

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 141 – The Culprit



Lila's POV

I jumped at the door slamming shut.

I hadn't even realized Enzo was back yet; I wondered where he went off to. He told me he had something to do, but he was only gone for a little over 30 minutes.

"Lila?" Brianna said into the phone. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," I said in return, shaking my head at the thought. Maybe he just forgot something. "But anyways, I think it was only about sex with him."

I felt the dismay of my wolf; she wasn't happy about my judgment.

"I think you might be overthinking it just a little bit, Lila," Brianna said to me, a little chuckle in her voice. "He's your mate; there's a connection between the two of you regardless of if you see it or not. It can't be just about sex. At least not to your wolves."

The way she said that made it seem like she knew so much about the topic. She stopped speaking for a moment as she thought of what else to say. I knew she wanted to say more, so, I waited.

"Finding your mate, there's a connection between your wolves like no other. There's genuine love and affection and it has nothing to do with sex. You are drawn to each other like no other. Even if Enzo doesn't want you as a mate, the reason he isn't rejecting you is that he knows something like that would utterly destroy your wolf. He doesn't want to hurt you... because in his own weird way, he loves you."

"Brianna—"

"I found my mate!!!" She blurted.

I gasped loudly.

"Brianna!" I nearly jumped off the bed. "What?!"

"It just kind of happened," she chuckles. "He's one of my uncle's Gamma warriors. He was over at the house for a Gamma meeting, and we saw each other."

"When did this happen?" I asked, perched up on my bed excitedly.

"A few days ago," she chuckled. "His name is Alexander. He's so handsome, Lila. He's also so very sweet."

"I'm so happy for you, Bri," I said in return, and I seriously meant that.

"I've been dying to tell you about this for days. I wish you were here so I could have done it in person."

With everything that's happened in Monstro, with Leroy, and the opportunity I thought I was going to have when I came here, I was beginning to think this trip was nothing but a waste of time.

I didn't want to tell Brianna that though, but I did wish I could be at home too.

"He's taking me out tonight. I have to figure out what I'm going to wear," she breathed. "I'll send you some pictures once I get a couple of pictures together."

"I can't wait to see them," I said in return. "I'll talk to you later!" I added just before hanging up.

I threw my phone on my bed and laid my head down, staring up at my ceiling with a small smile on my face. I couldn't believe Brianna found her mate. She sounded so happy, and I was so incredibly happy for her.

I got out of bed and went into the living room, expecting to see Enzo on the couch or something, but he wasn't there. I frowned and looked around the suite. I could tell he was here not long ago, his scent was still lingering and fresh. Val was still wound up and excited to see our mate.

I went toward his room across the living room and knocked on the door; there was no answer.

How strange.

"Maybe he went for a walk," Val suggested, also confused.

I went out onto the balcony and basked in the warm air. It was evening and the stars were sparkling brightly, and the moon was nearly full. Just the appearance of the moon gave my wolf strength. I drew in the moonlight, making it shine even brighter.

It gave me so much energy and recharged my powers. Not that I used them enough to need to be recharged. Truth be told, since I lost control of my powers those times in school, I've been afraid to use them. Though, my mother taught me a few tricks and told me tips for keeping them in control, which helped a lot.

But I couldn't bear hurting someone else by mistake like I hurt Becca.

I stared down at my hands with a frown; I didn't want to believe that Volanas was dangerous, but if someone like me could lose control like that, who knows what others were capable of?

Maybe that's why Enzo was so skeptical of me.

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Third Person POV

Back in Elysium, every afternoon, Bastien would work on training his one and only son, Flynn, on how to be an Alpha for when Bastien retires in a few years.

"I don't need training, Dad," Flynn mutters, bored of the endless work he's had to do during his summer. "I want to go to the beach."

"An Alpha's work is never done. One small mistake could jeopardize our entire pack. That's why it's very important that you pay attention."

"It's not fair that Corrine gets to go to the beach," Flynn pouted, folding his arms across his chest.

"She's volunteering as a lifeguard to better serve the gammas, per request of Donovan," Bastien explained, shaking his head at his son. "I've asked you to volunteer for many different places around Elysium over the summer, but you refuse. So, now you are stuck here with me studying the old-fashioned way."

"When do I get to fight in my first real battle?" Flynn asked. "Like a real Alpha?"

"There's more to being an Alpha than fighting in a battle," Bastien said with a frown. "You can't fight in a battle in front of your pack if you can't win. You need strength, speed, and intelligence in order to win the battle. Your pack needs to be able to trust you and feel protected. If you lose a battle their lack of faith in you will cease to exist and you will fail as an Alpha."

"Corrine is working to be a gamma and she doesn't have to study in books," Flynn muttered.

Not that Corrine was any good at being a gamma in training. Actually, she was kind of terrible at it. She was weak and he didn't like hurting things. She likes books a lot and just got new glasses.

She was such a nerd in Flynn's eyes.

He stared down at the business book and battle book that his father had provided him. One to teach him everything about business and the other to teach him battle strategy.

"That's because she will be working as a team with the other gammas and if she fails, she has her team to back her up. Pack members aren't looking at her to single-handedly keep them protected. They will, however, be looking at you. So, with that being said, you need to study extra hard to not let them down. You need to study the best strategies when it comes to combat; you also need to study business and marketing. As an Alpha, you will be in charge of making sure the businesses in your pack have enough resources and money to stay open. Which means making deals and trades with other Alphas and staying on good terms with investors and shareholders. There's a lot for you to learn Flynn and if you're not willing to volunteer at some of these businesses to see how they operate from the inside so you can better manage them once you are Alpha, then you will have to learn the old fashion way. From books."

Flynn continued to pout, but he didn't argue anymore.

"Alpha, there's something you need to see," Beta Aiden mindlinked.

"On my way," Bastien said in return.

He then turned to Flynn who was staring miserably at his textbook.

"Keep studying; I'll be back."

He turned and left the pack library and went straight toward his office.

Aiden was sitting at his own desk in the office department of the packhouse, staring at his computer with a deepened frown.

"What's going on?" Bastien asked, going around the desk to look at the computer.

"The Higala police department just forwarded a video of recovered camera footage of the art gallery the night it was vandalized," Aiden explained. "It's the street view."

Bastien has been spending a lot of time investigating that vandalism; one of Lila's art pieces in the gallery was destroyed. Not to mention million-dollar paintings from Cassidy-Ann were ruined as well. Whoever vandalized the gallery was about to face some serious charges and possibly even jail time depending on if Cassidy-Ann wanted to press it that hard.

The footage started off like a normal night; Higala was known for its nightlife, so the streets were busy.

Bastien watched Cassidy-Ann lock the doors of the gallery before leaving for the night. Aiden fast-forwarded until later in the evening.

A figure stood at the doorway, picking the lock of the front doors. He wore a backpack, assumingly filled with spray paint and other tools.

"Is that...?" Bastien began to ask, getting a closer look, recognizing the back of his head and his backpack.

Just then, the figure turned his face to make sure no one was watching him; the streetlights hit his features perfectly, lighting them up for only a second before he disappeared inside the building.

Aiden glanced at Bastien.

"Lila's ex... yes," Aiden answered.

It was Scott.