

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate Chapter 336

Lila's POV "Connie!?" I exclaimed, staring wide-eyed as Connie walked into the kitchen. I was utterly shocked to see her standing in front of me." Seriously?" She asked, furrowing her brows together. "You forgot I was coming here too?" "Too?" I asked, confused by her question. She rolled her eyes. "I just saw Enzo," she explained, pointing to the door behind her. "He was just as surprised. I told him weeks ago that we were coming." "We?" I found myself asking. She curled her lip up as she scanned my face with her deep blue eyes. "Are you only capable of one word at a time now?" She asked, cocking her head to the side. "Did you hit your head or something?" I stared at her dumbfounded, and then she winced as if she regretted her choice of words. "Sorry," she murmured. "Old habits. Do I not get a hug?" She held out her arms and without any more hesitation, I went to her and hugged her. Connie and I weren't ever really friends. In fact, I couldn't stand her for most of the time she was here. She has been Enzo's best friend growing up and she's had this massive crush on him. She threatened my position as his mate and future Luna. It didn't help that she was drop-dead gorgeous and tough as hell. She's a great fighter and they looked good together when she helped him teach the shifting and combat class. But all of that changed after she followed us to Monstro and met her mate, Tyler. Connie didn't want Tyler at first because he was a male nurse and not up to her standards, but after a little time, she began to open up to the idea of taking Tyler as her mate. Enzo and I planned a date night for them and afterward, Connie decided to stay with him in Monstro. I know Enzo has been keeping in touch with her periodically and that things were going great for Connie, but I haven't spoken to Connie myself since Monstro. Enzo mentioned a few weeks ago that Connie was thinking about coming to visit, but when we didn't hear anything more from her, we figured she changed her mind. "What are you doing here?" I asked, trying to sound happy to see her, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a bit nervous. She held up her hand and showed off a giant and gorgeous diamond ring! "Check it out, bitches! I'm getting married!!!!" She squealed. By reflex, Brianna jumped to her feet and squealed as well, joining us in a small huddle. "Oh, my goddess!" Bri gasped, grabbing Connie's hand. "It's beautiful!" "I know, right?" Connie said, pulling her hand away so she lifted it upward and allowed her diamond ring to shine under the illuminating light of the kitchen. "Tyler did good, didn't he?" She walked further into the kitchen and waved thoughtfully at Dee who

returned her gesture with a smile. "Congratulations, Connie," Dee said lovingly. "I'll make pas ta for dinner tonight; your favorite meal." "With meatballs?" Connie asked, excitedly. Dee chuckled. "Homemade, just for you," Dee winked before turning away to grab her recipe book. Connie clapped her hands together happily before turning to face me. "We are planning on getting married in a couple of weeks and we'd like it to be here," she said, drawing my attention to her. "Here?" I asked, my mouth hanging open in shock. "Like in the packhouse?" She nodded. "The gardens specifically," she said, gesturing to the back of the packhouse. "I love the roses and there's plenty of room out there." "Is Enzo okay with that?" I asked, raising my brows. He didn't mention having a wedding here and I wasn't the Luna yet, so I didn't have much say in what events happened at this house. She shrugged casually. "He's going to have to be," she said, rolling her eyes. "I have a wedding planner coming later today to go over all the details. I'd like you to meet her. Her name is Natalie Anderson. One of the best wedding planners in the world and I got her to plan MY wedding." "That's amazing," I breathed. "I would love to meet her." I've heard of Natalie Anderson and admittedly I've read her bridal magazines in the past. Not that I'd ever tell Enzo that information. He'd get ideas that I'm not ready for. "I'm going to my room to freshen up," she said turning away. "It's so good to be back." She soon left the kitchen, leaving us standing and staring after her with wide eyes. "She seems... Interesting," Bri said, glancing at me. I forgot they hadn't even met yet, but Bri knew all about Connie from my stories. "She sure is," I murmured. Enzo came into the kitchen a few minutes later and he looked like something was wrong. "What is it?" I asked, stepping toward him, and wrapping my arms around his waist. "I just got off the phone with Headmaster Prescott," he said, making my entire body freeze. I looked up at him and saw that he was staring down at me with dismay written all over his face. "And?" I urged. "She knows that you're my mate," he said slowly. "I'm assuming Alpha Jonathan said something." I released him and stood before him, feeling a wave of dizziness. "Why would he do that?" "I'm not sure," Enzo said, shaking his head. "But she wants to have a meeting with us on Monday morning." My heart fell into my stomach. This couldn't be good. "Maybe it's not a big deal," Brianna said, shrugging. "I mean, Alpha Jonathan owns the school. So, if he's okay with it... then, maybe she will be too." "We don't know if Jonathan is okay with it," Enzo said, shaking his head at her. "He's still professional and continuing to be Lila's professor is against school policy." I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat. "Enzo," Beta Ethan

