

# My Hockey Alpha

## Chapter 16: Last Day

Nina

It was Monday, which meant that it was finally my last day of my internship. All I had to do was get through the day, and then I could go to the dean and tell her that I still wanted to be reassigned.

Truthfully, I sort of enjoyed sports medicine. I liked Tiffany, too, and was sad that I would be reassigned. But it was the only way to get myself untangled from this mess with everyone. I just hoped that the drama wouldn't be too bad today after what happened at the party on Friday night.

I made it to my shift around nine in the morning. Tiffany was sitting at her desk, looking at paperwork when I walked into her office.

"Good morning!" she said in her usual chipper voice. "Are you ready for round Chapter 16 Last Day

two of the physicals?"

I nodded, even though I really wanted to scream. Tiffany had already explained to me what would entail during the physicals –we took vitals and performed general health checks during the first round last week, then today we would be putting the hockey players through rigorous physical tests to make sure their hearts, lungs, and muscles were performing properly.

While we walked over to the arena, Tiffany explained to me that she wouldn't normally put the other sports teams through such in-depth tests; since the hockey team was internationally renowned and would be trying out to compete in the Olympics next year, the president of the school allocated extra funding toward these tests just for the hockey team.

When we arrived at the arena, the team was already there and performing drills. Enzo looked up when he saw Tiffany and I and came over. I blushed, keeping my gaze averted as I felt his cold gaze fix on

me. I didn't know how or when I would address what happened on Friday night — or if I even wanted to bother.

“We’ve got a long day ahead of us,” Tiffany said to Enzo, setting down her medical bag. “Can you start sending the boys to the weight room, two at a time, for their full body exams?”

“Yeah,” Enzo replied. “But you should know we’re one short, so we have an odd number today. Justin couldn’t make it this morning.”

Tiffany frowned. “Why not?”

“He got sick over the weekend,” Enzo said. “Food poisoning.” Judging from the way his eyes flickered over to me and glared at me coldly, I knew that he was lying. Was it just that Justin didn’t Chapter 16 Last Day want to see me today, or did Enzo make sure he couldn’t come?

“Oh well,” Tiffany said. “I’ll do his test another day.”

We spent the next couple of hours testing the hockey players in pairs. The boys would have to strip down to their underwear so we could put them on a special scale that measured their body composition, then we would hook them up to the ECG machine and have them run on the treadmill to test their heart. Next, we would have them perform different tasks to test their fitness abilities: pull-ups, push-ups, and so on. After that was done, they would do various stretches for us to test their flexibility, and for some of the less flexible players or those who had acute pain, we would assist them in their stretches.

It was a bit awkward at first to see all of the boys in their underwear, but I soon got used to it.

Finally, we were almost at the end; but instead of being relieved that the tiring day was almost over, I was stressed out because the only person left to test was none other than Enzo.

Enzo came into the weight room after getting undressed in the locker room. He strode in with confidence, not caring that both Tiffany and I could see the massive bulge in his underwear. His abs were tight and prominent, and the muscles in his thighs made me blush.

“Alright,” Tiffany said nonchalantly as she looked at her clipboard. “Get on the scale, please.”

“With pleasure.” Enzo stared directly at me as he stood on the scale, his gaze unwavering. He looked like a statue of a god on a pedestal. I gulped and

walked up to him with my clipboard so I could read the results of the body Chapter 16 Last Day composition test, my hands shaking as I wrote the numbers down.

That was strange... Enzo's body composition contained far more lean muscle mass than his teammates. His body fat was less than 10% and his water retention was at a perfect balance. He was almost superhuman.

I furrowed my brow as I wrote down the measurements, but before I could say anything, Tiffany had him step off the scale and get on the treadmill.

I nervously hooked up the ECG machine to Enzo, my fingers brushing his rock-hard abs as I placed the stickers on his skin. The whole time, he stared down at me. His eyes were red and glowing in the same way they did that night we slept together. It made me feel like prey, like he just wanted to grab me and bite down on me. While it made me a bit frightened, I hated to admit that there was something about it that turned me on.

