

#Chapter 246 Darkness

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 246 Darkness

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Third Person POV

Word had quickly gotten back to Jazzy that her spell had worked. All witches and those who were gifted

by the moon goddess were powerless at the Higala school for shifters. That pleased her greatly. It meant

that she was a step closer to riding the world of Volana wolves forever. Of

course, this wasn't something

she'd be able to do alone. Not even Alpha Jonathan and his henchmen could help

her with this next step.

It takes something incredibly powerful and dark to take out all the Volanas. In order to do this, she needed to summon an old friend. Though, his visits don't often come without a price. Hence why she hadn't summoned him in years, but now that the full red moon was soon arriving, she knew she couldn't wait much longer. Douglas, a young warrior in Alpha Jonathan's pack, appointed to her protection, stood at her side as she ordered of him. He was no older than 18; a freshly new gamma warrior, and perfect for what she needed. She could smell his innocence from miles away and that pleased her very much. The Alpha did say that she could help herself to do whatever she needed, and this was exactly what she needed.

She stood at the window of the room she was given, staring up at the moonlight and allowing the rays to dance off her bright and radiant features. She closed her eyes and thought about the day her parents died. She had watched with her own eyes as a Volana wolf bit into their raw flesh and tore them both to pieces. Their magic wasn't strong enough to defend themselves and Jazzy had screamed at the top of her lungs at the sight of her parents meeting their fatal end. It was her older sister, Hazel, who had covered Jazzy's eyes from the gruesome scene and then got her out of there before the Volana wolf turned its attention, and sharp canines, to them. Jazzy had a mixture of emotions running through her, but the one

that stuck with her was anger. Of course, at the time, she didn't want to admit such a thing. While others around their village, including her sister, mourned the death of her beloved parents, Jazzy was stewing in her own anger. Furious that such a thing could happen and not a thing was getting done about it. It was during that time, that Jazzy had wept. The tears that escaped her eyes and soaked over her young features were filled with hatred; they were filled with anger. They were filled with darkness. It was those memories and that hatred that filled the tears she cried while staring up at the moonlight. They were tears that were filled with so much darkness that it was enough to summon the darkest of demons. As she cried

and stared up at the moon through her window, she hummed the soft tune her mother used to sing to her as a child. A tune that stuck with her for all of her life; it was the same time that she hummed the night she summoned him for the first time by accident. "It got cold in here..." the words of that young warrior broke through her thoughts. He was wrapping his arms around his body and shivering; he stared wide-eyed at Jazzy as she turned to him. They were in silence for a long while and she admired that he was bold enough to speak first. "You're crying," he said, frowning. There was genuine concern on his face. Men were so easily manipulated; all it took was a pretty face. "Are you okay?" She walked over to the small

black cauldron she had set up in the center of her room and allowed a few droplets of her tears to fall inside. She heard it sizzle, though there was no heat applied. She turned to Douglas and gave him a sweet and yet seductive smile. "Tell me Douglas..." she said, stepping closer to him, swaying her hips and drawing his eyes to her lovely curves. "Have you ever felt the touch of a woman?" His brows rose at her question as he scanned her face. "I'm not sure I understand your question, madam," he said, annoyingly formal. She gave him another smile while biting onto her plump bottom lip, chewing on it as she looked him over. He was a tall boy with large muscles and a nice face. But the scent of purity was evident to her.

She placed a hand on his bicep and closed the gap between them. "I mean..." she began, leaning toward his ear so she could whisper into him, allowing her breath to tickle the side of his face. "Have you ever made love before?" She could see the hairs on his arms standing and his entire body tensed. Her tongue swept over his earlobe gently and he closed his eyes, leaning into her touch. She ran her slender fingers up his broad chest through his shirt and gripped his shirt gently. "I...I have not..." he stammered, his voice dropping to a whisper as if he was afraid, they'd be overheard. A smile tugged at the corner of her lips, but she stifled it. She ran her fingers up to his neck and rested her palm on his cheek, making him look at her.

His breathing had deepened, as did hers. It was he who had closed the rest of the space between their lips. He crashed his mouth into hers and kissed her ravenously. He conquered her mouth and made it his own. His tongue was quick to enter her mouth; he kissed her like he was thirsty, and she was his water. He wrapped his strong arms around her curvy waist and pulled her into him; she allowed him to do it. She wanted him to have a little taste of what he was missing, and she wanted it as well. He was rather goodlooking, and she liked his innocence. Douglas had broken his kiss from her mouth and ran his lips and tongue down the nape of her neck; she even let out a small moan to show him that she enjoyed that very

much. His strong hands had searched her body, desperate to get her clothing off. It was her that had unbuttoned her blouse, to give him a better view of her breasts; the lust that appeared in his eyes, when he looked at her, was enough for her to crave him. She placed her hands on the back of his head and pushed him into her chest so he could be buried in her breasts. He kissed and nibbled on her exposed nipples making her throw her head back in pure satisfaction. She ran his fingers through his hair as he kissed up her chest and went back to kissing her lips. She deepened the kiss, allowing her tongue to explore his mouth curiously while running her fingers up his bare chest under his shirt. She pressed her

palm to his heart and felt it beating under her touch. It was a rhythmic heartbeat; like it was pumping to the beat of a song. She enjoyed the feeling of it; she enjoyed it a lot. Her fingers had curved as she continued to kiss him; he was completely hooked to her like she was some sort of drug. A smile tugged at her lips at the very thought of it. Just as her fingers had punctured through the flesh of his chest, she heard him gasping with her kiss. But she didn't stop kissing him, nor did he stop kissing her. She felt the warm pool of blood, dripping down her forearm and soaking to the ground around their feet. He gasped again as pain seared him and her fingers dug deeper into him. His shirt was completely red and soaked with his blood.

