

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 40

[/ Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13](#)
40

Arabella Rivera

A surprising heat slid up my neck. "Okay Mr. certified genius who wants to stay mysterious, enough of the wooing." I cleared my throat while fixing a book in my locker.

Christian's bushy brow quirk up. "You call that wooing? Darling, you've heard nothing yet." He joked.

I laughed. Christian was very different from Haiden. Whilst he was light and flirty, Haiden was dark and gloomy. They weren't counterparts of each other, so different, yet somehow the universe jammed them together for the sake of its amusement.

"So what class do we have first? You've been hogging my schedule, so I didn't get to have a peek." Christian chuckle with amusement drowning in the depths of his eyes.

I scowled playfully. "I'm your tour guides o I have to have your schedule." I drop my eyes to the said paper and grin. "Oh you

ves to the said paper and grin. "Oh you are going to love this class. We have Literature."

He narrows his eyes. "Why do I have a feeling that those words are colored?"

I crinkled my brows. "Colored?" I asked. Was this a slang word from whatever part of the world he came from? From what he has told me, he had been to many, so he must've picked up a few slangs here and there.

He grins. "Yeah, like you've colored them to sound truthful but you're lying."

Christian then snorts. "And here Mr. Gibbern's been boasting you."

"Hey that's unfair! We don't say that around here." I protested and slammed my locker shut.

Christian does too but chooses to close his softer than I did.

"Don't get mad Ella, it's just a joke." He winked and turned to me.

The bell rings, signaling the start of first period. "Shall we?" Christian asked with a smile carved onto his face.

asmule carved onio mis race.

I nodded and we made our way to the Literature class. We were supposedly early, being welcomed by only a few students. Mr. Boyd's face was tight as usual, lines angry even though today was Friday. But upon seeing the sight of a new student, his features switched so suddenly that everyone in the room got whiplash

"Oh, a new student." He states as he moves off the desk he'd been leaning on. He scanned his eyes over the room. "Not sure if we have space for an extra but we'll have to work quickly on that." He murmurs to himself.

"Have a seat.....?" He gestures to the class and looks at Christian with a questioning gaze.

"Christian Hayes Sir." Christian mutters, fixing the strap of the bag on his shoulder. Mr. Boyd 'ahhs' and nods.

"We don't usually get transfers at the beginning of senior year but we're happy to have you, Classes are tough but I'm sure you could keep up?" Mr. Boyd spoke as he scrutinize Christian intently.

scrutinize Christian intently

Christian nods, a beaming grin stretching on his face brightly. "I'm sure I could!"

"Great." With a single nod, Mr. Boyd leans back on the desk and crosses his arms across his chest as he waited for the rest of the class to fill up.

Christian follows me as I maneuver around the desks and chairs. Finally plopping down on a vacant chair, Christian follows suit and sits beside me. "The teacher seems nice." He mumbles.

I snorted lowly. "Yeah, he is."

Mr. Boyd could be nice in his good days but that was rare as rain in a drought. On his bad days, which was mostly every day, the man spotted a scowl, one could identify miles away.

The classroom fills up quickly a few seconds later. Two chairs were missing. One wasn't surprising the other had me confused. I took my phone out of my bag and typed a quick text to Gwen.

Where are you?

The message showed delivered but there was no reply

was no reply

“Okay, before we begin the class I would like to introduce our new student who has joined us today. Stand up Christian.” Mr. Boyd spoke loudly. I swiftly push my phone in my bag, not wanting to get scowled at so early.

Christian stands up, looking uncomfortable by the many eyes ogling at him. “Tell us some few things about you Christian,” Mr. Boyd suggested.

Christian clears his throat, tearing his eyes away from the teacher to scan them over the class. I wasn’t surprised that he had gained the attention of many girls. The way their eyes fogged up, I knew he could have them in his clutches if he tried.

“Uhm. I’m Christian Hayes. Transferred here because I needed to settle down. But don’t let my good looks fool you, I surprisingly have some brain cells up in that big head.” He points at his head. The entire class laughs at his joke already telepathically accepting him.

He seems to fit in so well and he hadn’t even spent an entire day here.

He sits back down, sighing out a breath of

sits back down, sighing out a breath of relief when Mr. Boyd starts the class.” That was weird and terrifying.” He admits, leaning towards me to whisper.

Which part? The many girls sending you goo-goo eyes or the fact that you’re now a comedian?” I turn to him and narrowed my eyes playfully.”Because if I had some rotten tomatoes, I’d feed you them on that big head of yours.” I joked.

It was strange how comfortable I had been with Christian when he hadn’t been here for hours. It was like my soul was drawn to him somehow. Not romantically but platonically.

He sticks out his tongue, leaning away from me to lean his back on the chair.” You’re very funny Ella.” He snorts.

Many minutes later, Christian’s words about Mr. Boyd being nice had forced him to swallow it back after being thrown question after question. Not only that, Mr. Boyd seem to want to work us until our fingers bruised seeing as he made us write a thousand words in only ten minutes. And I still hadn’t gotten a text ‘from Gwen and class was soon coming to

an end.

curente.

