

# **My Bestfriend Slipped Inside Me (An Alpha's Secret)**

## **Chapter 76**

Xade's pov

I become solid stiff. Your mate. Your mate. Those words ring in my head over and over. How did he know? How did he figure it out?

Henry must have seen the gears in my head shifting and decided to answer my silent question. "No one can be fooled by the way you stared at her. The way you almost lost control," he eyed me. "I guess you know the consequences of not being able to give in and mate with her fully since you took a while to notice I was close by."

My jaw clenched and he looked at me in pity. "I guess you made the decision for her as well. This can be avoided you know, your death. If you just mark her."

My claws pierce the skin of my palm and the warm blood dripped down to the forest floor. "I won't risk it, there's a good chance her body will reject it and she'll die. I'm not risking her life just for my sake."

He shook his head. "If you had not slept with her the bond wouldn't have woken up and demanded you mate her fully. This is why your wolf is already dying so quickly, not being able to even be close to her is slowly killing him and it won't take long until your human soul withers."

I scowled, grounding my teeth. "Don't you think I know that! But I won't risk it, I won't risk her."

Henry sighed as if he was talking to a child. "I won't force you, but if I were to bring this to Alister he will. He likes order and he rather save his people than see them die because of a human. If he knows-

Before I could think my fingers are around his neck, my claws digging into his skin and drawing out blood. Henry's eyes widen a bit as I snarled in his face. "You won't tell him a thing!"

His hands grab mine. "I won't. This is why I am bargaining with you kid." He managed to pull my fingers off his neck and I am not surprised since my wolf is weaker now.

I narrowed my eyes. "I won't just accept any stranger in my house either."

Henry rubbed his neck, a tiny smirk crawling on his lips. "Even with a weakened wolf and you still have a good grip in you kid," he coughed and spat some crimson blood on the ground. "Got to say if I wasn't a council member I'd be stew."

“Stop beating around the bush and tell me why you want me to keep some girl in my house and what is she to you. What is she?”

Henry coughed again and began to speak. “Her father is a rogue we recently captured. Alister had him beheaded because he refused to cooperate and leave the packs alone. His daughter....we were to kill her too since she shares the same blood and is rumored to have helped her father in the slaughter of innocent children in the pack.”

My brows draw. “If she’s as bad as her father why do you want to save her?”

Henry let out a breath. “Because she deserves a second chance like you got. I don’t believe she helped her father and in fact was perhaps one of his victims. She’s skittish and shy, surely not a killer.”

I scowl. “A killer isn’t written on anyone’s face. This could be a mask. They like to play the innocent card.”

Henry shook his head. “You don’t understand, when we captured her and her father we had them stay in different cells. She stayed in one very far away from him. The few children we were able to save from their slaughter...came to her and offered her water and bread. When they saw me they run and she refused to tell me why they don’t treat her as a monster if she was one of them that helped slaughter their pack.”

“Then why not tell Alister that,” I ground out.

Henry scoff’s. “Alister has already decided that she be beheaded like her father to make sure we don’t regret saving her life in the future since evil blood runs in her veins.”

I looked up at the sky, the stars contemplating. Henry was right, everyone deserves a second chance, however accepting a strange girl in my home wasn’t something I wanted to do.

“It’s only until I can figure out a way to not have Alister question her whereabouts and forget about her. She’ll get a new identity etc, might even get her to join a pack.” Henry drew me back to the question. ” Do this for me and I keep your secret. It’s a win win situation for us both.”

“She looks a bit child like...no?” Xaden asked, his arms crossed over his chest and his head tilted as he stared at the young girl sleeping soundly on the sofa. She seems to be around my age with a petite figure and height, dark red hair cascading down her back in tangle waves.

She looked to have been through the mud literally.

My brows draw. She doesn't look like a killer or someone insane...Henry was right about her being skittish and shy though. She barely said a word and blushed the entire time Xaden stared at her until she actually fell asleep on the couch.

