

Chapter 281 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

"Where?" I asked, quickly standing to my feet. "Where is this darkness?"

"I cannot say," she said, a quizzical look in her eyes. "Darkness is such a powerful force that it feels as if it is everywhere, and yet nowhere."

"But you are sure that it's here?"

"Yes," she answered. "As sure that I am that you and I are here."

"I thought the purpose of the barrier was to keep darkness out," I said, shaking my head with frustration. "I don't understand how it can be here."

"My mother explained that we cannot banish or destroy darkness. If darkness was already here before the barrier, it will remain. Maybe not be as powerful, and it might feel a bit of discomfort being within this barrier, but it will not be destroyed. If given the right tools, it can be strong again."

"The right tool? What kind of tool are you talking about?" I asked.

"There are many," she answered. "The most powerful is the moonstone."

My heart fell into my stomach upon hearing her words.

"I thought the moonstone was for protection?" I asked. "How can it give darkness power?"

"The Moonstone is a powerful tool that could protect or destroy. Depending on who wields it and who what it's used for."

I rubbed my bare wrist; my mother had given me a moonstone bracelet on my 16(th) birthday; it was supposed to be meant to protect me. I took it off days ago and stored it in my jewelry box, forgetting to put it back on.

I rushed to the jewelry box that sat on my dresser. Opening it, I began to rummage through it.

“Where is it...” I murmured to myself.

The bracelet... it was gone. I could have sworn I put it in here.

Shaking my head, I stumbled away from the box.

“I mustn’t stay in this form. If I’m gone from the barrier for too long, it won’t remain, and dark magic will be able to enter.”

“You are able to keep dark magic away?” I asked, looking at her. My heart was racing as the realization that my moonstone bracelet had gone clouded my brain.

She nodded her head once.

“Dark magic cannot enter the barrier and the magic that was here previously has been banished. But darkness itself remains.”

“What am I supposed to do?” I asked. “I think whoever darkness is using to kill those people took my moonstone bracelet.”

“Find the one who wields the moonstone,” she answered. Her brightness was intensifying, and I knew she was leaving. “You must destroy the darkness before it destroys you.”

Those were her parting words before she turned into an orb of light and flew out my open window and back to the top of the shield.

My heart was heavy as I lay back in bed; I needed to find the person who had my moonstone bracelet. But how could I find out who that is? I thought I put it in my jewelry box, but maybe I dropped it somewhere.

“I will be going to the police station in the morning to speak with Scott and find out what I can,” Enzo said through a mindlink.

I was relieved to hear his voice; I wanted to be with him and have him hold me in his arms. I wanted to tell him all that I had just found out.

“I want to come with you,” I said in return.

“You should stay here where it’s safe,” he told me.

“The killer is still here,” I said, sitting up in bed. “Nobody is safe.”

“The other students are safer with you there,” he corrected. “We can’t leave them unprotected when they and the gammas think they are safe. We will speak when I return from the police station; I promise.”

“I wish I could be with you right now,” I found myself admitting.

“I know,” he sighed. “Me too. But soon, my love. I promise. For right now, get some rest. I love you.”

“I love you too,” I said, feeling all sorts of exhausted.

The mindlink ended and I was left in silence. I wasn't sure I'd be able to sleep, but soon my exhaustion got the best of me, and I slept.

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“You are making a huge mistake by keeping me in here. The longer I'm here, the more danger she will be in,” Xander spat as my father drew his claws and swiped across Xander's already bruised and bleeding face.

“Don't you dare threaten my daughter,” my father seethed through his teeth.

His eyes were glowing amber as his wolf fought to take control and rip Xander's throat out. Xander was shackled and thrown in a dirty cell. There was a pool of blood beneath him, and his body was badly beaten.

The sight alone was stomach-wrenching, but the scent made me want to vomit.

I looked around, knowing that I was in the calypso pack dungeon; though, I had never actually been down here before. I'm not even sure how I ended up here, but it seemed that my father didn't notice that I was there.

Xander looked more than frustrated.

“It's not a threat,” he coughed; blood poured from his cracked lips.

“Tell me who sent you here,” my father ordered. “Tell me who you are working for.”

“I cannot,” Xander hissed.

“Why.”

“Because they would be in danger if I did,” Xander retorted. “I would never put them in danger.”

They'd be in danger? Who would be in danger?

I stepped closer to them, opening my mouth to speak and ask that very question, but no words left my lips.

My father grabbed him by the throat and lifted him off the ground; Xander struggled against him, coughing and gagging.

“Wrong answer,” my father said in a low and threatening tone, throwing him against the wall with a loud thud. “We will continue to torture you until you give us the answers we want. Until we know for sure that Lila is safe, we will keep beating you.”

Xander lifted his head weakly and glared at my father through his swollen and bloodshot eyes.

“Until she fights it, she will always be in danger.”

Then to my utter shock, his eyes flickered at me, making me freeze.

“And you know it to be true,” he said the words as if he was speaking directly to me.

Then he lowered his head and passed out.

My father stood over him, covered in his blood. Beta Ethan appeared at the cell gates, standing beside me. But it was like he didn't see me. My father turned to face him and could see the grim expression that crossed his face.

“Still no answers?” Ethan asked, peering down at a passed-out Xander.

“No,” my father answered, taking the clean rag that Ethan had offered to clean the blood off his hands. “He won't tell me why he kidnapped my daughter and who he's working for. He keeps saying we've made a mistake.”

“Like hell we did,” Ethan said, shaking his head. “But I just got word from Enzo; apparently Scott Pierce confessed to the murder of that student.”

My father's face went from grim to shock in a matter of seconds.

“Alpha Emmet's son?”

“Yes,” Ethan said, nodding his head slowly. “Alpha Emmet isn't pleased.”

“I can't imagine he would be,” my father said. “He's part of the committee. I'll give him a call and see what we can figure out.”

As my father and Beta Ethan left the area, my eyes remained on Xander. What was he talking about?

Before I could find any more answers or hear any more of that conversation, my eyes were opened, and I sat up in bed. I was breathing heavily, and I had sweat pouring down the side of my face.

I was back in my dorm room.

What the hell was that?

“Val?” I asked through gasps of breath.

“I’m here...” she said tiredly.

“Did you see all that too?”

“I did,” she answered. “It seems there might be more to Xander’s story than we know. I didn’t feel him to be a threat.”

“Nor did I,” I admitted. “He said they’ve made a mistake... what if they really did?”

“Do you suppose he was being controlled by darkness?”

I hadn’t thought about that but now that she mentioned the possibility, it almost seemed obvious. The crackling of the speakers that were stored in each dorm and around campus, brought my mind back to reality.

“Good morning students; I apologize for this early morning announcement. I wanted to inform all of you bright and early that the murderer has been captured and that the school is once again safe. I appreciate all your cooperation and I’m giving the next couple of days off to mourn the loss of our student and those gamma warriors. I will be discussing with the student committee about holding a memorial service for the victims. As of right now, the lockdown is over. Once again, I thank you for your cooperation over the last couple of days.”

There was another crackling sound and then the speaker faded away.

I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat; I looked over at the clock and saw that it was 5 am. Our curfew hour was over, and the sun hadn’t risen yet. The vampire curfew started at 7 am.

Which meant, we had some time.

I grabbed my phone and opened my chat with the committee members.

“Meeting in our classroom; 20 minutes.”

Chapter 282 He’s My Son

Chapter 282 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Enzo's POV

"Do you need my assistance at the police station?" Beta Ethan asked over the phone.

I was in the car, heading to the station, as we spoke. I couldn't get the look Lila had given me out of my head. She was so certain that Scott was innocent and oddly enough, as much as I hated Scott, I believed her. I don't think the son of Alpha Emmet would be capable of cold-blooded murder.

Especially of an innocent girl.

But I also didn't understand why he would confess to such a crime. I had a feeling that Alpha Emmet would also be at the police station wanting to get answers as well and I needed to be prepared for that.

"No," I finally said, sighing. "I need you to remain at the pack and make sure everything is okay there. Is Alpha Bastien still there?"

"Yes; he's still trying to get answers from Xander," Ethan said, sounding annoyed. "I keep saying it might be time to transfer him to the prison so he can get sentenced for his crimes."

"He kidnapped Lila," I reminded my Beta. "Prison would be too good for him."

"That's what Alpha Bastien said too. I'm just saying, he's not talking, and I doubt he's going to in the future."

I was starting to have an even weirder feeling about Xander, but I wasn't going to tell Ethan that. I wondered who he was protecting so much that he'd risk his life over it. No amount of torture was worth it.

"If he doesn't talk, he will die a slow and painful death," I said in return.

"Indeed, he will," Ethan agreed. "Keep me updated on what you find out."

"I will," I said. "Talk soon."

I hung up on that note and threw my phone on my passenger seat. I pressed the gas even harder and made my car go even faster to get there quicker.

Once I pulled into the parking lot, I recognized Emmet's red Porsche very quickly. I knew he would be here when I arrived; I could only imagine how angry he was over all of this.

I parked the car and walked across the lot until I reached the front entrance. I could almost feel his wrath before entering the police station.

As predicted, Emmet was growling and snarling at one of the front dispatchers.

"I want to see my son, NOW!" Emmet growled, the fur of his wolf breaking through his flesh like razor blades.

He was trying and failing at keeping his wolf under control. The head of his wolf was practically completely formed, and his claws were out, ready to scratch the dispatcher's eyes out.

"I have orders to keep all visitors away for right now," the dispatcher said, not looking the least bit phased by Emmet's outburst.

Probably because he was used to Alpha Jonathan, and nobody could compare to Jonathan's outbursts.

"He's my SON!!" Emmet growled fiercely.

"He's a dangerous criminal who murdered numerous people at a college," the dispatcher argued back.

Emmet balled his fist and looked as if he was about to punch the glass that separated them. The glass was unbreakable, even for wolves, so I knew it would only result in a broken hand.

I rushed toward him and grabbed his arm before he could complete the punch. He struggled against my hold, but I wasn't going to let him go.

