

Chapter6

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Yes! I hadteen minutes before the second period started. I did a little happy dance before I realized that I needed to breathe to compensate for all the running I had been doing. Yeah, not an athletic person.

After I made sure I was not going to die from lack of oxygen, I walked leisurely towards my locker. The hallways were deserted as everyone was in their respective classes.

I dialedmy lockercombinationand begansortingeverythingin the tinyspace because I had made quite a big mess in it last year. I rearranged my books and cleared all the junk I didn't need anymore.

Just as I was taking out the books I would need for next class, I heard the sound of someone's rapid footfalls. Isn't running in the hallways prohibited? Someone was running like their life depended on it.

I craned my neck to get a better look at the person blindly running as if hounds were chasing them.

The person was getting close and would probably end up walking straight in a wall.

Harper Cain came into my view at the end of the corridor and he was not even breathless. I mean, I knew that he was in the school's football team and he had good stamina, but still, not even a little out of breath?! I would have been panting if I had been running like that.

When Harper came to a stop, after running like a madman, he just stood there for some time and looked straight at me. I don't know why, I just couldn't look away. He just kept looking at me with an unreadable expression on his face and stood there, looking all dark and brooding.

But he looked handsome as always. I may say he is a playboy and an asshole but even I can't deny how sexy he really is. Ah! But that wrecked personality of his! Dressed in a grey V-neck and blue ripped jeans, he looked intimidating and sexy as ever.

For a brief moment, I wondered if he was just looking at someone behind me, but I quickly banished the thought when I remembered that all the students were still in their classes.

He started walking towards me in calculated and even steps. He walked like he was a predator and I was his prey. I gulped. I had absolutely no idea as to why, Harper Cain of all people, would take two minutes out of his playboy life to come to talk to me.

He came to a stop when he stood close to me. Too close. Our boots were touching and our chests were a few inches apart. Okay, definitely too close for my liking.

Even though it was too close, I just couldn't seem to take a step back to increase some distance between us.

His minty breath fanned my face. I wanted to move away. Take a step back. I really did. But, somehow his eyes held me in a trance. They were magnetic and demanded all my attention. And they were really beautiful. They were a soft color of green and when light hit them, I could clearly see the gold in them.

They were more than beautiful, they were simply enchanting.

"What's your name?" Harper's gravelly voice brought me out of my thoughts.

That question broke me out of my trance. Is he fucking serious?! Honestly, I was offended.

I have been living in the same town as Harper and have been going to the same middle school and now, high school. We have even sat together all these years and have done various assignments in our sophomore year. I told him my name yesterday. But what exactly did I expect? Him to remember each and every girl's name he sleeps with?! He could probably write his own book of GIRL'S NAMES.

I broke eye contact, shoved my books in my bag, closed my locker and muttered "asshole" under my breath.

I turned to leave, when Harper grabbed my wrist and turned me around to face him.

What was the matter with him?

"What?" I hissed.

"Okay, I am really sorry for not remembering your name and not calling you. But I swear, give me your number again and I will definitely give you a call." Desperation laced his voice and his eyes pleaded with me. His pink lips were puckered into an adorable pout which I was sure, made girls fall at his feet, left, right and center.

"What?" Okay, I was genuinely confused now. What the hell was happening?!

He scratched the back of his neck and laughed nervously. "I slept with you and didn't call you back the next day. I mean that's why you are so angry with me, right?"

Wait, what?

The nerve of this man-child!

Anger coursed through me at his ignorant and arrogant attitude.

"I never slept with you, Harper, and I am never going to. Now it's best if you leave my hand and let me go" I hissed.

He looked taken aback and I wondered for a second, what he was thinking. That there were still some girls left in the school who he hadn't slept with yet? Or that I would reject him, when I had never even slept with him? Or why I didn't want him like every other girl in this town?

His eyebrows furrowed in confusion as if what I was saying was completely unbelievable.

I scooped.

Harper was lost in his own world and I felt his grip on my hand loosen.

I jerked my hand away from his as the bell rang and headed towards my class.