

My Hockey Alpha #Chapter 201 Gone - Read My Hockey Alpha Chapter 201 Gone

Chapter 201 Gone

Nina

That night, I ran into Eli. Although our conversation was brief, it told me all I needed to know.

As I looked at him, his appearance began to morph once more into Enzo's. His eyes became the soft brown color I had grown to love, his hair became curly and brown, and his face morphed into the handsome, sharp appearance I had become so familiar with over the past few months.

Maybe Selena really was pulling some sort of prank on me. Maybe these two new transfer students weren't actually Selena or Enzo, but were in fact actors who had some sort of spell put on them to make me think that they were Selena and Enzo. That would be the most logical explanation.

But the way that "Sadie" glared at me through the window — Enzo's window, for that matter — that night, the way that she threatened me in the bathroom at the dance a couple of nights before, and the way that Eli looked at me, all made me think otherwise.

In my eyes, Selena and Enzo were right here in Mountainview. Selena put some sort of spell on them to hide their appearances, and she also put some sort of spell on Enzo to make him forget me. But I knew that I could make him remember if I could only have enough time alone with him without Selena interfering.

And it wasn't just that; when I looked at "Eli", and when he began to morph into Enzo that night, I could have sworn that I felt a tiny flicker of my wolf returning. It was faint, and it only lasted for a split second, but I knew she was still there. She was alive, but dormant. To me, that was the perfect proof that this new transfer student was in fact Enzo. If he wasn't, why would my wolf have reacted to his presence?

Even then, however, I still had to prove it to my friends. They couldn't see through the spell because they weren't Enzo's fated mate like I was. He likely also had some sort of spell on him to cover up his

true scent as well, which meant that the hockey team wouldn't be able to tell it was him. I would have to find some other way to show them that he was Enzo.

But how?

...

The next morning, I realized for the first time in weeks that it was the first day that classes were supposed to be back in session. It was a Monday morning, and although I had hardly slept at all the night before, I felt excited over two things: my conversation with “Eli” the night before, as well as the sense of normalcy from returning to classes. I had missed learning, and was looking forward to going back to some semblance of my old routine.

I got ready for class that morning with the intention of trying to find “Eli” afterwards. After staying up all night, I had come up with a plan to try to separate him from “Sadie” and try to talk to him privately. I was certain that I only needed a few minutes alone with him to make him remember me, but separating him from “Sadie” would prove to be difficult. Even then, I was optimistic.

However, that optimism quickly died out when I made it to my first class in weeks and sat down, only to see none other than “Sadie” herself walk in and sit down right next to me.

I supposed that I should have been prepared for it, given the fact that they were supposed to be transfer students. But at the same time, it took me off guard; if this truly was Selena, how did she manage to get into a junior level pre-med class? As far as I knew, Selena was not a student anywhere. I couldn’t help but wonder if she did something such as paying the dean a hefty sum of money to enroll in this class just to mess with me, which I was sure the dean would have gladly accepted in order to have more money to help the school. I didn’t blame the dean; she didn’t know what I knew.

However, “Sadie” sitting right next to me for the entire class was distracting, to say the least. She didn’t interact with me too much, but I couldn’t deny the feeling of her hateful eyes occasionally resting on me

or the feeling of her sharp elbow “accidentally” digging into my side when she reached down for her bag.

Even though this made me incredibly uneasy, though, I just kept my head up and focused on getting through class. Maybe this could be a good thing; maybe I could follow her after class to see where she went.

Eventually, class ended and Selena was practically the first one out the door with her pink Louis Vuitton bag slung over her shoulder. I could hear other students whispering to each other about this new “mystery student” and how “wealthy she must be”, but I didn’t care about any of that. Quickly, I grabbed my own things and followed her, keeping a healthy distance so as not to be seen.

But of course, she went to the parking lot right after class.

And, of course, “Eli” was waiting for her.

Not only that, but... He was waiting for her on a motorcycle. Enzo's motorcycle.

That only solidified my theory. I watched from afar in horror as she sauntered up to him and kissed him deeply before she climbed onto the back. Tears filled my eyes as I watched them race off into the distance. That should have been me on the back of that motorcycle.

This needed to end.

I needed to speak to Myra. Maybe she could get a sense of what was going on if she saw these two together; maybe she could help me.

Without wasting a moment, I blinked back my tears and ran toward the cabins where the Fullmoons were staying, ignoring the strange looks from students and whispers about how "Eli's" motorcycle

looked just like Enzo's. All I cared about was finding someone who might have some insight, someone who might understand me and believe me.

And yet, when I arrived at the cabins...

Everyone was gone.

"Hello?" I called as I approached, my heart sinking as I quickly realized that every cabin was empty now. "Myra? Luke? Anyone?"

Of course, no one answered. Not only were the Fullmoons completely gone with no trace, but Luke wasn't here either; and a part of me had sincerely hoped that he would be left behind, at the very least. My heart sank even further as I realized that I didn't know what they might have done to him. Lewis never seemed power-hungry enough to make someone disappear for trying to find Enzo, but... I couldn't be sure.

One thing was sure, however: even though Myra and Luke were gone, and even though the witch had still not responded to my email begging for help, I knew that Enzo was here on campus, and he was very much alive.

But how could I convince my friends without seeming crazy

Chapter 202 Breakthrough

Nina

I searched high and low through the cabins in the hopes of finding some sort of lead on where Luke was, but unfortunately there was nothing. It seemed that the Fullmoons cleaned up every scrap, every little thing that would have indicated that they were even living here to begin with, and now they were gone.

I just hoped that Luke was okay. Hopefully, Myra or one of the others who didn't agree with Lewis managed to set him free. I had to let that hope be the thing to keep me going for now, because I had a lot to do.

As I made my way back to the campus, I decided to head over to the infirmary to try one last time to finish the antidote.

And, unexpectedly, my friends were already there. When I arrived, Lori, Jessica, and Matt were all standing outside, waiting for me.

"We were just looking for you," Lori said as I approached. "Where were you?"

"I just walked out to the cabins," I replied as I unlocked the door. "It looks like the Fullmoons are already gone."

My friends' eyes all widened. "What?" Matt asked, his voice sounding disbelieving. "Seriously? They just up and left?"

