

MY PROFESSOR IS MY ALPHA MATE

Chapter 26



Lila's POV "Lila?" Ethan said, staring at me in surprise as I stood outside the Calypso packhouse. I felt my face grow warm as he stared at me. I wasn't sure how I was going to explain why I was here. Do I tell him I was worried about Enzo? No. I couldn't say that. "What are you doing here?" He finally asked after it was clear that I wasn't going to speak. "Professor Enzo wasn't in class today and I wanted to make sure he was okay," I answered. My voice sounded distant and small when I spoke. I hated that I was feeling weak right now. Ethan raised his brows as he stared around my face. "You traveled this far to check on him?" He asked. I wasn't sure how to answer that, but thankfully, he didn't wait for me to do so. "He has some family problems," he explained. "He's been at the hospital all morning with his mother." Now it was my turn to raise my brows; I rose my gaze to meet his and saw the serious expression on his face. "His mother?" I asked. Enzo hasn't really spoken about his mother. I didn't think she was even in the picture. What could have happened to her? Ethan stepped aside so I could enter the packhouse; though, I wasn't sure I wanted to at that point. I felt foolish for being there right now. I shouldn't be prying into Enzo's family affairs. From the look on Ethan's face, I could tell that it was a very serious matter, and it wasn't my business. Ê Categories Search... " : © But he motioned with his head for me to enter. I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat and stepped inside. "There's been a terrible attack the other night and he had to rush to the hospital," Ethan continued to explain. The other night? It must

have been the night of the feast. That's why he left as quickly as he did and without a word. "Is his mother okay?"

"She should be fine," Ethan answered. "Just a lot of bruises. I think he's planning on coming back this afternoon if you want to stick around and wait for him." "That would be nice," I say in return. Before Ethan had the chance of saying anything more, the door of the kitchen opened, and Dee stood at the entryway. She had flour and chocolate all over her clothing and skin, including her face. She looked incredibly panicked and winded. Her eyes fell on mine and she looked almost relieved for a moment. "Oh, good, I thought I heard your voice. How are you at baking?" She asked. I rose my brows. "Decent I suppose," I shrugged. "Perfect, grab an apron and help me in the kitchen," she said, grabbing my arm and pulling me along with her. I turned back to Ethan who just shook his head with dismay written all over his face. As I went into the kitchen, I paused when I saw that the counters were a complete mess. I frowned as I stared around all the pots and pans that Dee had scattered across her usually flawlessly clean stainlesssteel counters. There was flour smeared upon surfaces, including the ground, and dirty utensils in the sink. Despite the mess though, the kitchen smelled amazing. It smelled like a bunch of baked goods at once. Like a bakery. "The bake sale for the grade school is this afternoon and I promised I would make the food for the sale.

"I'm way behind on the deadline though," Dee said with a worried look on her face. "It's okay, Dee," I said with a chuckle. "I don't mind helping." I grabbed an apron off the hook on the far side of the kitchen and we got to work. We baked brownies, cookies, cupcakes, and muffins. As we continued to bake, Dee started playing some music on the speaker. She shuffled through some songs before landing on an upbeat tune. She started to sing it in a low voice, not thinking I could hear her. She had a nice voice. I watched as she began swaying her hips from side to side, making me smile. I mimicked her

movements, also swaying my hips as we traveled around the kitchen, cleaning up the mess while the baked goods were in the oven. She noticed me dancing along with her and she started to laugh, which made me laugh as well. Together, we danced and sang. Twirling around the kitchen without a care in the world. I only stopped when I realized Enzo was standing at the door. His dark gaze poured into me, causing my entire body to freeze. "I wasn't expecting you to return so soon," Dee chuckled as she stood by my side. "We were just baking for the bake sale this afternoon. Lila was nice enough to give me a helping hand. I'm not as quick with baking as I used to be." Enzo's eyes never left mine. "Why aren't you at the academy?" He asked in a low tone. "I took some time off," I tell him, proud that my voice didn't come off as nervous as I felt. "I got permission first." "You shouldn't have come here." His words caused me to flinch, which was visibly noticeable for Dee who glanced at me with a small and curious frown.

"Why exactly shouldn't she have come here?" Dee asked, glancing back at Enzo. "Because she should be in school, that's why," he answered. "I'm already ahead of most of my classmates. I can take a day or two off," I tell them both. He looked like he wanted to protest, but he didn't. He glanced at Dee momentarily. "I'm going to steal her for the time being," he told her; my heart fell into my stomach. This was it... he was going to take me away and reject me. I heard being rejected was incredibly painful. I had to prepare myself. Dee nodded to him, a worried frown still on her face. "Don't be too harsh on her. I like having her around." She gave me a wink as she said that. He didn't answer her; instead, he turned back to me and said, "Come with me." I took in a steady breath as I followed him out of the kitchen. He walked down this long corridor that led to a wide set of double doors. My heart was racing rapidly in my chest, unsure of where he was taking me. Enzo paused as he reached the set of doors and he turned toward me. "I need a favor," he surprised me by saying; his tone turned from hardened in front of Dee, to soft

once we were alone. I met his eyes and saw that they were also softened. Whatever this favor was, it must have been serious. “Okay?” I urged him to continue. “My mother is in the hospital for the next unforeseen future, and I would like to give her something to brighten things a little. She’s always loved art and I wanted to make her something she could really enjoy.” I was an art major, so it would make sense that he would come to me for this kind of thing. I’m assuming he wanted me to paint a picture for his mother.

Without another word, he turned toward the double doors and pushed them open, revealing a large and glorious art studio. I gasped as I walked inside. I instantly smelled the scent of paint. Canvases were laying everywhere on top of a large white tarp; not to mention mountains of paint cans. There were also beautiful paintings all over the walls and I wondered who created them. Enzo turned back to me and narrowed his eyes. “The problem is, I don’t paint. Which is where I need your help,” he continued. I gazed up at him in amazement. “You want me to paint a picture for your mother?” I asked, raising my brows. He nodded his head once. “Of course, I would love to help,” I tell him. I felt pleased that he felt comfortable enough with me to ask me for this favor. Dare I say, I felt honored. “What do you think she would like? Perhaps a beautiful forest with a lot of flowers and sunlight?” Or maybe the moonlight?” “Actually, I want it to be a portrait.” I scrunched my brows together as I looked at him. “A portrait?” I asked. “Of who?” There was a moment of pause where he chose his next words very carefully. “Of me, Lila. I want you to paint a portrait of me.”

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Enzo's POV What the hell was I doing? Everything about her just tastes and smells so good. Her lips are soft and sweet. I thought she would try to push me off her, but she didn't. She stood limp against the wall; her eyes fluttered shut as soon as I made contact with her. I bit onto her bottom lip; something I've been wanting to do for a while. I nibbled on it; drawing it firmly into my mouth and sucking on it like it was a piece of candy. Once I released it, I paused the kiss. I didn't push it any further than that. As much as I wanted to continue the embrace, I had to stop myself. She was breathing heavily; I watched as her chest heaved up and down. Her eyes remained closed, and her fair complexion was turning cherry red. "Our mate is growing extremely warm. If you aren't careful, she will go into heat." No. I couldn't let that happen. I had to get out of here. "Take a cold shower," I muttered. I left without another word. ... Lila's POV "Oh, my goddess!!!" Val screamed, rattling my brain. "What just happened?" I gasped; I opened my eyes and Enzo was gone. Ê Categories Search... " : © My heart was racing rapidly against my chest and my entire body trembled. I held my arms together, trying to keep myself still. My legs felt like complete jelly; I thought I was going to fall over if I even attempted to move. "He kissed us! Our mate kissed us!!" Val replayed the events in my mind. I could still feel his lips against mine. He tasted so good. Why would he kiss me like that? "I thought he wanted to reject us," I murmured. My entire body was incredibly warm; way warmer than it's ever been before. The more I thought about

Enzo, the more my mouth watered. Why did he have such an effect on my body like this? "I do believe we are beginning our estrus," Val explained. "It's what happens when we come of age." I've heard of this, of course. It meant I was going into heat soon if I didn't do something about it quickly. Take a cold shower. His words played again in my mind and I was suddenly realizing what he meant. I gasped loudly; covering my mouth with my hands as realization struck me. He knew I was going into heat. I felt all sorts of humiliated at that

moment. I just wanted to run away and hide for a lifetime. I slid back into the guest room before anyone else could see what was going on with me. The last thing I wanted was for Dee to walk around the corner and see that I was going into heat. As soon as I was back in the comfort of the room sealed away from those around me, I slid into the bathroom and stripped off all my clothing. I couldn't get them off fast enough; the longer I waited, the hotter my body became. This was so embarrassing. I could hear Val chuckling in my mind as I scrambled to turn on the shower, running the icy water through my fingers and sighing at the relief it brought me. I stepped fully into the shower, allowing the

cold water to soothe my steamed flesh. Once I was sure the heat had gone away, I got out of the shower and wrapped my now frigid body with a warm towel. "I wonder what Enzo's mother is like," I found myself saying to Val as I made my way back into the room to search for my nightgown. "I wonder if she's as cold as Enzo." "I don't think our mate is cold," Val said in return. "I think he's misunderstood. It's kind of sexy. Don't you think?" "Misunderstood isn't what we want for a mate," I reminded her. "We want someone who understands and accepts us for who we are. We want someone who can love us unconditionally. Enzo isn't that kind of guy." "You don't know that yet. We've hardly even scratched the surface." "He's our professor. He could lose his job if word got out about this." "He can't help who his mate is. The board will understand," Val said; I knew she was shrugging nonchalantly as she said that. "Maybe the board would... but would my father?" I wanted to believe that my father liked Enzo enough to be okay with him being my mate. But I wasn't so sure. He was Blaise's son after all. The same Blaise who tried to kill my father and marry my mother so he can have a Volana wolf to himself. Out of everyone who could have been my mate, why did it have to be Blaise's son? ... Morning came quickly. I hadn't even realized I fell asleep until I heard a loud knocking on the door. I groggily lifted my head to peer out the window

and saw the faint outlining of the sun shining through the closed blinds. It was still very early. I forced myself out of bed and made my way to the door, forgetting that I was only wearing a light and loose-fitting nightgown that left no mystery of what lay underneath.

