

## Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 13

Read Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 13 – My stomach churning at the realisation, I still had to survive being here with them for the night. Cyrus pointed to the stairs and I walked toward them before letting him lead the way. He showed me where the bathroom was and to a bedroom with a huge king size bed that sat d\*\*d centre of the room. Everything looked brand new and untouched, the house despite its beauty looked more like a show home than something people lived in, not a speck of dust and I actually felt bad for their cleaning person, having to dust this place with its exposed wooden beams and the chandeliers. Also, just the furnishings which were mostly oak would require a fair amount of furniture polish.

“Our bedroom is the one at the end of the hall if you need us” Cyrus tells me before spinning around and I see Eli move past the bedroom door heading back downstairs.

Cyrus pops his head out the door watching him go.

“Where are you going?” He calls after him.

“To the f\*\*\*\*\*g meeting” Eli says to him. My stomach plummeted at the anger in his voice.

“Well wait, we will come, it’s a little early still” Cyrus calls down to him. I hear the door slam, making me flinch.

“Stay here, I will go talk to him” Cyrus tells me before walking out of the room. I stood there gobsmacked that he was so angry over our little tiff in the car, it wasn’t like I was deliberately being a b\*\*\*h, my sister was just a touchy subject for me. I felt protective of her and didn’t want them judging her on her poor life choices.

The house was d\*\*d quiet, I remained in the room like he said but besides that I was also too scared to touch anything in case I broke it, knowing it would probably cost a fortune to be replaced. After a few hours of sitting in the room waiting for him to return though, I realised they weren’t coming back. I looked at the time on my phone knowing that the meeting started an hour ago. It kind of seemed pointless that I was here now, wasn’t the entire reason I was forced to go, was to attend this meeting with them? When it started to get dark my stomach rumbled, and I realised I hadn’t eaten all day.

Ignoring the noise, I rummage through my bag looking for my pajamas before sticking my head out. The house was dark besides the bedroom I had been waiting in. I plug my phone into the charger after I had nearly run the battery d\*\*d, reading off the many apps on my phone. Walking down the hall toward the stairs, I run my hands over the wall trying to feel for a light switch but come up empty, I feel the door to the bathroom. Twisting the handle, I opened it and flicked on the lights before stepping inside the

room. The tiles felt cold underneath my b\*\*e feet. I noticed some fresh towels rolled up in a basket next to the sink and I sighed with relief because I had no idea where the linen closet was.

Stripping my clothes off, I turned on the shower having to twist the taps to adjust the heat repeatedly before getting it right. They were touchy and fiddly. I was about to give up when suddenly the water reached a bearable temperature and I stepped inside the shower. The exhaust fan is the only noise besides the running water. The room filled up with steam and fogged the glass as I washed myself. I didn't notice someone sitting on the sink basin until I turned towards the door. I jump, a shriek leaving my lips at the fright as my heart palpitates in my chest.

“Woah, geez Cyrus!” I squeal, turning away from his wandering eyes.

“Heard of knocking?” I ask, embarrassed but thankful that the glass was also fogged up so I know he couldn't have seen much.

“Now why would I knock in my own house?” He asks and I deadpan. He knew I was in here and yet walked on in, not even worried that it might upset me that he was crossing a line. I wait for him to leave but he doesn't, just remains sitting on the sink basin. I could feel his eyes roaming over me making goosebumps rise on my skin, that weird sensation rolling over me when you can feel eyes watching you. Cutting the water off, I stay with my back to him.

“If you're not going to get out, can you at least pass me a towel?” I ask, not even bothering to hide the anger from my voice. He seriously crossed a line, this goes beyond a professional work-related relationship, this was highly inappropriate. I hear the door screen open and hold my hand out when I feel him wrap the towel around me, making me jump. His nose runs across my shoulder to the crook of my neck before he pulls back.

“You smell divine, mouthwatering” He says, and I shake his words off gripping the towel, tightening the towel around me before turning around to face him. Bending down, I pick up my shower gel.

“Coconut shower gel, here you can use it” I tell him, wanting him to move out of the way. He doesn't move but steps aside allowing me to pass him.

“Eli isn't very happy with you”

“Really I hadn't noticed?” I tell him, grabbing my clothes off the ground when I suddenly feel hands grip my waist before being shoved onto the sink basin.