

Professor Dearest Chapter 32

~CLARA~

Alaric.

His eyes have been on me ever since he returned from the Academy. I could feel the heat of his hungry stare on the back of my neck. It made me tremble with a need to kiss him again-my tummy twists at the reminder of his lips on mine.

Just a few minutes ago, Scarlett informed me that he even went to the extent of calling Carter to inquire about my absence from his class. This was a complete surprise to me as I couldn't understand why he was so concerned about my whereabouts.

The situation was quite perplexing. I couldn't comprehend why he reached out to his brother, of all people, to inquire about me. It was a risky move as he knew that it would arouse Carter's suspicion. From what I gathered, Scarlett hadn't mentioned anything about the kiss to me either, which led me to believe that he hadn't con ded in anyone about what I'd done.

My assumption was that he was feeling sympathetic towards me. Perhaps he sensed how morti ed I was about my behavior. I couldn't help but wonder what he thought of me now that he had witnessed my moment of weakness.

I play with my ngers nervously on my lap as everyone gets lost in their conversations.

I was too ashamed to look at Alaric even though he was still looking in my direction. I knew he remembered everything about that night. He wasn't the drunk one that day. He knew I kissed him when I shouldn't have.

There was even a chance that I opened my mouth and said things to him that I shouldn't have. There was really no end to my embarrassment. Each day, I did something worse than before.

I inwardly groan. I should have been stronger. I shouldn't have thrown myself at him like that.

"You're unusually quiet," Scarlett whispers next to me.

haven't told her what happened. I was waiting for the right time, but it never came. There was no point in waiting anymore.

"You should know that I did something stupid at the dance,"

I whisper.

Her eyes widen, "I was worried when I saw you leave with Alaric, but when you didn't say anything to me earlier, I assumed that I had nothing to worry about. What exactly happened?"

I lean in closer just to make sure that no one can hear me when I say, "I kissed him... On the lips."

The bowl of ice in Scarlett's hand drops to the ground as she gapes at me.

Everyone turns to look at us, and I can feel my cheeks burn. knew she would be shocked, but I never expected this horrible reaction from her. Now, everyone knew that our conversation just surprised her.

"Everything okay?" Carter asks her as he walks over to her side to examine her body. He's been extra concerned about her ever since he learned that she was pregnant, especially since she's been sick recently.

She nods as she looks at me in horror, "everything is ne. It just slipped from my hands."

"I told you I would do it." he scolds her as he cleans up the mess. "You should be sitting and relaxing. I don't want you doing anything else."

She sighs, "You act like I would intentionally put myself in harm's way."

He places a kiss on her forehead, "I can't help but worry about you and our baby. Please bear with me a little."

She smiles up at him brightly, "of course."

I look away as they both lean in for a kiss. I could see why Scarlett got pregnant so quickly; they couldn't keep their hands off each other.

My breath gets caught in my throat when my eyes nally connect with Alaric's. I swallowed hard and almost lost my balance. I could hardly control my heartbeat when he didn't even try to look away from me.

I fan myself with my hands as I quickly step out of the room to catch my breath. The second that I'm outside, I lean back against the wall and close my eyes.

My heart couldn't take this. It felt like it was on a battle eld.

Why was Alaric so damn irresistible? Why was he the only man on the planet that my heart reacted to this way?

"Are you avoiding me, Clara?"

I stayed completely still. I couldn't even open my eyes, for I recognized that voice instantly.

Why did he follow me outside? I came here so that my heart could have a ghting chance.

I slowly open my eyes to nd him standing in front of me.

His penetrating gaze was on me, and my heart threatened to jump out of my chest at this rate.

"Clara?" He says again, and I gasp.

My name in his mouth was like music to my ear.

I loved it so much more now that he wasn't saying it in a professional manner. This felt much more personal.

"Are you avoiding me?"