I nodded as I walked into the infirmary and flicked on the lights. When I explained what Myra had told me the last time I talked to her, my friends were in an even greater state of disbelief. It really did seem as though Lewis fully planned on taking over as the Fullmoon Alpha, and there was no knowing exactly where they went.

But, on the bright side, the antidote was almost complete.

Matt, Lori, and Jessica all watched with bated breath a little while later as I dropped the last chemical into the solution. This was the final moment — the secret ingredient. I had found the name of the compound jotted down on a scrap of paper, shoved into the back of one of Tiffany's drawers. There was no way of knowing whether it would work based on a single sticky note, but I had to try.

All four of us went silent as I dropped the compound into the solution.

It fizzed at first. My eyes widened as the solution began to turn black, and I took a step backwards, afraid of whatever I had just mixed.

But then, slowly... The solution turned a bright, glowing shade of blue.

"Holy shit," Jessica whispered. "Nina... I think you did it."

I couldn't help it. A wild, ecstatic yell escaped my mouth and I jumped up and down, grinning from ear to ear. My friends joined me, high-fiving me and congratulating me on my breakthrough. Of course, there was still the question of how we would test it, but I was almost completely certain that I had replicated the antidote.

After we tested it, we would only have to produce more, and then we could distribute it and save our neighbors from being stuck as rogues forever.

But that wasn't the only thing on my mind. As I bottled up the antidote and put it away safely for testing, my smile eventually fell. I knew I needed to tell my friends about Selena and Enzo; I just hoped that they believed me and that they wouldn't blame my headspace on the fumes from trying to make the antidote.

"Guys," I said, turning around to face them once the antidote was tucked away neatly in a cabinet, "I need to talk to you about something. You're gonna think I'm just being crazy, but I really need you to listen to me."

My friends' brows furrowed. But then, suddenly, Matt spoke up.

"If it's about the new students, I think I know what you're gonna say," he said, causing us all to turn and look at him. He paused then and cleared his throat before speaking again. "I think they're werewolves. I picked up their scents at the dance and I'm pretty certain they're not human."

I swallowed, feeling at least somewhat relieved that one of my friends seemed to have some information on them. But that wasn't everything.

"It's not only that," I said, looking at Lori and Jessica now. My two friends stared back at me with knowing looks on their faces; they knew what I was about to say next. "I think it's Selena and Enzo in disguise. And before you call me crazy, just hear me out: every time I look at either of them for more than just a few moments, I swear they shift in appearance. I've seen it too many times now for it to just be a coincidence. And furthermore, they're staying in Enzo's dorm and they were riding Enzo's motorcycle today. Plenty of other students saw it; not just me."

Lori and Jessica both furrowed their brows, as did Matt. "If Selena and Enzo were here in some sort of disguise or whatever, then why wouldn't Enzo at least come and talk to us?" Jessica asked.

I shook my head. "I think she did something to Enzo to make him forget all of us. But I swear that if I can just get a few minutes alone with him, I can make him remember. Just last night, I ran into him and he said that I was familiar. Selena — Sadie — saw us, however, and ended our interaction. But I was certain that he was already beginning to remember just by talking to me for a minute."

My friends were all silent. I felt my heart race as I looked at all of them, expecting them to say that I was just seeing things again, or that I needed help.

But, much to my surprise, Matt suddenly spoke up again. And what he said blew my mind.

"I believe you," he said quietly as he stared at the floor. "I... I've seen it, too. The night that they came to the hockey game, I looked up in the VIP box and I made eye contact with the new guy, and I really thought he looked just like Enzo for a moment. It was quick, but I haven't gotten over it. I didn't wanna say anything, though, because I thought you guys would think I'm crazy."

I felt a sense of immense relief wash over me at Matt's words. At least I had one person on my side. Now, I just needed to know that Lori and Jessica believe me, too.

Both of them were silent for a long time. I waited to see what they had to say, but my heart was in my throat the entire time, and I was certain that they wouldn't believe me.

Finally, Jessica spoke.

"I don't know..." she mumbled, shaking her head as she stared at the floor. "It sounds nuts, but... If both of you really think you saw it, then I'll take your word for it." She glanced up at Lori then, who was still silent. But, nonetheless, Lori quietly nodded in agreement.

"So... You believe me?" I whispered.

All three of my friends nodded. I felt as though a huge weight was lifted off of my chest in that moment, and although I wanted to jump up and down in joy, I knew that there was still a lot of work to do.

Of course, we still needed to find Luke and find a volunteer to test out the antidote. But first, we needed Enzo back in his right state of mind... And we needed to come up with a plan to make him remember

Chapter 203: Safety Net

Nina

Matt, Lori, Jessica and I all planned out how we were going to separate "Eli" and "Sadie" so we could try to break the spell on Enzo. We had to be tactful about it, because if this really was Enzo and Selena, then Selena could easily leave with Enzo again and we would have no way of finding them.

Finally, after a long time spent brainstorming and failing at how to go about this, Matt finally spoke up with one last idea.

"Hey!" he said, suddenly sitting up straight in his chair as though a string was attached to the top of his head. "I just remembered that there's supposed to be a party at one of the frat houses tomorrow night. I'm sure the new students — sorry, Enzo and Selena — will be there. If we can somehow manage to separate them at the party, then maybe Nina could have her chance to talk to Enzo privately and try to make him remember."

Matt's idea made me smile a bit. "A party could be a good distraction," I said. "People will be drinking, and there will be a lot going on. It could be easy to separate them in the chaos."

Of course, there would still be the matter of how to go about it; but there was no real way to plan things out beforehand, as we had no way of knowing exactly how the party would go. All we knew for now was that we would stick together until Matt, Lori and Jessica managed to separate Enzo and Selena, and then I would take Enzo somewhere private and try to talk to him.

For now, the plan seemed doable.

I only hoped that it would work, because if it didn't and Selena found out our plan... Then she would likely take Enzo away again. And she would take him away for good this time.

...

It wasn't even mid-afternoon before the dean sent out a campus-wide text calling everyone to the auditorium for an announcement.

As we all made our way there, I knew already what the dean was going to say: that the Fullmoons had left us here, without any real protection, to run off and disappear when people needed them the most. With Richard gone and Enzo currently unfit to take charge, Lewis seemed to have allowed this newfound power to go to his head. Part of me even wondered if he really was working with the Crescents, just like Myra suggested.