"Let me go, Enzo," he hissed through his teeth.

"No," I said simply. "This isn't going to solve anything."

"He's my son," Emmet repeated, but this time turning to face me.

His wolf was glowing in his eyes, pulsating with anger.

"I know," I said, trying to remain calm. "And we are going to figure this out, but you need to calm down."

"He didn't kill anyone," Emmet said, lowering his fist. He now sounded defeated and drained. "I know him... he wouldn't—" His voice broke off.

“Emmet, listen to me; I know he didn’t kill anyone,” I said, lowering my tone so only he could hear me. He looked at me surprised.

“You do?”

I nodded once.

“Lila believes it too and soon so will Alpha Bastien. We don’t believe that Scott is capable of such a thing.”

“What am I going to do?” Emmet asked. “He’s my son... he can’t be in prison for something he didn’t do...”

“The problem is he confessed to the crime,” I said, pulling him away from the dispatcher so we could talk more privately. “Do you have any idea why he would do such a thing?”

“I don’t fucking know,” Emmet said through his teeth. “It doesn’t make sense to me...”

“Has he ever expressed to you feeling angry or rage he can’t explain?”

Emmet snapped me a look and I worried he would strike at me; I prepared myself in case he did.

“I thought you said you believed he didn’t do this,” he said, trying hard to control his temper.

“I do,” I assured him. “But I need to know the full story in order to help him. I need to know if he’s felt angry or seemed different.”

Emmet took a deep breath, lowering his gaze.

“No,” he finally said, shaking his head. “He seemed normal the last time we spoke. But it’s been a couple of weeks since we last spoke. I should have been more present in his life...”

“This isn’t your fault,” I made sure to say, keeping my eyes locked on him.

“I was so hard on him about everything.”

“You wanted him to be his best self,” I said, putting my hand firmly on his shoulder and squeezing it. “He’s going to be the Alpha soon; nobody thinks you were too hard.”

“Yeah, well now the future Alpha is rotting in jail and about to be transported to the wolf Prison up North.”

The Wolf Prison was where the most dangerous wolf criminals were stored. I shuddered at the thought; that Scott would never survive there.

“It’s a death sentence,” Emmet continued, mimicking my thoughts.

I looked at the dispatcher who seemed to be watching us from behind the glass screen.

“Give me a minute,” I said to Emmet as I walked over to the dispatcher. “I’m with the school and I’m here per orders of Alpha Bastien, head of the Alpha committee. I have a few questions with the suspect, and I need to speak with him right away.”

The dispatcher narrowed his eyes at me.

“I can’t—”

He began to say.

“I’m aware this is Alpha Jonathan’s territory; I can call him as well and let him know that his police dispatcher isn’t cooperating with this investigation. I’m sure he’d have a field day.”

The dispatcher’s jaw clenched, and I saw his entire body tensing. He looked at me and then over at Emmet who stayed a far distance away.

“I have orders to keep him out specifically,” the dispatcher murmured, looking back at me. “But you can enter.”

“Thank you,” bowing my head to him.

I squared my shoulders and looked at Emmet.

“Stay here; I’ll be right back,” I said, stepping in front of the door that led to the jail cells. I heard a light buzzing and then the door opened slightly for me to enter.

“Just…” Emmet began, making me pause at the door and turning back to him. “Just tell him I’m here for him and that I believe he’s innocent. Tell him I’m not mad at him.”

I nodded; it was strange to see Emmet so broken and lost.

“I will,” I assured him before disappearing through the door.

It was a long walk to the area where they were keeping Scott. He was kept away from the other jailers and in a secluded section of the jail. He wasn’t kept in an open cell jail, he was kept in a room with a metal door and a small window for the guards to see into the cell, but no one inside the cell could see out.

The officer escorting me to the jail cell had the set of keys dangling in his hands and we stood outside the jail cell as he unlocked the door. Then he turned to me.

“You have 10 minutes; don’t try anything funny, Alpha.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” I said in return.

The door opened and I stepped inside.

Scott was curled up on the small cot on the far side of the room; his hands and feet were shackled. He sat up when he saw me standing before me and then his eyes widened in shock.

“Alpha?” He asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

Lila was right; his eyes were off yesterday when he was taken away. Now they seemed to be back to normal and he was sounding like his normal self again. Yesterday he sounded animalistic and unlike himself.

“What are you doing here? Didn’t you hear? I’m a horrific criminal... you shouldn’t be here.”

“What happened to you, Scott?” I asked, keeping my eyes locked on his. “Why did you confess to murdering those people?”

He was quiet for a moment; at first, I thought he wasn’t going to answer but then he met my eyes and I saw the pain and remorse that filled them.

“Because it was the truth...” he murmured. “I did kill them.”

Chapter 283 He Wasn’t Himself

Chapter 283 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Enzo’s POV

“What do you mean you killed them?” I asked, stepping closer to him.

He seemed to have recoiled away from me, not wanting to be near me.

“I killed them,” he said, staring down at his hands. “I remember killing them. I remember feeling angry and then I killed that girl. I ate her heart and drank her blood.”

“You are a wolf... You don’t drink blood,” I said, narrowing my eyes at him. “Who would provoke you to do that?”

He was quiet for a long while as he tried to gather his own thoughts; he kept his eyes fixed on his hands and I saw that they were trembling.

“Scott, it’s just me and you,” I said softly. “You can trust me; I’m here to help you.”

He looked up at me and I saw tears filling his eyes.

“You can’t help me, Alpha,” he said, his voice cracking slightly. “Nobody can help me. Not anymore. Just leave...”

“I can’t do that until I know what was going through your head when you confessed to murder,” I said through my teeth.

Scott quickly stood to his feet.

“I did kill them! That’s what was going through my mind. I remember it so vividly. I don’t know why I did it; I just did it...” he said, his entire body trembling as he spoke. “I don’t know what else to tell you.”

“You can tell me the truth,” I said in return.

“I am!!”

“Then where was the body found?” I asked, folding my arms across my chest.

He froze and his eyes shifted to meet mine.

“What?” He asked, his voice going soft.

“Where did they find the body?”

He blinked a few times and then closed his eyes as if he was trying to picture the memory.

“Um... the academic center,” he said, his voice shaking.

“Where in the academic center?”

He was quiet again and I saw his eyes moving in his closed eyelids like he was watching the scene unfold before him.

“The basement...” he finally answered after a long pause.

“Where in the basement?”

“Uh...” He said, his body shaking as he thought about it. “I... I don’t know,” he finally sighed, opening his eyes. “I can’t remember. I just remember being there and—”

“Why were you there on a Sunday?” I then asked, stopping words. “What business did you have after hours? Did you go there hoping you’d find someone to kill?”

He was frozen as he stared at me, his mouth hanging open slightly.

“...No,” he finally said, shaking his head slowly. “I don’t know why I was there.”

“Were you there to change the answers to a test? Or turn in a late assignment?” I asked, furrowing my brows together. “Because I did a little digging before I came here, and all your teachers say you’re doing great in school and all your assignments are up to date. So, there was really no reason to be inside the academic center on a Sunday when nobody else was there.”

“Well, why was Merida there?” Scott asked, furrowing his brows together.

“She had to turn in a late assignment,” I answered.

He was quiet for a moment longer.

“Maybe I forgot something in my locker. Our lockers are in the academic center,” Scott said, pacing back and forth.

“Is that a memory you have, or something you are making up?” I asked, watching him as he continued to pace.

“I... I don’t know...” he said, shaking his head. “I just don’t know...”

“Scott...” I said gently. “I’m here to help you. All the memories that were given to you, aren’t yours. You don’t have all the answers that fill in the puzzle. You don’t know the small details that make the story make sense. You don’t even know why you were there. I spoke to your roommate, and they told me you have been in your room all night. You didn’t kill anyone...”

“But I remember—”

“It’s a false memory. It’s someone else’s memory,” I told him, stepping closer to him. “It’s not real.”

“You mean... someone manipulated my brain?” He asked, his voice trembling as he met my eyes. “Like Sarah?”

“It wasn’t Sarah,” I said, shaking my head. “Lila already ruled her out and trust Lila’s judgment.”

“Lila knows about this too?” Scott said, furrowing his brows together. “She believes I’m innocent?”

“You don’t remember what happened last night?” I asked, raising my brows. “Lila was there when you were getting arrested. She tried to stop them.”

“She did?”

I was quiet for a moment as I looked around at his confused and serious face. This confirmed that he wasn't himself yesterday; he couldn't even remember what happened last night. Lila was right; his mind wasn't his own.

"Why can't I remember that?" He asked, his breathing becoming heavy. He was about to hyperventilate.

"Your mind wasn't your own," I answered. "Someone had taken you over."

"And you're sure it wasn't Sarah?" He asked. "She's done this before."

"It wasn't Sarah," I said, shaking my head. "We are going to figure out who it was. But for right now, you need to remain calm and just know that we are going to prove your innocence and get you out of here..."

"Oh, goddess," Scott breathed, stumbling backward and landing on his bed. "I confessed though..."

"You weren't yourself," I assured him. "Soon, everyone will realize that."

"My dad is going to kill me."

"Actually, he's mad that they won't let him see you. He's here right now fighting with the dispatcher," I told him.

"He's here?" Scott asked, his eyes widening.

"Yes," I answered. "He wanted me to tell you that he's here for you and he believes you didn't kill anyone."

Scott's face softened.

"He said that?"

I nodded, walking toward him I placed my hand firmly on his shoulder just as I did his father and squeezed it. "We aren't going to let you rot in here. I promise we are going to figure this out and get you the hell out," I assured him.

He had so many tears in his eyes that he blinked away, but he nodded and gave me a small smile.

"I believe you," he finally said.

"Good," I said in return. "Now I'm going to need you to remember everything you can about that night. Real memories and fake memories. Whoever made you remember these false memories, gave you, their memories. Which means you were in their head. You might be able to figure out who it was, and we can go from there."

