## **Chapter 15 Visiting the Calypso Pack**

Lila's POV

"Remind me again why you have to go to the Calypso pack tonight?" Rachel asked, watching me pack my suitcase from her bed.

"Because Professor Enzo is my ride to my pack," I tell her. "Per my father's orders..." I add.

"So, why go to his pack?"

"I guess there's an issue there he needs to address," I explain. "The dinner my mom is having isn't until tomorrow. So, we are going to the Calypso pack tonight so he can address whatever is happening there. Then, we are leaving for Elysium tomorrow."

Before she could say anything more, there was a knock on our door. I went to answer it and saw Enzo standing before me, holding his own suitcase.

"Are you ready?" He asked, his face remaining expressionless.

"Almost," I answer, I let him inside my dorm as I finish packing my suitcase. Rachel was standing to her feet quickly, adjusting her closing and giving Enzo a quick bow of respect.

"Hello, Professor," she said quickly.

He didn't respond to her; he looked her over briefly before fixating his eyes back on me.

"Hurry up," he muttered, turning away and stepping outside the door.

Rachel's smile fell as soon as Enzo's back was turned. She slumped back on her bed and peered over at me.

"I don't know how you can stand being around him for that long," she muttered." He's heartless."

I couldn't tell Rachel that Enzo was my mate; I couldn't tell anybody. Instead, I forced a smile on my face and zipped my suitcase.

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The Calypso Pack was only 30 minutes away from Higala. Most of the car drive was quiet, with maybe an occasional commentary from Enzo about the weather or traffic. But no conversation worth of value.

The packhouse was big, but not as big as the one for the Nova Pack. Enzo parked the car out front; a couple of men met us outside, bowing to Enzo as we got out of the car.

"Can you take our luggage out of the trunk?" Enzo asked one of the men. "You can bring mine to my room and hers to the guest room."

"Yes, Alpha," the men said, hurrying to the trunk of the car.

Another man with a fiery red mane of hair came outside; he looked worried as he approached Enzo.

"There was another break in this morning," he said, stopping only a little ways from us. "The jewelry shop. Owner says they stole one of their most valuable sapphire necklaces."

"Have they looked at the camera footage?"

"Yes, and as did I. But their faces are hard to see."

"I'll head over there now and take a look for myself," Enzo said; he glanced at me briefly. "Can you just get her settled in? Don't let her leave."

1 frowned, peering up at him.

"You know I can hear you, right?" I asked; I didn't like being talked about while I was standing there, and I certainly didn't like to be ordered to stay somewhere I wasn't familiar with.

"Just stay here," he muttered, narrowing his eyes at me. "I won't be long."

"Okay," I said in return.

He glanced back at the red-headed man, and asked, "Has there been any more mention of these thieves other than the jewelry shop?"

"Today? No," the man answered. "But yesterday they stole from a woman's house. Took some of her jewelry and personal antiques. Oh, and some money she had saved away for a rainy day. Luckily, she wasn't home during this invasion, so nobody was hurt."

"Okay, I'll pay her a visit as well. Write out a statement to the pack members and let them know that I'm on the case and as long as I'm here, nobody is in danger,"Enzo ordered.

"I'll get on that right away."

I'm realizing quickly that this man must be the Beta of the pack.

Enzo glanced at me one last time before saying, "I'll be right back. Just stay out of trouble."

I wasn't sure what he was insinuating but I wasn't liking it. I didn't say that to him though; instead, 1 said, with as much sarcasm as I can muster, "Yes, sir."

The red-headed man and I stared after his car as he drove quickly away. I turned to the man. giving him a worried look. His look matched mine.

"Let's get you inside," he said, sighing, as he turned toward the front doors. I nodded, following

closely behind him. "I'm Ethan by the way; the Beta."

I was right, he was the Beta.

"I'm Lila," I answer.

He paused as soon as we reached the inside of the house; he looked at me, a curious look in his eyes and his brows raised.

"Alpha Bastien's daughter?"

So, he's heard of me too. I nod once.

"Why are you with Enzo?" He surprised me by asking.

"He's my professor," I told him. "My father wanted him to take me to our pack tomorrow. So, I'm just here for the ride."

"I see," he said; though it didn't look like my answer was good enough. He turned away and started toward the stairs on the far side of the front room.

One of the doors swung open and a short, and plump-looking older woman came running through it. She was holding a platter of tea.

She paused when she saw Beta Ethan and me staring at her.

"Did I just miss him?" She asked, eyeing Ethan carefully.

"He's not here for a social visit," Ethan told her; he sounded a bit harsh, but this woman didn't seem to mind it. "He went to investigate the invasions."

"Damn," she muttered. "I made him tea; I was hoping he'd at least have a cup before he left. He,s always so stressed out."

"He's the Alpha. Of course, he's stressed," Ethan muttered.

I shot him a look; I didn't like how he was speaking to her. She seemed kind and it was nice that she went out of her way to make her Alpha tea.

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to be rude, I didn't notice you there, dear," she said, her eyes soft as she looked at me. "I'm Deanna, the house mother. Most call me Dee."

"House mother?" I asked, raising my brows. I had never heard of one of those, but it sounded comforting.

"It's just a fancy word for head servant," she said, a fond smile on her lips. "I basically take care of those in the packhouse as though they are my children. I oversee all the workers here. I also do all the cooking."

"That sounds really nice," I say, returning her kind smile. "I hope they treat you good here," I add, giving Ethan side eyes.

Her smile widens as she understood what I was getting at.

"As good as they can,'\* she says in return. She glanced down at her tea. "I made this for Alpha Enzo. But seeming he's not here, why don't you take it."

She stepped toward me, handing me the platter.

I bow my head slightly to her.

"Thank you so much, Dee. I could use some tea right about now," I say to her.

Her smile widens.

"If you get hungry, just let me know. I'm can cook you something delicious to eat," she offered.

Before I could thank her again, Ethan interrupted.

"This is fun and all, but I have orders to bring her to her room," Ethan said, walking toward the stairs.

I roll my eyes, making it known to Dee and she gave me a chuckle in return.

I went with Ethan upstairs; he stopped in front of a door and turned to face me.

"This is the guest room. You'll stay in there for tonight. I'll be down the hall in Enzo's study if you need anything."

"Thanks," I say, with uncertainty in my tone.

I entered the room and took in the floral design; it was a plain room but telling from the vanity, I could tell it used to be somebody's actual bedroom. My suitcase was beside the large king-sized bed. On the far side of the room was a big bay window with a nook; I was amazed that it overlooked the ocean. I had no idea we were this close to the ocean. It was beautiful and very blue looking.

I went over to the vanity when I saw there were a couple of pictures hanging in the minor. I paused when I glanced at the pictures, My entire body froze as I recognized the woman in one of the pictures.

"Grandma Corinne...?"

She was in this very room.

Did my grandmother live here? With Enzo's father?

Next Chapter∋

Previous