

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 26

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Thindi dawn the minirily, the cent of the heroch rolier mHEME Freere I let out aboth, the che hann THAYA standing on end krimine whose lace would greet me v carly.

I woke up Garlier than usual today sering that I had the best slecp in days last night. I was now thinking that it was a blessing and a curse

A blessing because I had enough time to get ready for school and a curse because now I had to face father after a few day's o í not catching a glimpse of his face.

I pushed back my composure, hating that the thought of facing him was nerve Wracking. A daughter shouldn't feel that way, yet, I did.

I continued my way to the kitchen, forcing myself to get my pummeling heart under control. As I rounded the corner, the scent of the drug only grew stronger. I tapped my finger on my thigh as I finally entered the cooking area fully.

From the laptop belare him. They were darker than usual but cald like normal

Fathered the

My eyes leave his cold face to fall on the ceramic mug filled to the brim with the dark liquid that assaulted the area with its scent. It looked so black, so bitter, yet, it was the only thing that sermed to make father happy. Perhaps they weren't all that different.

"Good morning father." My eyes tear away from the bitter liquid filled inside the thin wall of ceramic to fall into the surprised eyes of father.

" You are up so early?" His voice was always so gruff and intimidating.

I let my eyes stray to the clock mounted o ni the wall. It was six-forty. I suppose it. was earlier than my usual waking up time.

"uh hum." I nodded and walked over to the fridge. Gertrude wasn't here yet so I had no other choice but to make my own

h

afcereal, i plodvederver in the kitchen island and plopped my botton on al staallanther from him.

The air is filled with a coldness that would make anyone uncomfortable. Still, Ichewed on the cereal to get my nerve in check.

I listened to him the sound of the laptop keys as he typed away aggressively. The sound was almost as nerve-racking as the man who caused it.

“Would you stop that!”

I'm startled, unconsciously throwing the spoon back into the bowl. I turn to the now glaring man, whose eyes pierces through mine angrily from where he sat.

He had halted his typing, instead issued me with a displeased look that unsettled me. “Stop what?” I asked softly, after I swallowed the cereal, knowing that if I Rhadn't before speaking he'd probably

Hep h anud thrigh his short dark brown hair that inherited from him and Kets m an irad breath “Stephen

“Sorry.” I apologized knowing that is say anything sharky it would definitely upset him even further.

“And stop slouching.” He demanded while reaching for the coffee situated on the island beside the laptop. He brings the white ceramic mug to his lips, sipping the hot liquid, not at all fazed by the heat.

His demand had my spine snapping straight and posture fixing into one that pleased him, Placing the mug back down, he gives me his attention. Something I didn't want at this moment.

“Have you found a solution to improve on your math?” His question was random, a s if looking for a way to converse without. sounding forced.

It still came out forced.

“I'm working on it.” I answered tightly a I slowly grasp the snoon and how the in

I mare my eyes away from him

Ymd so early.

“You need to be serious about this Arbella. You can't flunk math again, you're a senior now and colleges don't – 1

“I said I'm working on it.” I hissed dropping the spoon in the bowl with a loud clunk.

I didn't understand why he insisted that I flunked math last term. I only got ninety five than my usual ninety-seven. In my eyes, it wasn't flunking. There were other more important things than a bad grade which wasn't even bad to begin with. 1

"Don't speak to me in that tone-" He started but he is interrupted by a feminine voice. Mother walks into the kitchen, her face already painted with makeup.

"What's going on?" She questions and looks between father and I

breakfast and pretending to be a family

manched

of the Kitchen

FArabila" Mother's voice called out to me and I made my way upstairs.

As my feet carried me away from them. I could still hear the soft whispers of their voices as they tried to speak civilly to each other. Keyword, tried, I stopped, wanting to hear their words.

"What did you say to her John?!" Mother hissed.

"Only what a father should be concerned about." He answered back with irritation coating his voice thickly.

"Which is what exactly? She looks very upset John."

"She's a teenager Margie. They're always upset. Arabella needs to focus on her grades, I fear she might not get into a college if she keeps flunking her exams." Father hissed.