said as he walked into the kitchen. "I just got word from some of the pack members. There's a flood at the butcher shop. The meat has been contaminated." "I'll head there now and assess the situation," Enzo said, nodding to his Beta. "Appoint some warriors to do some hunting so we can restock the butcher shop once the flooding is stopped." "On it," Ethan said, turning away and leaving. Enzo turned to me and gave me a gentle kiss on my lips. "I have to take care of pack business. But I'll be back in time for dinner," he promised. "I love you," I said, kissing him again. He winked at me before turning and following Ethan out of the kitchen. Natalie Anderson arrived at the packhouse within a few hours of Connie's initial arrival. We sat in the parlor where some of the packhouse maids finished cleaning and making the area suitable for important guests. Allie, one of Dee's kitchen workers, finished placing a tray of tea on the coffee table and setting small mugs in front of each of us. I wasn't sure what to wear for this type of meeting; it's not like it was for me, but I still wanted to look nice in front of Natalie Anderson. So, I wore a simple pink dress that rested just above my knees and hugged my body perfectly. It dipped between my cleavage and the straps were thin and resting on my shoulders. I wore a white cardigan and kept my dark curly hair down, so they flowed crazily around my shoulders. Connie was dressed like she was about to attend a business meeting. She wore a tight black skirt that rested at her knees and black-studded heels. She wore a white blouse that hugged her curves beautifully and made her boobs look huge. She also wore a black blazer that matched the skirt with golden buttons down the middle. Her sleek blond hair was put in a tight and neatly done bun at the nape of her neck. She wore makeup that brought out her natural features and jewelry that wasn't too flashy but also complimented her professional look. Brianna also attended the meeting and, like me, she also wore a dress. Her dress was dark blue and ended a little bit shorter than mine. The noodle straps went around her neck as did the big flashy necklace she wore. Her auburn hair was pulled upward into a high ponytail and decorated with dark blue ribbons that dangled around the sides of her head. As always, she wore a lot of jewelry which was mainly made up of gemstones and crystals, not to mention large black heeled boots that went up to her knees. Bri always had a wild style like that, and I couldn't help but smile at my friend. She looked like she was ready to go clubbing. I'm sure, to Natalie Anderson, we looked like an interesting group. Natalie Anderson was even more beautiful in person. She had fair and flawless skin, reminding me of a porcelain doll. She was probably about the age of my mother, but she looked so

much younger. She had long curly blond hair that she kept flowing around her shoulders and down her back. She wore a white skirt that revealed her long and slender legs and a pink blouse that hung loosely off her thin and perfect figure. She wore only a few pieces of expensive-looking jewelry and only had a little makeup that brightened her natural features. When she walked into the packhouse, she held a pink briefcase in one hand, and a pink-studded cellphone in her other hand. The three of us sat on the sofa in the parlor and Natalie sat in one of the reclining seats, but she kept the recliner down and her leg crossed over the other as she rummaged through her briefcase, uncovering a bunch of documents and placed them on the coffee table in front of us. "You didn't give me a lot of time to properly plan out this wedding. But I do have some ideas that can make your wedding seriously pop," she said as she handed Connie a piece of paper. "Obviously we won't need a florist if you are having your wedding in a garden. I already got in touch with the best chef in Higala and they are going to send me a menu via my email later today." Connie nodded as she looked over the notes Natalie had handed her. "What about Dee?" I found myself asking. "Wouldn't you want her to cook for your wedding? She's a great chef and you know it." Connie looked at me, surprised by my words. "And who exactly are you?" Natalie asked, raising her brows at me. I felt my face flushing in embarrassment. "Sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt. I'm Lila. I'm—" "Oh, you're the future Luna of this pack," she said, leaning back in her seat and narrowing her eyes at me. My eyes widened. How did she know that? "Yes..." I answered, uncertainty clear in my voice. "I'm sure I'll be back here soon when it's time for me to plan your wedding. But considering this isn't your wedding, you don't have any say," she quipped as she leaned forward and toward me. "So, stay out of my hair, little girl"

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Lila's POV I was seeing red, Val was already perched and ready to rip this bitch's head right off her shoulders. If she wasn't so focused on keeping our twins safe, she would have already shifted and done just that. But wolves don't—like to shift during pregnancy for safety reasons. However, they will if they truly need to. Bri, knowing me very well, grabbed my arm to keep me steady. I didn't realize my fists were clenched as tightly as they were until my fingers grew sore. Connie looked between the two of us wide-eyed before clearing her throat and turning to Natalie Anderson with a plastered smile on her face. "I'd love to see the menu the chef has to offer," she said trying to draw Natalie's

attention back to her. It seemed to have worked because Natalie turned away from me and faced Connie. "I take my job very seriously, Connie. I promise this wedding is my main priority and it will be talked about for an eternity," Natalie assured her as she rummaged through more papers. "I have a designer as well; she will be here tomorrow to take measurements and then we can try on some gowns. I'm thinking strapless to show off your incredible shoulders," Natalie said, pointing at Connie's chest. Connie nodded, still looking awkwardly as she stole glances in my direction. "I want a tiara as well," Connie said, chuckling nervously. "I want to feel like a princess." "Of course," Natalie agreed. I was still simmering in my own anger. I couldn't seem to stop glaring at Natalie. I already hated her. I didn't want her anywhere near my future wedding. I didn't want her to plan anything of mine. Little girl. Who did she think she was? "Maybe we should let them talk and we can go for a walk," Bri said, standing to her feet, keeping her hand wrapped around my arm. "That's probably a good idea," Connie said, eyeing me carefully. Natalie glanced up at me, raised one perfectly trimmed eyebrow, and folded her arms across her busty chest before leaning back in her seat. "Do we have a problem?" She then asked. I was about to open my mouth to tell her how exactly I felt about her presence, but Bri pulled me along with her before I could get a word out. "There's no problem," Bri said with a nervous chuckle over her shoulder. "It was nice meeting you, Natalie." On that note, we were leaving the parlor and went out the back door to stand on the patio. There were a couple of pack members sitting on the patio and speaking with one another about their days. I loved that Enzo had this packhouse open to everyone in his pack for when they needed or wanted a place to hang out. He let them sleep in guest rooms when needed as well. My father is the same way with the Nova Packhouse. Of course, the top couple of floors that are dedicated to the Alpha, Beta, and Gamma were off-limits for all except the packhouse maids, but they were allowed to wander anywhere else. "Good evening, Lila," one of the she-wolves said, smiling over at me as we passed. "Oh, hello," I said in return, nodding my head to her. "Have you met my friend, Brianna? She's Beta's Ethan's mate." "We haven't," they both said at the same time. "A new Beta female?" One of them asked. "That's exciting. I'm so glad Beta Ethan finally found his mate. We were beginning to wonder if he ever would." "Welcome to the pack, Beta Female," the other said, bowing her head slightly at Brianna whose face turned bright red. "Oh, please. Call me Bri, and thank you," Brianna said in return, making both she-wolves smile widely at her. The fresh air and the simple

