

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn
Volume/Book 5

Professor Dearest Chapter 9

~ALARIC~

I could hear her heartbeat. Loud and fast. I frown, confused by her. Why was her heart racing like I was making her nervous?

Was it possible that I made Clara Mae uneasy? It couldn't be me; there had to be another reason. Maybe it was because I had mentioned Matt to her.

It still annoyed me how much it affected me to see another man speaking to her.

Clara was ve years younger than me. She was just twenty-one, and Matt was around her age. It was normal for people to date at that age.

Then why did it bloody upset me so much?

Earlier today, it took all my self-control not to walk over to them and slam Matt's face against the desk. It looked like he was bothering her. I didn't like it, not one bit.

I even did something f**cking insane right after my classes nished. I went straight to the of ce and asked to transfer Matt out of my class. I was still waiting for the principal to get back to me.

It was clear to me that I had lost my mind. I didn't think I had it in me to do something that drastic to get a man away from Clara. And he was my f**vcking student. They both were my students. I shouldn't be interfering in either of their lives.

She had me doing things I would have never done in this life. I didn't even know who I was anymore.

In the past, I thought I would be married to Nicole for the rest of my life, and I never thought that a girl ve years younger than me, a girl who was once in love with my younger brother, a girl who was too good to be true would ever catch my attention like this.

She was genuinely unbelievable. And I never understood how Carter never fell deeply in love with her.

I knew he cared about her, but to me, he never deserved her. I felt like an ass for even thinking that about my brother.

"Alaric?" Clara whispers.

It was only then that I realized I hadn't moved. I'd reached behind her for a napkin, and I was stuck in that position for more than a minute.

She must think that I'm f**cking crazy.

I swallow and quickly move away.

"About Matt—," she says as I proceed to exit the room.

Her words prompted me to look at her again, even though I knew I should turn around and never look back.

"I'm not interested in Matt, not in the least." She says. "He's not the reason that I've been distracted in class."

Her words meant more to me than she would ever know.
 Why the f**ck did that make me so happy? Why did I want to thank her for saying that?

Damn it.

I didn't understand any of this. I was f**cking confused.

I should have never even asked her about her personal life.

It was none of my damn business. If she wanted to date Matt, that should be her decision.

I nod, "I'm sorry for asking Clara. If you want to date anyone from class, you're free to do so. Even though I'm your professor, it isn't my place to tell you what not to do."

Why was I rambling?

I was surprised when her eyes looked crushed at my words.

Was that not what she wanted me to say? I felt like I could also sense a bit of disappointment.

I was never good at reading women. I couldn't even tell when Nicole was unhappy with me. I thought that I was doing everything to keep her happy. It turns out that I was doing just the opposite.

I was sure that I was also wrong about Clara. Her emotions had nothing to do with me.

"There you are," Scarlett says as she enters the kitchen. "I was worried that you'd gotten lost."

Clara looks at her sister with ushed cheeks; she looks like she'd just gotten caught doing something she shouldn't.

"Is something wrong?" She asked as she looked between the two of us.

"No," Clara answered almost immediately. "Alaric was just asking me something about class today."

She walks over to the fridge, grabs a drink, and pulls Scarlett out of the kitchen.

For a few seconds, all I could do was stand still and watch her leave. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

Fx*k.

I had to nd at least some control.

What the hell was wrong with me? I wasn't some damn horny teenager. But that had nothing to do with it.

These f**cking feelings inside of me were unlike anything I've ever experienced in the past.

It was enough to make me question every damn thing in my life.

I couldn't do this anymore.

I had to stop this madness.

I had to leave Clara alone.

She's been through enough.

I didn't need her to get tangled up in my mess.

I would never do that to her; I cared about her too much.