His entire body stilled as she pulled her lips away from his and stared up at his terrified and hollow eyes.

He was completely frozen, unable to move a single muscle. Her fingers dug even deeper, eager to get to their destination. He only let out a squeak of pain, but nothing more. Soon, her hand was wrapping around that beating musical heart that she'd come to love so much. It continued to beat in her grip. His entire body began to tremble violently as horror and realization of what was happening surfaced in his mind. He didn't have much longer to think though, because soon she was ripping her hand out of his chest. He stared down at her hand, only a couple of seconds of life left in him. The last thing he saw before meeting

his fatal end, was his beating heart, still beating, and out separate from his body. He first fell to his knees, covering the rest of his body in blood, and then he fell face-first to the ground. Dying. A smile gleamed on her lips as she turned to the cauldron; she could already see the darkness luring around it, eager to be set free. She smiled at it; welcoming it back to the land of the living. She had missed it and longed to see it again. Jazzy watched as this darkness slithered out of the cauldron, taking the form of the familiar snake that had come to her days after her parent's death. It had golden eyes and venomous fangs, poisonous to the touch. It looked at her with recognition in its eyes. She wasn't afraid of it; she would never be afraid of

it. She rose the still beating heart in the air and the snake rose its head to it. "I feed you the heart of purity, just how you like it," she spoke to the snake who hissed in pleasure at her words. "I will feed you even more to keep you with me for as long as it takes to rid this world of Volana wolves. A dream we've had for a long time that can now come to reality. We finally have the girl, the strongest Volana to ever exist, in our grasp. With her, we can finally complete our plan. Feed, my love." She squeezed the heart until blood poured from it; the snake snapped its teeth at the heart and then hissed as it opened its mouth wide, taking in every drop of blood offered. Then, Jazzy dropped to the still heart to the ground and watched as

the snake devoured it whole. Soon, the snake was bowing its head at her.

Darkness returned to it, covering it and hiding the snake from her viewing. She took a steady step away from it and watched as the darkness only grew to cover what was being born within. She waited with anticipation and a pounding heart until the darkness began to fade away and, in its place, stood a tall, broad, and naked gentleman.

He was devilishly handsome with long, sleek, black hair and golden eyes that poured into her. The familiarity of his appearance spoke to her in a way that no other could and she could no longer contain herself. "Zagreus," she spoke his name in a choked whisper as she ran and threw herself into his tight

embrace. “Oh, how I’ve missed you, my love.”

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#Chapter 247 Grounded

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 247 Grounded

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Lila’s POV

“Lila, come to my office as well; I’d like to speak with you and Sarah together,”

Headmaster Prescott said

to me, trying to be heard over the crowd of frantic students. Those affected by Sarah's mind manipulation were freaking out because of the time they had lost and their free will being taken. The witches and those with abilities were frantic because they were powerless. Everybody was powerless. My heart began to beat rapidly in my chest as I looked up at the headmaster. She didn't think I had anything to do with this, did she? "Am I in trouble?" I asked; I couldn't hide the nervousness from my tone. "No, of course not. But I'd like you to be there so I can get the full picture of this situation," she simply said. I met Enzo's eyes from across the room; he was now standing and watching me with worry in his eyes. I gave him a small

smile to assure him that everything was okay and thankfully, he returned it.

“Enzo,” Headmaster Prescott said as she approached him. “Get everybody to settle down. They can still vote to keep their minds off the situation... not that it’ll matter much anymore. But then I’d like them to return to their dorms for the rest of the afternoon. I’m canceling evening classes. But I’ll make an announcement, once I’m done speaking with the girls.” He nodded. “I’ll have some of the staff help me get everything organized,” he assured me.

