

# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 110 - Finals



Lila's POV

It's been a few days since Enzo had given me that painting and I hadn't said much of anything to him about it.

The painting was absolutely beautiful and captured every detail perfectly. It even had the outlining of my wolf shadowing behind me and we were surrounded with purple and blue flowers, bringing out the coloring in my eyes.

Upon further investigation, I found out that one of my coworkers had painted it per request of Enzo. This was only a copy of it; the real painting was going to be hung up at the art studio to replace the painting that was destroyed.

The officers were still trying to figure out who vandalized the art studio, but unfortunately, the camera system was entirely wiped clean.

My father was working alongside them and investigating things himself.

It was going to take them a while to figure out who it was, but in the meantime, I had to get ready for finals.

I woke up early this morning so I could cram a little extra knowledge in my head before our first round of finals.

"Are you ready for finals?" Becca asked as I joined her in the library bright and early.

"As ready as I'll ever be," I told her, but I wasn't super confident; I hadn't had a lot of time to study this past week with everything going on.

But I knew I had to try the best I could if I wanted to move on to the next semester.

We began studying and we were soon joined by Brody.

"I'm nervous," Brody admitted. "If I don't do well, my pack won't respect me when I become the Alpha."

"You're going to be great, Brody," I assured him. "Just relax and do the best you can. Channel your inner Alpha."

He laughed and relaxed some.

Soon, it was time to get to class and start the finals.

My first round was incredibly easy. It was my math and writing classes; then I had Chemistry. Soon, was my Shifter History course, which was a little challenging, but nothing I couldn't handle.

By the end of those rounds, I was already exhausted. I wanted to pass out from the stress and exhaustion, but I kept myself going. Thankfully, I only had one more round of finals left for the day. It was the Shifting and Combat course with Professor Enzo.

Tomorrow was going to be my art finals and then by the end of the day, we will receive our scores.

Enzo was looking incredible as always with his shirt off across the arena with the rest of the class standing nearby and waiting for orders.

Beside Enzo stood 3 very strong and incredibly talented fighters. All three of them specialized in something different.

I recognized them from television, they competed in the Werewolf Olympics, and they were really good at what they did. I learned a few of my own moves based on theirs and I was eager to fight them and show them what I could do.

I couldn't believe we were going to be fighting actual professionals.

"About time you showed up," Sarah said as we joined the others. "He wouldn't start until you got here."

I felt my face redden at her words as I looked over at Enzo; he was eyeing me carefully, but he said nothing.

We hadn't spoken much since we last talked in the art room. I wasn't really sure what to say to him.

"We could always thank him for the gift," Val reminded me.

I knew she was right; I needed to say something to him about it.

But not here... not now.

Enzo turned to the Olympic champions and began talking to them in private. Then they all turned in our direction and Enzo stepped forward.

"We are going to be fighting in three categories. Shifting combat, hand combat, and weaponry combat. Hand combat is when you fight without weapons," he explained. "You will be fighting each one in their specialties and then the final battle will consist of fighting all three in any form you'd like. We will be going one at a time and I'll choose who goes first. The rest of us will be your audience. Once you knock down your opponent, pin them with your foot for three seconds."

Everyone stayed silent, but we nodded in understanding.

"During the final battle, as soon as the first two you knock down hit the ground, they will be out. The third one will need to be pinned with your foot for 3 seconds. Manage to win all four battles, and you will pass the exam."

He turned to the opponents and said something to them; they nodded in understanding before Enzo turned back to the rest of us.

"Sarah, you can go first."

I was a little disappointed he didn't choose me first, but it was fine.

I stepped back with the others as Sarah stepped forward.

She was confident, which was a good thing during this exam.

I watched as she did incredible work, fighting and shifting like she's done this her entire life. She fought so effortlessly, and she was able to pin each opponent with her foot quickly.

She finally got to the final battle and at first, I thought she was going to lose. They had the upper hand for most of the fight; but in the end, she outsmarted them and ended up knocking each one down.

Everyone cheered excitedly for her.

One by one, Enzo chose other students to take their tests before me.

Soon, Sarah gasped and looked at me.

"Oh, I almost forgot! I have a gift for you!"

I frowned; I didn't trust Sarah whatsoever, but she seemed genuinely excited about this. She grabbed onto my arm, and I allowed her to pull me away from the others and toward the locker rooms.

She went to her locker and pulled out a large white box.

"What's that?" I asked, uncertainty in my voice.

"Open it," she laughed.

I opened the box and gasped when I saw the most gorgeous combat shoes I had ever seen. They were white and pink; they were also bulky and perfect for all sorts of activities.

I rose my brows at her.

"These must have cost a fortune," I said, eyeing her carefully.

"Pocket change," she said with a shrug. "But it's my token of apology for all the shit I did to you. I really am sorry."

"Really?" I asked, unsure if I believed her. After all, she was planning on running against me for the leader of the student council, an organization that I created.

"Yes, really," she said with a grin. "I know I've been terrible to you, and I wanted to make it up to you."

"I don't know what to say," I said, looking down at the shoes.

"Don't say anything," she said with a wide smile. "Put them on and wear them for your finals today!"

The excitement on her face made it almost impossible to say no. I took my shoes off and slipped the new ones on. They felt a little snug and they were very heavy, but they weren't terrible. They were actually kind of comfortable.

She clapped her hands together excitedly.

"They look so good on you!" She cooed

I smiled; they did look really good.

"Lila!" Becca said from the doorway. "It's your turn!"

I felt my nerves bubbling in my stomach; Sarah gave me a thumbs up.

"Good luck!" She exclaimed.

Becca looked suspicious, but she said nothing.

I went back into the arena where everyone was watching me.

My first opponent stood in the center, waiting for me to approach.

Enzo was watching me carefully, folding his arms across his chest and leaning against the back wall. I don't know why this made me feel even more nervous.

"Are you ready?" My opponent asked, getting into his stance.

The first round was hand combat. Which meant no shifting and no using weapons. I lifted my hands to him and nodded. Soon, we were both fighting. I did a few of my signature flips and kicks in the air, causing gasping and cheering.

I felt sweat pouring down the nape of my neck the quicker I fought. I managed to dodge most of his attacks.

I went to kick him in the face, but I felt a stinging sensation on my feet. I managed to fight through it and kick him though, but the pain started to grow worse the longer the fight went on.

This gave my opponent the upper hand for a moment and knocked me off my feet, but just before he was about to pin me with his foot, I spun out of reach and managed to get to my feet again. I did another backflip to get away from him but as my feet landed on the ground, I felt a sharp pain going up my leg, causing me to fall back to the ground.

Everybody gasped and then grew silent. My opponent was about to attack me once again. I rolled out of reach of him, trying to kick him but he grabbed my foot and yanked me so hard it nearly took my entire leg off.

This made me scream in pain; both my feet felt like they were on fire.

This only proved it.

Something was wrong.

these shoes were digging into my flesh.