

Bad Boy's Protection Chapter 9 - Movies and Fun With the Bad Boy

Chapter 9: Movies and Fun With the Bad Boy

Hailey's P.O.V

I grabbed the DVD and put it on while Avery got the snacks and drinks sorted.

"You don't have anything stronger? I am going to need it watching this shit." He laughed.

"Do you not think you had enough last night?" I said, raising my brow at him.

"Yeah, you're probably right. I am going to get you one night. I am curious about what you will be like drunk." He chuckled.

"That is not gonna happen." I laughed.

"We will see, won't we? One night won't do any harm." He winked.

I knew he was winding me up. Well, I think. I really do not know. It is Avery I am talking about after all. He can try but will fail. I flipped him off, sitting back down on the sofa. I sprawled out, making sure there's no room for him, just to annoy him.

"And where do I get to sit?" He chuckled.

"The floor." I giggled.

"How rude." He laughed.

He came over, lifted my legs the same way he did earlier, and sat down placing my legs over his lap. I went to move them, but he turned to me glaring at me a little. A smile was slowly creeping on his lips.

"You don't need to move, it is fine." He said.

"I don't know if I trust you. You may try touching me again." I smirked.

"Kitten if I wanted to touch you, I could, and you would let me. Now shhh and put the movie on." He laughed.

"Aw Avery is desperate to watch The Notebook. I wonder what people would think if they knew the bad boy wants to watch chick flicks." I giggled.

"You tell anyone I did this, I will make sure you pay for it." He laughed.

I stuck my tongue out at him, hitting the play button on the remote. I made myself comfortable, grabbing a handful of popcorn and shoving it in my mouth. Avery was chuckling when I did.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing, nothing at all." He laughed.

I knew he was laughing at the fact that I just shoved a considerable handful of popcorn in my mouth all at once. How ladylike of me. I decided to ignore him after that. A silence fell between us as we watched the movie. It was one of my favorite movies. As I watched him, I think he was enjoying it more than he would ever admit. I giggled to myself as I watched him. His hand was playing with the material on my jeans. I don't think he realized he was doing it. I found it comforting, so I never said anything about it.

"It wasn't that bad, was it now?" I laughed as we finished watching our first movie.

"It was crap. Love like that is bullshit. It doesn't exist." He laughed.

"How do you know? Don't shatter my dreams like that dude or I will get mad at you again." I said, trying to keep a straight face, I never managed it though. "And don't pretend you never enjoyed that. You were engrossed in it. I am sure I even saw you cry at one point." I added.

"I was not. I don't cry, never cried in my entire life." He laughed.

"Somehow I don't believe that." I giggled.

"Shut up." He huffed at me.

"Nope! Make me." I pushed.

He turned around, facing me, caulking his brow. He had a cheeky look on his face. I soon regretted saying that to him because now he was up to something. He lifted my legs off of his lap before shifting himself, climbing up the sofa towards me until he was leaning over the top of me. I looked up at him, making sure my face never told him how nervous I was with not knowing what he was going to do.

"Make you huh? I could easily do that. In more ways than one actually." He smirked.

"I was joking. Avery, what are you doing?" I stuttered.

"I don't think you were." He smirked, his face inching closer to mine, his hands grasping my hips.

I swallowed hard, his scent filling my nostrils. His body was getting closer to mine, making me more nervous. I looked up at him, trying to read his face, but I couldn't for the life of me. I had no clue what he was thinking. He closed the small space between us like he was going to kiss me. Instead, he brushed my lips lightly with his before pulling away.

"I am only messing with you baby girl." He chuckled, standing to his feet.

I let out a long breath that I was holding in. He stood over me smirking.

"You still trying to deny that you want me?" He said smugly.

I grabbed the cushion, throwing it at him and hitting him right on the face, hard, making him yelp a little, oh shit!

"Oh my God, I am sorry I never actually meant to hit you in the face." I said shocked, jumping to my feet.

He looked at me, a devilish look on his face. I think I may be in trouble.

"You have ten seconds to run. If I catch you, you are getting thrown into that swimming pool." He chuckled.

"No!" I squealed, taking to my heels, him following only a moment later.

I tried my best to run away from him, but he kept catching up with me. I had run everywhere to try to get away from him, but he always managed to block my exit. I was laughing and squealing as he chased after me. He was fast, faster than I was even. I couldn't even get upstairs or to the bathroom to lock myself in, and he always got there first. Then I did the stupidest thing I could do, I headed for the backdoor. How clever of me...not. I was leading myself and him closer to the pool, what a dumbass move.

"Was going out there such a good idea?" and called after me.

"No. It is the dumbest idea ever actually." I giggled.

I decided to go for it once more. I took to my heels as fast as I could, hoping to get in the backdoor and to the bathroom before he got me. To say my plan failed was an understatement because he knew what my next move was going to be. I went to grab the handle to head back in, but he managed to catch me first.

"No!" I squealed.

"I warned you." He chuckled, throwing me over his shoulder.