Once again, his ECG was far superior than his teammates. While his teammates would eventually tire out after ten or so minutes of sprinting on the treadmill, Enzo went on for so long with little change in his heart rate that Tiffany made him stop.

"There must be something wrong with the machine," Tiffany said, sounding confused as she tapped the ECG monitor thoughtfully. "No one's heart rate stays the same like that... You two stay here. I'm gonna

go get some new stickers for the machine. I'll be back in a jiff!"

Just like that, my worst nightmare came true: I was alone with Enzo.

As soon as Tiffany left, I averted my gaze to the floor and walked to the other side of the room, pretending to check the results of the team's fitness tests.

"I saw you kiss Justin on Friday," Enzo suddenly blurted out. I turned around to see that he was much closer than I had thought; he was standing right behind me. How did he get across the room so quickly and quietly?

"I-I didn't kiss him," I said, taking a step back and trying not to stare at Enzo's body as he loomed over me. "He kissed me. He was drunk. I didn't want him to. Besides, why would it even matter if I did? You and I are not together."

Enzo looked a little hurt, but only for a moment before his eyes flashed red again. I shuddered as I saw his pupils dilate like... like a wolf.

Just then, Tiffany returned with the new stickers, "Found em!" she said. In the blink of an eye, Enzo was back on the treadmill as though he had never been standing next to me, and Tiffany was none the wiser. How did he do that? He moved so fast...

At the end of the tests, I recorded the results and was again stunned to see how superior Enzo's abilities were compared to his teammates. He aced all of the tests, and even his flexibility was perfect. He was like a walking god.

Enzo returned to the locker room to get changed.

"I have to run to another appointment," Tiffany said, handing me her clipboard. "Could you clean up here and take everything back to my office?"

I took the clipboard and nodded. "But, Tiffany-" I said, wanting to tell her that I would be requesting a reassignment today. But she was already gone.

I sighed and cleaned up, resolving that

I would just have to talk to Tiffany on another day to explain the situation.

When I was finished, I headed through the locker room to get to the exit.

Surely everyone was gone by now, so I wouldn't see anything... but then, I suddenly bumped into none other than Enzo.

He had a towel wrapped around his waist and was headed toward the showers. When I saw him, I yelped and averted my eyes.

"Sorry!" I said. "I didn't think anyone was in here."

Enzo simply chuckled. I went to move around him, but accidentally bumped into him and knocked the towel loose. It fell to the floor around his feet.

My eyes went wide when I saw Enzo's entire cock.

"I-I-" I stammered, but no words would come out as my eyes were fixed on his semi-erect member. Even without a full erection, it was still huge.

“What?” Enzo said, stooping to pick up the towel and cover himself again.”  
You’ve already seen me naked. Why so shocked?”

My face turned bright red. Before I could respond, Enzo stepped toward me, backing me into a locker with his huge body. My pussy throbbed as I suddenly thought about what it would feel like to have sex with him again, right here and right now, up against this row of lockers.

“You know,” he said, stooping lower to whisper in my ear. “Ever since we slept together, I can’t stop thinking about you...”

Chapter 17 Wolf Ports

Nina

“Ever since we slept together, I haven’t stopped thinking about you...”

Enzo’s words sent a shiver down my spine. The sight of his muscular body, the smell of the lingering sweat on his skin... I wanted to sink my teeth into him.

Neither of us moved for what felt like an eternity. I couldn’t stop looking at his mouth. The way it was constantly pulled into a subtle smirk made me feel weak, and the way he licked his hips made me feel like collapsing into him and letting him do whatever he wanted with me.

I was leaning closer to him and I didn’t even realize it until our lips brushed.

By this time, it was too late to back out. Enzo pressed his lips against mine and pushed me up against the lockers with his large body. I dropped my clipboard, and he dropped his towel. He reached for my shirt and pulled it up and over my head, stooping to lick and nibble at my breasts. I let out a soft moan, leaning my head back against the lockers behind me.

