

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn  
Volume/Book 5

Professor Dearest Chapter 1

~CLARA MAE~

Okay, Clara, you can do this. It's just a class with the hottest professor in our academy. That was all.

It shouldn't be this hard to walk into the classroom. But still, I found it hard to move my feet forward, knowing he would be there.

Alaric Prince, the brother of my ex-boyfriend, Carter Prince.

I never once thought I would end up in a situation such as this one. He should be off-limits to me. In fact, off-limits was too simple of a word to describe anything between the two of us.

I was once very popular and respected in our academy, but all that changed when I ended my relationship with Carter.

Of course, I made everything worse when I suggested my sister flirt with Carter and make him fall in love with her. At that time, I thought Scarlett would break Carter's heart and I could get revenge on him for cheating on me and breaking my heart.

Then, of course, since it's my pathetic life, everything came crashing down. The worst possible thing happened, and my sister fell in love with my ex-boyfriend.

Everything skyrocketed from there. She wasn't the only one who fell in love; he also did. My sister wasn't even Mae anymore; she was married to him and now carried around his last name proudly. She was of cially a Prince.

Scarlett Mae Prince, that was her name.

Even though I initially felt like it was the worst possible thing that could have ever happened to me, that quickly changed. It didn't take long for me to realize that my feelings for Carter had disappeared. And it was all because of him.

Alaric.

Not Carter Prince. But his older brother, Alaric Prince. He was everything that Carter was not. He was quiet and kind, protective and sweet. But he was also married. And he was married to one of the most obnoxious women I've ever met.

I wasn't just saying this because I had a tiny crush on Alaric; she was a horrible woman.

I shouldn't be this afraid to walk into a classroom just because he was there. I should have more of a bloody backbone than this.

Besides, Alaric didn't have any feelings for me. He was still deeply in love with Nicole even though he was divorcing her.

At least, I think he was divorcing her. Its what I've heard from Scarlett, but there haven't been any con rmations so far. I knew things were rocky between them since Carter almost died while ghting for my sister. Nicole had said some insensitive sh\*t, as usual, and Alaric couldn't forgive her for it.

Someone clears their throat behind me, and all the hairs behind my neck stand up.

Oh no.

He was behind me.

I slowly turn around to look at him with my bottom lip beneath my teeth.

He quirks a brow at me, "Is there any particular reason why you're just standing outside the classroom and not walking inside?"

I clear my throat nervously, "I am—" knew that my cheeks were ushed with embarrassment.

I don't have an answer to give to him.

"Clara?" He asks in that professional tone he always uses with me. I always wondered what it would be like if he spoke to me like he spoke to the people close to him. A part of me desperately wanted him to talk to me like I was a friend or maybe more than that.

"I was waiting for you." I lie.

"For me?" He asks in a surprised tone. "Why? Is something wrong?"

I immediately waved my hand to dismiss his question.

"Nothing's wrong." I lie.

Something was wrong... With me. I was acting stupid in front of him, and it was the last thing I wanted to do.

"Professor!" I hear one of the girls screech behind me.

News ash: I wasn't the only one with a crush on Alaric. All of the girls in our classroom were crazy over him. He had this sexy aura about him that made the girls go wild over him.

There was this rumor that he was gaining more attention than even Carter. However, that could also be because Carter got married and is now expecting a baby with my sister. Girls knew he was off-limits.

But Alaric was also married and also off-limits. At this point, I wasn't making any sense at all.

\* "Clara?" Alaric calls my name. It was only then that I realized he'd already walked into the classroom and was waiting for me to enter so he could close the door.

I quickly walked inside and sat down at a table as far away from the front of the classroom as possible.

I hid my face in my book. Could this day get any worse?

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