

# **His Mission Chapter 6 - The bad boy doesn't believe me**

## **C6 The bad boy doesn't believe me**

I'm completely drenched head to toe with rain.

My hair is soaking wet and clings to my forehead unattractively as I run under shelter. I squint my eyes and look around to take advantage of someone with an umbrella. No luck. I sigh and mentally prepare myself to make a sprint for the campus doors.

Three, two, one.

I run as fast as I psychically can and whimper with pain the entire way. Discomfort flares up my side from the simple movement and I wince as I make it to the doors. The pain is much more frequent now and I don't know whether my body can handle this beating. I close my eyes, leaning against the wall for a moment as I struggle to brave the pain. Moments pass and I inhale deeply before entering. I ignore the amused look from my classmates and head straight for the bathroom.

I let out a groan as I came face to face with my appearance. My hair is a frizzy mess and mascara runs down my cheeks. My clothes are heavy, drenched with water and quickly beginning to smell. The door is pushed open and Ivory walks in, one of my classmates. She takes one look at me and bursts into fits of laughter. I scowl and pout at her, signalling for her to pass me a wad paper towel.

"Do you need some help, Emily?" She giggles, handing me the towels. I raise my brows and laugh with her —

"Is it that obvious?" I respond, humour lining my voice. She shakes head at the sight of me and her pretty eyes light up with amusement. My body begins to shiver from the cold and I groan as I wrap my arms around me helplessly. Sympathy flashes across Ivory's face and she gestures at the door.

"Wait here, I'll be back in a minute."

I nod my head and take the opportunity to dry my hair under the hand dryer. It's the closest thing I have to a real hairdryer but it does little to tame my mass of hair. I run my fingers through it in an attempt to make it look more presentable. The door is pushed open and Ivory re-appears, holding a pile of clothes. She throws them in my direction and looks apologetic.

"These are the only dry clothes I could find. I figured it was better than nothing." Ivory explains. I smile at her gratefully.

"Thank you, you're a lifesaver." I respond before entering an empty stall to change into them. Ivory grins and heads for the door.

"You're welcome Em, I'll see you in class!"

I hold up the clothes to inspect them and frown when I realize they belong to a man. The hoodie is five times too big and when I pull it over my head, a familiar scent of cologne mixed with the slightest hint of smoke wraps around me. Jake's smug face immediately flashes through my mind and I groan quietly.

Of course the clothes belong to Jake Melvin.

I step out of my jeans and grimace as they stick to my legs. Jake's basketball shorts look completely comical on me. I pull the drawstring tightly and slap a hand to my forehead when I realize how ridiculous I look. After stuffing my wet clothes into my bag, I remove the remnants of my ruined makeup. A bruise that hasn't faded stares back at me and I suck in a sharp breath.

It isn't obvious but if you were standing too close to me, you'd notice it. I search every inch of my bag for a concealer or foundation to cover it but I end up empty handed.

It's okay, I can do this.

I'd hide behind my hair and If anyone asked, I'd say I accidentally hit myself in the face with my hairbrush. That's totally understandable with how clumsy I can be. I glance down at my watch and realize I'm running late to class. Ditching school for the day was looking more appealing but the rain continued to pound down outside and Trevor was home so I didn't have anywhere else to go. Besides, I'm in shorts three sizes too big for me — I'd end up freezing.

The walk to my next class is painstakingly slow. I pull at Jake's clothing and feel insecurity wash over me. Just as I imagined, every set of eyes turns to stare at me as I enter the classroom. My face burns beetroot red and I stare at my feet. Several sniggers break out around the class and I look up to find Mrs Wilkins looking at me stern.

"Take a seat, Emily. You're late." She gestures at the one empty chair left. I nod my head and scurry over to the seat before dropping my bag underneath it. Trish is sitting directly beside me and she smirks with amusement as she soaks in my ridiculous outfit. I scowl at her and quickly take a seat. When I glance to my right, Jake Melvin is watching me closely.

He's leaning back in his chair, looking like he's bored out of his mind. One of his hands is wrapped around his cell phone and the other is rhythmically tapping away at the desk. I stare at him for several seconds and wonder whether he willingly gave up his clothes or Ivory had to force it out of him. After an intense stare battle between you, Jake's lips twitch upwards into somewhat of a smile.

His eyes scan over my appearance and my cheeks burn with heat from the linger of his stare. He doesn't seem to want to look away so I do the first thing that comes to mind, I

stick out my tongue. As soon as I do it, I regret the childish reaction. If Jake found it embarrassing, he doesn't show it. He releases a low chuckle and shakes his head with amusement. I find myself grinning in response.

When I turn my attention away from Jake, I realize Trish is staring at me in shock. She gestures over at Jake with a nod of her head and frowns at me. I shrug my shoulders and try to play it off but it isn't enough for her, she needs more information. She leans in closer and whispers under her breath -

"I want to know everything!"

I bite back a smile and nod my head in agreement. Trish appears satisfied and turns towards the teacher. I try to focus but my thoughts keep diverting back to Jake.

Trying to avoid him worked out well.

I'm instructed to stay behind after class to catch up on the work I missed. Mrs Wilkins leaves me alone to get on with the work. As soon as she leaves, the door opens and closes again. Without glancing up from my textbook, I call out to her.

"Did you forget something?" I say. She doesn't respond so I frown and glance up. Jake Melvin is leaning against the door and is staring directly at me. Huh, that's weird.