“Is something wrong?” Christian asked, lifting his head from the paper he had been writing on.

It turns to him looking confused and cracked my fingers. "You've been looking at your phone every second like it would magically float any time now." He pointed out.

Being smart, I had left my bag unzipped and kept it on the desk. By doing so I was able to peek at my phone at any time. I guess I wasn't so smart seeing that Christian saw me.

I forced a smile, yet the worry in my voice made it heavy. "Nothing. I'm just waiting for a friend to text back. Kind of worried about her." I shrugged.

His eyes flick in understanding. "Oh I see. I'm sure she's okay. Give her time."

"I've graded the assignment I gave last time. Some poems were good, while others were not. All I can say is, I'm very disappointed in this class." Mr. Boyd started and takes out a stack of papers from his drawer.

TOMIS drawer.

His eyes fall on Christian. "Since you're new, I'll give you a day to bring it in." He told him while starting to distribute the supposedly marked papers.

When he neared me, my heart skipped a beat. I hated the wait.

My stomach drops when the paper slides on my desk. It was crumpled slightly and dirty from how I gave it to him. But what made me upset and shocked was the bright red B written on the left corner of the paper.

I had never gotten a B in my life.

Christian leans towards me when Mr. Boyd continues on his way. "I'm guessing you've never seen a B in your life seeing how shocked you are now?" He jokes.

This must be a mistake. I made a mental note to speak to Mr. Boyd when I have a chance before the day ends.

Touch Me While I Taste You by Chapter Demiah13 41

[/ Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13](#)

41

Arabella Rivera

"Where the hell have you been?" I hissed as I felt a familiar arm sling over my shoulder and the strong scent of floral overpower my senses.

Gwen's lips neared my ear as she whispers. "Sorry, had a quickie with Sami in the janitor's closet."

She pulls away and clenches her brows in contemplation. "Well, I guess it wasn't that quick. He couldn't get me off." She pouts.

I cringe, gritting my teeth as I move her hand off my shoulder. "Did you wash your hands afterward?" Gwen was very bold and daring which meant that she loved to explore whatever she could.

I knew this because the preppy blonde never shuts her mouth about her experiences. Which was absolutely disgusting and repulsive to hear. I wouldn't admit it to her but half of the time, okay most of the time, I shut her out the moment she starts speaking about sex.

Dout sex.

"Squeaky clean." She smiles showing me her damp hand.

"Could you not have at least waited for break time? Mr. Boyd gave out the papers today and you missed it. God only knows what he'll tell you when you go to him." I pointed out.

"Oh who cares, I know I pass that shit with flying colors." She waved off. Then her eyes snap over my head and they twinkle with curiosity.

She bends her head and whispers. "Okay, who is that unknown hottie following you?"

Christian. I embarrassingly had forgotten he was here. It didn't help that he was unusually quiet. Come to think of it, he hadn't uttered a word from the moment we came out of class and got brushed by Haiden again who was heading down the hall likely going to another class.

"That's Christian, he just transferred here and I'm assigned to show him around." I began to speak, turning to stare at Christian who's curious eyes snapped to mine when he heard his name.

snapped to mine when he heard his name.

"Christian this is my best friend Gweneth." I nudged my head towards Gwen who scowled sourly when I said her full name. She outstretched her hand towards Christian.

"Just Gwen." She mumbles while shaking Christian's bigger hand that engulfed hers.

"Nice to meet you just Gwen. Your best friend has been the best tour guide to ever walk this earth." His voice held the hue of amusement as he spoke.

I rolled my eyes. "Shut up, I've only shown you to your locker and one class."

Christian snorts, his mood changing from mere seconds ago. "Exactly."

Gwen whispers beside my ear. "He was being sarcastic babe."

"I knew that." I argued while the two laugh.

"Guys I have bad news." Samantha moaned as she places her lunch tray on the table and plops down on the chair.

the table and plops down on the chair.

Her head soon follows as it bonks on the table with a harsh thump. "Ahh." She gasped, quickly rubbing the ache on her forehead. Christian's amused eyes flicker to me as it was now very visible that he was holding in his laughter.

I shrugged in response, biting my lip to stop my own self from chortling at the redhead

Her misty eyes lift to stare at Gwen. "My parents canceled their gateway for next week so that means no party today. All my plans have gone down the drain." She wailed, hiccuping as she rest her head back on the table.

"It's not the end of the world." Meredith mumbles as she fixes herself on an empty chair. "Woman up and shut the fuck up." The mutter was irked with a tone that sounded heavy with annoyance.

"You don't get it, Meredith. This means the party is postponed until next week Friday." Her voice is muffled by all the wails that came out.

The more time I spend with those girls, made me realize that they were strangely

de me realize that they were strangely unique in their own ways. Meredith was a twenty four seven bitch, Gwen was a sex crazed teenager and Samantha was a bubbly weeping baby with an addiction to parties.

When has my life come to this?

Meredith's eyes connected on Christian and they swam with curiosity. "Who do we have here?" Her voice was airy but not flirty, just curious and confused.

