## **Chapter 11 Her father is rich**

Enzo's POV

She was looking at me like she had seen a ghost. The color in her face was gone and her oddly colored eyes were wide. Max could sense that she received her wolf and insisted that we go and see her right now. But as I stood in the doorway of the infirmary, staring into her eyes, I realized I probably shouldn't have come here.

It was taking everything 1 had to keep Max at bay; he wanted to rip himself from me and run to our mate. He was saying how beautiful her wolf was and how much he wanted to bask her in loving scent. She no longer just smelled like honeysuckle; I could almost smell the scent of the ocean too. There was an odd smell of salt water; it was comforting. It was like standing at the beach without the hassle of the sand or birds.

She was at a loss for words; I'm sure she wasn't expecting that I, her professor, would turn out to be her mate. I probably wasn't at all how she envisioned her mate. I wouldn't blame her if she ran in the opposite direction.

However, she stood frozen.

"Good evening. Alpha Enzo," the nurse said from her desk, peering over at me. I didn't look away from Lila as I greeted the nurse.

Lila seemed to have swallowed a lump in her throat; she tugged at her fingers almost nervously and without tearing her eyes away from mine, she said, "I should be getting back to my dorm. Rachel will be wondering where I am."

Rachel must be her roommate.

I said nothing as she walked past me, nearing the door that I stood in front of.

"Please, excuse me," she said, standing before me.

Reluctantly. I stepped aside. •

Without another word, she walked out the door.

This couldn't be happening to me right now.

Lila's POV

My heart was thudding violently in my chest as I ran from the infirmary. That couldn't have been light. Enzo couldn't have been my mate. Could he?

This wasn't how I envisioned finding my mate would be like. It was filled with uncertainty and doubt,

not love and excitement. I wanted what my parents had. What my uncle Blake and Aunt Sophie had. Enzo couldn't give me that kind of love. His priorities were on his duties and while I respected that, he would never be able to give me the love I desire.

"What are you doing?" Val complained; her voice echoing through my mind. "That's our mate! We

I don't even think he would want to.

need to go back!"

"No," I said more firmly than I intended.

I couldn't bring myself to face him after finding out this new information. It had to have been a mistake.

Oh goddess, please tell me you've made a mistake.

As I went back to my dorm room, Rachel was lying on her bed. She was doodling in her notebook with headphones on, kicking her foot to the beat of her music. She had an unusual style to her; she wore colorful clothing that fit tightly around her perfectly formed figure. She wasn't afraid to show skin and I admired that about her. She had tattoos along her thighs, stomach, and arms. Her hair was short, in a pixie style. She was naturally blonde but had light blue streaks going through her hair.

Rachel also wasn't a wolf; she was a bear.

As I walked into the dorm, her dark blue gaze shifted from her notebook and to my face. She stared around my ghostly face for a moment, with a timid frown as she sat up, perching herself on her knees with a curious gaze.

"What happened?" She asked, narrowing her eyes at me.

Should I tell her that I found my mate and he happened to be my professor?

No.

I couldn't tell anybody.

"I was poisoned," I tell her that instead. I hadn't had a chance to tell her because everything happened so quickly.

Her eyes widened in shock. "What?" She gasped. "What do you mean you were poisoned?"

"It was wolfbane," I explain. "Somebody at my party tried to poison me with wolfbane."

## "Oh. you mean the party I wasn't invited to?" She asked, raising her brows. "Happy birthday by the way."

"You were invited," I reminded her, my voice firm and slightly annoyed. "You said you

"Oh, right," she said with a light laugh.

refusal to attend my birthday party.

wouldn't be caught dead in Elysium."

bears weren't typically welcome in that region, despite me telling her that wasn't true. I knew there was more to the story, but I never pried. She would tell me on her own time. Rachel way also incredibly forgetful and would often forget former conversations. Such as her

Rachel always had something against Elysium; she never told me why though. She just said that

"Who would poison you?" She asked, keeping her eyes locked on my face.

I went across the room to my bed and sat down. My familiar quilt cushioned me as I rested.

"I think it was Sarah," I tell her. "I'm not sure why she would do something like that though." "Stealing your boyfriend wasn't enough? Now she has to try to kill you?"

"Wolfbane wouldn't kill me," I explain. "It made me ill, sure. But it's meant to hurt the wolf, not the

"So, she was trying lo make it so you don't get your wolf?"

"That's fucked up, Lila," Rachel scoffed. "She shouldn't be allowed back at this school." "There's no proof she did anything. Nobody saw her do it and there were no prints," I told her. "But

"Seems that way."

person."

my father is still investigating. I'm hoping he'll find something. I feel like she's watching me..."

"Talk about creepy," Rachel shuddered, shaking her head. "It's insane how she can get away with shit like that. It shouldn't be allowed."

"What are we going to do?" I asked. "From what I hear, her father basically funds this school. Even if

she did get caught, she'll only get a slap on the wrist." "But your father is Alpha Bastien. That has to count for something."

"There are still those above my father; even though he is the head of the committee," I tell her.

I shake my head with a small frown.

"There are wolves more powerful, and I don't mean in strength. I mean in fortune. There's an order to this kingdom. Everybody has a status, and everybody has a job. Sarah's father happens to be the

money and money can buy anything. " "That's unfair," Rachel sighs, folding her arms across her chest. Before I could say anything more, I heard my cell phone ringing on my bedside table. As I glanced at

the screen, my frown deepened. What the hell did he want?

"Hello?" I say into the phone.

"Lila!" Scott's words slurred into the phone. "Lila... I need you..."

He was drunk and I could hear the sounds of the pub in the background.

"Lila... please, come see me, " Scott whined. "You're drunk," I told him, annoyed. "You should go home."

"Nooooo..." he desperately complained. "I made a mistake, Lila. I need you."

"I'm not going to the pub, Scott," I told him, meeting Rachel's eyes. "Please, don't call me anymo-"

"You need to come here!!" He growled; his tone had changed from whining, to angry

"Scott I-"

"You need to get here now, or I'm going to kill myself."