This was wrong... but it felt so right.

Our secret rendezvous was cut short, however, when the sound of the locker room door opening and slamming shut shocked us out of our lust. Enzo grabbed his towel and wrapped it around himself while I pulled my shirt back on.

“Oh! Sorry,” a male voice said. I looked over my shoulder with my shirt half on to see one of the other hockey players, who I recognized as being called Logan, standing in the doorway and averting his gaze.

I looked over at Enzo, but he was gone. How did he move so fast? Just a moment ago, he was standing beside me — trace. and now he was gone without a

“Uh... no worries,” I replied, pulling my shirt on the rest of the way and trying to hide my mixture of embarrassment and confusion. “I was just... drying my shirt. I spilled water on it.”

Before Logan had a chance to respond, I snatched my clipboard up off the floor and scurried past him with my gaze fixed on the floor. I beelined for the exit and burst out of the arena into the chilly autumn afternoon air, letting out a sigh of relief. Enzo and I almost got caught in the locker room, but maybe that was a good thing. Hooking up again would have been a very, very bad idea,

I returned to Tiffany’s office; she was still out at her other appointment, but someone else was in there. It was a guy, maybe a little older than me, with short blonde hair and wearing an argyle sweater vest. He was standing at a table and looking at paperwork.

“You must be Nina,” he said, flashing me a smile. “I’m James. I’m one of Tiffany’s grad students.”

“Oh... Nice to meet you,” I said, crossing over to the table with my clipboard.

“Tiffany told me you were gonna be analyzing the hockey team’s test results, right?” he asked.

I nodded and set my clipboard down.” Yeah,” I replied as I thumbed through the paperwork. We were silent for a while, each absorbed in our own work, until I made it to Enzo’s results.

Just as I had observed, Enzo’s abilities surpassed his teammates’ abilities. He was more than twice as efficient and #Chapter 17: Wolf Ports strong as his teammates... And when I compared his results to the national average, he was bordering on superhuman.

How was this possible?

James must have noticed how stumped I looked, because he came around the table to look at what I was doing.

“Hmm,” he said, scratching his head. “Are you sure your data is correct?”

I nodded. “I’m positive,” I replied. “I was very careful while I was collecting the data. Everyone else’s results look normal.”

James took Enzo’s data sheet out of my hands and studied it closely. “Ugh, Enzo,” he said with an eye roll. “His results are always skewed. I’ve always thought that he’s taking steroids or something, but I can never prove it.”

“You don’t sound like much of a fan,” I said.

James shrugged and handed back my paper. “As a senior assistant, you pick up on all sorts of gossip.”

I was intrigued. “What sort of gossip?” I asked.

James smirked and folded his arms. Curious about Enzo Rivers, huh? Got a crush?”

I shook my head and bent over my work again to hide my blushing. “Just curious,” I replied.

“Let’s just say that there are certain rumors,” James said as he circled back around to his side of the table. “Rumors about a certain hockey team only being so successful because a certain somebody is related to the team.”

My eyes widened. “Are you sure?” I replied.

James shrugged again. “I’m not entirely sure, but Enzo is still a rookie. He basically just appeared out of nowhere and was suddenly the school’s heartthrob and a famous hockey star. It all just seems a little fishy to me... And same with those results.” He nodded his head toward my paper.

For some reason, the grad student’s words irked me.

“But I was there,” I snapped. “I saw him perform today. He’s like a superhuman.”

All James did was scoff and smirk. “I thought you didn’t have a crush on Enzo Rivers.”

After my shift ended, I had to go to an anatomy lab to finish a project before I would have time to meet up with the dean to discuss my reassignment.

We had been working on cadavers for the past couple of weeks, and my lab report would be due soon. With everything going on lately, I had had little time to finish my work, which was why I rushed to the anatomy lab to take the rest of my notes.

I made it to the empty lab and put on my lab gear, sanitized, then got to work cutting into the cadaver's abdomen with my scalpel and inspecting his organs.

