

My Hockey Alpha

Chapter 26 Stalker

Nina

I slammed my laptop shut.

“Fuck!” I yelled, then covered my mouth when I realized that I might have woken up Jessica and Lori.

Just as I expected, there was a knock on my door. Lori opened the door a crack and poked her head in, her eyes half-closed and her black hair a mess.

“You good?” she asked. I shook my head and she came in, with Jessica trailing behind her; Jessica, of course, was wearing bright pink pajamas with an eye mask on her forehead, which was a stark contrast to Lori’s ratty band t-shirt and shorts ensemble.

“I’m sorry,” I said, tears welling up in my eyes. “I didn’t mean to be so loud.”

Jessica immediately noticed my tears and came running over to me. “It’s okay!” she said. “What happened? Did Justin do something again?” I shook my head and her eyes widened. “Was it Enzo? I’ll kill him!”

“No, no,” I replied. “It wasn’t either of them, I don’t think. It’s just... Here, I’ll show you.” I opened my laptop again and showed Jessica so she could see the new pictures. Lori shuffled over and looked over Jessica’s shoulder.

Both of their eyes widened when they saw the pictures.

“Who keeps taking these?” Lori asked, pointing at the laptop screen.

“That’s, like, a total invasion of privacy,” Jessica chimed in

I shrugged. “I don’t know,” I replied. “It was dark outside the rink, and I was focused on not falling, so anyone could’ve slipped in and taken these.”

“Do you think Enzo is having someone do this to you to humiliate you?” Lori asked, folding her arms.

Truthfully, I didn't know. He hadn't necessarily given me a reason not to trust him yet, but if what he said about himself in the anatomy lab was true, and if I wasn't imagining the whole incident with the skeleton, then...

Maybe I couldn't trust him. Weren't werewolves supposed to be evil, scary monsters from fairy tales? Who was to say that he wasn't trying to rope me into trusting him so he could hurt me?

I would have to do some research on my own, because Lori and Jessica would never believe me. For now, I would just have to keep it to myself until I had definitive proof.

"I don't know," I said. "I think I'll just stay away from him, just in case."

Jessica sighed and rubbed my shoulder while Lori nodded alongside her.

"I think that would be for the best, Jessica said.

I decided to skip class that day and feign sickness to avoid dealing with bullying. Jessica and Lori took the day off too. We made pancakes for breakfast and watched movies, and soon I was feeling a lot better.

Unfortunately, I did have to go to work at the diner. I promised my boss that I would work tonight, so I put on my uniform and headed to work. I made a pit stop at the anatomy lab to see if my phone was there, but unfortunately it wasn't.

It was a bit busier than normal, but nothing I couldn't handle. If anything, the work kept my mind off of all of the drama in my life; the generous tips helped, too.

I was a few hours into my shift when the last person I wanted to see right now strolled in with her gaggle of bitchy friends.

Lisa.

They sat down at a booth, whispering and giggling amongst themselves; one glance at Lisa's phone, even from afar, told me that they were laughing at my pictures. It had to have been Lisa who took the pictures.

I hesitated for a while, pretending to be busy with other customers, but I knew that I would have to serve them eventually. Was this job even really worth it? I

could walk out right now.... But I needed the money. My textbooks this semester were more expensive than usual and I was struggling, and apparently now I needed to replace my phone.

Taking a deep breath and putting on my best customer service face, I walked archioptel up to their table.

“Hi. Can I get you started with some drinks?”

Lisa slowly turned her head and looked up at me. There was a long silence, during which one of her stupid friends chewed her gum as loudly as possible and blew a big bubble as the entire group eyed me up and down like a piece of meat.

“Oh. My. God,” Lisa said while her friends snickered. “What, you don’t get paid enough for your cheap blowjobs, so you have to wait tables to make ends meet?”

I scowled and tossed their menus down, pulling my notepad out of my apron in an attempt to just do my job and ignore their bullying.

“Drinks?” I repeated.

Lisa scoffed. “Waters,” she replied. ”

we don’t consume liquid calories.

