

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 46

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Arabella Rivera

“First, close my damn door. And try being a little gentle this time?” Dark annoyed eyes smoked a fog of irritation towards Haiden’s brooding posture that stood in the entryway.

Upon Mr. Boyd’s sarcastic request, Haiden’s jaw ticked, the jaw bone growing more prominent by the action. My eyes leer at the faint bruise he spotted on the slightly tan flesh of his jaw. The discoloring under his left eye began to fade but was also still very noticeable.

With a low pant of annoyance. Haiden reaches for the door and slams it shut. It rattles, indicating that it was close to falling off its hinges. “Happy?” He asked tightly, voice thickening with what I presume was irritation.

As soon as the words are let out, the sad excuse of a map that hung on the door, falls to the floor limply behind Haiden’s boots.

My eyes draw to Mr. Boyd waiting for his reaction at hearing the blatant bold

action at hearing the blatant bold disrespect in Haiden’s voice. The man always looked furious but the shadow of anger he spotted now, competed against any previous one before. Haiden had ticked off the man, a lot.

The tightness of his frame and the glare of annoyance said it all. Mr. Boyd drew in a breath that calmed him down before he said anything out of the way. His frame relaxed too. As if finally realizing that Haiden was not worth arguing with.

He lifts a hand to his forehead, rubbing the skin as if to ward off a splitting headache. “You damn kids.” He murmurs lowly.

Damn kids? He better be speaking about Haiden, I had nothing to do with this sudden annoyance he was now spotting. In fact, I’m innocent in all of this. I just came to hold up my own side of the deal.

If I knew the guy I would be tutoring was Haiden, I would have probably said no. Then again, the bright red B on my paper was taunting me, therefore I wasn’t so sure I would’ve turned down the offer.

Mr. Boyd pinched the skin between his

Boyd pinched the skin between his brows, pulling it lightly and dragged out a n exaggerated sigh." You try to help them and they act like little shits of hell."

I draw in my bottom lip between my teeth, chewing on it lightly to suppress m y laughter at the use of Mr. Boyd's words. By doing so, I could feel the pressure of being peered over. I knew it was Haiden, I always knew.

There was just something about his gaze that had a flame as flickering as a wildfire creeping through my veins that led to goosebumps raging over my skin.

"Why is she here?" The gruff displeased voice had my teeth loosening on my lip and dropping it entirely out of shock. The way he acknowledged me wasn't all that great considering how his voice dripped with bitterness.

I found my mind ticking like an old clock as I try to think of the reason behind his sudden bitterness. Haiden was cold and I had grown used to it, but the bitterness in his tone was something I didn't expect.

Did I do or say something wrong? I can't recall doing anything to him and I hadn't

Dr Tutor say some mung wrong Team Dall doing anything to him and I hadn't spoken to him in a while too, neither did I say anything about him.

In my dreams perhaps, but it was nothing he'd not like. Actually, I think we both liked it. Dreams aren't reality though. And this reality, was a sucker punch to the gut, unwelcoming and cold.

Mr. Boyd stopped pinching the thin skin between his brows and fixed his gaze on Haiden. He dropped his hand to his sides and with a frown on his face, voices out." I found you someone who was willing to tutor you."

Haiden's eyes snap to mine, narrowing o n my face until I could feel the penetrating stare. He was calculating something in his head, I could just tell. The way his brows lined in a frown and the tick of his jaw showed me that he did not quite like Mr. Boyd's words.

And he definitely voiced it out. "You found someone and it's her?" The way he said her was like he was intentionally mocking me.

He snorts unamused. "Yeah forget it." His heavy tone of displeasure was a slight

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heavy tone of displeasure was a slight jab that I tried to ignore. Haiden turns around ready to leave, his fingers already wrapping around the door handle when M r. Boyd's edgy voice stops him. "If you walk out of that door, you'll be saying goodbye to your high school diploma."

Haiden completely freezes, posture turning rigid as he slowly turns around. His eyes are like ice, cold, chilling and unsettling. "The fuck you just say?"

A brewing of a storm. One I'd not want to get trapped in. Unfortunately, it seems I have tangled myself in this situation unwillingly and unknowingly. Was it too late to back out and just face the rude awakening of getting my first B?

