

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 30

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Hinding Haden Criss was proving to be the most difficult thing to do. Scratch bring a dry crusty SpongeBob, I was now a hamster on a wheel as I searched high and low for the damn brute.

Of course, I couldn't exactly ask anyone if they've ken the tall brooding bad boy. nor if I want to raise SSPICIOIL

I sighed folding my arms as I leaned my back on the wall opposite the males bathroom. Every guy who would come out after taking a piss would stare at me strangely.

I guess sering a girl standing there watching everyone go in the bathroom is kind of weird considering how my eyes had not left the view of the door.

I know Meredith said Häiden might be somewhere outside and I did look around but nothing. No signs of the boy who kissed me last night. The sudden thought has my fingers unconsciously lifting to tarderly touch my lips.

ewindly. I HTEVE my fingway from me y lisandud my throat. The bry Dontinued to per al me, furrowing his lxxraws that Ingled had a piercing

Trip my eyes away from the boy! couldn't put a name to bul assume he was in my prade. I try to play it cooland collected when the guy struts over come. My jaw locks with annoyance when the scent of musk and spiceflares through m

Ielt his presence as he intentionally lifts up his arm and leans on the wall, nearly caging me in. I stilled, exhaling out a breath of irntation. "Hey baby-" He started.

"Not interested." I sneered and shift away from him.

Instead of leaving, the boy moves closer, leaning more towards me. "You've been waiting for a guy. Is that not why you're Standing here? Let me be that guy, we'll b e quick." He murmurs and tries to sound alluring but his voice comes out sounding like a little boy seeing porn for the firi

I Fisin my lians at my head turniir face him. I protrudel him with any glare. "Fuckol." I snapped, fighting that

Foto mot throttle him. I didn't care that he was twice my size, 1'd find a way to intlik pain unto him.

Come on baby don't he like theat

Seeing that the guy was annoying at the ticking of a cork, I turned around and walked away, leaving his burning stare behind. "Dick." I grunted under my breath.

I thought maybe somehow Haiden would come to the bathroom. I mean a guy needs to pee some point right? But standing there like a creep seemed to only be fruitless. Especially with guys staring at me like I was some sort of prostitute on the side of the road.

"Where the hell can this guy be?" I gritted out as I walked the almost empty hallways. How can a guy who stood out so much hide so well?

"Hey, Arabella!"

ETHicklenchin my eyes three Hyldas I heard the approaching

"You're best friends with Gwen right? His impatient voice rang through my ears.

I raised my brow sarcastically, not answering the teen boy whose seat was soaked more than half of his great shirt. He awkwardly smiles and clears his throat. "Sorry, stupid question."

Nervously darting his eyes around he scratches the back of his head. She hasn't been answering any text. I don't know if I did something wrong or..." He draws out, his voice dripping with sadness.

My eyes shift into one of understanding. Gwen was a little bit of a kind of girl and this time was no exception. I had to always be the one to pick up those

I felt sorry for Brandon as his slouched shoulders show exactly how Gwen's actions weighed down on it

I exhale a slow breath and regard the helpless boy. "Look Brandon it's not you, it's her, Shela. A lot of things going on in 2014 maybe she just needs some space

I stopped the rehearsed words and realized that I shouldn't be involving myself in Gwen's personal life. This was her fight and not mine. Besides she deserves a little bit of pestering from Brandon over here for bad talking Haiden earlier.

So plastered on a smile, one so fake that I feared my muscles had been stretched too far. "You know what. Gwen is in the cafeteria as we speak and if you can't find her there, then I'm a hundred percent certain she'll be behind the bleachers. So go speak to her and tell her how you feel." I tapped his shoulder to give him a boost of confidence, inwardly feeling sorry for him.

Brandon smiles happily, his white teeth nearly blinding me temporarily. "Thank you Arabella. You're not that bad." He turns around and walks away leaving me confused.

Why did I think this words meant

Shaking my head I turned around and continued on my way. If Halden had to be anywhere in the hallway then it would surely be in Mrs. Scott's class.

