

## My Professor Is My Alpha Mate Chapter 350

The End

Lila's POV

"Today marks a new beginning. It is a chance to redevelop ourselves and tell the universe the kind of people we want to be.

Today marks our many successes and our many failures. A chance for us to screw up and then redeem ourselves. A chance for us to fall in love all over again. Today is not the end. Today is the beginning."

I paused my speech as everyone clapped.

"If these last few years had taught me anything, it's that nothing is impossible. We have what it takes to make anything happen. We are the future generation of this world. We are finally graduates!"

Everybody cheered and whooped, making me chuckle.

When Headmaster Prescott told me that I needed to write a speech for the graduation ceremony, I was terrified but excited at the same time. I was finally able to give my final piece to the school. I had been through a lot while being a student here; I met my mate and made incredible friends. I faced many challenges, and I gave birth to my amazing baby boys.

I'm excited about where this future is going to take us.

My gaze wandered over to my mother who stared up at me, hanging onto every word I spoke. She had tears wedged in the corners of her eyes, but she had a wide and radiant smile on her lips.

I glanced at Brianna who was seated beside Beta Ethan with her arm wrapped around his. Seated on Ethan's lap was their 1-year-old daughter, Kayla.

As my speech concluded, I stepped away from the podium as Prescott joined me on stage.

"What a wonderful speech, Lila. Thank you," she said into the mic.

Everybody started cheering and clapping for me. I felt my face warm from the attention. But I smiled and gave a nod as I turned and began to walk off the stage.

I went to sit in my seat with the rest of the graduating students.

Becca gave me a thumbs-up as walked past her and made myself comfortable in my seat.

Headmaster Prescott began to speak, and the entire auditorium fell silent as she spoke. My heart squeezed knowing this was the last time I was going to be sitting at this school and listening to the headmaster speak.

Tomorrow, we were expected to pack our things and leave campus for good, and I was incredibly sad about that. What about the friends I had made here? Were we still going to be friends afterward?

I know Becca lives fairly far away, Rachel was going to move to Rod's pack. I discovered recently that Rodrick lives amongst other werewolves in a pack not too far from here. I wondered what happened with his vampire family, but I decided it wasn't my business, so, I didn't bother asking about it.

Sarah was going to Brody's pack, which was closer to Elysium than Higala. Kayla was returning to the forest with her family, and I was returning to the Calypso pack with Enzo. I hated goodbyes, so I held off for as long as possible. But I knew I wasn't going to be able to avoid it forever.

One by one, Headmaster Prescott called our names to walk across the stage and take our degrees. I had a degree in Arts that I was determined to put to good use to better my future not only for me but for my boys as well.

When Headmaster Prescott called my name, everybody cheered and whooped loudly. Making me blush as I stood to my feet and walked over to the stage. I glanced over my shoulder at the crowd of people cheering for me. All my friends had stood on their feet and were chanting my name.

I chuckled and turned away as I walked up the steps and onto the stage. I took a deep breath; this was it. This was the moment I've worked so hard for during these last 4 years. This was the moment; my life was truly beginning.

I took steady steps across the stage and smiled at Headmaster Prescott as she reached the degree out to me. I took it in my hands and shook Headmaster Prescott's hand.

"It's been an honor, Lila," she said, low enough for only me to hear.

I smiled and nodded as I stepped around her and back down the stage. As I walked back to my seat, my eyes glazed over at Enzo who was beaming at me. My heart swelled at the sight of him smiling. I could see how proud he was in his eyes, and it instantly made me teary.

How was it possible to love someone so much? How was it possible to split my heart 3 ways and still feel whole?

I sat down as Headmaster Prescott finished calling names and once, she was done she announced our graduating class.

"Mama!" Cooper chuckled when Enzo approached with my boys and everybody else went off with their families.

"Hey, baby," I said, rubbing the top of his head with my fingers.

"Did you see me up there?" I asked, pointing to the stage.

Cooper chuckled and nodded.

"It was funny, Mommy," Asher agreed with a smile of his own.

"And how is my little guy feeling?" I asked, running my fingers through Asher's curly brown hair.

"Better," he said, leaning his head against Enzo's chest.

"Mama I'm hungry," Cooper said, pouting.

"Me too," Asher agreed.

I looked up at Enzo; it was past dinner, and I don't think any of us ate. I was so nervous about this graduation ceremony and having to make a speech, that I completely forgot to eat something.

"We could go to dinner," Enzo suggested, meeting my eyes.

I smiled at that idea.

"As a family?" I asked.

His smile grew and it was radiant.

"As a family," he agreed.

Then, he bent down and kissed me gently on the lips.

Epilogue

5 years later

"Mommy!!!!" I heard my name being yelled from the parlor while I grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl in the kitchen.

I sighed, knowing that town very well; Dee glanced at me with a knowing smile and chuckled.

