

## Professor Dearest Chapter 33

~CLARA~

I bit my lip to stop myself from answering him. Wasn't it evident that I was avoiding him?

"Clara?" | inwardly moan at hearing my name once more.

I didn't think it would turn me on this much. My body awakened at his call like it's been waiting its entire life for him to say my name.

"No." I lie.

"I'm not avoiding you."

He doesn't look convinced as he asks, "Why were you not in my class today?"

I bit my lip as I tried to find a good answer for him.

"I had something important to do." I finally respond.

His eyes are dark as he growls, "something important to do?"

I gasp, taken aback by his tone and the throaty growl.

Why did it seem like he was mad that I hadn't attended his class?

I can barely look him in his eyes, "yes," I whisper.

"Something important."

"More important than attending my class?" He asks in an angry tone.

It would seem as though Alaric took the attendance of his students quite seriously. But would he react this way for everyone else?

Jenna also skipped classes with me, but I haven't heard him mention her even once. In fact, when he called Carter today, he only asked about me. Updated by Jobnib.com

I wanted to mention her to him to get his reaction, but I didn't want to throw my best friend under the bus.

"No," I gasp. "Definitely not more important."

"Don't skip my class again, Clara."

My eyes widen at his words. I didn't think he would react like this just because I skipped one of his classes.

But still, there was not a single mention of the kiss. Did I imagine the entire thing?

"Okay." I finally respond. "I won't do it again."

He calms down a little, "about the dance, what do you remember from that night?"

His face is close to mine, and I can feel his breath on my cheeks. It felt amazing, and I wanted more than just this. I wanted to kiss him again. However, I wasn't intoxicated this time; I didn't have the courage to do it.

I close my eyes and lean into him; his hands move to my waist to steady my body. There he goes again, saying my name, making me come alive.

"I love it when you say my name," I tell him. "Not Miss Clara Mae, but just Clara, like we're more than just."

I stop myself mid-sentence.

"More than just?" he asks as he leans closer to me. I don't think he realizes he's doing it. We're so lost in each other that neither of us are aware of what's happening. I'm just happy to be closer to him again.

"Clara?" I hear my sister's call.

Alaric and I jump apart from each other. He looks petrified now that he's back to his senses. I was right; he didn't even realize he was getting closer to me.

Scarlett looks at the both of us, and her eyes widen; she can't even hide her surprise to see us alone together.

"Alaric was just finding out why I missed his class today," I informed my sister.

It wasn't technically a lie. Tonight was the first time that I felt like Alaric could possibly be interested in me. However, I didn't want to assume anything and risk myself getting hurt.

I was already growing attached to him. It was so bad that I missed him like crazy today when I skipped his class. I came here for Scarlett, but a big part of me needed to see him as well.

"Oh," was all my sister responded with as she took my hand and pulled me back inside with her.

"Did you guys kiss again?" she asked when we were a good distance away from Alaric.

I shook my head as my cheeks heated up, "No, we didn't, but can you keep your voice down? Alaric doesn't know yet that I remember everything from the dance."

"Do you ever plan on telling him?" she asks as we head up to her room.

I shook my head, "No. I'm too ashamed of my actions."

"From the looks of it, Clara, I think Alaric might actually be interested in you as well," She points out.

My eyes widened. "Do you really think so?"

She nods, "What's there not to like about you? Almost all men at the Academy have always desired you. People would kill for a chance to date you. And now that Alaric and Nicole are most likely divorced, he's a free man. I think he's at least attracted to you."

"Do you really think so?" I ask her.

She nods, "There is only one way to confirm it. Make him jealous. Flirt with another man in front of him. See how he reacts."

Get Alaric jealous?

Was that something I really wanted to do?

And would he truly get jealous because of me?