Hearing her words, Samantha snaps her head up, out of wonderment. Her misty eyes overlook everyone until they stop on Christian. Her mouth parts in shock and she quickly reaches for the napkin on her tray and wipes at her eyes. It only proved to wipe off the thick mascara on her lashes.

It appears that Samantha had not seen Christian earlier. Perhaps she had been too caught up with her postponed party to acknowledge someone else was sitting

here.

Gwen winces. "Oh, hunny let me fix that for you." She reaches over the table to wipe off the messy mascara.

wipe off the messy mascara.

"This is Christian Hayes. He just transferred here today. He's a certified genius I suppose." I shrugged picking at my salad.

I honestly should start bringing my own food seeing as the new cooks in this school suck at making a simple salad. The taste was rancid and had brought on an imagery of eating a fungal toenail.

Yeah, that had me pushing the plate away from me swiftly.

"The question wasn't directed for you to answer, but okay." Meredith stabbed at her Mac and cheese before bringing the fork to her red painted lips that part in welcoming. I rolled my eyes, knowing that it would be useless to answer her.

"Nice to meet you Christian." Samantha squeaked as Gwen furiously rubbed at the corner of her eyes in a desperate way to remove the mascara.

Christian was about to answer only to be interrupted by a loud commotion. The cafeteria swarms with shouts that set "unease in everyone.

aneasemeveryone

I snap my head to where the commotion came from, my heart dropping painfully when my eyes focus on Haiden's intimidating form looming over his supposedly friend

With everyone's loud chattering, it makes it hard to hear a word he says. My suckish reading lips skills wouldn't work too. But from how tense and verbal he appeared, I could tell he was spitting out nothing but anger.

His friend whose name I couldn't quite remember stood up quickly, in the process knocking down the chair. He was tall and definitely worked out too, judging by his muscles but even that didn't compare to Haiden's alarming dark aura.

The deadly look in his eyes, set a cold chill that run down my spine and that's when I knew he was far too gone. One word came out of the guy's mouth and a loud cracking sound competed against the ringing gasps that resonated through the area as Haiden's fist collides with a jaw bone.

The guy stumbles back, shocked with

the guy stumbles back, shocked with pain emanating from his eyes as he cups his jaw. But before the situation could escalate further, another boy from Haiden's friends' group, pulls a brooding hissing Haiden away.

It was probably a good thing considering that he'd get expelled if the principal were to come here.

"You're a fucking cunt Cross. Getting all worked up for a bitch!" The guy whose jaw looked a sickening shade of red yelled.

Touch Me While I Taste You by Chapter Demiah13 42

[/ Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13](#)

42

Arabella Rivera

The dark haired boy spits out blood, glaring at the door Haiden and another boy disappeared from. "Fuck you Cross." He spits again, this time the bloody spit falls on top of the lunch table.

He roughly pushes another boy away from him and marches away. A second later the cafeteria goes back to normal, like nothing ever happened. Strangely my eyes didn't want to stray away from the door Haiden walked out of.

What was all that about?

The confusion I felt was as heavy as a sack of rocks. Haiden's actions were always confusing and was constantly an alarm to everyone. But never had I ever seen him fight with someone he spared his friendship to.

The rage in his eyes was so dark and intense that I could see it from here. The clench of his jaw as it locked in fury was alarming. And the way his fist collided on the guy's face was like a damn warning

guy's face was like a damn warning for more pain. Sickening and frightening.

Honestly I didn't think he used all his strength on that single punch. If he had, the guy would have been knocked out cold. Everyone knew Haiden threw a mean right hook. That's one of the reasons many fear him so much.

"What the hell is his problem?" Gwen grumble after the shock warded off of her face. Her voice snapped me out of whatever had frozen me solid and tugged me back to the present.

I didn't like the present.

Gwen plops herself back in her chair, discarded the crumbled napkin on the table and faces Christian. "Sorry you had to see that on your first day. It's just Haiden..... being Haiden."

"Speaking of....." She takes a fry from her tray and points it at Christian. "You probably should stay away from him. He's bad news and will get you in trouble." She pushes the fry in her mouth and chews harshly.

Samantha who refused to tear her eyes

mantha who refused to tear her eyes away from Christian, nods frantically in agreement to Gwen's words. She hadn't uttered a word yet but neither did I. Meredith on the other hand, continued to eat her lunch as though the uncomfortable tension wasn't growing.

Christian looks at where Haiden disappeared and snorts, unamused." Already too late for that. I live with the

guy."

His eyes drift until settling on Gwen and mumbles faintly with the heavy tone of regret and disgust. "Sadly."

His words finally set my mouth back to work. I was all for setting an opinion but the way he spoke was like the thought of Haiden was repulsive. "Thought you wanted to stay mysterious?"

I could feel the tick of my jaw as I gritted my teeth to stop the anger from showing

For a guy who barely knows Haiden, he sure holds hostility towards him.

