

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 36

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Arabella Rivera

“Arabella!” The shout came from downstairs, disturbing me, well from almost napping.

“Arabella!” Another impatient yell from mother made me roll my eyes in annoyance. I gritted my teeth and rise from my sleeping position.

“Coming!” I yelled and huffed as I got off the bed. My sock clad feet touched the cold flooring of my house as I stride over to the door.

“Hurry before dinner gets cold!” She yelled back, earning another eye roll from me.

It was a good thing she couldn't see my irritated attitude, I would have certainly gotten a raging speech about moody teenagers that needed to know their place. Next thing I would know, I'd be going to boot camp with only girls and energy drinks.

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“Yeah yeah.” I mumble, not entirely excited about having dinner with my

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excited about having dinner with my mother. I wished she'd just bring the dinner to my room like usual, but of course, tonight she wanted to play perfect family.

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Unfortunately, the king piece was missing on the chess board. I was only but a pawn in their stupid perfect game. Soon it won't be as perfect anymore.

I made my way downstairs, not really hungry or having the urge to even sit in the same room with her. But I didn't really want to hear yapping in my ears this evening. So I sucked my irritation in and entered the dining area.

She was already seated at the head of the table. Her eyes lift from her plate and she peers at me in irritation. “Why didn't you fix your hair before coming here or at least put it in a bun?” Eyes glaring at my messy tangled hair.

As soon as I got home, I had quickly moved my hair in the bun I had fixed it in this morning. I love when my hair gets loose, it finally breathes in relief.

At least one of us can.

I shrugged, not in the mood to argue with

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REDMI NOTE 9S

Ohrugged, not in the mood to argue with her." Because I'm in the confines of my own home. You know, where normal people do or act how they want." I answered as I sat on the chair farther away from her.

"Stop with the attitude." Her eyes narrow.

I knew she was looking for every little piece of imperfection just to pick at me. It was her usual when her and father were not entirely on the same page. It was pretty obvious with the missing person in the room and the empty chair.

I didn't bother to ask father's whereabouts, knowing I wouldn't be told the truth anyway.

So I just nodded and pulled the plate my way. It makes an irking sound as it drags on the expensive wooden table.

"Lift the dang plate Arabella." Mother hissed. Not wanting to argue, I did as I was told. I didn't bother looking at her as I dug in the reheated vegan pasta.

"So how was school?"

"I nearly groan aloud. Great, we were

doing this again. Did she not learn from

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the last times she tried? It never ends well. "Good." I said bluntly after I swallowed.

"Any new friends, besides Gwen?" She asked

I get that she was trying to make conversation. But my chances of getting a new friend had already expired the moment I decided that I didn't want drama in my life. Especially seeing how they focused on rumors instead of their own lives.

I shook my head. "No." Again a blunt answer that would probably give her the hint that I didn't want to speak, at, all.

Sadly and unfortunately she didn't get the hint. And if she did, she didn't take it.

"You can't have one friend your entire life Arabella. You need to socialize more

I snapped my eyes to hers, glowering at the fabricated perfect woman sitting a few seats away from me. "Really? How many friends do you have mother?"

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The question was a low blow seeing as she didn't have any real friends. They

didn't have any real friends. They were all just like her, fake.

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Her eyes turn nasty, lips thinning into a sour snarl. "I'm trying here Arabella." She barked, perfectly manicured nails pressing down on the fork.

"How about a reschedule? You know when father's actually here so you two can gang up on me." I grumble and turned back to my plate. The rest of the dinner continues with an awkward and tensed silence.

When I was done, I rose to my feet and made my way to the sink. I washed my plate, not wanting to give Gertrude trouble tomorrow. When I was done, I wiped my hand and started for my room.

"Thanks for dinner." I murmur under my breath when I pass her by on my way upstairs. She didn't answer me, not that I cared anyway.

When I was finally in the confines of my room, I tossed myself on the bed and sink into my sheets. It was probably a bad idea seeing that I had just eaten. But the exhaustion from everything earlier just weighed out all the cons in my head and

weighed out all the cons in my head and before I know it, my eyes were already closing shut.

A thudding noise came from somewhere besides my window area woke me up. My eyes open and panic made my heart race. I never shut my windows so there was a huge possibility that a burglar could enter through here.

My heart sped like a racing car as I rise to a sitting position and snapped my head towards my window. The glow of the moonlight and street lamps caused enough light so I could make out a male figure in my room.

