

My Bestfriend Slipped Inside Me (An Alpha's Secret) by Demiah13

Chapter 81

Chapter 81

Avery's pov

His blue eyes pierced through me across the in a way that made me tingle. I bit my lower lip, causing my body to stir, rolling it between my teeth as I studied him just as intensely as he was studying me.

His breathing is hasty, the rise and fall of his chest captivating me. The gleam of sweat on his skin, the way his muscles look so toned.

He lifted his hand and wiped the sweat off his brow, his blue eyes peering into my soul. "What are you doing here?"

I swallowed, my fingers shaking a tad bit. I interlocked them, fiddling so he'd not notice my reaction. "I-

I looked around the gym. There wasn't anyone else but him here. But still, I didn't want him to know I came all this way on foot, looking like a hot mess because I craved to see him. I needed an excuse, something that will not make me seem so....desiring of him.

"I-I swallowed and brought my eyes back to him. "I came here to sign up." I cleared my throat and tried to straighten my shoulders to seem as though I was not trembling inwardly by having his eyes on me.

A sleek brow rise and I see the flicker of the beginning of amusement in his eyes. "Sign up?"

I lifted my chin, making a little humph sound. "Yes. To sign up. I want to learn boxing."

This sounded ridiculous even to my own ears. But come to think of it, it sounds good. Maybe I will sign up and learn. Those nightmares that have been plaguing my mind every time I close my eyes have made me restless and feel weak.

I no longer want to feel weak.

"You want to learn boxing?" He tested each word slowly on his tongue, frowning as if he could not believe I had just said them.

I frowned. "What is with you and repeating my words?" I voiced and nod. "Yes, I said I want to learn how to box. What is wrong with that? You don't think I can do it?"

His eyes roamed over me. So slow and so sensual a heat stroke over my flesh wherever his eyes touched. I crossed my arms, trying to stop from feeling an ounce of need for him right now.

"You skipped class to come here just to sign up for boxing?" That one arched brow raised even higher in disbelief.

I scoffed. "You've been skipping class a lot lately and I haven't questioned you about it." I retorted.

His eyes twinkled and he let out a small chuckle. "Someone's been keeping tabs."

I took a step forward. "And someone is asking too many unnecessary questions. Now," I looked around the gym. "Will you teach me or not?"

Xade looks surprised, taken aback and uncertain. Then those emotions are pushed behind the curtain in his eyes and he turns around and says with a sigh over his shoulder. "Go to your dorm Avery."

I glared at his sweaty strong back. "I want to learn Xade! This isn't a game-

He whipped around, now glaring at me. "What part of stay away from me don't you understand?!"

I flinched, his words slicing through the air and meeting its target. My heart squeezed yet I don't back down, not wanting to be humiliated. "Because I don't understand! Goddammit Xade! I don't know why I am supposed to stay away from you! Make me understand!"

With every word I shot back, I took a firm step forward until I am standing in front of him, glaring. "Make me understand." I repeated more firmly.

Xade stared into my soul again. He's the only guy I feel I am stripped bare when he stares at me. It's like he knows every deep dark secret of mine, as if we have both feasted upon my secrets together.

A flicker of hope chewed in my stomach when he opened his mouth, only for it to dwindle when he turned around, giving me his back while he said over his shoulder.

"Go home Avery, I don't train anyone."

He was so cold. The warmth that his body radiated and brushed against me is now no longer comforting me, but freezing me to death. My hands ball into tight fists at my sides.

My teeth and jaw ache as I grind them, gritting as I shoot arrows of anger toward his stiff back. "Fine," I breathed out angrily, looking around the room. "I'm sure there must be someone else who can teach me."

He turns back around, his eyes now darker than before, more irritated. "Go Avery," he said as a warning under his breath.

I crossed my arms over my chest. "This is a free country you know. Unless the gym belongs to you, I'm not obligated to listen to a word you have to say."

His jaw ticked and I know I've irritated him further. Good. As he opened his mouth to speak, the door opens and we both look over to who disturbed us.

A blonde haired man, a little older than us walked in, his dark eyes watching Xade and I with keen interest. "What's going on here? I can sense the tension?"

He had a gym bag slung across his shoulder while a water bottle is clutched in his hand. He walks forward. "Mind your business Christian," Xade replied stiffly as I studied the man. He looked oddly familiar, as if I had seen him somewhere.

As he drew closer, instant recognition went off in my head. He's that guy who fought before Xade got in the ring. He's also a boxer.

Please tell me you teach boxing? I can pay," I added quickly when the guy abruptly stopped when he heard my question. He looked at me in surprise, mouth agape.