I know I was being the biggest hypocrite. The only thing I knew of Haiden was his

TWISDOMS Dhe De only thing I knew of Haiden was his short temper, his cold and hot attitude and the taste of his kiss. But somehow my own body, mouth, and mind, wanted to defend a guy I barely knew all that well.

Christian shrugs emotionlessly. "Like you've said earlier, staying mysterious with a step brother like Haiden, is like seeing green leaves in the fall season. Better for them to know now than find out later on when the leaves have fallen on the ground."

"Wait hold up. You're Haiden Cross's step-brother? Like hey bro, I live with you brother? When did I miss this?" Gwen asked, eyes widening into one of pure wonderment.

Christian eyebrows lined in thought." Well not exactly. We don't speak, in fact, I only got here last night and only before school did I catch a glimpse of him. His

mother filled me in on what Haiden's been up to. Can't say I'm surprised by what I just saw. Looks like he lives up to the reputation."

So he's judging him based on Charlotte's words?

WUNUN

Shut up Bella, it's not like you don't judge him also.

Yeah, but he makes it easy to.

"Well.....didn't see that one coming. Haiden Cross having a step-brother? That crap will make a good newspaper headline." Meredith voiced out after scrutinizing Christian across the table that separated them.

"Oh don't be ridiculous Meredith. Haiden's not that important to even make it on the school's newspaper." Gwen retorted with repulsion coating her voice.

"Tell that to the many girls he's fucked and those that are still in that long ass waiting line. Don't act like you didn't want his fine ass too Gwen." Meredith jabbed as she pushes another forkful of Mac and cheese into her mouth.

A nasty scowled paints Gwen's face instantly, alarming that she'd probably pop a vein if she continues to clench her jaw and seeth. "That was before I knew what a real asshole he really was!"

what a real asshole he really was!

I zoned them out, my belly grumbling with hunger but I refuse to eat the tasteless salad. I'd probably get diarrhea if I do anyway. "I'll be back." I mumble getting up with the intent of not coming back at all.

Gwen's blue eyes snap to me swiftly, her face was still red from the anger shown seconds ago. "Where are you going?" The need to ask more questions was heavy on her tongue, I could just tell by the look in her eyes.

"Need to talk to Mr. Boyd." It wasn't a complete lie. I did actually need to talk to Mr. Boyd. But I also wanted to get away from, them. I was running away from thoughts of Haiden but that's difficult to do when all I hear is talks about him every fucking second.

I just can't seem to get away from him even though he isn't here.

Christian eyes lift to mine and he smirks. "Ah yes, need to demand answers as to why you got a B?"

"Wait, you got a B?" Gwen screeched in disbelief.

*

15chapter10.jpg

*

PODE

11ch

Desktop

IDULILI

Meredith snorts. "Didn't see that one coming too. Today is just full of surprises.

I glared at Gwen. "Make the entire world know." I said sarcastically and turned around without uttering another word.

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 43

[/ Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13](#)

43

Arabella Rivera

I hated this. I hated that I cared. I hated that I had such a feeling towards, him. He didn't deserve it. He'd been an asshole ever since he'd started speaking to me.

Going as far as dirtying me. Mocking me for his own amusement. And, kissing me without knowing that he had unintentionally drugged me.

Gwen was right. Mother was right. Everyone was right about, him. He was chaos. He was bad and he was the worst person to ever care for. But he was, human. He had emotions.

And my fucking body can't seem to let go of the way he kissed me. One fucking kiss and my eyes can't seem to stop wandering around for a glimpse of him as I walked the half empty halls.

Fuck him. Fuck him and the feelings he painted inside me.

I was good with just getting a glimpse of him through my window. I was okay with hearing the girls' laughs and fearful

mougar my www.WORLY WITH aring the girls' laughs and fearful screeches as they climbed the tree to his window.

I was okay with hiding behind my curtain to scrutinize his actions. I was okay with him ignoring me like we weren't neighbors for years. I was okay with it all.

But suddenly, like a gust of wind knocking down an empty cup, everything changed. Now Haiden's eyes meet mine every time I look out my window. Now my heart leaps into a frenzy when he so much as speaks to me. Now I can't seem to get him out of my head. I hate it.

"Dude what the hell got into you back there!? Are you fucking crazy, one more strike and no graduation, no school, no college. You'll be stuck here"

"Don't you think I fucking know that?" His voice made me halt in my tracks I was stupid to think that I wasn't wandering the halls in search of him. In an odd way, I needed to know that he was okay.

"But I couldn't just stay there and act like what Jamal was saying was okay man. He -fucking disrespected her-"

Tucking disrespected ner

Who is this 'her' they keep speaking of?

"Would it be worth it?" The distinct male voice interrupts Haiden's vexed tone.

"Would what be worth it?" Haiden voiced out.

Without even knowing, my feet seem to carry me over towards the closed door where their voices came from. In a sick way, I liked the sound of his voice, even when it was coated by a wave of weighing anger that trembled my insides.

I got a few confused penetrating stares from teens who passed by. I ignored them as I lean closer towards the door.

"Losing a friend because of her." The boy finally uttered. For a few moments, it was deathly quiet.

