

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 1

/ [Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13](#)

1

Arabella Rivera

"You taste divine." Dean Winchester moans, kissing the creamy skin of my thigh. I moan arching my back in pleasure.

He continues to trail open mouth kisses along my thigh, his piercing eyes not once leaving my face. He smirks when I shiver.

"Let's see how you taste here." He smirks, forcing my legs to part.

My breathing was now labored, my chest rising and falling like I had just run a marathon. My fingers tangle in his hair as he brings his mouth down to my- "Haiden I know you've always made bad decisions but stealing cigarettes? Really! I am so tired of having to clean up your mess!" A loud feminine piercing voice blasts.

I gasp, stirring in my comfortable bed. I clench the covers in my hands, gripping them tightly in irritation. I pressed the side of my face on my white-colored bedding and threw one of my pillows over my head as a useless way to block out their loud tones.

Dean Winchester and I were just about to-

"I never fucking told you to clean up my mess! If you're tired of me causing trouble for your precious reputation then send me the fuck away. It would be better for all of us!" The gruff male tone definitely belonged to Haiden. His voice was sour and spoke of his anger.

"Don't you dare talk to me in that kind of tone Haiden!" The voice that obviously belonged to Mrs. Cross raged out. "And stop cursing the neighbors will hear!"

Too late. Not only did I hear but you also woke me up from my dream.

I breathed out a sigh turning on my back and throw the pillow to my side in frustration. I stared at the spinning fan on the ceiling for a few seconds. Growing bored, I part my feet and peeked between them. The television mounted on the wall was still on.

Somehow I had managed to fall asleep watching supernatural. The voices of Dean and Sam Winchester were like a barely-there whisper because of the low volume.

I preferred it that way, soft and unheard so mother would not know that I was watching anything other than documentaries.

“Do I look like I fucking care!?” Haiden’s voice is so loud it nearly pierces my eardrums. I suppose I should have gotten used to it by now. It was like a routine, he would do something bad and his mother would scold him. Louder than necessary.

I hear the undeniable footsteps approaching my door and like a lightning bolt I sit up, reach over for the remote and switch off the television.

The doorknob turns and I waited with anticipation. Mother’s head peeks inside, her blonde hair in perfect curls around her face. Lips stained with red lipstick and brows plucked to perfection. Her green eyes fall to my sitting form on the bed.

She fully enters and the pencil skirt and blouse she wore hugged her small figure. Her heels clacked on the white marble as she walked. Her form is straight and confident as she strides. “Those barbarians are at it again.” She says sourly, walking over to my window and slides it shut. It barely does justice for Haiden and Mrs. Cross’s voice still penetrates through.

She glares out of the window. “Honestly Charlotte should get a hold of her son. The boy is a lost cause.” She turns to face me. “Stay away from boys like that Arabella, they’re only going to bring trouble.”

It’s not like you and dad would allow me anyway.

Of course I don't say that out loud. I settled for a small nod, completely agreeing. She was right, Haiden is someone you should stay clear of. He was trouble. He was like an overflowing bag of chaos wrapped in one human being.

"Good." Her voice sounds pleased. She approaches me. "Your father and I want to have dinner alone tonight, I will make sure Gertrude brings dinner to your room."

When she is beside me, she reaches over and tucks my brown hair behind my ears. "Will you have a problem staying in your room tonight darling? Sorry that you can't join, it's your father and I's tenth anniversary and we want to celebrate it alone."

I wanted to point out to her that she had already mentioned that they wanted to spend it alone but refrain. I would rather stay cooked up in my room than suffocate the unbearable awkwardness at the dinner table.

"I have no complaints, mother."

She smiles and lifts my chin with her freshly manicured finger. "You're my perfect girl." She playfully pinches my chin and steps back.

"Make sure you're asleep by eight. Tomorrow is the first day of your senior year and you need plenty rest." She says and walks over to my door.

Honestly, I wished she hadn't reminded me. I was not looking forward to my senior year. It felt like the entire world was on my shoulders just by thinking about it.

Her fingers grasp the doorknob and she twists, opening it slowly. When she was almost out she looks at me over her shoulder. "Oh and make sure to zone out those barbarians. Their language is not suitable, it's too vulgar."

I nodded." Yes mother."

