

Chapter 34 My mother's attacker

Enzo's POV

Beta Ethan was right, their scent was strong in the forest that surrounded the Calypso pack. It reeked of outsiders, and I knew that scent all too well.

They were my father's followers; at least a couple of them.

They had no reason to be lurking around my pack, they knew they weren't welcome here. They knew I would tear them from limb to limb if I saw them with my own eyes.

But yet, their scent is fresh. They were staking out. Waiting.

But waiting for what?

A heard a twig cracking as I continued my search in the forest.

I've been out here for hours and haven't come across a single wolf. It was becoming late, or early. It wouldn't be long before the sun began to rise.

I'm not sure they would stick around in the broad daylight.

It was the night of the full moon so wolves were typically stronger when the moon shined down upon them. I certainly felt stronger.

Max wasn't going to give up until we found those assholes though.

He was hot on their trail; sniffing and searching every corner of the forest.

We came across a dark cave; the cave reeked of outsider fur.

Max growled fiercely; his sharp teeth revealed in his long and narrow mouth. Fury was boiling through my body.

It was the same scent I smelled on my mother from after her attack.

This had to have been the hideout of these wolves.

"About time you showed up," a dark voice emerged from the shadow region.

I lowered my head, getting ready to lunge if necessary.

"You have no right to be on our property," I said through gritted teeth. "You know you are no longer welcome here."

I recognized the wolf that came to greet me.

He was once a pack member but was told to leave once I came into power. He did the pack no favors and tried to turn everyone against outsiders such as rogues and Volana. I wasn't going to have any part of that considering my mother was both.

"This was once my home if you don't remember," he sneered in return. "I have every right to be here like any other of your pack members."

"You haven't been a pack member in a long time, Bruce," I said, trying to keep my temper under control. "Why have you returned?"

"Because I can sense my pack is in trouble. You've been bringing around a Volana wolf."

"This isn't your pack... it's my pack. Whom I bring here isn't any of your concern."

"There are some wolves in this pack that I still consider family and vice versa. They tell me things, Enzo. They tell me that there is a young Volana that has been staying in your packhouse. They tell me they can sense her abilities and they fear for their lives. They asked me to run and take care of the problem."

That didn't make any sense. There was no way in hell anyone in his pack would reach out to someone who causes trouble. Someone of my father's following.

Everybody in the pack seemed to love Lila. Even the children adore her.

Bruce had to have been lying.

"What are you really doing here?" I asked, curling my lips up in disgust.

"You don't believe me? How else would I know to return here? Right when you bring that Volana around. How did you think I knew to be here, Enzo?"

I shouldn't have been surprised; I knew bringing Lila around and being around her would put her in danger.

"I'm glad I did come back when I did. I didn't realize how bad it was. You have Volana wolves coming out of your ass," Bruce spat, shaking his long and narrow wolf head in disgust.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"There was a woman lurking around the roque territory. She was older and didn't look like a standard Volana But she reeked like one."

My mother.

"You were the one who beat her?" asked, feeling a rise of anger in my chest, boiling across my features.

The smirk that Bruce had on his face was the answer I needed. Before he had the chance to say anything, I lunged.

He didn't seem surprised by my attack; in fact, it was like he was expecting it.

He swung his claws out at me, only missing me by a hair. I was too fast for him. I growled loudly into the night sky, ripping at his throat with my large canines. The earth shook under the intensity of our weight.

I shoved him hard to the ground, ripping through his fur with my claws. He growled loudly, using his body weight to kick me off him.

I stumbled backward but managed to recover myself with ease.

"You've gone in deep," Bruce hissed. "Your father would be disgusted with you."

"Good thing I don't care what my father thinks," I said in return, lunging at him once again.

This time he cackled.

"You should; if you want to follow in his footsteps and be the best Alpha there is."

"I will never be anything like my father," I vowed loudly. "He isn't a man I will ever look up to. As for you and your men... you are not welcome in my pack."

"We'll see about that," Bruce hissed, swinging at me again.

This time he managed to connect with my wolf's face. I tasted blood in my mouth but that wasn't going to stop me from getting a few more whacks in.

I lunged again, knocking him to the ground. He winced in pain as my claws dug into his shoulder blade.

The more I stared into his dark eyes, the angrier I grew.

At that moment, I was thinking a lot about my mother. The pain she went through because of this asshole. The torment of the beating; the fear she must have felt. It was all because of this jerk.

I wanted to make him pay for all the damage he had done to her.

I wasn't going to let him get away with this.

I growled, echoing through the forest as I ran my teeth down. I was only inches away from biting through his neck when I felt a sharp pain in my back, making its way to my stomach.

I screamed out in pain as the wind knocked from me.

I stumbled off him just as he started laughing and I realized quickly that he wasn't alone. There was a man in his human form standing behind me.

My vision was starting to grow blurry. I stared down at my stomach and saw the pointed end of a dagger sticking out of it.

Somebody had stabbed me in the back and it was showing through my stomach, I poked the dagger with my fingertip and more pain jolted through my body. I screamed out as I fell to the ground. I realized quickly that I had shifted back into my human form, involuntarily.

I had been stabbed numerous times in the past, but it never hurt quite like this before.

What the hell?

Bruce and his friend stood before me, staring down at me with grinning faces before they took off through the forest.

"The dagger..." Max howled, trying to contain his own breath; he was growing weaker by the moment and his voice was getting more distant. "The dagger... It's made of pure... silver..."

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