

# MIDNIGHT NOIR

By

Devlin Price

## CHAPTER 1

Another lazy Sunday.

God how I hated these days.

My phone was silent and my planner was refusing to show me nothing else but a never ending blank page. I sighed heavily fixing my eyes back on the tv screen.

I was watching a movie I found in my last victim's house- a Hollywood blockbuster- Wanted with Angelina Jolie starring it. I had to say the beginning seemed interesting, knowing Jolie was my ultimate idol and I've practically seen every movie with her. But... there's a humongous "but". So - But when things got to curving bullets, I got a little too skeptical. I wanted to know how the hell did they manage to make physics non-existent? Making bullets go around an object not through it? Was I watching a sci-fi of some sort? My hand reached out to pick up the dvd covering. No. No science fiction. A simple action movie. An action movie which turns anxiety disorder into a freaking super power. I turned the tv off after I saw how a single bullet killed ten people. Really?

The remote landed on the coffee table with a thud. My apartment companion left his room, adjusting a black fedora on his shaggy head. I leaned deeper in the brownish couch, placing my arms behind my head and crossing my black leather covered legs.

"I'm off," His low voice notified, "You'll be home in the evening?" His chocolate brown eyes ran over my body. He had stopped with his hand on the door knob. I jerked my shoulders in a shrug.

"You want me out?" I arched my eyebrow, looking at him with great amusement.

"Would be nice." It would have been nice if he actually thought with his brain instead of his dick. My amusement disappeared and I turned my head away.

"Take out the trash," I said as I reached for the newspaper. A sound of closing door made me jerk my head towards the entrance. Once again he had ignored me. There were numerous times when I wanted to put a bullet in his head, so the wind could bring some dust of intellect inside it, even if it meant he would die afterwards.

Our so called relationship was an ordinary one. The one roommates had- suppressed hate for each other, but I needed him and he believed it was advantageous living with me, when he was almost free of paying the rent. Almost. What I asked from him was to fill the fridge, take the trash out and most importantly be around. And I'll be damned if he did any of those things.

It was a small effort put into what I gave him in return- an apartment of two bedrooms, two bathrooms and a living room connected to a kitchen, but of course, I came with the apartment.

He was looking for an apartment to rent at the exact same time when I put out advertisement for subletting a room for a very small price. I didn't know anything about him except the fact that his friends used to call him Duke. I didn't know how he earned his money and, frankly, it didn't concern me. He was here just because I needed an alibi, but he couldn't even ensure me with one.

Why did I keep him around? Because he was pleasure to the eye. I had to admit it. That body of his sometimes left me wondering, but that was it. He was here because I needed to do my job. Nothing less, nothing more.

I sighed seeing my phone vibrate. It made everything on the table quake; the remote was about to fall off and threatened to take the plant along it. It was some sort of flowery type, one I had picked up from my sister's when she moved away from Huntington Beach. There was something really wrong with my phone; I strongly believed it was the cause of every earthquake USA went through.

"Yeah," I answered, nibbling on the green leaf, leaving some nail marks in it.

"Boss needs you for a job in Long Beach." Naïve me, and I thought people called me to say 'hello'.

"What kind of a job?" I stood up, going inside my bedroom.

"The usual. Quiet, clean and untraceable."

Oh, I guess I have to tell you little something about me. I'm a killer by call. Now, let's not get too dramatic, I know taking someone's life is against the law and immoral, but they pay a shit load of money. And yes, money is the only thing I crave for. No love, no sex, just money. That's me, the psychotic bitch in 5B who appears to be the cleaner of Orange County.

I had heard the lie about money not making people happy and all, but let's be real, what's better- to drive in a bus or own a Mercedes? I did neither. I was the proud owner of a '69 mustang.

But quite frankly - I think I'm just like everybody else, I have a job, I get my salary, the only difference- people pay with their blood for what I wear, for what I eat and for what I drive.

And all those people who are willing to help me, by trying to find out what is my backstory and past, I can say honestly, I had an amazing childhood. No, none of my folks is a serial killer or a godfather of some Italian mafia, although they owned a few guns. I guess that was what caught my attention when I was little. I won't be humble, I'm darn great at what I do and I'm not willing to stop, and no I don't feel any regret when I see the life go out of one's eyes.