"Why don't you urge her to study more

Why don't you use her to study more instead of playing with your materials and expensive necessities?" His question was an accusation that I knew would lead to some sort of argument.

"Oh you're one to talk! We live in the same house, yet you barely get a glimpse of your daughter! You finally got a chance today and you ruined it!" Mother spat. like fire meeting gasoline.

"Enough of this nonsense Margie

I had enough of hearing them argue. Not wanting to ruin my morning further, I walked to my room to get ready for school.

College sounds like a really good idea now. At least then, I'd be far from, them.

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mirror. Day three of being a senior

hinning la think that my

were cursed

ing

“Arabella Gwen is here!” Mother’s voice had gone back to the fabricated cheery sweet valce she used when there was anyone who didn’t know how flawed she actually was.

“Coming!” I yelled out, tucking a stray hair back into the bun and grab a hold of my bag

I skipped down the stairs, hearing the soft babbling coming from the kitchen area. Gwen was there, rambling on about the newly recruited cheerleaders on her team to mother.

I knew I couldn’t avoid them forever, seeing that I actually needed to tug Gwen away myself if I wanted to get out of 95 here sooner than later. MERA

She

be hanging on ETY WOT that left Gwen’s over glassy lipe. They looked like the perfect mother and daughter duo. Yet I can’t help but notice Someone was missing

Mother throws her head back as Gwen made a joke about one of her ex boyfriends who more than occasionally come to cheer practice just to catch a glimpse of her and beg for forgiveness..

Why can’t she laugh like that with me?

“ He’s still in love with you.” Margie lets out a soft laugh. They hadn’t quite noticed me yet which was both annoying and kind of, saddening.

Gwen snorts flipping her blonde hair over her shoulder. The beach waves were perfectly framing her face lovely.” He’s obsessed. But who can blame him?”

M

argie laughs, nodding in agreement.

their happy bubble, piercing it until it

They are temporarily shocked as their Eyes snap to where I w16. I stood in the doorway, ledning on the frame as I watched them

I made sure to throw on an indifferent mask as they peered at my face. Gwen was the first to speak, placing her palmo ni her chest.

“Jesus Arabella, you can’t sneak up on a girl like that. Don’t you want us to get married together? How can that happen if you give me a heart attack?”

I shrugged impassively. “Then you’d come as a ghost.” My voice lacked emotion and I was sure they took note of i

“Your father left for work.” Mother’s voice had me tear my eyes away from Gwen to pin her with my emotionless gaze.

yeah, you just missed him.” Gwen

Merded.

I already saw him earlier, I don’t thinki missed much.” Ideadpanned.

it is then Gwen finally understood that I was in no mood to talk about my father or be in the presence of Margie. Her eyes widen in understanding as she pounces

un to me

“We’ll be on our way now Mrs. Rivera!” She hollered behind her shoulder as she links her arms with mine and tugs me along with her

“If you two were to ever see any more stray cats, please refrain from bringing them here again!”

Margie’s yell drowned out as we shut the front door behind us. Gwen gives me a confused side-eye. “Stray cats?”

“Long story.” I mumble.

“Ooh, it’s a good thing you woke me up s o early to come pick you up. Now we have a lot of time to hear that long story’.” Gwen spoke as she harshly pinches me. I hiss moving away from her.

“What the fuck Gwen!” I hissed.

beside the urb. We both

her

when he

c

alfam Chartre finally

"Wow Gertrude that was a lot of tongue there." Gwen joked. "So heated! Ohh Givron, Oh Papi give me some sugar....."

Gertrude's face reddened even more. Her

eyes had tore away from us in embarrassment as her flustered self pulled her bag even closer to her. I nearly laugh but decided against it seeing that if I were to, poor Gertrude would be mistaken as a fire truck.

"Don't you two need to head to school?" One could hear in Gertrude's voice that she would more than likely want us to get away from her as soon as possible.

