

Professor Dearest Chapter 48

~ CLARA~

I rush to his side, and he doesn't move an inch. He stands completely still as I examine his body.

"What the hell happened?" I demand from him. "What did you do to yourself?"

I wanted him to come to me tonight, but I didn't want to see him hurt like this. What was I thinking?

If I'd known being here tonight would have resulted in this, I would have gladly stayed home.

I still didn't know enough about this full moon and what it did to Alaric.

I felt sick to my stomach. This was all my fault.

He doesn't say anything to me; all he does is continue to stare at me as though I'm his next meal.

"Alaric," I whisper. "I need to clean your wounds. There's so much on your body."

I rush into the bathroom and search for anything to help with his pain. I'm not prepared for when he grabs me from behind and pushes me up against the wall. I didn't have time to prepare. It was the last thing I expected him to do.

Everything he said to me before, the fact that he was so terrified of himself. This was the part of himself that he was hiding from me. Posted by Jobnib.com, always visit us for more free novels. I wasn't scared at all; I just worried that he would hate himself for this in the morning when he woke up and was himself once more.

"Alaric," I gasp when his mouth moves to my neck. He leaves it there without doing anything except sniff me. Was he truly smelling me?

I, stay completely still as he continues to drag his nose from one side of my neck to the other. I could feel my body respond almost instantly, even though he wasn't doing much. He growls low and is predatory, and I believe it's because he can smell my arousal. It wasn't something that I could easily hide from him, especially not when he was like this. This side of him craved s*x; it was the one thing he would pay close attention to.

The second his lips touch my neck, my a*s pushes back against his hardness. And it was hard, very, very hard. I could feel it more than I've ever had the pleasure of feeling in the past. I could tell that it was much bigger than I ever imagined.

I swallow the need to have him somewhere no one else has ever been.

Think Clara.

You can't let this continue.

You must stop him before he wakes up hating himself in the morning.

I wish declining him was as easy as that thought. I couldn't say no to this man even if I wanted to. The truth was that I wanted this even more than he did, and that was saying something, considering that he was the one in need of se*x. right now because of the curse. I didn't even need a curse to be craving that from him. I was much, much worse than he was.

His hands travel to my b****t as he slams my body against his. I cry out at the contact.

Even now, he hasn't turned me around. He's touching and kissing certain parts of my body, but I want to do the same to him. I want to spin around in his arms, but I can tell that he wants to be in control.

I gasp when his hands move to my thighs. My eyes widened when he spread them wide apart; I held onto his neck for support as he slowly slid one hand higher up my leg so that his fingers were now lightly grazing my panties.

I shiver against his hold. I have never felt anything that strong in my life. It made my knees quiver uncontrollably.

He hasn't said a single thing to me, and it bothers me. Do they never speak during the full moon? I never asked, and it bothered me. I wanted to talk to Alaric; I wanted him to tell me that he wanted this.

I couldn't do anything else but hold onto him as he ripped my underwear into shreds. I watch as the cloth falls onto the ground like it was crumbled paper.

It was the reminder that he could break me into two if he really wanted to. However, I knew that he never would. I knew that I was safe in his arms. The fact that he was still so gentle with me despite it being a full moon was all the proof I needed.

"ALARIC!" I scream when his nger slams into my p**ssy without any warning. I tried to hold onto anything I could as he pulled it back out, only to push it back in harder than before. He kept up the motion until I was dripping wet. I could hear the splashing noises combined with my loud moans as he continued to bring me pleasure.

I've never felt this good in my life, and I never wanted it to stop.

"Alaric, please!" I beg. "I want more. Please!"

I don't know what happens next, but I don't get my wish.

Instead, he freezes like he'd suddenly been hit with the reality of what was happening.

I gasped when his hands moved from around me, and I fell to the ground without warning.

My lips part when a painful roar escapes his mouth. I watch in horror as he slams his st into the mirror in front of him.

"ALARIC!" I cry. "Stop! You're hurting yourself!"

He doesn't listen to me. It feels like he's punishing himself for touching me. I tried to pull him away, but it wasn't doing anything. There was blood everywhere, and he was making the bruises much worse than before.

"Please, Alaric!" I beg. "Please, please stop this!"

No matter how hard I tried, he didn't want to stop. He insisted on hurting himself.

Why would he do this?