As I inspected the organs, however, something caught my attention. There was something off about this body.

Maybe my eyes were deceiving me, but the cadaver's heart was much larger than the average human's.

Perhaps the cadaver simply had an enlarged heart, I told myself. It wasn't terribly uncommon; maybe that was how this person died to begin with. But #Chapter 17 Wolf Parts something about it made me unsettled

I kept inspecting the cadaver's organs. There was no visceral fat — in fact, the cadaver looked perfectly healthy. The layer of muscle was far thicker than the average human's.

My mind flickered back to Enzo's superhuman strength. Was it possible that this cadaver was once a person who also possessed such strength? How would that explain the enlarged heart?

Suddenly, I had a strange intuition. I couldn't explain it, but... I wanted to check the cadaver's teeth.

Almost as if I was in a trance, I set down my instruments and walked over to the cadaver's head. There was nothing out of the ordinary about his outward appearance, but when I pulled back his lips to see his teeth...

Fangs.

I stumbled backwards involuntarily and knocked into a table behind me, my heart racing as images of Enzo's red, wolf-like eyes flashed through my mind.

What sort of monster was this?



## Chapter 18: Hypnotherapy

Nina

Without removing my lab coat and goggles, I ran from the laboratory and down the hall. I didn't know where I was going or what I was doing, but I had to tell someone.

As I ran down the hall, I nearly ran straight into none other than Jessica. She had her hair up in a bun and a stack of textbooks in her arms, which she dropped when I almost ran into her.

"Geez!" she said, clutching her chest with one hand as she looked at me. "What the hell happened? You look like a crazed murderer."

I caught a glimpse of myself in the reflection of a classroom window. Jessica was right; my lab coat had blood on it from opening up the cadaver, and my goggles only emphasized my wide eyes. But that wasn't important right now. #Chapter 18 Hypnotherapy now.

"Follow me," I said. "I have to show you something."

We returned to the lab, Jessica grumbling behind me about how gross cadavers were as we entered.

"There," I said, pointing at the table with my cadaver on it. "Look."

She walked over, clutching her books to her chest, and peered at the body with a scowl on her face. "What is it?" she asked, sounding confused.

I stomped over to show her the body, but the chest was completely healed and the fangs were no longer there. How?

"Someone switched the body," I said, whirling around to see if someone had moved my cadaver elsewhere. Jessica only looked on in confusion.

"Um... Nina, are you alright?" she said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "Are you overly tired or something?"

I shrugged her hand off and shook my head. "No," I replied. "I'm fine. I swear my cadaver's heart was massive... twice the size of a normal human's. And I checked his teeth. He had fangs. Like a wolf."

Jessica furrowed her brow and looked at me with concern drawn across her face. "Nina, that's ridiculous," she said. "I think maybe you should go home and get some rest."

"I know what I saw!" I snapped. My hands were shaking and my eyes began to fill with tears. "That cadaver was no ordinary human, and someone switched it."

Jessica didn't say anything.

"I know you think I'm crazy," I said, pulling off my goggles and my lab coat and putting them away in my locker. "

But I swear. I saw something that was not... human."

"I believe you," Jessica said slowly. I could tell that she was lying, but I didn't say anything. "Let's just go home and you can rest, then we can talk about what you saw."

I shook my head and grabbed my bag out of my locker. "No," I replied. "I'm talking to the dean. Right now."

Before Jessica had a chance to stop me, I stormed out of the lab and marched straight to the dean's office.

The dean was sitting at her computer when I unceremoniously entered without knocking. When she looked up. at me with a stern expression on her face, I realized how rude I was being and suddenly felt embarrassed.

"Good afternoon, Miss Nina Harper," the dean said, taking off her glasses and clasping her fingers together with her elbows on the desk. "Can I help you?"

"I... uh..." I stammered.

"If you haven't got anything to say, kindly leave my office," the dean said.

"I saw something," I blurted out, "in my anatomy lab. My cadaver... it wasn't human."