"For the hundredth time, stop being a creep and stand there staring at her." I grumble, drinking another icky beer. Fuck the taste get more rancid as I drink.

"And you say she's a murderer?" Xaden ignored my words and instead hit me with more questions. "She's rather cute to be a killer."

I give him an 'are you serious' look and with a shake of my head, I make my way to my bed. "Have fun being a creep. If she decide to wake up let her know where the shower is, I don't want her stenching up the pillows V placed on the couch."

My words grow faint at the end, as I looked back and scan the area. One thing I noticed when I got back was the way Avery decorated my penthouse to look more homey. Dad advised me to take down the photos of us to make the pain feel less...but I couldn't bring myself to.

They can remove every memory of me in her head, every fragment and every thread. But for me those memories will stay, everything will stay. Our threads will remain entwined in my mind for us both. I'll take the pain for us both.

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### **Chapter 77**

Avery's pov

It's been an entire week since I've last seen that guy who seem to set something strange yet pleasurable feelings in my body. A week, and it feels like an entire year.

I will admit I want to see him. Badly. To the point, I'm craving him...like I'm craving food right now. I grab a donut from the box, dusting off the icing sugar since it's so sweet it makes my teeth ache.

I bit into it with a moan and with sticky fingers and the donut bit between my teeth I went back to typing out the essay I am way behind. It is due Monday, but I've been putting it back because I've had my mind occupied with the mysterious guy.

His eyes, his smile, and his lips flash in my mind and I instantly feel as though I have a sugar rush. Am I obsessed? What is this feeling?

Suddenly the door opens and Melissa practically runs in, jumping on the bed and barely missing my donut box. "Okay you wouldn't believe what I got." Her grin is bright, white teeth a contrast to the red paint on her lips.

A brain? Some morals?

I bit my lip to not let those words slip out and instead pretend to be interested. I will also admit for this week Melissa has been ticking me off. Because apparently she also wants my mysterious guy for herself. And in her words he'd go for her since he's more of her type and he looks like someone who likes someone like her.

"What?" I asked bluntly, biting into another donut.

Her grin broadened. "Tickets to the boxing match tonight."

I return my gaze to the computer screen. "Oh," I said half interested.

She slaps my thigh lightly and pouted. "Come on, at least be interested."

I chewed, swallowed and pointed at the essay I'm writing. "Sorry I'm busy as you can see. Plus I'm not interested in boxing."

Melissa snorted, rising into a sitting position. "Might want to rethink your words babe because you know that mysterious hottie I'm going to steal from you?"

That got my attention really quickly and I hated how her lips smeared into a smirk. "He's the one fighting tonight. So our mysterious hottie is actually a boxer. I mean did you see his arms," she sighed, her eyes glossing over. "We should have known he was into some kind of fitness."

My heart rammed against my chest.

She looks back at me. "I mean no offense and all right...we'll have him choose which one of us he wants anyway. But just so you know he'll choose me," she gets off the bed and winks. "It's a playful competition babe, no need to get upset. Winner takes all."

I gritted my teeth, the donut in my hand turning to crumble as I gripped it into a hard angry fist. "He's not some toy Melissa." I snapped harshly, not caring that my words were too angry.

She giggled, twirling. "Of course not. That's why I'm going tonight to get to know him better. You're free to join, I have two tickets." She showcase the tickets in her hand. "Unless you want to spend your night doing that stupid essay and munching on donuts. It's up to you."

She turns around to head to her closet. "By the way I got his name too finally! It's Xade. Xade Archer."

Xade Archer. Xade Archer.

Something about that name brings me familiarity. Why does it feel as though I've heard it many times?

As Melissa skim through clothes to go out tonight, I can't help but have that buzz of jealousy toward her. She found out many things about him, things I wanted to know before anyone else. I closed the laptop and looked at her. "When is it?"