It was the last class in the entire school, away from the other classes. Tretis rarely goes there during breaks and if they did it would probably be to do something indecent.

Still, my mind didn't register those last words and barreled through the door only to slam it shut when my eyes fell on a bare ass with legs wrapped around the waist.

"Next time lock the door." I snapped marching away from the moaning teens.

Did Halden ditch school? I thought as I rounded the corner.

I froze when a thought suddenly comes to mind, I never looked to see if he was at the back of the school building. I did see him walk over there once without the company of his friends. Maybe it was his Thinking spot.

Making my mind up, I walked to the rear of the school. Ignored the nosy students who turn around to stare at me as I made my way to the back of the building.

There were trees on the sides of the school and when you got closer to the back, the trees created a shady effect that would creep out any lone girl, which was me. Still against my better judgment to just call it a day, I continued on the path.

As the edge of the school's building came into view, my heart began pounding. What if Halden wasn't there but instead I stumbled on a creep?

It was already too late to turn back now. Heeded my head's warnings for I turned the corner. My eyes fall upon a tall male familiar figure. His brown hair looked disheveled, like his fingers had run through it countless times.

He brought the cigarette to his lips and inhaled the smoke before turning his head my way. His brown eyes captured me like a moth to a flame.

"What are you doing here?" He blows out.

"What are you doing here?" He blows out the toxic fumes in the air as he regarded me without a speck of emotion looming in his eyes.

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This feels like déjà vu. The words were in my head hours ago, when I had granted access to his codes, surprisingly more than anyone else.

That my eyes drift away from his hair to his eyes. Oh they were a cold brow, something I thought brown eyes can't portray. But his eyes are warm and inviting. Haiden's eyes are the far opposite
I suppose I had it coming. Being treated coldly. But then as I thought more about it, when has Haiden ever treated me the opposite? If he had, it would only last for a flash of a second and then the emotion would be hidden so quickly that you wonder if it was just your imagination all along.

Still, even with the state that resembles Tuesday, it still manages to pull me in. Which confused me more than I let on.

I didn't have to be here. I didn't have to not have to be here I didn't have to face him. I don't have to apologize especially with the stunt he pulled last night. But my entire body says otherwise, I wanted to be here. I wanted to apologize

I found my gaze slipping to his mouth, hating that the cigarette was nestled between his pillowy lips. They were soft last night. Softer than anything I've ever touched or tasted.

Before I knew it. I was already in front of him, peering at the boy who I should stay away from I couldn't pinpoint where things had started or where everything shifted between us. Not more than a couple of days ago, with strangers.

We still were, but now we were strangers who kiss.

"I've come to speak to you." I answered his previous question as I forced my eyes to move away from his tempting lips.

Just one look at them and my head has turned foggy. I nearly forgot what I came here for

"Haiden's eyes didn't lose the look of uninterest as he draws in another puff of

it

his

to blow the lines

I closed my eyes as the smoke brushes over my entire face. My jaw clenched in annoyance and when I peel my eyes open, the sight of an amused Haiden led more of my annoyance until it nearly turned into anger.

"Really? I couldn't tell." The corner of his mouth twitches into a small smirk. Peering down at me, Haiden's eyes traced my features until he ripped his lips away to stare behind me. There were nothing but trees.

He drags the cigarette back to his mouth but before drawing in the toxin, he speaks. "I'm not in the mood to speak to anyone."

His eyes move from the trees and drop to pierce through mine. "Not even you princess.

My eye twitched, something I sadly – inherited from mother when I am either vexed or beyond frustrated. In this case, I was both but more leaning on the SUUUUUL MEULE SITE FI U

frustration

Not even thinking much about it, I took a step forward and shocked Haiden by quickly grasping the cigarette that was snuggled between his pink lips and harshly tugged it away.

His mouth remained a little parted as he watched me throw the cancer stick on the concrete and squished it under my converse

"What the fuck Bella?!" Haiden hissed after he regained his composure and buried his shock.