The dean raised an eyebrow. "Oh?" she said. "Do explain."

"It had an extremely enlarged heart, and... fangs. Like an animal... a.... a wolf." Saying it out loud to the dean made me cringe at how insane I sounded.

"Hmm..." she put her glasses back on and looked down her nose at me. "Why come to me, and not your professor?" I swallowed, unsure of how to respond.

Truthfully, I hadn't thought ahead this far. For some reason, my immediate instinct was to tell the dean.

When the professor saw that I wasn't responding, she nodded and pulled out a notepad. She jotted something down on it and ripped the paper off, handing it to me. It had a man's name and phone number on it.

"I'm sure you're stressed," she said. "Please make an appointment with Edward Williams. He's an excellent therapist."

"I don't need thera-"

The dean held her hand up for me to stop talking. "It's not so much a request as it is an order," she said, "I won't have one of my students having a mental breakdown. Not on my watch."

I nodded solemnly and looked at my feet, blinking back tears.

"Is there anything else?" the dean asked.

I wanted to ask about my reassignment, but felt as though the dean wouldn't allow it now; besides, I was too embarrassed. I just wanted to go home. "No," I replied. "That was all. Thank you."

I did as the dean told me to. I called Edward and made an appointment. When Jessica asked what happened later, I simply told her that I was tired... No one would believe me, anyway.

My appointment with Edward was the next morning. I went to his office after a sleepless night; I'm sure the dark circles under my eyes didn't make me appear any more sane.

"So, tell me what happened yesterday," said Edward, a portly, kind-looking older man with glasses.

"I... I saw something yesterday when I was working with a cadaver on my anatomy project," I replied as I fiddled with a loose thread on my jeans. "It had an enlarged heart, and fangs like a wolf. It was extremely muscular, too."

"And what happened after that?" Edward asked.

"I ran," I replied. "And when I went back a few minutes later, it was gone. Like someone switched the bodies. Or... like it healed on its own."

Edward was silent for a moment while he jotted on his notepad..

"Let's just assume that what you saw was real for a moment," he said, crossing his legs. "Why would a dead body heal on its own? Not to mention healing within a matter of minutes after having its chest cut wide open."

I paused, still looking down at my lap.

Maybe Edward was right; this all seemed ridiculous. But it had felt so real I knew it was real. It had to be. I wasn't crazy!

Edward continued. "We all have fantasies sometimes. It sounds like you're stressed, and you likely need a break."

I shook my head and finally looked up at him. "It wasn't a fantasy," I insisted. "I know what I saw."

Edward fell silent again and jotted something down on his notepad. He looked thoughtful, but I could tell that he still believed I was having some sort of episode.

"Have you ever tried hypnotherapy?" he said, setting his notepad down on the table next to him.

After my session with Edward, the rest of the day went by in a blur. I went to #Chapter 8 Hypnotherapy my classes and went to work, and soon I was starting to feel a little more normal albeit exhausted. I still felt strongly about what I saw, but I decided to keep that to myself for now. No one would believe me, anyway.

But maybe there was one person who might know something...

I left my shift at the diner, still dressed in my uniform and just ready to go home and sleep. On my way out, however, I was met by none other than Justin.

He was sitting on the hood of his car in the parking lot and jumped down when he saw me coming.

“Hey,” he said. I froze for a second then turned and started walking past him. He jogged to catch up.

“Nina, I’m really sorry about the party,” he said. I didn’t reply, and instead kept walking.

“Hey! Just talk to me, Nina!” Justin shouted, then suddenly grabbed my arm. I turned around and tried to wrench my arm free, but his grip was too tight.

“Let go!” I yelled.

“Do you even empathize with me at all?” he said, still holding my arm tightly and pulling me closer. “I know I fucked up! But now you’re just being cold. And I know it’s just an act. Deep down, I know you love me.”

When he was finished speaking, he yanked me closer and tried to kiss me again. I leaned away from him, but his grip tightened on my wrist. I yelped and shoved him as hard as I could, knocking him to the ground and finally freeing myself.