She nodded at him, pleased by his quick response. “My powers!” I heard someone sobbing. “My powers are gone!!!” “What happened to me!” I heard someone else shouting. “Why did I do these mean things to

people??” “Why can’t I remember anything from the last two days!” A boy asked as I passed him. I wanted to say something to him that reassured him, but I wasn’t sure what could make things better. My heart was squeezing painfully in my chest for them. Headmaster Prescott was already gone and I knew I couldn’t keep her waiting any longer. Enzo was already getting to work with the other professors to get the students to settle down. The board members were lining students up to vote in the back room and ordering the really frantic ones back to their dorms. I shook my head at the sight and turned away; I couldn’t watch anymore of this. When I got to her office, I was surprised to see that Alpha Jonathan was

already there. I didn't even see him leaving the auditorium. He was looking anything but happy. Sarah sat in the seat in front of the office door while he towered over her. Her gaze was fixed on the ground, and it looked like he had just finished yelling at her. The secretary who sat at the desk in the corner of the room looked pale-faced and wide-eyed, confirming my suspicions. Tiffany Prescott cleared her throat, getting their attention. "Come into my office," she ordered them without giving them a second look as she opened her office door. Alpha Jonathan's gaze found mine. "What is she doing here?" He asked the headmaster as if I wasn't standing right there. I felt my face warming. "I asked her to join us," she answers. "For what

reason?” “I have my reasons and I’ll explain once you are inside my office, Alpha,” she said firmly. I was surprised by how assertive she sounded knowing that Alpha Jonathan owned this school. He didn’t argue with her, much to my surprise. He turned away from me and stormed into the office. I glanced at Sarah who also looked up at me; I couldn’t read her expression, but she looked pale. She visibly swallowed and stood to her feet. She didn’t say anything to me as she turned and went into the office. I followed closely after them. Headmaster Prescott had pulled up an extra chair and sat it in front of her desk before taking her seat behind her desk. “Please sit,” she instructed all of us. We did as she said, only Alpha Jonathan

hesitated slightly before sitting beside his daughter who still appeared pale in the face. I'm not sure if that was because she was sick, or because she was terrified. "I need a full explanation of what happened today," she said, staring directly at Sarah. She was surprised by the remark and glanced at her father who let a growl emerge from his throat. "Do I need to call my lawyer, Headmaster?" He asked through his teeth. She looked at him with a frown. "That won't be necessary, Alpha," she assured him. "I just want to get to the bottom of things. The students are very distraught and they seem to believe that your daughter has done something to them. I would like to know exactly what happened." "I'll tell you what happened—"

he began to growl, but Headmaster Prescott held up her hand, stopping his words. "If you don't mind, Alpha. I'd like to hear it from Sarah," she said calmly. "I'm sure you can understand." He went to open his mouth again, but this time, Sarah was the one who spoke. "I'm so sorry..." she croaked and when I looked at her, she had tears pouring out of her eyes. "It's my fault." "How about you start by telling me exactly what happened, Sarah," Headmaster Prescott said, giving her a look of remorse, and yet compassion. Sarah swallowed hard and kept her eyes fixed on her fingers which she was tugging nervously. "Sarah..." Alpha Jonathan spoke her name like a warning as he clenched his jaw. "I can't keep lying, Father. I could

get in even more trouble,” she said softly, glancing up at him through her tear-filled eyes. “I own this school; nothing is going to happen to you,” he assured her, but his tone was anything but reassuring. It was hard and sent a chill down my spine. “I just can’t anymore, Father...” she said in a broken whisper, turning her attention to Headmaster Prescott. “They were telling the truth. I did do this,” she finally said as more tears fell from her eyes. “I have the ability to manipulate minds and I told them they needed to vote for me. During their campaigning, I kept erasing their memories for different reasons, so they lost a lot of time. I had them do things for me as well...” I held my breath while Headmaster Prescott stared at her,

unmoving. “This is a very situation, Sarah. You do realize that, don’t you?”

Headmaster Prescott said

finally after a long silence. “She doesn’t know what she’s saying, my daughter is unwell. Can’t you see

how pale and thin she is,” Alpha Jonathan stated, not even looking at Sarah who had looked up at him

with shock. “Enough, Father,” she said with wide eyes and surprised

assertiveness in her tone. “I’m done lying and I’m done cheating. I won’t do it anymore. She needs to know the truth.”

“You will be silent,” her

father said through gritted teeth.

Headmaster Prescott sighed and turned to me. “Lila, do you have

anything you’d like to say?” She asked, eyeing me carefully. I felt my cheeks

flaring with heat. “Me?” I

asked, lamely. She nodded and kept her eyes locked on mine. “Yes,” she answered. “You are her opponent, and this affects you just as well as it affects all the other students. I asked you here so you can share your thoughts as well.” “Oh...” I breathed, staring down at my hands. “I guess I’m still in shock. I had a feeling Sarah had special abilities, but I really didn’t know she was manipulating everyone to vote for her like that. I didn’t know they were all under her spell for this long. Makes me wonder what else she had done.” I didn’t say it out loud, but Scott came to mind. He was saying that Sarah was the one who put him up to vandalize the art exhibit. Because of that, he was sent to jail and had to stay there for months until

the official trial. The trial was delayed because Cassidy-Ann was in Monstro and plus, she wanted him to rot there and think about what he had done. Then, his family was forced to pay for the repairs of the exhibit along with pain and suffering. He almost got expelled from the school, but they decided that he suffered enough and decided to give him one more chance like they gave Sarah last year. Besides, it's not like the exhibit had anything to do with the school. But he isn't a student and student behavior represents the school. Scott faced a lot over these months; people are still looking at him strangely. He was kicked off the football team and lost most of his friends. Sarah dumped him as well, so he lost his girlfriend too.