And now, to make myself more human in your eyes, I don't kill innocent people, usually they all are tangled up in some sort of love triangle for crime. I have some rules towards myself to keep me on the right side of the track, well... on the righter side. First of all, no men in my life, why? Now imagine how would it be when he wakes up in your room, seeing a gun on your nightstand and you reaching out for him with bloody hands, pretty, aye? Second, never kill children, although I don't prefer kids, I don't kill them; third, start my day with a glass of water, always; fourth, never agree to close encounter in crowded places, no one wants to end up in jail; fifth, most importantly, never give out your name.

I guess I have to break the fifth rule, what would a story be without me introducing myself? I'm Elle Morrison, your worst nightmare.

## CHAPTER 2

*"93.1 Jack.fm radio, playing rock twenty four seven, prepare yourselves, this ride's about to get bumpy..."*

„Yeah, yeah, give me the music..." The window beside me was wide open, letting the wind throw my chestnut bangs in my face. I tucked a stray of hair behind my ear. Darn traffic lights on every corner. I could've sworn only an hour passed with me sitting in the traffic jams. My hand lied on the speed shifter, jerking it on it's sides eagerly. I gave the rearview mirror a second of my gray eyes, seeing the cars tailing up beside my Mustang. Once the radio guy stopped talking about some marketing stuff, a sound of strings filled my car. Moments later guitars blended in with them.

„... I don't belong here, we gotta move on, dear, escape from this afterlife...” Escape from the afterlife. I smiled on the thought. Green light. My foot hit the clutch, changing the gear and stepping on gas just to make the car move by an inch before a black escalade showed out of nowhere, making the cars behind me be just inches from kiss my ass.

„Oh c'mon!” I cried out, driving beside the asshole who had just confirmed my hatred towards people.

Red light.

Aviators covered his eyes as he turned to face me with a dimpled smile, letting his hand run over his freshly shaved head. A guy with handcuffs tattooed on his neck sat beside him. Odd looking people. They were talking and the driver pointed to me. I rolled my eyes, taking a deep breath and turning the radio just a tad louder.

Green.

Before the driver managed to get his grinning face away from me and see that he was allowed to actually move, I already was long lost gone, leaving a smoking track behind me.

My phone vibrated somewhere in the passenger seat, probably underneath the black leather bag, or it could've fallen to the ground when I took the 'safe' maneuver with the escalade.

I reached out, shoving the bag on the floor, never taking my eyes off the road. After all I wasn't suicidal.

It kept vibrating, annoying me. Another red light. Good. I stopped the car and looked over the seat, seeing the phone was vibrating just an inch from where my fingers were looking for it. I pressed the connection button, seeing the green light again.

„Hey, you mind grabbing some beer?” Before answering my lazy-ass apartment mate, I took a turn left.

„You're actually asking me this?” I could already see the apartment house, there was no reasonable explanation why I should turn around and go buy him a beer.

„I don't see the problem... I could share.” I could hear a smirk in his voice. The guy was mocking me. Seriously?

„I don't drink." My finger pressed the 'disconnect' button. Out of all people, I had to choose him as my savior. People told me I was insane, but now I was somehow starting to realize it. I parked on the street, right next to Duke's black BMW. As soon as I stepped out of the car, I saw the escalade turning in. My eyes narrowed when the car stopped behind my mustang. I kept standing there, not even being able to shut the door, hanging on them just not to explode in rage, I knew where they were heading.

Towards my apartment. And I had to bear with them. For rest of the evening.

I raised my head towards the cloudless sky. Morrison – don't you even think of it. If he's there, you surely aren't on his favorite people list.

I sighed and lowered my gaze.

The driver raised his aviators slightly and winked towards me. Creep. I snorted.

I went around the car, rolling my eyes, until I got to the trunk. I lifted out a black briefcase, locking the car and later squeezing through the driver and his companion. Before I even had managed to step up the porch, the door opened and a smiling Duke was in my face.

