

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 5

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

5

Arabella Rivera

“What the hell happened to you?”

I tear my eyes from the spot where I had been glaring at for minutes. The very same spot Haiden’s truck had disappeared from my sight. I focused my eyes on Gwen, her blue eyes glistening with confusion and laughter as they scan over my body.

When had she pulled up with her pink convertible?

The pink was not something you'd occasionally look past. No, it was one of those pink colors that catches one's attention a mile away. The pink that glistened in the sun as it zooms past, demanding attention.

Instead of answering her question, I asked her one of my own. "What time is it?" There is a slight edge to my tone that would chill bones.

My first day as a senior was going fun-fucking-tastic. My clothes were dirty and my head was racing with images of flattening Haiden's truck tires.

I sucked in a calming breath. This isn't me, thinking such bad thoughts isn't me.

Gwen's eyes shift to the dashboard and read the time out loud." Seven-thirty. Still enough time to go buy some weed from Spencer." She joked.

I squinted my eyes. "Ha-ha very funny. Give me five minutes to change, I'll be back." I grumble dryly, turned on my heel and headed back to my two-story home. It felt odd calling it home when it felt anything but.

“Took your precious time.” Gwen smacked her lips, rubbing the gloss on her lips as she looked at herself in the rearview mirror. I let out a breath and slammed the car door a tad bit too harshly. I turn to face her.

“Well, I had a little chat with Gertrude.” I huffed, turning around to throw my bag in the backseat.

"Do I want to know?" She asked her voice pitching with uncertainty.

I shook my head, turned around, fixed myself on the seat and buckled myself in securely. Gwen could be a tad bit reckless as a new driver who only got her driver's license two months ago.

"Other than a damn lecture about being more careful where I wait? Then no, you don't need to know." I say with irritation in every word I spit out.

"She didn't even ask who dirtied me, just went straight to lecturing me. Sometimes I believe she's my mother and not the pencil neck mannequin." I grumble, reaching back to tighten the scrunchie in my hair.

Gwen lets out a bellowing laugh as she pulls out of the driveway. She turns to give me a once over quickly before setting her eyes back on the road. "Nice dress." Her lips quirked into a smile.

My eyes fall to my very bright yellow dress. Sunflowers were printed on the soft cotton material that reached a couple of inches above my knees. I usually hated anything bright that would attract attention towards me.

Needless to say, Gwen knew everything about me, that includes my hate towards bright colors. Perks of her being a close friend for years. Or shall I say a disadvantage? "Shut up. It was the first thing I took a hold of."

"Right." She nods not convinced.

She reaches over and places her palm over my thigh. Turning to me, she smirks. "Or, you just want to show off those sexy legs and have every hot blooded male's attention." She sends me a playful wink before drawing her eyes back to the road.

I laughed slapping her hand away. "Or.....I just so happen to grasp it first and had not bothered to weigh the pros and cons."

She snorted, slowing down on a red light. "I'll tell you what the pros are babe." She turns to me, grins, removes one hand off the steering wheel and mimics a jerking movement.

"Getting every guys dick standing up in salute." She laughs loudly and returns her hands to the steering wheel when I shoot her a look of disgust.

"Ew Gwen, too much information." I cringed feeling rather uncomfortable with the dress riding up every second.

Grumbling under my breath I pull it down. Gwen continues to have her fits of laughter at my displeasure while I reach over and turn the radio on.

I fiddle with the car radio until I heard a familiar song we both enjoyed. Turning to face each other we began singing. "Wanna know what it's like. Baby, show me what it's like." I sang, smiling from ear to ear as I rest my head on the seat.

" I don't really got no type. I just wanna fuck all night." Gwen yells and quickly faces front.

" Yeah-yeah, oh-woah-woah. Baby, I need to know." We sang simultaneously and burst into fits of laughter.

Gwen reaches over and lows down the volume. She gives me a side-eye and smiles. " Guess you're now more relaxed and looking forward to our first day as seniors?" She questions.

