

#Chapter 233 The Untold Truth

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 233 The Untold Truth

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Lila's POV

It felt like we were staring at one another for what felt like an eternity. I wasn't really sure what more to say,

so I just stared down at my hands and tugged at my fingers nervously.

"Mates?" Rachel was the first to speak. I looked up at them and saw that Becca stood frozen, her face had gone pale. "You're mates with Alpha Enzo?"

I nodded my head, feeling a wave of shame crossing my features and making me feel a bit claustrophobic.

“How... what.... When?” Becca stammered through the questions that were surfacing her mind.

“Since my birthday last year,” I admitted, finding my voice again.

“So, you knew since all of last year?”

Rachel asked, her eyes wide.

“For most of it,” I told them, feeling more shame.

“So, you’ve been together... even while he was your professor?” Rachel asked, furrowing her brows together.

“No!” I said, standing to my feet. “Nothing happened between us until the summer...”

“The summer?” Becca asked, shaking her head as she tried to process this information. “You were in Monstro...”

“Enzo was with me,” I said, feeling my face growing hot as my lies began to surface.

“I need to sit down,” Becca breathed as she leaned against the couch.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you...” I said softly, feeling tears surfacing in my eyes.

“So, what are you now? Are you together now that he’s not a professor?”

I bit my bottom lip again, which made Rachel’s eyes widen.

“What?” Rachel urged.

“He’s back,” I said quickly.

They both looked at me, startled.

“What do you mean he’s back?” Rache was the one who asked because Becca was still in shock.

“Professor Xander got fired...” I admitted.

“So, Enzo is back for the semester.”

“Fired?!” They both nearly yelled at the same time.

“How?” Becca managed to ask.

“That’s a long story,” brushing my fingers through my hair. This wasn’t something I wanted to talk about with them, and I don’t think they could handle anything more.

“Okay... so things happened with you two during the summer and now he’s back as your professor. What now?” Rachel asked; she sounded a bit calmer now and I realized it was because the shock was now surpassing her.

“Well, before we found out he’s going to be teaching again... he kind of... marked me.”

The shock was back on Rachel’s face as she gasped.

“He marked you?” She asked, looking at my neck questionably.

I nodded and pointed to my shoulder blade.

“I have it hidden with concealer,” I confessed. “It wasn’t supposed to happen... but it did.”

“So, you two are together?” Becca asked, her voice small.

I nodded, meeting her eyes.

“Yes, we are. He’s my mate and I love him so much, Becca,” I could hear the desperation in my voice as I said that.

She stared at me for a moment longer before taking a deep breath.

“Who else knows about this?” She asked.

“My family and his family,” I told them.

“We just told them recently actually. My best friend, Brianna knows as well and—”

“That’s why Alpha Enzo and some of his pack members were here to help with the bakesale?” Rachel asked as realization dawned on her.

I nodded.

“Yes,” I answered. “They’ve all been very kind to me. I spend a lot of time there...”

“And that’s where you were last night,” Becca said, folding her arms across her chest. “Isn’t it?”

My face warmed again as Rachel’s eyes poured into me, but I wasn’t going to lie to her again, so I

nodded. I also wasn’t going to tell them the full story about Xander, at least not right now.

“I’m sorry...” I said in a whisper.

“So, you weren’t with Brianna?” Rachel asked, sounding a bit hurt.

I shook my head.

“I should have been though,” I admitted, meeting her eyes. “What I said about her was true. But I wasn’t there when I should have been. I haven’t been a very good friend to any of you. I’ve been so wrapped up in all of this that—”

“You lost sight of your friends,” Becca finished the sentence for me. I looked at her through my unshed tears and I nodded.

She didn’t look angry; she just looked sad.

“I never meant to lie to anyone. But if word got out about this—”

“You think we’d tell?” Rachel asked, sounding offended. “Lila, I thought you trusted us more than that.”

“Of course, I do...” I said, trying desperately to get her to understand. “I was just scared.”

“Well... now that we know we can help you hide it,” Becca said, a fond smile growing on her mouth, utterly surprising me.

“Wait what?” I asked, staring between the two of them curiously.

“You want this thing to be a secret, don’t you?” Becca asked, raising her brows. “I mean if the school board found out about this, they’d transfer him to a different school... or transfer you considering they need him it seems.”

I nodded in agreement; if it came down to me or Enzo, they would pick Enzo. They needed him for this class until they could hire someone new. It would be easier to just transfer me to a different academy and the only other academy in our region was hours away. I’d have to take a plane to visit my family and that



wasn't something I wanted to do.

Also, if the board found out that we knew we had been mates since my birthday last year, then Enzo's reputation would be ruined and everything he worked so hard for would be destroyed.

Our relationship had to remain a secret until after I graduated and I'm no longer a student.

"Yes," I finally answered my wide-eyed friends. "We want it to be a secret."

"Okay, good," Becca said, wrapping her arm through mine. "Then, we will help you."

"Yeah; like cover for you and stuff,"

Rachel said, taking my other arm.

Now the tears were turning into happy tears as my friends took each of my arms and rested their heads on my shoulders.

“You can count on us to keep your secret. But please don’t lie to us about something this big again. We are your friends, and we have your back,” Rachel said. “And also... I’m happy for you.”

“I’m happy if you’re happy,” Becca said, holding my arm tighter.

“Yeah, if he hurts you... I’ll kick his ass,” Rachel teased.

The idea of Rachel trying to kick Enzo’s ass was funny considering he was a big and strong Alpha and Rachel was a bear. I laughed and so did Becca.

“What?” Rachel pouted, lifting her head from my shoulder. “Just because I’m a bear doesn’t mean I can’t kick some serious ass. We aren’t all weak.”

“I don’t doubt that,” I laughed.

“So, anyone else knows about this that we should know?” Becca asked as we made our way to the door.

I thought about it for a moment and then the memory hit me.

“Uh... yeah...” I said gritting my teeth together. “Brody.”

They both stopped walking.

“What?!” They both exclaimed.

“He kind of just figured it out on his own,” I said, purposely not telling them about everything else. They didn’t need to know Brody’s business about Sarah.

“And didn’t totally freak?” Rachel asked.

“Nope; he was really cool about it,” I said with a shrug.

“Guess he’ll have to get over his crush on you,” Becca chuckled.

“It’s about damn time,” Rachel said making us all laugh as we headed across campus and to the dining

hall.

Brody was finishing grabbing his food and coffee when we got there. As soon as we entered the dining hall, I smelled all the amazing goods that were being prepared. Along the back walls, through all the rows of tables and clustering students, was a big buffet of breakfast foods.

There were pancakes, French toast, waffles, bacon, sausage, fresh fruit, eggs, hashbrowns and so much more. On the other side of the wall was the coffee station, which was my favorite station. Especially right now, I was with Rachel when it came to her need for coffee.

“Hey Brody,” Becca said, waving at him. The two of them talked while Rachel and I grabbed our coffees. Afterward, we grabbed plates and piled

food on top of them. I hadn't realized how hungry I was until after I got to the dining hall and smelled all the amazing food.

"It's too crowded in here for my liking," Rachel muttered once she finished getting our food. "Let's go to the student lounge."

We all nodded in agreement and moved as a unit away from the dining hall. The student lounge was only around the corner, it was part of the same building along with the counseling offices and the infirmary.

Just as we were nearing the student lounge doors, I heard a soft whimpering sound, making me freeze.

My friends continued walking, not seeing that I had stopped walking and obviously not hearing what I was hearing. It was Brody who noticed I wasn't with them anymore.

“Lila? Are you coming?” He asked, staring at me with his worried brown eyes.

“Yeah, go ahead without me,” I said, smiling at them. “I need to check checking. I’ll be there in a second.”

They looked at each other frowning, but they nodded and went into the student lounge. Brody grabbed my plate and stuff.

“I’ll bring this in with me,” he said, giving me a fond smile.

I nodded and watched as he too disappeared in the lounge.

I followed the soft whimpering sound around the corner; it grew louder as I walked down an unlit hallway and then froze outside of what I thought was the janitor's closet.

