

Alpha Reid And Me Novel

Chapter 4 C4

KIRA:

“I think I’ve tried my best, Kira. I’ll be going back now to my duty post,” Bradley says as soon as we stop in front of the little building in sight. Looks like something that could only house a family of two or three. Apparently, it’s my house. And we are four living in it.

“Thanks for fetching me as usual, Brad,” I tell Bradley with a huge smile on my face. The look he gives me tells me he is not buying my act. But I still decide to play along with it. “What?” I ask him.

“Just get in. Your mom’s waiting for you,” was what he says and I give a playful nod in return as I turn to walk up the balcony into the quarters. “And don’t get yourself into any more trouble!” he calls out before I could reach the top of the mini stairway.

“Yeah, yeah,” I force the words out of my mouth, already eyeing the door in front of me. I do not bother to knock before pushing it open to get myself into the apartment.

The first thing my eyes catch sight of is a woman standing behind a table. The items on the table instantly give me an idea of what the woman is doing. Or what she is about to do. And it brings glee to my heart because mealtime is near.

“Hi, mom,” I say with my thirty-two shinning in her direction. The same dark shade of hair with a hint of grey. Yeah, that’s my older replica. But, of course, she doesn’t look pleased to see me.

“Kira, where have you been all day?” she demands as she puts down the knife she is using to chop the onions on the table.

“Uhm...” I mutter as I scratch an unlikely itch in my hair. “I was out tra—”

But I am interrupted, and not by my mother.

“Getting herself into trouble, I believe,”

An instant change of emotion floods my expression as I turn my head to the side to see a boy sitting on a sofa with his legs crossed comfortably on a stool placed in front of him. It’s none other than my annoying brother who never knows how to put his nose in the right place.

“It’s none of your business, Adam. Stay out of this!” I warn him before shifting my attention back to my mother. “Mom, I was only in the woods trying to gather my thoughts,”

Mother gives me a once-over as she picks back up the knife she was using. “That’s not what Bradley made me believe,” she says as she gets back to chopping.

“And what did he tell you?”

“He mentioned you could have run off to the Night Blaze pack. Don’t tell me that’s what you did?”

Bradley, that snitch! Wait until I get my hands on him.

“Of course not, mom. I would never do that. Why would you even think I would try such a thing? It’s so dangerous out there,” I feign an act as I defend myself from the accusation. I’m actually defending myself from the truth about my whereabouts today. Such an irony.

“You tell me,” she says, her expression stating that she isn’t buying my act. “We should as well be talking about how you got your skirt ruined up to this condition,”

I look down at my skirt and the damaged state flashes back in my eyes. Well, I know about this already. “I fell over,” I tell her after being unable to get anything important to say concerning it.

“And that explains how your leg is bruised too, right?”

“Yes,” I say, emphasizing the ‘s’. “Bradley’s spouting nonsense, I promise you. I didn’t go to the Night Blaze pack. You have to believe me. I think he’s just trying to get back at me for something,”

“And what did you do that would make him try to get back at you?”

“Hmph, I don’t know,” I let out a shrug as I respond to her inquiry.

“She’s trouble, mom. I’m sure she did something really bad to warrant such,” Adam’s annoying voice is enough to fuel a wave of anger in me and so I turn, preparing to pounce at him.

“I would keep that anger in check if I were you,” Mother instantly makes me stop before I could make a move at Adam. And it brings about a creepy smirk on Adam’s face which is more of a smug. Damn, I wish I could have a go at him.

“You wait and see. I’ll get that smug off your face pretty soon.” I growl at him as I enter into the apartment fully, shutting the door behind me.

“What’s for dinner, mom?” I ask I start to make my way into the other side of the quarters. And that is my room.

“First get yourself out of those dirty clothes and wash up too before you ask me about dinner,” was the response she dishes out to me. And it is just at the same time that I get to where Adam is seated.

I use that advantage to hit him in the shoulder as I pass by and he whines in pain.

“Jerk,” I mutter after the deed has been done. “What about dad? Isn’t he back yet?” I stop at the entrance of the room as I ask my mother about my father’s whereabouts.

“Not yet. But he should be soon enough. It’s sundown already,”

“Okay, I’ll be in my room,”

“You mean our room!” Adam yells as I draw the curtains into the doorless room.

“Shut up, Adam!” I yell back at him, already frustrated with his annoying attitude.

The room is the same way I left it this morning. All messy. At least my portion of the room.

I share this not too spacious enough room with my brother and that is how it has been ever since. And I’m talking about right from when I was little. The only way to differentiate our spaces is through a piece of clothing that we used as a barricade. And that started when I began to process that I needed privacy from the douchebag.

I collapse on my mattress without a bunk, which has a few of my clothes on it. I do not even bother to push them aside before doing so. Talk about how exhausted I am at this very moment.

With my face down, I take in a deep breath and it produces a muffled sound on the mattress. The delight of the sound it produces makes me do it again and again. Damn, I can be weird at times.

I sit up eventually from the bed and then take my top off. I need to be quick about what I am doing because there is hardly any privacy in sharing a room with a boy. I should hate it but I’m kind of used to it which is why I will not complain to my parents.

I’m left with my skirt and a nude torso at the moment, revealing my developing bosoms. Nothing too much of a deal for a sixteen-year-old but I’m proud of it in my own way. At least I can boast that I am a woman now.

Just as I start to pull my skirt off as well, something strange happens. And when I say strange, it is totally something I have no explanation for.

‘If you had stayed out, you wouldn’t have gotten your skirt ruined to this extent,’

Did I just hear someone speak to me? I take a brief pause as I examine my environment. No one is in here besides from me and it feels weird that I thought I just heard someone speak. I could be imagining things for all I know, was my conclusion before I set back to take my skirt off.

But I have hardly done anything when I knew I am not just imagining things.

‘Don’t bother looking around,’

Okay, maybe it's just me generating random thoughts. But could my thoughts have a different voice from my original? And why would I tell myself not to look around when I have done that already?

'You think it's weird? It's just you being weird, you know,'

"What the hell is going on here?" I ask myself as I stand up to my feet because I do not seem to be putting two and two together anymore. This feels really strange now that I can sense how weird the happenings might be.

"Is someone here?" I ask I look around. "Adam, is that you? Are you messing with me now?"

'It's not Adam,'

Surprisingly I get a response and it doesn't sound anything like Adam. Even if he were to change his voice, it wouldn't sound this feminine.

Funny thing is that I do not feel any sense of paranoia from knowing I might be right in my room with a stranger. How did I get to this?

"Then who are you?" I ask I start to see if I could find anything useful to shield myself from any possible attack. But nothing seems useful around here.

'It wouldn't even be effective if you chance upon anything,'

I hear that, and I instantly know I am being watched. Okay now, who the hell is it?

"And how would you know that?"

'Because I'm in your head, stupid,'

And that is when I stop with the movement. I take a few seconds to reflect on what I just heard. Did she or whatever it is just say she is my head?

"How can you be in my head? Damn this is crazy talking to myself," I smack my forehead upon realizing how weird I must be right now. "I'm just imagining things. That's what I'm doing. There is no one speaking to me. And there is certainly no way a voice other than my own can be in my head,"

'When you're done convincing yourself, tell me.'

Instantly I am overwhelmed because it is starting to feel real. There really is a voice in my head. A freaking voice that doesn't belong to me.

And as I am trying to make sense out of all of these, the unexpected happens.

“Kira, mom says I should— Oh,”

For a second, I stare at Adam standing by the entrance of the room, and then down at my chest. Then I realize the situation going on here.

“Arrggh!” I scream at the top of my lungs as I make use of my hands to cover up myself.