Chapter 35 Healing powers

Lila's POV

I woke up with a start, glancing around my dark dorm room.

It wasn't like I had a bad dream or anything, but it certainly felt like I had.

A feeling like this had never happened before.

I glanced over at the clock, frowning that it was only 3 am. I glanced over at Rachel from across the room and saw that she was sleeping soundly in her bed.

My mother had left hours ago to return to Elysium, but I told her I would be going there over the weekend to work on practicing using my abilities. She told me as long as I keep calm, I can control them.

I thought maybe this was just my abilities resurfacing, so I took a deep breath. It wasn't until Val woke that I realized it wasn't my abilities that were causing this feeling. Val's words

only confirmed my fears.

"It's our mate," she gasped. "Something is wrong!"

I don't know how I knew where he was. I shifted into my wolf form and allowed Val to take me to the Calypso pack. We raced through the quiet streets until we were enclosed in the Calypso Forest.

His scent was all over the place and it was so intoxicating. I had to stop for a moment to gather my

thoughts, but then I smelled the fresh scent of blood and I knew I didn't have time to sit and think any longer.

My heart was racing so wildly, I thought it was going to jump out of my chest.

his body, revealing the gaping and darkening wound on his stomach.

attempting to stop the bleeding with his ripped shirt but to no prevail.

and then we stopped when we saw him. Enzo was leaning against the tree, and it seemed the color in his face was draining before my eyes.

I heard the soft sounds of groaning as I continued through the forest. Val knew exactly where to go

I realized that his shirt was covered in blood. Even as weak as he looked, he was ripping his shirt off

That's when I saw the dagger sticking out of his back. With trembling fingers, he pulled the dagger out and screamed in pain.

The wound was giant and filled with so much blood, but I also saw that it was turning black around the edges.

My heart squeezed violently in my chest. I was completely frozen as I stared down at him. I don't think he had noticed me yet and if he had, he wasn't paying me any attention. He was

The dagger clinked to the ground.

"It was a silver dagger..." Val whimpered painfully.

Silver daggers were terminal for wolves, even Alphas Although, a normal would have been dead

by now. Alphas were stronger though and could fight a little longer.

were healing and we give off an energy that could heal the toughest wolf. i didn't have a lot of practice with it, but needed to try. I finally found motion in my legs again and I moved closer to him.

I thought back to earlier when my mother taught me a few abilities that i had. she said our powers

His eyes finally landed on me, and his eyes narrowed.

"What are you doing here?" He asked in a pained voice.

He didn't want me to see him like this and I couldn't blame him.

my hands to get him to meet my eyes.

I knelt in front of him and reached my hands out to him, cupping his broad face in the palms of

"I'm going to help you,"I assured him, keeping my tone calm. "I just need you to relax."

"Easy for you to say." he seethed through his teeth. "You weren't just stabbed with a silver dagger."

"And you're going to tell me who did this to you once I'm done," I told him firmly. Whoever did this was going to have to answer my wolf now.

He looked like he was about to protest, but another wave of pain coursed through his body. I could tell from the look in his eyes that he was in agony.

His heart was racing, and I worried it was going to stop altogether. I swallowed hard and placed my hands over his wound. I took a deep breath, closing my eyes. I felt

the warmth of the moonlight dancing off my features.

I thought about the healing energy that circulates my body and warms my fingertips. I thought about the moon goddess blessing me with a gift to save my mate.

I thought about his wound getting smaller. His body seemed to have relaxed and gone limp. His breathing seemed to have slowed as well.

Then, he gasped.

He was staring at his stomach in awe before he raised his gaze to meet mine.

"You just saved me..." he breathed, still in awe over my abilities.

I dropped my hands to my sides and opened my eyes, amazed that it worked!

own body. "Yeah, I guess I did" I responded after a moment.

"How did you know you could do that?" He asked, peering over at me. "I didn't know Volanas could

relieved. I let out a small sob and a laugh as I sat against the tree beside him, finally able to relax my

Tears filled my eyes, and I couldn't help the stupid smile that spread across my face. I just felt so

It's not important," he muttered, standing to his feet.

His wound was completely gone

heal."

"It was something my mother taught me," I explained. After a beat of silence, I asked, "Who did this to you?"

I raised my brows as I stood to my feet as well. He started to pick up his shirt off the ground and walk in the direction of the clearing.

I paused when I realized something. "Was it who attacked your mom?" I asked. "Is that who stabbed you? Was it the same wolf?"

"They almost killed you," I said, following behind him. "It kind of seems important."

He paused as well; his silence was all the answer I needed.

"It's not worth our time. Hopefully, they won't be back for a while."

He snapped me a look and I saw anger flashing in his eyes.

"In what direction did they go?" I asked, feeling a wave of fury boiling through me.

His tone was dark and sent a chill down my spine; I knew better than to argue with him.

But these monsters couldn't get away with this.

"I didn't say that," he said, turning away from me and walking toward the packhouse.

Because it's not your battle, Lila," he said; he was sounding annoyed now. I knew better than to press

"You don't want to do anything?" I asked; I couldn't hide the disappointment in my tone.

"You aren't going to do anything. You are going to stay clear of them. Understood?" He seethed.

him. He paused in his tracks, making me run into him. I looked up, startled by the quick stop.

"I saw my portrait in the art room earlier," he said coldly.

"Explain why a portrait that was meant as a gift to my injured mother is sitting in the art room

waiting to be submitted to the art exhibit?" "I was going to tell you..."

"I can explain..."

My heart fell into my stomach.

"Then, why can't I help?"

"Tell me how you used me to get an A on your project?"

I was surprised by his accusation and a little hurt. He really thought I would use him like that? "It was a mistake," I explained, shaking my head at him. "I grabbed the wrong painting. I had another

portrait I was going to present. A family portrait. But I grabbed yours instead..."

Clean up the mess? Oh, goddess. what did he do?

"And you didn't think to correct that mistake? Instead, you lead Miss Grace to believe that I gave you

permission to present my portrait as your project. You lied to her and left me to clean up the mess."

My heart was so heavy.

I lowered my gaze, feeling an overwhelming sense of dread. I was going to fail this class and make Enzo hate me.

"I didn't mean to upset you," I breathed, keeping my eyes fixated on the ground. "I'll apologize to Miss Grace first thing in the morning, Maybe it's not too late to submit my actual project"

"Don't bother; she already thinks my portrait is your project. The damage is done."

He turned away again and began to walk. I stood my ground, confused.

"I thought you said you cleaned up the mess," I called after him. "I did," he muttered. "I confirmed your lie and told her I gave you permission." He paused and

glanced over his shoulder, staring at my stunned face. "Now we are even."