Since he returned to the school this semester, he's mainly been keeping to himself. I see him occasionally in the halls, but not much. He never talks to me, not since his warnings against Sarah and her abilities. My heart squeezed painfully in my chest at the thought that Sarah could have actually used her abilities and forced him to vandalize the exhibit, ruining his entire life. "Well, Sarah... considering who your father is, it's not like I can expel you," Headmaster Prescott murmured, peering up at Alpha Jonathan who huffed through his nose like a bull. "But even the owner of this school must know that there are consequences to such actions like this." "Do what you must, Headmaster," he said through his teeth. She cleared her throat

and looked back at Sarah. “You are banned from any extra curriculums and school activities. You are hereby grounded for the next 4 months. This means you will not be allowed anywhere on campus besides your classes, the library, the dining hall, and your dorm. I’ll appoint a guard to standby to make sure you stay in those specific areas.” “That’s a prison!” Alpha Jonathan protested loudly, shaking the entire room.

“That’s punishment for her actions,” Headmaster Prescott Surprised me by shooting back. “I’m sure the Alpha Committee would love to hear that you stood in the way of my job, Alpha. Isn’t Lila’s father in charge of that committee?” He swallowed hard and glared at me; suddenly it dawned on me as to why she truly

asked me to be here, and I felt my face warming once again. The headmaster looked back at Sarah. “Or, option B is expulsion,” she said simply, pressing her lips together. “I’ll take option A,” Sarah said quickly, bowing her head in respect. “Thank you.” Alpha Jonathan let out a low and threatening growl, which Headmaster Prescott managed to ignore while she glanced at me. Her gaze softened and she even gave me a small smile. “Congratulations, Lila. By default, you are now the President of the Student Committee.”

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#Chapter 248 Winning the Election

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 248 Winning the Election

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Lila's POV

“Lila! Are you okay? What happened?”
Becca asked as she caught up with me. I was walking toward the student lounge after I left Headmaster Prescott's office and my head was still whirling from all the information that was just given to me. I looked at Becca who stared back at me with concern in her eyes. I went to open my mouth to answer but then the crackling of the campus speakers stopped me. “Good

afternoon, students. This is Headmaster Tiffany Prescott. I know you are all wound up after the events that unfolded earlier today, and I wanted to personally apologize to each of you for not realizing something was going on and putting an end to it right away. Going forward we are going to be putting in some extra security to ensure that nothing like this happens again. The school counselor is also opening her doors to any students for the next couple of weeks so you can see her without an appointment. My doors, along with my fellow board members' doors, will also be open to anyone needing some extra guidance in these unforeseen weeks. I assure you that the issue at hand has been dealt with and nothing like this will ever

happen again. I'd like to remind students that using their abilities on one another is forbidden and will not be tolerated under any circumstances. If you or anyone you know is in fact using their abilities on their peers, I advise that you come forward. We will be looking into all students with abilities and if we find you are using your abilities dishonorably, we will be forced to take measures. I know it's been a long day for many of you so I'm canceling classes for the rest of the day and I suggest each of you get some rest to recoup. Dinner will be served per usual in the dining hall at 5 pm." She paused for a moment; only allowing the light buzzing of the speaker to roam around the campus ground. Becca and I stood, staring

up at the sky as if Headmaster Prescott's face was there. "Also, let me be the first to congratulate Lila for winning the election and becoming the first-ever President of the Student Committee. First thing Monday morning Lila will begin her duties and her first meeting will be held Monday at 2 pm. If anyone wants to join the committee, please see Lila. With that being said if anyone has any questions or concerns, please speak with your assigned advisors, or speak with me directly. Thank you and have a very blessed day."

The speakers cut out and the entire campus was completely silent. I couldn't even hear anyone breathing.

After what felt like an eternity, everybody erupted into cheers and applause. Becca was the first to hug me

tightly with a large smile spread across her face. "Congratulations Lila!!" She cooed excitedly. "I'm so happy for you!!!" Others who were passing by also stopped to give me quick hugs and congratulate me. I smiled at them and hugged them back, pretending to be as excited as I could be. Don't get me wrong, I was very pleased to be in charge of the student committee. It was exactly what I wanted, but I didn't like how it happened. I only won by default because Sarah cheated and got disqualified. I also couldn't seem to get Scott out of my head and all that he's been going through these last few months because of Sarah. Then, another thought popped into my head and my heart fell directly into my stomach as I quickly turned

to Becca who was chatting with a few other students about how excited they were for me. “Where’s Brody?” I asked her. She frowned at me and glanced at the student lounge. “He said he was going to sit in there until your meeting was over,” she said. I didn’t say anything more, I turned away and ran right into the student lounge where I was met with a crowd of students who were all cheering for me. I smiled at them, trying to get past them, but they wouldn’t let me go any further without hugs and praises. As much as I appreciated it, I really needed to see Brody. Thankfully, he appeared amongst the crowd and though I could see the worry and sadness lingering in his eyes, he met me with a large grin and opened his arms