I froze, tongue-tied as the male figure

turned and

Haiden?

I got into action, my heart calming down exceptionally and annoyance took over. I throw the covers off my body and rose to my feet as I made my way towards him." What the hell is your problem, sneaking in someone's room at this hour?"

REDMI NOTE 9S O AI QUAD CAMERA

"Will this be some sort of routine I

Yill this be some sort of routine I should know about?" I kept throwing question after question his way as I prance towards him.

When I finally reached the brooding boy, he shocked me by gripping my waist and pulling me flush towards him. I didn't get a word in before his lips embraced mine.

"You talk too damn much." He grumbles on my lips as he nibbles them. He then pushes his tongue inside my mouth, fucking me with it until my legs felt numb and my nipples harden.

I moan pinching the ends of his shirt, and without pondering too much on it, I began to lift it until Haiden stops kissing me to remove the shirt fully.

I sucked in my bottom lip, my core throbbing for something he could only give me. Haiden doesn't waste a second and pulls me back to him, his hands sneaking down to my ass and squeezes them firmly.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard, you'll be feeling my cock for weeks." He hisses

with a promise and tugs my front to his OO REDMI NOT

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Instead of being turned off, I only seem to pant out a moan of greed. I needed more. Then what are you waiting for? Do it."

Haiden grunts in approval and in a swift move, remove the huge shirt I had on me. My breast was bared out and the only thing covering my crotch from his eyes was the thin cotton panty I wore. "Fuck." He pants as his eyes glued on my breast.

He guides me towards my bed. I fall on the soft mattress and stared at him in awe as he quickly removes his jeans. Then his boxers came down next. My mouth part when his cock sprang out, looking as greedy as I did.

"You know this would've happened eventually." He states, coming on top of me. His body heat made me pant in

pleasure.

“What?” I asked in a breathy tone as his fingers slip between the folds of my pussy and invade inside my heated core.

He grunts. “Eventually I would end up balls deep inside of you.” His head dips into the crook of my neck and his tongue

into the crook of my neck and his tongue darts out to lick my sensitive flesh.

I shiver and he tears my panties off of me. Haiden’s mouth lands back on mine as he fits his huge body between my legs. I moan when the tip of his raging cock nestles between my wet folds.

“Open for me baby. Yeah just like that.” He pants, eyes staring into my own in pure pleasure and something else. Something he hid so quickly and skillfully.

With one thrust, his huge greedy cock enters me and rips through my virginity

I gasp, heart racing as I rise into a sitting position. My eyes dart around the dark room as I try to differentiate between reality and a dream.

Did I just have a wet dream about Haiden Cross? 3

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Arabella Rivera

I had the intention of avoiding Haiden the next day. Well as much as I could anyway, seeing that we were neighbors. Just the very thought of him had brought on a red stain on my cheeks temporarily.

But that very morning, I awoke to yells of anger that would’ve terrified anyone. But I had grown used to it. Still, this argument between mother and son was far from their normal bantering.

Their hostility, well I suppose Haiden’s hostility had carved into one so strong that one could hear the tremble in Charlotte’s voice when she responded. She tried countering him but it was useless for his words sliced through hers dangerously.

It was too early and definitely too cold for an argument. Yet the two went at each other’s throats with the intention of inflicting mental pain. Even with my drowsy

mind, I tried to force my ears to listen to the words that were spoken with so much hate.

so much hate.

"You must like that don't you? You'll finally get the perfect son you've always wanted huh? You've known for weeks and never fucking told me until now." Haiden growls with so much bitterness that it would be mistaken as poison. Like a rose withering away, that's exactly what his tone did. So much bitterness, so much animosity.

"We didn't want to tell you because we feared you'd react the way you are, now. We're family-" Charlotte's raspy tone voice pleads with him to calm down on whatever upset him so early in the morning.

"I don't fucking care, just keep his shit away from me. We won't be a fucking family and never will be." His words would strike anyone who was just a few distances away from him, I wouldn't be surprised if it had stricken Charlotte straight through the heart.

By now my eyes were wide open, gone was the drowsiness that weighed them

half shut. REDMI NOTE 93 AI QUAD CAMERA

"I tried to make out sense of his words, but

ied to make out sense of his words, but as I failed to piece them together, I came up with nothing but a jumbled mess of a brain.