“It’s foggy,” he admitted, shaking his head. “But I can try.”

“As of right now, you are safe. We aren’t going to let them take you anywhere. I’m going to alert Alpha Bastien once I leave. So, you’ll be able to get plenty of rest and try to remember what you can. I’ll be returning often. I’ll try to get it so your father can visit as well but as of now they are under orders to keep him out.”

Scott nodded, understanding.

“Okay,” he breathed.

I walked toward the doorway, satisfied with this visit. I had gotten somewhere and now I knew for sure that someone had taken over his mind. But we just had to figure out who it was and how they did it.

I knocked on the cell door, indicating that I was finished. The door opened and the officer stood by, allowing me to walk past him.

“Alpha Enzo,” Scott called after me, standing to his feet.

I turned to look at him.

“Tell Lila I said thanks,” he said, giving me a faint smile.

I nodded, returning his smile before turning and leaving the cell.

When I returned to the waiting room, Emmet, who was seating with his face buried in his hands, quickly stood and recovered himself.

“How is he?” Emmet asked.

“Confused,” I answered honestly. “But he’s himself again. Yesterday he wasn’t himself at all; he doesn’t even remember yesterday. But someone gave him the memories of killing someone.”

“He didn’t kill anyone,” Emmet said through his teeth.

“I know,” I assured him. “And now he knows it too. He realized they were fake memories. I told him we are going to figure out who really killed those people and get him out of here.”

“Did you tell him I’m here for him too?” He asked.

I nodded.

“Yes,” I said in return. “He was surprised, but he was also grateful.”

“What can I do to help? I want to help prove my son’s innocence.”

I patted him on the back, motioning for him to follow me outside and out of the police station.

“Let’s get back to my pack and catch Alpha Bastien up on everything. Then, from there, we can work on a plan to prove Scott’s innocence and get him out of jail.”

Chapter 284 Darkness at the School

Chapter 284 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila’s POV

“Why did we have to have a meeting so early,” Kay yawned, looking as if she was about to fall asleep on the table.

“Because this is important,” Sarah surprised me by saying. “Scott can’t go down for something he didn’t do. It’s not right.”

I saw Brody tensing from beside her; he didn’t like that his mate was standing up for another guy like that and I couldn’t blame him. I would feel weird if Enzo did the same as well; I know I felt weird when Connie was around. But now Connie had her own mate to obsess over, and I couldn’t be happier.

In fact, they would be here in a week for a visit, and I was excited to see her.

Scott and Sarah had a thing though and I know it’s still fresh and weird for Brody.

“That’s real rich coming from you,” Rachel muttered, folding her arms across her chest. “Wasn’t you that manipulated him into vandalizing the art studio and then had him take the entire blame?”

Sarah’s face reddened.

“That wasn’t murder, bitch,” Sarah hissed. “At most, he would have gotten a slap on his wrist.”

“He got jailed for 2 months,” Rachel said in return, furrowing her brows together.

“He was stored in the nicest cell in my father’s jailhouse” Sarah retorted. “It was hardly anything. It was practically a vacation.”

“His father had to pay a lot of money to Cassidy-Ann,” Rachel growled in return.

“He’s rich; he could afford it,” Sarah said, slapping the table with the palms of her hands.

“Fighting isn’t going to help him,” I said loudly, silencing them all. “Sarah is right, this is important, and murder doesn’t compare to vandalism. Though, that wasn’t right either,” I added that last part while glaring at Sarah who shrunk back in her seat with a red face.

“Being stuck in the past isn’t something we should be doing right now,” Brody said, giving me a pointed look.

“And you are right,” I said in return. “I called this meeting because I wanted to be honest with you guys about something.”

I looked around the table and saw all their concerned faces.

“What’s going on?” Becca asked, a worried frown decorating her lips.

“I think I know why Scott confessed to murdering those people,” I said, and I paused when I heard an echo of gasps around the room.

“What?” Sarah asked, raising her brows.

“Then we should report it and get my boy out of jail,” Matt said with determination written all over his face. I had forgotten Matt and Brody were on the same team as Scott.

“It’s not that simple,” I said, sighing. “We don’t exactly have the proof.”

“Well, why did he confess?” Luis asked.

“Because his mind was taken over,” I said simply.

On that note, everybody turned to look at Sarah with a dumbfounded expression.

“Hey, I’m here to prove myself and get back on everybody good gracious,” she said, folding her arms across her chest. “I didn’t do anything.”

“It wasn’t Sarah,” I quickly jumped in.

“And how do we know that exactly?” Rachel asked, narrowing her eyes at me.

“Because it was darkness,” I blurted.

They all stared at me with confused looks.

“Darkness?” Luis asked. “How is that possible?”

I sighed.

“Darkness has been conjured and it’s at this school,” I told them. “I’m not sure how it was summoned or why it’s at this school, but It’s here.”

“Is that the reason why we lost our powers for a day?” Kay asked; I could hear the fear in her voice.

“I think so,” I answered honestly.

“Darkness?” Luis repeated; I looked at him and saw that all the color on his face had drained and he sat frozen.

He was in a state of shock.

“Yes,” I answered again. “You should have seen the dark look Scott gave me yesterday. His eyes were filled with darkness. He wasn’t himself.”

“Darkness can get in our heads,” Kay breathed, staring down at her hands. “Easily.”

“It would make sense,” Sarah said, looking at me. “I mean, why else would Brody, a wolf, drink blood and eat a heart.”

“Was Merida a virgin?” Kay asked, surprising all of us.

“What?” I asked, raising my brows at her.

“I never saw her with a guy,” Sarah shrugged. “So, probably. But why does that matter?”

“Because it would make sense for darkness to consume her heart if she was a virgin,” Kay answered, meeting my eyes.

“The heart of purity” I breathed. “Darkness needs the heart and blood of purity to survive.”

“Like a sacrifice?” Becca asked, glancing at Luis and then back at Kay. “What do you know about darkness, Kay?”

“I just know that once it’s conjured, it’s hard to destroy. It needs a sacrifice to remain strong. It will continue to take sacrifices until it’s no longer needed on this earth and goes back to wherever it came from. Whoever conjured it, is using it for a purpose.”

My heart felt heavy as I listened to them talking.

“How do we get rid of it?” Becca asked.

“Light,” Kay answered.

“Of course,” Becca breathed. “If there’s light, there’s no darkness.”

“But if there’s darkness, there’s no light,” Luis stated.

“There will always be one or the other. But as long as we hold the light in our hearts, it can’t hurt us. If it can’t hurt us, it will disperse. We would be too strong for it,” Kay explained.

“So, we get a bunch of flashlights and wave them around like swords?” Sarah asked.

“Not exactly,” Kay said, giving her a pointed look. “We need more light than that.”

“I don’t think it’s literal light we need,” I breathed, making them all look at me. “If it was that easy, the guardian of the earth would be able to stop them with their light orbs.”

“Her children’s barrier certainly helps; it weakens the darkness, but darkness is a powerful force, and it won’t stay weak for long unless it’s theoretically destroyed,” Kay explained.

“I thought you said it can’t be destroyed,” Matt pointed out.

“It can’t, but it can be scared off,” Kay answered. “Darkness will always exist, just as light will always exist.”

“Wait, you mentioned the orb barrier. Can you see them too?” I asked, raising my brows.

Nobody else seemed to have noticed or mentioned the barrier; Kay was the first one to point the barrier out.

She smiled and nodded.

“Of course, I’m a forest fairy. We work closely with the guardian of the earth and her children. We have the honor of being protected by my favorite of her children who represents the element water, Celeste.”

“You know Celeste?” I asked, surprised.

“She’s wonderful, isn’t she?” Kay said beaming. “Of course, all four of them are wonderful. But I always felt a connection with Celeste.”

“The others represent the other elements?” Becca asked.

She nodded.

“Gala represents spirit, Trinity, represents fire, Opal represents air, Celeste represents water, and of course the guardian mother represents earth.”

“And only Celeste is here?” Luis asked. “Where are the others?”

This was a question that I answered.

“They are protecting other parts of the region,” I said, turning their attention to me. “Me and some others are the ones who summoned them to protect us against darkness. Only one of the orbs can protect a region at a time. Celeste is protecting all Higala.”

“It’s not doing a great job at protecting against darkness,” Skylar yawned; I had almost forgotten she was here.

She was quiet; she looked pale and exhausted. I knew that meant the sun was rising. Vampires found it difficult to stay awake when the sun was up.

“If darkness is here, then what’s the point of the barrier?” Skylar continued to ask.

“It keeps out and destroys dark magic,” Kay explained. “Which is how we got our powers back. It was dark magic that took them away and once the barrier was placed the dark magic was destroyed and our powers were restored. But it can’t destroy darkness; that’s a different kind of magic. However, darkness doesn’t like the barrier, so it’ll weaken.”

She paused for a moment to gather her thoughts.

“If darkness really did take someone’s mind, then it’s strong even within the barrier. Which means it has a tool to strengthen it,” Kay continued.

“A tool?” Becca asked, raising her brows.

I rubbed my naked wrist, feeling dizzy.

“A moonstone,” I whispered.

“Yeah, that would do it,” Kay said, glancing at me. “Wait, how did you know that? Did Celeste say something?”

“She told me the same thing you did,” I told her. “My moonstone bracelet is missing so I’m assuming whoever darkness took over found my bracelet.”

They were all silently staring at me with shock.

Rachel stood to her feet almost knocking over her chair.

“I forgot, I have to be somewhere,” she said, grabbing her things and shoving them into her backpack.

“I should get to bed,” Skylar yawned. “I’m exhausted.”

“Okay; we will meet again soon,” I told them.

Everyone started to pack their things.

I wanted to ask Rachel where she needed to go in such a hurry, but when I looked back in her direction, I was surprised to see she was already gone. I frowned at the closing doorway and then looked back at Becca's equally confused face.

She gave me a one-shoulder shrug before turning to Luis to say something to him. He grinned as he packed her things.

