

Paw Prints

Various Oneshots

Von Ur

Kapitel 4: nervous

Lydia isn't fond of the idea of fancying Cora. Like, at all. Cora is an annoying, arrogant, sarcastic little witch of a werewolf but Lydia finds that when someone is like that all the time, the occasions in which those people show kindness are so impressive, you cannot really look away. So when Lydia sees Cora smile or care for her brother or help her up after she fell down... Lydia is intrigued. Cora is like Allison, only the other way around. Allison is such a kind and friendly person but when she gets pissed she terrifies the crap out of you.

So, Lydia finds herself staring. She looks at beautiful things often enough and she looks at beautiful people even more often. But she never appreciated a girl the same way she did it with the guys. Thankfully, Lydia has always been sure of herself and very curious, which means, she doesn't have any problems with her newly found interests at all. Except that it's Cora fucking Hale. She could've picked better. Even though she has to admit that Cora's cleavage is kind of distracting, that she has very full lips and a dashing smile – when she shows it.

What did Allison say again?

»Don't frown. Someone could be falling in love with your smile.«

Well. Apparently Cora's smile went all the way into Lydia's heart. And her pants. After all the minutes she has spent staring at Cora, she notices, that she also likes the little things about Cora. How her forehead wrinkles when she tries to concentrate, how her tongue can be seen sometimes when she is reading, the soft curve of her collarbone. Lydia knows that she is very pretty and she is used to having people stare at her. But she is still surprised when she catches Cora's eyes one day. Cora doesn't look away when Lydia notices and so they stare. And stare. To her utter surprise, it's Lydia herself who breaks the silence.

»Don't werewolves have to blink?«, she asks and raises her eyebrows. Her stomach flutters when she sees the corners of Cora's mouth twitch. She smirks.

»Why? Do I make you nervous?«

»You wish«, Lydia says and flips her hair back over her shoulder. Cora raises one eyebrow which somehow shows the resemblance between her and Derek. That is one pretty family, Lydia thinks to herself. Cora gets up in one swift motion and for a moment she looks like the animal she is.

»Your pupils are dilated. And your heartrate just went through the ceiling«, Cora counters, still smirking. Damn those werewolves. Lydia gets up as well und tries to calm her heart, but it doesn't work.

»Since I got the impression that you're not really afraid of werewolves... I guess it must be something else.«

It actually sounds as if she's purring. Wolves don't purr. Lydia wants to complain, but she is too nervous. This doesn't happen to her. She is not the nervous kind of girl. Her eyes dart down to Cora's collarbone that looks so delicate. Offense is the best defense, she thinks and lowers her head, until her lips touch Cora's collarbone. Her skin is soft beneath Lydia's lips and when she raises her head again Cora's smirk is gone.

»You have a pretty collarbone«, Lydia says confidently and notices that her heartbeat is slowly calming down. That is, until Cora comes so close to her face that their noses nearly touch.

»Do I, now?«, she whispers. And then Lydia's heartrate goes up again.