At the right angle, my entire naked body could be seen. As soon as I opened the door and saw Enzo staring at me with wide and shocked eyes, I knew he was standing at that right angle. He scanned my body briefly before refocusing on my face. "Get dressed, we need to leave soon," he said, turning away from me quickly. At that point, I realized what had happened and I jumped backward, covering my body with my arms. My face grew warm again and I had to turn away before he noticed it. "Where are we going?" I managed to squeak. "I'm bringing you back to school." I didn't argue with him; I knew his mind was made up. Enzo was waiting for me downstairs once I got dressed. He was holding the portrait I had painted of him. "I was thinking that maybe it would be nice to add a couple more flowers and maybe my mothers' name engraved somewhere on it?" He said as I approached him. I rose my brows up at him. "Are you asking if I could do that for you?" I asked. "I wouldn't be saying this if I wasn't," he said, meeting my eyes. "I would be appreciative." A smile tugged at my lips as I took the portrait from him. I liked when he asked me for favors; even though I knew how uncomfortable it made him. "I'll work on it tonight and have it to you by tomorrow," I tell him. He nodded his head, but he didn't smile. I've heard that he doesn't often smile, which almost makes me determined to get him to smile at least once. Enzo took me back to school in my car; he said he wanted to make sure I actually went back. He was planning on staying in his room for the night and then Beta Ethan would be coming in tomorrow to pick him up. It was probably a good thing that I went back to school; I wanted to make a few adjustments to my own

painting for my project in the morning. This was going to be half my grade for this semester, and I needed to make sure it was good enough to present. The

next morning, Enzo was nowhere to be found. My art class was starting soon; he would have to wait to get his painting until after class. I shrugged off the thought and took my project to the class. "I'm excited to see what you have for me," Miss Grace said as I entered the room. I placed my draped painting on the table with the others and took my seat. One by one, each student stood and presented their projects. They were met with "ooooh!" and "aaaaaah!" Along with a round of applause. By the time they got to me, the room fell silent. They knew I was one of the best painters, so they saved mine for last as the finale. I stood to my feet and made my way to the front of the class. "Lila, tell us about your painting," Miss Grace said with a fond smile. "Well, the theme that was given to me was 'role models.' So, I wanted to paint my inspiration in life," I explained. I grabbed the cloth that covered my project. "I hope you like it," I said as I tugged at the cloth, revealing my painting. Everybody in the room gasped, and I saw a bunch of shocked faces, including Miss Grace. The entire room was completely silent; I couldn't even hear anyone breathing. This wasn't the reaction I thought my painting would have. I furrowed my brows together, wondering what was so shocking until I looked at the painting and gasped as well. What was supposed to be a family portrait, was actually a portrait of Enzo. I grabbed the wrong painting.

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Lila's POV "Is that Professor Enzo?" Miss Grace asked in a whisper as she slowly stood to her feet. I felt the blood rushing to my head as I stared at the portrait of Enzo. This meant the painting I had for this class was still in my room. How did I make such a terrible mistake like this? "He's so handsome,"

Val breathed lovingly as we took in the picture. I did a really good job at capturing every one of Enzo's charming features. He had so much personality in his dark eyes that made my stomach flip. I had to think of something to say, and quickly. "Yes," I answered, turning toward the class of startled and curious eyes. "This is Alpha Enzo. He's incredibly inspirational. He's the youngest Alpha and my father speaks highly of him. He has huge ambitions. I also found out recently that he's caring for his ill mother, on top of being an incredible professor. I don't know how he has time to sleep, honestly. But I find myself wanting to be like him. He might not be my biggest inspiration, but I am inspired by him. I'm honored to have him as my professor." There was a long pause of silence as everyone processed what I had said, I was hoping I was convincing enough. Soon, the silence ended with a round of applause; some students even stood to give me a standing ovation. A flood of relief washed over me, and I felt my body relax. I smiled at the excited faces. Even Miss Grace seemed pleased. Her eyes lit up for a moment as she took in my portrait. Ê Categories Search... " : ©

"You are certainly correct," she said, still eyeing the picture. "He really is an incredible man. Very nice job capturing that, Lila." Têxt © .

"Thank you, Miss Grace," I said with a smile. "Do you think we can speak after class?" I frowned instantly; she was still looking at the picture, fondly, and it started to make me feel a little uneasy. There was a part of me that wanted me to step in front of the picture and shield her eyes from Enzo, but I didn't. I stood my ground and managed to give her a head nod. "Yes, of course," I said in return. Without thinking, I grabbed the sheet and placed it over the painting, watching as Miss Grace blinked a few times, breaking out of her trance. She forced a plastered smile when she realized I was staring at her. "You can take your seat now," she instructed. I nodded once and went back to my seat. What was that? Why was she staring at my painting like that? And why did I care so much? "Miss Grace is certainly beautiful. I wonder if Enzo notices that

as well," Val chirped in my ear. I ignored her, not wanting to grow jealous over someone who doesn't care for me. I shook the thought out of my head and sat through the rest of the class. By the end of class, everyone went straight into the halls as soon as the bell rang, leaving me alone in the room with Miss Grace. "You wanted to speak to me?" I asked as I went toward her desk. She glanced up at me from her computer and gave me a sweet smile; the same smile she often gives me if I pass her in the halls or say hi to her at lunch. "Yes; I really wanted to emphasis how gorgeous your portrait is," she breathed. "Though, I find it a bit inappropriate to use your professor as your muse," she admitted, a small frown now evident on her lips.

I frowned as well. "I apologize. I just wanted to think outside the box. Everyone was expecting I would paint my family and I almost did. But I really wanted to shock and wow everyone," I lied, but it sounded convincing enough. She thought about that for a moment before she laughed. "You certainly accomplished that," she said, shaking her head still laughing. "And Enzo was okay with this?" She asked, eyeing me carefully. "I wouldn't have done this without his permission," I lied again; I hated lying but she couldn't know the truth. "I've just known him for a while and he's never been the type to model for a painting," she said thoughtfully. This made me frown even more; how well did she know him exactly? I kind of wanted to ask, but I didn't find that to be appropriate. Would Enzo tell me if I asked him? "But anyways, I wanted to nominate this painting to be chosen for the Higala art show next week," she said, a wide smile on her face. "I think it has a real shot at winning." "Seriously?" I asked, my eyes wide and alarmed. "Yes," she chuckled. "You don't think Enzo would mind, do you? I could always ask him and—" "I'll talk to him," I said a little too quickly. "Can I let you know tomorrow?" She nodded, staring at me carefully. "Yes; the sooner the better." I nodded my head before scurrying out of the classroom. She wanted to nominate Enzo's portrait, the one I painted for his mother, to the art show? How was I going to explain this

to Enzo? ... Enzo's POV "Hello, Alpha Enzo?" Leah said into the phone. I woke up early to my phone ringing and it was Leah's photography. She told me she would call me

once the photos were ready for viewing. "Yes," I answered. "Do you have the photos?" "Yes, they are all set. Would you like to swing by my studio this morning?" "I'll be there soon," I said before hanging up. It was still early, so, I knew Lila was most likely still sleeping. I would have to wait to get that portrait from her. I mindlinked Ethan to come to pick me up and bring me to Leah's studio. He arrived within the hour, and we went straight to the studio. Leah was much younger than I thought she would be. She looked around Lila's age. It was no wonder I didn't notice her at the time of the party because she blended in with most of the guests. She had a kind smile when I entered the studio. "Good morning, Alpha," she said, motioning for me to join her at her desk. "I have the photos for you, just as you requested." "I really appreciate that," I said to her. She grabbed the stack of photos from an envelope and handed them to me. "I haven't even given them to Alpha Bastien yet," she admitted. "I wanted to edit and make them perfect before I presented them to him. But you wanted the unedited version." "Yes," I confirmed. "I'm looking for something specific." "For the person who poisoned Lila?" I didn't entertain her with an answer. There were a lot of photos of Lila and seeing her in the palms of my hands excited Max. I tried to keep him calm enough to focus. We weren't here to gaze at photos of Lila. We were looking for the person who poisoned her. I went through the entire stack of photos, almost feeling defeated until I got to the last picture. I paused. It was a picture of Lila on the couch; she was talking to one of her friends and she had a wide smile on her face. Behind her was the glass that got drugged and leaning over it, was none other than Sarah.

This was it. I finally had proof that Sarah poisoned her

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Lila's POV Enzo and Connie demonstrated a move together and it made me want to vomit on the spot. She had her back turned toward him and he wrapped an arm around her waist to spin her around to face him where he kept her in a headlock. She swung her leg around and did a spin to get free. They were so close to one another, and they worked so effortlessly. She was incredibly beautiful. I wondered how long they have known each other. "Lila?" Becca said from beside me; I realized everybody was already performing this move and I was standing in the center of the arena, staring at Connie with a grimace. "Are you ready to try the move?" "Oh, yes," I said, pulling my eyes away from Connie. However, I could still hear her laughing loudly as she placed an arm on Enzo's bicep; he was saying something to her that was funny. Though he wasn't laughing with her, she didn't seem to mind it. She stood close to him; her perfect figure was only inches from him, and she continued to speak and laugh. I felt my blood boiling; I clenched my fists, trying not to let it get the best of me. "Lila?" Becca said again with a worried frown. "Are you okay?" "Yes," I lied. I turned to Becca who turned her back to me; I wrapped an arm around her waist to get ready to spin her when the sounds of Connie's laughter made its way over to me once again. I closed my eyes, trying to center myself and tune out the sound, but to no prevail. I grabbed Becca's arm and spun her around quickly, not realizing how much force I used or that she was already dizzy. She nearly tripped on herself as I put her in a headlock. She said something I wasn't listening to because I was

too busy listening to Connie flirting with Enzo. É Categories Search... " : © holds © this.

I also wasn't paying attention to the surge that was beginning to pulsate through my fingertips. Just as I went to grab her again before she could get out of the headlock, the electricity escaped my fingertips.