She leaves and I fall back on the bed with a sigh. I could still hear Haiden and his mom arguing. Their voices had not once lowered. It was like they did not care or acknowledge that they had neighbors. I huffed moving off my bed and walked over to the window.

I was careful to stay at the sides, not wanting them to see my prying eyes. I lean my shoulder on the wall and looked out of the window. Haiden and his mother stood on their lawn, a couple of feet away from their front porch.

Mrs. Cross looked frustrated while she argued. The way she flew her hands out in exaggeration was almost laughable. Though I couldn't see Haiden's face, I could tell he was just as frustrated, even more perhaps.

His black shirt fit him tightly and showed off his taut muscular back and his brown hair was a mess of loose curls, no doubt being tugged frequently. From what I could tell he was stiff as a board, like someone waiting for the right moment to strike.

Just for Mrs. Cross's sake and kind of mine, I really prayed he would not do anything he'd regret later on. I'd sure hate to be a witness, not when I look like a deer caught in headlights when faced with a camera commanding for my attention.

But it appears that God was on my side today because Haiden turns around and storms towards the house. Surprisingly his long strides getting him closer towards the door rather quickly, a couple more strides and he would enter and disappear from my sight.

"Haiden don't you dare walk away from me! I am not done with you!" Mrs. Cross yelled. "Well I am fucking done with you!" He hisses back and as if feeling my eyes on him, he takes this moment to lift his eyes to where I had been peeking.

I gasp, my eyes widening as I ducked. Bonk. My head hits the white wooden window seat. I hissed lifting my fingers to massage the slight throb. Hopefully he hadn't noticed me.

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 2

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Arabella Rivera

For an entire hour, I had occupied myself by rearranging the books on my desk over and over. It was not like I had a tendency to be an organized freak.

It was just that, the thought of leaving high school in a few more months made me a little antsy. Okay, a lot. I was literally thinking of every possible bad scenario. One where there was a stack of books burying me or two getting a B on an exam. I wince by the very thought.

Letting out a breath, I stepped back a little to observe my work as I dusted off my hands. I hummed staring down at the neatly piled books stacked to the very left corner of the desk.

No, the history book looks too big to be at the very top. A little again and it would flatten the rest of the books in a stack of flat pancakes.

I step forward and reach over to rearrange the books again and placed the history book at the very bottom. Stepping back again, I dusted off my hands this time with a soft smile beaming on my face as I observe my work.

Just then the door to my room opens softly. So grossed in my organizing I had now only realized that the sun was about to set. The golden hue of the sunset warms over my face as I turn to face the opened door. I smiled as Gertrude enters with a tray.

Her dark eyes fall on the books on the desk and she seems to be calculating something in her head. It was only a few minutes ago she saw them stacked on the right corner when she came to ask if I wanted her to bring me my dinner.

"I see you've arranged them again." She smiles tenderly and places the tray on my bedside table.

Gertrude had been working for my family before I was even born into this world. She practically raised me even though she was a teenager at the time. She was of Mexican descent and was now the age of thirty-seven and didn't look a day older.

I let out a soft awkward giggle. Gertrude knew how fidgety I got when it involved school. It was not seeing the children again that had me on edge, but it was the pressure to always top all my classes.

Mother and Father always said, to succeed in this world, one must always fight to remain at the top of the chain. Their words had been engraved into my mind before I had even learned to speak.

"They didn't look neat stacked on the right." I murmur walking over to her. It was not a lie though, from my perspective, they looked kind of off stacked on the right.

She smiled sadly clearly seeing straight through me. That is one thing I hated about her being with me for years, is that I could never seem to lie to her. She just sees right through it. Something father and mother never seem to care about.

"You'll do great Arabella, the semester hasn't even started yet and you're already so nervous. Relax." She utters and uncovers the food revealing green string beans and fully cooked steak. My stomach pinches with hunger as the aroma goes straight to my nose. I inhaled. "It's the last year of high school Gertrude. Mother and father will no doubt be tough on me. Especially since I

haven't decided on which college I will apply to." I murmur, fishing for one string bean only to get my hands slapped away.

"That's unladylike Arabella, use a fork. Hands carry so many germs." Gertrude scowls. I rolled my eyes, retracting my hands.

Gertrude sighs as if exhausted. I wouldn't be surprised if she was, mother had a knack to overwork her to the point of exhaustion. "You have a lot of time to choose the college of your dreams Arabella." She reaches over and holds my cheek tenderly.