As happy I'd be backing out of the deal, I couldn't. I needed that B to turn into an A. I can't afford to have my perfect report card tainted by something so unappealing

Mr. Boyd slams his fist on the desk. The sudden action had me yelping faintly as I nearly jumped out of my very own skin. His face turned a shade of pink as he tried to calm down his growing anger. Haiden wasn't exactly helping

calm down his growing anger. Haiden wasn't exactly helping

Spitting profanities at me wouldn't help you boy." His voice is gruff and heavy with outrage.

Mr. Boyd looked at Haiden without battering a lash. "And you heard me. Your chances of ever graduating will go down the drain if you fail this class. You're slacking off boy. You barely come to class. And when you do, it's like you're in your own world."

I took a peek at Haiden, my eyes falling on his clenched fists at his sides. My stomach twisted when I spotted the torn flesh on his knuckles that looked fresh. Tiny red cuts also decorated his big hand, worming down to his long fingers.

Haiden had definitely been fighting. That explains the faint bruises he had been sporting recently.

"What are you saying old man?" The emotionless voice of Haiden had me snapping my eyes up to look at his face. He doesn't spare me a glance, only arrowed it to Mr. Boyd.

I hated how awkward I was just standing there while listening to two angry males that tried to intimidate each other. None backed down, so I suppose this will take longer than I expected.

Mr. Boyd sighs heavily, exhausted by just talking to Haiden.

"I'm saying that if you can't keep up with the rest of your class, you will be held back. I'm not the only one who has agreed to this Haiden."

His eyes snap to my fidgeting self and he finishes. "Arabella is exceptional with all subjects and may be the only one that can help you keep up with your studies. If not, you'll be repeated. You need her Haiden."

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Arabella Rivera

You need her Haiden.

After that last sentence, everything just became, silent. It was heavy and reeked of awkwardness. The pressure was so weighty that I inched closer to the door to somehow escape from here. Only to be stopped by Mr. Boyd's words.

"I'll leave you two to talk about it. I need to be somewhere—" Mr. Boyd stops, lifts his hand to look down at the silver watch wrapped around the bone of his hairy wrist.

Wait he was going to leave us here alone?

Scratch that.

He was going to leave me all alone with a brooding and vexed Haiden?

"In exactly eight minutes." His quick fingers worked to place the last of his things in his briefcase.

I squint my eyes on the black briefcase as Mr. Boyd took a hold of it and began walking. Can I fit inside that tiny thing? I

Alking. Can I fit inside that tiny thing? I wish he'd pack me inside too, therefore I wouldn't have to face Haiden all alone.

Before he disappears out of the door, he whirls around to pin Haiden with a heavy stare. "If you want a future, I think you know what to do." With those last words, Mr. Boyd left us in a strained stuffy

silence

I tighten my grasp on my bag, my lips pressing together with every second that ticked by. It was only us in the room and I was pretty sure in the entire school, excluding the security. It couldn't get more awkward than that.

I lift my eyes to Haiden. He wasn't looking. His eyes were burning holes through the dirty floor, teeth gritted in frustration. He wasn't going to be the first one to speak. He'd leave it to me so he can make a mockery out of my words.

Except, he shocked me by lifting his gaze to mine, connecting them so sharply that I sucked in a quick breath." I don't need your help." His tone was twisted with aggression but I could describe the vulnerable sound of uncertainty.

The black hoodie he decided to wear today made him look even more intimidating than his aura. I suppose he tried to lessen the attention on his bruises but they only stood out like a sore thumb, clashing with the black material.

The brown of his eyes shaded darker until it exposed his frustrations, "I don't need anyone. I can do shit on my own."

I had no doubt he could. But the thickness of vulnerability was too heavy to ignore. He needed my help but his ego wasn't going to let him.

Brown eyes that were supposed to be warm and show off their beauty, nailed me

with a look of anger." So how about you get your perfect act on and tell Mr. Boyd you will not be able to tutor me? I know you're so busy and all."

"What I'm surprised by is the fact that you even agreed to it." Frustration emanated off of him like waves of a roaring ocean when a storm is about to hit. If I had not gotten used to being treated as a pest, I would have definitely backed down.

Being treated like one my entire life made me grow a thicker skin. Now words hurt me but they don't dent my armor. They don't show my vulnerability. They don't show how weak I truly am. They don't unveil how deeply Haiden can get to me.

So I straightened my spine, slacken my tense jaw and burned him with a stare of fury. If he can be mad so can I." You really think the world revolves around you? News flash. It doesn't. What makes you think I agreed to tutor you out of all people? I didn't even know who I'd be tutoring until a few minutes ago. If I'd known that I'd be tutoring an asshole, then I wouldn't have agreed and wasted my time."

