

#Chapter 241 My Father's Gamma  
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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 241 My Father's Gamma

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Lila's POV

As soon as class ended, I went to the library to meet up with Kay. She was already there and hard at work when I arrived. She looked up at me and smiled when I sat down.

"Ready to get to work?" I asked, grabbing one of her open notebooks and an extra pen. She nodded eagerly and showed me where she was with her recent assignments.

She was taking some strange classes that I didn't even know we offered at this school. Such as spellcasting, the history of sorcerers, and potions. Most of these classes were for withes because Kay was the first fairy we had at this school. But these courses could also be helpful to fairies as well.

She was also taking normal classes like Math, History of Shifters, and Chemistry. I took these level classes last semester and everything came as easy to me.

Despite Tiffany Prescott's praise of Kay's academic success from her old school, it still came as a surprise to me how knowledgeable she truly was. We worked at a quick pace, and she was able to obtain all the information I had given to her. She was like a sponge.

It only took us a couple of hours to finish and by the end, I was exhausted and starving.

“Want to get dinner?” I asked as we packed up our things.

She nodded with a pleased smile.

“I’m starving,” she breathed.

Together we walked from the library and across the campus until we reached the dining hall. It was

already crowded with flooded students. I could smell the delicious scent of food as soon as we entered through the door and my stomach growled.

I was excited to see that it was spaghetti and meatball night. Telling from the excited glimmer in Kay’s eyes, I knew she was excited as well.

We grabbed our food and went to sit down at a booth in the corner of the room.

We were later joined by

Becca and Rachel.

“Kay, these are my roommates and friends,” I introduced. “Rachel, Becca, this is Kayla.”

They both smiled politely at her, but Rachel’s eyes widened instantly.

“Holy shit; you’re a fairy!” She gasped. Kay’s face reddened, but she didn’t deny it. She just nodded.

“How can you tell?” Becca asked, peering over at Rachel who sat across from her and next to me. Rachel sat beside Kay and was staring at her with wide eyes.

“Bears have a strange sense of smell,” she said, shrugging. “We can smell fairies easily. I think it has something to do with our history on them.”

“I didn’t know bears have a history with fairies,” I said, shaking my head at the thought.

“Yes, we learned about it in Bear History,” she explained. “Bears and fairies used to live amongst one another. That is until a bear betrayed the fairies. We haven’t lived in harmony since.”

“What did the bears do to the fairies?” I asked, raising my brows.

They’d have to be stupid to double-cross a fairy. Fairies were incredibly powerful, and bears weren’t.

“It’s unclear,” Rachel answered as she took a bite of her meatball. “But there are a lot of rumors.”

“So, we don’t know if it’s actually true or not?” I asked, raising my brows.

“It was a really long time ago. There’s not much documentation of that time,” Rachel said, shrugging.

“It’s true,” Kay said, her tone very soft.

“The bear stole something from us. It was a very long time ago and

they were trying to hide it...”

“Trying to hide it?” I asked. “Why?”

“Because if word got out about it, we would see weak,” she explained, shaking her head. “And we are anything but weak.”

“What was stolen?” Becca asked.

“I heard something about a magical staff, but I thought that was just a rumor,” Rachel breathed.

At first, I didn’t think Kay was going to respond because of how quiet she was.

She stared down at her food questionably, like she was debating whether or not she was going to continue eating or not. But then she lifted her fork, which contained a part of a meatball, to her lips and slowly started to eat.

“Yes, it was a magical staff. It’s how fairies restore their magic. If we lose the staff, then we lose the

magic.”

I gasped at her words, making her look at me.

“I had no idea your magic was that fragile,” I said, shaking my head at her words. “So, when that bear stole the staff, they really stole your magic?”

She nodded her head once.

“Yes,” she answered out loud. “It took a lot to get that stuff back and the fairies had to do it on their own because no one wanted to help. The witches were threatened by us because we were seemingly more powerful than them and had way more abilities. So, they were never on our side. Everyone else either wanted the magic for themselves or to destroy it.”

“Some things never change,” I muttered, thinking about my own situation.

She nodded, almost like she understood exactly what I meant.

“But we eventually got our stuff back, which restored our magic. After that, we didn’t take any more chances. We closed ourselves off from everyone.”

“That’s why everyone thinks fairies are nasty and mean creatures,” I said, feeling an overwhelming sense of sadness.

“Yes,” she said, sighing. “Because we try to protect ourselves.”

I looked at Rachel who was pale in the face as she stared at Kay.

“I’m so sorry...” she whispered. “I didn’t know it was that bad.”

“You don’t need to blame yourself,” Kay said, giving her a reassuring smile. “It was in the past and I’m hoping for a better future for all species.”



“I couldn’t agree more,” I said with a wide grin.

We were soon joined by Brody who squeezed in next to Becca.

“Hey, what’s everyone up to?” He asked, taking a large bite of spaghetti.

“Talking about fairies,” Becca answered.

“Why would we be talking about those creatures?” He asked, grimacing.

