

## Professor Dearest Chapter 39

~ALARIC~

"Did I kiss Nicole?" I repeat her question. I had to make sure that's what she was asking me

Her eyes narrowed, "you did, didn't you?"

"Clara," I whisper. "Help me understand this, please. What does this have to do with you being upset right now?"

"You can't even answer me." She gasps in horror. "Of course, you kissed her."

Her hands are still on my shirt, gripping it tightly. I slowly reach up to hold her arms, "Clara, listen to me. I'm only going to say this once. I never kissed Nicole. She called me over to confirm that we were officially divorced. She was crying, hysterical because it was finally over. I didn't go there to fuck things with her. I went to make sure that she was okay. Once I realized that she was, I immediately left.

That's all that happened."

Her lips were still trembling as she gazed up at me, "that doesn't change the fact that you still chose to go after her instead of coming to the party with me."

I freeze.

"I didn't know you were even at the party until Scarlett mentioned it to me. Nicole called at the exact same time.

I'm sorry, Clara, I really don't know what any of this is about. But I'm trying to fix it. I don't ever want to be the reason that you're in pain."

"It's too late for that, isn't it?" she whispers.

My jaw clenched at her question. I didn't think words could hurt this much. I didn't like the fact that she seemed disappointed in me. All I knew was that I wanted to make this better.

I don't know what came over me next. It was like I'd lost all control of my own body.

I picked her up and pressed her up against my truck. Before she has a chance to say anything else, I crash my lips to hers.

I didn't know if this was what she wanted, but I knew damn well that I fucking needed this right now. Clara gasps against my mouth, and I can taste her salty tears on my tongue. I growl as I deepen the kiss. I was the reason those tears were in her eyes. I caused those fucking tears. And it was something I would never be okay with. Clara was the last person on this earth that I would ever willingly hurt.

Her lips were soft and hot. Her body felt like it was on fire even though the night's air was cool. I wrapped my arms around her tightly as my mouth moved against hers.

She moans against me, and I break the kiss to lean my forehead against hers, "fvck. fvck. Fvck."

"What's wrong?" she gasps. "Why did you stop?"

I place one hand on her cheek and gently nudge her face to the side to access her neck. I can't stop myself as I bury my lips in the sweet spot right beneath her ear.

I wanted to do more than just kiss it; I wanted to fucking mark her. I wish I could. I wish I could mark what was rightfully mine.

What the fuck was wrong with me? Since when had I claimed Clara as mine?

I was losing my damn mind over this woman. She had the alcohol to blame for her behavior, but I had absolutely nothing to blame. I wanted this. I wanted her and it was all me.

"Alaric, please," she begs me. "I want more."

I growl hard and soft as my lips move to her chest; I can't resist taking a little pull of her skin between my teeth.

The dress she wore emphasized her breasts, and I wanted a fucking taste of them. It made me wonder how many men had stared at them tonight. The thought of that made me fucking mad. I run a finger through the space between them. Clara shivered in my arms, and I wanted to feel her shiver like that a million times against me.

I buried my face against them, and her body shook as she caught my arms to balance herself.

"Alaric!" she cries out as my lips move over them; I'm just lightly passing it on her skin, not kissing, not sucking. I'm taking it slow with her.

Did my brother ever have her like this?

Did she ever make this kind of sweet music for him?

The thought of him seeing her like this before I ever did make me fucking pissed. I don't think I've ever been jealous of Carter like I am now.

And then it snapped in my head- I was making a mess out of all our lives. I promised myself not to do this, not with Clara. She deserved better than this. And so did Carter. He would never forgive me even though he wasn't in love with Clara. He still was protective over her; she was still his wife's sister.

Damn me.

When I rip my mouth away from Clara's breasts, she tries to stop me. Her hands are on my neck, pulling me back down, but I slowly move them.

"Clara," I whisper. "I'm sorry. This cannot happen. I'm sorry for even starting something that I can never finish. I'm so sorry for everything."

The look of betrayal on her face lashes out at me.

Fvck.

I knew I'd just screwed up without her even saying anything. My only hope was that she'd forget all about tonight. I couldn't live with myself if she kept on looking at me this way. I wouldn't make it out alive.