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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 191 A Tough Battle

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Lila's POV

I was taken aback by Professor Xander's cruel words. I never expected him to go easy on me so for him to assume that's what I wanted was upsetting. If anything, I liked the challenge. I've never been one to shy away from a good challenge and I wasn't going to start today.

Xander smirked.

"I'm changing the rules for you, Miss Lila," Xander continued as he measured me with his eyes. "I've heard about you. Ah. Yes.

I've heard everything about you and what you can do. I also heard about your incident with a student last year. Let me be clear...

that won't be happening again this year."

I furrowed my brows together; was he talking about the incident with Becca? How did he even find out about that? It was supposed to be kept quiet.

“Your training will be different than the other students. Your training won’t include your wolf. If you shift into your wolf, you will be penalized. All of your combat will be done in human form.”

“I can’t shift?!” I gasped, staring up at him in disbelief.

He can’t just take away my ability to use my wolf. This was a combat class, but this was also a shifting class in a shifting academy.

“It’s a shifting class,” I spoke my thoughts out loud.

“How do you expect me to pass the class and not shift?”

“Your lessons will be solely on combat. We will be using various weapons and hand combat,” he explained, keeping his tone even. “The usage of your wolf is forbidden. Am I understood?”

I stared at him for a moment longer, Val grew incredibly uneasy at the sound of his words, but she kept quiet.

I managed a head nod.

“Good,” he said, turning away from me and walking toward the back of the arena.

I took that as my cue to follow him; he was my partner for the semester after all.

Once we were away from everyone else, he turned toward me and placed his hands behind his back.

He stared at me with a blank expression.

“Hit me.”

I rose my brows.

“What?” I asked, unsure if I heard him correctly.

“Hit me,” he said again.

I stared at him for a moment longer, his expression unchanged and his body unmoved.

“I’d like to see the method you use and your body language. I haven’t seen you fight before so I’d like you to hit me.”

“I could hurt you,” I said to him.

He was a tall and broad man who towered over me, but I’ve taken down men his size before. I was confident that I could hurt him and the thought of hurting a professor left me feeling unsettled.

“You won’t,” he said, sounding very sure of himself.

For some reason, that made me want to hit him.

I got into my usual fighting stance and lifted my clenched fists; he remained unmoved, and his eyes were on mine.

I swung my fist in the direction of his face and just as I was about to make contact, my fist hit nothing but air. I nearly fell as he dodged the attack, quickly and with ease.

Once I got my footing, I stared up at him.

“Again,” he ordered, taking his place.

My heart was pounding in my chest, and I swallowed the lump in my throat. I repeated the same motion, attempting to hit the side of his face, but this time I actually fell to my face as he dodged the attack.

Xander moved at lightning speed.

“How are you doing that?” I asked as I sat up on the ground.

“The first rule of combat is knowing your opponent's next move. Yours are predictable. With your feet's placement and the movement of your body, I know exactly where you are aiming, and I can time when I to move out of the way. You are typical.”

“But I'm...”

I was going to tell him that I'm usually fast, but before I could get a word out, he was grabbing my arm, twisting it, spinning me around, and burying my face into the ground. The motion was so fast, I didn't see it coming and I certainly wasn't expecting it.

I felt his knee digging into my back and his hand remained on the back of my head, keeping me pinned and unable to move.

“Ah!” I yelled as he put more pressure on my body.

“You are hurting me,” I whimpered.

“Never let your guard down,” he murmured against my ear, and I felt his hot breath on the side of my face, making my stomach turn. “You were unprepared, and it showed in your body language. Made it the perfect opportunity to attack you.”

He grabbed my hair and yanked my head off the ground while keeping his knee dug into my back. Pain was instantly shooting through my body; Val was desperate to emerge and help me, but I kept pushing her further into my mind. If wasn't allowed to use her and if I did, I'd get penalized.

Xander was a professor; he couldn't seriously hurt me. I could handle this on my own; there was a lesson in here and I was going to learn it.

“Break free from me,” he ordered in a lowly tone.

My body was trembling, but I used my hands to reach for his arm; I needed him to release my hair so I could have movement of

the rest of my body. But just as I made contact with his arm, he applied even more pressure to my back, making it almost impossible to breathe.

I gasped out as more pain traveled around my body. "You might be a Volana, but you are weak," he hissed against my ear. "Your instructors have gone easy on you in the past but that ends now."

No.

My father didn't go easy on me while training me growing up. But he also didn't make it impossible for me to move my body while in combat.

"Break free from me, little wolf," Xander seethed, and I could hear the humor in his voice.

He was enjoying this; he enjoyed the fact that I was struggling against him.

He kept his hold on my arm so I wouldn't try to grab him again. I clenched my teeth and pulled with all my strength out of his grasp. To my surprise, I was able to break free of his hold and went to grab at him again. But just as quickly as I broke free from him, he was able to grab my other arm and twist it, then pinned it behind my back like he was a police officer, and I was a criminal.

I was sure there were witnesses to this by now. The rest of the class must have been hearing my screams, but Xander didn't stop. He used his other knee to pin my arm to the ground while applying even more pressure to my back.

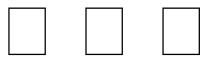
I used my free arm and reached out to grab him again, but his knee came into contact and with force and speed he managed to slam my arm back to the ground and pin it beneath him. However, due to the amount of pressure applied to my arm and the speed of it smashing to the ground, I heard a loud snap.

I lay frozen, not feeling anything at first. Then the pain hit me.

Holy hell.

He broke my arm.

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 192 Broken arm

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Lila's POV

“Get off her!” I heard Becca crying as she ran in our direction. “I think her arm is broken.”

I was still frozen, remaining on the ground, long after Professor Xander had gotten off me. Students were gathering around,

gawking at the scene before them.

Becca fell to the ground beside me and touched the side of my face gently.

“Lila? Can you hear me? Are you okay?” She asked, her voice trembling as she scanned the rest of my body.

My breathing was shaky as I struggled to take greedy breaths of air. I hadn't realized I wasn't breathing until the pressure was off

my body. I lifted my head slightly to see my arm lying limp beside me.

He actually broke my arm.



“Get her to the nurse,” Xander ordered Becca like he was ordering her to take out the trash. “Then come back to class.”

Becca didn't hesitate to stand to her feet. She took my good arm and helped me stand. Everybody was staring at me with wide and worried eyes. All except for Sarah and a couple of her friends who looked annoyed by my interruption.

I ignored their hateful looks though and went with Becca, without even looking at Xander, out of the arena. .

The walk to the nurse's office was quiet; I could tell Becca had a million things running through her mind. I was grateful that she was with me though; she kept her hold on my body so I wouldn't fall over.

It was painful to walk, even when I could feel Val working on healing my injuries. I knew with an arm break; it was going to take her some time.

“Why would the professor do that to you?” Becca finally asked and I could tell she had tears in her eyes without even looking at her. “You need to report that.”

I knew she was right; I couldn't let him get away with something like that. It seemed like he had some kind of vendetta against

me.

Was it because I was a Volana?

“Do you want me to go with you to the headmaster?”

She asked, peering over at my face.

I shook my head.

“No. You should get back to class so he isn’t angry with you,” I told her. “I don’t want him to do this to you too.”

“Was he mad at you? Is that why he did this?” She asked.

“I don’t know...” I said in return.

We reached the nurse's office moments later; thankfully there wasn't anybody there and when she saw me, she gasped and stood to her feet from her desk.

“Lila? Oh my goddess, what happened?”

“Broken arm...” I said, clenching my teeth as pain rose from my arm and throughout the rest of my body.

Val was taking her time healing me.

“It happened during our combat and shifting class,” Becca further explained, helping the nurse bring me to one of the beds.

“Let me take a look,” she said softly, lifting my broken arm and making me wince. “Ouch...” she said under her breath.

“Will her wolf heal her?” Becca asked with an eyeful of tears.

“Of course, but it might take a little bit. You should get back to class, Becca. I can handle it from here,” the nurse said kindly, giving Becca a reassuring smile.

Becca looked down at me and I could see the uncertainty in my eyes.

I gave her a small and weak smile of my own, indicating that it was fine that she had left. She nodded, understanding my cue, and then left without another word.

The nurse went over to the sink across the room and soaked a washcloth with warm water before returning to me. She placed the cloth over my injured arm, soothing it. I sighed in relief.

“That feels nice,” I said to her.

She nodded and went to grab something from one of her cabinets. When she returned, she had a cup filled with a mysterious pink liquid.

