

My Hockey Alpha #Chapter 61: All's Fair in Love and War - Read My Hockey Alpha Chapter 61: All's Fair in Love and War

Chapter 61: All's Fair in Love and War

Nina

The day after the hockey match was Halloween, which also meant that the Halloween fair was in town. Every year, an exciting fair came to town for Halloween weekend. I normally went with Lori and Jessica, but they wanted to make it a date this year, so I went alone this year.

The fairgrounds were already packed full by the time I arrived. The air smelled like kettle corn and apple cider, and all I could hear above the din of excited students and screaming children was the sound of rides and Carnys trying to sell their rigged games. Ahead of me, a man on stilts dressed as the Grim Reaper terrorized a gaggle of children, and a woman dressed in a skimpy clown costume juggled bowling pins while passersby tossed coins into her hat on the ground.

Smiling, I walked into the fair and started making my way through the various carnival games. One particular game caught my eye that seemed new; it was a simple shooting game with moving targets.

As I was watching a couple trying to shoot the targets to win a stuffed animal and ultimately walk away empty -handed, I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around to see none other than Ronan standing behind me.

"It's Nina, right?" he asked.

"Oh, hey," I said, feeling a little awkward to be talking to the rival school's hockey captain. "Are you planning on playing this game, too?"

Ronan nodded. "I'll try to win you something," he said with a wink as he stepped up to the counter. I watched as Ronan picked up the toy gun and tried shooting the targets, but missed almost all of them.

"I guess you're not as good at carnival games as you are at hockey," a familiar voice said from behind me. I whirled around to see Enzo standing there. His eyes flashed orange as he glanced at me, quickly

fading back to brown as soon as Ronan turned around.

"I guess so," Ronan replied, surprisingly well-spirited although I could tell that Enzo was being more territorial than joking. Ronan looked Enzo up and down, noticing his

protective stance as he strode forward to stand next to me. There was a flash of something unrecognizable in his eyes, but he said nothing and instead gave us his usual polite nod before walking away and disappearing into the crowd.

“How much for that one?” Enzo said to the attendant, pointing to a stuffed wolf hanging on the wall above him.

“Oooh, that’s an expensive one,” the attendant said. “Tell you what… fifteen shots in a row and it’s yours.”

Enzo nodded and slapped his money down on the counter, picking up the toy gun to shoot the moving targets.

I watched in shock as Enzo shot down one target after the other with ease. When he was done, he set down the gun and folded his muscular arms across his chest while the baffled attendant turned around to grab the wolf.

“Hey, you’re a good shot!” Ronan said, slapping Enzo on the shoulder — which Enzo did not seem to appreciate — and sticking his hands in his pockets. “That’s way better than I could’ve done.”

The attendant handed Enzo the wolf, who took it and turned to face me. He held it out to me with an adorable combination of seriousness and bashfulness on his face. For a moment, I completely forgot all about the rival hockey captain. It was as if everything else faded away as Enzo held the wolf plushie out to me, our fingers brushing as I took it from him.

“Thank you,” I murmured.

Before I could explain anything about why Ronan was with me, Enzo wrapped his arm around my shoulder and made my heart skip as he guided me toward the ferris wheel. As we got in line for the ferris wheel and I clutched the stuffed wolf to my chest, I realized that this was quickly turning into a date.

“Step right up!” the ferris wheel attendant said, gesturing to the next available seat. Enzo climbed on ahead of me, sliding over on the bench and patting the spot next to him.

“I’m scared of heights,” I said sheepishly, running my fingers through the soft fur on the wolf plushie.

“It’s alright,” Enzo replied, holding his hand out for me. “I’m here. Trust me. It’s worth it.”

Taking a deep breath, I got on and clutched my wolf to my chest as the ferris wheel started to move.

“Close your eyes,” Enzo said as we started to move up above the fairgrounds. I did just that, clenching them as tight as possible. I gulped as I felt the wind hit us as we went higher and higher, but relaxed a bit when I felt Enzo’s strong arm slip around my shoulders.

“I always liked the ferris wheel the most here out of all the other rides,” Enzo said, squeezing my shoulder “I love the view. Open your eyes.”

I cracked one eye open at first, then the other .

“Woah,” I whispered, too awestruck by the beautiful view to notice my fear anymore. Enzo was right: it was gorgeous. We could see the entire campus from where we were, its stone buildings poking out from between the pine and oak trees.

“See?” Enzo said quietly. “It’s not so bad.”

Just then, while we were right at the top, the ferris wheel stopped. I gasped. and clutched the sides of the seat

“What’s happening?” I said, my voice trembling

Enzo chuckled. “It’s fine,” he said. ” We’ll start moving in a second.”

Enzo’s words went right over my head, however, as I started to hyperventilate It felt as if the world around me was spinning out of control, like the ferris wheel would suddenly pop off of its stand and go rolling across the fairgrounds like a giant spinning wheel of death—

“Hey. Look at me.”

Enzo cupped my cheeks in his hands and turned my head to look into his eyes. Their soft brown color was illuminated by the amber glow of the streetlamps and the flashing lights of the fairgrounds. Looking into them calmed me; I felt like I could just stare into them forever.

Suddenly, the ferris wheel lurched and started moving again. I wasn’t sure if it was the sudden movement or if he pulled me closer on purpose, but as we started moving, I found my lips pressed against his.

We finally pulled away after what felt like an eternity. I felt my face get hot as I flushed with embarrassment and looked away, still clutching the wolf plushie that Enzo had won for me to my chest. “I’m... sorry,” Enzo said quietly, looking in the opposite direction and out over the bustling fairgrounds. “That was inappropriate.”

“It’s okay,” I replied softly, a smile spreading across my lips as the ferris wheel slowly carried us back down to the ground. “I don’t mind.”

Once we got off the ferris wheel, Enzo turned toward me with his hands in his pockets. It was getting dark.

“Can I walk you home?” he asked, to which I nodded and tried to hide my excitement.

While we walked, feeling the cold breeze on our faces, I couldn’t help but feel a magnetic attraction to Enzo. My heart raced as I felt his fingers intertwine with mine

A cold gust of wind suddenly hit us, making me shiver, and without a word Enzo stopped and took his jacket off, draping it over my shoulders. I blushed and pulled the jacket around me. It felt warm from his body, and it smelled like him, too. Wood and smoke.

“Nina,” he said softly, reaching out and brushing a loose strand of hair out of my face.

I leaned closer to him, standing on my tiptoes to kiss him...

Before we could kiss, however, we were alerted by the sound of screaming coming from the forest.

Chapter 62: Dark Creatures

Nina

A woman’s voice screamed for help from the forest. Enzo and I pulled away from each other, just as we were about to kiss for the second time that night. We looked at each other for a moment, the realization of the situation hitting us, before taking off toward the woods.

Could we not have one good night without people being injured or killed by werewolves?

“Stay here,” Enzo said just before we reached the woods. He stopped in his tracks and grabbed me by both shoulders, pushing me away from the entrance of the woods where students and locals often walked on the seemingly-safe nature trails.

I wrenched myself free and shook my head vigorously. Stay here? There was no way in hell I was letting Enzo go into the woods by himself. I would never forgive myself if something happened to him out there and I wasn’t there to help him. “No way!” I shouted, curling my hands up into fists. “I’m not letting you go alone.”

“Nina, it’s not safe—”

“I realize that, Enzo!” I said, stamping my foot angrily. “I’m going with you regardless!”

Enzo stared at me for a moment, a mixture of surprise and worry written across his face, before he sighed and nodded, straightening once more." Alright," he said, turning toward the trail that led into the forest and holding out his hand as the screams continued. "But stay close. Don't let go of my hand."