out for me to walk into. "I'm so happy for you," he said as he tightened his hold on me. "Thank you," I said, peering up at him. "Are you okay?" He didn't answer me, but he gave me a sad smile. "Can we talk somewhere?" I then asked. He nodded and pulled me through the crowd of students who finally broke apart to return to whatever they were doing. We sat at our usual table in the back of the student lounge, and he slumped down in his seat, looking all sorts of worn out. "Sarah got into a lot of trouble," I finally said after a long silence. He nodded, not looking at me. "I figured," he murmured. "She didn't get expelled though," I said. "But she is kind of grounded. She can't go anywhere other than the dining hall, her

classes, and the library. Oh, and her dorm.” He met my eyes. “So, she didn’t get kicked out?” “Nope,” I said, giving him a small smile. “She did not. She also owned up to her mistake, despite her father trying to get her to shut up. She admitted she manipulated their minds and that she’s at fault.” A small smile appeared on his lips. “She did?” I nodded, keeping my eyes locked on his. “But that doesn’t excuse her actions, Brody. She did a lot of shitty things with her powers. I have a feeling she had more to do with that vandalism than she’s saying.” He raised his brows at my words. “The vandalism at the art exhibit?” He asked, cocking his head to the side. “I thought it was Scott who did that?” “It was,” I admitted. “But Scott

was the one who told me about Sarah's abilities and that she used it on him and her group of friends a lot.

He told me it was her that got him to vandalize the exhibit. I didn't believe him at first..." I paused to gather my thoughts. "But I think I believe him now." He lowered his gaze. "Are you going to turn her in?" I was quiet for a moment; truth be told, I wasn't sure. But after a moment I sighed. "No..." I finally answered.

"But I think Sarah needs to do the right thing and turn herself in. Scott lost a lot because of that. His family paid a lot of money to get that exhibit fixed. Scott was also kicked off the football team and lost most of his friends and the respect of his peers. He also now has a police record. It's not fair to him to get in trouble

for something he had no control over. I think Sarah needs to do right by him.”

“And you think I can convince her to do that?” He asked, furrowing his brows together. “I doubt she will listen to a thing I say.”

“No; I’m not asking you to speak to her. I’m trying to get you to understand that Sarah is not a walk in the park and if you want to be with her, you have to understand who you are signing up for....” I paused for a moment when I saw the struggle on his face. I reached my hand across the table and took hold of his hands in mine. “Brody, I care about you. You’ve become one of my best friends and I have so much respect for you. I would hate for Sarah to turn you into something you're not like she did with Scott. I want

you to keep yourself protected.” “I think I can handle myself just fine, Lila. I’m not exactly a weak boy like Scott...” He sounded bitter when he spoke Scott’s name. Not that I could blame him. “I don’t doubt that,” I said softly. “I know you’ve been wanting to talk to her. She should be leaving the board building right about now and probably heading to her dorm. It’s not like she can go anywhere else other than the library and I somehow doubt she went there. You can probably catch her on her way there.” He quickly stood to his feet. “Thank you,” he said to me, bowing slightly. “Oh, by the way, can I still be part of the committee? Like I was last year?” I smiled fondly at him. “Of course,” I said in return, standing to my feet. “I have to do

some recruiting to see who wants to remain on the committee and who wants to join. I'm glad to have you on board." His grin widened. "Despite Sarah being my mate and our future being up in the air; I'm glad you won." I smiled in return, trying to make it as genuine as possible. "Me too," I said in return. "Oh, before you leave, have you seen Rachel anywhere?" He shook his head. "Not since the election. She disappeared when everything got weird," he said, scratching his head. "Actually, she left very quickly. I blinked and she was gone. I was so focused on Sarah that I didn't even think about it." "HmMMM," I said thoughtfully.

"Okay, well thanks." He gave me a wave before running out of the student lounge, leaving me alone with

my thoughts. “Looking for Rachel?” A girl asked as she walked by my table. “Yes, have you seen her?” I asked, standing to my feet. “I saw her leaving campus a couple of minutes ago. I think she was with her father and Alpha Jonathan.”

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#Chapter 249 Raymond’s Announcement
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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 249 Raymond’s Announcement

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Third Person POV

“Dad?” Rachel gawked as she stepped out of the auditorium. Her father, Raymond, stood before her.

“What are you doing here? When did you get here?” “Only a little bit ago,” he answered, though there seemed to be something more he wasn’t saying. “Come with me.” He grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the student she was aiding. “Right now?” She asked. “I was in the middle of something.” She turned back to see Lila speaking with Headmaster Prescott. Both Brody and Becca remained frozen in their seats; neither noticed Rachel was gone. “There’s something we need to talk about,” her father said,

pulling her away from the auditorium. Once they reached outside, he finally released her arm. "What the hell is going on?" She asked. "I don't know, but I didn't like that, and I don't want you involved." Rachel raised her brows at her estranged father. She didn't have a great childhood with him around; since her mother died her father has been nothing but cruel and abusive. He was the main reason she was driven to drugs and alcohol and had to go to the horrid rehab in Elysium. He even knew of the horrid conditions she was in while in that rehab facility and he did nothing to help her. It was something she could never forgive him for and he'd been out of her life for many years after that. It was her recent ex-boyfriend that got her