But none of that mattered right now. I was confident that our plan would work. And when it did, with Enzo's help we would be able to distribute the antidote to our neighboring towns. After that, I was confident that we would be able to go to the Alpha King together as a team, where I would present myself to him as his missing daughter. With the Alpha King on our side after that, we were certain to stop the Crescents from wreaking more havoc. But for now, we just needed to focus on making Enzo remember everything.

Lori, Jessica and I sat in the back of the auditorium while the rest of the students got settled. Finally, the dean came out on the stage and called for everyone's attention.

"Thank you all for coming," she said, looking around at the students with concern on her face. "I've called you here today to let you know that the Fullmoons will no longer be living on our campus. They have decided to return home."

The students began to murmur worriedly around us. My friends and I just looked at each other with frowns before looking back up at the dean.

"I know you're all scared," the dean said, "but trust me when I say that our home is safe. You don't have anything to worry about. The Crescents are dwindling in numbers as we speak, and it seems that their leaders have decided to retreat for now. Of course, there are still many rogues roaming the

countryside, as I'm sure you're all aware... But I believe that with a strict curfew and a ban on outside travel, we can be safe here and Mountainview can slowly return to normal."

"A curfew?" I whispered, looking over at Lori and Jessica. Was the dean serious? A curfew was really meant to protect us from the rogues?

Jessica simply squeezed my leg. "Don't forget about the antidote," she whispered. "I guess, as the New Peacekeepers, we will be handling this ourselves."

Jessica was right. At the very least, the antidote was finished; we just needed to test it and get it ready before another rogue outbreak began. Not only that, but we needed to get the Alpha King's help as well.

When the assembly ended, my friends and I began walking back to our dorm. I didn't see Enzo or Selena anywhere at the assembly or on the way home, which was a bit concerning and made me wonder if they had decided to return to the werewolf realm after all.

My anxiety kept me glued to my window for the remainder of the evening. I kept my eyes glued to the parking lot in fear of them truly being gone... But finally, long after the sun had gone down, I heard the distant rumbling of a motorcycle through my open window. I bolted up from my desk and ran over to look out, a sense of relief washing over me as I saw the two of them pulling into a spot. Selena hopped off of the motorcycle and pulled her helmet off. Enzo got off behind her and followed her to his dorm.

Even though he looked nothing like himself, I knew that Enzo was in there. I could see it in the way he walked, the way that he fluidly kicked out his kickstand on his bike and tucked his helmet under his arm. Enzo was here; I was sure of it. I just had to coax him out.

Selena, thankfully, didn't see me as I continued to stare through the window, unable to tear my eyes away from Enzo. I didn't want to look away for even one second, because the longer I looked at him,

the more I could see his true appearance... And part of me wanted to burn his image into my mind out of the fear of the two of them leaving in the morning. If I never saw him again in the flesh, then I wanted to at least be able to see him when I closed my eyes; that was all I could hope for at this point.

I watched, blinking back tears, as the two of them walked up to Enzo's dorm building. Selena swung the door open and strutted in; Enzo went to follow her, but just before he disappeared inside, he stopped in the doorway with his hand on the door and froze.

I felt my heart catch in my throat as he slowly looked over his shoulder... And his eyes locked with mine.

Even from this distance, I knew that he saw me. And his gaze was so, so sad.

Enzo was in there somewhere, begging to be let out. I just needed to free him

Chapter 204: The Escapee

Nina

That night, I laid awake in bed puzzling over our plan to save Enzo. I only hoped that I was right and that this would all work. There was always the possibility that these two new students weren't actually Selena and Enzo, but were rather sent by Selena to trip us up. But if they were in fact Selena and Enzo, and the plan didn't work, we ran the risk of them running away for good. I already didn't have a way to get to the werewolf realm; the witch never answered, Myra was gone, and Luke was gone, not to mention the fact that neither I nor anyone else in my friend group knew how to open a portal.

All I could do at this point was wait and hope that the plan worked. If we did manage to separate Enzo and Selena at the party, then we would also need to ensure that I had enough time alone with Enzo to help him remember... And there was no knowing how long exactly I would need to make that happen. Now, more than ever, I was kicking myself for leaving him behind at the dance. Maybe if I had just stayed and talked to him then, all of this would be over by now.

But I didn't listen to him, and now we had to find a new way to help him remember. Thankfully, I knew already that he was susceptible to breaking the spell; we just had to give him the opportunity without Selena being there to get in the way.

As I laid in bed, wondering how all of this would work and what I would say when and if I finally had him alone, I was suddenly alerted by the sound of soft tapping on my window.

My window was cracked open to let the cold night air in. I at first brushed it off as the tree outside my window scraping against the glass, so I ignored it; but when I heard the soft sound of a voice saying my name, I suddenly shot up in bed with wide eyes.

"Hey..." the voice said, sounding strained. "Nina. It's me. Let me in."

I blinked as the voice registered. It was too dark to see into the tree, but I was almost certain that it was Luke's voice.

“Hurry!” he whispered, more urgently this time. “They’re coming.”

My heart caught in my throat as I bolted out of bed and over to the window. I peered out just to be safe — and, just as I thought, none other than Luke was out there. He was perched in the tree with his hood up, and was peering out at me from beneath his hood with wide, frantic eyes.

“Luke?” I whispered. I flung the window open, and he instantly leaped in like a cat. He landed on the floor beneath my window and stayed crouched down there, then gestured for me to join him. I furrowed my brow, confused at first, but I finally understood what he was insinuating when I glanced out the window and saw three men who I recognized as Lewis’ followers walking across the quad. Cursing under my breath, I quickly ducked down below the window with Luke and huddled with him there.

Before either of us spoke, we both threw our arms around each other and hugged tightly for what felt like an eternity. I was so happy to see my friend again, alive and well, that everything else seemed to melt away during those moments.

Finally, when we pulled away, I had too many questions to ask.

“What happened?” I whispered. “Where did you go?”

Luke sighed and shook his head, his fluffy blond hair falling into his face as he stared down at the floor. “It’s a long story,” he replied, keeping his voice low while the men continued to patrol outside. “I was heading out to meet you that day when two masked men suddenly grabbed me and dragged me away. I realized later that they were Fullmoons, of all people.”

“They didn’t want you to help me find Richard and Enzo,” I replied.

