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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 211 Jazzy the Dark Witch

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Third Person POV

Jazzy looked herself over in the mirror that sat above her vanity. She brushed her slender fingers through her long, curly dark locks of hair, allowing it to fall back in place around her narrow features. She's always been told she was pretty, and it wasn't until recently that she started to feel as if she truly was. Growing up she had always been told that shifters were the enemy. She didn't know how true that was until a shifter killed her parents. This shifter happened to be a Volana wolf. She was only 10 years old at the time and her sister was 20 years old. Since then, it's just been Jazzy and her sister. Until it wasn't.

Her sister betrayed her trust and befriended a wolf; but not just any wolf... a Volana wolf. The most powerful of the wolf clan and the vein of Jazzy's existence.

Jazzy hasn't seen eye-to-eye with her sister in a long time. But since her sister befriended the very breed that took their parents away, she despised her sister more than anything. She moved to Starcove and started a new life with witches and other sorcerers who understood her. She studied the art of dark magic and throughout the many centuries she's been alive, she became one of the best dark witches to ever exist.

Her coven and all Starcove belong to her, and she will never allow anyone to take what is hers.

Not again.

A prophet had come to her from one of her elder witches stating that a Volana she-wolf will rise from the product of love and become the most powerful Volana to ever exist. She will be the rise of the Volana population and restore the nation.

The thought of a Volana wolf that powerful walking these lands royally pissed Jazzy off. They didn't deserve to live in this world after the torment they had caused throughout the centuries.

She needs to find out who this Volana is and put an end to her. But the only way to get rid of this wolf is to drain her of everything she is and then end her miserable little life.

Jazzy met Paul when he came to her seeking a favor. Everybody in the world knows of the dark witch so she wasn't surprised when she was sought out. But she was amazed that Paul, being a wolf, had enough balls to come to Starcove knowing that it's made of witches that don't particularly welcome wolves with open arms. But Paul walked through like he owned the goddamn place and found Jazzy in her witchery shop.

"You reek of mutt," Jazzy pointed out, curling her top lip as she stared at Paul's disgusting dog-like face. Even in his human form, he looked like a dog. His stench alone made her want to throw up.

"Are you the dark witch, Jasmine?" Paul asked, ignoring her insult.

She narrowed her emerald eyes at him.

"Who wants to know?" She asked, giving him no signs of emotions.

"The name is Paul; I was the Delta of the Calypso pack, just north of here," he explained.

Jazzy had heard of the Calypso pack and the fall of their leader; seeing the third in command standing before her was surprising to her.

“I thought you would have been dead like the rest,” Jazzy said through her teeth.

“I fled with some others,” he admitted. “I’ve been for the past year, waiting for things to calm down so I can return to take over as Alpha. That title belonged to me, but it was taken by someone who doesn’t even belong to our pack. Someone who lived his life as a rogue. He’s not even old enough to take over yet.”

“Then why not just take it?” She asked, folding her arms across her chest. “Surely it can’t be difficult if he’s just a kid.”

“He has a lot of warriors on his side. I’m afraid I don’t have much of anything and I don’t have a chance against them on my own,” he said. “I’ve been in hiding for so long that I don’t have an army or anyone on my side.”

“And you still feel you deserve to be Alpha of that pack?” Jazzy asked, slightly amused now. “After you fled for the past year?

What makes you so deserving?”

“I did everything for that pack for years. I fled to save my own life. Our old Alpha was the reason for the fall, and I wasn’t going to go down with him and his beta. I did what I could to survive, but I’m back now...” he paused for a moment, and Jazzy waited for him to continue. “I returned to the pack, and they banished me.”

“Banished you?” Jazzy asked, raising her perfectly trimmed brows. “You’re a rogue now?”

Shame crossed Paul’s face, but he nodded his head once.

“How delicious,” Jazzy smirked, leaning across her counter in a cat-like pose. “So, tell me, Rogue. What do you want from me?”

“I want your help to get rid of this new Alpha and make them see me as their new Alpha,” he finally said in one breath.

This made Jazzy laugh.

“And why the hell would I help a wolf?” She asked, narrowing her eyes at him.

“I can give you whatever you want,” he said, bowing his head to her. “I’m yours to command. Just tell me what you want and it’s yours.”

“You can’t possibly have anything I want,” she said rolling her eyes.

But then, she froze.

“Your former Alpha, his name was Blaise, correct?”
She asked.

He lifted his gaze to hers and nodded slowly.

“That’s correct,” he answered.

“Who’s this new Alpha?”

His aura darkened and a growl escaped from his throat, showing just how pissed he was.

“His name is Enzo. Blaise’s son,” he seethed.

“If I remember the stories correctly, Blaise was on the hunt for Volana wolves?”

Paul nodded but this time, he added an eye roll.

“Yes,” he answered. “And get this... Enzo’s mother is a Volana wolf. But somehow the gene skipped him. Blaise banished her a long time ago after she got rid of her abilities. They’ve been hiding somewhere in the rogue territory with other Volanas and now he’s taking over the pack.”

Her eyes widened.

“There are others?” She asked.

Enzo could be the ticket to finding the strongest Volana to ever exist. Or at least his mother might be. I need to keep them close...

“Yes, a lot of them,” he answered. “But they are in hiding. I hear they have some kind of witch barrier around their village.”

Jazzy’s heart fell into her stomach, a witch barrier?

She only knew of one witch who would be stupid enough to help the Volana wolves. Even more fury rose through her as she clenched her fists.

Paul was her gateway to finding that Volana and ending them once and for all; once she ends that Volana, all the others will fall with it. Jazzy knew she wasn't powerful enough to defeat this Volana on her own, but maybe if Paul somehow obtained her abilities, they could work together to conquer this nation. Paul could get what he wants, and she would get what she wants.

She looked up at Paul, a sly smile appearing on her lips.

"Maybe we can help each other after all," she finally said.

Back in the present moment, Jazzy finished dressing and gave herself one last look in the mirror before smiling with satisfaction and leaving her room. She went downstairs of her Coven house, ignoring those who greeted her on the way down.

She made her way down to the basement where their dungeon was placed. She heard the screaming and agonizing pains of her

captor. Someone who had once gotten away from her when she was so close to finding this Volana wolf; someone she knew had the information she sought.

She opened the rooms to the dungeon and paused when she saw one of her guards shackling Hazel.

Hazel struggled against the chains, but they burned her flesh being poisonous to sorcerers.

Tears stained her face as she screamed for mercy, but mercy doesn't live here.

Hazel's pale green eyes shifted upward as Jazzy stood over her and Jazzy swore Hazel stopped breathing.

"I've been waiting a long time to recapture you," Jazzy said with a grin. "I knew you'd leave your barrier sooner or later."

"Why are you doing this?" Hazel gasped between sobs.

"Because I know you know the information I seek. We can either do this the easy way or the hard way," Jazzy seethed, lowering herself so she was at eye level with Hazel.

"I'll never tell you anything!"

"We'll see about that, now, won't we?" Jazzy said with a chuckle. She stood to her feet and turned her back toward her, but just

as she started to walk away, she paused. “Welcome back to hell... my dearest sister.”

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#Chapter 212 The Shield Has Been Broken

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Lila's POV

“Um, excuse me... I was going to sit there,” a tall brunette girl that I didn't recognize said, folding her arms across her busty chest and staring at Corrine like she was beneath her.

Corrine looked puzzled.

“I always sit here,” she said, narrowing her eyes at the girl.

“Flynn is my boyfriend and as my boyfriend, I get to sit next to him,” the girl hissed through her seemingly perfect teeth.

It suddenly made sense as to who this girl was.

Corrine’s face reddened as the girl who sat beside Justin, chuckled. The girls must have been friends.

Corrine glanced at Flynn for some extra help, but he sighed and shook his head at her.

“Can’t you just sit somewhere else for today, Cor?” He asked.

I could practically hear her heart-shattering.

What the hell was Flynn’s problem? Why was he treating her so poorly??

I heard in a low whisper from nearby, “Watch this...”

It was Justin talking to his girlfriend as he scooped some mashed potatoes on his spoon; he was about to sling-shot it toward

Corrine. I pressed my lips firmly together and before he released the potatoes in her direction, I grabbed the spoon from him, startling everybody at the table.

“Future Alphas and Lunas lead by example,” I told all 4 of them. “That level of disrespect won’t be tolerated.”

“Justin, what is wrong with you?!” Luna Reilly Sinclaire, Justin’s mother, scolded. “We raised you better than this.”

“You are 16 years old; you should know better than that,” his father, Alpha Lucas Sinclaire growled. “Sit up straight and be a gentleman.”

Justin pouted but he wouldn’t dare argue with his father. Corrine looked like she wanted to burst into tears.

“Sorry about my son, Alpha,” Alpha Lucas said to my father.

“Boys will be boys,” my father said in return, then gave Flynn a stern look.

I shook my head and walked toward Corrine, wrapping my arm through hers, I pulled her along with me.

“Come on, Cor. You can sit with me,” I told her. She seemed to have relaxed as we found our seats at the table. Corrine sat on one side of me, and Brianna sat in front of me right beside her uncle Donovan, and on the other side of her was her mother and Donovan’s sister, Anna.

My father sat at the head of the table with my mother seated beside him. At the opposite end of the long dining room table, sat

the Sinclair's along with my brother and his girlfriend. There was an empty seat beside me for Enzo who hadn't shown up yet and on the other side of Enzo's seat sat Beta Aiden with his mate, Lucy, and their two small children. She was also expecting another child in a few months which everybody is very excited about.

My mother had some of the packhouse kitchen staff serving the meal that she prepared just as Enzo walked into the dining room. I could tell almost right away from the look he was giving me that something was wrong.

He pulled his eyes from me and went straight to my father, lowering himself to his ear and speaking in a low whisper so only my father could hear.