“Your wolf will heal you soon enough. But drink this stuff and it’ll help with the pain,” the nurse instructed. I took the cup from her and took a sip, expecting it to taste a lot worse than it did. But it tasted oddly sweet. I drank the rest and almost instantly I felt no pain. Actually, my entire body tingled and warmed up; it started to feel as if I was lying on a cloud.

The thought of Enzo came into my mind suddenly and I remembered how I felt his pain when he got injured while fighting those rogues.

Did that mean he could feel my pain as well?

I didn't have my cell phone with me, and I wondered if he was blowing up my phone.

"He can't feel our pain," Val assured me. "We are too far. Just like he can't mindlink us."

That was a relief to hear.

"So, what exactly happened to you?" The nurse asked, staring at me intently. "You said you came from combat and shifting?"

I nodded, reliving the moment that Professor Xander attacked me and broke my arm.

"I was combating and got injured."

"Wasn't the professor there to stop the situation before it escalated?" She asked, confused.

"He wasn't around," I told her. "He went to the bathroom." It was a lie, but I wasn't sure what else to say.

She looked at me with uncertainty for a moment before giving me a faint smile.

"Just get some rest. Once you are healed you can leave."

I nodded and watched as she went back to her desk to get some work done.

Within the hour, I was completely healed and was on my way to Tiffany Prescott's office. Her office was across campus in a completely different building. The headmaster and the board shared the same office building; it was also where the campus courtroom was as well. This was where we had the trial for Sarah last year before she was suspended for a month.

Mrs. Prescott's office was on the top floor of the building and had a gorgeous view of the entire campus.

"Take a seat," she said as soon as I stepped into her office. "Is everything okay? Is it the election? It's a couple of weeks away.

Have you thought about your campaign?"

"That's actually not why I'm here," I told her, meeting her eyes.

Her frown deepened.

"Okay. Then, what's going on?" She asked, her voice soft and filled with understanding. She made me feel comfortable.

"It's actually, Professor Xander..." I told her. "My shifting and combat professor. I really don't like making complaints about faculty members. But while in class...." I paused for a moment to gather my thoughts.

“What happened, Lila?” She asked firmly, keeping her eyes on me.

I took a deep breath.

“He broke my arm. I just got back from the nurse. My wolf healed me. But we were combatting, and he was so rough he broke my arm.”

She was quiet for a moment as she processed what I had just said.

“We take faculty abuse very seriously,” she said, leaning back in her seat. “I understand that in a shifting academy, injuries like this can take place quite frequently. Thankfully, with the power of our wolves, we have the power to heal quickly. I see you are already making a recovery from the accident and—” I nodded instantly.

“It wasn’t an accident. He was trying to hurt me,” I spoke with a little more force than I meant to.

“Were there witnesses to back up your claim?”

“The entire class saw it,” I told her. “He wouldn’t stop despite me asking him to and telling him he was hurting me.”

She stared around my face for a moment longer before nodding.

“Okay. I will look into it and ask the witnesses for their side of the story. We will touch base with you later when we’ve come to a

decision.”

I nodded and stood to my feet.

“Thank you,” I said to her.

As I left the office, I thought about calling Enzo to tell him what had happened, but I really didn’t want to involve him in this.

Knowing him, he would come to the school and kill Professor Xander.

I took a deep breath as I went outside; the cold fall air filled my lungs with its brisk sharpness and then I exhaled, calming my body after such a stressful morning. I only had a couple of classes today, one of which was art with Miss Grace.

After art class, was Werewolf History. Then, I had the rest of the afternoon off.

By the time it neared evening, I received a mindlink from the headmaster.

“Lila, would you mind seeing me in my office please.”

The headmaster was able to mindlink all the students in the school, so it didn’t come as strange to me to hear her voice in my head.

I went straight to Mrs. Prescott’s office, but I froze when I saw Professor Xander sitting in one of the chairs.

He met my eyes and to my utter dismay, he smirked.

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 193 Erased Memories

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#Chapter 193 Erased Memories

Lila's POV

“Please, take a seat, Lila,” Mrs. Prescott said, motioning for the empty chair beside Xander. I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat and went to sit down. I kept my eyes from finding Xander’s again and fixed my attention on the headmaster.



“I was just speaking to Professor Xander about the incident this morning to get to the bottom of everything,” she began as she pressed the palms of her hands together and entwined her fingers in front of her. “He was just explaining to me that breaking your arm was an unfortunate accident.”

An accident?

I stared at Mrs. Prescott in shock, unsure of what to say in response. My entire body was frozen.

Was she letting him off the hook?

“I also spoke with some of the students, and they agreed that it seemed like an accident,” she continued. My heart sank deep into my stomach.

“What about Becca? She was the one who made him get off me,” I finally found my voice and I was thankful it didn’t come out as a soft whisper.

Mrs. Prescott nodded, uncertainty on her face.

“Yes. Becca was the first student we spoke to. She doesn’t remember much of anything.”

What?

I was completely frozen; that couldn’t be right. Becca saw the whole thing and even brought up the fact that I should report it. But

I didn’t say any of that out loud; I couldn’t speak.

“The only thing she really remembers is bringing you to the nurse's office,” she said, a timid frown decorating her lips.

“May I speak?” Professor Xander asked her, his voice much softer than it was in class.

It was unfamiliar and gave me an uneasy feeling. Tiffany Prescott nodded to him, giving him a warm smile that caused my stomach to tighten painfully. Xander turned to me; I refused to meet his eyes though. I stared at my hands, still trying to form words but failing to do so.

“I’m sorry for hurting you, Lila. It wasn’t my intention. When I heard that you were skilled in combat and one of the best students at this school, I guess I overestimated your strength. I thought you’d be able to handle a tougher battle. I should have done a proper assessment of your skills before I did any physical combat with you.”

“We appreciate the apology professor,” Tiffany Prescott spoke for me when it was clear I wasn’t going to say anything. “Lila, is there anything you’d like to say to your professor?” She expected me to apologize to him? After he broke my arm??

I stared at her in disbelief for a moment before pulling my eyes from her to look at Xander. His expression was dark, and I almost

saw a hint of humor in them.

“Thank you. I appreciate the apology.” I said to him as I stood to my feet. “If you’ll excuse me, it’s been a long day and I’d like to get some rest.”

I didn’t wait for them to dismiss me or say anything. I left the office in a rush.

My heart was heavy in my chest. I needed to speak with Becca and find out if they really did speak to her and if she really didn’t remember anything.

It wasn’t making any sense. I had a feeling that Xander had done something to alter everyone’s memories so he wouldn’t appear to be in the wrong.

As I got back to the dorms, I paused when I saw Sarah sitting on one of the couches with her face in her hands. It almost looked like she was crying.

“Sarah?” I asked, approaching her.

She was alone, which was odd because she was usually with her crew.

She glanced up to see me approaching her; her icy gaze narrowed. She had dark circles under her eyes and her face looked

much paler than usual. I found it odd that she wasn’t wearing any makeup and it almost looked like she was struggling to

breathe.

“Are you okay?” I asked, furrowing my brows together.

“I’m fine,” she snapped, standing to her feet. “Mind your own business.”

She turned away and went toward the stairs to the dorm rooms.

“I was just checking,” I muttered, watching as she disappeared up the stairs.

I shook my head at the encounter and went upstairs to my shared room with Becca and Rachel. I wasn’t expecting Rachel to be there because usually has mainly night courses. But I knew Becca was most likely studying or something. When I went inside, I saw her curled up on the couch with a book on her lap and she was reading it intently. She didn’t even notice me walking into the room.

“Becca...” I said, shutting the door behind me.

She glanced up, giving me a warm smile.

“Hi,” she said. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m healed,” I told her, sitting down beside her. “Did Tiffany Prescott talk to you today?”

She frowned, but she nodded her head once.

“Yes,” she answered out loud. “It was odd. She was asking me a lot of strange questions, but I didn’t remember anything. Most of the class this morning has been a blur honestly.”

My eyes widened.

“What do you mean you don’t remember anything?”

I asked, shaking my head at her words. “You stopped him from hurting’ me

any further. He would have continued if you didn’t intervene. You told me to report it...”

She stared at me in shock.

“I... I don’t remember that...” she breathed. “I don’t remember much of anything other than you lying on the ground in pain. I took

you to the nurse and went back to class...”

“I’m not making this up,” I said, standing to my feet quickly.

