

Destined To Be His wife by L.T. Marshall Chapter 19

YuZhi angled closer still, making it crazy intimate so his words tickled her skin, making it clear he was moving in to kiss her. TangShi came to her senses and started to struggle realizing what he was doing. Understanding that this was nothing but a game and a way to torture her all the more.

“Stop it.” She uttered breathlessly, the panic rising from her gut that if he did close the gap and kiss her then she wouldn’t be able to resist him, despite everything she thought about him. His proximity reminding her of the past and an ache of longing and heartbreak swept in and knocked her for six. She knew her resistance was dwindling away when he held her this way and got this close.

TangShi was aware of an electric current thrumming through her body as she began to heat up and his nearness and focus on her lips sent her hormones into meltdown. Hate him as much as she did, he somehow triggered a burning desire in her and she didn’t like this new control or power he seemed to have unearthed in one quick capture. The chemistry of eight years ago, the familiarity of a touch she thought she had forgotten.

YuZhi leaned down to push the boundaries as close as he dared so that only a hairbreadth was between them. Inwardly smug at torturing his plaything, aware of her rapid breathing, the way her heart rate elevated, and he could feel her trembling beneath him as he molded his body to hers. For a second, he rejoiced at how easily he exposed her lie and truly wanted to push it to the max before coldly rejecting her again, but something stopped him as his lips almost grazed hers. As though his dark fog of contempt for her suddenly met a break in the clouds and a moment of something else flickered between them. A spark, a hesitation, a tiny flaw in his game.

A scent from a past memory, a familiar feeling of intimacy being this way with her, the lurch in his chest as his heart flipped over, and his mischievous bad behavior suddenly lost its courage. His gaze on those soft pouted lips, the way her curves somehow fluidly fitted his and ignited some blurry recollection of something, killed all thoughts of devious intention. His own heart rate picking up and a strange sensation in the pit of his stomach scared him enough to pull away from her harshly, shoving her aside so as to get some space away from her. Anger igniting that when he got close to humiliating her, something inside of him faltered and a feeling he couldn’t explain terrified him. A tight gnawing grip on his stomach and heart and it repelled him backwards at speed, knowing she was the cause.

He had no clue what she just did to him, but he had underestimated this wench’s tricks and somehow allowed her to get under his skin. Whatever that moment was, he was lightheaded and rolled as far away from her as he dared to bring his pulse back to a normal rate. He despised that she made him react this way.

TangShi was stunned and still, caught in the effects of whatever that was between them. Aware her body reacted to his and her entire being had anticipated his lips on

hers. She cursed herself inwardly and rubbed her face to try and push the feeling of him from her body. Simmering temper growing once more, aware that this time she was disappointed in herself.

“You really are scum.” She spat his way, hauling herself upright, tears hitting her eyes unexpectedly, and yanked herself out of the bed to march to the bathroom. She wanted space to breathe and calm down and wouldn’t let him see how much he messed her up by testing her that way. He was right, she would cave, and she hated herself for it.

“Better than being a liar.” He snorted trying to hide the shake in his voice and buried his hands in his hair to calm himself down when she slammed the bathroom door. He had never had the rug pulled out from under him that way by his own emotions before and it rattled him. He closed his eyes and tried to count to ten but an image he had long refused to recall popped up in his mind’s eye and rendered him temporarily still.

“You can call me Alice. Like In Wonderland...” The sweet voice of the girl who had pulled his interest across the dancefloor drowned out every other noise around them. Her eyes twinkling in the soft lighting of chandeliers over their head.

“Well Alice, will you dance with me. I sort of made a bet with my friend over there that the most beautiful girl in the room would be in my arms to the next song.” YuZhi stepped closer to her, seeing her hesitation as she pulled away and her face flushed with shy awkwardness.

“Then why are you asking me?” TangShi bit on her lip, shyness making her hands tremble, her insides twisting up with nerves that this tall and gorgeous mysterious boy would single her out this way and come homing in right for her across a room so vast. She truly didn’t believe she was the prettiest girl here, but he didn’t take his eyes off her for a second. He grinned, perfect teeth and a gorgeous smile that she didn’t doubt could make girls weak for him.

“Trust me, I am asking the right girl. And now I think I might have fallen for you all the more for not believing you are. Dance with me...come on. I’m looking like a fool standing here with him watching.” He held out his hand and bowed in a manner fit for a gentleman. “Trust me. I won’t do anything inappropriate. I just want to dance.”

TangShi inhaled slowly to calm her chaotic body and gently took his hand in hers. Aware her skin had turned cold and clammy, and she began to tremble at the warm strong touch of this complete stranger.

“I’m Yoonie. Remember it, because I’m sure it’s a name you won’t forget in a hurry.” YuZhi closed his hand around hers, liking the soft feel of her delicate hand dwarfed by his, and the smooth softness of her skin. Pulling her gently to him so he could maneuver her in to hold for a waltz. Her body fitting to his despite her obvious reluctance and shyness and he couldn’t help but slide around her all the more. Instantly protective of her slight form and much smaller height when drawn into him this way, on cloud nine as

her perfume and scent invaded his air in a heady mix. There was something about her, and it ignited a sensation in his stomach and chest that felt like fireworks and fear, but in a good way. He wanted to kiss her so badly, just from proximity alone and could feel the sparks of chemistry igniting between them, but he knew he shouldn't. He could tell she wasn't that kind of girl. He rarely chased good girls given he knew his military enlistment was fast approaching and the last thing he needed was a girl waiting here for him for the next three years.

YuZhi came fading out of his memory and found himself still alone in the vast empty bed of his room, the sensation of Alice's skin still on his fingertips, the dissipating scent still lingering around him subtly before he lost it completely. He blinked at the ceiling and then looked at his hand and then towards the bathroom door before shaking his head and casting the questions away. Confused, his thoughts racing but he refused to connect the dots.

Alice was a girl that managed to knock him off his feet and turn his world upside down in one night. Something no other girl had managed before or after, not even Rhea. She had made him feel that love at first sight could be a real thing, even to a sceptic like him, and he had been willing to bet on a relationship despite how crazy their meeting was. Even with his draft to the army looming and knowing nothing about her social background or anything about her life. Alice had imprinted herself on his soul that night and the death of his father had yanked him home after dawn leaving her behind in his memories. Eight years and she still persisted in parts of his brain that he tried hard to close.

She wasn't the only girl in the world who could have chemistry with him, and he had ignored all kinds of feelings for years after that. Logically there could be a million women in this world who could fire up the same emotions Alice did back then if he had been open to it after the deaths of his parents. She stuck in his head because she was the last of his happy days and good memories, before his world came crumbling down and he lost everything that could make him smile. The death of fun loving, free spirited Yoonie

Most girls were soft and smelled good, it had no bearing on anything that she seemed familiar and conjured up an almost forgotten scent. He used to date and hook up, maybe it was just a flashback of the days before Rhea and the thrill of a new body. Stirring up a memory like that was purely coincidental, maybe not even accurate, and he refused to believe that TangShi had any relation to Alice, the girl he regretted never going back to meet.

Apart from Rhea he hadn't been close to another woman in years, by choice. Pushing them away and only dating for physical pleasure before he settled down. Closed off and not willing to feel any connection to another woman while his mother's confessions ruined his entire existence. This was just a reaction to someone who wasn't Rhea, and he wouldn't let it happen again.

He had promised her that despite being broken up, he would do nothing that could stop them from a future together and tonight he was going to draw a line for himself to not do anything like that again.