

## My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 142 – Sarah's Idea



Third Person POV

"I don't know, Sarah... I don't feel right about destroying all that artwork in the gallery," Scott said one evening while he was with Sarah.

"Don't you love me, Scotty?" She asked, pouting up at him. "I thought you would do anything for me."

"You know I would, Sarah. But I could get in huge trouble if I'm found out."

"I would never let anything bad happen to you. I'll deal with all the cameras and my father will make sure you stay out of jail if worse comes to worse," she shrugged. "All you have to do is break into the gallery and spray paint some of the paintings. Try to find Lila's painting of the professor and write slut on it or something. Make sure to take pictures."

"I just have a bad feeling about this," Scott said, frowning. "Why can't you get someone else to do it."

"It has to be somebody that I trust, and I trust you more than anybody," she told him.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled herself closer to him.

"You'll do this for me... won't you?"

He stared at her with dismay for a long while until he finally sighed and nodded.

"Yes..." he finally answered. "I'll do this for you."

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The memory stayed with Scott long after the deed was done. He's been consumed by the guilt of it because he knows a lot of the art that he destroyed was priceless. He not only destroyed Lila's best piece in the gallery, but he also destroyed the art of Cassidy-Ann, the most famous artist in the entire world.

If the public found out about this, he would become the number one enemy in the werewolf world. Which wouldn't be a good look for a future Alpha.

If his father found out about this, he would never be forgiven.

It's been almost a month since the vandalism and he knew that Bastien had been investigating it, however, Sarah promised that she would destroy all the camera evidence through her father's database.

But still, that nasty feeling in the pit of Scott's stomach remained with him throughout the month. He found himself growing paranoid to the point where he could hardly even hang out with Sarah without freaking out and thinking that everyone was watching him.

It wasn't until late in the evening that he finally decided to see Sarah after spending time apart for the past month.

She was over his packhouse, tucked away in his bed, kissing his neck, when he heard a loud banging on his bedroom door, making him jump in surprise.

His father was nearly busting down his door and he knew his father was furious.

Sarah quickly put her shirt on when the door swung open.

"Scott! What the hell have you done?!" His father growled; fury clear in his eyes.

The yellow of his wolf's eyes was glowing through the eyes of his human.

Scott had no idea, at that moment, what his father was talking about until behind him he saw a couple of police officers and then Bastien.

Scott opened his mouth to say something, but Bastien spoke first.

"Scott, you are under arrest for vandalizing the Higala art gallery," Bastien explained just as the cops released their handcuffs and approached him to read him his rights.

"What?!" Scott asked, his heart nearly jumping out of his chest.

The cops placed the cuffs on him, and he felt his wolf weakening and disappearing; magical cuffs that blocked the powers of a wolf.

Scott was in a panic as he looked up at the angered and yet very disappointed look of his father. He then looked at Sarah who was staring at him with large and shocked eyes.

She was saying nothing, and this was her idea!

She promised that nobody would find out about this! She told him she had everything handled but clearly, she either lied or didn't cover all their bases.

"Sarah! Say something!" He ordered, fury rising through him.

Bastien glanced at Sarah curiously and Sarah looked at him briefly before turning back to Scott.

"How could you, Scott?!" She cried. "I thought you were better than that!!!"

"What?!" Scott growled. "Sarah!!!"

"Get him out of here," Bastien ordered the police who began dragging Scott out of the packhouse.

He gave Sarah one last look before being shoved into the police car; she only watched as he was being taken away.

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Lila's POV

Scott was arrested.

It was the next morning after I spoke to Brianna and my father called Enzo to tell him that it was Scott who had vandalized the art gallery.

"Did he do this alone?" Was the first thing I asked after a long pause. I couldn't believe that Scott would do something so cruel as that.

Enzo nodded.

"Yes. In the camera footage, he was alone."

"Sarah had to have put him up to that," I said in return, shaking my head at the very thought. "There's no way he came up with this by himself."

Scott had way too much to lose; he would never jeopardize his future over something stupid like this. Not unless Sarah forced him to do it.

"Sarah denied it," Enzo shrugged. "She claims she acted alone. Though, Scott says otherwise."

"I knew it," I muttered. "It was her idea. It had to have been. I need to call my father; he can look further into this."

"It wouldn't matter; she wasn't at the scene of the crime of the crime so there wouldn't be evidence against her."

"It's not fair," I said, deepening my frown. "She can't get away with something like that."

"If she really is guilty, Karma will come back for her. But for right now all we know is that Scott was the one who did the deed and he's the one getting punished."

I suppose he was right; there wasn't much I could do without proof. I made a mental note to speak to Scott once I returned to Elysium.

Enzo and I hadn't really spoken since yesterday afternoon, and I wanted to ask him where we stood. Actually, I wanted to tell him that I wanted more than what we were.

"Can we talk about something?" I asked.

"Sure."

"I wanted to ask you where we stood..." I began slowly. "As in—"

"I think it's better if you stopped there," Enzo said quickly, meeting my eyes. "We both knew this was about the sex so there's really nothing to discuss."

He sounded almost cold and distant.

At the sound of his words, my heart crashed into my stomach.

Even Val recoiled at the cruelty.

Is that seriously how he felt? I might have had my suspicions, but I was hoping I was wrong. Like I was just overthinking things.

Enzo broke his eyes as he stood to his feet; I was stunned to silence.

"We can't bring this back to Elysium and we both know this," he continued; it was like driving a knife into my chest.

I opened my mouth to say something, but no words came out.

"There's also the fact that you are a Volana, Lila..." he said, lowering his tone. This time he met my eyes when he said this last part. "I can't be with a Volana."