

Chapter 13

KIRA:

"What is going on?" I whisper to myself as I take a look at my hands that just performed some magic. How did I suddenly become this strong?

I do not want to believe what is happening, but looking at the floor and seeing Sophie right there brings me to the realization of things. It really is happening. I just put the mighty Sophie on her butt.

Looking around, I see that students like us have gathered around to witness the scene. Instantly spikes up the nervousness in me. I should get away from here this instance before things get out of hand.

But before I can make any move, Sophie is up on her feet, looking ready to have another go at me. Although she looks humiliated, the fiery side of her won't back down.

"Sophie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hit you," I start to apologize to her because even though I had just done something as magnificent as that, I still am scared about going against her. Who knows if that has happened as a mere fluke?

But it seems Sophie is buying none of it as she says, "You'll pay for what you just did!" before charging straight at me.

I could not react in time because the next second, I was facing the ceiling with my whole body on the ground. And at the same time and excruciating pain shoots through my cheek which was where a punch landed successfully on me.

My quick wittiness helped me after that. Why? Because Sophie was not done there.

I see her leg coming right at my face, and just before it could land, I shift to the side, grab a hold of the leg, and then pull her with a lot of force to the ground. Pretty sure it was her head that made a loud impact.

And then I quickly get up to my feet before she can beat me to it. She follows suit and then strikes at me again and again but I successfully dodge every of her hit. And when another comes at me, I do not know when I grab her fingers and then give twist them which makes her wince in pain because even I could feel that I was at the point of breaking them.

I do that for a little more while and when I was satisfied, I kick her squarely in the stomach to send her to the floor for the third time in the span of two minutes.

I am stunned at the whole scenario that I feel my legs rooted to the ground. Katie and Evelyn that have been standing behind Sophie as sidemen quickly rush down to help her up to the ground. And from their attitude, I can tell that they are trying to be wary of me.

The whole crowd was visibly wowed and I can tell from their faces. I mean, I just beat down a senior. And not just any senior, she is one that has successfully matured into a full wolf. How did I suddenly get to be this skillful that I can stand my ground against a being as strong as Sophie?

Not being able to withstand the stares from the crowd anymore, I quickly rush out of the hallway to head to my class, putting my head down in shame.

"What just happened there?" I immediately whisper to my supposed wolf after I was sure that I was far away from the scene of the fight.

'Is my talk about you being special still useless?' is the response I get from Alexia which only has me confused.

"I don't know what you are talking about," I say, certainly oblivious of what she is actually getting to. And I am not even in the right frame of mind to have an idea of what it is.

'Of course, you don't,' Alexia says mockingly. 'You think everything that has started to happen to you just happened in a way? Do you think me being in your head just came to be? No. It's all because of the special tag you have on you which you choose to deny.'

"If I'm that special, then why am I not able to shift to a wolf? Is there an answer to that?"

'If I had an answer, trust me, I would have dished it out to you. But I don't. And I'm sorry I don't because I should have

all the information you need. But it does not change how special you are. So the earlier you start to embrace it, the better for you,'

I ponder over all of these, such that even during classes, I cannot think straight because I am trying to understand what she means.

It feels like I have been tasked with the biggest issue that I have ever come across in my entire life. And as much as I hate it, I have to admit that I have no way out of it. And Alexia is only making matters worse for me by putting such daunting words in my head.

When I cannot take it anymore, I decide to confront her during the lunch break.

"Are you sure it was not just you who gave me the ability to put down Sophie?" I ask as I look around the back of the school which I choose to say so I can be alone away from the others. Would be so embarrassing if I were caught talking to myself again.

'Kira, I share a connection with you does not mean I have control of your body. We are separate entities such that when you transform into me, you do not have control over me. The connection we share only allows for us to feel each other's souls and nothing else. The highest I can do for you is to share my energy with you. But controlling is not even a possibility,'

I have to sit down on the ground with my back on the

barricade. I put my hands on my hair as I try to process that as well. Just one of the things I have been doing of late. Processing and processing.

"So you mean to tell me that my body decided to react on its own, is that it?" after a long while, I inquire from Alexia.

'As it is, yes.' she tells me.

"Feels weird, I must say,"

"And weirder that you have to sit down here and talk to yourself."

I am instantly startled by the speaker that I find myself standing up from the ground. I look to the side to see I have company.

I'm totally shocked by the appearance of the person. I would never expect him near me because a lot of times I have come across him but never had the chance to talk to him.

I mean, this is Kelvin, the talk of the whole school. Sounds cringey but it is true. And I have to admit it as well even though the taste at the tip of my tongue is cliché.

Kelvin is a senior, which means he is Sophie's classmate or something. And with what happened this morning, I have to be wary of him being here alone with me.

"What do you want?" I demand as I put my guard up.

"Relax," he says. "I came here to talk to you."

"Oh," and I won't deny the fact that I wasn't expecting to hear that.

"So why were you talking to yourself?"

"I wasn't talking to myself," I say as I try to defend myself from the actually true allegation. Because I was indeed talking to myself.

"Hmph," he hums before he starts to approach me with his hands in his pockets. Totally complements the cool vibe that surrounds him. And if I was the type that is so dreamy about guys, I bet I would find myself drooling at his sight.

When he gets to my side, he sizes me up, or so I think, before proceeding to sit on the ground.

"Sit," he tells me, which I would say is an order. But I do not think about it before joining him to sit. At least I have been here for quite some minutes now. I make sure to keep my distance, though. Anything could go wrong.

I cannot stare in his direction. And why would I even do that? Yeah, his smooth face and brown silky hair are glorifying my sight, I don't see why I should pass him a sizing-up glance.

But then I suddenly feel insecure because I know how unattractive I look at the moment. There was no way my lame fading jean pants and caramel top would fascinate him.

Or is it my dark shade hair which looks kind of unkempt? Or my skin tone which is nothing close to glowing? Gosh, I feel like a mess all of a sudden.

"I'm sure you're surprised about what you did this morning," he finally speaks which prompts me to look in his direction briefly.

"This morning?" I ask, trying to act oblivious to what he is talking about.

"You don't need to pretend. I was there,"

"Oh,"

And then no word is exchanged between any of us for maybe a minute or more. I cannot keep up with the time because I have a device that would help me in this kind of situation.

I just sit there and wait for what he is going to say next. Although I am anticipating something related to that, I cannot help but imagine why he would be here in the first place.

"You sure taught Sophie a lesson," he says. And I am staring at him again, but this time in shock at what he just mentioned.

"But she's your classmate, isn't she? You sound like you are not trying to support her,"

"I'm sorry but I don't support bullies. She got what she deserved," he pauses and then continues shortly after, "The way you acted after the whole thing, I know how scared you were. And it was expected, coming from an immature wolfing." He then proceeds to stare back at me. "Hope that didn't come out insulting?" he quizzes.

I shake my head. "No, it didn't," I tell him, lacing my tone with assurance.

He nods and then looks away. I do the same too, trying not to be overwhelmed with surprise. Well, I must say, today is certainly filled with the unexpected.

"I know what you are..."

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