“Because our new friend Kay is a fairy,” I told him, glaring at him.

He nearly choked on his food at my words and then he noticed Kay sitting beside me with a very red face.

“Oh, crap. I’m so sorry. I didn’t know...”

“And that makes it okay?” Kay asked and I could hear the hurt in her voice.

“No... of course not. I wasn’t thinking. I’m so sorry....”

“We were talking about the history between fairies and bears and why fairies keep to themselves,” I said

in a calm tone trying my best to defuse the situation.

“Can I start over?” Brody asked, peering at Kay with large puppy dog eyes. “I’m Brody; I tend to say the wrong things and act like an ass.”

“I’m Kayla,” she said, staring down at her food. “But my friends call me Kay...”

“It’s nice to meet you. I had never met a fairy before. But I would like to.”

“Brody isn’t that bad,” I assured her softly.

“I’m sorry the first impression wasn’t great.”

She opened her mouth to say something, but a pair of hands slapping down at our table brought us out of our small conversation, startling most of us.

I looked up to see Sarah glaring at Kay with her death-ray eyes.

“Let’s get one thing straight,” she began to say through her teeth. “Just because we are roomies now doesn’t make us friends. I don’t want you to breathe near me, look at me, or even be in the same room as me. You aren’t allowed in my room, in my bathroom, and you sure aren’t hell touching any of my shit. Do I make myself clear?”

Kay nodded and I felt her body tremble slightly.

She went to walk away but froze when she saw Brody’s large eyes staring up at her. She stared back at him for a moment longer like she was trying to figure something out, but then it seemed as if she answered her own question, and she shook her head.

“Cut the crap, football boy,” she hissed.  
“Don’t think I don’t see you staring at me  
all of the time. Get a life  
and leave me the fuck alone.”

On that note, she turned and left, leaving  
us all silenced and stunned.

“What was that about?” Rachel asked,  
peering at Brody through her lashes.

“Why have you been staring  
at her?”

I was the only one in our friend group that  
knew that Brody and Sarah were mates.

Sarah wasn’t even  
aware of this because Brody cast a spell  
on himself to hide his scent from her. I

don’t even think anyone  
else knew that Brody was part witch.

Brody opened his mouth to speak, and I  
could see the nervousness on his face  
because he refused to  
look at Rachel as he struggled to answer  
her question.

So, I spoke for him.

“Sarah never makes any sense,” I said, shaking my head. “She’s paranoid about everything. I wouldn’t worry too much about it.”

“And what about Kay being her roommate?” Becca asked, peering at me and then at Kay.

“That part is true,” Kay sighed. “It’s a long story.”

“Good luck with that... she’s a nightmare,” Rachel muttered as she began to eat her food again.

“So, I’ve heard.”

I stole a glance at Brody while the others continued talking. His face was still very red, and he looked so defeated; my heart tugged painfully for him. I wanted to speak with him to see if he was truly okay but then my eye caught something across the dining hall.

It was a man sitting at a table with a hat and a pair of glasses. He looked a little too old to be a student and he wasn't eating anything. He was just casually reading with his leg crossed over the other.

There was something oddly familiar about him, but then I saw the logo on his jacket. It was small and hardly visible, but once I noticed it, it became clear to me.

I also started to recognize who he was because there was only one person, I knew who had his style, and as soon as I recognized him, my blood boiled with anger.

It was Alexander.

One of my father's gammas and the guy who rejected Brianna.

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#Chapter 242 What is he doing here?!

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 242 What is he doing here?!

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Lila's POV

“Lila, are you okay?” Rachel asked, peering at me with a frown.

I couldn't take my eyes off Alex who sat at one of the tables across the dining hall.

My face was red with fury. I hadn't had a chance to confront him after Brianna told me he rejected her. I certainly wasn't going to

let him off the hook with this.

What was he even doing here?

“Lila?” Rachel said again after I didn’t respond to her the first time.

I blinked a couple of times and looked at her.

“Sorry, yes,” I answered. “But can you guys excuse me for a minute? There’s someone I need to speak to.”

Brody slid out of the booth first and then Becca, allowing me to get out. Without another word, I marched

over to Alex’s table not even caring that my friends were staring at me intently.

Alex, who wasn’t very slick and was watching me through his glasses, tensed and put the book on the table.

“Outside,” I said through gritted teeth, not wanting to make a scene. “Now.”



He looked at me for a moment, removing his sunglasses and scanning my face. I was trying hard to keep myself under control. If Val was awake, she'd want me to rip his head off his shoulders or zap him until he was paralyzed. But I didn't have her or my abilities right now so the most he was going to get was my fists.

Which, right now, was more than enough. He eventually sighed and stood to his feet. Without a word, he turned and walked out the door. I followed closely behind him and once we were outside, I grabbed his arm firmly making him stop and look at me.

"What the hell do you think you are doing here?" I seethed, feeling anger boiling in the pit of my stomach.

"I'm here to do my job," he answered simply. "Per the orders of my superior."

“My father asked you to come here?” I asked, folding my arms across my chest.

