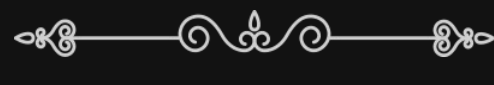


My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 109 – Connie's plan.



Third Person POV

Enzo hadn't returned home in over a day and Connie was beginning to grow impatient.

She remembered her night with Enzo clearly and she'd been planning it for some time. She knew that Enzo was out with Bethany for the evening and that bothered her more than anything.

It was bad enough that he had a mate that wasn't her, now he was going on dates with a gorgeous singer. It was infuriating.

Connie had loved Enzo for most of her life and she kept waiting for him to choose her as his chosen mate, but he still hasn't. He refuses to reject that Volana wolf despite Connie's warnings about him being mated to his student.

When Enzo mentioned going to dinner with Bethany Rochelle, Connie thought to herself, "Great... more competition."

She waited awake for him; she waited for what felt like an eternity. But when he didn't come home early, she grew even more upset.

She texted him that evening, asking him when he would be home, and he didn't reply until much later.

"On my way right now," the text message said.

She was pleased he wasn't spending the night with her. Now he could spend the rest of the evening with Connie.

"But what if he doesn't want to?" Her wolf asked. "What if he rejects the idea?"

"Then, we won't give him a choice," Connie said in return.

She went into the kitchen and brewed a couple of mugs of tea. He enjoyed tea at this hour, so it wouldn't be unusual.

But what he doesn't know is that Connie is spiking his mug with Starlight.

"You're going to have your way with him?" Connie's wolf asked in shock.

"No!" Connie exclaimed. "I'm not a monster. I just want to make him think we had sex. He will be asleep and he's going to think he did this on his own free will. It will get into his head, and he will start wondering if maybe he subconsciously wants to be with me all along."

"OH! That's brilliant," her wolf chuckled. "He will start wondering if he really does love you."

"Exactly," Connie agreed. "Plus, it will drive a wedge between Enzo and Lila. It's like killing two birds with one stone."

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Enzo's POV

Lila jumped to her feet quickly and Brody seemed to be tense as I entered the art room. Lila was breathing quite heavily, and I knew it was taking everything she had not to run in the opposite direction.

Not that she could get far without me catching her.

"Sorry to interrupt," I said, trying to sound unbothered. "I thought I would find you in here."

I set Lila's gift against the wall before turning to them.

"I was creating a new painting for the art studio," Lila explained, glancing over at Brody sheepishly. "I figured I'd go a different route."

"Sorry, Professor," Brody said, standing to his feet with a worried frown. "That doesn't bother you, does it? I wanted to help her in any way that I could, and this seemed like the best way to do that. She was upset that her panting was destroyed and—"

"I know why she was upset," I said, cutting off his words.

I also know that it wasn't because of her painting, it was because of the art studio as a whole. She felt rotten for Cassidy-Ann. Lila wasn't selfish enough to only care about her painting.

But I didn't say that out loud.

He stopped talking instantly and lowered his gaze to the ground.

"No, of course, it doesn't bother me," I continued, looking between the two of them. "I got a hold of Alpha Bastien, he's going to investigate the vandalism. He's also going to call you later," I added that last part looking at Lila.

"You didn't have to do that," she said, glancing at her feet. "I was going to call him myself and ask for his help."

"I guess we think alike," I said in return.

Max was growing restless with Brody's presence, and I knew I needed to get him to leave before my wolf destroyed him.

"Brody, can you give us a few minutes," I asked, trying to keep myself calm.

Brody looked at me for a short minute before looking over at Lila. She wouldn't meet my eyes, but she looked up at Brody and gave him a small nod.

He still looked uncertain, but he left the room anyways.

I walked over to Lila; she kept her eyes fixated on the ground, refusing to meet my gaze. It was bothersome, but I couldn't blame her for being upset.

I wish I knew for sure what had happened with Connie, but I was coming up blank.

"You don't have a right to be upset..." she finally said, her voice coming out in a whisper. "I just wanted to paint something different..."

"I'm not upset," I told her, sitting down in the chair that Brody was sitting in.

"You're not?" She asked, lifting her gaze to meet mine.

I shook my head.

"No," I answered. "Did I give you the impression that I was upset?"

She thought about it for a moment before shaking her head. But she remained silent, keeping her eyes on mine.

"I understand that you wanted a fresh painting for the studio, and I don't blame you for that," I continued, leaning back in the chair. "But we never got a chance to talk since earlier."

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not hear the details. Or discuss it..." she said, her tone low and sounding defeated.

I wasn't sure I'd be able to give her the details even if she did want them.

"But..." she started to say slowly. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure," I answered without hesitation.

"Why won't you just reject me?"

She had asked me this question before, and I hadn't answered her.

"Do you have any idea how painful a rejection is?" I asked her, leaning back in my chair. "Especially when it's an Alpha that rejects you? With how new your wolf is, it could put her in hibernation and there's a chance she won't come out of it. That's not something I'm willing to risk."

"By not claiming me... you are hurting my wolf even more," she exclaimed, tears filling her eyes. "It's painful for us both, Enzo..."

"Trust me, rejection is even worse. That quite literally feels like a stabbing in the heart. I won't do that to you. I promised your father I'd take care of you and—"

"My father wouldn't want this for me," she said, putting her foot down.

She was definitely angry, and I could see her wolf pulsating in her eyes.

"Being rejected is not something you can come out of easily. The pain you feel now is only temporary. But the pain of rejection could have a lasting effect on your wolf."

"So, what's the plan? You keep stringing me along until my wolf is strong enough to be rejected?" She asked, folding her arms across her chest.

I stood to my feet, keeping my eyes on hers. My wolf was scolding me for acting so cruelly. We came here to apologize, but instead we were making things worse.

"Is having a mate that terrible for you?" Lila asked hoarsely.

"What?" I asked her, unsure if I heard her correctly.

"Having a mate... you say you don't want one... but you don't really specify why. Is it terrible for you to love someone? What do you have against love, Enzo?"

Her question made me think of my mother; she was in love with my father until he rejected her cruelly and banished her from the pack, forcing her to become a rogue.

She had never been the same after that rejection.

Her wolf never recovered.

I was nothing like my father, but I didn't have a lot of examples of true love growing up.

I never thought I would have real love in my lifetime.

Maybe I did have something against it.

I didn't answer her question; I turned away from her and left without another word.

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Lila's POV

I stared after Enzo.

He didn't even bother to answer my question, but I knew he wouldn't.

I saw the look of pain cross his face; there was something wrong.

I packed up my things, no longer in the mood to paint. But as I neared the door, I paused when I saw something that wasn't there earlier.

It looked like a canvas that was covered in a sheet.

Come to think of it, I'm pretty sure Enzo left it behind.

It must be a painting or drawing, but what would Enzo be doing with something like that?

Filled with curiosity, I grabbed the edge of the sheet and pulled it off, only to stumble backward and gasp at the painting before me.

It was a beautiful handmade portrait...

...Of me.