conversation were enough to calm me. I was so glad Bri got me out of there when she did because I was definitely about to do something I'd regret. I turned to Bri and together we walked down the steps that lead into the packhouse yard. "So, when are you going to get married?" She asked the question I knew she'd been dying to know. "I wanted to wait until after graduation," I told her, staring down at my belly. "But things might change now that I'm pregnant." "Well, when you do get married, can I be your maid of honor?" I looked at her, surprised by her question. "Of course," I said to her, giving her a side hug. "You are my best friend. I wouldn't want anything more." From a distance, I heard, and then saw, Enzo's car pulling around the side of the packhouse. He was back!! "I have to go," I said, eagerly running toward Enzo's car. He parked the car and got out just as I reached him and flew myself into his open arms. "Miss me?" He laughed. "More than anything," I breathed, burying my face in his chest as he held me tightly. "Did something happen while I was away?" I opened my mouth to tell him about that awful wedding planner, but I didn't want to start anything, and I really was feeling better since taking a walk with Brianna. Besides, I didn't want to ruin Connie's wedding planning. So, I just shook my head and stood on my toes to kiss him. "I just missed my mate," I told him, which was the truth. He smiled and kissed me on the lips; this kiss wasn't as gentle and sweet as it had been. It had more hunger and desires attached to it and it made my heart flip in my chest. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he lifted me into his arms and cradled me bridal style. "Then how about we sneak away and go upstairs before dinner?" he murmured against my lips, sending my heart into complete turmoil. I nodded eagerly as I deepened the kiss, allowing my tongue to explore his warm and inviting mouth, swirling my tongue around with his. By the time we got upstairs and into Enzo's bedroom, which I still didn't feel comfortable calling my own yet, we were eagerly stripping one another of our clothes. He had no problems getting my dress off; I struggled more with his clothes than he did with mine. But it didn't long before we were both stripped completely and embraced for the first time since I was kidnapped by Jazzy and her darkness. He ran his soft kisses down the nape of my neck and across my shoulders, sending warm tingles to course through my entire body. His fingers traced down my spine and rested on the lower part of my back. He told me once that I had dimples back there that he couldn't resist. I ran my fingers up his broad chest until my hands were on both sides of his face. I kissed him hungrily as if I had been starving. He lifted me into his arms and brought me to his bed, laying me down on my back as he ran

his lips down my torso. I took a deep breath as I ran my fingers through his dark and thick hair, massaging his scalp with my fingertips. Goddess. His lips felt so good against my diet. He positioned himself between my legs and took in my scent as he pressed his lips against my core. "Oh, Enzo..." I breathed, arching my back as his tongue made swirling motions around my cut. My body trembled and jolted at every sensation. I loved how my body reacted to his touch; I wanted and needed so much more of him. Juices ran down the side of my legs and I knew it was about to soak into the bed sheets, which was something I'd be embarrassed about later. But as of right now, I couldn't think straight. The way he made me feel was incredible. "You like that?" He asked me as he went in for more. I whimpered out my response as I dug my nails into the bed, trying to hold onto the little bit of sanity that I had left. He chuckled as he sucked on my little nub, making the orgasmic sensation within me grow that much more. I moaned loudly and squeezed my eyes shut as my climax reached my peak. "Enzo..." I gasped as I exploded around him. I panted heavily by the time he brought his kisses back up my torso and began to play with my breasts with both his mouth and fingers. — Heat coursed through my body so forcefully, that I whimpered at the sudden pain I felt. It's been a while since I had gone into heat, but being with him like this, my body reacted to him in a way that seemed almost unfamiliar. Not necessarily bad, but I needed so much more of him. I needed more of a release. "Enzo, please..." I whimpered against his lips as he kissed me passionately. "I need you..." I ran my fingers down his back and cupped his b**t in my hands, smiling in his kiss. I trailed my fingers around the front of his body and took hold of his m*****d; it was already wet from his juices, and it made me feel even hotter. It made me crave him that much more. His entire body relaxed as I stroked him gently, starting from his tip and going all the way down his length. His breathing grew heavy as I kissed him, and I felt the warmth of his breath hitting my features. "I want you inside of me..." I whispered to him. "Will that hurt the babies?" He asked with genuine concern in his tone, making me chuckle as I shook my head. "Not to worry, it won't hurt the babies," I assured him. L**t filled his eyes and this time, he didn't hold back on me. He positioned himself between my legs and I felt his m*****d at my core, slowly asking permission. I granted permission by wrapping my legs around his waist and allowing him to enter me. As we made love, my entire body responded to his every touch and every sensation he brought me. My legs trembled as another o****m slammed into me. Enzo grunted and moaned as he reached his climax and released himself. We both

