

**The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn  
Volume/Book 5**

**Professor Dearest Chapter 20**

~CLARA~

"He asked to see you in his office?" Jenna asks in horror.

It's never a pleasant thing to be summoned to a professor's office, and my friend was aware of this just as much as I was.

"I'm telling you, Jenna," I whisper, "it's about last night. What else could there be?"

"But why would he choose now to ask you anything?" she asks. "He could have waited until later when you went home to check on Scarlett. I'm sure there is another reason.

Don't worry about it too much."

Don't worry about it.

How could I not?

"I'll meet you in the cafeteria once I'm finished in his office,"

I informed her.

She nods,

"Good luck."

The anticipation of the unknown weighed heavily on me as I walked down the hallway towards Alaric's office.

I can't remember the last time I've ever been in trouble at the Academy. I could feel the nervousness rise in my chest.

As I walked towards the office, I couldn't help but feel the stares of the other girls on me. I was sure that the news had already spread like wildfire among them, and they were now eagerly waiting to see what would happen to me.

Unfortunately, the girls who had overheard Alaric asking me to meet him were the kind of girls who loved to spread rumors. I could just imagine the gossip mill churning out all sorts of wild theories about me and Alaric. And now, with this latest development, I was certain that the rumors about us would only increase further. It was a daunting thought, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease as I knocked on the door.

"Come in."

It's just two words spoken by the man of my wildest fantasies, but it made my entire body shiver. It wreaked havoc inside of me.

With trembling hands on the cold metal door handle, I take a deep breath and push it open. The creaking sound breaks the silence in the room, but Alaric doesn't seem to notice.

He's sitting behind his sturdy desk, his broad shoulders hunched forward as he focuses on the document before him.

The desk is cluttered with files and pens, but Alaric concentrates solely on his work and not on me. His strong hand clutches a pen, moving across the paper with precision and purpose.

I struggled to control myself as I laid eyes on him, biting my lip to suppress a moan.

There was just something about him – perhaps it was the way his tousled hair fell across his forehead while he focused on the document in front of him that ignited a fire deep within my core.

Despite my internal battle, I couldn't help but feel drawn to him, my heart racing with anticipation at the mere thought of his touch.

What was it about this man that always did these wild things to my body?

Alaric still hadn't looked at me once since I entered the room. It was as if I was invisible to him. I couldn't help but wonder what was going on in his mind. I was never in a position like this before, and the silence in the room only added to the tension.

Despite my hesitation, I take a step closer, hoping to finally catch his attention.

My breath hitches when he finally tilts his head in my direction. I bit my lip to hide my nervousness. Though, I didn't think it was possible to hide.

"You wanted to see me?" I ask. "Did I do something wrong?"

He dropped the pen onto the desk and stood up abruptly.

"You were talking during the entire class," he finally said.

His voice was deep and rough, yet it had a smoothness to it that made me shiver. Despite my best efforts to resist, I was completely drawn to him, just like always.

I bit my lip, so he did notice that.

My cheeks heat up as I try to search my mind for a good response.

"Not only today," he continues. "You've been distracted during many of my classes. It's very unlike you."

I frown, "How do you know that if you've only just started working here?"

"You dated my brother for a long time, Clara," he reminds me. "He spoke about you highly, and quite frankly, he didn't need to."

"He didn't need to?" I ask, almost breathlessly.

He nods, "I could see for myself how hard-working you were. I didn't need to listen to Carter to know the kind of person you were. I saw it all on my own, Clara. That's why I know that something is distracting you. I would like to know what that is."

Alaric's words have certainly left me speechless. How often has he been observing me?

But what response could I give to him? He was my biggest distraction. Only him. No one else.

But how could I tell him that?