

Professor Dearest Chapter 8

~CLARA~

After class, more girls move towards Alaric with random excuses to speak with him. He was surrounded by ve of them currently. They're all trying to communicate with him at the same time, and he's giving them the attention that they want which in turn makes them all very happy.

"Let me guess," Jenna says as we leave the classroom.

"They don't understand their homework and need the professor to help them." I chuckled even though my insides were burning with jealousy.

He didn't stop me from leaving like he did yesterday. This time, he instead stayed back to talk to his other students.

Was I stupid for thinking he would have done the same thing today?

For the rest of the day, I couldn't focus on any of my other classes. How was I supposed to pay attention to anything when I knew Alaric could be in any part of the Academy right now with hundreds of girls trying to get closer to him?

I buried my face in my opened book and prayed for the chance to stop thinking about him.

At this point, I was practically torturing myself.

I didn't know what to do to get over my crush on him. If I kept this up, I would end up getting hurt.

I was already hurt in the past by Carter Prince; I didn't want to get hurt by his older brother.

The truth was that I was the only one hurting myself this time. He never once showed me that he was interested in me. He's been kind and caring, gentle, and sweet, but all those things were part of his personality.

He was just a nice person who treated others with respect.

I also kept forgetting the important fact that he was married. Sure, he was getting a divorce, but on paper, Nicole was still his wife.

It didn't matter that she was a horrible person; she was still his wife, and I was wrong for wanting something from a man who was still married.

I couldn't help myself; Alaric was someone that pulled you in. I spent the rest of the day trying not to think about him.

However, I promised Scarlett I would be there for her and I intended to keep that promise. And so, that's why right after I left the Academy, I headed straight for her new home.

When I got there, I waited for someone to let me in.

The gates eventually open, and I quickly park my car.

When I walked into the house, Alaric was already home. I didn't need to see him to know it; I noticed his truck parked outside the second I arrived.

It was one of the rst things I looked for when I entered his home. If I didn't see it, I always felt a big disappointment in the pit of my stomach.

"Can you get something from the kitchen for me?" Scarlett asks me. "I feel extremely thirsty."

"Sure," I tell her.

I left her in the family room and went to the kitchen.

I was surprised to see Alaric already in there.

I shouldn't have been surprised since I was in his house, but still, I was a bit startled, and I think he could tell, judging by the look on his face.

He didn't look shocked to see me at all, meaning he knew I would be over today, just like yesterday.

He walks over to the fridge and picks a beer out from it. He pitches the cover off it and gulps while his gaze pins me to my spot.

I couldn't move, not even a little.

How could one look from him turn my body into a statue?

It wasn't fair to me at all.

I waited for him to nish. I didn't want to go near him.

It was awkward. But there was also this heat that I couldn't explain.

"Is he why you've been so distracted lately?" he asks suddenly.

His back was turned to me, and it looked like he was about to leave the kitchen. However, it didn't look like he was leaving until I gave him an answer.

"Who?" I ask, confused and slightly surprised that he was trying to converse with me. The only time we've ever really spoken was when Scarlett went missing. He helped me a lot back then. A part of me wishes we could go back in time so I could be that close to him again.

"Matt." He answers me. "Is he the reason that you've been distracted during class time?"

My lips parted as my cheeks ushed.

He was so wrong.

How could he not tell that he was the reason I was distracted? Not no damn, Matt.

He leaned over me to grab a napkin, and I felt my heart rate speed up. He was too close. I couldn't think clearly with him this close to me.