

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13

Chapter 6

Sophie's pov

Mrs. Hamilton was in the middle of her lesson when the door was thrust opened. She lets out an annoyed breath, not fancy of being interrupted.

A very cute boy who had eyes of blue enters with a lost look and a paper in his hand. He looks down at the paper, skimming the words and completely ignoring the confused and calculating stares around him.

"Am I in the right class? English A?" His brows pinched as he looked up from the paper. A new student so late into the semester?

Realizing that the boy was a new student, Mrs. Hamilton puts on one of her fakest of smiles and nods

"You are." She trailed off, waiting for him to save her from asking him his name.

"Carson. Carson Levi." The tall boy answered quickly, looking relieved that he was in the right class after all.

Mrs. Hamilton nods and then gestures to the entire class. "These will be your classmates until the end of the semester. Make friends, but not in my class. I don't tolerate any disturbance. You may have a seat."

Her smile had long since gone.

Carson nods, his eyes shifting in amusement while his hand lifted to his forehead to salute. "Yes, Ma'am."

The entire room is filled with laughter when he does so. "I'm Carson by the way." He says loudly, introducing himself since Mrs. Hamilton seemed to be more occupied with glaring at him to introduce him to the class.

"Have a seat Mr. Levi." Mrs. Hamilton growled in impatience.

"Will do sir. I mean madame." He sends her a cheeky smile that she responded to with a scowl. The entire room burst into another fit of laughter,

I smiled. This new guy was bold and quite funny. And he was rather cute too. With his dirty blonde hair, blue eyes, and lean yet toned body, he was truly a sight

I blushed and looked away quickly when his blue eyes met mine. But I was sure he had caught me staring by the charming grin set on his face

He was cute, but he was not Aiden,

Want Why would ever think such a thing?

"Mind if I sit here?" His voice fluttered just beside me. I sweep my gaze to him and tried to act nonchalant even though I was dying of embarrassment from being caught staring at him.

"It's a free country of that's what you're asking I shrugged,

He chuckles and settles down on the empty seat and threw his bag on the desk.

"My name is Carson by the way" He whispered lowly since Mrs Hamilton resumes her lesson.

I sent him a smile. "I know," I whispered back. He grins cheekily and turns around to face the front.

I do the same, but I hold my breath when my eyes caught Austin's gaze. He was looking at me and studying the interaction between Carson and me.

He tears his eyes away when he noticed I have caught him.

I furrow my brows and try to ignore the lingering suspicion in my mind.

"Mind showing me to my maths class pretty girl?" Carson asked, leaning closer to my ear.

Stunned by his closeness, I stepped away a little and looked at him over my shoulder. I had literature, and the classroom was the opposite way of the math classroom. But since I didn't want to just shrug him off and seem rude, I only smiled and nodded. He did compliment me after all, and I haven't really gotten much of those from the opposite sex much.

Carson and I talked and laughed as we made our way to the maths classroom.

"I'll see you soon pretty girl?" He turns around in the doorway and grins down at me.

"I have a name you know," I said while grinning.

"Hmmm. I think I like calling you pretty girl. But knowing your name seems fine too." He joked.

I giggled and answered. "It's Sophie."

Carson's grin widens. "Pretty name for a pretty girl. I like it." He nods.

Shaking my head at his way of flirting I turned around to leave. "See you around Sophie!"

Carson said loud enough for me to hear.

I waved at him and then leave.

The hallway was already emptying since everyone was already in their respective classrooms. I on the other hand had to be generous with my time and now I'm running late.

I turned a corner, my steps hastening. But then a door opens right in front of me and a hand quickly pulls me into the empty classroom.

My mouth open ready to yell, but a palm covers my mouth and stifle any sound I was about to make.

Whoever tugged me in here was male, I can tell by the bigger hand and the strong grip he held my arm. And when he whips me around, my eyes widen

Aiden?

His eyes are a stormy blue. The same stormy blue that stared into my soul while he thrust inside me yesterday in the library. But this time, the stormy blue was cold and dark with anger.

Who is he?" He hisses backing me up to the closed door. I groan softly when my back touches the door.

My brows knot Who the hell is he?

Alden's emotions slap through the windows of his soul and I'm stunned by how frustrated and angry he was at whoever 'he' is.

Realizing that I couldn't exactly answer him with his hand over my mouth, Alden peels his palm from my lips and glared down at me in impatience

"Who the hell is he Sophie?" He snapped, his voice edging with the frustration he showed.

My eyebrows furrow even more in confusion. "Who are you talking about Aiden?"

His jaw popped and he sent me a cold stare. "The fucking guy in the class, the one who sat beside you."

My mouth parts in an 'o'. Ahh, so he's referring to Carson.....

"Carson?" I asked unsurely.

Aiden snorted, taking a step back as he glared down at me. "You're even on first name basis with the guy already?"

What the hell was wrong with him?

Yes, he always picked on me, but not like this.

"If you're just going to talk nonsense in my ears, I'd rather you do it when I don't actually have to be in class right now. So if you don't have anything important to say, let me go." I said impatiently.

I was supposed to be in class right now. He too. But apparently, he wants to waste both of our time with his stupid anger.

Aiden closes the distance between us, his body pressing up against mine. I held my breath

as my heart starts to hammer in my chest quickly.

Goosebumps start to kiss my skin and my lips start to tingle when his eyes drop to stare at them. "Would you stop saying that?" He murmurs hotly, looking down at my lips in frustration.

"Saying what?" I said breathlessly when his hard toned body presses against mine.

"Stop telling me to let you go." He groans angrily.

My eyes dance around his, trying to figure him out. But no one can ever figure out Aiden.

"Why?" Curiosity swirled in my voice and I hoped he'd answer me but a part of me already knew he wouldn't.

Aiden looks down at me intensely before something crosses in his eyes. I'm too late to figure out the emotion before he takes a step back and turns away from me before I could catch a glimpse.

"Just stay away from that guy Sophie." He grumbles coldly.

I blanched in shock. Aiden had never warned me off of anyone before and this was a first. The shock settled in first, but then anger slowly consumed that shock. "You have no right to tell me who I should talk to and who I should not! I can be friends with whoever I want Aiden! You can bully me but you can't control my entire life." I snapped.

How dare he?

What a big bully

Why did I ever open my legs for a guy like that?

Aiden whips around and his eye bore into mine angrily and that's when I understood why I gave into him so easily. It's because even though his eyes were so angry, his soul, that window in his eyes that showed his soul told me that Aiden wasn't really who he was portraying to be.

There was just something about him that had my heart skipping every single time

"Friends?" He snorted, "You think the guy wants to only be friends with you Sophie? He called you pretty girl." He raised a brow, daring me to answer him

I did. "How do you even know he called me pretty girl? And if he did, that has nothing to do with you!" I snapped.

"Austin saw and heard everything. Don't even try to deny it." He sneers.

"I wasn't going to deny anything. I hadn't committed a crime and neither has he." I snapped, getting very frustrated. Why were we even talking about this?

Aiden looks angry at my response.

"Why do you even care anyway!?" I huffed, throwing my arms out. Why did he care about who I'm friends with all of a sudden?

Aiden doesn't respond for a few seconds, and when he does, his voice is so cold that I shivered slightly. "I don't. I don't care."

Why do his words hurt me when they shouldn't?

I opened my mouth to respond but came up with nothing. There's a sting in my throat and some in my eyes. Aiden looks down at me and the coldness in his eyes starts to melt.

He opens his mouth but whatever words he had wanted to spurt out get cut off by the voice of the secretary through the intercom above our heads.

"Aiden Xavier and Sophie Bell to the principal's office now."