

# The Alpha Chose Me (Leah Wilson and Jake)

Chapter 89

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"You don't need to hide it Miss Wilson. Class hasn't started yet". He chuckled. "It's nice to see you're here on time".

Giving him a small smile I placed my phone back on the table just as it vibrated.

'You okay?'

So he finally decided to check in.

"Excellent work on your personal statement by the way".

Snapping my head up my eyes connected with his. Did he just say my work was good?

"The emotion was raw, it was real. Outstanding work Leah I really mean that".

"Thanks sir". I grinned. There I thought we weren't going to get along.

"I give credit where credit is due. Now if you'll excuse me for a second". As the classroom door closed I picked up my phone and started writing a reply.

'Busy'

It was petty and I was being childish but I didn't care. He stood me up and no it wasn't a date but he still stood me up. After what happened this morning I expected him to be there.

He was busy well I could be busy to.

'Real mature Leah! You best hope I don't come down there and drag your ass home'

I didn't reply. I knew if I said something to piss him off he would be true to his word and come here. I didn't need to give the girls here another reason to hate me. I'm sure I would see him tonight anyway.

Taking another sip of my coffee Mr Gallagher walked back into the room with a coffee of his own. "How long before the cast comes off?". He asked taking a seat behind his desk.

"Another few weeks, I have a hospital appointment tomorrow afternoon". I said.

"So you'll be missing my class Miss Wilson?". Wait was that a hint of a smirk?

"I have a letter". I stated.

He grinned walking towards my desk. "I owe you an apology Leah. I underestimated you".

He did?

"Late to my class-..."

"That was one time". I interrupted. I was new and I was late because I couldn't bloody find his class.

"Late to my class, getting caught with your phone. I thought great, another student that didn't care about her education and then I read your work".

Was it really that good?

"You have a way with words. The emotion that was in that piece. Have you ever thought about majoring in English Literature?".

He asked.

Was he serious?

"I haven't decided what I want to do yet". I knew I was okay in this class, enough to pass my exam and maybe even get a good grade.

"Yale have one of the best graduate English programs".

"Yale?". I laughed. Yale was a hard school to get into and I knew I didn't have the grades for it. Besides it was to late to even apply.

"It's a great university Leah and someone with your talent would be an asset".

"I'll keep that in mind". I smiled just as the bell rang signalling class was about to start.

Smiling at Abby I moved my bag as she took her seat in front of me. I wondered if Ryan had asked her out yet. I was excited to see Ryan but I didn't have chemistry till last period. Hopefully I'd see him at lunch.

"Are you going to Ryan's game tomorrow night?". Abby asked as she turned around in her seat.

"Yes I'm going are you?". I asked.

"He asked me to go to the party after it but I want to go to the game".

"He asked you out?". I grinned.

"I-I think so".

"You can come with me if you want?". I was going by myself anyway.

"I'd like that". She smiled.

"Okay class settle down". Mr Gallagher yelled the noise dimming. "First of all well done on the assignment". He grinned. "Some were better than others but you all did a great job". His eyes landed on mine.

I blushed.

What the fuck?

Diverting my gaze I could feel the heat on my cheeks. What in the world was happening?

"You all graduate in less than 6 months. Your final exam isn't going to be easy but I want you all to pass. I want you to pick a book". Groans filled the classroom as he continued to speak. "I want you to write an essay, I want you to really study it. I want the causes, the effects, I want to know what the author is telling you".

"Great". I sighed.

"What book are you picking?". Abby asked.

"This is forty percent of your final grade. You have to pass it in order to even sit the final exam. Get thinking, get studying. Chatter amongst yourself, share ideas". Taking a seat behind his desk I leaned back in my chair.

This shit was becoming real. Graduation day was getting closer by the minute.

"You worried?". Abby asked.

"Nah". I smiled. English wasn't what I was struggling with. I was confident I would smash it. It was the hours of studying I couldn't be bothered with. "I'm thinking maybe a Jane Austen or Charlotte Brontë. What about you?".

"No idea yet but hopefully he gives us plenty of time to get it done". She sighed.

"If he wants us to pass he'll have to". I laughed as my phone vibrated against the table. No surprise on who that was.

'I'm picking you up after school'

'Okay'

After sending the text I put my phone away. I didn't need for him to catch me on it. Mr Gallagher wasn't as bad as I first thought.

"Do you want me to pick you up tomorrow?". She asked.

"I still can't drive so yeah that would be great". I smiled.

"There isn't long left of this class. I want the name of the book you're going to be studying by Monday so have a real good think over the weekend". The bell rung signalling class was over.

"I'll send you my address when I get home. I've got a free period next so I'll see you later".

"Cool". She grinned. I liked Abby.

"Miss Wilson a word before you go". He was stood behind his desk his hands in his pocket.

"Yes sir?".

"Do you know what you're going to write about?". He asked.

"Not yet I'm stuck between two authors but I'm sure I'll pick the right one".

"I'm sure you will". He grinned. "I look forward to reading it".

"Thanks bye". Walking down the corridor I couldn't help but feel a little creeped out by him. First he hated me and now it was like I couldn't get him to stop talking to me.