It happened so quickly, yet it felt like it was in slow motion. Her entire body lit up as the bolts shot through her; her screams pierced the arena, shocking everybody including Enzo and Connie. I gasped as I released Becca's arm and watched her fall to the ground; nearly paralyzed from being electrocuted. The electricity was still bouncing off my fingertips. Everybody was backing away from me with large and frightened eyes. There were fearful murmurs from those around me, but I couldn't hear them. Everything had gone silent. I couldn't pull my eyes away from Becca who remained lifeless on the ground. What had I done? "Oh, my goddess..." I finally found my voice, though it came out as an inaudible whisper. Enzo rushed past me and kneeled in front of Becca, placing his fingers on her neck to check for a pulse. "Someone, call the infirmary. We need to get her there as soon as possible," Enzo ordered over his shoulder. Connie was standing beside me when she pulled out her phone. I can't believe this happened. Becca... Enzo was lifting her off the ground and walking with her out of the arena just in time for the tears to spill from my eyes. The electricity in my fingertips was gone. Connie turned away to talk to the infirmary on the phone when I noticed the others were still staring at me. Did they see the electricity too?

They had to have seen it. "What happened?" Someone finally asked, finding their voice. I wasn't sure how to answer that question; I was too stunned to move or speak. I was completely numb from head to toe. "Did you do this to her? Why did she light up like that?" I opened my mouth to speak, but Connie's voice cut through, stepping in front of me to face the others. "Get

back to practice,” she ordered them. She glanced at me. “You should get to the infirmary.” There were zero emotions on her face, and I wondered if she knew what I had done. I felt nothing but shame; I had to leave before I began to sob. I turned away, finding the willpower to move my legs, despite them feeling like jelly. I made my way across the campus and to the infirmary where I saw Enzo standing outside the door and speaking to the nurse. They both turned and looked at me as I approached. “I’ll go check her out,” the nurse said in a low tone. “But she might need the actual hospital. I can’t promise that the police will let this go. They will be here soon.” Enzo lowered his gaze as she went back into the infirmary. The police? She had called the police? Of course, she had. A student was seriously injured during his class; why wouldn’t she call the police? What had I done? To not only Becca but Enzo as well. “What are you doing here?” Enzo finally said, keeping his eyes lowered and his tone emotionless. “I wanted to check on her...” I said, trying to keep the pain out of my voice, but failing miserably. “You’ve done enough for right now.” “Enzo—” “You should go...” he said, meeting my eyes. “Now.” “I wanted to—”

“There’s nothing you can do for her right now. She hasn’t woken up; the nurse is looking at her as we speak, and she might need to be transferred to the hospital.” “Do you think she’s going to be okay?” I asked in a whisper. “It’s too soon to tell; she has a faint pulse, but it weakened even more by the time we got here,” he answered. “Seriously, Lila. You need to leave.” He could hardly even look at me; he felt so much shame being around me, and he wanted nothing to do with me. My heart squeezed painfully in my chest as I choked back a sob. I didn’t want him to see me so broken. I did something terrible; I was never going to forgive myself if something were to happen to her. There was a part of me that wondered if I could heal her just as I did with Enzo the other day. But with how my emotions are right now, I knew it would be better if I didn’t try. I turned away, allowing a few stray tears to escape my eyes and

roll down my cheeks. My heart hurt way too much. ... The ambulance was outside the infirmary within the hour; I stayed a distance away, but I sat on a bench in the center of the campus, watching as they moved Becca from the infirmary and into the ambulance. I couldn't bring myself to walk away or attend my other classes. My entire body was completely numb still; it was like it was no longer my own. I thought about calling my mom, but I knew she would be so disappointed in me. I couldn't face her after what I had just done. The police were also outside the infirmary, and they were speaking intently with Enzo for a long while. Periodically, Enzo would catch my eyes from across the campus. He knew I was sitting there and watching. He could feel my presence. After a long while, it finally quieted down and everyone went back to their duties. Connie managed to convince everyone that it wasn't me that did this to Becca and that something else

happened that caused it. I was oddly grateful to her for that. After a couple of hours of sitting on the bench outside, I decided to go inside and back to the arena. I wondered if Enzo was still there and if he had a minute to talk. But as I got to the arena, I heard a couple of voices coming from inside. "I'm just saying, Enzo... she's dangerous. She's a Volana wolf. I wish I had known this before. She has no business being at this school."

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Lila's POV I took a step away from the door. I wasn't surprised by what I had just heard. But I suppose I was a little disappointed. I'm sure Enzo was probably thinking the same thing; that I didn't belong at this school. That I

caused nothing but pain and destruction wherever I went. I hurt my combat partner and friend. I wouldn't blame her for never forgiving me. I could hear the murmurs continuing in the arena, but I didn't stick around to listen to the rest. ... Enzo's POV "How could you say that when you know what my mother is, Connie?" I asked in disbelief. Her face fell slightly. "Your mother is different... she's—" "Lila is top in her class," I said, interrupting her words. "She's incredibly intelligent and great at what she does. I don't think she meant to hurt anybody. Just like my mother would never hurt anybody." "Why are you protecting her, Enzo?" Connie asked, peering up at me with large and worried eyes. "As many years as I've known you, you've never once stood up for anyone like this. You didn't even tell the cops about her." "Do you know who her father is? He would have my head if anything happened to that girl." That wasn't the reason I was protecting her, but Connie didn't need to know that. "You saw what happened today. Imagine if that happened again? To someone else? Next time, it could be fatal." Categories Search... : © "Look, Connie. I understand your concerns, but this is my class still and I protect my students, just like I protect my pack." holds © this.

"That's quite noble of you," Connie said. "I just worry about my old friend, that's all." I had known Connie since we were children. She was basically my sister. We had trained together and fought together on many occasions. She was there for me to take care of my mother during many of her illnesses.

"How is Mom doing?" She asked, lowering her tone. She thought of my mother as our mother because of how long she's known us. "She's recovering well," I answered. "She should be ready to return home in a few days." "To the rogue territory? She still won't move into your packhouse?" I shake my head. My mother was incredibly stubborn, but I understood why she didn't want to leave her home. "She wants to be there to protect her people," I explained. "It would take a lot to get her to leave." "I was thinking about visiting her after work today. Want to join me?" Connie asked, raising her brows as she met my

eyes. I wanted to bring my mother the portrait this afternoon, so I agreed to accompany Connie to the hospital. "Connie!" My mother said as soon as we entered the hospital room. Connie lowered herself onto her bed, grasping my mother's hands. "I heard what happened. I'm so sorry," Connie breathed, tears welling up in her eyes. "I wish we could have protected you." "There was nothing you could have done, my dear," my mom said, reaching her hand up and running it down the side of Connie's face. "They would have found me one way or another and the outcome would have been the same." "We can make sure this never happens to you again," Connie said firmly, glancing over at me. I hadn't told them that I already confronted the bastard that did this; it would only bring them both worry. I didn't want to add to any stress.

I heard some talking in the halls from a couple of doctors and nurses; it sounded like they were talking about electrocution. At that point, I remembered my student, Becca, was currently at this hospital. "Excuse me for a minute," I said, dismissing myself as I slipped into the halls. "I had never seen an electrocution accident this severe before. She's lucky to be alive," one of the doctors said in a hushed whisper. "Has she woken yet?" The nurse asked. "Not yet, and there's a chance she won't wake up at all." "Poor girl..." the other doctor breathed, gazing at the ground. "Have the police been involved?" "They were called to the scene, but they left shortly after they spoke to the professor. It seems they ruled it as a freak accident." "Something like this isn't a freak accident," the nurse hissed. I decided to make himself known to them before they discussed this matter any further. I loudly cleared my throat, startling them. "Alpha Enzo," one of the doctors said, straightening his stance. "We didn't see you there." "I'm inquiring about a student of mine... Becca," I said, staring around their paling faces. They all looked at one another before turning back to me. "She's your student?" One of the doctors asked, swallowing the lump in his throat. I nodded my head once. "How is she doing?" I asked again, looking between them all. "She just got out of surgery,

so it's a little too soon to tell," he answered. "She's still in a coma, but her vitals are good, and everything seems to be functioning properly. She's very lucky to be alive." "Alpha, if you don't mind me asking..." the nurse began. "How exactly did this happen? We've heard it was in the middle of your class..." "Faulty wiring with one of the tools we were using," I answered without hesitation. "Just as I told the police, it was a complete accident and product failure. There will be a lawsuit against the manufacturer." I pulled out a business card and handed it to one of the doctors.

"Give me a call and keep me updated on her condition," I said, turning away from them. "Yes, Alpha," they all said in unison. ... Lila's POV "Your father is heading to the hospital now to check on her condition," my mom breathed into the phone. I clutched the phone close to my ear as I curled up in bed. "I don't want you to worry too much about this until we know everything," she continued softly. "Oh Mom... it was just so awful," I said in return. "I can't believe I did that..." "It was because you lost control of your emotions. What got you feeling that way, Lila Bean?" I couldn't tell her the truth; I couldn't tell her it was because of my jealousy toward Connie and her relationship with my mate. My heart squeezed painfully in my chest at the very thought of it. "I guess I just got in my head a little," I said; I was aware that wasn't an answer, but she didn't press any further. "You should get some rest," she sighed. "It's been a long day and you won't do any good if you're sleep deprived." She was right; I was exhausted, but I wasn't sure I'd be able to sleep. Not until I knew if Becca was going to be okay. Rachel wasn't back yet, which meant she was off with the guy she's been seeing these last few weeks. "Good night; I love you," I said to my mom. "I love you, Lila. Forever and always." I hung up the phone just as more tears ran down my features. I sniffled and wiped them away with the back of my sleeve when my phone started to ring again. I didn't recognize the number, but I answered it anyway. It could have been the

hospital or something. “Hello, is this Miss Lila?” A woman said on the other end of the phone.

