

## Chapter 15

Jake Taylor was in my bed.

Why was Jake in my bed?

Glancing down at my hand a groan fell from my lips, bits and pieces started coming back to me. His kitchen and the way I acted, the nightclub. I punched him.

Then there was the car ride home, the things I said to him. Feeling my cheeks heat up I tried to stifle the giggle. I didn't want to wake him just yet.

"What you laughing at princess?".

Shit.

"Why are you in my bed?". I asked lifting the covers gently. I didn't have the clothes on that I wore last night.

"I think you'll find this is my bed". His voice was groggy and full of sleep. He wasn't under the covers and he was still fully clothed.

I was in his bed?

"Why am I in your bed?". Why didn't he take me home? my gran will be sick with worry. She was going to be so pissed that I didn't check in with her.

"You really don't remember?". Watching as he sat up I couldn't stop my eyes from wandering. Even first thing in the morning he was perfect.

"Did I do that to your face?" I asked sinking my teeth into my bottom lip. He had a nice little blue bruise under his right eye.

"You hit harder than most guys". He smirked. "You want some coffee?".

"I'll take that as a compliment". I grinned. "I really should be getting home. My gran will be really worried. I rarely stay out and when I do I always check in with her". I was rambling but I couldn't seem to stop.

"Your gran knows your here. Alanna covered for you. Now coffee how'd you like it?". Alanna had covered for me? The last time I saw Alanna I was pushing her off me. "Milk and 2 sugars. Could you bring me some water too, and maybe some pain killers".

"How much of last night do you remember?".

"Enough to know I won't be drinking ever again. Although I feel fine just my hand that's sore". And maybe a little bit of my dignity trashed.

"Pain killers and coffee coming right up". Winking at me he left the room closing the door quietly behind him. This morning was going better than I expected. I had a clear mind on what happened last night I just wasn't telling him that. Every time I thought about it I could feel my face turning red.

I basically threw myself at him.

But then there was the part where he practically called me a whore. I wondered if he remembered that? I couldn't remember ever seeing him with a drink in his hand last night.

Suddenly the door burst open. "I'm dying". She groaned, pulling the covers back she got in beside me. "Never drinking again. My head is so sore".

"How do you think I feel?". Lifting up my hand we both started to laugh. "Next time remind me not to punch your brother. It was like hitting a brick wall. Felt good though". I smirked.

"Why did you hit him?". She asked a yawn escaping her mouth. "All I remember was you dancing, seriously where did you learn to dance like that? everyone in that club had their eyes on you. Anyway I saw a guy dancing with you and then Jake kinda lost it".

"We were just dancing. The guy was gay". Slipping my hand inside my bra I grinned when I pulled it out. "His number in case I want to go out dancing".

"You're that hot you even pulled a gay guy". We both fell into fits of laughter again. "Last night was fun though".

"It was but I won't be doing that again anytime soon". Just then Jake returned with 2 cups of coffee, his eyes fell onto Alanna.

Was he glaring at her?

"Which reminds me I have to pee and call Lacey. I'll come back soon". Did he just give her a signal to get out?.