Why would someone be in there?

I opened the door slowly and heard her gasp in surprise as the light shined on her face. Blood was coming

out of her eyes, and she looked sickly pale; her entire body was trembling fiercely, and her lips trembled.

“Oh, my goddess,” I gasped, running toward her before she fell over. “Sarah!”  
“Please...” she whispered almost inaudible. “Don’t tell my father...”

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#Chapter 234 Tutoring

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 234 Tutoring

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Lila's POV

"Sarah, what happened? Are you okay?" I asked, wrapping an arm around her to steady her.

"Get off me," she muttered, trying to shove me away, but I was too strong, and she couldn't make me budge.

"Tell me what happened," I said firmly.

"It doesn't matter," she muttered. "But my father can't know about this."

"Sarah, you are bleeding blood. Something is seriously wrong," I said, shaking my head. "We need to."

"No!" She growled, and this time successfully shoving me away from her.

"We don't need to do anything. This is just a thing I do. I'll be fine in a few minutes. Just promise me you won't say anything."



I didn't want to promise something like that knowing that it could cost Sarah's life. If something were to happen to her and I knew about it, I could never live with myself.

"Promise me!" She growled, anger crossing through her eyes.

I nodded quickly.

"I promise..." I said in return.

She didn't say anything more, she stepped out of the closet and her entire demeanor changed. She gasped and stared upward; her breath caught in her throat. I wondered what she was looking at, but I realized it as soon as I stepped into the hallway and my eyes widened.

"I thought you were meeting me in the lounge," I said, narrowing my eyes at Brody.

“I was... your food is with the others,” he said, his eyes never leaving Sarah’s. “I’m sorry...I thought I...”

“Were you spying on us?” Sarah asked, coming back to her senses as she folded her arms across her chest.

“No,” he said quickly, running his hands to the back of his neck. “I was just walking by and...”

“Whatever,” she muttered, shoving past him. “Just don’t tell anyone.”

He said nothing as she walked away; he watched her, almost longingly. I knew it was because his wolf wanted to go after him.

My heart clenched painfully for him as he looked back at me and I saw the sorrow in his eyes.

“It’s hard...” he whispered; I knew he was referring to his mate bond with Sarah.

I gave him a small smile.

“I know...” I breathed. “Let’s go eat.”  
He nodded and we went together to the student lounge to join the others.  
We ate and talked as a group and then shortly after we went our separate ways for our classes. I thought about Sarah a lot today. I wondered if she was okay; if she went to the nurse or spoke to anyone else about what had happened. I still wasn’t sure what had happened myself, but I had a nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach, and I wasn’t sure what to think about it. I wasn’t sure what I wanted to think about it. At some point during the day, I was reminded that I had to tutor some students in the library later. I couldn’t bail on them and let them down, so I sent Rachel a text explaining that I’d have to raincheck our plans for discussing my election speech.

For most of the day, until my last class, I only saw Enzo once and it was only during passing. Our eyes met from across the hallway; he was talking to a couple of different students, and it was obvious he was on his way to the arena because his shirt was already off and he was dripping in sweat.

The very sight of him made my heart flutter and my knees go weak.

He was so incredibly good-looking, and he was all mine.

He turned and our eyes met; I saw the smile in his eyes, but his face remained natural. I was suddenly super embarrassed being caught checking him out and I quickly scurried down the hallway to my next class. But I felt his eyes on the back of my head as I went.

My last class was with Shifting and Combat and I was super nervous about how this was going to go.

Sarah appeared to be back to her normal self when I saw her in the arena. She was still pale and thinner than usual, but she had no blood on her face, and it seemed like she put makeup on and brushed her hair into a high ponytail to match the look of her other friends.

She was in the middle of talking about the latest gossip to even notice me walking into the room. Which, I was beyond grateful for.

Becca waved me over to where she stood with her combat and shifting partner, Monica. I stood beside them as the arena began to fill with eager students. Word had gotten around fast that Enzo was our professor again and Xander was no more.

It was clear that nobody liked Xander, they just tolerated him.

Enzo stood in front of the class, looking around at everyone and I knew from deep in my soul that he was trying hard not to look at me.

“I’m not entirely sure where Professor Xander had left off with your lessons, but I found his curriculum so I’m going to start at the very beginning of it as a review session. Then, we will get into more advanced areas.”

Everyone agreed as Enzo started from the beginning and worked his way through Xander’s curriculum.

Because I didn’t have a partner, I was forced to be Enzo’s partner. Which wouldn’t have been a bad thing if I didn’t crave him so much. It was hard being this close to him and not kissing him or being passionate

toward him.

I had to pretend he was just my professor.

I'm sure it was difficult for him as well considering his wolf was very active.

I still couldn't shift into my wolf, so we mainly stuck with the combat portion of the class. He was a lot

gentler toward me than Xander was and part of me felt a bit angered by that. I

didn't want him to go easy

on me because he was afraid of breaking me. I wanted him to be rough so I could

really learn how to fight

during any scenario.

There was a large part of me that knew I needed to learn.

Xander might have been tough and hurt me a lot, but at least he didn't hold back.

By the time class ended, everybody was covered in sweat. Enzo went to clean up

the mess he left in the

corner of the room, and I just thought about how much I missed seeing his stuff there as opposed to Xander's.

"Hey," Becca said, draping an arm through mine and bringing my attention from Enzo to her.

I smiled at her knowing she was dragging me away before I started drooling.

"Hey," I chuckled as she pulled me toward the door.

"You look like you're about to lick him," she laughed.

My face warmed but I laughed as well and together we left the arena without another look in Enzo's

direction. Though, I knew he was looking at me and smiling just as I was smiling.

The students I agreed to tutor were already in the library when I entered. They had their textbooks and



notebooks opened in front of them and they looked unbelievably stressed. Many students here were here because of scholarships. If they fail classes, they will lose their scholarships and get kicked out of this school.

I was no different and neither were they. Getting good grades was important, so we took our tests seriously.

We had a test in a couple of days that they were afraid of failing, but I promised that I would tutor them and help them study.

All three of them looked relieved to see me as I joined them at their tables.

“What are we studying first?” I asked, staring at all their many textbooks. I thought I was only teaching them werewolf history, but it seemed like they were having more trouble than I thought.

“Well, I’m working on vocabulary,” one of the boys said, scratching his head with a scrunched-up look. “I can’t seem to remember any of the words. They are hard...”

I frowned and looked at his vocab book, scanning through the ones he had highlighted.

“I’m studying for the history exam,” the girl said, frowning down at her book.

“And I’m doing my math homework,” the other boy said, but his page was blank.

“Okay, so here’s what we’ll do,” I said as I opened my backpack and rummaged through it.

I pulled out a small container of highlighters and handed the girl the yellow highlighter.

“You’re going to highlight key phrases and important sentences in that history book. Read it carefully

before highlighting,” I instructed and did as I asked.

I pulled out a thing of flashcards and put it in front of the boy studying vocab.

“You’re going to write one word on each flash card and on the back of the card you’re going to write the definition,” I told him.

He nodded and took the flashcards to get to work.

“Meanwhile, I’ll help you with your math and then we can all study together,” I said as I leaned across the table to look at the boy’s math book and worksheet.

It was basic geometry, which I found myself decent in. I actually took this same class last year so I already kind of knew the answers without even doing the problem myself.

I felt a cold presence entering the library after about 30 minutes of working and then I heard her voice behind me.

“Ew, look at the bunch of nerds,” Sarah chuckled to her friends who stared at us with disgust. “Like shouldn’t you be preparing for the election you’re going to close.”

I pressed my lips together firmly, knowing it was better if I said less. I looked at the boy who was doing vocab, he kept his eyes buried in his book, obviously afraid of Sarah and her crew.

“Remember this word; Brusque,” I said, giving him a smile before glaring at Sarah.

“It means Rudely abrupt or blunt in speech or manner.”

“In other words... Sarah?” The girl asked. I nodded, watching as Sarah’s face reddened.

“You think you’re so smart... well...” she started to say but another, much deeper and more powerful voice sounded from nearby.

