

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn
Volume/Book 5

Professor Dearest Chapter 21

~CLARA~

"I really can't say." I finally blurt out.

He sighs, "Tell me, Clara, does this by any chance have to do with Carter and Scarlett? Are you still not over what happened?"

His question left me a little frustrated. Why was everyone still asking me this? Couldn't they tell that I've completely moved on from that? I was more than happy for both Scarlett and Carter. They made a better couple than Carter and I ever did.

"Why do you keep asking me about Carter?" I demand.

"He's in the past. I am over your brother Alaric. I know I was very hurt before, but I have managed to move on from that, and I'm very happy that I have. Seeing Scarlett happy is all that's important to me."

He doesn't look convinced, but he suddenly frowns, "did I ask you about Carter before?" he raises a question.
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When I don't respond, he looks like he just discovered something new. "Tell me, Clara, did I ask you anything uncomfortable last night? Were you in the kitchen with me?"

I froze.

The dreaded question.

He remembered, but how much about last night did he recall?

"Clara?" he asks again when I refuse to answer him. "Did I do something wrong last night?"

What was happening right now? Why did he think he did something wrong last night when I was the one that crossed a line?

I know my cheeks are red as I whisper, "No. You didn't do anything wrong. I walked into the kitchen and saw you drinking. I knew that you were intoxicated, and I also noticed that there was a bruise on your forehead."

A bruise that was gone now that it had healed. I was glad to see that it was no longer there.

He looks a little upset by the mention of the bruise.

"I never found out how you got it." I continue. "You didn't want to tell me."

He runs a hand down his face and turns away from me,

"that's not important."

"It isn't my business, but it still bothers me." I blurt out.

I see him turning around, his gaze filled with curiosity and surprise. His deep-set eyes seem to search for something as he gazes at me. After a few seconds of silence, he asks me with a gentle voice, "Does it bother you, Clara?" The question takes me aback, and I pause momentarily, wondering how to respond. "Why would that bother you?" he continues, his eyes still fixed on mine. His tone is calm and reassuring, but there is a hint of uneasiness in his voice.

There's something about his voice that sends a trail of Shivers down my back.

"I feel like there's plenty from last night that I can't remember." He says with deep regret. "Tell me more about last night. What happened exactly in that kitchen?"

As soon as he asked me that question, I felt my body tense.

The truth was, I couldn't bring myself to come clean about what had happened the night before. The thought of admitting what I had done was too embarrassing and shameful. I knew that if I told Alaric the truth, I would never be able to face him again.

However, I didn't know how long to keep it a secret from him. It seemed as though he was regaining his memory as we spoke. Eventually, he would remember everything, and I would have nowhere to run and hide.

It was better to get it out in the open now than wait for him to remember and think the worst of me.

"I'll tell you exactly what happened if you tell me who did that to you," I say. "That bruise, I know someone did it, and I think I know who it was also. However, I don't want to assume anything. So please, tell me, Alaric."

He would find out either way; this way, I could get something out of it.

If Nicole did this to him, I knew she was not the right one for him. I always knew she wasn't, but I kept my distance because I knew she was his wife.

If it turns out that she was this horrible, then I would change my strategy. I would no longer run from my feelings for Alaric. I would fight for him instead. However, I couldn't fight for someone that didn't want me to begin with. But it wouldn't hurt to try a little.

"Why do you want to know that so desperately?" he asks in surprise.

I crossed my arms over my chest stubbornly, "why do you want to know what happened last night so badly?"

As he sits still, his jaw clenches tightly, and he turns to look out the window. The curtains have been drawn back, allowing the bright sunlight to stream into the room, illuminating his features, it captivated me.

The light accentuates the subtle contours of his face and casts a warm glow against his hair. It's difficult not to be captivated by his beauty – he is, without a doubt, a sight to behold, and I can't help but wish that he was mine or could one day be mine.

"Nicole." he finally says. It's one word, but it sends my blood boiling.

So I was right all along; she was the one that had done it to him.

But why?

What did they argue about last night? Why would she do something so awful?