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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 231 Faculty House

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Lila's POV

Enzo shut the door behind us as we entered his small house just outside the student campus. The faculty lived in a separate neighborhood where all the houses basically touched one another. Enzo got the house in the farthest corner, closer to the forest, so he was more hidden.

I had snuck here a couple of times last year, but I never went inside his house. I wasn't sure what I was expecting, but I didn't think it would look so modern. Stepping into the house, I was immediately inside his living room, which consisted of a long couch where the ends reclined, and they had nice decorative pillows. In front of the couch was a glass coffee table with a couple of

books lying on top. There was a flatscreen TV hanging on the wall with a couple of pictures of what looked like the goddess.

I've come to know from being at this school that there will be pictures of the goddess in random places. Nobody really knows for sure what she looks like, so most of these pictures are what people think she would look like.

Attached to the living room was a small kitchen with updated appliances and a small table in the corner, big enough to only fit two.

There was a door on the far side of the living room that assumed was either a bathroom or a closet. Without saying anything, Enzo took my hand and led me down a narrow hallway where I noticed even more doors. There were about 3 other doors, one of which was opened a crack and I saw the large wooden desk with a desktop computer and a laptop sitting beside it. There were rows of bookshelves occupying the walls and behind the desk I noticed a large window overlooking the beautiful forest.

I'm assuming the other closed door beside his obvious at-home office was the guest bedroom.

We finally reached the end of the hall where he pulled open his bedroom door and I stepped inside the warm and inviting space.

He had a fireplace on the far side of the house with a pile of wood right beside it. There was a large king-sized bed that was already made with silk bedding with a mixture of reds and gold to match the curtain drapes on the window and a large wool rug that sat on the dark wood flooring.

He had wooden dressers and a large wooden wardrobe.

It reminded me of a room I'd find in a log cabin.

"I like the fireplace," I said, standing at the doorway and tugging at my fingers nervously.

I wasn't sure why I was suddenly nervous, but I was having trouble finding the words to say.

"The room doesn't get a lot of heat," he explained.

He turned to face me, a small frown on his face, but then the frown turned into a smile as realized crossed his beautifully dark eyes.

"I forget that you've never actually been in here before," he said, stepping closer to me. "I swung by here after my meeting with Headmaster Prescott so I could make sure everything was clean and make the bed. Ethan will be swinging by tomorrow to bring

me the rest of my stuff.”

I smiled at him.

“It’s beautiful in here,” I said, stepping even closer to him, closing the small gap that sat between us.

He gave me a lopsided grin as he ran his fingers down the side of my face, brushing the strand of hair that fell over my eyes and tucking it behind my ear.

“You’re beautiful in here,” he said in return, his voice dropping to a low whisper.

I couldn’t help but laugh at his corny line which made his cheeks grow a strange shade of pink, which only made me laugh even

more. He was cute when he was embarrassed.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled myself closer to him, wanting to be as close as I could possibly be. He bent down

and his lips touched mine, sending my heart into overdrive. I thought it was going to beat out of my chest.

A world of color exploded around me as he deepened the kiss; his soft tongue explored my mouth and wrapped itself with my

tongue. I loved how he tasted, and I loved how I felt in his arms. I never wanted this moment to end.

He pulled me toward his bed while simultaneously taking off his shirt and throwing it to the ground beside us. I ran my fingers

down his incredible abs; his body was amazing, and it made my mouth water with desire.

I couldn't help myself; I ran my tongue down his chest and across his washboard torso. As I reached his waistline, I began to

unbutton his jeans and pull them down his legs, along with his boxers, revealing his manhood to me.

I ran my fingers down the sides of his legs as I took in his glorious figure. I looked up at him and saw the excitement and desires

in his own eyes, which made me smile. I liked having this kind of effect on him.

I kissed the tip of his manhood before running my tongue across it. He let out a low growl that emerged from his throat as he

threw his head back. I took him in my mouth, swirling my tongue around him and running my grip up and down his shaft.

His fingers found the back of my head and he ran his fingers through my hair as I continued to take him in. His hips jerked almost

violently like he was trying hard to keep his wolf under control. If my wolf was even awake, I'm sure I'd have trouble keeping her

under control as well. But she was still sleeping due to the asscessive amount of wolfbane that was put in my system.

Not all of it had been flushed out, therefore Val was still asleep and resting.