I took his hand and ran with him into the forest toward the source of the screams. It was frightening to run with such wild abandon in the forest, but I let Enzo lead the way; something in me told me to trust him to guide us as we ran, so I did.

"Help!" the woman screamed again, this time much closer. We took a sharp right turn, leaping over tree roots and rocks in the way, and soon found ourselves in a small clearing.

Enzo dropped my hand and stepped forward while I stood paralyzed by the scene before me.

A rogue was dragging a woman by her ankle as she clawed desperately at the ground, sobbing and screaming uncontrollably with all of the strength she had.

"Let go of her!" Enzo shouted, his voice almost sounding like a growl on its own. The rogue looked up at him, the woman's leg still in its mouth, then dropped her upon seeing Enzo and I .

I couldn't explain it, but there was also something oddly familiar about the rogue's gaze.

Enzo and the rogue began to circle each other, preparing to attack. I ran up to the woman and grabbed her hand, quickly helping her up and pulling her away from the fray.

Before anything else could happen, however, the rogue met my eyes, staring at me for a moment — as if it recognized me then turned on its heels and took off into the woods like a wraith in the night.

"Where is it going?" I asked, my voice shaking as I held the sobbing woman and rubbed her back.

Without a word, Enzo turned and stormed toward me, grabbing the woman from my arms and scooping her up, his eyes fixed on me. They were glowing red, brighter than I had ever seen them.

"Run home as fast as you can," he said sternly over the woman's sobs. "Get home and stay inside until I tell you it's safe."

"But I—"

“Just listen to me, Nina,” Enzo said, his voice low and serious. “Please Just this once, I need you to trust me.”

Before I could respond, the woman’s painful wails grew louder, and in the blink of an eye, Enzo and the woman were just... gone. The forest was silent once more, as if nothing had ever happened — but I was too stubborn and determined to find out who that rogue was, because something about it seemed too familiar to simply run away.

Instead of turning back to run home like Enzo told me to, I began to go in the direction that the rogue took. I carefully crept through the forest, trying to stay as quiet as possible as I followed the rogue’s trail; it had crashed so haphazardly through the woods that I could make out a clear path just from all of the trampled bushes and broken branches.

I must have been following the rogue’s trail for nearly twenty minutes when I finally stumbled upon it.

It was sitting on its haunches in the middle of a clearing, staring up at the moon with its head tilted back. As I approached through the bushes, it heard me and jumped up, snarling. I felt my heart quicken as I cursed myself for being so stupid and not listening to Enzo, but then something strange happened.

The rogue stopped snarling and sat back down. Its eyes stayed focused on me, but for some reason, I no longer felt frightened. Somehow, I knew that this rogue wasn’t going to hurt me.

I stepped out of the bushes and slowly approached it, my hand outstretched and my breathing ragged. With each. step closer, I expected the rogue to suddenly jump up and attack me, but it never did. Even when my hand touched. its massive muzzle, it hardly moved.

For some strange reason, as soon as my hand touched the rogue, I knew who it was.

“Justin?” I whispered.

He cocked his head at me — then, all of a sudden, as if knowing his name made him remember that he was human, he shifted back and collapsed on the forest floor I fell to my knees next to him, cursing

under my breath as I cupped. his face in my hands and gently slapped his cheeks to try to wake him up. His face was clammy, but he was breathing. Within a few painstaking moments, his eyes cracked open and he looked at me with confusion on his face.

“Where am I?” he asked, looking around.

“You don’t remember?” I replied.

Justin shook his head. “Last I remember, I was heading home from the fair... Then the moon came out from behind a cloud. I remember looking up at it, then it all went dark.”

I furrowed my brows and pursed my lips, unsure of what to say — but before I could say anything, I was alerted by the sound of twigs snapping under foot as someone approached. I jerked my head up to see Enzo emerging from the forest with an angry, but relieved, expression on his face.

“You didn’t listen to me,” his voice rang inside my mind, making my head throb and taking me by surprise. Was this the telepathy I had heard about werewolves possessing?

Without another word, Enzo walked over to Justin and suddenly grabbed him by his shirt collar, pinning him to the ground as Justin thrashed in his grip. Enzo raised a fist to punch him, anger written across his face, but I lunged forward and grabbed his fist. He turned his head slowly to look at me, and I shook my head.

“He doesn’t remember,” I thought to him, using all of my energy to convey the words in my head to Enzo. He looked at me, seeming slightly confused, but lowered his fist and released his grip on Justin.

“Tell me everything,” Enzo said, his eyes fixed on Justin.

Chapter 63: Mad Wolf

Enzo

The second I saw the rogue, I knew exactly who it was.

Justin.

How had Justin turned into a rogue? I had just seen him at the hockey game and he seemed fine... But then my mind wandered back to his reaction when we didn’t win the shootout. Was that the beginning of his transformation?

Before I could stop him, he locked eyes with Nina and quickly ran away. He must’ve subconsciously recognized her in his rogue state, which would mean that he might not necessarily hurt her.

The woman, who was leaning on Nina’s shoulder, was holding her shredded leg as she bled all over the forest floor. I had to act quickly, or she would die of blood loss. “Run home as fast as you can,” I said to Nina sternly over the woman’s sobs as I walked forward and scooped her up in my arms. “Get home and stay inside until I tell you it’s safe.”

"But I—" Nina started to protest, but I wouldn't hear any of it. She needed to get home safely; besides, Edward was still seemingly impervious to her resistance to his hypnotherapy, and I didn't need him getting suspicious of her if I suddenly showed up to his office with her knowing everything. If he tried to hypnotize her again and failed, it would certainly alert him, the dean, and likely my father and there was no telling what might happen to Nina if they knew she couldn't be brainwashed out of her knowledge of werewolves.

"Just listen to me, Nina," I pleaded. Please. Just this once, I need you to trust me."

The woman's screams grew in intensity Before Nina could protest any further, I teleported directly into Edward's office.

"What on earth?!" Edward yelled in surprise, jumping up from the armchair by his fireplace as I wordlessly set the agonized woman down on the couch. Edward raced over to us, his brow furrowed.

"What happened to her?" he asked.

"There's another shifter on campus," I replied, watching as Edward placed his hand on the woman's forehead. Within moments, her eyes fell shut and her body went limp so Edward could start healing her wounds. I cringed as I heard her bloody leg squelch under the pressure of his hands.

Edward looked up from his work, the woman's flesh slowly healing beneath his touch. "Do you know who it was?" he asked.

"No idea," I lied. At this point, there- was no curing Justin's curse and as much as he irked me, I didn't want anything horrible to happen to him. If I could get him somewhere safe where he couldn't hurt anybody, and teach him how to control his wolf before someone like Edward or the dean took matters into their own hands, I could potentially save his life.

Edward was silent for a while as he continued to work his magic on the woman. When I turned around after several minutes of staring out the window, I saw that her leg had been completely healed, and Edward was now pressing his thumb into her forehead as she slept, whispering incantations to himself with glowing eyes as he wiped her entire memory of the night.

"Okay," he said finally, stepping away and wiping the blood from his hands. " She'll be fine. She's lucky you found her before her leg got ripped clean off."

"Thank you, Edward," I said.

Edward nodded and clapped me on the back. "Not to worry. Justin will be taken care of."

I took a step back, narrowing my eyes." I never told you the rogue's name, Edward," I muttered warily.

Edward's eyes widened for a split second, as though he had been caught, before reverting back to their usual calm and collected demeanor "Oh, you must've mentioned it," he said. "Yes, now that I think of it, you did mention his name."