Maybe you should try it sometime. You look like you could stand to lose a few pounds.”

“Sure thing,” I replied and walked away to get their waters, trying my best to not let their words get to me. I had never considered myself to be overweight, and I wasn’t going to let them convince me otherwise.

I returned with their waters and set them down. “I’ll be back to take your orders,” I said, turning on my heel to go and hide in the back.

As I started to walk away, I heard the sound of glass breaking and the girls snickering from behind me. The other guests in the diner went silent for a moment, and I turned around to see that Lisa had pushed her glass off the table and onto the floor, spilling water everywhere.

“Oops!” she said, holding her manicured hand over her mouth. ” Waitress, could you clean that up? Someone could hurt themselves!”

I balled my fists up at my sides in anger, knowing fully well that Lisa broke that glass on purpose, but put on a fake smile and walked away to get a towel and a broom. I returned and started sweeping up the glass, then crouched down to wipe up the water while Lisa and her friends watched.

“I think you missed a spot under there,” Lisa said, pointing underneath the table.

“Seriously, Lisa?” I said with a frown.”

I know you’re just trying to humiliate me.”

Lisa smirked, then looked over my shoulder. “Hey, is that your boss?” she said. I turned around to see Phil standing behind the counter with his arms folded across my chest and giving me his signature “don’t fuck up” stare.

With a sigh, I got down on my knees and crawled under the table to wipe up the water. While under there, I felt a hard kick on my ribcage, which made me jump up in pain and hit my head on the table, which as a result made the rest of the waters topple over and spill all over the floor and Lisa’s friends. They all jumped up, screaming that I ruined their clothes, while I sat back on my knees and held my rib in pain.

“Ugh! Let’s go eat somewhere else!” Lisa said, grabbing her bag and storming out. Her friends followed.

The rest of the restaurant was silent. I kept my head down and continued cleaning up the mess, even though my ribs hurt like hell from that kick, but I could feel Phil’s stern gaze on me.

I finished cleaning up and carried the broken glass to the kitchen as tears streamed down my cheeks.

“You just cost me five customers,” Phil said, following me into the kitchen. ” And your performance lately has been a lot worse.”

“I’m sorry,” I replied quietly as I dumped the glass into the trash can.

“I think you need a break,” Phil said. His words were stern, but his tone was soft. He was never a mean old man just a business owner.

“No,” I replied, turning toward him. “I won’t let it happen again-”

Phil shook his head and raised his hand to stop me. “Just take a break,” he said. “Focus on school. You can come back in a few weeks.”

I tried protesting, but Phil wouldn’t hear it, so I grabbed my bag and my jacket and stormed out into the chilly night air. The streets were dark, with very few cars and absolutely no one walking. It was like a ghost town.

“A few weeks?” I muttered to myself as I walked briskly down the dark sidewalk toward the campus. “A few weeks of no pay, over spilt water? Hmph.”

“That sucks,” a strange male voice behind me suddenly said.

I stopped in my tracks and whipped around, my heart racing, to see a stranger in baggy clothes. They had their hood up and were wearing gloves, a surgical mask, and sunglasses.

We stared at each other for several moments as I processed what was happening. Was this just an overly friendly stranger on the sidewalk in the middle of the night, or was this my stalker?

All of the potential scenarios started to run through my head as I backed away and the stranger continued to walk toward me, closing the gap between us. Images of my body being thrown in a dumpster by a crazed killer flashed through my mind, making my heart race even faster.

All I knew was that sticking around was probably a bad idea. My fight or flight kicked in, and I chose flight,

Chapter 27: Chase

Nina

I didn’t stick around long enough to find out what would happen if I didn’t run, and I didn’t look over my shoulder. I focused on the sidewalk ahead, running as fast as I could as my fear came true: I heard the sound of feet running

behind me. They were getting closer, and I knew that the stranger was pursuing me.

“Help!” I yelled, but the streets were deserted. No one was around to hear me, and even if they were, I had heard stories about women’s cries for help being ignored before. I couldn’t even call the police since I lost my phone.