Then Haiden answered in a short clipped tone that weighed with verity. "Yes."

Another moment of silence, this time I could feel the tension emanating from within the closed classroom. So caught up in my eavesdropping, I didn't quite hear their approaching footsteps until I heard the clicking of the door being

heard the clicking of the door being opened.

I could feel the raging of heat snaking its way to my face to embarrass me even further as my eyes snap to a set of dark eyes then brown. The boy who tugged Haiden away looked down at me in shock then cleared his throat.

"See you later man." He mumbles to Haiden and nods stiffly at me. "Arabella." He quickly leaves Haiden and I all alone.

I was too absorbed in peering at Haiden's face to be shocked that the guy knew my name while I didn't even know the first letter of his

A bruise. It wasn't dark but one could see the faint discoloring under his eye. Did the other guy get a hit without me realizing? No that was impossible. I had been to set on the two to miss any swift action

"What happened to you?" It took me quite a few seconds to realize that the words came out of my mouth. I didn't even care to be seen talking to Haiden. It was like my mind hadn't registered that I could potentially be in trouble if Gwen

d potentially be in trouble if Gwen found out.

Haiden's shocked stare swiftly curtains back into a blank stare as he leans on the doorframe with ease. "Eavesdropping I see?" His question was not one you'd answer to seeing that it didn't leave room for a response.

He clicked his tongue, upper lip lifting to flash a quick smirk. "I'm really starting to think you're a stalker Bella."

I didn't fail to realize that he was avoiding answering my question. But by doing so, it only seem to make the curiosity rage on. "You didn't answer my question." I pointed out.

Haiden's features darkened and he stops leaning against the doorframe and swiftly pushes his hands in the front pockets of his sweater. Without so much a warning, he utters dryly. "Why should I? It's not like you'd care anyway." He brushes me, not roughly but enough to have me stumble back a step.

He doesn't turn around while hissing out. "Why don't you stick to your own problems and your so-called perfect life

blems and your so-called perfect life and quit worrying about mine.!

I don't watch as he walks away, too unsure of what he'd say next. His words were harsh and I was ashamed to admit that my heart pained when I detected the rough tone of his anger directing towards

1. me.
He was right.

I should stick to my own problems and not meddle in his. I don't think I can handle his anyway, seeing that he came with a shit ton of baggage.

With that thought, I made my way to the literature class knowing Mr. Boyd would be there. The man never seems to leave that classroom. Sometimes I feared that

if a fire were to break out, someone would have to drag the unwilling begrudging man out with more force than necessary.

"Come in."

I let out the tense breath I was holding and pried the door open. Mr. Boyd's eyes were transfixed on the screen of his phone and he had not bothered to lift his

head and he had not bothered to lift his head. On the desk before him was a half eaten sandwich and a bottle of orange juice.

After standing there awkwardly for a few seconds, Mr. Boyd finally spares me his attention. His dark eyes lift to my awkward form and he places his phone down on the desk beside his sandwich. "Oh Arabella."

Then his brows pinched together. "Did you need something?"

Yes a big and bold A, preferably in bright red. But I pinched my lips together.

An image of my scowling mother and father as they see the grade makes my stomach twist uncomfortably. A sheen of sweat coats my brows as I spluttered out. "Was the poetry I wrote missing something? Was it awfully written? Did it not meet your expectations?"

Mr. Boyd's brows raise to his hairline, not quite expecting me to let out so many words in such a short span of time. After reigning in his shock he sighs, leaning his back on the chair. "Quite the opposite really. Your poetry was the best by far."

Teany. your pueury was une pesupyntan

Confusion tightened on my features, consuming me until I spoke up. "Then why give me a B?"

His fingers drummed on the desk, irritating me. "Because it was awfully presented. The paper was dirty and ruffled in many places. Yes, your words were touching but anyone who reads it can tell that the author didn't feel the emotion they tried portraying."

I get the dirty paper but his last words were not making sense to me. Mr. Boyd notices my confusion and decided to cut me some slack. "Look, you can't write about love if you've never felt it. The emotion can't easily be expressed on paper if the writer doesn't know anything about it."

His words shocked me. How can he tell all of this by just reading a short poem?

I took a step forward. I needed that mark to change. "Then let me fix it." I offered with determination. "Let me write it over please?" I begged.

Mr. Boyd looked contemplating as he continued to stare at me. "That wouldn't

tinued to stare at me. That wouldn't be fair to the other students"

"Please Mr. Boyd. Like you've said the poetry was good, I just needed to pour my emotions into it. I can do it. Please?"

I must be looking ridiculous right now, getting emotional just to change a grade. But I needed this grade, I needed every grade so I'd have the chance to get away from my family. I needed to get away.

Mr. Boyd sees my desperation and sighs." Fine. But only if you do something."

"What?" I asked quickly already feeling lighter by his words.

"There's a student that's lagging on some work in this class. You're the best student in this class so far. I want you to tutor that student until the end of this term. If you do so, I'll give you the chance to rewrite your poem." He tapped his fingers on the surface of the desk while looking in thought.