panted and gasped as we fell against each other. He caught my lips with his and kissed me lovingly. Enzo held me for a long while as I snuggled against him in bed. Neither of us was ready to get up yet, even though we could smell the amazing food cooking in the kitchen downstairs. My mouth was practically watering, and my stomach was growling. I knew dinner would be served in the community dining all soon. But I was so tired and just wanted to lie with my mate a little longer; before we had to get back to reality. But then Enzo's phone rang and I couldn't help the groan that escaped my lips as I let him reach for his phone on his nightstand. He frowned at the screen before answering. "Yes?" He paused as the other person spoke; I didn't bother listening to who I was. I trusted that Enzo would tell me. His body tensed, which brought my attention to him immediately. "Right now?" He asked, his brows furrowing together. "Do you think it's wise?" There was another pause; I could tell from his expression that he wasn't happy. "Okay.. yeah, I will let her know. Kind of wish you gave me more of a notice though." There was another pause and then Enzo sighed. Updated by Jobnib.com "Okay. Thanks. Bye," he said before clicking the end button and throwing his phone on the other end of his bed. "Who was that?" I asked, staring at him, confused as he started to get out of bed. "Your father," he murmured. My heart grew heavy in my chest and a tight knot formed in my stomach. "What did he want?" "He's going to be here in a few minutes," he explained. I furrowed my brows together, unsure of what was wrong with that but before I could ask, he continued. "Rachel is coming with him."

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Third Person POVRachel sat in the dungeon of the Calypso Packhouse, still wearing her blood-soaked clothes. She was in a daze after all the events that happened earlier. She could hear the guards speaking about her like she wasn't even there. Telling one another that she was crazed and shouldn't be allowed to walk free. She was interrogated until she was blue in the face and now, she just wanted to rest. They interrogated her in Alpha Jonatahn's packhouse, but once they were done, they transported her to the dungeon in the Calypso pack. They said they wanted to get her away from Alpha Jonathan's pack and to a place where they knew she'd be safe. Alpha Bastien told her they were only holding her in the dungeon until they knew for certain she wasn't a threat. After she killed her father, she was so sure the darkness that once resided in her body was gone. She felt it dispersing from her and watched as it slithered out the

window. Her memories from the past week were foggy, but she remembered the details of kissing that girl in the academic center. She remembered kissing those guards and kissing also her father. Rachel had framed Rodrick for those crimes... Rodrick.... Her hybrid mate. He was still rotting in jail because of her. She lifted her head to Peet at the metal gates that locked her in the cell as tears streamed down her face, She could see the outline of the guards that stood outside the gate: The blood on her clothing and skin was beginning to dry and become sticky and itchy. Some parts of the blood were crusty enough to peel off with her fingernails. She was the reason Lila was gone. Darkness had taken her away and she had no idea where her friend had gone. She was the reason for a lot of horrid things. She lowered her head and allowed fresh tears to wash over her features. She deserved whatever punishment she got. Footsteps sounded at the entrance of the dungeon doors, drawing Rachel's attention. She lifted her gaze, and she noticed the guards were also looking in the same direction with identical frowns. They hadn't said much to her while she was there. They'd stare at her with strained expressions and only talk to each other. Bastien, his Beta, and a couple of Gamma warriors were the ones who interrogated her. After the initial shock wore off and she was finally able to speak in a coherent sentence, she was able to explain the events from the last week or so. The warriors and the Beta seemed reluctant to believe her, but Bastien did believe her, thankfully. But it was obvious these guards didn't. "What are you doing down here?" One of the guards asked, staring into the abyss of the dark dungeon. Rachel couldn't see who the guard was talking to, but he didn't sound angry, just wary. "Let me see her," a woman, she sounded a bit older, maybe middle-aged, said as she neared the guard. "It's not safe. She's dangerous—" "According to Alpha Bastien, she's not dangerous. She's a young girl and she deserves to be treated with respect," the woman said. "I wish to see her, gamma." There was a moment of pause where Rachel thought they were speaking quietly now. She thought the guard was going to refuse and turn this woman away. But to Rachel's surprise, he sighed. "Okay, fine. But I'm not getting in trouble for this," he murmured. "You won't," the woman assured him as she came closer. A knot formed in the pit of Rachel's stomach. She wondered who this woman was and what she wanted. The voice didn't sound familiar. Then again, she's never been to this packhouse before. It didn't take long for the woman to come into view and recognition flashed through Rachel's eyes. It was Deanna, the house mom. She was the head maid and chef for the Calpso pack. Rachel remembered her from when

she came to the school and helped Lila with the bake sales. She's always been very nice, but Rachel was confused as to why she wanted to speak to her. When Deanna's eyes found Rachel, her gaze softened, and her expression shifted into what seemed like sadness. Or maybe it was pity. Either way, Rachel didn't like being looked at like that. She felt like she was in a zoo like a caged animal. Or a freak. "Oh, you poor thing," Deanna breathed as she stepped closer to the cell. She glanced over her shoulder at the guard. "Let me in." He furrowed his brows together and was about to protest but he quickly pinched his lips together and grunted as he grabbed a set of keys and began to unlock the cell door. "Don't say I didn't warn you," he muttered as the door swung open. Rachel was frozen against the wall, not daring to move a muscle while this woman stepped into the cell and closed the door behind her. She brought a large bag that reminded Rachel of a beach bag. She set the bag down in the corner and Chapter 0659 turned to face Rachel, a small smile showing on her lips. "Hello, my darling," she breathed, her voice soft and motherly. "Do you remember me?" "D...Deanna..." Rachel stammered. It was the first time she used her voice since she was interrogated, and she had no idea how long ago that was. Deanna's smile only grew. "You can call me Dee," she said gently. "How are you feeling?" Rachel wasn't sure how to answer that question. It was certainly loaded. How was she feeling? Rachel felt sick to her stomach. She felt remorseful and disgusted. She had taken lives, framed others for the crimes she committed, got her best friend taken, and betrayed her mate. She most likely lost all her friends and everything she worked so hard to gain when it came to school. There was no way they were going to let her back at school after what she had done. She killed her father. She was covered in drying and sticky blood. Rachel doubted she would ever feel okay again. Seeing her expression, Dee sighed and knelt in front of her so that they could be at eye level. "You are not a criminal, Rachel," Dee breathed, lovingly. "You had something terrible happen to you. It wasn't your fault. You are a victim..A victim? Rachel didn't feel like a victim. She felt like a criminal. A murderer. She felt like she should never walk free again. That tightness in her stomach only intensified and she found herself holding onto her stomach to keep from vomiting. Dee stared around Rachel's clothing with a deep frown. "They didn't even clean you?" She asked, shaking her head with dismay written all over her face. "No wonder you feel crummy. Thankfully, I brought stuff." Rachel watched as Dee went to her bag and pulled a change of clothes, some wash clothes, and a spray bottle. "It's the best I could do," Dee murmured as she

