

## Chapter 9 The drive back to campus

Lila's POV

Why did it have to be Professor Enzo that comes to pick me up?

How was I going to get through an entire drive back to campus? It was an hour away. He showed up a few minutes after I finished packing. I could hear him speaking to my father in the foyer of the packhouse.

"Thanks again for taking her back to school. I don't want to take any chances," my father said to him.

"Any leads on who could have done this?"

"None yet; she thinks it could have been her ex-boyfriend though. Or possibly the girl he was with. I don't have any evidence on that though."

"I can look into it as the school," Enzo offered.

"I appreciate that. Report to me any findings. I might send some of my men there too. Just to be safe."

"We'll keep in touch," Enzo said, shaking my father's hand.

"I know I can count on you," my father said in return.

I cleared my throat as I made my way down the stairs; they both turned to look at me. My father with a worried look and Enzo... well... Enzo once again had no expression on his face.

"If anything happens, I need you to tell me right away," my father said, wrapping me in a hug.

"I know," I told him. "I will. And don't forget, I can defend myself too. I learned from the best."

This made him smile.

"I know," he said in return. "I love you, Lila bean."

"I love you too."

I turned just as my mom came into the area; she held her arms out for me to run into them. I did without hesitation.

Once I finished saying goodbye to my parents, I said goodbye to the twins. Hugging them both tightly.

I slid into the passenger side of Enzo's car; I was already feeling awkward by the time he got into the driver's side and drove off.

I thought about what my father had said about Enzo not being like a normal Alpha. I wondered if it was because of his father; I wanted to know what his relationship with Blaise was. My mother doesn't seem to think he had any relationship. But it only got me more curious.

His car smelled like him. It was the scent of marshmallows, and maybe a little cinnamon. I hadn't noticed the cinnamon before. The scent was getting stronger though and it nearly made my mouth water.

It was a weird feeling.

My face grew warm the longer the scent lingered. I peered over at him and saw his side complexion. It was almost like he was glowing a little.

Had that glow always been there?

"Why are you staring at me?"

I hadn't realized how long I'd been staring at him until he spoke. I quickly averted my eyes to stare out the window. The trees were whipping past us rather quickly.

"Thank you for taking me back to school," I said to him.

"It was your father's request."

"Right; but still," I say, lowering my tone slightly.

He didn't say anything more. After what felt like a lifetime, he finally spoke. "How are you feeling?"

"Better," I answer. "The doctor said I made a quick recovery."

"Good."

I cleared my throat and peered over at him.

"I heard that you watched over me..."My voice sounded so far away. His jaw seemed to have tensed at my words; even his knuckles were growing white as he clutched the steering v/heel. "Thank you for that, as well."

"I didn't do much of anything."

Even his tone was expressionless.

What was his deal?

After another beat, I asked, "How long have you been the Alpha of the Calypso pack?"

He was silent for a moment; I almost didn't think he was going to answer me.

"Since I was 16."

"I see...and who was the Alpha before you?"

"My father."After another beat of silence he added. "He died when I was 9.The beta took me in, and we ran the pack together until I was of age. "

"Oh,"I breathed. That made sense. "My grandparents were originally from the Calypso pack."

I wasn't sure why I told him that, he rose his brows though.

"Were they?"

"Yes," I answer. "My mother was also born there. But left when she was only an

Infant. I heard they are a very powerful pack."

"My father was a very powerful Alpha."

"Were you close to him?" I neatly slapped myself as soon as that question left my mouth.

"No."

I was relieved by his answer.

"My turn," he said, surprising me. Before I could ask him what he meant, he asked, "Why did you transfer to my class when you don't have a wolf?"

"I'll be getting my wolf soon," I reminded him.

"But why did you transfer now? A few weeks into the school year."

How much should I tell him? He was honest with me, so maybe I should be honest with him.

"My class last was with my ex-boyfriend," I confess. "I caught him with someone

else. Though, I didn't know she was also in your class..."

Looking at him from the side, it almost seemed as if his eyebrow twitched.

"That boy who was in the halls when you..." he paused, not finishing his sentence.

I nodded.

"Yes," I admit. "That was the reason why I..." I paused, also not finishing my sentence.

"I see," he said, his tone seemed to have hardened slightly. "And this boy is no longer in your life?"

"No," I said firmly. "He's no longer in my life."

We both stayed silent after that.

He parked his car once we got to the school, and I got out quickly, unloading my suitcase from his trunk. As I walked toward the building, I paused as a headache formed at my temple. I winced in pain, making a small sound of distress.

It came out of nowhere and halted me in my tracks.

"Are you okay?" He asked, staring around my face.

"I think so," I say, my tone slightly strained. "Just a headache."

I was about to walk away, but his hand closed around my wrist, stopping me.

"You should go to the infirmary," he said, keeping his tone low. "You were just poisoned. It could be a lasting side effect."

"I'm fine..."I tell him again.

However, he didn't look convinced.

"I'll take you myself."

Why did he even care?

Another ping of pain coursed through my head, causing me to wince.

"Okay..." I tell him, pulling my arm away. "I'll go to the nurse."

I was kind of expecting him to follow me, but he didn't.

...

"I don't see anything wrong," the nurse said, staring at the scans she just completed. " But you are welcome to rest here for a little while, I'll give you some pain medicine."

"Thank you," I say to her in return.

"I heard you recently consumed wolfbane. It could be a side effect. I'm sure it'll go away shortly," she said, handing me a couple of Tylenol and a glass of water. I popped the medication into my mouth and sipped on the water.

The cold water felt nice, and I was starting to feel better already.

"Get some rest," she said before she walked back toward her desk, "I'm going to write out an incident report and send it to your parents."

I sat up quickly, I was about to stop her. I didn't want my parents to know about this; it would only cause them to worry. However, another wave of pain coursed through my head, and I whimpered, laying back down.

On second thought, maybe they should know.

I closed my eyes tightly, taking in a steady breath.

It'll go away soon. I kept telling myself. I just needed a little rest.

Just as I started to drift off to sleep, my mind started to ease, and my body relaxed. An overwhelming sense washed over me and all I could smell at that moment was honeysuckle and maybe the soft scent of an ocean. I could practically smell the salt water and feel the sand under my toes. A light breeze tickled my features as the blue skies came into view.

I gasped as a gorgeous white wolf ran toward me; one eye was violet, and the other was blue, resembling my own. She ran through the pink sand, leaping high in the air and allowing the sun's rays to wash over her snow-white fur.

As she landed in front of me, I felt the uncontrollable urge to reach my hand out to her and brush my fingers through her softness.

And then, she spoke.

"Hello, Lila. I,m Valentina. Your wolf."