My sharp glare pinned him quickly as I pointed a finger at his chest. "These aren't even good for you Haiden! They're dangerous and referred to as cancer sticks for a reason. Don't shorten your life span just to look cool. I just did you a favor." I snapped.

He opens his mouth to speak but I beat him to it, completely refusing to let him

get a word in. "And I don't care if you don't want to speak to anyone. You're going to hear me out whether you like it or not." I jeered, unknowingly moving forward until my finger jabbed at his chest.

Haiden's eyes dip to my face, tracing it slowly while looking somewhat amused. "And what will happen if I don't?" He chuckles lowly and takes a step back until his back is plastered on the wall. His arms quickly cross over his chest, biceps flexing, caused by the action.

He also crosses his ankles and looks down at me intensely, I stood my ground, jutting out my chin to seem intimidating "I will keep pestering you until you do. Maybe even throw rocks at your window if I have to."

Haiden rolls his bottom lip between his teeth and sucks before letting out a low rumbling chuckle. "You're a very demanding girl Bella."

I crossed my arms under my breast, somewhat feeling vulnerable with the way he now stared at me.

Haiden's brown eyes search my face and after a couple of seconds he lets out a sigh, relaxing his tense form and then gave a single nod. "Fine. Get on with it." Seeing that he looked interested in hearing me out I relaxed my hands and opened my mouth to speak. Nothing comes out.

He raises a brow in expectation and a quick gleam of amusement sneaks through his irises.

"Well? We don't have all day." He quickly coughs to hide the chuckle that slips out. Haiden was without a doubt laughing at me inside his corrupted head. I exhaled a sharp breath that sounds like an exaggerated groan of anger before finally spitting out the words that had been stuck in my throat. "I'm sorry."

There I said it.

But the brooding boy whose height intimidated everyone, only looked at me like I was some sort of alien. "Sorry, can you repeat that? I didn't quite hear." His eyes nailed me with a flickering look of mirth. So rare and warm that suddenly my mouth didn't have brakes.

"I'm sorry okay! I'm sorry that I'm the cause of the rumor that's circulating and it and I've misheard your name. Hit hey, don't think of it. You caused this in the first place. You started it by dirtying me in the first day of school and then continued to make a mockery out of me. Yes I agree, saying you have herpes was a bit too much and I called for but it's not like you have it and "How have you not run out of air yet? Is this some sort of ability that you possess? Talking without catching your breath? I gotta give it to you Bella, you keep surprising me." He moves off the wall with a laugh and takes a step towards me. I took a step back involuntarily. Even being intimidated by him, I still managed to lift my chin. "I'm trying to apologize."

He lifts a taunting brow. "Really? Because all I heard were your excuses and how I was the bad guy in all this." He circles his finger between us and smirks.

"Anyway, you don't have to apologize. I don't care about the rumor, it doesn't faze me." He takes a step back and

Shoves his hands inside the pockets of his jeans.

My brows joined together to show my confusion. "You don't?" I asked.

He shrugs. "Nope."

"But why are you here, away from everyone?" I voiced out my curiosity. Haiden was complex, a very complex human being.

"Because Bella, I didn't come here because I was afraid of the rumor. I came here because I was afraid of what I would do."

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What do you mean?' I question, slightly intrigued slightly afraid of the answer: But that's what Haiden Cross does to everyone anyway. He installs fear while also intriguingone to wonder. To wonder who the real Haiden was behind all this hard exterior

Something about his tone told me that whatever he meant wasn't at all rainbows and sunshine. It was a brewing storm. A storm I was afraid I'd get in the crossfire of.

He pointed at the bricked building I get in there and hear another asshole call me herpy guy again, then I won't be able to stop myself from pounding his face in. I only have one more strike and I'll get expelled. I can't afford that."

His voice had gone back cold. And by the way his voice hissed out the words I could just tell he was probably rehearsing what upset him in his head.

As his words sank in, all I could feel was

the idea of starting all of this. His words were as thick as molasses, how upset he was by all of the rumors.