She looks over her shoulder and smirked. "In three hours. Let the best one win." She winks, throwing me a short red dress to wear tonight.

"I'm not wearing that." I told her as I peel off the bed and make my way to my own closet.

"You should," she sang. "My clothes are way hotter."

"I don't need to look hot. I need to look like me." I said over my shoulder, my fingers brushing over some plain jeans and a huge red shirt. My brows furrowed. Why is this here? It's a male's shirt yet it's in my closet. I can't recall whose shirt it is....

I take it out and try to remember who it belongs to but my temples throb. With a sigh I throw it on the bed with the jeans, deciding to wear it tonight.

Melissa looked over and her nose scrunched as if she had sniffed something foul. "You're wearing that?"

I nodded. "It's me," I whispered, my mind reeling as I try to give myself some prep talk that tonight he'd notice me and not her.

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### **Chapter 78**

Xade's pov

"You're going to flunk your classes," Xaden warned as I walk toward the door, my duffel bag in my hand and a water bottle clutched in the other.

I stiffen. "Dad's going to bite down your neck if you do and he'll chew me up too for not forcing you to actually go to your classes man." He continued, moving off the couch and stretched. "You haven't attended one in a week and have been going to the gym instead."

"Oh," Kaylee the rogue girl squeaked low as she entered the room, her eyes shyly looking at Xaden whose torso is revealed because of his stretch.

He smirked, purposefully stretching once more until the poor girl's face is beet red. I shook my head and mind-linked him to quit it.

'She's my mate, I want to tease her,' he whined in my head, yet still put his arms down.

'I know, but she's still uncomfortable and scared of us. You need to relax and let her get more comfortable with you,' I warned him.

With a sigh he gives up and removes his eyes off her enough for her to figure out her speech. "I-I-

"Spit it out." I grumble, already wanting to get out of here.

Kaylee nervously wring her hands together and looked over at Xander who growled at me in warning. "I-need some-female stuff." She blushed red, looking at the floor in embarrassment.

"I'm going out right now to a match, Xander will help you. Just let him know what you need." I nudged my head to a happy Xander who look excited that his mate needed him for the first time.

She nods, shyly looking at Xander who's already making his way over to her. Seeing this as my time to escape without him feeding me bullshit to feel guilty, I opened the door and left.

Today I have my first match after coming back here. The owner was a werewolf so he remembered me. However I went from being the top boxer to the new guy seeing as most of the audience were human and could not remember me.

Posters were ripped to avoid any confusion amongst the humans and I'm happy the owner let me start back today. Boxing had always been what that made me calm down a bit, my human flesh. And now that my wolf was dying, I needed to feel more of that flesh.

It's been a week since I've been to the campus, but not a week since I last seen her. Call me creepy, but I've watched her silently every single day whenever am not in the gym punching bags. Watched her to the point one would seriously call me a stalker.

Henry kept good on his deal, a secret for a secret. So he allowed me to watch her from afar without him telling Alister. I appreciated it.

But soon I'd have to stop seeing her completely or my wolf will die out even faster. Her scent alone is killing me and not being near her is maddening painful.

Avery's pov

I squeaked as I get squished through the throng of people cheering for the two guys in the ring currently making each other eat their fists. Melissa gripped me and dragged me up front so we could have a better show of the ring.

I played with the knot beside my hip nervously. I did wear the huge red shirt and knotted it at the end to not make it seem as if it was swallowing me whole. I think I look good and comfortable. Despite me feeling the opposite right now.

“When will he get on!?” Melissa scream to get her words across since the cheers were a bit loud. Her eyes skip around the room, in search of someone, in search of him.

Something bitter crawls in my chest. I didn’t want to feel jealous but he was the one guy I actually like. Yet...she was purposefully trying to make this a competition to see who gets him first.

I only realized the current match had ended when the crowd erupted in loud cheers and Melissa gripped me so hard I thought my arm would break off. “It’s his turn! It’s his turn! Look!” She pointed to the guy standing behind the ring....Xade.