“Slow down!” the stranger called from behind me. I picked up my pace, my heart pounding harder and faster with every step, my legs pumping as fast as I could make them.

Suddenly, the stranger picked up his speed and caught up to me, circling around me and cutting me off. I shrieked and turned around to run in the other direction, but he grabbed my wrist and held me fast.

“Let go!” I screamed, wrenching my arm as hard as I could. My wrist burned and throbbed, but I got away.

I had two options: keep running in a straight line out in the open in the hopes that he would either give up or someone would come along to help me, although he would probably catch me again just as easily, or... I could dart into the woods next to us and use the darkness to my advantage. Maybe I could lose him between the trees, plus the campus was right on the other side of this patch of woods, so I could possibly find a public safety officer once I got there.

I knew it wasn’t the smartest option. but it made sense in my terrified mind.

Without taking longer to think about it, I sprinted as fast as I could into the woods.

“Hey!” the stranger yelled, crashing into the woods after me as I wove around trees in an attempt to lose him. “You’re not gonna get far. I can smell you!”

My heart leaped up in my throat. He could... smell me?

This guy was really nuts!

I kept running, darting through the dark woods in the hopes that I would lose him, but his footsteps never sounded far off. My lungs and my legs burned, but still I picked up speed. Just a little more distance and I would come out on the other side of the woods....

It was dark, and I didn't see the ravine.

Suddenly, I was falling down a hill, my limbs scraping against rocks and tree roots as I tumbled down. I felt my head hit against something hard, then everything went black.

When I came to, I was laying in the bottom of the ravine. I groaned and sat up, mud caked to my face and my clothes, and frantically looked around. The stranger was nowhere to be found; had I lost him, or had he just not caught up yet?

I attempted to stand. Thankfully, my body wasn't completely broken, although I felt dizzy from hitting my head.

The side of the ravine was steep, and when I tried to climb it, my sore and trembling limbs couldn't muster up enough strength to haul myself up. I would have to find an area that was less steep, but it was hard to see in the darkness down here without a flashlight.

I started to walk carefully, my shoes soaked with water and mud. Every step ached more and more, but I had to keep going in case the stranger was going to catch up, and even if he did give up and leave, I

couldn't spend the night out here in the woods.

The further I walked, the sounds of the woods became more pronounced and frightening. Every sound of the wind creaking through the pine trees, the hoot of an owl, and the scurrying of a weasel made me jump like a scared animal, but I did my best to calm my nerves and just keep going.

There was one sound, however, that was different from the rest.

It sounded like a low growl.

I turned in a full circle, my eyes scanning my surroundings as best they could in the dark. There was nothing there that I could see, but I felt like...prey.

The growling grew louder. Was it a bear? A mountain lion? A wolf? I had never thought that such animals would linger so close to town and to campus, but it wasn't unheard of here in Canada. I felt incredibly stupid for coming out here in the middle of the night like this, but what other choice did I have?

“Don’t... move.”

The stranger’s voice came right from behind me. I went to scream, but a gloved hand clapped over my mouth and a thin arm wrapped around my waist. All I could do was squeeze my eyes shut tight and hope that my fate would at least be quick and painless.

The growling grew in volume. It didn’t sound like any animal I had heard before. It sounded... human and catlike at the same time, and it wasn’t coming from the stranger.

“Stay back!” the stranger shouted. ” She’s protected.”

Protected?

The growling only continued. The stranger pulled me back with him. I opened my eyes a crack to see something that shook my world for the millionth time in the past two days.

It wasn’t human, nor was it an animal. It was a mix between the two, like a sick science experiment gone wrong.

It was huge, far bigger than any human or feline I had ever seen. It stood on two legs, but its body was shaped like that of a mountain lion while still possessing anthropomorphic traits.

I didn’t know what it was exactly, but I knew one thing: it was a monster.

The beast snarled and leaped toward us. The stranger released his grip on me and threw me to the side, where I tumbled to the ground with a shriek. The monster turned to come after me, but the stranger barreled into the monster’s side and knocked it over.

They fought in a tangle of limbs. I couldn’t make out exactly what was happening in the darkness, but the sounds said it all. The sounds of the monster yelping and... bones clattering.