I snorted. "Yeah still no."

"There's nothing to be afraid of Arabella, I'll literally be stuck to you like a leech so you won't ever be alone." She pointed out and makes a turn.

I faked a pained face. "Crap the torture. It sounds horrible. Oh, how shall I ever do without thee." I mocked.

She reaches over and pinches my thigh softly. With my slightly pale complexion, I was certain that a soft red color has already merged on my thigh by her actions.

"That hurt my feelings Arabella. And here I thought you enjoyed my company." She faked pouted and thankfully stopped pinching me.

I laughed and shifted my feet. I suddenly felt something under my converse. Furrowing my brows I spread my feet apart and peeked down. I sighed noticing the clear bag.

Guess someone had already paid Spencer a visit.

I turned to Gwen. "Is that weed?"

She shrugs. "What? Samantha is hosting a party in a few days. She wants me to bring some over for the weed brownies."

I arched a brow. "Really? School has barely started and there's already a party in the making? Should I even be surprised?"

She turns to me and cringes before glancing back at the road. "Are you mad?"

“Why should I be? It’s not like marijuana isn’t good for one’s health. Heard it has a lot of benefits.” I shrugged, unconcerned.

She smiles sending me a relieved look. “ See I knew you’d come around-“

“I was being sarcastic.” I cut her off in a bland tone, my eyes leaving her face.

She lets out an exaggerated breath but does not answer. I peeked down at my parted feet and parted them further. Disgust crawls over my skin and in a swift move my feet are now on the dashboard, crossed over the other. “Is that a condom?” I gagged as I looked at the seeming used plastic.

I turn to Gwen and noticed the wince on her face. "Do I even want to know?" I asked, shivering in disgust. And to think that my feet were on-

I shook my head to stop my train of thought. Gwen shakes her head. "Probably not." She clears her throat awkwardly. She then turns to look at me and smiles in embarrassment. "Look on the bright side. Scientists say that sperm is high in prote-

"Gwen." I whispered softly, clenching my teeth in annoyance.

"Yeah?" She answers. Her voice was so low that I barely heard it.

"Shut up." I hissed lowly.

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 6

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6

Arabella Rivera

Gwen's button nose scrunches in disapproval when I entered the car with my regular vegan salad in my hands." What? " I asked her with innocent wide eyes as I buckled myself in, already knowing that she was disgusted by anything green and healthy.

It was sort of bizarre and funny that she is a cheerleader. However, days of practice and constantly working out made her burn more calories than a fitness trainer.

"That's disgusting Arabella. You need some meat on your bones -" She glances at the clear plastic container with the healthy salad inside. "Not grass that smells of cat litter." She makes another disgusting face before pulling out of the parking space.

I cast her a side-eye and laughed quietly while moving the plastic lid off the container." You're missing out. It tastes great."

And truly, it really did. The unsalted peanuts, cucumber and lettuce delight was kind of my vice on mornings. I was not sure of what dressing they used but it was not like any other and made one wanting more.

Using the plastic fork the girl behind the counter handed me, I took some of the salad, moaning when I pushed it into my mouth. Gwen made a fake gagging noise. "I don't think I am. Not when it looks like that." She faked a shiver and I suppressed the need to roll my eyes. She could be a tad bit dramatic when she wanted to.

“Anyway, thanks for discarding the condom and weed.” I voiced out as I noted the missing used plastic and herb. I could finally not have the urge to jump out of the moving vehicle and relax my feet.

She tapped her purple manicured finger on the bedazzled steering wheel. It was way too pink and girly just like the spray paint on her car. “Well technically I just placed the weed in the compartment-” She stopped when I gave her a scowl. “But.....I did give a kid the used condom to hold as a souvenir-”

“Gwen you did not!” I yelled almost choking on a not so well chewed lettuce. I coughed as Gwen laughed. “I’m kidding, I’m kidding!” She giggles, moving one hand off the steering wheel to slap my back lightly.