“You, out of all his gammas?”

He raised his brows at my statement.

“Yes; I’m one of his best,” he said, narrowing his eyes at me. “Do you have an issue with how I do my job?”

I think I’ve been doing great as a gamma.”

“You might be great at being a gamma, but you are shitty at being a man,” I seethed. “You hurt my best friend and—”

“Is that what this is about?” Alex asked and I could hear in his voice that he was stifling a laugh. “Some petty teenage drama?”

“This isn’t just teenage drama, Alex, and you know it,” I said, pretty taken aback by his cruel words.

How could he be so heartless? It’s obvious he never cared for Brianna.

Poor Brianna was still recovering after being rejected.

“Look, I love Brianna and I probably always will. She was my first mate and that’s a bond that can’t be broken. At least not easily,” Alex said, sounding even smugger by the moment.

“But she isn’t as powerful as an Alpha’s daughter. She’s not even a Beta’s daughter. She can’t get me what I want in life and because of that, I had to do what was best for me.”

“What do you even want in life, Alex?” I found myself asking, generously curious.

“I want what every great wolf wants. Power,” he said; then he smirked. “Eileen can give me the power I want. Brianna couldn’t. It’s as simple as that.”

“Bri deserves a lot better than a scumbag like you,” I said through my teeth.

“Maybe so, but I’m still the gamma they put in charge of keeping your spoiled ass safe,” he said in return.

A growl escaped my lips as I spun away on my heels and walked back towards the dining hall.

“You won’t even notice I’m here!” He called from behind me.

“I already did,” I murmured and then I went into the dining hall without another word.

My friends were still sitting at the table eating their food; Brody and Becca slid out of the booth so I could resume my seat and continue eating.

“Everything okay?” Becca asked.

“Yeah,” I said; though, I was biting my lip.

“I just had to deal with something.”

We talked for a bit more while we ate and then once we were done, I started toward the arena to see

Enzo after his last class. I tried to pay Alex no attention, but I could clearly see him watching me from a distance and it was infuriating.

At least I didn't have to pretend Enzo wasn't my mate around him; everybody in both my father's pack and Enzo's pack was aware that we were mates. Just as I rounded the corner, and the arena doors came into view, I felt a strong hold on my wrist pulling me into a nearby supply closet, trapping me in the dark atmosphere.

As I was pressed against the wall, my heart was racing so fast I thought it was going to beat out of my chest and my entire face was hot.

I wasn't afraid though.

Instead, I laughed as my soft lips found the sweet spot on my neck and began to kiss and lick.

“Enzo,” I chuckled as his lips found mine and he kissed me sweetly and yet so hungrily. “What are you doing?” I whispered against his lips.

“Kissing you,” he whispered back.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled myself closer to him, allowing his scent to fill my every sense and ease all the tensions I had felt from the day. Being with him was so comforting and amazing. I never wanted this feeling to end.

“I can see that,” I said as I smashed my lips against his and deepened our embrace.

His tongue was so soft as it explored my mouth, twirling itself with my tongue. I felt his teeth grazing my bottom lip and conquering it as his own. The growl that emerged from his throat made my face hot and it made me want him even more.

“Should we be doing this right here?” I said between kisses.

He broke his kiss from my lips and started to kiss other areas of my face. He made his way across my cheekbones and to my ear where he nibbled on my lobe and sent a wave of chills to course through my entire body.

“I’m just going to miss you tonight,” he whispered against me, and then my heart fell into my stomach at his words.

I looked up at him, allowing my eyes to adjust to the darkness so I could just make out the longing and lustful look in his eyes. But then there was something else in them as well; I couldn’t quite place what it was.

“I was coming to see you to ask if I can spend the night again,” I admitted with a frown. “It’s okay if not... I just thought—”

“Usually, I would have said yes,” he said softly, kissing me gently on the lips before continuing. “But Alpha Jonathan is staying with me for a bit.”

“What?” I asked, furrowing my brows together and shaking my head as if I were shaking that thought out of my brain. “Define ‘a bit.’”

“I’m not really sure. He said he’s just here until after the election. But I don’t trust him,” Enzo said, meeting my eyes. “So, I’m not sure how long he’s going to be sticking around for;”

“I was talking to Headmaster Prescott earlier when he showed up,” I said, keeping my tone low in case there were any other lurkers besides Alex. “What did he want?”



“To tell her that he’s building a house for himself on campus,” I told him. “I guess he really is staying for a while.”

Enzo bent down and kissed me again; the kiss was longer and more passionate than it was moments ago.

Before, it was filled with hunger and lust, but now it is filled with love and compassion. I wasn’t sure my heart would be able to take it.

But then another thought popped into my mind, and I was the one who broke the kiss first.

“Whose idea was it to have Alex be the gamma that protects me?” I asked, furrowing my brows together.

Both my father and Enzo knew that I didn’t like Alex based on what he had done to Brianna.

“It was a decision we came up with together,” Enzo admitted. “I know you don’t like him, but he’s the best one for the job. Plus, he was the only one not on an assignment. All the other gammas were busy.”

