

Chapter 7 Is my mate a Volana Wolf?

Third Person POV

It was easy getting into Lila's party when Scott's dad was there. Scott and Sarah didn't even need an excuse to attend. Actually, Scott's father insisted that he showed up.

Sarah spent the better part of her morning picking wolfbane from her personal garden.

She turned the wolfbane into a powder and placed it in a small vile she wore around her neck, tucking it into her shirt; hidden and out of sight.

Sarah wanted to destroy any chances of Lila getting her wolf on her birthday. Even though Lila was skilled in combat, she would still be known as lesser without her wolf. Sarah would remain superior in her wolf form.

As they got there, Lila was mingling with her guests and laughing. It annoyed Sarah.

She took note that Lila had a wine glass that was placed on the table before her.

"So, what exactly are we doing here?" Scott asked; she hadn't told him her plan, other than to crash the party.

"We are here to support the birthday girl," Sarah said with a pleasant smile.

"Why? We broke up. Remember? I left her for you."

That wasn't how Sarah remembered it.

Technically Lila was the one who left him. Though, the details didn't matter that much. Sarah didn't really have that big of an attachment to him. But Scott's father was an Alpha, which meant Sarah could only gain from her relationship with him.

It also didn't hurt that he was handsome and looked good on her arm.

"You're going to be an Alpha one day, Scott. Lila is Alpha Bastien's daughter. We are here for the same reason the other Alphas are here. To make a good impression and get ahead. Now go mingle with some of the Alphas."

He rolled his eyes as he disappeared through the crowd.

Lila has yet to notice either of them there. She took a small sip of her wine before placing it back down on the table, turning her back to speak with someone behind her.

Sarah took that moment as an opportunity to spike her drink. She unplugged the vile of wolfbane as she walked toward Lila's table. Lila wasn't paying attention, nor was the person she was talking to.

Without even touching the glass, Sarah managed to tap a few drops of the wolfbane dusting into the wine, watching it dissolve instantly.

A smile played on her lips as she continued walking.

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Enzo's POV

"Get this cup tested for fingerprints right away," I heard Bastien ordering his Beta. "I also want it tested for DNA."

His beta slipped on a pair of gloves before taking the cup.

"I need a list of every guest here," Bastien ordered one of the workers. "Nobody leaves without their names written on the list."

"We need to go upstairs," my wolf, Max, urged. "Our mate is ill and she's going to need us."

"Alpha Bastien?" I said, ignoring Max's words.

"Oh, hey Enzo. I'm sorry, I can't really talk--"

"Was it poisoning?" I asked before he could finish speaking.

Bastien narrowed his eyes at me.

"I believe so, but we won't know until the doctor looks at her. He should be here soon," Bastien explained.

"What can I do to help?"

"You can make sure nobody gets into her room," Bastien suggested. "I have guards outside, but I need her door watched as well."

"I'll head upstairs right now."

"You are a good man, Enzo," Bastien said, patting me on the back before walking away.

As I made my way up the stairs, I felt the urgency of my wolf. He wanted more than anything to see Lila, but I couldn't bring myself to go into her room. I stood outside of her room, pressing my back against her door and basking in her loving scent of honeysuckle.

This was exactly what I didn't want; I was already feeling distracted by this girl. I thought back to when she kissed me yesterday morning; my wolf didn't sense her as a mate then. However, he still felt drawn to her in a way he's never felt before.

"She was supposed to get her wolf today," Max explained "I could feel her nearby. As soon as I felt her, I knew she was our mate. But the poison is blocking her now. She's there...but she's also not there at the same time."

"That sounds like the work of wolfbane," I say in return to my wolf. "Which means in a few days once the wolfbane is out of her system, she's going to feel us as her mate. It's going to complicate things."

The door of Lila's room opened, and Luna Selene stepped into the hallway. She paused when she saw me lurking outside the door.

"Is everything okay, Alpha?" She asked, narrowing her eyes at me.

She looked exactly like Lila; or rather, Lila looked exactly like her. They both had dark and gorgeous hair and the same strange colored eyes. It was almost surreal.

"Alpha Bastien ordered me to stand guard to make sure nobody gets in," I answered, keeping my tone even.

"I see," Selene said; there was worry in her eyes. "The doctor will be here shortly. Can you let me know once he's here? I'm going downstairs to speak to my husband. I think she's been poisoned. Her symptoms seem odd..."

"Of course," I tell her.

She gives me a small smile before leaving.

"Now is our chance..." Max urged once again. "Let's go into her room and see our mate."

He was relentless.

Nonetheless, I decided to go in and check on her.

As I opened her door, her scent became even more potent.

She lay on her bed with her eyes closed; her face was still red, and she had beads of sweat on her forehead.

She had a fever.

She whimpered softly as if she was in pain and wiggled in bed, trying to find some sort of comfort. I reached my hand out to her, placing it gently on her forehead. She seemed to have soothed from just my touch alone.

She sighed, reaching her own hands up and placing them on top of my hand, keeping it in place. I swallowed the lump in my throat as I scanned her delicate body. She was still in her dress; she looked stunning tonight. She still looked stunning, even when she wasn't well.

She opened her eyes slightly and peered over at me.

"Professor Enzo?" She whispered in a weak, and yet sleepy, daze.

"Just rest," I tell her, keeping my tone low.

I was about to pull my hand away and walk out the door, but she tightened her grip, keeping me in place. She was strong for someone who was just poisoned, and half awake.

"Don't leave...?" she whimpered. "Your hand feels nice... it's nice and cold..."

"I can get you a cold cloth," I tell her.

She shakes her head, beads of sweat forming under my hand from her forehead.

"No... this is nice..." she says, closing her eyes again. "You're so handsome..." she murmured. I rose my brows at her words. "Painfully handsome. Why are you so--"

Her words were cut off as she started drifting back to sleep. I blinked a couple of times, still staring at her. I was surprised that she was so forward; then again, a high enough dosage of wolfbane tends to cause delusion.

I pulled my hand away from her; her body had gone limp as sleep overtook her. I went to her bathroom and grabbed a cloth, soaking it with cold water. When I put it over her head, I saw the redness in her face begin to fade away.

She sighed in relief, a small and weakened smile tugging at her lips.

"That feels nice..." she whispered. I was about to turn and leave once again, but her voice stopped me in my tracks. "You were my first kiss..." she murmured.

I knew she was inexperienced, but that kiss in the hallway was her first?

"You were my first kiss... professor Enzo..." she said again in a murmur. "You kissed... a... Volana..."

She drifted off to sleep before her sentence was complete; I stared at her in shock, completely frozen.

What was she about to say?

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