"%c then that means the rumor || bothers you..." I drawled out not entirely speaking to him but more to myself. The words just came out without my permission and I wished they hadn't. At least not at this very moment.

"I don't fucking care about the rumor!" He roars, completely catching me off guard and startling me enough to take more than one step back. Before I knew it, the bottom of my converse was scrunched on top of the grass. I was not on the concrete anymore but away from Haiden

I might have gotten used to his cold personality but I haven't quite gotten used to his sudden change of moods.

He must have seen the shock and fear that betrayed me and showed in my eyes because he sighs in dejection, looking apologetic. "Sorry." His voice lowers.

He lifts a hand and rakes it through his already messy hair. "Sorry I didn't meant 0.....shit. I can't ever do anything right when it comes to you." His last words are a low whisper which made me feel that it was all just a fragment of my

He clenched his eyes, with a look of frustration. "Just leave it Bella. I don't care about the rumor." He opens his eyes and pins me with a look that said otherwise He cared, the rumor was getting to him more than he let on. And all of it was all my fault.

I needed to fix this.

"What's her name?" I asked. The words had rolled out before I could even think them through

Haiden looked confused as he peered down at me. "What?"

"The girl who's spreading the rumor." I grumble faintly but he catches it.

Haiden starts at me for a couple of seconds before a chuckle slips out of his tempting lips. "Well, she's standing right here" He raises an amused eyebrow as he stared at my feet.

Following my eye, not at all amused. Time was ticking, literally. Sooner or later the bell would ring and I wasn't so sure I'd be able to stop the rumor before the day ends. In fact, I wasn't so sure I could stop that at all, but I could at least try, especially since I was the cause

"You know who I'm talking about Haiden. The girl who came to your room last night, the tree girl."

Haiden throws his head back and lets out a bark of laughter. "Tree girl"

He then stops laughing and looks at me with a tiny ghost of a smile on his face. – You amuse me Bella.”

I let out an impatient groan, scowling at him. “Stop beating around the bush Haiden!

His eyes twinkled as he folded his arms.” So demanding.” He clicked his tongue. He laughed when he saw how frustrated I was becoming ” Fine. What do you want with Sasha?

I shrugged. “Nothing much, just a little friendly chat. Mind telling me her last He his portraying himself as con waha Koks skeptical. “I dan’t lunaw. You don’t seem all that friendly.”

I gritted my teeth growing more and more impatient and irritated. “Well I can also be a bitch if that’s what yoll want.” I Snapped, fury clouding iny senses.

Maybe I should leave and just call it a day. But as I look into his eyes the anger slips away. He didn’t deserve this no matter how much of an asshole he is.

Besides, I wouldn’t want him to retaliate and ruin whatever perfect reputation I had.

Being up all in my head made me miss the fact that Haiden had somehow come close to me. It was only the sound of the grass crunching beneath his boots did I realize that the scent of cigarette and mint had gotten stronger.

Imave my eyes off his black shirt that was a few inches away from my face and sucked in a sharp breath when his head dips. My eyes flick to his lips unknowingly and I felt my pulse quicken.

He pink tongue dart out tokkhiswer lip and my mouth and wildenly become alry. There was a mising nen i had never Teli before as I waited for what he would DHUNE

No one can explain how disappointed I was when he shifted his head until his hot breath fanned against my car, “Only for me.” He whispers, the feeling of his breath against my car and neck made a shiver run down my spine.

Tamn shocked by the leeling and seemed t o be frozen solid, Haiden pulls away, his face leveling with mine as he soltly holds my chin and brushes his thumb under my bottom lip.

“But for others let’s keep your perfect persona up” He smirks pinching the skin of my chin. “Name is Sasha Phillipx.”

His words finally got me out of the trance I seem to always get myself stuck in with him. I finally regained the little composure I had left, coaxing the shivers to let up. I glared into his eyes, slapping his hand away from me as I took a step “back.

There is something called personal pice Hajdeiu.” I grumble and started to walk away from him I was now on the hunt for Sasha

Before I disappeared from his sight Halden stap me.” Hey Eri!a!

