

## Professor Dearest Chapter 28

~ALARIC~

I knocked on Clara's door, waiting for her parents to let me in.

When the door opens, her mother looks surprised to see her daughter asleep in my arms.

"Alaric?" she asks as she blinks once, then twice. She must think that she was dreaming.

"Mrs. Mae." I greet her, "I believe someone spiked Clara's drink. She fell asleep on the drive here; I would like to take her to her room if that's okay with you."

She looks a bit taken aback by my request, but soon enough, she nods and steps aside for me to enter.

My hands tighten on Clara as I walk with her up the stairs.

"It's the second door on the right." Her mother informs me.

I nod and open her door; her room is everything I expected it to be. It was perfect for her. Her scent was everywhere, and I felt something stir in my pants.

F\*vk ALARIC. She's asleep, for crying out loud.

I gently placed her down on the bed even though I wanted to hold her for much longer than this.

I grab her sheet to pull it over her body when something to the side of her catches my attention. I lean over her and pick the cloth up in my hands.

This was mine. I'd placed this on her body to cover her nakedness on that dreadful day. My jaw clenched at the awful reminder.

But why was it on her bed?

Her eyes open slightly, and she surprises me when she reaches for it. My hold on it lightened so that she could take it from me. I watch as she snuggles against it before drifting off into sleep again.

I stayed completely still as I watched a sleeping Clara with my belongings close to her chest.

What did this mean?

Did she often use it to fall asleep? Did she like the material, or was there another reason she chose to sleep with something that belonged to me?

She looked so at peace now that it was in her hands; it almost looked like it was her comfort. For some reason, I found this incredibly sexy. It also made my chest swell with joy.

f\*vk me. I had completely lost it. It was the only explanation for my behavior.

Even now, I want to be next to her. I was envious of my shirt in her hand. I wanted to be there in replace of it.

I run a hand down my face when I hear a knock on the door.

"Is everything okay?" her mother asks me.

I nod, "I was just tucking her in."

She smiles, "Thank you for bringing her home safely. It's nice to know that someone is looking after her."

I nod, "you should give her some medication when she wakes up. I'm sure she will have a headache in the morning."

She nods, "I will. Take care, Alaric."

I don't say, anything else as I exit her room. Something like this couldn't happen again. I also had to forget all about our kiss or that Clara used my shirt as a blanket to sleep in.

I knew those things would be difficult for me to do, but it had to be done. I had to have some control, especially around Clara.

~CLARA~

"Clara!"

I let out a low groan as I shifted my position in the bed, trying to find a comfortable spot. My head was throbbing with a dull pain, and my throat was parched and scratchy, making it difficult even to swallow.

This was awful. The room felt stuffy and hot, adding to my discomfort. I closed my eyes and tried to take deep breaths, hoping that the dryness would subside soon.

What exactly did I do last night? Why did I feel like this?

My lips felt a tiny bit sore and even plump like I'd been kissing someone the entire night. I chuckled at that absurd thought. Who would I have possibly kissed last night?

"Clara!" I hear my mother's voice louder than before. She was growing closer to me.

I force my eyes open right before she enters my room.

"You should drink some water." She tells me as she hands me a cup.

I take it from her hand and swallow the water quickly. I was pretty thirsty.

"How did I get home last night?" I ask her.

I couldn't remember much from the night before.

"You don't remember?" she asks as she stares at me.

I shook my head.

"Carter's older brother; he was the one that dropped you home," she answers me.

I freeze.

That couldn't be right.

"His older brother?" I ask.

She nods, "You know, Alaric Prince."

The blood drains from my face at her words.

"Alaric dropped me home last night?" I ask once more.

She smiles, "he was so nice. You were asleep, so he brought you to the room as well."

My mouth drops open as I stare at my mother in disbelief.

I look down at his shirt, still in my hands.

No. No. No!