I looked at Brody and Sarah who were also talking to one another privately. Then I glanced at Kay who was being hit on by Matt. It made me smile to see all these budding relationships around me, but it made me miss Enzo desperately.

"Enzo..." I said in a mindlink hoping that he was close enough to hear me.

I was relieved when I heard his voice.

"I just got back to campus; I came to pick you up. We need to get back to my pack. Can you meet me in the parking lot? There's someone with me that wants to speak with you."

Chapter 285 | Have to Talk to Him

Chapter 285 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

When I got to the parking lot, I saw Enzo's waiting car. He instantly got out to greet me, but he was acting strange. He didn't open his arms for me to run into them and as much as I wanted to, I refrained from doing so.

He did say someone was in the car waiting for me and wanting to talk; I assumed it was somebody who shouldn't know about our relationship. Enzo did, however, give me a small smile and a quick wink which made my heart instantly flutter.

I stifled a smile of my own and went toward the car. He opened the back passenger seat and motioned for me to enter.

"Such a gentlemen," I whispered teasingly.

He placed his hand on my lower back as I passed him, and he lowered himself, so he was directly against my ear.

“I’ll show you how gentlemen-like I can be later,” he whispered for my ears alone, making my body flare with heat.

I slid into the seat as he shut the door and ran around the car and into the driver’s seat.

“Hello Lila,” I heard a familiar voice coming from the front seat.

I furrowed my brows together and adjusted my body to see who it was that was speaking to me.

“Alpha Emmett?” I asked, my dropping into my stomach.

Scott’s father was with Enzo?

“I found him at the police station,” Enzo explained as he threw the car in drive and started to drive away from the school.

“Enzo told me that you believe my son to be innocent,” Emmet said, staring out his window.

I wanted to just nod, not trusting my voice, but I knew he couldn’t see me.

“Yes,” I answered out loud. “I don’t think Scott would kill anyone.”

How much did he know? What did Enzo tell him? What did Enzo find out? I had so many questions.

“I agree with you,” he surprised me by saying. “My son wouldn’t kill anyone. He’s been set up and we need to find out who would do such a thing.”

“I’m with you, Alpha Emmet,” I said quickly. “And we will.”

“Enzo tells me that it was mind manipulation, but you don’t think it was Sarah, even though she’s done this before.”

“It wasn’t Sarah,” I was quick to say. “I know it wasn’t.”

“How do you know for sure?” Emmet asked.

“Because she told me—”

“You are basing this off her word alone?” Emmet interrupted. “May I remind you what she did to him last year?”

“She learned from that,” I said, folding my arms across my chest. “This is about murder, Alpha. She wouldn’t do something like that. She might manipulate for selfish reasons, but she wouldn’t murder.”

Alpha Emmett was quiet for a moment as he processed my words.

“I don’t trust her,” he finally said. “We need to be wary.”

“We will keep all options open,” Enzo assured him. “We will prove Scott’s innocence.”

I looked at Enzo in his mirror and he returned my look; I needed him to believe me that Sarah was innocent. But I didn’t think mindlinking him right now was a good idea. Alphas could often sense when a mindlink conversation is going on around them and I didn’t want to take that chance.

“How is Scott doing?” I asked, still looking at Enzo.

“He’s doing okay,” Enzo said. “He wants to go home.”

“Does he remember anything?”

“He remembers what he was forced to remember. His memories aren’t his own,” Enzo explained. “Whoever manipulated his mind did more than just convince him to take the fall. They convinced him he did the crime.”

“But he didn’t,” Emmet was quick to say.

“No, he didn’t,” Enzo agreed. “I told him to try and focus on his fake memories to see if he can figure out who they belonged to.”

“If he was given fake memories, that means he’s inside the head of the real killer,” I breathed, realizing where Enzo was going with that.

Enzo gave me a proud look in the mirror and smiled.

“Exactly.”

The rest of the ride was quiet; by the time we got to the Calypso packhouse, my father was waiting in the sitting room with Beta Ethan and Gamma Jack.

“Dad!” I said, rushing toward him and throwing myself into his arms.

He held me tightly, kissing the top of my head gently.

“Lila, I’m so glad you are safe,” he breathed. “I’m sorry about your classmate.”

Tears filled my eyes and I tried to keep them away, but I couldn’t any longer.

“She didn’t deserve it,” I whispered.

“No one ever does,” he said in return. “I heard that Scott Pierce admitted to the crime.”

“He didn’t do it,” Alpha Emmet said as he stepped into the room. “He wouldn’t kill anyone.”

“Of course, he wouldn’t,” my father said, releasing me and stepping toward Emmet.

He offered Emmet his hand and after a short hesitation, Emmet accepted and gripped his hand firmly in a greeting.

“We are behind you, Alpha. We will figure this out,” my father continued to say.

Emmet seemed to have relaxed some and he nodded in return.

“Enzo how about you take Lila upstairs so she can freshen up? I’d like to speak with Emmett alone for a few,” my father said, patting Emmet on the back and motioning for him to follow him.

I looked at Enzo and he gave me an identical curious look. But then we both smiled at one another and disappeared from the room without another word. As soon as we were outside the sitting room, he grabbed my hand and pulled me along with him up the stairs and toward his bedroom.

I giggled like a schoolgirl as we rushed into his bedroom and he wrapped his arms around my waist, kissing me all over the back of my neck. My back was buried in his tight embrace, and I felt warm and loved wrapped in his arms.

“I’ve missed you,” he whispered against my ear, nibbling on my lobe gently and sending chills to course through my body.

I turned to face him, wanting to look up at my amazing mate.

“I don’t like being apart from you” I whined. “Neither does my wolf.”

“Yeah, Max has been impossible too,” he said, wrapping his arms around my waist as I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled myself close to him. “But we are together now.”

He bent down and gently pressed his lips against mine. I melted into his kiss, loving every second of his lips on mine.

He tasted so sweet and I couldn’t get enough of him. He lifted me off the ground and I wrapped my legs around his waist. Pressing me firmly against the wall, he began to kiss down the side of my cheek and down the nape of my neck until he reached my sweet spot. He began to lick and nibble on his mark, kissing down my shoulder blade.

I asked as I felt his bulge through his pants; I wanted to feel him inside of me so badly. His breathing was raspy and filled with hunger and desires. Heat pulsed around my body, and I knew he could feel just how badly I wanted him.

He nibbled on my bottom lip, bringing it further into his mouth and sucking on it like it was a piece of candy. He played with the bottom of my blouse, and I felt his fingers brushing against my naked flesh.

An electric wave crossed my skin with every touch. He lifted my shirt over my head, leaving me in my silky purple bra; the one that he loved so much.

I saw the lust in his eyes as he buried his face in my breasts, making me giggle from the incredible sensation. With one quick motion, my bra unhooked and fell to the ground. He bit and licked my nipples, making me moan softly as I draped my fingers through his thick brown hair.

He trailed his kisses up my chest until he reached my lips again. He kissed me so passionately that my breath had been taken away. I unwrapped my legs from around him and helped him undress his clothing. I couldn't get them off fast enough.

I saw the humor in his eyes as I struggled to get my jeans off. Once we were completely naked, I jumped on top of him and forced him onto the bed. He threw his head back and laughed at my eagerness.

"Easy little wolf," he breathed against my rapid kisses. "I'm not going anywhere."

"I just missed you," I said to him as I straddled him.

Feeling him inside of me was all I needed at that moment. He held me closely as I moved myself up and down on his lap, moaning and throwing my head back at every sensation he gave me. He kissed my neck gently at first and then he sucked on it ravenously, kissing every inch of my body and leaving warmth in its place.

My heart was practically beating out of my chest as he kissed my lips and sucked on my bottom lip. His tongue twirled around my mouth making me feel dizzy with lust.

It didn't take long for either of us to orgasm.

If then, we didn't want to stop. After we finished on the bed, he lifted me and carried me toward the dresser, sitting me down and positioning himself between my legs. From there, he pleased me with his tongue, making me orgasm again before he entered me.

The dresser rattled and shook, nearly driving a hole in the wall as we made a vow of love. We were covered in sweat and were panting by the time we finished in the dresser.

His kisses turned less hungry and more intimate as he carried me into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

As we showered, the warm water and the steam that surrounded us covered so we could hardly see one another. But we didn't need to see each other; we could feel one another and that was all I cared about.

He ran his fingers through my wet curls and cupped my face in his hands as he kissed me passionately. I wrapped my legs around him as he pressed me into the shower wall. I chuckled as the water tickled the back of my neck.

"Goddess, I love you," he breathed as he finished for the 3(rd) and final time.

This would be my 4(th) time and I was exhausted by the end of the shower.

We dressed in comfortable clothing, and he carried me to his bed where we could snuggle and be one with each other.

The memory of Xander in my dream invaded my mind and I remembered, at the worst time, what I wanted to do. As I laid my head on his chest, I gazed up at his satisfied face.

"I have to talk to him," I whispered.

He looked confused, looking down at me.

"Scott?" He asked.

I shook my head.

"No," I said slowly. "Xander. I need to speak with Xander. Can you take me to him?"

Chapter 286 I need to see him.

Chapter 286 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

Enzo quickly sat up in bed and looked at me with narrowed eyes. I sat up as well, trying to maintain a strong composure, but I always felt so weak when he looked at me like that. I felt my face reddening from the intensity of his stare.

"I'm not taking you to see that monster," he said through his teeth, and I knew from his tone that there wasn't going to be a discussion about it.

“I need to see him,” I said firmly, folding my arms across my chest. “I have to ask him questions of my own.”

“Tell me the questions and I’ll ask him,” Enzo said, keeping his eyes locked on mine.

I shook my head, frowning at him.

“This is something I need to do,” I told him. “Can’t you trust me?”

“Of course, I trust you, Lila,” he said in return. “It’s him I don’t trust.”

“It’s not like I’ll be alone, Cole. I’ll have you with me and some of the gammas that are keeping guard of him. I’ll be safe.”