Luke nodded. “Yep. I’m still not sure why exactly, but I think that Lewis guy is trying to take over as the new de facto leader. Not only that, but I think he might even be working with the Crescents. They kept me tied up in a barn a little ways away from the cabins — the same barn where Ronan and Lisa were planning on filming Enzo’s execution, funnily enough. They didn’t do anything, though. Just kept me locked up there with a guard at all times.”

I frowned as I thought about Luke’s imprisonment. Lewis really wanted me to fail in my mission to find Richard and Enzo so badly that he simply tied Luke up... For no reason other than to keep him from helping me. To think that he was willing to waste the man power on something like that when the Fullmoons were supposed to be dedicating themselves to protecting our town made me sick.

“How did you escape?” I asked.

Luke chuckled. "Well... They decided they wanted to leave, I guess. And they were gonna take me with them. They came and grabbed me late last night, but they only made it about as far as twenty miles out of town before they had to stop because some of the others decided to break off from the group, steal a bunch of supplies, and run away. I took it as my chance to sneak out, but a few of them followed me. I guess I'm too much of a threat to Lewis' little reign."

I couldn't help but laugh quietly at Luke's story. Imagining Lewis and his followers being outsmarted by Luke, as well as having a bunch of their stuff stolen by Myra and the others, was a funny sight to picture in my head. It sounded like chaos.

Either way, I was still glad to have my friend back — and I had good news for him, too.

"Well, Lewis is gonna have a rude awakening soon," I replied with a smile. "Enzo is back."

Luke's eyes widened. "Really? How? When?"

As I explained everything about the two new transfer students to Luke, his eyes widened even further. He didn't seem to believe me at first, but the more details that I told him, the more that he finally understood exactly what was happening. I told him about our plan to separate Selena and Enzo as well, and how I would try to make Enzo remember everything. Not only that, but I also told Luke about the antidote.

But my voice faltered as I mentioned distributing it.

"We're still not sure if it works," I said with a sigh. "We might need someone to volunteer to be a test subject, which means that they would have to be bitten. Otherwise, with the Fullmoons no longer here to protect the town, we can't risk sending any of the hockey team to go out and try the antidote on anyone. And it would be too difficult for myself, Lori, or Jessica.

Luke paused, scratching his chin as he thought. Finally, he nodded and lifted his blue eyes to meet mine.

"I'll take it," he said.

My eyes widened. "No, Luke, it's too—"

"Dangerous, I know," Luke said. "But haven't I already proven enough that I can handle myself? I can be in and out in a day, maybe two. I've spent over a hundred years perfecting my methods of not being seen if I don't want to."

I swallowed, then finally nodded. He was right; he could handle it. It was just a matter of administering the antidote to one rogue to see if it worked. He could get it done quickly

enough, and within a couple of days we would be able to know whether or not we could produce more. By that rate, we would know by the time the party came.

Finally, Luke and I peered over the windowsill to see that the men were gone; they likely realized that they wouldn't find him and decided to give up. Luke pulled his hood up again before standing.

"It's in the infirmary," I said quietly. "In the cupboard at the back of the office. You can't miss it; it's bright blue."

"Gotcha," Luke replied with a nod.

And then, with one final, tight hug, Luke disappeared through the window again like a black cat in the night.

Finally, everything seemed to be coming together. With Luke handling the issue of the antidote testing, I could just focus on saving Enzo.

I only hoped that our plan worked, and that he would finally remember me

Chapter 205

Nina

As I watched Enzo storm off into the party, I felt my heart sink. The screen door slammed shut behind him and wobbled a bit on its frame, leaving me alone and shaking in the cold. Up until five seconds earlier, I was certain that our plan was going to work.

But maybe I was too confident in that assumption, because it turned out that Enzo didn't remember me after all. In fact, my attempts to make him remember not only proved to be futile, but also made him angry with me and probably closed him off even more. Now, I was just the strange girl who cornered him at a party. For all he knew, I could have been trying to drug him or something.

I couldn't explain it; somehow, after everything, he didn't remember me at all. Even as I looked at him that night, begging him to reach into his mind and remember my face, my voice, my touch... He simply looked at me like I was a complete stranger.

What had happened? How did it come to this? The last time we spoke, he had seemed as though he knew who I was, or was at least beginning to know who I was. He even said himself that he knew I was familiar. And yet, at the party, he looked at me like he had never spoken to me in his life.

As I stumbled down the dark street, I couldn't contain the sobs that escaped my lips. I felt my face twist and contort into an excruciating grimace, and I clutched my stomach as I felt nausea wash over me from a combination of the alcohol and my heartache.

I knew my friends were probably looking for me, but I was too drunk and heartbroken to care. Up until now, I thought for sure that I would have Enzo back on my side, and now here I was staggering down the street with an aching pain in my chest.

Part of me wondered if Selena put another spell on him. Maybe she strengthened the one she already had on him; I couldn't know for sure. All I knew was that somehow, after Enzo had seemed to be

coming close to a breakthrough the last time I saw him, he was now back at square one. Surely she did something to make him forget again. But would he ever be able to remember now? Or was this just another hopeless endeavor?

Suddenly, I felt my phone vibrating in my pocket. I pulled it out and struggled to focus my eyes on the screen in my drunken state.

It was Jessica.

"Hey," I answered. My tongue felt heavy and thick in my mouth from the alcohol.

"Where did you go? We've been looking all over for you," she replied, sounding agitated.

I swallowed. "He didn't remember," I whispered. "I needed to get out. Don't worry; I'm just going home."

"Nina..." Jessica sounded even more agitated at this point. I knew that I did the wrong thing by taking off like that, and I had worried all of my friends. "Stay where you are. You're drunk. We're coming to get you."

"I'm fine," I insisted, but Jessica didn't listen.

"Just tell us where you are, Nina."

"Okay." I swallowed again as I looked around. I was on a dark street full of closed businesses — businesses that used to be open at this time of night, before the Crescents attacked. "I'm... Um... I'm on the corner of First and Washington."

"Alright," Jessica replied hastily. I could hear now what sounded like Lori and Matt in the background. They sounded like they were outside, already on their way. "Stay there. We'll be there in a few minutes."

Chapter 206

With that, my friends hung up. I was alone again with my thoughts now, which only meant that I would quickly spiral once more as I thought about Enzo. No matter how hard I tried not to think about it, I simply couldn't help myself. I felt as though I lost him

all over again, and this time it was for good. Surely he told Selena by now about what I did and she would take him away, never to return.