My mother noticed this as well and was frowning as my father's body tensed. I swear, I thought I saw the color drain from his face.

My father looked up at Enzo who also wore a serious expression, and then my father nodded to him.

"Please, enjoy your meals, everyone. Aiden and Donovan, can I see you for a minute?" My father said, standing to his feet.

Aiden and Donovan gave one another identical concerned looks before standing to their feet; they knew better than to ask any questions about anything in front of everybody.

“What’s going on?” My mother asked quickly.

“I’ll let you know when I know more information,” my father said to her, leaning down to kiss her gently.

“Enzo?” I asked before I could even stop myself. I felt everybody’s eyes shifting to me, some in shock, some not so much. Enzo only gave me a warm smile, but I could tell something was bothering him and it gave me an unsettled feeling in the pit of my stomach.

“I’ll be back,” he assured me gently.

He turned away with my father and the others and they left the dining room. I felt tears prickling the corner of my eyes before I could prevent them from coming. I suddenly felt cold, and a shiver crept up my spine.

“Mom?” I asked, looking at her equally worried face.

“It’s okay...” she breathed, and I wasn’t sure if she was talking to me or reassuring herself. “Let’s just eat our food.”

“Lila, I didn’t know you were that close to Alpha Enzo,” Anna said with a playful smile, trying to change the subject.

“Mom...” Bri murmured, clearly embarrassed by her mother’s boldness.

“What? I’m observant,” Anna chuckled. “Is there a story there?” She proceeded to ask me.

“Yes, there is,” my mother answered for me, also eager to change the subject. “We were hoping everyone would be together before we made this announcement though. It was the whole purpose of this dinner.”

“It doesn’t matter anymore,” I said, moving my food around on my plate with my fork; I suddenly wasn’t hungry anymore. In fact, I felt like I wanted to throw up. “But it’s true... Enzo and I are very close now and that’s because he’s, my mate.”

Everybody, except for a few who already knew, gasped at the news.

“Oh, my goddess!!” Anna cooed. “Congratulations, Lila! This is definitely a good reason to celebrate.”

“I’m so happy for you dear,” Lucy breathed with a fond smile.

“When’s the Luna ceremony?” Alpha Lucas asked, which caused a slap to the arm from his wife.

“Don’t be rude,” she murmured.

“It’s not rude. It’s a genuine question,” he shrugged.

“Not until after her graduation,” my mother answered. “Enzo respects that she needs to finish her schooling before thinking about marriage.”

“Well, when the time comes, you are going to be a great Luna, Lila,” Luna Reilly said kindly.

“Congrats, Lila,” Flynn said with a mouthful of food. But then he glared at Corrine. “Did you know?”

“I did,” she said without looking at him.

“And you didn’t tell me?” He seethed.

I frowned at him, annoyed by his tone.

“It wasn’t my place,” she shrugged casually.

“Maybe if you hung out with her a little more often, she’d tell you these things. But clearly, you’re too busy for your twin

nowadays,” I simply said as I glanced at his girlfriend who sat smugly beside him.

Flynn scowled at me, but I paid him no attention.

“Thank you, everyone,” I said with a chuckle; but my mind went right back to Enzo. I knew there was something wrong and I was fighting the urge to go to my mate and find out what it was.

“Maybe we should go to him,” Val suggested. “I don’t feel right, Lila. Something is seriously wrong.”

I looked at my mother who sat silently in her seat and stared down at her plate; she was feeling it too.

Maybe having this strong intuition was a Volana thing too?

“Lila, Selene. Can you come to my office for a minute?” I heard the sound of my father at the doorway.

Both my mother and I stood quickly and gave one another worried looks.

“Excuse us,” my mother said to the curious table as we scurried after my father.

His office was down the hall from the dining room and when we got there, I was relieved to be reunited with Enzo. He wrapped me in his arms and held me close to him, breathing in my scent, just as I breathed his in.

My wolf instantly calmed, but I still carried that nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach as I looked up at his worried face.

“What’s going on?” My mother asked, holding onto my father’s arm.

“It’s Hazel...” Enzo was the first to speak, his eyes never leaving mine.

My heart fell into my stomach; Hazel was the witch from Diana’s village. She was the one protecting the village from outsiders.

She was supposed to be escorted from that village to Enzo’s pack so she could uncover that secret ingredient in the protein mix

Professor Xander had given me.

“Is she okay?” My mother asked before I had the chance to say anything.

“My warriors were attacked by a witch,” Enzo explained, looking from me to my mother. “Hazel was taken away.”

My entire body trembled at hearing this news; suddenly that nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach started making a lot more sense. It wasn't just the fact that Hazel had been taken; this went deeper than just Hazel.

I knew what was wrong, and if we didn't do something, that entire village was going to die. I staggered backward, out of Enzo's arms, and pressed myself against the wall, trying to calm my breathing. I heard a voice in my head and flashes of fire kept crossing my vision. "Lila?" Enzo asked, shaking me slightly. "Are you with me?"

The images were gone and all I saw was a very worried Enzo.

"What happened?" He asked, staring into my eyes. "We need to get to your mother's village..." I breathed, hardly able to maintain my shaky breath and steady my rapid heartbeat.

"The shield has been broken. They are all in danger."

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#Chapter 213 A War Has Begun

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Lila's POV

They were all staring at me like I had just grown an extra head; maybe I did. My head was pounding, and this feeling was too overwhelming. I couldn't explain it even if I wanted to.

"Are you sure?" My father asked, narrowing his eyes at me. "How do you know?"

"I don't know. It's just this feeling I have," I said between my teeth.

We didn't have a lot of time to waste; the village was unprotected and Enzo's mother, along with her people, was soon going to die. We needed to get to them and quickly.

"She's right," my mother said from behind me. "I can feel it too."

"Shit," Enzo hissed through his teeth.

“Okay; Enzo and I will go, and you stay here with your mother,” my father said as he rushed toward the door.

I was stunned.

“Let me come with you. I can help keep them protected,” I said, rushing after my father and mate. Enzo turned around to face me, his eyes pouring into me.

“Lila, I need you to stay here and out of the way. I need you to be safe.”

“When have I ever run away from a fight?” I asked, folding my arms across my chest. “I can protect myself and those Volana’s, Enzo. You know I can.”

“It’s far too dangerous,” My father snapped, glaring at me through eyes of anger.

“Bastien, as much as I want Lila to remain safe as well... I think she needs to go there,” my mother surprised me by saying.

Both my father and Enzo stared at her in disbelief.

“She can help keep them safe while you hunt for Hazel. Besides, it’s not like she will be alone. There will be warriors there too,” she said.

She glanced over her shoulder at Aiden and Donovan who were readying their equipment to join the others.

“They aren’t going to let anything happen to her,” my mother said, looking back at my father. “Let her go to that village. She needs to do this, and you can use all the help that you can get.”

“How can she help keep them safe?” My father asked, glancing at me. He didn’t sound angry or skeptical, but he did sound worried.

“I can fight,” I said firmly.

“Your wolf is still weak from whatever shit was in that protein shake,” Enzo reminded me.

I glanced at my father, and he gave me a knowing look before I looked back at Enzo, squaring my shoulders I said, “I don’t need a strong wolf to fight.”

Enzo stared at me for a moment longer before a small grin appeared on his lips.

“Also, I can shield myself and others from attacks, remember?” I said, peering up at him. “I shielded you when you saved your mother from Paul’s layer. I can probably shield them too from whatever attacks come their way.”

Enzo glanced at my father and they both had identical looks before turning back to me. Finally, Enzo gave me a genuine smile before smiling and nodding.

“Okay,” he said after a brief pause. “Then let’s get to my mother’s village.”

Relief flooded through me as I gave him a large smile. I turned to my mother and gave her a large hug.

“Be safe, Lila Bean,” she whispered against me.

“I will,” I assured her before pulling away.

I turned to Enzo and my father.

“Let’s go.”

....

The closer we got to the rogue territory, the more my insides began screaming at me that something was seriously wrong. The sounds of my heart thrumming invaded my hearing, and I took a steady deep breath to steady my trembling body.

We didn’t bother taking a car because we could move faster in wolf form. Because Val was still too weak, I couldn’t shift and run myself, so I clung to Enzo’s back as he ran through the forests. We crossed many different territories until we reached the Calypso pack.

It only took Enzo’s wolf, Max, roughly 15 minutes to reach the Calypso pack instead of the usual 30 minutes it would take in a car. The rogue territory that his mother resided in was just outside his borders.

I wasn't sure what to expect when we got there and that's what worried me the most. But as we neared closer, I started to hear the screams and the frantic cries of women and children, and I knew they were in serious trouble. Enzo heard the screaming as well because he picked up speed and whipped through the forest with everything, he had inside of him.

As I already knew, his mother's village was out in the open and the fighting that went on was between rogues and the warriors stationed to keep the village safe.

I recognized some of them as Nova Pack warriors as well and I was relieved to see them helping.

I slid off Enzo's back immediately and his wolf's eyes met mine.

"I need you to find my mother," he said through a mindlink.

I nodded to him, not bothering to respond any further as I ran through the ambush of villagers. My heart tugged as I watched houses of innocent people hiding and fearful of what was happening around them.

The vicious rogues were growling loudly and attacking anyone who crossed their paths. There were some in their human forms

using weapons made of sterling silver, a lethal weapon for wolves.

As I ran through the crowd of people in search of Enzo's mother, I was grabbed by a rogue who had a dagger firmly in his grip.

He swung the dagger in my direction, and I managed to dodge the attack while counterattacking and landing him on the ground.

I grabbed the dagger from his grip and plunged it into his chest before pulling it out and running off with it. At least now I had a weapon.