“Yes, speaking,” I answered, trying not to sound too broken. “Hello, this is Cassidy-Anne, I’m the owner of the Higala Art Gallery. How are you doing this evening?” I sat up in bed quickly. “Hello, Miss Cassidy-Anne. I’m well. How are you?” “I’m good as well. I apologize for calling at this late hour, but I couldn’t wait to reach out and speak to you for myself. I received your submission and I’m taken aback by the glorious portrait of Alpha Enzo you have created. I must ask, why did you create a painting of him?” I scrambled to find the right thing to say. “The project topic assigned to me was to paint a role model who wasn’t family. Alpha Enzo is not only the best combat and shifting professor at the Shifting Academy, but he’s also the youngest Alpha. He works the hardest out of everyone I know because he has a reputation to build and uphold. He’s part of the Alpha Committee and works alongside my father and my father always has something positive to say about Alpha Enzo. It would have been foolish of me to choose anyone else as a role model.” “That’s such a beautiful thing to say and I must say, I’m incredibly impressed,” Cassidy-Anne said in awe. “Thank you so much.” “I am pleased to inform you, Lila, that I would like to feature your painting in the next art exhibit I am holding this weekend. Congratulations and I can’t wait to finally meet the artist behind the portrait.”

MY PROFESSOR IS MY ALPHA MATE

Chapter 40



Lila's POV Today was the big day; my art piece was going to be shown to hundreds of people and I had never been more nervous in my entire life. My heart was racing rapidly in my chest as I stared myself over in the mirror that hung in my dorm room. I wore a casual evening gown and kept my hair down and slightly curled at the bottoms. I wanted a more business casual look. Rachel wore her usual ripped jeans and black gaming blouse with her pixiestyle hair dyed purple. I liked her style; it was the opposite of my style and I think that's why we got along so well. I pressed the palm of my hands to my stomach, feeling a wave of nausea forming in my throat. "Are you excited?" Rachel asked with a wide grin. "I'm terrified," I admitted. "And also, a little guilty... I just wish Becca could be here too." "Don't feel guilty. What happened to her wasn't your fault. Plus, she's going to be fine. She woke up yesterday, remember?" Rachel reminded me. It was true that Becca was going to be okay, and I was relieved to hear that when my father called me yesterday. It could have been bad. It also seems as though she has no memory of what happened. "You'll have to take a lot of pictures for her," Rachel said with a shrug. "I'm sure she would love to see them." "Yeah, I'm planning on visiting her later this evening," I said, turning away from the mirror. "I want to see for myself that she's truly okay." "I can come with you if you'd like." I shake my head, giving her a thankful smile. "I think it's something I need to do by myself," I tell her. "Categories Search... " : © She nods with understanding as she stands from her bed.

"We should go to the exhibit though. It's starting soon and everybody is probably already there," she said casually. She draped an arm through mine and pulled me alongside her. I took a deep breath, ignoring the nagging feeling I had in the pit of my stomach. The art gallery was bigger than I could have ever imagined. It didn't take long for us to get there because it was only a couple of miles from the academy.

Instantly, I saw my mom and dad both smiling proudly at me as they rushed toward me. There were so many people that I felt overwhelmed. But I knew they weren't just here for me; there were so many other pieces of art to enjoy and mine was only a small part of it. But I saw my friends and family right away and they were all here for me. My mom wrapped her arms around me and held me close; I hadn't seen her since our time in the forest when she was training me on how to control my powers. "Congratulations," my father said, reaching his arms out to hug me as well. "I'm so proud of you!" "Have you talked to Becca?" I found myself asking him, keeping my tone low. He nodded but his face was unreadable. "We will talk about it later, but for right now, Cassidy-Anne wishes to speak with you." I couldn't wait to meet her too, but I couldn't help but wonder what it was my father wanted to talk about. "Lila!" Brianna says as she runs over to me, hugging me tightly. "I just saw your painting! It's beautiful." "Thanks, Bri," I chuckled. "I want to see it," Rachel said, stepping toward Brianna who smiled and grabbed onto her arm. "Come on, I'll show ya!" Bri said, pulling Rachel along with her. I couldn't help but laugh at my two best friends. Cassidy-Anne was talking casually with some people as we approached, but when she saw me alongside my father, she quickly dismissed those she was talking to. "You must be Lila," Cassidy-Anne said. "It's an honor to finally meet you." "I'm the one who's honored," I said, bowing my head slightly to her. "I've always loved your work. I can't believe you chose my portrait." "I would be stupid if I didn't," she said, and then she lowered herself, so she was at eye level. "And I'm not stupid," she winked. A smile spread across my face. "Thank you so much," I said. "After seeing your painting, I've decided that I really want you to work for me," Cassidy-Anne said with a twinkle in her eyes. I gasped at her words, staring at her in disbelief. "You'd start off as my assistant and then work your way to the top. I think you have what it takes to be the next big artist in the world. Of course, you will be compensated for your hard work, and we can work around

your school schedule.” “I... I don’t know what to say,” I breathed, staring between her and my father. This almost felt undeserving after what happened this past week, but I was in such awe I could hardly form words. “Say you’ll accept,” Cassidy-Anne said with a fond smile. “I wouldn’t want anyone else to be my assistant.” I looked at my father again who gave me a nod of encouragement. “Yes, of course, I accept,” I said widening my smile. “Excellent. I’ll text you the details in the morning and we can discuss when you start.” She paused as she glanced behind me at a few different people. “Excuse me, there’s someone I need to speak with. It was lovely meeting you, Lila. I’m sure we will talk more as the evening goes on.” “Thank you again,” I said after her as she disappeared into the crowd. Before I could say anything to my father, I got a familiar sense that washed over me, causing Val to perk up instantly. I knew this feeling all too well. Enzo. Text © owned by .

He appeared through the crowd; it was like the crowd of people was creating a path for him to walk through as he made his way over to me. His face was hard to read, but that part wasn’t what surprised me. What surprised me was the fact that he dressed up. Was he dressed up for me? Was he here to support me? “Of course, he is!” Val cooed. We hadn’t talked since before I heard him and Connie talking in the arena the other day. A knot formed in my stomach at the very thought of it. I didn’t realize my father had already walked away until Enzo was directly in front of me. “I’m surprised you came,” I said, trying not to sound too awkward. “I figured I should, considering it’s my picture that hanging up,” he said, narrowing his eyes at me. I felt my face reddening under the intensity of his stares. “Right,” I said with a light chuckle. “Becca is going to be okay, in case you were wondering,” Enzo said, eyeing me carefully. He didn’t sound angry, but he didn’t sound pleased either. “I heard,” I tell him. “I’m going to visit her later.” “Probably a good idea,” he agreed. “She doesn’t remember anything that happened.” I nodded, indicating that I knew that part too. I couldn’t stand this awkward talk anymore; the memory of

Connie invaded my mind every time I saw him, and it was destroying me on the inside. I cleared my throat and turned away from him. "If you'll excuse me, I'm going to mingle with others," I say to him as I walk through the crowd of people. ... Enzo's POV For most of the night, Lila seemed to not have noticed me. Her painting of me hung beautifully on the

featured wall, and she was talking with a bunch of others, including those I recognized as her friends and family. But she wouldn't look in my direction at all. I don't know why I found that to be incredibly irritating. I shouldn't want her attention, but I certainly didn't want her to ignore me either. She had finally glanced over in my direction, but it was only briefly. Soon, she was walking through the crowd of people, and I couldn't help but follow her this time. Max was going crazy not being around her and I worried I would soon lose control of him. She walked around the corner and into the women's bathroom. What am I thinking? I asked myself as I checked behind me to make sure nobody was looking as I too shoved my way into the women's room. She was standing in the mirror, breathing heavily, and meeting her own eyes. She was alone in the bathroom, thankfully. I wasn't sure how I would explain why I was in the women's room to anyone else if they were to see me. She noticed me quickly and she looked shocked to see me standing before her. Before she could open her mouth and utter a single question, I was rushing toward her, lifting her onto the sink, her legs wrapped around me, and her pelvis pressed against mine; I firmly pressed my lips against hers.

MY PROFESSOR IS MY ALPHA MATE

Chapter 41



Lila's POV Everything happened so fast; my heart was racing at lightning speed as Enzo lifted me onto the sink. Instinctively, I wrapped my legs around him; mainly to keep myself from falling off the sink, but also because it just felt right. I felt him between my legs, pressing himself against me and growing through his pants. I wrapped my arms around the back of his neck and felt his lips closing in around mine. I closed my eyes as he kissed me. His lips were so soft and inviting; everything about him was just so good. The way he smelled, the way he felt, the way my heart raced whenever I was around him, and I can't forget about the sweet bliss Val felt. I could feel her running laps in my mind's eye and howling in delight as Enzo continued the embrace. He bit onto my bottom lip and brought it into his mouth hungrily. At this moment, he wanted me as much as I wanted him. Nothing was in my mind; I didn't think about Connie or what she had said previously, and I wasn't thinking about how Enzo had treated me. Is this what it truly feels like to have a mate? His hands ran down my back, sending goosebumps across my flesh as he played with the zipper on my dress. He wanted to take my dress off and I wanted to let him. Just as I heard the zipper being sent down my back, the door of the bathroom swung open, and I heard a loud gasp! Enzo jumped away from me like I was infected, and I found myself vulnerable on the sink, about to fall. Thankfully, he realized quickly what he had done and caught me before I completely fell to the ground. "Lila?!" I heard a familiar voice as the door slammed shut and latched. I turned to see Brianna standing before us with wide and alarmed eyes. Ê Categories Search...

": © "Oh, my goddess!" She breathed, staring between Enzo and me. "Bri..." I said, trying to keep the nervousness out of my voice. I struggled to get my zipper back up, something she had also noticed. She glanced down and I realized that Enzo's manhood was very much still excited and still visible through his dress pants. He turned away from her and she broke her eyes from him to look at me.

