

Professor Dearest Chapter 17

~CLARA~

"I'm s-sorry." I manage to squeak as Alaric puts distance between the two of us.

I've never been so embarrassed in my entire life, and everyone knew that I'd done some pretty embarrassing things in my life. This one was the winner. There was nothing I could possibly do in the future that would be worse than this.

Alaric doesn't say anything in response, and I take that as my cue to leave. I rushed out of the kitchen and found Scarlett standing a few feet away.

"I've been looking everywhere for you." She tells me the second that she spots me. "Where have you been?"

I don't know sister, possibly kissing Alaric's bruises like I was the one married to him. I shook that thought out of my head. I didn't need a reminder of what I'd just done. I'd crossed a line that should have never been crossed.

I knew that my cheeks had to be flushed, and my sister wasn't dumb; she would be able to tell that something had just happened.

I grabbed her hand and pulled her up the stairs to her room.

I couldn't tell her what I did out in the open for anyone to hear. This wasn't something I ever wanted others to learn about.

When I shut the door and locked us inside, she turned to look at me with a concerned expression on her face. She must think that I've completely lost my mind. Though, that wouldn't be so far-fetched.

"What's going on Clara?" She asks. "Did something happen?"

I can't control my anxiety as I pace up and down the room.

"You're worrying me." She adds. "Tell me what happened.

Did you see Nicole again? Did she have something else to say to you?

I think it would have been better if that was the case.

I lift my hands into the air, "I made a complete fool out of myself. I did something only a crazy person would do!"

Scarlett walks closer to me, "what did you do?" There was undoubtedly worry in her voice.

I couldn't bring the words out of my mouth. I was too embarrassed, even though I was speaking to my sister.

"Clara?"

I sigh as I force myself to speak, "I went looking for you in the kitchen, but I didn't find you there. Instead, Alaric was the one in there. He was alone, with empty beer bottles on the counter. I immediately knew that he was drunk but then I noticed a bruise on his forehead. All I wanted to do was help but in return I just made a fool out of myself."

I can hardly breathe.

"Take a deep breath," my sister whispers. "You need to stay calm. Your-cheeks have never been this red before."

"You don't get it, Scarlett." I gasp. "I did something! shouldn't have. I was only trying to help him, but my feelings for him messed everything up. He kept asking me to leave and to give him some space, but I insisted on tending to his wound."

"I don't see anything wrong with that Clara." She says, "Why are you so upset over this? You wanted to help him. That's all."

"That's not all." I disagreed as I motioned to his shirt on my body. "As you can see, I have another piece of his clothing.

Let me just skip to the most embarrassing part of this story. I wasn't thinking and I... I kissed his bruise. I got caught up in the moment and did the worst thing possible."

Scarlett's eyes widened at my confession.

"You did w-what?" She gapes at me.

"I don't know what happened. My emotions took over. I wanted to be closer to him; I wanted to do something, anything. I didn't realize what I was doing until it was too late. And now, I don't think I can ever see Alaric again, Scarlett. I can never face him after this. He would feel so uncomfortable around me."

"I know this seems bad, but we can fix this." She assures me.

"Fix this?" I demand. "How?"

"Well, as you know, you can't exactly avoid him for the rest of your life. He lives where I live. He's my husband's brother.

That's out of the question. Plus, he's your professor. There is no hiding from Alaric. We have to hope that he doesn't remember anything from tonight. You did say that he was pretty wasted."

I bit my lip nervously. It was true that he was drunk.

"Do you think that there is really a possibility that he will forget everything that I did tonight?" I ask her. This was the only hope that I had.

She sighs, "I can't say for sure, Clara, but we can only hope he does. Even if he does remember certain parts of the night, if he asks you anything, deny it."

Deny it?

Sure, Clara, I'm sure nothing can possibly go wrong with this plan.

I was never good at lying.

But if I had to lie for something like this, I would do it. It was better than Alaric thinking that I was crazy.

Anything was better than that.