His eyes stung a hole in my head as he adjusted his bag strap on his shoulder then gestured to the door." Since we're both on the same mindset, you can just leave. Don't want to waste any more of your precious time princess." He mocked the word princess. So different from how he said it to me days ago.

What changed? Why was he treating me so badly like.....

Like what Arabella? Did you really think he'd treat you any different than the others? A few conversations here and there wouldn't have put you in the friendzone. The better part of my mind pulled me right back on track only for me to stumble back

But what if I don't want to be in the friendzone'?

Then what do you want to be in Arabella?

My fist clenched at my sides as I sort for a n answer to my own question.

I don't know.

My answer was like a blank canvas, waiting to be painted. I could choose the colors. I could choose the bright ones, the ones that put you in a good mood, the ones that look, perfect.

My eyes leave Haiden's stormy ones and settle on his dark clothing,

What if I wanted to paint it black? What if

I didn't want perfect?

Then you'll only be painting a dark hole, "endless and depressing.

My eyes lift back to his eyes. Behind the anger and frustration, I could see something else. Something that made me realize that I wasn't the main focus of his anger. He wasn't angry at me, not really He was angry at himself.

In that dark hole, there will always have a tiny spot uncovered. And that's where you'll find the little spark of light.

My conscience grows quiet after my last thought

Suddenly the room darkens. We both look out the window, seeing how the grey clouds hang over the entire town. The rumble of thunder came next, a loud warning that an actual storm was approaching and not the one standing a few feet away from me.

I turn to Haiden and sighed. "Fine. You don't need my help, you can do your shito n your own. At least that's what you say. I'm not going to stand here and tell you why you should accept help Haiden. It's your future and not mine."

Honestly, I didn't think of what would happen if I did actually help Haiden.

ppen if I did actually help Haiden. Everyone warned me to stay away from him. Tutoring him was going to make the entire female population come at me with pitchforks and lit torches. Not only that, Gwen and mother wouldn't be too happy.

But Haiden reminds me of, me.

And within the depths of his eyes, I could tell that he wanted to graduate. He wanted to escape this town, just as I.

I shook my head when he doesn't respond. I sighed and made my way to the door. But before walking out, I turn to him." You don't always have to act like a n asshole you know." With

those last parting words, I walked away.

I could hear the howling of the wind as it sang in the air. The rolling of thunder shook the walls of the school and the heavy rain nearly overpowered it. When I stepped out of the school, I clenched my eyes and murmured a curse after realizing I didn't bring an umbrella.

I looked at the rain pouring down the roof of the school and puffed out a sigh. "Shit." I rested my back on the wall far away from the pouring rain, not wanting to get

the pouring rain, not wanting to get drenched.

Don't get me wrong, I love the sound of rain. Just not when I have no protection against it or have any sort of transportation. And judging by the heavy pouring, I feared I'd be stuck here for hours.

I couldn't exactly call Gwen seeing as she's babysitting, neither can I call father, he'd probably make up an excuse. And mother? Well, she'd probably say she can't drive with her freshly manicured nails.

I don't know how long I stood there staring at the rain but the next thing I heard was the school's entrance door closing beside me. I know it was Haiden, that damn penetrating stare couldn't go unnoticed.

Was it bad that I wished it was the

security and held only just come to hand me an umbrella?

"Let's go." He finally murmur after a couple of seconds staring at me.

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Arabella Rivera

I tried. I really did. But I found my eyes darting to him against my better judgment. He had the hood over his head, covering up some of his chocolate locks.

His hands were shoved in the pockets of his hoodie but I could see the outline of them fisted. He looked ahead, brown eyes scanning the cruelty of the rain.

I crossed my arms under my chest and tear my eyes off of him." I'm good thanks. You go on ahead, I'll just wait it out." My tone is knotted with suppressed

anger.

Offering me a ride when only just a couple of minutes ago you were down my throat, forcing me to swallow your profanities and anger. He had some nerve.

I rubbed my arm slightly as I began to feel the sudden chill of the wind. Even my teeth started to hurt, which only happens when the temperature dropped too suddenly. I wouldn't be surprised if I'd turn to a chattering of teeth and a

n to a chattering of teeth and a shivering mess in a couple of minutes.