“I can explain,” I tried to say; before I had the chance of saying anything, she turned away from me. I saw a flash of hurt on her face before she fully turned her body from me and that broke my heart more than anything. “I need to go,” she muttered. I went to say something to her, but she had already run from the bathroom. I was breathing heavily; the shame was lying thick, and I couldn’t even form the proper words. I looked up at Enzo with sad eyes and he met my gaze. “You should go after your friend,” he muttered. He seemed casual and back to his normal self; I will never understand how he can do that so easily. He cleared his throat and without saying another word, he was also leaving the bathroom. I waited a couple of minutes before I left the bathroom too. Thankfully, nobody seemed to notice my absence. Everybody was still cooing and gawking at the paintings. Cassidy-Ann was still talking to the same people she was before, and my father was talking to some of the other Alphas. Enzo was heading in their direction to join in on the conversation. I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat and went outside. I knew Brianna would be out there, probably waiting for her cab home. I found her standing at the curb with her hands folded across her bare arms. I knew she was crying without even looking at her face based on the sniffing and the small whimpering that I could hear as I

approached. “Bri...” I said in a low and calm tone, standing beside her I stared at her saddened side profile. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.” “Whom you get with is not my business...” she muttered. “But I thought that as your best friend, you would tell me these things...” “I know...” “I breathed. “It just kind of happened and—” “With your professor out of all people?” Bri said, shooting her tear-filled eyes at me. “And an Alpha? Since when is that your thing, Lila?” “It’s not my ‘thing’,” I muttered, shaking my head at the thought. “I can’t control whom I’m mated with. Believe me... I’ve tried.” Her eyes widened and she took a step back in shock. “Mate? “ She gasped. “Alpha Enzo is your mate?” She said that a little too loudly, so I shushed her and covered her mouth with

my hands. "Nobody knows, Bri. You can't tell anybody," I pleaded. She swiped my hand away but remained still as she stared around my desperate and serious face. "You're being serious..." she whispered in awe. "He's actually your mate..." I nodded my head once, keeping my eyes locked on hers. "I wish I wasn't serious. This isn't how I envisioned my mate." "How could you not tell me?!" She said, the sadness was gone from her face and was replaced with pure enjoyment and eagerness. She was happy about this news. "I haven't told anybody," I admitted. "I'm not sure what to think of it. He doesn't want a mate and I don't know if I want him as my mate." She rose her brows at my words. "You both looked like you wanted each other very much a little bit ago," she said, a smirk appearing on her lips.

I felt my face warming and I glanced down at my feet. "I don't know," I told her with a quick shrug. "He isn't the romantic type. He's not always nice to me... he cares more about his work than anything else. I've heard from everywhere that he doesn't want a mate because he finds them to be a distraction." I paused for a moment as I met her eyes once again. "I don't think he believes in love, Bri..." "And you need someone who's as crazy about love as you are," she said with a sigh; it wasn't a question. Brianna knew me better than anyone because we'd known each other our whole lives. I should have told her about this to begin with and not hidden it from her. I didn't blame her for being upset with me for that. She knew how important finding my mate was to me. I had envisioned the perfect romance and Enzo did not live up to that expectation. She had a sad look in her eyes when I nodded at her statement. "Maybe there's more to him than you know," Bri suggested with a kind smile. "You never know unless you try." "I don't think he wants to try." "That moment in the bathroom looked like he wanted to try," Bri said, a sly smile spreading across her lips. "It was a moment of weakness. His wolf was taking over, and I was losing control over mine. I don't think that's something that'll happen again," I told her with a sigh of my own. The sun was setting, and I had just

remembered I wanted to visit Becca before visiting hours are over. “Oh! I need to get to the hospital,” I said quickly, glancing back at the exhibit. I didn’t want to leave without saying goodbye, but I was also cutting it close to visiting hours and needed to leave right away if I wanted to see her tonight. “Go on,” Bri said, nudging me away from the exhibit. “I’ll cover for you.” I smiled, relieved, at her and then I hugged her tightly.

“Thank you,” I breathed. “I love you.” “Love you too, boo,” she said in return just as we parted ways. “Call me later!” She shouted after me. ... I managed to get to the hospital 30 minutes before visiting hours ended. When I got to Becca’s room, she was lying in her bed and scrolling through her phone casually. I could hear the beeping of her heart monitor and it seemed steady. She had a couple of IVs in her arms, and she looked pale as a ghost. I felt sick knowing I did this to her. She glanced up at me and her eyes widened as soon as I walked into the room. “Becca...” I breathed, trying to hold back the tears I wanted to cry. I wasn’t sure what I was expecting, but I certainly wasn’t expecting what came out of her mouth. “What did you do to me...?” — My dear readers, Thank you for stopping by and reading this story. I hope you enjoyed it. I’m trying my best to update assp. I’ll appreciate it if you explore my other stories as well. Please follow my f b page and group Caroline Above Story if you wanna chat keep updated on my writing schedule. My dear readers, Thank you for stopping by and reading this story. I hope you enjoyed it. I’m trying my best to update assp. I’ll appreciate it if you explore my other stories as well. Please follow my f*****k page Caroline above story and group Caroline above story if you wanna chat or keep updated on my writing schedule. Yours, Caroline above story

MY PROFESSOR IS MY ALPHA MATE





Enzo's POV "Hey, Enzo!" Bastien called me over from across the exhibit. He was with a few other Alphas. I wondered if they saw me leaving the bathroom area with Lila trailing behind me. But when I turned to glance in Lila's direction, she wasn't there. She was smart; she must have been waiting a couple of minutes before she walked out of the bathroom. "I was just telling the guys of your efforts to find the person who poisoned my daughter," Bastien said with a proud smile as I approached. It oddly enough made me feel good that he was praising me for something I would have done without him asking me to. It shouldn't have mattered what Bastien thought, but for some reason, I was finding myself almost wanting his approval. Perhaps because he was the head of the committee and if I get in good with him, I can secure my future. "If that's what you want to tell yourself," Max teased. "I can't thank you enough," Bastien continued, patting me on the back of my shoulder. I nodded to him. "I wish more happened," I confessed. "A suspension doesn't seem like a good enough punishment." "There's not much we can do when Alpha Steven is her father. He funds the school, and the board is afraid to go against him," Alpha John said, shaking his head with dismay written all over his face. Everybody has a specific role they play to make sure the kingdom runs as smoothly as possible. While Alpha Bastien is the head of the Alpha committee and oversees the decisions made for the kingdom, the board is in charge of the academy. É Categories Search... " : © However, it's no secret that they fear Alpha Steven, despite him only funding the school, and not owning it. Bastien has to constantly remind him of that. But when it comes to his daughter, the board wasn't going to take any chances.

Without Alpha Steven's money and scholarship programs, there wouldn't be a school. He also funds the primary schools around the kingdom, the hospitals,

and multiple charities. “Karma will come around in due time,” Bastien said, eyeing me carefully. “So will good Karma for your good deed, Enzo. Let me take you out for a drink. I could use a round or two.” My frown deepened as I stared around at all the Alphas who were staring back at me. I don’t usually go out drinking with them, so it would be a weird change of events. “Come on, Enzo. Come out with us,” another Alpha said with a broad smile. “It’s a weekend and you’re still young!” I reluctantly agreed. I was sure I was going to regret this though. ... Lila’s POV “You remember...” I said, sounding as defeated as I felt. Her eyes were curious as she stared around my face; she didn’t seem frightened of me but confused. “Yes,” she answered, and she said nothing more as she looked back down at her phone; almost like she was dismissing me altogether. My heart was heavy. “I heard that you didn’t...” I breathed, glancing at my feet in shame. “I lied,” she admitted; she said that so casually that for a moment, I stopped breathing. “Why would you lie?” I asked, glancing back over at her. She glanced up at me and narrowed her eyes. “I didn’t want you to get in trouble if it were truly an accident,” she said. “Was it an accident?”

I took a step closer to her with pleading eyes. “Of course, it was an accident, Becca. I got distracted and I—” “Electrocuted me...” She finished the sentence for me; her words were firm and cut through me like a knife. I couldn’t help but flinch. “You are a Volana wolf, and you lost control of your powers. Sarah had said you were dangerous, and you couldn’t be trusted. I didn’t believe her at the time because you were always so kind to me. But now...” her voice trailed off as she glanced back at her phone. She was using her phone as a distraction, and I couldn’t blame her for that. “I don’t know what to say,” I admitted. “I never meant to hurt you, Becca. You must believe that.” “I do,” she said, meeting my eyes. “I believe it was an accident. That’s why I’m not mad at you. But I am concerned about continuing to be your partner for this class. Now that you have these abilities, it might make things a

little more complicated.” “You don’t want to be my partner anymore?” I asked. “I was thinking, since I woke up, that Sarah is gone, and her partner will need a new partner. I could always be her partner...” “What about me?” I asked. “You’d have to talk to Professor Enzo about it,” Becca said with a shrug. “I just can’t trust that this won’t happen again. The doctors say I got lucky this time. But next time... I don’t know if my body will be strong enough to keep me alive. I’m not sure I want to go through this again.” My heart was breaking from this conversation; all I wanted to do at that moment was cry, but I kept my calm and stayed silent. “This doesn’t mean I don’t want to be your friend, Lila,” she added, keeping her eyes locked on mine. “I wouldn’t mind being friends... maybe not at this moment. Maybe over time. I just need to focus on getting better first. But eventually, I would like us to be friends. I just don’t want to be your combat partner. I’m sorry...” “I don’t blame you,” I told her, forcing a small smile. “Thank you for being honest with me.” She gave me a kind smile in return and nodded her head once.

“As far as anyone knows, this was just an accident due to poor wiring with the equipment we were using. Nothing more and nothing less. This will stay between us,” she said sweetly. I was grateful for that; the last thing I needed was for everyone to think of me as a monster. I thanked her just as the nurse came into the room. She glanced at me and gave me a smile. “Hello, Miss Lila. Visiting hours will be over shortly,” she reminded me as she went over to Becca’s bed to fix her IVs and give her medication. “I was just leaving,” I assured her. I glanced at Becca one last time as she took the medication and glass of water from the nurse’s hands. “I’ll see you at school when you are well, Becca,” I said to her, giving her a half wave. She glanced at me and nodded her head, without saying anything. I sighed and left the room. ... As I returned to campus, Rachel was already in our room. She was sitting on the ledge of her window, smoking a cigarette as she often did and blowing the smoke outside. She still made the room smell disgustingly like cigarette

smoke though. "That's so bad for you," I said, grabbing a can of Lysol and spraying the room. She shrugged. "We all die eventually anyways," she muttered. "Besides, I'm a bear, remember? We don't have long lifespans like wolves do." "But still," I say, rolling my eyes. "You could have a longer lifespan if you just quit smoking." "That's too much work," she chuckled, flicking the cigarette out the window before sliding her entire body inside, landing on the ground with a thud, and sealing the window shut behind her. "Did you go to see Becca yet?" "Yes," I answered, I didn't want to tell her what our conversation was about, so I decided to keep it brief. "She was doing well. She still doesn't remember what happened. They don't think she will remember, but it's probably for the best. I don't think it's something she'd want to remember."

