

## Color Me with Desire

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### Chapter 1

When Jasper Sutton's childhood friend, Kimberly Jensen, once again took the passenger seat, I didn't argue or cause a scene.

I simply turned around and opened the back door—only to pause in surprise.

I didn't expect that Jonathan Clayton, someone as busy as he was, would join this short road trip.

After quickly regaining my composure, I nodded at him with reserved politeness.

Jonathan, wearing glasses and showing traces of fatigue on his face, lifted his eyelids to glance at me. He gave a slight nod in return before closing his eyes again.

While fastening her seatbelt, Kimberly glanced back at me smugly, raising an eyebrow. "Kathy, I get carsick, so I'm sitting in the front, okay?"

"Kimmy gets carsick. Be generous about it. Don't make a fuss over something so trivial all the time."

I let out a soft laugh. "Alright."

Jasper seemed a little surprised but didn't say anything more because Kimberly had already shoved a half-eaten piece of bread into his mouth.

"This tastes bad. Help me finish it, okay, Jazzy?"

Without even frowning, Jasper naturally ate the rest of the bread.

Kimberly glanced at me through the rearview mirror, sticking out her tongue playfully.

I ignored her and grabbed a bottle of soda, trying to open it. The cap was tight, and I still couldn't get it off after two attempts.

Up front, Kimberly was pouting as she handed her bottle to Jasper. "Jazzy, I really can't open it. You know I have no strength in my hands."

Jasper just looked at her dotingly before effortlessly opening the bottle for her.

Then, the two of them took turns sipping from it without the slightest intention of avoiding intimacy.

I felt a wave of nausea.

Just as I was about to set my bottle down, a man's hand suddenly reached over and took it from me.

Under the sleeve of a black casual suit, the cuff of a silver-gray shirt could be seen, neatly fitting around a slender wrist.

The hand was beautiful—long, defined fingers with nails trimmed short and clean.

His fingers looked like polished silver in the shifting light reflecting through the car window.

While I was still stunned, Jonathan had already twisted the cap open and handed the bottle back to me.

The car's music started playing at just the right moment. I quickly took the bottle and murmured a soft "thank you."

Jonathan gave a slight nod and closed his eyes again. He must've just come off a night shift at the hospital. Faint red veins were visible in his tired eyes.

I sipped the soda slowly.

The car had merged smoothly onto the main road.

Kimberly's birthday was coming up. So, Jasper organized this short road trip to celebrate it. About seven to eight of us were in three cars, heading to a hot spring resort a hundred miles away.

Not long after we started driving, Kimberly practically glued herself to Jasper's side.

The music was loud, making it hard to hear what they were saying, but they were clearly enjoying themselves.

Lately, Jasper and I have had several unpleasant arguments because of his inappropriate closeness with Kimberly. He promised to be more mindful next time.

But whenever he saw Kimberly again, that promise vanished into thin air.

Suddenly, everything felt meaningless to me.

I lowered my head, chuckled to myself, then turned to look out the window.

The mountain roads twisted and turned, with the occasional loose rock scattered along the path.

As the car jolted, I couldn't help but lean to the side. My bare knee under my skirt brushed against Jonathan's thigh—pressed tightly against it.

I wanted to move away instinctively. But then I noticed a faint reddish mark on Kimberly's neck. Even a fool could recognize it—a kiss mark.

There was no need to guess who left it.

In that instant, a surge of defiance rose within me, and I simply froze, leaving my knee where it was.

Just then, Jonathan opened his eyes and looked at me.

I pretended to be perfectly calm, staring straight ahead, refusing to meet his gaze. Yet, my knee, pressed against the outside of his thigh, subtly shifted closer, pressing in even more.

Only a thin layer of fabric separated us.

I could clearly feel the firmness and heat of his muscles beneath. Waves of warmth surged through me, setting my nerves alight as if electrified.

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