More rogues in wolf form lunged at me; to dodge them I kicked myself into the air and flipped over them, landing on the ground behind them. I managed to jump on the back of one of them and twist his neck until it broke, I finished him off with a dagger in his throat. The other rogue stared at me with a terror clear in his eyes but before he could react, I threw the dagger in a perfect spiral and watched as it landed deep in his chest. He fell to the ground, and I climbed off the rogue I was still on and fetched the dagger I had thrown. I went to turn and run in another direction when I almost ran directly into a woman who was running in my direction. We both nearly fell to the ground.

“Diana?” I breathed.

“Lila?” She gasped. “You came! You heard my cries for help!”

Tears filled her frightened eyes. Without thinking I closed the small gap between us and hugged Enzo’s mother with all my

strength. She hugged me back but only for a moment; there was still war going on around us and we needed to remain focused.

“Is Enzo with you?” Diana asked, pulling away and staring at me with such worry in her gaze.

I looked around for a moment, frowning.

“He was here, yes. But I’m not sure where he is now,” I said, furrowing my brows together.

From the corner of my eye, I saw a rogue lunging at Diana. Before I could grasp what was fully

happening, I grabbed her and

threw her to the ground and out of his reach. I threw the dagger with all my force in the direction of the rogue and heard him

screaming out in agony as he fell to the ground.

“We need to the safe house,” Diana cried. “There are women and children there. I need to make sure they are safe.”

I nodded, helping her to her feet.

“Lead the way.”

She nodded in return and started to run in that direction; I followed closely behind her, trying to shield all attacks that came at her.

I got a quick glimpse of Enzo and my father fighting alongside one another with the other warriors. Enzo met my eyes, and I gave

him an encouraging nod as I continued to follow Diana until we reached a small brick building.

“This is the safe house?” I asked, raising my brows.

“This building leads to underground tunnels,” she explained. “It’s something I’ve been creating in case we need to evacuate

quickly. But they aren’t finished yet. They don’t lead anywhere. But the access points to the tunnels are hidden so the tunnels are a safe place for right now.”

I was relieved to hear that they had something like that here. Diana was incredibly smart; it was no wonder she felt she needed to stay here with the other Volanas.

As we slid into the building, Diana went toward a hidden passageway and she was right, I wouldn’t have seen it at first glance. It almost looked like a wall but dipped down into a small hole.

We slid under the wall and were met with a steep hill that had tree trunks and branches as stairs. I wondered how she was able to create something like this but decided now was not the time to ask.

By the time we reached the bottom, and my eyes adjusted to the darkness of the tunnels, I heard frantic voices around the corner, and I knew that's where the women and children were hiding.

Diana made her way around that corner, and we were met by a bunch of different people of different ages, huddled together and trying to calm one another down. The children were sobbing, and it was clear that everyone was terrified. "Diana!" One of the cried. "What's happening up there? We've been down here for so long."

"It's not looking good," Diana said honestly as she went toward a couple of people who were curled up on the ground.

I realized there was blood on their arms and legs. They were hurt...

"There's too many of them," Diana said, her voice breaking. "Where's the first aid kit?"

"We don't have one down here..." one of the injured ones said through gasps of breath.

It was a young boy, maybe 16 or 17 years old. He must have been trying to fight alongside the men up there. My heart tugged painfully for them.

Even from the tunnels, I could hear the commotion of the fighting. There were some explosions too that made me wince and I wondered if Enzo or my father was hurt in any of those explosions.

“I’d feel it if he was hurt,” Val reassured me.

“Regardless of how weak I am... I will always feel if our mate is in trouble.”

That was a relief to know.

“Shit,” Diana murmured. “It might be in the infirmary and the last I saw it, it was on fire.”

I heard the distress cries of everyone around me. I couldn’t just stand here and do nothing; I wasn’t going to hide.

“I’ll go,” I said quickly, staring at Diana who met my eyes. “I can get into the infirmary. I’ll get whatever supplies you need; just give me a list and I’ll get it.”

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#Chapter 214 Medical Supplies

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Lila's POV

Diana quickly told me the stuff she was going to need from the infirmary and gave me a backpack that she took from one of the kids, now I just had to hope the supplies weren't destroyed. I made my way back up to the surface where the fighting grew louder.

I ignored the rapid beating of my heart and made it back into the brick building. Without a second thought, I ran through the doors and back out into the battle. I kept the dagger in my grip as I made my way through the battle. As I ran, I dodged many attacks and did a few attacks of my own. I jumped over rogues and stabbed them in the chest with my

dagger. I screamed out battle cries as I did so knowing that it would be the last thing they hear when they meet their fatal end.

I caught a glimpse of Enzo again, but he was too preoccupied with fighting the ambush of rogues that happened to surround him to notice me. For a moment, my entire body froze. I wanted to shield him and use my abilities to help him fight that ambush, but I needed to save my strength to shield the entire village when the time was right.

Thankfully, my father wasn't too far away, and he jumped in to help Enzo along with a few other warriors. I allowed myself to breathe as I ran toward the long building that Diana had described to be the infirmary.

As she said though it was completely on fire and the wooden planks that made up the building were falling to the ground and burning immediately.

It would be a miracle if anything in that building managed to survive, but I needed to check.

I raised my hands around my body and imagined a calming and cooling shield of light to circle my body and protect me from any of the flames that were to scorch my skin. Soon, I felt the glow of my personal shield surrounding my body and I no longer felt

the intense heat of the fire that lit up the building. I ran through the broken doors of the infirmary, thankful that my shield was working, and the fire wasn't negatively affecting me.

However, it made it difficult to see anything through the dark smoke that covered my vision.

A wooden plank fell from the ceiling, making me jump out of the way before it hit me completely.

Diana said there should be a first aid kit somewhere in here; she also needed a couple of blood bags, antibiotics, extra

bandages, and possibly water if there was any in here.

My heart sank when I saw that every bed that was once in this infirmary was completely on fire and turning into ash before my

eyes. I hoped to the goddess that nobody was in those beds when they caught on fire.

I ran through the open flames, my shield only faltering slightly. I winced as the flames touched my flesh, but the shield returned and protected me from further damage.

There was a desk on the far side of the room that the flames hadn't reached yet. They were close though, which meant I had to

hurry to them. I quickly ran the rest of the way to the desk and frowned when I saw there was nothing.

But there were drawers.

I opened the drawers and a flood of relief washed over me when I saw some bandages. But that was about it. I frowned and stared around the desk; my eyes caught something underneath and when I bent down to check it out, I smiled when I saw the first aid kit.

Now I needed blood bags and antibiotics. There was a door nearby that I assumed led into the bathroom. I pulled the door open, relieved to see that there was no fire in the bathroom. Everything looked intact for right now. I opened the cabinets that sat above the sink and grabbed as many of the medicine bottles as I could, shoving everything in the bag that Diana had given me. I wasn't sure what any of these meds were, but anything was better than nothing.

I didn't see any blood bags though and I'm not even sure what this first aid contained, but another explosion sounded, shaking the entire building and soon wooden planks were caving in quickly.

I had to get out of there before the entire building collapsed.

My shield was starting to falter again as well, I wasn't strong enough to keep it going.

How was I going to be strong enough to shield this entire village?

Worry consumed me but I brushed it out of my mind; one task at a time, Lila. I told myself as I ran through the front doors of the infirmary, stepping into the lightly breezed air. But my relief for fresh air didn't last long; I was soon being attacked by more rogues. They were aiming to take the supplies I had gathered.

The worst part was...I left my dagger somewhere. I had to fight them by hand.

I punched one in the face and kicked another, grabbing one of the wolf's arms and shoving him to the ground like a wrestler. I

used some of my strength to use my abilities and conquer the electricity that surged through my body, zapping him until he was paralyzed.

The rogue that was with him didn't stick around to find out what I'd do to him.

"Lila!" I heard my name being shouted by Enzo who was racing toward me.

I was relieved to see him unharmed and I attempted to run toward him, but my body gave out and I fell to the ground. I used so

much of my strength, I felt too weak now.

He reached me quickly.

“Where are you hurt?” He asked, panic overwhelming him.

“I’m just a little weak,” I breathed. “I’m fine... your mother needs this stuff. She’s in the underground tunnels,” I said, holding up the bag of supplies.

“I’ll take you to her,” he said as he helped me onto his back.

I smiled my gratefulness at him just before he leaped in the direction of his mother’s safe house. War still went on around us and it didn’t look like it was going to end anytime soon. I buried my face in the back of Enzo’s wolf’s neck, trying to shield myself from the battle going on around us. Innocent people were dying, and I was too weak to truly protect them. I sniffled as tears managed to escape my eyes and soak over my cheeks. Then a heavy breeze sent a chill across my body and brushed through my hair, making me lift my gaze just as I saw the blinding rays of the moonlight eliminating the night’s sky.

My eyes widened when I heard the zapping of electricity in the nearby forest and the screams of rogues who were caught in the crossfire. Other rogues had taken notice and were also staring in the direction of the commotion; Enzo didn’t seem phased

though. He continued running through the stunned crowd.

A familiar and warm presence consumed me; I was starting to feel a bit more energized and whole again. I closed my eyes, taking in the new aura that had surrounded the village, listening as the cackling of electricity echoed through the air.

As we ran, shadows floated from the grounds and began to shape into something unorganizable. I gawked at the shadows that morphed into one giant being.

I heard rogues barking orders to one another, but they were also being consumed with terror.

I didn't need to see her to know who was doing all of this; soon, my mother was breaking through the clearing with her large

white wolf howling in fury. She wasted no time to stand by my father who seemed to have been waiting for her very presence and fight along his side.

"Mom!" I breathed, tears burning in my eyes.

Seeing both my parents in their fighting stance gave me strength and I smiled knowing we were going to win this battle.

I held onto the shoulders of Enzo's wolf and lowered himself, giving him permission to go faster. He did so immediately, and we

raced to the safehouse. Once we were inside, he shifted into his human form, grabbing a pair of pants that was left by one of the men inside the brick building, and together we went into the tunnels.