“Out of all the gammas....” I murmured. He gave me a small smile and wrapped his arms tightly around me.

“I’m sorry,” he breathed against me. “I know everything has been difficult. But it won’t always be like this.

In a couple of years, you will graduate from this school and then we will get married. You will become my wife and my Luna, and we will get our happily ever after.”

I smiled up at him.

“Promise?” I asked.

He answered my question with a kiss. I wrapped my arms back around him and deepened the kiss, loving

every moment of it.

Then the moment was ruined when the door opened and Alex stood before us, making us jump apart.

“Probably better if you didn’t do this here,” he said, staring between the two of us.

“You might get caught by someone other than me.”

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#Chapter 243 Dress to Impress

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 243 Dress to Impress

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## Lila's POV

My alarm went off at 7 a.m. on the dot. I almost took it and threw it across the room, but I knew today was a very important day and I needed to be up early to prepare for it.

I certainly wasn't prepared already despite Rachel and Becca hassling me about it.

"Wake up, sleepy head!" I heard Rachel say as she swung my bedroom door open and went to open the curtains, allowing the bright rays of the sun to enter the dimly lit room. "We have a lot to do before the elections this afternoon and we can't waste any more time!"

I slid out of bed and went with her to the living room where Becca sat curled up on the couch. She had a

notebook and a pen on her lap, and she stared up at me eagerly.

Alex, who spent the night on the couch, sat on the island stool near the kitchen area, watching us like he had better things to do with his time.

“We have to start thinking about your speech now. We literally have no more time,” Becca said as I sat beside her, and Rachel sat on the other side of her.

“I’ve just been so busy with other things, the speech didn’t seem to matter much,” I said with a shrug, and I wasn’t sorry.

I’ve been busy with fundraisers, tutoring, and event/project planning. I barely had any time to think about my speech. I did this all for the school and I wasn’t going to be made to feel sorry for that.

“Okay, so what kind of things should I talk about for this election?” I asked, staring at the blank notebook.

“Well, we know Sarah is going to pretty much buy her way through this. Her speech is going to be about all the things she can buy for the school. She’s going to flaunt her daddy’s money in everyone’s faces and they are going to feed into it. So, you need to talk about something that money can’t buy,” Rachel explained.

“Lila cares so much about this school and the little activities she does to make it better is proof of that,” Becca said in return. “Everyone already knows that.”

“That won’t be a match for the shit Sarah buys them,” Rachel murmurs. “You said something about a back-to-school dance. How’s that going?”

“We haven’t really done any planning for it yet,” I admitted; it was something I wanted to do, but I haven’t really had a lot of time since returning to school and dealing with the whole Xander thing, which they still had no idea about.

“Then maybe you can talk about that,” Becca said, writing it down in the notebook. “You can talk about all the great things you envision for this school, including the mural.”

“A mural that might not happen if I don’t win,” I muttered, leaning back on the couch.

“I thought it was already approved?” Becca asked.

“I thought so too, but apparently it wasn’t run by Alpha Jonathan first and he doesn’t want the mural. But he said if I win then we can do the mural,” I explained.

Both Becca and Rachel groaned miserably.

“Of course, he said that,” Rachel muttered. “What other things did you want to do for the school?”

“Well, I was thinking about starting a school community service program,” I said, looking between the both of them.

That was something I hadn’t told them yet, but it was on my mind.

“That’s a great idea,” Becca said as she wrote that out.

“You’ve been tutoring a lot; how about we start a tutoring program too? I mean, you can’t tutor everyone,”

Rachel said with a shrug.

I liked that idea as well and I nodded in response as Becca wrote that down as well.



We went through a few more ideas and after a couple of hours of writing out a semi-decent speech, we were running even shorter on time, and I needed to get dressed.

Rachel insisted on giving me a makeover; while she rummaged through all our clothes to find something for me to wear, I went to take a shower. I would be lying if I said I wasn't a little nervous about this election. Maybe I haven't focused too much on it because I didn't really want to think about it. Everything could change after today. If I lose, I give control over Sarah and her father. Not that Alpha Jonathan doesn't already have control, but now his daughter will have it as well.

I allowed the hot water to relax my body as I closed my eyes and took in the sweet scent of the soapy

steam that filled the bathroom. I let the water run through my hair and massage my scalp.

Lathering my body in soap, I rehearsed my speech mentally. I thought about all the points I was going to make and how I was going to persuade everyone to vote for me.

Once I was done in the shower, I stepped out of the tub and wrapped my body in a warm towel. I stared at myself in the mirror with a frown; I looked tired and worn out. My hair lay soaked across my shoulders and down my back and my face was a bit paler than usual.

It was probably because of the wolfsbane that was still in my system.

I sighed and brushed my teeth. Once I was finished, I left the bathroom only to be met by Rachel who

stood in the living room holding up a cute pink blouse and a black skirt that looked like it would rest right above my knees.

“I found an outfit for you,” she said excitedly.