“Having you anywhere near him isn’t safe,” Enzo said, pressing his lips firmly together. “I don’t understand why you want to see him suddenly. What answers could he possibly give you? Do you even think he’d tell you anything? He’s been through the wringer, and he hasn’t a word to any of us other than his usual nonsense.”

“That’s what I mean though. What if what he’s saying isn’t nonsense?” I asked, furrowing my brows together. “What if he is trying to tell us something?”

“Lila, he’s not trying to tell us anything. That’s the issue,” he said, shaking his head at me. “Why are you pressed about this?”

“Because I had a dream about him,” I admitted, looking down at my hands and tugging at my fingers nervously.

“A dream?” Enzo asked; I could feel his eyes still on my face. “What kind of dream?”

“I don’t even know if it was a dream,” I said, looking back up at him. “It felt so real...”

“What happened in this dream?”

He sounded suspicious, but curious at the same time. He wasn’t angry, but he also wasn’t pleased if that makes sense.

“I think I was some kind of ghost or spirit,” I explained; trying to recall every moment of the dream.

“You were dead?”

“Not dead, no. But nobody could see me,” I explained. “I was in the dungeon watching my father beating Xander and asking questions.”

Enzo’s body froze as he continued to stare at me; I could tell he was struggling with his thoughts.

“You watched that happen?” He sounded strained.

I nodded and met his eyes.

“Yes, and Xander kept saying that I was in danger. My father thought he was threatening me, but maybe he wasn’t. Maybe he was warning me.”

Enzo raised his brows at my statement and then after a moment, he shook his head.

“He kidnapped you, Lila. Who knows what he’d do if we didn’t find you,” Enzo said in return.

“But he kidnapped me and dumped me somewhere. Before I passed out, I remember him saying something about me escaping the inescapable. It was like some kind of test or something,” I said, recalling my last real moments with Xander when he was my professor.

He was tough on me and slowly poisoning me each day. He made me fight without my wolf and strengthen my human. He kept telling me that if I didn’t learn this stuff, I would find myself in a situation where it was life or death. He told me I needed to be prepared for all sorts of situations. Even then, it felt like he was preparing me for something.

But he was such an asshole that I saw past it. My main concern was finally beating him at his own game and winning a battle against him.

I didn’t actually stop to process his words; not until now at least.

I wasn’t sure how to explain any of that to Enzo though. He was set in his ways, and I knew he wasn’t going to let me see him that easily.

“He’s dangerous, Lila,” Enzo said, rubbing the bridge of his nose with his thumb and pointer finger as if he was getting a headache from this conversation. “I don’t know how else to say that.”

“You don’t have to say it any other way,” I breathed, gazing downward. “I know he’s dangerous. But Enzo, I know what I’m capable of. I know I can handle myself in front of him. But I also won’t be alone.”

I inched closer to him, placing my hands on his chest as I peered up at him.

“My big strong Alpha will be with me,” I added, dropping my voice so it came out flirtatious.

A smile twitched at the corner of his lips, and he bent down so he could kiss me. I leaned into his kiss, loving how he tasted.

“5 minutes,” he whispered against my lips. “You get 5 minutes with him and you aren’t going into his cell.”

“Thank you,” I said, throwing my arms around him to hug him.

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Enzo called for a couple of extra gamma warriors to stand guard while we went to the dungeon to speak with Xander. I had to admit, I was way more nervous than I thought I was going to be.

With each step we made down the stairs, my heart was pounding in my chest.

I hadn't seen Xander since he kidnapped me, besides my dream, of course. I wondered if he looked as bad as he did in my dream, or if that was my mind making up scenarios. I also wondered if that dream was sent to me by a bigger force, or if Xander was calling out to me.

These were some of the questions I needed to ask him, but as we got closer to the dungeon door, the questions were quickly escaping my mind.

Enzo kept his hand entwined with mine and I stayed close to his side.

My father stood outside the dungeon doors and his arms were folded across his chest as he stared at me. I couldn't read his expression and then he sighed and dropped his arms to his side.

“You are just like your mother,” he murmured. “She would be doing the same thing.”

I couldn't help but smile at him.

“That's the best compliment you could ever give me,” I said in return; it was an honor to be compared to my mother.

Maybe that meant I would be a good Luna someday.

My father let out a small and low laugh as he rubbed his fingers through his blonde hair.

“Neither Enzo nor I am leaving your side, Lila Bean,” my father said firmly. “You only get 5 minutes with him and then we are dragging you out of there. Any signs of danger and we will drag you out of there as well. Understood?”

“Yes,” I said with a nod. “I understand, father.”

He nodded in return and then looked at Enzo.

“If he even looks at her funny—” My father began to say but Enzo stopped him with his own words.

“I'll kill him myself.”

My father and Enzo gave one another knowing looks before nodding at one another.

Before my father opened the door that separated us from the dungeon cells, he glared down at me.

“Just know, it’s not going to be a pretty sight. He’s been beaten pretty badly and with the cuffs that we put on him, he wasn’t able to heal properly.”

I nodded, swallowing the lump that formed in my throat.

“I know,” I said in return, trying not to sound as nervous as I felt.

After another moment, my father turned and unlatched the door, pushing it open.

Instantly I smelled the metallic scent of blood and rust. I nearly froze before entering the room because the scent was so forceful, I had to cover my nose with my hand. I had never been in this dungeon before, but I didn’t like how gross it smelled.

I noticed mold growing in the corners of the concrete walls and mildew forming on the concrete grounds. It was grey and gloomy with very little light. Only a small window on the top of the dungeon wall provided a little bit of natural light. But for the most part, the entire dungeon was lit by only a couple of lights that were hung on the walls.

“It looks so depressing in here,” I said, looking around.

“It’s a dungeon, Lila. It’s not supposed to be pretty,” Enzo told me.

I didn’t have any argument for that, but I wished it didn’t look so grim and lifeless. We followed my father past the empty cells. I was glad that Enzo didn’t keep many prisoners here; I was told that these were only considered holding cells until they could figure out what to do with them. Most of the time they get transported to prison to serve their lifelong sentence.

I shuddered at the thought of what kind of monsters and criminals Enzo and his pack had imprisoned in here.

My father finally stopped walking and he glared into a dark cell.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my rapid heartbeat as I went to stand beside my father. Enzo grabbed onto my hand to stop me, and I looked up at him with a curious frown.

“I’m serious.... 5 minutes,” he said in a low tone for only my ears.

I nodded and gave him a grateful smile, but I knew it didn’t reach my eyes. I was too nervous, and Enzo knew this.

He released my hand, and I went to stand next to my father, peering into the dark cell as well. For a normal wolf, it would have been difficult to see into the cell, but for a Volana, it was easy. It was as if we were in broad daylight.

Just like in my dream, Xander lay in a pile of his blood and filth. His face was badly beaten, and it didn't even look like he was breathing. He must have just been beaten recently.

I knew they beat him until he almost died, and then they loosen his cuffs to allow him to heal.

My father stepped toward the cell and unlocked the door, stepping inside.

He went to Xander to loosen his cuffs and I watched with fascination as Xander groaned miserably and turned over onto his side. He coughed up a big mound of blood, making me wince. I tried not to react much, but it couldn't have been helped.

It was disgusting.

"You have someone who needs to speak to you," My father said in a tone that I barely recognized.

Xander lifted his head and stared at me through his bruised and swollen eyes. I saw a glimmer of recognition in his eyes and then a hint of a smile on his cut lips.

When he spoke, his voice came out rough and gravelly; he spoke between breaths of air.

"About.... time.... you showed... up."

Chapter 287 Speaking to Xander

Chapter 287 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

"You knew I was going to come see you?" I asked, eyeing him carefully. I tried not to be repulsed by his appearance, but it couldn't be helped. He looked awful and it turned my stomach.

"I had hope," he said in a barely audible tone.

I could tell that speaking hurt him; his lungs must have been punctured. My father and Enzo seriously did a number on him. I didn't understand why he couldn't just talk to them and end his misery. All they wanted to know was who sent him and where he came from.

"Why did you hope I'd see you?" I found myself asking, completely forgetting about the questions I wanted to ask him.

I needed to get to the point; I only had 5 minutes with him.

“You’re a smart girl—” he began to say but was stopped as a gross hacking cough escaped his lips and blood splattered to the ground.

“Did you call for me in my sleep?” I asked him, ignoring the pounding of my heart. “Is that why I had that dream?”

He narrowed his eyes at me and assessed my face for a moment.

“You tell me,” he said in return.

I shook my head at him.

“I don’t have time for this Xander,” I snapped, growing aggravated. “In my dream, you said I was in danger. My father thought you were threatening me but I’m starting to think it wasn’t a threat, it was an actual warning. What were you warning me about?”

I felt my father tensing from beside me and his eyes snapped to the side of my face.

A laugh escaped Xander's lips.

“If I could tell you that, do you think I’d be here right now?”

“Why can’t you tell me?” I asked, stepping toward the cell.

Enzo grabbed the back of my shirt like I was a child about to run into the middle of the street.

“Because it can get into your mind. If it knows what you know... a lot of people will die,” he said through his teeth.

“Wait, what?” My father asked, now looking at him. “What do you mean by that?”

“Exactly what I said, Alpha,” he said, laying his head back on the ground.

“Who sent you?” My father asked, glaring at him.

“I can’t tell you that either. So, you might as well finish the job and kill me.”

My stomach clenched as I stared at him.

“I knew it...” I breathed, more to myself than to him. “You were trying to warn me about something. You can’t tell us what it is, but you are trying to prepare me for something. What are you trying to prepare me for, Xander? Why can’t you tell us so we can be ready?”

He pressed his lips firmly together and looked directly at the wall. He wasn't going to talk, that much was obvious.

"Xander," I nearly shouted.

"Time is up," Enzo said firmly, grabbing my arm. "That's all the questions."

"I'm not done," I said, snapping him a look.

"He's not going to say anything more, Lila. I told you, 5 minutes. It's over. I'm getting you out of here."