"Uh.." he drawled out unsurely, looking over my shoulder at Xade. His eyes return back to me. "I do sometimes, depending on if I'm low on cash and need. I do have some spots available-

"No need, for your expertise," Xade cuts in sharply. "This one is already taken." My heart leaps when his arm circles around my midsection and he pulls me flush against him as if staking his claim. "I'll teach you." His lips brush against my ear, his breath hot against my flesh.

Chapter 82

Avery's pov

Heat pooled in my stomach and in a certain place that throbbed with need. I stiffen, somehow hoping that he hadn't noticed how my body has reacted to his possessive words. I shivered as his hot breath still fanned against my ear and my hand involuntarily drop to grab his that held my midriff.

His fingers pressing just under my belly button which made that pool of heat to dampen my panties further. Can he sense how much he is affecting me by just being near?

With my breath stuttering in my mouth, I exhaled, trying to calm my racing heart. It felt as though we were the only two in the room once more, Christian completely forgotten.

"Xade," I breathed out, surprising myself when my tone came out like a wanton moan.

His grip tightened and he pulled my back flush against his front further, his pinky finger straying away from the others until the tip literally pressed against the waistband of my panties that I am sure he could feel even through my layer of clothing.

He turned his head slightly, the rise and fall of his chest against my back making me sigh in comfort as his lips brush against my ear more. "You want to learn boxing right?" He growled low, sounding so animalistic that I shuddered.

The little hairs on the back of my neck stood to attention and my fingers grip his hand. "I'll teach you." Those words come out like a silent promise of something beyond just teaching me boxing.

I gasped, biting my tongue before I let out the moan that tickled up my throat. I try to steady my breathing, my knees growing weak the longer I remain in his arms, nestled like a lover.

My pulse raced.

A throat clearing made me snap my attention off of Xade to get back down to reality where there was Christian standing a few feet away from us, staring awkwardly. "There's a back room over there if you two want more privacy," he pointed behind us and I flushed, reddening as I fumble out of Xade's hold.

"Uh- no we're fine," I stuttered, my cheeks so hot I know I wore my humiliation on my face. Christian nods awkwardly, looking over my shoulder at Xade before heading to the back room himself.

Once he disappeared, I whip around to face Xade. He had been digging a hole in my back with his stare seconds ago and I'm surprised that he is no longer staring at me now that I face him, but at the door.

Surely a door can't be more intriguing than me? Not when he had just held me possessively not too long ago.

“Don’t get me wrong, I am happy that you want to train me,” I folded my arms awkwardly, staring at him and waiting for those blues to sweep back over to me. When they do, my stomach knots.

Focus on the question Avery. Don’t get so distracted by his stunning eyes.

“But why the sudden change of heart? Christian seems like he knows what he’s doing.” I pointed to the back rooms where Christian had disappeared. “I’m sure I would be in good hands.”

Something flicker in his eyes as they narrowed slightly into a glare. His jaw tightened and I saw the strain of muscle as he clenched them. “If you have no classes at six a.m tomorrow, be here on the dot. And then we’ll figure out a schedule to work with since we both have to attend classes.”

My brows furrowed, frowning. He evaded the question and I hated how he turned back around to make his way over to the punching bag once more. You know, since you want me to stay away from you so much, I wouldn’t have thought you’d actually want to train me yourself.”

I mocked, trying to bait him into answering me and giving me more than just cold words. He can go from hot to cold, and I rather his hot side.

Xade paused, his shoulders tensing and he turned back to face me. My breath hitches, sticking in my throat when his blue eyes meet mine intensely. “You make it impossible to stay away don’t you?”

My breathing quicken. When he stares at me like that, I cannot seem to think properly. My tongue grows heavy and I don’t know how to respond without making a complete fool of myself.

“Six a.m sharp and don’t be late.” He said firmly when he noticed I am tongue-tied and had no idea how to respond to him.

I nod, itching to speak to him more but he silently dismisses me by turning around and going back to pummeling the punching bag. As the sounds of his grunts and fist hitting the bag echoed in the air, I awkwardly whispered. “okay then,” and turned to leave.

But before my fingers could wrap around the door handle, the sounds ceased and Xade’s voice stops me. “Wait.”

My heart skipped, my hand hovering just inches from the door. I bit my lower lip, turning around to look at him with curiosity and hope. Hope that he’d tell me something other than...leave. Or stay away.

“Yes?” I asked softly, my belly bundling with nerves.

He started to remove the gloves from his hand and I find the action incredibly sexy. My teeth sink into my lower lip harder. Trying to not look down at his glistening abs, or that little straying sweat drop that snake between the line of his abs.

“I’ll drop you off,” his eyes remain on me. “I won’t let you walk in the rain.” He nudged his chin outside where I could hear the loud patter of rain hitting the ground.

“Okay,” I breathed out, my pulse racing with the thought of Xade and I spending more time together.

Chapter 83

Avery’s pov

As I watch him grab his things I could feel the bundle of excitement and nerves run through me with the thought of him and I in an enclosed space alone.