I nodded eagerly. "I'll do it."

Mr. Boyd hummed. "Great. I'll have you two meet on Monday. Hopefully he agrees with this. It's not like he has a

rees with this. It's not like he has a choice anyway." His last words were soft and not directed for me but I still caught them.

Wonder who's the guy? 1

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 44

[1 Comment](#) / [Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13](#)

44

Arabella Rivera

"I feel bloated." Gwen moaned as she rubbed her stomach. She puffed her cheeks and blew out a breath while poking her stomach.

"It's like I need to drop a load of shit. I think I ate too many fries at lunch time. Now I'm paying the price." She continues to grumble while still poking at her stomach.

I peer at her stomach and feigned a look of shock and poked her stomach softly. "It does look kind of bloated. Maybe you should've taken that dump before school had ended?" I suggested.

Gwen scrunches her face in repulse. "Eww as if. Shitting in school is like a no-n o zone. Besides I can't sit on those cold ass toilet seats. They're uncomfortable and make my ass sore." She grumbles.

A hot breath fans against the skin of my neck. "Is she always like this?" Mere "curiosity swam in Christian's voice as he leans over to me to whisper.

reanis over to me to wmisper

My eyes turn to his face. "So outspoken? Then yes. Definitely. In fact, you've seen nothing yet." My brows scrunch in thought. "Well, I suppose I should say you haven't heard nothing yet. She's leaning on the tad bit crazy side." I nodded with a smile curving my lips.

Christian's bottom lip rolls in his mouth and he bites. "I suppose she's considered one of the girls I should run away from." He jokes.

I snorted. "Don't be a fool, Gwen will catch up to you before you even so much as blink. I mean, haven't you seen those legs? She could definitely outrun you."

Christian face switches into horror. I chuckle lowly. "I'm kidding Christian. Gwen's not that bad just has a little bit of loose screws here and there."

He looks over my head to Gwen who was still poking at her stomach." Not exactly helping Ella."

"Guys I think I poked it too much, the shit is about to go down. I could literally feel it poking my ass hole." Gwen interrupted Christian and I's little chat. I

errupted Christian and I's little chat. I cringe while Christian's face morphs into one of disgust.

School had just ended and we were making our way outside. With so many students scurrying like little ants to get out, I didn't think they paid enough attention to Gwen to hear her words.

"Can you hold it or do you need time to go

"No! No I can hold it." She burst out as we walked out of the school and get embraced by the afternoon sun. Around this time the sun was always surprisingly much hotter. But that could only just be m

"See you on Monday guys!"

The cheery sharp voice rang out. Samantha stood beside an open car door as she waves. Her eyes fall on Christian who stood beside me and her smile changes into one of shyness.

"Bye Christian." She waves and got inside and a few ticking seconds later, drives away. I could be wrong, but I swore I saw a faint blush on her cheeks.

UAMVISITUIMETICS

Dick” Christian curses out harshly.

Confused by his language and the blatant vexation in his voice, I turn to stare at him. His face tightened with the look of fury. Lips lined into anger and brows snapped together in frustration.

I looked at where his eyes seem to be glaring at and something flutters in my stomach as they fall on Haiden. He roughly opens the door of his truck and from across here, I could make out the movement of his lips.

He was no doubt letting out curses. He looked angry as he hopped into his truck and within a second, sped out of the school’s premises. Leaving everyone to stare at his reckless driving.

“His mom told him to give me a ride after school since I can’t really make my way back home as yet.” Christian hisses furiously as he glowered at Haiden’s skidding marks his truck tires left behind.

“Asshole left me stranded.” He curses.

I held my bag strap while turning to him and fixed on a smile. “Well you can catch a ride with us.”

conde wir us.

Christian turns to me and peers at me in doubt. “Really?”

I shrugged. “We’re going that way anyway.” I mumble and walked down the steps.

Christian didn’t ask me how I knew where he lived. I suppose he must’ve picked up on the fact that everyone knew where Haiden Cross lives. Many just didn’t know I was his neighbor seeing that I’m always cooked up in the house and studying. And it helped that I never pulled anyone’s attention like Gwen did.

Besides neighbors talk and are sometimes acquaintances. Haiden and I are far from that. In fact, he’s the most calculating guy I’ve ever known.

“Are you sure I’m not imposing?” Christian continues to be uncertain as he follows Gwen and I to her pink convertible

“Oh hush. It will be my pleasure to give a ride to my future brother-in-law.” Gwen turns around to wiggle her brows at the two of us. Christian coughs, clearing his throat.

troal.

My face quickly heats up as I caught on to her words. "Awe you guys are already so adorable. Blushing together." Gwen pouts, eyes dancing with amusement.

"Didn't you need to shit earlier?" I asked as a way to get her off our backs.

"Yeah so?" Gwen voiced out as she turns around quickly when she nearly stumbles.

"I heard when you talk too much, the poop comes out faster." It was a lie. I didn't even think that was possible. But if it helped to get her off my back then I'd say anything even if it's not scientifically proven.