“Sarah... walk.... Away,” he said through his clenched teeth.

Sarah’s face drained of any color as she turned and saw the man standing before her. Sarah’s faint words made my heart fall into my stomach.

“Dad?”

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#Chapter 235 Making Allies

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 235 Making Allies

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Lila's POV

“You should be practicing your own speech,” Alpha Jonathan said through his teeth as he stared down at his daughter. “Instead of harassing the very students you are supposed to be representing.”

Sarah had gone completely pale and the rest of us wouldn't dare speak. I don't think any of us were expecting to see Sarah's father standing in the middle of our library, staring daggers at Sarah.

He was a very intimidating man, but when he's angry, he's even more intimidating.

“I was just—”

“I don’t care,” he said in a low and threatening. “I’ve heard enough. Don’t make me repeat myself because you won’t like what I do next.”

I watched as she swallowed hard and then she nodded, turning back to her wide-eyed and pale-faced friends.

“Let’s go,” she murmured to them.

She didn’t have to say that twice; her friends started scurrying away quickly and Sarah was right behind them, not daring to look back at her father.

Alpha Jonathan remained though and once Sarah was out of me, he turned to me. At first, his expression was unreadable; it left an unsettled feeling in the pit of my stomach.

“Lila, I apologize for my daughter’s behavior,” he said, shaking his head with dismay written all over his

face. "I have no excuses."

"It's not your fault, Alpha," I said, proud that my voice came out strong. "Thank you for stepping in."

He nodded, but he didn't smile, instead, he just looked at me for a long and questioning while.

"Have you worked on your campaign at all, Lila?" Alpha Jonathan surprised me by asking; I wasn't sure how much I should tell him.

Truth be told, I haven't thought about my campaign at all. But I don't think that's something he or Sarah should know, so I nodded.

"I'm almost finished preparing," I lied. "It's only a few days away, so I have to be as prepared as possible."

"I agree," he said in return.

The election was only on Friday and currently, it was Wednesday; as the days neared, I grew even more



nervous, but I didn't want him to know that either so I kept a plastered look on my face.

"What are you doing in our library, Alpha?" The girl I was tutoring surprised me by asking; I shot her a look, but she didn't seem to notice.

He looked at her, narrowing her eyes.

"Considering I'm the one who paid for this library, I'm in MY library," he said, sounding calm, but his words were like a whip. "With that being said, I'm planning on renovations, and I need to take a look at what needs to be done before planning anything final."

"Renovations?" I asked, raising my brows.

"To the library?"

"The school in general," he answered. "It's a bit outdated, don't you think?"

“I suppose,” I said thoughtfully. “The art department was planning on creating a large mural for students in the middle of the campus. It’ll represent a little bit of everybody. Would that be safe during renovations?”

“A mural?” He asked, raising his brows. “I don’t believe that was run by me yet.”

“Miss Emily said she’d speak to the board,” I said, my tone going way softer than I meant it.

He didn’t look particularly pleased, but he also didn’t look angry either.

“I guess I’ll have to speak to the board to find out any information around here,” he muttered, shaking his head as he spoke.

“We are asking students around campus to submit a photo that best represents them, and then we are

painting these photos as a mural. It's a project that I pitched to Miss Emily," I heard myself explaining nervously.

"I see," he said, clearing his throat. "I'll be seeing you later, Lila."

He turned on that note and left through the main entrance of the library. I stared after him frowning and thinking to myself how seriously weird that encounter was.

But brushed the thought of my mind and got back to work tutoring these students.

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Third Person POV

Alpha Jonathan walked down the very halls of the school he personally funded.

He called for contractors to meet him at the school so he could price out the very needed adjustments for the campus appearance.

Per usual, he remained disappointed as the contractors he hired were late.

However, it was only a distraction. He was actually at the school for a completely different reason, but he needed to find Lila completely alone.

Only a day prior he was told that he only had until Friday to capture her or else the ritual won't work.

Friday was the full blood red moon and the only time this ritual would work if he wanted to turn his daughter into a Volana wolf.

It was easy to get the intel he needed. He only needed a specific witch and then the rest would fall into

place. Getting her was the easy part but getting her to help might be a little bit more difficult.

“Why did you break me out?” Jazzy asked, standing in the center of his office with her arms across her

chest.

Since he took the cuffs off her, she was able to heal most of the wounds inflicted on her. She's been in his custody for a couple of hours, and this was the first time they were able to have a conversation since his inside men left.

"Because I believe we can help each other," he said, leaning back in his seat and gazing up at her.

She was a pretty little thing with dark swirls of curly hair and emerald eyes. Her cherry red and full lips were pursed like she was kissing something, but her neatly timed eyebrows were furrowed together in aggravation.

"I don't help wolves," she said through her teeth.

"You helped Paul," Jonathan said in return.

“Hardly,” she muttered. “Paul was a sorry excuse for a wolf, and he was more body than brain.”

“That might be true, but you still helped him. It was from my understanding that he wanted to become a Volana himself so he could be a powerful Alpha.”

She curled her lip up in disgust at him.

“That might be so, but what he didn’t know was that I was using him,” she said with an eye roll.

“Using him? Do tell.”

“He thought I was doing it to help him become a powerful Alpha, but really I was using him as the downfall for all Volana wolves. He was going to be my Volana puppet, and I was going to be in ultimate control. He would have no power; it would only be me. I was going to kill all Volana’s in the process of this and then

maybe one day, when I'm done, kill him.” Jonathan raised his brows at hers; she sounded so sadistic, and it sent a chill down Jonathan's spine. But at the same time, he was also impressed. “As I said, we can help each other. I want what Paul wanted, only I don't want it for myself. I want it for my daughter, Sarah. You see she has a goddess-given gift that has been cursed at birth by a witch that is no longer living. Therefore, she can't undo the spell. But there's a way to break the spell and that's to turn my daughter into a Volana wolf. The Volana blood alone will break the curse. I want my daughter to be the most powerful being to exist. In return, I'll make sure all other Volanas cease to exist. Except for my daughters,” Jonathan said, his voice growing increasingly louder.

“Why should I help you do anything?” She asked after a moment of silence. “I don’t even need your help. I purposely got captured so I could stake out and spy. I am accumulating so much information and I haven’t even left the dungeon,” Jazzy said a cocky smile on her face. “I can read the minds of those who aren’t Alpha, Luna’s, and apparently Volanas. But let me tell you, everyone at the Nova pack thinks way too much.”

She paused for a moment as she flipped her long hair behind her shoulders.

“I was hardly even trapped; I’m the most powerful dark witch in the world. I could walk out whenever I wanted to, and those cuffs didn’t work on me whatsoever. It was a pathetic attempt on their part honestly.”



“If you’re the most powerful witch in the world, then why not just destroy Lila?

Surely, you can get close enough to end her and the others,”

Jonatha said in a breath.

She was quiet for a moment.

“Volana wolf blood and magic are different,” she said, scrunching her nose.

“Normal magic, light or dark, doesn’t have much effect on it. We can’t break through the barriers of it. My magic isn’t strong enough. But if I create the Volana vessel, I can control it.”

“How do you create the Vessel?”

Jonathan found himself asking.

“Paul was going to mark and mate with Lila. This will open the connection between wolves, like a tunnel from soul to soul. When mated with a Volana, they tend to become stronger not just on the exterior but the

interior as well. It makes their wolves vulnerable to one another and opens up the passageway I need to complete the rest of the ceremony. On the day of the red blood moon, I drain Lila of all the blood in her body as part of the sacrifice. Being a Volana, this alone won't kill her. The blood will be poured into a pot over a roaring fire where I add the other ingredients for this spell. I say a few words for the spell to open. The vessel... or the wolf who wants to become a Volana, comes and drinks the blood of the Volana. Then as the final sacrifice, I slit the Volana's throat, killing her. The Volana's body gets burned and soon after the ritual is complete. Once the Volana's heart stops beating, the chosen wolf will become the Volana."

“Does my daughter need to mate with this Volana for this ritual to work?”

Jazzy was quiet for a moment.