"Can I help you?" I ask him quietly. His dark eyes flicker down to his clothes that I'm wearing. He shakes his head and clears his throat.

"Don't mind me, I'm just admiring the view." Jake responds smoothly. I resist the urge to roll my eyes at his bad boy charm. It won't work so easily on me. A silence settles in the room and I squirm uncomfortably in my seat knowing Jake is watching my every move.

"Are you going to stand there all day staring at me? It's quite unsettling." I tell him.

"I came to tell you to keep the clothes."

My eyebrows shoot up in surprise and I feel slightly taken aback.

"I was going to give them back to you once I'd washed them," I say quietly. He shakes his head, his lips twitching up into a smirk.

"They look better on you." Jake says smoothly.

"Smooth," I tease him. He responds with a heart stopping smile. Despite knowing he's teasing me, I can't help the blush from rising up my neck and painting the top of my ears. My eyes drop to the textbook and I'm suddenly too embarrassed to maintain eye contact with him.

From the corner of my eyes, I notice him walking towards me with a confident stride. He takes a seat directly opposite me and swings his legs on top of the table. My eyes widen at his actions but Jake appears un-phased as he pulls out his phone from his pocket and taps away at the screen.

It suddenly dawns on me that I'm alone with a boy who has a dangerous reputation. The entire school knows about Jake Melvin and his criminal lifestyle. After spending time around another dangerous male figure, I'd think my safety radar would be going crazy when in Jake Melvin's presence but it doesn't. I don't experience the same gut wrenching fear with Jake as I experience with Trevor.

"It's completely different," I mutter to myself. The sound of my voice captures Jake's attention and he glances up from his phone.

"What's different?" Jake asks. I shake my head, feeling slightly embarrassed that he heard me.

"Nothing, never mind. I'm thinking out loud." I explained to him quietly, hiding my face behind my hair so he doesn't see the blush on my cheeks.

"Do you do that often?" Jake responds, humour lining his voice. My blush deepens and I know he's teasing me. "Only when I'm nervous." I respond.

"Why do I make you nervous?"

"You don't." I lie to him quickly.

"Now you're contradicting yourself, Muffin. You told me you only do it when you're nervous so why are you nervous?" Jake grins, looking amused at the conversation. He's clearly enjoying teasing you at your expense.

"Don't call me Muffin." I tell him bluntly.

"I like Muffin, Muffin suits you." He hits back instantly.

I scowl in response and glare at him from under my lashes. Jake looks like he's biting back a laugh at my reaction.

"I hate it." I argue back.

"What would you prefer I call you?" Jake asks, raising a brow in my direction. Cobalt blue eyes stare directly at me, waiting for an answer. Moments pass and I feel the tension beginning to rise between us. It's almost suffocating and I realize I have to say something to break through it.

"Emily?" I finally whisper, clearing my throat. I want my voice to sound confident but it fails miserably.

"Emily is what everyone else calls you." Jake says stubbornly. I look at him with a blank expression on my face.

"That's because it's my name." I tell him. Why does he suddenly want to be different from everyone else in my life?

"I don't want to call you that. I like Muffin." Jake argues back with me. I narrow my eyes but it only fuels him further.

"It's cute, like you." Jake adds, knowing his words will cause me to blush. My lips slowly twitch up into a smile. Jake sits back in his chair and grins widely at me, looking like he's won the argument. I look at him from under my lashes but when I do, his eyes narrow and the smile on his face vanishes. My heart begins to pick up pace as I watch his features turn to stone.

He swings his legs off the table and begins to walk slowly towards me. He resembles a predator after it's prey and the sight of it makes my heart race increase. It hammers against my chest as Jake grows closer. He leans down, his piercing blue eyes staring straight into mine. His alluring scent hits me in the face and I have to stop myself from swooning at his close proximity. The playful sparkle to his eyes has completely vanished and an emotionless glaze covers them.

I swallow nervously as my eyes linger on his features. They land back on his eyes and I suck in a sharp breath at the beauty of his eyes. Despite being cold and emotionless, I can't help but describe them as beautiful. Dark doesn't necessarily indicate a dangerous person. Dark eyes symbolize a story of pain, a story of struggle and a journey. I find myself naturally leaning in, drawn in by the beauty of the blue swirls that remind me of a dark ocean full of mystery. My breathing hitches in my throat and my heart rate pounds through my ears.

"Where did you get that bruise?" Jake asks suddenly, snapping me out of the daze I'm in. Disappointment immediately settles in my stomach and my shoulders sink with defeat. Oh right, the bruise.

Jake is too impatient to wait for a response. He leans over and wraps his fingers around my chin. When he tilts my head back to examine the bruise closer, his eyes cloud with darkness.

"Emily, where did you get the bruise under your eye?" He repeats, growing impatient. I stare straight back at him and respond without hesitation.

"I'm clumsy, I fell down some steps yesterday." I say in a blunt voice. Jake studies me for a second before scoffing and dropping my chin.

"You're lying to me."

"I'm not lying." I whisper.

A look of hurt flashes through his eyes before he takes a step back and shakes his head in disappointment. Guilt settles in my stomach and I'm unable to hold eye contact with him. I watch as he storms towards the door and swings it open.

"Jake, I'm not lying." I say quietly.

"Bullshit." Jake calls me out, his voice low. He pulls his hood over his head to cover his features. His dark eyes flash with frustration as they fix on me. It isn't until he disappears from the doorway when I realise what just happened.

He's the first person to know I'm lying.