



Chapter 14: Desperate Times

ARDEN

That definitely didn't feel normal. It was too... big. It felt more like a water bottle than a cock. However, it was softer than a bottle, so I knew I had made a mistake.

I was about to retreat my hand away, separating the two of us, but he held onto my wrist and brought it right back up to his torso. He clicked his tongue in annoyance. "Seriously, can you do anything right?" he asked.

My cheeks flushed deeper crimson, and instinctively, I buried my face against his back. Laughter rippled through our classmates, some believing I had intentionally done the action.

Peeking around his shoulder, I took stock of the situation. Only three of us remained. Sienna and her partner, along with my brother and his teammate. It was the worst possible combination.

"Can we actually win?" I whispered, still hidden behind him. I'd done my part, dodging their relentless attacks from the very beginning. It had awakened something within me I didn't even know existed!

He scoffed softly, his muscles tensing beneath my touch, and I found myself leaning closer to him. "I would have claimed victory minutes ago if it weren't for you."

Kieran unleashed a lightning-fast throw towards him, but Cade caught it effortlessly with one hand. Without so much as a pause, he hurled it back, the ball moving so swiftly that I couldn't register the motion with my eyes.

The same fate befell my brother. In a blink, the ball bounced off his



partner's shoulder, striking Sienna squarely on the forehead.

A startled scream escaped her lips as she tumbled to the ground, her partner scrambling to catch her but ultimately failing.

Laughter bubbled within me, but I suppressed it. Just then, the bell rang out, signaling the end of class.

Cheers erupted as the others surged forward to congratulate Cade. It was clear most of the wolves thirsted for the opportunity to get close to him—my brother included.

In the midst of the crowd of youthful werewolves, I slipped away.

I grabbed my bag quickly and dashed out of the gym, only pausing when I spotted a nearby water fountain.

I was parched. Winning that game demanded every ounce of effort!

'You're just flustered because you touched Alpha Cade,' my wolf teased within my mind.

"Shut up," I muttered, refilling my bottle and taking generous gulps.

"There you are."

I nearly choked, my eyes widening as I turned toward the voice. Alpha Cade stood before me, his expression stern, hands tucked into his pockets.

Instinctively, the water surged from my lips, drenching his shirt and splattering the underside of his chin.

My heart raced—whether from fear or something else, I couldn't tell.



We stood frozen for a moment, neither of us speaking. Yet as the shock subsided, I turned away, desperate to escape the intensity of his gaze.

But he was quicker. In an instant, he was before me, marching forward until my back met the cold, unyielding wall.

A small gasp escaped my lips as he trapped me between his arms.

"Let me go," I insisted, pushing against his arms, but they were like iron bars—unmoving.

"Strike three."

I frowned, meeting his gaze, but instantly regretted it. My breath caught in my throat at the sight of the darkness swirling within his pupils.

He wasn't going to harm me here, was he? The school wouldn't allow it, would they? Oh, who was I kidding? They'd probably turn a blind eye!

"First," he began, voice low and dangerous, "you snuck up and watched me make out with someone like a stalker."

"I didn't—"

"Second," he continued, cutting off my protest, "you groped me in the gym and ran away without a word."

"For someone who claims she doesn't want to take advantage of me, your actions tell a different story."

I sighed, shaking my head in frustration. "It was an accident! You were moving too fast!"

"So, it's my fault?" he challenged, eyebrow raised.



"That's not what I meant!" I retorted, exasperated. "Fine. I apologize. It won't happen again. There, are you happy?"

"Third," he pressed on, disregarding my plea. He gestured to his damp shirt. "This—three strikes, and it's only the first day."

"Most people don't even make it past strike one. So tell me, how should I let you off the hook?"

With every word, he closed the distance between us. But after his final question, he stepped back, studying me intently.

I turned away, unable to bear his piercing gaze. He regarded me as if I had committed some unspeakable crime.

Before I could muster the words to break the silence, a familiar voice filled the hallway.

"Alpha Cade?"

My body froze beneath Cade's hold, and a small frown etched itself between his brows as he glanced aside. I didn't need to look to know who had arrived. It was Kieran.

"I've been looking for you," Kieran said, an easy chuckle escaping his lips. "I actually need to speak with you about something important."

"Let go," I whispered, pushing gently against his chest in a futile attempt to free myself.

Cade turned back to me, his expression resolute. "I'm not letting you go. I'm not finished with you."

I bit my lip, casting a quick glance to where my brother stood just a few



meters away. In mere seconds, he would discover I was here.

"Someone needs to talk to you," I insisted, my heart racing at the urgency of the moment. "We can discuss this another time."

"He can wait," Cade replied stubbornly, his tone leaving no room for negotiation.

Fear gripped my heart, causing it to race within my chest.

"Please?" I implored, locking my gaze with his. I knew I must have looked desperate—a sight I didn't want him to witness. Yet, I felt as though I had no choice.

An ambiguous expression flickered across his face for a brief moment.

"Oh, you're with someone?" Kieran's voice drew nearer, urgency pricking at my thoughts. I had to act now.

Cade still hadn't spoken, and in a moment of defiance against my own apprehensions, I pursed my lips and shook my head.

Desperate times called for desperate measures. Summoning every ounce of courage within me, I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him close.

In an instant, our lips collided.