I wanted to argue some more, but I knew there was no use so sighed and looked back at Xander.

"If you can tell us anything that'll help...I'll make sure your pain ends," I told him, lowering my voice.

I stared at him for a moment longer and when I figured he wasn't going to speak, I sighed again and turned away with Enzo and we began to leave the dungeon.

"Lila..." I heard my name coming from Xander.

I paused at the door and looked at him.

"It gets into your head and if it knows who's an enemy, it won't stop until they are all dead."

His warning sent a chill down my spine; my father stood frozen as well, staring down at Xander with dismay written all over his face and then he met my eyes. I knew my father had questions too but he wasn't even sure where to begin.

Enzo grabbed my arm again and pulled me along with him.

When we got back upstairs and into the front room of the packhouse, I felt like I could finally breathe again.

I took greedy gulps of the clean air and shivered.

"Did you get what you needed?" He asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

I stared up at him and nodded.

"I think I did," I told him honestly. "I was right; Xander was trying to warn me about something without actually warning me. If he told me the truth, whatever he's so afraid of will get into my head and kill everyone I love. Or maybe everyone he loves... or both...."

I shook my head at the thought.

“It’s all very confusing,” I continued. “But it’s a start. Can you tell my father to allow him to heal? I don’t think he’s the enemy we need to watch out for.”

“He kidnapped you, Lila,” Enzo groaned. “He’s still an enemy.”

“I don’t think he is,” I said, folding my arms across my chest. “You want me to be your Luna, then let me act the part of Luna while I’m here. Doesn’t my orders matter at all?”

He looked surprised by this but then he gave me a small and delighted smile.

“It does,” he said, giving me a head nod.

“Then I order that my father allow him to heal fully. Maybe he will talk once he’s not in severe pain and hanging on for dear life,” I said firmly.

After a pause, Enzo nodded and stepped away. I knew he was mindlinking my father to tell him about the change of plans.

Once he was done, he looked back at me.

“So, who do you think this enemy is?” Enzo asked and I could see the worry in his eyes.

I thought about it for a moment. I knew darkness was still lurking around and we were in danger. Darkness was the reason Scott was sent to jail; Celeste had said that darkness was inside the school even though the barrier was protecting Higala.

Darkness killed those guards and Merida.

Could darkness be the thing that Xander was trying to warn us against?

“Lila, are you okay?” Enzo asked worriedly.

I realized I had been standing in front of him silently, thinking to myself instead of answering his question.

“Yes,” I said to him, biting my bottom lip. “I think so at least...”

Before he could say anything in return, the door of the kitchen opened, and Alpha Emmet walked into the front room with Dee walking behind him. They seemed to be in the middle of a conversation.

“Thank you for breakfast, Madam Deanna,” he said, bowing his head slightly at her. “This pack is lucky to have a house mother like you.”

She laughed and swatted his arm playfully.

“Oh please, call me Dee. Everyone does,” she said in return. “You are quite a gentleman, Alpha. I truly appreciate a kind soul.”

“You’ve certainly made my day a bit more bearable,” he told her.

Her eyes softened as she placed a hand on his upper arm.

“I know your son didn’t do anything wrong,” she breathed. “And soon, so will everyone else.”

Emmet looked drained; I could tell he hadn’t slept at all. It was strange seeing this side of him; while I was dating Scott, Alpha Emmet was always on him about everything. Scott was certain that his father never loved him and only cared about power and money. He had the same mentality as Alpha Jonathan; it was always about what others could do for him and growing his businesses.

He wanted Scott to be prepared to take over as Alpha and was extra hard on him; Scott barely ever had a moment of peace and I always felt bad for him.

But it was clear that Alpha Emmet truly did care for Scott, and he was incredibly worried about his son. I refused to believe he was upset because of his reputation being ruined. I wasn’t getting that sense from him and I’m usually good at reading people that I’ve known for a while.

“I need to get back to the police station,” Emmet said, running his fingers through his hair. “I need to contact more lawyers and figure out how to get my son out of jail.”

“Alpha Bastien is going to be going to the school to do some digging and figure out which students have abilities,” Enzo explained to him. “We should be able to narrow it down by the end of the day.”

I knew it wasn’t going to be that simple; I had a feeling that darkness had something to do with this. But I didn’t want to give Alpha Emmet anything more to be afraid of.

“I’ll go there and help too. But I need to see if they’ll let me speak with my son,” Emmet said, rubbing his temple miserably.

“I’ll make a phone call to Alpha Jonathan. He’s in charge of that jail so I’m sure he can make an exception,” Enzo said, patting him on the back.

“Not likely; he’s the reason I’m not allowed to see him. He gave orders to keep me out,” Emmet said, rolling his eyes.

“I’ll talk to him and see what I can do,” Enzo assured him.

“Thanks,” Alpha Emmet said in return.

“We can take Lila back to campus and then we will head over to the jail,” Enzo said, glancing over his shoulder at me.

I nodded to him as I went upstairs to grab the little belongings that I had with me. When I got back downstairs, Dee was waiting for me in the front room with a little Tupperware of baked goods.

“Here, Lila. Take these back with you. They are for you and your friends,” she said kindly.

“Thanks, Dee,” I said, hugging her.

Enzo and Emmet were waiting outside for me when I emerged from the packhouse. Once we were all together, we piled into Enzo’s car, I sat in the backseat, and then we drove away.

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I said quick goodbyes to Enzo and Emmet, trying to make my goodbye with Enzo to be professional because Alpha Emmet didn’t know that Enzo was my mate. Once I waved goodbye I headed into the dormitory.

It was about midafternoon when I arrived, so I was glad I didn’t have to sneak into the dorm room undetected.

I was surprised that both Rachel and Becca weren’t in the dorm room when I arrived. Usually at least one of them was around, but in this case, neither was there.

I didn’t think too much about it though; they were probably in the student lounge. I was going to join them there afterward once I finished putting my things in my room and freshening up. But once I got in my room; I froze when I saw a little white on my bed.

On the front of the envelope had my name written on it; it wasn’t handwriting that I recognized.

Furrowing my brows together I wondered, “Who could this be from?”

Chapter 288 Invitation

Chapter 288 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Enzo’s POV

It was a long drive back to the jail; most of the drive was silent which was to be expected. Alpha Emmet was upset about his son being falsely accused of something he didn't do.

Murder.

The problem was that Scott confessed to the crime. But it's come to our realization that he was given false memories from someone else at this school.

Alpha Bastien mindlinked me a few minutes ago to tell me that he was heading to the school in a few minutes to find out what students have abilities other than Sarah and who could have committed that horrific crime and framed Scott for it.

I was going to go to the school with Emmet later to help him with that investigation, but for right now, Scott really needed to see his son. I couldn't blame him; if I had a son, I would stop at nothing to see him if he was put in this position.

"Keep an eye on Emmet. I'm worried he will do something stupid if given the chance," Bastien said through our mindlink.

I glanced over at Emmet who was staring out the window; there was a void in his eyes, and he looked drained. It was obvious that he hadn't slept a wink last night; not that I could blame him. But Alpha Bastien was right; under his mental capacity, he wasn't in the right frame of mind to be making any decisions and he needed to be monitored closely.

"I will," I assured him. "We won't be long. I don't want Lila at that school alone for long."

"Gamma Alex is still there," Bastien reminded me, making me roll my eyes and clutch the steering wheel tightly.

"I don't trust him," I said in return, trying not to make any sounds of distress and alerting Alpha Emmet that I was mindlinking.

"He's good at his job," Bastien assured me. "He might be an asshole, but he follows orders, and he won't let us down. He will keep her safe until you get there."

I said nothing more as I disconnected the mindlink. I really couldn't stand Alex and I knew Lila couldn't either. He couldn't be trusted, even if he was good at his job.

As soon as I parked the car in the front parking lot of the station, Emmet was quickly getting out of the car and rushing toward the front door. I quickly followed after him, trying to get him to slow down.

"They aren't going to let you in if you approach them with aggression," I scolded.

"I need to see my son," he muttered, pulling open the doors and storming inside the waiting room.

The dispatcher looked up from his computer and instantly rolled his eyes upon seeing Alpha Emmet stalking toward him.

“Alpha—”

“Let me in to see my son,” Emmet said through his teeth.

“You know I can’t do that,” the dispatcher said, sighing and shaking his head. “I’m sorry, but—”

“Sorry isn’t good enough,” Emmet growled. “I need to see him. It’s right to keep a father from seeing his child.”

I stepped beside Emmet, placing a hand on his shoulder to steady him. When Emmet relaxed slightly, I looked at the dispatcher who met my eyes.

“Look, he’s right. This is his son; he deserves to be able to talk to him,” I said calmly.

The dispatcher’s face softened.

“It’s not up to me, Alpha Enzo,” he said, glancing at Emmet. “It’s Alpha Jonathan’s orders.”

I nodded in understanding.

“I will get a hold of him then. Thank you. I know you are just doing your job,” I said simply.

The dispatcher relaxed in his seat and gave me a tired smile with a head nod.

Emmet was murmuring some profanities under his breath as he turned away to sit down. I pulled my cell phone out and called Alpha Jonathan right away.

He answered on the 4(th) ring.

“Alpha Enzo; what honor do I have for this phone call?”

“I need a favor and only you can do this,” I said firmly, stepping out of earshot so Emmet wouldn’t listen, but I knew he still would.

“And what favor would that be?” Jonathan asked with curiosity in his tone. “You’ll let Alpha Emmet see his son,” I said simply.

There was a moment of pause on the other end.

“And why would I do that?” Jonathan asked, sounding annoyed by my request.

“Because it’s his son, Alpha,” I said in return. “He has a right to speak to his son.”

“His son is a murderer,” Alpha Jonathan said through his teeth; I could feel his growing anger from through the phone.

“Even so, that’s still his son,” I said in return. “How would you feel if it were your daughter?”

“It’s not my daughter—”

“But if it was and you weren’t able to see her,” I said, cutting off his words. “You wouldn’t like that very much, would you?”

