

Professor Dearest Chapter 18

~ALARIC~

f*ck.

I can't remember the last time I've ever felt this blasted hangover.

How much exactly did I have to drink last night?

"You look like shit." Ares chuckles when he sees me. "And you're late to class."

"I hope that you remember you're the professor. Not a student." Apollo adds behind me.

I inwardly groan.

Of course, the academy.

Damn it. I didn't want to be late.

I don't bother replying to either of them as I rush out the door and straight into my truck.

I ignore the pain in my head as I mash down on the accelerator.

I knew I shouldn't have drunk anything last night. When Nicole hit me with that damn lamp and refused to sign the papers, I needed something to get my mind off it.

I was supposed to have one beer or two, but that's not what happened. I ended up having much more than just two beers.

I felt like something else happened last night, but I couldn't wrap my head around it.

What was I forgetting? Was it something else with Nicole?

It couldn't be; she left the second I gave her those papers to sign.

I wince as the sunlight becomes too f*cking much. I quickly put on sunglasses as I search my mind some more.

It was something important.

But what was it?

I should have asked someone at home what happened to me last night. I couldn't remember sh*t. And I hated it.

I never liked getting drunk. I usually controlled how much I drank. Last night, my emotions got the best of me.

The second I pulled into the academy's parking lot, I felt this strange pull in my chest, like my body wanted to drag me to someone's side.

It was an unusual feeling, one that I was not used to having. I grab my shirt from the back and quickly change into it.

The second I step out of the truck, I can feel multiple stares my way. I was accustomed to it by now.

As soon as I walk into the academy and step into the hallway, the first person I see is Clara. She stood outside the door to the classroom like she's done so many times.

Except this time, she looks terrified to enter.

I've never understood why she always hesitated this much to attend my classes.

Did I make her uncomfortable?

Was I not a good teacher?

What was her problem?

I take one step forward but pause when an interesting memory of last night hits me.

I frown.

It's an image of Clara with me in the kitchen. It was still a bit hazy, but it looked like she was trying to tend to the cut on my forehead.

What the f*ck?

That had to be my mind messing with me. There's no possible reason that Clara would try to tend to my wound.

I winced at the lousy headache that prevented me from trying to remember more of last night.

Surely, that didn't happen.

Right?

I shook that memory out of my head. I had to get my thoughts focused for class. I couldn't get distracted by Clara like I often did. I didn't like it one bit.

I never wanted another woman to distract me like this, especially after what Nicole did to me.

I had to have more f**cking control than this.

I took a deep breath and walked forward to make my presence known to Clara.

Her eyes widen when she spots me in front of her.

"Are you waiting for someone?" I ask her. My voice was a bit hoarse, but I knew that had to be because of last night; it had nothing to do with her.

She doesn't answer me; instead, she looks like she's just seen a ghost.

"Clara?" I ask her, waiting almost impatiently for her to give me an answer.

She continues to remain silent. I take a step forward once more, but she freezes, which forces me to stop.

She blinks once, then twice before rushing into the classroom.

What the hell was that?

She didn't say a single word to me. I always knew Clara seemed uncomfortable around me, but she's never ignored me like this in the past.

It made me a bit uneasy.

Then, was that memory of last night true?

My muscles tensed at the thought of it being true.

Was that all that happened last night? For Clara to react like this, there must be more. So much more.

Did I do something to her?

I tensed at that question floating around in my mind.

What the f*ck did I do?

I knew that I had zero control around her when I was sober.

Then what was I capable of doing while intoxicated?

I inwardly groan.

Ah, f*ck, Alaric. What the hell did you do last night?