

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 137 – Alpha Lunch



Enzo's POV

"You're dating a Volana wolf?" Alex asked with also wide eyes; all three Alphas were now staring at him, shocked about this new discovery.

"What's that like?!" Mike asked excitedly.

"You guys should have seen her!" John said in return, clapping me on the back.

I felt Max growing restless and agitated as they continued to talk about Lila like she was nothing more than a slab of meat.

A low growl emerged from the depth of my throat, and I had to swallow hard before it escaped through my wolf's canines.

"It's impolite to speak of a woman in such a manner," I said, clenching my jaw.

They glanced at me, all frowning now before John cleared his throat.

"How's the new hospital coming in Starcove?" John asked Mike who finally pulled his eyes away from me to fixate on John.

"It should be up and running within a couple of weeks. The bank finally closed the deal and we are currently in the process of finding staff."

"I might have a couple of she-wolves that are medically trained. I'll send them your way for an interview," Mike offered.

"I have a few men and women who are trained in that specialty," Alex also offered.

"I appreciate you both. Send them to my office at 1 pm on Monday and I'll speak with them myself. I have a few highly trained doctors and some nurses myself. I also have a few surgeons. But I'm looking for a few more. It's nice to get some from outside the pack so we can broaden our resources."

"Agreed," Mike nodded.

"Ever need extra resources I can always ship them from overseas," I chimed in, feeling my wolf relaxing. Now that the subject was off Lila, we didn't need to be tense. "I have the most intellectual researchers in the county and could greatly benefit all three of you."

They raised their brows.

"I had no idea that the Calypso pack had researchers like that," Mike said, speaking for all of them.

"They're actually elders that once worked for my father but after my father's death they stuck around," I explained.

They all looked amongst one another; questionable and concerned looks on their faces. Of course, they had heard about my father. They would have to live under a rock to not know about Blaise. Even those from across the country were very familiar with his tales.

It wasn't often that I brought him up in conversation and I'm sure none of them really knew what to say in response.

"And you trust them?" John finally asked the question that was on all their minds.

"There's still a lot of the pack who had gone rogue when I took over leadership because they still follow my father long after his death. They usually live in hiding but there are quite a few of them and they frequent appearance. Annoyingly so..." I muttered that last part. "But they continue to hunt and torment Volana wolves. Most of them want to take their powers and use them for themselves. It makes our region one of the most dangerous places for Volana wolves. Not that they are particularly safe anywhere... but those who follow my father are specifically trained in combat and are highly skilled, just as I am."

They all listened with wide eyes as they ate their food and drank their drinks.

"So... that beauty, how is she living in that region. Being a Volana and all?" John asked.

I was annoyed at his titling for Lila, and I stifled a snarl.

"Lila..." I emphasized her name. "Is the daughter of one of the most powerful Alphas; Bastien of the Nova pack."

"The leader of the Alpha committee, Alpha Bastien?" Mike asked. "How did you snag his daughter?"

I glared at Alpha Mike, and I knew he could see the eyes of my wolf shining through the eyes of my human. I curled up my top lip and let a small growl escape, indicating that my wolf was on the verge of attack at any moment.

I could see the color draining from his face and he swallowed hard, sitting back in his chair to get that much further away from me.

"I'm with her as a favor to her father. I'm here to protect her. I'm her professor. Nothing more," I said through my teeth.

The forcefulness in my tone shut them all up and they went back to eating their food. John later changed to subject to some financial issues his pack was having and how they overcame it.

I stayed mainly quiet the rest of the time we ate our food and by the time it was time to leave, they were all trying to say goodbye.

I wanted nothing more to do with them; I had been agitated long enough and now it was time to return to the suite and try to relax for the evening.

I glanced at the clock and saw that it was only 5 pm.

Lila's art show ran until about 6 pm which meant she would be back soon. I made a mental note to pick her up from the gallery. Even though I just ate, she would probably be hungry and want some dinner or something.

"Good evening, Alpha Enzo. I hope you are enjoying your stay," the kind front desk clerk said from her desk, batting her long lashes.

"I am, thank you, Jewels," I said in return, reading the nametag on her blouse.

She chuckled and her face reddened.

"I see you are alone this evening. Want some company?"

She was flirting with me.

"I'm just going back to my room to get some rest," I told her, turning away.

"Oh... okay. Another time then?" She called from behind me.

I didn't bother answering her.

By the time I got back to the room, I changed out of my suit and tie and into something more casual. Lila would be getting out of work soon; she hadn't mind-linked me which makes me wonder if maybe she texted or called my phone.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and glared at the screen to see her small name appearing before me.

It was a text.

"Running a little behind. Can you get me at 6:30?"

That was sent a couple of hours ago.

I sent back, "Dinner?"

I'm sure she's a little busy at work and won't respond right away.

I went over to the couch and sat; it felt like I sat on something.

I looked around the couch and, for a minute, I didn't see anything. But it definitely felt like I sat on something unfamiliar; something that wasn't the cushion that sat behind me.

I reached behind the cushion and pulled out a binder, frowning.

How did this get here?

"It has our mate's scent all over it," Max breathed as he sniffed the air.

He was right; it smelled like honeysuckle.

I wondered if this binder was important and why she was hiding it behind the couch cushion.

Opening the binder, I scanned the pages.

"Scholarship?" I said out loud to my wolf as we both took in what we were reading. "It's a full Scholarship to the International Art Academy... for two years."