I could feel his eyes on me, sense the prodding like he was removing every piece of mask I had little by little." It doesn't look like it'll let up any time soon Bella."

There he goes. Calling me Bella.

I can't keep up with him, I can't keep up with the sudden shifts of his emotions.

I snap my eyes to face him and fixed him with a nasty glare." I said I'll wait it out." I snapped, my emotions getting the best of me. Thunder tumble, shaking the wall I rested on and the rain poured down heavier.

His jaw ticked as he fully turn towards me. "Why are you so stubborn?"

I ground my teeth together and hugged my arms over my body to stay warm. "Why are you such an asshole?"

He raised a dark brow and I couldn't help but notice the faint cut above it. "I'm offering you a ride, how is that being an asshole?"

asshole?

"I'm not talking about now-" I clenched my eyes and huffed in annoyance. "You know what, forget it."

I move my eyes away from him and pushed myself closer to the wall as if to ward off the cold. I rubbed my arms, praying that the rain would let up soon.

"You're cold."

I ignore his observation and continued to stare at the pouring rain. I heard him sigh and the sound of his nearing footsteps froze me in uncertainty. Haiden was a

very difficult and confusing puzzle, and there was no saying of what he'd do or say next.

I bit my tongue when his body heat creeps up on me as he now stood beside me. He grumbles something under his breath and then leans on the wall, our arms brushing

"What are you doing?" I finally asked. I move away from him a little, not too much since another step would make me

get drenched by the rain.

"I'm staying with you." He said it like it

was common sense, like I should have known that.

I peeked at him under my lashes and chewed my bottom lip. "Get going Haiden, I don't need you." I used his exact words, satisfied with the displeased clenching of his jaw.

At that very second, his eyes snap down to mine, catching me peeking "I'm not leaving you here alone Bella."

I tore my eyes away, not because I was embarrassed by him catching me but by the shock that I was sure swirled in my eyes. "I'm not alone, Kevin is here." I lift one shoulder in a barely there shrug.

Haiden snorts beside me. "The security? He's dozing off in one of the classrooms as we speak. Not much of a company huh?" He chuckles lowly, the sound twisting my insides in a good way.

I bite the inside of my cheek before answering him. "Still better company than you."

From my peripheral vision, I could see the nod of his head as he grumble. "Right.

I shiver, but it was not because of the cold this time, but the burning stare he pinned me with. I tighten my arms around myself seeking for comfort against the sudden pull I had towards him.

My breathing gets a little tough when suddenly Haiden began to take off his hoodie. The scent of mint and a tiny sniff of cigarettes flutters to my nose until I was forced to take it in. The smell was oddly comforting me in ways that confused me.

"What are you doing?" I found myself asking this question for the second time today.

"You're freezing Bella. Can't have you turning into a popsicle.....even though I'm sure you'll be a very cute one." He gave a quick chuckle at the end and comes to stand before me.

Our eyes clash together and I could feel the unmistakable quickening of my heart. "Probably taste good too."

I wasn't sure if it was just a fragment of my imagination. There was no way Haiden Cross let out those words.

asshole?

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get drenched by the rain.

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Shit maybe it isn't a good idea to take his hoodie.

"You're one to talk." I said lowly as he helps me put on the hoodie. It's huge, covering my figure and ends just above my knee.

"Keep quiet popsicle." He joked and took a step back. His brown eyes roll down my form and he winks. "You look better in it than I did."

I rolled my eyes even though I felt a fluttering feeling in my stomach. "Yeah because I'm a lot nicer."

His lips quirk in a smile. "Maybe."

He sighs and turns around to stare at the rain." It really doesn't look like it will let up any time soon. We should make a run for it before it gets any worse."

The scent that emanated from his hoodie seemed to mess with my head. I find myself taking in a whiff and nearly got caught when he turns around to face me suddenly.

"I didn't agree to the ride though." I pointed out, trying to not have him ask

pointed out, trying to not have him ask questions as to why I looked like a deer caught in headlights.

Haiden ignores me and continues. "I'll go get the truck and I'll come closer so you'd not get too.." He drawls, smirk emerging on his face and he lets his eyes drop to stare at my legs. "Wet."

I got his sexual innuendo quickly and sucked my teeth in annoyance. "Smooth." I said sarcastically and tear my eyes away from him so he'd not see how his words affected me.

Staying here with him, all alone wouldn't be good. I needed to get away.