I chuckled and took the outfit from her and went into my room to get dressed. It wasn't my clothes, so, I'm assuming it was either Rachel's or Becca's. But they fit me perfectly; the blouse rested just above my belly button and pushed my breasts up to make them appear a little bigger. But I was tasteful at the same time; the V-neck of the blouse showed off my cleavage, but it also made the necklace that dangled against my chest more evident. It was a long-sleeved blouse and at the ends they were frilly.

The blouse might have rested above my belly button, but the skirt, which ended just above my knees, was a high-waisted skirt that covered the rest of my stomach. It was a simple black skirt with a built-in black belt that had silver buckles.

I looked extremely professional.

Rachel also gave me a pair of black heels that would match the black skirt; I was thankful I recently

painted my toenails because those could also be seen from the open-toed heels.

When I walked out of my room both Rachel and Becca gasped in amazement; Alex just rolled his eyes.

“Do you have a problem, Alex?” I asked, narrowing my eyes at him.

“Nope,” he muttered, turning away to continue reading the book he was holding.

“Remind me again why that jerk is here?” Rachel said, folding her arms across her chest.

“My father sent him here as a bodyguard because one of his prisoners escaped and he’s worried for my safety,” I told her and that was all I was going to tell her right now.

“Sit down; we have to do your hair and makeup,” Rachel said as Becca went to grab all the makeup supplies. I sat in a chair that Rachel had set up and she started blow-drying my hair. Then she used a curling iron to curl it a little, allowing the soft curls to fall around my shoulders. Rachel excelled with hair and makeup, so I knew I was in good hands. She braided a portion of my hair and then pinned it back, so my long hair still fell down my back and

bounced around as I walked. Then she got to work with my makeup; I told her I wanted it light because I enjoyed a more natural look.

“Trust me,” she had said.

By the time she finished, and I was able to look at my appearance as a whole, I was astonished by how beautiful I looked. I no longer looked exhausted and worn out; she managed to make me look livelier and alert. I was also very professional-looking.

“You look beautiful, Lila,” Becca beathed. I smiled at her, and I turned to Rachel.

“You’re a miracle worker,” I said as I hugged her.

“No way, you are already beautiful,” she said hugging me back. “I just made you presentable for an election.”

“It’s 12:30 and the election starts at 1,” Becca said, glancing at the clock. “We should get to the Assembly Hall.”

“Are you sure you’re prepared enough?”

Rachel asked me, eyeing me carefully.

I took a steady deep breath and I nodded, though I felt very uncertain, I wasn’t going to tell them that. As

we left the dorm room, I was shocked to see that Sarah was standing in the hallway pacing back and forth and taking deep breaths.

She was also nicely dressed in a black dress that showed a lot of her cleavage as well and her long dark

hair was pulled back into a neat ponytail.

She also wore heels, but hers were huge and made her at least an entire inch taller.

“What are you still doing here?” Rachel asked before I could say anything.

She froze when she saw me, seemingly shocked at first but then her lip curled up when she saw me.

“Came here to wish you luck,” she said bitterly. “Because you are going to need it. Losing for me, isn’t an option. I will do whatever I can to win.”

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#Chapter 244 Election Day

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 244 Election Day



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## Lila's POV

I was amazed at how many people were at the assembly hall; students were lined up outside the doors, waiting for them to unlock so they could enter. It was the entire school basically; I knew this was a mandatory event for everyone, but I didn't think they'd all be here at the same time. Brody met us toward the back entrance where Headmaster Prescott had told me I was going to enter through. The door was unlocked and once we were inside, we met with a couple of the board members.

"Oh, good, you're here," one of them said.

"I hope you are prepared."

"I'm as prepared as I can be," I said, grateful that I didn't sound as nervous as I felt.

She only smiled and led us down various hallways until we reached a set of giant doors that led to the assembly hall. It was a huge auditorium that the drama department used for their plays and the band used for their concerts. It's also used for regular assemblies as well.

"Lila, you look gorgeous," Tiffany Prescott said with a fond smile. "Don't you think, Professor Enzo?"

My face instantly warmed when I saw my mate across the stage setting up the microphone and podium.

His eyes found mine and I instantly saw the love and lust in them. I had to fight to keep from smiling at him.

"Yeah; she looks great," he said, his eyes never leaving mine.

I bit my bottom lip and broke my eye contact with him to look up at Headmaster Prescott.

“Where should I sit?” I asked.

“You’ll be sitting in the second seat and Sarah will be sitting in the first,” she said, but then she paused when she met my eyes. “Alpha Jonathan orders.”

“Of course, it was,” Rachel muttered, rolling her eyes.

I nudged her with my shoulders.

“Have you seen Sarah, by the way?”

Headmaster Prescott asked. “She hasn’t arrived yet.”

“We saw her right before we got here,” I told her. “She was still in the dorm. But I’m sure she was on her way.”

