

Bad Boy's Protection Chapter 6 - Wasted Bad Boy

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Hailey's P.O.V

I woke up during the night, checking the time on my phone it was 2:30 AM come on now. I am up in a few hours. I looked seeing I had four missed calls and three text messages all from Avery. The last one he sent was only five minutes ago. I opened it, read it, well was trying to read it.

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Avery - I am out your home. Let me come in. Or I will knock the door.

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I swear he better be joking. I decided it would be safer to call him back, make sure he was messing with me he soon answered the phone.

"Baby girl let me in, I'm lost." He slurred laughing.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"Sitting at your step, outside." He said.

I am officially going to kill him. I sneaked out of bed, creeping down the stairs. I was thankful for my parents sleeping like logs because I would not want to explain this to them. I opened the front door. A body was soon falling back, hitting the ground laughing as he did. Avery? I looked down at him. I cannot believe the state that he was in. His hair was a mess, eyes were popping out of his head. He reeked of alcohol and his jeans were not buttoned upright. There are even grass stains on the knees. He had a cut on his head his hands were all cut too. What did the heck happen to him? Has he been fighting again?

"Kitten help me up. I am a little drunk." He laughed.

I groaned, shaking my head before I reached down. I gave him a hand to get him up on his feet which he could even barely manage to do. I wrapped my arm around him, holding him up the best that I could.

"What happened to you? Were you fighting again?" I said annoyed.

"No...fell...I think. Dunno...oh well." He chuckled.

"How did you even get here? Why didn't you go home?" I asked.

"I think I walked. No, go home, I wanted to see you since you left." He said, "why did you leave me?" He added pouting.

"Because you were being an ass and ignoring me. I need to get you upstairs before anyone hears you. Keep your mouth shut. Try not to fall on your ass OK?" I said, shaking my head.

He nodded pouting his lip at me and giving me his best puppy dog eyes. Yes, they were not going to work because I was seriously annoyed at him. For making me come home myself, plus showing up at my house in the state he's in at this time of night. He tried his best and quiet as I got him to my room. It was hard work, but I managed. As soon as I was in my room, I closed the door, putting a chair against it. I threw Avery down on my bed. I'm headed into the bathroom, grabbing a first aid kit and some water for him. I made my way back over to him.

"Can you sit up?" I need to clean you up." I said.

He groaned, managing to sit up in the end and sat on the edge of my bed. He was looking at me with a dorky smile covering his lips. I giggled a little as I shook my head.

"Why did you leave?" He repeated as I cleaned his head up.

"Because you were an ass. You were ignoring me and I needed to get home." I said as I concentrated on what I was doing.

He winced in pain as I cleaned him up.

"Stop being a baby; it's only a little cut." I laughed.

He rolled his eyes at me, groaning annoyed. I shrugged as I smirked at him. His hand reached up and placed on my cheek. He was staring at me hard but I ignored him.

I continue to getting his face cleaned before pulling away from his touch, getting to work on his hands. They were all cut and bleeding. I think he may be right, and that he fell. It would explain a lot. Why would you want to get yourself in this state? Anything could have happened to him. Once I cleaned him up, I sat next to him, making him turn to face me.

"Do you hate me now?" He said sadly.

"What? No, of course not. I should not have expected anything else from you. My silly fault for thinking you cared if I got home safely or not." I said, shrugging.

I swear I saw a slight pain in his eyes when I said that. I was only being honest with him.

"I did plan on getting you home...promise." He said.

He seemed a little bit sober now than what he did twenty minutes ago...strange. I looked at him, not sure if I believed him or not. I will never find out the truth anyway, so why worry?

"I am going to get you some coffee...strong coffee. Stay put and keep your mouth shut my parents are only down the hall, OK?" I said.

"Okay." He said looking down at the ground seeming embarrassed now.

I headed downstairs quietly, making him a coffee. An extra strong one like I said. I grabbed some juice too and a couple of snacks. Maybe if he ate it would soak the alcohol up. I had a feeling I would not be getting back to sleep anytime soon. I crept back to my room hoping to not get caught. My parents would be away by six because they have a meeting out of town. They do not come into my room when they leave that early, which for this particular situation is perfect. I could only imagine the reaction if they caught Avery in my room, especially in the state he was in. He was sitting back against my headboard, staring into space when I arrived. He looked lost in his thoughts.

"You OK?" I asked.

He looked at me, nodding, faking a smile for me. I knew he was lying. I made my way over, taking the spot next to him, passing him the coffee and something to eat.

"Thanks." He slurred.

A silence filled the room as he drank his coffee. I looked at him, wondering what was going on in that head of his.

"Hailey I'm sorry." He pouted, "I should never have come here tonight; maybe I should go." He said.

