

## Chapter 17

"Why are you here?". I asked.

"Shoes". Dropping the bag on the floor he took a seat on the edge of my bed. "So who's the guy?". He asked again.

"Doesn't matter. You need to leave my grans down stairs". She wasn't keen on boys being in my room. Even at the age of 18 she didn't like it.

"Who do you think let me in?. Your gran loves me". Showing me that devilish smirk that he had down to a tee I sunk my teeth into my bottom lip. This would be so much easier if he was ugly.

"Thanks for bringing my shoes back. I thought I left them on the side of the road". Lifting the bag I took them out. I should have left them, they were a mess. Putting them away in my wardrobe I turned to find he had made himself comfortable my TV remote in hand.

"Jake". I sighed.

"What, you got somewhere you need to be?". Turning on my TV he flicked it straight to football. That wasn't happening. I still found it strange that he was in my room sprawled out on my bed like he owned the place.

"Make yourself at home why don't you". I huffed just as my gran came in breakfast in hand. It smelled great.

"I made you some to Jake. I hope you like eggs". Oh I wanted to slap that smug look off his face so badly. Even my gran had taken a liking to him.

"Love eggs. Thanks Mrs Wilson".

"No thank you Jake for taking care of my Leah. Now if you need anything else just let me know. Leah I'll be heading out around 12. You want to come with?".

"Yeah I need to pick up some school stuff".

"Okay honey I'll leave you too it".

"Love eggs". I mimicked as soon as she closed the door. Taking a seat on my bed I took a plate and dug in. I could already feel him staring. "Stop watching me eat and eat your own".

"Still going to school with a broken hand?".

"Still sitting in my room uninvited?". I fired back causing him to laugh. "You're a feisty little thing but seriously what if you get hurt more?".

Shrugging my shoulders I put my plate on the floor and went to grab my coffee that he had already stole. "You're really starting to annoy me". As he passed it back to me I drank what was left. Moving up my bed I had managed to steal my remote back. "If your staying then it's reruns of the real house wife's".

He didn't moan.

"Beverly hills though that's the best". As he settled himself beside me I rolled my eyes and smiled. I wasn't getting rid of him as easy as I thought. I liked it, I secretly liked that he was here but the attraction I felt towards him was growing with every second that passed.

It felt right, he felt right.

Leaning my head against his shoulder he froze. "My room my rules if I want to lean my head against your shoulder then I get too". I wanted to be as close to him as I could get. I wanted to touch him.

"Lean away princess".

We had been watching the house wife's for a good hour yet I didn't have a clue what was going on. I couldn't concentrate. Him being here was distracting. He had no idea what he was doing to me. His smell was everywhere.

"Leah?".

"Hm?".

"What's wrong?". He asked turning his attention to me.

"Nothing". My eyes hadn't left the screen.

"Babe you frown when your thinking. Tell me what's going on?".

Did he just call me babe?

"I'm fine". I smiled finally looking at him. "I have to start getting ready so you have to leave".

Turning off my TV I went to get up but he stopped me. "Jake". I warned.

"You feel it don't you?".

"Feel what?". I asked playing dumb.

"Don't play dumb". His voice was harsh.

"I don't know what you're talking about". I finally managed to get off my bed. I couldn't admit to what I was feeling or how he effected me. This was all becoming to much. I liked that he was here but until I understood why I felt so attached to him I wasn't acting on it.

"You just keep telling yourself that Leah". The way he said my name was like acid dripping off his tongue. He sounded so bitter. "I guess you don't remember everything from last night".

Hearing my room door slam shut I squeezed my eyes tight.

I'm pretty sure he already knew how I was feeling.