"What's the matter Gertrude? Don't want us teasing you about the heated kiss you forced us to witness?" Gwen continued with her taunting with a smile stretchedo

I shortening heat She turns to face med pinned with a glare, I mean Arabella's innen Oh, you per child having to witness this. She clicked her top and throws her hand over my

Islapped it away, scowling at the preppy blonde. "Givron isn't even here. And kerp your hands to yourself or you might just poke my eye out with those long pointy nails."

Gwen shrugged, "You never know. He might be one of those people that have the kink to play with toys."

I send her a confused look which she answered to with an exaggerated sigh.. "A toy Arabella. You know vibrator in the vagina with a remote control

"Okay enough." I cringe not wanting to even think about my thirty-seven year old maid with such a thing inside

I cut off my thoughts, shivering in disgust. I strutted towards her flashy Dink car while passing a flustered

teachenheide me. "Hive

1

the kodrand slated myself on the

"Hey how about me?" Gwen whined.

Use condom! Gertrude raspended disappearing inside the house with a chuchia

“Fair enough!” Ciwen yells hoping her voice could pierce through the door and get to Gertrude.

“I think Gertrude hates me.” Gwen, said when she entered the car

“Nah, but I think you should calm down a n the teasing ” I laughed while putting on the stat belt.

Gwen turns to me with her mouth agape i n shock. “No never! That would be

unacceptable!

Trolled my eyes at her for being dramatic. Just then we heard the sound of tin cans

knacking painstaluninn, Bath Gwen and Inst aly to the sound,

Halden putting a bag of trash inside the bin beide the road. He wore a fitted black shirt that hugged his muscular form. And those dark jeans hugged his mouth watering ass perfectly.

She might be shooting him daskers right now but I was embarrassingly guilty of drooling over how handsome he looked even while throwing away trash. I blamed it on my period. That red bitch was making me have unwanted thoughts and feelings.

I snap my head to the front quickly as soon as Gwen did, not wanting her to question why I was staring at him longer than necessary. “Why don’t he just throw his own self in, he’s basically trash too.” She grunts, her voice bitter as she starts the car and drives away. 1

My tongue throb to tell her something that would probably irritate her but I bit my tongue. I didn’t want her to raise questions I didn’t exactly have the

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Arabella Rivera

One of the reasons I hated History class was the med to always bang my heard against the wall. But even that wildn’t ease the heal that emanated from outside and penetrated through the four walls until it enveloped the area,

I felt like SpongeBob but without water to keep me hydrated. So I suppose that would mean I was a dry sponge. That was how bad the heat was inside the classroom.

I guess the old windows that never budges to open added to that but it was also probably the hot gas that escaped many children's asses. I wiggled my nose, coughing while throwing a hand over my nose. It only proved to only make it worse.

"Okay, who did it this time?" Miss Gilbert's brown eyes scan the classroom.

She was an African American woman who had been teaching this school for more than a decade. Her reputation was almost tarnished last year for sleeping with a

nished last year for sleeping with a male cher who suppaily was

married

I didn't think Miss Gilbert knew of the wie but others seemed to think otherwise. Either way it wasn't my business to judge, I just wished some people thought the same

Gwen leans towards me and spoke in a hushed tone." That person definitely had cheese and eggs for breakfast."

"I'mn more leaning on hotdogs and pickles." I whispered back, hoping the putrid smell wouldn't enter through my mouth

"Miss, it was Zack!" A brunette girl pointed at who I suppose was Zack whose neck grew an alarming shade of red.

I really should pay more attention to those who were in my class. It's kind of weird that I don't know their names.

"What! It was not! Why would I want to suffocate in my own fart?" He argued back, glowering at the petite brunette,

"Don't worry Zack man, Mia just has a huge crush on you and didn't know how t

o speak to you. Setely she wishes I WA Vou fart." A dark hairy with to much gel in his hair charles behind Mia.

Mia's face only turned scarlets she stuttered in embarrassinent. "1-1

Zack and the gelled-up bay high-fived while chuckling at a poor red faced Mia

"Assholes." Imutter lowly.

"I think it's cute." Gwen shrugs with a knowing smirk on her face

I give her a side-eye while pinching my nose. "How can this possibly be considered cute?"