Just from their tone, I could tell that they were already arguing for quite a while now. Which meant I missed out on all the key points that would've pieced out his words perfectly.

"Haiden!" I heard Charlotte shout before I heard the slam of a door overpowering her voice.

Next came the sound of a revving vehicle skidding down the road. Haiden had left his home early in the morning and that day, which was practically yesterday, he never showed up at school.

His actions had definitely helped with the whole avoid Haiden at all cost thing. But something I didn't think I'd ever feel, not even in a million years for the boy who lives just next door to me, I felt yesterday. The worry was eating me alive.

Today was Friday, the day where every REDMI NO Budent can finally breathe a sigh of AI QUAD CAMERA TIL

relief. That is, until Sunday gives us a

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lie. That is, until Sunday gives us a huge hint that Monday is coming in a few hours.

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But I didn't feel relieved, not even one bit. Why? Well because the Cross's driveway was empty last night and didn't show any signs of Haiden's black truck. I also hadn't caught a glimpse of Haiden this morning. Which only pushed my worry to

the front.

"Okay what's up with you?" Gwen's sugary sweet voice broke me out of my rushing thoughts.

I shrugged, shifting the bag strap on my shoulder as we made our way to our lockers. "Nothing's wrong. Just didn't sleep well last night."

It wasn't completely a lie, I just chose to leave out some details. Quite a few actually. The ones that would have made her unhappy that I was worried for the guy she now strangely, loathed with a passion.

Her brows creased into one of confusion. "How come? Wait don't tell me, let me guess." She pushed out her hand in front of her to show the action of a stopping

her to show the action of a stopping sign as her walk now had a happy bounce to it.

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"Did you watch porn? Like more than fifty videos and couldn't sleep because your hormones were going haywire?" She chirped, looking to be quite happy with herself that she thought of that.

I sent her a 'what the fuck' look, something I've been sending her quite often now. "Definitely not that."

She hummed, bottom lip sucking between her teeth. Gwen leaned closer and whispered. "Did you finally masturbate? You know the first time kinda makes you a little restless

"Gwen?" I murmur lowly.

"Yeah." She leans away from me, knowing I wasn't pleased with her words.

"Shut up." I hissed, moving out of some jocks way. I rolled my eyes when one winks at Gwen who in return, giggled softly.

"Fine." She murmurs. "But will you still tell me?" She pleads. "Like, if it has anything to do with some secretive shit, I

anything to do with some secretive shit, I definitely want to know. Oh wait, did a guy finally sneak in your room last night and do some naughty things to that innocent body?"

Gwen clapped her hands, a beaming smile spreading across her face. "I knew this would happen eventually!" She then turns to face me, eyes dancing with excitement. "Tell me, how did it feel?"

Her question had almost rendered me speechless. Fortunately, I recovered quickly and shot her a glare of annoyance. "Stop okay. I just couldn't sleep last night end of story. There's nothing secretive, nothing major and definitely not anything that has to do with sex or any form of it."

Gwen was about to answer, only to get interrupted. "Arabella!"

The voice was very familiar but I couldn't quite put a name or a face to it. Sadly I never paid attention to anyone long enough to get those simple details.

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"Arabella!"

Both Gwen and I turned around and

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th Gwen and I turned around and spotted a rushing Rebel bounding towards us. Her hair bounces off her shoulder as she makes it her mission to get to us by pushing a few teens out of the way

"What the hell does she want?" Gwen voiced out her confusion. "It better not be another invitation to church." She groans.

"Be nice." I scowled as I awaited the arrival of the flaxen-haired girl.

As soon as Rebel reaches us, her face had visibly gone a shade of pink as she wheezes for air. She lifts a finger to tell me to wait as she bends over and heaves." Are you okay Rebel?" I asked, out of worry and slightly fear of witnessing a death before my eyes.

"Yeah perfectly fine." She wheezes and after a few seconds straightens her spine to look at me.

"Principal Gibbern needs you in his office right now." She lets out finally.

My brows line with confusion. "What for?"

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Rebel shrugs and glances at Gwen quickly. "Don't know."

Knowing I would have to go to the officet o ease my worries and confusion, I turned to Gwen. "I guess I'll see you later." I said, turned around and made my way to the office

"See you later my sugar plum!" Gwen yelled after me. I rolled my eyes, laughing at her ridiculous yet amusing nicknames.

She could never stick to one.