Before I could protest, Edward ushered me out of his office as he repeated words of assurance about the situation. As I stood there in the dark hallway after he slammed and locked the door behind me, I couldn't help but feel as though there was something sinister behind his words. I knew for a fact that I hadn't told him that the rogue was Justin

What was Edward hiding? Did he know something about all of the shifters on campus?

All I knew at that moment, as I slowly walked away from Edward's office in the dark hallway with my fists clenched at my sides, was that I had to get to Justin before he did. As soon as I was out of the line of sight of his office, I took off at a full sprint and burst out of the building, running across the quad and toward the forest where Nina and I had found Justin.

I followed the trail of Justin's rancid rogue scent through the woods, but the longer I did, the more I began to realize that Nina's scent was mixed in and was headed in the same direction. Had he come back for her before she made it out? I cursed to myself as my heart quickened and I picked up my speed, feeling like an absolute moron for leaving her here... And for what? The benefit of a s a strange woman who I didn't even know? I should've stayed with Nina and gotten her home.

Justin's and Nina's scents grew stronger, indicating that they were close. Soon enough, I came across a clearing in the woods where their scents were the strongest. My heart was in my throat as I scanned the clearing for Nina's bloody body, but when I finally spotted her...

She was kneeling on the forest floor with a perfectly human Justin.

It was still a full moon; how had Justin shifted back into his human form? Rogues always stayed in their wolf forms during the full moon, and were completely incapable of shifting back into humans on their

own.

Nina's head jerked up as I approached, her body tense as she squinted her eyes in my direction. When she finally saw me, I watched as her shoulders relaxed.

“You didn’t listen to me,” I said to her telepathically. I was relieved that she was okay, but also a bit frustrated at her constant stubbornness. Couldn’t she just stay out of danger one time?

More than that, however, I was furious

with Justin for endangering Nina. Without thinking, I stormed over to him and grabbed him by his shirt collar, pinning him to the ground. He thrashed beneath me, but even with the rogue curse in his blood he was nothing compared to my strength. I raised my fist to punch him.

Just then, Nina’s hand grabbed my arm her grip was surprisingly firm and her voice rang clearly in my mind.... Which was strange, considering that she wasn’t capable of telepathy on her own.

“He doesn’t remember,” she said.

I slowly turned my head to meet her gaze as she continued to grip my arm. Her eyes were pleading and serious. I looked back down at Justin, who looked up at me with a mixture of confusion and terror on his face, before I finally loosened my grip on him –still pinning him down just in case he tried anything and lowered my fist.

“Tell me everything,” I said quietly. I employed my dazing ability on him, watching as his pupils began to swirl. He had no choice now but to tell the truth.

“I was walking home one night after training. I was angry that I hadn’t performed better... I wanted to perform better for you, Nina. I wanted to make you notice me again. And I must have been talking to myself, because someone in a hoodie came out of the shadows and tried to offer me this little vial of

something called ‘Mad Wolf Serum’. I told him that I don’t take steroids, that I’m not that kind of guy, but he told me it wasn’t steroids... I still refused and went home, and honestly I almost completely forgot about it, until the game we almost lost the other night. When I went into the locker room, the vial was sitting in my locker, like he put it there... And I was so angry, I just wasn’t thinking right, so I...”

“You drank it,” Nina whispered.

Justin nodded, looking ashamed.

Nina took in a sharp, shocked breath. I fully released my grip on Justin, undazing him, and stood. He sat up and continued to look around confusedly for a moment before standing as well.

“You’re done,” I said, folding my arms.

Justin looked at me with a puzzled expression on his face. “What do you mean?” he asked.

“I mean you’re done with hockey I won’t have idiots who will take anything that some random stranger gives them to play better. You should’ve known that I don’t allow drug use on the team. And you should’ve talked to me.”

This time, both Justin and Nina looked at me with surprised expressions on their faces.

“You can’t be serious,” Justin said, his voice quivering.

I simply shrugged and turned toward Nina to address her. “I’m taking you home,” I said sternly. I was still angry with her for putting herself in danger, and judging from the expression on her face, she could tell how angry I was. Without a word, she turned on her heel and started heading back toward the campus. I followed suit, leaving Justin standing alone in the middle of the clearing.

“Are you even gonna tell me why I’m out here?” he called after me.

Taking a deep breath, I turned around one last time to face Justin. I couldn’t tell him that he was a werewolf — not yet. I needed to think about how best to approach it, and for now, he seemed safe from shifting involuntarily thanks to whatever Nina did to him.

“The drugs you took made you black out and run off into the woods. Honestly, you’re lucky Nina is a nice enough person to go after you, because I would’ve left you out here all night. Now go home, Justin.”

Without another word, I turned away and followed Nina.

Chapter 64: Rematch

Nina

Enzo walked me home that night. I could see the disappointment written across his face, but both of us were more concerned with who sent the “Mad Wolf Serum” to Justin... and why. We were both too exhausted to talk much about it, but as I went to bed that night, there was one thing on my mind that overpowered the horrors that happened in the forest the feeling of Enzo’s lips on mine.

All week, the entire school was buzzing with gossip thanks to not only the excitement of the rematch, but also the news of Justin’s removal from the hockey team. I tried my best to stay out of it and to just focus on school and work, but when news got out that Justin had suddenly gone home to stay with his parents for the remainder of the semester, I started to question whether that was true or not.

Unfortunately, Enzo was too busy preparing for the rematch, and I was too busy preparing for midterms, to find time to talk to him about it. Hopefully we would be able to talk after the match. Justin was my ex and he had cheated on me, but that didn't mean that I wanted anything sinister to happen to him.

On the morning of the match, Jessica woke me up a little earlier than I would have liked.

"Rise and shine!" she said, coming into my room without permission and opening my blinds.

I groaned and threw my covers over my head to protect my tired eyes from the sudden beam of sunlight aimed directly at me

"What the hell, Jessica?" I said, my voice muffled through the blankets.

"Don't be so grumpy," she said in a sing-song voice, coming over to stand next to my bed. I pulled the blankets down just enough to glare at her through squinted eyes.

"Why are you waking me up?" I asked, glancing at the clock on my bedside table. "It's not even eight in the morning. And you're dressed already."

Jessica grinned and walked over to my closet. I watched annoyedly as she started rifling through my clothes.

"Listen," she said, re-emerging with a bundle of clothes and tossing them down on my bed, "you and I both know that whatever weird back-and-forth situation that's been going on between you and Enzo needs to stop. Everyone knows that he's, like, madly in love with you, and now that Justin and Lisa are both out of the picture, you guys can finally get together for real."

I propped myself up on my elbows and felt my face get hot "What does this have to do with waking me up so early? And why are you picking out my clothes for me?"

Jessica rolled her eyes and folded her arms across her chest, giving me a look that implied that I should know already.

"I'm waking you up so early so we can go get your nails done and do something about your hair."

I sat up fully, looking at my hands. I had never thought much about getting manicures; sure, I painted my nails from time to time, but I always thought that paying for manicures was a waste of money. Plus, my hair was fine I didn't need a haircut.

"Chop chop," Jessica said before I had a chance to object. "I'll be waiting in the living room. And don't even think about trying to get out of this."

Jessica turned on her heel and walked out of the room. When the door shut behind her, I stuck out my tongue.

Unfortunately, there was no changing Jessica's mind once she had her sights set on something. She was incredibly stubborn, and it seemed that I had no choice. As soon as I was dressed and ready to go, we spent the morning getting manicures and pedicures,

followed by visiting the hair salon. The hairdresser trimmed my hair, washed it, and blow dried it, and as we left, Jessica gave me strict orders to not braid it "for once" When I tried to explain to her that I needed my hair out of my face since I would be on call during the hockey game, she wouldn't hear it.