Diana stood quickly and ran to me as I handed her the bag.

“Did you get everything?” She asked shock in her voice.

“Everything except blood,” I admitted, hating that I couldn’t get that for her.

“It’s okay,” she said, giving me a proud smile and touching my face gently. “You did good.”

I smiled in return. Her eyes flickered to Enzo and a sob escaped her lips as she ran to him. He hugged her immediately.

“I’m so glad you are okay,” she breathed.

“You too,” he said in return.

I hadn’t even noticed that the fighting above quieted until I felt a warm and inviting aura circling around all of us. Diana’s eyes widened as she stared up at the dirt ceiling with a bright smile on her face.

“A shield has been placed,” she breathed. “How is it possible?”

“My mother,” I said in return.

“She’s here?” Diana asked with raised brows.

“Yes,” I said, leaning against Enzo for support. I was so tired after all of this, and I needed to rest for a minute. “We are safe for right now...”

I heard the relieved cries of those around us. Diana went to help those injured and I continued to lean on Enzo for physical support. But then his entire body tensed, and I glanced up at him, seeing his eyes glazed over. He was speaking with someone in a mindlink.

“What is it?” I asked as he blinked a couple of times and looked at me.

“It was Ethan... he found Hazel’s location. She’s in Starcove.”

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 215 Starcove

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Lila's POV

"Starcove?" I asked as we made our way out of the tunnels to join my parents above the ground.

"It's a place that isn't very welcoming to wolves," Enzo said, his tone going dark as he got lost in thought. "It's a population of witches and humans."

My eyes widened.

"Why would Hazel be there?" I asked.

"She was taken there; I'm assuming by the Ravenclaw Coven Master."

"Coven Master?" I asked, swallowing the large lump that formed in my throat.

"Her name is Jasmine. I've never personally met her, but I've certainly heard of her. She's the most powerful dark witch to ever exist."

A chill crossed my entire body and I shuddered at the thought of someone being that evil and that powerful. I didn't like the idea of it and I didn't like the idea of Hazel being brought there. Most importantly, if this Starcove place didn't welcome wolves, then how were we going to get her back?

Enzo grabbed onto my hand, holding it firmly in his as we made our way out of the brick safehouse and into the open outdoors. I

could see the light haze of the shield surrounding the entire village. At least what was left of the village; it didn't seem as if there was a lot left.

My heart tugged painfully in my chest; how many times were they going to have to rebuild this village? I was sick to my stomach just thinking about it.

I could smell the copper scent of blood seeping into the forest ground around me and knew it belonged to the many dead bodies that had fallen in the battle. There were a lot of injured men and women who stayed to fight against the rogue attack. There were also a lot that were dead.

My parents stood with one another with worried expressions on their faces and it was clear they were in the middle of a deep conversation.

"Aiden, Donovan, and a few other warriors are already on their way to meet up with your Beta and warriors at Starcove," my

father said to Enzo as soon as we approached.

"We should get there too then," Enzo said to him in return; my father nodded too.

“I need to stay here and keep this village shielded and protected,” my mother said. “I’m sure they could use some healing as well.”

“There are injured wolves in the tunnels of the safe house,” I told her.

“My mother can handle those,” Enzo said, looking at my mother with serenity. “Focus on the ones that are above ground. They need help more than anything. Find any survivors.” It was weird that he was barking orders to my mother, but it didn’t seem to faze her; she nodded to him and went to do just that.

“I’m coming with you to Starcove,” I said before he could start barking orders at me.

“It’s too dangerous Lila and you were so weak only moments ago,” Enzo argued.

I shook my head, staring up at him with narrowed eyes.

“I’m fine now. Being around my mother rejuvenated some of my powers. I can probably shift now too honestly. I feel fine. You need protection if you are going to a place like Starcove.”

He opened his mouth to argue again, but to my surprise, it was my father that spoke.

“She’s right,” he said quickly. “We do need extra protection if we going to witches’ territory. Jazzy is no joke.”

“Jazzy?” I asked, raising my brows.

“Jasmine. She goes by Jazzy,” my father explained.

“We don’t have a lot of time to waste. We should go now.”

I nodded and hid behind Enzo so I could strip off my clothing and shift into my wolf form. It felt good to finally be able to shift

again; I’m not sure why I was suddenly feeling strong and powerful again, but I wasn’t going to complain. Especially when Val

came to life and howled into the night sky.

“It’ feels so good to be free again!” She cooed as the cold air hit her soft white fur.

My father and Enzo exchanged proud looks before shifting into their own wolves as well, joining me in the howl session.

“There’s no time to waste,” I announced. “Let’s get to Starcove!”

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Third Person POV

“Jazzy! Why are you doing this?? What is it that you want??” Hazel cried as she struggled against the binding placed on her to shield her magic.

Blood dripped off her face from her recent building and she was fading in and out of consciousness. Jazzy had pumped her with so much wolfsbane, that she was amazed that her darling sister was still functioning enough to form words.

“I want what I’ve always wanted,” Jazzy said, narrowing her icy emerald ice at Hazel. “I want to wipe the entire Volana race off this earth and I’ll stop at nothing until I get just that.” “And what of that rogue wolf you are partnered with?” She asked between her teeth. “He wants to be a Volana. Will you wipe him off this earth too?”

A smile spread across Jazzy’s lips.

“Of course not. He will be under my control and in my power. I will have full control over this Volana. He just doesn’t know it yet.

Stupid wolf... he’s nothing more than a vessel to me. A body at most.”

“Please...” she whimpered. “I am your sister... don’t do this to me...”

She could hardly see Jazzy through her swollen eyes and her face was so bruised she was hardly unrecognizable. Witches typically had quick healing abilities like most magical beings, but the wolfsbane was keeping her from healing at all. Which was

exactly what Jazzy wanted.

“You are also a traitor,” Jazzy hissed. “You know what those wolves did to us. They took everything from us, and they would do it again in a heartbeat. The fact that you fight alongside them and protect them is disgusting to me.”

“You are better than this...” Hazel said as she clenched her jaw.

“No... I’m not...” Jazzy growled.

Electricity bolts shot through her fingertips as she reached her hands to her sister's neck and zapped her. She screamed out in

pain and terror; her eyes began bleeding and it only made Jazzy smile as she stepped away.

Her sister was still conscious, but she trembled in pain and fought to maintain her breath; it was clear she was losing grip on

reality. She would die if Jazzy didn’t ease up on her and she needed her sister alive for right now. At least until she told Jazzy what she wanted to know.

“Jazzy!!” She heard the sound of a majorly annoying voice from nearby.

She couldn’t help the groan that escaped her lips as she turned to face Paul running toward her.

“What are you doing here?” She said through her teeth. The fact that he was in her coven house was a major death wish for him even if he was working with her to capture the strongest Volana to ever exist.

The others in her coven would still eat him alive.

“There was an attack that cost a lot of my men’s lives,” he breathed as he reached her. “It was the Nova pack’s Luna, Selene who was working with Enzo and eliminated a lot of the rogues. I think they are on their way there to get her...” He glanced at

Hazel who had a glimmer of humor in her bloody eyes and a small chuckle escaped her lips without her meaning it to.

This infuriated Jazzy.

She marched over to Hazel and grabbed her by the throat, cutting off her air supply. As Hazle struggled for breath, Jazzy

tightened her grip and peered deep into her red eyes.

“Why the hell would these wolves be searching for a nobody like you if you truly don’t know anything?”

Jazzy asked through her teeth.

Hazel couldn’t speak; she could only gasp for breath and focus on not dying. After another second, Jazzy released her throat

and stepped away, turning back to Paul.

“Get the rest of your men together and go the borders of Starcove. Do not let them pass.”

“What are you going to do?” Paul asked, narrowing his eyes at her.

“I’m going to protect my coven,” she hissed. “Now get lost and do as I ask.”

“Are we sure it’s not Selene the prophet was talking about? She’s a very strong Volana and I know it was her that took out most of my men.”

Jazzy scoffed.

“It’s not her,” Jazzy said, shaking her head. “But I know that this bitch knows who it is. I’m going to get it out of her if it’s the last thing I do.”

Paul nodded and turned, leaving Jazzy alone, once again, with her sister.

After a long and torturous session, Hazel passed out from pain and exhaustion. She had enough of the torture and Jazzy was

growing infuriated by her sister's stubborn silence.

Her heartbeat was now faint, and it wouldn’t be long before her sister

perished. It was clear she wasn’t going to get any answers from her.

She grabbed a dagger from one of her many weaponry shelves and was about to plunge it into her sister's heart, ending her miserable life but just as she lifted the dagger into the air, an overwhelming sense washed over her and she found herself staggering backward.

She heard the screaming of others in her coven as they too felt this incredible surge of power that had just entered the town of Starcove.

It wasn't their power... it was someone else.

Someone much more powerful.

She waved her hand in front of her, chanting a small spell until the image of the outside appeared in front of her. She saw, in her

wavy spell-casted window, Paul and a few other wolves standing outside the borders of the town and those wretched wolves,

Alpha Enzo and Alpha Bastien stood in front of him.

There were a few other warrior-looking men as well that remained in their wolf form.

Then, Jazzy saw it.

The girl that stood near the wolves. She had just shifted into her human form and put on some clothing. She almost looked like

Selene, but much younger. Her aura shined brightly, and it was obvious she was a Volana wolf.

But the power that radiated around her was almost too much for Jazzy to handle; staring at her, even though the spell cast window, was overwhelming.

“That’s the Volana...” Jazzy whispered to herself.

“The one we were looking for. That’s the strongest Volana to ever exist.”

With one quick motion, Paul lunged at her, unknowing that she was the one they wanted. Jazzy screamed through the spell-cast window, shattering it around her feet. But not before she saw the girl lift her arm to him and with one quick motion, plunge a dagger into his chest and killing Paul instantly.