Soon.

I looked at his truck. It wasn't far and I was sure I could make it without getting drenched too much. Without thinking much into it, I left Haiden and made a run for it.

I heard him let out curses as he followed after me. "Fuck Bella, are you crazy!" He yells over the sound of the rain.

I don't answer him as I continued my way towards his truck, converse smacking the

wards his truck, converse smacking the puddles of water as rain soaked me to the bone. I may have underestimated the rain a little bit.....okay maybe a lot.

My fingers clutch at the cold door handle and tried to pry it open. It was locked.

"Shit." Haiden hissed over the loud pattering of the rain. My hair stuck to my face as I looked at him through the heavy rain.

"My keys are in the pocket-".

I understood him and dug in the pockets of the hoodie. Finally clutching the keys, I hurl it towards him. He catches it quickly, blinking away the water that weighed on his lashes as he unlocks the truck.

As soon as I heard the click of the door being unlocked, I got in. Saying I was drenched was an understatement, I was my own bucket of water, really. Haiden groans as he slams the door closed, harshly.

Instantly his eyes draw to mine and he glares while scanning my soaked figure." *Are you out of your mind!?" He hissed. I don't answer him because I quite frankly was freezing and my jaw was as stiff as a

s freezing and my jaw was as stiff as a rock

His eyes soften as he looks at my trembling bottom lip. "Shit." He curses softly and reaches over to put on the heater.

I'm stunned when Haiden takes a hold of my hand, engulfing my much smaller one in his hands and began to rub. He brought them closer to the heater and lowered his head until his lips are but a breath away and, blows.

His eyes lift as he continues to warm my hands, not caring about his own being." You're really something else Bella."

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Arabella Rivera

My teeth were still slamming on each other in a war and my body was a mass of chills running through it incessantly. In better words, I was fucking freezing. Yet, peering into Haiden's eyes warmed me enough to ease my worries.

With him, I wasn't afraid that I could potentially get hypothermia.

"You'll be okay." He says lowly, rubbing my hands a little more hastily.

The brown in his eyes shaded with worry and I realized he wasn't necessarily trying to ease my worries but his own. The tightening of his hands around my own said it all. Haiden Cross was a hundred percent worried about my well being than his own being.

My heart skipped a beat then two after that realization hit me through all my freezing layers.

I watched him closely, staring at the water droplets from his hair gliding down his forehead, down to the corner of

a gums Own his forehead, down to the corner of his nose then finally on his lips. Suddenly a new spark lit inside my core and all I could think about was how soft his lips felt against my own.

I wanted to feel it again.

Just then his brown eyes snap up to stare at me. I held my breath even though I knew I needed every bit of oxygen at the moment." You should probably remove the hoodie since it's soaked."

I didn't catch his words properly, but that had something to do with staring at his lips for longer than required. "Bella."

A flick to my forehead had the fog disappearing out of my vision. "Ow." I lift a hand to rub my forehead where he inflicted pain unto and looked at him, this time avoiding his lips. Which was shockingly proving to be quite difficult

"You're not going to die." Haiden rolls his eyes, fingers touching the end of the wet hoodie. His actions had me completely stilling. Being as the hoodie reached above my knees and was now stuck to me because of how wet it was, made Haiden's finger brush my skin.

made Harden's imger brush my skin.

I know I shouldn't have worn shorts today. But in my defense today really did start off hot and I heard nothing of an approaching storm. Haiden's fingers stay motionless for a couple of seconds before he spoke.

The hoodie. Take it off." His demand was raspy and did something to me that I would rather keep to myself. His fingers skimmed my thigh as he tugs at the hoodie. I think he did it on purpose, there was no way he didn't know how he affected me right now.

Wordlessly, I began to remove the hoodie. Haiden removes his hand away from my exposed cold skin but I caught his eyes wavering over the uncovered flesh. He clears his throat and looks away when I removed the drenched clothing fully then motions to the back seat of his truck.

"I should have an extra hoodie at the back there. It has been worn but I promise it doesn't stink."

The hoodie took most of the rain but my jeans and shirt still managed to get wet. Haiden twists his body enough to reach

iden twists his body enough to reach the back and shuffles around. It was like h e was digging through endless treasure. M e being nosey, like usual, wanted to know why he was taking so long to grab a hoodie. So I turned around too.