The monster suddenly shrieked and scurried off into the woods on all fours.

“What...” I whispered, pushing myself up from the ground.

The stranger came over to me.

“Rogue,” he replied. “We need to leave.”

He held out his hand to help me up. As he did so, the moon came out from behind a cloud and illuminated him. His hood had slipped back, and his mask and sunglasses had come off to reveal no flesh, no eyes, nothing but a skull

“It’s you?” I screamed, scrambling backwards. “Get away from me!”

The skeleton sighed and dropped his hand. “That thing will be back soon,” he said. “If you want to live, you need to come with me. I promise I’m not here to hurt you.”

“How do I know if I can trust you?” I responded, my voice shaking.

“Because,” the skeleton said, stepping toward me and grabbing my shoulders, hauling me up to my feet and leaning close. “Enzo sent me. I’m your bodyguard.”

As I stood, my leg was on pins and needles. I hadn’t realized the pain before, but now I knew that I would certainly be dead meat if I didn’t get out of here, and it seemed that this skeleton was my only ticket home.

With a hesitant nod, I let the skeleton hoist me onto his back and carry me. He walked easily up the ravine without holding onto anything, carrying me as though I weighed nothing. Soon we were back on campus.

He set me down on the sidewalk. “I can’t be seen like this,” he said, “so you’ll have to go the rest of the way. Can you walk?”

I nodded. My leg hurt, but I could still put a little weight on it and limp back to my dorm.

The skeleton nodded in response and disappeared into the woods. I stared after him for a few moments, still in awe of what had just happened, before I started slowly making my way home.

When I got home, I opened the door to my suite.

“What the fuck happened to you?!” Lori said from her spot at the counter island, her eyes wide as she looked me up and down.

“I fell,” I lied, limping over to my room. I put my hand on the doorknob and opened the door.

Enzo was sitting on the edge of my bed. He looked up at me, his eyes widening as he took in my dirty and bloody appearance.

“What the hell?!” I said, turning back toward Lori.

“He said he really needed to talk to you,” she said. “And he found your phone.”

I didn’t bother to ask why Lori let him into my room, because she was clearly stoned. I sighed and turned back toward Enzo, who looked at me with concern written across his face.

Taking a deep breath, I walked into my room and shut the door behind me. In a strange way, I was relieved to see Enzo.

Chapter 28: Trust Issues

Nina

“What happened to you?” Enzo said as soon as I closed the door, rushing over to me and taking my shoulders in his hands and looking me over. I shrugged him off and limped across the room, where I kicked off my muddy shoes and sat down at my desk to rest my injured leg.

“You hired a talking skeleton to be my bodyguard?” I whispered, keeping my voice low so Lori couldn’t hear me.

Enzo folded his arms across his chest. “Clearly you need protection, judging from your current state,” he replied.

I laughed. “I look like this because I was running from your bodyguard. You could’ve at least warned me.”

“Yeah, well maybe if you hadn’t run away from me last night and the night before, I would’ve had the chance,” Enzo growled.

I rolled my eyes and went to stand, but a sharp pain shot through my leg and I fell back down on my chair with a groan. Enzo rushed over to me and kneeled in front of me. I pulled away as he went to put his hands on my leg and he looked up at me with an annoyed expression.

“Let me look at it,” he ordered.

I hesitantly stuck my leg out, wincing as he put his hands on it.

“It’s alright,” he whispered. “It’ll just take a moment.”

Sure enough, as he pressed his hands on my leg, the pain started to fade. The throbbing in my head faded as well, and soon enough I felt like I hadn’t fallen down a ravine at all; aside from the mud all

over my body and my clothes.

“There was another monster out there,” I said quietly, looking down at my lap.

Enzo looked up at me with worry in his soft brown eyes. “Where?”

“In the woods,” I replied. “I was running from your skeleton bodyguard and fell down a ravine. He showed up and fought it off. Said it was a... rogue?”

Enzo sighed. “Rogues... What are they doing here? You’re extremely lucky that Luke was there.”