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 216 Killing Paul

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Lila's POV

As soon as we neared Starcove, I could feel the power of the witches.

I knew of a witch once when I was only a little girl. She helped my mother when she discovered she was a Volana wolf and taught her how to use her powers and how to control them.

Sadly, she died, and I never really got the chance to know her for myself. But I knew she was very powerful as well. I wonder if she knew this Jazzy person; it seems my father was familiar with her.

“There are no gates?” I asked as we continued down a narrow road; in the distance, I saw houses, and beyond that, I wasn't really sure what I saw. It was a large building made of stone and it didn't seem it belonged in such a quiet town. But there was hardly anybody walking around the streets; there was no humming of cars. There didn't even seem to be that many businesses.

Maybe a few stores but they didn't even look open. It was a complete ghost town besides this strong sense of power radiating around the brisk air. The temperature had dropped significantly; it was nearing autumn, but here it felt like it was mid to late autumn.

Most of our packs have gates that separate our packs from rogue territory. Though the forests don't usually have gates, we double on our patrol in those areas to keep rogues away. Starcove didn't seem to have any security, which was amazing to me.

"It's a human and witch community," Enzo explained from beside me. "They don't need the same security measures as we do.

Nobody would dare invade a town full of witches."

"We are," I reminded him, my voice grim.

He was quiet for a moment.

"They took something of ours," he said, just as grimly.

"We need to shift," my father said from the front.

We all slowed to a stop to look up at my father's large and dark wolf who had turned to face the rest of us. We were all in our

wolf forms still; Donovan and Aiden stood on either side of him, and Ethan stood on the other side of Enzo. There were three

warriors from each of our packs, the Nova and Calypso pack, that were scattered around us. My father was first to shift, and he immediately put on the clothes his wolf kept tucked away. The others did the same. I waited for Enzo to shift first and put on his clothes before I hid behind him and did the same thing. I tied my hair into a ponytail and took the dagger that Enzo had given me. “It’s for protection,” he said. “Your job is to shield us if anything happens.” “We are coming in peace,” My father announced to us. “We won’t start anything unless they start something first. But getting into a battle with witches is not something we want.” Everybody agreed to this. On that note, my father turned and began to walk toward the cobblestone pathway. We didn’t get much further when the stench of rogue invaded my nose. I wasn’t the only one who noticed the smell; Enzo froze, stopping me with him. “Rogues,” he announced. Everybody froze and soon, we were surrounded by rogues that were in their wolf forms. My first thought was, “Why are they protecting the witches?”

But then I saw a familiar man who stepped around the cluster of wolves; he was in his human form and his icy blue eyes poured into me.

“Paul,” Enzo said through his teeth. “What are you doing here?”

Paul's attention went from me to Enzo in a heartbeat.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Paul said, his tone dark.

“We came to speak to a witch known as Jasmine,” my father said, his tone firm and strong.

Paul looked at my father and I saw a glimmer of humor in his eyes.

“Alpha Bastien,” Paul said in a greeting.

“Paul,” my father said in return. “Haven't seen you since you were running away with the others.”

Anger flashed through Paul's eyes.

“I was weaker then, but I've grown and become stronger on my journey,” Paul said through his teeth.

“Your journey of being a rogue?” My father asked, raising his brows. “Is that really the life you wanted for yourself?”

“You left me no other choice,” Paul growled.

“You always had a choice. You just chose wrong.”

“Enough of this,” Paul growled. “You are the ones who killed my men earlier; are you not?”

“So, they were your rogues that invaded my mother’s pack after all,” Enzo said, stepping forward. “Your mother and her kind shouldn’t exist,” Paul seethed. “I’m finishing your father’s job. She was supposed to die long ago. As should you.”

The rogues surrounding us were lowering themselves and their slit eyes were fixed on Enzo. A nervous feeling bubbled in the pit of my stomach. I wasn’t liking this exchange, and I had a feeling that something terrible was about to happen.

However, my father and the others on our team, including Enzo, appeared to be so calm. They weren’t as worried as I was so that meant I needed to remain calm as well.

“You were never going to be strong enough to be an Alpha, Paul,” Enzo said.

“Maybe not yet,” Paul said, a sly smile spreading across his thin lips. Then, his eyes met mine. “But soon...I will be.”

Before I knew what was happening, Paul was shifting into his wolf form and lunging quickly in my direction. My father and the others began to shift as well just as the rogues went to attack them and block them from stopping Paul in whatever he was planning on doing.

By the time Enzo had shifted and lunged toward Paul, it was too late. Paul was fast and moved past him with such a quick speed

I hardly saw him until he was only seconds away from diving his teeth into my flesh.

With the dagger, I did the only thing I could think of doing at that moment. I faced the blade in Paul's direction and plunged it straight into his chest.

His teeth snapped shut before they actually reached me, and I heard the scream of his pain as he fell to the ground. All the rogues had stopped what they were doing to watch their leader fall.

"Lila!" Enzo's voice rang through my head as he ran in my direction.

I dropped the blood-soaked dagger on the ground and my entire body trembled as I watched life drain from Paul's eyes.

Enzo was shifting back into his human form, and he ran to me, wrapping me in his arms. I hadn't realized I was crying until he held my face with both his hands and looked into my eyes.

"Were you bitten?" He asked, staring around my face and shoulders.

I shook my head.

“No...” I said, gasping for the breath that had been taken from me. “But I almost was...”

I couldn't believe how close I was to being bitten; I don't know what would have happened if he had managed to get me.

“Storm the Coven House!” My father ordered everybody else.

I realized the other rogues, the ones that survived that is, fled the scene as soon as Paul had died.

“Enzo, get her out of here,” my father ordered.

Enzo nodded, but I grabbed his arm, stopping him from shifting.

“No, I want to stay and protect them,” I said, proud that my voice was much stronger than I felt.

Enzo narrowed his eyes at me.

“Lila—”

“I'm fine, Enzo,” I said quickly, staring up at him through my tear-filled eyes. “Let me protect my father and our warriors.”

He looked at me for a moment longer and then he gave me a small smile along with a head nod.

My father looked between us for a moment, but he didn't argue. He turned away and went to join the others who were already

heading towards the Coven house.

I took a deep breath and lifted my hands above my head, I thought of a large and purified shield surrounding my father and the

others. I thought of it as protecting them from all dangers.

I kept my eyes closed and my arms raised; I wished I knew what was going on, but Enzo's presence and protection from beside me kept me feeling calm.

After what felt like an eternity, I heard my father's voice in my head.

"Great job, Lila. Thank you. You can release the shield. We got her in our possession."

I sighed and lowered my hands; as I opened my eyes, my vision was clouded with unshed tears.

"Aiden and Ethan are taking Hazel to the Calypso Pack hospital," my father continued to speak in my mind. "Jazzy has cuffs on, and we are taking her to the Calypso holding cell. She told the other witches to stand down, so they wouldn't hurt us. All is well for right now."

I was relieved to hear that; he spoke to Enzo too because he gave me a long and steady smile as he wrapped me in his arms.

All was well.... For right now.

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 217 Alpha Jonathan and His Daughter.

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Third Person POV

Two outcomes were told by a prophet. The rise of the Volana population or the fall of the Volana population.

If the strongest Volana in the world continues to exist as she does, there will be a rise. However, if she ceased to exist, then there would be a fall.

Jonathan had known who the strongest was and he'd kept his eyes on her for some time. Typically, he wouldn't have cared for her existence; it's not like Volana's had ever done anything to him and he was the richest man in the wolf population, so he had everything he ever wanted.

He rather liked Selene and he didn't mind Alpha Bastien that much. It bothered him that Bastien was the one in charge of the Alpha Committee though, but Alpha Jonathan owned basically everything, so he couldn't be too angry.

He even owned the very school that both their daughters attended.

Jonathan had a prophet in his family; his great grandmother who had sadly passed many years ago. But she had told him of a prophet that the strongest Volana wolf would rise from the product of true love between a Volana and an Alpha. If this Volana exists, the rise of the Volana population will be among us. But if she were to perish, then there would be a fall.

As soon as Jonathan met Lila during one of the Alpha committee meetings, he knew that she was the one that his greatgrandmother had spoken of.

His great-grandmother also told him that she was going to be the one who cured Sarah of this curse. The only way to cure Sarah of this curse was for Sarah to become the strongest Volana.

Since meeting Lila, Alpha Jonathan has had his eyes on her for some time. He knows that he's not the only one who has had

their eyes on her though. However, if his great-grandmother's prophet was true, then all other attempts would fail and only his would succeed.

He's been playing the long game and he's been patient. He's had eyes and ears all over the place. He's had men posing as rogues to gather information. He has allies in other packs, watching and waiting.

He even has an ally of a different species.

"Why did you let that stupid rogue do all of that?"

Raymond, a lowly bear, and the father of Lila's good friend Rachel, asked. "You should have just killed him when you had the chance."

"I knew he 'd fail," Jonathan answered simply. "His attempt was stupid. Plus, he posed as a good distraction. I've stayed under the radar for some time now, waiting and watching. It's almost time for me to make my move..."

"I hope you know what you are doing," Raymond said, shaking his head. "Just don't forget about our deal. I help you get that Lila girl, and you give me land and fortune."

Jonathan only scoffed at his words; bears were so easily bought. Give them a little money and land and they will do whatever you want. Simple creatures.

“I never go back on my word,” Alpha Jonathan assured him.

That conversation happened last night, around the time that word had gotten back that Paul, that rogue that was once a part of

the Calypso pack, had died from Lila’s hands.

He wasn’t surprised. He knew how tough she was even without her abilities; this was what made her such a dangerous weapon

and the strongest Volana to ever exist. With whom her parents were, it made sense.

“Do I have to go to school today?” Sarah asked as she struggled to get out of bed.