My steps faltered beforelhalt “What?” asked, not turning around to face him. The shivers had subsided but the racingo f my heart didn’t. I feared looking at his face would push me over the edge.

“Try smiling once in a while. It suits you “He murmurs.

I inhaled a breath not bothering to answer him as I walked away. His words weighed down on me more than I liked. They rang in my head over and over until I finally entered the building

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if though anchoring for Halden was hard, well being on the hunt for her proving to be the most difficult, it didn't help that I hadn't gotten a good glimpse of her last night and what made matters worse was that I never paid attention to anyone in this school. So putting a face to the name would be very challenging. A girl with a pixie hair cut rounds the corner, nearly bumping into me: "Sorry." She maneuvers and sidesteps to get out of my way. "Wait." I called out, turning around to face her. She looked friendly enough to ask her a question without her being skeptical. She whirls around, eyebrows drawing together in question. "Yeah?" "Have you seen a girl named Sasha Phillips around by any chance?" I had – Fesort to asking anyone I could stumble across, being smart to not ask those who worshipped the ground Gwen walked on. She'd have likely been upset and furious that I had not handled her warning to Slavy away from Haideti, which also included his problems. Which was mine, come to think of it, since I did start all of this. The girl's coffee colored eyes narrowed. – Sasha from drama class? Seeing that I didn't know if it was the Sasha I was referring to. I just decided to go with my gut and nodded. Worst case scenario is that she's referring to a guy. Then again I did say a girl "Yeah, I need to give something back to her." The girl nodded. "Last time I saw her she was in the bathroom. That was about two minutes ago. If you're quick enough you might catch her inside or just about leaving." I nodded, cracking a decent smile that wouldn't make someone cringe. If it did the girl didn't show it, for she only smiled in return and murmured a welcome when I thanked her. I made Helene Cor the iris hatractic, pingil ilmamed Sasha was still there. She had to be, if not, I'd give up. Time was already ticking and I swore I could even hear it set off in my head, like acid time bomb. As I opened the door I suddenly realized I had not even thought of what I would say to her. I couldn't just go up to her and demand her to disprove the rumors about Halden. She'd ask too many questions. Questions I couldn't give her. It would be like throwing water on a raging fire. Yes, it died out eventually but it still left a stain in its wake. But if I were to. Thinking about it was already giving me a massive headache, one I didn't want right now. I pushed the navy blue bathroom door open, the scent of the urine strong enough to assault my nostrils. It hit me like a bulldozer, one so strong that it nearly had me running. I scanned the area, noting how empty it was. Naane was in sight. I was about to throw my brow not knowing. Ver or not. "Does anyone have a tampon!" She yoked, her voice thickening with urgency, "Please." My mouth parts in realization. She needs help. "Wait here, I'll be back with you." Well, it's not like she can go anywhere. I scurry to my locker in a matter of minutes, hurrying to grab a hold of a tampon in my bag. When I did, I made a quick dash to the bathroom. I was happy that I didn't have to meet too many prying eyes. They'd definitely think I needed to take a dump with the way I sped through the hallway. I wrenched the bathroom door open, unintentionally having it slam against the wall with a bang as I entered. It closes. I decided to give her a pass, walking past stalls away. I leaned on the wall, facing

her stall. I pondered if to lie about my name but decided against it. She probably knew it already anyway.

"Arabella. I need to ask you something. Well, it is sort of a favor I slipcase" Well you can get any favor from me, it's the least I could do for you literally saving my ass." She giggles, flushing the toilet.

I hurried, crossing my arms under my chest. "Really? Even if that favor has something to do with Haiden Cross?" I kicked back one leg to rest it against the wall behind me.

The flushing dies down and for a few seconds, everything is mute. I could only hear my breathing until the door of the stall opens slowly. Sasha comes out, almost hesitating. She looks like she was weighing her options, either to make a run for the bathroom door or head back i

for the bathroom door or head back i

Both would be fruitless seeing that she couldn't exactly make a run for the door without passing me on the way and going back in the stall would even be the dumber option. She was stuck inside here with me, whether she liked it or not. Her blonde hair was plaited in a long braid that flowed down her back and her blue eyes, the color of the darkest part of the ocean, peered at me in what I presume was alarm.