“No,” she finally answered. “It’s much easier when the wolves are mated, but doable when they aren’t.”

blood

“I will let you have control if that’s what you want,” Jonathan found himself saying quickly. “Turn my

daughter into a Volana and I’ll give you whatever you want and let you kill whoever you want. But I ask

that you spare my daughter's life.”

“Such a desperate wolf...” Jazzy thought to herself. “But he might be useful to me after all.”

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#Chapter 236 New Girl

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 236 New Girl

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Lila's POV

“Shouldn't you be writing your speech for the election? It's only tomorrow,” Rachel asked, staring down at me with narrowed eyes.

I sat, cross-legged, on the couch in the student lounge with my sketchpad on my lap and I peered up at her with a frown.

“I’m designing the border for the mural the art class is creating,” I told her.

“Your speech is important Lila, and you haven’t thought anything about it,” she said, folding her arms across her chest. “I thought you wanted to be the president of the student committee.”

“I do!” I exclaimed. “Of course, I want it. I created the committee.”

“Then why aren’t you acting like you want it?” She asked, sitting down beside me.

“Sarah has been bragging to everybody that her speech will wipe you out.”

“If the students want Sarah as their president, then there’s not much I can do,” I said shrugging as I looked back down at my sketchpad.

I was proud of the work I was doing for this border.

“You could try to win,” Rachel muttered.  
“She would destroy the committee if she won.”

I sighed and looked at her.

“I know you are worried, Rachel. But I’m telling you, you don’t have to be. I can’t really explain it, but I have this weird feeling that everything is going to work out the way it should. Don’t worry too much.”

“So, what are you going to say at the debate tomorrow without a speech?”

“I’ll figure it out,” I told her with a reassuring smile. “In the meantime, I need to finish this border.”

She sighed but she didn’t say anything else. She took out her textbook and started to study for her upcoming exam.

“Lila!!”

I looked up to see that girl in my history class running toward me. I tutored her with a couple of others in the library yesterday. She looked extremely eager, and, in her hands, she held a piece of paper that I couldn't see properly because she was waving around in the air.

"Hey," I said, giving her a fond smile.

"I got an A on my exam!" She shrieked, excitement radiating her face and lighting up her features.

I nearly jumped to my feet; instead, I put my sketchpad down and clapped my hands happily.

"Oh, my goddess," I breathed, staring up at her with large and happy eyes. "I'm so happy for you!

Congrats!"

"I couldn't have done it without you," she said with a grin. "Thank you so much for spending time tutoring

me yesterday.”

Before I could say anything more, the door of the student lounge burst open, and in came the other two that I had tutored as well.

“We passed!!!” They said at the same time, running over to where we sat.

“Lila! I got a B on my assignment,” one of them said.

“And I got a B- on my math test,” the other said with a grin that stretched out from ear to ear.

“That’s amazing,” I said happily, and this time I jumped to my feet. I knew they could do it; they just needed a little confidence.

I was so incredibly happy for them.

“I’m going to recommend you as a tutor to all my friends,” one of the boys said, giving me a quick hug.

I chuckled.



“Well, if anyone needs help, they can feel free to find me,” I told them. “I’m really glad you all passed. If you need help again in the future, don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Thanks again,” the girl said, also hugging me. “You saved my ass.”

“Did I overhear correctly?” A girl who was sitting alone at a table asked. “You are a tutor?”

“Do you need help with something?” I asked, cocking my head at her.

She had a textbook and an open notebook laid out in front of her, but I couldn’t make out what the book said. Her face reddened slightly, and I could tell it was difficult for her to speak about this. Maybe she was embarrassed.

“Lila is the best tutor,” one of the boys said to her. “She can help you no problem.”

“Thank you, but I can speak for myself,” I said, but there was laughter in my tone.

“How about you guys continue your studies? I’m going to speak with this girl alone.”

They all nodded in agreement as they left the student lounge.

I smiled after them, still feeling all sorts of bubbly after that interaction. My heart was incredibly full and all the problems and stresses that were once in my head had ceased to exist.

At least for a moment.

“I’m sorry to bother you...” the girl said, looking down at her book. “You don’t have to help me. I just thought—”

“I’d love to help if I can,” I said, walking over to her table. “What’s your name?”

“Kayla...” she said, still staring at her book. “My old friends used to call me Kay.”

“Old friends?” I asked, furrowing my brows together. “What happened to them?”

“They are at my old school. I haven’t heard much from them since I moved a week ago.”

“You are new here?” I asked; that explained why I didn’t recognize her. She nodded her head once.

“I just transferred,” she explained.

“What school did you transfer from?” I asked.

She was quiet for a moment as if she was trying to decide what to tell me or not, which made me even more curious about her.

“School of Magic in Emerson,” she said in a breath.

I raised my brows at her; Emerson was very far from here. Not as far as Monstro, but it was an airplane

ride away. School of Magic was one of the best schools for both witches and fairies. We didn't have a lot of witches at this school, but we did have a few and we had a bunch of different courses for them.

We had no fairies at this school though; fairies aren't always known for their niceness despite what popular stories might say. Most of them couldn't stand shifters and other creatures of the night. They were selfish and if you got too close to one, they could, and most do, harm with their magic. They are known to keep to themselves, and they certainly aren't ones to mess with.

With that being said, most fairies don't want to attend a school where shifters are, so we don't have any at this school. But that doesn't mean this school isn't open to them.

I never encountered a fairy myself; I'm not exactly sure what one would look like. I imagine them to be very tiny just as the stories say, however, the stories tend to be wrong about a lot of things.

When I didn't say anything, she continued.

"There's no one of my kind here... so making new friends is difficult," she admitted, her face growing even more red.

"So, you are a fairy." It wasn't a question, but she nodded anyway.

"I know what the rumors say that we aren't nice creatures," she said as she met my eyes. "And that may be true for a lot of fairies. But my family and I are different. We moved away and started a new life. It's a difficult adjustment..."

“It’s always hard going to a new school. This is my second year at this academy and I’m still trying to get used to it.”

Her eyes widened.

“Second year? How old are you? You look so young, I would have thought it was your first year or something,” she said, staring around my face with an alarmed expression, making me chuckle.

“I’m 18,” I answered. “The academy starts at the age of 17,” I further explained.

“You’re my age,” she said. “The school of Magic starts at the age of 15. I went there for 3 years before

coming here. I’m starting fresh with my family, so I guess technically this is my first year.”

I sat down beside her.

“So, you are from Emerson? I heard that’s a beautiful city,” I say fondly.

I've only ever briefly heard about Emerson in class, but I never visited, and I always wanted to.

"It was very nice yes," she said, but I could see the uncertainty in her eyes. "But the city life wasn't a place for us. We stuck it out for a few years, but...." Her voice trailed off, not wanting to continue any further.

"It's okay," I said quickly. "You don't have to talk about it."

She swallowed hard before taking a deep breath.

"My mother got sick because we couldn't be in our natural habitat," she said in a breath.

"Natural habitat?" I asked, unsure of what that meant.

"We are forest fairies," she explained.

"We have to be near the forest and in the city, there aren't many forest lands."

“A forest fairy?” I asked, my eyes widening. “So, you draw strength from the forest?”

She nodded her head once.

“We work to keep the forest alive,” she further explained. “It’s our main job.”

“That’s cool,” I said, and I truly meant that.

“I too draw strength from the forest in a way. It helps strengthen my abilities as a Volana and it centers me.”

She gasped loudly.

“You’re a Volana wolf?” She asked.

She didn’t sound terrified, just shocked. I nodded my head in response.

“Wow. I had never met a real Volana before. But I heard of them. You don’t seem as vicious in real life,”

she said, staring around my face in wonder.

I laughed.



“I could say the same about you,” I said in return; this made her laugh as well. “Did you say you needed help with your studies?”

She sighed and glanced at her book.

“I’m behind because I’m starting in the middle of the school year. These lessons are different than the

ones I’m used to at my old school and I’m kind of lost...” she admitted. “I’m not sure what to do. My

parents are paying a lot of money to send me here and I don’t want to disappoint them.