walked back to Rachel. "Let's get you cleaned and changed." Dee was the first person, besides Bastien, who spoke to Rachel like she wasn't a crazed villain. She appreciated that about Dee and once she was cleaned from all the blood and changed, she started to feel like herself again. Besides the unsettled feeling in the pit of her stomach due to the memories that live in her mind from this past week. Those memories were going to stay with her forever. They talked for a little bit more and then Dee went back to her bag, pulling out some homemade food. Rachel didn't realize how hungry she was until Dee sat the food in her lap. "You won't be here for long," Dee said with a kind smile. "I've talked to you long enough where I know there is no darkness left in you. I'm going to speak with Bastien and see what I can do." The guards outside the cell huffed with displeasure, making Dee roll her eyes. "Don't let them get to you," Dee murmured, grasping Rachel's hand. "Eat up and get some rest." "Thank you, Dee," Rachel breathed, giving her a small smile. It was the first time Rachel smiled in days; actually, it was the first time she felt capable of truly smiling in weeks. After a little while Dee left, and Rachel was once again alone in her cell with only the judging eyes of the guards left. Rachel kept her head down and tried to keep herself from crying, but she knew it was no use. Tears were beginning to spill before she could stop them. She wished Dee would return, but she knew it wasn't likely. After she finished eating, she found herself falling asleep only to be woken an hour later by the jingling sounds of keys and the cell door opening. Rachel lifted her head to see Alpha Bastien and Beta Aiden opening the doors. "What's going on?" Rachel found herself asking, staring between the two of them. They both looked at one another. "I think it's safe to say that there's no darkness inside of you anymore, Rachel. Especially after we spoke to Dee." Bastien was the one who answered. "We are taking everyone to the Nova pack. We are trying to get them as far away from the territory as possible. Darkness is coming and when it does, there's no telling what it'll do." "That's where you're wrong, Alpha," Rachel said, lowering her gaze. "Darkness was already here." Rachel went with Bastien and Aiden to the Nova packhouse. She didn't want to face anyone, so Bastien took her in a separate car and Aiden drove Becca and the others in his car. By the time they reached the Nova packhouse, Becca wanted to speak with Rachel, but she refused. She didn't want anything to do with anyone at that moment. Rachel found a guest room and kept herself inside it, despite the pleas of her friends. After what she had done, she didn't deserve anyone to care about her. Rachel didn't want to see anyone even when word got out that

darkness had been stopped and everybody was returning home. She was relieved that Lila was okay, and she too was returning home, though Rachel still felt an overwhelming sense of guilt about her part in all of this. "Did you want to return with the others?" Bastien asked, leaning against the bedroom door with narrowed eyes fixed on her. He's been back for a little over a day and he was bringing her friends back to Higala. It was her understanding that Lila was recovering in Higala and Sarah was recovering in a hospital; Brody was with Sarah. Becca, Luis, and Kayla have been at the Nova packhouse with Rachel, but Rachel refused to see them in the last 24 hours they've been there. The only ones she allowed to see her were the guards who were appointed to keep watch over her and of course, Bastien. She shook her head "I don't think I'd be welcomed there...." she murmured, staring down at her hands. Bastien frowned "Everything that happened wasn't your fault," he said, cocking his head to the side. "None of it was your fault. We all know that." She was quiet for a moment longer. "And Rodrick?" Bastien raised his brows. "He was released yesterday. He's already back at the school," he answered. That gave Rachel a sense of hope; if she returned, she'd be able to see her mate and explain everything to him. Would he believe her? Would he forgive her like everyone else? "Before I got back to the school.... There's someone I'd like to see first," Rachel said, looking up at Bastien "And who would that be?" "I'd like to see Lila."

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Lila's POV I flew out of bed before Enzo could say anything or attempt to stop me. I quickly got dressed, putting on a comfortable blouse and skirt instead of that dress and then I threw my dark curls not a bun. "What time are they going to be here?" I asked as I quickly adjusted myself and made myself look decent in his long-standing mirror. Enzo was almost fully dressed as he cautiously watched me. "In a few minutes. He didn't want me to refuse him, so he didn't tell me until he was almost here," Enzo said shaking his head with dismay written all over his face. I could tell he was nervous about my reaction, but my heart was racing rapidly against my chest and my brain was running at lightning speed. I couldn't even think straight; all I could think about was that Rachel, the girl who nearly got me killed, and killed so many others, was coming to this packhouse. I had no idea what I was going to say to her. Was she coming here to see me? "Can we talk about this before you go downstairs?" Enzo asked, stepping toward me once he was fully