“I already slept with someone else,” I said, holding my wrist in pain as tears streamed down my cheeks. “So I guess you could say I’m totally over you.”

“What’s going on?!” a familiar voice shouted. I looked over my shoulder to see Enzo jogging across the parking lot.

For some reason, I was happy he was here.

Chapter 19: Midnight Ride

Nina

“What happened?” Enzo asked as he ran up to me. He looked down at Justin, then back at me with a concerned expression on his face. Justin groaned and stood.

“Justin can’t get it through his head that I’m done,” I said, still holding my wrist where he grabbed it. “At this point, it’s just assault.”

“I didn’t assault you!” Justin replied, his face turning red and starting to walk toward me again.

Enzo put himself between us, shielding me from Justin with his body.

“Justin, I think you need to leave,” Enzo growled.

Justin looked back and forth between Enzo and I. I could see him starting to put two and two together; he looked like he was about to say something, but then he turned and got into his car, speeding off with screeching tires.

Enzo turned back toward me and held out his hand. “Let me see.’

I gingerly held out my wrist for him to take. It was already red where Justin had grabbed it. Enzo gently took my wrist in his hand — his palm was warm and brushed his fingertips over my wound. Within a few moments, the pain started to subside.

“How did you do that?” I asked, pulling my wrist away and inspecting it.

Enzo cocked his head. “Do what?” he asked.

I shook my head and looked at my feet.

“Nothing,” I replied. “Thank you... I don’t know what Justin was planning on doing with me.”

“Rest assured that I’ll talk to him tomorrow,” Enzo said, then reached forward and gently brushed the tears off of my cheeks. I flinched at first, but then relaxed into his palm.

When I looked up, Enzo was gazing down at me with his soft brown eyes. In the amber glow of the streetlights, there was nothing intimidating about him at all... No red eyes, no wolflike stare, no strangely inhuman strength and speed. Right now, right here, he just looked like a regular college boy.

“Let me take you home,” he said softly.

“I was gonna walk,” I replied, but Enzo shook his head and cut me off.

“It’s not safe for a girl to be walking in the dark like this. Don’t worry. I’m not trying to do anything. I just want to make sure you get home safely.”

I paused for a moment, then nodded. Enzo guided me over toward his motorcycle.

"I've never ridden on a motorcycle," I said, suddenly feeling nervous. Enzo popped open the seat and pulled an extra helmet out of the storage compartment, handing it to me.

"You'll be fine," he said, putting on his own helmet. "Just hold onto me." He swung his leg over the seat and waited for me.

Hesitantly, I climbed onto the seat behind him and nervously wrapped my arms around his waist. His body was warm and I could feel his muscles beneath his shirt. While he started the motorcycle, I took in his scent; he smelled like a campfire.

As we started to accelerate, I shook my head to shake out the indecent thoughts about Enzo. I wasn't going to fall for him... I couldn't. I swore to myself that I wouldn't get involved with hockey boys anymore!

Quickly, I realized that we were headed in the opposite direction of the dorms. I tapped on Enzo's shoulder and leaned forward so he could hear me.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked. I felt more confused than afraid; I knew that Enzo wouldn't hurt me. I don't know how I knew, but I knew.

"I just want to show you something," he shouted over the hum of the motorcycle. "We're almost there. Close your eyes."

I hesitated for a moment, but then I did as he requested and closed my eyes. I held on tight while I felt the motorcycle turn, then come to a stop.

"You can open your eyes," Enzo said.

When I did, I screamed and grabbed onto Enzo for dear life; we were right at the edge of a cliff!

"You asshole!" I shouted, hitting Enzo in the arm several times. "Why would you bring me here!"

Enzo chuckled and pointed down. We could see the ocean lapping against a small, private beach below us. There was a pathway with a rope to hold onto that led down to the water. In the water, the full moon reflected clearly. It was actually... beautiful.