Jonathan knew she was in a lot of pain, and she was feeling incredibly weak. The weekend was over, and Sarah couldn’t afford

to miss any more school. Especially if she wants to win this upcoming election.

Losing was not an option, not in their household.

The only reason she wasn’t feeling well was because she kept using her goddess-given abilities.

He told her to ease up on the use of that, but did she listen? Nope.

“If you had listened to me, you wouldn’t be feeling like this,” Jonathan said with limited emotions in his voice.

He was hard on his daughter, but he did love her very much.

He wouldn't be doing what he was doing if he didn't love her. She was the only thing he had that was truly his. Since his wife died during childbirth, her last wish for him was to do whatever it took to protect their daughter. He kept his word, and he wasn't planning on letting this "gift" kill her.

It was his fault that this was happening to her in the first place. If he hadn't pissed off that one witch many years ago, she wouldn't have put a curse on his daughter's gift. Now every time she used her abilities, she grew sicker.

There was no cure to this curse, but there were medications that made her feel a little better and stronger. But it won't fix her, and it won't break the curse that's been placed on her.

There was only one way to break this curse, she had to become a Volana wolf, just as his great-grandmother had told him.

"How do I turn her into a Volana wolf?" He had asked his great-grandmother while she lay on her deathbed.

Her eyes were closed when she spoke, and her voice was raspy. He had to lean in close to hear her; at this point, Sarah was

only 6 years old, and he was terrified he was going to lose her.

“You need a witch that you can trust to do the job. She will need a Volana sacrifice.... But not just any Volana. The strongest

Volana to ever exist. The product of true love between a Volana wolf and an Alpha. Once you have that wolf, a witch will perform the ceremony and the blood of the Volana will run through Sarah’s veins, curing her of the curse.”

“Who is this Volana wolf? How can I find her?”

“She will cross your path in the future. For now, she is too young, until she obtains her wolf, she will be useless to you.”

“How long will I have to wait? Will Sarah survive that long?” Jonathan asked, holding onto his great-grandmother’s hands tightly.

She was his only living family left besides Sarah and he hated that he was losing her. The thought of losing his daughter destroyed him.

She took a shaky breath and let out a painful cough; he could hear the mucus in her lungs.

“Keep her from using her abilities...” she said in a barely audible tone. “She will be fine for a while.”

That conversation continues to haunt Jonathan as he thinks about his great-grandmother on her deathbed.

He swallowed hard and looked down at his daughter who had lost a significant amount of weight and grew paler by the second.

“Take your medicine and get ready for school,” he told her, turning away and walking toward the door of her room. He paused

when reached the doorway and turned back to her groaning body. “Why were you using your abilities so much? It can’t be

because of this election. We don’t cheat... you can win without using them.”

She was silent, staring up at her ceiling. She wasn’t going to speak.

He clenched his fists.

“You’ve gone this long without using them and now you are throwing away your life and for what? To show up that girl? Have some self-respect,” he murmured, and, on that note, he turned and slammed her door as he left her room.

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Sarah stared at her closed door for some time before she turned toward her nightstand and took the medication her father had left for her. She swallowed the pills and took a long and steady sip of the water before sitting up in bed.

She knew she would feel as good as new in about 30 minutes when the medication kicked in, but it wouldn't last long.

It never did.

Her father was right; cheating was above her. But something about that stupid Lila brought it out of her.

Before Lila arrived at this

school, she was the queen. She had everything and everybody in the palm of her hands and he didn't

even need her abilities to

do it.

Everybody had forgotten about her, including her long-time crush, Scott. Scott was almost hers until

Lila came into the picture

and took him away. Even her own friends were

mesmerized by Lila's beauty and talent.

It was infuriating; Sarah had no other choice but to use her abilities.

She hasn't used them since she was 6 so she didn't really think much of it. She figured if she used them

just a little then they

wouldn't really affect her that much. She didn't

understand why the moon goddess would give her such an amazing gift but

limited it in such a way.

Her father never explained to her why she got sick whenever she used them, but she knew he was

working on finding a way to

fix it. But until then, he had always told her to not use the ability. So, she didn't... not until Lila came into the picture and started losing everything, she worked so hard to get. The only thing was, the stronger the mind and the bigger the group, the more power she had to use and the sicker she became.

She limited the use of her abilities to one person at a time and she stuck with those with weak minds.

Scott was easy as was her friends.

Most students were incompetent and easy to manipulate without using too much power. Faculty, she refrained from it because it would take too much from her.

She was doing fine until she met Professor Xander, and he caught her in the act of manipulating a student's mind into voting for her during the election.

"Please... don't tell anybody..." she pleaded him, panic consuming her. She got in huge trouble last year and got herself suspended, if she got in trouble again, she could get expelled.

"I won't tell anybody... but I need a favor from you first," he said, a glimmer of humor in his eyes.

This was borderline blackmail; a strange thing for a professor to do, but she agreed to do whatever he wanted.

“Your abilities will be useful to me. I might need you to alter some memories during class from time to time.”

She gasped at his request and shook her head; she had to explain to him that her abilities were limited and when she used them too much, she got sicker. Someday, her abilities will be the cause of her death.

This seemed to have piqued his interest and he smiled.

“No need to worry,” he said to her. “I can help you with that. I can make sure you don’t die. But first, you need to help me.”

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 218 The Strongest Volana

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Enzo's POV

Jazzy was put in the holding cell, just underneath the Calypso packhouse, until further notice. We kept her shackled with cuffs

that kept her powers locked away and to our surprise, she told her coven to let her go. It made me think she had other things planned and it worried me.

There were guards keeping their eyes on her 24/7; she wasn't to be alone. Not even for a second.

When we first brought her to the holding cell, Alpha Bastien and I took turns asking her a series of questions.

"Why were you working with Paul?"

"How did you meet Paul?"

"What was it that Paul was after?"

"Why didn't you fight us when we took you away from your coven?"

She only sat there and stared at us with an expression that could only be described as amusement. She liked watching us squirm for answers and it was seriously pissing me off.

“Why does it matter?” She said, staring between the two of us. “You have me in your custody and Paul is dead. Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“Why did you take Hazel?” Bastien asked, narrowing his eyes at her. “What issues do you have with her?” This made her laugh, and her laugh sent a chill down my spine.

“She’s a traitor to her kind. She deserved everything that came to her,” Jazzy said and there wasn’t an ounce of pity in her voice.

“How is she a traitor?” Bastien asked, glancing at me briefly before looking back at Jazzy who only rolled her eyes.

“How is she not?!” Jazzy spat. “She’s on the side of those wretched Volana wolves.”

“Is that why you were siding with Paul?” I asked, stepping toward her cell. “Because you wanted to get rid of them.”

“That pathetic rogue wanted to become one,” she said, rolling her eyes again. “It was quite sad. He was obsessed. He thought if he became one, he’d be the strongest being to ever exist. I went along with it because I had him under my complete control.

Whether he knew it or not. I was going to use him to take out the rest of the Volana population.”

“We would never let that happen,” Bastien said, shaking his head at her with disgust written all over his face.

“You wouldn’t have had a choice,” she said, a smile appearing on her lips.

“He was going to turn himself into a Volana?” I asked, confused by the statement. “How is that possible?”

“You need a witch and a Volana sacrifice,” she said, shrugging. “Of course, he wants to be the strongest, so a simple Volana wouldn’t work. He needed the strongest Volana to ever exist if he wanted to harvest the strongest power.”

My heart fell into my stomach; the strongest Volana to ever exist?

I could tell Bastien was equally confused because he had a void look in his eyes as he glanced at me.

“Who is the strongest Volana?” I found myself asking.

I feared I already knew the answer.

But how could it be possible? How had we not known? She just learned how to control her abilities.

It wasn’t possible that Lila

was the strongest Volana to ever exist. There was no hint of any indication that Jazzy was talking about Paul, but I couldn’t

shake the feeling that Lila was indeed different than the others even if she was young.

Jazzy kept her eyes locked on mine and I saw the answers written in them.

“I’m bored of this conversation, Alphas,” she said, looking away from me. “I won’t tell you anything more.”

“Tell me who the strongest Volana is!” I growled. Bastien held his hand up to keep from going any closer.

“Oh, but Alpha. You already know,” she said, that humor back in her eyes.

“We need to get her away from here,” Bastien said to me in a low tone. “Now.”

I nodded and turned away and as we started walking, I heard Jazzy’s chilling words from her cell.

“The product of true love between a Volana wolf and an Alpha will become the strongest Volana to ever exist. As long as she

survives... the Volana population will rise. If she ceases to exist, the population will fall.”

I only froze for a moment; Bastien grabbed my arm and pulled me further away. Jazzy’s words completed and only the echoes of her laughter could be heard.

Bastien was right; we had to get Lila out of here.

...

Lila’s POV

Enzo wouldn't let me see Jazzy for myself, despite the fact that I had questions as well. I felt useless staying in the kitchen with

Dee while the men were downstairs questioning their new prisoner.

"Have you heard from your mother?" Dee asked after I finished filling her in on everything that had happened.

I nodded, taking a cookie off the plate on the counter.

"She's still with Diana in her village. The shield is still intact and there are a lot more survivors than they initially thought. They are in the process of healing and things are looking okay," I answered, taking a bite of the warm chocolate chip cookie.

Dee made the best cookies; I realized I hadn't eaten all day, and it was almost nightfall.

"Are they going to be able to repair the village?" Dee asked and I could hear the worry behind her words.

"I hope so," I said in return. "I wish I could have seen it before it was destroyed. From what I saw, it was beautiful."

"It was," Dee said, a faint smile on her lips.

"You've seen it?"

"I've visited in the past with some baked goods," she admitted. "I tried to keep in touch with Diana while Enzo was growing up, so

she'd know he was."

I frowned, confused.

"I thought only Volana wolves could access that village while the shield was up?"