“Hands on the wheel Gwen.” I demanded while coughing. Dammit, I should’ve bought a bottle of water or some sort of liquid.

Gwen slows down in the school parking lot and smoothly parks in an empty spot further from the entrance of the school. I sighed as I looked over at the intimidating red-bricked school that glared down at the tiny ant-like students that were scattered everywhere.

"And we're here!" Gwen's voice was pitched with excitement. An emotion I did not, not even the slightest feel at this very moment.

"Yeah, we have arrived in hell." I murmur throwing the white plastic fork in the empty container and closing the lid.

"It's funny how you are most likely going to be the valedictorian when we graduate but you despise school." Gwen snorts, killing the engine.

"I do not despise school...." I drawled out before letting out a puff of air. "Fine, I feel like I'm attending a funeral every time I'm in school. The smell of sweaty teen boys, who occasionally fart in a hot classroom does not make me feel like the next Albert Einstein. And don't get me started on those flowery perfume scents the girls drenched their clothes with. It raises my sinus and my irritation."

Gwen turns to me, wincing. "Like how you are now?" She asked in a quiet tone.

"Yes, exactly how I am now." I grumble.

“Is this about the condom? I told you I threw it-”

“Gwen it’s not about the condom!” I shout in exaggeration. Perhaps my voice was louder than I intended seeing that those ant-like students gazes snap our way. I drew in a calming breath, sinking into the seat. Leave it to Gwen to have me making a fool out of myself.

Gwen faced front, glaring at the prying eyes through the car’s windshield. “Nothing to see here! Continue sucking dicks and eating asses!” She shouts. She huffs when the prying eyes tear away from us then she turns to face me with a beam etched on her face.

Surely there were teachers just arriving at school or gawking at the opposite sex that were much younger than them, and would certainly have them spending a lifetime in jail. But Gwen wasn't one to care if they heard her. She never did.

"Now that we have that out of the way and I saved you from further mortification, we should make the walk to school." She nods more to herself and removes the seatbelt that strapped her in.

A frown marred my face as confusion sets in. "What walk?"

She lets out a loud sigh of exaggeration, tilting her head to the sky. "The walk where everyone's heads snap our way and their jaw drop in awe at our beauty." She nearly squeals, opens the car door and gets out.

I cringe, turning around to grasp my bag and opened the door. I got out, slammed it shut and peered at Gwen over the top of the car. "It sounds dreadful." I deadpanned, swinging one strap over my shoulder as my other hand held the empty plastic container.

Her blue eyes narrowed. "Don't be ridiculous. That's literally the best way to make an entrance." She said with a grump in her tone.

I did not want to make an entrance but I feared to voice it out in case she gauges out my eyeballs.

She then pouts when she does not see a change in my decision. "Oh come on Arabella this is our first day as seniors. Let's make the most of it. We'll look back and tell our grandkids."

I very well knew that I was being a mood killer but I just could not find it in me to care about gaining attention. It was not my fort and never will be.

It's utterly ridiculous and I might get nightmares when I'm safely tucked in my bed but just for a couple of minutes, I'll make her have her way. Her desperation was enough to lure me in.

"Fine." I said as she walked around the car with a beaming smile.

Gwen was always taller than me, towering over my height with her long legs that stretched on for miles. Her delicate features made the entire male population kiss her always pedicured feet. She was the epitome of a perfect girl, the one my parents wished for. She was the total opposite of, me.

She links her arm with mine successfully getting me out of my thoughts and tugs me along with her towards the building. She was right, everyone's attention seemed to draw towards us like we were a bright flame and they were moths. Perhaps wearing that damn bright dress wasn't such a good idea. Seeing that I did not care about the attention, I threw the empty plastic container in the bin on our way.

Gwen tugged me away, nearly having me topple down on the concrete. "Could you not have done that until we were inside?" She hissed lowly through tight lips. She waved at a red haired boy who called her. His cheeks quickly grew a dark shade of red.

I rolled my eyes. "What, so I can't throw trash in the bin?"