"You're too young and beautiful to be so stressed. Take some rest after you have your dinner." She pinches my cheek softly and smiles to reassure me.

Crazy how she acted more of a mother than my very own who gave birth to me.

I nodded to reassure her but we both knew I would not ease the weight on my shoulders. At this point, I grew accustomed to having that certain weight on my shoulders constantly reminding me that I had to prove myself in this world. That I was supposed to be the perfect girl mother and father made me believe I was.

But that's the thing I was far from perfect.

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 3

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3Arabella Rivera

I wiped my mouth with the tissue and threw it on the now empty plate. I was seated crossed leg on my bed, back slouched as I wiped the tissue over the dirty plate, completely lost in thought. My phone gives off a ping then buzzes.

There was only one person who would call me this late. Not that I had many friends or contacts to call me either. I was considered an introvert, not that I had any complaint.

I looked at the lit up screen and even though it was to the edge of the bed Gwen's picture could be seen. I crawled my way to the phone and answered before it stopped. "What are you doing before your big day bitch!"

Of course, this was how she normally greets me. I rolled my eyes falling back on the bed, legs kicked up towards the high white ceiling. This was probably a bad idea considering that I had just finished gobbling down food.

"What big day are you talking about Gwen?" Had she finally lost her bonkers? Gwen was deemed a little crazy sometimes.

I could already picture her rolling her eyes in irritation, pulling the phone away just to glare at it, like I would magically feel it through the device.

"Our first day as seniors Arabella! This is considered a big day for us. The sophomores can finally bow down to us." She practically squealed in my ears. I had to move the phone away just to avoid my eardrums being affected.

Gwen was the stereotypical chirpy cheerleader with blonde hair and the most babyish of blue eyes. Doll like to be considered a barbie doll, very opposite from my dull brown hair and my smoky green eyes that occasionally looked grey or blue. She and I became friends when she moved here with her parents when she was the age of eleven.

"Thank you for reminding me of the dreadful day that's approaching." I grumble swinging my legs in flutter kicks.

"Oh come on Arabella it's not the end of the world, we'll be fine. Besides, it's my year to be cheer captain. Come on, I need my best friend to be as excited as me. Don't leave me hanging." She whines.

I sighed. Considering how I was ninety-nine percent sure everyone in my grade couldn't wait for tomorrow, I was the only sour puss. I turn on my stomach. "You're right, it's not like I have a ton of pressure on my shoulders. Honestly, I should just rent a party bus, pull up to school with it and invite everyone to come have an alcoholic drink. Speak about an entrance."

"Holy shit that would be fucking cool! Too bad we can't, don't want the principal suspending us on our first day." She laughs. Not at all surprised when she hadn't noticed my sarcasm. Typical Gwen.

I slapped my hand over my forehead, regretting it completely when I touched the tender spot where I had knocked it earlier. "Gwen." I wince rubbing the spot.

Hopefully, I did not get a bump. That would suck going to school with a bump the size of a golf ball on my forehead. I could already imagine the stares.

"Yeah?" She asked. I heard shuffling on her end. "Yeah, that's too yellow, nasty." She murmurs, not to me specifically.

"I was joking. Do you really think my parents would even allow me to rent out a party bus? Furthermore, have any alcoholic drinks near me?" I asked.

It was silent on the other end for a couple of seconds before she agreed." True. Your parents are too strict Arabella, sometimes I feel sorry for you." She murmurs.

I sighed. "Tell me about it."

"Should I wear the dark pink skirt I bought yesterday?" Gwen questions.

I furrow my brow, still rubbing the tender spot on my forehead. "Are you already picking out clothes for tomorrow?"

"Yep." She pops the p. "About that, I'll be picking you up a little later tomorrow than usual."

"As long as we don't arrive at school late, then it's totally fine. You should wear the pink skirt, though it's a little too short." I said. Gwen laughs. "I promise. And leave my skirt alone, it's hot."

Our conversation seemed to be stretching for hours until my ears warmed from having the phone pressed to it for so long. I looked at the clock on my nightstand. It was already seven-fifty. Soon mother or father will come to check if I am still awake.