"Hey Gwen, we're having a Sunday." Rebel started.

"I have to walk my dog on Sunday." Was Gwen's answer.

She didn't even have a dog.

I knocked on the closed door to the office. There were quiet murmurs and by the different tones, I knew it wasn't only Mr. Gibbern in there.

"Come in." Mr. Gibbern's gruff and slightly tired voice rang out.

sughtly tired voice rang out.

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I did as I was told, slowly cracking the door little by little. The first thing I noticed was a boy with perfect posture sitting down on the chair mirroring Mr. Gibbern

His blonde almost wheat-colored hair had been curled perfectly which was rare nowadays. Boys usually go for that, 'I just woke up from bed' look. But this one seemed to put effort into his hair.

Mr. Gibbern's eyes lift to mine and the boy whirled around in the chair. His blue eyes connect with mine, the warmth in them was almost shocking. I made a quick scan of his features, noting how his face wasn't carved into the sharp lines like Haiden's, but was more on the softer side.

He was good looking, very. And by the confident smirk tipping his lips, he very well knew that.

"Hey." His voice was soft, soothing even.

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Arabella Rivera

"Arabella this is Christian, our new transfer. Christian Arabella, our top student in this school." Mr. Gibbern said proudly.

Transferring to a new school in your last

year?

Christian's smile stretches as the blue of his eyes twinkle happily. "Really? Then I'm afraid you'll have some competition this year Arabella." The way he said my name was almost like he was tasting it on the tip of his tongue.

His smile was very contagious, which also made me crack a small smile. "I like a little competition." I stated.

Christian laughs lightly and turns his attention back to Mr. Gibbern. "Seeing that Christian over here is new to this school, he'll need someone to show him around. Who better to show him than the most reliable student?" Mr. Gibbern boasts.

The ache in my belly because of anxiety,

e ache in my belly because of anxiety, finally eases knowing I wasn't in trouble but just needed to be a tour guide

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"Are you okay with that Arabella?" His bushy brow with tiny white hairs raises in question.

I shook my head. "I'll be happy to."

Anything was better than being in trouble. Besides, he was boasting me quite a lot, so that's the least I could do.

"Great." He clapped his hand and brought both his elbows to rest on his cherry oak wooden desk. "You two can be on your way then."

Christian rises to his feet, swinging the black bag strap over his shoulder and makes his way over to me. "Thank you

for the opportunity to study here Mr. Gibbern. I promise to beat your top student over here." Christian jerks his thumb towards me and chuckles.

"Of course, we are honored to have a student like you in our school. Please if you need anything, I am available. As for beating Arabella, good luck." Mr. Gibbern's last words were accompanied b

pberrn's last words were accompanied b ya chuckle.

When the door closes behind us with a light thud, I turn to Christian. He was taller than me by quite a few inches, still, his height wasn't as intimidating as my brooding neighbor. Come to think of it, I had no idea why I had been comparing the two.

"Mr. Gibbern has much faith in you. You must be one of a kind." Christian smiled, revealing his white teeth. For a second there I thought he had just come out of a teeth whitening commercial.

Wait, was he flirting with me?

Not wanting to dwell on the thought, I answered him with a shrug of the shoulder. "You can say that."

I outstretched my hands towards him. He only stares at me in confusion, eyebrows pinching together to show exactly that." Uhm, am I suppose to place my hand in yours?" He chuckles. "Didn't know that's how you guys do it around here."

"No.Your schedule." My face was hot,

flaming, my embarrassment showing REDMK like a fine painting. I was very surprised AI QUAD CAMERA

LIBELLE 5: I was very surprised that I had not stuttered. I seem to do that a lot with Haiden.

Again another Haiden comparison. I needed to stop that.

Christians's mouth part with understanding. "Ohhh." He drawled out with a laugh. He quickly rummage through his bag and pulled out a neatly folded white paper.

"Here. I kinda just tossed it in when he gave it to me. Come to think of it, it waskinda a stupid move." He laughs and hands me the paper.

My lips quirked in a smile but I didn't feel the need to answer. I unfolded the paper, my eyes quickly scanning over the words. A hum left my lips as I noted he

nearly had the same classes with me, except for two. Fortunately, we had the same first period.

"Okay, so your locker is next to mine so

- that won't be too hard. We also have a lot of the same classes." I murmur and lift my eyes to his. Christian boyish grin made me smile unconsciously. "Great." He said, eyes dancing with happiness.