"Not when we're making the walk." She grumbles through clenched teeth as she throws forced smiles at the students that call her. While she was living on her high, I was slowly drowning with anxiety the closer we got to the school building.

It really looked like the definition of hell with its red bricks, intimidating huge black door and old windows that occasionally struggled to open up. Throw in the students that acted like Lucifer's little helpers, then there is nothing that can convince me otherwise.

Just then a feeling of being watched overcame me. I was forcefully pulled out of my thoughts by the urge of needing to know who was staring. I found my eyes snapping to where I could feel the penetrating stare. They connected with pools of brown that instantly pulled me in.

Haiden.

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 7

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7

Arabella Rivera

There were only two things that made my heart skip a beat. One, spiders and two, my favorite show airing a new episode. But now staring at Haiden, I could not help but question the skipping of my heart.

I blamed the anger from earlier, it couldn't be more or less than that. It had to be.

"Arabella." A soft feminine voice called out to get my attention.

But strangely my eyes seemed to be glued to the brown-eyed boy a small distance away from me. He and a couple of friends of his were seated at the very back of his truck. They were laughing and chatting loudly. Yet his eyes seemed to not want to stray away from me just like my own was denying me.

A gentle smack to his shoulder from a ginger-haired girl has his attention snapping away from me, not before he winks.

“What the hell was that?!”

One, two, three shakes on the shoulder had my head shifting to the wide-eyed blonde with the expression of wonder altering her once cheerful face. Her over shiny glossy lips parted as she darted her baby-blue eyes from Haiden and I.

I shifted on my feet, gripping the strap of the bag a little tighter than necessary. "What?" I turned around and prayed for one of her worshippers to take her attention away from me. I felt like an ant under a microscope and I hated it.

Hands grip my shoulders and forced me to whirl around to face her. Her eyes are bulging out so much that I feared it would pop out of its sockets. Gwen shook my shoulder and looked at me in a way that screamed 'have you gone officially nuts?'.
nuts?'

"Haiden Cross." She murmurs faintly with the look of being dumbfounded.

I shook out of her hold and fixed the bag strap on my shoulder. "What about him?" I asked with a casual shrug. It must have been in my head but I swore the chatter around ceased.

Great just what I needed right now.

Gwen's hands come to grip my shoulders again and her face drew closer to mine until her nose was but an inch away from my own. Her eyes skip from both my eyes as if searching for answers. "Are you kidding? He had been staring at you and he fucking winked!" She shouts with a slight pitch to her voice.

My eyes tear away from hers to look around. Her pitch was loud but not enough to gain more attention than required. I draw out a breath of relief. Everyone was too busy chatting about the approaching party or why Mr. Donald's hair looked like a wet mop on top of his head.

What was I supposed to tell her? That Haiden was the one who drove over a dirty puddle of water on purpose with the intention to dirty me. Why? Because he caught me staring at him through my window like a creep? Yeah.....no. Gwen would certainly tell the entire student body and rumors would spread like wildfire. I had enough attention today as it is.

Thankfully, before I could probe my brain enough to come up with a not so oafish answer a feminine voice rang out, successfully breaking Gwen's intimidating stare away from me.

"Gwen!" The voice I recognized as Samantha yelled again. Both Gwen and I turn to stare at the bubbly copper-haired girl waving at her frantically.

With a grin the size of Antarctica, Gwen waved back more enthusiastically.
"Samantha."

Gwen's not so subtly brought her head down to whisper in my ears. "Don't think you're off the hook just yet." She straightens her spine just as Samantha came bounding over to us in all her bubbly glory.

Something told me as soon as those two starts talking, Gwen would forget all about what transpired between Haiden and I.

Haiden and I? It was just a stare Arabella. Everyone stares, it's part of our existence in this world.

Of course my conscience sets me right back on track before it was too late.

Samantha stops just before us and does that thing with her face where she clenches her eyes tightly and widens her smile. A soft gust of wind brushes past us and has her hair fluttering over her shoulder. "Hey guys!"