I slapped his back, kicking my legs and squealing but he held onto me tight, heading straight for the pool. He would not do it, would he? My question was soon answered when we arrived at the edge of the swimming pool. He was getting ready to throw me in but what he did not take into consideration was I still had a grip on him. When he throws me in, I dragged him in with me. I squealed loudly as the cold water cover my entire body. I cannot believe he done that. I pushed myself from under the water, mad and annoyed. I looked up, seeing him standing in the pool soaking wet. His white tee now see-through, clinging to his body, oh whoa! That is sexy. He smirked, running his hands through his dripping wet hair.

"I can't believe you done that. I hate you. If I get a cold, I am coming to your house to stay because I am a whiney, crabby bitch when I am sick and because you caused this you will be looking after me." I groaned at him, giving him a death glare.

He, however, was finding the entire thing hilarious. He was in fits of laughter. He had the biggest smile on his face and a softness in his eyes that I have never seen. He genuinely seemed like he was who he wanted to be, and that made me smile. Again, I never managed to stay mad at him long because I soon joined in with his laughing.

"I still hate you." I said chattering.

"No, you don't...don't lie." He laughed. "Cold?" He smirked.

"No, I am nice and warm. I always swim in the cold pool in the middle of winter. It is totally my thing." I said sarcastically, rolling my eyes at him.

"Okay, then little Miss Sarcastic." He chuckled, "I will heat you up if you like?" He smirked coming closer to me.

"No, I am all right thanks. I can only imagine how you would "heat me up" Avery." I said rolling my eyes again it seems to be my new thing since I met him.

"You do imagine that sort of stuff about me I knew it." He said confidently, placing his hands on my hips, pulling me tight against his body, making me blush. "Plus, I meant getting out of these wet clothes, into something dry and snuggle to get warm. You and your dirty mind." He laughed.

"I...I...I never meant it that way." I stuttered, my blushing getting worse.

"Let's go, kitten. Get you inside and warm." He winked, pulling away from me and climbing out of the pool.

Without meaning to I stole a glance at his ass, making me blush again. Thankfully, he never saw me do it. I followed his pursuit, doing the same. I needed a hot shower, I was shaking and chattering.

"I am gonna jump in the shower, try to heat myself up. You want your clothes in the dryer?" I asked.

"Yes, please. You got something I can put on until my clothes dry?" Avery asked now chattering himself.

"I only have girls' clothes. My dad's clothes will be far too big for you. I can give you a dressing gown or a large blanket?" I said, rubbing the back of my neck.

"Blanket will be fine." He chuckled.

"On my bed...help yourself." I smiled. "Be back soon." I added.

I headed into the bathroom stripping down and just as I was about to take my underwear off, he came in.

"What are you doing here?" I squealed, covering myself up.

"I am jumping in the shower with you. I need heat too." He said matter of factly.

"No way. You are not seeing me naked. I don't wanna see you naked either." I said disgusted with the idea.

"I will keep my boxers on, I promise, and you can keep your underwear on Kitten. I promise to keep my hands to myself." He smirked, his eyes trailing my half-naked body, making me feel self-conscious.

"Don't be embarrassed; you have a smoking hot body." He said, winking at me, my blushing starting again.

Is he serious? I can't get in a shower half-naked with a guy. He chuckled, stepping into the shower reaching out grabbing my arm and pulling me in with him. I froze standing there not knowing what to do or say, and feeling awkward. I had to try my best to keep my eyes from trailing over his body.

"Did you not do this with Joshua?" He asked, raising his brow. "I know you never had sex with him, but you must have had some sort of intimacy?" He asked.

Did he need to bring him up? I shook my head, looking at the ground.

"We made out and stuff, but I can honestly say we never shared a shower." I whispered.

"Oh...Ok." He said. "I don't bite honestly. It's only a shower, Hailey." He laughed.

He reached for me, pulling me further into the shower. The water was finally hitting me. After a moment, I found myself relaxing. The entire thing not bothering me as much. He joined me under the showerhead. His body close to mine and I found my hormones begin to get a little crazy. He looked at me, licking his lips before his eyes trailed my body.

"Why do you always wear baggy clothes?" He asked.

"Because I don't feel comfortable in my own body." I said shrugging.

"Why? You have a beautiful body." He said, his fingertips caressing the skin of my stomach and hips.

I swallowed, closing my eyes savoring his touch. He was quick to pull away.

"Sorry." He said.

I opened my eyes, looking at him.

"For what?" I asked shyly.

"Touching you when I said I wouldn't." He said.

"It is okay." I smiled.

"It is?" He asked, surprised, and I found myself nodding.

He reached out for me again but changed his mind.

"I am done. I will wait for you in the living room." He smiled, leaving.

I sighed, letting the hot water run over my body for a few minutes before I pulled myself away, heading to my bedroom to get some pajamas on. He was in my bedroom, in a pair of shorts and a blanket over them.

"Where did you get them?" I giggled.

"In your drawer." He laughed.

"Don't even know who they belong to." I giggled.

"Oh well." He laughed. "Ready for movie number two?" He added.

"Sure thing. I will meet you in there going to get my pajamas on." I smiled.

He nodded, heading out and leaving me to it. It was like whatever that was in the shower never happened. I guess that is for the best. Hopefully, the rest of the night will not be as confusing.