I sighed heavily before walking around him.

„Duke, what's up with your lady?" One of them laughed out as I kicked the door shut. Lady. Yes, that made me burst into loud inner laugh. I walked over the couch and placed the keys on the wooden coffee table. My eyes were caught on a notebook. It wasn't there before I left. I looked around the twilight filled room just to make sure he was having his hourly smoke. Muffled sentences came to my notice. I had a couple of minutes before they were going to come in.

I turned over the pages never really picking up the notebook itself. Some sort of lines and ... numbers... and words? I wrinkled my eyebrows. I shut the notebook at the same time when the door opened. His companions were telling him something, it didn't seem like he was even listening. His brown eyes looked at me and later focused on the briefcase I was holding.

„I hope my beer is in there..." He pointed out, making me look at him in great disbelief.

„Are you... joking?" My voice sounded a little too sweet than it was supposed to. I walked around the coffee table, just to see his friends taking their places on my couch, eating my peanuts.

„Nah... I don't think so.” He landed himself in the armchair, placing his feet on my coffee table. I was two seconds away from slicing his limbs off. He arched his eyebrow towards me. I bit on my lower lip, not ever looking away from him. I did that an awful lot when somebody pissed me off.

„Stop you two. Chris' already on the way with beer...” The driver person spoke. Great, yet another one of his baboons. I walked my way to the door which was right next to the tv and right in front of the armchair in which Duke was sitting.

„So... you're gonna be here...? The whole night...” What was with him and trying to get me out of my apartment?

„You have a problem with that?” My voice was cold. I was looking over my shoulder, seeing him take his fedora off and shake his head to my question. I laid my arm on the door knob, but his words stopped me, yet again.

„We might get a little loud.” For a moment I stood there, inspecting the texture of the wooden door. The paint was starting to peel. I thought about what he said. Getting a little loud. Maybe this was a good night after all... I could get some work done. King Douche would be drinking and thinking I was in my room. He would grant me my alibi.

Without a word I opened the door and walked in.

### CHAPTER 3

The guys were happily chilling for the past two hours. I didn't know of the quantity of alcohol that would take to throw them upside down, but I had the feeling they were heading there.

For the last ten minutes, they've been opening and shutting the front door. My guess – they were consciously killing their lungen. It was time to put the boring book away and get out of the white duvets. The door banged once again.

„She's really sleeping?” A muffled yet angry voice roared, which I got to know through these hours belonged to a guy named Trent, although the guys called him Shadows. „It's only ten!”

„You wouldn't want her here..." The armchair creaked under someone's weight while someone else opened a beer. Duke was damn right, I could hardly stand myself from time to time, not speaking of overly tattooed and muscular jocks. If I do something I don't like, for example – communicating with degenerates, I can get quite... unpleasant.

„I still don't get, if she's such a misanthrope, why the fuck she let you live with her ?" If I was correct, that was Chris. You know... the one with the emerald eyes and perfectly shaped eyebrows. Still as stupid as my childhood.

I took the briefcase off the desk, placed it on the bed and opened it. I had to say, it was quite amusing hearing people talk about me.

„She can't resist my charms." They clinked bottles, bursting in great laughter. That arrogant son of a gun... dragged a smile out of me? What? Am I going crazy?

It was surprising, considering I didn't know I could smile up until now. My finger slid by the shining surface of the weapon which lied in the briefcase. Desert eagle. Sometimes too powerful and loud for me to use it, but it was a very special gift. And my favorite. As odd as it may sound, my father gave it to me. Without any bad intentions.

See, here's the deal, my father...He's a collector, and he saw what avid eyes I had looking over his collection when I was just a child. As soon as I turned eighteen, he gave me this masterpiece, not knowing what was that kept the money flowing in my pocket.

I took the gun, checking if there was no damage from the previous encounter. No, everything seemed fine, the floral pattern was not ruined and seemed it worked perfectly.

„Let's go to a strip club!" The tallest one, who's name I managed to forget, shouted. I froze in my place. No, no, no! He could not go to a strip club, not tonight. If somebody asked, he had to say he was at home, and I was in my room, asleep.