“Hey, it’s okay,” I said with a smile. “I don’t mind helping you. I’m pretty good at most subjects. I can swing

by your dorm later and we can get to work. I’m assuming the rest of your assignments are there, right?”

She was quiet for a moment longer, staring down at her hands now.

“I actually live off campus with my parents,” she said softly. “There weren’t any singular rooms left and no one wanted to room with a fairy...”

My heart fell into my stomach, but before I could say anything, I heard Enzo’s voice in my head as he used his mindlink to connect with me.

“Lila, where are you?”

“In the student lounge talking to someone. Why?” I asked in the mindlink.

“I need to see for myself that you are okay and safe,” Enzo said quickly. “Stay where you are.”

“Why? What’s going on?”

“I just got word from Ethan,” he quickly explained. “It’s about Jazzy...”

“Jazzy?” I asked, feeling my heart weigh heavily in my chest. “What happened?”

“She escaped.”

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#Chapter 237 Jazzy Escaped!

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 237 Jazzy Escaped!

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Enzo's POV

“Someone has to have seen where she's gone,” I seethed into the phone, clutching it with so much

strength my knuckles were turning white, and the phone began to crack in my grip.

My Beta, Ethan had just mindlinked me to tell me that the dark witch, Jazzy, had escaped. I called the packhouse right away. Jack, my head Gamma, was on the other end of the line and I knew he could feel just how furious I was.

There was no way she was able to escape the dungeon, and no one saw her. They were supposed to be watching her 24/7.

“The cell was still closed and locked when we went to check on her,” Jack explained.

“I’m not sure how she managed to get out, but her cuffs were on the ground and they were still latched together.”

“How is that possible? Those cuffs were supposed to restrict her magic,” I asked, trying to control my temper as I stood in the empty arena after a long session of working out.

My heart was still pounding from the 100 pushups and pullups I just did, and I was trying hard to keep it under control. I was thankful nobody else was in the arena with me. I continued to pace back and forth as I remained on the phone with my Gamma. “She’s the most powerful dark witch,” Jack reminded me. “It was unavoidable. Those cuffs weren’t going to hold her.”

“Let me see the phone,” I heard Ethan in the background, and I knew he was grabbing the phone out of Jack’s hand. “Alpha, I told you it was too easy to capture her. She was waiting for the opportunity to escape.” Ethan said on the other end of the line.

“We need to figure out where she had gone off to and why,” I ordered. “Is Alpha Bastien still there?”

“Yeah, he’s currently questioning Xander to see if he saw anything in the dungeon when Jazzy disappeared.”

“He’s not going to say shit about it,” I murmured, rolling my eyes.

“Maybe not; but Alpha Bastien is persuasive,” Ethan said.

“In the meantime, I need you to gather up some men and go to the Starcove. She might have returned home,” I ordered.

“You think she’s that stupid?” Ethan scoffed. “She knows that’s the first place we’d look.”

“Someone in her coven might know where she had gone.”

“And you think they’d tell us?” Ethan asked.

“We need to try!!” I growled, feeling my wolf at the brim of my mind, trying to escape through me, but I

held him back.

“Okay,” Ethan said quickly. “I will keep you updated on what we find out.”

I hung up the phone without a single word and then quickly mindlinked Lila to see where she was.

As soon as I finished talking to her, I grabbed my shirt off the ground and went straight to the student

lounge. When I saw her, she was sitting with a young girl at a table in the farthest corner of the room.

The girl wasn't someone I recognized. She had long brown, curly hair that looked very silky and rested

just above her tailbone. She has bright green eyes with large dark lashes, and she wore a green blouse that brought out the emerald color of her eyes.

She was talking to Lila, but at that point, Lila was no longer paying attention to her. Her eyes were fixed on me as I walked into the student lounge. A few other students also looked in my direction curiously, but I paid them no attention as I walked toward the table Lila sat at.

“Professor Enzo,” she said, trying to keep her tone casual as she looked up at me; though I saw the light pink shade of her cheeks and nose, revealing to me that she felt anything but casual. “Is everything okay?”

“I need to speak with you privately,” I told her and then cleared my throat, straightening my shoulders. “It’s about your assignment for my class.” She raised her brows at me as if to say, “That’s your excuse?”



“Kay, this is my shifting and combat professor, Enzo,” she explained. “He’s also an Alpha.”

The girl she sat with, Kayla, peered up at me with a timid frown.

“It’s nice to meet you, Alpha,” she said, bowing her head slightly.

I gave her a smile in return and nodded my head before looking back at my mate.

I noticed that this girl,

Kay, had a strange smell about her. She didn’t smell like a species that attends this school. She didn’t

smell like a wolf, a vampire, or a bear.

She didn’t even have the scent of a witch.

No.

I knew what she was; I only smelled her scent once in my entire life and it was

when I was a young boy

and wandered through the forest by

myself. I was almost attacked by rogue

wolves, but I was rescued by

a young woman who oddly looked like an older version of this girl.

She was glowing like an angel and had large wings that expanded from her back.

She used magic to

shield me and told me to run while she dealt with the pesty rogues. I did as she

asked and when I got

home, my mother scolded me for running off on my own. After I explained what

happened and what had

saved me, she told me that it seemed like I was saved by a fairy.

That woman had the same scent as the girl who sat beside Lila.

There have been rumors for many years that fairies weren't good creatures and

that you don't want to

mess with them. It may be true that they are powerful and not ones to mess with,

but that woman who

saved me from the rogues was anything but mean and nasty as the rumors stated. She was kind and gentle and protected me from getting killed.

I was very young but remembered her vividly.

I wondered if this girl had any relation to that woman.

“I was just planning a time and place to tutor her. Kay just moved here and is a bit behind on things,” Lila continued to explain.

“Do you think you can do that later?” I asked, sounding impatient. “This is very important.”

She frowned, staring at me with a lethal look.

“So is this,” she said firmly.

I already told her through a mindlink what had happened; it was infuriating that she was being difficult right

now. I had to hold myself back from grabbing her and dragging her out of this room, but that wouldn't end well for either of us.

She could see the struggle in my eyes because she sighed and turned to face Kay who was looking between the two of us worriedly.

"Let's meet in the library this afternoon around 4 pm and we can study together," she said to Kay gently.

Kay nodded.

"That sounds great," Kay said with a grin.

"Thank you, Lila."

On that note, Lila stood and turned to face me, narrowing her eyes.

"Let's go," she said, walking past me.

I didn't waste any time; I turned and went with Lila out of the student lounge and toward the arena where

we could talk privately. The arena was my office; nobody went there until it was time for class, which gave me time to prepare and work out on my own.

I don't usually lock the door, but in this case, I knew I had to for extra security. Lila turned to face me, folding her arms across her chest as she peered up at me through her long and dark lashes.

"I know you are worried because Jazzy has escaped, but you have to be more careful in front of the other students," she said in a breath, shaking her head at me. "I don't want them suspecting anything."

"Do you honestly think I'd let that happen?" He asked, cocking his head at me. "Lila, this is serious. I'm worried Jazzy could come after you. Keeping you safe is my priority right now."

“I can’t miss any more school,” she said, shaking her head.

“I’m not asking you to. But I think it’d be wise if maybe one of my gammas stayed with you to protect you while you’re here.”

“What?” She gasped. “No way. The others will start talking. Gammas have the pack symbol on their uniforms. They’ll know he’s one of yours.”

“Then we can have one of your father’s Gammas come and—”

“I don’t want someone following me around all day. You don’t think I can handle myself?” She asked, and I could hear the hurt in her voice.

“She’s a dark witch, Lila. The most powerful one to exist,” I said firmly.

“And I’m a Volana.”

“A Volana who is weakened because of the wolfsbane in your system,” I shot back. “You couldn’t even

handle yourself with Xander. You expect me to think you can handle yourself with Jazzy the dark witch?”

I saw the hurt flash on her face, and she took a step back.

“I expect you to have a little more faith in me,” she said in return, her voice softening as she became consumed with the pain.

“Lila... you know I have faith in you,” I said gently, stepping toward her. “But I need you to trust me.”