If only I had just talked to him more when we had time alone. Maybe I could have made him remember his old life before it was too late, but instead I was an indecisive coward and blew it.

As I leaned against the corner of a building and wiped the tears off of my face, I couldn't help but notice a car driving down the street. Normally, I wouldn't have paid any mind, but it was one o'clock in the morning already and they were driving incredibly slowly — not only that, but they were coming straight for me.

I pushed myself off the wall of the building and squinted, straining to see if my friends had found a ride to bring them to me, but I couldn't see into the car through the tinted windows.

For some reason, seeing this car head toward me at this time of night made me uneasy. I decided, even in my drunken state, that this wasn't safe and that I should walk away. But as I turned and picked up my pace, the car only sped up to meet me, and soon they were driving alongside me.

I kept walking and staring straight ahead, but the driver rolled his window down anyway.

"Hey, baby," he said in a low, gravelly voice. "What's a pretty thing like you doing out here all alone in the middle of the night?"

I gritted my teeth and picked up my pace. "Go away," I growled.

The man in the car laughed. I didn't look at him, but I heard what sounded like two other voices laughing, which made me even more uneasy. I was outnumbered.

I decided then to take a chance and peek over at the car, and I was right; there were three men in the car, including the driver. I didn't recognize any of them, but they all looked rather scary. My first impression was that they were Crescents.

"Come on, sweetheart!" the man in the passenger seat said, leaning forward to ogle at me through the window. "We're just playing with you. Why don't you chill out a little bit?"

Chill out? I thought to myself, stifling a scoff. How was I supposed to be "chill" when I was being followed by three strange men in a black car in the middle of the night?

"Hey," the driver said again, his car rolling alongside me as I continued to walk. "Come on. Just talk to us! We're nice guys... Besides, it looks cold out here. I'll let you ride in my car if you want."

Instead of answering, I just kept walking — only now, I took my phone out to call Jessica again.

The men, however, didn't seem to like that. Suddenly, the car came to a screeching halt.

I didn't look back. Without wasting a moment, I picked up my pace and began to run again, my heart pounding in my chest. Behind me, all I could hear was the unmistakable sound of car doors slamming and feet pounding on the sidewalk.

Chapter 207: Not Just Defenseless

Nina

As I ran down the street, my heart racing while the men behind me chased closely behind, I couldn't help but feel completely defenseless. Even if I screamed, no one would hear me; there was no one around, no houses or open stores. For all I knew, these men were Crescents as well. And without the help of my wolf, I was just a human who was outnumbered by three men who were potentially werewolves themselves.

"Get her!" I heard one man, the driver, say. I heard their footsteps pounding closer and closer on the pavement, and I could only run so fast in my high heels.

I spotted a narrow alleyway, so I took my chances and darted in between the buildings. I stumbled over discarded trash and debris from the Crescents' attack a few weeks prior, and for a moment I thought that I had gained some distance between myself and the three men who were chasing me.

And yet, as though the universe simply didn't want me to escape, I heard a snap and suddenly lurched forward. My hands and knees scraped on the pavement, destroying my tights and turning my palms raw and bloody.

My heel had broken. As I struggled to remove my broken shoes so I could keep running barefoot, however, I knew it was a useless effort when the men surrounded me. Two men came up behind me while the other circled around and entered the alley from the other side.

"Thought you could get away?" the driver asked.

"Fuck you," I whispered. I balled up a wad of spit in my mouth and spat it straight at his face, causing it to land right in his eye. The man grimaced and wiped it away, then snapped his fingers. The other two men advanced on me; one grabbed my hair and hauled me to my feet while the other lunged for my

skirt. I kicked wildly and screamed, but it was no use. The men were too strong, and the three of them easily overpowered me.

During those moments, I was prepared to accept whatever was about to happen to me. I couldn't fight back, and no one could hear my screams. There was no knowing how close or how far my friends were, and for all I knew the men would get their way with me before my friends could come to my rescue.

If only my wolf were here. If I had my wolf's strength, I knew I would at least be able to stand a fighting chance for a few minutes until my friends arrived. But my wolf was gone — whatever tiny flicker of her existence that I had felt the other night when I looked into Enzo's eyes was now nowhere to be found — and I was just a defenseless human.

The men began to rip at my clothes. I tried to bite, kick, and scratch, but it was no use; the man holding my hair only ripped at my hair even harder, causing me to cry out in pain, while the other two men worked at my skirt and tights. Eventually, I finally went limp in the hopes that the men would at least not kill me; although at this point, I thought that I would prefer death over the way that they were about to violate me.

"This is too easy," one man said, his rough and sweaty hand sliding up my thigh while his other hand worked at his belt buckle. "Look at her. She just gave up so quickly."

The man who was driving the car earlier grinned and roughly slid my shirt up to expose my breasts. "Hmm," he said, tugging at my bra. "Lacy. Did you know we were coming or something?"

I didn't answer. I could only stare lifelessly at the brick walls on either side of me as the men began to have their way with me. All I could do at that point was pray that someone would come to my rescue, or at the very least that the men would get this over with quickly.

But then, something strange happened. Out of nowhere, as the men were ripping my panties down and unbuttoning their pants, I felt something inside of me.

My wolf.

Her presence was waint, but it was undeniably there.

"Help me," I thought to her. "Please."

She didn't respond — I didn't think that she had the strength to speak — but she heard me. Suddenly, I felt a little bit of her strength surge through me. It was just a small amount, but it was enough to give me the power to wrench myself free of the man holding my hair. I grabbed his wrist and twisted, causing him to yell out in surprised pain as I stumbled back against the wall.

"Ow! Fuck!" he moaned, holding his wrist. "You bitch!"

The man threw a punch at me, but I dodged. His fist made contact with the brick wall. I heard a crunch, and he screamed and staggered away.

Meanwhile, the other two men got their bearings and came for me next. I tried to dodge them, but I couldn't this time; they were quick, and I was still outnumbered. The driver held my wrists up against the rough brick wall and pressed himself up against me, rubbing his filth all over me.

"You're gonna regret that, you little slut," he growled.

"You're gonna regret choosing me as a target," I growled in response.

I swiftly brought my knee up then and hit him as hard as I could in the groin, instantly sending him to the ground in agony. I kicked him again while he was down, then fixed my eyes on the third man who was still standing there.

