

Chapter 74 Assistant duties

Lila's POV

"Sarah?" I said, standing to my feet. "What are you doing here?"

"I just wanted to check out the new art gallery that just opened," Sarah said, raising her brows. "But my question is, what are you doing here?"

"I work here," I explained. "As Cassidy-Ann's assistant."

"You?" Sarah nearly scoffed. "What would she want with someone like you?"

"That sounded like an insult, but I ignored it, allowing it to brush off my back.

"She liked the portrait I made of Professor Enzo. She said I have real potential and wanted me to start here as her assistant," I said in return.

At that point, the other girls had disappeared to continue their own work. They were Cassidy-Ann's artists, so they stayed in their own section of the studio, painting for the next art show.

Which I knew was going to be held soon and I would have to help with that.

"I see..." Sarah said, almost bitterly.

It was like she was disregarding the entire apology she made to me a few days ago. But I knew she wasn't being genuine as soon as I figured out, she was forced to apologize to me.

"Well, clearly, she doesn't know real talent. As soon as she sees my paintings, you will be last month's news," Sarah said, batting her long lashes and throwing a lock of her hair over her shoulder.

I wanted to ask her what happens to us being friends. But I decided against it. It wasn't worth the time, and I wasn't sure I wanted to be friends with someone who was forced to make a heartfelt apology to me.

"She's always looking for new talent," I say with a shrug. "I can always book you an appointment and you can consult with her."

I sat back down at my desk and glanced at my computer.

Sarah's lips were pressed into a thin line and she folded her arms across her chest. I knew she wasn't happy.

"No thank you," Sarah muttered. "I'll speak with her on my own time. And not because you booked an appointment...but because I'm just that good. Once she sees m work and knows my name, she will be the one seeking me out."

"I'm sure that's true," I said in agreement, which is not what she wanted.

Sarah didn't stick around to say anything more; she turned away and left the studio. I shook my head with dismay written all over my face as Cassidy- Ann returned.

"Did I miss anything good?" She asked as she walked toward her office.

"It was quiet," I lied. "Welcome back."

She gave me a sweet smile before disappearing into her office. But then she reappeared moments later with a manilla folder.

"I have some paintings here that need to go out for delivery soon. Would you mind enveloping each of these? Then bring them to the post office?"

"Of course," I said, taking the large folder from her.

I began to do just as she asked. Sealing each glorious, handmade, drawing that Cassidy created herself, in thick velvety designer envelopes.

Each painting was going somewhere different. Cassidy-Ann had an online store where customers could purchase original art.

I was in awe of how beautiful each piece was, and I thought about purchasing one for myself as well.

Once each painting was put in its own envelope and stamped, I grabbed the satchel that Cassidy-Ann Lad given me at the beginning of the day and carefully placed them inside.

I went to her office door and knocked on it until I heard her give me the okay to enter.

"I'm about to leave for the post office. Is there anything you need while I'm gone?"

"I wouldn't mind an expresso," she said kindly. "You can take the company card on your desk."

"Okay," I said with a head nod.

I grabbed the card off my desk and shoved it into my pocket.

I didn't have my car, so I had to walk to the center of town, which was only about a 20-minute walk.

The post office wasn't busy, and the lady at the front counter was very kind. She gave me a sweet smile as I placed the envelopes on the counter.

"Ah, I see another shipment of Cassidy-Ann originals," she said with a light chuckle.

"How can you tell?" I teased.

Scanned each envelope into her system and then sent them away to be shipped.

"Thank you so much," I said before leaving.

The next stop was the coffee shop, which wasn't too far from the coffee shop.

I got Cassidy-Ann and her expresso and then I grabbed a small coffee for myself as well.

Once I returned, Cassidy thanked me as I sat her expresso on her desk.

"You are doing a very nice job, Lila. I'm so glad you are here," she breathed as she took a sip of her coffee.

"I really appreciate the opportunity," I said in return. "I'm hoping that one day I could open my own studio and paint the world as I see it through my eyes."

"I hope that for you as well," Cassidy-Ann said with a kind smile.

I went back to my desk and continued to do my initial task. Which was invoicing for the last batch of paintings that Cassidy had sent.

Once again, I could hear the gossiping of the painters from across the studio and I couldn't help but wonder if they had anything better to do than sit there and gossip.

It was strange that they were asking me about my father. Of course, everybody knew Alpha Bastien and not many knew I was his daughter. I wondered how they even found this information out and why it mattered.

"I'm getting a strange feeling," Val said with unease.

I could feel her anxieties and it was making me feel unwell. I was also getting a bad feeling.

Like something was about to happen that neither of us was going to like.

I reached into my desk drawer and pulled out my phone.

I had a couple of missed texts from Brianna, just wishing me luck in my new job. Same with my mother.

I also had a missed call from Rachel, and I grew nervous wondering what could possibly be wrong. I wanted to call her back, but I didn't want to get in trouble on my first day of work. I shoved my phone back into my desk drawer and took a deep breath.

Maybe that's all it was. A feeling. That didn't mean anything bad was going to happen.

But then again, I couldn't help but think about Enzo. I wondered what he was doing at that moment and who he was with. He spent a lot of his time with Connie, and I felt uneasy thinking about it.

I shook the thought of my head; I couldn't let him distract me.

Not again.

Just as I brushed the thought out of my mind, a couple of those gossiping artists appeared.

The same ones that were asking about my father. They were giggling with one another as they stood in front of my desk.

"Can I help you?" I asked, raising my brows.

"We were wondering... because you are Bastien's daughter, and you are a student at the academy... do you happen to know Alpha Enzo?" One of them asked.

I stared between the two curious girls and then I was starting to realize why I was getting a bad feeling.

"I do," I answered, nodding my head once.

They both giggled again.

"He's so hot," the other cooed. "I don't know how you can stand being in the same room with him without ripping his clothing off."

"He's my professor," I said quickly, feeling my face warming. "Why do you ask anyways?"

They looked at one another and then looked at me.

"Would you maybe be able to introduce us to him? We want to see if he'd pick one of us for his chosen mate!"