

**The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn**  
**Volume/Book 5**

**Professor Dearest Chapter 40**

~CLARA~

As soon as I opened my eyes, excruciating pain shot through my head, making it nearly impossible to move. My vision was blurry, and I struggled to focus on anything in front of me. Even my eyes felt swollen and sore. I tried to recall the events from the previous night, but my mind was blank. What had I done? The lack of memory only added to my confusion and discomfort.

I realized that the bed beneath me felt unfamiliar, making me wonder if I was even home. A sense of disorientation washed over me, and I sat up, trying to get my bearings.

The room was dimly lit, and I could barely make out the shapes of the furniture around me.

Sitting there, I felt around for the one thing that always made me sleep peacefully-Alaric's shirt. But my fingers only found the smooth sheets and the soft pillows. Panic began to sink in, and I wondered where I was and how I got there.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down. I closed my eyes and tried to recall the events of the previous night. But my mind was a blank slate. I couldn't remember anything. I opened my eyes and looked around the room again.

When my vision clears, and I get a better look at the room, it all clicks at once.

gasp[ed]; this wasn't just some random room, this was Alaric's room! The pictures, the trophies, everything, it was all belonging to him.

How on earth did I manage to get into his room last night?

Nothing made any sense. I remember Scarlett calling me and telling me he went to see Nicole. So then, how did I end up on his bed last night?

And where exactly was he right now?

The door barges open suddenly, and Scarlett rushes inside,

"You're finally awake!"

"What am I doing in Alaric's bed?" | ask her as I take another look around the room.

She sits on the bed next to me, "you don't remember anything at all from last night?"

I shook my head, "nothing at all."

She takes my hand, "It's a good thing that you are not standing when I tell you what happened."

Oh no.

I was already terrified to find out more.

"At the party last night, you had a bit too much to drink. I suppose it's my fault for calling and telling you that Alaric left to look after Nicole. You got drunk, and Jenna happened to lose you after she went to the bathroom. We couldn't find you anywhere. So I did the only thing I could think of, and called Alaric."

I gape at her, "You did what?"

"I thought it might be a good idea to see how important you are to him. The second I told him that we couldn't find you, he left right away to search for you. He didn't ask any questions; he went straight for you."

My heart felt full with her words. He really left everything to come find me?

"But that doesn't really explain how I ended up in his bed." I point out to her.

She sighed, "I'm not sure exactly what happened. Alaric never gave me the details. He said that he found you walking on the side of the road. He called me after he found you, and I told him that it was best that he brought you home here. I didn't want our parents to see you in that state. They already saw Alaric bringing you home once in the past; I didn't want them to question you."

Why couldn't I remember any of this? What exactly did I do last night? I knew what I did the last time I was drunk. Is it possible that I did something similar last night?

My lips felt swollen, and it made me wonder if there was a repeat of the last time I was drunk and next to him.

"What's wrong?" Scarlett asks me.

"Why didn't he place me in one of the guest rooms?" I ask her. "He could have chosen any of the guest rooms; why did he place me in his room to spend the entire night?"

She shrugged her shoulders, "When he returned with you last night, he insisted that you sleep in his room. Everyone was shocked about it, even Carter. However, he didn't sleep in the room with you. I think that's the only reason that Carter and he didn't get into an argument last night."

"Why would they get into an argument over that?" I ask her.

"I think Carter might be catching on, and he thinks of you as his sister now especially now that we are married. I think they both want to protect you but for totally different reasons. I'm positive Alaric doesn't think of you like he would his sister." She informs me.

Carter thought of me as his sister now? And Alaric wanted to protect me?

The door opens once more, and Alaric steps inside. The second that my eyes land on him, everything from the night before hits me at once.

My eyes widen in horror.

No!

Clara! What have you done?