Christian came out of the back room and gave me a slight acknowledging nod which I returned with a smile. Xade had been rude to him, a bit too much. His eyes drift to Xade and then back to me.

“Are you two dating?” He questioned, sitting on the pull up bench.

I paused, completely taken aback by his sudden intrusive question that I didn’t know how to respond to. I could say no, I mean it was the only right answer to say seeing as we were actually not together.

But something in the back of my mind kind of wanted Xade to be the one to respond. He spared Christian an irritated glance. “Yes.”

My heart leaped into my throat and my knees grow weak. “Thought I told you she was taken?” A sleek rise of his eyebrow warned Christian silently to not overstep his boundaries.

But Christian being brave only lifts a shoulder into a shrug. “Thought you were referring to only training her,” he looked over at me, head tilted as he opened the cap of his bottle and bring the opening to his mouth. “You’re too pretty for him.” He winked, chuckling when Xade let out what sounded like-a-warning growl that made my stomach twist and turn.

“Let’s go.” Xade gritted, grabbing the last of his things and practically storming toward the entrance. I quickly follow after him, my tongue still heavy from his words earlier.

bring the car closer.”

It was pouring out and if I got into the heavy downpour I'd be soaked to the bone in seconds. I just nod, butterflies flapping wildly up my ribcage as I watch him run toward his car in the pouring rain.

I chewed on my lower lip, sighing. He was confusing, a mystery that I wanted to crack myself. I knew half of the reason I wanted to train was because I really craved to know him more and be near him, the other half...well those nightmares have rendered me feeling weak every night.

Knowing how to fight back, would not only ease my mind but perhaps I'd be able to fight back in my sleep too.

I stood there waiting, listening to the downpour of the rain hitting the gym's roof. Having my thoughts to myself wasn't good, now that I had no distraction, I'm swarmed with Xade's earlier words.

A claim he had staked.

Had it been just to get at Christian or was he serious? I nervously toyed with my fingers, watching as the car pulled up in front of me.

Before I can put the hood over my head, Xade comes out and in a speeding dash, he is in front of me, throwing his hoodie over my head to keep me from getting wet.

My heart thrums, electricity running through me as his warmth and scent surrounds me while he ushers me to the passenger side of the car. He opens the door for me and I slide right in.

Once Xade was back behind the wheel, he started the car, not sparing me a glance which made me frown. I hated that one second he's so sweet and kind to me then the next he's cold and distant.

et out a breath, irritated. "You know," I started sarcastically. "As far as I now, we aren't a couple."

saw the whiteness of his knuckles as he clenched the steering wheel in a ght grip, his jaw setting hard. Despite his clear tense demeanor, I ontinued. "So why lie and say we are?"

he tension in the car grew and it doesn't help that the pelting of the rain ot louder. It's deafly quiet, and the tension was slowly crawling in my roat and choking me.

waited and waited for his response, keeping my eyes only on him. The ain had soaked him to the bone, hair clinging to his forehead and ears, vater drops on his thick long lashes. He looked so beautiful. Like a rare beauty.

Would you have rather him flirt with you and make you uncomfortable?" His words pulled me out of my thoughts of him and my brows furrowed by the reply I got.

He spared me a glance and I'm startled by the oddness of color change in his eyes. Maybe I saw wrong. There was no way his eyes turned red.

Must be a lighting situation. No one's eyes magically turn crimson, the color of blood. My imagination has gotten a bit wilder lately.

"I would rather you not lie," I stressed in the word rather, watching his jaw tick. He pulled the car to a stop at a red light and turned to me.

Those blues are stormy and intense, causing a fire to awaken in my soul. I shuddered as my breathing picked up pace, my body quivering and my lips tingling as his eyes drop to them.

"As far as I know," he looked back into my eyes, his eyes serious and unwavering. "That wasn't a lie."

Chapter 84

Avery's pov

My breath catches in my throat and for a second I thought I'd choke on air. I stared at him, eyes wide, mouth hung I am sure awkwardly. I must look like a fish right now. "Xade-

I breathed and the light turned green, causing him to bring his attention back to the road. I frowned as I saw how harder he gripped the steering wheel and how his jaw was set tight.

"Forget you heard that." He grunted, words biting me more than I could handle. My stomach drops and my heart sinks and I blinked.

And then blinked.

And blinked again. Until that hurt feeling turned into frustrated irritation. "You can't just joke about stuff like that asshole!" I snapped.

He's silent, but I know he had heard me, my voice was not only too sharp to not have reached his ears but by the way his demeanor changed, he heard.

When he did not respond I gritted my teeth. "You're so confusing! One minute you are hot the next you are cold. Make up your mind Xade!"

Suddenly the car swerved and comes to a screeching halt beside the side of the road. He turns to me, breathing heavily and eyes full of emotions that cast too fast for me to focus on one.