After I got my hair done, Jessica took me shopping with her dad's credit card and bought me a new top, perfume, and makeup.

"You really don't need to be doing all of this for me," I said sheepishly as we stood in line. She had already paid for my nails and my hair, and I was feeling incredibly guilty for letting her spend so much money on me.

"Oh, shut up," she said, waving me away. "My dad's loaded and won't even notice. Besides; I'm allowed to spoil my best friend once in a while."

That night, I got dressed for the game. After all of the pampering, I actually felt grateful for Jessica, although I had been resistant to it earlier. For the first time in a long time, I felt... beautiful.

I wore the same tight jeans with the new top that Jessica bought me, which was red and showed off a bit of cleavage. Lori did my makeup for me, giving me cat eyes with eyeliner and red lipstick. It felt a bit odd going to work dressed like this, but when I got to the arena and felt the team's eyes on me, particularly Enzo's, it felt good.

"Look at you!" Tiffany said as I walked up to her. "Who are you all dolled up for?"

I blushed. "My roommate wanted to give me a makeover," I said, looking at the floor.

Tiffany reached out and squeezed my arm. "Well, she did a good job. Not that you didn't look gorgeous before."

"Thanks," I replied sheepishly.

We watched Enzo and the rest of the team practice before their match. They warmed up with drills and did a couple rounds of a practice match, I noticed that everyone was training harder than ever, but my eyes were only on Enzo as the memory of our kiss on the ferris wheel floated through my mind.

Soon, it was time for the match. The arena began to fill with excited students from both schools. Everyone was wearing their school colors and talking excitedly about the rematch. Apparently, our team had won every match since Enzo became the team captain, so this tiebreaker match was a big deal.

The crowd cheered when the teams skated out to the center of the rink to start the rematch. Half of the arena was filled with students from our school, holding banners and wearing face paint and swag in our school colors, while the other half of the arena was filled with students from the other school. The two sides of the arena would boo and shout at each other whenever the opposing team scored a point. I even found myself yelling "Boo!" a few times when Ronan would hit the puck into our net, which was extremely out of character for me, but how could I resist when the game was so intense?

Just like the first match, both teams were neck-and-neck the entire time. When one would score, the other would score right after. Multiple fights broke out between the players, leading to both teams getting penalties, the only players who didn't fight were Enzo and Ronan, who both stayed entirely focused on nothing but the puck.

We were in the final round. The score was tied once again; if they stayed tied, there would be another tie-breaker. The countdown began, with only thirty seconds left of the match. Ronan and Enzo battled for the puck like their lives depended on it while the crowd went wild.

"Come on..." I whispered to myself, biting my freshly-manicured nails as I watched Enzo just barely get the puck away from Ronan. My breath caught in my throat as I watched Enzo get the puck, line it up, and shoot.

Just before Ronan crashed into him, making him lose his balance and sending him sliding across the ice.

Enzo's helmet must have come loose during the intensity of the game, because when he fell on the ice, it came off.

The crowd gasped. Myself included— as he knocked his head on the ice and instantly passed out.

"Shit," Tiffany said as the referee blew his whistle, grabbing her medical bag as the crowd murmured worriedly. "Come on. Let's—"

I didn't hear her finish because I was a step ahead of her, already on the ice as I scrambled toward Enzo. The crowd watched in anticipation as I made my way toward him, falling to my knees on the ice when I finally made it to him.

“Enzo? Are you alright?” I said, hunching over him and holding my head in his hands. There was a bit of blood on his temple from the impact, which started getting on my clothes, but I didn’t care. The only thing I cared about right now was Enzo.

Enzo groaned, his eyelids fluttering open. When they did, his eyes locked immediately with mine. His pupils were red for a split second before quickly fading back to brown before anyone else could see, but I felt as though the intensity of them was already burned into my mind.

The arena erupted into cheering when the crowd saw that Enzo was okay. Ronan, who had been on his knees beside us, clambered to his feet and threw his helmet down, cursing and skating away. I glanced up to look at him, cursing as well when I saw something in the corner of my eye.

Enzo and I were being projected directly onto the Jumbotron screen with a big pink heart around us. Everyone was looking at us. Students were taking photos and whispering to one another as I held Enzo’s head which was already healed, unsurprisingly — in my lap.

“You alright?” Tiffany said breathlessly, finally catching up and kneeling down next to us.

Enzo nodded and sat up, not answering her question. Instead, he only said three words “Did we win?”

I looked up at the scoreboard to see that the timer had long since hit zero...

“Yes,” I said, tears coming to my eyes as I saw the score We were one point ahead, thanks to Enzo’s last shot. “You won.”

Chapter 65: Love Doctor

Nina

As the crowd cheered over our victory, Enzo sat up with a smile stretched across his face. He wasn’t looking at the scoreboard, though. He was looking at me.

Before I could resist, Enzo Rivers reached out and cupped my face in his hands, pulling me toward him and kissing me firmly on the lips in front of the entire school. When he finally pulled away, I felt my face go red as I realized that we were still being projected on the large screen that hung over the stadium.

“You’re mine now,” Enzo said, his voice sounding somewhat stern. I could only nod, too bashful to speak.

Enzo stood, the injury to his head having already healed, and helped me to my feet. The crowd erupted into a mixture of cheers and boos as he slipped his hands under me and scooped me up into his arms, twirling me around on his skates while his team jumped and cheered for their victory

Finally, after what felt like an eternity,

Enzo skated with me to the edge of the rink and set me down.

“You’re coming to the party, right?” he said.

I blushed, feeling the eyes of the students on me as they began to flood out of the arena. “I was just gonna go home—”

“No way,” Enzo interrupted. “You’re coming to the party. Wait here for me and I’ll take you.”

I didn’t have a chance to protest before the rest of the team got off the ice and surrounded Enzo, cheering and shouting over their victory. I watched as they ushered him to the locker rooms, letting out a big sigh once they were out of sight.

“So, you and Enzo, huh?” Tiffany said, catching up to me as I walked over to the bleachers. “Took you two long enough.”

I blushed even harder than I already was and shrugged. “Yeah,” I replied, looking down at my feet. While I was embarrassed at the way he basically announced our relationship to the entire school and I hated the attention I was already getting over it, there was a huge part of me that was happy to finally be public about what was going on between us.

When I looked up and saw the way that some girls were looking at me, however, I felt a lump in my throat. There would no doubt be plenty of backlash over this, especially from those who were huge fans of Lisa.

“Oh, honey,” Tiffany said, crouching in front of me and grabbing my leg. “You tore up your knee on the ice.”

I looked down and suddenly noticed that my pant leg was torn around the knee. My flesh was completely scraped up and covered in blood.

“I didn’t even notice,” I said somewhat numbly as I inspected my knee. I hadn’t felt any pain when I fell on the ice, and hardly felt anything now.

Tiffany sighed and reached into her bag for some supplies. I winced as she wiped the wound with an antiseptic cloth and pressed some gauze into it once it was clean. “It’s

really bad," she said. "You should rest for a couple of days. I would even give you stitches if the skin wasn't too torn up to be able to sew it together."

I frowned, watching as the gauze soaked with blood. "I really don't feel much," I said.

Just then, Enzo returned from the locker rooms and walked up to us. As soon as he saw Tiffany holding gauze to my knee, his excited smile turned into a deep and worried frown.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Nina tore up her knee nice and good on the ice," Tiffany replied. She removed the bloody gauze and rolled up my pant leg, then secured more gauze with an ace bandage.

"I'm really fine," I said, furrowing my brow.