My head was spinning, and I thought I was going to pass out.

“I believe you,” she said quickly. “It’s like there’s a blank spot in my memory... almost like...”

“Like someone erased them,” I finished for her.

She fell silent and stared up at me.

“Do you think someone has the power to do that?”

She asked in a low whisper. “Professor Xander maybe?”

I stared back at her.

Someone definitely had the power to do that and I wasn’t thinking it was Professor Xander. But I had a feeling I knew who it was.

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Third Person POV

“You went in too hard, Xander. Now, getting her to trust you will be impossible!”

Xander clutched the phone tightly in his hands as he leaned against the wall outside of the academic center.

“It won’t happen again. Now I understand that it’s going to be more of a challenge than I thought. She is good at basic combat, but when it comes to the serious stuff, she is unprepared,” Xander said in return. “But I have a plan. I’m not going to let this step back stop me.”

“You better. I recruited you for a reason. Don’t let me down.”

“Don’t worry, Alpha,” Xander seethed. “I’m going to start doing private lessons for her. That way we won’t be interrupted next time. Thankfully I have a student that was able to erase and alter the memories of everyone else.”

“Good. We can’t let Lila or anyone know anything about this.”

“They won’t. I just need to get her to agree to these private lessons... then, she will be mine.”

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 194 Wolf fight

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Lila's POV

“How was class this morning?” Enzo asked at the other end of the phone.

I sat in my room, lying on my bed, trying to wrap my mind around everything that had happened this morning. Xander broke my arm and then somehow got everyone to forget about the incident. I couldn't help but think that Sarah had something to do with that.

Suddenly Scott's warning about Sarah didn't seem far off.

Of course, I didn't say any of this to Enzo. It would only cause him to worry, and he had enough to worry about. Xander was

obviously looking for something, whether it was a fight or something else, he was looking for it.

This was a battle I was going to have to face on my own.

My heart ached though as I spoke to Enzo. It's been a little over a day since I last heard his voice and two days since I felt his

touch. I knew this distance was going to be hard, but I wasn't prepared for how hard it would be. Being marked by him only made our mate bond stronger.

"It was okay," I murmured. "I wish you were still the combat and shifting Professor though. I'm not a fan of this new one."

"You know why I can't be though..." he said, almost sadly.

"Do you miss it?"

"I miss you."

"I mean, do you miss teaching," I said, a smile tugging at my lips.

"My pack needs me right now," he told me gently.

"Or else I'd try to return and continue teaching.

Being away from you is hard.

But with Paul and his crew still out there, I don't want to take any chances. They've terrorized my pack enough while I was at the academy last year."

"I understand," I said to him. "How's your mom?"



“Better,” he said. “The doctors say she should be ready to return home in a couple of days.”

He sounded unsure though.

“What’s wrong?” I asked. “Isn’t that a good thing?”

“Of course, it is. I just don’t know how I feel about her returning to the rogue territory.”

“The only reason she got hurt was because she left her village barrier,” I reminded him. “I understand why she doesn’t want to leave her home. Those wolves have been her family for a long time. She doesn’t want to abandon them. Volana’s don’t abandon their families.”

“Lila?” I heard my name being called from outside my door.

It was Rachel.

“We are going to the dining hall for dinner. You want to come?”

“I’ll be out in a minute,” I called back.

“Dinner?” Enzo asked.

“Yeah. Can I call you later?” I asked.

“Of course,” he said in return. “I love you.”

I smiled at his words; I was never going to get used to this.

“I love you too,” I replied just before hanging up the phone.

Rachel and Becca were waiting for me in the living room when I left my room. They both gave me soft smiles. I'm assuming

Becca caught Rachel up on everything.

"Ready?" Rachel asked.

I nodded and together we left the room. When we got downstairs, it was flooded with other female students. Some of them were occupying the couches and watching their favorite shows.

Some were cooking dinner in the shared kitchen.

Eating in the dining hall wasn't mandatory. We had the option to eat at our

dorms as well. Each dormitory had a shared kitchen that was kept stalked at all times.

Some students who were culinary majors would cook meals for themselves and their roommates.

The kitchen always smelled delicious when I passed by.

I caught a glimpse of Sarah with a couple of her friends. They were talking and most likely gossiping about other students. They

were chuckling amongst themselves and applying makeup to one another.

Sarah looked a little better than she did when I saw her earlier, but I'm assuming it's because she's

wearing a mound of makeup

now.

I managed to catch her eyes as I walked by her though and they narrowed at me. I got an icy chill down my spine as our eyes locked. I knew she did something to the other students to erase their memories. She did something to Becca.

Scott was right about her; she had unexplained powers.

Her top lip curled up as she glared at me.

“What the fuck are you looking at, freak?” She hissed, causing her friends to glance in my direction as well.

They chuckled and turned away just as quickly.

I just rolled my eyes and made my way out of our section of the dorm down the long spiral stairs and into the main hall.

As we got outside, I saw a few students running, almost frantically, in the same direction.

“What’s going on?” Becca asked, staring at the running students as well.

“Looks like everyone is gathering over there,”

Rachel said, pointing in the direction of a bunch of students. “They are making a circle I think.”

“Do you think someone’s getting in a fight?” Becca asked.

“We should check it out,” I said quickly, an uneasy feeling forming in the pit of my stomach.

I didn't wait for them to respond; I ran in the same direction as everyone else. They were chanting and riling up whatever was going on.

It was definitely a fight.

I shoved my way through the crowd until I reached the center.

There were two girls screaming at each other. I recognized both of them from previous classes.

"You knew I liked him, and you stole him, you bitch!"

One of them hissed.

"Obviously he didn't like you!" The other roared.

"Maybe he didn't like your ugly snaggle tooth!"

"Oh, I'll show you exactly what this snaggle tooth can do!"

Her wolf's canines appeared, and she growled loudly, shaking the ground under us and causing almost everyone to take a step

back. She shifted into her large black wolf, another loud growl escaping her throat. The other one shifted soon after; her wolf was dark brown and equally as big.

They began to walk in a circle around one another, waiting for the other to attack. Everybody was holding their breath as they

watched the two wolves. A wolf attack, even with two simple she-wolves, could be dangerous for anyone around them.

These tend to get incredibly violent.

Before I could convince myself not to, I shifted into my wolf and sprung toward them.

“Lila!” I heard Becca yelling from behind me, but I pushed her voice out of my head and ran until I was in the middle of the two wolves.

Val wasn’t afraid to get in the middle of a wolf fight; in fact, she welcomed the challenge.

Val’s growl overpowered both their growls at once, making them both fall silent.

“Get the hell out of my way,” the black wolf growled.

“I’m not afraid to go through you to get to that bitch.”

“Dito,” the brown wolf exclaimed, snarling as she glared at her opponent.

“You both should be ashamed of yourselves.

Fighting on school grounds over a guy who doesn’t respect either of you. You are supposed to be friends. How dare you allow someone to come between you. You could both be expelled and for what?”

“It’s not like you’d understand Miss Goody,” the black one hissed, her eyes forming small slits as she now glared at me.

“You have no idea what it’s like to be in love,” the other one agreed in a low growl.

“I know that love doesn’t make two friends fight like this. I know it’s not supposed to hurt you on purpose. If he truly loved either of you, he wouldn’t put you through this.”

“Get out of my way, Lila,” the brown one growled.

“I’m not afraid to fight her.”

I growled loudly, echoing through the school grounds, and shaking the ground more fiercely than they had previously.

“Then you’ll need to fight me first,” I said firmly, glaring at her. I caught her eyes and held them. “If you dare.”

She fell silent as she stared at me.

I felt Val’s powers surfacing just as my emotions began to rise and I took a deep breath to steady them. The brown wolf kept her

eyes on mine, and they were wide and alert. I knew my eyes were probably glowing as I looked at her.

“Calm yourself down,” I ordered. “Go for a walk.”

Her eyes softened and she took a step back. She bowed her head and turned away; to everyone’s amazement, she did just as I asked.

I turned back to the black one.

“If he truly loved you, he wouldn’t have hurt you like this. He will hurt her, just as he did to you,” I told her, voice lowering and my eyes locking onto hers.

I saw the pain in her gaze.

“I turn 18 soon...” she whispered. “I thought he could be my mate.”

“A friendship is more important than a man. Don’t lose a friend over this,” I told her gently. “Take a walk and calm yourself down.”

She bowed her head to me and turned away; I watched as she disappeared through the silent and shocked crowd.

