

## My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 167 – New Dorm



Lila's POV

"I can't believe they are replacing Professor Enzo. Did he even give a reason as to why he quit?" Becca asked as we made our way toward the dorms.

"I'm not sure," I lied. "I haven't talked to him since last year."

"He was at the party though, wasn't he?" She frowned, peering over at me.

"Yeah, but he mainly talked to my father," I said with a shrug.

"I guess we can just call him 'Alpha Enzo' now," she said with a sigh. "It's too bad. I was practicing all summer."

"We are still going to take this course together, right?" I asked, raising my brows at her. "We signed up for it together last semester."

"Yes. It's just not going to be the same."

"Agreed," I said in return.

We finally reached the student dorm building and we used the elevator in the female section to get to the second floor.

"Hey, Lila. Hey Becca. Welcome back!" A girl said as she walked by.

"Hey!" I smiled, giving her a wave.

We went down the crowded hall, saying hi to other students in the passing. Everybody was eager to be back at school and was talking amongst friends and peers they hadn't seen all summer.

Even Sarah was in the hall, talking amongst her friends and telling them all about her "glorious summer."

We finally made it to our room, and I grabbed the key to unlock the door. I wasn't sure what to expect upon entering. I've only had one roommate in the past, but this dorm was made to have three roommates.

When we walked in, we both gasped. We were met with a small living room and a half kitchen. Half because we weren't allowed to cook in our dorms so there wasn't any stove or anything. However, there was a microwave, a fridge, and some counter space, along with a couple of cabinets.

The living room consisted of a sofa, a love chair, a coffee table, and a flat-screen TV on a stand in front of the coffee table. On the wooden floors, there was a light purple rug that looked incredibly soft to the touch. There was also a small bookshelf on the far side of the room, near the small dining table. The dining table sat next to the window that overlooked the campus yards and it was a gorgeous view.

On the far side of the wall, I saw 2 doors, which I'm assuming were the bedrooms. On the other side of the room, there was another set of 2 doors, which was assumed to be the third bedroom and a shared bathroom.

"They gave us a suite?!" Becca gasped as she too took in her surroundings. "It's beautiful in here."

"This semester is going to be awesome," I said, a large smile tugging at my lips.

We were staying in a dorm suite; this was awesome. We all got separate bedrooms. I was going to miss sleeping with Becca's bed beside mine, but it was going to be nice having privacy. Especially considering there's going to be three of us.

"I guess we should pick out our rooms," I suggested as I shut the door behind us.

She went to one door and opened it, peering inside, and then went into the one next to it and looked inside that one as well.

"They both look roughly the same. I'm assuming the third one looks the same as well. I'll just take this one," she said as she pulled her suitcase into the room.

I went to the room next to hers and went inside. The room was small, but it was my own. It had a full-sized bed, a nightstand, a dresser with a mirror, and a small closet on the far side of the room.

I grabbed my phone out of my bag and frowned at the screen when I saw that Enzo hadn't texted or called me back.

I couldn't help but grow annoyed with him.

"Who tells someone they love them and then just ghosts?" Val huffed, also annoyed.

"Enzo apparently," I said in return, shaking my head.

"We are still going to his packhouse this weekend though, right?"

"Yes. I need answers from him," I confirmed.

I sent Bri a text telling her about the big dorm we have and then sent a couple of pictures. Then I sent Rachel a text inquiring where she was. I wasn't expecting her to answer, but I figured I'd try anyway.

I spent most of the afternoon unpacking and putting things away in my new room. Becca and I spent time decorating and making the dorm room our own.

"You have to start thinking about your campaign. We can't let Sarah win. She would destroy the very committee that you created," Becca told me, shaking her head with dismay written all over her face.

That's when I remembered my conversation with Scott earlier.

"Becca, you've known Sarah longer than I have. Did you ever notice anything weird about her?"

She furrowed her brows together.

"Weird how?"

"I don't know; anything out of the ordinary. Like abilities," I answered.

"You're the only one I've met with real abilities," Becca shrugged. "I never noticed anything with Sarah. Why do you ask?"

"I had a weird conversation with Scott earlier," I began to tell her.

She froze and looked at me.

"Scott—?"

Just as she was about to ask me a question, the front door swung open, and we both turned to see Rachel walking into the room with a bunch of suitcases.

"I'm back, bitches!" She announced.

"Rachel!" Becca and I said at the same time.

I was the first to run to her and hug her; she laughed when we nearly attacked her.

"Holy shit; get a load of this room," she gasped as she walked into the dorm. "Do we each get our own separate bedrooms??"

"Yes! Yours is next to the bathroom," I told her fondly. "I'm so happy you're here, Rachel. How are you? We barely talked all summer."

"I wasn't allowed a phone in the facility, but I'm great. Better than ever and ready for this semester. Did I miss anything good?"

"Nothing unusual. We were just talking about—"

"Our classes," I interrupted, giving Becca a look. "We were talking about our classes. One of our professors quit so the transition is going to be weird."

"Awe, that's too bad," Rachel said with a frown. "I kind of have some weird news too and I don't have a lot of time before he—"

Just as she was about to finish her sentence, a tall gentleman appeared at the doorway. His aura was strange and hazy, nothing like I had seen before. Not particularly dark, but also not light either. Just dreary. He wore a suit, but it looked kind of cheap, and he had a worn-out smile on his lips. He looked to be around my father's age.

I knew right away that he wasn't a wolf; he was giving me bear energy.

I looked at Rachel with a frown and she met my eyes, giving me a look, I couldn't read. However, she didn't look particularly thrilled.

"Lila, Becca..." Rachel began. "I'd like you to meet Raymond. My father."