dressed. "Did he say why he was bringing her here?" I asked, turning to face him. "Only that she wanted to see you," Enzo said. "Apparently she's been self-isolating, and you are the first one she wanted to see." My head was swimming with this information. Before he could say anything more, I turned and quickly ran toward the door. "Lila!" He tried to call after me, but to no avail; I was already out of the room. I ran down the long hallway until I reached the grand staircase. I heard Beta Ethan walking across the front foyer and the sounds of an engine outside. "Lila?" Bri asked as I ran past her on the staircase. She was in the process of walking upstairs when she saw me running down them. She paused and watched me with such concern on her face. "Are you okay?" She called after me. "No time to talk!" I told her over my shoulder. Ethan was about to open the door, but then he froze when he saw me, and his eyes narrowed. "Open the door," I urged as I stepped closer to him, trying to steady my rapidly beating heart, I placed my hand over my chest. I knew my father was there; I could hear his car and I sensed his presence. I soon realized how rude I sounded, so I cleared my throat and tried again. "Please, open the door," I said, much more relaxed and offering him a simple smile. I heard Enzo walking down the steps behind me and Bri asking him what was going on. I ignored them as Enzo explained to her what was happening. Ethan grabbed the doorknob and pulled it open, allowing the bright rays of sunlight to flood into the packhouse. I thanked him and ran past him as Enzo shouted for me to slow down. My father's familiar car sat in front of the packhouse, and my father got out first. He gave me a wary look and then he glanced at everyone who stood at the doorway behind me. I was completely shaking. "Where is she?" I demand to know, trying to keep my voice calm and my wolf under control. My father met my eyes, and I knew he had concerns and questions, but as he continued to assess my face his expression softened, he turned toward the car, motioning with his head for her to exit the car. Slowly, the door opened, and Rachel's familiar fishnet stalking was seen as she stepped out of the car. She wrapped her arms around her body like she was trying to hold herself together. Her face was bright red as she lifted her gaze and met my eyes. Enzo was walking toward me, and I knew he was about to grab me and hold me back. I knew he was worried about my reaction and what I might do. But I knew he was also worried about what Rachel might do. We didn't know for certain whether she was safe or not and I knew that scared him. But I trusted that my father wouldn't bring her here without knowing for certain if it was safe. Before Enzo could reach me, I began to run toward Rachel, watching as her entire body froze. Just as

I reached her, I lunged at her. At first, she looked surprised, and I heard gasps from around me, but with one look at my face, her body relaxed, and her arms opened as I threw myself into them. Everybody was stunned and silent as I hugged Rachel tightly, the two of us sobbing into one another. "I'm so sorry," she cried at the same time as I said, "This wasn't your fault." "I almost got you killed," she sobbed, tears soaking into my blouse, which was fine because I was getting tears and snot all over her as well. "You were possessed by darkness. Anybody in their right mind could see that," I cried in return. "None of this was your fault." "I killed so many people..." she sobbed, her entire body trembling and shivering. "I killed my own father!" "Everybody knows it wasn't you. None of this is your fault..." I repeated. "I was so scared," she sobbed. "Shhhh," I whispered, holding her even tighter in my arms. "You did nothing wrong," I told her again in a hushed whisper. "She didn't want to return to school with the others until she spoke with Lila," I heard my father explaining to Enzo. "Seems like you did the right thing," Enzo said in return, his eyes still on me. "I'm sorry I doubted you." "I understand your concerns," my father said, patting him on the back. "How about we get inside? Dinner is almost ready, and the dining hall fills quickly with pack members when Dee cooks a fan favorite. I'm sure the packhouse will be flooded soon," Enzo suggested, motioning for everyone to head inside. Everybody nodded and turned toward the packhouse to walk inside. But I stayed behind with Rachel as she cried into my chest. "I'm sorry..." she kept murmuring. I looked up at my father through tear-filled eyes and he looked back at me with remorse in his. I knew he wasn't sure what to do either, I also know that he did the best he could at making her feel safe and comfortable. Rachel wouldn't hurt anybody on purpose; I knew that more than anyone. "I've been so worried about you," I whispered, pulling away from her and holding her at arm's length so I could peer into her tear-filled eyes. "I'm so happy you came here." "How can you still want to be my friend after what I did?" She asked, her lips quivering as more tears escaped her eyes. "Because you are one of my best friends," I told her, giving her a small smile. "And I know you are good inside and out. It's going to take some time for you to bounce back from all of this, but you aren't alone Rachel. You don't have to deal with any of this by yourself." She sniffled and wiped her teary eyes with the back of her sleeve as she offered me a weak smile. "Okay," she finally said, after a short pause. I looped my arm through hers. "Let's get some food," I said to her. "Dee cooks amazing food." "Oh, I know," Rachel said, chuckling softly. "I need to find her and thank her. She