Tiffany looked up at me with a frown. "You're probably in a little bit of shock with everything going on. Don't downplay your pain."

"I'll take care of her," Enzo said. "Don't worry."

Tiffany let out a sigh and nodded, rolling my pant leg back down and standing. "Come see me in the morning," she said. "I want to make sure you don't get an infection."

It didn't seem like I had much of a choice, so I complied and watched as Tiffany left with her medical bag. Enzo held his hand out to me and helped me stand, concern written across his face. "Do you still feel okay with going to the party?" he asked.

I nodded. "I'm ok—"

Just then, as I stood, I felt my head get light and I stumbled into Enzo. He caught me in his strong arms and sighed deeply.

"I'm taking you home," he said, wrapping his arms around me. "You need to rest."

Enzo took me back to my dorm that night and helped me up to my room, where a confused Jessica and Lori sat. I explained the situation, but admittedly felt too tired to talk. Almost as soon as Enzo helped me get into my pajamas and get to bed, I fell asleep.

I woke up on Saturday morning, feeling much better. It was dark and rainy outside; the early autumn beauty had passed now that Halloween was over, and we were rapidly headed toward winter. It was like this every year in this region, being so far north.

As I slowly started to wake up, the notification light on my phone flashed continuously and drew my attention. Yawning, I reached out and grabbed my phone.

When I unlocked it and looked at my notifications, my eyes widened. Pictures of Enzo and I as I held his head in my lap on the Jumbotron from the night before were already circulating Twitter

The longer I scrolled, the more it became obvious to me that there was a stark divide between the fans who were angry that Enzo was, in their eyes, no longer “available”, and the people who shipped us, for lack of a better word.

Groaning, I sat up and threw the blankets off, swinging my legs over the edge of the bed and getting up. I heard voices in the kitchen, so I followed them with the hope that at least Jessica and Lori might have something comforting to say.

“Well, if it isn’t the Love Doctor,” Lori said with a smirk as I walked out into the kitchen.

“Oh, god,” I muttered, rubbing my eyes. “Is that what they’re calling me now?”

Jessica, who was sitting on top of the kitchen island with a coffee cup in her hand, shrugged. “Hey,” she said, “it’s better than Nerdy Nina, or whatever it was that they were calling you before.”

I groaned again and crossed over to the coffee machine to pour myself a cup of coffee. Maybe some caffeine would make this newfound stardom less... irritating.

“I’d rather people not refer to me as anything,” I replied. “I didn’t ask for any of this. And now people are gonna be fighting with each other over me

“They’ll stop eventually,” Lori said with a mouthful of cereal.

“Or they’ll get bored of her and start a smear campaign,” Jessica replied, taking a sip of her coffee

Another groan escaped my lips. Why did this always have to happen to me?

“Hey,” Lori said, pointing at my leg.

” Wasn’t your leg all fucked up last night?”

I furrowed my brow and looked down at my knee. It was still bandaged, but I felt no pain. If anything, I felt even better than I did before. I reached down to move the bandages out of the way...

The wound had completely healed.

Chapter 66: Candid

Nina

“That’s weird,” I said under my breath, peeling away the bandages the rest of the way while Jessica and Lori watched with confused expressions on their faces.

Where my knee had been completely torn up the night before, it was now perfectly fine... As though I had never been injured at all. I furrowed my brow and poked the area where I had been injured, but felt nothing out of the ordinary. Had the blood just made it appear worse than it really was? No... I remembered clearly that the skin was broken. I even had a gaping hole in the knee of my jeans to prove it.

Suddenly, my phone started buzzing and made all of us jump. I picked it up to see James’ number on my screen, momentarily making me forget about the strange occurrence with my knee.

“Hello?” I said, holding the phone up to my ear.

“Hey,” James said, sounding a bit excitable. “I have something to show you. Meet me on the quad in fifteen?”

“Uh, sure,” I replied.

I was still holding the bloody gauze in my hand when I hung up, and Lori and Jessica were still staring at me. This was definitely something I would have to talk to Enzo about later... Maybe he had simply healed my knee when I fell asleep. That was the only reasonable explanation, but it certainly wasn’t an explanation that I could give my roommates.

“I guess it just wasn’t as bad as it looked,” I said, tossing the bandage in the trash and walking back to my room as nonchalantly as I could while Jessica and Lori stared after me confusedly .

I met James at the quad fifteen minutes

later He seemed excited about something, too excited, apparently, to even greet me before reaching into his bag and pulling out a manila folder He handed it to me with a serious look on his face. “Check this out,” he said quietly, glancing over his shoulder as if someone would be listening in on our conversation. “It’s that Ronan guy’s file.”

I furrowed my brows and wordlessly opened the folder. It contained Ronan’s physical records — all showing incredibly superior strength and speed — as well as several newspaper clippings.

“Ronan’s father is a CEO of a company that’s in competition with Enzo’s father’s company,” James said, pointing at the newspaper clippings. “Not to mention the insane physical records. It makes me wonder...”

“...Maybe Ronan was sent here specifically to beat Enzo,” I said out loud, while another possibility floated through my mind as I studied Ronan’s impressive physical skills. Was Ronan truly human, or was he hiding something? Enzo hadn’t mentioned anything seeming out of the ordinary about him, but maybe he just didn’t want to say anything...

James smirked and nodded. “But why is the question,” he whispered. “Is the Blizzard Tournament really so important that two CEOs would plant their insanely talented sons to compete against each other?”

Before either of us could say anything else, James and I were rudely interrupted.

“Whore!” a familiar female voice suddenly shouted from across the quad. James and I both looked up to see a gaggle of girls staring at us and giggling. One of them was coming toward me... and it was Lisa. Her face was beet red as she stormed toward me, Starbucks coffee cup in hand.

When had she come out of hiding? And why now, of all times?

Lisa stormed over to me, brushing past James to get up in my face. It was oddly similar to how she had acted the night she attacked me. Didn’t Enzo claim that she had been cured of the werewolf bite?

“Lisa, you need to calm down,” I started to say, holding my hands up in surrender — but I was promptly interrupted by a lukewarm cup of coffee being thrown directly into my face. I stood there with my mouth hanging open in surprise as the coffee seeped through my clothes, burned my eyes, and made my soaked bangs cling to my forehead. Even James was speechless.

“You’re pathetic,” she growled, throwing the coffee cup on the ground. “I know you saw Enzo walking me home that night and just couldn’t stand it, so you just had to weasel your way into his heart.”

Before I could wipe the coffee from my eyes and respond, Lisa turned on her heel with a hmpf and stormed off with her gaggle of friends.

“Nina, are you oka—” James started to say, but I just wanted to run away and hide. Without another word, I dropped Ronan’s file and ran back to my dorm with the intention of staying in there until the day I died.

I ran past shocked students in the lobby and sprinted up the stairs two at a time. When I finally made it back to my apartment, I burst inside and ran into my room, locking the

door behind me while a confused Lori and Jessica stood in shock in the middle of the living room.

“Go away!” I shouted when they knocked on my door. I heard concerned muttering on the other side of the door, but I didn’t care, all I wanted was to curl up into my shell and never come out again.

By that night, to no one’s surprise, more photos had been taken of me that morning and were posted to the anonymous Twitter account.

Photographs were taken of me talking to James, as well as the moment when Lisa threw her coffee in my face. Had Lisa hired someone to photograph that very moment, just to humiliate me?

Clearly, this was all a part of Lisa’s plan to turn me into a social pariah in a desperate attempt to get Enzo back. As I scrolled through the comments, it seemed that her plan was working.

“She’s so heartless, stealing Enzo from Lisa. And she’s already hanging out with other guys less than 24 hours later!”