"You aren't going anywhere in that state Avery. You are staying right here where I can keep an eye on you." I said sternly.

With that, a smirk started creeping upon his lips and his hand landed on my thigh. Here we go again. I sighed, shaking my head before I looked at him.

"You do care." He smirked.

"Whatever." I said, rolling my eyes at him.

His hand started rubbing my upper thigh, looking at me. His eyes were getting darker. I knew what he was thinking.

"Come on, Kitten, don't be like that. I said I was sorry, what else do you want from me? I was having fun; maybe you should try it sometime." He winked.

"Fun? You're wasted on both drugs and alcohol. Why would I want to get myself into that state?" I said, annoyed at him.

"Because it is fun, makes everything a little easier. We cannot all have a great home and parents Hailey. You have both your parents. Who works, who looks after you as, for me I have a mother that is an alcoholic that is addicted to painkillers. I look after her. She does not look after me. So what if I like to get wasted, it is who I am, and you know that. You heard everything about me. Don't just sit there, judging me Hailey." He hissed.

"I am not judging you at all Avery. All I am saying is what appeals to you does not appeal to me. Don't start being a prick towards me just because you're drunk and high." I hissed back, a little upset now.

I was crying a little. Why was I crying? I shook my head, turning away from him, sitting at the edge of my bed. I heard him sigh; the bed was then moving. I had a feeling he was going to leave, and maybe it would be better if he did. I soon felt his hands on my hips from behind, his hot breath tickling my neck.

"Hailey I'm sorry. I never meant to upset you." He said.

I took a deep breath, looking over my shoulder at him. He was barely an inch away from my face. I felt my breath hitch in my throat as I looked at him. His eyes were searching my face. I closed my eyes, pulling away from him before I did something stupid. His soft, warm lips feel on the skin of my collarbone, kissing their way down. I shut my eyes tighter, groaning, my head falling back.

"I know you want me, Hailey. Why keep denying it?" He mumbled against the skin of my neck, his lips had now found their way to.

I was not as put off of the smell of alcohol the way I was earlier. My body was too weak to think about it. I shook my head, knowing no words would fall from my lips if I tried telling him no.

"Yes you do." He groaned into my ear.

His hands were now underneath my tee, stroking the skin of my hips. He needed to stop because if he does not, I will end up giving him what he wants.

"Hailey turn around and look at me. Look me straight in the eye. Tell me you don't want me." He whispered against my skin.

I could not do that because I am a terrible liar. If I turned around to face him, he will see right through me...see that he is right. I shook my head, not moving a single inch. He

pulled away from me. My body was feeling cold and lonely all of a sudden. I think he has maybe given up, which works out better for me. How wrong of me to believe that. He soon appeared in front of me, standing between my legs. His shirt now off, when did that happen? I swallowed hard at the sight of him. I whimpered as I eyed his tone body, a beautiful, sexy, muscular physique. I gripped onto the bedding next to me because if I never did I would've reached out for him. I do not wanna do that. I finally managed to look at his face. I found every standing there, his famous smirk on his face. I could feel my face getting warmer by the second.

"I am gonna kiss you now." He said, stepping closer to me.

"No." I breathed out.

"Yes." He said.

He was not leaning down towards me his face getting close to mine. Which meant that his lips were inching closer to me. I tried keeping it together, but all of that disappeared when his lips touched mine. I let out a loud whimper, his lips brushing mine. His hands landed on my hips, laying me down on the bed, him following me. I know I should push him away but I cannot. My back soon hit the mattress. His lips were crashing against mine. I wrapped my arms around his neck, him holding my waist, deepening the kiss. I moaned into the kiss, Avery doing the same. I felt his warm tongue run over my bottom lip before gently tugging it between his teeth.

I groaned, opening my mouth, Avery pushing his tongue into my mouth pressing against my own. I wrapped my legs around his hips, and he pressed himself against me as I did. I have never felt this weak in my entire life. I let my fingers trace the muscles of his back, him groaning under my touch. One of his hands found their way to my thigh, gripping it tightly while the other one was sliding further under my top, his fingertips tracing my stomach. All of a sudden, I snapped out of it...what am I doing?

"Stop." I said as I pushed him off me.

"Whatever Hailey." He said, turning away from me.

I lay there, my breathing heavy, my heart racing. I felt a few stray tears fall down my cheeks. I cannot believe that I done that. If I never stopped when I did, I knew I would have gone further, and that is not who I am. I am not that kind of girl. I cannot make him think that I am. I have never felt a stupid in my life. I shifted, sliding under the covers, turning the opposite way. My back was to him, not another word was spoken, and soon his breathing got uneven which told me he fell asleep. I closed my eyes, not being able to fight sleep anymore. I do not know how I am going to face him tomorrow after this.