“You do this to me! You make it impossible to stay away from and you don’t listen when I tell you to.” He ground out. “This is so fucking painful Avery, wanting you so badly but cannot have you. You keep showing up makes it more the more difficult to keep to my word.”

My breathing haste in the car and the rain turns to a drizzle as we stared at each other. My eyes soften as I see the internal struggle in his eyes, those he tries so hard to hide away from me.

I swallowed hard. “Why can’t you have me?”

My heart slams against my ribcage, waiting for his response but it doesn’t come until a minute after a tense silence. “Because I’m not good enough for someone like you.”

I frowned, brows furrowing as I lean toward him. He stiffens. “I’ve never felt this way about any one before, I know you feel it too. This,” I stared deep in his eyes, the blue so warm and good making me melt. “Feeling. You feel it too.”

I searched his eyes, and he hides them away, turning away from me and looking ahead. He let out what sounds like a sad frustrated sigh and starts the car once more, pulling back onto the road.

“It’s better if we don’t act on it Avery.” He replied finally and those aren’t the words I want to hear.

I glared. “Then maybe you should stop acting possessive over me because a guy asked if we were dating. Which we are not!”

I can hear the sound of the steering wheel groaning as his grip turn deathly. “So he could try to flirt with you?”

I scoffed, my glare hardening on his face. “So what? At least he’s not a coward to act on his feelings.”

His jaw set as he clenched and unclenched but he remained quiet and the rest of the ride to the dorm is filled only with thick ugly tension.

My arms are folded across my chest and I’m biting into my lower lip so brutally I am sure I have permanently left my bite mark sunk into the fleshy bottom.

It's crazy how things have moved so quickly between Xade and me, yet somehow still slow. Every single time I believe I am getting closer to cracking the code, he pulls away and shields himself.

He's still a stranger, mysterious as he was, he still felt familiar.

He pulled up to the curb outside the dorm and doesn't turn off the engine. "Thanks for the ride." I unbuckled, biting my tongue because I wanted to say more to him. Wanted him to say more to me.

But he doesn't. And I can't resist.

As I opened the door, I stopped and turn to him, my eyes lowered to his shirt. "Are you really going on a date with Melissa tonight?"

My eyes lift to gauge his reaction and see the look of surprise in his eyes. His brows pinched. "What?"

I bit my lower lip hard. "Melissa said you two have a date tonight," I searched his gaze.

As I see more confusion swim in his eyes I added quickly. "It's not like I care about that, we're not a couple and you can date whoever you want-

"I don't have a date with Melissa Avery," Xade cuts in firmly, his eyes boring into mine. I held my breath as tingles race up and down my spine. "She's not the one I want V, she never had been."

Chapter 85

Avery's pov

His unwavering gaze keeps me rooted where I am and I peer at him unblinkingly. My fingers grip the door harder. "Then who," I whispered, unable to resist asking him this question. "Who do you want?"

His eyes bore into mine, deep and intense. The air around us is electrifying, so clogged with tension. "You know who I want Avery." He confessed, looking away. "But can't have."

I opened my mouth to speak, only to close it back because I was at a loss for words. "You should probably head inside, it's going to be a mean downpour again." He refers to the change in weather and I looked at the sky. He was right, the rain was about to start again but I know he and only told me because he didn't want me to further question him.

For a the first time, I understood. As I looked at him, really looked at him, I understood. It was clear he was inwardly battling something, his gaze wouldn't allow me to see it, but the way his demeanor was is clear.

I can't bring myself to further grow the tension, so I only nod and thanked him once more for the ride. Pushing him more would only push him further away, and I did not want that.

As I got out of the car, his voice once again pulled me in. "Don't forget, six a.m sharp. Wear something you can workout in." His eyes are forward, not looking at me but somehow I feel as though he was fighting himself not to.

"Okay," I breathed out, closing the door softly and skipped to the building as little rain pelts on the concrete. Before I could fully get in, I could not resist and glanced back.

His eyes are on me. Intense even from the distance between us. I shivered, rolling my lip between my teeth and ripped my eyes off his and hurried inside. Tomorrow was a new day, a new day with him. And knowing that he wanted me, somehow eased me. He may not want to act up on it yet, but I had every intention of making him cave in.

I wanted Xade. The mysterious guy who felt so familiar. Like no other. I wanted him. And I was going to get him one way or the other. He was mine.

Xade's pov

She'd be the death of me. Literally.

The more I try to keep away, it's either I couldn't resist or she'd somehow come to me. I shouldn't have accepted her proposal to train her, we'd be too close and the council still had an eye on me, Henry to be precise.

He may kept his word, but breaking the rules over and over would make him frustrated. Which will lead to him rating me out to Alister. Everyone has a limit to their patience.