“She clearly faked that knee injury for attention, too.”

“Not to mention the fact that she went on a date with the opposing hockey captain at the fair. ” “What a fucking capital S SLUT!”

My eyes filled with tears and my vision became blurry as I continued to scroll. I finally gave up, closing my phone and throwing it down on my bed as a sob escaped my throat. None of these things were true. Everything was taken out of context and twisted to fit their narrative

I had to talk to Enzo. I needed his help. I opened my phone again to call him, but before I did, a text suddenly popped up on my screen. It was from an unknown number

“Get away from Enzo Rivers,” it read, followed by all caps. “OR ELSE.”

As soon as I finished reading the text, another one came through... An image this time. An image of me taken through my window of this exact moment. I could see the glow of my laptop in my dark room and the shape of my body under the covers. I jumped up and ran to my window and looked out into the darkness, expecting to see Lisa- but there was no one as far as I could tell.

There was nothing out there as far as I could see, but it was so dark that I couldn’t be sure. Shuddering, I closed my blinds.

Just before I did, I could've sworn I saw the branches move... But there was no one there .

Chapter 67: Biggest Fan

Nina

I woke up the next morning after a mostly sleepless night to the sound and smell of someone cooking breakfast in the kitchen. The sun was shining through the slats of my blinds as the birds chirped outside; somehow, I had fallen asleep the night before despite the terror running through every fiber of my being. I knew someone was watching me. Whoever it was had gone so far as to climb up into the tree outside my window and watch me as I laid in bed. This couldn't go on for any longer –I had to do something.

Despite the fact that I wanted to hide in my room all day after being humiliated by Lisa the day before and likely becoming the laughing stock of the entire university, I knew I would have to venture out today to report this stalker.

I climbed out of bed, splashed some cold water on my face, and headed out into the kitchen.

Jessica glanced up from the stove, where she was flipping pancakes, to give me an apologetic look. "Morning," she said. "Are you feeling better? Ready to talk about what happened yesterday? I saw the pictures on Twitter, and I just want you to know that I'll kill Lisa if you want me to."

I shook my head. "No," I replied. "It's okay. I'll deal with it."

Jessica sighed, then pointed to the stack of mail on the counter. "There's a letter for you

"A letter for me?" I asked, confused I wasn't expecting any mail

I rifled through the pile of mail until I found an envelope with my name on it I opened it and read the contents My heart started racing, and my hands trembled.

"As I'm sure you're aware, I've been watching you... I've been watching you very closely, Nina Harper. I know everything about you, even down to the brand of cereal you like to eat in the mornings: Frosted

wheats, right? With a splash of almond milk? I know that you're fooling around with someone who you shouldn't, too. Let me put it bluntly get away from Enzo Rivers. If you don't... Bad things are going to happen to you and all of your friends."

My hands shook as I scanned the letter At the bottom, there was something else written.

“P.S. Wouldn’t it be a shame if someone added peanut butter powder to your friend’s pancake mix?”

As I read the last line, my eyes widened. I looked up from the letter to see Jessica cut into her pancake and raise the fork to her mouth.

Jessica was deathly allergic to peanuts.

“Stop!” I shouted, lunging forward and slapping the fork out of her hand.

“Ow! What the fuck?!” Jessica yelled, dropping both the fork and the plate and scattering pancakes across the floor.

“There were peanuts in that,” I said breathlessly, handing Jessica the letter

Frowning, she snatched it out of my hands, her eyes widening as she read it. “That’s fucking terrifying,” she whispered. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to the police,” I said, turning on my heel and storming off to my room to get dressed. I shoved the letter into my bag as Jessica continued to stand in shock in the middle of the kitchen.

I walked into the police station, my heart racing with fear

“Excuse me,” I said to the officer at the front desk. “I need to speak to someone about a stalker. ”

The officer looked up from his computer, raising an eyebrow. “Do you have any evidence of this stalker?”

“Yes,” I replied, reaching into my bag.” I got this threatening letter this morning.”

But as I reached for the letter, my hand found nothing. The letter was gone.

The officer stared at me with a skeptical expression on his face as I frantically dug through my bag for the missing letter

“Miss, if you don’t have any evidence, there’s not much we can do—”

“No, wait!” I said, grabbing my phone. “I have pictures that they took of me through my bedroom window “I scrolled through my phone, searching for the pictures, for the texts the stalker sent, but they were nowhere to be found, just like the letter. “I swear they were here,” I said, feeling panicked.

The officer looked at me annoyedly “I this is some sort of practical joke-

"But I did have evidence, I insisted." The pictures were right here on my phone"

"I'm sorry, miss, but without any proof, we can't file a report, the officer said, not even bothering to look at me anymore. "You'll need to come back when you have something more concrete

I felt tears welling up in my eyes as I stammered in front of him.

The officer sighed. "I think it's time for you to go home, miss," he said "Come back when you have some real evidence .

I left the police station feeling defeated and alone. The stalker had somehow erased the pictures from my phone and stolen the letter from my bag. This was all too calculated, whoever this stalker was knew exactly what they were doing ...And they were following me very closely.

There was no way that the police would help me as things stood now. I would have to take this into my own hands. As I walked back to campus, feeling as though I was being watched the entire time, I called

Enzo. Thankfully, he picked up after a few rings.

"Hey, Nina. What's up?" he asked.

"Enzo, I really need your help," I said, glancing over my shoulder nervously. Can you meet me somewhere?"

Enzo paused for several moments before he answered. "What's going on?"

"One of your fans is stalking me," I replied, my voice shaking. "I don't have any evidence because they destroyed it somehow."

"What?" Enzo exclaimed, sounding puzzled. "That's insane. Are you okay?"

"I'm scared," I admitted, tears streaming down my face as I continued to walk.

"Okay, don't worry," Enzo replied. I could hear him moving around on the other end; it was comforting knowing that he was here for me. "I'll help you. We'll figure this out together Where do you want to meet?"

"The library?" I suggested. "It's usually pretty quiet there, and no one will bother us."

"That sounds good. I'll meet you there in twenty minutes."

Enzo was waiting for me at a corner table in the library when I arrived. Thankfully, the library was mostly empty. A couple of students gave me dirty looks, but I knew at least that I would be safe from their bullying with both Enzo and the librarian around.

“Thank you for meeting me,” I whispered as I sat down across from him.

“Tell me everything,” he said softly, reaching across the table to squeeze my hand.

I explained everything about the strange texts, the photos sent to me, the letter, and the pancakes. When I was finished, Enzo’s brow was furrowed. He had his hands clasped in front of him on the table and looked down at them with a puzzled look on his face

“I know it sounds crazy,” I said, my voice shaking, “but you have to believe me.”

Enzo looked up from his hands then, his eyes flashing red momentarily.

“Of course I believe you, Nina.”

Chapter 68: Intruder

Nina

“Of course I believe you, Nina.”

Relief flooded through me at Enzo’s words. “Thank you,” I whispered, looking down at the table.

Enzo wasted no time in getting to work. He opened his laptop and started scouring all of the Twitter threads that contained pictures of me, scanning through them until he had a list compiled of some of his biggest — and most angry — fans.

“Do any of these people look familiar to you?” he asked, turning the laptop toward me I furrowed my brow as I looked through the list then shook my head, handing him back his laptop.

“Not really,” I replied, “but I also haven’t seen the stalker. I know they were right next to me on multiple occasions, but I never saw them

“What about someone else?” Enzo asked “Like James. Or even Lisa. Those pictures taken from the quad the other day when Lisa threw her coffee on you were taken from relatively close range Maybe someone else saw.”

