

# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 129 – Art Class



Lila's POV

Both Enzo and Connie dropped me off at the academy where I went straight to Cassidy-Ann's new office in the art section of the school. My entire heart was so heavy as I watched Enzo leave with Connie trailing closely behind him.

I couldn't believe they were actually leaving to go to the beach together.

Cassidy-Ann had my desk set up in the corner of her office and I set all my things up on the desk to make it a little more unique.

I started the morning by working on Cassidy-Ann's upcoming schedule for the weeks to come. Which included, but was not limited to, important meetings and interviews, art signings, art shows, banquets, important dinners, future assemblies, and local parties.

She was certainly going to be very busy during her time here.

I logged into her website and saw that she had some sales that I needed to invoice and process.

"Don't forget we have class this afternoon. It's the introduction course," Cassidy-Ann reminded me. "You'll need to be there the entire time as my aid. It's only about an hour long. I know we are supposed to have dinner this evening, but I promised Leroy, I would take him out tonight, so you'll be on your own this evening."

"That's fine," I said only half listening.

I couldn't get Enzo out of my mind. It's been about an hour since he left with Connie, and I couldn't help but wonder what they were doing.

I knew they were going to the beach, but there was this tight knot in my stomach. I didn't like them being left alone.

"Is everything okay?" Cassidy-Ann asked, peering over at me from her desk. "You aren't distracted, are you?"

"What? No, of course not," I said, glancing at her briefly. "I was just finishing up these invoices. We have class this afternoon and we aren't having dinner tonight. I'm listening."

She looked at me for a moment longer and I couldn't tell if she believed me or not, but she said nothing more.

I turned back to my computer and continued my work.

Soon, my work phone started ringing. It was a number I didn't recognize but that wasn't surprising.

"Cassidy-Ann's office, how may I help you?" I said into the phone.

"Hello, my name is Monica. I'm looking for a painting to hang up at my penthouse. I'm willing to pay whatever is necessary to get a Cassidy-Ann original."

"Of course," I said, going back to the website. "Are you looking for something in particular? Or would you like a custom painting?"

"I would like a custom collage. I have a few pictures that I would like included in this collage, but I would also like Cassidy-Ann to come up with her own style as well. I like bold and bright colors."

"Sure," I said, typing that into the order notes. "And what would you like for dimensions?"

"How about 18" x 24"?"

I typed that into the order notes as well.

"For a custom Cassidy-Ann portrait, payment starts off at \$1500. We will need a down payment of at least \$500 before we get to work. Do you have an email I can send that bill to?"

Once she gave me her email address, I created the invoice with her custom details and sent it to her.

"Once you send that payment, I'll send a link to your email, and you can send us the pictures you'd like to use. I'll send you a confirmation once it's received. I'll send another confirmation once she starts working on it. Expect it to be finished in a week and you should have it the following week. Make sure you send me your address along with that payment within the next 12 hours or your spot will be taken by someone else."

"Thank you so much. I'll get that payment right away."

"Once the painting is completed, before we send it to you, we'll send another bill for the final payment. Once that payment is received your order will be shipped."

"I understand," she said happily. "Thank you again."

Once I hung up the phone I went to Cassidy-Ann's schedule and penciled her in for studio time to work on that painting. She already had some studio time scheduled for some other online orders, so I had to rearrange some things to make sure she had the time.

"Another custom art piece is being requested," I announced to her. "She's going to send me the pictures she wants to be used."

"Okay, thank you, Lila," she said to me, sounding pleased.

I was glad to be back on her good side. Not that I was ever on her bad side; but I knew she was losing hope in my ability to stay focused these last couple of days, all because of Enzo. I couldn't let him distract me. This was my future and I needed to stay focused, even if Connie was here.

Later in the afternoon, I went with Cassidy-Ann to one of the art rooms to help her set up for the class. The art room reminded me of the art room back at the school in Higala.

There was even a small desk near the main desk that I assumed was going to be my desk. I went toward that desk and set up some stuff. I'm not entirely sure what my job here was going to consist of, but I was excited to find out.

I never really thought of myself as a teacher, but I knew how good I was at art, and I wanted to showcase my abilities to a bunch of new students.

I also wondered who was lucky enough to be in this class. I'm sure they had to pay an extra tuition fee because this was a special summer course with Cassidy-Ann.

Not before long, excited students began to pile into the classroom and find their seats.

"Oh, my goddess! Lila!! I didn't know you were going to be here too! Are you assisting Cassidy-Ann?" Em asked as she approached me.

"I am," I told her. "I'm sorry I didn't call you back this morning. I kind of got distracted and then busy."

"No worries. I figured as much. I was mainly worried last night. I could tell you're not much of a drinker and you were extremely drunk. I didn't know who else to call so I called your bodyguard."

"I appreciate that," I told her with a kind smile. "That was honestly the best thing you could have done."

"I'm glad you made it back to the resort okay," she said, giving me a fond smile. "I'm excited to learn from the greatest artist of our generation."

I laughed at her eagerness as she went to take a seat; she sat right next to a familiar figure.

Matty.

Another memory surfaced in my mind upon seeing his extremely annoyed face. I remembered him telling me that he didn't like me because I was a Volana, and we are known to be dangerous because of our powers.

A tight knot formed in my stomach; I was used to outsiders judging me because of what I am. But I didn't like that it was someone in this friend group that I wanted to get in with. If I ever ended up going to this school, I was going to need allies and the fact that Matty hated me made me worry that he was going to turn everybody else against me.

I managed to avoid him for most of the class; I ignored the side eyes and the whispering from him, trying to act as if I wasn't bothered by it.

Cassidy-Ann mainly spoke about her experiences as an artist and how she came into this industry. She talked about some drawing hacks she adopted in her first year of college and taught some basic skills.

I passed out some worksheets that the students were expected to complete by the end of class. These worksheets were meant to show Cassidy-Ann their current skill level, so she knows where to go from there.

By the end of class, I went around and collected each of their worksheets. By the time I got to Matty, I saw that his paper was faced down.

Without saying anything, I grabbed it from him and went towards the front of the room to place them on Cassidy-Ann's desk while she finished her lecture. I couldn't help but glance at Matty's paper to see what it was he had drawn, and I froze when I saw a drawing of me and him.

He was setting me on fire.