„Brian... don't you do this..." I whispered, locking my eyes on the door in disbelief. Tonight I had a job in Huntington Beach, it was riskier 'cause I actually lived here. If something happened, I needed him to testify for me, not against. „Goddammit, can you do the right thing for a single goddamn time?"

„I don't know, guys..."

„Duke, you're refusing naked ladies?" Chris laughed in amusement.

„Some other time. I'm not in the mood.” Good boy. Corners of my lips raised in a smile as I put a shoulder strap on and placed the gun in the holster.

„I knew it! You're sleeping with her!” Trent clapped his hands. What? No.

„You slimy bastard, you're so boning her!” Chris laughed. That's it, I didn't need to hear no more. I walked to the window. Sometimes I wondered if I ever would grow old of this killing spree... Could a person get too old to press the trigger? No.

I jumped out the window, letting my feet sink into freshly mown green grass. My head turned to look over my shoulder and see the guys laughing hysterically over something. I just hoped they wouldn't do anything reckless enough for cops to crash the party.

Play it smart for once, Duke.

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This was not how I had planned for it to go. Seeing my whole outfit covered in blood did not amuse me at all. The body lying beside my legs pissed me off. How dared he bleed on my clothes? That slimy pig. Now I had to go for a swim in order to get home without tracking too much attention.

I was standing in a living room of a beach house, biting on my lip angrily. And best of it all, I hadn't even managed to shoot him. Who would've thought an old man had such good ears? I got into bit of a struggle with him, ending with a bloody kitchen knife in my hand. I wanted to make it less painful for him, but look what turned out from my effort.

“You useless piece of human waste...” I kicked the lifeless body, “couldn't you cooperate?”

Well I guess that's what he deserved for financing kidnappers.

Were those... sirens?

I walked over to the window and looked through the blinds. Instead of silent and clean, I did it loud and messy. Well... that will shorten my cut. The police car stopped in front of the house. Two officers got out of the car and traveled their way to the front door, banging loudly.

„Is anyone home?“ Seemingly uninterested voice asked. I ducked when one of the officers moved towards the window with a flashlight in his hands.

„Let’s go, nobody’s there. Tell the lady she’s hallucinating.“ I sighed seeing them turn around. Without much thinking, I went for the back-door. Just seconds away from sighing in relief, I saw another cop on the other side of the glass door, and he was looking straight at me.

Crap.

Dress me up and call me Macy if he’s not gonna come after me.

Chaos. Pure chaos.

I had no idea what I was doing. The main thought crossing my mind over and over again was to get out of the damned house. They broke down the door, at that time I was already upstairs and jumping over a window sill. I had jumped out of the second floor, wondering how I managed to do it without broken bones. And that was when the ache started. A sprained ankle and a bleeding thigh. I had no time to think how I got myself to bleed. I could’ve been grateful for the distracted cops.

„She went through the window!“ I looked up to see a face looking down at me. The rest was blurry, I knew I was running breathless, jumping over fences, landing on an aching leg, I did everything, I moaned, I groaned but I did not cry. Tears were for the weak ones and I wasn’t weak.

I regained my consciousness when I was at home, standing under a cold shower and panting heavily. The bloody clothes were lying on the tiled floor along with the gun. A tiny cut went over my right thigh, it was ridiculous how a tiny wound like that could bleed like hell. My ankle was already starting to bruise.

„That’s going to hurt in the morning...“ I threw my hair back, leaning against the shower glass. I’d gotten sloppy, the cops were just an inch away from putting me behind bars. God, I was no superman, it surprised me how I had gotten away only with a cut and a sprained ankle. I stepped out of the shower, wrapping myself in a soft, crimson towel.

What to do with those clothes? I decided I’ll figure it out in the morning. I placed them in the dirty laundry basket, along with my gun.

As soon as I walked in to the dull darkness of my room, I heard a loud knock on my door.

„Elle? You're in there?" It was Duke's sleepy voice. What the hell did he want from me in two am?

