
"You?" He repeats, staring at her in horror.

They continue to stare at each other, their gaze lingering.

Suddenly, she blinks.

And so does he.

Did they just kiss?

She gasps, springing off the bed much too quickly like he was fire and she was petrol.

She grabs her purse and turns to leave when his next words make her halt in her tracks.

"Are you leaving without accomplishing your task?"

She frowns and turns to face him, only to meet with a dirty smirk on his face.

"What task?" She questions.

Tyler cocks his head to one side, raising an eyebrow.

Lucinda sucks in her breath at his gesture.

Hot damn.

That was sexy.

She shakes her head vigorously to get the erotic images out.

"The task of seducing me,"

Now she fumes.

"What? Me? Seduce you?"

"Yes. I was in a bad state, and I woke up to find you in my room, seated on my bed, kissing me. How did you even get inside?" He frowns.

"I did not kiss you, Tyler!! You did!"

"Oh, really now?"

She groans in annoyance.

"I'm not going to argue with you over this. You should be thanking me instead," Lucinda points at him.

He chuckles.

"Thank you? Not in this lifetime,"

"You're such a proud, annoying, insufferable, pompous guy with an ego as tall as Mount Everest. I should have left you writhing on the ground when I found you. Jerk!!" She spits and walks out, brushing past Austin, who suddenly deemed it fit to enter the room and intervene.

He flinches when Lucinda bangs the door so loud the ground shakes.

Austin leans against the door with both arms crossed on his chest, smirking.

Tyler faces him.

"Wipe that dirty smirk off your face, Austin."

"How was it?" He wiggles his eyebrows

"How was what?"

"The kiss, dude. I saw it,"

He frowns, yanking the duvet away from his body.

He realises the shirt he was wearing was gone leaving him bare-chested.

"I don't know,"

"You don't know, or you don't want to tell me?"

"Cut the crap, Austin. I'm going to take a shower. I feel sick,"

He turns and strolls into the bathroom.

As he stands under the shower, letting the cold water

hit his body, his mind drifts back to the kiss.

He shuts his eyes, reminiscing.

That kiss.

It was unprecedented and unexpected.

Yet it felt like...

He shakes his head.

"This is not happening, Lucinda. You aren't going to succeed in bewitching me,"

He turns off the shower and grabs his towel, wrapping it around his waist as he steps out.

He steps into the bedroom to find Austin seated on his bed, with that dirty smirk still on his face.

Tyler snorts and walks past him to his wardrobe.

Lucinda was seated on the sofa, facing the television with a bowl of popcorn on her lap.

With her eyes fixed on the television and her concentration elsewhere, she grabbed a handful of popcorn, throwing them into her mouth.

She was thinking.

Well, about the kiss.

Absentmindedly, her thumb rests on her lower lip as she shuts her eyes, recalling the taste of his lips.

He tasted of mint.

His lips were soft yet firm.

His kiss was slow, soft, yet demanding, sensual and intoxicating.

He was the kind that could kiss the dead back to life.

Perhaps, like sleeping beauty.

She bites her lips when she feels her cheeks growing hot, a blush rising to her cheeks.

"Oh, dear Lord!" She muses, biting her lips.

She was so engrossed in her daydreaming that she didn't realise Mandy strolled in.

Without making her presence known, she walks ahead into the bedroom.

The next day after lectures, Lucinda walks into the nearest restaurant.

Strolling in, she walks up to the counter to place an order.

She orders two packs of curry rice with vegetable stew and sausage rolls.

She smiles inwardly.

At least when Mandy sees that she had ordered her favourite food, she would be less mad at her.

Done, she moves to the farthest left end of the restaurant to have a seat.

Before she can pull out a chair and make herself comfortable, a waitress approaches her and stops her.

"Please take another seat, ma'am,"

Lucinda turns to the petite woman, her eyebrows furrowed in confusion

"Why? Is this table booked?"

"No"

"If it hasn't been booked, why can't I sit here then? Do you restrict your customers from sitting anywhere they desire?"

"Well, no, but..."

"That spot belongs to me," a male voice cuts in.

Lucinda turns and sees Tyler walking toward her, smirking.

Austin follows, a small smile playing along his lips.

She fumes.

Jerks!

"Your spot? I don't see your name written on the

chair,"

"Well, I initially wanted to sit here. I had just stepped out to make a call,"

"Well, I'm not moving an inch. If you aren't going to find another seat, you might as well keep standing till I'm finished here," Lucinda snaps, pulling out a chair and sitting down, ignoring his presence.

Tyler fumes, staring at her.

"Don't try me, Lucinda. Don't,"

She stares up at him with a lazy smile.

"I just did,"

Without another word, she fishes out for her phone and begins to type away, laughing at intervals while

Tyler looks on in shock. His jaw literally drops to the ground in disbelief.

"Pick your mouth off the floor, Tyler,"

Austin says behind him, and Tyler glares at him hotly, shutting him up.

Annoyed, Tyler pulls another chair and sits across her.

She looks up at him, frowning.

"Did you have to sit at the same table with me?"

"What can I say? I hate people invading my space,"

Lucinda rolls her eyes and takes her attention back to

her phone.

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