“I could ask James,” I replied. “I don’t think Lisa would even talk to me, let alone tell me the truth.”

Enzo nodded and shut his laptop, stuffing it back into his backpack." That's alright," he said. "I'll talk to her You go talk to James." He stood, slinging his backpack over his shoulder, then started to head for the exit.

I found James in Tiffany's office later that day, poring over paperwork. He was slightly upset that I had just run away from him the day before, but was understanding of the situation and even more concerned when I told him about the stalker "I haven't seen anyone," he said, his eyes wide after I told him about the stalker. "Did you go to the police?"

I nodded. "I went this morning." I replied. "The stalker somehow erased all of the evidence. They even stole the letter out of my bag. So, naturally, the police didn't believe me."

"Well, I'll keep an eye out," he said, standing from the table. "Let me know if you get any more letters or anything."

I nodded, feeling defeated as I walked out of Tiffany's office The sun was already going down, which only added to the feeling of being watched.

When I arrived at home, Jessica and Lori were sitting on the couch. Both of them were visibly shaken.

"Did you go to the police? Jessica asked, jumping up from the couch as soon as I entered.

I nodded. "They didn't believe me. The stalker somehow destroyed the evidence."

Jessica immediately burst into tears. Lori jumped up and wrapped her arms. around Jessica, pulling her into a hug and narrowing her eyes at me over Jessica's shoulder.

"Did something else happen?" I asked, my heart racing.

Jessica pulled away from Lori and nodded, wiping her tears with her sleeve "I was walking home from the dining hall earlier and saw something move in the bushes," she said between sobs.

My eyes widened and I stepped closer to her "Did you see them? What did they look like?" Lasked.

Lori stepped in front of Jessica, whose sobs got even louder, and shielded her from me with an angry look in her eyes. "She didn't see anything because she was so terrified she ran straight home," she growled.

Sighing, I stepped back, walking to my door with my fists clenched. I put my hand on the doorknob, Lori calling after me before I went inside.

"This is all your fault for messing around with Enzo, you know," she said. "Do the right thing and cut him off before this psycho does something really horrible to one of us."

Lori's words stung. Of all people, I had expected my friends to be supportive through this entire thing, not accuse me of starting the problem. None of this was my fault!

I dug my nails into my palm and, without a word, went into my bedroom and slammed the door behind me. The sound of Jessica's sobs in the other room intensified, I heard Lori shushing her, followed by the sound of the sobs fading and the sound of Jessica's bedroom door closing and locking.

Cursing to myself, I paced back and forth across my room. I clenched and unclenched my fists as I waited with bated breath for a phone call from Enzo.

As I paced, however, I noticed something two things, really.

It started with the feeling of the cold autumn breeze on my cheek, blowing through my window. I stopped in my tracks and narrowed my eyes as I slowly turned to face the window.

"I know that window was closed," I said aloud to myself, stepping warily toward it as the blinds rattled in the breeze. My heart was practically pounding out of my chest. Horrible images of a crazed killer sitting in the tree outside my window flashed through my mind... Or perhaps they were hiding in my closet, or under my bed...

"Hey."

I whirled around toward the source of the male voice behind me, a scream catching in my throat as I felt my fight or flight kick in.

That feeling quickly faded when I saw that it was Enzo standing there.

"What the fuck?!" I half-shouted, half-whispered as I stormed toward him. I slapped his arm, which didn't even make him flinch.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I guess I should've warned you before I teleported in here. I just thought it would be better if no one saw me come here."

"So, was that you who left my window open?" I asked.

Enzo's eyebrows knit together. "No," he replied. "Why? Was your window not open last time you were here?"

I shook my head vigorously and watched as Enzo stormed over to the window, pulling up the blinds and peering out. He stared out into the darkness for what felt like an eternity before turning around and walking over to me.

"I talked to Lisa," he said, standing close enough to me that I could feel the warmth emanating from his body. "It wasn't her. She has no idea who's been taking all of these pictures."

"Really?" I asked. "Are you sure?"

Enzo nodded. "I know Lisa. She may be a raging bitch, but she's a surprisingly horrible liar."

I bit my lip, staring down at the ground as a million things raced through my mind. Tears started to well up in my eyes as I considered the possibility that it might be best to do what Lori suggested and just cut Enzo out of my life, once and for all, just like the stalker said in their letter, things would only get worse if I continued seeing him.

"Don't worry, Nina," Enzo said, pulling me into a tight hug. "We'll find this stalker."

Chapter 69: Big Bad Wolf

Nina

I relaxed into Enzo's arms, the feeling of his warmth and the smell of his leather jacket calming me immensely.

Click.

We both jumped as we heard the sound of a camera shutter clicking from my window. I stared with wide eyes while Enzo whirled around and ran to the window, shouting into the darkness.

"Get back here!" he yelled. "Who are you?!"

Before I could stop him, I watched in awe as Enzo jumped out of the window. I ran over, my heart leaping into my throat as I expected to see his body splayed out on the ground below, only to see him sprinting across the quad.

I had to follow him.

I sprinted from my room and out of my dorm, running down the hall and practically flying down the stairs. I burst out of the lobby into the cold autumn night air and ran in the direction that Enzo was headed.

"Wait! Enzo!" I called, willing my legs to pump faster as I tried to catch up with him. The wind whistled in my ears the faster I ran, my hair billowing behind me like a sail and coming loose from its braids. I didn't know how I was able to run so fast, but somehow, I managed to catch up with Enzo just as he reached the edge of the woods.

I stopped beside him, panting, doubled over with my hands on my knees from my mad sprint.

“Did you see them?” I asked in between breaths.

Enzo shook his head, stoic as ever despite the fact that he had just jumped out of a second story window and sprinted halfway across the campus. The abilities he possessed as a werewolf never ceased to amaze me.

“No,” he replied. “They had their face and hair covered. I think it might’ve been a woman, but I’m not entirely sure.”

I let out a disappointed sigh and turned my head back to the dorms, but Enzo grabbed my arm and stopped me.

“We can’t just let her walk away,” he said.

“What’s the point?” I replied. “She’s already posted so many pictures of us. What’s one more thing at this point?”

Enzo looked ahead into the forest, his eyes glowing bright red. “We don’t know how long she was there,” he said. “She might’ve seen me teleport.”

My eyes widened. “Shit.”

“Yeah... Shit is right,” Enzo said, releasing his grip from my arm. “I’m gonna have to go in there and find her. You can go back home if you want.”

I shook my head vehemently. “I’m going with you. This is my mess and I won’t make you clean it up for me.”

Enzo opened his mouth as if he was going to say something, but then snapped it shut and simply nodded instead. “Alright,” he said firmly, his voice low and serious. “Let’s go.”

Together, we stepped into the forest and began our search. “Her scent is leading this way, I think,” he said, his eyes glowing red in the dark. He motioned for me to follow with his head. We quietly made our

way down the side of a small hill, taking care to avoid tripping over tree roots and rocks, then came out on a hiking path at the bottom. I followed Enzo to the right, relying on his werewolf abilities to help lead the way. I didn’t want to use my phone flashlight in case it would give away our location to the stalker, so I was entirely reliant on Enzo to guide me through the dark.

"By the way," I whispered as we walked, "I forgot to mention this, but.... Did you heal my knee the other night?"

Enzo glanced over at me and shook his head confusedly. "No," he replied. "Honestly, I didn't really think of it. I was a little out of it myself after hitting my head. Why?"

"I'll explain later," I replied, furrowing my brow. If Enzo hadn't healed my knee, then how had I woken up without a scratch on me?

Suddenly, my foot caught on a fallen log that I didn't see in the dark and I felt myself pitching forward. Enzo's arms shot out and caught me, lifting me over the log before I fell. I felt my face flush red.

