

## I KNOW THE DEVIL

Chapter 23 A let's remove our clothes and make out line

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~ You have me until every last star in the Galaxy dies

You have me.

He had an electric key unlike the others who Titiana's security protocols had helped open the neighbourhood's gate electronic system, yet it had never struck me that he was her neighbour. Wait, let me rephrase this, it never occurred to an A straight student, a fully funded scholarship beneficiary that for someone to have such access to a neighbourhood he had to be a part of it somehow, wow superb, great.

Not.

I didn't know if I should act on my little worry and jealousy that he had more things in common with her than he ever would with me in a million years even as his automatic gate opened on its own and I found my mouth falling open.

Let's go over a quick rewind, I had seen lots of houses as we had glided along the neighbourhood discussing music, (and let me just put it right out that for the record, I hate all Law Tyler's favourite music because he digs country and all that jargon while I'm a pop and R&B type of girl). So I'd seen some really dope houses, like vanity at its finest with architectural designs that make you stare wide-eyed at the buildings just realizing that some people were blessed way too much for their good, with the roots of all evil.

But nothing had prepared me for the extravaganza and display of wealth that Law Tyler called a House. Perhaps, I was just a bit shocked that he was also

into the whole glamorous living since he doesn't seem to dig their lifestyle but I couldn't even be a hypocrite and deny that I didn't like the exhilarating rush of excitement that bolted through me at the thought of exploring all this.

"Welcome to my humble abode." He had a smug grin on his face and a matching smirk while I bet I had a goofy smile, looking every bit of the idiot I was.

"You're right. If this is humble and 'not in your face I don't know what to do with money' then my house should be called a shoe box."

I followed him to his vast garage with cars that would make Rob have wet dreams while glancing at him in awe every chance I get as he leads me to a stunning panoramic elevator that the different levels of his residence are accessible via. While I clenched my hand around his half expecting the annoying whiny

sound of my alarm to signal I'd ditched Titiana's party, stayed in and had slept on my poster bed like the loser I was.

But the electric feel of his hand on mine, I've never felt more alive like that very moment even as I tried to take what was in front of me at once without screaming obscenities.

It had an in-ground pool, which I could see from here, and a sauna I must have completely missed because I was too busy gawking at any and everything.

I moved closer, taking in the perfectly designed inter spaces captured so beautifully, I could figure a bay view at the day which I can guess must impress with a breathtaking scene composed of the city's skyline, and the roar of the Todos Santo bay which I could see from here which looked grey, angry and stretches of water.

I must have been panting after Law had indulged my endless pleas to be shown around but in my defence, how would I have known there would be so much rooms? A collection of rooms I must add, there was the dining room which was my house put together with a chair that could accommodate a Max of 50 people which made me raise my brow at Law, while he shrugged.

"I might decide to host my wedding right here. You never can tell."

Acting like just thinking about this thing between us, whatever it was without a tag ending and him finding a girl that would only mumble nice place when he shows her his house didn't fill me with unexplainable anger. I allowed him to show me his fitness room, a game room, sunroom yes you heard me right and to top it off, the place didn't look like it had been

inhabited by a human being.

And then there was the library... His own very personal library which I was excited to see but had given off a spooky feel and I knew it had something to do with the brown coloured shelved books which suspiciously looks like limited editions and how ancient and old-fashioned the room. The door creaked even as I swallowed hard and not wanting to look like a freak, I snapped my mouth shut restraining from telling him it felt like the room was calling out to me, the books there seemed familiar and each held a leaflet that fixed together a story. My story...

Even I think I'm crazy and I should probably start seeing one of the shrinks at the school with too huge a smile on plastic faces and Louis Vuitton purses draped on their arms while they persuaded you that you needed to talk to somebody, why couldn't it be them? Maybe, because ma'am you don't look like you

have seen a day of hardship in your life to advise on it and when you were my age I bet silicones were more of a problem to you than debt, inadequacy and fear. God, the consuming fear of failing everyone eventually. Just wake up one morning and realize I can't take it anymore. Give up.

"You should change into something lighter." I raised my brow at him. He sounded disappointed and down, although now I think of it he had flashed me an expectant desperate look.

"You do know you ain't going back home tonight?"

I gazed at him momentarily realizing that as usual I was overthinking everything and imagining everything. He looked and seem fine.

"Yes. Cool. Whatever."

He nodded.

"Let me show you to your room because although I love em clothes, to be honest, I've always fantasized having you in my clothes."

It was only when I was in Law's beautiful master suite that has its own dressing room and staring at myself in his floor-length window realizing just how much I love wearing Law's clothes and smelling like him did the two pennies drop.

I was wearing a shirt that would ride up to show my panties if I made any uncalculated step, I was going to go see a movie with him which was pretty cool since he had a home theatre system but the only problem was that Netflix and chill were more like a universal let's remove our clothes and make out line. I'd be spending all night with him and he had showed me to the master suite as my room, not the



guestroom which means we would be staying here together because as of a few hours ago we became boyfriend and girlfriend, and as much as I wanted to act chill on doing something every kid my age does regularly, I was anything but chilled. I'd 0 experience... Completely blank and the thought of embarrassing myself and blurting something totally absurd out there was making me hyperventilate, sweaty and stressed out as fuck. God, I was so screwed or about to be, I hope only literally but because I knew deep down I could never get that lucky I found myself praying yet again that the 'figuratively' should be one I could live with.

I took a few nervous steps toward him. He had changed and the old pair of jeans short he was wearing and a wife beater which showed off taut muscles that tempts me to make my drooling obvious even as I tried not to be that girl. You know the one that asks anyone they come across with okay skin,

their skin routine but Law's smooth everything was not helping with my cause.

I took a mouthful of the popcorn from the bowl on top of the oak centre table like I was chugging down vodka, forcefully chewing it all and swallowing it even though it felt like cotton in my mouth.

"Are you okay?" He paused flipping through a series of movies using the remote control while he said Nah Nah. He was looking at me worriedly.

"I'm great! Chilled actually! Yippee..." I cringed at my squeaky voice resisting the urge to facepalm myself as Law nodded O-kay. You know the bad type of okay that is accompanied by when last did you see a therapist? and no I'm not saying you're crazy, you just need to work something out emotionally.

Was I overreacting? Maybe a notch. Did I deserve to?

Of course! I was about to make out with a demi-god who makes me and a majority of the female population feel things that should never be voiced to our mothers who thought us angels and pure, and he was soon going to find out that the girl in front of him was inexperienced in every sense of the world.

No, have never kissed anyone before.

Yes, apart from thinking it was disgusting and unhygienic to have someone else's privates in your mouth. I know nothing about blowjobs.

Porns make me yawn and do nothing for me so technically I'm scared that you just landed yourself Ms Frigid.

I gulped.

"Actually I'm not fine."

"Okay?" His face was a mixture of confusion and worry.

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