

Professor Dearest Chapter 53

~ALARIC~

What the fvck? What the hell was I doing? We were in the bloody academy for fvcking crying out loud! Why would I risk Clara's reputation like this?

My fear of losing her because of my actions last night was making me act like a madman. The second I saw her in that classroom, I knew I had to keep my eyes and hands off her. However, I couldn't stand it. I asked to see her in my office with every intention of fvcking kissing her and even more after knowing that it might be the last time I would ever be able to put my mouth on her.

Fvck.

Now Nicole was right outside the door, waiting to come in.

She could spill the news at any second to Clara.

I didn't want that. I should have told her the truth when I called her into my office; I shouldn't have used up that opportunity to put my mouth and hands all over her body.

Fvcking hell.

She would hate me. Clara would hate my guts after this.

"I'm s-"

She puts a hand over my mouth to stop me, "Don't apologize for kissing me. Please don't do it."

My jaw clenched, and I slowly moved her hand from over my mouth.

"There is something I need to tell you, I confess.

"Something that happened last night."

Her eyes widen a fraction, and she looks a bit nervous to hear what I have to say. What could she possibly be nervous about if she didn't have a clue what I was about to tell her? It makes me wonder if she already knew something that she wasn't saying to me.

"ALARIC, I SWEAR IF YOU DO NOT OPEN THIS DOOR IN FIVE SECONDS, I WILL CALL SECURITY TO BREAK IT DOWN!" Nicole shouts.

Fvck.

I couldn't let that happen. It would bring too much attention to us, and it was the last thing that Clara needed right now.

"I have to speak to Nicole," I inform her, and she slowly nods.

I quickly cross the room and open the door. Nicole almost falls to the ground; she must have had her ear glued to the door.

"Nicole." I greet her.

She narrows her eyes when she sees Clara behind me. I knew how much they didn't like each other.

"Why did you lock the door with that woman in your office?" she demands.

"Nicole, need I remind you that we are no longer married. I do not have to answer any of your questions anymore." I growl.

She narrows her eyes, "oh really?"

I sigh, "Clara, can you please excuse us? I need to speak to Nicole in private."

She doesn't bother to say anything as she storms out of the room. I was glad that she was gone. I was even surprised that Nicole didn't try and tell her anything about last night.

She was most likely waiting for the right opportunity to break the news to her.

"Why are you here, Nicole?" I demand

She narrows her eyes and angrily closes the door after Clara walks out of it.

"What do you mean?" she shouts. "How could you just leave me there on your bed after what you did to me last night?"

There was something different about her. Something that I couldn't seem to figure out.

Did she put on some weight?

Fvck. Why was that even my concern?

"Look, Nicole," I sigh. "I don't have time for this. I already apologized and promised to make it up to you. However, I did explain that there was no longer a chance for us."

"There is!" she hisses. "I know that you are acting this way because of that spiteful woman! But don't forget that I was the one that supported you all along. Not her!"

What?

What the hell was she speaking about? When has she ever supported me? She's made me feel like shit during our entire marriage.

Why the hell was she lying?

"Nicole. I don't want to get into a fight about this now. I had a fvcking awful night. I knew you did, also. Why don't you just take some time and rest?" I ask her gently.

I was trying my hardest to be kind to her right now, even though she was testing my patience. I needed to remind myself that I was the wrong one. I did something to her last night that even now I have no memory of. I would never have a memory of it either.

"I want to make things work, Alaric." She begs. "I want you to give me another chance. Why can't you do that for me?"

"Because you lost that chance a long time ago." I remind her. "Now, please, get out of my office."

She stabs a finger against my chest, "I promise you that you will regret this."

It's the last thing she says to me before storming out of my office.

Damn it.

I knew I was screwed.