

Professor Dearest Chapter 38

~ALARIC~

As soon as I arrived at the party, the tight feeling in my chest increased. I was impatient to find Clara, I knew what she was like when she drank, and I was f*cking about to lose my mind if I didn't find her soon.

Despite scanning the parking lot and the surrounding areas, I couldn't spot her anywhere. I even checked the bathrooms and pushed through the crowds, searching for any glimpse of her. But to my dismay, she was nowhere to be found.

"Alaric!"

I spun around to find Jenna running towards me.

"Did you find her?" I demand.

She shook her head; the poor girl looked like she was having a rough night. It did nothing to ease the tension inside of me; in fact, it only made it a hundred times worse.

"I don't know where she went. Everyone is looking for her. I told her to wait outside the bathroom for me, but when I got out, she was gone. I'm not sure where she went or why she even left." She confesses.

I run a hand down my face. I can't remember the last time I've ever felt this damned worried over someone. I could feel the terror in my throat begin to rise. Updated by Jobnib.com

"She couldn't have gotten far." I try to comfort her despite my own discomfort with this news.

"You don't know Clara that well, do you?" she asks me. "The Clara I know could get pretty far, especially since she has already so upset."

I frowned, "Did you say that she was upset?"

Her eyes widen at my question, "I don't think I did."

She was lying to me.

"Did something happen to Clara while she was at the party?" I demand. "Did someone do something to hurt her?"

I was not going to sit back and f*cking let that slide.

Jenna remained quiet despite my deadly glare.

"I think you have it all wrong." She tries to explain. "No one at the party did anything to hurt her. I was there; I'm sure that's not the reason that she got upset."

The anger growing inside me instantly stops at her words.

"Then what's the reason?"

She sighs, "I think that we should focus on finding Clara first. After she's found, you can ask her this question yourself. I'm sure that she will tell you the truth."

I wasn't so sure about that. Clara wasn't always open with me.

"I'm going to check the rooftop once more." She informs me.

I nod, "I'll keep an eye out in the parking lot. Maybe she was trying to leave and fell asleep somewhere."

As soon as Jenna walks back into the house, I take another run through the parking lot.

Where the f*ck could she be? I still believed that she couldn't have gotten far, but according to Jenna, Clara was capable of plenty when she was drunk and upset.

It still bothered me that something had upset her. I wanted to find her and make it all better.

I couldn't just stay here and hope that she returned. I had to do something, anything at all.

I jumped back into my truck and reversed from the parking lot.

My eyes are focused on the road as I search for a lost, insanely beautiful woman. It shouldn't be that hard to find. I wasn't sure if I was heading in the right direction but I was willing to try anything at this point.

I was just a few minutes into the drive when I spotted a figure in a white dress. Instantly, I knew, that it was Clara. No one else would look that f*cking breath-taking on the side of a damn lonely road.

I pulled the truck onto the side and quickly got out.

She turns around and shields her eyes from the bright light on her face.

"Clara!" I shout as I approach her.

She removes her hands from in front of her face and blinks at me.

F*ck.

How was I supposed to focus when she looked this good? I couldn't f*cking think properly, knowing that she was walking around without me by her side looking like this.

How many men tried to speak to her at the party? How many of them eyed her from a distance but dared not to try? How many of them wanted to take her back home with them?

Ah-damn it.

"What are you doing here?" she shouts.

I stop halfway, shocked by the anger in her voice.

She was angry. With me?

That couldn't be. I hadn't done anything to get her angry.

I don't have to go to her, as she crosses the distance between us. Her hands are shaking, and so are her lips. I'm left f*cking clueless. I didn't know what was happening here.

"Clara?" was all that I could ask.

"Why are you here in front of me again?" she demands. "Are you here to hurt me some more?"

I frown as my eyes search hers, "did I hurt you? How?"

Was this what Jenna was afraid to tell me? That Clara was upset with me.

I couldn't understand a word that she was saying to me. I knew that she was drunk; I knew that she probably wasn't even aware of what she was saying. But still, I needed to know. If I'd hurt her, I had to fix it. I f*cking had to.

"How can you not know?" She demands. "I waited for you. I f*cking waited at that party, and yet you never showed!"

I didn't understand. Why would she have waited at the party for me? We never agreed to meet there.

"I put on this fancy dress... I did so much and waited for you." she cries. "And still, you never showed up. Instead, you went to take care of your ex-wife. Because she's all that matters to you, she's the only person you care about. No one else, definitely not a nobody like me."

Her words pierced my heart. I was not only shocked but also in f*cking pain because somehow I'd managed to hurt her. Even though I was clueless, I wanted to make it better for her. I wanted the pain to end.

"Clara-" I whisper. "I don't understand. How did my actions hurt you?"

She grabs onto my shirt as tears stream down her cheeks,

"Why do you still run after her all this time? Why?"

"Clara-"

"Did you kiss her?" She cries.

I stop breathing.

Did I what?

What did kissing have to do with any of this?