

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate

Caroline Above Story

Chapter 1 My first kiss

Lila's POV

Today I had my first kiss. It wasn't planned. It was also with a complete stranger.

I've always had my first kiss envisioned from the moment I learned what real love was. I imagined the sparks we would feel as we share that passionate moment. I imagined what my wolf would feel like when she recognizes him as our mate.

Going to a large college, I thought I would at least find one person that would make me want to give him everything my heart had to offer.

But I never felt what my mother felt for my father.

I've had a boyfriend for a couple of months, but it still never felt right. I keep thinking that when I turn 18 and get my wolf, maybe she would recognize him as our mate. Maybe he's the one I'm supposed to be with for the rest of my life, even if I don't see it yet.

But the moon goddess thought otherwise.

As I walked through the halls of my school, Higala Shifter Academy, I paused when a familiar sense washed over me. My boyfriend, Scott, was nearby, and he wasn't alone. The halls were growing quiet as students went to class. It was only the sounds my heartbeat left as I made my way around the corner, only pausing when I heard a familiar giggle of a she-wolf, Sarah, and the husky growls of Scott.

"You are so naughty, Scott," Sarah chuckled.

"Only for you, babe," he replied, muffled as her lips closed around his.

At that moment, I felt sick to my stomach.

My next class, ceramics, was with Scott. I didn't even want to take that class, but he thought it would be fun to take a class together. I was an art student, so I agreed.

As I stepped away, I paused as I saw a tall and broad gentleman across the hall, staring in my direction. Our eyes met only briefly and I had to admit that he was strikingly handsome.

"Oh, Scott. Stop it. You know we can't be seen together. What if your girlfriend finds us?"

"She's in class. She's never late. You don't need to worry."

My heart was heavy in my chest, but also a wave of fury and resentment crossed me.

A crease formed between the gentlemen's brows. I realized tears had escaped my eyes. They weren't so much as tears of heartbreak, more like tears of disappointment. I wiped my face with the back of my hand and was about to walk past him.

I didn't want anyone to see me like this.

Just as Scott came around the corner, I felt him freezing as he saw me. Sarah stood beside him, and I heard her gasp. I met her beautiful blue eyes.

"Lila?" Scott breathed, staring at me in shock "What are you—"

Before he could get the entire question out, I turned to the gentleman beside me, placing my hands on his shoulders and pulling him toward me. He went easily, though his eyes showed nothing but confusion. I closed my eyes tightly so I wouldn't have to see his expression any longer.

Then, our lips touched.

His lips were soft, and they tasted so sweet, almost like marshmallows. However, his lips remained unmoving. His hands rested lazily by his sides, though mine moved comfortably around his neck.

My heart was beating rapidly in my chest. I had no idea what I was doing. I'm not sure why I did it; maybe to hurt Scott. Maybe because I was sick of holding out for something that might never be good enough in comparison to the role models I grew up with.

Either way, I seized the moment.

Though, I had no idea who this man was.

I pulled away from him, breathlessly gazing up at his grey eyes. They were growing darker as he stared into me. I wasn't sure what lingered in his gaze, but he didn't pull away from me. My hands continued to rest behind his neck, and I realized I was pressing my body into him.

My face grew warm as I stepped away, touching my fingers to my lips.

That was my first-ever kiss.

What. Did. I. Do?

"I need to get to class," he said, his tone was low and almost husky. That was the first thing he's ever said to me.

I was too stunned at my own actions to even ask him what his name was. But I nodded, brushing my dark hair out of my face with my fingers.

Scott and Sarah had already gone to class. I turned away from him, without saying anything and went in the direction of the main office. All I could think about at that moment was getting out of my next class.

I couldn't face Scott again after that.

Even as I walked away, I could feel the gentlemen's eyes on the back of my head, watching me.

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"Unfortunately, there's only one class available. All other seats are filled," the receptionist, at the main office, said, glancing at her computer.

"And what class would that be?" I asked, trying to keep the tears from resurfacing in my eyes.

"Shifting and Combat," she answered, staring up at me. "Would that be all right?"

Shifting? I had yet to obtain my wolf, so, that class might be difficult. However, I was skilled in combat.

"Anything but ceramics," I said to her in return.

She frowned for a moment.

"Is everything all right, Lila? You aren't being bullied in that class, are you?" She asked. "I can give your father—"

"No!" I said quickly; the last thing I wanted was for my father to find anything out about what had happened. He was the head of the Alpha Committee and worked closely with Scott's dad, another Alpha. "It's nothing like that," I assured her.

She looked unconvinced, but she nodded just the same as she looked back at her computer, typing away. She soon printed out a new schedule, handing it to me.

"You are now in Shifting and Combat 101 with Professor Enzo. It's in the school arena. You can head there right now."

The arena was on the opposite end of the school; I've only been there a few times to practice my combatting.

But how was I going to get through a semester of shifting classes when I couldn't even shift?

My 18(th) birthday was only a few days away; I was supposed to be heading home for the weekend to celebrate with my family. I thought I would have obtained my wolf by now, but I was mistaken.

I was the youngest wolf to get accepted into the Higala Shifting Academy; one of the largest schools for werewolf and bear shifters. I was also the only one who didn't have a wolf yet. But that didn't mean I was incapable.

Like my mother, I am a Volana wolf. Volanas are more powerful than regular wolves. The moon goddess had gifted us with many different abilities. Although, I haven't received these abilities just yet.

However, I've studied and practiced my entire life, with some of the greatest g*mma warriors and my father, on how to fight and defend myself.

I reached the arena and stood outside the doors; I could already hear the growling of wolves as they practiced their combat with one another.

Stepping inside, my eyes scanned the area briefly. Not one wolf was paying me any attention, they were fixated on each other. They were large and ferocious looking; it reminded me of the g*mma training I used to watch growing up.

Stepping further into the arena, I allowed the door to shut firmly behind me. The biggest wolf stood on the far side of the arena, overlooking the combat unfolding before him.

That had to have been the professor.

He was a beautiful dark wolf that almost looked blue from the crystal lighting that danced off his thick fur. His dark eyes scanned the arena briefly before they landed on mine.

He looked oddly familiar; it wasn't until he shifted back into his human form that I realized who he was.

It was him...

The man I kissed only moments ago in the hallway.

The man I had given my first kiss to, was my professor.

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