

# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 138 – Whispers on the Beach



## Lila's POV

My phone buzzed on my desk, and I glanced to see Enzo's name scrolling across the top. I texted him earlier to tell him I was running a little behind this evening to come grab me at 6:30 instead of 6.

I hadn't heard from him, but I assumed that was because he was busy At his Alpha lunch.

"Dinner?" Was all the text message said.

What did that mean?

Was he asking me to dinner? Or asking if I wanted dinner? Was there a difference?

My stomach growled at the very thought of food; I hadn't thought about food all day and I was starving. The Art show was still going on outside Cassidy Ann's office door, but the number of guests was lessening.

Thank goodness, because I wasn't sure how much of this, I could take tonight. I was starving.

"I could go for some burgers," I texted back.

I put my phone back on my desk and went to join the others in the art gallery.

Leroy was busy talking with a bunch of men in business suits and Cassidy-Ann was discussing some of her paintings with potential clients.

"Oh, Lila! There you are. This lovely woman wants to purchase 'Whispers on a Beach,'" Cassidy-Ann said, gesturing for the woman to follow me.

I grabbed Cassidy-Ann's tablet and brought up her website and found her abstract painting of 'Whispers on a Beach.'

It was honestly one of my favorite paintings too; I loved how she took something so simple and made it a whole story out of it with just one painting.

"It'll look really beautiful in the living room," the woman went on to say just as I brought up the payment screen.

"That'll be \$250," I said waiting for her to hand me her credit card. "Once the payment processes, I'll have you input your information and mailing address."

"How soon do you think I can have the painting?"

"I just have to process it and then we can either do express mail, which will take 3 to 5 business days, or I can deliver it myself probably on Tuesday."

"Can you deliver it to me?" She asked, hopefulness in her tone. "I don't always trust the mail. Especially with something like this."

"Of course," I said, handing her the tablet so she can input her information.

Once everything was complete, she handed the tablet back to me and I handed her credit card back.

"I'll give you a call once the package is processed and when I'm heading over on Tuesday," I assured her, giving her a kind smile.

"Thank you so much, Lila," she said in return. "I look forward to it."

Cassidy-Ann approached me soon enough with a relieved smile.

"That was the last of it for the evening," she breathed. "You don't have to stick around any longer and besides, your bodyguard is here."

She glanced over at the door and Enzo was standing there staring at me. He had a strange void in his eyes that knotted my stomach tightly. For some reason, I knew there was something wrong.

I turned to Cassidy-Ann and gave her a smile in return.

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Don't forget we are having dinner tomorrow night. Per usual, Enzo is invited."

I nodded and thanked her before heading toward Enzo.

"I'm just going to grab my bag and phone from Cassidy-Ann's office and then we can grab food," I said to him; he didn't say anything in response.

He stared at me for a moment longer before turning away and leaving the studio. I furrowed my brows together; we didn't have a bad talk this morning, so I was confused as to why he was acting strangely toward me.

I ran into Cassidy-Ann's office and grabbed my stuff before joining at the main door of the school. Together, we walked through the parking lot until we came across the rental car.

Once we were inside, I finally decided to ask him what was going on.

"Were you ever going to tell me about this scholarship?" He asked, peering over at me with a questionable look.

"Of course, I was," I said quickly; "How did you know about that?"

"Maybe choose a better hiding place next time," he said, shaking his head. "When did you find out."

"This afternoon," I explained. "I was going to tell you as soon as I got home earlier but you needed to leave for your important lunch."

Realization crossed his eyes and then he sighed.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left like that. It's great that you got a scholarship. Are you going to take it?"

I was surprised by his question; I could see the curiosity on his face, but there seemed to be something else that I didn't recognize.

"I'm not sure yet," I admitted. "I'm still thinking about it. Do you think I should?"

"I guess that's up to you," he said, turning away and putting his car in drive. "But I wouldn't be able to go with you."

I knew that and it pained me to think about it. But I didn't think it would pain him to think about it as well. Was he finally admitting to me that he had feelings for me just as I had feelings for him?

We stayed quiet for a long while before I decided to ask, "After I graduate, is there a chance you'd mark me?"

He was quiet for a long while, probably processing the question and trying to figure out how to answer me.

"I'm not sure" he admitted. "There's a lot of stuff that needs to be done. I'm trying to make it as one of the top Alphas and having a relationship always seemed like a distraction to me..."

I looked down at my hands, feeling a little defeated.

"I understand," I said after a short pause.

"But maybe."

My heart quickened its pace as I looked up at him.

We didn't talk about this for the rest of the night.

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## Enzo's POV

Something didn't feel right about this scholarship Lila was given.

Staring at the pages earlier, it seemed almost too good to be true. Like they were desperate to have her. I wanted to do a little digging around to see what this school was really about and why they truly wanted her so badly.

I knew her artwork was good, but this was the best art school in the world, and they offered her this scholarship after one measly meeting.

Then again, it could it have been her Volana abilities that helped her get this position.

I brushed the thought out of my mind, at least for the night, and enjoyed having some burgers with her.

But the next morning, when she went to work, I went to the school as well so I could do a little research about what this school was about.

It's not like I could ask Leroy myself and expect him to answer my questions honestly.

Looking around at the students, I noticed how ordinary they all looked. Which got me curious about the wolf breed around campus. It also got me wondering about the school's history.

The best place for that information was the library.

I went straight to a computer in the library and went into the database. I would be able to find a record of every student who has ever attended this school.

There were even pictures besides their names, which helped greatly.

By the time I got to the end, I leaned back in my chair and the realization set its horizon on me.

This school has never had one single Volana wolf.