#### CHAPTER 4

„Morrison... Open the fucking door..." His voice became clearer and his fingers more firm as he kept knocking on the door. I picked out the first piece of clothing my hand managed to find. Good. A pair of white cotton panties. Were they white? My vision was blinded by the darkness, so I could make only mere assumptions. I let my hand travel in the drawer once again. Knock, knock, BANG.

This sudden need of his made me annoyed. Like I wasn't annoyed enough with all the debauchery that went down today.

I drew out a t-shirt and pulled it over my head rather quickly. With a swift movement my fingers turned the lock, turning the door knob right after. Duke was just a step away from falling through my door, since he was apparently boosting himself against it.

„What?" I hissed through my teeth, getting blind from the sudden brightness. His bare chest was just an inch away from my face. Duke yawned in my face, making me turn away from the disgusted stench of alcohol in his breath. And there I was, thinking people actually cleaned their teeth before they went to sleep.

My frustrated gaze went over his body, I nearly licked my lips as I saw a pair of sweatpants loosely hanging on his hips. I had to admit, he had a great physique. Too great for a beer diet. He turned around right when I was starting to enjoy the view. Bastard.

„See officers? She's here. Can we all, please, close the case and go back to sleep?" Duke turned his back against me. Officers? I limped outside the room peeking over his tanned shoulder. Two men in black uniforms were standing in our door isle.

„Certainly. Sorry for intrusion, sir... ma'am..." Duke moved from his place, surprising me with his motion and making me nearly land on my face. Flat.

Before he managed to close the door, I saw a glimpse of doubt in one of the officer's eyes. Or so I thought. Maybe I was getting paranoid. God, I had a stressful job.

„What was that about?“ I stood in the door isle, hiding my wounded leg and trying to make as dumb of a face as I possibly could. For once I hoped my acting skills wouldn't fail me.

„There's been a gas leak. They're checking every house in the neighborhood. See if everyone's safe.“ So then nobody had been killed? And they definitely weren't looking for a killer of my gender, my height and my age? Of course they were. Lying to the citizens who paid taxes and ensured them with their salary was not really the best way of gaining their trust. Tsk-tsk-tsk. I would've shaken my head in disapproval if only I wouldn't need to look sane in Duke's eyes.

He was almost to walk through his door, almost. He stopped and turned on his heel, breaking the distance between us. His forearm pressed against the door isle as he looked down on me.

„You know what I don't get...“ He leaned closer, leaving me perplexed of the sudden closeness. Our faces were just inches apart.

„What...“ It was barely louder than a whisper. What? Now I'm whispering? I was watching his lips, not really knowing why. A warm feeling ran down my belly. Oh come on, woman! You're better than that! Guided by a sudden wave of bravery, I straightened my back and crossed my arms.

„Why did I have to knock on your door for ten fucking minutes...“ He pursed his lips. I blinked a couple of times. Really? Was he the person who was setting the laws around here? My fingers tightened around my upper arm.

„I was... sleeping.“ I wrinkled my eyebrows in confusion. Why was I confused? How dared he speak to me in that tone?!

„Then mind telling me why,-“ he came closer and took a glance over my shoulder, “-is your bed untouched? And your hair dripping wet?“ His browns locked with mine.

Was it? Did I make my bed this morning? But knowing my pedantic nature – I absolutely effing did. I closed my eyes as I took a deep breath, trying to keep my composure and restraining myself from putting a bullet between his lovely browns right then and there.

„None of your goddamn business,” I hissed in his face, my face suddenly losing all signs of emotion.

“Elle,” He started in a somewhat calmer manner, and just like that, I realized his hand is cupping the side of my face.

“Don’t,” I hissed, angrily hitting his hand away.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” He looked shocked. So finally he was getting any notice of what I did and said to him. It only took a slight shove. “Here I am ... Trying to look out for you, and you just go fucking psycho!” Anger. Good, it was exactly what I needed. Somehow angry people managed to calm me down.