She must've figured out what she'd do seeing that she closed the stall's door and lets out a shaky breath. "What do you want?"

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Arabella Rivera

"I told you what I want i need a favor."

Her belly grows tense, eryosity emanating off of her like waves of the sea. She darted her eyes from me to the door, seeking a way out. "A favor that has to do with Haiden Cross? She whispers more to herself.

She then pinned me with a questioning stare. "Why?"

Like magnets, my eyebrows draw together to line in a frown of confusion. "Why what?". The question slips out of my mouth.

"Why do you need a favor for him? Did he send you?" Her question completely took me off guard. I guess I should have expected it seeing our current situation, but surely I didn't think she'd ask it this soon.

She read me like an open book and here I thought I was the one who had her in my

cht was

one who had her in my

De who need the favor arani Haiden. i was like she hit hiye iht in the

"He didn't send me if that's what you leared." I finally melered.

She visibly sighs in relief but then straightens her spine and throws on a look of question. "So what's the favor?" I was like she feared to even speak out those words. They came out so still, unclear that one could only tell that it took a lot of courage for her to utter them.

She didn't want to do any sort of favor for me, it was very clear on her face.

I move off the wall and turn to her. Looking at her dead in the eye. I mutter. "I need you to stop spreading the rumor."

Her feet shift nervously and her eyes refuse to look me in the eye "What rumor? Of course she tried to play as though she didn't have a clue as to what I was

speaking about. But the way she gulped and the slight alarm that flicked in her eyes betrayed her nonchalant exterior,

"Ihan't play the

dark. Wehtlikuwa Fumor l'imalking at

Her true colors began to show and soon her face had taken on a shade of irritation and anger. "And why should I? He waste my time in coming over and climbed a tree for him only for him to dismiss me like I'm some sort of garbage and told me he had more important business to do." She hissed yes burning with rage, that to me specifically.

She then shrugged, popping her hip to look like she didn't care. "Anyway, it wasn't me who said it first. Suite girl

"That girl was me.

Her mouth parts when the words come out of my mouth. She was startled, very. Her eyes deepening into more of a tangled mess of confusion. "What?" She voiced out the confusion that had rooted her frozen.

I sighed, seeing how I needed to unweave myself from the tangled web I had somehow gotten myself into. I had no

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choice but to falter some of the truth. I didn't want her to make up her own fiction that would weave another thread of rumour.

Rumors I didn't want.

"The girl shouting from her window? Yeah that was me." I started, not entirely sure as to where I was going with this. One stupid mistake, one single word, could shift this entirely. I had to tread on this as lightly as possible

Sasha's eyes gleamed with intrigue, yet still showed the shadow of skepticism. So I took it as a sign to continue. "Halden dumped my friend the day before and I being upset about it all, lied about him having herpes. I regretted it instantly and wished I could've taken it back. This was some sort of vendetta against Halden and I'm trying to fix it."

Honestly, I'm not that proud of the excuse I came up with instantly, but given the short amount of time to prep I think I did good, especially seeing the shift in Sasha's emotions.

Her brows pinched together and her eyes

hatred

. So he don't have herpes

Was that will she catch from that

?

It was like the news suddenly had snatched her out of her draining emotions about Halden because a bright smile stretched on her face "So that means I still have a chance?" She whispered so softly that I got the hint that the words were only meant for her to hear.

After all the things she could think about she's here wanting and hoping for another chance with the boy who she spoke ill of just a few minutes ago. Now I see why guys get confused by women's sudden emotions and actions. They never know what they truly want.

They're like an enormous rubber cube. A damn headache.