"Hazel was able to grant certain wolves access to the village; she did it with very limited people, but I was lucky enough to be

granted that access. Considering I was the one taking care of Enzo and all. She didn't know Enzo well, but she knew Diana

would want to make sure her son was well while she couldn't be there," Dee explained.

I took another big bite of the cookie.

"I get it," I said. "These are so good by the way."

She chuckled.

"I put a little cinnamon in it as a secret ingredient," she told me proudly. "How is Hazel by the way? Enzo told me she was in the hospital."

"I'm not really sure," I admitted. "I hope I'll know more information soon though."

"Keep me updated if you find out anything before, I do. I kind of want to pay her a visit for myself."

I nodded in agreement.

"We could go together," I said and before she could respond, the kitchen door opened.

Enzo and my father came into the kitchen and they both had identical worried expressions.

“Hey,” I said, shoving the last of the cookie into my mouth. “Everything okay?”

“I need you to go back to the school,” Enzo said, his voice grim.

I frowned at him.

“Now?” I asked. “Why?”

“Well, for starters you have class tomorrow. It’s Monday,” my father answered him. “Secondly, it’s safer for you there than it is here.”

“I don’t understand... why isn’t it safe for me here?” I asked, standing to my feet.

Enzo came over to me and I saw the compassion lingering in his eyes as he placed his hands on my shoulders.

“Because there’s a witch here and we are suspicious of her. We don’t know what she’s planning but capturing her was way too easy. Especially considering she is the strongest dark witch to ever exist,” Enzo explained. “I don’t want you both in the same area.”

“But she has shackles that keep her powers locked away,” I told them.

“It’s still dangerous. Those aren’t guaranteed.”

I pouted at him.

“But what about you? Are you going to be safe here?” I asked.

Enzo gave me a small smile and leaned down to kiss me gently on the lips. I knew he was only being gentle because my father and Dee were watching us, but the strength of our mate bond was making me want him so much at that moment and I knew he felt the same way.

“I’ll be safe,” he breathed against my lips. “I’ll take you back to the school myself though considering your car is there.”

I nodded and kissed him again.

When we parted, I went to my father to hug him.

“Keep me updated on Hazel and Mom, okay?” I asked him.

“Of course, Lila Bean. Just focus on staying safe... and your studies.”

“I will,” I said, pulling away from him.

I hugged Dee next.

“Be safe too,” I whispered to her.

She nodded and grabbed some Tupperware.

“Take some cookies to go,” she ordered, winking at me as she piled the entire plate of cookies in the Tupperware.

I laughed.

“I won't argue with that,” I chuckled.

...

Third Person POV

“Alpha... they took the dark witch,” one of Jonahan’s spies had said through a mindlink. “That witch is the one you wanted right?”

The one who was helping Paul?”

“Yes,” Jonathan answered. “You did well by staying by his side and keeping watching over him. You can return here to your home.”

“Thank you, Alpha... but what are you planning next? Alpha Bastien and Alpha Enzo have the witch now.”

“Don’t worry about that. They won’t have her for long...”

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Nice

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 219 Playing Nice

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Lila's POV

“Are you sure there's nothing more I can do to help?” I asked; we were almost at the school, and I didn't like leaving the Calypso pack with everything going on.

Enzo reached over and took hold of my hand.

“The only thing I want you to do is focus on school,” he said softly. “Your father and I have everything handled.”

I sighed, but I didn't argue with him. I trusted Enzo and I trusted my father more than anything. I knew they would be okay. We

finally reached the school and Enzo parked the car. It was late in the evening and I'm sure by now most students were in bed.

Curfew was in place, and I was late getting back; if I got caught outside my dorm area past curfew, I would get in trouble.

“What are you thinking about?” Enzo asked, peering over at me.

“I might get in trouble for coming back so late,” I told him, trying to remain serious and not smile.

He reached over and touched my face gently. Then, he leaned closer and kissed me. This time, the kiss wasn't sweet and simple

like it had been in front of my father and Dee. This kiss was filled with hunger and lust; I could feel his desire for me, and it made my heart skip a beat. He ran his fingers through my hair, and I felt it growing loose until the strands were released from the ponytail holder and fell around my shoulders lazily. I smiled into his kiss, feeling the softness of his tongue circle around mine and exploring me curiously. His teeth grazed at my bottom lip and then he captured it between his teeth, pulling on it possessively. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and he pulled me onto his lap, allowing me to straddle him as he deepened the kiss. His hardness only stiffened and grew underneath me causing my entire body to grow hot with desire. I knew he would smell my desires because his eyes darkened and his kiss grew hungrier. A low growl escaped from his throat, and I couldn't help but smile. He broke his kiss from my lips as he trailed his lips down the nape of my neck until he reached the sweet spot that he had marked. His mark wasn't covered with makeup, and it hasn't been all weakened. I forgot to cover it when we left the packhouse,

but thankfully my hair was long enough to cover it. I hated having to hide such an amazing mark, but it was for the best; at least for right now. Once I graduated, I'd be able to wear this mark loud and proud.

But until then, nobody could know that Enzo was my mate.

His kiss sent a warmth throughout my body and goosebumps formed on my flesh. I knew the longer we remained here, the more trouble I was going to get into. But I didn't care right now; it felt like an eternity since I was touched by my mate like this, and I

was going to soak in every second of it.

It wasn't until a pair of bright lights shining through the window, nearly blinding me, that we froze.

I turned around to see a car coming in our direction and I hurried off Enzo with a racing heart.

Who was pulling into the school at this late hour?

Did they see Enzo and me?

"They won't be able to see us; it's too dark," Enzo assured me, breathlessly.

I nodded, relieved to hear that.

But then my heart stopped when the door opened, and Sarah walked out of the car. Her father also walked out of the car, looking tall and prouder than ever.

Alpha Jonathan: the richest wolf to ever exist. He was born into a rich family initially, but his early investments in life doubled as he grew older. He was also a great businessman and practically owned everything, including this school.

My father might be in charge of the Alpha Committee, but Alpha Jonathan signed the paychecks.

“I’m going to go inside,” I said quickly, turning to Enzo and giving him a loving smile. “I want to talk to Sarah.”

He nodded and kissed me gently on the lips.

“I love you,” he said against my mouth; I smiled into him. I was never going to get used to hearing him say that.

“I love you,” I said in return just before shoving the door open and leaving his car.

I waited until he was driving away before I ran after Sarah and her father who was trailing behind her.

“Sarah!” I said, watching as she froze and turned in my direction.

Her eyes widened.

“What the hell are you doing out here?” She asked, folding her arms across her chest.

When I got closer, I noticed how pale Sarah looked. She was a lot thinner than she had been when I last saw her. Which was

only a couple of days ago at the bake sale.

“I just got back too,” I answered, stopping in front of her.

“Sarah, is that any way to speak to a fellow classmate?” Alpha Jonathan asked, staring at his daughter with a look of disapproval.

Her face flushed.

“She’s the competition, Dad,” she muttered through her teeth.

“She’s an equal,” her father corrected, then he looked at me and I saw the smile that spread across his lips.

Her father always gave me an uneasy feeling and I never really knew why.

“It’s nice to see you again, Lila,” he said, kindly.

“You as well, Alpha,” I said, bowing my head slightly to him as I was taught to do to Alpha’s that I don’t consider family.

“I received a mindlink from your father yesterday calling for an Emergency Alpha meeting tomorrow afternoon. Do you happen to know what that’s about?”

“I’m not really sure,” I said, swallowing a lump in my throat. It wasn’t a complete lie; I’m really not sure what my father would like

to speak to them about. But I had a feeling it was because of everything going on, he wanted all Alphas and their packs to remain safe.

“I guess I’ll find out tomorrow,” he said thoughtfully.

“You are getting back awfully late.”

“Oh, yes. I guess I lost track of time,” I told him.

“Did your father drop you off?” He asked, staring off in the direction Enzo’s car went. I’m glad he didn’t recognize the car.

“No, my uncle did,” I lied, giving him my best innocent smile.

“I see,” he said, glancing back at me. “How about I take you, girls, inside? I didn’t want Sarah to get in trouble for arriving late, so

I was going to speak to your dorm advisor.”

“Thank you, that would be great,” I said, beaming at him.

I turned with them, and we started to head inside.

“Oh, Sarah... I wanted to apologize for the other day. I lost my cool and I shouldn’t have,” I told her, peering at her side profile,

trying not to notice how washed away she looked.

She glanced at me, narrowing her eyes.

“Why are you apologizing?” She asked, furrowing her brows together. “I crashed your bake sale with an ice cream truck.”

“Yeah, but I should have remembered that it was all for the student. I shouldn’t have gotten mad at you for being there. It wasn’t right of me.”

She stared at me for a moment longer with an expression I couldn’t read, but then she turned away and muttered, “Whatever.”

I was hoping we could start fresh, but I didn’t really see that happening.

“Whoever wins this election, I hope we can put our differences behind us and remember that it’s the students that matter the most. Not ourselves,” I said to her when it was clear she wasn’t going to say anything more.

“That’s very wise of you, Lila,” Alpha Jonathan said from behind me. “Your father must be very proud.” I didn’t say anything and neither did Sarah.

When we got to our section of the dorm, Eileen Carter, a middle-aged plump woman with curly blonde hair and bright purple glasses, stood before us with her hands on her hips. She was also the dorm advisor.

Eileen was the kind of woman that changed her glasses so frequently, I never knew what color she was going to wear. It usually matched her clothes but, in this case, she wore a yellow floral nightgown that dropped down to her ankles.

“Curfew was over an hour ago,” she seethed, staring between the two of us. “All students, except vampires, were expected to be in their dorms and resting before classes tomorrow.”

Vampires had inverted days and nights. They take night classes because the sun hurts them. Regular students are allowed to

leave their dorms at 6 a.m. and are expected to return for the night at 9 p.m.