I groaned, running a hand down my face in frustration. Did Henry see? I haven't seen him in a few days but that guy can be a damn shadow when he wants to be and I'd not know he was there.

I couldn't cancel this with Avery, not when I wanted to spend more time with her too. And something told me she wanted to actually learn boxing and it was not just a ploy to be close to me.

I'm screwed aren't I?

Especially since I couldn't hold my tongue and confessed that I wanted her. I was no warlock to make her forget those words. Not when it had showed so clear in my eyes that I truly want her. Only her.

I groaned. I had just made things more complicated. I have officially screwed up, but to be honest I screwed up the moment I borrowed her that pen. I had never been able to resist Avery, I was a fool to have thought I could now.

I got out of the car and stepped into my penthouse building. The elevator ride seem longer somehow, but perhaps it felt that way because my mind was swarmed with thoughts of her.

The way she stared into my eyes. The way she felt in my arms. I miss her. I miss her scent, her taste, the way she felt wrapped around me.

My beast stirs restlessly.

I stepped into the penthouse, tossing the keys on the countertop and making a beeline for the fridge. It's stocked up with that tasteless beer that does nothing for me, but I've been adding a pinch of that wolfsbane to give it a kick. Which has not only eased my beast a little but gave me that nimble sensation I craved to feel right about now.

"Drinking that shit again?" Xaden rounds the corner, pulling his shirt over his head. I raised a brow as I scatter the pinches of wolfsbane in the beer. Xaden eyes it in worry and disgust.

"You've been overdoing it." He growled in frustration, storming over to me and smacking the beer out of my hand. I snarled, my canines pushing out of my gums in warning.

Xaden is unfazed.

And then he sniffs the air, stiffening. "You saw her again today didn't you?"

I tensed. Turning back to the fridge to look for another beer. "She came to the gym, I didn't go to her."

You reek of her strongly," he pointed out. "You must've been really close to her to still smell of her. Did Henry see?"

pulled out the beer and shrugged. "I don't know. My senses, have been weakening daily. I can't sense when he's close anymore." I admitted, worry gnawing at my insides but I refuse to show it to my older brother who would no doubt say I told you so.

I opened the beer and reach for some more wolfsbane but Xaden tugs the bag away, shaking his head in disapproval. "No more!" He snarled.

“What the fuck Xaden!” I roared, about to reach for the bag once more but stop when his eyes drop to my nose and widen in shock and fear.

“You’re bleeding.” He whispered in dread, just as I taste the tang of blood flowing to my lips. I lift my hand, and touch the warm liquid just above my upper lip.

“Your wolf,” Xaden said in horror and fear. “Is dying. You’re dying Xade!”

Chapter 86

Avery’s pov

As soon as my alarm struck, I got off the bed, a little buzz of excitement swimming inside me. Today is the first training session with Xade and last night, somehow I didn’t have that plaguing nightmare again. It was as if the anticipation of seeing him, had somehow cast out my fears, at least temporarily.

I couldn’t wait to see him.

I took a warm shower first and got dressed in one of my old workout clothes I cannot remember when last I had worn. Since it was early, I decided to throw over my hoodie to keep me warm from the chill of outside that awaited me.

I pushed my hair into a ponytail and looked behind me. Melissa got back late last night, of course after her ‘date’ with ‘Xade’ which I am now more than certain was not with Xade at all.

I don’t think he’d lie to me about going on a date with her. And Melissa being one to never wanting to lose would obviously have tricks up her sleeve to gain what she wants.

Too bad, I’d not give it to her.

With a grin, I grabbed one of my bags since I didn’t own a gym bag and make my way to the door, hoping I’d get to the gym in time.

I made it on time, with just seconds to spare. Speeding over, I noticed a man pushing a key in. He’s a towering man, and seeing that his hair had a few grey streaks I could tell that he was way older than me the one to open the gym.

He turns when he hears me approaching. He eyes me and recognition swims in his eyes instantly. “Ah Avery, it’s been a while.”

My brows furrowed. I don’t know this man but his eyes lit up with recognition once he set his eyes on me. I tilt my head, studying him. “Sorry? Who are you?”

His eyes widen, and he quickly turns the keys in the lock, opening the door once a soft click is heard. "Sorry, I must've mistaken you for someone else. I'm the owner of the gym. Did you come here to work out?"

He cleared his throat as he stepped into the room, looking awkward. My frown deepened and my brows knot together as I hesitated to enter after him. He knew my name. And I cannot sweep away the way his eyes had lit with recognition not seconds ago.

"Mistaken me for someone else? I guess that person's name is also Avery?" I questioned cautiously, looking around the gym. It's dimly lit because the morning sun has yet to strike in.

"I'm also here to train," I added, my eyes moving over to him who stiffened but paid attention to my words. "With Xade. He told me to meet him here at six a.m. sharp."