Enzo climbed off of the bike and held out his hand for me to take. I climbed off and let him lead me down the path toward the beach.

"I like to come here when I'm upset, or when I just need to think," he said. "Not many people know about this spot. I even put this rope here myself."

Enzo hopped down onto the sand off a large boulder and turned toward me, holding his arms out for me.

"Don't worry. I'll catch you."

I crouched and jumped down into his arms. As he held me for a brief moment, I could feel his heart beating excitedly. How many girls had he taken here before, I wondered? I hoped that he wasn't expecting us to hook up here ... Not that I would have necessarily declined the offer, even though I knew it was a bad idea. Some intimacy would have been welcome.

Enzo led me down to the water and stuck his hands in his pockets as he looked out at the ocean. I shivered a bit in my waitress uniform, and without hesitating he pulled off his leather jacket and wrapped it around my shoulders.

"Why did you and Justin break up?" Enzo suddenly asked after a bit of a silence.

I bit my lip, looking down at the water. "He cheated on me," I replied. "With... Lisa,"

Enzo didn't say anything for several minutes. We just stood there together, silently looking out at the ocean. I glanced over at one point to see his sharp jaw set hard while the wind blew through his curly hair. He was such a jock normally that it was strange to see him looking so calm and peaceful now. I wondered which side of him was an act: the jock persona or the gentle, thoughtful persona that I saw tonight?

"Can I tell you a secret?" I asked, pulling his jacket tighter around me. It smelled like cologne and smoke.

Enzo nodded and looked at me. His brown eyes flashed red for a moment, but I wasn't afraid. In the moonlight like this, it wasn't scary at all.



"I saw something yesterday," I said, averting my gaze and looking back out at the ocean. "In my anatomy lab. I was dissecting a cadaver, and... it wasn't human. Its heart was huge, and it had fangs. I

left, and when I came back, it was all healed up as though I had never cut into it to begin with. The dean made me go to counseling, and the therapist even tried to hypnotize me to make me forget, but I know what I saw. It wasn't human."

Enzo didn't say anything for several moments. I was just beginning to wonder if he thought I was crazy when he finally spoke again.

"Give me your phone," he said.

"Uh... What?"

"Just give it to me. Open up your contacts."

I tentatively handed Enzo my phone and watched as he tapped on the screen, then handed it back to me. He had entered his number into my contacts.

"That's my number. If you ever need anything... And I mean anything, you call me right away."

Chapter 20 Special

Enzo

Nina's confession hit me like a ton of bricks.

As soon as she described what she saw,

I was reminded of a conversation I had with the dean the day prior...

The dean called me to her office to tell me something urgent. I was there in mere moments; having the ability to teleport was one of the werewolf traits that I appreciated the most sometimes.

"Oh, good," she said, sitting at her desk. "Take a seat."

I sat across from her. "What's so urgent?" I asked.

The dean rubbed her forehead and sighed. "You haven't been shifting on campus, have you?"

"No, of course not," I replied. "I know better than that."

She nodded and clasped her hands in front of her on the desk. "Students have been reporting sights of shifters on campus. Just last week, a girl claimed that she was followed home at night by what she described as a 'human-cat hybrid'. The day after that, a male student was caught running through the dorms in only his towel, banging on doors and screaming about a wolf staring at him through his window... on the fourth floor."

I furrowed my brow and leaned forward. "What would other shifters be doing here?"

The dean shrugged. "I don't know. Your presence, perhaps. No doubt they see you on the television and in the news, and recognize you as a shifter right away. Maybe they think it's alright to come and terrorize my students."

The dean also explained to me that she was sending students to see a hypnotherapist, who had succeeded in hypnotizing them into forgetting all about their encounters with shifters.

But now, I was realizing that there was one student who couldn't be hypnotized...

Nina.

I put my number in her phone and took her home after that. It was hard for me to watch her walk away; she looked so sexy in her blue waitress uniform, and I just wanted to finish what we started in the locker room, but now was not the time.