My belly knotted strangely and my heart flipped. Something is drawing me to him, something that makes me want to go to him.

As the two men left the ring, the announcer begin to speak but his words are mute on my ears as I watch with anticipation as Xade walks into the ring, his shorts loose a bit on his hip, the V on his stomach leading to abs that look so lickable.....

Snap out of it Avery.

His eyes scanned the crowd, as if almost urgent and for a second, time seem to stand still when they stilled on me. My breath caught in my throat. For a moment in time everything else faded, the crowd, the cheers...

It felt like it was just us two. Just me and him.

But that didn’t last as the bell rang to signal the start of the match and Melissa squealed beside my ear. “He noticed me! Did you see? He looked at me!”

I pull my eyes off his to look at her with a frown. Why do I want to punch her in the face right now? Maybe I can say it was an accident and get away with it?

I shook my head. I needed to calm down, my violent thoughts were getting out of hand. “I’m going to the bathroom,” I excused myself as I unlinked my arm with hers and disappeared in the crowd before she can notice I was gone.

In the bathroom alone, I splashed cold water on my face. From the loud cheers going around, the match was probably done since I’ve been in here for long. I sighed, at least

I didn't witness him getting hurt. My stomach tightened, I didn't want to see him get hurt.

I sighed and looked at my reflection in the mirror.

I should also get back to Melissa. She's probably worried right now.

With a released breath from my mouth, I made my way to the door. I opened it, only to be pushed back in by a huge frame. I gasped, stumbling, eyes widening when blue eyes connect with mine. "You shouldn't have come here."

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### **Chapter 79**

Avery's pov

His scent was the first thing that hit me like a blow to the face. Even though he had just got out of a match and was sweaty, he still smelled like spice and something else that was soothing.

And then his heat. It brushed up against me, making me shiver. He was really close. So close and I could touch him in seconds. And his eyes...those blues trapped me like the ocean.

I shyly looked at him under my lashes, my skin buzzing while my heart thrummed. "And you shouldn't be in here. This is the girl's bathroom." I pointed at the stalls with a jerk of my thumb.

His lips quirk and he surprised me when he took a step forward which resulted in me to take one step back, then another until I was pressing against the sink and he's pressing against me.

My eyes widen and my breath hitch. "X-ade," I shivered, feeling like some kind of electricity was zapping around us.

He freezes, his eyes staring down at me with a mixture of surprise and something else I couldn't quite put my finger on since he again startles me when his head dip to snuggle between my head and shoulder, his hand grabbing a hold of my hip.

I should be fearing right now, a stranger, a guy I barely knew was touching me. But I can't find it in me to push him away or feel gross. There was something about him, something about Xade that pull me in and crave more.

"Say it again," he said hoarsely, his voice so deep a shiver runs down my spine.



I gripped his arm, shuddering when I felt him pressing against my stomach. I should feel alarmed, I should be running for the hills right now. But I can't explain the exact opposite of the feeling I am swimming with now.

Instead I am very and I mean very aware of the sleek heat between my legs that were quickly dampening my panties.

He growled low when my lips tremble out his name, and the sound went straight to the spot between my legs. I gasp, my nails digging into his skin. Does he know that he was turning me on?

"Say it again," he awhile ago.

ed, his voice more hoarse than it had been

"Xade," I moaned when his lips brush along my neck and his grip became nearly possessive on my hip.

"My name on your tongue is maddening," he groaned, hips pushing forward. "You have no idea how much I've wanted to hear you say it."

I gripped on his arm for dear life, my knees now feeling like jello. "You really shouldn't have come here Avery," the way he said made my name gave me goosebumps.

The tip of his nose draws against my skin, my pulse where my heart had been pumping so quickly. His lips are warm and the tip of his nose is a bit cold. He draws in a breath, a large lungful as if wanting to imprint the smell of my skin in his memory forever.