I wasn't sure what happened at first, but as I saw his face turn as white as a ghost, I knew that he was seeing something that I couldn't.

"D-Don't kill me," he whined, stumbling backwards. Without another word, he turned on his heel and ran off with the other man who broke his fist in tow. The third man, seeing that his two buddies were making a run for it, scrambled to his feet and went after them — but not before I landed another good kick in his ribs.

Just then, I heard more voices. Female voices; my friends.

Lori and Jessica rounded the corner, their eyes wide. Meanwhile, I heard the sound of Matt yelling, followed by the sound of glass breaking and tires screeching on the street. Lori and Jessica ran up to me and covered me with their jackets, their faces wrought with worry.

"It's okay," Jessica said, pulling me close as I began to sob again. "You're okay."

Meanwhile, Lori stood behind her with her hand on my arm; but her eyes were wide as she looked at mine.

"Nina..." Lori whispered, holding up her phone so I could see in the reflection of the screen, "your eyes..."

I blinked my tears away and looked. And when I did, my own eyes widened too when I saw that my eyes were glowing a bright, vibrant red.

And in those moments, something else happened, too. My wolf senses began to take over my human senses, and I picked up something in the air that I hadn't smelled in a long time.

It was Enzo's scent.

I only hoped that now, he could pick up my scent, too — and maybe it would finally lead him to me

Chapter 208: Plan B

Nina

I wasn't entirely sure what happened that night after Matt, Lori, and Jessica came to my rescue. I was too drunk and shaken up from the ordeal, leaving my head feeling foggy and out of whack. All I remembered was going home and getting into bed, and thankfully, I didn't wake up in the forest again that night.

However, I did wake up unceremoniously to the sound of someone tapping on my window.

As I cracked my tired eyes open, the first thing that came to my attention was a splitting headache from the alcohol. After that, I realized what — or rather, who — was tapping on my window.

Luke.

I groaned when I saw him and slowly sat up. I was, of course, happy to see that my friend had returned from his mission to test out the antidote, but I was so hungover that every movement made me feel like I was going to vomit. In fact, by the time I opened the window and let him in, I could already feel the vomit bubbling up in my throat and just barely made it to the bathroom in time before it spilled out.

When I was finished, I groaned once more and flushed the toilet. I stayed seated where I was on the floor in case I would throw up again, which was bound to happen, and leaned my head back against the wall behind me. A thin coating of sweat had formed on my face, causing my bangs to stick to my forehead uncomfortably.

"Geez," Luke said, approaching me cautiously with a disgusted look on his face. "You look like shit. What happened?"

"Gee, thanks," I muttered, shutting my eyes; even the dim glow of my bathroom night light was too bright for my eyes and made my headache even worse. "Drank too much last night."

I heard Luke sigh, then felt his hand pat my head a few times. When I cracked my eyes open again, I could see him staring down at me with that same grossed-out look on his face. His arm was out straight in front of him as he tried to comfort me by patting my head, as though he didn't want to get any closer. I didn't like the sight or smell of vomit,

either, so I understood his caution. Being an undead skeleton also meant that he hadn't experienced normal bodily functions in over a hundred years.

"So... How did it go?" I asked, referencing the test on the antidote.

Luke grinned. "It worked perfectly," he said. "I was able to cure several people, actually. There were some safe houses with other survivors that were set up in the town I went to, so the people I cured went there for now."

I couldn't help but smile through my pain. "Good," I replied. "I guess I can make more now. How many survivors were there?"

"Quite a few, actually," Luke replied. "Granted, it was only one town that I visited and there are five others; there are also rogues roaming the countryside. On my way back, I saw a couple of packs of them roaming awfully close to Mountainview. It's only a matter of time before they work their way back in here and bite more people."

I nodded, swallowing hard despite the soreness in my throat. "The hockey team is patrolling the outskirts for now," I said. "But we'll need to make more of the antidote fast before it gets out of hand again." I glanced at the digital clock on my bedside table and saw that it was only four o'clock in the morning, and with another groan, I pushed myself to my feet and shuffled past Luke to my closet.

"What are you doing?" he asked as I began to rifle through my closet for a pair of jeans and a sweater. "You're not going now, are you?"

"I have to," I replied. "I need to get this antidote ready. If I work fast, I can have a huge batch of it done by the end of the day."

Luke frowned and came over to me. He grabbed my wrist just as I was reaching for my hat and stopped me.

"You need to rest," he said. "You can't mix anything if you're sick like this. One day won't make a difference."

I shook my head. "You don't get it. I need to do this. It's the one thing I can't fail at."

Just then, Luke cocked his head and furrowed his brow. "What do you mean?" he muttered.

A tear came to my eyes, and I quickly blinked it away. I pulled my wrist away and sat on the edge of my bed, staring down at my feet as I tried to think about how to broach the subject of what happened with Enzo at the party.

"I fucked up last night," I whispered, a sob heaving in my chest and causing me to lose my breath for a moment. "I couldn't make Enzo remember me. I tried, but... I failed. Selena must have strengthened her spell on him."

"So try again," Luke insisted.

Now, I couldn't stop myself from crying. Through my tears, I shot Luke an agitated look, but he only stared back at me unwaveringly with his arms folded across his chest.

"Selena is probably going to take him away now that I tried." I paused, feeling another sob catch in my throat, and balled my hands up into fists as I dug my fingernails into my palms. "It's too late. He probably already told her everything and she's gonna open a portal and take him away."

Luke scoffed incredulously. "Seriously, Nina?" he said, sounding annoyed. "You're giving up that easily? What happened to the stubborn girl I know?"

"What?" I whispered, wiping my nose with the back of my hand.

"You're giving up too easily," Luke replied sternly. "You only tried once, and sure, you failed. But you can try again."

"But what if she leaves with him before I get the chance?" I asked.

Luke shook his head and sighed. "That's what friends are for, dummy," he replied. "While I was gone, I ran into a witch. She was kind of cute, actually... But that's beside the point. What I'm trying to say is that I told her about you and Selena, and she said she'd help us."

"Help us how?" I whispered.

"Well, not only did she teach me a little hex that I can put on Selena to keep her from opening portals, but you mentioned that your wolf has been missing, right?"

I nodded, thinking back to what happened in the alley the night before. In fact, even now I could still feel a bit of my wolf's presence. Did Luke and the witch manage to find my wolf somehow?