She then cringes and looks at me lost. "Do you think he hates me now? Do you think he'll take me back? Crap I might have ruined my chances with him." The tears that blurred her vision shocked me with its sudden and unexpected arrival. A thousand-yard stare and troubled, in sudden switch of light bulb in my head first on. I wasn't even to think of manipulating her emotions hit in this case, this was something very necessary.

"Of course he would." I walk up to her, plastering a look of pity on my face.

I rested my hands on both her shoulders and squeezed them in reassurance. "But

you need to stop those rumors as soon as possible. That's the only way he'll forgive you and take you back. If not then I'm afraid the resentment will not wear off." I whispered, hoping to pierce through her roaring emotions to get to her. "Wait, resentment? Heresents me?" She cried, hiccuping. The door to the bathroom opens and I prayed it wasn't Gwen or the other girls. I turn my head a little to see who entered and I'm relieved to see someone other than my nosey friend.

The girl who entered spared us a look of question and rushes to an empty stall. I turn to Sasha and give her my undivided attention. "Yes he does. But you can fix here

and shithen down to her top lip.

"Well you could start by telling the first Oh you lod, you were lying I'm sure word will get around knowing this

Shtenedd and sniffle, "I really hop this works "

This was easier than I thought

I smiled, giving her shoulder another squeeze." It will, but first clean up yourself, you need Haiden to see the beautiful girl he wanted, that a weeping one" i juled.

Sasha giggles and rods while walking to the sink. "I need him to pant after me."

The bell rings.

I breathed out a tense breath. My work was done, well sort of. But there was a sudden burn of something I had grown to be familiar with

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Arabella Rivera

"This is so stupid." Gwen groaned her blonde hair whips behind her shoulders. Her long nails tapped on her bedazzled steering wheel as she focuses her eyes on the road ahead.

"What is?" I asked half-interested, half not. My mind was too occupied with thoughts of, him. Why was I jealous of Sasha? I barely know the girl.

My mood had drained and turned into crap from the moment Sasha and I's conversation ended. I was never the go lucky, preppy girl like Gwen. I was more on the salty, tense and mind your damn business side. But still, my mood had never dropped this low.

"Like why waste your time making up a rumor if it's not true? Here all the girls he dumped thought he finally got what he deserved only to be handed a platter of lies and disappointment. She made the entire female population ashamed." Gwen hissed, fingers turning a shade of ash as she gripped the wheel a little

tighter than necessary.

I rolled my eyes. She had been talking about this from the moment we left the school's ground. Don't get me wrong I was happy that Sasha had succeeded in killing off the blazing fire of lies about Haiden, but I wasn't exactly in the mood to hear about a guy I can't keep out of your head.

"That's exactly why they call it a rumor Gwen, it's lies made for morons to believe. In other words, you're stupid to even believe what others say." I let out without thinking. Admittedly, I haven't been thinking straight for a couple of days now. 1

Whatever left my mouth nowadays were just fragments of the ticking time bomb on the tip of my tongue.

Gwen gives me a side-eye, face scrunching up with the look of startlement and confusion. "What or who got your panties in a knot today? You have been awfully more hostile and moody."

"My panties are un-knotted thank you very much." I mumble.

I looked out the window, latching my eyes on the buildings and little shops on the side of the road as we raced past them. This part of town was always my favorite. It's where I would get a glimpse of, them.

The little happy family that owned a pet shop. They always looked so chirpy and happy as they talked to their customers. But it wasn't exactly that, that drew my intrigue.

It was the raw look of love passing between parents and son. Something so rare that I now looked forward to catching a glimpse of that rare emotion every day.

When the pet shop came into view my heart skipped a beat. It always does. I never really figured out why. But somewhere deep, deep down inside, I knew that it was because I lacked what they had. Love was never an expression I expressed

It was intriguing to see others express its

o naturally

"Bye Charlie!" The woman shouts, waving at a little boy who skipped with a little ginger-colored kitten cuddled in his arm. His mother laughed as she hurried t o catch up with him.

As we neared the tiny shop I could see through the clear glass window how the man playfully pecked his wife's nose, seeming to be happy that one of their animals just got adopted.

