

## Chapter 05 Strange feeling

~Amara~

I swallowed nervously to compose myself. I couldn't explain why Nicholas being shirtless got into me. Was it because of those chiselled abs or those firm nipples? I couldn't help but ask myself quiet questions since I didn't want to think out loud. I was afraid of thinking out loud because I knew others would judge me.

I have seen a couple of men shirtless, including Luke and other pack teenagers during training. However, I have never gazed at them this much. It has never made my body react the way it was reacting right now.

It was a new strange feeling. It's a forbidden but sweet feeling that I couldn't wrap my fingers around. I imagined how it would feel running my fingers over those abs and his wet hair. It was a wild imagination...

I know this is not right because he's my stepbrother now. However, I couldn't help but admire his well-built body and I felt something that I was not supposed to feel.

Nicholas coughed and his voice brought me back to the real world. The world that I knew I would never be able to do whatever I had just imagined a few seconds ago.

"I have brought you my English book so that you can go

through what literature professor taught when you were not around."I stretched the book towards him as the corner of my lips curved into a small smile.

Nicholas looked at the book then looked back at me and I couldn't help but become nervous.

"You don't need to.Sandra lend me her book already."He said plainly and my heart twisted inside my chest when I heard his words.

Sandra this!Sandra that!

Why does it always have to be Sandra? What is so special about that bitch? It reminded me of how she blocked me from reaching Nicholas when I wanted to wipe blood from the corner of his lips and I fisted.

Nicholas turned around and walked back into his room. Heaving a deep sigh, I walked inside his room too and Nicholas looked at me with raised eyebrows.

"I'm sorry about what happened back on campus."I paused and took a deep breath, "Luke got everything wrong.He didn't give me a chance to explain to him what was going on. That's why he did what he did."I explained and Nicholas was quiet, that gave me a chance to continue talking.

"I don't want us to keep on fighting because we're now family. We are grown-ups and I don't want your mother and my Dad getting worried about us. We can settle everything between us so that our parents don't find out what

happened or that we don't get along that well." I reasoned out and Nicholas looked at me with raised eyebrows.

"Family?" He said and I couldn't help but frown at his words.

"Yes, we're family because our parents are staying together now and they're planning to officially get married." I reasoned out, knocking some sense in his brain so that he could stop acting like a two-year-old.

"If you think that we're the family that you're talking about, Why did you protect him over me?" Nicholas asked me and my eyes widened.

"I didn't protect anyone, Nico. I protected the both of you from each other because I stopped the fight. I was afraid that if you continue fighting, you'll end up hurting each other." I explained to him but he shook his head in denial.

"Don't you dare deny it because it was so clear and everyone saw it! You protected your boyfriend over me, Amara. I got hurt and my lip was bleeding but you didn't do anything to help out. Is that protecting me? Is that what families do to each other? Is that what you call family?" He asked me many questions and I was speechless when I heard his words, there was some unexplainable pain in his voice which I couldn't decipher.

"Luke is not my boyfriend. He's my childhood friend. Nothing is going on between the two of us. He's my best friend and we do most of the things together."

I explained to Nicholas just in case he didn't understand our relationship. I just felt the need to explain to him so that he wouldn't get the wrong impression about the whole thing. I couldn't believe that Nicholas thought that Luke was my boyfriend.

It reminded me of the day Nicholas watched us through the window when I was talking to Luke while smiling and he had wrapped his hand around my neck.

Maybe that made him think that Luke is my boyfriend because we looked so close and freely speaking and laughing without a care in the world.

Many people thought that Luke and I had something going on between us because we were that close. Most of the pack members think that we might be fated mates. It's just that we haven't turned eighteen and yet to find out wolves.

"I don't care if he's your boyfriend or not! Just ask him to stay away from me because next time I won't be that nice." He said in anger then he walked to the bed, picked up a black shirt and put it on as I watched him.

His muscles flexed as he put on the shirt and I swallowed hard, holding tightly onto my sanity because I didn't want to lose it to him.

"I didn't come here for us to fight again, Nicholas. I came here so that we can talk about everything and settle the difference between us." I explained and he looked at me with

raised eyebrows.

"Why do you always avoid having conversations with me? Why do you always avoid me?" I asked the very questions that I have been wanting to ask for way too long.

I just wanted to know the reasons why. I wanted to know what was that special about Ruby and Sandra.

Nicholas looked at me and I looked him back deep in those green eyes. Challenging him to tell me the truth.

