

## Chapter 31 The trial

Lila's POV

I can't believe I messed up so badly that I presented Enzo's portrait as my project in class.

He was never going to forgive me for this.

Maybe if I switched the portraits after hours.

I sat in the student lounge which was oddly empty, and I could gather my thoughts. I was doing some homework, but I found it difficult to concentrate.

I still hadn't heard from Enzo all morning or afternoon and I was starting to wonder if he was going to return.

He had to return; I still had his portrait.

He would want that back so he could give it to his mother.

Unless something happened....

Just as I was about to pull out my phone, I felt his presence. His scent roamed through the lounge causing my heart to pick up speed.

Val perked her head up, taking in his scent as it grew more potent.

I turned and saw him taking long strides through the lounge and in my direction. My mouth hung open when his aura was practically glowing around him. His dark eyes poured into me and I saw a smirk appearing on his lips.

How was it possible for him to get even more attractive whenever I see him?

"Let's go... we are going to be late," he spoke as if we had a previous conversation.

I frowned, narrowing my eyes at him.

"Late for what?"

He rose his brows, surprised by my question.

"They didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"The school board is having a trial this evening. I have evidence that it was Sarah that poisoned you. Your father will be attending as will hers. You were supposed to be informed an hour ago when everything got situated. We need you to testify."

I stood to my feet quickly, staring down at the jeans and blouse I was wearing. I certainly wasn't dressed for a trial

I couldn't believe I wasn't informed of this.

Who was supposed to tell me?

Before I could ask, Enzo rolled his eyes.

"Let's go. We can't be late for this."

I nodded and followed him out of the lounge and into the halls

The campus courtroom was across the school grounds and in a separate building. We don't have an actual judge, so the council is the one who decides who's innocent and guilty and they decide what the punishment will be.

When I entered the courtroom, following Enzo, my eyes fell on Sarah in the front of the room. She was seated in a chair beside a large man that presented himself as someone of importance.

Of course, I knew he was her father.

My father sat on the other side of the courtroom near the school board, who sat in a row of chairs at the head of the courtroom.

My father's eyes fell on me, and he gave me a small and reassuring smile that made me calm down.

Enzo walked with me till I sat in the chair beside my father, he handed my father a folder that I assumed was the evidence before walking across to the other side of the room.

"Lila, thank you for joining us," one of the boards said, peering down at me.

"Thank you. I was only told about this trial a few moments ago" I explained.

"Lila, we ask that you tell us the truth about the night of your birthday. Do you remember that night clearly?"

"Yes" I said with a head nod, glancing back at Sarah. "I remember everything."

"So, walk us through your night."

"It started off amazing. I was joined by family and friends to celebrate my 18(th) birthday. I didn't even know that Sarah and my ex-boyfriend were there. But even so, I wouldn't have minded. My ex's father is an Alpha and also attended. I wouldn't have found it weird to see them. As the night went on I started to feel extremely sick. Lightheaded, nausea, shortness of breath, a rapid heartbeat, and a fever. I thought I was going to pass out. I was also feeling a strange loopiness; like a little drunk but I've only had a few sips of wine.

I paused for a moment as I gathered my thoughts. The courtroom remained quiet while I continued.

"Then, my mother brought me to bed and called the doctor, "I went on to say. "I was told that I was poisoned. That was when I found out from a third party that Sarah was also at the party. But we didn't have proof that it was her that poisoned me..."

The board glanced over at my father. He had the folder that Enzo had given him in his hands.

"And you have the proof of this serious accusation?" They asked.

My father nodded, standing, and stepping toward their seated area. He shuffled through some of the papers in the folder before placing them on the table before them, My father took his seat beside me while they conversated.

For what felt like an eternity, the board examined the photos presented to them. They were whispering and talking amongst themselves. At one point, they brought my father, the head of the Alpha committee, in to speak to them in private as well.

My heart was racing at lightning speed; I couldn't help but look over at a very tense Sarah. She was avoiding my eyes.

I didn't want this to escalate to a trial; I wanted to handle the situation on my own, but she wouldn't give me the time of day to talk.

After a long while, they called her father over to speak with them as well.

Enzo didn't seem as worried though. He was leaning against the wall on the far side of the courtroom, his eyes falling upon me and darkening.

What did the darkening of his eyes mean?

For some reason, I was finding it hard to look away from him.

Why was he so attractive?

"Okay, we've come up with a conclusion," one of the board members said.

My father took his seat beside mine; I didn't look particularly pleased, which ave me a heavy heart.

"Due to some unusual circumstances, we aren't going to expel Sarah. Instead, we will give her a month's suspension. Once she returns, she will be monitored on school grounds to ensure no more incidents happen under our noses. If another ill attempt happens, we will be obligated to expel you. Are we understood, Sarah?"

"yes" Sarah answered, her tone hard.

"We will see you in a month, You are all dismissed now."

Everyone stood from their places and one by one they began leaving the courtroom.

My father remained, along with Sarah's father.

"I hope there are no hard feelings, Alpha Bastien. Kids will be kids," her father said, reaching his hand out to shake.

My father stared at the hand for a moment, I knew he didn't want to shake it. But he did anyways. "Just make sure my daughter doesn't get harmed in this way again," my father said, his tone dark and threatening.

"Understood."

They parted ways; Sarah gave me one last icy look before she left.

I realized Enzo had already gone and I couldn't help the empty feeling in the pit of my stomach. Once again, he left without saying a word to me.

Why did he keep doing that?

Enzo's POV

There was no point in staying in the courtroom after that verdict. I had never felt this wave of fury before.

"It's because that asshole basically owns the school. So, they went easy on her," Max hissed.

I went back to the academy center; I wanted to blow off some steam in the arena, If i didn't, somebody was going to get hurt.

"Alpha Enzo! Do you have a moment?"

I paused when I saw the Art teacher, Miss Grace, standing outside her classroom. I really didn't want to have a conversation with anybody, but I didn't have a real excuse to give her.

"Sure," I said joining her in her classroom.

"I just wanted to thank you for being so kind to one of my students, Lila. She really looks up to you and I admire that so much. To be honest, I was a little surprised that you let her paint you for her project. But it came out so well!"

I frowned.

"What are you talking about? Paint me?"

She narrowed her eyes, a frown forming on her lips.

"Um, yes," she said, furring her brows together. "Did you not give her permission to paint you? She said you were aware of it and encouraged her."

"Show me."

There was hesitation for a moment but then she turned and walked toward the row of covered paintings until she reached one of the biggest ones in the center.

She unveiled the painting and my heart plummeted into my stomach at the sight of it.

It was a painting of me.

It was my portrait.