She looked up at me and I saw how red her face was getting as soon as our eyes met. I loved that I still had that effect on her, but I hated the hurt look she was giving me. Max was quietly scolding me in the back of my mind for hurting our mate. But I needed to make sure she was safe; Lila was my main priority at this moment.

I reached my hand up to touch her face, but I heard the clearing of a throat in the distance, making me freeze.

“Am I interrupting something?”

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#Chapter 238 Alpha's Request

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 238 Alpha's Request

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Lila's POV



I wasn't going to lie; I was hurt. I was hurt at the fact that Enzo, the one who was supposed to be in my corner and have faith in me, was telling me I needed the help of gammas to keep me safe. I trained alongside gammas my entire life; I trained alongside my father. There wasn't anything a gamma could do that I couldn't. Anyone of them could have gotten taken by Xander. He gave me something that made me pass out; it could have happened to any warrior. It doesn't make me weaker than them. If Xander hadn't been poisoning me slowly and then given me a large dosage of wolfsbane, then I would have been able to fight him with no problem. I understood that Jazzy was the most powerful dark witch to exist and that she was dangerous, but I

doubted a gamma could protect me from her.

It wasn't fair to me that this was what his conclusion was.

But I loved him so much and looking into his eyes at that moment, I felt our mate bond stronger than ever.

My wolf was pulling me into his and I wanted so badly to wrap my arms around him and kiss him, despite knowing how risky that was in the middle of a school day. I knew he had a class soon and it wouldn't be long before students began to pile in. I, unfortunately, didn't have his class today.

He looked as defeated as I felt and neither of us had any more words to speak. He reached his hand up to touch my face and I stood still, bracing for the very touch that I craved so much. It's been torture not being

able to feel him. I knew he felt the same way.

Just as his hand neared my cheek, I heard someone clearing their throat from behind us.

“Am I interrupting something?”

My entire body froze, and I turned to see Alpha Jonathan standing before us. My entire heart fell deep into my stomach as he stared between the two of us with a questioning look. He didn't look angry, but he didn't look particularly pleased as well.

“Alpha,” I said a little too quickly, bowing in respect.

Joseph bowed his head slightly, but not too much. He was an Alpha too and they were both part of the same committee. Just because Alpha Jonathan had a lot of money and owned a lot of businesses,

including this school, it didn't mean that he was above Enzo.

Technically, my father was above him considering he was the head of the Alpha Committee. But that was a detail Alpha Jonathan refused to acknowledge.

"I came here to speak with Alpha Enzo, but it seems he's preoccupied. I can come back later and—"

"I'm not busy," Enzo said, sounding way calmer than I felt. "Lila was just leaving." I swallowed the lump in my throat and without looking back at Enzo I gave Jonathan a small smile and bowed again.

"I'll let you talk," I said, proud that my voice wasn't shaking. I wasn't sure why I felt so nervous around him; he just intimidated me so much. Maybe because he was Sarah's father? Or because he owned this

school? “It was nice seeing you,” I managed to say to him just as I walked past.

“You as well, Lila,” he said; I could feel him staring at the back of my head. I walked out of the arena feeling more than embarrassed.

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Enzo’s POV

“A little young for you, don’t you think, Enzo?” Jonathan asked just as soon as Lila walked out of the

arena. “Also, she’s a student and—”

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about,” I said, stopping his flow of words. “We were just talking about her

recent assignment when you walked in.”

“Is that so?” He asked, raising his brows with a bit of humor lingering in his eyes.

“Then why was her face

all red and your hand nearing her cheek?”

“She had something in her hair; I was simply getting it out for her,” I came up with, hoping he would buy this lie. The last thing I needed was for Alpha Jonathan to suspect anything was going on between Lila and me.

“I noticed at our recent Alpha meeting that you were a bit happier than you’ve been previously,” Jonathan said, narrowing his icy blue eyes at me.

“Is there a reason behind that?”

“Because I got my job back,” I said, tilting my head at him.

It took a lot to keep my wolf under control; he made it painfully obvious that he didn’t like or trust Alpha

Jonathan. I couldn’t blame him; I didn’t trust him either.

“You mean the job you quit without a second thought?” Alpha Jonathan asked, raising his brows.

“After I quit, I had second thoughts about it. I missed my students and the feeling of being a teacher. It’s a nice break from my Alpha duties.”

“It’s from my understanding that you’ve only returned for the rest of this semester,” Alpha Jonathan pointed out.

“For right now,” I said, pressing my lips firmly together. “That might change in the future.”

“Well, I’d speak up before they hire someone new,” he said in return. “Never know who’s going to come in and take your place.”

“Is there something you want, Jonathan?” I asked, not wanting to continue this conversation any longer.

Alpha Jonathan smirked.

“Actually, there is,” he said, folding his arms across his chest. “My daughter is going to be running in this

election tomorrow, so I was planning on sticking around until tomorrow evening. Unfortunately, there aren't any rooms to stay in so I was wondering if I'd be able to stay in your faculty house until tomorrow night."

My brows rose as I stared at him; his serious expression showed me that he wasn't kidding. He wanted to stay with me in the faculty house. Was I allowed to say no to his request?

"Have you spoken to the board about this already?" I asked.

"First of all, I don't need to speak to them about anything. This is my school and I'm the one who makes the decisions for this school. But for your information, yes. I spoke to Tiffany Prescott, and he told me to run it by you first."

"I see," I said. Then I cleared my throat. "I don't have a lot of room—"



“I spoke to Prescott after I discovered that the art department was given permission to create a school mural on campus and they didn’t consult with me first,” Jonathan said through his teeth, stopping my words.

I stared at him, confused.

“I told them I didn’t want graffiti on my school grounds and to cancel that project,” he continued, shaking his head with a look of disgust clear on his face.

“You did what?” I asked, feeling my temper rising with each passing second.

“The art department has been working hard to design this mural. They’ve been collecting photos from every student to contribute to this mural.”

“They should have run it by me before they planned or did anything,” Alpha Jonathan said, curling his lip up as he spoke. “It was embarrassing to hear about such a thing from a student.”

“This means a lot to the students...”

“The students? Or it means a lot to Lila?”

He asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

I pressed my lips firmly together as I looked into his eyes.

“The students,” I said more firmly and loudly. “It means a lot to the students. Not even just those from the art department. This mural represents every student at this school and as we gain more students the mural will be updated to represent them as well. It gives the school color and life; they were looking forward to this project. You can't just take it away from them like that.”

“I fund this school so it’s my decision,” Alpha Jonatha said, a glimmer of humor on his face.

I was seeing fucking red.

A low growl escaped my throat as Max nearly escaped from me; he wanted to rip his throat out, but I knew it would be a losing battle even if we did manage to rip his throat out. I’d lose my job and I wouldn’t be able to protect Lila.

But Max didn’t care; he was fucking pissed.

“But it if means that much to you, I suppose I could cut you a deal,” he said, and now he was smirking.

“What kind of deal?” I asked, trying desperately to control my temper.

“I will allow for this mural if you let me stay with you whenever I want.”

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#Chapter 239 New roommate

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 239 New roommate

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Lila's POV

“Lila, what happened?” Becca asked as soon as I ran into the dorm room.

My heart was racing, and I was on the verge of tears; I couldn't believe what just happened.

“I think I messed up,” I said as I took a deep breath, trying to steady my rapid heartbeat.

“Messed up how exactly?” Becca asked, standing to her feet like she was going to rush over to me, but she kept her ground and just stared at me.

“Alpha Jonathan caught Enzo and me in the arena,” I said, biting onto my bottom lip once I got the sentence out.

Becca gasped loudly.

“Were you doing it?” She asked.

“What? No! Of course, not,” I said a little too quickly, feeling my face growing hot as she raised her brows.

“Kissing?”

“No...” I said, staring down at my hands.

“We were just talking, and he went to touch my face when Alpha Jonathan cleared his throat.”

“Lila, you were practically doing nothing for him to catch. What were you talking about?”

I opened my mouth to answer her, but I had a nasty gut feeling to keep this information to myself. Jazzy escaping from Enzo’s dungeon was a really bad thing and it could be dangerous for anyone who gets involved. The less Becca knows the better.

