

Chapter 21 Family Feas

Lila's POV

My legs were on autopilot.

The thought of enjoying a large feast with my friends and family, with Enzo sitting in the guest bedroom, was unsettling in my stomach. I didn't want to pretend that Enzo wasn't here

I felt it would have been unfair to him.

I knocked on the door to the room he occupied, feeling a wave of nerves surfacing in my chest

"Come in." he muttered from inside.

I opened the door, peering into the room.

He sat at the desk across the room with his laptop propped open. I should have known he would be working. He looked engrossed in whatever he was typing out on his computer.

I couldn't help but stare at him, taking in the masculine glow that danced around his features He was biting on his bottom lip as he concentrated, causing me to bite onto my own.

He glanced up from the computer, his eyes narrowed as he stared around my body. He took in my appearance it seemed before his eyes fell upon my gaze.

"Are you going to be joining us for dinner?" I asked, pulling my mind together.

He rose his brows as if he was surprised by the invite.

"I have things to take care of; " he explained, his tone was kept low and unbothered.

"I get that," I said, glancing at his laptop. "But even you need a break. Professor."

"If I don't get these documents in-

"Your entire pack will fall apart?" I asked, teasingly.

He frowned, staring at my face for a moment longer.

"I'm sure whatever it is, it can wait until later," I tell him. "Please, join us for dinner. My mother made so much food. It would mean a lot to her if-"

"Why?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Why do you want me to attend this dinner?" Enzo asked; he was now leaning back in his chair with a small glimmer of amusement in his eyes." Why is it so important to you that I'm there?"

I felt my face warming at his words He was being arrogant, I straightened my stance and turned toward the door.

"Suit yourself, if you don't want to eat then I won't force you."

As I walked toward the door, I heard him standing on his feet.

"I suppose I am a little hungry."

The entire dining room smelled absolutely delicious when we entered. The long dining table was covered in a different variety of foods. Everybody stood to greet me as I took my seat; Enzo sat at the other end of the dining table, stuffed between the twins.

He looked so awkward I could help the smile that tugged at my lips.

"There she is!" Uncle Blake said as he gave me a one-armed hug "How do you feel?"

"Excited," I said with a toothy smile. "I can't believe I'm actually going to shift today."

"Believe it, kiddo," he said, sitting down beside me. "It's going to be a painful transition though.

Make sure you take it slow."

"Our Lila bean is incredibly strong She'll be able to handle it," my father said with a wink. At that point, he glanced down the table at Enzo. "I'm glad you were able to make it to dinner."

Enzo gave him a head nod but didn't say anything in return.

"Let's eat before it gets cold," my mother ordered.

As we ate, my father peered over at me.

"Your mother told me that you were the one who caught those thieves."

I nodded through a mouthful of food.

"I heard a woman crying for help," I tell them. "I wasn't sure what else to do. I ran in their direction and saw them terrorizing her."

"Where's this woman now?" My father asked, peering down at the table at Enzo.

"The hospital," he answered. "My men personally brought her there."

"Nice work to you both."

We continued eating with minor chatter before we all headed outside. The air was cool as the sun set in the far distance. The moon was rising by the time we reached the back patio. I could see the forest in the distance; the forest I would soon be shifting in.

My heart was racing against my chest; I was starting to get nervous. Or maybe I was just overly excited. I knew Val was eager to be released and stretch her legs.

Most of those we had dinner with were standing outside as well.

Except for the twin, and Uncle Don.

Also except for Enzo who was nowhere to be seen.

Enzo's POV

I was stuffed between a girl and a boy who looked oddly alike and sat across from a large man who kept giving me a death glare.

I kept reminding myself that I just had to get through dinner and then I could return to the guest room and continue my work.

With any luck, I won't have any more encounters with anyone tonight and I can leave first thing in the morning.

Bastien said that Lila can drive her own car back to campus, so it's not like she needs me to stick around.

It's better if I didn't stick around her anyways.

"You don't even want to see her first shift?" Max asked.

"No," I answered "Once she shifts, her powers will probably be unlocked soon after. It'll be better if we aren't around for it."

"So, you're her teacher?" The boy beside me asked, peering up at me. "What kind of teacher are you?"

"Combat and shifting"

"I see. My sister is insanely good at combat. She helps me train. Maybe one day you'll be my teacher too I need to learn everything I can before I become the next Alpha."

"You still have a long way to go, Flynn," the girl on the other side of me said. "You aren't even as good as me in combat."

"That's not true. I'm way better," the boy, Flynn argued.

"As if," the girl said, flipping her long blonde hair behind her shoulders. "Which is fine because you aren't the one training to be head Gamma. When you're the Alpha, I'll be here to protect you, little brother."

"You're only 5 minutes older than me, Corrine," Flynn muttered.

The girl, Corinne, peered up at me next.

"I've been training with my uncle Don; he's the head Gamma. One day, I'm going to take his place," she explained.

It seems this family was full of fighters; it was no wonder that Lila was so good at what she does.

The man across from me who has been giving me deathly glares, leaned across the table, narrowing his eyes at Corrine.

"You still have a long way to go as well before you can take my place, young one," he said, a grin appearing on his mouth.

"Bet," she laughed.

I managed to drown out the rest of their conversation; I wasn't sure why they were telling me any of this. It's not like I really cared. I glanced down at the table, expecting to see Lila talking amongst her family, but instead, she was quietly peering over at me.

Was she watching our conversation?

As I finished my meal, I started to think about that photographer that captured Lila's birthday party. Her contact information must be in this packhouse somewhere. I would assume probably in Bastien's office.

It would be best to do a little digging while he was preoccupied with Lila's first shift. So, once everyone headed outside. I went straight upstairs and into Bastien's office.

He had papers scattered across his desk, none of which seemed relevant to what I was looking for until I came across a small book of contacts. As I flipped through the contacts, I paused when I saw "Leah's Photography."

This was it

I grabbed my cell phone and dialed the number.

"Hello?" A woman said on the other end of the phone.

"Is this Leah, from Leah's Photography?"

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