

Chapter 70 Rachel OD'd

Lila's POV

I didn't sleep long when Becca started to call my cell phone. It was almost 10 pm and I was very confused as to why she was calling me so late at night.

I knew something must have been wrong.

"Becca?" I asked, groggily into the phone.

I knew right away that she was crying before she even spoke.

"Something happened," she said, her words trembling. "Rachel disappeared... but then I found her. She was passed out in the bathroom..."

"What?" I gasped, jumping up from my bed, startling Brianna who had fallen asleep beside me. "What do you mean she passed out? What happened, Becca?"

"She had a needle in her arm," Becca cried. "She OD'd."

I needed to get back to Hígalá and as soon as possible. I must have been making a ton of noise while grabbing my things because my mother came into my room with a worried look in her eyes.

"Lila, where are you going? What's wrong?"

"I have to go," I told her quickly. "Something happened in Hígalá."

"What is it?" My father asked, running in behind her.

"It's Rachel. Becca thinks she OD'd. I need to make sure she's okay."

"Are you okay to drive back at this hour in this state of mind?" My mother asked in worry.

I realized at that point that I had tears streaming down my face.

"I...I don't know," I admitted. "I just know I have to get back."

My father looked behind him in the darkness of the hallway.

"Enzo, can you take her back in your car?"

My heart fell into my stomach for the second time tonight. Enzo was here too?

Ugh.

This wasn't happening to me right now.

"Yes, of course," Enzo said, stepping into the lighting of my room.

His eyes were dark, and he was staring directly at me with narrowed eyes. I felt my breathing getting caught in my throat and my wolf was tugging me toward him. But I stood my ground this time.

"Thanks," my father said, patting him on the back with his firm hand. He turned back to me. "Keep us updated, Lila Bean."

I nodded to him, grabbed my suitcase, and followed him out of my room. I didn't want to discuss anything that had happened between us and the thought of being alone with him in a car for an hour was unsettling, but I needed to get back to Hígalá and see Rachel.

I felt an overwhelming sense of guilt for leaving in the first place.

"Call us as soon as you get back," my mother ordered as we reached the front of the packhouse.

"I will," I assured her, giving her a quick hug before running out of the house and towards Enzo's waiting car.

I'll have to come back to get my car at some point. But my mother was right, I wasn't in any kind of condition to be driving.

Enzo didn't waste any time in throwing the car in drive and peeling away from the packhouse.

I grabbed my phone and called Becca once we were on the road.

"How is she?" I asked.

"She's still unconscious," Becca said; it was clear to me that she's been crying. I wanted to cry too but I needed to remain strong for her and Rachel. "They are trying everything they can."

How can she be so stupid and do something like that?

She's been doing so well and now she has relapsed; that whole story she told me about her time in the rehab and how they tortured her for being a bear, it seemed like all that work she did was for nothing now.

"She can't handle a world without Ryan..." Becca breathed, answering my unspoken question.

"I think they are actually mates. If one of them dies, it's almost like both of them die..."

I knew that to be true; my father would tell me the time everyone thought my mother had died. He never believed it because he would feel it if she did; his wolf would feel it.

I couldn't even imagine what that must feel like.

I couldn't help but glance over at Enzo; I wondered if he would feel it if something happened to me.

When he was wounded in the woods, I felt it right away and was able to come to him and help him with my abilities.

Would he do the same thing for me if it were me who was injured?

Would he care if I got hurt? Or maybe it would be a relief to him if I wasn't around.

I didn't want to think about that; our moment in the bedroom didn't mean anything to him. I was just someone whom he found to be an easy target because I was in heat.

I shook my head at the thought and glanced out the window.

"We are coming to the hospital right now," I told Becca. "Just give us a little bit to get there."

"We?" She asked.

"Professor Enzo is driving me..."

She was quiet for what felt like an eternity as she processed what I had just said.

"What was he doing with you in Elysium?" She finally asked.

I needed to say something quickly to appease her question without causing suspicion.

"He saved me in the fire and my father was grateful to him. So, he invited Enzo over for dinner and to stay the night as a 'thank you' kind of thing," I answered.

"Oh, that makes sense. I'm glad you are able to come back. I don't think I can handle this without you if something terrible happens..."

"Just keep breathing Becca. I'll be there soon," I assured her as I hung up the phone.

I allowed my phone to fall onto my lap. I was feeling all sorts of drained at that moment.

We still had a good 30 minutes before we would be at Hígalá, and I wasn't sure if I would be able to sleep at all. But I closed my eyes and rested my head against the window of the door anyway.

Anything to get out of a conversation with Enzo.

I had to focus on something, anything, other than his amazing scent which was all over the car.

It was mind-boggling how much he affected my wolf. Even during everything that's happening. He was all she could think about, and she was going insane for him.

I quickly changed my mindset to Rachel and Ryan who were both now lying in the hospital in critical condition and my heart broke that much more.

Before I could control it, tears began to escape my eyes at a quick rate. I opened my eyes and lifted my head off the window. I turned my head slightly to keep Enzo from seeing me but the small whimper that escaped my mouth caused him to glance over at me.

I bit my lip to keep from making any more noises, but it was too late. He could see the tears that were staining my features and delicately dripping off my chin.

Before I knew what was happening, he was pulling over on the side of the road and throwing the car in park.

I glanced over at him, narrowing my eyes, and he kept his dark gaze on mine.

"What are you doing?" I demanded to know. "We need to go..."

My voice came out like a croak though and as I spoke, more tears escaped my eyes. I couldn't stop them regardless of how hard I tried.

He stayed silent for a short moment and then he did something I was never expecting.

He wrapped his arms around me and gave me a hug.