I didn’t bother relaying the message Sarah had given me about doing whatever she could to win. I wasn’t

really sure what she meant by that, but I wasn't going to stress too much about it. I already knew she probably had something up her sleeve. But as long as I stayed true to myself and stuck with my lines, I had faith that I was going to be okay. I began walking across the stage and over to my seat. I had to pass Enzo on my way to eat and when I did, he met my eyes again and this time he gave me a small smile along with a wink.

"Don't be nervous," he whispered. "You're going to be great."

"Thank you, Professor," I flirtatiously said with a wink, making him grin as I continued to walk by him.

I took my seat and tried to re-read the speech that sat on notecards in my hands. Rachel, Becca, and Brody took seats in the front row.

Soon, the entire auditorium was filled with students and faculty.

Sarah soon joined me on the stage, sitting in the first seat with her legs crossed and her hands neatly laid out on her lap.

I got a glimpse of Alpha Jonathan sitting near the stage and his eyes never left Sarah.

After a few minutes, Tiffany Prescott walked onto the stage, and everyone clapped for her.

“Hello everyone,” she began in the mic; she didn’t yell, but her voice was loud and rang with so much authority that everybody was silenced instantly. “Thank you all for being here right now. This is a very exciting occasion. As you know we started the student committee toward the end of last year and because

of the success of it last year, we'd like to continue it this year as well."

She paused while everyone clapped excitedly at her words.

"Initially, we were only going to use this committee for event planning, but we recently decided that this committee could do so much more. The school board tries hard to keep up with all student issues and to get you everything needed to be successful on your journeys, but the board isn't perfect. We don't work closely enough with the students to know their fundamental needs and we could use a little inside help.

The student committee will be working with the school board to ensure that all needs are met."

Another pause for applause.

“That brings me to today; I’m happy to announce that with your help, we are appointing a president for the student committee. Our candidates are Sarah and Lila,” she continued.

Everyone wildly began to cheer; I met the eyes of Enzo who sat with the other faculty, and he gave me a reassuring smile.

“Each of the candidates had prepared a speech. Once each speaks, you’ll be able to ask them questions.

Once all questions are answered then the voting will be opened. My wonderful board members will walk

you to the polls we set up in the back room.”

More clapping.

“Our first candidate is Sarah,”

Headmaster Prescott said, motioning for Sarah to step up to the podium.

She stood with confidence and walked over to the podium with her head held high as if she'd done this a thousand times before. As she walked to the podium, the entire room was echoed with applause and cheering.

I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat and tried desperately not to overthink things.

Sarah chuckled into the mic and waved at the cheering audience.

“Oh, please. You guys are too much,” she laughed. “But it’s time to get serious. You all deserve a

president who isn’t afraid to get dirty. I can get shit done and you all know this to be true. I have never backed down from a fight and I can get you anything you ever wanted. When I’m president, I’m planning



on getting only the best foods imported from the finest restaurants. I think we all deserve delicious and healthy foods. Don't you think?"

Everybody cheered loudly for her and stomped their feet, my face warmed.

"Also, my dad just informed me that we are opening a coffee shop on this very campus. Of course, I'll be in charge of it," she said simply. "I'll be needing some workers though so if anyone is interested, see me after the election."

Everyone cheered again and she chuckled while waving.

"Vote for me, and you'll get a lot of really cool things," Sarah continued. "I won't let you down."

She turned away while everyone cheered again, and she resumed her seat next to me. She gave me a

smug look before turning her attention to the front.

That was hardly even a speech.

Headmaster Prescott walked to the podium again and I could see she had a plastered smile on her lips as she cleared her throat.

“Thank you, Sarah. That was quite an interesting speech,” she said; I knew she was forcing her voice to remain even. “Now for our second candidate, Lila.”

A bunch of students clapped, including my friends in the front row. But it wasn't nearly as loud as the applause for Sarah, which was kind of discouraging.

As I stood in front of everybody, my eyes scanned the crowd. Some of them stood still, unmoving. It felt strange but I cleared my throat and gave my best smile.

I stared down at my speech; it suddenly didn't feel as natural as I'd like it to sound. So, I crumbled it in my hands and decided to just speak from my heart.

"I can't promise you the same things Sarah promised," I admitted into the mic.

"I can't promise you gourmet foods, and coffee shops. I can't buy my way through this. I'm hoping I can get through with my heart because I have a lot of that to go around. I love this school; the faculty, and the students mean a lot to me. That's why I came up with this committee because I wanted only the best for everyone. I don't care if I win or lose, I just hope whoever wins does right by this school and not let money do the job for them.

There are a lot of things I'd like to see happen around this school. Some of which are fun dances and events for us all to enjoy. Starting new clubs like a community service program, fundraisers for everyone to participate in, and really awesome school projects that bring us together as a community. Opening a tutoring center with your classmates as your tutors so we can help each other succeed. If I were to win this election, I wouldn't be the one running this committee; you would be."

I paused when everyone began to clap loudly; my friends in the front row stood up to applaud me and they started a chain reaction of everyone standing.

I smiled, relieved that my speech went well and that this was almost over.