“Instead of trying to look out for me,” I widened my eyes, reflecting him and mocking at the same time, “You could try and do what you’re asked for.” For a slight second I thought he was actually going to hit me. His palm was already formed into a fist and his eyes were shooting daggers at me. “You know, the trash can is not going to empty itself and the fridge also doesn’t have the option of refilling.” A playful smile formed on my lips. I was pushing him, pushing him hard. I wanted to see if he would go over the edge. He leaned closer, his lineament tense. This was actually the first time I saw him as fed up with something over these four months he was living with me.

“No...” His hand pushed against the wall, he backed away. Smart move. He went to his room, cussing heavily under his breath.

“Good night!” Door closing with a bang was the reply to my overly sweetened voice. One of the rare pictures I had of myself fell off the beige wall. The glass of the frame shattered, making me sigh heavily. “There was no need for the tantrum...” Sometimes I asked myself, why did I put up with the psychos?

## CHAPTER 5

### *duke*

Her soft lips were leaving warm kisses on my neck, she made me moan in desire for her body. The brown couch creaked under my weight as she pushed me down. She had a playful smirk on her sensual lips. Her red high-heeled foot pressed on the couch right between my denim covered thighs. I couldn't, she had been teasing me all this time, I just couldn't wait any longer. She bit on her index finger, watching over me with her beautiful lustful eyes. There was something bestial tearing me inside out.

My fingers ran up her smooth leg, it was pure pleasure only touching her. God, where had she been all my life? She stopped my arm as soon as it had reached the lining of her black shorts. Fucking tease.

She kneeled down between my legs, raising the black shirt and tasting the skin on my stomach. My hand tangled up in her hair as she slid her tongue across my body. I arched my head back just thinking of what she was going to do.

"Wow..." A surprised voice made me open my eyes. Elle was standing, watching me with raised eyebrows. She had a book in her hand, which she instantly put in front of her face. Now this just got interesting. She was uncomfortable of... sex? I thought nothing could shake her little world, but here she was, surprised for me entertaining myself or more precisely receiving the entertainment.

She walked past us, making me and Michelle lock our stares with her as she went around the counter not once taking the book off her face. I was surprised seeing her not bump into anything. Actually it was pain in the ass trying to get myself to see the layer of her chestnut hair, since the whole kitchen zone was behind my back. Had she been to the hairdresser? I swore every time I saw her, the length of her hair got shorter and shorter. I just hoped she wouldn't shave them completely off. Wait, I hoped? Nah, she could do whatever she wanted with herself. I couldn't care less.

Michelle braced her arms on my thighs, hitting my belt with her finger, obviously annoyed. She was a girl I was dating for the past couple of weeks, although I knew her all my life. It was strange we got together just now. I guess that bottle of *Patron* did the fucking trick.

“You can take the book off... we’re not doing anything that doesn’t count as decent,” I shouted, watching her over my shoulder. She waved me off.

“Your whole being is not decent.” Was that actually music I heard coming out her room? Well I’ll be damned. She was actually a closet fan of my band not really knowing I was in the band. To think about it, what did we both knew about each other? I knew she was called Elle and she knew I was Duke and now I had found out she was a fan of mine. Ours. She was fan of Carnival of Rust. Or not. I liked to think she actually liked the songs instead of playing them just to wipe out our make out session.

“Duke...” Michelle sighed, I shushed her. Elle turned around with the whole pack of sliced cheese in her mouth and a bottle of water in her hand. Michelle was already sitting beside me when Elle crossed the room, taking the cheese package between her index and middle fingers. She was walking and reading at the same time. And she wasn’t wearing any pants, just a long tank top that was showing off the most of her buttocks. She opened the door and disappeared in the room.

“Duke.” Michelle stood up with her arms crossed. I wrinkled my eyebrows in question.

“What?” I looked at her incredulous; she snorted grabbing her purse from the couch and headed for the door. “What the hell did I do?” She had closed the door with a loud thud. Great. This was just fucking perfect. Turn me on and then just leave me. Fine, who needs you anyway? Give me the bluest ball syndrome, let’s see if I care! I kicked the coffee table, shaking everything that laid on it.

