

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 104 – Bethany in a coma



Enzo's POV

My heart was pounding wildly in my chest.

What the hell happened last night?

"Max!" I growled to my wolf, feeling the panic setting in. "What happened?"

"I...I don't know," Max said, equally confused. "Everything went black last night."

Connie stirred in her sleep before her eyes fluttered over and looked over at me.

"Good morning, handsome," she said, reaching over to touch my arm, recoiling my arm away from her, allowing her hand to fall to the bed.

She sat up frowning, revealing her naked body beyond the blanket. I grabbed the blanket and quickly covered her.

"What happened last night?" I asked firmly, eyeing her features carefully.

"You don't remember anything?" She asked, concern on her face.

She glanced down at her naked torso before looking back up at me.

"I think it kind of goes without saying what happened last night," she said, a little humor in her tone.

"This isn't funny, Connie," I said between my teeth.

I could feel my wolf growing painfully unsettled at the thought of what he had done last night.

"We betrayed our mate!" He wailed.

I ignored him and quickly got out of bed. I was relieved I still had my pants on at least, but I had no memory of anything that happened.

The only thing I had was this headache that I couldn't seem to shake.

"I can't believe you can't remember," Connie pouted. "What was the last thing you remember?"

"We were talking about Lila and then..." I paused as the image of Connie on top of me surfaced in my mind. "You kissed me."

Her face reddened slightly.

"And you kissed me back," she said, batting her lashes at me. "And then we did a lot more."

I went to respond to her, but my phone started to ring in my pant pocket. I looked at Connie one last time before turning away from her. I grabbed my phone out of my pocket and saw on the screen that it was Alpha John.

I had taken Bethany home last night after dinner once it was clear she was unwell. She was acting incredibly drunk, which was usual because she only had one glass of wine.

"Alpha John?" I said as I answered the phone. "What can I do for you?"

"You did this to her, you asshole!" John growled.

My frown deepened.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, unsure of what he was going on about.

"She wouldn't wake up this morning. She was hardly breathing!" John frantically exclaimed. "I brought her to the hospital this morning! Whatever you gave her, nearly killed her!"

"I didn't give her anything, I—" I paused when I thought back to the restaurant when I got back from the bathroom.

She was acting strangely, staring at me and then at my wine glass. Like she was waiting for something to happen.

Was she trying to drug me but accidentally drugged the wrong glass?

Or maybe she drugged me as well and it didn't take effect until I returned home. I certainly wasn't in the right frame of mind last night.

But how stupid could she be to drug herself as well?

Fuck.

"I'm on my way," I grabbed my shirt off the ground and threw it on.

"What's going on? Where are you going??" Connie called as I rushed to the door.

"Something came up; it's an emergency," I said quickly, but then I paused and turned to her shocked and yet sad face. "We need to talk later. Will you be around?"

She was hesitant, but she nodded her head once.

On that note, I turned and left the house.

There was a gloomy haze over the hospital like there always was. Alpha John stood in the waiting room, and he looked furious. He was pacing back and forth, muttering something under his breath when I arrived.

The doctors were just leaving the back rooms and were attempting to speak to him, but he kept interrupting them, barking at them to tell him what was wrong.

"What's going on?" I asked as I approached.

"These assholes won't let me what's wrong with my daughter," Alpha John huffed. "She's in a coma and they can't wake her up."

I looked at the doctors who looked at one another with an odd expression before looking at me.

"It seems that Bethany took something we can't distinguish. It's not known in our database. It seems to be a foreign substance."

"And that caused her to be in a coma?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at them.

"She was allergic to it," the doctor explained. "We were able to drain it from her system. But there's no telling when she'll wake up. Only time will tell."

"Thank you, doctor," I said to him before they turned and went back to work.

"This is your fault!" John exclaimed. "You did this to her. She went out with you and then came back practically dead!"

I went to say something in my defense, but I heard my name at the entrance of the Hospital.

"Alpha Enzo..."

Police Officer, Ken, came walking into the hospital with a grim expression on his face.

"About time you showed up," Alpha John growled.

I snapped him a look.

"You called the police?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at him.

"I want this man arrested for the attempted murder of my daughter!" John barked, ignoring me entirely.

Officer Ken sighed.

"I can't arrest an Alpha based on an allegation and you know this," he said in return. "I only came here to speak with Alpha Enzo and figure out what happened exactly."

"I already explained that I don't know what happened," I said, looking between the two of them. "We went out to dinner and then I went to the bathroom. When I returned, she was acting strangely. Soon, she started acting drunk and then I took her home."

"You had to have done something!" Alpha John growled. "This didn't just happen randomly."

"I'm afraid that Alpha John is right. Something must have happened during this dinner. Maybe while you were in the bathroom and she was distracted, somebody slipped something into her drink?" Officer Ken suggested.

"Are you out of your mind?!" John hissed. "It was Enzo!!"

"Let me go back to the restaurant and find out what I can," I said, putting an end to their bickering.

"I think that's fair," Officer Ken agreed.

"What?!" John yelled; Officer Ken stepped in front of him to block him from attacking me.

I didn't give him another look before I turned and walked toward the exit.

"You're just going to let him leave?!" I heard John hissing from behind me.

I tuned out the rest of their words as I left the hospital.

Back at the restaurant, it was still early so they weren't quite open yet. But when they saw me approaching, they were quick to open the doors.

"Alpha Enzo, what can we do for you this early?" I recognized one of the waiters as the waiter that served Bethany and me the night before.

"I came here to speak with you," I said, eyeing him carefully.

I could see the fear on his face and the color draining from his complexion. The other wait staff looked at him curiously before stepping aside.

"Yes, Alpha?" He asked once we were away from wandering ears.

"Last night, something odd happened with that woman I was with. She started to act strangely when I returned from the bathroom. She got entirely way too drunk after only one glass of wine. She's currently in the hospital and the doctors say she was drugged with a foreign substance. Apparently, she was allergic to it and is in a coma," I went on to explain.

The waiter gasped at my words and put his hands over his mouth in shock.

"Oh, goddess... no... I had no idea," the waiter murmured in his hands.

I rose my brows.

"You know something," It wasn't a question.

The waiter sighed and nodded, tears filling his eyes.

"Yes..." he said, lowering his gaze. "I switched the cups."

"You switched our cups?" I asked, unsure of what he was talking about. "I don't understand..."

"I saw her put the drug in the cup..." the waiter explained.

"She was trying to drug the cup?" I asked, still trying to get clarity.

He nodded his head once.

"Yes, Alpha. Miss Bethany was trying to drug you."