

~ALARIC~

“Do you have the signed papers for me?” I ask Nicole. I wanted to get this divorce over with. I was tired of the constant rumors about us; the sooner we were divorced, the better it would be for all of us.

She nods, “They’re already signed, but I forgot to bring it today.”

I frown, “are you sure?”

She sighs,

“If I said I signed them, believe me, I did. I’ll drop them on your desk first thing Monday morning.”

I wouldn’t feel relieved until I saw those papers myself, but for now, I would believe her words.

“You look nice today.” She says in a seductive tone. I was used to that tone by now; I knew what it meant.

Her behavior today was a bit strange. She was acting nicer than usual.

“Is everything okay?” I ask her. Updated by Jobnib.com

She frowns, “why wouldn’t everything be okay? My husband just divorced me. Life is perfect.”

I could hear the sarcasm in her voice. All I did was give her what she wanted for months now. Why did it bother her this much?

I’m about to respond when I notice a figure on the dance floor. The cheers were loud, and everyone was trying to get a picture of the girl. It didn’t take me long to realize the center of attention was Clara.

F*vck.

She was dancing, and there were horny men all around her.

It was like a scene out of a f*vcking horror movie.

She was drunk. Clara was f*vcking drunk. Someone must have messed with her drink. There wasn’t supposed to be any alcohol at the dance.

Ah, f*vck.

“Please excuse me,” I tell Nicole as I force my way through the jam-packed ballroom.

I knew that I shouldn’t be doing this. I knew my actions this time would increase the rumors about Clara and me. I didn’t want to add to her torture, but I also couldn’t just f***g stand back and watch horny bastards look and touch her as they pleased.

The second I reach her, I place my hand on her shoulder and spin her around to face me. Her eyes are wide with surprise when they see me. Her cheeks were flushed, and she looked f*vcking sexy.

“Come with me, Clara” I tell her gently. Her eyes softened, and for some reason, I felt like she was sucking me in. I was mesmerized by her.

She surprises me when she immediately obeys and moves closer to me. I take her hand, and she clings as I force my way through the crowd.

After a few torturous minutes of her beautiful body molded into my side, we finally made it out of the building.

“I’m taking you home tonight,” I inform her. I knew she was probably not aware of anything right now. I don’t think I’ve ever seen her this drunk before.

It worried me.

She nods but doesn’t say anything.

“Do you think you can make it to the truck?” I ask her.

She was swaying lightly on her heels, and I didn’t want her to fall and hurt herself.

She nods but falls forward a bit before regaining her balance.

F*vck it.

I throw her over my shoulder as I walk with her effortlessly towards my truck. She doesn’t make a single protest; in fact, this is the quietest she’s ever been. I’m not sure if she’s upset with my actions or if it doesn’t bother her at all.

I turn off the truck’s alarm and open the door to let her inside.

After she’s positioned in the front seat, I pull the seatbelt over her body to strap her in.

Her eyes are glued to me, and it takes me by surprise a bit.

There was this glow in her green eyes, like the trees under the bright sun; it held me in place. I couldn’t f*vcking move, and damn it, I should move because right now, all I could think about was kissing her.

She surprised me when she placed her finger on my forehead, right where I’d gotten the bruise in the past. “It’s gone,” she whispers; I can hear the relief in her voice.

It’s been gone sometime now.

My breath hitches when she drags her fingers down my face to my lips.

“Clara,” I whisper, not sure what she is doing.

“I wish you would smile more often,” she whispers, and her words strike my heart. “You always think about everyone else but yourself.”

I gently place my hand on her wrist with every intention of moving it from my lips. However, I don’t move it; I hold it in place. I’m shocked by my own reaction to her.

“I do think about myself,” I tell her softly as my lips brush against her fingers.

She shook her head, “You don’t. You look so unhappy all of the time. You don’t do the things that could make you happy. You carry the weight of everyone’s problems, but don’t try to fix your own.”

How long has she noticed this about me? I wasn’t aware that Clara noticed anything about me in the past.

“I hate to see you unhappy,” she confesses. “I wish that I could be the one to make you smile.”

I stiffen.

What?

She wanted to be the one to make me smile. But why? Why would she want that?

“Clara I-,”

I don’t get to finish my sentence when she leans forward and presses her lips against mine.

I freeze.

What was she doing?