out of that situation; as much as she loves her ex and always will, she found out over the summer that he wasn't her mate. He ended up transferring schools after he got out of the hospital because he couldn't handle returning after what had happened at that party. He almost died and as a result of that, Rachel ended up relapsing and then overdosing. It was a lot of stress, and she wasn't even his mate, which was found out after the fact. He was never going to be able to concentrate on his education in an environment like that and decided to transfer schools. At first, Rachel was hurt because she loved him, and they'd been together for so long. They have gone through a lot together. But then she realized it was probably for the

best. She always dreamt about being with her true mate and it was clear that he was not. It was clear that their relationship would eventually kill them both if they weren't careful. Rachel has been dealing with being alone since the school year started, but thankfully she has the love of her friends to help her. However, recently, her father has returned to her life and is wanting to start anew. He wants to make up for all the damage he has done in the past and begin a real father-daughter relationship with her. She's still skeptical, despite what she told Lila about giving him another chance, but she's also excited to have the chance to get to know her father again after all these years of having no contact. But that doesn't

mean she trusts him. “So, now you decide to act like a father?” She shot at him, narrowing her eyes in his direction. “Getting me out of a tough situation isn’t really a thing you do, Dad.” “You know I’m trying to be a better father,” he said, pressing his lips firmly together like he was trying hard not to say anything more.

“What are you even doing here?” “I came to see you,” he answered. “There’s something we need to talk about.” “I’m listening.” “It’s probably better if—” “Raymond, good to see you. I need to speak with Headmaster Prescott, but then we will go to lunch,” Alpha Jonathan said as he walked out of the auditorium. Sarah was walking in front of him with her head held down. Rahel furrowed her brows

together; confused. She didn't know her father and Alpha Jonathan knew each other, let alone friends.

"Sounds great," Raymond said, bowing his head. Alpha Jonathan glanced at Rachel briefly. "Feel free to bring your daughter. I'd like to speak with her as well," he said, giving Rachel a head nod. Rachel said nothing but Raymond nodded. "I was just about to ask her to lunch," Raymond said. "How about it, Rachel?" Rachel was at a loss for words, but she didn't want to say no in front of them both so she just nodded and forced a smile. "Great," Alpha Jonathan said with a pleased smile. "See you both soon." He looked back at Sarah who remained in front of him and looked mortified and defeated. "Go," he ordered

her. She said nothing, but she turned in the direction of the board building and began to walk with Alpha Jonathan trailing behind her. “What’s going on? Since when are you and Alpha Jonathan’s friends?” I asked, peering up at him. “Since we became business partners,” Raymond said, meeting his daughter’s eyes. “Business partners?” Rachel nearly spat; she stared at him with disbelief. “You are working with him?” Rachel’s father owned a small restaurant that was doing fairly well. Everybody spoke about it; it’s hard to believe that he would sell out and decide to give Alpha Jonathan half of it even though he owned literally everything. “He said he could expand the business across the nation,” Raymond explained. “This

would be good for us.” “He can’t be trusted, Dad,” she said firmly, folding her arms across her chest. “He’s going to take over.” “I already signed the contract, and I had my lawyers look it over carefully. I’m getting a lot of money from this deal and I’m still in full control of my restaurant. Otherwise, I’m afraid I’d have to shut it down.” “Shut it down?” She asked with wide eyes. “I don’t understand. I thought the business was going well.” “We have lost a lot of business,” he said, shaking his head. “It’s not enough to keep us running. But Alpha Jonathan promised the business success and I took him up on the offer.” “So, that’s it? No discussion. You already signed the contract?” “It’s not like you wanted anything to do with me or the

business.” “Can you blame me?!” She shouted; suddenly glad everybody was preoccupied in the auditorium. He sighed. “No... I can’t. But it’s still my business and my decision,” he sighed. “You are expected to join this lunch so I want you to put on a winning smile and be polite. Understood?” She said nothing for a long while, but she soon sighed and nodded. Thirty minutes had gone by, and Alpha Jonathan had finally arrived in front of the school in a black limo. Rachel had never been inside of a limo before but knowing who it belonged to didn’t make her excited. The door of the limo opened, and Alpha Jonathan sat inside on the dark leather seats motioning for them to enter. Rachel looked up at her father

with a worried expression, but he gave her no expression in return as he slid into the limo. She had a nasty feeling in the pit of her stomach, but she swallowed it down and slid into the limo as well. She was surprised that Sarah wasn't there as well, but she saw a woman with long dark curls and bright green eyes seated beside Alpha Jonathan. She wasn't someone Rachel had ever seen before, but she looked young. Not as young as Rachel, but too young to be Alpha Jonathan's companion. "I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, Jasmine," Alpha Jonathan introduced. "Jazzy, this is my new business partner Raymond and his daughter Rachel." "It's a pleasure to meet you both," she said; her voice was as smooth as silk

and yet had a bit of playfulness in her tone as she leaned forward to look at Rachel intently. "You are quite a beautiful girl; you must get your looks from your mother." Rachel's face flared; there was something off about this girl, but Rachel couldn't figure out what I was. "I've heard a lot about you," she said, giving Rachel a beautiful smile. "I can't wait to get to know you better. We are going to be such great friends." She reached out to grab Rachel's hands and Rachel saw all the jewelry that occupied her hands and fingers. She had never seen anyone with so much jewelry before and she was amazed by it. One of her rings she recognized the symbol and Rachel realized that this woman must have been a witch. Maybe