He looked over his shoulder at me slightly, his dark eyes void and moved off of the warmth he regarded me with earlier. "Yes, her name is also Avery. But she had red hair and green eyes. A bit taller too. It was my mistake dear."

He started walking away and I frowned further, my gaze on his back, somehow not believing a word that he had just spew out.

"Right," I said even though I didn't believe him. I stepped into the gym and he turned, the smile on his face returning. "Xade is one of the best here and I know he'd do a well enough job to train you. If you want, you can warm up while waiting for him."

He points at the workout equipments. "I'll be in the back if you need me Av- dear." He nod, walked quickly to the back, and disappeared in seconds.

Now alone in the quietness of the room I looked around, trying to shake off my unease. With a sigh, I walked over to the bench in the corner and sat down. As my fingers graze over the wood, I gasp as a painful sharp headache clashes through my temple.

I groan.

Lifting my fingers to my temples and pressed. But as I pressed, the pain worsen and I gripped the wood harder. A brief flash occurs in my head, fingers that looked like mine, felt like mine, gripped this exact bench in pleasure, a moan sounding so much like me racing through the air.

But before I could figure out this quick flash, it moves out of my head and I wonder if I had seen it for sure or not.

I winced, and searched for the water bottle I bought on the way here and downed half of it until the throb subsided.

I'm not sure how long I've been sitting here for but my butt and began to numb and there are two guys here working out, both sparing me glances every two seconds.

I sighed and looked down at my phone. It's already seven fifty and Xade was a no show. I sink my teeth into my lower lip, wondering if I should leave or not. Maybe he had something to do...or maybe he just stood me up. He never wanted to train me anyway...

I'll give him the benefit of the doubt and wait another hour but if he isn't here yet I'll leave.

My stomach sinks, the earlier excitement to see him again dwindle and I blinked, my eyes dropping to my lap. I had no way to contact him and ask if we were still on for the training.

Does he even care?

Maybe this was his way of telling me to stay away from him. To finally lock it into my head that he didn't want me around him.

My lower lip trembles and I grab my bag and left the gym like a storm.

Chapter 87

Xade's pov

"Huuuh!" I grunt as I fling the bloody tissue to the floor angrily. The bleeding had not stopped and it is now morning.

A sea of bloody tissues danced on my floors and mocked me. I gritted my teeth. I was supposed to already be in the gym awaiting V's arrival but I can't show up like this.

Xaden glared at me as he passed me another tissue. "This can all go away if you accept to make her! Go and mark her!" He snarled causing me to growl low in warning.

"At the risk of her life!" I sneered. "No! I'll never risk her life for my own selfish needs."

Xaden kicked the edge of my bed, the wood splitting. "For fuck sake there's always a risk. She might not die. No one has to die. Both of you can live!"

I stuffed the tissue up my nose and it quickly gets soaked with the blood. I scoffed. "Well might is not really something I'll take the risk on," I grumble.

Xaden run his fingers through his hair in frustration. "If you don't listen to me, then maybe you'll listen to father."

I stood off the bed in a flash, pinning him to the wall in seconds, snarling as my beast gnawed at the surface. "I may be growing weak brother but my beast is not dead yet. Tell him, I dare you." I snarled in his face.

Xaden is unfazed by my anger but his eyes swim with pain. "You must understand that father left me here with you to make sure you'll be okay. To take care of you! He trusted me with you. What good of a son and brother am I if I let my only little brother die under my watch?!"

I slacken my hold and looked away, knowing that I could not be mad at him for caring. "I can't risk her life Xaden. I can't." I pulled away, running a hand through my hair.

"And I can't let you die Xade," his tone is firm and unwavering. "You should know that as well."

I glared. "This is my life-

"And I am your brother!" text you!"

He snarled. "One who has always protected

He started pacing the room, his feet crunching on the bloody tissues that decorated my entire floor. "I can't just stay there while you die day by day! I cannot!"

I clenched my jaw, which made the bleeding worsen and suddenly my head grew heavy. I stumbled, reaching out. "Fuck," Xaden growled as he quickly comes to help me sit down in the bed.

"You can't go anywhere today. You need to rest and see if the bleeding will stop." Xaden grumble.

"I need wolfsbane." I grunted. "Lots of it."

Xaden scowled. "To get worse? Have you finally fucking lost it!?"

He was right, the wolfsbane would make this worse.

"I need to feel numb!" I snapped, throwing the soaked tissue to the floor. Xaden looks at me in disbelief, as if shocked those words came out of my lips.

"Fuck this," Xaden throws his hands up in frustration and storms towards the door. "I'm letting father know-

“You tell him and I’ll never forgive you,” I warned, causing him to stop. “You’ll lose me as a brother. I won’t claim the same blood runs in our veins. You will be dead to me.” I gritted every word, blood tingling just above my upper lip.