"You need to listen to Mrs Pamela when she told you to stay away from me, Amara," Nicholas told me and I felt the bitterness in his voice and some unexplainable emotions flashed in his eyes.

"Just the way everyone says..." He shrugged nonchalantly and twisted his lips. "I'm not that good of a person to be around with. So, you need to avoid me at all costs." He said and turned his back on me. He ran his fingers through his jet-black hair. It seemed like he was stressed out and I didn't know how to help him get over it.

"Is that the reason why you ignore me all the time? But we're living under the same roof now. We can at least make our parents less worried by getting along." I reasoned out but Nicholas didn't say anything.

"I need to sleep so that I can wake up early tomorrow morning. I don't want to be late for classes because no one will wake me up," Nicholas said and yawned lazily.

He was avoiding me again like he has always done. I heard the sarcasm in his words too. He felt bad because I didn't wake him up in the morning. Since I didn't want to have another fight with him, I turned around and headed for the wooden mahogany door.

Even though my back was facing him, I felt his eyes on my back. Before I twisted the metallic doorknob and walk out of his room, I turned my head to look at Nicholas and our eyes locked.

"Goodnight," I told him and he didn't say anything. It's not like I was expecting him to answer me anyway. I heaved a deep sigh after walking out of his room.

This was the first time I had a lengthy talk with Nicholas. I thought that it would go well but...it didn't end well like I had expected. All in all, we talked and that is all that mattered.

Perhaps someday we will be able to talk without fighting. I don't know if we'll ever get there but hopefully, one day we will.

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I walked back into my room and crawled under the warm sheets. My mind kept on wandering back to what happened back to campus and what Nicholas just told me a few minutes again.

There was a knock on the wooden mahogany door and I couldn't help but frown, wondering who it might be. I walked

to the door and opened it, my lips curved into a smile. 1

"I thought I would find you already asleep." My father said, "I was about to fall asleep when I heard the knock on the door. I stepped aside and allowed my dad to walk inside my room.

"I have come to check on you." My father said and I smiled when I heard his words. I recalled how he would check up on me every single night before he goes to sleep when it was just the two of us.

"I don't want you to feel like I have abandoned you or something." My Dad said and I chuckled at his words, "Well you made me feel abandoned already." I joked and we both laughed.

I sat at the edge of the bed and my Dad sat on the chair at my study table and it was quiet for a while. 2

"Dad I would like to ask you something but don't get me wrong. It's about my friend. I would like to help her out because she feels frustrated." I took a nervous breath. My Dad looked at me with raised eyebrows and nodded at my words.

"What would you do if you had a crush on someone but the person has never noticed you? I mean the person has eyes for other people but not you?" I finally spoke out the words that have been stuck in my throat for way too long.

"Are you sure you're not speaking for yourself?" My father

teased me and I shook my head vigorously because I didn't want him to find out the truth.

"It's my friend, I would like to help out." I emphasised the word "friend" and he was convinced that indeed it was my friend who needed the advice.

"Well, if she's in love with the boy, she can try to make the first move since he has never noticed her." My dad said and I went quiet.


I remembered how I tried to make a move to Nico countless times but he pretended as though he didn't notice my efforts and caused heartache for me.

"She has tried all means but the boy keeps on ignoring her as though she doesn't even exist. And whenever they get a chance to talk, they only argue and that is it." I explained to my dad and he listened carefully.

"If that's the case, your friend can decide to distance herself from the boy and the crush will slowly fade away." He shrugged nonchalantly as though it was not a big deal. If only he could know...

"Sometimes, we don't get what we want in life and we have to accept the bitter truth that some things were never meant to be ours. I know it will be hard for your friend to make the decision because maybe she hoped for something good to happen. I know it will hurt but it will be a good decision in the long run." I pressed my lips into a thin line and nodded, flashing my dad a smile so that he couldn't find out that it



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was me. Only the goddess knew how much it hurt deep down...

"Okay, and thank you for the piece of advice. I will let her know about your thoughts. I think staying away from him is a good idea too." My lips curved into a smile and dad nodded at my words.

We talked some more and he walked out of my room. I crawled back under the warm sheets and thought about my Dad's advice.

"I think it's about time you let the crush go and focus on your life, Amara. Your eighteenth birthday is coming soon and you'll find your fated mate. Nico is now your step-brother and crushing on him is forbidden." I advised myself

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