

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 108 – Painting Brody



Lila's POV

Skank.

My drawing of Enzo had the word “skank” written in black paint. The entire painting was completely ruined.

But this was nothing compared to all the art that Cassidy-Ann and her artists worked so hard to create. Her entire gallery was completely destroyed. It would take months to get everything back the way it was.

My heart ached for her.

Cassidy-Ann was crying in the background as she spoke to the police officers and Enzo stood behind me as I stared at the painting.

He was oddly comforting considering he wanted nothing to do with me and everything to do with Connie. But I allowed him to stay nearby because, for some odd reason, he still brought my wolf immense comfort.

“Who would do such a thing?” Val asked in a choked-up voice. “You worked so hard on this painting...”

I didn't have an answer for her.

This was my very first painting of Enzo, so attached to this painting were memories.

I couldn't tell if they were calling me a skank, or Enzo. But if I had to guess; I would say they were talking to the artist.

“You can paint another one... can't you?” Cassidy-Ann asked, stepping beside me. “A better one.”

I didn't have a voice to speak; I cried so much today that I was afraid I would burst into tears again if I even tried to speak.

“You shouldn't be seeing this...” Enzo said, his tone low and only for my ears. “Let me take you back to your dorm.”

I didn't want to go back with him; he stepped closer to me, but I stepped away from him in return. I couldn't even look at him.

Knowing what he had done the night before; he didn't care about me. He never cared about me.

He hates me and I knew it was because I was a Volana wolf.

I wanted nothing to do with him right now.

Val gasped at my inner monologue, and I knew she was saddened by my words; but if we stayed around him any longer, it would only cause her more heartbreak. I had only just gotten my wolf. I couldn't watch her heart deteriorate anymore.

“Do you think you can take me back to my dorm?” I asked, peering up at Cassidy-Ann who just looked surprised.

“I have to clean up here,” she said with a timid frown. “I need to figure out what to do. Obviously, you can have tonight off. I need to meet with my artists and see what needs to be done to recreate these paintings. I also need to hire a cleaning crew and reach out to my decorators.”

I nodded my head once; I understood. She had way too much to do to worry about me getting back to school.

“If you need a ride, I can take you back to campus, Miss Lila,” Officer Ken offered. “I'm heading that way anyway.”

I forced a smile of gratitude in his direction and nodded my head.

“Thank you,” I said to him.

I didn't even look at Enzo as I walked past him. I wasn't sure what to say to him or how to act around him. I just knew that I needed to get away from him. I needed to get Val away from him.

She was hardly thinking straight, and I needed her right now.

He didn't argue, and he didn't come after me.

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I sat in the student lounge later in the evening. I couldn't bring myself to go back to my dorm room knowing that I didn't even have Rachel there to talk to.

She's only been gone for a few days, and I miss her terribly. My heart ached at the thought of not seeing her again until after summer.

Becca was off somewhere studying for exams, and I should be with her, also studying. But every time I opened a book, my mind would wander and all I could think about was my heartbreak.

Exams were only a few days away and I feared I would be too distracted to pass them.

Whoever vandalized Cassidy-Ann's studio, I had a feeling it was an attack on me. My painting was the only one with actual writing on it... and it wasn't pleasant.

I sulked in my seat, feeling the weight of the world on my shoulders and my heart sinking further into my stomach.

“Hey Lila,” said a familiar voice.

Brody was approaching with a saddened smile as he sat across from me at the table I was sitting at.

“How are you feeling?” He asked with concern lacing his tone.

Becca must have told him what was going on. I ran into her when I got back to campus, and I told her everything that had happened at the studio. Leaving out the part where Enzo was there.

“I just can't believe the studio got destroyed. Cassidy-Ann was so upset. I've never seen her like that before.”

“She's an incredible artist, as are you. I bet she will be just fine. You will all be able to create even better paintings. I'm sure of it.”

“That's not the point. Whoever did this... I think they were after me,” I said meeting his eyes.

He frowned at my words.

“Do you have any idea who would want to do that to you?” He asked curiously.

I thought about it for a moment, but then shook my head.

“No... Officer Ken said they weren't going to rest until they figure out who did this. I guess I just have to trust them...” I said as I sighed. “I could always see if my father would look into it as well. He's a great detective.”

“That's a good idea. If anyone can figure this mystery out, it's Alpha Bastien,” Brody said with a bright smile. His smile always seemed to light up the room; even though he wasn't my mate, Val seemed to have relaxed as well.

He was right though; my father would be able to figure out who vandalized the studio quickly. I made a mental note to call him later and ask for his help.

But for right now, I needed to get to class.

“I should go,” I told him. “I need to get to art class.”

“Okay...” he said, standing to his feet just as I did. “But hey, if you need any help creating a new painting, let me know. I don't mind helping you.”

“You know how to paint?” I asked, raising my eyebrows.

“Well, no,” he laughed. “But if you need a new muse...” he paused and grinned.

It would be nice to have a fresh face for my painting. Plus, I didn't really want to face Enzo long enough to paint him again.

This might actually workout.

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Later, Brody met me in the art room after my art class finished for the day.

Brody sat in one of the chairs that I set up and for a moment, he looked a little uncomfortable and awkward.

It made me laugh.

“Just relax,” I told him as I sat in front of the canvas. “We are going to be here for a little bit.”

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Enzo's POV

I asked Cassidy-Ann and some of her artists for a favor after Lila left the exhibit with Officer Ken. I wanted to give Lila something incredibly special as a token of my apology. I just hoped that she would accept it.

I looked at the clock and knew that Lila would be in the art room at this hour. Her art class ended a little while ago and typically she enjoyed staying after class and doing some extra work.

The art Professor usually gave her the keys to lock up.

She should be alone right now and that would be the perfect time to give her the gift. I stared at the large canvas I had covered in a sheet.

Grabbing it, I headed straight across the campus to the academic center; I traveled to the art wing of the center until I reached the classroom that I knew Lila was in.

I could smell her scent lingering outside the door and it made my wolf go crazy.

But as I opened the door, I froze, staring at the scenery before me, stunned, and fuming.

Lila was there, in her seat with the canvas in front of her... but her muse in the seat on the other side of the canvas.... was none other than Brody.