Xaden back is tensed and I can hear the rumble of his beast as he snarls low. The sound rumbles through the room. “I am trying to save you.”

“And I’m trying to save Avery from the fate that awaits her if I were to fully claim her,” I uttered, reaching for another tissue. “I don’t want to risk her Xaden. I rather die than risk her life.”

The tension in the room was thick and strangling. I know where Xaden was coming from, I know his fears. But I loved Avery more than my own life. I can’t risk her.

“I can’t stay here and watch you waste away,” he says hoarsely with emotion. “I’m always on your side little brother, I’ve always been,” he turns around slowly, his eyes deep with sadness and desperation. “But not this time.”

Chapter 88

Avery’s pov

It has been three days since I’ve been visiting the gym to see if Xade would finally show up and explain to me why he stood me up.

But every single time, he was a no show.

“Do you know when he’ll be here?” I asked Christian who was lifting weights, and another guy spotting him. They both looked at me and Christian let out a snort.

“He’s your boyfriend,” he said. “Aren’t you supposed to know his whereabouts?”

My stomach flips oddly in anxiety and my cheeks heat up. “We’re not-

I stopped, sighing and grabbed my things. What use is there to tell him that Xade and I were not really together? I must look like a bigger fool too for coming here after him like a puppy without a leash.

Was I so desperate to see him?

It’s six thirty a.m, early. And I got here at six. Hoping he’d finally show up today despite us not setting a schedule for today at all.

The desperation to see him, smell him, and be near him was clawing at my insides even though I should be more angry at him more than anything.

I turn around to head to the door, but stop when Christian called out to me. "Wait."

I turn.

He puts the weights back on the bar and with a grunt, sits up. "I have empty spots left if you still need a trainer."

I frowned. As much as I want to learn boxing, something tells me that it would be best to decline Christian's offer.

"No," I smiled awkwardly which I a more than certain came out like a cringe. "It's fine."

He shrugged, grabbing his water bottle. "Suit yourself. But if I were you," he smirked. "I'd not waste my time on Xade. You're not the first girl to come here obsessed over him."

I flushed red, my cheeks feeling so hot. My tongue is heavy and I am too humiliated to find words to respond. So with an awkward cringe, I turn around to leave without saying another word.

I walked out of the building, with determination that I would not come back here for Xade again. It's clear that he doesn't want to see me and though it hurts, pains more than I wish it hadn't, I'd respect his wishes.

Back at the dorm, I'm just stepping into the room when the smell of coffee reaches my nose. I've always loved the smell of coffee, but suddenly, it turns my belly and I throw my hand over my mouth as I gagged.

Melissa is sitting at her desk, a steaming cup of coffee beside her. Hearing the horrid sounds coming from me, she turns around, her brows scrunching.

"What's with you?" She asked and picked up her cup of coffee.

I looked down at her plate. There are about five scorns on the white glass plate, and the sight somehow turns my belly even more, I shook my head, swallowing, and peeled my hand off my lips. Worse mistake because now the nausea just got worse.

I drop my bag to the floor and turned around, racing out of the room to the communal bathroom down the hall.

I barely make it to the sink in time, gagging and retching painfully. My fingers grip the counter, gasping as I throw up into the sink bowl. The air stench quickly of vomit and the chlorine water as I opened the faucet to wash out the puke.

I shudder, gripping the edge of the counter as I gagged. My eyes flick up to the mirror, staring at my reflection. I don't understand why I am suddenly sick. The smell of coffee have never done this to me before.

My lower lip tremble and I notice the color whitening, my face e flushing off the natural alive color and turning ashen.

One of the stalls open, and a girl comes out. She cringes, eyeing the sink bowl in disgust. "Are you okay?"

I just nod, despite not feeling okay at all. She hums and leaves the room, not bothering to look back. Now alone, I retched again into the bowl.

"Sick?"

I looked over at the opened door, Melissa is leaning against the doorframe, in her hand is her cup of coffee. The smell reaches me and I gag. "Can you, not come in here," I coughed, gagging as the scent grows stronger. "The scent of that coffee is upsetting my stomach." I gasped, just as I throw up into the sink bowl again.

Melissa frowned, looking down at her harmless cup of coffee. "Since when?" She asked in confusion, stepping into the room and pouring the rest into another sink bowl. She eyed me. "Want to go to the hospital?"

I shook my head, opening the faucet wider so the stench of vomit could disappear faster. "No. Must be a bug. I'll be fine."

She shrugged. "Or maybe you're about to get your period. Happens to me when I am close to getting mine. Like every smell upsets me."

"Yeah," I said softly, my eyes staring at my reflection intensely. "Could be."

Later that day right after class, I am stuffing my face with donuts while watching a rerun of Supernatural when a knock sounds at the door.