Just as I turned to walk back to my seat, I felt the earth under me begin to quiver, nearly knocking me to the ground. The lights in the auditorium flickered and everyone gasped at the strange sensation that fell upon the entire hall.

There was a dark haziness that fell upon my vision, making it difficult to see. But after a short while, the haziness cleared, and the only thing left was the ghostly quiet auditorium.

Looking around at everyone's stunned faces, they looked like they had just gotten smacked in the face with an invisible force. And then mayhem started.

Some students in the back began to scream at the top of their lungs which caused everyone to jump up in terror.

“My magic!!! It’s gone!!” One of the girls, a witch, had screamed from the back of the room.

“Mine is too!” Another cried.

Was all the witch's magic gone completely? I glanced down at Brody who was staring bug-eyed at Sarah.

I could tell something was seriously wrong, but I couldn’t focus on that right now. I was more curious about the witches losing their magic.

But then I heard a nearby voice, and I looked down to see one of Sarah’s friends shivering and crying with a small group.

“What the hell happened?” She cried, her entire body trembling. “How did I get here?”

“Why can’t I remember the last day or so?” Another cried.

“Who did this to us??”

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#Chapter 245 Their Memories Were Wiped

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# My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 245 Their Memories Were Wiped

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Third Person POV

“I got the raven’s feather you requested,” Douglas, one of the gammas assigned to her said as he held up the large black raven’s feather.

That was the last ingredient Jazzy needed to cast her spell.

“Perfect,” she said, snatching it out of his clutches. “I’m going to need more of these.”

“Remind me what you needed it for again,” Douglas said as he stared at the pile of stuff Jazzy put in the center of her stone circle.

“I’m practicing a new spell,” she explained, rolling her eyes. She had explained this to him recently, but apparently, his brain was too small to comprehend her words. “It’s going to block all witch’s magic and spells in a specific area. Might even work on creatures with special abilities as well.”

“And why exactly do you want a spell like that?” Douglas asked, raising his brows.

“Because when we capture that Volana wolf, I do not doubt that my sister will try something. I’m sure there



are other witches on their side as well. This spell will make them powerless. Also, the spell will be placed around the bunker for extra security.”

“And what of the other Volanas?” Douglas asked. “You said it won’t work for Volana’s or curses.”

“Those I’m still trying to figure out,” she muttered, annoyed by all these questions.

“Who are you targeting with this test?”

Douglas asked, furrowing his brows together as he stared at the stone circle.

She opened her mouth to respond, but another voice beat her to it.

“There’s a lot of magic and spells going on in the Higala school for shifters,”

Raymond, a lowly bear, said as he approached.

Jazzy didn’t particularly like bears, but she liked them better than she did wolves. Mainly because they

were weak creatures that didn't pose much threat to her coven or anyone for that matter. She still was unsure why Alpha Jonathan chose a bear to work with, but he did seem like a good enough spy.

He's been hanging around the school for a while and feeding Alpha Jonathan information, which Jazzy respected. How he was able to get on the campus and blend in was something Jazzy didn't understand though. They haven't told her how he was able to do it.

"And how exactly do you know this?" Jazzy asked, folding her arms across her chest.

"Because I heard talking," he said simply, stopping only inches from her. "We haven't really gotten a chance to talk since you've been here. But I'm Raymond—"

“I know who you are, bear,” she spat at him, narrowing her dark eyes at him.

He tensed, but only for a moment.

“Of course, you do,” he said, dropping his gaze from hers and staring at the ground.

“But my daughter

attends the school and during our recent lunch she was saying she suspects

another student is using

magic to persuade votes of an upcoming election.”

So, his daughter attends this school. That explained how he was able to get onto campus so easily.

“Is that so?” Jazzy asked; she was now intrigued by this information. “Then maybe

we can have a little bit

of fun with that.”

She smiled as she stared down at the cluster of ingredients that sat in the

middle of her stone circle. She

some gasoline and poured it on top of the stuff while she began her spell work. She spoke in her Latin tongue, allowing her voice to rise and be carried through the rapid wind flow. Douglas and Raymond took a step away from her as the wind continued to blow crazily around them and her words grew even louder. The sky began to grow a hazy dark right before their eyes; it was something neither of them had ever seen before. But then the earth began to shake, nearly knocking the gentlemen off their feet. Just as the ground began to crack under them, Jazzy lit a match and tossed it on the circle. She didn't bother moving out of the way as the entire circle lit up into flames, creating a giant bonfire right in front of them.

She felt the hot temperature of the fire dancing off her chilled features, but it didn't make her flinch. She knew the fire wouldn't really hurt her; she had a good relationship with all things hot. The fire worked in her favor and did her bidding just as darkness did. She smiled into the flames as her Latin words carried on in the wind and she set her intention on the Higala School for Shifters.

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Lila's POV

Everybody was in a frenzy; most of them not knowing how they had gotten there. The board members, along with my friends, were working at calming everybody down. Enzo and some of the faculty were doing

the same, though I knew he was extremely worried about me for some reason.

I could feel his worry and it was matching my own.

