

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 190 Scott's Return

Lila's POV

"When did you get out?" Was the first thing my lips could utter as Scott approached.

"A couple of days after you came to see me," he said, rubbing his hand behind his neck. "I just wanted to say I was sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Yeah, for... erm... everything," he said, meeting my eyes.

I was stunned by the sincere expression he was giving me. It was a look I had never seen from Scott before, and I wasn't sure what to think of it.

"Oh..." I said, not sure what else to say. "Thank you."

"Look... about your election..." Scott said, stepping closer to me. "You should be careful. There's no telling what kind of tricks Sarah has up her sleeve. She's capable of doing some pretty heinous crap. She'll do what it takes to win."

"I'm not worried about the election," I said with a shrug. This was the truth; honestly, I hadn't even thought about the election.

"You should be," Scott muttered. "Knowing Sarah, she's not going to play fair."

"My main concern right now is bettering the school and making sure that students have what they need. I'm hosting a bake sale at the end of this week to raise money for future events. Regardless of who is president of the student committee, the students deserve nice events and better supplies, which costs money. Figured we might as well get started on raising that money. Don't you think?"

"Sarah's father is very rich and can buy anything," Scott reminded me.

I knew this already, but it wasn't the same as raising the money by students for students. For school events and stuff, everyone should be involved in the process.

"I'm well aware," was all I said though.

Scott sighed and his shoulders slumped slowly.

"I haven't talked to her in a while. I'm keeping my distance because I don't want her to use her freaky abilities on me."

I rose my brows.

"There's still no actual proof she has abilities, Scott," I told him.

He looked shocked by my statement and stepped backward.

"You seriously don't believe me?" He asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

Now it was my turn to sigh.

"It's not that I don't believe you, but I can't accuse her of something without seeing actual proof of the accusation. If what you are saying is true, then she could get into huge trouble from the board. But I can't go to them with this without actual proof to back up the claim."

"You can ask anyone she's around. She can get them to do things without them taking a second thought," Scott argued.

"I'd like to believe you because it would explain a lo—"

"Then believe me!"

"I'm going to be late for class, Scott," I said, shutting my locker door and then proceeded to step around him. "I'm glad you are out of jail. Try to stay out of trouble going forward."

I placed my hand on his shoulder when I said that last part, and then I looked him in the eyes, giving him a small smile.

I saw the sadness in his eyes, and it tugged at my heart.

He said nothing as he watched me walk down the hallway and toward my next class. Shifting and Combat with Professor Xander.

My stomach formed a tight knot as I neared the arena. It was odd approaching the arena without picking up Enzo's scent and knowing Enzo wasn't going to be there.

When I got to the arena, the familiar sense washed over me. The memories of my time here with Enzo flooded my brain. At the time, our fate was uncertain. Neither of us knew what we wanted from one another. I was having trouble seeing past his exterior and he was thinking about rejecting me after I graduated.

It wasn't even that long ago and yet it felt like an eternity. My heart raced at the memory; it almost seemed funny now.

If I were to be asked last year if I thought Enzo would eventually mark me, I would laugh loudly. I reached to the back of my shoulder blade and traced my mark with my fingertips, a faint smile playing on my lips. I had covered it with makeup this morning so nobody would see it, and I hated having to do that.

I wanted to shout from the rooftops that Enzo was my goddess-given mate. But I knew I couldn't. For the sake of my reputation and Enzo's.

I stepped into the arena and saw a few new faces that weren't in my class last year, but a bunch of familiar faces. Becca wasn't among them, so I figured she was most likely in the locker room getting changed.

From across the room, examining his clipboard, I saw Professor Xander standing in the spot that Enzo used to stand in. Xander was giant, with large muscles. He had his shirt off, so I was able to see all the tattoos covering his entire torso. There was one spot on his arm though that was blank, which I found to be odd.

He had dark hair that was cut short and eyes so dark they nearly looked black. I got an uneasy feeling from being around him.

I realized quickly that he was no longer staring at his clipboard, but he was staring at me.

My heart fell into my stomach, and I found myself taking a step backward.

His dark eyes poured into me like he was staring into my soul; Val was recoiling back into my mind, also feeling uneasy.

His lips were pressed in a line, and I saw the indifference in his face.

"Lila!" I heard my name being called from the locker room, taking me out of the dark trance.

I saw Becca standing in the doorway, waving me over to her.

I clutched my gym bag firmly in my hands and scurried over to the locker room where a bunch of other girls were getting changed for class.

"Are you ready for today's class?" Becca asked as we went toward the changing rooms.

"As ready as I'll ever be. It's weird that Professor Enzo isn't here," I said, biting my bottom lip to keep the emotions from being shown on my face.

"I know right," Becca agreed. "Have you heard from him at all?"

I froze and I looked at her, puzzled by her question.

"Why would I have heard from him?" I asked, my voice coming out a little weaker than I planned.

She frowned and stared around my face.

"Because your father basically uses him to protect you," Becca said, furrowing her brows together. "Plus, he's on the Alpha committee. Aren't they close?"

Relief washed over me, and I gave her a light laugh.

"Oh, right," I chuckled. "I'm sure I'll talk to him soon."

She nodded and said nothing as I went into the changing room.

I took off my lightweight pink dress and slipped off my flats to put on a pair of yoga pants, a tank top, and a pair of sneakers. I tied my long hair into a ponytail. I stared into the mirror at my appearance and frowned at my reflection.

I didn't feel any different than I did last year, but I felt a world of difference. I felt older and surer of myself.

A smile painted my lips as I left the changing room. I went over to my locker to put the rest of my stuff inside.

"Well, look who decided to finally show up for class," Sarah sneered from her locker nearby. "You're in for it. This new professor is not one to fuck with."

I glanced at Sarah with a frown; she was pale. Almost sickly. She also had dark circles under her eyes like she hadn't slept. I wondered if it had anything to do with Scott.

"Don't listen to her," Becca whispered once Sarah was gone. "You're going to be fine."

I nodded and gave her a thankful smile.

Together, we went into the arena and joined the other students that were gathering.

"I'm not going to baby you. If you don't understand the basic concepts of combat, then you don't belong in my class. We will be focused on hand combat today. You will not be using your wolves and if you do, you will sit the rest of class out."

His voice was deep and firm; it was filled with authority. Everyone stayed silent as he spoke.

"You chose your partners yesterday and you will stick with them until the end. You will continue to fight until the other person can physically fight no more."

I looked around and saw that everyone was already evenly paired up. Even Becca stood beside a shorter girl with curly red hair and bright red lips. She didn't look like she could hurt a fly.

There was no one left to partner with me.

"Get to it," Professor Xander ordered.

Everyone dispersed into different sections of the arena, but I kept my ground, unsure of what to do.

Xander stared at me with a deepening frown.

"Oh yes... the one who was too good to show up for class yesterday. You are already a day behind everyone else. Considering you don't have a partner for this semester, it looks like you're stuck with me, sweet cheeks."

I swallowed hard as he walked closer to me. In a low and threatening tone, he added, "Make no mistake, I'm not your precious Enzo. I'm not going to go easy on you."