“Luke?” I asked. “You gave it a name?”

With a shrug, Enzo stood and paced over to my bed.

“I don’t know what it is exactly, but something about you is drawing these creatures to the campus,” Enzo said. “It’ll only get worse from here, and I can’t always be around to keep watch over you.”

“Yeah, well,” I said, standing, “I can take care of myself. Tell your skeleton bodyguard to leave me the fuck alone.”

Enzo suddenly whipped around and glared at me, his brown eyes now burning the bright red color that I had become so familiar with. “Why can’t you just accept that I care about you?” he said.

“Because you’re a monster, too, apparently! So how do I know if I can really trust you?!” I shouted, then immediately regretted it when I saw a pained expression flash across Enzo’s face. He frowned, the red fading from his eyes, and reached into his jacket pocket. He pulled out two things: my old, broken phone, and a brand new phone in a box.

“Here,” he said, tossing them down on your bed. “You’re welcome.”

Without another word, he stormed out and left me alone.

“wait, Enzo-” I said, opening my bedroom door and going after him, but he was already gone. Lori was still sitting at the kitchen counter, her mouth full of cereal, and she looked at me with a puzzled expression on her face.

“What was that all about?” she said. “I heard something about... skeletons?”

I sighed. “It’s nothing,” I replied. “Just talking about class, that’s all.”

I could tell that Lori knew something else was going on, but she didn’t pry. I returned to my room and peeled off my muddy clothes before getting into the shower.

As the hot water ran over me, washing the mud and blood off of my skin, the events of the past few days swirled around my mind. Edward had tried to hypnotize me, but it hadn’t really worked... And now, I knew for certain that there was more to this world than I thought. My night in the woods solidified that. Between the talking skeleton bodyguard and the terrifying werewolf, I knew that there was a lot I had to learn.

Part of me just wanted to run away. I didn’t think I was out of the ordinary at all; surely these creatures weren’t drawn to me like Enzo said. Maybe if I just ran away and went home, it would all stop. My parents would kill me if I suddenly dropped out of medical school, though. How could I possibly explain to them that I had to leave because of werewolves and talking skeletons? They’d have me put in a mental institution; but maybe that was where I belonged.

Once I was clean, I got out of the shower and sat down at my desk to do some research.

Of course, an initial search of werewolves only brought up basic cryptozoology nonsense on the internet. There were plenty of videos on the subject, however, and I knew I wouldn’t be getting much sleep tonight, so I grabbed my laptop and crawled into bed to watch them. Before getting into bed, I set

aside the new phone that Enzo bought for me. Looking at it made my heart ache for what I said to him; I’d have to apologize and thank him later.

As I laid in bed watching cryptozoology videos, I learned a few things — all speculative, of course, since most sane people were of the belief that such things were only myths and fairy tales and definitely not real life — about werewolves.

According to folklore, the first werewolf was created by a witch who cursed a man for killing her daughter. She cursed him to turn into an animal on every full moon, during which time he would go on rampages and lose all humanity. What she didn't expect, however, was that he would be able to transfer the curse through a single bite, which led to thousands of werewolves suddenly coming into existence. Those werewolves went on to breed and have werewolf children.

The curse eventually mutated over many generations, leading to what cryptozoologists today considered to be “modern werewolves”; creatures who could shift into wolves at will while maintaining an ordinary human appearance when they weren't shifted. These people supposedly could possess any myriad of special abilities even in their human forms, such as night vision, teleportation, telepathy, foresight, healing powers, superhuman strength and speed, and more.

As I learned this, I thought about how my wrist had stopped hurting as Enzo touched it on the night that Justin attacked me, and how he had somehow #Chapter 28 Trust issues healed all of my pain tonight with only his touch. It was starting to make sense, but I still didn't want to believe that any of this was real.

I fell asleep at some point as I watched the videos, completely exhausted from my chase through the woods. I spent the night dreaming about strange creatures and the full moon shining overhead. I even dreamed that I was one of the creatures, shifting from my human state into that of an animal while Enzo gazed at me with his glowing red eyes.