Not wanting to get scowled before my senior year even began, I decided to call it a night. After saying goodnight to Gwen, I shift around and throw the phone on the bed. I blinked at the ceiling for what felt like hours but was just probably seconds. It was quiet except for the sound of crickets. Oddly it was relaxing and my nerves had calmed down exceptionally until I heard a whisper. Startled, I sit up on my bed, like someone awakening from a nightmare. I almost passed it as probably a show playing on the television downstairs, only that the whispering wasn't coming from there but outside of my window.

I couldn't help it, I was intrigued. So being the nosy person I sadly am, I got off the bed and walked to the opened window overlooking the Cross's house, specifically Haiden's room. I always leave my windows open at night, the chilly air sets me right to sleep in seconds.

I guess I shouldn't have been surprised when I spotted a dark haired girl climbing out of his window that faced my room. She kissed him, whispered something probably sexual as he helped her steady herself on the branch she was balancing on.

I moved closer to the window and widen my eyes in fascination when she smoothly climbs down the white oak tree that had branches cut down many times so it would not be as thick and full.

She climbed down as if this was not her first time. I was guessing it wasn't. Was this conquest number five for this week? The last one was blonde, perhaps he doesn't have a specific taste like everyone said.

My eyes draw back to Haiden's window only to suck in a breath when his eyes are already set on me. Smirking, with amusement dancing in his eyes, he winks before closing his window and shutting the blinds.

Well shit.

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 4

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4

Arabella Rivera

"Goodmorning Arabella." Gertrude greeted me as I entered the kitchen. I wanted to point out that there was nothing good about the morning, especially the day ahead. But of course, I swallowed it down and murmur a soft greeting in return.

"You're here so early?" I asked, throwing my bag on the island. I fixed myself onto the stool and let my eyes stray to Gertrude.

My eyes drop to stare at the broken wine glass she was quickly sweeping in the dustpan before disposing it into the bin. My stomach drops already knowing without having to ask.

"Yeah, your mom needed me to come early to clean up." She answers, pushes a cloth under the running pipe and wrings it before wiping down the spilled red wine on the floor.

"They had a rough night huh?" I asked. It was no secret that my parents never saw eye to eye. Funny that they complain about the Cross's while they were no saints themselves. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black. At least the Cross's didn't hide behind the facade of a perfect family.

Gertrude doesn't answer confirming my suspicion. I should not be surprised, in fact, I wasn't. This was normal, it was normal. But that didn't help the lurking anger I felt knowing that my parents never cleaned after themselves.

They treated Gertrude like a slave who should always do their bidding. Yes, she was practically our maid but no one should be worked to the point of exhaustion. "Maybe one day you should have them clean up their own mess." I couldn't stop the hint of anger that slipped when I spoke.

"Who needs to clean up their own mess?" A hoarse voice speaks. I looked over at mother who entered the kitchen, fingers pressed to her temples like she had a massive headache. When her eyes fall on me, I took note of how red and swollen they looked. It appeared like she had been crying for hours. At this point, I wouldn't doubt it.

She was also dressed in her normal formal attire, white blouse, pencil skirt with deathly high red stilettos and a black Prada bag clutched in her hands. She looked

like the epitome of a hot wicked boss whose personal life is falling apart day by day.

In her case it was true. I could vouch for that since I was living in her world. The one where I am supposed to be perfect just like her. Or as perfect as she portrays to be.

She walks to the island and rests her elbows on the smooth marble surface. She groans rubbing at her temples. " I have a massive migraine. Can you pour a glass of orange juice for me please Gertrude?"

" Yes Mrs. Rivera." Gertrude replied and throws the soaked up wine cloth in the sink then walks over to the fridge.

"How was the anniversary dinner last night?" I asked purposely. I observe how both Gertrude and mother stiffen upon hearing my question. Skipping around my question she orders Gertrude. " Pour a glass for Arabella as well."

"That's fine, I'm not an orange juice kind of person on mornings." I said flatly, mildly irritated that she forgot I was allergic to citrus. Then again I should not be surprised, my parents forgot a lot about me or they simply didn't care to know more.

"You need to drink something or at least eat before you head to school Arabella." She sighs grasping the glass of orange juice Gertrude handed to her. In my line of vision, I could see how quickly she took out what looked like pills from her bag and popped one in her mouth before gulping the fruity drink.

"I will." I said, planning to buy my favorite vegan salad on the way.

