
Done, Lucinda dabs the cloth into the water, squeezes it and begins to wipe his forehead, face, neck and chest.

As she cleaned his chest, she couldn't help but notice his toned muscles twitching each time he flinched at her touch.

His chest was hard against her soft palm.

She shakes her head and goes back to wipe his face.

She stops.

His face.

He could easily be described as a beautiful man.

And when it came to attitude and character, she could easily rate him zero.

But for looks?

Damn.

A hundred and twenty per cent will do.

And the haircut.

She cocks her head to one side, biting her lips as she wipes him slowly.

"....I like my men clean-shaven." She remembered telling him.

And soon after, he went to get a haircut?

Was it because of what she had said?

Did he really...?

She suddenly winces in pain as Tyler grabs her wrists.

His eyes were still closed.

"Let me clean you up, please. You're burning up," Lucinda tells him softly.

Still half-conscious, Tyler grabs her wrists tighter, digging his nails into her skin.

"Don't leave me, please. Stay." He starts to mutter.

He is shaking more now, with more sweat dripping down the sides of his face.

"Tyler?"

Lucinda turns to find a dark-looking guy behind her, staring at her questionably.

"I... I found him outside, on the floor. He was burning up, so I..."

She stutters.

The guy ignores her and rushes to Tyler's side.

"What did you do to my friend? Who are you?!" Austin growls, to which she flinches.

He was intimidating, just like Tyler.

"I'm Lucinda, and I didn't do anything. I came here to apologise and found him on the ground outside. He's been like this ever since,"

Austin stares at her, his face softening.

The famous Lucinda.

He muses.

He nods.

"I'm going to get some drugs or a doctor, maybe.

I'll be back, Lucinda," he gets up and rushes out.

Lucinda sighs and turns to stare at Tyler.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

Lucinda rubs her eyes tiredly.

Her back is aching.

She has been sitting in the same position for God knows how long since Tyler has refused to let go of her hand

, even after falling asleep.

And yet again, she had missed lectures because of Tyler.

She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't realise he was stirring awake.

Tyler's eyes flutter open.

He looks around.

He was on his bed, in his room.

But how?

The last thing he remembered was having a severe migraine, then he drank tea, got home, started feeling sick and...

Well, the rest was a blurry mess.

What did Dean give him to make him this sick?

Tyler blinks, realising something.

He turns

, seeing Lucinda sitting beside him on the bed.

"What the hell are you doing in my room!"

Lucinda jumps up at his thunderous voice.

"You...you're awake," she gulps.

His entire demeanour and aura were so intimidating.

She preferred him asleep.

"I asked you a f*cking question!"

"You were... I came here to apologise for yesterday, and I saw you on the ground, shaking, so I..." she trails off when he groans, holding his head between his hands.

"Tyler? Are you okay?"

Silence.

"Tyler?" She asks again.

The headache was back.

He was getting the flashes again.

The pain was twice as painful as before.

He screams, willing the pain to go away.

It was too painful, excruciating.

A familiar face flashes in his mind, and he groans

loudly.

Suddenly he feels warm, soft hands cupping his face.

A soothing voice was speaking calmly to him.

It was calming.

It soothed his soul.

He opens his eyes and stares at her.

Her face is close to his, inches apart.

"It's okay, Tyler. Stop screaming, please. It's okay. Please calm down. I'm here," Lucinda coaxes as he opens his eyes to stare at her.

Tyler's vision is blurry now.

Whatever Dean had given him to drink was taking a toll on him.

All he could hear was a beautiful soothing voice speaking to him.

"I'm here," he hears.

He couldn't make out her face.

For a split second, he thought he had seen his worst enemy, Lucinda, in his room.

But right now, he was seeing a beautiful angel.

So beautiful.

Tyler blinks.

The drug was making him see things, beautiful things.

Yep.

If only he knew the drugs Dean had mixed in his tea were making him see things.

Without a second thought, he closes the gap between them and plants his lips on hers.

He groans as he tastes the lips of his angel.

So sweet.

Lucinda gasps when Tyler crushes his lips to hers.

She wants to pull away.

She has to

She needs to.

This is wrong, but his taste is intoxicating.

Maddening even.

She is supposed to be hating this man for trying to make her friend sell drugs.

She is supposed to be slapping him for kissing her without permission. Again.

But her brain has miraculously shut down, much to her disdain, and her body seems to be giving in.

Succumbing to the desires of the flesh, she wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him back, opening up as he pushes in his tongue to tease her, tasting her very essence.

She knows that, after this kiss, they would be back to fighting like cats and dogs.

But right now, at this very moment, she can't bring herself to stop kissing him.

It's wrong in every sense, stupid even.

Hell, she f*cking knows.

But then the kiss is sensual, intoxicating, maddening, and like a magnet.

An involuntary moan escapes her lips.

God, he knows how to use his mouth.

She moans.

He hears it.

That voice.

His eyes snap open, and he pulls away.

His hazy vision was getting clear now.

He sees her.

The one he had just kissed.

His nemesis.

"You??!!"

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.