I turned back to my friends who were staring at me with wide eyes; as was everybody else.

“Holy shit...” I heard someone breathe. “She just got in the middle of a wolf fight.”

“Lila is truly a badass.”

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 195 Private Training Sessions?

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Lila's POV

"You should have seen her, Brody! It was incredible!!" Rachel cooed as we sat in the dining hall.

Brody listened to Rachel talk about how I stopped a fight between the two she-wolves. I kept getting the sense that everybody

was staring at me the entire time we were eating though and it made me uncomfortable.

Today's meal was spaghetti and meatballs, but I wasn't super hungry anymore. I stared down at my untouched plate.

"I don't doubt it," Brody said to Rachel as he glanced in my direction. "Lila has always been badass."

I smiled at him, appreciating the compliment.

"I just can't believe they backed down so easily," Becca chimed in through her mouthful of food.

I didn't say it out loud, but I knew the reason why they backed down so easily. It had nothing to do with my words and everything



to do with my Volana abilities. I hadn't meant to use it on them, but when my emotions are high, I can't always control my abilities.

I knew they were in my trance from the looks on their faces when they looked into my eyes. I was suddenly feeling incredibly tired and I had trouble focusing on the rest of their conversation.

"I'm going back to the room," I announced.

"You hardly ate," Brody said, furrowing his brows together. "You should finish your food first."

"I'll take it to go," I said, giving him a kind smile.

"At least let me walk you back to your dorm," he said. "We haven't really had a chance to talk privately since you returned from vacation. I missed you."

His boyish and lopsided grin made it hard for me to resist him. I nodded in return.

"Sure," I responded.

We waved goodbye and went on our way.

I noticed it during my welcome home party, but Brody appeared to be so much different. He had more muscles and maybe even taller. He allowed his facial hair to grow, but he kept it neatly trimmed and manageable. His dark hair was also growing much longer than it was last year.

He also had a different energy. He always appeared to be strong-minded and intelligent, but it was even more so now.

I knew his 18(th) birthday was over the summer and that he had gotten his wolf. So, that probably had something to do with it. It

was strange to think that Brody didn't have a wolf last year, but he still seemed so brave and sure of himself. I wouldn't have

known he didn't have a wolf unless he told me.

"So, your trip was good?" He asked once we were away from everyone else.

"It was," I said, peering up at him. "How was your summer? I'm sorry I missed your birthday. But we should go for a run sometime."

"It was good; had a kickass party," Brody said, running his fingers through his hair. "Don't be sorry though. I get that you had a job to do."

"I'm sorry," I said, frowning. "I was just so busy, I barely had time for myself."

"Thank you for understanding," I said kindly, giving him my best smile.

"Actually...I've been wanting to talk to you about something..."

My heart nearly stopped beating when I looked up at his very serious expression.

“What is it?” I asked.

Brody slowed down his steps and I could see the mixture of emotions on his face. I could see he was confused and hurt, maybe even a little mad. I wasn't sure where this flow of emotions came from, but it left me feeling unsettled. He opened his mouth to speak, but we were interrupted by a familiar voice.

“Lila, may we have a word?” Professor Xander asked, blocking the path with his large body.

I met his eyes and I wanted to tell him no but didn't want him to think of me as a quivering pup. I knew Xander was up to something. He had everybody's mind wiped out in the class; there's no way there wasn't an alternate motive behind this.

I was determined to find out what he wanted and who he was working for.

I said goodbye to Brody and went with Xander toward the nearby benches.

“I wanted to clear the air after our talk this morning. I know it seemed like I wasn't genuine, but I was,” he began as he sat down on the bench.

I stayed on my feet until he motioned for me to sit with him. I looked at him for a moment, hesitant, but the firmness in his eyes

sent a chill down my spine and I sat down right away.

“Breaking your arm wasn’t intentional,” he said, shaking his head. “But it also allowed me to see your weakness and where you lack restraint. You are a Volana, so you should be stronger than the others, even without the use of your wolf.”

I knew this, but he had me pinned in impossible positions, making it hard for me to move or fight back.

“I’ve heard about your combat skills and I wanted to test you to the max. I can see how I took things a little too far. However, I see great potential in you. I’d like to work with you. I think with some proper training, with someone who isn’t afraid to hold back when it counts, will do you some good.”

“Proper training?” I asked, wanting to laugh out loud. My father had trained me my entire life in combat; I was already skilled.

I didn’t say that out loud, but from the look on his face, I knew that he knew exactly what I was thinking.

“Your true potential has been locked away,” he said, peering down at me. “I want to unlock it.”

“So, you want to do private lessons?” I asked, still stunned by the suggestion.

The last thing I wanted was to be alone with him, especially during combat. If Becca hadn't stopped him after he broke my arm, who knows what else he would have broken. The thought left me feeling uneasy, so I quickly brushed it from my mind.

Then again, maybe spending a little extra time with him wouldn't be so bad. It might be easier to figure out what exactly he wants from me. Not to mention I could find proof that he got Sarah to erase and alter memories.

"I was thinking every Monday and Wednesday," he went on to say. "At 6 pm. That should give you enough time to eat dinner and get to the arena."

After a beat of silence, I finally nodded in agreement. "Okay," I said, meeting his eyes. "Private training sessions it is."

...

Enzo's POV

Lila didn't have to tell me something was wrong for me to know that something was wrong. I could hear it in her voice and even

though I wasn't in the radar of her to feel her emotions, I felt a tugging at my heart.

It was taking everything I had not to go down to that school and scoop Lila into my arms. Whatever problem she was facing, I

wanted to face it with her.

I was in the car when I spoke to her, heading into the pack hospital to see my mother. She was doing much better than she was

these last few weeks and she was being released this evening. I'm escorting her back to her territory, as much as I wish she

would decide to stay with me in my pack. But I knew she wanted to get back to her kind.

"You didn't have to come all this way to bring me home," she said with a faint smile as soon as I arrived at her room.

She was packing her things in a small suitcase.

"I'm not allowing you to go alone," I said firmly.

"That's where I put my foot down."

She gave me another faint smile and then zipped her suitcase.

"And how is our Lila?" She asked, changing the subject and emphasizing "our."

"She's good. She's at school. But I'll have her back this weekend," I answered.

"Will you be bringing her by to see me anytime soon?"

I raised my brows.

"To the rogue territory?" I asked.

"My village," my mother answered. "I'm sure she'd like to meet the others, and they'd probably like to meet her as well. They

have heard many great things about Bastien and Selene.”

“I can bring her by,” I agreed.

She’s right; Lila would like that.

“Good,” she said softly. “I wanted to give you something.”

She reached inside of her bag and pulled out what looked like a light purple handkerchief. I frowned as she handed it to me.

“Open it carefully,” she instructed.

I unwrapped the handkerchief slowly, uncovering a beautiful silver band with an extremely rare pink diamond and smaller regular diamonds on both sides.

“It was mine from a long time ago. Blaise was a lot of awful things... but he had great taste in jewelry. I kept it as a memory. A

memory of a time when I was happy. A time when you were born and how much love I felt and still feel.

That ring doesn’t hold

bad memories to me and it was something I cherished dear to my heart.”

“It’s beautiful,” I breathed. “But why are you giving this to me?”

A smile twinkled in her eyes.

“Because I want you to give it to Lila on the day you decide to propose to her.”

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 196 Burning Shake

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Lila's POV

Xander was in the arena when I arrived Wednesday evening.

I watched him from the doorway, without him noticing me, as he used a sword to attack a dummy he had set up. It didn't take long for the dummy to be a crumbled mess on the arena grounds.

Xander paused and he turned to me.



“Stand over here,” he ordered, pointing to an unoccupied spot in the middle of the arena. I frowned, annoyed by the order, but I did as he asked. As I walked toward the center of the arena, I couldn’t help but glance over at his belongings that were scattered across the ground in the corner.

I knew that somewhere in there was the proof I needed to get rid of Xander once and for all. But my attention was brought back to him as his body blocked my view. He was rummaging through his backpack for a second before he came across what he was looking for.

He pulled out a shaker bottle with a white liquid inside of it. It almost looked like milk.

“Drink this, ”He ordered, handing me the shaker.

“What is it?” I asked, furrowing my brows together.

“It’s a protein shake that’ll help make you stronger,” he answered. “I have powder mix for you and you can keep this shaker. Two tablespoons and 16 oz of water every morning.”

“Are you making everybody in class drink this?” I asked; I couldn’t hide the confusion on my face.

