

## Unholy Gestures Chapter 09

The steam off my cup of coffee fogged up the window. Peering through I could see the vibrant colours of the sun appearing above the horizon. Sighing I turn back to the room, Claire on one bed, Jax on the other. And me. Standing by the window because I couldn't sleep. And not just because my two friends were snoring.

My last day in Greece, actually, my last hours.

"A? Why are you up? It's too early." Jax groans, I guess the sun beginning to shine isn't pleasant for everyone.

"Sorry, I'll close the blinds." I whisper, planning to go out to the balcony for some fresh air.

The door clicks behind me and I'm enveloped in warm air. Going back to Melbourne will be hard. Maybe I could move away, to somewhere warmer. To get away from him.

But I couldn't do that to my family. And I'm not going to let him rule my life. I'm going to go back to Melbourne, live as I would. Where would I live? All my actual stuff is with Cole, I could move back in with my parents until I find a new place.

"A, why are you outside now?" Jax asks. I was so lost in thought I didn't hear him come up behind me.

"I needed the air." I mutter.

"Come here." He says quietly and pulls me into a hug, he knows exactly what I want even if I don't. Even after years apart.

"I don't know what I am going to do, J."

"You'll work it out when we're home."

"That's just it Jax, I don't have a home. I mean, I have my parents but it's their home, I know I'm always welcome I just haven't lived there, and it isn't home anymore. All my things are at his. He was my home. Claire offered for me to stay at hers but I don't think I could live with her while she's with Hunter, don't get me wrong they're amazing but I don't think I could stand watching a healthy relationship. That just sounds bitchy."

"Oh, A, you will always have a home at mine, you know that. You can live with me until you get back together," he says, "unless you want to live with your parents." He added, almost as an afterthought.

"Can I really stay at yours?" I pull away slightly to look up at him.

I wouldn't be a burden on my parents, they still struggle sometimes, and their house was always too small for the four of us.

"Of course, you can stay as long as you need."

"Thank you." My shoulder relaxed, I didn't even realise how tense I was, how stressful this situation is.

"Anytime."

We stayed there for a few more minutes, until I could hear Claire fumbling around inside.

"We should head back in; what time was our flight?"

Pulling away, Jax checks his watch, "in a couple hours, good thing you like sunrises otherwise we all would've slept in." I smile, I didn't want to tell him I didn't sleep. Although, I'm sure the bags under my eyes gave it away.

"There you are, I woke up and thought you left without me." Claire jokes as we walk into the room.

"We were close though." Jax laughs, I weakly join in. Claire gives me a pitying look.

"Don't look at me like that Claire, you know I don't like pity." I scold, resolving to not allow myself moments of weakness.

"I just don't like that you're going through this again."

"Neither to do." I mutter, then curse, no moments of weakness, remember?

"Anyway, time get ready, we gotta get through customs soon."

"Ugh, international flights will kill me."

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"Addi, that's your third cup of coffee since we've been sitting here. I don't think you need anymore." Jax says reaching for the cup.

"No one takes my coffee." I say glaring at him. He holds his hands up in mock surrender and I laugh, I win.

He then swiftly grabs my purse I had resting on my lap.

"Hey, no fair!"

"All is fair. I'm making sure I'm not sitting next to a caffeinated freak during my flight." I gasp.

"I'm not a freak. If anything, I'm the picture of not-freak."

"And there's the caffeine kicking in."

"No, it's not."

"Addi, your legs moving the whole table." I look down and see that I'm shaking. Oops.

Jax took advantage of me being distracted and took my drink, I frown at him.

"Good luck on the flight then, sitting next to a caffeinated freak." I grin and walk over to Claire who was once again standing in line for a croissant. "Thinking of buying all the croissants?"

"All except the ones with tomato."

"Fair, how bout adding a coffee to that list?"

"A, how many have you had?"

"Not enough." I mumble, pouting.

"Fine, you can get anything with that look." She laughs, "Why aren't you getting it yourself?" She adds, curious.

"Jax stole my purse." I whine.

"Oh, he's smart."

She stops for a moment before deciding on her croissant and ordering for the both of us, "You want a croissant too?"

"Sure."

Walking back to the table victorious, coffee in hand, smile on face. A genuine smile, these people made me happy.

"Claire, why did you buy her a drink?"

"Because I know I can sleep while she's energised, years of practice sleeping next to her."

"You two are going to be the death of me."

“And we are going to enjoy every moment.” I smile.