I brushed the thought of my wolf out of my mind as I heard the soft moans of Enzo who seemed to be near his climax.

He took the back of my head with both my hands and pulled himself out of my mouth. I stared up at him confused and I saw the dark desires that lingered in his eyes and the crazed smile on his lips.

I stood up and allowed him to take my shirt off, as I shimmed out of my pants, leaving me in only my bra and underwear. At one point, having him see me like this used to make me feel nervous, but I loved the way he looked at me. It made me feel less nervous and more desired and wanted.

He scooped me into his arms and threw me on the bed with one quick motion; my heart almost jumped out of my chest. But once

I landed, I threw my head back and laughed.

Though, he didn't give me a lot of time to laugh or catch my breath because he was on top of me within seconds.

He kissed my lips with hunger and lust filling each passionate movement. He bit onto my bottom lip, drawing it into his mouth and sucking on it like it belonged to him.

Who was I kidding? I did belong to him.  
He was everything to me and at this moment, I truly felt like I was everything to him.

I could almost hear the giggles of my wolf as that thought crossed my mind. Obviously, I was everything to him; he did mark me after all.

He ran his lips across my chin and down the nape of my neck, nibbling and licking as he went across my shoulders and to my

chest. I waited with anticipation as he got my bra off and threw it to the ground with one motion.

His tongue circled my nipple while his teeth tugged at it playfully, making them harden within his mouth.

I ran my fingers through

his hair, massaging his scalp with my nails as he continued to play and tease my nipples.

I felt an electric current coursing through my body, but it didn't hurt. It felt like a wave of chills that made the hairs on my arms

stand and yet I felt so warm and loved at the same time. The way Enzo made me feel was something I couldn't explain with words.

For most of my life, all I wanted was the kind of love that my parents had. I didn't think that was the kind of love Enzo was

capable of and I couldn't have been more wrong.

He slid my underwear off and continued to kiss down my torso until he positioned himself between my legs. I felt the warmth of his breath on my core before he even did anything, but then his tongue began to tease my clit and I couldn't help the loud moan that escaped my lips. I felt my juices running down my leg as I dug my nails into his silk bedding. I fought to keep up with my breath as he continued to please me with his tongue. I closed my eyes, imagining myself back on the beach in Monstro where we made love. Everything was so magical then and it is magical now. Being with Enzo was magical. My orgasm came quickly and soon I was exploding around him in a pool of desire. He continued to lick my juices for a moment longer before trailing his kisses back up my torso and teasing my pink and hardened nipples. He positioned his manhood between my legs, and I waited eagerly for him to insert himself inside of me. I wanted to feel so much more of him. As he slid inside, I squeezed my eyes shut tight and threw my head back, feeling every incredible ounce of him.



He started slowly at first so I could get used to his length, but then he sped up. I moaned and gasped with every thrust he made.

I placed my hands on his chest, trying to get him to lie on his back. He did just as I silently instructed because I wanted to be on top of him.

He stared up at me with such hunger and love that it turned me on even more. He grabbed at my own breasts as I rode him, grinding and thrusting my hips against his and taking in all of him. I threw my head back as I continued the same motions.

I went slowly at first but then sped up. He put his hands on my waist and watched my every movement.

His breathing soon thickened, and he began to thrust his own hips to match my movement and I knew at that moment that he was close.

I was close too.

With only a couple more thrusts, we were both exploding, and I was falling on top of his chest, gasping for breath and dripping with sweat.

He cradled me in his arms, as my body grew tired and weak. He kissed the top of my sweat-soaked head, nuzzling his face in

my hair.

“I love you...” he whispered against me.

“I love you too.”

I held him tightly and I felt the silk blanket being pulled on top of our bodies as he ran his fingers down my spine. I never wanted

to let him go. I wanted to stay like this forever.

I closed my eyes, feeling exhaustion knocking on the door.

His soft words were the last thing I remembered,

“Get some sleep my beauty.”

And sleep I did.

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

[#Chapter 232 He's My Mate](#)

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## Lila's POV

I woke up early the next morning so I could sneak back into my dorm room and change my clothing. I also wanted to shower before my first class. But when I got back into my room, Rachel was sitting cross-legged on the couch and watching reruns of Friends.