"Oh crap, I'll shut it then. I didn't wear panties today so that will make a mess." I could hear the horror in her voice and didn't know if to cringe or burst out into laughter.

Christian decides for me by sniggering." Then you'd be referred to as the girl who shart her pants."

I couldn't hold it in and joined him. Gwen on the other hand didn't think it was funny as she voiced it out. "Not funny

funny as she voiced it out. "Not funny

guys."

Doesn't feel too good being on the receiving end huh?

"Don't tell me little miss Ella is going to walk me to my door?" Christian jokes as he swings his bag strap over his shoulder.

I snorted as I slammed the car door shut. "Don't kid yourself."

"Then why are you getting out of the car?" He voiced out, looking down at me in confusion.

Was everyone taller than me?

I peered at my bland house and nudged my chin towards it. "Because I live here."

Christian's brows raise in shock then he quickly school's it by pinning me with a teasing smile." So we're neighbors huh? Guess we'll be seeing a lot of each other." He winks.

"You guys are so adorable I might just vomit. Scratch that, I might just shit on me." Gwen grunted

e Gwen grunted.

I ain about to answer her but the sound of blasting music interrupts me. It was so loud that the vibration shook the little chain Gwen hang on the rearview mirror.

Didn't he leave before us? Why is he coming now?

Haiden's truck comes skidding towards his house. The closer he got, the louder the music got also, until it was almost unbearable. Christian winces while Gwen scowled at the shiny black truck.

We all snap our heads to the Cross's house when the door suddenly parts. Out came an angry Charlotte, face turning the shade of pink painting the anger she certainly felt. "Low down your music Haiden!" She scowled.

Haiden only gets out of his truck and slams the door shut after he puts off the music. "Oh fuck off." He snaps, jaw clenching

His eyes though, snap to me. The look they cast was dark and unwelcoming, but something hidden, something flickered i in those fuming depths. Something that made my skin tingle and heart leap.

Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13 Chapter 45

[/ Touch Me While I Taste You by Demiah13](#)
45

Arabella Rivera

Monday had rolled in quickly. I hated Mondays, in fact, I think that was the only thing the rest of humanity and I had i n common.

I also didn't get much sleep last night, seeing that my parents were roaring at each other the entire night. The shattering of glass as it hit a hard surface, wasn't something I could get out of my head.

The sound had replayed over and over in my head every time I tried to succumb to my exhaustion last night. Apparently, father worked overtime and had not bothered to inform his wife, my mother.

Something so little brought on such rage that they invoked insomnia in their daughter without even knowing. Or maybe they did, and just didn't care.

"Arabella." A nudge on my shoulder has REDMI NOTE VS groaning. Another nudge and I

QUADCA vertemplated if to curse or kill the person

slowly.

I squeezed my arm around my face as I try to get comfortable on the desk. At any moment now, sleep would consume me and I didn't care that I was in the middle of class and was supposed to be jotting down.....what again?

Crap I can't remember.

"Arabella." Another nudge nearly has my head rolling off my arm. I hissed but refused to get up or spare him a word. I was tired, exhausted, sleep-deprived and all the other words that resonated with it. Can't a girl get some rest?

"If you keep this up Mr. Boyd would have you out of the class." Christian grumble.

"Yeah what he said. Wake your lazy sexy ass up." A slap on the back of my head had me snapping up and pinning Gwen with a nasty glare. She quickly points at the corner of her mouth and mouths drool.

I swiftly wipe the corners of my mouth, indeed feeling the wetness of my own saliva that somehow trickled down the corners of my mouth.

Suddenly a heavy feeling of being

swidely a heavy feeling of being watched laps over me. My eyes, without any warning, draw towards the piercing eyes I could sense from across the room. Brown. Deep. And calculating.

Something tightens in my stomach and snakes all the way down to my core. I knew that feeling

A feeling Haiden only seemed to invoke in me whenever he is near. I suppose that's a lie seeing that he doesn't have to be near me anymore to have the feeling affect me.

His eyes tear away from my face and settle on Christian who chose to sit near me today.

Haiden's jaw ticked and the dark looming shadow of annoyance colored his eyes quickly. He snaps his head to the front and for the rest of the class doesn't spare me another glance.

His actions were confusing, irritating and very immature. I can't keep up with his cold attitude then his hot. It's like he intentionally wants to mess with my head and sadly my betraying body.

Why talk to me one day than the next

neau anu saury my beraymy vody.

Why talk to me one day then the next, treat me like I was the spawn of Satan? He was complicated along with chaotic.

Certainly those were red flags to stay away from.

Most of the students had packed up and left as soon as they heard the ding of the bell. But Gwen and Christian waited for me to pack up. I could sense Gwen's urgency as she wanted to get out of Mr. Boyd's class as soon as possible. But I was too tired to move quicker in packing up my stuff. And probably a little grumpy. But wasn't I always?

"Come on slowpoke. I know the turtle won the race but that's pushing it. I mean how is that even possible? Did Mr. Turtle magically grow a set of rollerskates under his belly or did he use some sort of magic trick?" She voiced out seeming to be getting lost in her head.