He was quiet for a moment.

“No, I wouldn’t,” he said in return. “Bastien seems to think that the boy is innocent and delayed his transport to the prison. You wouldn’t happen to know what that’s about, would you?”

“We think he was manipulated into confessing,” I explained.

“What are you getting at?” Jonathan seethed and I knew exactly what he was thinking.

“We don’t think it was your daughter, so calm down,” I said to him.

“Then, who do you think it is? Her ability is rare and nobody at that school has it.”

“We don’t know that for sure; we are investigating,” I told him.

“Not without me you aren’t. It’s my school; I need to be a part of any investigations,” he growled.

“Bastien is in charge of the committee which means he’s the one in charge of this investigation. But seeing it is your school I’m sure he wouldn’t mind if you helped him. He’ll be at the school later today. You can meet him there; Emmet and I will be joining him as well.”

“Do we need my officers and warriors?” Jonathan asked.

“No, not yet,” I answered. “For right now it’s just going to be us. But that’s not why I’m calling you, Alpha. I need your permission to allow Alpha Emmet in to see his son. The dispatcher refuses to let him pass. It’s his son; he deserves the chance to speak to him.”

There was silence on the other end; the silence became so loud that I thought that he hung up for a moment. But then he spoke in a low and seemingly annoyed tone.

“Put the dispatcher on the phone.”

I sighed, relieved, as I went to the dispatcher. He sat on his desk behind an unbreakable class, peering up at me with a curious look.

“He wants to speak with you,” I said; he looked surprised, but he nodded and opened the metal box for me to place my phone inside.

Once he had my phone, he began talking to Alpha Jonathan. Or more that Alpha Jonathan was talking to him, and the dispatcher made a bunch of agreeing sounds.

Then the dispatcher finally said, “Okay, sounds good.”

He hung up the phone and placed it back in the metal box so I could take it back.

“He has 10 minutes to speak to his son,” the dispatcher said to me.

Emmet quickly stood to his feet, his face appearing shocked.

I gave him a nod and he gave me a relieved and faint smile.

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Lila’s POV

I sat on my bed, staring at the envelope that was in my hands. There wasn’t a stamp or any other words on the front of the envelope other than my name. It was written in handwriting that I didn’t recognize and for some reason, I had an unsettled feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Somebody came into my room and placed this on my bed.

My first assumption was either Rachel or Becca, but for some reason, neither of those options seemed right to me.

I took a steady deep breath and opened the envelope, uncovering a thick off-white paper.

It was a handwritten note.

My heart fell into my stomach when I scanned the letter and saw who it was from.

Dear Lila,

This is my official congratulations on winning the Election this year. I know you are going to do some great things with the student committee, and I know you are going to take this school far. On behalf of me and my family, I’d like to invite you to a dinner in your honor on Saturday at 6 pm.

You, your friends, and your family are all invited. It will be a banquet at my packhouse, and we are preparing all your favorite foods, cooked by some of the best chefs in Higala.

Once again, I'd like to personally thank you and congratulate you for a job well done and for winning the election fairly.

Best,

Alpha Jonathan.

Chapter 289 Who was in my room?

Chapter 289 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Lila's POV

My heart was racing in my chest to the point where I thought it was going to explode from my flesh. I got up from my bed quickly and stopped the note on the ground, not wanting to touch it.

I'm not sure why I had such an uneasy feeling about this note; how did it even get into my room?

I looked around my room, biting my bottom lip nervously.

Was Alpha Jonathan in my bedroom?

If he had given it to one of my friends to give to me, they would have texted me and let me know that they were putting a note on my bed. Or they would have told me that Alpha Jonathan gave them a note for me.

I knew I had to get to the student lounge and find my friends; maybe they saw Alpha Jonathan or one of his pack members wandering around.

"Could it have been Sarah?" Val asked, sounding as worried as I felt.

"That's also a possibility," I agreed, trying to keep my composure as I rushed from the dorm room.

There were only a couple of girls in the living quarters. They were curled up on the community couch and watching Gossip Girl on one of the TVs. They only glanced up in my direction as I rushed past them.

They murmured their hellos, and I returned it with a wave before leaving the dormitory. I ran as fast as I could to the student lounge. As soon as I entered, I saw Becca, Brody, Kayla, and strangely Sarah, sitting in our usual spot.

It was weird seeing Sarah hanging out with my friends, especially when her own friends were sitting on the couches, they'd named their own. They were glancing in Sarah's direction, giving her dirty looks behind her back.

I'm assuming they still haven't forgiven her for messing with their minds.

Not that I could blame them; it was pretty fucked up that Sarah did that to her own friends. If they were ever truly friends. Sarah could have manipulated them into thinking they were her friends.

I never actually got the full story from Sarah.

Sarah was sitting close to Brody though so I'm assuming she was only sitting with my friends because her mate was there.

I rushed toward them; Becca looked up at me from the book she was reading, and she gave me a joyful smile. She fixed her bright purple glasses and put her book down.

"Hey, Lila!" She said brightly. "When did you get back?"

"Just a little bit ago," I said, sliding into the seat beside her. "Did any of you notice anything weird last night or this morning?"

They all looked at one another curiously before looking at me.

"Like what?" Brody asked.

"Like Alpha Jonathan," I said, lowering my voice.

Sarah tensed.

"My father has been home for a couple of days," she said, glancing at Brody briefly before looking at me. "He hasn't been here."

I furrowed my brows together.

"I found a note on my bed when I got back to campus a little bit ago," I explained. "it was a letter from your father inviting me and my friends to a banquet."

She raised her brows, obviously surprised.

"He never mentioned it to me," she said, and I saw a flash of hurt in her eyes.

“Wait, did you say it was on your bed?” Becca asked, staring at me pointedly.

I nodded, looking at her.

“You didn’t put it there?” I asked.

She shook her head.

“Nobody else has been in our dorm,” she said in return.

“That’s freaky,” Kay breathed. “It was just sitting on your bed?”

“Yes,” I answered, leaning back in my seat.

I was feeling very uneasy over this.

“Where’s the note?” Brody asked, his brows knitting together.

“I dropped it in my room,” I admitted. “It’s still there.”

“A banquet, huh?” Sarah asked, stuck on that fact. “How could he not tell me about it.”

“Maybe you should call him,” Brody suggested. “He can probably explain how the note got on Lila’s bed.”

“Okay,” she said, grabbing her pink dazzled phone out of her handbag. “Give me a few minutes.”

She stood and walked further away so she could talk to her father in private.

“Are we sure it wasn’t Sarah?” Becca asked, folding her arms across her chest and narrowing her eyes at Brody.

He scowled at her, angry and annoyed by the accusation.

“If she says it wasn’t her, it wasn’t her,” Brody said through his teeth.

“Look, I know she’s your mate, but I still don’t trust her,” Becca said, rolling her eyes.

Before Brody could growl loudly and protectively at her, I spoke, stopping them both.

“Has anyone seen Rachel? It could have been her,” I said, glancing at Becca.

She frowned and shook her head.

“I haven’t seen her all morning. She said she had a lot of homework to do and was going to the library,” she answered. “I doubt it was her.”

I still had an unsettled feeling; I made a mental note to speak with Rachel later and find out if she was truly okay.

A few minutes later, Sarah returned and sat back down.

“Okay, so my father said that he is having a banquet for you tomorrow and he stopped by the morning. He gave the letter to the dorm advisor,” she said; I noticed she looked a little sad. “He didn’t tell me he was here this morning, and he didn’t tell me about the banquet.”

Brody wrapped an arm around her shoulder and pulled her close to him.

“Maybe it slipped his mind?” Brody suggested.

“Maybe…” she muttered.

“That’s a relief,” Becca breathed, looking at me. “It was Eileen that put it on your bed. That would explain it, right?”

I nodded, also feeling a bit relieved knowing that no creepy men or anyone was in my bedroom.

“I’ll talk to Eileen,” I said softly. “Thank you for calling him, Sarah.”

She nodded but said nothing.

“The letter said that I can invite my family and friends. So, I guess you guys are all invited,” I said to them. “I’d feel a little better if others were there with me.”

“I’ll definitely be there,” Becca said with a fond smile. “Can I bring Luis?”

I raised my brows at her.

“You and Luis have gotten close, huh?” I asked, a little teasingly.

Her face grew red, but she smiled at me as she nodded, looking a little sheepish.

“Neither of us have found our mates,” she admitted. “He thinks his mate might have died. He can’t explain it, but he can feel that she’s not around anymore.”

“What about your mate?” I asked, frowning. “Do you feel he’s still alive?”

“I’m not really sure,” she admitted. “But I really like Luis. There’s no shame in having a chosen mate, right?”

“Of course, not,” I said, draping my arm through hers. “There’s no shame in that at all.”

“But what if you find your mate?” Kay asked.

Becca shrugged.

“Then we will figure it out I guess,” Becca said, also shrugging. “Luis agreed to wait until graduation. If I don’t find my mate by the time I graduate, he will mark me and then it won’t matter.”

She was right; once she’s marked by another wolf, and she finds her true mate, the mate pull won’t be as strong. She will still recognize her fated mate, but she won’t have that strong desire to be with him.

“My wolf really likes Luis too,” she continued. “I think we could be happy.”

“I’m happy if you’re happy,” I said to her, leaning my head against her shoulder.

“So, are you going to invite your professor mate?” Sarah asked, keeping her tone low and secretive.

I lifted my head off Becca’s shoulder to look at her, surprised. I hadn’t even thought about that. I guess I could, but it might be a little weird to just invite another Alpha to this banquet. But I don’t think Enzo would want me to go without him.

“Your father might be suspicious if I did,” I said, uncertainty clear in my voice. “I guess I should talk to him about it. He will be here later today. My father and Scott’s father will be here too. They are investigating the murder.”

“None of them think that Scott, did it?” Sarah asked, raising her brows. “Even Alpha Emmet?”

“Especially Alpha Emmet,” I said, recalling how upset Emmet has been since yesterday. “He’s determined to prove his son’s innocence.”