She frowned at me as I entered, and I felt my entire face warming up. It was obvious that I had just gotten back from sleeping over someone else's place. My clothing was crooked, and my hair was a mess. I was mainly hoping that nobody was going to be awake on my travels to my dorm and I was almost right.

She opened her mouth to say something, but then it seemed like she changed her mind because she shook her head as if answering her own question and then turned back to the TV.

"We should go to the cafeteria this morning for breakfast before class," Rachel said, casually. I raised my brows at her and she glanced at me sideways.

“I think we could both use some coffee,” she further explained.

I smiled, relieved, and I nodded.

“Sounds good,” I said in return. “Is Becca awake yet?”

“No, but she doesn’t usually sleep much later,” she said in return. “I’ll text Brody and have him meet us.”

“Okay,” I said. “I’m just going to take a quick shower.”

She didn’t say anything as I went into my room and grabbed a fresh pair of clothing and undergarments, then I went into the bathroom.

The shower felt incredible. After the long night, I had been locked in that barn, this shower was everything I needed. I closed my eyes and allowed the steam to calm my every sense and soothe my body into relaxation. I still felt a bit weak from the wolfsbane and there were still no signs of Val returning to me anytime soon.

I could still feel her but at the same time, it felt like she was so far away that I couldn’t reach her. My heart tugged for her, and I couldn’t help but blame myself. I shouldn’t have been so careless and stupid.

It's not like I trusted Xander, but I didn't think he would do something this horrific. He was my professor after all. He's supposed to put his own personal feelings aside and just teach me the damn lesson.

At least that's what I thought.

Instead, he had some kind of vendetta against me because I'm a Volana wolf. He was trying to kill me and that was obvious to me now.

I shook my head at the thought as the water washed the soap out of my hair.

My father was still interrogating Xander; I wondered if he was able to get any answers from him. Xander was working for somebody; I was sure of it. But his motives were unclear; it was like he was trying to prepare me for something in the worst way possible.

Like his lessons have been a warning.

I sighed and shut off the shower. I grabbed a warm towel off the shelf and wrapped my body in it. As I went over to my foggy mirror, I wiped my hand across it so I could see my appearance. I somehow looked older.

My hair was longer, and my face had thinned out slightly. My eyes were still sapphire blue and amethyst purple, but it seemed

like they held more wisdom. I looked a lot like my mother, which was an honor because she was beautiful.

I smiled to myself as I finished getting dressed. I put on my clothes, brushed my teeth, and then threw my hair up in a messy bun before leaving the bathroom.

Becca was already awake and sitting on the couch with Rachel when I emerged from the bathroom.

“Welcome home,” Becca said, peering up at me as I approached them. “Late night?”

“You could say that,” I said, trying not to meet her eyes because my eyes would eventually reveal that I wasn’t being completely truthful.

“I’m going to take a shower,” she murmured as she stood and went straight to the bathroom.

I sighed and sat on the couch beside Rachel whose eyes remained fixed on the TV.

“So, are you going to tell us what happened last night?” She finally asked, still not looking at me.

“What do you mean?” I asked, trying to appear innocent, but failing miserably.

“You didn’t come home. We were kind of worried about you,” she said, and this time she glanced at me.

I stared down at my lap with a timid frown on my lips.

“I’m sorry,” I said, shaking my head but more eat myself than at her. “Brianna needed me last night so I spent the night with her.”

“Your friend from home?”

“She’s my best friend,” I corrected but agreed with a head nod as I looked at Rachel. “Her mate rejected her recently and she’s

been really out of it. So, I spent some time with her.”

As I spoke those words, I felt an overwhelming sense of guilt. Not only was I lying to my friend in front of her face, but I was also

saying things that I should have done but haven’t. I should have spent more time with Brianna after she told me Alex rejected

her. I should have been more there for her, but instead, I was wrapped up in my own stuff.

Well, actually, it was around the same time Jazzy was kidnapped and Diana’s village was in trouble.

But still, Brianna deserved

to have a friend in the corner during this heart-wrenching moment in her life. I didn’t even ask her how her wolf was...

I was a terrible friend to her, and I had to bite the inside of my cheek to keep the tears from surfacing in my eyes.

“How is she doing?” Rachel asked, and now her voice was a lot softer and filled with compassion.

“She’s okay...” I lied; I still continue to lie even after how guilty I feel.

