

\*\*

Mandy was pacing the length of the room restlessly, typing furiously on the phone.

She stops typing and dials Tyler's number again.

It ring

s for a while, and then it's switched off.

She cusses as she flings the phone away in frustration and anger.

He isn't picking up.

She had dialled his number several times already, but he wasn't answering.

And now it was switched off.

She picks up her handbag and walks out of the room towards the door.

"Where are you going, Mandy?"

Lucinda demands as she steps into the room.

Silence.

"Mandy, look, I'm..."

"Not now, Lucinda. Save it," Mandy waves without looking her way and storms out.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tyler kisses the lady roughly as he pushes her to the

wall, his hands roaming her body.

Suddenly, he pulls away.

"Strip!" He commands.

The lady smiles and pulls him to her.

"Why don't you strip me, handsome," she purrs seductively.

Tyler frowns. His countenance darkened, anger flashing in his eyes.

"I said strip,"

"Come on, handsome. It would be...."

"I said strip!!!! You don't want me to repeat myself. Strip!!!" Tyler yells this time, and the lady flinches

slightly.

He wasn't in for games, she realised.

With shaky hands, she manages to strip herself naked.

Without warning, he flings her to the bed, and enters with one quick thrust and begins to thrust into her, channelling his anger along with it.

"Oh, Christ!! Tyler!! Yes. Yes. Tyler!!" She moans out, enjoying his rather harsh thrust.

Lucinda. Lucinda. Lucinda!!

The name keeps ringing in his head.

Just the thought of that name drives him crazy, mad.

She was rilling him up.

She was getting under his skin, and he hated it.

He hated it.

Darn!!!!

Groaning, he reaches out to grab the lady's breast and begins to squeeze.

Harder.

Like he is desperately trying to squeeze milk out of it.

She seemed to like his brutality because she buried her face in the pillow, moaning, encouraging him to go on.

\*\*\*\*\*

Later, they lay in bed, each facing the ceiling. The lady turns on her side, plopping herself up with her left arm as she begins to run her palm across his taut and firm chest.

She leans in to kiss him, but Tyler moves his face away, taking her hand off his chest.

She frowns a bit but then leans in again to kiss him.

He doesn't stop her this time.

He was thinking

of ways to crush that stupid ego and pride of that Lucinda girl.

She had humiliated him in front of several students twice.

She had ruined his favourite white shirt.

His favourite shirt.

He had to miss lectures. Which means the date he promised wasn't happening.

Not that he gives a damn about the date.

And...

What the hell?

Tyler stares down at himself when he feels warm all of a sudden.

His companion was kneeling between his legs, her mouth over his member as her head bobbed up and down.

"Stop it," he tells her, but she continues, adamant.

"Stop it, Bella." He repeats.

He didn't like to be touched.

He hated to be touched, be it before, during or after sex.

To him, sex was sex.

It was all about thrusting till he releases.

Intimacy wasn't his thing, and watching Bella, trail her tongue over his member ever so lovingly as her other hand caresses his chest wasn't helping.

"I said stop, Bella," he pulls her away and sits up.



"But why Tyler?"

"I told you I hate this. You wanted sex, so I gave it to you. But don't try to touch or cuddle with me in any way. I have somewhere to be, so get going,"



Bella frowns.

"Are you sacking me, Tyler?"

"I'm not in the mood for your nagging, Bella, so don't start,"

"Screw you, Tyler!! Screw you! I keep coming back to you because I love you, yet you keep pushing me away. You only contact me when you want sex and throw me out like trash after!. I hate you, Tyler Brown!!" She screams as she begins to put on her clothes.

Tyler chuckles.

"How can you say you love and hate me in one sentence? You're pathetic, Bella. I cannot return your love, and you know that. And please, don't act as though I forced you to come here. I mean, weren't you the same person screaming, 'oh yes, f\*ck Tyler, yes..."

Oh, give it to me' a while ago?" he throws his head back, laughing as he mimics her.

"We both enjoy the sex, girl. So stop whining and get the hell out!!"

Bella wipes her tears as his words sting her like a bee.

She picks up her bag and walks out, leaving the door open.

Tyler gets off the bed and walks toward the door to shut it. He stops in front of the mirror and stares down at his naked body.

Suddenly, he found himself recalling the first time he had met Lucinda.

She was wiping herself clean, droplets of water

dripping down her beautiful caramel skin.

Her hair was wet, sticking to her skin.

He could still recall her body.

For some strange reason, he still remembers every curve of her body.

He remembers.

"Oh hell, Tyler. Stop thinking about her," his mind pricks him.

He shakes his head and walks into the shower.

Suddenly, he was feeling warm.

Felt strange.

All it takes is just a second's thought of Lucinda to get his brain in a tangled mess.

He groans, turning on the shower.

She was getting under his skin.

Too much.

And he f\*cking hated it.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.