me, Scott," Sarah continued to huff. "She also said that you weren't man enough to handle her."

"Says someone who wouldn't put out," Scott said with an eye roll. "Just forget about her. Who needs her."

"You're right." Sarah agreed. "But that doesn't mean I'm going to stand for it."

"What does that mean? What are you planning on doing?"

"I overheard her talking to Professor Enzo after class today. She invited him to her birthday party."

"Okay?" Scott urged.

"I think it's time we crash a party."

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