

Tangled In His Sheets

Chapter

5

♡ Mia's pov ♡

I keep my eyes on Kade, not really able to even utter a word. Never would I have expected Kade to look so.....

Handsome.

Yet even with his tasteful features, he seemed, cold. His eyes portrayed nothing and his face betrayed no twitch to show his true feelings. In all honesty, he looked like this was the last place he'd ever want to be.

In other words, Kade didn't look too happy being here.

My eyes leave his face to fall on his hand. Even his hands were tattooed. His grip seemed pretty tight on his duffle bag as if he was contemplating if to hurl it at us or make a run for it. Hopefully, it wouldn't be the first option he'd choose.

Mom turns around. "Kade this is our daughter Mia." She touches my shoulder then points at Austin's grinning face. " And this is our son Austin. He's been wanting an elder-

The sudden sound of Kade's voice made me squirm. His masculine voice was rough yet it made shivers run down my spine like a slithering snake. "Where will I be staying?" He cuts mom off.

"Oh! Mia can you show Kade to his room-

Kade's blue eyes darken in irritants. "I'm not incompetent to follow instructions to my room."

"Oh," Mom says sadly but nods anyway. "Upstairs, two doors down to the left. Opposite a white door with flowers and Minnie mouse stickers on."

I cringe inwardly. That door with flowers and Minnie mouse stickers on was mine. Kade would be sleeping in the room opposite mine. I didn't know how to feel about this arrangement honestly.

"Great," Kade grunts uninterested and walks away. We all turn to stare at his retreating back until he disappeared upstairs. After a few awkward and rather heavy silence, I decided to break it.

I turn to mom and dad. "So Kade seems rather-

"Cool!" Austin yells with a laugh.

I narrowed my eyes on Austin as dad places him down on his feet. Did he not see the tattoos and feel how coldly he regarded us? And here I thought the tattoos scared him off, I guess I'll still be getting replaced by a tall muscular tattooed guy.

"I was more leaning towards, cold. He looked like he was about to hurl the bag at us for even just standing there." I pointed out.

He looks like he just came out of juvie.

Mom smiles awkwardly while dad eyes still remained on the staircase, glaring. " He buried his mom yesterday. We should give him some time to adjust. He's blaming the world right now and all we can do is be patient."

I guess she was right. But patience wasn't really my thing. I'm like a strike first and think later kind of girl. Maybe that's why I get into trouble often.

Walking over to her slowly, I lean forward while my eyes remained on the staircase, watching to see if Kade would suddenly show up.

"Couldn't you have at least warned me that he would be sleeping opposite my room?" I whispered.

Mom's brows furrowed. "I didn't think it would have been a problem. And it's the only guestroom on the second floor."

"There's grandma's room." I pointed out sarcastically.

"Grandma's room is on the first floor and she wouldn't be too happy to walk up those stairs." Mom pointed out just as sarcastically as I did. I guess you could say that the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

"Grandma comes to stay for two days every two weeks! Her legs won't hurt so much and besides, it's a good exercise." I huffed. What was so wrong with climbing a flight of stairs when you're older and your legs bitch?

Grandma Marlie wasn't that old but apparently, she likes to act way older than she was. She just wanted attention and mom and dad refuse to see that. Okay, maybe I am being too harsh. But that may have to do with Austin being her favorite grandchild.

Austin for God's sake!

Mom scans my features, deep in thought. "Why are you so upset that Kade will be sleeping in the guest room upstairs?"

I pressed my lips together, not expecting her to ask a question I didn't have the answer to.

Or maybe I did and refuse to admit that, that was the reason for my sudden uneasiness.

"Yeah, why are you so upset Mia?" Austin chuckles.

I throw him an annoyed stare that made him laugh even more. That little toad was a traitor. He was already on Kade's side even though he didn't even acknowledge him.

"I think I know why she seems a little troubled." Dad suddenly let out and I freeze.

Did he read between the lines already? Could he read my mind? Did he know the inappropriate thoughts I suddenly had for mom's ward?

"It's the tattoos, isn't it? You're intimidated?" Dad mumbles catching me off guard.

"It's just tattoos Mia, they won't bite. Kade's a good kid." Mom reassures but even her eyes showed she wasn't telling the truth. She wasn't trying to only reassure me but herself. One look at Kade and the mind starts to wander to the dangerous part.

"It's not the tattoos. I just-

Just what Mia? Suddenly had that ache between your thighs you've never felt before while staring into the most alluring blue eyes you've ever seen before?

At least my mind was admitting to it, my mouth on the other hand better stay shut.

Sighing in irritation I let out. "Okay fine, it's his tattoos. They're intimidating. " I lied smoothly.

"And he looks like he would murder me in my sleep," I whispered. That one was true. Kade did look like he'd strangle me. I'd want to be strangled by him, just not the way he wanted.

Oh God, what was going on with me?

"Mia we can't be his enemies. Right now he needs us to be there for him. Kade won't harm you. You need to stop watching those thriller movies." Mom pinches the skin between her eyes.

She was right. He needs us right now, he was still grieving for his mom. That explains his cold and annoying attitude.

I nodded, agreeing with her. "Good. Your dad and I should start arranging our clothes back into our closet, afterwards, I'll start on dinner. Since we have a new addition, I was thinking Kade should do the honors of choosing which meal I should cook tonight?" She looked between Austin and me, waiting for an answer.

Austin nods eagerly and I lift a shoulder in a shrug. "Fine by me."

She smiles happily. "Good. Go to Kade's room Mia and ask him if he has any special meal he'd like me to prep. Maybe you could help him pack his stuff, it would be a great way to bond."

Throw me into the lion's den mom, why don't you?