

Chapter 70

“Do I know how to drive?” Vivienne echoed, a bit thrown off by the question. “Yeah, of course. Why?”

“Because I don’t trust myself behind the wheel right now. And I’ve got a car parked right outside the skyscraper.”

Vivienne blinked. “Wait, you want me to drive you back to campus? But... I didn’t even get to enjoy the party,” she frowned at herself. “I mean, it might not look like much, but it took me a good few minutes to look like this,” she pointed at her dress as if to highlight something he might not have noticed before.

He glanced at her dress, then back up at her face, his expression unreadable.

“Sure. But once you step out in that rain, it’ll probably look like you drowned. Besides,” he glanced down at his watch and nodded. “...in exactly fifteen minutes and five seconds, Harry’s parents will be coming back home. And before you ask—no, he doesn’t know. He was too busy watching p**n with his best friends when they tried to call him.”

She blinked again, then looked back at the convenience store entrance. “He was what? Wait, how do you know that? Did you stalk them or something?”

His eyes narrowed. “What’s with you accusing me of stalking? Do I look like a stalker?”

She looked at him intently, maybe longer than necessary—she couldn’t help herself; the guy was just so darn gorgeous. And now she could tell how dark his eyes actually were.

She finally snapped out of it, shaking her head slightly. "Alright, alright, no stalking. But seriously, you just casually know this stuff? Kind of weird, don't you think?"

He rolled his eyes and walked past her, standing behind the glass door, watching the rain pouring down without mercy.

"I read the text. That's why I left right away."

"Wait. So, why didn't you tell the others? Now, they're all going to get embarrassed in front of his parents." She frowned at herself, not liking the picture in her head.

He shrugged. "Not my problem. I just want to get out of here."

Vivienne stared at him, dumbfounded. "Not your problem? So you just left them there to get caught?"

He turned his head slightly, giving her a look that was equal parts exasperated and amused. "What do you want me to do? Go back and babysit a bunch of idiots who can't keep it in their pants? I've got my own shit to deal with."

"You really don't give a damn, do you?"

He didn't bother to answer, just pushed the door open and stepped into the rain. The downpour soaked him immediately, but he didn't seem to care. He started walking toward the car, his movements casual, like the storm wasn't even there.

She hesitated for a moment, then huffed in frustration. "Unbelievable," she muttered to herself before running out after him.

The rain hit her like a cold slap, drenching her dress and making her shiver, but she ignored it. “You could at least try to act like a decent human being,” she shouted over the sound of the rain, catching up to him.

He stopped, turning to face her, water dripping from his hair and running down his face. “And that’s going to help, how?”

She tried to come up with a sharp retort. She even opened her mouth to do just that.

But nothing. She had nothing.

Or maybe she couldn’t think of anything because of the way he was looking at her. Like he wanted to kiss her so badly. Or maybe just kill her. She didn’t know.

The rain kept pouring down around them, but neither of them moved.

And then, he did something that took her completely off guard.

He grabbed her hand and pulled her sharply to him.

A car driving way past the allowed speed swept past her behind.

But the car was the last thing on her mind. Especially when she stood so close to this handsome stranger whose name she still wasn’t aware of.

She just knew that when he finally pulled his hand back, it was like waking from a dream.

The world came rushing back in a dizzying swirl of colors and sounds. Her senses came to life—the rain, the wind, and the cold air hitting her with the full force of reality. She could hear her own heart beating fast

Chapter 70

and hard, and her lungs burned from breathing so heavily.

She blinked, trying to focus on his face. "Uh...thanks?"

He simply shrugged. "Sure."

Then, he turned around and started walking again.

When she didn't make a move even after he turned around to get her attention, he sighed exasperatedly.

"Can we go now?" he asked, running a hand through his damp hair. "I have exams this week, and I really don't want to get sick."



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