"You definitely lost the moral of the story. The turtle won because he used his brains. He was smarter than the cocky

rabbit." Christian shrugged.

rabbit." Christian shrugged.

Gwen rolled her eyes, pursing her cherry glossy lips. "Great another genius like Arabella. Will I always be named the dumb blonde in the group?" She exasperated

I narrowed my eyes at her face while swinging the bag strap over my shoulder. "No one calls you that." I pointed out.

She clicks her tongue. "How would you know? You never listen to anyone or pay attention!"

"Will you teenagers get out of my class! I don't want to hear your teenage problems or your obtuse conversation. If I wanted to hear drama and stupid talk, I'd go to the cinema or the bar." Mr. Boyd snaps as he loads a stack of papers in his binder.

Both Gwen and Christian looked utterly lost and dumbstruck by Mr. Boyd's use of words. Honestly speaking, it wasn't the worse he could say.

His pinched face looks at me. "Arabella, come to this class when your last class is finished. I'm having trouble with the boy to agree with the arrangement. Hopefully, by then, he'll come to his senses."

I nodded while walking towards Gwen and Christian, who stood beside the door. "Sure Mr. Boyd." I barely got to finish the last words when Gwen's fingers circled around my wrist quickly and tugs me out of the class.

"Jeez did you want to dislocate my arm from its socket?" I grumble, prying my hand out of her grip.

She turns to pin me with an impatient glare. "Well if you weren't taking so long to pack up then I wouldn't have to."

I rolled my eyes and began walking." Then maybe you should've helped me pack up. Then we both would be happy." I grumble. I wasn't exactly in a cherry mood today. In fact, the sound of everyone walking the hallways made me picture myself stabbing my own ears.

I needed therapy.

"Hey are you okay?"

I turn to Christian who fixed me with a look of worry. I tried to smile. I really did, but I swore I heard my mouth creaking like a rusty wrought iron gate as they forced to crack open.

Torced to crack open.

"Yeah just couldn't really sleep last night. "It was partly true. But I rather keep most away from anyone. I don't think mother or father would appreciate me telling anyone that they were having problems.

Christian nods. "Oh, I'm in the same boat. I couldn't get a wink last night or Saturday night. Something to do with Haiden coming home late and always spotting either a slash on his face or a bruised eye. Charlotte really let her anger known both nights." He cringes.

My ears piqued in interest. Christian was right, Haiden did come home later than usual. In fact I barely get a glimpse of him nowadays. Unfortunately, I found my eyes always looking for the tall brooding boy.

"Right I forgot you're Haiden Cross's step-brother. How's it been living with the Cross's?" Gwen's question piqued with curiosity. I was curious too, but I didn't want it to be known.

Christian frowns. "Can I say I hate it so much that I'd willingly dig my grave?"

mucul uildLI VIDELN5oy

D

-

0-

"Wow that bad huh?" Gwen asked again. Why is she so interested in all of this? Didn't she hate anything that had to do with Haiden?

Christian nods. "Yep. That bad."

"What about your dad? Are you getting along with him at least?" She questions, furrowing her brows in thought.

“There’s one thing I’ve gotten to know about my father. Is that he’s never home. I only saw him for a couple of hours and that was it. But from what I gathered, he and Haiden don’t exactly get along.” Christian answers.

Why was Haiden’s life sounding exactly like mine? Were we not so different after all?

“Are you sure you don’t want me to wait for you? I can wait-”

“No it’s fine. You need to babysit your cousin and besides, I can take a bus. I don’t think Mr. Boyd would keep me that long anyway.” I interrupted Gwen while shrugging

Exactly! Which is why I should wait.” She huffs.

I rolled my eyes. “Gwen just go. I’m sure your cousin is running impatient since her shift is starting soon. I’ll be fine and I’ll text you when I get home.”

“Ugh fine. But promise to text me when you get home?” Gwen demanded.

I nodded. “I cross my heart and never to

die.”

She sighs, nods then turns around to walk to the entrance of the school. “I can

stay if you want?”

I lift my eyes to Christian. “She’s your only ride. Besides, I don’t think you’d enjoy riding the bus. A little secret. It always smells of perspiration and fart.”

Christian cringes. “Well in that case, adios.” He waves and starts walking backward. “Have fun on the bus. Oh and text me when you get home.” He sends me a cheeky smile, winks and turns around to catch up with Gwen.

I turned around to walk towards the literature class. Everyone had already left

terature class. Everyone had already left except for a few lingering teachers and students.

When I entered the classroom, Mr. Boyd had been packing up his stuff. He looks up from his briefcase when he heard the opening of the door. “Oh, you’re already here. The boy should be here soon.”

I nodded and walked in further. Guess he succeeded in talking the boy into getting tutored.

The door opens harshly a second later, slamming onto the opposite wall with a loud crash. “Speak old man.”

I know that voice.

A shiver snakes down my spine as I turn around to get pinned by the brown swirls that unnerved me in many inappropriate ways. Haiden's eyes gleamed with shock before he locks it away quickly.

"Fucking great." He curses.