Was this some sort of omen? Was I truly out of the ordinary?

Chapter 29: Cabin in the Woods

Nina

On Saturday morning, I woke up feeling a lot more rested than I had in a long time, despite my injuries from last night. I wondered if whatever Enzo did to fix my leg gave me more energy as well.

When I looked at the clock, it was already past ten, so I climbed out of bed and headed out to the kitchen for some breakfast. Lori and Jessica were sitting on opposite sides of the living room. Both of them had their arms folded across their chests and were scowling at each other.

“What happened to you two?” I asked.

“She stole my hoodie without my permission and got pizza sauce all over it!” Jessica snarled, pointing her finger at Lori, who narrowed her eyes at her.

“I did not steal it,” she said. “I borrowed it. You just left it out here and I was cold!”

“That still doesn’t excuse the big pizza sauce stain right on the front,” Jessica replied.

“Which I apologized for!” Lori yelled. “And it’s not even big! It’s a tiny drop and you’re just neurotic.”

Jessica stood with her fists balled up at her sides. “I am not neurotic!”

Lori stood as well, and soon they were both yelling at each other at the same time.

“Everybody calm down!!” I shouted, causing them both to stop yelling and look at me. I wasn’t in the mood for bickering roommates today. “Lori, take Jessica’s hoodie to get dry cleaned. And Jessica, don’t be so anal about everything.”

The girls both huffed and sat back down without a word, pulling out their phones at the same time. I was just glad that they stopped yelling. Sometimes it was two that they stopped yelling. Sometimes it was

funny to me how alike and different they were at the same time, but sometimes it was just annoying.

I walked over to the kitchen and poured myself some coffee, then walked over to the window to look out at the quad. Students were already out enjoying the sunny weather, sitting on picnic blankets and playing catch.

There was one student who stuck out to me, however: he was wearing baggy clothes, and his hands and face were completely covered while he sat

perfectly still on a bench facing my window, and.. He was looking straight up at me.

Luke.

I grumbled to myself and set my coffee down, stomping over to the door and slipping my shoes on.

"I'll be right back," I said, walking out and running down the stairs to the outside.

As soon as I opened the dormitory door, Luke stood and scurried over to me like a minion that had been idling until I was in his presence. I opened the door to let him in and then promptly shoved him into a corner.

"You can't just sit outside my dorm all day," I growled, looking over my shoulder to make sure no one was nearby. "It's... creepy."

"Where do you want me instead?" Luke replied. "Want me to come inside? I can keep a better eye on you from inside."

"No!" I barked, then realized how loud. I was being and lowered my voice." Look, I know I can't get rid of you because Enzo is forcing us both into this," I said, "but you need to stay as far away as possible. I don't need people wondering why there's a creepy dude in baggy clothes and gloves with his face

covered following me around all day. Someone will get suspicious, and besides, I don't want to see you, either."

Luke looked down at his feet for a moment as though he was processing what I said, then looked back up and nodded almost robotically. "As you wish," he replied. "I'll watch from afar."

"Good," I said. "Now get out."

I opened the door and shoved him back outside.

By the time I got back up to my dorm, Lori and Jessica had somehow already made up after their argument and were planning going to a party in the woods that night. They practically begged me to go, so I reluctantly agreed.

Much later, around nine o'clock, we got ready for the party and made our way there. I wore jeans and a tight shirt with my leather jacket, as well as my glasses and a bit of makeup. If Enzo was there — and he likely would be — I wanted to thank him for the new phone and apologize for yelling at him, and I secretly wanted to look good around him.

We got to the party, which was in the woods. There were a lot of students there, most of which were already drunk and going wild. Loud music was blasting, the bonfire was huge, and students were dancing and making out all over the place. As I approached, I could even hear some students having... fun in the cabins.

I walked over to the cooler and grabbed a beer, but Jessica stopped me and put it back.

“Oh, no,” she said with a smirk.”

You're not gonna get away with only having beer tonight.” She pulled a bottle of vodka out of her bag and opened it, taking a big swig, then passing it to me. I scrunched up my nose, but took it anyway and

took a swig before passing it to Lori.