As soon as she had walked outside the door, a knock was heard. If she thought she could walk out on me and then return, she had a huge another thing coming. I stood up from the couch. I opened the ugly used to be white front door and felt relieved, no Michelle. Instead a guy with a package in his arm was standing in front of me.

“What the fuck do you want?” I spat in his face.

“Uhhh...A delivery...” He raised his eyebrow arrogantly, before he looked down in the sheet, “for Miss Morrison?”

I squinted my eyes on the guy. Don’t you fucking piss me off even more, pal.

“Is...” He checked the sheet again, “Miss Morrison home?”

The guy was coming here every week, for as long as I lived here, with the same size and shape box and still he couldn't remember what's her last name? How dumb can you actually get?

As soon as I was going to shout her name, she jumped in front of me, drawing her hand across my back, getting me off guard with the gentle touch, “That's me,” I watched her tuck a stray of her brown hair behind her ear while the delivery guy showed her what and where to sign. Like she already didn't know the drill. She bit her lower lip. I had noticed she did it when people made her angry. He had pissed her off, but what had he done? I looked at the guy, he was standing, pressing against the unattractive door frame and smiling insanely towards her. Now this was about to get interesting.

“I'll give you the box if you agree to get some coffee with me,” He was flirting, fucking flirting in front of my eyes. How could he possibly know that I wasn't the overprotective douche of a boyfriend?

“I don't drink coffee,” I leaned against the wall, now where's my popcorn, 'cause this IS getting interesting.

“Then evening at... Chipotle perhaps?” Chipotle? Really? Fucking Chipotle. I folded my arms, looking over the tattoos I had, eagerly waiting for the grand finally. I mean this already was grand, but you can't blame me if I say I wanted something more amusing. Come on chump, say something excessively stupid so she could punch you square in the face... Please, for my entertainment.

“Ew... Junk food. No.” So that was the reason behind loads of veggies and dairy products in the fridge? It took me long enough to figure. Only almost half a year.

“There's really no way I could get you to go out with me?” Now he was using the seductive look through his eyebrows. Pathetic.

“No,” Her voice got cold and she just jerked the box out of his slimy little fingers, which actually were long and slender, but I preferred saying he had slimy and little. Made me feel more comfortable. She kicked the door shut. “A fucking second longer and I would've killed him.”

“Wow...” I was taken aback, “You're cursing... the dude must've really gotten to you,”

She shot me a death glare, making me raise my hands in defense. “Chill... Remember I’m not the enemy, the deliveryman is,” I smirked, receiving a very doubtful look.

“Since when you’re all fuzzy and loveable?” Her grey eyes pierced in mine. So she thought I was loveable? Another satisfied customer. But what the hell could I answer to her? I didn’t know why I was like this. And remembering Michelle ditching me and being pissed just minutes ago... Yeah, what happened? Or was she talking in general?

She put the box on her shoulder, making me notice she wasn’t wearing a bra. She noticed my stare and spun around, snorting.

“Look, I’m sorry...” I walked closer and put my arm on her ... muscular shoulder? She was fucking... ripped. So she was a gym junky? “I know I’m being a slob and all, but we have to live together and I don’t want to fight you.” Her eyes noticed my arm, I could’ve sworn her stare burned me. I let out a sigh, letting go of her shoulder.

“You would lose either way,” She stayed like that for a moment- me facing her back, her head turned slightly, but not enough to see me. I noticed she was quite athletic, wearing boxers and... smirking.

“You wanna bet?”

“No. It’s not interesting betting on something I know I would win,” The corner of her full lips raised in a smile as she turned her head so she could see me. Had she looked in the mirror lately? I was two times her. I could’ve easily killed her.

“Little too high and mighty aren’t we?” She laughed. Laughed. This was the first time I heard her laugh. She could go through the most hilarious jokes with a blank face and now she was laughing? “Come on, give me your best shot,”

“No crying over a broken nose?” I shrugged my shoulders, raising my fists in a defense although I had no intentions of dodging her hit. “Everything’s allowed?” The box had been put beside her bare feet and she turned around. She was short, there was no way she could even get to my face to break my nose. Let’s be real. The best damage she could do was maybe, *maybe* a bruise on my arm.

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