Not only did I promise the dean I would investigate the sudden influx of shifters on campus, but I was curious now about why the hypnotherapy didn't work on Nina when it worked on everyone else. Was this somehow linked to why Fio was so obsessed with her?

I didn't go back to my dorm that night. I drove my motorcycle right past the dorms and toward my father's home, which was located an hour away from the campus.

The house was situated on a cliff overlooking the ocean. My father had it custom built when he decided to do business in the human world; it was a lot different from the architecture I was used to back at home. Instead of ancient stone walls and marble floors, this house was built in a modern style, with massive windows that looked out over the ocean and an open layout on the main floor. There was a heated infinity pool in the backyard and a hot tub, as well as a manicured walkway with stairs that led down to our own private beach.

I never liked this house all that much, but it was the perfect disguise; a billionaire and his playboy son, moving into a contemporary home along the ocean with our fancy sports cars and designer suits.

My mother would've hated it. She was a werewolf through and through; our castle was her home, and the forest her playground. Ever since she died, my father pushed away our old life in exchange for this

cold, modern, human life.

The house was dark when I pulled up, but I could see a light flickering in the backyard. I walked around the outside of the house to see a few members of my father's pack sitting around the fire pit, talking and laughing while they smoked cigars and drank whiskey.

My father's pack was small, but close-knit. There were only five, not including my father. Someday, I would be alpha, but for now I was more of an apprentice to my father.

They all looked up in unison as I approached the fire.

"Look what the cat dragged in," Lewis, my father's beta, said. He stood and walked over to me with a grin, clapping me on the back. "What brings you here on a school night?"

I pulled Lewis aside for some privacy and spoke quietly.

"I need some help looking into someone," I said. "Her name is Nina Harper. She's a student at my school."

"New girlfriend?" Lewis said, flicking some ash from his cigar onto the ground.

“Not yet,” I replied, “but there’s something strange about her. I can’t explain it. Just look into her for me, will you?”

“Sure thing, kid,” Lewis replied with a nod.

I turned to walk back to my motorcycle.

“Leaving so soon?” Lewis said, sounding disappointed.

“Hockey game in the morning,” I replied. “Besides, I was just out riding around. Figured I’d stop by.”

Lewis nodded and watched me leave. I stopped and looked back at him one more time. “Oh, and Lewis?”

“Hm?”

“Don’t tell my father.”

The next morning, I woke up feeling groggy after a mostly sleepless night. Worrying about Nina with all of these shifters around made sleep difficult.

Why was I even worrying about her?

Why was I so invested in her already? We had only hooked up once, and made out in the locker room after that. I had sworn to myself that I wouldn’t get emotionally attached to any of the human girls at this school... What was so special about Nina?

I dragged myself out of bed and got dressed for my hockey game, stopping briefly in the dining hall to grab some breakfast. I picked up a breakfast sandwich and some coffee to go, and as I exited the dining hall, I ran into Justin.

He avoided eye contact and hung his head low, but the image of Nina’s red and sore wrist last night flashed through my mind and infuriated me. Without thinking, I suddenly grabbed Justin by the shirt collar and dragged him around the corner of the building, pinning him against the wall with my teeth bared.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” I growled.

Justin continued to hang his head. I could tell that he knew he deserved it after what he did last night.

“If you touch Nina without her consent again, I’ll make your life a living hell,” I whispered, trying my best not to choke him right then and there. “And you’re sitting on the bench for the next three games. Got it?”

Justin shuddered, but nodded in understanding. I released my grip on his shirt and gave him one swift smack on the side of his head, leaving him rubbing the point of impact and whimpering, before I strode off toward the arena.

When I first came to this stupid university, the only thing that truly made its way into my heart was hockey. If I had only spent my four years here playing on the team, I would’ve been perfectly happy... But it seemed now that Nina had made her way into my heart, too.

At first, I thought that Nina was just an ordinary human girl, and that my feelings for her would subside quickly.

However, I was quickly learning that Nina was anything but ordinary.