# Chapter 83

"So, are you always this grumpy?" I ask, heavy on the sarcasm and rapidly-fading my eyes away from the window where I've fixed my gaze on the rolling clouds for the past hour or so, letting my mind wandering in the process.

Nathaniel's head turns to my side, his lips curling into a smirk in response to my question. He's a huge, tall guy, compared to Rose's 5'4 or so, but I'm pretty sure I'm taller than him. Which means I'm pretty sure I'm taller than everyone, I'm sure I'm not the only one who's been staring at him, and I'm sure I'm not the only one who's been wondering what it would be like to be in his arms, to be pressed against his chest, to be kissed by those lips, to be held by those hands.

"Only when I'm around you," he says, his voice deep and husky and I shiver, suddenly aware of how close we are, how we're sitting in the same row, how we're sitting in the same car, how we're sitting in the same car with no one else around, how we're sitting in the same car with no one else around and I'm wearing a dress and he's wearing a button-down and I'm wearing a dress and he's wearing a button-down and I'm wearing a dress and he's wearing a button-down