Gwen's blue eyes peer at the three intently, her eyes reading them like an open book. "Well, my dear Arabella. You see Hank over here is definitely into Mia. While our dear little Mia is more than likely has a huge crush on Zack. I give it two weeks and they'll definitely be having a threesome."

She then squints her eyes as Mia slaps away Hank's hand away from her hair. Zark laughs and I didn't fail to notice his gaze dip a little lower than where it

ended in little more than where it would be considered appropriate.

Scratch that I give it a few days. That girl will have those guys begging for release on," she snorts and turns away from them.

"I think I'll get in on the action too?" A hopeful voice has both Gwen and I freeze in shock.

We whirled around to see Joe leaning over his desk so he'd be able to hear Gwen and I's conversation. I pinned him with a harsh glare that has him shrinking back into his chair.

Joe was on the overweight side and had the knack to listen in on others' conversations to spread rumors. Of course he added his own piece which was more than likely not the truth.

"Don't go spreading rumors now Joe. Don't want me to bite off your dick now, would you?" Gwen whispered in a fabricated sultry tone that made Joe gulp.

"And I bite hard." She finished with a wicked smile and lightly slapped his arm with her hand. He retracts it away from

her.

with

"Only settle down all of you!" Miss Gilbert yelled to get everyone's attention

Gwen and I turned back around to face an irritated Miss Gilbert whose pinned hair was about to collapse

"Miss Gilbert, can you open the windows?" A voice said from the very back of the

classroom. Miss Gilbert rolled her eyes and let out a loud exaggerated breath. "They are unable to open Fred."

Fred's face turned cocky, his eyes mocking her. "But didn't it open for Mr. Lee last year?"

Everyone in the room mouths dropped in shock including mine. Miss Gilbert looked utterly stunned by Fred's words, not expecting them at all. I think we all weren't expecting Fred's words.

that could've melted Fred into the chair. Oflice "Her Voice was harsh, nely

THdn't want to be in here anyway. Fred Neurs as he rise to his feet and walks atit. Not before flipping M , Gilbert the hindi

" It is extremely hot today." Gwen whines as she places her bum on the chair while placing the lunch tray on the table

I nodded agreeing with her as I poked at the lettuce in the container. It was dry and barely had any taste. Some of the tomatoes lasted spoiled while the dressing they used tasted sour. This salad was by far the worst one I've ever eaten.

"Hey guys!" Samantha chirps while plopping down on an empty chair that mirrored mine.

"Love your hair today Arabella!" She complimented while giving me her usual

Hildn't tell her that though. She was

!! Thanks." I tried a smile but

i t looked like the clown in the movie IT for Samantha's face to resemblemen who's shocked

"I should've worn a short skirt today. These jeans aren't doing my legs any justice. I mean how can a puy get easy access? Gwen groans.

"Have you tried cutting the crotch area?" Samantha sloed.

I zoned them out after that, until Meredith graced us with her unwanted presence. Her curls were in a bun today and her face was done nicely with makeup

"Have you guys heard it yet?" She questions as she plops herself on the chair mirroring Gwen.

Somehow her words piqued my interest." Heard what?" I asked.

Heyes snip to mine to nail me with a glare. "I wasn't talking to you." She

I rolled my eyes, faking a yawn and decided to not feed into her bullshit today. Meredith was a well renowned bitch and sadly her attitude was getting nastier and nastier.

"Oh come on Meredith, tell us already. Spit it out before I grow grey hairs!" Gwen hissed while Samantha shakes her head in agreement to Gwen's words.

Meredith picks up a fry from her tray and plops it in her mouth while uttering." There's this talk around school that Haiden Cross has herpes."

My heart drops in my stomach and I now find it hard to swallow my very own saliva.

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Arabella Rivera

"No." Samantha whispered in disbelief. Her eyes had widened notably. Gwen on the other hand eyes widened with interest is she nearly throws herself across half of the table to preat Meredith

Tell me more." She urged, fingernails digging into the table as she pins Meredith with an impatient glare.

Meredith sends her a questioning stare but continued to speak anyway. "Well, apparently the bad boy caught herpes from some girl."