"Yeah, I was thinking the same thing," Rachel said with a shrug. "I'm glad she's well though. Must have been scary to have that many electric bolts go through you!" With that being said, Rachel made her body quiver and shake like she was being electrocuted. I sat on my bed across the room and rolled my eyes. "That's not funny, Rachel," I scolded. "It's serious. She could have died." Rachel was still laughing but once she saw how serious my face was, she stopped. "My bad. I was just trying to make light of the situation," she said, sitting on her own bed. We were both quiet for a long moment; probably both thinking about Becca. Soon, Rachel shot to her feet, and I could see the excitement on her face. It nearly startled me. "Do you know what we need?" Rachel asked, eyeing me carefully and excitedly. I frowned and shook my head. "A party. We need to get our minds off the shit going on! Let's have a school dance!"

MY PROFESSOR IS MY ALPHA MATE





Enzo's POV "You know, Enzo. You aren't a bad drinking partner," Alpha John said with a drunken slur as he slapped me on the back of my shoulder. I could smell the whisky on his breath, and it made me cringe. I've only had a couple of beers, so I was far from drunk. But I couldn't say the same for the other Alphas. The only other one that had his shit together was Bastien. He didn't want to return to Selene completely wasted and I respected that about him. He loved his family, and he loved his work; he didn't let the other Alpha convince him to drink more than he wanted, and I did the same, despite them trying. "Enzo, when are you finally going to meet your mate and get married?" Alpha John murmured while peering over at me. "You know it's hard to run a pack without a proper luna." There was no way in hell I would tell them about Lila. I wasn't even sure if there was anything to say. We only kissed; nothing more happened between us. Besides, getting close to her would only put her in danger. I couldn't do that to her. I remained silent. "You're embarrassing him," another Alpha laughed. "Look at how red his face is. There must be something he isn't telling us." The Alphas fell silent, even Bastien was staring at me curiously for a moment. Once it was obvious that I wasn't going to answer their questions, Alpha John spoke again. "Get my man a shot of tequila!" John shouted to the bartender who looked at John with a deepened and disgusted frown. "I'm all set on the shot," I said, meeting the bartender's eyes who nodded in understanding. "I should honestly get going. I have some things to do in the morning." "Oh, come on, Enzo! We never get you to come out with us. Stay for another round," another Alpha hiccupped.

I didn't want to hang around these drunks anymore. Ê Categories Search... " : © "He doesn't have to stay if he doesn't want to," Bastien said firmly. "In fact, I'm thinking we should all get home to our packs." "Party poopers," Alpha John

muttered as he took yet another shot of whisky. “We are responsible,” Bastien shot back, but there was a playfulness in his tone. “Have a good night, Enzo,” he added, turning to me, and giving me a quick wink.

I thanked him before leaving. ... Lila’s POV The next morning. “We don’t typically have school dances, Lila,” Mrs. Laurence, head of the board, said, peering up at me from her desk in her office. “We don’t have the funding or the support for it.” “I just think it would be a good opportunity to bring the students together as a community. We could use something to get our minds off schoolwork and just have a little fun.” “I’m not saying I don’t agree with you. But we don’t have the funding or support. I also don’t have time to plan out a school dance. A lot of work goes into something like that.” “What if you didn’t have to do anything?” I asked; an idea circling my brain. She rose her brows as she met my eyes. “What do you mean?” “I could plan out this school dance myself and I could get the funding and the support necessary for it,” I told her. It was a lot of work, but it would be worth it. Mrs. Laurence stared around my face for a short while; processing what I had just said. “I’m not sure it’s something you should do on your own,” she finally said, but she didn’t sound
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completely against it. “So, recruit a few people to help you. Like a student committee. You have leadership skills, don’t you? I mean, you take after your father after all and he’s a leader of a sort. I have faith that you can lead a school committee and plan out this school dance with your team.” “A school committee?” I breathed. I never even thought about something like that, but it was such a good idea. “Yes,” Mrs. Laurence said with a nod. “And if things work out well, perhaps we can have a permanent committee with you as the head.” I gasped at the very thought of it; that would look amazing on my resume. “I would love that,” I say to her in return. She finally smiled and held out her hand for me to shake. “Okay; if you can gather a team of students, get the funding and support, and plan out this dance accordingly, then it looks like

we will have a school dance and possibly more events in the future,” Mrs. Laurence agreed. “Thank you so much,” I said happily as I took her hand and shook it firmly. ... I spent most of the afternoon in the library making flyers for volunteers. The first person I asked to join the committee was Rachel, but she said it wasn’t her thing, so I was stuck doing this completely by myself until others decided to join as well. Surprisingly it didn’t take very long for a group of students to come forward and join my committee. I had Megan, one of the smartest girls in our school and a fellow werewolf. Tayla, a girl that’s on the dance squad and loves all things parties, and Jackie, Tayla’s best friend, both are vampires. Chanel, head of the cheerleaders, Alex, a football jock, and Chanel’s boyfriend, both are bears. Then, Brody, a smart guy, and a pitcher on the school’s baseball team, is also a werewolf. Despite the many different personalities and species, I was pleased with my small gathering of committee members, and I was ready to start planning this dance. It was nice that we could all get along. Typically, the vampire species wouldn’t get along with the rest of us and the bears were known to be weaker and isolate themselves. However, I didn’t want to discriminate on this committee; if they are a member of the academy, then they are welcome. “What if we have everyone in the school sign a petition to get some support?” Megan suggested during our very first meeting. We held the meeting in the student lounge where we could be free to speak openly with one another. “That’s a great idea,” I said, writing it down in my notebook. “We could get the support of our entire school. But now we need funding.” “What about Sarah’s dad?” Tayla suggested with a shrug. “He funds everything else at this school.” “I don’t think he’d give us money for a party though,” I said, frowning. Plus, I really didn’t want to go to him for money. I had my pride to think about. “What about a bake sale?” Brody suggested. I hadn’t thought about that; I was pleased with Brody’s participation, and I couldn’t help but smile. “I love baking,” I said fondly. “And I know someone who can help cook a lot of

yummy food.” I thought of Dee at the Calypso pack. She would love to help me if I were to ask her. “Megan, how about you start creating the petition forms; print enough out to cover everyone at this school and then some. Once you create the petitions, I’ll appoint a couple of you to go around the school and get as many signatures as you can. Meanwhile, I’m going to work on getting a bake sale set up. Within a couple of weeks, we should be able to have the best school dance ever.” I clapped my hands together happily. “Meeting is adjourned!” They all started to grab their things and leave the student lounge, except for one. Brody. He stayed behind a little longer; his soft brown eyes watching me carefully as I stuffed my things into my backpack.

At first, I didn’t notice him. I was too busy trying to figure out how to approach Dee. I would probably need to speak to Enzo first, so he’s not blindsided. We hadn’t talked since our moment in the bathroom and the memory made my face feel warm and my heartbeat quickly. I paused when I noticed Brody was still there and he was watching me. “Oh, I thought you had left,” I said, giving him a kind smile. Brody was also very kind to me; I wouldn’t say he was my friend. In fact, he was more Scott’s friend than mine. But he was gentle and sweet. For someone who was a jock, he didn’t have a mean bone in his body, and he kept his grades up so he could stay on the team. He was a straight-A student and excels at almost everything he does. I respect him for that. “No,” Brody said, rubbing his hands behind his neck and glancing at the ground. “I actually wanted to talk to you.” He gave himself an awkward and nervous laugh. “What’s going on? Are you okay?” I asked, raising my brows. “You aren’t changing your mind about the committee, are you?” “No,” he said a little too quickly. “I like the committee very much.” “Oh, good,” I breathed out in relief. “So, what did you want to talk about?” He seemingly swallowed a lump in his throat as he stepped closer to me. “The school dance,” he said, keeping his eyes locked on mine. I stood frozen. “Okay?” I urged him to continue. “I

was wondering... if maybe... you wanted to go with me to the school dance?" He finally got the words out of his mouth. "As my date..."

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Chapter 44



Lila's POV Brody was asking me to the school dance? I would be lying if I said I wasn't taken by surprise. I honestly didn't even think I was his type. I stared at him for a moment longer before speaking my answer. "I would prefer to just go to the dance alone," I told him. I watched his face grow sad and he lowered his gaze to the ground. "I see," he breathed, clear disappointment in his tone. Brody was incredibly smart, and he was also good-looking, I had to admit that. Any girl would be lucky to go with him to the dance, but I just wasn't interested. "I'm sorry I bothered you," he said as he started to walk past me. "You aren't a bother, Brody," I called after him. "I hope that we can remain friends and maybe even share a dance?" He paused for a moment and glanced at me. "You'd still dance with me?" He asked a ping of hope in his tone. "Of course," I answered. He looked relieved by my answer and nodded. "I'd like that," he said as he turned away and left the student lounge. ... Enzo was in the arena by himself, practicing his combat, when I entered. He was in the exact place I knew he'd be in and the first place I looked. He paused his movements and he looked at me, narrowing his dark eyes in my direction. Ê Categories Search... " : © "I wanted to ask you a question," I said, swallowing the lump that had formed in my throat. He turned away and continued his combat, but it was clear to me that he was still listening. "I was put in charge of the student committee and—"

“The school doesn’t have a student committee,” he interrupted in a mutter. “Well, it does now,” I said in return. “We are having a school dance and we need funding...”