We passed the bottle around for a little bit until we were all tipsy, then started dancing as the alcohol made us lose our inhibitions. Everything started to become a blur. We regrouped at one point to share more vodka, which only added to the light feeling in my head. If I was being honest, I really needed this. It felt good just to let go, and I didn't see Enzo, Lisa, or Justin anywhere.

At some point, I felt a hand on my waist. I was too drunk to care and continued dancing, grinding along with the person who was dancing with me; but when I started to notice a few girls giving me annoyed looks, I turned around to see none other than Enzo dancing behind me.

I went to walk away, feeling suddenly embarrassed, but he smirked and grabbed my hand, pulling me back and making me stumble a bit. I leaned into his chest and looked up at him. He looked just as drunk as I was, his cheeks red from the alcohol and a lustful look in his eyes.

“Ignore them,” he whispered in my ear, his lips brushing my skin and making me shiver. “Just look at me.”

His words made me almost immediately wet. He didn't seem angry with me... Was it the alcohol making him this way, or was this how he truly felt?

I gave in to the temptation and swayed with him to the beat of the loud music. The rest of the party faded away, and it was just us. His hands traveled over my waist and hips as I wrapped my arms around his neck, and soon our bodies were pressed tightly against each other.

"Do you want me?" Enzo whispered, his eyes flickering red for a brief moment as he licked his lips. Maybe it was just the alcohol, but right now I did want him. I wanted him badly.

I nodded, and he took my hand and led me away from the party.

There was an open cabin, and we stumbled inside and closed the door behind us. We didn't hesitate for even a second before passionately pressing our lips together and ripping at each other's clothes. He picked me up and carried me over to the bed. I wrapped my legs around his waist and sucked on his neck as he laid me down.

He slid my shirt off over my head, then pulled his own off. We both unbuttoned our pants, both barely pulling them down enough for him to expose his throbbing cock and for me to give him access to me. I flipped over and heard him spit into his hand.

I let out a loud moan as he penetrated me, and so did he. I had never thought that we would actually have sex again, and maybe it was just the alcohol, but I was so happy now to feel him inside of me again, his fingers intertwined with mine as he hunched over me and thrust himself into me. The sounds that came out of his mouth made me even more wet and dizzy with ecstasy.

We weren't together for long, though, when Enzo suddenly stopped.

Chapter 30: Party Crasher

Enzo

I was right in the middle of finally having hot, drunken sex with Nina when I smelled another shifter. It was definitely close to the party; I'd have to get out there and deal with it before anyone saw it or got attacked. With the recent influx of shifters in the area, there was no doubt in my mind that one had been drawn to the party by Nina's scent.

“Fuck,” I whispered, pulling out of Nina and zipping my pants back up. She sat up on the bed, swaying a bit from the alcohol as she looked up at me with confusion in her eyes.

“I have to go,” I said solemnly, standing...

“You’re leaving me here?”

I sighed and quickly pulled my shirt on.

“I’ll explain later,” I said, not having much time. “Just go home.” I used telepathy then to tell Luke to watch her, then ran out of the cabin.

Surely enough, there it was a little ways out into the woods: a rogue werewolf. I cursed, because it also had someone by the ankle: Lisa. It was dragging her unconscious body through the woods; I could sense her heartbeat, but it was weak. Had it already dragged her all this way? I cringed at the thought of this beast being right outside the party while Nina and I were getting hot and heavy. I knew I should’ve stayed sober tonight. How could I protect Nina if I was too drunk to pay attention to my surroundings?

“Hey!” I shouted to get the rogue’s attention. The rogue glanced up at me, Lisa’s bloody ankle still in its mouth. It dropped Lisa’s ankle when it saw me and stood on its hind legs, preparing to attack as it hissed and bared its long sharp fangs.

“You’re one ugly son of a bitch, you know that?” I said as I curled my fists and began to circle around the rogue.