I paused the show and looked at the door in confusion. Melissa isn't here...could it be her? Had she forgotten her keys again?

I got off the bed and stroll to the door with the rest of the donut between my teeth. Just as I sink into the goodness, I open the door, only to cough when a set of blue eyes connect with mine.

"Xade?" I coughed.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 90

Avery's pov

My breath hitches and my heart rate spikes to an alarming pace. Tingles race through me and I am lost in his gaze, unable to rip my eyes away from the hunger swirling in those blues while he stared intensely at my lips.

"I-I swallowed, my tongue moving between my lips to trace around for any remains of the sugar icing of the donut. Xade watched the action like a hawk. His eyes burning through me.

He let out a sound that resembled a groan and moan, which collected the attention of the girl who was walking by. She stared at us both in intrigue and amusement and I flushed, quickly moving aside and telling Xade to hurry up in.

The last thing I want is to be the talk around here. Girls....can be very talkative when they want to be. And rumors spread like wildfire.

His tall broad frame instantly felt way too huge in the small room, dominating the air around us instantly the second I close the door behind him. A shiver race down my spine and I shifted on my foot to hide the way he affected me.

Calm down, Avery.

"Well," I drawled awkwardly and low, walking over to my bed and sitting down. Xade's blue swirls followed my every move. I flipped my hair over my shoulder.

I would have offered you a sit," I murmured, trying to get a hold of my thoughts. "But I don't think you deserve one nor do I think you'll stay that long."

Xade's eyebrow raised, a teasing smirk playing on his lips. "Such hostility from such a petite little woman. Cute."

I bit down on my lower lip and folded my arms across my chest to appear unaffected and firm. The last thing he needs is to know that his presence brought warmth to me. Warmth that I was missing in the three days I had not seen him.

"Well," I gritted, pressing my thighs together when his eyes roamed my figure in that way that made my pulse quicken.

“Aren’t you going to tell me your excuses on why you stood me up?” I tipped my chin up.

He walks closer, his heavy boots clapping against the floors, his eyes pinning me down until I couldn’t breathe. “Not an excuse V,” he murmured. “I’ve been sick and...dealing with some stuff. Not showing up wasn’t my intention. I’d never do that to you.”

My heart softened slightly at his words but I didn’t want to show him that I’d already melted the ice, so I looked away and pin my eyes on the wall instead. “I don’t know, you did tell me to stay away. This could have just been one of your ploys to seal it.”

“If I wanted you to stay away,” he stepped forward until he was in front of me, towering over me with his huge frame. I lift up my head, our eyes connecting in that way that made me go numb. “I wouldn’t have come here.”

My breath hitch and my heart thrums. He searched my eyes and he groaned, taking a step back, running his hand through his messy hair. “I’ll be there at the gym around six. If you’re still up for it, meet me there.”

Here he goes again. Being sweet and then cold the next.

He turned to leave but I get off the bed and reach out for his hand. As soon as my fingers wrap around his arm, I pulled back like he burnt me, which honestly felt like he did. He was scorching hot. His skin felt like it was hells fire.

“Xade,” I gasped, staring at his arm in alarm. “Are you sick? Do you have a fever?” I questioned, squirming slightly when he turned around. “You’re burning up.”

He frowned, lifting his finger to his nose. “Just a little fever. It should go down later into the evening.”

Worry swirled inside me. It didn’t feel like a little fever. I took a step forward, about to touch him once more when he pulled back. “I should get going. I’ll see you tomorrow morning for training?”

My brows furrowed. He’s battling a huge fever and he’s asking about training. “Maybe we should postpone until you’re actually okay Xade. You should also go to the hospital-

“No,” he grits. “I’m fine.”

I’m not sure what came over me but I closed the little distance between us and lift my hand to cup his cheeks. My palm brush over the little stubble. This time instead of pushing me away, he leaned into my touch, sighing. His skin was hot.

“No you’re not,” I whispered. “You’re burning up.”

His eyes fluttered closed as if my touch was comforting him in some way. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach. "I'm fine V." He mumbled, his voice going soft, his cheek pressing more into my hand.

"We should go to the hospital-

His eyes opened and they harden. "I'm not going to the hospital. I have had this before and it's not something to be concerned about-

I grabbed his hand and tug him. He doesn't move an inch. "Fine if you don't want to go to the hospital you'll stay here with me so I can take care of you."

His brows shot up in surprise and even I am surprised by my words. Still, I continued. "You'll sleep in my bed so I can look after you."

I eyed my small bed, pressing my lips into a line as I wonder if his tall frame could even fit. His legs will definitely hang over for sure.

"Thought guys aren't allowed in your dorms?" He eyed me with a teasing twinkle in his eyes.

I tug him again, and this time he actually follows me to my bed. "Well, you're not just any guy." I confessed, not caring about the consequences that may come from this.