“You want money from me?” He asked as he stopped his combatting to glare at me. I was taken aback by the accusation and a little offended that he thought I would come to him for money. The nervous feeling had slipped away, and it was replaced with annoyance. “I don’t want your money, professor,” I nearly spat at him. I spoke the word ‘professor’ like it was a bad taste on my tongue. “I want to know if you’d allow me to speak with Dee about having a bake sale. I’d like to raise the money for the dance.” He stared around my face; for a moment, it looked like he felt guilty for his accusation, but that guilty look was gone, and he turned away to continue his practice. “That’s fine.” I smiled, even though he wasn’t looking at me so he couldn’t see that I was smiling. But I felt overjoyed by this. I decided to ask him for another favor while I was ahead of the game. “We will need security at the dance as well. Know anyone who would like to be head of the security team and make sure we are all safe?” I asked, batting my eyes at him. He paused to look at me again. “You want me to be security?” He asked; he didn’t sound upset, just curious, and nodded at my response. “Please?” I asked. “I’ll get a team together. Just let me know when the dance is,” he agreed. I wanted to hug him, but I thought about it and took a step back. “Thank you, professor,” was all I managed to say. ... Dee was more than happy to help me with the bake sale. I spent a lot of time with her over the course of the weeks, baking and selling until we had enough money for the dance. The rest of the committee spent time getting signatures and support from our fellow classmates and faculty. Once we had everything, we needed it was time to start planning. “We will have the dance this Saturday. We have tickets printed and ready for sale. All sales made for this will go into the dance funds and leftovers will go into the next event,” I announced to the student committee. We sat in the lounge,

making a big list of things we would need for the dance. Tayla and Jackie volunteered to go shopping for all the supplies while the others were going to be busy helping me decorate and selling tickets. "So, do you have a date for the dance?" Rachel asked the night before the dance. "No, I'm just going to go by myself," I told her with a shrug. I was curled up in bed, exhausted after a long day. "That's so lame," Rachel laughed, shaking her head. "There's nobody at all that you're interested in?" I couldn't tell her that I was mated with my professor. "Let me guess, are you going with Ryan?" I asked teasingly, avoiding her question. "Duh," she said in return, tossing a pillow at me. I laughed as I caught it. "Brody asked me to the dance, but I declined," I admitted, tossing the pillow back at her. She shot to her feet and gasped loudly. "What? Brody is fucking hot! Why would you decline him?" She asked a little too loudly. "I'm not interested," I said with a shrug. "Are you insane? Any girl would be insane to turn him down." "I guess I'm insane," I said with a smirk. "I did however tell him we can dance." "I guess that's better than nothing," she pouted as she sat back down. "I can't believe you declined him though. Girl, you are wild for that." "Little does she know who our mate is," Val cooed within me. "There's nobody better looking than Enzo." I had to admit that my wolf was right. Enzo was quite dreamy to look at.

I could feel that Val wanted to be near him, and I didn't want to deny her that. I also kind of wanted to make sure he was all set for the dance tomorrow. He's head of the security team for the dance, and I had to be sure there was going to be a sufficient amount of security present. It was early enough that he was most likely still awake. "I'll be right back," I said to Rachel as I left our dorm. The faculty had their own section of the school called "The faculty housing." There were small homes set up at the edge of the campus grounds where the professors and other faculty members lived. Each one had their own home; it was their home away from home. It was because the school was somewhat further away than most packs and the board didn't want the faculty to


commute back and forth daily. So, they had homes made. I had never been to any of these homes; technically, students weren't allowed to go to these homes. But Val knew exactly which one was Enzo's. He had a more private home; it was bordering the woods and you couldn't really see the other homes where he was located. I'm guessing he requested that home for that specific reason. He was a very private person, and it didn't surprise me. My heart was racing as I stood at the front door; I had no idea what I was getting myself into. This was most likely going to end disastrously. It was a terrible idea to visit him here, especially at this hour. But I couldn't help myself. I wasn't in control anymore; Val was. I knocked on his door, ignoring the nervous feeling bubbling in the pit of my stomach as I waited for him to answer. I waited a minute before knocking again, even louder this time. There was a light in the house, so I knew he was home. After another moment, I heard the door unlatching and the knob began to turn. I took a step back, taking a deep breath to steady my rapid heart rate and my trembling body. He stood before me, staring at me like he had seen a ghost. I'm sure he wasn't expecting me to be there.

I had forgotten what I was there for, to begin with. I bit onto my bottom lip, trying to come up with something to say but no words came to my lips. Just as I opened my mouth to say something, I saw someone in the background. It was Connie. She was wearing nothing, but a towel wrapped around her naked body; her hair was wet like she had just come out of the shower, and she was searching the living room with a frown. "Enzo? Have you seen my underwear?"

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Chapter 45





Enzo's POV What in the actual fuck was going on right now? This couldn't have been happening. Lila stood in front of me with wide eyes, staring at Connie behind me. Connie, who was parading around in just a towel, was searching for the underwear she had misplaced. They both had terrible timing. Lila's body began to tremble as she took a large step away from me. What was she even doing here? This was the faculty housing. Students weren't allowed here. "Enzo? Did you hear..." Connie walked closer to me and once she noticed Lila staring at her, she paused. "Oh... I'm sorry. I didn't know you had company. A student company at that." Connie raised her brows. "I was just leaving," Lila stammered as she turned around. She began to hurry away from the house. "What were you doing here?" I called after her, shutting the door behind me as I stepped outside. I could hear Connie saying something from inside, but I ignored her. "I shouldn't have come here," Lila said quickly; she still had her back turned to me. "I'm so sorry to bother you." "Why did you?" "I just wanted to make sure you were all set for tomorrow night," she said in a soft tone; it almost sounded like she was crying. But that couldn't have been right. Why would she be crying? "Yes, I have the security ready for the dance," I answered. "That's all you wanted?" She nodded. "Yes," she whispered; before I could say anything else, she was disappearing into the shadows of the night. Ê Categories Search... " : ©

I sighed and went back inside to see Connie finishing getting dressed. "What was that all about?" She asked, folding her arms across her chest. "She just wanted to make sure I had the security team ready for the dance tomorrow," I answered. "She couldn't have called?" She asked, raising her brows. "That seems a little odd." "Maybe she did, and I didn't hear the phone," I shrugged. "I'm not sure. That was all she said." "She left quickly. Was she upset about something?" "I'm not sure," I answered. "Does it matter?" "Yes, Enzo. It

matters,” Connie scoffed. “I think she was upset because she saw me. I think she might have a crush on you and that’s an issue.” “You’re being ridiculous,” I said, shaking my head. “She’s my student.” “Exactly; and you are incredibly attractive. If she has a crush on you, it could get you into trouble. You need to make sure she knows that you aren’t available to her. She can’t just show up at your home like this. It’s not appropriate.” “It’s not like that.” “Why are you defending her so much? If the board knew...” “The board isn’t going to know and I’m not defending her. I’m telling you what I know and what I know is that Lila does not have a crush on me. Her father is kind of a big deal, and I promised him that I would keep her safe while at school. Lila feels comfortable with me for that reason and that reason alone. I’m not sure why she came here knowing it was against the academy rules, but she did. I will have a talk with her in the morning. But my relationship with her is nothing but professional and it’s also nobody’s business. Including yours.” I turned away and started to walk toward my bedroom; she stared after me, her mouth hanging open in shock at my words. I had never spoken to her like that before and she wasn’t sure what to think of it. “I’m sorry,” she said from behind me. “I just worry about you, that’s all.” I understood that and if roles were reversed, I would worry about her too. I felt her hand on the back of my shoulder, causing me to pause before I reached my bedroom door. I

turned around and saw her large and curious eyes peering up at me through her lashes. Her face was red slightly and she bit onto her bottom lip, chewing on it gently. “I’m embarrassed for how I just behaved,” she said in a low tone. “I just care so much about you, and I don’t want to see you hurt or in trouble.” “Neither of those things will happen,” I assured her. She stepped closer to me. “Thank you for letting me crash here...” she said, still eyeing me carefully through her lashes. “Being only a temporary teacher, they haven’t given me a house on campus.” Of course, I already knew that. She was only here for a couple of days, and I wasn’t going to let her sleep on the streets. Connie was

basically my sister; I had known her for most of my life. My mother raised both of us and it wouldn't be right of me to dismiss Connie after she had helped me take charge of my class during my absence. But I didn't speak those words out loud; I just nodded to her and turned away again. "I was thinking maybe we can attend the dance together," Connie said quickly; I paused again. I was surprised by her suggestion, and she knew it from the look on my face. She gave a soft laugh and her face reddened even more. "We could dance together... it might be nice." "I'm not there as a social thing. I'm there doing a job," I reminded her. "I'm the head of the security team; I won't have the time." "Just one dance, Enzo. It won't be the end of the world." She stepped closer again, this time she was pressing her body against mine. I remained unmoved; she was trying to seduce me. That much was obvious. My question was, "Why?" "We make a really good team, you know," she said, lowering her tone even more. "And we could make an even better one..." She ran her fingertips up my arm until they reached the top of my shoulder. "We've known each other our whole lives... maybe that's a sign that we were meant to be together—"

I took a long stride away from her, causing her hand to fall from my shoulder and back to her side. She frowned as she peered up at me. "I'm going to pretend this conversation didn't just happen, Connie. You are basically my sister. There's nothing more to it. Get some sleep," I said as I turned away from her. "Enzo—" She called after me, but I had already shut the door of my bedroom behind me, blocking out her words. ... Lila's POV Tears were escaping my eyes quickly; I had to disappear for the time being before I lost control of my powers. Usually, when I got like this, my powers were unpredictable. I took a few deep breaths and allowed myself to feel the feelings that were coursing through my body. Seeing Connie standing in Enzo's home, basically naked, did something to me. I wasn't expecting these types of feelings, but I couldn't help myself. Val was in complete despair; as

soon as we saw them together, it was like she had completely shut down. She gave me all control back and all I could think to do was run away. I knew now that it would never be me that Enzo wanted. It was Connie. Connie was his chosen mate. And I was nothing to him

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Chapter 46



Lila's POV "Enjoy the dance!" Megan said at the door as a group of students made their way past her. I stood outside, watching as students made their way into the dance. Everybody was dressed up so beautifully. I wore a long pink dress with noodle straps that went around my neck and hugged my body perfectly. I went shopping a few days ago with Rachel. She wore a red and black dress; it was a lot shorter and ended just above her knees, revealing her killer legs. My dark hair was curled with an iron, thanks to Rachel, and put back with a pink headband that matches my dress. "I hope you have a good night," I said to the few students who walked past me. "Girl, you look hot!" Rachel said as she walked up to me; she looked absolutely stunning, and Ryan was on her arm. He looked great as well. "As do you," I said in return. "You look great too, Ryan," I added with a smile. "Thanks," he said, nodding his head at me. Rachel tightened her grip on him and led him to the doors. "We'll see you inside!" She shouted after me; I can't help but chuckle at my friend. There were a couple of security guards standing outside and it made me wonder if Enzo was there yet. I could sense him, but that could mean that he was anywhere on campus. I had yet to see him walk past me. He was probably with Connie anyways. It wouldn't surprise me if they showed up here together. A knot had formed in my stomach at the very thought of it. Val was

also feeling uncomfortable. I shook the thought out of my mind and turned toward the door.

