

## My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 114 – Boarding the plane.



Lila's POV

"Lila, darling, what's going on?" My mother asked as she came into my room.

I could hear the party continuing down the stairs, though it was growing late in the evening, and most were heading home. Becca and Brody are each set up in one of the guest rooms and I had said goodbye to Brianna a little while ago.

Only Bri knew the real reason why I was upset, but for the most part, I quietly went up the stairs and headed to bed.

I hoped nobody would notice my absence, but my mother did.

"I guess I'm just not feeling too well," I told her, curling up in my bed and pressing my knees close to my chest.

It was taking everything I had not to cry.

She frowned and walked toward me; with one quick motion, she pressed the back of her hand against my forehead for a moment.

"You don't feel warm," she said thoughtfully. "Do you want me to bring you some tea?"

"No, I'm okay," I assured her. "I'm just going to get some sleep."

"Is it because you're nervous about your trip?"

"Maybe a little bit," I admitted.

I was most nervous about not seeing Enzo for two months. Tonight was my last chance to see him before I left. I wasn't sure how Val would be able to handle being away from him for this month.

I felt sick to my stomach thinking about it.

"You're going to be wonderful, Lila Bean. Cassidy-Ann will take wonderful care of you and help you get settled," my mother assured me as she sat down on the bed beside me. "And you can call us every night to update us. You know I'll always answer your calls."

I gave her a kind smile as she wrapped her arms around me.

"I love you so much," she said to me.

"I love you too," I said in return.

"Everything okay?" My father asked, poking his head in the doorway.

"Lila has a little cold feet about her trip. I was just telling her everything was going to be fine," my mother filed him in.

He gave me a worried frown.

"Cold feet, huh? It's not like you to get nervous that easily. Are you sure there's nothing else bothering you?"

I felt my face redden as my father continued to pour his stare into me. I lowered my gaze, not wanting to tell them anything more.

How could I possibly tell them that my professor was my mate? They would make me drop out of the university. A tight knot formed in my stomach, and I took a deep breath to settle my anxiety.

"I'm fine," I reassured them after a pause of silence. "As I said, I'm just a little tired."

"I bet you are especially after you kicked ass in your in finals yesterday. I just got off the phone with Enzo and he told me that he made you a top student."

My mother gasped at his words as she looked at me; I sat frozen on the bed, staring up at my father's twinkling eyes.

"You spoke to Professor Enzo? I asked, my voice sounding incredibly far away. "Just now?"

He nodded once.

"He sends his apologies for not making it," my father said, keeping his eyes on mine.

"Lila, why didn't you tell me you made top student in Alpha Enzo's class?" My mother asked with wide and curious eyes. "That's incredible news. You should be so proud of yourself."

I couldn't take my eyes away from my father and I saw something unfamiliar in his eyes.

It was like he knew something that he wasn't telling me.

"Congratulations, Lila Bean," my father said, his smile widening.

"Thank you," I said to them both, lowering my gaze to my hands. "Did Professor Enzo mention why he didn't come?"

"He said something came up," my father answered with a shrug. "No big deal though."

Maybe it wasn't a big deal to him, but it was to my wolf.

I sighed and nodded as my mother wrapped her arms around me again.

"I'm so unbelievably proud of you," she breathed, hugging me tightly.

She finally released me and stood to her feet.

"We will let you get some rest. We leave for the airport tomorrow evening and I'm sure you have more packing to do," my mother said as she joined my father at the door.

"Tomorrow evening? I thought I wasn't leaving until Monday," I said, staring between the two of them.

My mother looked up at my father with a deepened frown.

"You didn't tell her?" She said, folding her arms across her chest.

"It must have slipped my mind," my father said in return. "Cassidy-Ann had your ticket changed for a day earlier. I guess there's a meeting or something on Monday she needs to be at and she wanted her assistant there. She called me because she knew I had the connections to get the flights switched."

Tomorrow evening.

I wasn't going to be seeing Enzo at all. My heart squeezed painfully in my chest; this trip was happening way too soon, and I wasn't sure I was ready.

But it was way too late to back down now.

I had to go through with this.

My parents gave me a kiss before leaving my room and leaving me alone with my thoughts.

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It was a sleepless night. I tossed and turned for most of the night when I should have been sound asleep.

I wish I was more excited about this trip, but I couldn't stop thinking about Enzo.

I took out my phone and brought up our text thread; I thought about texting him again, but it would be the fourth unanswered text message and I couldn't do that morally.

I put my phone on my bed and worked on packing everything that I could. I packed the new clothing I got and the old clothing I had. I packed all my personal items that I can't live without for the next couple of months and essential things.

It took a few hours, but I managed to get everything ready for the airport.

Beta Aiden took my things to the waiting car.

Brianna, Becca, and Brody were all at the packhouse still and they hung out with me for most of the day.

They all went with my family and me to the airport to say their final goodbyes. I don't think there was a dry eye in the house. Everybody had misty eyes as they hugged me tightly.

"I'm only going to be gone for a couple of months," I said as I hugged a sobbing Brianna.

"I know but it's going to feel like a lifetime," she cried. "It was bad enough when you moved to the Shifter academy which was an hour away. Now you're going across the world."

"I'll be back before you know it," I told her, hugging her tightly.

"Call me every day," she ordered, finally releasing me.

I chuckled, but the chuckle didn't reach my eyes.

"I will," I promised.

I hugged both Becca and Brody as well.

I wished Rachel could be here, but I knew she was focused on her recovery right now and wouldn't be back for another few weeks.

"Have an amazing trip," Brody said with a fond smile as he wiped a tear away from my face using his thumb.

I smiled at him.

"Thank you," I said to him.

I hugged the rest of my family tightly before finally taking a step toward the terminal gate.

"Call when you land," my mother ordered.

I gave them a wave before turning toward the gate and greeting the stewardess. I handed her my ticket and she handed me my seat number.

"Enjoy the flight," she said politely.

I thanked her and boarded the plane.

"We should wait a little longer," Val said in a hoarse whisper. "He might show up."

I glanced out the window of the plane and saw the luggage being transported to the bottom of the plane. I saw a bunch of people walking around the runway, getting planes ready for takeoff.

But I didn't see Enzo.

"He's not coming," I told her, shaking my head. "I'm not going to sit around and wait for someone who clearly doesn't care."

She was quiet once I said that.

We made our way down the aisle until I found my seat.

It was next to a hooded gentleman who sat by the window. I put my backpack between my legs and took a deep breath to relax my nerves. This was my first time on a plane. I was glad to not get the window seat.

The man beside me appeared to be sleeping already; maybe I should fall asleep too so I can sleep through this flight.

The stewardess walked down the aisle as others began taking their seats.

"Excuse me," I said as she reached me. "Can I get a soda while we wait for the plane to take off?"

"Yes, certainly," she said with a kind smile. "I'll grab that for you."

"Thank you," I said as she disappeared down the aisle.

"You know, those things aren't good for you," the man beside me muttered.

His voice sounded oddly familiar.

I frowned and looked over at him; I was about to tell him off when he removed his hood and looked over at me.

Soon, all words were gone from my mind and I gasped loudly.

I couldn't believe what I was looking at.

Or rather, who I was looking at.

"Professor Enzo?"