treated me so kindly when I was in the dungeon.” This came as a surprise to me, and I made a mental note to ask her more about that later. Together, we went inside and into the community dining hall. The entire room smelled like spaghetti and meatballs, along with breadsticks. At the far side of the wall, Dee had the food laid out on a buffet table so everyone could help themselves. There was also salad, an assortment of veggies, and fruit. Enzo was at the buffet table, waiting for those in front of him to finish collecting their food. I loved how he doesn’t favor himself above his pack members. He doesn’t even have a designated table in his own community dining hall. He smiled fondly at me as I approached him and he grabbed two extra plates, one for me and one for Rachel. She managed a weak smile at him as she took the plate. “The food smells delicious,” she breathed, taking in the amazing scent of Dee’s cooking. “Oh, thank you,” Dee said, turning around as she scooped a heaping portion onto a she-wolf’s plate. “I hope everything tastes as good as it smells.” “I’m sure it’ll taste better,” Rachel said grinning at her. Dee placed a hand on her shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze. “I’m glad you’re here,” Dee breathed, smiling brightly. Updated by Jobnib.com “I have you to thank for that,” Rachel replied. She gave Rachel some food and then she put food on my plate as well. Enzo helped himself and then we grabbed a couple of water bottles from the fridge and joined the others at the table. Connie was talking Bri’s ears off about her wedding preparations. I was glad to see that Natalie Anderson wasn’t around because I certainly didn’t want to have a meal with her. But I was very pleased to see that not only was my mother here, sitting beside my father and listening thoughtfully as Connie spoke, but Diana was also seated and enjoying some food. She seemed to be engrossed in a conversation with Beta Ethan, and Gamma Jack. Beta Aiden and Gamma Donovan remained at the Nova packhouse to take care of the aftermath of everything there. Plus, the twins were still there, and my mother was worried about them. Although there were plenty at the packhouse who cared for them, she still wanted Aiden there to keep them in line. Looking around, I was pleased to see there were a few others from Diana’s village who were seated at tables and talking with those in Enzo’s pack as if they had done this a million times already. It made me smile seeing that they were making themselves known and no longer in hiding. It made me even happier to see that the pack members were welcoming to them and treated them with respect. I glanced at Enzo who was also noticing this, and I knew he felt the same pride that I felt. We ate together and we shared some laughs during this amazing meal. Rachel was quiet for

most of the meal, but I could tell she was listening to everyone talk with pure fascination and she even cracked a smile at one point. It was going to take a while for her to return to her old self and I knew there was a lot more we needed to talk about, but for right now, I was just glad to have my friend back. A couple of pack house workers started to walk around, per Dee's request, with trays of brownies and cookies for everyone to enjoy after their meals. "Hello, future Luna," Allie said as she paused next to me. "Would you like a sweet? We have brownies and cookies." "I can't resist Dee's cookies," I said with a smile as I grabbed a cookie off the tray. "They are delicious," Allie agreed. "You can take a couple of them. I mean, you are eating for three after all." The entire world around me stopped moving.

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Lila's POV I sat frozen in my seat as everyone stared at me with gaping mouths. Allie, who was confused, stared around at everyone's faces with a timid frown on her face. "I'm sorry.... Did I say something wrong?" She asked, glancing down at me. I wanted to say something, but no words came to me. I just stared at everybody who was staring back at me. I looked up at Enzo who was also at a loss for words. "Lila?" I heard my mother saying, drawing my attention to her. "Is it true? Are you-?" Her voice trailed off. My hands were shaking under the table, and I couldn't seem to stop them, even when I attempted to sit on them. I looked up at Enzo again and this time, he was staring back at me. I saw the love and admiration in his eyes. It utterly melted my heart and for the first time since everything that's happened, I truly felt safe and at ease. I should have known I couldn't keep this a secret from those I love. Telling from the look Enzo was giving me; he knew it too. I smiled up at him, tears filling my eyes. Then, Hooked at my mother and nodded. "Yes," said softly. "I'm pregnant with twins." My mother gasped, covering her mouth and my father's eyes grew large. "Twins?" My mother croaked. I nodded, fearing what her reaction was going to be. After a beat of silence, my mother finally stood to her feet with tears streaming down her face. "Oh, my goddess!" She gasped. Before I knew what was happening, she was running toward me and wrapping her arms around my body pulling me into a tight hug. Soon, we were flourishing with happiness and congratulations. Everybody was jumping to their feet and wrapping me in hugs and giving my cheeks kisses. My father patted Enzo on the back and gave him a handshake. Diana had Enzo wrapped in a hug and soon she wrapped me in one too. My

mother was wrapping Enzo in a hug as well and tears were spilling all over the place. "We are so happy for you!" Connie said hugging Enzo before turning to me and hugging me. Tyler gave Enzo a handshake before turning to me and giving me a quick hug. "I can't believe you didn't tell me," Connie added as she swatted Enzo on the arm. "We were waiting for the right time," Enzo explained. "But I guess now is a good enough time." "I'm so sorry..." Allie said, tears in her eyes as she stared around at everybody. "I thought everybody knew..." I almost forgot she was standing there until she spoke. She looked mortified despite how happy everybody was. "How did you know, Allie?" I asked, frowning my brows together. "How did you know I was pregnant, I mean," I clarified. I wasn't showing yet, so for her to know that easily was alarming. "I can see your aura..." she admitted sheepishly. "I Chapter 0664 mean... I have the gift of seeing auras. Yours has many colors and I was confused by it so I asked Dee and Her voice trailed off and I raised my brows. "And she told you," I finished for her. Allie lowered her gaze and stared at the ground, her face reddening immensely. I wasn't angry, but I was a little upset that Dee told her about our pregnancy. "Allie, how about you go see if Dee needs anything more," Enzo said, cautiously as he glanced at me. She nodded and turned to leave right away. "I'll speak to Dee later," Enzo assured me, giving me a loving grin. I sighed and shook my head. "It's okay," I told him, stepping into his embrace. "I'm glad everybody knows. They should know." After another round of hugs and happy tears, we quickly finished our breakfast and then I went upstairs to pack my stuff to get ready to return to school. It felt like I hadn't gone to school in months, but it's only been a week. I was excited to see my friends again and have everything go back to normal. As that thought surfaced in my mind, I glanced at my belly, which was currently still flat. I guess things weren't ever going to be normal again. I placed my fingers on my belly. Things were forever changing, and they were changing fast. "What are you thinking about?" Enzo asked, surprising me. I didn't hear him opening the bedroom door, but when I turned, I saw that he was leaning against the door frame. I turned to look at him and noticed him smiling at me. "We are turning into a little family a lot faster than I thought we would," I told him. He frowned and walked into the room. "Is that a bad thing?" I shook my head. "It's just fast." He wrapped his arms around my waist, and I rested my hands on his broad chest, peering up at him and into his incredible and loving eyes. "As long as we are together there's nothing we can't handle," he breathed, bending down, and brushing his lips against mine. The kiss was over before it began

