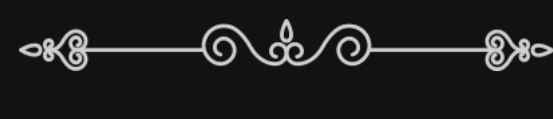


My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 135 – A Full Scholarship



Enzo's POV

"What did you give her?" I asked between my teeth, staring at this pathetic guy that was trying to take Lila away.

He had dropped Lila from his arms as soon as I neared them; I could see the fear in his eyes. He was pathetic.

What Lila was doing with Buffoon, I hadn't the slightest idea. But the thought of her going anywhere with him, even away from their initial group and to this more secluded area, sent an unsettled feeling in my stomach.

She was completely out of it; this certainly was not the work of alcohol.

"I... I was just—"

I put fear in him, that much was clear.

He stared up at me with large and frightened eyes and I stared back him, glaring and furious.

Lila remained on the ground, struggling to keep herself together. She knew something was right and this asshole was the cause of it.

He continued to stammer as I bent down and lifted Lila off the ground; it took everything I had not to punch this jerk out. But I wasn't going to do that with Lila in my arms. I needed to get her out of here and this guy wasn't going to stop me.

Who was he anyways?

I turned away, still holding onto Lila and I started walking back toward the party.

"Oh, my goddess!" Em yelled as I neared. "What the hell happened?!"

"Ask him," was all I said as I continued walking, not even looking to see if that jerk was nearby.

Her eyes trailed behind me until they saw him, and she gasped.

"Matty, what the fuck?!" She hissed to him.

I didn't stick around to see anything more.

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Lila's POV

I woke up the next mornin with a terrible headache. I felt like I did the other night when I got way too drunk, except for some reason this felt way worse.

The last thing I remembered I was having a drink with Matty on the beach and then suddenly I felt like I had no control over my own body. Then Enzo...

Oh, goddess!

Enzo!

He was there and he took me back to the suite. I must have fallen asleep at some point because I couldn't remember getting back here. But I remembered he was here.

Just as I sat up in bed to get out, the door swung open and Enzo came strolling in.

"How are you feeling?" He asked; in his hands he was carrying a platter of hot food and coffee.

My stomach growled just looking at it.

"My head hurts," I admitted. He sat the tray in front of me and sat beside me on the bed with a timid frown. "What happened last night?" I found myself asking.

"You almost got taken away," he said, shaking his head with dismay written all over his face. "You have to be careful about who you trust. You can't trust wander off with random people."

"He wasn't a random person. He's the one who invited me out."

Enzo narrowed his eyes at me.

"That guy was your date?" He scoffed. "Seriously??"

"He's Em's friend and he asked me about this party," I shrugged. "I didn't think anything of it, until..." my voice trailed off as I thought about the events that took place. Shaking my head at the very thought, I looked back up at him. "You have no right to be upset with me. You were with Connie."

"Nothing happened with Connie," he said firmly and through his teeth. "Her bathing suit ripped and I gave her my shirt so she can get back to her suite to change."

"What?" I asked, staring around at his very serious expression.

"I told you!" Val cooed. "There was a reasonable explanation all along!!"

"But you slept with her at some point so there's obviously something there," I said in return, rising my brows.

"She drugged me."

"I'm sorry... she what?" I asked; I obviously didn't hear him correctly.

"She drugged me," he repeated. "I found out earlier today that she used roofies to get me into bed. But she didn't touch me. The most she did was get me undressed. Then she stripped naked apparently and got into bed to sleep."

"I don't understand..." I said, my voice sounding very distant. "Why would she do all of that if not to sleep with you?"

"To make it seem like I drunk me couldn't resist her. She wanted me to think that I was so wasted that I chose to sleep with her. She told me I confessed my feelings for her during this time and obviously that was a lie," he explained, sighing at the memory. "She wanted to confuse me?"

"She drugged you??" I breathed, narrowing my eyes at him. "When did you find out about this?"

"Last night before I went to find you," he answered. "I knocked over her bag and the pill bottle fell out. She confessed everything."

"What ended up happening?" I couldn't help but ask, invested.

"I told her I wanted her to leave," he answered. "Her flight is this afternoon."

"She's leaving?" I gasped.

He nodded his head once.

"Are there any more questions, because you are going to be late for work if so."

I gasped as I looked at the clock; he was right. I needed to leave.

Enzo left the room so I could quickly get dressed; once I was dressed, I ran out of the room and paused when I saw the pill bottle on the counter. It reeked of Connie and my heart plummeted into my stomach.

Enzo was telling the truth.

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Enzo had taken me to work, and I was grateful for that. He used the rental car he had gotten recently.

Neither of us spoke during the carried; I don't think we knew what to say to one another. But soon, we were at the academy, and I ran from the car and into Cassidy-Ann's office.

Thankfully, I had made it just in time.

During my time at work, I couldn't stop thinking about Enzo. I couldn't believe he had been drugged. I should have listened to my wolf from the beginning when she said he would never do that to us.

I felt guilty for not giving him the benefit of the doubt.

"Oh, I forgot to mention," Cassidy-Ann said from her desk. "Leroy wants to meet you after work. Are you available?"

My brows raised.

"Yes, of course," I answered quickly.

"Good... bring your samples."

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"I have to say, Lila, these paintings are incredible. You did this on your own?" Leroy asked, staring at the samples I had presented him.

It was later in the afternoon, after work, and I went straight to his office with my portfolio.

"Yes, sir," I said as confidently as I could. "I'm glad you like them."

"I don't just like them," he said with a fond smile as he closed the portfolio. "Cassidy-Ann mentioned you had a great talent and I was reluctant to believe her. But I'm glad I gave you a chance because I'm certainly not disappointed."

Excitement roamed through me at his words.

"Thank you so much," I said to him in response.

"I think you'd make a perfect fit for this academy. Your grades are excellent as well," he said, leaning back in his seat.

"So, what exactly does this mean?" I urged, keeping my eyes locked on his.

"I want to offer you a full scholarship to attend this academy."