“No,” he answered simply. “Not everybody in the class is personally training with me. If you want your reputation to perceive you then I suggest you do as I say and drink this.”

I stared at his serious expression for a moment longer before taking the shaker from his hands. He watched me intently as I brought it to my lips. It didn't smell like anything I had ever smelled before. I didn't particularly like the scent, but he was watching me closely and persistent that I drink it. So, I took a sip and instantly gagged on the flavor alone. At least at first, it was just the flavor that made me gag, but then I felt the burning sensation deep in my throat that made me nearly drop the shaker on the ground. I stumbled backward as it felt like my lips and throat were on fire. "Don't be so dramatic," he muttered, rolling his eyes. "Keep drinking it." "It burns," I complained, shaking my head and attempting to hand it back to him. His lips pressed firmly in a thin line, and he glared at me. "Drink it." My frown only deepened, and I brought it to my lips. As the liquid went down my throat, the burn sensation continued, but then it lightened and felt almost manageable. But I felt gross once the entire shaker was empty.

“We are going to be working on body language today,” Xander said, taking a step away from me.

“When in a battle with a real opponent, you're going to need to be one step ahead of them so you can deflect their attacks. To be one step ahead of them, you'll base your judgment on their body language.”

“Okay?” I said, a little uncertainty in my tone.

“Let me show you what I mean by that. Hit me.”

I stared at him for a moment, unsure if should make a move or not, but his unmoving and waiting body told me to do it.

I clenched my fists and went to hit him square in the face, but just as it did before, my fist hit nothing, but air, and I nearly tumbled to the ground.

“Your eyes are fixed on the spot you want to hit,” he explained, holding his hands behind his back. “Your fists are clenched so I

know what part of your body you're going to use.

From the movement of your feet, I know exactly when you're going to attack.

Dodging your attacks is easy.”

“So, how do I make it, so you don't know when and how I'm going to attack?” I asked, narrowing my eyes to him.

I swear I thought I saw a hint of a smile decorating his lips.

“Now, you are asking the right questions,” he said, analyzing me. “You look your opponent in the eyes when you fight. You keep that eye contact until they are on the ground and unable to fight any longer. Never stick with the same attack. Switch it up and confuse them; use your feet once in a while.”

I went to kick him but he swept my foot out from under me and I fell to the ground with a hard thud! Pain shot through my body as I stared up at him; he placed his foot on my stomach and applied a small amount of pressure, just enough to keep me pinned.

“Move my foot,” he ordered.

I grabbed his ankle and attempted to move him, but he was too strong and for some reason, my body felt a bit weak.

He smirked down at me as I struggled beneath him.

“You have a lot to learn,” he murmured, applying more pressure to my stomach and making me gasp as I struggled to breathe.

He was insane; he was purposely trying to hurt me. I was sure of it now.

“Why are you doing this?” I asked, still trying and failing to get his foot off me.

He lowered himself toward me and I saw the grin that appeared on his face.

“To prove that you are weak,” he said in a low and threatening tone that sent a chill throughout my body.

Xander calling me weak was my last straw. I was furious and I was beginning to see red.

I growled through my teeth, feeling my wolf at the edge. She wanted to shift and tear him apart, but I wouldn't let her.

I struggled again, and grabbed his ankle with even more force, trying everything I could to get him away from me. Just when I

was about to scream out for him to get off me, the door of the arena swung open and he quickly took his foot off my body.

I took a greedy breath of air, realizing I hadn't been breathing while his foot was on me. I was in a daze and my body hardly

wanted to hold up my weight. I lay limp on the ground, attempting to catch my breath.

“Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt anything. I've been looking for Lila and—”

Brody's voice trailed off as he spotted me on the ground.

“Goddess...” Brody said, rushing toward me. “Lila, are you okay?”

I sat up, trying to wrap my head around what had just happened.

“Brody?” I said, fixing my eyes on his concerned face. “What are you doing here?”

“I was looking all over for you. I’ve been wanting to talk to you about something... Rachel told me you were here. Why are you on the ground?”

“I was training and then...” my voice trailed off as I met Xanders' eyes.

He squared his shoulders and turned away from me.

“Your lessons are finished for today. You are dismissed.”

I furrowed my brows at him but Brody’s hands on my arm, helping me to my feet, averted my attention.

“Come on, I’ll walk you back to your dorm,” Brody offered. I managed to give him a head nod as we turned toward the arena

doors. But not before I stole another glance at Xander’s belongings.

“Whatever answers I seek, I knew were somewhere in his things. I was determined more than anything to find what he was hiding.

Brody kept his arm draped through mine until we got outside.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” He asked, giving me a concerned frown.

I nodded.

“I’m fine. I just fell,” I reassured him.

“I’ve been wanting to talk to you since you’ve returned. I’m just not exactly sure how...” Brody said, he had stopped walking, and I froze at the worry in his tone.

I frowned at him.

“You can talk to me about anything, Brody,” I said, giving him a kind smile. “Whatever it is... you can tell me.”

I placed a hand on his arm and met his eyes.

He opened his mouth to speak, but we were interrupted by Rachel who approached us suddenly.

“Lila! We were just coming to grab you,” she said with a bright smile.

I realized quickly she wasn’t alone; Becca wasn’t far behind her and behind Becca was Rachel’s father.

What was he doing on campus right now?”

“My father is back for a visit,” Rachel said kindly. “He wants to take us to dinner this evening! You in?”

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 197 Brody's Confession

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Lila's POV

"I'm sorry. I actually already have plans tonight," I told them, all four pairs of eyes that were watching me.

It wasn't the truth; I just didn't want to go anywhere with Rachel's father, Raymond.

I didn't trust him.

Raymond frowned at me.

"I was going to take you girls to an expensive restaurant in the middle of the city," he said, almost pouting.

"Can't you cancel them?" Rachel asked, furrowing her brows together. "My dad drove like two hours to come here and treat us to a meal. You didn't tell me you had plans today."

"You didn't tell me your dad was coming to take us to dinner," I said in return.

"I didn't know until like an hour ago," she said with a shrug. "It was a surprise."



“So, I’m just supposed to clear my schedule because your father chose to surprise us?” I asked, raising my brows. “How is that fair to me?”

She seemed taken aback by my harshness and I instantly felt bad.

“Actually, I already asked Lila to dinner,” Brody said quickly before either of us could say anything more. I stared up at him and he kept his eyes on Raymond’s.

“Sorry but we have reservations somewhere and they can’t be cancelled,” Brody continued. “If you’ll excuse us.”

Brody draped an arm through mine and pulled me away from a very stunned Rachel and Becca. I walked with Brody without fighting him and when we were far enough away, I pulled my arm out of his grip.

“What was that?” I asked, folding my arms across my chest.

“Sorry. But I could tell you were uncomfortable and wanted to get out of there,” he said, shrugging. “I was just thinking on my toes.”

I stared at him for a moment longer before breaking out into a grin.

“That was clever,” I said, humor all over my face.

“I thought so too,” he laughed, running his fingers through his ash blonde hair. “So, do you really have plans tonight?”

I thought about telling him yes and then going back to my dorm for the night. But I didn’t want to lie to him like I lied to everyone else this evening.

“No,” I admitted. “It was just an excuse to get out of going with them.”

“I’m sensing there’s a story with that guy?” He asked, furrowing his brows together. “I got a weird vibe from him.”

I nodded in agreement, staring back in their direction. They were now talking amongst themselves, and Rachel’s father looked anything but pleased.

“Me too,” I said in return after a short pause.

“But if you don’t actually have plans tonight. Maybe we can grab some food. I was thinking of the taco place up the street? If you’re up for it.”

I frowned and looked up at him.

“I still wanted to talk to you about something” he reminded me.

“Okay,” I said, giving him another smile. “Let me just change out of these gym clothes and then we can go.”

He nodded in agreement and followed me back to my dorm.

While I was in my room and grabbing a clean outfit, Brody sat on the couch, looking awkward. I wanted to laugh, but I didn't want to make him feel bad.

I grabbed my cellphone which I mainly kept on my nightstand, charging, and frowned when I saw I had a couple of missed calls from Brianna and another missed call from Enzo. I made a mental note to call Brianna back later; I meant to call her this morning, but I got distracted and ran out of time. But I needed to at least call Enzo back.

"Hey," he said on the other end of the phone. "I was starting to worry."

"Sorry. I was in training with Professor Xander and lost track of time," I said, running my fingers through my hair.

