

Chapter 37 Almost getting caught

Enzo's POV

What the hell was I doing?

She just smelled so good, and she was standing so close to me. It was either this or my wolf lost control completely and I wasn't going to let that happen.

She did a beautiful job on my portrait; it was even better than the last one. Watching her hard at work was hypnotizing. The way she bit her bottom lip when she concentrated and stuck her tongue out a little to lick the top of her lip whenever she was pleased about something.

The sparkle in her eyes showed just how much passion she felt for what she was doing. I couldn't help but ask her about it. I wanted to know what made her want to be an artist.

I was more than impressed with her answer and it made me want to talk to her more about it. I knew she was good at combat, but her intelligence is beyond me.

It made me want to bend her over the canvas and have my way with her.

But I couldn't.

But she was so close to me, and she was so proud of the work she had done. When she asked why I haven't rejected her, I didn't have an answer for her.

I knew I should have rejected her, but I couldn't do it. I just wanted to have a small taste of her.

That small kiss a few days ago wasn't good enough; I wanted more of her. I needed more of her.

I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her into my lap with ease, she went willingly, despite being shocked.

She let out a small gasp as I pressed my lips firmly against hers. For a moment, she remained still as I deepened the kiss, pressing my tongue against her closed mouth until her lips opened slightly, granting me access.

Her breath was warm and smelled sweet; like fresh strawberries, she had just eaten. She doesn't wear makeup, so I didn't need to worry about getting lipstick on me. But her lips were just naturally soft. They were full and chewable as well; it made me desire her that much more.

She wrapped her arms around my neck, placing the palms of her hands on the back of my neck to keep my head steady.

She was enjoying this.

Max was enjoying this.

The member in my pants was enjoying this as well.

I tucked my hand into the back of her shirt, placing my palms on her bare back, and tracing her long spine with my fingertips. She seemed to have relaxed due to my touch, but I noticed goosebumps forming on her arms as well.

It made me smile knowing I had such an effect on her.

I bit onto her bottom lip, drawing it into my mouth and sucking on it like it was a piece of candy.

she didn't resist me: she allowed me to do these things to her without question and without any hesitation.

Her body trusted me.

I moved my hand further up her back, bringing her shirt with it. I wanted to rip it off her body and have my way with her in this art room.

My cock was getting harder as the anticipation grew throughout my body. I was growing excited to have her, my hunger and desires were only intensifying with every passing moment.

She soon grew a little risky herself and poked her tongue out of her mouth; she wanted to explore me just as I explored her. I parted my lips, allowing them to go still so she could have full access.

But just as she did, the doorknob of the art room began to turn. We both went still for only a moment.

I saw pure panic in her eyes as she realized what was happening.

She quickly jumped up from my lap and adjusted her shirt; I remained seated, not worried, or bothered by the least. If there was one thing, I knew about this school was that people here were unable to comprehend normal social cues.

As long as neither of us was undressed, there wasn't anything we needed to worry about.

It was when we acted suspiciously that people would start questioning us.

"Lila?" The man at the door said, narrowing his eyes.

It was Mr. Conley from the History class; it was odd that he was in this section of the school. History is at the opposite end of the building.

"Professor?" Mr. Conley said as his eyes trailed over to me; there were questions in them, that much was clear. Questions I wasn't going to answer.

"Hello, Mr. Conley," Lila tried to say as casually as she could, but her face was flushed, and her voice came out as a squeak. "We were just leaving."

"What are you doing in here?" Mr. Conley asked. "It's late in the evening. Shouldn't you be with the other students in the dining hall for dinner?"

"I was just heading there now" she said, turning to the canvas. "Professor Enzo was just helping me with a project."

Mr. Conley glanced at the portrait and raised his brows.

"You painted your professor for your art class?"

"The assignment was to paint a noble role model outside of family" she lied so easily. "Enzo was the only one I could think of on short notice. He's the youngest Alpha and the best combat teacher I would have been stupid not to choose him."

"I see," Mr. Conley said, still in a questioning tone as he glanced between the two of us.

I remained in my seat, tugging at the grin that desperately wanted to appear on my lips. I was enjoying Lila's excuses and awkward behavior.

I suppose I could have jumped in to help her, but I didn't feel the need to.

"Well, you should get to the dining hall before dinner ends. You need some nutrition," Mr. Conley said, eyeing her carefully.

"I'm on my way there right now," she said with a faint smile. "I'll see you in the morning Professor Enzo."

She packed up her things quickly and without giving me another look, she left the room. Mr Conley stayed behind for a moment longer to look at me. There were still questions in his eyes, but he said nothing as he too turned away and left the room.

I might have underestimated him.

Lila's POV

I was surprised the next morning when I went into the combat arena and saw that Professor Connie was still there.

She wore a tight outfit that revealed half her stomach and ended just under her breasts. She wore tight sweatpants, perfect for combat. Her long hair was pulled out of her face and into a low, sleek, ponytail, revealing her bright and beautiful features.

I almost forgot about her until I walked in and saw her standing where Enzo usually stands.

Enzo comes into the room moments later; he looked just as handsome as ever with his shirt off and his baggy sweatpants.

He looked like he had just run a mile with the sweat glistening on his strong chest. He held a water bottle in his hands, and he took a swig of it as he walked through the crowd of students, past me, and took his position right beside Connie.

My stomach formed a tight and uncomfortable knot.

"Listen up," Enzo said to the students, and everyone silenced right away. "Connie is contracted for a couple more days. So, until the contract of her substitution ends, we are going to be working together. You will have to answer to both of us.

They were going to be working together?

As partners?

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