Vampires were allowed to their dorms at 6 pm, which is when the sun usually sets, and are expected to return for the day at 7 am, which is when the sun rises.

We do have some overlap but only for a couple of hours and then we don’t usually see them for the rest of the day.

On Friday and Saturday nights our curfew is lifted because most students go home, but on Sunday curfew is back in place and it was almost 10:30 pm when we arrived at our section of the dorm.

Eileen Carter, our dorm advisor, was anything but happy.

“What do you have to say for yourselves?” Eileen hissed, still staring between us.

“My apologies, Miss Carter. I’m afraid it was my fault. I was supposed to drive the girls here and I got pulled into a meeting that

took a bit longer than planned. Then I treated them to dinner before we came back,” Alpha Jonathan said, giving her a genuine smile.

I was amazed that he was able to lie so easily. I It was clear she didn’t realize he was there, and she was startled to see him.

“Oh, Alpha!” She said, bowing her head. “I didn’t realize.... I’m so sorry.”

“It’s no problem at all. You are only doing your job; I can’t fault you for that.”

She blushed and nodded before looking at me and then Sarah.

“Off to your dorms,” she ordered. “Hurry now.”

“Good night,” I said to her before making my way toward the stairway that led to the dorms.

“Have a good night, Lila...” I heard the darkening tone of Alpha Jonathan behind me, and I turned to see his dark eyes pouring into mine.

Something about him gave me such a creepy vibe, but I smiled anyway.

“You too, Alpha.”

Then, I turned and went to my dorm.

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 220 Lunch with Miss Emily

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Lila's POV

“Hello, Lila. How was your weekend?”

“Oh, hey, Miss Emily,” I said as I approached the art room.

Miss Emily stood outside the door wearing a beautiful, dotted dress that rested just above her knees and a pair of knee-high boots. Her short curly brown hair was pinned out of her face and rested just above her shoulders. She also wore very light makeup; I liked Miss Emily because she always had such a natural and comforting look. She was very beautiful.

Last year, I remembered she had an obvious crush on Enzo. He never paid much attention to her though and I knew it upset her.

She was young, maybe in her mid-twenties. She was also mate-less.

I know she will find her mate soon though; she's way too kind-hearted and sweet to go without a mate for much longer. The

moon goddess will bless her; I'm sure of it.

But in the meantime, regardless of whatever crush she had on my mate, Miss Emily will always be my favorite art professor.

"It was nice; I spent time with family," I told her some of the truth, but obviously not all of it.

"How are your parents doing?"

"They are doing good. They say hi," I lied, but she didn't need to know that.

"Well, tell them I said hello," she said in return with a pleasant smile. "Would you like to have lunch together this evening? I'd like to hear about your summer as well. We didn't get a chance to talk much."

"I would like that," I said in return.

"Oh, good," she said, her smile widening.

I went into the art room and found my easel; we didn't really have any assigned seating. But I liked a particular section in the

classroom; mainly because I could see the front perfectly and yet I wasn't too close. It was also a little bit away from everyone else, so I didn't feel smothered.

Most students in the class had a particular easel they enjoyed the most and this one happened to be mine. When I sat down on the stool, I began to organize my brushes from smallest to biggest. Miss Emily already got the paint set up in their rightful places, so I didn't have to worry about that.

Usually, if I got here early enough, I would set up the paint for her. But it seemed she had gotten here way earlier.

The class filled up soon after and I said hello to some familiar faces as they found their own seats. Miss Emily soon joined, standing in front of the class near her own easel, which happened to be facing the class for our viewing.

"I know some of us already excel in this, but we are going to be doing portrait paintings today. Everybody is going to be painting a picture of me. It doesn't have to be exact; you can be as creative as you'd like. Just make sure it's appropriate."

She sat down on her stool and did a little pose with a smile, making some of us chuckle. I got started on mixing some of the paint

to make her exact skin color. Portrait painting was my strongest suit; last year I painted a portrait of Enzo, and it got featured in Cassidy-Ann's art studio.

Speaking of Cassidy-Ann, I needed to call her. I know she's been busy since we've returned to redoing her art studio. She took the opportunity, while she needed to fix it anyway, to redo the entire studio and make it even better looking.

It's scheduled to reopen next month; but for right now, she halted business and hasn't needed an assistant.

But I can't help but wonder if there's more, I can do for her right now. I felt helpless and I have to admit, I missed her and the studio, even though I spent the entire summer with her.

"How did you do that??" I heard someone asking; I turned to see the girl sitting on a stool behind me and she was staring wideeyed at my pallet.

"Do what?" I asked, furrowing my brows together.

"Mix the paint to be her exact skin tone," she asked.

"Oh, it's easy," I said with a faint smile. "Here, let me show you."

I slid off my stool to join her at her easel, and I picked up the paint I used to create a new color on her pallet. She gasped as the color transformed and turned into Miss Emily's skin tone.

"If you make it too dark, you can always add white to lighten it," I explained as I continued to mix the paint. I didn't realize others were watching as well; apparently, everyone was struggling with the same thing because a nearby boy asked, "Can you do mine too?"

I smiled at him and nodded.

"Me too!" Someone else said.

"Can you help me as well, Lila?"

"Yes," I chuckled. "I can help everyone. Give me a second."

Miss Emily watched me with wonder as I traveled around the room and showed everyone how to mix the paint to make her exact

skin tone. She slid off her own stool and came to examine the color herself and her eyes widened.

"Wow; I could use this as foundation," she said, poking it with her finger and holding it up for all to see just how similar the color was to her actual skin tone.

We all laughed, and she chuckled as well.

"Nice job, Lila," she said as she went back to her stool.

Once everyone had her skin tone painted color, we all got to work on creating her. Everybody in the class was very talented.

Nobody did Miss Emily in the clothing she was wearing; the girl who sat behind me painted Miss Emily wearing a cat costume.

Someone else made her wear a wedding gown.

There was another one that made Miss Emily in a purple princess gown with a Tiara.

I made Miss Emily in exactly what she was wearing and exactly where she was sitting. I painted the easel that sat beside her

and on the easel, I painted the entire class. I had to use a very small brush to do that one. By the time I finished, it looked like a legit photograph.

“Wow, these are incredible,” Miss Emily said by the time was ending. She froze when she got to mine.

“You painted the entire class on that mini easel?”

“Yes,” I answered, glancing up at her.

Soon, I was surrounded by the other students all trying to glimpse themselves.

“That’s me!”

“Oh, my goddess! I look so cute!”

“That’s really amazing!”

“Thank you,” I said to them, feeling my face warm.

“You all have great paintings,” I added.

“I agree; every one of you did great,” Miss Emily said with a big smile. “Maybe if I get permission from the board we can put one or two of these paintings up in the school art gallery that just opened.”

“Who’s painting?” Some asked.

“Definitely Lila’s,” someone else said.

I frowned and looked up at Miss Emily.

“How about we all do one big painting for the school? Goddess knows this school could use some more color,” I suggested.

I heard excited whispers from all around me.

Miss Emily looked around at all the students.

“Like a mural?” She asked, glancing at me.

“Yes!” I said excitedly. “We could all contribute to it; that way no one is left out. I could gather meaningful pictures from each

student around the school and we could paint them as a class. Everybody here is talented enough to do that.”

“I love that idea! Lila could help us mix the colors for everyone’s skin tone,” someone else chimed in.

“It would be huge! Everybody in school would see it!” Another said excitedly.

I looked back up at Miss Emily who had a smile on her face.

“Let me speak with the school board and see what we can do,” she said. “I’ll let you know.”

Everybody cheered happily and as we began to pack our things to leave for our next classes, some walked by me and told me

they loved my ideas and that I did a great job.

I felt my face blushing as I smiled at them.

Just before I left, Miss Emily said, “Come by my office at lunch and we can eat together and talk.”

“Sounds great,” I said with a beaming smile.

On that note, I turned and left for my next class, Werewolf History.

History wasn’t as fun as art class, but I was good at most subjects, so it was a breeze to get by. We read the first couple of

chapters in our history books and then took a pop quiz. Mr. Edwards typically graded pop quizzes before class was over and it

wasn’t a surprise to me that I got an A+.

I heard a couple of others groaning from nearby and I looked over a girl and a couple of boys that were staring at their papers with upset expressions.

“I can’t believe I failed,” one of the boys muttered. “I thought for sure I’d pass this time.”

“If I don’t pass the next quiz, they will kick me off the football team and I might lose my scholarship,” the other boy said.

“I got a C, but to my parents, that’s practically failing. They are paying a lot of money to have me attend this school and they expect perfect grades. What am I going to do if I don’t understand the history of my own species?” The girl said through her teeth.

“I can tutor you,” I said, staring between them all. They all looked at me with shocked expressions.

“What?” The girl asked.

“I can tutor you,” I repeated. “I have some time around 4 pm. We can go to the library and study before dinner.”

“Are you sure?” The football player asked, raising his brows. “Hey, wait... aren’t you Brody’s friend?” I nodded.

“Yes, I am,” I answer. “And yes, I’m sure. I’d like to help you however I can.”

They all looked around at each other before looking at me with wide smiles.

“4 pm in the library it is,” the girl answered for all three of them.

I smiled in return and packed up my things to head to my next class, which was math. After Math was English and After English was lunch.

Usually, I would go to the cafeteria and eat with my friends, but Miss Emily wanted to eat together. So, I grabbed my lunch hand and went straight to her office which was evidently on the top floor of the cafeteria building.

Miss Emily sat at her desk, eating a salad, when I arrived.

“Oh, good! You are here,” she said with a kind smile.

“Sit down.”

I nodded, shutting the door behind me, and sat in the seat in front of her.

“I feel like we haven’t really spoken in a while. I wanted to hear all about your trip and your new job with Miss Cassidy-Ann. But mainly, I wanted to hear about your trip to Monstro. Did you and Alpha Enzo have a nice time?”

Crash!

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