"She mentioned that it might be a curse that's making your wolf go dormant. Now, I'm not sure if it worked, but she did some kind of ritual, and she said it should help a little bit. At least for now. Eventually, you'll have to find the witch that put the curse on you to begin with if you want to break it, but it should help a little. Have you noticed anything different?"

“Last night, I felt my wolf’s presence,” I replied. “I was able to take some of her strength when I needed it. My eyes glowed. And... I could pick up Enzo’s scent, even from far away.”

Luke grinned again and splayed out his hands in a manner as if to say “See?”

“So... The witch was able to alleviate some of the curse?” I murmured.

Luke nodded. “Yup. Sounds like it. For now, at least; like I said, you can’t lift the original curse without finding the witch who laid the curse, and you probably won’t be able to restore your wolf fully until that point, but what matters is that you were able to get enough power from your wolf to pick up Enzo’s scent. Which means...”

My eyes widened. “Which means that Enzo can pick up my scent,” I replied, standing.

Luke only smiled. I couldn’t help but smile too, and found myself throwing my arms around him and hugging him tightly. Maybe, if I could use my scent to bring Enzo close to me, it could break this stronger spell that Selena put on him; not only that, but if Luke really could put a hex on Selena to keep her from opening a portal, then that would buy me more time.

Now, for the millionth time in my life, I was so happy to have such amazing friends. It was crazy to me to think that I had made friends with a talking skeleton, but it filled me with joy nonetheless.

I only needed to wait now for Enzo to pick up my scent and come to me. Then, I was certain he would be able to remember me

Chapter 209: The Alpha Princess’s Revenge

Nina

Thanks to Luke’s help, I was able to get a little more sleep that night before I would have to go to class. A bit of rest was greatly needed to get over my hangover, and I felt a bit of peace wash over me at the thought of the antidote not only working during the test, but also the fact that Luke had found a witch who helped us. Not only was my wolf not completely missing now, but Luke planned on putting a hex on Selena to keep her from opening a portal. All thanks to Luke, I now had a little more time. And this time, I knew that I could just be patient and let Enzo come to me. With my wolf’s presence returning, I knew that he would be able to pick up my scent; as his true fated mate, I was positive that he wouldn’t be able to resist it. Then, when he eventually came to me, I could try to get him to remember.

When I woke up again that morning, my headache was a bit better and I didn’t feel as though I would vomit again. I still felt a bit woozy and sore, especially thanks to the horrible things that those men tried to do to me, but my wolf’s presence helped me heal

a little bit — enough to ease some of the soreness, at least. On my way to class, I stopped at the dining hall and picked up a coffee and a greasy breakfast sandwich, which both helped immensely.

However, despite all of these things, I knew that I needed to steel myself before I walked into class. Selena would most definitely be there again, and if she had any idea of my attempt from the night before to make Enzo remember me, then she would be out for revenge.

And she was. Almost as soon as I walked into class and sat down, Selena came in behind me. She sat down directly behind me, except this time it seemed that she made some new friends.

I could hear them whispering about me before class even started. No matter how much I tried to ignore it, I simply couldn't tune it out. It seemed that Selena wanted me to hear it as well.

"You know, I really don't get why guys are so obsessed with her," Selena whispered, causing the other girls to snicker nastily. "She's not even that pretty. And she's too skinny."

"I heard that she's been starving herself ever since her boyfriend disappeared," another girl chimed in. "What a joke. Why anyone would even want to look like a stick really beats me."

"Maybe it's because she was obsessed with that one grad student for a while," the third girl whispered then. "He is gay, after all. Maybe she thinks that he'll like her if she looks like a boy."

By now, I was already fuming as I listened to Selena and her friends. Of course I knew that people always gossiped about me at this school, but I thought that they had stopped since the attack from the Crescents. It seemed that now, however, Selena was instigating more gossip. She was just doing it to get under my skin, though; I knew that much.

"But that guy disappeared, too," one of the girls whispered then in response to their mention of James.

Selena chuckled. "I guess she's just driving all the guys away, huh?" she said. "Must be her smell."

I wanted to say something, but I decided not to and just kept my head down. By that point, the professor started class anyway, and I was able to have some reprieve from the nasty comments coming from behind me. All I needed to do was keep myself focused on my studying and lay low, because it was only a matter of time anyway before Enzo remembered me and Selena was exposed for who she really was.

However, as the class went on, Selena and her new friends didn't relent with their bullying. On more than one occasion, I felt them throw wads of paper at the back of my head, followed by their quiet snickers and whispers.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. Selena reached out beneath her desk with her foot and firmly kicked the back of my chair, causing me to lurch forward and nearly spill my coffee everywhere.

"What is your problem?!" I said out loud, turning around in my seat to face her. But even as I did that, Selena and her friends acted completely oblivious; and, given our spot in the classroom, no one else

saw the way that they were bullying me and so I didn't have anyone to vouch for me.

"Miss Harper?" the professor said.

I slowly turned back to look at him, my face red with a combination of rage and embarrassment. The professor stood at the front of the room with his arms folded across his chest.

"Sorry, Professor," I muttered. "It's just that these girls—"

"What you all do in your spare time is up to you," the professor interrupted impatiently, "but this isn't the time or the place for high school antics. I'm going to have to ask you to leave. All of you."

My eyes widened. "But I didn't—"

"I don't care. You're being disruptive, and all of your peers are quite literally paying to be here. You can all catch up in the next class when you're ready to start acting like adults."

As the professor spoke, I felt the undeniable sensation of tears pricking at the backs of my eyes. My palms began to itch with anxiety, and I quickly stood and gathered my things. Selena and her friends sullenly packed up as well, but I stormed out before they could follow me.

I couldn't believe that Selena got me kicked out of class for her own actions. It was clearly an attempt to get under my skin; she didn't care about school. She was only here to mess with me, and the money she spent was probably nothing but pocket change for the daughter of the Alpha King. And, to make things worse, she knew that I couldn't do anything about it because she held too much power over me.

With tears in my eyes, I quickly made my way out of the building. As I stormed across the quad toward the infirmary, just wanting to focus on getting my work done, I supposed that I was too caught up in everything to pay attention to where I was going.

And, as a consequence for not paying attention and for staring down at the ground, I felt myself bump into something solid.

“Oh— Sorry,” I said, taking a few steps backwards and lifting my eyes from the pavement.

