

Chapter 16

I bury my face in her neck and inhale her sweet scent. God, I hope one day I get to hold her every night.

When I look at the pill bottles and I make a mental note to ask Luca about them. He might not tell me, but it doesn't hurt to try.

Slowly, I rub her back and she relaxes. My heart is about to burst. I am actually here holding her. She looks so peaceful now. Before I know it, my eyes are shut and I fall asleep.

Damion's POV:

Before I even open my eyes I smell her. She smells like pomegranates and lemons.

I really want to see her, so I slowly open my eyes and I see her gorgeous tits. I blink a few times and they are still there. I am in fact not dreaming.

I look up and see her sleeping face. We are lying on our sides facing each other, my arms are around her waist, and hers are loosely cradling my head. My face is perfectly even with boobs that I would absolutely love to taste right now.

I have got to get out of here.

It is 6:25 and I know she will be getting up for school soon. I cannot be in her bed when that happens or any chance of her loving me is pretty much gone. I mean, imagine going to sleep alone and then waking up with a shirtless man in your bed. I would rather not give her a heart attack, thanks.



I reluctantly pull my face away from her chest and try to get up. She stirs and pulls my face directly into her. I am in literal heaven. Like, if I died right now, I would die the happiest man on Earth. I know I have to leave, but I want to stay in this position with her more than I want my next fucking breathe.

I slowly and quietly work my way out of her grip and she groans a little, lets go of me, and rolls to her back. She is wearing a tight black sports bra and grey shorts. I can see every curve. I am immediately hard. Well... harder. I was hard as soon as I woke up because I knew I was next to her. She does that to me.

I definitely need a cold shower. With that thought I think about her in the shower.

Stop being a horny dumbass, Damion.

I stare at her for a few moments and picture a few of the many things I want to do to her. I somehow manage to snap myself out of the trance she put me in and get up from the bed. I give her a quick kiss on the forehead and quietly leave through the side doors that I came in. I barely make it to the woods when her alarm goes off. She groans, turns it off, and lays back down on her side facing towards the doors I am currently looking at her through. I quickly duck behind a tree so she doesn't see me. I peek around to get one last look at her.

She then opens her eyes and has a confused expression on her face. I see her sit up and run her hand on the side of the bed I was just laying on.

Shit.

Then, she picks up the pillow I used last night and smells it. I can almost guarantee she smells me right now. After she puts the pillow down and still looks confused, she looks around her room and her eyes land at her night stand. The pills are sitting there just like they were before, but as she continues to look at them I see her expression change. Now she is shocked.

I listen closely and I hear her mumble, "No nightmares." She takes a deep breathe in and smiles ever so slightly. She must get them often if she looks happy that she didn't last night.

I am not sure if it was because of me or something else, but I am going to let myself think it was me.

She gets up and walks to what I think is her bathroom door. I am glad she forgot about my scent and the fact that the bed was probably really warm since my body temp is so high.

I turn around, strip, stash the shorts, and shift. I need to get home and get ready for school. I already can't wait to see her.

Now, the real problem is... how the hell do I even talk to her?

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Later at Damion's House

I walk in the front door and try to close the door without waking anyone.

"Gotcha bitch. Where were you?" Warren asks while taking a bite of an apple and sitting on the couch looking at me.

Fucking Hell. Why is he always here? And why is he eating my apples? Wait, where do I say I was?

"Dude, we can smell her on you. You don't have to lie." Max says with a little smirk.

Warren's dumbass then says, "Yeah, and she smells good." I swear to fucking God if he says that again I am going to lose my shit. I know she smells good, but he doesn't have to think she smells good, and even if he does, he shouldn't be saying that. She's mine... ok, not yet. But she will be.

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