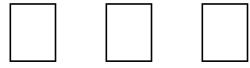
that's why she seemed off. The limo began to drive off campus and the further they got from campus the more unsettled Rachel felt. While Alpha Jonathan and her father spoke about business, the woman, Jasmine, stared at her, like she was studying her. Rachel wanted to sink into her seat and disappear.

Rachel tried her best to keep her eyes from staring at Jasmine, but at some point, she couldn't help it. She wished she did though; as soon as she looked at Jasmine, she saw this strange swirl of darkness circling her, reminding Rachel of a snake. It slithered around her arms and down her legs, its eyes glowing gold.

She glanced at her father to see if he noticed it too, but he was too engrossed in his conversation to notice

anything going on around him. She looked back at Jasmine who was watching her intently and smiling; her eyes growing even darker. “Is something wrong, dear?” She asked innocently. “Uh...” Rachel stammered. “There’s...” she stopped talking, unsure of what to say and how to explain it. “Um...” Jazzy’s grin widened and now the snake-like darkness was inching close to Rachel, making her jerk away almost violently. She grabbed the door handle, unsure if she should open it, and flung herself out of the moving limo; all she knew was she didn’t want this snake thing to touch her. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Jazzy chuckled. “It’ll only hurt worse.” Rachel’s heart fell deep into her stomach and then she let out a

shrilling scream that pierced the limo just as the snake flung at her.



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_ #Chapter 250 Aftermath

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My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 250 Aftermath

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Lila's POV

When I got back to my dorm, Becca was already there. She was curled up on the couch and reading a

book. I quickly mindlinked Enzo to let him know I was going back to the dorm knowing that he was busy helping the board clean up after the election and make sure students were okay. "We'll meet up later," he had told me after telling me how much he loved me. He always knew what to say to make my heart skip a beat. Becca looked up at me with worried eyes when I entered the room. "Did you find Brody and Rachel?" She asked. "I found Brody and talked to him," I told her. "But not Rachel. Someone told me they saw her leaving campus with her father and Alpha Jonathan." I couldn't help but be worried about her. "Alpha Jonatan?" She asked, raising her brows. "Wasn't he in a meeting with you and Sarah?" "Yes, but

this was after the meeting,” I told her. Her brows furrowed together. “Why would he be with them?” She asked. “And what was her father doing here?” “I’m not entirely sure,” I said honestly. “But I’m kind of worried.” “Did you try calling her?” “I left my phone here,” I told her as I went toward my bedroom door. “I’ll try her right now.” As I walked into my familiar little room, I felt like I could finally breathe. It was nice that I was alone after the long day that I had. All I wanted was to curl up in bed and sleep, but I had so much to do these next few days. I had to get committee members and plan for our very first meeting. I already knew what I wanted to talk about during this meeting, but I needed a steady plan for the future. I also

needed to make sure Rachel was okay and maybe even speak to Scott. I couldn't let him take repercussions about everything and allow his life to be ruined. I shook my head at the very thought of Sarah manipulating his mind this entire time. He tried to warn me, and I wasn't listening to him. My heart squeezed painfully in my chest. He must be so upset; no wonder he's been avoiding me lately. I brought up Rachel's number and attempted to call her, but it went straight to voicemail. My heart fell into my stomach. I tried her again, but it went to voicemail again. I decided to text her. "Call me when you can." I added another text. It's important." I sighed and lay on my bed, staring up at my ceiling and feeling my

entire body relaxing into my bed. One thing about this school was that they supplied very comfortable beds. They felt like clouds and my body nearly melted into the fabric of the bed. Soon, my phone started to ring, and I grabbed it quickly, expecting the screen to flash: Rachel. But instead, it flashed: Bri. I was happy she called, but I was really hoping it'd be Rachel. "Hey!" I said, sitting up in bed. "What were the results?" "A lot has happened since we talked yesterday," I told her honestly. "Do tell; I could use the distraction." "Well, you know how I suspected that Sarah could manipulate minds?" I asked. She gasped. "Don't tell me she actually has been cheating," Bri said, lowering her tone like she was afraid someone

could hear her. "More than that," I told her. "Something unexplainable happened. Witches at this school are powerless and all spells have been canceled or something." "Canceled?" She asked. "Yeah, like everyone that Sarah manipulated restored their memories and gained their free will back," I explained.

"That's insane," she gasped. "How did that happen?" "Nobody knows; at least not yet." "That's insane," Bri breathed. "So, what's going to happen to Sarah?" "Get this... Headmaster Prescott grounded her."

