

Chapter8

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I looked up to see Harper looking down at me. Of course it had to be Harper. The boy was everywhere today! He looked at me with an intense expression of...need? Lust? I can't even fathom. My breath got caught in my throat at our proximity and the sudden rise in the temperature.

His large, warm hands on my waist were sending delicious shivers through my whole body and I resisted the urge to close my eyes and lean into him.

I was caught in a trance. A trance created by Harper Cain out of all people.

I wanted to move, I really did. At least a part of me did. That particular part was aware of the fact that Harper had his hands on my waist, the same hands with which I was pretty sure he had groped countless females. That part of me wanted to remind my brain to step out of his embrace because I have hated Harper since he broke my sister's heart. That part wanted to remind me that I would just be another number in the never ending list of Harper's conquests.

But unfortunately, that part of me was really small and was quickly fading away.

We just kept staring at each other for a long time. And we would have stared for a long time if the silence had not grown uncomfortable.

I shook my head to clear my head of these traitorous thoughts and tried to step back. But he didn't let me which, for some reason, didn't surprise me at all.

He leaned forward abruptly and slammed his lips on mine. All rational thoughts completelyw out of my mind because the next thing I knew, my hands, which were limp by my side before, came around his neck in order to pull him closer to me. His lips molded perfectly with mine, as if his lips were made for me. My knees buckled due to theunexpectedesirecoursinghroughme and the lustmy bodywas experiencing, and had it not been for Harper's arms around my waist, holding onto me for dear life, surely I would have fallen down on the ground into a mess of raging hormones.

I could feel his shoulder musclesling. I felt as if at any time now, I would just away.

His tongue slid out of his mouth and he sucked on my bottom lip asking for entrance. I couldn't help but moan and grant him the entrance he needed.

His tongue massaged my own and conquered every inch of my mouth. Fighting for dominance in the kiss with him was a futile war, which I would have no problem in losing.

I detached my lips from his quite reluctantly and breathed in large amounts of air.

Harper didn't stop. Didn't he need to breathe too?

He planted little butterflykisses from the corner of my lips to my jaw. To the back of my ear lobe, to my neck. And to my shoulder. I felt a shiver of desire go down my body at his last kiss.

He rested his head in the crook of my neck and breathed in my scent.

Leaving my neck, he met my eyes and I saw his lust for me. Pure unadulterated lust.

His pupils were dilated and appeared almost black.

He wiped his tongue on his bottom lip and my gaze drifted towards his lips, which were, a few moments ago, very skillfully massaging my own.

I resisted the urge to pull him back down and kiss the living daylights out of him. I knew he wanted it too. I could see it in his eyes and in the tense muscles of his shoulders where I was still holding on to him.

Withone hand on my waisthe usedhis otherhandto cup my cheekand I subconsciously leaned into his touch. I enjoyed how rugged and calloused his hands felt on my soft cheek. I closed my eyes for a second and revelled in the moment.

"Party. At my house. Today. Come."Harper

My eyesew open at Harper's husky voice.

Woah! Was Harper so out of it that he couldn't even form a proper sentence. I mean, sure, I was pretty out of it too but I would like to think I would still be able to form a coherent sentence. Seriously, my subconscious snarked at me.

Harper cleared his throat and a blush crept on his cheeks. Wow! I had never ever seen Harper blushing before. Ever! And it felt great to know that I was the reason that he was soustered and bothered.

"Um, I am throwing a party at my house today. Come. Please."

PLEASE? That was just another word Harper Cain never used. He was used to people following over his every word and following him around. I felt honored and special. And happy.

I was stunned and totally out of my wits, so I could only nod. I felt my lips relax and gave him a soft smile.

He smiled. Not the smirk which I hated on him, but a full grown smile.

"You know, I think I deserve another kiss."

"Why?" The word sure came out of my mouth but it didn't sound like my voice at all. It was way more husky and.....breathy?!

"Because it is my birthday."

He smiled softly at me and gazed at me with pure adoration. He twirled a strand of my brown hair which had somehow gotten out of my ponytail during our little make out session.

Without waiting for a reply, he leaned forward and stole another kiss from me. Not that I minded.

The second kiss was way more passionate andrushing. Was nothing compared to this one. I think I moaned twice, and not one to boast about it, he did too!

His lips broke away from mine quite reluctantly. He took a deep breath and looked down at his watch and sighed. "I have to go." He gave a small smile, his tracing the bone of my shoulder creating tingles and leavinga hot trail of

He leaned back, gave me a quick peck, smiled at me and ran out of the room. I am not joking. He literally ran out of the classroom. Leaving me all hot and bothered.

Holy hell!