I told him about these private sessions on the phone last night and needless to say, he wasn't happy about it.

"It's okay. Just wanted to hear your voice. I'm going to be working a lot tomorrow, but I was thinking we could go to dinner in the evening. What time will you be here?"

“My last class gets out at one, so I was planning on being there around two,” I answered. “That sounds great.”

“You sound off,” he pointed out. “Everything okay?”

“Yes,” I lied. “I’m just tired. I’m going to sleep early tonight. Probably as soon as I get home from dinner.”

“Are you going out?”

“Brody wants to take me to dinner tonight so we can talk,” I answered.

He was quiet for a minute before responding and when he spoke, I could hear the anguish in his voice.

“Just the two of you?”

“Yes,” I answered, frowning. “Why?”

“What does he want to talk to you about?”

“I’m not sure yet. But he’s been trying to say something for the last day or so, and I’ve been so busy I haven’t given him a lot of time. But I’m going to speak with him later and find out what’s going on.”

“I think I have a feeling I know what it is...” he said, his tone hardening. “He’s going to confess his feelings for you.”

“What?” I wanted to laugh out loud. “Brody doesn’t have that kind of feeling for me anymore.”

“That’s naive thinking; of course, he does.”

I blinked a couple of times.

“Did you just call me naive?”

“That’s not what I meant,” Enzo sighed, and I knew from the tone of his voice, he was shaking his head.

“I just mean, Brody isn’t going to stop liking you just because you don’t show him interest. You haven’t exactly told him you weren’t interested so in his mind he still has a chance.”

“So, you are saying I lead him on,” I said, furrowing my brows together. “I’m not sure which one is worse...”

“You know that’s not what I’m saying.”

“Then what are you saying?” I asked firmly.

“Because it sounds like you aren’t trusting me. I’m your mate. I belong to you...”

“But he doesn’t know that which means he’s going to try to get you.”

“He can try all he wants, but he’s going to fail,” I said simply. “Brody has been my friend since I started the student committee. He might have had a crush on me in the beginning, but I made it obvious that I only thought of him as a friend. He’s not going to disrespect that boundary.”

Enzo was quiet for a moment.

“Well, if that’s not the reason he wants to talk to you, then what else could it be?” He finally asked.

“I’m not sure, but I’m going to find out tonight,” I told him in return “Once I do, I will call you.”

He was quiet again, processing my words.

“I belong to you...” I said again. “I have a hidden mark on my neck to prove it. I love you.”

“I love you,” he said softly.

I hung up the phone without another word. I grabbed a button-down blouse and a black skirt and quickly dressed. I took my hair

out of my ponytail and brushed it out, allowing it to freely fall around my shoulders and down my back.

Once I was done, I went to greet Brody in the living room who was sitting on the couch and frowning at me.

“Were you on the phone with someone?” He asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

I felt the color draining from my face; had he heard all of that? Oh, the goddess I hope not.

“Yes,” I said, deciding I didn’t want to lie. “I’m sorry if you heard that...”

“I didn’t hear anything other than your muffled voice. But you sounded upset for a minute and then it softened.”

I gave him a small smile.

“It was just a friend,” I said, motioning for him to stand. “Come on, I’m starving.”

...

We went to a small restaurant near the school. I ordered an iced tea and Brody ordered a coke. He looked extremely nervous, and it was making the feeling in the pit of my stomach worsen.

I couldn't get Enzo's words out of my head, and I hoped to the goddess that Brody wasn't confessing any type of feelings for me.

I said nothing to him, waiting for him to speak first.

"So, I've been wanting to talk to you about something..." he began slowly; he was fidgeting with his fingers.

"Okay?" I urged, eyeing him carefully.

"I'm not sure who else to talk to... I'm not sure what to do..."

Oh, goddess.

"It's okay," I said, forcing a kind smile. "Whatever it is, I'm sure we can get through it."

He looked at me for a moment, meeting my eyes, and then he took a deep breath.

"You know my birthday was over the summer?" He asked.

I nodded.

"I turned 18 finally and..." he paused, unable to continue.

I furrowed my brows together; this sounded less like a love confession.

"It's okay," I said kindly. "Just breathe..."

He took another deep breath and nodded.  
“I found my mate...” He finally spat out, making my eyes widen. Before I could say anything, his next words nearly knocked me out of my chair. “It’s Sarah.”

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

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Lila’s POV

“Lila?” Brody spoke in a low tone after a few minutes of us sitting in silence. “Did you hear me?”



I felt completely numb. I couldn't have heard him correctly. This couldn't be real. Was Sarah actually Brody's mate?

His goddess-given mate?

"I know it's a shock. It was a shock for me too. I've kind of been keeping to myself because of it," he said, shaking his head with dismay written all over his face.

"I don't understand..." I finally found my voice after what felt like an eternity of silence. "I hardly see you two together. Are you sure she's your mate?"

He looked at me like I had a bunch of heads.

"Of course, I'm sure," he said, almost insulted by the accusation. "But she doesn't know yet."

"What do you mean she doesn't know?" I asked.

Sarah had her wolf last year which meant she should have been able to sense Brody as her mate just as Brody sensed her.

"I'm not just a wolf..." he said, lowering his gaze and staring at his empty plate. "I have witches' blood too."

"Witches blood?" I asked, raising my brows.

"On my mom's side," he explained. "There are witches in my family."

"So, you have magic?" I asked in disbelief.

He nodded.

How had I not known this about him? Did everybody know this about him?

“I haven’t told anybody...” he answered my unspoken question. “I don’t want them to look at me differently.”

“Look at you differently?” I repeated, eyeing him carefully. “Brody it’s incredible that you have magic. This whole time I’ve been feeling like an outcast for being a little different, all while you were different too.”

He gave me a sheepish grin.

“I’m sorry for not telling you sooner,” he said, running his fingers through his hair. “You are my friend, and I shouldn’t have kept something like that from you. I don’t use my magic often. When I do, I try to use it for good.”

“I don’t doubt that,” I said with a grin. “You’ve always been very kind.”

Soon, the waiter arrived with our meals. Once he was gone, I turned back to Brody with a frown.

“But wait, that doesn’t answer my question. How has Sarah not sensed you as her mate?”

“On my 18(th) birthday, my wolf sensed her right away and I knew she sensed me as well. We were going toward one another.

She was looking everywhere, as was I. Neither of us knew where the other was. But I found her first. As soon as I saw her, I took

off before she spotted me. I think I was in such shock; I wasn't sure what to do. So, I took a spell from my mom's book and cast it on myself."

I gasped, staring at him in disbelief. He didn't have to explain what kind of spell he used. I knew from the look on his face exactly what he did.

"You made it so she couldn't sense you," I said in almost a whisper.

He nodded his head once.

"It weakened my wolf too. I can't shift...Waylan is furious with me."

'Your wolf?'

He nodded.

"I know she's not good news. I just don't know what to do about it. I don't want her as my mate... but I don't know if I have the heart to reject her. I just needed to buy some time. I figured the one person who could help me was you... but you've been so busy lately and—"

"I'm so sorry, Brody," I breathed, reaching my hand out to touch him. "I should have been here for you. I had no idea you were going through something like this."

He met my eyes and gave me a small smile.

“Don’t be sorry. It’s okay,” he said softly. “So... what do you think I should do?”

I stared around his face for a moment and sighed.

“If there’s one thing, I learned over the course of last year and over the summer...you should listen to your wolf. He knows what

he wants and fulfilling your wolf’s needs is important. You’ve already deprived him of his greatest strengths and shifting, don’t deprive him of his mate too.”

“I don’t trust her though,” he said, shaking his head.

“She’s bad news. I thought our mates were supposed to be good for us... I doubt Sarah is good for me.”

I thought about it for a moment as I ate some of my food and then I peered back over at him.

“Maybe it’s not about her being good for you...

maybe it’s you being good for her,” I said thoughtfully. “Maybe with your kindness

and your love, you can change her and make her into a better she-wolf. Maybe she can make you into a stronger wolf. Don’t

ignore Waylan because you are afraid of what could happen. What’s waiting around the corner could be amazing.”

He blinked a couple of times at me before leaning back in his seat.

“You are wise about this. I knew I came to the right person,” he said, grinning.

I chuckled at his compliment.

“It seems like you also speak from experience,” he said, eyeing my face carefully. “Is there anything you’d like to tell me in return?”

Staring at his face, I knew exactly where he was getting at.

