

Tangled In His Sheets

Chapter

6

♡ Mia's pov ♡

Talking my way out of this was impossible. Even dad thought it was a good idea to start getting the kid's along.

I wasn't a kid.

I was a teenager with hormones and the lion in the room opposite mine was dangerously setting them on fire.

After mom and dad went upstairs to 'arrange their clothes back into their closet' I had stayed a few minutes downstairs prepping myself. Honestly, mom and dad just didn't want to face Kade as yet and sent me to do their dirty work.

They could have easily asked him on their way to their room, but no, Mia has to bond with Kade. Why couldn't Austin do the bonding? He was already a huge fan of the guy!

"Stop being a sissy." Austin snorts as he watches me walk back and forth a couple of times. By couple I mean I might have surpassed twenty.

I stopped and turned to him. Glaring down at his shorter height, I snapped. "Then why don't you go and face that rude guy with tattoos yourself!"

Austin folds his skinny little arms across his chest, hums to be dramatic as if there was anything other than game going through his head before he speaks. "Nope." With that, he walks away towards the living room where I was sure he'd plug in a video game to play.

And here I thought he had more balls than me.

"Okay Mia, put on your big girl pants and march up to that room. It's only a teenage boy, not a monster." I spoke, sucking in some air.

"A very hot teenager who looks like he had been carved by the gods himself," I whispered, sighing. Why could I not have those damn hormones now? They would get me into hot water.

With a sigh of defeat, I started for the stairs, silently praying that he'd not hurl me out of the window. I didn't think I'd survive the fall. And if I did, I'd not want to be walking with a neck brace and a foot cast for weeks or months.

Okay, maybe I should abort the mission.

I could just come up with any dish and tell mom Kade was the one who chose it.

Damn but what if she asked him questions during dinner tonight?

Okay, the mission is back on and ready for action.

Walking towards his room felt like I was walking towards my death. Like I was on a plank and the little voice in my head was pushing me forward. Hopefully, if I fall I'd land on my feet or be able to swim in the rough waters.

I stop just before the opened door to his room. I waited to see if he sensed me and would hurl something at me. When nothing dangerous seem to be flying in the air, I walked further until I was now standing in his doorway.

His back faced me and I took the time to really access him. The white t-shirt he wore really fit him snugly, almost like it was a size smaller than him. His black jeans were ripped at the front as I remember seeing

when he entered the house. But now seeing the back, his bottom looked really yummy.

He was carelessly throwing his clothes on the bed, rummaging through the bag as though he was taking out his frustrations on the poor thing.

Suddenly the back turns to the front as he turns around as though he sensed my gaze on his bottom. I lift my eyes quickly and my tongue goes heavy as those blue eyes pin me down with a stare that made a shiver snake down my spine.

Kade looks like he was waiting for me to speak, with emotionless eyes daring me to enter his room and approach him. Tongue hitting the roof of my mouth I forced my legs to step into the room that once was for guests but now was Kade's.

I evaded his eyes as I swept my gaze around the room. Mom didn't give me a heads up that the once mysterious Kade would be roomed here so I didn't have time to switch the bedding from feminine to something more.....suitable for a boy.

Taking a whiff of his masculine cologne I stopped. Not wanting to get closer to him than I needed to. Folding my arms under my breast I looked at the wall behind him. Was that black dot always there?

Focus Mia, you need to ask him a question remember?

"My mom wanted to know if there is any special meal you'd love for her to prepare for dinner tonight." I finally let the words roll off my tongue but still evaded his piercing gaze.

Not hearing an answer for a few seconds I finally got the courage to sweep my gaze to him. The blue in his eyes nearly knocked the breath out of me. Was it physically possible for a human to have such blue eyes?

Getting nervous under his intense stare I chuckled, while my fingers scratch the skin of my arm. It was a very bad habit I did whenever I grew too nervous. It was supposed to serve as a distraction but in this case, it wasn't working.

"It's just a thing we do every night for dinner, you know like one of us choose what we want mom to cook and she does it as a challenge-" Seeing how emotionless he was to my words made me bite my tongue.

Scratching my arm even more I thanked God that I had trimmed my nails earlier. " What about pizza?" I asked. Not getting a response I tried again. " Mushroom soup? Tacos? Chicken alfredo?"

Still no answer.

What was up with this guy? Did he suddenly grow mute in just a few minutes? His speech seemed pretty fine downstairs. Now he was acting even more coldly than he was before. He might as well be ice.

Seriously, why was I the one to have this mission? It seemed impossible to conquer.

But, I wasn't a quitter.

" Okay, how about lasagna? " I suggested.

Finally, Kade answered. "No."

Seriously for a guy with a face like that, he sure was a pain in the ass.

Okay, I need to get my mind out of that gutter.

Sighing and groaning lowly I asked. " Then what do you want Kade?"

Was it so hard to tell someone what you wanted for dinner?

With a stare that could chill bones, Kade grumbles out with that same hoarse voice that sent shivers crawling through me. "I want you out of my room."