A huge white comforter, a pillow and some snacks that were messily thrown o n the backseat blinked at me. It looked like someone lived here or at least, slept

there occasionally. "Do you sleep here?" The question cracked out of my mouth quickly before I could swallow it.

Haiden who was busy rummaging through the mess, halts. The white shirt clang to his body so much that it looked like it was melted into his skin. He was drenched too, even more than I was. Yet, he was choosing to give me the hoodie and not take it for himself.

I didn't really know how to feel about that. I just knew that my heart was refusing to let up its squeezing.

After a pending heavy silence, Haiden answered, not too chirpy I might add." Sometimes." He grunts, digging more until he finally gets hold of the hoodie

until he finally gets hold of the hoodie.

This one is a light blue and didn't look like it had been worn. The only indication that it had, was the unmistakable scent of Haiden. He throws it on my lap and fixes himself back on the seat.

Sometimes I like to get away from it all. "His eyes burn through mine as he murmurs softly. "Even if it's just for a while."

Was the situation at his home so bad? Was it worse than mine?

I strained to get through the small cracks of his emotions only to be pushed out by it filling back up quicker than I thought. Haiden nudges his head to the light blue hoodie on my lap. "You should probably put that on."

The heater was working because I wasn't that cold anymore but something told me it wasn't only that, which made me warm. It was the calculating boy beside me

I fist my hands and that's when I realized I was still holding the drenched hoodie. I lift it a little. "Where should I put this one?" I asked faintly. It was like I lost my

?" I asked faintly. It was like I lost my voice and it was all because of, him. Sitting here with him inside the confines of the truck was nerve-wracking in many ways.

"Just throw it by your feet." He mutters. I nodded doing as he told me.

I chewed my bottom lip and peeked at Haiden from the corner of my eye. His eyes were glued outside, lips pressing together in thought.

His hair was plastered to his forehead and his clothes were like a second skin. I try to stop the skipping of my heart and the sudden heat I felt crawling up my neck when my eyes zeroed in on his well defined muscles.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and rip my eyes away from him. "You need it more than me." The rain was finally letting up so even though my voice was soft he still caught it.

Haiden tilts his head to me. "Huh?" Confusion tangles itself in his tone.

"I grab the light blue hoodie and pass it to

him. He doesn't take it." You're drenched to the bone Haiden."

His eyes narrow and he pushes my hand away lightly. "I'm fine. I can handle it."

He sighs when he saw that I wasn't back down." Fine, if it bothers you that much.

I was expecting him to grab the hoodie out of my hands not remove his clinging soaked shirt. I gasp, face reddening." What ar-e yo-u doing?" I'm ashamed I was stuttering like one of those girls who fall at his feet.

"I'm removing the drenched shirt?" He looked at me confused until his eyes fixed on my widened eyes. His lips quirk and he lets out a low chuckle. "Have you never seen the bare chest of a guy before Bella?"

Does the porn videos Gwen forced me to watch count?

Of course it does, it's still a chest even though it's through a screen.

So I nodded. "I have. You.....just caught m e off guard.....that is all."

Haiden's face tightens into annoyance and he breaks eye contact. "Here." I pushed the hoodie to him but he denies it

pushed the hoodie to him but he denies it with a push of his own. "I don't want it Bella. Just put on the damn thing." His tone is coated with irritation. Confusing me.

My brows furrow as I look down at his bare skin. "You'll catch a cold if you stay like that." I pointed out.

"And you'll catch another ride if you don't put it on and stop talking." He snapped.

I flinch slightly not expecting the annoyance in his tone. Not wanting to upset him further I nodded and put on the hoodie. It covers me like the other one. Haiden sighs in regret. "Sorry." He apologizes with his eyes glued to the dashboard.

I took a peek at him, pressing my lips together as my eyes fixed themselves on a faint purple bruise on his ribs. "Were you in a fight?"

Haiden freezes

Why can't I ever keep my mouth shut?

It feels like hours until I heard his answer. It comes out curt and lifeless.”

Q

swer. It comes out curt and lifeless.”

Yes.”

“With whom?”

Again Bella. You should invest in duct tape so you can duct tape your mouth when needed.

“No one.” He leaves no room to ask any more questions. Even his aura seemed to have changed. I knew I should just press my lips together and not ask any more

questions, so I did just that.

Haiden starts the truck after that and the entire ride was filled with the most awkward silence I’ve ever felt before.

Maybe staying away from Haiden was a better option. But why was I feeling so drawn to him?