“The last thing I remember was I was talking to Sarah...” one of the girls said and I recognized her as one of Sarah’s followers. She was talking to Tiffany Prescott who kept asking the frenzy of students what was going on and why they were freaking out. “She told me I needed to vote for her and then everything just went black.”

The girl was sobbing into her hands. Headmaster Prescott started to pat her on the back when another girl approached her.

“She must have done something to us because that’s all I remember too. I don’t remember the last few

days...”

All of their memories have been wiped from them?

I furrowed my brows together and I continued looking around the room at the frantic students. I realized that not all of them were frantic though; some of them looked rather calm, although they were confused as to why everyone else was freaking out though.

“I need everyone to calm down,” Headmaster Prescott shouted to them. “I will get to the bottom of this.”

“I already know what happened,” A familiar voice spoke up through the crowd.

Scott walked through the audience and toward the headmaster, though his eyes were fixed on Sarah.

“She did something. She has abilities that can alter the minds of people. I would know because she used it on me,” he seethed, his eyes growing dark with fury.

“She used it on me as well!” Another girl, also one of Sarah’s followers chimed in. I looked at Sarah, expecting her to appear mortified or defend herself in any way. But it was like she didn’t hear any of them. Her eyes were fixed on Brody, and they were unmoving. Brody was also staring at her, and his face was completely red like a cherry.

His shield around his scent must have been broken, just like the mind manipulation on all the students that Sarah did.

What the hell was going on around here?



“What are these accusations against my daughter?” Alpha Jonathan hissed as he marched onto the stage. “Enough with these lies.”

“With all due respect, Alpha. But I know when my students are lying and they aren’t lying,” Headmaster Prescott surprised me by saying.

He glared at her through his auburn eyes, and I knew he was trying to keep his wolf under control. He

gave me a chill that went down my spine.

“I’m going to get to the bottom of this,” she continued and then she glanced at Sarah who was still staring at Brody.

I don’t even think she’s blinked.

“Sarah,” Headmaster Prescott said calmly.

When Sarah didn’t respond, she spoke louder.

“Sarah!”

Sarah finally broke her eyes from Brody and looked up at Headmaster Prescott, straightening her body.

“Go to my office,” she said, narrowing her eyes. “Now.”

Sarah’s face reddened and I thought she was going to burst into tears, but she didn’t. She stood to her feet and her eyes found Brody once again, but it didn’t last long. She tore her eyes from him and left without another word.

Brody quickly stood to his feet, and I watched as he sprinted from the arena. Becca and Rachel stared after him with confused looks before looking up at me. I returned their questioning look; I wanted to run after him.

“I’m going with you to your office,” Alpha Jonathan said through his teeth. “You aren’t going to speak to my

daughter without me there. I don't need you accusing her of shit she didn't do."

"I assure you, I wouldn't do that," she said in return.

I was amazed by how calm she was. She went over to the other board members, and they spoke quietly for a few moments. Then, Headmaster Prescott walked over to the podium; students were already calming down, though most of them were still very confused and worried.

"Voting is now open. Once you vote, head back to your dorms."

On that note, she turned and left.

I took that as my opportunity to leave as well. I stood up and quickly went behind the stage and ran through the various hallways until I reached the back door. I ran as fast as I could out of the Assembly Hall

and in the direction of the School Board building, which is where I knew Brody was going.

“Lila!” I heard my name from behind me and I turned to see Enzo chasing after me. “What’s going on? Are you okay?”

“I need to find Brody,” I told him quickly. He furrowed his brows together.

“Why?”

“There’s no time to explain. I just—”

My voice trailed off when I got a glimpse of Brody in the distance. Sarah was in front of him, and it was obvious she’d been crying. He seemed to be explaining something to her, but she wasn’t having it.

I grabbed Enzo’s hand and pulled him with me so we could get closer and hear what they were saying.

“I wanted to tell you; I was going to tell you...”

“When?” Sarah hissed. “After you decided to reject me? I dreamt about the moment I’d meet my real mate. It wasn’t like this.”

She turned and left him staring after her. He looked so defeated and worn out. When he turned and saw me standing there, his shoulders slumped.

“Brody...” I breathed, running over to him with Enzo on my tail. “Are you okay?”

“My mate hates me...” He muttered.

“What do you think.”

“I think she just needs time...”

“It’s not just that, Lila,” he said, shaking his head. “She manipulated everyone’s minds with her abilities;

she was forcing them to vote for her and that’s why everyone is so confused.”

I had a feeling something like that was going to happen but hearing it from Brody made my heart feel heavy in my chest.

“My powers stopped working too,” he said, shaking his head in confusion.

“That’s how she knew you were her mate,” I said, getting lost in thought. I didn’t form it as a question, but he nodded anyway.

“So, your powers stopped working at the same time as hers?” Enzo asked from beside me.

“Apparently,” Brody said as he ran his fingers through his shaggy hair.

“How could that happen?” I asked, looking up at Enzo.

“I think the question is, who made it happen.”

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