“You did hear my conversation earlier...”

“I didn’t if you didn’t want me to,” he said, but I knew from his face that he did.

I sighed.

“How much of it did you hear?” I asked, staring down at my plate.

“Enough to know that you found your mate.”

I glanced up at him and nodded.

“Yes. I did...” I confessed. “I found him last year...”

“I don’t see why you are hiding it. Was it to spare my feelings? Did you not think I’d be happy for you?” He asked, narrowing his

eyes at me. But then he frowned. “Wait... you also mentioned hiding a mark. He marked you and you are hiding it?”

I sighed and nodded slowly.

“Yes and no I’m not just hiding it from you. I’m hiding it from everyone. Nobody knows I found my mate and they can’t know. At

least not yet...”

He rose his brows.

“Not even your roommates?” He asked.

I shook my head.

“What about your parents?”

“I’m going to tell them over the weekend,” I answered.

“Why the secrecy though?”

“It’s complicated,” I said a little too quickly.

“Can’t be more complicated than my situation with Sarah,” he chuckled.

This was it. I had to tell Brody the truth. He felt comfortable enough to tell me the truth; I needed to repay the favor.

“It’s Alpha Enzo...”

The clatter of his fork falling to his plate startled me and I met his alarmed eyes.

“Professor Enzo?!” He gasped. “Like... your former combat and shifting professor? Alpha of the Calypso pack? The son of the wolf who divided our entire nation and tried to kill your family—”

“Yes, Brody,” I said in a sharp whisper. “Keep it down...”

“Sorry... I’m just in shock.”

“I know... I was too...” I said, feeling my face warming. “But yes. He’s my mate... and he’s also nothing like his father. He’s

actually trying to undo everything his father did to this nation. There are a lot of people who don't know about Enzo. I was guilty of misjudging him as well and I won't make that mistake again."

"So, this entire time... all last year—"

"Nothing happened until this summer. He went with me as my bodyguard to Monstro and we bonded..." I told him. "He was going to reject me after graduation once my wolf was stronger. But things changed and he ended up marking me..."

"Wow..." Brody breathed. "So, I guess you really do know complicated."

I stared at him for a moment and then we both burst out laughing.

"Why us?" he laughed, shaking his head.

"The moon goddess has a funny sense of humor," I laughed in return. But then I got serious for a moment. "Nobody can know about this, Brody."

He reached his hand out and touched mine.

"I promise, nobody will."

...

The next evening, I packed a weekend bag and drove to the Calypso pack. I didn't have classes tomorrow, so I was planning on

spending the next few days with Enzo. Except for when I have to do the bake sale with Dee in the afternoon.

Once I got to the packhouse, I greeted Ethan who was passing by.

“Enzo isn’t back yet, but he’ll be here soon. You can put your things in his room and meet Dee in the kitchen. She’s been waiting for you.”

I thanked him before heading upstairs and towards Enzo’s bedroom. I put my things beside his bed and was about to leave the room when something caught my eye.

I paused for a moment, staring at the light purple handkerchief that occupied his nightstand.

Narrowing my eyes at it, I went closer toward it. It almost looked like something was wrapped in it by the way it was tied together.

I lifted it and decided that something was definitely inside of it.

I managed to get it untied and what fell out and into the palm of my hand was the most gorgeous ring I had ever seen in my entire life. I gasped at the pure beauty that lay in my hands.

“My goddess, Lila,” Val spoke after being quiet for most of the day. “It’s a wedding ring!”



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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 199 A Day of Baking

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Lila's POV

I quickly tied the ring back in the light purple fabric and put it back on his nightstand. My heart was racing rapidly.

Enzo knew that I didn't want to get married until after I graduated so why did he have a wedding ring in his room? Val was instantly perked up at the sight of the ring and she was wiggling her long tail in my mind's eye.

It was her first sign of life in the last couple of days. She's been so tired lately; I've hardly heard from her which I found unusual.

She was cooing at the fact that our mate wanted to marry us.

Ignoring her I left the room and made my way downstairs and into the kitchen. Dee was in the kitchen setting up baking supplies and she smiled kindly at me.

"Oh, hi Lila. Did you just get here? How was the drive?"

"Yeah, I got here a little while ago. It was fine. Have you seen Enzo around?"

"Last I heard there were some rogue sightings in the Northern region of our borders, and he went to check it out."

I frowned at her.

"Rogue sightings? Anyone in Paul's crew?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at her.

She shrugged.

"I'm not entirely sure. He wouldn't tell me. But he said he wouldn't be long," she assured me. "Don't worry; I'm sure he'll be home soon. Have you eaten anything for lunch? I can whip you up something."

"Oh, no it's okay, Dee," I said, giving her a smile.

"I'm not very hungry right now and plus, I'm going out to eat with Enzo later. I

should save my appetite.”

Truth be told, I wasn't feeling too well. My body was feeling a little weaker than usual and I honestly just wanted to crawl into bed and fall asleep.

“Are you okay sweetie?” Dee asked, eyeing me carefully. “You seem tired? Did you eat anything at all today?”

I thought about it for a moment; usually, I would try to eat something small for breakfast. However, these last couple of mornings

I haven't eaten much of anything other than that nasty protein shake that Professor Xander gave me. It didn't sting my throat anymore, but it filled me up for most of the day and kind of made me feel gross. But I wasn't going to tell

Dee that I was skipping meals.

“I ate something small this morning,” I told her.

“Well, maybe you should have something else,” she said as she went toward her fridge. She opened the fridge and pulled out

the reddest apple I had ever seen. “Freshly grown,” she said with a twinkle in her eyes.

She handed me the apple and I smiled my thanks to her. I sat at the counter, nibbling slowly on the apple while she ran around the kitchen and set up her supplies.

“I got all the things we need to make every food item on the list you gave me,” she said fondly. “Your school is going to love everything. We will head to the school around 11 a.m. to set everything up.”

“Sounds great.”

I nibbled on most of the apples by the time she finished spreading everything out.

“We will start with cookies. I’ll start making the dough and you can cut them into shapes. We will need a lot of them,” she said, tossing me an apron.

“I can start making brownie mix while you do that,” I said, grabbing a bowl.

“Good idea.”

We spent the next several hours creating a bunch of food and making a complete mess out of the kitchen. We listened to music, danced, laughed, and had a great time during the entire process. I almost forgot about the wedding ring I found in Enzo’s room.

That is until Enzo walked through the kitchen door. Upon seeing him, my heart skipped a beat; if possible, he got even more attractive. He had sweat and dirt on his features and he looked breathless. Whatever happened with those rogues must have taken a lot out of him. But his short sleeve and loose-fitted

warrior's t-shirt left no mystery of his incredible abs and arms.

"Enzo..." I breathed, rushing toward him.

He held out his arms and allowed me to step into his warm and open embrace. Once his arms closed around me and he held me

close to his chest, I felt like I was finally home. I breathed in his glorious scent and basked in his warmth.

He ran his fingers through my hair, staring at it lovingly as it fell between his fingers.

"I missed you so much," he whispered against me, his breath warming my features.

I lifted my gaze up to his and that was when I realized I was crying. I wasn't even sure why I was crying, but tears were escaping my eyes and falling down my cheeks. His shirt had gotten a little wet due to them as well, which was embarrassing.

He frowned, staring around my face with curiosity as he used his thumb to wipe the tears away.

"What is it, beautiful?" He asked gently with a timid frown.

I sniffled and forced myself to pull out of his embrace.

"I just missed you," I told him, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand. "It's been a long few days."

“I can’t wait to hear about it,” he said, stepping closer to me and placing his hand on my shoulder. I peered up at him and met his eyes; I saw the love and compassion he felt for me in his eyes, and it warmed my heart.

“We were just finishing up for the bake sale tomorrow,” I told him. “Then afterward I’ll be all yours.”

“Good,” he said, leaning down to kiss my lips. “I’m going to take a shower and then we can go to dinner.”

He kissed me again, this time a little more passionately and hungrily. It took everything we had to pull apart and when we did, he left me breathless and red-faced. He left the kitchen, and I stared after him.

“Help me wrap these,” Dee called me over from the other side of the kitchen,

I pulled my eyes off the door and joined her at the counter to wrap all the baked goods. The entire kitchen smelled delicious, and my mouth was watering.

“Distance is always hard on mates,” Dee said, a timid frown decorating her lips. “That’s why I assumed you’d be staying here. I knew your wolves wouldn’t want to be separated.”