“It’s fine.”

My eyes widened as they met none other than Enzo’s — still in his disguise, of course, but undeniably his eyes nonetheless. We both stood there for a moment, staring at each other. I wasn’t sure if I should apologize for what happened the night before, or if I should ask him if he picked up my scent, or if I should just run away; but it seemed that he already had his mind made up.

After staring at me for a few moments, hopefully transfixed by my scent, he finally ripped his gaze away from mine and suddenly brushed past me. I was frozen to my spot; I didn’t turn around, but I could hear Selena’s shrill voice in the background as Enzo approached her, and I knew that she was talking about me.

With one final glance over my shoulder, only to feel my heart break as I saw the two of them hugging each other, I continued on my way to the infirmary.

How long would it take for Enzo to finally remember me and break out of Selena’s spell

Chapter 210: False Memories

Enzo

On the morning after I upset Selena and slept on the couch for talking to Nina, I woke up feeling foggier than usual. Selena, much to my surprise, was already awake and was cooking pancakes in the kitchen.

“Good morning, sunshine,” she said with a grin as she flipped a pancake on the stove. “Hungry?”

I managed a slight smile as I stood and walked over to her. My body was sore from my night spent sleeping on the couch, but at least Selena seemed to be in a good mood now; in fact, now that I thought about it, I couldn’t quite remember why she was mad at me to begin with. I remembered talking to that girl named Nina, but I didn’t know why I was talking to her.

Either way, it didn’t matter. The most important thing on my mind was keeping my love happy, and I would have done whatever it would take to make that happen.

However, as the day went on, the fogginess in my brain continued. I felt out of it all day, and chalked it up to a head cold or exhaustion. But when the foggy feeling still didn't go away after two days, I started to wonder if something was wrong.

Everything changed when I went to a party with Selena.

We were having a nice time, drinking and dancing together. She seemed happy, which made me happy, and made me forget about the strange feeling in my head. But when I got separated from her, and suddenly felt someone grab me by the hand and yank me through the crowd, I knew that something fishy was going on.

Nina pushed me outside and had one of her friends guard the door for us. All I could think about was Selena — was she okay? Nina was staring at me with a confusing amount of intensity, and it only made me more uneasy around her.

"Um— What's going on?" I asked, trying to look over her to see if Selena was inside. "Do you need something?"

"Enzo, look at me," Nina said. "Please. Look at me."

"Sorry..." I shook my head and took a few steps backwards, but she only closed the distance between us again. How did she even know my real name? To everyone else here, I was known only as Eli. "Do I know you?"

Nina didn't answer. She just kept staring at me with an odd amount of concentration, like she was trying to see into my soul. I was uncomfortable in this situation and only wanted to get out and make sure that Selena was okay. "I have a girlfriend," I said. I sidestepped around her in an attempt to get to the door, but suddenly Nina jumped in the way again and grabbed my wrist, taking me by surprise.

"Enzo!" she shouted. Tears seemed to be welling up in her eyes. "Please. It's Nina. Please remember me... Selena put a spell on you!"

I furrowed my brow. The air between us went silent as I puzzled over what she meant. Selena hadn't put a spell on me. And what did she mean about "remembering" her? There was nothing to remember; sure, she looked a bit like Selena, but that didn't mean anything. Was this some sort of prank?

Finally, I decided that I had enough. I needed to know if Selena was okay, and without a word, I ripped my wrist away from Nina and stormed back into the party.

Her friend, who I recognized from the hockey team, tried to stop me.

"Hey, Enzo," he said, grabbing me by the shoulder and turning me back to face him. But this time I was prepared, and I swung at him. He ducked, but it didn't matter; it gave me time to get away.

When I found Selena, she was crying. Apparently, Nina's two friends had cornered her in the bathroom and were questioning her on her true identity. I could only hold her and comfort her as I fumed over the sick prank Nina played on us. I wasn't sure, however, if I could bring myself to tell her what Nina did to me just then, so I decided to keep it to myself.

But that night, as I walked home with Selena, I couldn't deny the sudden, intense scent that traveled across the air to me.

It was tantalizingly sweet, and I instantly recognized it as my mate's scent. And it wasn't coming from Selena.

...

The next morning, I was walking to meet Selena when I suddenly bumped into Nina again.

This time, I picked up her scent instantly.

She was a werewolf? How was it that her scent was so sweet to me? It simply didn't make sense, and I immediately brushed it off as another prank before walking away from her again to see Selena.

Even then, however, as I held Selena and comforted her over being kicked out of class by Nina's doing, I still couldn't deny the strange scent that was drawing me to this strange girl.

All along, I had always thought that Selena was my mate. And yet... This new scent was so familiar, so sweet, so perfect. I felt as though I had known it for a long time, even though I didn't remember this girl at all. Somehow, it made me want to investigate.

That afternoon, while Selena sulked in our dorm, I went out under the disguise of going to get her some coffee from the cafe. And of course, I would do just that — but first, I felt too compelled to follow Nina's

scent and see what was going on. Maybe I could get some sort of explanation or proof that it was a prank.

I followed her scent across campus, past the hockey arena and into the infirmary. And there she was; through the window, I could see her. She seemed to be mixing large quantities of some sort of strange, blue liquid.

I watched her for a moment, unseen by her as I peered around the corner of the building. Her scent was tantalizing, but beyond that, there was something else.

That blue liquid... I swore I had seen it before.

In fact, the longer I looked at it, the more I realized that I actually had seen it before. And suddenly, as I came to this realization, a memory suddenly flashed through my mind; a memory of Nina holding little vials of that blue liquid, and using it to save the campus.

Somehow, I knew I was there. That memory wasn't false; it was the memory of some "great battle" against the Crescents that was false. But how? Why? I couldn't make sense of it. All I knew was that I knew that blue liquid, and I knew Nina in some strange way.

As I watched her working, so many questions flashed across my mind. Was this some sort of antidote? Why was she making so much of it? And, more than anything else... Why was she so beautiful to me as she worked? I felt my heart pounding in my chest the longer I looked at her, and even Fio began to awaken and become drawn to her.

Suddenly, as I watched her, she stopped; she must have felt my eyes on her. And for some reason, I didn't feel compelled to leave, even when she jerked her head up and stared right at me with wide eyes.

In fact, it was quite the opposite.

As I looked into her eyes, I felt more compelled now than ever to go to her