

# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 181 Meeting Enzo's Mom

Lila's POV

I wore a white sundress with little yellow flowers around the bottom hem. The straps of the dress went around the back of my neck. It didn't show off too much cleavage, but it made my figure very known with how tightly it hugged my body.

It was a gorgeous dress though and complimented the paleness of my skin. I allowed my hair a little bit of freedom. I had it half up and half down; the part that was down was lightly curled and flowing evenly down my back, landing just above my waist.

My hair was getting too long; I was thinking about cutting it soon, but Enzo said he liked my hair. He enjoys nuzzling his face in it and taking in my scent.

I only wore a little makeup because I wanted a more natural look.

My heart was thudding against my chest rapidly as nerves started to get the best of me. Just when I thought I was going to jump out of my skin, Enzo opened the door slightly and peered into his bedroom where I stood in front of his standing mirror.

"Wow, Lila," he said once he got a look at me.

He stepped further into the room and shut the door behind him.

"You didn't have to get this dressed up, but you are breathtaking," he breathed, his eyes showing so much sincerity. My heart began to flutter at the compliment.

I enjoyed this side of Enzo; this side of Enzo felt comfortable... it felt safe.

"I just want to make a good impression," I tell him as he comes closer. "I'm a little nervous."

"Why are you nervous?" He asked with humor in his tone. I could tell he was fighting the urge to laugh.

"I want your mom to like me. I only get one first impression and I need to make it count," I told him, peering up and into his eyes.

His eyes were soft, and I could get lost in them forever. I loved the way he looked at me. Val wiggled comfortably as she settled in with our mate. Val had told me at one point that she and Max often speak to one another without Enzo and me.

Both our wolves are happy that we are finally together and marked.

"My mom is going to love you," he said, wrapping his arms around me. "We are just going to the hospital, and the doctors say she's not even awake yet."

"But she could wake up at any moment and when she does—"

"She's going to be exhausted and barely see you. Her eyes are so bruised and swollen. Her wolf is old and not fast at healing," Enzo told me.

He took hold of my hands and spun me around to face him.

"I love you and my mom is going to love you," he said in a soft tone.

I smiled and kissed him gently on the cheek.

I allowed Enzo to guide me out of his room and down the stairs of the packhouse. Ethan stood at the doorway, staring between us.

"The car is all set. Want me to drive you?" He asked.

Enzo shook his head.

"I can drive," he answered.

I smiled my thanks to Ethan before following Enzo outside towards his running car. It only took us a few minutes to get to the pack hospital.

Enzo knew exactly where he was going so, I just followed closely behind him. His mother was on the second story in a private section of the hospital. When we got to her room, I took a steady breath.

He pushed the door open and went inside the room; I followed behind him. The first thing I noticed upon entering her room was the way the natural sunlight poured in through the window and lit up the entire room. Then I noticed the large bouquet of flowers on the bedside table that looked very new.

Enzo's mother lay in the bed, facing upward, with a bunch of machines and tubes attached to her. I gasped when I saw the number of bruises that covered her flesh. She had cuts on her face and hands, scratch marks, and bruises, and her eyes were completely swollen just as Enzo had told me. She was wrapped in bandages also so I could only imagine what the rest of her looked like. But I also noticed burn marks on her hands and the imagery made me wince.

I stepped closer, getting a closer look beyond the wounds. From her features, Enzo looked a lot like her. I could see where he got his good looks because she was beautiful. She had big full lips, just like Enzo, and high cheekbones. Her brown hair was long and flowing across her shoulders.

I wished she would open her eyes so I could see those too.

Enzo took a seat next to her bed and took her hands into his, holding them gently.

My heart ached for him; I couldn't imagine what he must be going through right now. The pain he must be feeling knowing he couldn't be there to protect his mother.

He lowered his head in defeat while still holding onto her hands.

It dawned on me that he hadn't really told me a lot about his mother. I don't know what kind of mother she was and what he was like with her. Then again, he turned out kind of great so she must have done something right.

But still, the question remained:

Why was she living as a rogue?

I was told it was a choice she made, but I didn't understand why. Nobody has explained it any further than that.

I placed my hand on Enzo's shoulder and just stood beside him. I said nothing, I knew if he wanted to speak then he would. But I knew for right now, he just needed some time.

"She spent her entire life protecting me from the wrath of my father and his men. Now when it was my turn to protect her, I wasn't here...." he finally said after a long silence.

I widened my eyes at him.

"What do you mean?" I found myself asking.

"She fled the wolf society when I was only an infant because she knew how dangerous my father was. He told her if he ever saw us again, he would make her watch as he killed me..."

"What?!" I gasped.

I knew Blaise was messed up, but his own son?

"He thought my mother had an affair and that I was other guys' child," Enzo explained, shaking his head. "He didn't believe that I was really his son. When I was born and didn't look like I belonged to him, he rejected my mother and kicked her from the pack. Told her to never show her face around here again or he would kill me and then kill her..."

He paused to gather his thoughts and I couldn't hide the tears threatening my eyes.

"She spent a long time protecting me, knowing that he could change his mind and kill us anyway. He had a lot of warriors and quite a following. My mother feared him... she still does long after his death. She refuses to return to the pack unless all my father's warriors and following are gone. She doesn't trust the world and the rogue village she lives in has become her home."

"I remember hearing that her village is hidden with the magic of a witch. Only those invited can enter. So, how did she get attacked?"

Enzo was quiet for a moment longer as he looked down at his mother.

"She was probably scavenging," Enzo said, shaking his head. "They knew they could get to me through her. She probably left the barrier to get something beyond their village. Or maybe they lure her out with something," he said, shuddering at the thought.

"But regardless, they took her and beat her to get back at me."

My heart squeezed painfully in my chest as I choked back a sob.

"I should have been there to protect her," he whispered, defeated.

Before I could say anything, a soft voice came from the bed.

"It's not your fault."