“I want to finish school before I settle down here,” I explained. “Enzo understands that.”

“Yes, but I assumed you’d commute,” she explained with a shrug. “No big deal. But I know the longer you are apart, the more painful it will be for both you and your wolves.”

My face warmed. I didn’t realize it was going to be painful; I certainly didn’t want Enzo to be in pain because of this.

When I didn’t say anything, Dee gave me a soft smile and reached her hand out for me to grasp. “Enzo loves you very much and only wants you to be happy. I don’t mean to frighten you, but he’s been like a son to me since he was 9 years old. I want him to be happy too,” she said, just before she released my hand and continued to wrap the baked goods without meeting my eyes.

I wanted him to be happy too, but things were moving too fast. I haven’t even told my parents about this yet.

“Dee...? I found myself saying, catching her attention. “Has Enzo mentioned anything about a proposal tonight?”

Dee stopped what she was doing to stare at me, completely startled.

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 200 Dinner with My Mate

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Lila's POV

“Why do you think he’s going to propose today?”

She asked, seemingly confused.

I opened my mouth to tell her about the wedding ring I found, but then Enzo returned to the kitchen.

“Ready for dinner?” He asked. “I’m starving.”

I looked at him briefly before looking back at Dee.

She was staring at me with concern and curiosity in her eyes.

“Thanks for your help, Dee,” I said softly. “If I don’t see you again tonight, I’ll see you in the morning.”

She gave me a smile in return and nodded.



I went with Enzo out of the kitchen and out of the packhouse. He kept his arm wrapped around mine and I walked closely beside him. He was giving my body strength and even Val was awake and alert.

“I have a surprise for you later,” he said as we got into his car.

I tugged at my fingers nervously.

“A surprise?” I asked, peering over at him. “For what?”

“Do I need a reason to surprise you?” He asked, raising his right brow.

I shook my head.

“No, of course not,” I said, hoping the nervousness didn’t show through my voice.

It didn’t take long to get to the restaurant. When we were seated, he frowned at me.

“You seem off still,” he said, assessing my face.

“Thinner even. Are you eating?”

I touched my face; I hadn’t realized I lost enough weight for it to be noticeable.

“I’m eating,” I told him. “Maybe not as much as I used to.”

“Why?” He asked, furrowing his brows together. “Are you dieting?”

“Not exactly. Professor Xander gives me these protein shakes that fill me up for most of the day,” I admitted, knowing that I

couldn't lie to him.

His brows shot way too far up as he stared at me.

"What kind of shake?" He asked.

"I'm not sure what's in it," I said, shaking my head.

"But he said it'll make me stronger."

"You seem weaker," he said, cocking his head to the side. "Do you have any of the shake mix with you?"

"It's in my stuff at the packhouse," I answered. "I have to drink it every morning."

"I'm going to run a test on it to find out exactly what's in it. Don't drink any more of it."

Worry started to consume me. Would Xander go as far as to poison me? What was Enzo going to find in this shake mix?

Professor Xander wouldn't try to harm me in that kind of way, would he?"

"He did break your arm," Val said slowly. "Max noticed my energy level is low. I have to agree with them; something doesn't seem right."

A knot formed in the pit of my stomach at the very thought of it.

I wasn't going to argue with her or Enzo over this matter. Enzo was watching me carefully, reaching his hand out he grabbed onto mine and held it gently. My heart flipped in my chest, and I sucked in sharp breaths as tingles shot through my body just

from his touch alone.

I couldn't help but wonder if he had the wedding ring with him right now.

"Oh, I never told you, I talked to Brody yesterday," I said, meeting his eyes. "He didn't confess to having feelings for me, but he did tell me something else."

Enzo rose his brows.

"What did he say?"

"He found his mate over the summer," I told him, much to his shock. "It's Sarah."

"What?!" Enzo said, his entire body tensing as my words processed in his mind. I nodded, trying to keep from laughing at his dumbfounded expression.

"Yeah, and she hasn't sensed it yet because he used his magic to block his scent from her wolf," I continued.

Enzo furrowed his brows at me.

"His magic?" He asked.

I nodded.

"Brody is partly witch apparently. He doesn't want anyone knowing," I told him. "He's not sure what to do and needed my advice."

"What did you tell him?"

"That he needs to listen to his wolf," I answered.

"The Moon Goddess works in mysterious ways," I shrugged.

“That she does,” Enzo said in return, fighting a smile. “He must have been losing his mind.”

I laughed.

“You have no idea,” I said in return, shaking my head at the very thought of Brody and Sarah together. I couldn’t even imagine it.

Sarah was a complete monster; she was selfish, spoiled, and just straight-up rotten.

“Maybe they are the kind of opposites that will attract,” Enzo said, shrugging. “I don’t think the Moon Goddess makes mistakes when choosing mates.”

I looked up at him and saw the love radiating off his features as he looked at me. I loved the way he looked at me. I felt my face warming under the intensity of his gaze.

“I told him about us,” I blurted before I could stop myself.

His smile fell immediately.

“Lila—”

Before he could utter another word, we were interrupted by the waiter who brought the wine we ordered and then took our food orders. Once he was gone, Enzo stared back at me with the same alarmed expression he had given me before.

“I’m sorry,” I said, biting my bottom lip nervously. “I wanted him to know that he wasn’t alone. Plus, he told me a secret, so I figured I owe him a secret.”

“What if he tells people?”

“He’s not going to,” I said quickly. “I promise. We can trust him.”

Enzo looked at me for a moment longer before a smile formed on his lips; his body relaxed, and he nodded.

“If you trust him, then I trust him.”

I smiled in response, also relaxing.

“Are we still going to see my family this weekend?” I asked; as nervous as I was, I was excited to tell them the news. I worried about their reaction though and I hoped it would be positive. But they deserved to know. I also was excited to meet up with Bri and catch up on everything.

I definitely needed a girl's night with my oldest best friend.

“Yes,” Enzo answered. “We will tell them everything, just as I promised.”

I took a sip of the wine just as the waiter brought over our food. Without saying much more, we began to eat. I ordered a cob

salad with grilled chicken and Enzo ordered a steak cooked rarely. He cut into the blood-soaked steak and his knife went in with ease.

“Are you all set for the Bakesale tomorrow? Do you need anything?” Enzo asked as he took a bite.

“Yes. Dee and I finished baking everything earlier today. We are going to go there tomorrow to set up.”

“Do you need my help?” He asked, taking another bite.

“It’s probably better if you didn’t come to the sale. I don’t want anyone to be suspicious,” I told him.

He frowned as he thought about it.

“I have to go there tomorrow to pick up a couple of things anyway. So, it won’t be completely weird,” he said.

I smiled.

“I like the loophole,” I chuckled.

He winked at me, sending my heart into the galaxy.

I started to eat my salad and we both fell silent. I wasn’t super hungry, but I knew he’d be upset if I didn’t eat. I had skipped a lot of meals lately because I was so full from that protein shake, but I stuffed my face until I could physically no longer eat.

He wiped his face with his napkin and leaned back in his seat to take me in. I met his eyes, and he leaned forward, reaching his

hand out for me to take.

“Remember when I said I had a surprise for you?”

He said, lowering his tone so it was only me who heard him. His words were for me alone.

I managed to nod my head once; I felt a tremble in my body and a nervousness forming. This was it... he was going to propose. I just knew he was.

“I spent a lot of my life protecting those I love. I put them before myself because I thought it was the right thing to do. But I was selfish when it came to you. I pushed you away when I should have held you close. I thought by keeping my distance from you, you'd be safe. But you were always in danger; I was just in denial over it. I hurt you worse than anyone and I won't forgive myself. I don't expect you to forgive me right now either, but I want to spend my entire life proving to you that I'm complete, head over heels, in love with you. I wanted to make it up to you...”

“Wait, Enzo,” I said quickly, cutting into his words.

“Just let me talk for a minute.”

He looked at me confused and when he didn't say anything, I continued.

“I love you so much and I want to spend my entire life with you. I already forgive you for how you treated me. I know you were only trying to protect me. It wasn’t selfish... it was noble and beautiful,” I said, touching his arm gently. “I already know what you are going to say, and you don’t need to continue.” He furrowed his brows together. “You do?” He asked. I nodded my head once. “Yes,” I answered. “And I already have an answer for you...” I told him. He looked even more confused by my words, but he remained silent as I continued. “I’m sorry, Enzo. But my answer is no...I won’t marry you right now.”

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