"Hey Sam." Gwen answered.

Why were they so cheery so early? Especially on the first day of our senior year?

"Yeah hey, Samantha." I said flatly.

Samantha was Gwen's friend I suppose. With her bubbly personality, it would have been a crime if they weren't.

Samantha's eyes open, and her shapely brows furrow in confusion. "Uh oh, someone sounds like their cat died."

I narrow my eyes down at the pretty copper-haired girl that was few inches shorter than I. "I don't have a cat." I grumble and side-step her to walk towards the school building. "I'll see you inside Gwen." I said over my shoulder.

"What's wrong with her?" Samantha asked in a hushed voice.

"Don't mind her, she just woke up on the wrong side of the bed today." Gwen spoke in the same hushed tone.

I rolled my eyes and continued my way to the intimidating school building. I amble up the stone stairs that lead to the building that filled me with dread by just one glance. Its red-colored bricks glared down at me tauntingly and I squint.

A whistle or what one would call a cat-call rang through the air. I halt and turn my head to the black-haired freshman boy who winked at me exposing that he was indeed the one who 'flirtatiously whistled'. He sat on the newly cut grass with his friends beside him, egging him on.

I scan my eyes for a second over him and his friends then upon not finding anything interesting, I rolled my eyes. "Word of advice little boy, we left that back in the 90's." I bend my head as if I'm about to let out the biggest secret. "So let's keep it there. No one cat-calls anymore." I whispered.

Shock rendered him speechless as a shocking red crawled up his neck to his ears. His 'friends' hoot with laughter, shaking his shoulders as he just stared with embarrassment. I turn back around and made my way to the building.

As I made my way through the huge double doors I recall why I hated this school. Well, all schools in particular. The shiny floors that would have all sorts of shoe prints dirtying it up in seconds thickened my irritation. The entire hallway smelled of disinfectant and cheap air freshener.

I wiggled my nose as I could not help but think that it would smell of teen sweat by this afternoon. Scratch that, I give it an hour.

I side-stepped wandering students as I made my way to my locker, not at all caring that some students were not so decently making out in clear view.

I sighed when my locker finally came in sight. "I know you have missed me but I sure didn't miss you." I said under my breath faintly, directing my words to my locker. The scent of the not so well dried dark-blue paint assaults my nose, letting me know that they had certainly repainted the lockers yesterday, last minute like usual.

I rolled my eyes, swirling the dial of the lock. Sighing when I heard the clink of the cold metal opening, I began to transfer some books from my bag to the locker. The squeaking of shoes against the once shiny floors grew louder. More and more students came piling in like a herd of elephants.

The bell was a few minutes away from ringing so normally, they rushed in last minute.

I slammed the locker shut, the loud thud goes unnoticed by the loud laughs and chattering. I fixed my bag and stiffen when a presence looms beside me. I turn around and froze when a pair of brown eyes peered down at me.

Haiden.

Touch Me While I Taste You Chapter 8

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

Chapter 8

****You're the girl from the window"** He asked, leaving his shoulder on the locket beside mine.

I wanted to point out that he probably shouldn't have done that judging by the fresh scent of paint coming from said locker, but I bit my tongue. It would certainly be karma for what he did to me earlier.

This close, I could finally see the color of his irises a bit clearer. His eyes reminded me of the hot chocolate Gertrude always snuck into my room the night before Christmas, Warm and inviting, but it was nothing but a front. Haiden was the exact opposite of warm and inviting.

He leans in closer and the smell of mint flutters into my nose. There was also a hint of cigarette but the scent of mint overpowered it enough to not make one notice it quickly

His slightly bushy brows press together while his eyes gleam with what I recognized as laughter. He was quick to

pull the curtains per the notion but the Tipt la stop the curve of his lips was

less for it tilted slightly into a barely there in that flashed some of his early

La right? His voice was smooth which was a huge contrast to the

Enuffness it usually possesses. Another glint of mirth flashed through his eyes, as they scan my features. "How was the view last night?"