Soon, the kitchen door burst open and 3-year-old Emalyn ran into the kitchen with her dark curly hair bouncing around her face and her bright blue and blue eyes large with alarm.

"What is it, Emmy?" I asked, bending down so I could be at eye level with her.

"I saw Asher, kissing Kayla!"

My brows rose.

What did my 3-year-old just say?

Soon, the Kitchen door burst open again and Asher ran in to the Kitchen looking panicked.

"Mom don't listen to her," Asher complained, his brows furrowed together angrily as he glared at his little sister.

I stood to my feet and folded my arms across my chest.

"Were you kissing Kayla?" I asked, my brows still raised.

His face was glowing red, which told me just about everything I needed to know.

"No," he lied. "Kissing is gross. I never want to kiss anybody."

"Asher, I don't like it when you lie to me," I said, furrowing my brows together. "Can you please tell me the truth?"

He looked at me for a long while and for a moment, I thought we were having a stare-off, so I kept my ground and continued to stare back. But then he sighed and lowered his gaze.

"I just wanted to see what it was like," he murmured.

"It was gross," Emmy said, crinkling her nose together.

I don't love the fact that my 7-year-old was kissing my best friend's 6-year-old daughter.

"Maybe save the kissing for when you're a little older," I told him, giving him a stern look.

His face grew redder, and he nodded. It made me chuckle as I ran my fingers through his hair.

He wiggled away from me.

"Mom," he complained.

Soon, Cooper walked in to the kitchen, yawning. He was still in his pajamas, making my eyes widen in shock.

"Cooper, why aren't you dressed yet? We are leaving soon," I said, folding my arms across my chest.

He groaned.

"Do we have to go to school today?" He asked, miserably.

Can't we just go to your studio instead?"

"You want to go to the studio with me?" I asked, raising my brows.

"Yay!! They can come to the studio with us!" Emmy cheered.

I looked at Asher who was staring between his siblings.

"Ash?" I asked, drawing his attention.

He looked uncertain and I think I had a feeling as to why. As if on cue, Brianna walked into the kitchen, holding Kayla's hand.

"Did you hear?" Bri asked, a hint of a smile on her lips.

"That my son was kissing your daughter?" I asked, raising my eyebrows as I looked down at a very red-faced Kayla.

Bri nodded, and then we both glanced at Asher who was staring at Kayla with a pained expression on his face.

Awe, my little pup had his first crush, and it couldn't have been with anyone better. I smiled at the very thought as I turned to look at Kayla whose eyes were downcast.

"Kay, would you like to come with me to the studio today?" I asked her.

She peered up at me, surprised.

"Really?" She asked, and then she glanced at Ash who was now staring at me with a shocked expression.

"Of course, sweetie," I said in return.

"Okay," she said, nodding. "Will Ash be there?" I glanced at Ash who was quick to respond.

"Yes," he answered. "I'll be there too."

This made Kay's smile widen.

"I'll call the school and tell them you'll be late," Brianna said, pulling out her cell phone.

"Cooper, get dressed please. We are still leaving soon," I told him over my shoulder.

"Eine," he murmured through a mouthful of cereal Dee had gotten him.

Just before we left, Enzo appeared in the main foyer. He had a bright smile on his lips as all three children ran to hug their father.

"Be good for your mom today," he said to them.

"I'm always good," Emmy said, sticking her nose in the air but then losing her cool and erupting into giggles when Enzo started to tickle her sides.

"Bye Dad," both Asher and Cooper said as they ran toward the front door.

Kayla said goodbye to her father, Ethan, before taking off after the boys. I scooped Emmy into my arms and kissed Enzo on the lips.

"Ew gross," Emmy complained, making us both laugh.

"I'll see you later," I whispered to him.

"Ethan and Bri agreed to watch the kids tonight. I was hoping we could have a little alone time," Enzo said, his voice going low and husky, making me blush.

"I love that idea," I said, kissing him again much to Emmy's dismay.

We said our goodbyes and followed the others outside and toward the waiting car. It only took a few minutes to get to the studio. It was in the center of the Calypso pack, and it was called "Lila's Art Exhibit"

I closed the exhibit every Monday and Wednesday for art lessons. Wednesdays were my art lessons for children and Mondays were the art lessons for adults. Every other day of the week it was just an exhibit for people to check out and even purchase the artwork that I and others created

As we entered the classroom, I saw all my students already seated at their desks. Most of them were Emmy's age, but we had a few that were Asher and Cooper's age as well. Any age group was welcome as long as they had their parents' permission.

Emmy took her seat in the front row and the other 3 found a different seat toward the back.

I stood in front of everybody, smiling. As I looked around the room at all the different types of wolves, a mixture of Volana and regular werewolves; those with abilities and those without, I felt a sense of pride.

We've come a long way over the years, and I couldn't have been happier.

"Hello, class. Welcome back to art for beginners," I said to the children who sat around me.

In unison, they all said, "Hello Luna Lila!" And just like that, the class began.

THE END –