"Come on, I'll show you to your locker." I spoke as I strutted ahead of him. His long legs quickly kept up with my pace. His earthy scent surrounds me as he gets a little closer.

"So Arabella, do your friends have any nicknames for you? Usually, girls with long names like yours have a shortened form of it to be easier on the tongue." Christian questions.

Bella.

I swiftly brush the name Haiden calls me, away from my mind. We weren't friends.

I shrugged, turning to face him a little. "No. Why?" Curious as to what prompted him to ask such a question.

Christian shrugs. "Well I assume we're going to be friends, so I guess I just wanted to know."

I smirked, eyes dancing with amusement. "Woah calm down, we only just met. I don't befriend strangers." Of course I was

joking, Christian's aura was warm enough to not raise any red flags. I wouldn't be surprised if we would actually become friends in a matter of seconds.

AI QUAD CAMERA O REDMI NOTE 9S

He throws a hand over his heart, feigning a look of pain. But the small amused quirk of his lips led on that he wasn't at all hurt by my words. "Ouch Ella, that hurt." He grunts.

Ella? Why did the name not sound as pleasing as Bella?

Ella? Why did the name not sound as pleasing as Bella?

Ella? Why did the name not sound as pleasing as Bella?

I groan inwardly, hating that even with Haiden not around me, I just can't stop thinking about him.

Christian then lets out a quick laugh, pulling me out of my tangled thoughts. "I guess you're right though. You only just met me."

Christian halts in the middle of the busy hallway, which made me stop also. My brows crinkle in puzzlement as I turn to him. Christian only just smiles and juts out his hand. "Hi, I'm Christian Hayes, Math genius, English Lit genius –".

I laughed, cutting him off. "Okay I get it,

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His blue eyes twinkle with mirth. "A certified genius." He corrected.

I smiled, giving him a quick handshake. "Hi Christian the certified genius, I'm Arabella. Probably not as genius as you." I narrowed my eyes mockingly.

We both laugh, dropping our hands to our sides. Christian lifts a hand to scratch the back of his head and grins crookedly. "I guess that was stupid since Mr. Gibbern introduced us already huh?"

I shrugged, still with that stupid smile on my face. "You're right....but he didn't mention that you were a certified genius. "I pointed out with amusement coloring my voice.

Christian throws his head back and laughs. I freeze as the scent of cigarette and mint fans over to my nose. A huge body roughly passes between Christian and I, intentionally brushing against Christian viciously enough to have him stagger back.

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My heart skips a beat as I watch the brooding boy walk away with his hands in his pockets. His body look more stiff

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AI QUAD CAMERA REDMI NOTE 9S

phis pockets. His body look more stiff than usual and his aura was as dark and angry as an approaching storm.

He's here. He's okay.

Then his actions registered in my mind and my brows crinkle. What the hell was wrong with him?

I turn to Christian, finding his eyes glaring at a retreating Haiden. I cleared my throat, drawing his eyes away from the intimidating boy. "Sorry, don't mind him, Haiden can be an asshole sometimes."

I furrow my brows in thought. "Scratch that, he can be a very big asshole."

Christian turned around just in time to catch a glimpse of Haiden before he disappeared around the corner. "I know, I live with him." He turns back to me and mutters in an arid tone, shrugging nonchalantly. "He's my step-brother."

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Arabella Rivera

Admittedly, I've been shocked many times before and indeed, whatever stunned me always yielded me speechless. But what Christian just uttered, concreted my tongue so hard that alarm rang in my head like a siren.

I knew I may have looked utterly ridiculous just standing there wide eyed, frozen in place as I stared at him, like he was some sort of ghost. But unfortunately, my mouth refused to utter a word and my limbs decided to not work with me.

Seeing how his words had affected me, Christian peered at my stunned face and decided to speak. Which I was very thankful for seeing that I could not seem to murmur anything at the moment.

"It's not that big of a deal honestly." He shrugs, breaking eye contact to look ahead. "We should probably be heading t

o the lockers before the bell ring." I could hear it in his voice, he didn't want to give Daway much.

away much.

Not a big deal he says?

The tone of his voice and the stiffness in his posture said otherwise.

Sadly for him, I was annoyingly nosey unfortunately when it has anything to do with Haiden Cross. I could not even if my life depended on it, name five students in any of my classes. But with Haiden, I seem to be latching on to anything that has to do with him.

