

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 145 – Enzo can dance



Lila's POV

Was he laughing?

I had never seen Enzo laughing before and for some reason, it was warming my heart immensely.

He had a really nice smile and an even better laugh.

Enzo was also a very good dancer, and I never took him for someone who could dance. He never did this kind of thing at home. At least I didn't think so.

But he moved effortlessly like he's done this a million times before.

I was surprised when he took my hand and suggested we danced.

Everybody had their attention on us, and they were cheering us on and dancing along.

"What a beautiful couple!" I heard a couple of girls saying.

"She's so lucky; he's so handsome!"

"She's gorgeous. He's the lucky one!"

"They dance beautifully together."

I beamed up at Enzo, his face illuminating under the crystal lighting of the art gallery. His smile lit up the entire room and my heart raced in my chest.

At that moment, our horrible talk this morning completely faded from my mind. I couldn't even remember why I was upset with him in the first place.

He wrapped me in his arms and spun me around again. Then, he put his hands on my waist and lifted me above his head; I did a flip over him and landed on the ground behind him. He laughed again as he turned around to face me.

The song began to slow down, and I knew this indicated the end of the tune. We were both breathing heavily, only inches from one another.

He kept his eyes locked on mine for only a moment before they shifted to my lips.

Was he going to kiss me?

In front of everybody?

I could hear some coercing him to do just that, but he paused as he neared me with his face. He ran his hand down the side of my face, sending a shiver throughout my body. He tucked a long strand of hair behind my ear, and I felt my entire body warm.

The applause brought my mind back to reality and I was able to snap myself out of the moment, taking a step away from him.

Everybody was cheering loudly for us, and I couldn't help but laugh. He laughed too, but it faded shortly after, and his demeanor went back to normal.

"I really should get back to work," I said, clearing my throat. "Thank you for the dance."

He didn't say anything, but he nodded and watched as I went back toward Cassidy-Ann.

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Over the course of the next 24 hours, Enzo and I didn't really talk much. Mainly because I've been working so much. I was excited for the weekend when I could finally take a couple of days off and enjoy Monstro.

I was craving some beach time.

It was Thursday, which meant we had class today. I was dreading seeing Matty. Since the banquet yesterday, I knew it was going to be weird seeing him. But I had to maintain a professional attitude.

Enzo expressed this morning that he didn't feel comfortable with me being in the same area as Matty, so he came with me to the class and sat in the back corner.

Matty wouldn't dare try anything with Enzo sitting so close by. Not that I really needed Enzo to protect me against him. I could have handled myself just fine. I was very good at combat and could fight him with ease; I think Enzo had forgotten that over the course of the weeks, we'd been away from home.

Cassidy-Ann went into the lessons for the day. This time she had given a canvas to work on and started with some basic artwork and worked on making more elegant pieces based on the basic shapes.

Their assignments for the evening were to create 5 more art pieces using their assigned basic shapes.

"Don't forget, we have dinner this evening," Cassidy-Ann reminded me just as I was packing up my own stuff. "6:00 pm, I'll send you the details."

"I'll see you there," I said to her, joining Enzo who waited for me at the door.

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"How many did we do for sales this week?" Cassidy-Ann asked as she sipped her red wine. She sat across the table from me, and Enzo sat beside me.

"52," I answered. "\$350,000 worth of sales. There's a couple more I need to invoice later."

"I knew this trip would be a success. Let's try to get even more next week. Oh, and I have a bonus for you. I'll leave it on your desk in the morning. Great job so far, Lila. Keep it up, and there will be more than that came from."

"Thank you so much," I said in return.

Enzo was quiet for most of the dinner; in fact, he's been quiet since the banquet last night. I wasn't as mad at him as I was the morning of the banquet; I was still a little hurt though. But I was also thinking that maybe he just said that in the heat of the moment. I knew this relationship can't make it home with us and maybe he was just preparing for that.

Although I didn't want things to return to the way they were once we returned home, I knew they probably had to.

"I also want to feature some of your work in next week's exhibit. What do you think?" Cassidy-Ann asked, interrupting my thoughts.

"That would be incredible!" I gasped. "I don't know what to say."

"Go through some of your favorite pieces and I'll make final decisions tomorrow," she explained.

Soon, the waiter brought our food.

Enzo ordered catfish and it smelled and looked delicious. I ordered Salmon and Cassidy-Ann ordered a lobster salad.

"Don't forget I have the assembly tomorrow afternoon," Cassidy-Ann reminded me.

I was proud to say I did not forget this one.

"I already have your notecards prepared," I told her. "I've been working on them all week for your assembly. They'll be on your desk in the morning."

"Awesome," she said with a fond smile.

"Enzo, will you be attending the assembly?" She asked, batting her eyes at him.

"Yes, I'll be there," Enzo said, keeping his tone even.

I remembered the last time Enzo and I went to dinner with Cassidy-Ann. He got handsy under the table; my face grew hot just thinking about it. He behaved this time; probably because he no longer wanted me in that kind of way. Or at least he was pretending he didn't so it would be easier for when we return home.

That's what I kept telling myself.

Cassidy-Ann also invited him to her hotel suite, but he declined the offer. I wondered why she was still making advances at her even though she knew he was uninterested.

It made me wonder if something really was going on between them.

Enzo's phone dinged and he frowned down at the screen. It was a text message that he read quickly before putting his phone back into his pocket.

Did I have a right to ask him who it was?

Maybe I shouldn't.

But it was too late; I was staring at Enzo and that was a question alone.

"It was Connie," he answered my unspoken question, causing my heart to sink into my stomach. "She just wanted to tell me she's leaving Monstro in the morning. I guess my mother is picking her up from the airport."

"I thought she already left," I said, furrowing my brows together.

"She changed hotels. But she couldn't get a flight until tomorrow."

"I see..." I breathed. "Are you okay? I know she's your best friend and was probably difficult to kick her out."

"It was very difficult, yes," he answered. "I've known her my entire life. She's always been like a sister to me. That's why I couldn't believe she would do something like this. But when we return, I'll talk to her. Maybe I can figure out what was going on in her brain. Until then, it's better if we took space."

"I agree," I said, looking down at my food. "I hope you can salvage your friendship."

I wasn't sure if I truly meant that or not; I didn't like Connie, but I also didn't want Enzo to lose a friend. Despite her trying to manipulate him. But it's not like she had her way with her; she just wanted him to think they had sex.

It was still wrong, but maybe her heart was in the right place. It's obvious how much she loves Enzo. I don't blame her.

Enzo didn't say much more about the topic.

Cassidy-Ann changed the subject soon after and we talked more business for the rest of the evening.

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There had to be hundreds of students in the assembly room. Seats filled quickly; everybody was eager to hear from Cassidy-Ann, their art idol.

I was excited too even though I wrote her note cards. I already knew what she was going to talk about, but I couldn't wait to hear the words come from her mouth.

I stood nearby the stage with Enzo and a couple of other guards who overlooked Cassidy-Ann. She stood at the podium and began talking to the students as if they were her friends. She spoke so effortlessly and with so much knowledge. She answered questions as they came in and I was impressed by how easy it was for her.

I never thought of myself as someone who could get stage fright, but I never talked to an audience this big before. I definitely don't think I could do this that effortlessly.

"Now, I want my assistant to say a few words about her experiences. Let's give a warm welcome to Lila!"