“Well, if they need our help, we will be around,” Becca said, picking up her book again. “Not sure what we can do, but we will be here.”

“I appreciate you all,” I said to them as I stood to my feet. “I’m going to talk to Eileen. I’ll see you later.”

“Bye!” They all said at the same time.

I waved and left the student lounge. I went straight to the dormitory and saw Eileen sitting in our shared kitchen sipping on some tea. She looked up at me and gave me a faint smile; she looked exhausted.

“Hello,” she said to me as I approached.

“Hey, Miss Carter,” I said to her. “I have a quick question.”

“Go on,” she said, placing her mug of tea down on the table.

“Did Alpha Jonathan give you a letter this morning?”

She thought about it for a moment; it was as if the thought was straining her. She was quiet for a long while before answering.

“Yes...” she answered. “It’s strange because I don’t remember much about this morning. But I remember being given a letter and placing it on your bed.”

“You don’t remember much about this morning?” I asked, raising my brows. “What do you mean?”

She was quiet again before looking down at her mug.

“I don’t know,” she said softly. “This morning’s foggy. It’s like... I had lost time.”

Chapter 290 Lost Time

Chapter 290 - My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Enzo’s POV

Alpha Bastien was already at the school when we arrived. As soon as we got to campus, we went straight to Tiffany Prescott’s office.

Bastien was there reading through some reports while Prescott stood behind him. She had a worried look in her eyes and I could feel her anxieties before she even spoke.

“Do I need to enforce another lockdown?” She asked, staring up at me and then at Alpha Emmet.

Her face dropped slightly as she straightened her body to face him.

“Hello, Alpha,” she said to him, bowing her head slightly in respect and remorse. “I’m so sorry about your son—”

“I know it’s not your fault, Headmaster. You were just doing your job. My son confessed to the murder, so you had no reason to not believe him.”

I was surprised by Emmet’s maturity and telling from Bastien’s raised brows, he was also surprised.

Prescott’s face reddened.

“If I thought for a second, he was lying…”

“That’s the thing, we don’t think he is lying,” I said, cutting her off.

She snapped me a look, surprised by my words.

“Oh, I thought—”

“We think it was mind manipulation,” I said, cutting her off again. “That’s why we need to investigate students with abilities.”

Her face paled at my words as she looked at Alpha Bastien and then back at me.

“The only student who has that ability at his school is Sarah… it’s a very rare ability…” Prescott said hesitantly. “You don’t think she’d do something like this, do you?”

“No,” both Bastien and I said at the same time.

“It wasn’t Sarah,” I said, shaking my head.

“She’s also not the only one with that ability,” Bastien, who was sitting at her desk, said while looking up at her. “My daughter is a Volana, which means she also has that ability. However, that’s not listed on her reports.”

“Well, that’s because the Volana abilities are very mysterious to the board and we aren’t sure all the abilities they have,” Prescott explained.

“You should have done more research. I would have been happy to fill you in, as would my wife and Luna, who is also a Volana.”

“My mother is a Volana,” I admitted, getting her attention. “I was also aware of her abilities. I’ve researched and studied under them for a long time.”

Tiffany Prescott’s jaw dropped as she looked at me.

“I wasn’t aware of that, Professor,” she said, swallowing audibly. “I guess it was never a thought to ask you about it. But please, keep in mind that I’m only the headmaster starting this year. All the reports from last year were created by the former headmaster.”

“As the new headmaster it was your responsibility to make sure all the paperwork and information was up to date,” Bastien said firmly.

He used a harsh tone that made her flinch. But I knew he hadn’t meant to sound harsh. He was only trying to get his point across.

“Yes, sir,” she said lowering her gaze.

“So, if my own daughters are going under the radar, I’m sure other students’ abilities are also going under the radar,” Bastien continued as he went through the paperwork and then glanced at her computer to look at transcripts.

“It’s a possibility,” she admitted, sheepishly.

“Get your board members together and have them speak with each of the students to find out what exactly they can do. We need to get in contact with all wolves, bears, vampires, and witches,” Bastien ordered. “I also hear there’s a fairy that’s now at this school. We will need to speak with her as well.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, nodding her head.

Just as she was about to leave her office, the door opened, and Alpha Jonathan stepped inside.

“Did I miss anything?” He asked, looking between all of us.

I couldn’t have been the only one feeling annoyed that he was there.

Headmaster Prescott quickly bowed her head to him.

“Hello, Alpha,” she said to him, sounding all sorts of nervous. “I was just stepping out to speak with the board.”

“What for?”

“We need updated information,” Bastien explained, peering over at him from the desk. “Sarah can’t be the only one with the ability to manipulate minds at this school. My daughter also has that ability being a Volana and that’s not reported in any of these documents. Makes me wonder what else is flying under the radar.”

I saw a flash of red in Alpha Jonatha’s eyes as he glared at Prescott.

“Why are these documents not updated, Headmaster?” He asked through his teeth. “If someone else is manipulating minds, why is my daughter the only suspect when things like that happen?”

“I will get to the bottom of it, Alpha,” she said, lowering her gaze.

“I want everything to be looked into. Including the election,” Jonathan said through gritted teeth.
I couldn’t help but roll my eyes.

“Sarah admitted to messing with minds,” I reminded him. “That was definitely her.”

“Just like she admitted to manipulating Scott’s mind last year when he vandalized the art studio,” Bastien chimed in.

“I paid quite the fee to get that studio repaired,” Emmet muttered.

Alpha Jonathan rolled his eyes.

“Your son still did the vandalizing. My daughter got suspended. We are even,” Jonathan said, folding his arms across his chest.

“Hardly,” Emmet said, his jaw clenching.

Jonathan glanced at the headmaster and narrowed his eyes at her.

“Why are you still standing there? You obviously already orders,” he seethed.

She paled.

“Oh, right, sorry,” she said. “I’ll be back.”

On that note, she left quickly.

I almost felt bad for her; almost.

If Lila wasn’t in danger, then I would have felt worse. But this kind of mistake puts her in danger and like Alpha Bastien, I wasn’t okay with that.

“So, if you don’t think it was my daughter who did this... who are you thinking?” Alpha Jonathan asked, furrowing his brows together.

We all remained silent, staring around at one another.

None of us had an answer; none of us knew.

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Lila’s POV

“You lost time?” I asked Eileen Carter, trying to keep my mouth from dropping to the floor.

“Yes, I don’t quite remember most of my morning. Except for that letter,” she said, shaking her head at the thought and meeting my eyes. “Was the letter serious?”

“It was just an invitation,” I told her, stepping away from her. “Thank you for the information,” I said, just before rushing out of the kitchen.

I ran up the stairs of the dormitory until I reached my dorm room. I went into my bedroom and grabbed the letter that I left on my floor.

I read it again, still feeling all sorts of uneasiness in the pit of my stomach.

I could smell that Enzo was on campus; plus, the excitement of my wolf told me that he was close.

“Enzo?” I spoke through our mindlink.

After a moment, he responded.

“I’m here,” he answered. “I’m in Prescott’s office.”

“Is my father with you?” I asked.

“Yes,” he answered right away. “As is Emmet and Jonathan.”

“Alpha Jonathan is here?” I asked, my stomach clenching.

“Yes,” he answered. “Is everything okay?”

“I need to speak with you alone. Can we meet somewhere?”

“Where are you right now?”

“In my dorm,” I told him. “But you can’t come here; it’s too dangerous. “Can you get to the arena?”

“Yes; I’ll meet you there in 20 minutes. Just give me a bit to finish up here and sneak away.”

I was relieved to hear that.

“Okay,” I said. “I love you.”

“I love you.”

I disconnected the mindlink and shoved the note in my back pocket before leaving the dorm and going straight to the arena.

I was glad that the arena was empty; this was practically Enzo's office when he didn't have to teach any classes. Sometimes students would come here to get some extra practice in, but nobody was here today thankfully.

While I waited for Enzo, I decided to do some practice myself. He had a large boxing dummy set up in the middle of the arena that I knew he used to practice by himself often. I imagined him shirtless and boxing with this dummy and my mouth started to water and heat formed around my lower abdomen.

I could feel Val's high emotions as she too thought about our mate.

I started to kick and punch the dummy; it would move backward and then back at me, making me kick it again. I was always a good fighter but working with Enzo in class and even since working with Xander, I had gotten a lot stronger and fighter.

I didn't even realize that 20 minutes had gone by until Enzo walked into the arena. He looked amused for a moment as he watched me fight the dummy.

By the time I decided to stop, I was panting and sweaty from the workout.

"Nice form," he said stepping behind me. He placed his hands on my hips to steady me. "Punch it again."

I punched it and it came back at me, Enzo lifted me in the air, and I kicked it with as much force as I could. When he released me, I jumped out of the way before it came back at me, Enzo was the one who punched it that time and then he kicked it nearly knocking its head off.

"You've gotten better," he laughed.

"I learned from the best," I said in return.

I wanted to run into his arms, but I was afraid that someone would walk in at any moment.

"Is everything okay?" He asked, his face growing serious. "You sounded agent."

I frowned, my heart beating heavily in my chest again as I pulled out the note from my back pocket.

"I found this in my room earlier," I told him, handing him the note.

He now looked worried.

"What is it?" He asked, unfolding the note.

"It was from Alpha Jonathan..." I told him. "He's inviting me to a banquet in my honor on Saturday."

He furrowed his brows together.

“I was just with him in Prescott’s office; he didn’t mention this at all,” Enzo said as he read the note. “You said you found it in your room?”

“Yeah,” I told him. “He had my dorm advisor, Eilleen Carter, put the note on my bed.”

“That’s weird,” he said, meeting my eyes.

“That’s not the weirdest part though,” I said, folding my arms across my chest. “Miss Carter doesn’t remember anything that happened this morning. She lost time, Enzo.”

“She lost time?”

“That’s what she’s saying,” I explained. “The only thing she remembers from this morning was being given this letter and being told to place it on my bed.”