What was wrong with me?

Not wanting to continue this conversation, I decided to change the subject.

“The election is in a couple of days, and I still don’t have a speech prepared,” I said, shaking my head in misery.

“We can meet up after classes tonight and brainstorm some speech ideas,” she suggested. “I’m sure Becca will help. She’s good at this stuff. I’m in her communications class and she prepared a speech that got her a standing ovation.”

“That’s amazing!” I gasped. “Why didn’t she tell me that?”

I was a little hurt such a big accomplishment wasn’t shared with me. Did Becca think I wouldn’t care?

Rachel shrugged.

“You’ve been busy,” she said, looking back at the TV. “One minute you’re here and the next you aren’t.”

I sighed for what felt like the millionth time.

“I’m sorry,” I said, biting and chewing my bottom lip.

“It’s fine... we just miss you is all,” she said, glancing at me briefly with a side smile. “You haven’t even asked about my boyfriend since he left the hospital.”



My heart fell into my stomach; how had I forgotten about Rache's boyfriend? He almost died and because of that, Rachel overdosed on drugs because she couldn't bear the thought of losing him.

They had known each other for a long time, and she was so sure he was going to be her mate. She turned 18 over the summer, a month before Brody's 18(th) birthday, and I haven't heard much about them since then.

But I knew that the thought of losing her mate nearly killed her. But thankfully, her boyfriend managed to survive, and Rachel had to go to a detox for 6 weeks.

She was in detox while I was in Monstro with Enzo and her boyfriend was recovering in the hospital.

When we returned to school this year, it was discovered that Rachel's boyfriend had transferred to a different school in another region. So far, Rachel has seemed okay with that.

"How is he doing?" I found myself asking. "I'm so sorry I haven't asked, Rachel. How are you doing with the long distance?"

She shrugged.

"There is no long distance," she muttered. "We broke up over the summer."

"What?!" I gasped. "While you were in detox?"

“When I turned 18, I found out he’s not my mate. I didn’t want to keep him around with the chance of him finding his mate and then leaving me. So, yeah... I broke up with him.”

“Oh, Rachel... I’m so sorry...” I breathed.

She shrugged.

“I’m fine... Becca was here for me and very kind,” she said. “I think that’s how we became true friends.”

Rachel and Becca haven’t really known each other last year; maybe in passing. I was glad they were close friends currently, but I felt a ping of sadness.

“I should have been here,” I said, and this time I couldn’t keep the tears from surfacing in my eyes.

“I know you have other things going on too. Things you don’t want others to know about,” Rachel surprised me by saying. She

met my eyes and gave me a small smile. “But just know, if you ever want to tell me about them... I’m here. We’ve been roomies since last year, Lila. There’s nothing you need to hide from me...”

My heart clenched; if I couldn’t trust Rachel... and then who could I trust?

It might be nice to have someone to talk to, or else I will drive myself insane.

But before I could say anything, the bathroom door swung open, and Becca appeared. Her blonde curls soaked from the shower, and she looked a lot more relaxed, just as I felt. “Ready to go?” She asked, staring between us. “I’m starving.”

Rachel stood up.

“Same, and I need coffee. Brody is meeting us there. We have 30 minutes before our first class so we should go now.”

We all nodded in agreement, but they both sensed my hesitation. I hadn’t stood from the couch yet; I stared up at the two girls who had been my rock since last year. Becca was there during all that drama with Sarah in our combat and shifting class and she was the first to offer to be my partner.

Rachel was there from my very first day as my roommate and always listened to my problems. I always used to listen to them too because they trusted me so much.

I hated that I didn’t give them the same courtesy. I bit my lip as I often do when I’m nervous or thinking about something. Rachel and Becca looked at one another with frowns before looking at me.

“Are you coming,” Rachel asked with her dark brows raised.

I nodded but remained still.

“Lila, what’s wrong?” Becca asked, furrowing her blonde brows together.

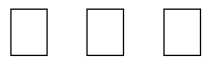
“I have to tell you both something,” I heard myself saying.

Rachel cocked her head to the side and Becca almost looked nervous, but neither of them said anything, waiting for me to continue.

“It’s about Alpha Enzo....”

“Alpha Enzo?” Rachel asked, glancing at Becca sideways before looking at me again. “What about him?”

“Alpha Enzo... he’s my mate.”



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