Chapter 12 Getting Scott from the pub

Lila's POV

"Are you out of your mind?" Rachel shouted as I hung up the phone with Scott. I began toward the

door. "You can't just go there. He could be dangerous."

"I can't let him hurt himself," I say as I grab my coat.

"It's not your problem to fix, Lila," she told me, following closely behind.

I paused to look at her.

"He called me; I'm now in his recent phone record. He made it my problem." She didn't look convinced so I added, "You didn't hear him a minute ago... he sounded like he was in pain."

"Fine, but I'm coining with you," Rachel said with finality, grabbing her own coat.

I gave her a thankful smile before leaving the room.

certainly didn't like hanging around drunk people. But from when I dated Scott, I remembered that he enjoyed going to any kind of bar that he could find. He would often drag me to them, and I,d have a miserable time. By the end of the night, 1 always had to drag Scott out of the bar. I guess now that we are broken

I really didn't like pubs; any kind of bar 1 tried to stay clear of. I wasn't much of a drinker, and I

up, things aren't much different. It made me wonder where his new girlfriend, Sarah, was. This should be her job now. "There he is," Rachel muttered, pointing at the bar. Scott was surrounded by a bunch of empty

glasses and practically hanging off his bar stool. I sighed before approaching him.

"Scott?" I said, placing my hand on his back. He jerked in the seat, nearly falling over as he opened

his eyes, fixating his gaze on me.

"You came," he said in a slurred whisper; instantly the scent of beer and whisky hit my nose, causing

me to wince. "1 should have never cheated on you. Please, forgive me Lila..." "Let's just get you home, Scott," I said to him, trying to help him off the stool.

He leaned against me for support.

"I want to treat you so good. baby... I'm so sorry..." he sounded completely out of it.

"What's he even saying?" Rachel whispered from beside me.

I gave her a shrug.

As soon as we reached the door, I heard his friends cheering and howling at us.

She grabbed his other arm and together we started walking toward the exit.

"I have no idea, but grab his other arm and help me get him out of here."

"Yeah, Scott!! Get some action!!"

I rolled my eyes as I pushed open the door. I had never been more relieved to be outside than I did

at that moment.

aOw ow!!"

"I'll go get the car," Rachel said, releasing Scott's arm. "Don't move."

She disappeared down the street toward her waiting car. When we arrived, there wasn't any other

parking.

something against my ear.

I stood with Scott, leaning against me, waiting for Rachel's return when he started murmuring

"I love you, Lila. Please forgive me..." "Scott, you are talking nonsense," I tell him.

The image of him with Sarah in the halls invaded my mind. The memory of that feeling; the

heaviness I had felt in my heart. That moment of weakness where all I wanted to do was cry. The

betrayal I felt.

He lifted his head off my shoulder so he could take in my face. "Look at me," he ordered.

When I didn't respond, his anger was sudden.

He grabbed my face with force and made me look into his dark and hungry eyes, catching my

breath in my throat.

"I said look at me," he growled. "Scott-"

"You never pleased me," he said between his teeth. "Then I see you kissing that Professor guy. Do you have any idea how that made me feel?"

"You are such a tease," he continued, interrupting me. "Now I want what you deprived me."

pushing me against the brick building that sat behind us.

"I told you; I want what you deprived me. All. Of. It."

"I'm sorry if I upset you, however—"

I wasn't afraid of Scott, but there was something in his eyes that sent a chill down my spine; my heart thudded violently against my chest and suddenly, 1 felt frozen.

He grabbed onto my wrist, pulling me toward him. As his arms closed around my body, I realized

what was happening. Before I could wrap my mind around what he was doing, he was already

I felt a jolt of pain going up my spine from the force of my body hitting the building. "Scott, what the hell!" I growled at him.

"You're delusional," I said in return, placing my hands on his chest, and getting ready to push him away. "Get away from me," I warned through my teeth.

face. Just as I was about to shove him, I saw a hand on his shoulder, yanking him away from me. I didn't even realize anyone else was there.

"Don't fight it, baby," he murmured.

He turned around and looked up only to be faced with Alpha Enzo. "Our mate!!" Val cooed excitedly.

His mouth neared mine and I moved my head; I felt his slimy and whisky-encrusted tongue on my

I couldn't mistake the fury in his eyes and the low growl that escaped his throat as he stared down at Scott. He kept his hand firmly on his shoulder and it seemed he was continuing to apply pressure until Scott was nearly squirming with discomfort.

ass right now."

wrist.

of me just wanted to let it happen. I felt disgusted with Scott for trying to have his way with me and deserved whatever Enzo was going to do with him.

"You're drunk," Enzo said in a deep and threatening tone. "If I wasn't a professor, I would kick your

There was a part of me that wanted to intervene and get Scott out of Enzo's grasp, but another part

"What are you doing out at this late hour?" He was still staring at Scott, but I knew his question was for me.

I could see Scott visibly trembling. I went to say something, but Enzo spoke again.

I went to tell him that I was fine, but the sounds of Rachel's car horn stopped me.

"He hurt your wrist." It wasn't a question, nor was he looking at me still. I looked down at the redness around my wrist. This wasn't much of anything; I've had worse injuries.

"Scott called me drunk. I was worried so I came to bring him home," I answer, rubbing my swore

"Can you help me get him in the car?" I asked, peering up at Enzo.

backseat of the car as I slide into the passenger seat. I was expecting Enzo to leave after that, but to

my surprise, he also got into the backseat of the car as well, keeping his hold on Enzo as Rachel

His body was tense, but he didn't argue, He kept his hold on Scott and escorted him into the

pulled away from the bar. What was he even doing at the pub?

She was waving us over from the driver's seat.

"Are you going to be okay?" She asked. 'I'm fine," I told her with a small smile. "Thank you for being here. You can go back to our dorm

Once we got back to the academy, Rachel parked the car and peered over at me.

She peered in the backseat at Professor Enzo who stayed quiet with Scott leaning against him, completely asleep.

"Are you sure?" She asked, raising her brows.

though. I can handle it from here."

"Yes," I assure her.

drunken murmurs.

She nods before we all get out of the car. It didn't take long to reach Scott's room. Enzo refused to leave me alone with him and honestly, I didn't really want to be alone with him.

Not after what he just tried to do. Once Enzo dropped Scott off on his bed, we turned to leave, only pausing when we heard Scott's

"Don't leave...""he murmured. "Lila..."

while he was still drunk. He wouldn't even remember it in the morning.

I pressed my lips firmly together; I wanted to tell him off, but I knew no good would come from that

I went toward his door with Enzo behind me.

"Sarah..." Scott breathed in a half-sleep state of mind. "Sarah... poisoned...you.." I froze, turning to him. His eyes were opened slightly, and he was looking directly at me.

"Why would she do something like that?" I asked. For a moment, I thought I saw a glimmer of humor in his eyes and a smirk appears on his lips. But

then he closed his eyes, and I knew he was drifting off to sleep. "Scott, why would she poison me?" I demanded to know.

"She knows..." he breathed. "You're a Volana..."

He gave a soft scoff.