

Professor Dearest Chapter 51

~CLARA~

I made a mistake last night. I should never have gone to Alaric's home during the full moon. I should have listened to him.

Everything that happened was my fault. He warned me that I wouldn't like it, though it was for a completely different reason than he expected.

I never wanted to make things harder for him. I wanted to get closer to him; I wanted to know that he wanted me. I found out that he did, but not how I wanted it to happen.

When Alaric touched me last night, he hated himself for it. I still remember the blood stains in the bathroom mirror. It was something I was likely never to forget. I'd never seen so much regret on someone's face as his after he touched me.

I close my eyes and place my head down on the desk. I was in his class; I'd made sure to come early today. However, I was afraid of his reaction when he saw me. I knew he wouldn't remember anything, but I'm sure that he could see the state of his bathroom. He must figure out that something happened between us.

Last night, he escaped from the basement to get to me, just like he had feared. I wince at the reminder of the bruises on his body. I never once thought that just being in the same house with him during the full moon would result in something like that happening. I never wanted to see him physically hurt because of my selfishness again. It was the last time I would do something that foolish just for my own personal gain.

"What's wrong with you?" Jenna asks me as she takes a seat next to mine.

I hadn't told her what had happened, and I wouldn't be able to tell her the entire truth either. The full moon wasn't something I could discuss.

"I've been having a rough morning," I answer her.

"Does it have something to do with our hot professor?" she

teases me.

I nod, "everything in my life is somehow connected to him now." I confess.

"Well, you might want to lift your head off the desk because he's just entered the room." She informs me.

When I heard her say those words, my breath caught in my throat. Alaric was actually here, and I didn't know how to feel about it. My mind was still preoccupied with the guilt and shame from my actions the day before. I couldn't bear to look at him, afraid of the judgment I might see in his eyes. The thought of facing him now, under these circumstances, was almost too much to bear.

However, I didn't have a choice. I knew if I stayed this way, I would bring more attention to myself, and it was the last thing that I wanted to happen.

I gradually lifted up my face, feeling the weight of his gaze on me. As my eyes met his, a small gasp escaped my lips – he looked emotionally drained and stressed out as if he had been battling with his thoughts the entire morning.

Seeing his distress made my heart sink, and I couldn't help but feel responsible for it. It wasn't fair that he was going through this turmoil because of me. The situation should have never escalated to this point, and I couldn't help but regret my actions that led to this moment.

I bit my lip when he looked away from my gaze, almost as though he couldn't bear to look at me

I swallow the pain I felt in my chest at that realization. It was much worse than I thought. He didn't even want to look at me. He must hate me for what I did.

"That was weird," Jenna whispers, confirming my thoughts.

"He didn't even look at you for more than a few seconds when usually he can't take his eyes off you."

I wasn't sure what I could do to make any of this better. The rest of the class was t****e for me. He never looked my way again.

It felt like the longest hour of my life. When the bell rings, I slowly get up from my chair. I had to get out of here before I started to cry in front of him. I didn't want to act like the victim when I was responsible for everything that went wrong last night.

Before I could walk out of the classroom, his hand stopped me. I held my breath; my skin tingled under his touch, and it was hard not to care that his hand was on me

"There is something I need to speak to you about." He informs me.

The girls behind us are looking at us with jealousy like they usually do. However, they didn't have anything to be jealous about. Soon enough, he will want nothing to do with me.

Maybe that was what he wanted to speak to me about.

"Sure," I tell him.

"Meet me in my office in five minutes." He says as he turns his attention to the other girls. Their faces immediately brightened now that he was looking at them.

I hugged myself as I exited the room.

I wasn't prepared to hear what he had to say to me. I knew he would want to know more about last night, and I wasn't willing to tell him everything that happened. I didn't want him to hate himself any more than he already did because of the curse and what it turned him into.

I slowly make my way to his office after five minutes have passed. I knock on the door, and it swiftly opens. I can barely breathe when he grabs my hand and pulls me inside.

"Alaric?" I gasp.