Their son wiggled his way between his parents, wanting all the attention on him. They laughed caging him into a warm hug.

I cracked a smile, my very first one today that finally reached my eyes.

"Are you PMSing?" The question left Gwen's mouth to snap me out of my haze of gazing at the happy family. Happy was always much better than acting to be perfect.

I turn to Gwen, furrowing my eyebrows as she stared at the questioning blonde."

"Are you having a period meltdown? You know PMSing?" She added.

I let out a laugh. "This isn't what pmsing mean Gwen. It's Premenstrual

She groans." Whatever, it means the same thing. Potato, tomato."

I squint my eye, feigning to be thinking." The saying is actually potato

"Okay my genius best friend, I'm wrong. You win." She huffs turning the corner to my street.

When my house came into view I couldn't help but feel the weight of dread overcome my entire body. The house looked so bland among all the colorful ones that showed the owner's personality.

I guess our house said a lot about us, we were nothing but a blank canvas that had been painted over to outweigh and hide the imperfections that were still hidden under the white paint.

Gwen stops beside the curb and turns to face me, still leaving the ignition g. "See you tomorrow?"

Tunnmg. see you tomorrow.

I nodded while opening the car and swang the bag strap over my shoulder." Yeah." I slammed the car door.

"Wait." She called out.

I turned around, waiting for her to continue. "Do you think my boobs look bigger with cup bras or lace? Or should I just wear push-ups instead? I'm going on a date tonight and the guy is kinda older, so I want my girls to be on display."

I hummed. "Definitely go with cup bras. The push-ups make your boobs look like they're suffocating."

Then I cross my arms under my chest and narrowed my eyes at the chirpy blonde. "And why am I now hearing about you going on a date?"

"Well if you weren't so moody today I would've had the chance to. But seeing that I couldn't get a proper conversation out of you, I just thought you wouldn't care or listen." She shrugged.

.O REDMI

She then flips her hand. "Anyway who

cares, you're not so moody anymore. So AI QUAWhat color lingerie should I wear?
And

before you say brown, I rather die, or get

ore you say brown, I rather die, or get fucked by Hitler then die."

My lips tipped into a smile. "I wouldn't dare."

"Go with any shade of blue. It brings out your eyes."

Her smile is contagious as it blooms and breaks the little awkward moment that had passed between us in the confines of the car." This is exactly why I love you baby. You know everything about me that I think we'll end up marrying each other one day." She laughs and I join her knowing she wasn't actually serious.

Or was she? With Gwen, no one ever

knew.

"I'll see you tomorrow my love. I need to go shave my coochie for tonight! I'll let you know how everything goes when I get back." She yells and blows me a kiss as she drives away

I shook my head, cringing and turned around. I didn't even take a step forward

when the sound of a truck zooms behind REDMI NOTE. I froze and without thinking much CÓ AI QUAD C.

about it, I turned back around with a

but it, I turned back around with a hand gripping my bag strap as I watched Haiden park his truck in the driveway of his house.

I didn't quite know why I just stood there and watched him get out of the truck. My body numbs when the brown of his eyes falls into mine, penetrating it so deeply that it would be considered an invasion of privacy.

I held my breath when he shocks and confuses me by walking towards me. When he was just but an inch away, he digs into his front pocket and pulls out something

"Here." The corner of his mouth twitches when my confused eyes fall to his hand. I grow even more confused when my eyes fall on the chocolate bar in his grasp.

Not even thinking much about it, I take it and lift my eyes to peer up at him.
“What is that for?” I voiced out my confusion.

Did it have some kind of poison or some other weird shit?

REDMI N Haiden only smiles, which was already so Al Quadrante to begin with.
“Heard it helps with.”

e to begin with. “Heard it helps with.” He nudges his head to my stomach
and realization hits me.

I began to feel my face heat up with mortification as I got confirmation that h e
had definitely heard mother last night. He turns around without waiting for my
answer. Well the lack of.

“See you around neighbor! Oh and I think we’re even now.” He yells and turns
around just to wink before heading towards his porch while whistling.