

Chapter 6

The next day at school, I felt someone sitting next to me in English. I didn't even have to see who it was, because the scent was very potent and intoxicating but the question was, why is he here? what does he want?

I thought he said I was an i***t yesterday, so what's he doing next to an i***t and he didn't even look back so how did he know it's was me?

“Mate” Voice said.

“I know, calm your ass down”

“Hello mate” he said looking smug. What a bastard.

“WHAT!” I shouted. I forgot we were in class and Mr. Daniels gave me a very distinctive "shut the hell up" glare so I apologised and looked down at the stupid, handsome brunette of a mate- I mean the guy next to me who was smirking like an i***t.

“We need to talk. Meet me in the library on P.E” mate guy said and yes, I was calling him that because I didn't want to know his name, at least not yet.

“Nope, I can do lunch. I don't skip periods” I whispered under my breath as to not disturb Mr. Daniels again.

“Of cause you won't, nerd” he said, letting out a chuckle.

“I resent you calling me that, and yes I'm smart and I don't miss classes because unlike you, I came here to learn and me going to college depends on that” I spat.

“Feisty, I like that in a woman” he said smirking.

“Asshole” I muttered.

“Watch your mouth mate, such language doesn’t sound good coming out from such pretty lips” he commanded or maybe irted. His voice was in between rm and irty but I couldn't point out which one to pick.

Damn it, I was blushing and I looked outside the window turning my face so he didn't have to see it, but of course, the devil saw it and was grinning. I don't know how I let that melodic, yet deep voice of his get to me, but it did.

“Damn it, melodic?” since when do I use such words on boys? I hated what he was doing to me.

“But you’re still gonna try to get to know him, right? Voice asked.

“Obviously. I don't break my promises” sometimes ‘Voice’ statements and questions feel like there's an underlying threat in them, or maybe having a voice in my head is making me crazy.

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When I arrived to the library at lunch, of course I was the only early one.

Mr. “probably had better things to do” was late, like I'm the one who requested this stupid meeting in the rst place. But I promised ‘Voice’ to try, so I'm trying but he is really pushing it. I've been waiting for about twenty minutes and I'm pissed, and since this is my usual lunch place, I can't even storm out.

I love this place, I just don't like him. I decided to hide, so I went to a corner in between bookshelves and sat on the oor. A decision I learned to regret later. When I say later I meant fteen minutes later when the creep found me and decided trapping me on my own corner was a good idea. He was suffocating me with his scent and tingles. Ugh, the damn tingles, I didn't even know I can get that turned on in my life while he was enjoying every moment of it and I still didn’t even know his name.