

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 169 – I shouldn't be here.



Lila's POV

"So, what we need to do is come up with a campaign," Rachel said as we sat in the student lounge.

It was Sunday, the day before classes began, and a few days after we settled into our new dorms. Rachel and Becca both looked eager as they sat across from me at our usual table.

The lounge wasn't too busy, but it was still crowded enough that I didn't want to talk about this too loudly. I didn't need Sarah to somehow overhear this conversation and use it against me.

There was still the real possibility that she could in fact have powers that she used to get everything she ever wanted and make people do her bidding without a second guess.

I hadn't told either Rachel or Becca about this because I didn't want them to worry.

"She's right, we can't let Sarah win. She will destroy this school," Becca agreed, staring at me intently. "We need you to win, Lila. The school needs you to win."

"The board would never allow for the school to get destroyed," I assured them. "Regardless of who wins, they will protect us."

I was trying to be positive and reassuring, but they gave one another a strange look that told me they didn't believe me.

I didn't believe me either.

If Sarah really did have powers, she would use them to manipulate the board too. I wouldn't put it past her.

"Everybody in this school already loves Lila," Becca added. "So, it'll be easy to get them on her side."

"Yeah, but Sarah has her father's money and can afford a huge campaign," Rachel reminded us. "We can't be too careful. We already know she will do anything to win."

"That's true," Becca said, leaning back in her seat. "So, what are we thinking?"

"We can do a bake sale," I suggested.

"A bake sale isn't going to win you this election," Rachel said, shaking her head.

"Well, no. But regardless of who wins, the committee is going to need some funding for future events and the bake sale was a hit the last time around. We should have another one."

"Okay, but shouldn't you be thinking of that after you win the election?" Rachel asked, seemingly annoyed with the suggestion.

I shrugged.

"I can prove to everybody that I'm worth voting for at any point. But we only have so much time to get enough funding. I don't want to scramble at the last minute for money when we need it. Plus, the students deserve to have a back-to-school party, regardless of who wins. I'd like to have a bake sale. Not for myself, but for them."

Becca gave Rachel a wide smile.

"She wouldn't be Lila if she didn't care more about the students than herself."

"True," Rachel said, leaning back in her seat. "It'll also make her look really good. Okay, let's do a bake sale."

I smiled at my friends. It was sweet of them to have so much faith in me and help me with this. I don't know what I would do without them.

"We are going to have to do a lot of baking," Becca said, shaking her head. "We don't exactly have a kitchen. Do you think the school would let us use theirs?"

"I can ask them," Rachel shrugged. "I'm cool with some of the lunch ladies."

I still wanted to go to Enzo's packhouse before school officially started tomorrow. This could be an excuse for me to go there.

Dee would be able to help me with this bake sale, just like she did last time, and I would be able to speak with Enzo.

"I might know somewhere I can bake for this bake sale and someone who can help me bake," I told them both.

I wasn't sure how much I could tell them without revealing that Enzo was my mate.

"Who?" Rachel was the first to ask.

"Her name is Deanna, she's the chef in Enzo's packhouse. She's like the pack mother of a sort," I explained. "She's very sweet and she's done bake sales that I've helped her with in the past. She's good at what she does, and she would help me if I asked her."

They both looked at one another questionably.

"I had no idea you out so much at Enzo's packhouse that you know the staff," Rachel said, raising her brows. "You never mentioned it before."

"I go there occasionally to teach the children of his pack to fight," I said with a casual shrug. "It's really no big deal. Not worth mentioning."

"See?! She's so great. She deserves to win," Becca said, throwing her hands in the air.

Rachel and I laughed at her dramatics.

"You are right about that," Rachel agreed. She then turned to me and narrowed her eyes. "Are you able to go there today and ask for her help?"

"Yes, I'll go this afternoon and seek her help."

"Maybe you can find out why Professor... or Alpha Enzo quit while you're there. I still can't believe he quit."

"Wait, Professor Enzo quit??" Rachel gaped. "When did that happen?"

"I'm not sure" I lied. "We found out about it recently."

"That sucks; he was your favorite teacher," Rachel said with a timid frown. "Are you okay?"

"I'm going to have to be," I shrugged. "Besides, we met the new teacher. He seems... interesting."

"That's an understatement," Becca said with an eye roll. "Dude looks terrifying. He's going to give you a run for our money."

"I'm sure it'll be fine," I said, staring between the two of them. "Let's not worry about anything until we have to."

"You'll have to give us the details of what happened," Rachel said with a frown. "I'm curious as to why he left."

"Alpha Enzo is very busy being an Alpha and running his pack. I probably won't even see him."

"But if you do, you got to ask him why he left," Becca repeated.

I knew they weren't going to stop until I gave them something that pleased their curious minds.

I was going to have to come up with something.

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I stood outside of Enzo's packhouse with a sense of doubt. Maybe this was a bad idea after all.

I mean, if he wanted to talk to me, he would, right?

I technically wasn't here for Enzo; I was here for Dee. But I still really needed to get answers from Enzo.

I was feeling so conflicted.

Maybe I shouldn't be here. I wasn't ready to have this conversation with Enzo.

There was a chance that I wouldn't see him if I stayed in the kitchen with Dee. It was past noon, which meant Enzo was probably tied up with something Alpha-related. But I knew once he sensed me, he'd probably come looking for me.

Maybe.

I took a deep breath and lifted my hand to knock on the wooden doors.

My heart raced rapidly in my chest; it was too late to back down now. It was only a matter of seconds before the door opened.

I just had to hope that it wasn't Enzo who opened the door.

I saw the knob of the door turning and I took a step back. Maybe if I shifted into my wolf form and sprinted for the forest, I could get away before anybody—

"Lila?" A familiar voice cut through my inner dialogue. "What are you doing here?"