"Thanks," I whispered.

Enzo's hands lingered on me for a few moments. Above us, the moon came out from behind a cloud and illuminated his features, his bulging muscles, the veins in his neck, his strong jawline... Something about being in the dark forest together made me want him in other, more intimate, ways.

He must have seen me staring at him, because a smirk spread across his face along with something else... Something hungry, feral.

All of a sudden, he pushed me roughly

up against a tree, towering over me with his enormous body as his eyes glowed bright red. I heard a soft growl escape his lips. "Looking at me like that isn't gonna make me find the stalker any faster," he

snarled, reaching out and grabbing my waist with one hand. "Don't make me go feral."

I bit my lip as we glared into each other's eyes for what felt like an eternity.

"Fine..." I whispered, leaning closer to him until our lips were almost touching. "I want you. Right here. Right now."

Another growl came out of Enzo's mouth. He yanked me closer with the hand that was on my waist and locked his lips with mine, pinning me up against the tree with his body

At that moment, I forgot all about the stalker I didn't care if she was hiding in the bushes at that exact moment, filming us as we groped at each other in the darkness. I just wanted Enzo; it was as if something animalistic took over me, begging him to take me right there up against the tree. My mind momentarily flickered back to the day in the coffee shop when K told me about werewolf mates was this what it was like? A primal urge to be with him? Was I truly Enzo's mate, even though I was a human?

I leaned my head back against the tree and moaned as Enzo sucked on my neck. His hand traveled down over my breasts, my waist, and stopped at the button of my jeans, fumbling to loosen them. My panties were already soaked by the time he slipped his hand into my pants and slid his fingers into me. I groaned as his thick fingers moved back and forth inside of me, his palm rubbing on my clit.

Reaching forward, I slipped my own hand down his pants and started stroking his cock. It was even bigger than I remembered, and throbbed beneath my touch. As I stroked up and down, Enzo lurched forward onto me in ecstasy, breathing heavily into my ear like an animal.

Suddenly, a twig snapped nearby. Enzo and I both jerked our heads up, scanning the forest for the stalker.

When our eyes found the intruder, however, we realized it was much worse than any woman with a camera.

It was a werewolf.

Chapter 70: The Chase

Nina

The giant black wolf with glowing orange eyes stepped out from the shadows, baring its pointed white teeth.

It was the same wolf that nearly killed that woman on the night of the fair.

Enzo turned to face it, shielding me with his body as it slowly stalked toward us. I felt my heart leap into my throat as every fiber of my being screamed for me to run as fast as I could, but logically, I knew that it would catch me. It wanted me. Not Enzo.

“Stay here,” Enzo murmured to me, stepping forward and approaching the werewolf.

I hesitated for a moment, but I knew I couldn’t just stand there and watch him fight alone. My eyes darted around, looking for some sort of weapon; a sharp stick, a large rock, anything.

Then, I watched in awe as Enzo shifted into his wolf form. It happened so quickly, nothing like the movies; instead of twisting limbs and crunching bones, he went from human to snarling wolf in the blink of an eye.

It was just like my dream. Enzo became a huge, silver wolf with red eyes, even bigger than the black world. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as I watched the two werewolves circle each other, growling and snarling.

The black werewolf lunged at Enzo, but he was too quick. Enzo dodged and countered with a swipe of his massive paw. The black werewolf howled in pain as blood dripped from its shoulder.

I watched the fight intently with wide eyes, trying to anticipate the next move as my mind raced. There was nothing I could do except stand there and silently pray that Enzo would defeat the black wolf

Suddenly, I heard an all-too-familiar click and saw a camera flash out of the corner of my eye.

How long had the stalker been here? It didn't matter, she had evidence of werewolves, and I couldn't let her get away.

Cursing to myself as Enzo and the black wolf continued to fight, I took off in the direction of the camera flash. My breath became ragged as I raced through the forest, willing my legs to push me faster. Almost as if instinct took over, I found myself running faster than ever, deftly leaping over rocks and tree roots.

As I ran, I could hear the sound of the werewolves' claws scraping against the ground as they continued to fight. I could hear Enzo's fierce growls and the black werewolf's desperate snarls. On top of that, I heard the sound of the stalker running ahead of me, breathing heavily and whimpering in fear as I chased her. She wasn't far now.

I finally caught sight of the back of her head. She wore a black hoodie and a hat, which flew off of her head to reveal long, brown hair

"Stop!" I yelled. "I don't want to hurt you! Just give me the camera!"

She glanced over her shoulder at the sound of my voice, but didn't stop running.

As she tripped and fell down a ravine and the sound of bones crunching filled my ears, I wished she had stopped. I ran to the edge and peered over...

The stalker lay at the bottom of the ravine. Her neck was bent at an unnatural angle as her eyes stared lifelessly at the sky.

She was dead.

By chasing her with such wild abandon, I had killed her.

"No, no, no!" I whimpered, sliding down the side of the ravine and tumbling to my knees next to her. I checked for a pulse, praying with what little hope I had left that she wasn't dead, that I could fix this....

But it was too late.

Tears welled up in my eyes and a sob caught in my throat.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” I cried, my hands shaking as tears streamed down my cheeks. I never meant for this. I just wanted to stop her. I just wanted to take her camera away; not her life.

The camera. It caught my eye as it laid a few feet away, having fallen out of her hands during her fall. I stood, my knees shaking, and walked over to it. The screen was cracked when I picked it up, but it still worked; just as I expected as I clicked through the camera roll, it was full of pictures of Enzo and I, down to the very moment the black wolf and Enzo started fighting just a few milliseconds before I saw her and started chasing her.

This girl’s last moments had been spent in fear. I walked back over to her body, tears still streaming down my face as I held the camera in my hands. She was young even — — younger than me, and had probably started this whole thing with no intention of any outcome except for making Enzo and I stop seeing each other. She was just a fan with a camera.

As I stared down at her lifeless body, the sound of snarling in the forest above returned my attention to the fight. Cursing once more, I slipped the camera strap around my neck and climbed back up the side of the ravine, using exposed roots and digging my fingers into the damp soil to haul myself back up before running back to the fight.

When I arrived, I was relieved to find that Enzo had the black werewolf pinned to the ground as it writhed and whimpered beneath him as if begging for mercy. A twig snapped beneath my foot as I approached and Enzo snapped

his head up, baring his teeth momentarily before recognizing me. He nodded, signaling that it was safe to come closer.

I approached cautiously, my heart still racing. Enzo let out a low growl as a warning to the black werewolf before he released him and stepped back, shifting back into his human form.

The black wolf writhed on the ground, surrounded by its own blood. I watched in horror as it started to shift back to its human form, to reveal none other than...

“Ronan?” I whispered, stepping forward. Enzo put his arm out to stop me and shook his head silently as Ronan coughed and sputtered on the ground. There was a huge gash on his chest that extended up to his throat. He was coughing up blood.

“You can’t just let him die,” I said, my voice quivering.

Enzo looked at me with a puzzled expression on his face. “What do you mean?” he asked. “He was gonna kill both of us.”

I shook my head and pushed Enzo's arm out of the way, running up to Ronan and dropping onto my knees next to him. He looked up at me with a combination of terror and pleading in his eyes as he continued coughing up blood.

"It's okay," I whispered comfortingly to Ronan, ripping off the flannel shirt I had been wearing and balling it up, then pressing it into his wound to put pressure on it and stanch the bleeding. I glanced over my shoulder to see Enzo continuing to stand by, motionless, with a shocked expression on his face.

"Call for help," I ordered sternly. "I won't lose two lives tonight."