“We were talking about an assignment,” I lied. I hated lying; I wasn’t even good at it. But in this case, she didn’t have a reason to suspect that I was lying so she just smiled and walked over to me.

“You’re going to be fine,” she said in a calm tone. “I’m sure Professor Enzo will take care of it.”

She wrapped me in a tight hug.

I felt a bit calmer; despite what we were talking about, we weren't doing anything wrong. She was right when she said Enzo would have it handled. I just had to trust him.

"Don't you have Math class around now? It's almost 1," Becca said, glancing at the clock that sat on the table next to the couch.

I shook my head.

"She canceled class today for personal reasons," I answered. My next class isn't until 2. Werewolf History.

But I do need to go to Headmaster Prescott's office to speak with her about something."

"I have to finish studying for my science exam," Becca said as she went back to the couch. I noticed the coffee table was covered in math books and notebooks.

“Good luck,” I said, waving at her as I turned to leave the room.

As I walked across campus to the board members' building, I tried to brush the thought of Alpha Jonathan out of my mind. However, that was proving to be quite difficult. As soon as I got to the top floor of the building, I froze when I saw Sarah sitting in one of the seats outside the headmaster's office.

She didn't look pleased, and a knot formed in the pit of my stomach at the very sight of her. I couldn't believe someone as hateful and cruel as Sarah was mates with someone as gentle and sweet as Brody.

I shuddered at the very thought.

I could have ignored her as I walked by, but that wasn't something I'd do.

“What are you doing here?” I asked as I approached the office door.



“What does it look like I’m doing?” She shot back, her eyes turning into small slits as she glared at me.

“Are you waiting to see Headmaster Prescott? Is she busy?”

“She’s too busy for me. But I’m sure she’ll welcome you with open arms,” she said bitterly.

My face warmed at her remark.

“Sarah, you know I don’t favor my students,” I heard the voice of Tiffany Prescott coming from her office door. I looked up to see her leaning against the door frame and glaring at Sarah. “You’re staying right there until your father is here per his request.”

“Whatever,” she muttered, staring down at her phone and not giving us a second look.

Headmaster Prescott rolled her eyes and glanced at me.

“You can come in, Lila,” she said, stepping aside for me to enter her office. I smiled my thanks to her and walked into her office.

“What can I do for you?” She asked as she shut the door.

I sat in one of the seats in front of her desk as she walked around her desk and sat in her chair. She

peered at me with such kind eyes I instantly felt my body relaxing.

“I wanted to talk to you about that new student, Kayla,” I said; her brows rose.

“She’s a sweet girl; she transferred from Emerson. 4.0 GPA at her old school; I heard nothing but good things from her former instructors. Is everything okay?”

“Yes, I met her earlier today and she’s very nice. I’m going to help her get caught up in classes.

Transferring in the middle of the school year is a little overwhelming for her and she's already behind," I explained.

Headmaster Prescott gave me a fond smile.

"I think that's a wonderful idea," she agreed. "Is that what you came here to tell me?"

"No; actually, I came here to say that I think it's unfair that she must live off campus. She'd be able to get the best schoolwork done if she were here full-time. She's already behind and she needs every advantage she can get."

Headmaster Prescott leaned back in her seat and took me in with her eyes. I couldn't read the expression on her face, but she was quiet for a long moment.

“You know she’s a fairy, right?” She finally asked, keeping her tone even.

“Since when does a student species matter?” I asked, furrowing my brows together. “It’s the 21(st) century, Headmaster. If we can welcome vampires, bears, and even some witches, we can welcome fairies as well.”

“You know that’s not what I mean, Lila,” she said, sighing. “I’ve tried to get her a room but unfortunately no student wants to room with her.”

“Then make them—”

“I can’t force them to room with someone they don’t want to room with; especially when they were there first,” she said, stopping my words. She didn’t raise her voice, but her tone was powerful enough to silence me.

“It’s just not fair,” I murmured, staring down at my hands.

“I know you want to help, and you are. By tutoring her and catching her up on her assignments, you are helping her a lot. She still has access to everything a regular student has access to. The only difference is she won’t be sleeping here. It won’t affect her work if she doesn’t let it.”

I opened my mouth to say more, but the office door swung open and a dark and familiar sense washed over me. Telling from how tense Headmaster Prescott just got, I knew exactly who was standing behind me.

“Sorry, I didn’t realize you were having a student meeting,” Alpha Jonathan said from behind me.

I turned slightly and peered up at him; his eyes flashed with recognition as he glared at me.

“Oh, hello, Lila,” he said with such a fake kindness I had to stifle an eye roll.

“Hello, Alpha,” I said to him, proud that my voice came out stronger than I felt. I

turned back to

Headmaster Prescott and forced a smile.

“I’ll leave so you can talk.”

“Actually, you can stay, Lila,” Alpha Jonathan surprised me by saying. “I’m glad you are here; this concerns you as well.”

My heart fell deep into my stomach. He was going to tell the headmaster about what he saw in the arena.

I knew it.

It took everything I had not to jump up and run from the room.

“Go on,” Headmaster Prescott urged.

Alpha Jonathan stepped further into the room, keeping the door open, probably so Sarah could listen as well. I felt my face getting warmer with each passing second.

“I wanted to speak to you about this mural that is being created under my nose without my consent,” he said through his teeth and as soon as those words left his lips, I felt myself sighing in relief.

But then his words registered, and I tensed again. Was he going to forbid the mural from happening? We were already collecting photos from students; they were going to be so disappointed.

“We’ve been meaning to speak about it with you—”

“When? After it’s already been created?” Jonathan asked, raising his brows. I had never seen Tiffany

Prescott look so small as she does at this very moment. I felt bad she was getting in trouble because of an idea that I had.

“My board members were supposed to send an email—”

“They didn’t,” he said sharply, cutting her off. “I had to find out from a student.”

“I’m so sorry, Alpha...”

“If it were to be run by me, I’d express my concerns about having my campus graffitied.”

“It’s not graffiti,” I found myself saying quickly. “It’s a mural for students. It’ll give the campus more life and color.”

“It’s a school; it doesn’t need life or color,” he said through his teeth.

“It’s a school that most of us live in,” I said in return, narrowing my eyes at him. “The students are lacking



in motivation and 60% of it is because of the environment they work in.”

“And graffiti is going to change that?” He asked, raising his brows.

“It’ll help,” I said, not bothering him to correct him again. “The colors will make it livelier, and the students will feel seen.”

“Alpha, the mural is going to be a bunch of pictures that the students submit to the art department that will —”

“I’m aware of what this project is, Miss Prescott. No thanks to you and the board that I pay,” Alpha

Jonathan sneered, making her flinch and silence. He then turned to me, narrowing his eyes at me. “I’ll tell you what. You win this election, and you can continue with this project. If my daughter wins then this

project is being thrown out. Until then, it's on hold. End of story.”

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#Chapter 240 A New Spell

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 240 A New Spell

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Lila's POV

The finality of his tone made me realize that there was no point in arguing with him any further. His point

was made, and his decision was final. I stayed silent, feeling all sorts of defeated while Tiffany Prescott bowed her head to him and apologized for the hundredth time.

I felt small and I wanted to sink into the seat and disappear.

“With that being said, I’d like to be more involved in this school. I do own it after all, and I believe that’s

only fair. Don’t you think, Miss Prescott?”

Alpha Jonathan asked her, much to her surprise.

She nodded quickly.

“Of course, Alpha,” she said, trying hard not to look at me knowing how upset I was about this mural project.

“Great, I’m going to be building a house of my own here. That way I’ll have a place to live whenever I’m on

campus,” he continued to say making my heart weigh heavily in my chest. I didn’t like where this was going. “I was planning on doing some renovations around campus and I’m thinking about opening a coffee shop near the cafeteria. Just a small café that’ll be run by students.”

“That’s a wonderful idea, Alpha,” Headmaster Prescott agreed.

“Which is why I wanted my daughter here; Sarah, get in here,” he ordered without even looking at the doorway.