It took me a few pondering seconds to understand his words. When I did, heat crawled up my neck like a raging fire.

But me being me, hated anyone having the upper hand on me. Bad boy or not, he would not embarrass me in front of so many eavesdropping students. So I

straightened my spine and throw the strap of my bag over my shoulder and looked at him without battering a lash.

"Dull and boring, nothing much to see honestly." There was a neutrality in my tone as I spoke to him.

His features betrayed him by exposing

His eyes betrayed him by the gleam in his face. He was this surprised by my words or by hearing my name up close for the first time. Still, Haiden compelled himself to reign in his shock and smile.

Really? Seeing you quite often saying. I just presumed it must've been quite a good view." His Eyes Harrow as he spoke.

I prayed for his grey sweater to get stained by the paint on the locker by the mortification that pricked my being Grrat. First time speaking to me and he decides to not so subtly tell me that my spying skills weren't all that great like I thought it was.

Still, even with the embarrassment that showed through my features by the sell out of my body's reaction to his words, I managed to shrug casually. "It's been really hot in my room for a couple of months now. Nothing's wrong with getting some fresh air."

That was the stupidest thing that could have ever come out of my mouth. I was ashamed to be called a straight-A student.

Perhaps with a not so smart person, the

This with not so smart person, the

Halden, the book he gave me told me that he did not believe a word I just said. He raised a single brow that mocked my very existence "Do you mean a couple of

The breath I took stuck in my throat and not in a good way. Halden sees the quick faltering of my composed self and his smirk widens. I had the sudden desire to run but my body was as stiff as a rock meaning my feet would not comply with

My mind's need to run away.

Seeing that I did not have any words to give that would certainly change the embarrassing situation around, Halden decided to speak. His voice was hinting at incoming laughter.

"However this isn't why I came here to speak to you." He sighed like what he was about to say was a huge task he dreaded.

I gripped the strap of my bag more firmly as I lifted my chin to show that his presence and words did not affect me the slightest. It did but he certainly would not know that." I want to apologize for dirtying you earlier. Though I think I did

you Da

all. That red shirt dull and nothing macho whatsoever." H

When his words registered the first emotion that struck me was hot furious anger. The jab was not at all crafty enough to be swept aside as mere coincidence, Gritting my teeth I struck him with a furious glare that normally sent others away. Hurt to Halden. I suppose I looked like a wet cat after getting drenched by rain, judging by the amused look he flashed me

Narrowing my eyes and scowling at the six-foot well-built guy I spat. Well Halden, you can do us all a favor and shove that dumb apology up your ass. You know, where the cigarette buds are."

The shock on his face was almost comical enough to make me burst out laughing but I didn't think he deserved such an honor. I was sure those who were eavesdropping on our conversation were rather shocked that little miss Arabella, the most studious student with sarcasm, tattooed on her tongue told him how

Halden Cross oil. Only that it shouldn't Come as a shock to anyone. I was always mouthy, especially having to always defend myself from udgy people.

So much for not wanting attention on the first day.

I turned on my heel just as the bell rang" By the way, It's Arabella." I said over my shoulder

But of course being the renowned bad boy of the entire town and I suppose needing to live up to his reputation, Haiden calls out. "Hey, Bella!"

I clenched my eyes in irritation before whirling around and ready to tell him off. He leans away from the locker casually, the shock on his face melting away within seconds after I told him off. He lifts his finger and pointed at his front teeth before speaking,

"You have a little green thing there." He snorts before winking.

Speechless and mortified, I began to rummage through my bag in search of m

y phone while students shove past me in Marbeir need to get to class, which I was

hone while students shove palst mein their need to get to class, which I was supposed to be doing also. The scent of mint and a hint of cigarettes abuse my Senses as Haiden nears me,

"See you around neighbor." He walks past me not before brushing his arm against mine.

My heart jumps in my throat before quickening its beats. I blamed it on the not-expected contact and pulled out my phone finally

"I rather not want to." I grumble faintly.