Brianna was quiet for a moment before she burst into giggles. "Grounded?" She chuckled. "Yeah; she can't go anywhere besides her classes, the dining hall for meals, the library for studying, and then her

dorm.” “Oh my goddess,” Brianna laughed. “And now you are the president of the committee?” “By default, yes,” I answered. “A win is still a win,” she said in return. “You would have won regardless; there’s no better president than you.” “Thanks, I appreciate that,” I laughed. “So, how’s your mate?” She asked and I knew she was wiggling her brows without seeing her. I frowned though. “Are you sure you want to talk about that?” I asked. She sighed. “I don’t mind talking about it. I know things are weird considering Alex is following you around like a dog. But I’m fine... honestly.” “Bri... he was your mate and he rejected you. Your wolf is still in mourning over that,” I told her softly. “It’s okay to not be okay.” She was quiet for a

long while and for a moment, I thought she was going to hang up. "I will be okay," she corrected herself.

"Until then, I don't mind it when my best friend talks about her mate." I opened my mouth to reply but then I heard the front door of the dorm opening and then shutting. I soon heard Becca speaking and another female voice. "Bri, can I call you back later? I think Rachel just got back," I said quickly into the phone.

"Yeah, of course. Love you!" "Love you always," I said in return just before clicking the end button and throwing my phone on my bed. I jumped up from my bed and ran to my bedroom door, swinging it open. I was relieved to see that Rachel was in fact back and she was seated on the couch with Becca. Alex, per

usual, was seated at the kitchen counter and reading a book. I had to stifle an eye roll whenever I looked at him. But I fixed my attention on Rachel who smiled pleasantly at me. “Congrats on the big win,” she said kindly. “Where have you been?” I found myself asking. She frowned, furrowing her brows together. “I had things to do,” she murmured. “I was worried about you. You weren’t answering your phone.” Her frown deepened. “I had it shut off,” she shrugged. “What’s the big deal, you aren’t my mother.” “Someone told me you left campus with your father and Alpha Jonathan, Rachel. They are both bad news.” “He’s my father, Lila,” she said through her teeth. “I don’t need your permission to go anywhere with him.” “Don’t

you remember all the stuff he put you through growing up?" I asked, moving closer to her. "People change," she said, narrowing her eyes at me. "He's changed." "Guys like your father, don't change," I said simply. "Alpha Jonathan is bad news too. I don't trust him." "You don't have to trust him. I do," she said in return. "What did they want?" I finally asked. She was quiet for a moment and then she took a deep breath before answering. "They are going into business together; it was a celebration lunch," she answered.

"Business? What kind of business?"

"What's with the third degree?" She shouted, standing to her feet.

"I'm not—" "Yes, you are," she interrupted. "I don't ask you where you are every second of the day. I'm not

the one fucking my professor unlike you. Stay out of my business.” On that note she turned and stormed into her room, slamming the door shut behind her and leaving Becca and me in a shocked silence.

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Enzo's POV

After two hours of tirelessly cleaning the auditorium after the rampage of students made a mess out of the place, it was finally looking a lot better. A few other faculty members along with myself stayed behind to help clean and gather up the remaining students who were too shocked to move. There were a lot of students who had lost time and memories over the last few days; some had lost over a week of memories.

Then, there were the witches and those who have abilities that found themselves powerless and freaking out over the fact that they can't use their magic and abilities. It was mayhem but at least it was starting to come to an end. A headache was brewing at my temples; as I leaned against the wall of the assembly hall, I rubbed the bridge of my nose between my pointer finger and my thumb, trying to ease some of the tension. "Are the students back in their dorms?" Headmaster Prescott asked as she returned to the assembly hall. "I believe so," I answered. "Some could have gone to the student lounge." "As long as they aren't making a mess," Prescott murmured, sighing. She looked exhausted. "Did you find out what

happened?” Emily, the art professor, asked, approaching us. “It was Sarah,” Prescott answered, shaking her head with dismay written all over her face. “She used her abilities on them to get them to do her bidding and have them vote for her. As for why everyone is suddenly powerless, I’m unsure. But I have my board members looking into it as we speak.” “Will there be consequences for Sarah?” I found myself asking. “Of course,” Prescott answered, meeting my eyes. “I grounded her.” “Grounded?” I asked. “She should be expelled.” “Her father would never allow that,” she replied, her frown deepened. “I did as much as I could.” “It’s bullshit,” I murmured, turning away from them. “I’m going to get some rest.” I left the

building without another word, feeling waves of annoyance and fury. Sarah nearly cost this entire election for Lila; not to mention upset all the students in the school. This was supposed to be her second and last chance since she fucked up last year. I couldn't help the growl that emerged from deep in my throat.

Soon, my phone was ringing, and I found myself even more annoyed. I grabbed my phone out of my pocket and without even looking at the screen, I barked, "What?!" "Woah..." I heard a familiar voice on the other end. "Is that any way to speak to a friend?" I froze entirely upon hearing her voice and soon, most of my anger was descending. "Connie?"

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