I heard Sarah’s slow and uncertain movements as she stood from her seat and made her way into the office. She didn’t bother looking at me, but she did glance up at her father with worry clear in her eyes.

“I’ve already discussed this previously with her,” Alpha Jonathan continued. “But now I’m formally putting Sarah in charge of this Café. Of course, I still own it. But it will be her responsibility.” Headmaster Prescott looked at Sarah with a questioning look in her eyes.

“Is that something you want to do?” She asked Sarah.

Sarah looked at her like she wanted to protest; she opened her mouth, but one look at her father and she closed her mouth, giving a small nod.

“I’ve already connected with contractors, and they will be here first thing in the morning to take measurements,” Alpha Jonathan continued.

“That sounds wonderful, Alpha,” Headmaster Prescott said, giving a very obviously forced smile in return.

She then looked at me, and her smile softened. “How about you get to class before you are late? I’m sorry I couldn’t be much help to you, Lila. But I’m sure you can understand why your request isn’t plausible.”

I nodded, though I didn’t like it. But I really just wanted to get out of there.

“Thank you for your time,” I managed to say as I stood to my feet.

“What request would that be?” Alpha Jonathan asked before I could walk away.

“We have a new student, Kayla, who just transferred from Emmerson.

Unfortunately, there aren’t any rooms available for her to live on campus, so she commutes from home,”

Headmaster Prescott explained.

“A student is commuting?” Jonathan asked, raising his brows. “What do you mean there’s no room for

her? We have plenty of students that don't have roommates. My daughter included."

"No one wants to room with her, Dad," Sarah muttered, folding her arms across her chest. "She's a fairy."

"A fairy you say?" Alpha Jonathan asked, his eyes widening.

"This school has always welcomed all who would like to learn, including fairies. Though, she is the first fairy we've had at this school and the other students have concerns about rooming with her."

"I'm sorry, Miss Prescott, but when I'm not here, who is in charge here?"

She was taken aback by his question and her face grew red.

"I am..."

"Then why are students allowed to refuse this girl as a roommate?" Alpha Jonathan asked, tightening his

jaw.

“I don’t want to force students to—”

“It seems you just don’t want to do your job,” he snapped, cutting her off once again. “This is a school, and you are the headmaster. The students don’t get to pick their roommates and we certainly aren’t going to deny a student a bed just because others are a little apprehensive over her. She wouldn’t be allowed at this school if we thought she was unsafe to the other students.”

“I just didn’t want this girl to be uncomfortable—”

“By dis-including her you have already made her uncomfortable,” Alpha Jonathan snapped.

I hated agreeing with him, but he was kind of right about that.

“You’re right; I wasn’t thinking straight. I’ll connect with some students and—”



“Don’t bother. I already decided on a roommate for her,” Alpha Jonathan said, turning away from us.

Before anyone could say anything more, he continued. “My daughter will be her roommate.”

“What?” Sarah gasped just as her father reached the doorway.

Without turning around, he said, “You have a suite with an extra bedroom and two bathrooms. You can give up the extra bedroom.”

“I’m using it as my closet,” she whined.

“I’m not arguing about this. This new girl will move in immediately. I expect that room to be cleared out by nightfall. I’ll be checking on it,” he said, and, on that note, he left the office, leaving us all standing quietly and stunned.

“This isn’t fair,” Sarah said, and it looked like she was on the verge of tears. “I don’t want a roommate and I don’t want to run a stupid coffee shop.” I wasn’t sure how I felt with someone as sweet as Kayla having Sarah as a roommate. It might have been better if she just continued to commute from home.

“It doesn’t seem like any of us have a choice,” I murmured.

We all got the short end of the stick during this conversation. What’s worse was that Alpha Jonathan was going to be sticking around for a while. I had a feeling things were going to continue changing and these changes weren’t going to be good.

“Lila, how about you find Kayla before class and let her know the news? Sarah now is a good time to start

clearing out that room,” Headmaster Prescott said, and I could tell she was trying hard to keep herself together.

“Yes, mam,” I said as I walked toward the doorway.

I heard Sarah murmuring something behind me, but her voice drowned out the further I got from her. I

didn’t want to hear anything she had to say; I had such a headache.

I only had about 20 minutes before my next class started so I had to find Kayla quickly. Thankfully, it didn’t

take me long. When I didn’t see her in the student lounge or the library, I went into the cafeteria and saw

her sitting alone at a table, reading a book and eating a sandwich.

She looked extremely out of her element, and I felt badly for her but as I approached, she looked up at me

and gave me a warm and inviting smile. “Hey, Lila,” she said, putting her book down.

I sat beside her and returned her smile.

“I have some news,” I told her, sitting down beside her. “I’m not sure if it’s good or bad though.”

“What’s going on?” She asked, peering over at me through her long lashes.

“I spoke to the headmaster about your living arrangements, and she was able to get you a roommate,” I said in a breath, purposely leaving out the fact that it was because of Alpha Jonathan that I was able to accomplish this.

Her eyes widened and for a moment I thought she had stopped breathing. She stared at me with such large eyes, that she almost looked like a bug.

“Are you serious?” She finally asked in nothing more than a whisper.

I nodded my head once, biting my bottom lip before continuing.

“Yes; the only issue is, your roommate will be Sarah.”

She raised her brows, and I could see the confusion in her eyes.

“Is that an issue? I’m not entirely sure who that is,” she said after a beat of silence.

“Sarah isn’t exactly a nice person,” I admitted. “She’s actually very mean and can be cruel. She doesn’t want to be your roommate and will probably try to push you out.”

She now looked startled by this information.

“Then why would she agree to be my roommate?” She asked, furrowing her brows together.

“It wasn’t her choice. It was her father’s choice. He’s the owner of the school. You might have heard of him, even in Emerson. Alpha Jonathan.”

“Of course, I have heard of him,” she said, sighing. “He owns a lot of businesses and he’s very rich. So, he’s forcing her to room with me?”

I nodded my head once, meeting her eyes.

“I’m so sorry, Kayla. I only wanted to help,” I told her, feeling defeated. I feel like I made her situation so much worse.

She appeared to be deep in thought for a moment before relaxing her body and giving me a gentle smile.

“It’s okay,” she finally said. “Maybe it won’t be that bad. At least I have got a room now and I can be here

all the time to work on my studies. My parents don't have to worry about driving me here as well."

"There's also a nice forest that we are allowed to go to whenever we want," I added. "I can take you there sometimes."

"I would love that," she breathed.

"Honestly, this will be fine. I'm sure it won't be that bad. So, thank you for doing this for me."

"Of course," I said, smiling widely at her.

"Are we still on for later?"

"4 pm, library," she confirmed. "I'll be there. In the meantime, I'm going to call my parents and tell them the good news."

"I have to get to class; but I'll see you later, Kay," I said as I stood to my feet. We waved to one another as I left the dining hall.

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## Third Person POV

The school grew quiet as evening neared. Alpha Jonathan went for a stroll along the campus walls,

gaining some alone time before he went to Enzo's faculty home to rest for the evening. He took his phone

out of his pocket and dialed the burner number he had created only a day ago.

"I was wondering when you were going to call me," Jazzy said on the other end.

"Are my men treating you okay?"

Jonathan asked.

Jazzy was currently living in his packhouse and being protected by his packhouse. Nobody, not even her coven, knows or even suspects that she's there.

"They are fine," she murmurs. "Though I told them I'm going to need some supplies. They are being difficult though."



“Supplies for what?”

“I have been working on a new spell. It’ll block the use of magic in a specific area. Any spell cast prior will demolish.”

Jonatha froze in his walk.

“Would it work for curses as well?”

“Unfortunately, no,” she muttered. “It won’t work for Volana’s either. But with some more testing that might change. I figured we could use the spell in case we run into issues during our plan. But for now, I need things to complete this spell.”

“I’ll make sure you get your supplies,” he told her.

“Make sure I get them soon, Alpha. I don’t like waiting...” she paused for a moment before continuing. “My intuition is telling me that I need to test this spell out no later than tomorrow.”

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