because then there was a knock on the door frame and Ethan was clearing his throat. "The car is ready," he said, averting his eyes from us. His cheeks were red, and it made me laugh. "Thanks," Enzo muttered, shaking his head at his beta and best friend. "Remind me to interrupt you and Bri next time you have alone time," Enzo teased. I laughed and Ethan's face turned redder, but then he gave Enzo a cocky smile. "You'll have to catch us first," Ethan said, winking playfully. I pulled away from Enzo, ignoring his huffs of displeasure, and I grabbed my suitcases. "I'll take that," Ethan offered, grabbing my bags, and rushing from the room. "And I'll take you," Enzo said with a wink as he held his hand out for me to take. I gladly took him by the hand and entwined my fingers through his. Together we walked out of the room and down the stairs. We said our goodbyes and we went out to the car where Rachel was already seated in the back seat. She kept her head down and she was tugging at her fingers nervously when I slid into the passenger seat in front of her. "Everything okay?" I asked her, peering at her from the mirror while Enzo stood outside the car talking to Ethan about pack business. "I'm just scared..." she murmured. "What if people aren't forgiving? What if they don't want me around?" "Everybody knows this wasn't your fault," I assured her. "My father made sure to tell the headmaster everything. Nobody is going to blame you for anything." "And if they do?" She asked as tears filled her eyes. "Then you will have your friends to back you up." I assured her. "We are in this together, Rachel. You don't have to worry about anything." She gave me a faint smile and then nodded her head once. Enzo slid into the driver's seat and glanced at Rachel through the mirror and then at me. "Ready?" He asked us. "Yes," we both said at the same time. Soon, we were driving away from the packhouse. Most of the drive was quiet except for a little small talk between Enzo and me. Rachel chimed in here and there, but for the most part, she kept quiet and fixed her gaze out the window. When we got to the school, Enzo parked the car and I decided to say goodbye to him right then and there. I knew that Headmaster Prescott and Alpha Jonathan knew about our relationship, but I wasn't sure if I wanted everybody to know about it yet. I figured it would be a good idea to keep a low profile until we had our meeting with Headmaster Prescott tomorrow morning. "I love you," Enzo whispered against my lips. "I love you too," I said in return. "Yuck," Rachel said, scrunching her nose in disgust. "Can we go inside now? I want to get this over with." I laughed, pleased that she was sounding like her old self again. I didn't realize how much I missed – her until this moment. I gave Enzo another kiss before pulling away

from him. "Yes," I said, breathlessly. "Let's go." Enzo went back to his faculty house, and I walked with Rachel back to the dormitory. Thankfully, on Sundays, the campus was quiet. Either students were hanging out in the lounge, or they were chilling in their dorms. Those we did pass didn't seem to notice Rachel, which made Rachel relax as we walked the rest of the way to our section of the dormitory. "Rachel..." Mrs. Carter said as we walked through the door. She then turned her eyes to me. "Lila..." She looked startled to see us; Rachel's face had paled, and I could feel her tension from beside me. I thought Headmaster Prescott would have caught her up on everything and told her that we were returning today. I guess I was wrong. I opened my mouth to speak, but before I could Mrs. Carter was throwing her arms around both of us and hugging us close, much to our surprise. "I'm so glad you girls are back and safe," she breathed with tears brimming the corners of her eyes. I glanced at Rachel who looked just as surprised, but she seemed to have relaxed as she awkwardly patted Mrs. Carter on the back. "It's good to be back," I spoke for the both of us, not really sure what else to say. As if on cue others from our dormitory were walking out of their rooms and coming and peering over at us with startled eyes. "You're back!" One of the girls cooed as she rushed toward us. Soon, we were being hugged and praised by all the girls in our dorms. Apparently, everybody was informed about what had happened and they were happy that we were back. When we returned to our dorm room, Becca and Kayla were curled up on the couch and looked to be engrossed in a conversation. However, it stopped when we walked into the room and Becca jumped to her feet. "Oh, my goddess! You both returned," she cried, running toward us. She hugged Rachel first and held onto her so tightly, I thought Rachel was going to pop. "How are you feeling?" She asked Rachel, still holding onto her. "I tried to talk to you when we were at the Nova pack, but you kept refusing. I was so worried." "I'm sorry," Rachel breathed, tears spilling from her eyes. "I was so ashamed of myself. I know it wasn't my fault. But I hated myself and I couldn't face anybody." "I understand," she breathed. "I'm just glad you are here now." "Any word on Brody and Sarah?" Kayla asked as she gave me a quick hug. I knew she worried about her roommate; they had gotten close since Kayla arrived at updated by jobnib.com this school, which was surprising because Sarah was tough to get along with. "They are going to be out for another week," I answered. "Sarah's body endured a lot of trauma and she's still recovering at the hospital. But Brody said she's getting stronger and will hopefully return in a week." "Oh, good," Kayla breathed. The four of us

chatted for a little longer, catching up on everything. Rachel had relaxed a lot and things were finally starting to feel normal again. Well, as normal as they can for right now. I told them the news of my pregnancy which started hugs and tears again. After a little while, there was a knock on the door, drawing our attention from one another to the door. I was the one who stood from the couch to answer the door. Once the door was open, I heard a gasp from behind me and once my eyes registered the man that stood before me, my entire body froze.