The rogue werewolf snarled and charged at me, but I was too quick and jumped up several feet in the air, causing the beast to run straight underneath me and look around, confused, while I quietly landed on the ground behind it. I took this moment of confusion as a chance to ambush the rogue and ran at it from behind, using the sharp claws that had grown from my knuckles to slash the back of its neck.

It yelped and fell to the ground, whimpering. I took my chance while it was laying on the ground and thrust my claws into the back of its neck. Blood sprayed everywhere, and with a final yelp, the rogue fell limp.

I yanked my claws out of its furry throat and sighed as I looked down at the corpse. I’d have to send someone from my father’s pack to come and clean

this up before anyone found it, so I used my Mindlink with Lewis to tell him what happened and order him to get here ASAP.

Lisa was still unconscious on the ground. I ran over to her and scooped her up, swearing under my breath. She started to heal just from my touch, but I couldn't let her stay here; I didn't know how much she remembered about the attack, and she was starting to wake up, so I did the only thing I could think of. I teleported directly to Edward's office.

He was sitting behind his desk and jumped up when I teleported into his office suddenly.

"What the hell happened?" he said as

Lisa started to groan.

Chops Party Crosher

"Rogue attack in the woods," I said, setting her down on the couch. "She was unconscious when I found her, but I don't know how much she remembers."

"Move out of the way," Edward said hastily as he ran around his desk and crouched in front of her. He placed his hands on her head as I stood nearby and watched him work.

Edward was a werewolf, just like me. Only the dean knew this; I didn't even tell Nina. He was my father's age, mature and elegant, with a particular expertise in the practice of mind control. With just one look, he could make anyone forget things, change the narrative of stories, and heal emotional trauma. He pretended to be a hypnotherapist in the human world, leaving everyone who used his services blind to the fact that he would employ werewolf abilities to hypnotize them.

I wasn't sure exactly how long Edward had been working at this school, but it was a lot longer than I had been here. In fact, the history of werewolves

working at and attending this school ran deep. Since the school was located right near a prime location for portals, it was relatively easy for any evolved shifter to enter the human realm. That didn't explain the influx of less evolved shifters on campus, though, because as far as I was aware, they weren't capable of creating or using portals.

Not on their own, at least.

Was someone helping these rogues pass through? And if so, who was helping them?

Lisa's eyes started to open.

"Wh... Where am I...?" she mumbled.

Edward ignored her question and immediately began to work his magic. I watched closely as he started

whispering incantations that made her pupils start to swirl, indicating that she was now susceptible to his hypnosis.

Seeing hypnosis always fascinated me, so I watched intently while Edward worked. Soon, he had Lisa lulled into his spell, and quickly convinced her mind to erase all memories of the attack. He put her to sleep with his abilities when he was done and stood.

"Take her to her room," he said. "She'll wake up in the morning and remember nothing about the attack, thinking that she just got too drunk and stumbled home. Did anyone else see the rogue?"

"I don't think so," I replied. "I contacted my father's beta. We'll clean up the body before anyone notices."

"Good," Edward said, then stepped out of the way so I could pick up Lisa and teleport her back to her dorm. With an appreciative nod at Edward, I teleported Lisa and I to her dorm, where I laid her sleeping body down on her bed.

Now that Lisa was alive and oblivious to what really happened, I teleported back to the spot in the forest where I killed the rogue. Lewis was already there, looking down at the rogue with his hands on his hips.

"How did a rogue get out here?" he asked, to which I shrugged.

"I don't know," I replied as I helped him hoist the corpse onto his shoulders. "Someone must be helping them get here. I don't know why, but I think it might have something to do with Nina. I think someone wants her gone."

“By the way,” Lewis said as he opened a portal, “I’ve been looking into her like you asked. She was adopted when she was two, but that’s all I’ve found so far. I’ll keep looking.”

I furrowed my brow as I watched Lewis step into the portal to the werewolf realm, where he would likely dispose of the rogue’s body.

Nina was adopted?

I wanted to talk to her, but my body was exhausted from all of the teleportation and I knew I wouldn’t be able to teleport again tonight; I’d have to figure out a way to get everyone to leave the party too, just in case more rogues showed up.

I would have to find her in the morning and explain everything.