It was time to go inside and enjoy myself. Ê Categories Search...

” : © ... Enzo was standing off in the corner for most of the night and he was alone. There was no sign of Connie anywhere. That pleased me, but I paid him no attention. I spent most of the night with Rachel and Ryan. There were a few girls that I was friendly with that wanted to join us in a group dance. The music was loud, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. I worried that mayhem would break out because we were all wound up. Some were shifting into their inhuman forms. There were bears and wolves running around, and it was starting to get a little rough. Thankfully, Enzo was on it and put an end to anything that could be potentially dangerous. I was right to appoint him as head of the security team. I was glad when I saw that a couple of members of the board also attended the dance and they seemed to be enjoying themselves as well. “You’ve outdone yourself, Lila,” Mrs. Laurence said with a kind smile. “I would be happy if you could keep the committee going forward and we can plan out more events in the future.” “That would be great. Thank you so much,” I said in return. This morning I had a text from Cassidy-Ann as well saying that my first official day will be on Monday. She agreed to wait until after the dance so I could focus on this instead of that. But now that I was going to be running the student committee and working as her assistant, I was going to be incredibly busy. I probably won’t have time to even think about Enzo. Which will be good because I didn’t want to be thinking about him. It was only a matter of time before

he rejected me and took Connie as his chosen mate anyway. ... Enzo’s POV
It was hard not to look at her; she wore the most beautiful dress, and it complimented her skin tone perfectly. We haven’t spoken since she came to my campus house last night; for some reason, I felt the need to explain to her

that it was a misunderstanding. Max made me believe that she was upset over the fact that Connie was there in nothing but a towel. She had to have known that nothing was going on between us. Connie was only a dear friend; sure, she made a pass at me, but I dismissed her right away. Not because of Lila, but because I wouldn't cross that boundary with someone I thought of as a sister. But as Lila stood with her group of friends across the dance floor, dancing and laughing, I realized she hadn't looked over at me the entire time. She can sense me though; I know she can. "Do you smell her?" Max breathed, I saw his large nose in my mind's eye, up in the air and sniffing it like he was in a pastry shop. "The scent of honeysuckle is all around us. It's her and she smells delicious." "Calm yourself," I muttered to my wolf, not wanting to get into it with him. The last thing I wanted was for my wolf to lose control. Then everybody would know about me being mates with my student. I couldn't have that. Especially when the school board was here. "Enzo..." I heard the familiar voice of Mrs. Laurence approaching me. "I'm glad you made it; Lila certainly outdid herself. I must say, I'm impressed." "She's an impressive woman," I said in return before I could stop the word from coming out of my

mouth. Mrs. Laurence just stared at me with wide eyes. "As my student, she's always been very impressive," I clarified. She looked like she bought it because she smiled. "I see," she said. "I saw her painting of you in the exhibit. It was nice of you to allow her to paint that." "It was a favor to her father," I lied. "I promised that I would watch over her while she was here, and I intend to keep that promise." "That's very noble of you, Enzo," Mrs. Laurence said with a grin. "I was just about to leave because it looks like everything is handled here. If you run into any issues, please call me. I'm sure the students are in good hands with you and your security team watching over them." "Yes, mam," I answered, giving her a head nod as she walked away. I turned back to Lila and this time, I noticed she was watching me. There was a curious look

in her eyes, and I realized it was because she wanted to know what Mrs. Laurence was talking to me about. Once she noticed that I noticed her, I gave her a smirk and watched as her features grew red. She turned away from me quickly to talk with her friends again. She was avoiding me, or she didn't want me to know that she noticed me. She was playing a game and it was oddly enough a turn-on for me and my member. Our moment in the bathroom was fresh in my mind and I wanted to finish where we left off. I took a step toward her; I was going to pull her away. I knew it was probably something I shouldn't do, but I was giving in to my wolf's request. If I didn't, he would lose control and I'd be screwed. But just as I started to get near her, I paused when I saw that she was talking to a boy. I knew the boy to be the school's baseball pitcher, Brody. He was giving her a lopsided grin and she was chuckling at whatever stupid thing he was saying. He held out a hand for her and I smirked, knowing that she was going to decline it.

A smirk that instantly vanished when she accepted his outstretched hand and went with him to the dance floor

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Chapter 47



Lila's POV I could feel his eyes on me when I was dancing with Brody. Enzo stayed off in the corner, but he was watching me like he was hungry, and I was his dinner. I wasn't sure why that excited me so much. Maybe because I finally had the advantage over him. If he could be with Connie without a second thought about me, then I should be able to dance with Brody without feeling guilty. It's not like he wanted me, so what did I have to feel guilty

about? Brody had his hands around my waist when we danced; I had to admit that I felt a little bit uncomfortable, but I didn't stop him. I held myself close to him and swayed to the music. I promised him this dance after all. I caught Rachel watching us with a proud smile on her face and I rolled my eyes, trying to ignore her, but I chuckled at the same time. "You look beautiful, Lila," Brody said with a fond smile and a kind look in his eyes. "You look great too," I said in return. "Did you come here with anyone?" "No," he answered. "The one and only girl I asked and actually wanted to go with turned me down." I frowned; he was talking about me. "I'm sorry," I said to him. "I thought it would be better if I just came alone." "And is it better?" He asked. I glanced over at Enzo who was still watching me from across the room and then looked back up at Brody. "I'm glad we are able to dance," I said to him, avoiding the question. Just as the song ended, I stepped away from him. "I'm going to grab a drink; I'll talk to you later," I said to him, walking past him and toward the

refreshment stand. Enzo was near the refreshment stand. I shouldn't be going near him, but I couldn't help myself. There was a part of me that wanted to scold him for watching me like this. "Why are you staring at me?" I muttered as I stood beside him. I was pouring myself a drink while speaking to him, so it didn't look like I was over there specifically for him. "I can't help where my eyes wander," he muttered, gazing around the room like he was doing his job and not causing suspicion. "But I didn't know you and Brody were an item." "Does it matter if we were? For starters, it's not your business. Also, you are with Connie, so it really doesn't concern you who I'm with." I couldn't stop those words from coming out of my mouth and I wished almost instantly that I could take them back. I definitely came off as a jealous girl. "I'm not with anybody," he said between his teeth and tightened jaw. "Connie is just a friend." "Yeah, she looked really friendly last night when she was looking for her underwear," I nearly hissed. Just as I was about to walk away with my

drink, I felt a firm grasp on my wrist, halting me in place. I quickly placed the cup on the table and turned to face Enzo whose eyes had darkened to match his glare. He kept our hands low so nobody would see that he had a hold on me; he glanced around for a moment to make sure there were no wandering eyes before pulling me away and alongside him. I sucked in a sharp breath, holding it until I felt like my lungs were going to pop. He pulled me into the halls and toward a hidden corner, secluded from everything and everyone. “What are you—” I tried to get out, but he pushed me against the wall and his lips were pressing against mine. I had half the mind to kick him or push him away, but I didn’t want to. I allowed his lips to get close enough to me and then touch me. I allowed myself to be manhandled by him and be pressed into a corner with his firm body against mine. I felt the member in his pants hardening as he pressed himself into me. He ran his hands hungrily down the sides of my body, cupping my lower half and causing an intense heat to course through my flesh. I breathed him in and everything he had to offer at that moment. His lips were so inviting and tasty that I just wanted to bring them into my mouth. I bit onto his bottom lip and started sucking on it. I didn’t care where we were and who saw us at that moment, I just wanted him. I felt my dress loosening just as he got the zipper undone and it fell around my feet, leaving me in only my bra and underwear. My bra was strapless and easy to access. He stared at my chest with lust hidden in his eyes and it was exciting. Val was eager to be touched and kissed by him again. He brought his lips across my chest and played with my breasts. He cupped one in his hands and ran his tongue across the other. He hadn’t revealed them to him yet, but he was ravishing in my cleavage. Goosebumps formed on my body, but I didn’t feel cold. In fact, it was quite the opposite, I felt warm everywhere. I threw my head back, feeling the softness of his tongue on my flesh. Feeling him kissing, licking, and sucking, every corner of my body that he could. I knew from the look in his eyes that he wanted to devour me, and I wiggled with excitement. I

wrapped my arms around him and allowed him to lift me up so my legs could wrap around him as well. I felt his fingers playing with the straps of my bra, begging to release it and free the girls that desperately wanted to be touched. Every ounce of my body felt as if it was on fire. Just as my bra was about to fall to the ground, we paused when we heard talking from around the corner. There were a couple of girls walking in our direction. He looked at me for a moment before releasing me onto the ground. He grabbed my dress off the ground and threw it in my direction. I caught it with

ease and struggled to put it on while he covered me with his body. My heart was racing at lightning speed, and I wasn't sure I would be able to contain my breath. Just as they walked around the corner, Enzo was walking away casually, and I was fully dressed. "Lila?" One of the girls I recognized from school said as she walked toward me. I was panting heavily while still pressed against the wall. I'm sure my hair was a mess too because Enzo had his fingers in it, and I'm also sure that my face was as red as an apple. "Are you okay?" She asked curiously. "Yes..." I managed to squeak. "I think I just saw a mouse. It's really nothing." She stared at me for a moment longer and then glanced at the ground, looking around with a worried expression. "Is it still around?" She asked, with a little fear lingering in her voice. "No, it was just a shadow," I laughed. "It's nothing to worry about." "Oh," she breathed, relieved as she met my eyes. "We were just looking for the bathroom." "It's down the hall," I said, pointing with my finger. They both smiled their thanks and went down the hall. That was a close one. But even after we almost got caught, I couldn't help but wonder where Enzo had gone.