I gave a stiff nod, already calculating in my head how to ask him questions that could unravel his secrets about Haiden." Yeah, we should." I finally got my mouth to work with the promise of feeding it warm cocoa when mother is not around.

If what he said is true, then why had I not seen him at Haiden's before. Not even on holidays? Was my basic nose skills that lacking?

Christian and I continued our way through the bustling halls, side-stepping many desperate teens who eyed us in

intrigue and confusion. OO REDMIN

"So uh where are you from?" I asked trying to ease him in a conversation that

po uh, where are you from?" I asked trying to ease him in a conversation that could potentially have him let out what I wanted to hear.

I didn't exactly know what, but I had a need to know why the two step-brothers seem to not like each other. At least from what I witness mere minutes ago showed their dislike for the other.

Christian stiffens, eyeing me." Somewhere far away from here. Is it so bad that I want to stay mysterious Ella?" The quick flash of teeth from the smirk he had on nearly blind me from how bright it was. Mere seconds ago it was only but a frown, now it was anything but.

I shrugged. "Being a step-brother to Haiden wouldn't have you mysterious for long. The guy has a reputation around here." I jutted my chin out.

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"You'll only last a day before his many acquaintances, which are girls by the way, unravel you like a Christmas present. They'd do anything and I mean anything, to know everything about you

and Haiden. So your dreams of being OO REDMI Noysterious I'm afraid, won't come to

Al qua fruition." I was not even in the slightest

ition." I was not even in the slightest kidding.

Those girls are ruthless when it comes to Haiden. I suppose the more a guy treats you like dirt the more they like it. Or perhaps it's the saying that he's good in bed that has them panting like female dogs in heat.

I was such a hypocrite though. I was doing exactly what those girls would do. Unravel Christian just to know about Haiden Cross. But, I guess mine can pass since I only just wanted to know why the brothers were hostile towards each other.

That's still being nosy Bella. My conscience reprimanded me. Of course, I noted that I had called myself Bella, the very nickname I claimed to hate. Haiden had gone too deep inside my mind I feared.

"Wow, that sounds scary. I guess I should stay away from those girls huh?" Christian asked. His voice pulled me out of my convoluted thoughts.

You should probably stay away from me REDMI NOU, Considering how I wanted to dissect

your brain just to know about you and

your brother. Of course, I do not say that out loud, not if I want to be deemed as a crazy and psychotic chick.

I walked towards my locker and motioned him to his, which was a locker away from mine. "You probably should. But then again, I don't think it will be fruitful, especially when word gets out that you are by any chance related to the bad boy of this school." I pointed out.

He opens his locker, the sound of the metal screeching loudly. He turns to me and snorts. "I could see why he's labeled as a bad boy but as I've said, we're not in any way related by blood." He starts throwing some books in.

"My dad and mom split when I was two. My mom took full custody of me and with her job, she traveled a lot, with me. I never really knew my dad until weeks ago when my mother wanted me to stay with him." He sighs.

"Honestly I didn't know about Haiden and Charlotte until a few days ago. From what I've heard, Paul isn't married to

Charlotte, so it explains why she still has REDMI NOTE e deceased husband's surname." AI QUAD CAMERA

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deceased husband's surname." Christian shrugged and took out a glasses case.

I am stunned to see him put on black rimmed glasses and throw the case back inside his black bag. He turns to me, his eyes now peering at me through the clear lenses. "Apparently my mother hated that she had me traveling with her. She said she was keeping me back from having a stable life where I can have friends without worrying about leaving them soon." He sighs and turns back to his locker, furrowing his brows in concentration.

"If it were up to me, I wouldn't come here seeing that it wasn't quite welcoming." He turns to me and grins brightly. "Well except for you of course."

I was stunned by every word that left his mouth. I wasn't quite ready to know so much yet even though my previous

questions said otherwise. In fact, I wasn't expecting Christian to tell me such personal information so soon. Still, I

couldn't help but realize that even though REDM

he told me so much, there was so much more he kept under wraps. That was just

more he kept under wraps. That was just

fragments.

I smiled softly, scanning my eyes over his face. He was friendly and the glasses framing his face made him look adorable. "You wear glasses." I murmur.

"Yep. I can't see that well honestly and I need this sucker." He points at his black

frames and smirks. "I can't complain oothed gloya's look even prettier."

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