Meredith shrugs then lets out a short." Heard he's crossed that the entire school knows."

Her words only seemed to make me even more frightened. My body had gone completely numb as I had no choice but to listen on.

"Aww, poor Haiden. He definitely didn't deserve that." Samantha pouts as she brought the burger to her mouth and

"Crap." She ans and quickly smatches the napkin beside her tray to clean off the thick dressing

I never really understood why Samantha was such a Halden Cross fan. And I think I wasn't the only one who thought so.

"Why are you defending him? He's a dick, I say he got what he deserves." Gwen huffs and finally settles back on the chair.

Samantha shrugs. "He's not that bad." She mumbles biting into the burger again. Her eyes surprisingly hadn't torn away from Gwen's irritated glower.

But it only seemed to feed Gwen's annoyance. "Not that bad?!"

"Not that bad is Cain drinking water from a gutter. Haiden fucks anything in sight and let's not forget the criminal record that's no doubt overflowing. The guy is a lost cause." She hissed.

Ml He's an asshole, glares at anyone for no him." She shrugs and pick up a fry an pushed it in her mouth Meredith nods. Agreed."

My jaw ticked, I hated that Gwen was being a hypocrite.

But even with my sudden anger and frustration, I bit my tongue. I was in no mood to argue with anyone especially since I am actually the cause of Halden's name being tarnished.

I felt guilty and it only weighed more on my frustrations.

"Imagine the girls that wanted to hop on that bull. They must be crying their eyes out." Gwen suddenly cackled.

"What about those who already had? They're crying their eyes out while going for a checkup." Meredith added while laughing along with Gwen.

"Guys that's mean." Samantha's brows lined with frustration. I had no high a shot what I said last. I might know that it wasn't true. And if it was, it wasn't my business to tell. I had dug myself in a big hole and I learned there was no way out.

"Why aren't you saying anything?"

It took me quite a few seconds to realize that the question was directed to me. My eyes flick over to a probing Gwen. I could feel Meredith and Samantha's eyes also on me and I assume they were waiting for my answer.

Ripping my eyes away from Gwen, I pinned them to the awful tasting salad I regretted taking "What do you want me to say? It's not any of my business." I mutter without letting any of my real emotions leak out.

But it most definitely was my business. I was the root of all of it.

and me intensely. Tiettin

e

d in

while tumbling. "Maybe it's rumor. Some girls are nasty when a guy drops "I didn't why she got dumped." Meredith answered with annoyance saturating through her voice.

My eyes flick over to Meredith who hooked me with a dirty stare. My jaw clenched as I pinned her with one of my own." It was just a thought. Anyway, as I've said, I don't care and this has nothing to do with me." I sneered going on defense mode.

"Okay guys calm down on the hostility." Gwen chuckles nervously as she darted her eyes between Meredith and I.

I decided to be the bigger person and tear my furious eyes off of Meredith's equally hostile ones. I found my eyes straying towards where he usually sits with his friends. He wasn't there but his friends appear to not be fazed about the rumor,

Seeing how they still joked with each. Lothar.

she chewsona lry. "What? Tasked not wanting to give away that I knew who she was referring to. I quickly dart my celo Gwen, relieved that she wasn't paying attention but instead conversing with Samantha

"Haiden." She mutters sarcastically. "He's not in the cafeteria, probably outside or somewhere else."

"I wasn't looking for Haiden." I denied.

She nods. "Right. So your eyes just so happen to stray towards his table?" She asked, mocking me enough to have my fist clench on my thigh.

"That's exactly what happened." I snapped lowly.

I rise from my chair and grabbed a hold of my lunch tray. Gwen finally noticed the tension and looked at me confused."|

""I'm not m

y

none" I grita

I shook my head. "No, I just need some

"So no you're not okay...." She drawled out confused.

I rolled my eyes, forcing my annoyance down. "I'm fine Gwen, I just need space." I snapped and turned around,

I threw the lunch tray in the bin on the way and walked out of the cafeteria. I knew where I was heading or I suppose I should say whom I was heading to.

I was on the hunt for Haiden Cross.