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They were seated across each other, staring and waiting for the other to speak up.

"Why are you here, Tyler?" Lucinda breaks the silence.

He clears his throat as he set the items down.

"I wanted to see you,"

"But why?"

"I don't know, to thank you for paying me visits while I was still in the hospital. And I guess I missed your pretty face," he stares at her intently, waiting for her reaction.

And when he sees a slight blush creep up her cheeks, he smiles inwardly.

She wasn't a hard nut to crack now, was she?

"Can I offer you anything? Water, juice?" She asks.

"Umm... Water is just fine,"

She nods and makes her way into the kitchen.

Lucinda returns with a glass of water, only to find him relaxed on the sofa, watching television and puffing out smoke.

She coughs as she places the glass of water in front of him.

Without a word, she moves closer and slaps the

cigarette away from his hand.

It falls, and she crushes it beneath her feet.

Tyler stares at her in shock and anger, clenching his fists, his veins visible.

"What's wrong with you?!!" He flares up.

"No. What's wrong with you, Tyler!! Have you no shame or respect? Just because I let you into my home doesn't mean I will tolerate such behaviour, okay? How dare you smoke in here? You should have asked me if I'm okay with it!" She retorts.

Tyler fumes more, resisting the strong urge to push her against the wall and shut her stupid loudmouth.

He stares at her.

She was staring right back at him, equally fuming.

He wanted to pluck out those eyes with which she was throwing daggers at him.

"Calm down, Tyler. Calm down. You're here for a reason," he reminds himself silently.

He breathes in heavily and then out.

"Look. I'm sorry. It's a habit and..."

"Out!!!"

"What?" He stares at her, completely dumbfounded.

She was pointing to the door, indicating for him to leave.

Wait, was she kicking him out? Even after he had

sorry to her. Something he never does.

"I said get out, Tyler!!" She yells again.

Oh, now she was so going to get it from him.

She had just given him more reasons to tame her f\*cking loudmouth.

"You're being rude, you know. I already said sorry. I came here to ask you out on a date, you know. To have dinner, and you're kicking me out," he says, trying to push his anger behind.

"Well, you should have thought of that before coming to smoke in my home. And just because I came to see you in the hospital doesn't mean you should push your luck. What happened to your arrest even?"

He steps closer.

Sh\*t.

He completely forgot about that detail.

"A friend bailed me out," He replies quickly, and continues when she said nothing.

"I like you, Lucinda. I do and..."

Before he could complete his sentence, she throws her head back and bursts into laughter while clutching her tummy.

"Wow. So soon? It's been barely a week, and you like me already? You don't even know my last name, dude, or the course I'm offering in this school, or why I transferred here in my final year. I'm not stupid to not see through your facade, Tyler."

Tyler was taken aback.

He wasn't expecting such a response.

He thought she liked him already.

Well.

He was going to try again.

"I'm aware I know nothing about you, but I can always do it later. We can get to know each other,"

"Don't you think you're moving too fast, Tyler? And please, I don't fancy guys who smoke, neither do I fancy guys who braid their hair the way you have. I like my men clean-shaven. I'm sorry, but I don't feel the same way, Tyler."

She likes her men clean-shaven?

Did she mean he was dirty?

He narrows his eyes at her.

"Uhh... Okay. Sorry," he feigns hurt and walks out the door, her words echoing in his mind.

Damn.

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