Her eyes shift to the clock on the wall and she turns to me. "Is Gwen picking you up or do you need a ride? I have a meeting in a couple of hours and I could drop you off?"

Mother was one of the most successful designers in our state. I remember the younger me dancing around with the many different materials before I got scolded by her for disarranging the color theme.

But younger me didn't care back then, because those materials knew more of my feelings than either of my parents. So I'd do it over and over again until she stopped bringing me to work with her.

I nodded playing with the straps of my bag. "Yes Gwen should be here any second now so no need to drop me off." It was not like I hated my parents, they were my parents so of course I couldn't even if I wanted to.

But it was as though we were more like strangers than being actually related and the only thing connecting us was the blood running through our veins. Besides, a car ride with mother always resulted in an argument about school grades needing to be up. I always lost the argument while she never does.

She smiles sadly. "I would really have liked to see you off on your first day being a senior. Like the first day I dropped you off in kindergarten. My perfect little girl is growing before my very own eyes." She laughs lowly, gulping more orange juice.

I wanted to point out that it was not actually her who had dropped me off in kindergarten but Gertrude but I bit my tongue. Surely she'd win that argument too, she always did. I nodded. "Right."

"Your father wanted to see you off but he got called in at work earlier than expected, he has already left." She spoke after an awkward pause.

Oh so now she wants to talk about father?

I shrugged not caring at all. Same old same old, be the perfect daughter with good grades while they act like the best parents when they're, not. Sometimes I felt that my parents saw talking to me as a chore which was rather draining on both our ends.

She sighs when I make no effort to answer her. Her eyes tear away from me to look at the clock again. "I should be going now. Arabella don't stay out late and if anything comes up at school, I'm one phone call away." She utters, grabs her bag and leaves the kitchen without waiting for a response from me.

Gertrude who had been eavesdropping while pretending to wipe down the countertops, walks over to where mother was a few seconds ago and reaches for the empty glass. Her head lifts and her eyes connect to mine. She groans. "Don't look at me like that Arabella. You know your mother loves you. Your parents love you."

I hated when she could always just stare at me and read my mind. Note my sarcasm. I pretend to not care and scroll through my phone as I waited for Gwen to text me. "Well, they certainly have a funny way of showing it. How lovely that my very own mother has forgotten that citrus raises hives on my skin." I deadpanned. I didn't mean to sound harsh but I was getting tired of Gertrude defending them all the time. I lift my eyes to Gertrude and she winces, walking over to the sink with the glass in her hand.

"Don't be too hard on her Arabella she's been going through a lot lately." She whispers.

"Been through what exactly Gertrude?" Of course I knew that whatever mother was going through there was no way Gertrude would tell me. I was always protected from the truth. The secrets in this house were not for me to know. Maybe I was better off not knowing.

Gertrude opens the pipe and pretends to not have heard me. I opened my mouth to speak but a ping from my phone draws my attention to the device. It was a text from Gwen, she would be there in five. Sighing I moved off the stool and grabbed my bag, fixing the straps over my shoulders. "I'm leaving now." I murmur leaving the kitchen before Gertrude could answer.

My converse smacked against the pavement as I made my way to the sidewalk. I intended to wait for Gwen there. My eyes were glued to the screen of my phone as I scrolled through Instagram. I came to a stop beside the road and pushed the phone in the back pocket of my jeans. I lift my head when I hear the sound of someone slamming the door of a car.

My eyes snap to the sound and they fix on Haiden who's rolling down the window, already staring at me. My breath caught in my throat. We barely acknowledged each other, actually, we never did. Now having his attention on me for the first time was quite nerve-racking.

Was he thinking that I was the creep staring at him last night? I nearly face palmed for being ridiculous, of course he knew it was me. I live just next door to him and my window mirrored his.

I sucked in a sharp breath when he starts his black pickup truck and comes driving towards. Of course I am on the sidewalk away from the road so I had no fear he'd drive through me for being a creep last night. But when he's almost near, the passenger side window facing me, rolls down.

His eyes twinkle with mirth as his lips curl in a teasing smirk. Then he does something unexpected, he winks. Transfixed and confused by him, I had not realized that he was driving over a puddle of water on purpose. The result was dirty water flinging over me. I shriek when the filthy water wet through my red shirt and some spots on my jeans.

I watch him drive away, glaring holes into his shiny black pickup van. Asshole.