"Oh V," he groaned, his lips touching, tasting my skin. I'm shivering, unable to push him away or understand what was really going on.

This isn't normally how someone would feel when a stranger is pressed up against them. When the said stranger is feeling them up and making sure they revealed how much aroused they were.

This is...in his words...maddening.

"I've been trying so hard to stay away," he continued, his lips opening and I gasp when I felt the tip of his tongue trace my skin.

I gripped his shoulder to steady myself. "Why?" I breathed out, my chest heaving as I press it against his. Can he feel my nipples? It felt so hard I wouldn't be surprised if he felt them against the fabric.

"Who are you?" I asked breathily when he doesn't respond but only tightens his grip.

Who is he? Why does he seem familiar? Why am I not repulsed? Why do I want him so badly?

He pulls away and I instantly regret asking him this question because of the lost contact. I wanted his lips back on my neck, his tongue tasting my skin. His eyes bore into mine, a flicker of warmth and something deadly in the depths of his soul.

“Someone you really should stay away from,” he uttered emotionlessly and pulls away, taking about five steps back and running a shaky hand through his hair. The tresses stick up wildly and I want to run my own fingers through them.

I frowned. Not a second ago he was feeling me up, practically purring on my neck. Now he wants me to stay away from him? Why is he so hot then cold? He’s confusing.

“I don’t get it,” I voiced out, my brows furrowing. “You were touching me, begging me to say your name yet...you want me to stay away?”

His eyes flickered to the wall behind me surprised the poor wall didn’t suffer a dent in the surface. “You should really not be so close to a stranger Avery. I could be someone dangerous.”

I frowned deeper. He was only confusing me further and that’s not fair. “The only thing dangerous is that huge bulge pointing directly at me,” I pointed to his hardness that strained against his shorts and reddened, widening when I realized my mouth suddenly had no manners and no brakes!

What the hell!?

My cheeks grew hot and I stuttered when his eyes danced with amusement. “You’ve gotten bold.” His brow flickered up and I tear my eyes away, pouring in humiliation.

“I didn’t mean to let that out,” I admitted, brushing my fingers through my hair. “Why won’t you tell me who you are? Why must I stay away? Why do I feel...this weird feeling whenever you’re around?” I shift my eyes back to his slowly and watch the strain in his expression.

His eyes flicker to my lips, my eyes and then returned to my lips again. “You need to leave Avery.”

My brows furrowed, unable to understand the shift in the air. “What? Why? Xade-

“Leave now!” He snapped, eyes dropping to the floor and fists clenched at his sides. I jumped, startled at the grittiness of his voice.

Something in his tone warned me to obey, and with a disappointed sigh out of my lips, I nodded and stepped around him to head for the door. My fingers were just around the handle when he gripped my arm and stop me. I keep my eyes on the door.

“Stay away from me.” He warned, letting me go reluctantly.

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### **Chapter 80**

Avery’s pov

Fingers dig into my neck, the pressure causing me to wince. There was a weight on top of me, hot breath against my skin and I gagged. I can’t see who, but I can feel the assault.

I reach up, crying as I try to grasp the invisible hand choking me. But I’m grasping air and I can’t get a good grip on anything other than my own skin.

My mind goes hazy and the air in my lungs feels trapped.

“Please,” I try to cry out but a sudden pressure pushes against my mouth, sealing my words inside my mouth.

“Avery!”

“Avery!”

I gasped out of the dream, my heart thrumming against my chest. It’s painful and even pulling air into my lungs seems as if it is a chore. My hands shook, clutching the sheets as if it was my anchor back to reality.

I can hear my name being called again, and flinched when hands grasp my shoulders. “Avery!”

Melissa. Her loud screech pulled me out of the fog that grazed my vision and I blinked, surprised to see her hovering over me concerned. It’s been two days since the boxing match and Melissa had been giving me the cold shoulder when she noticed Xade coming out of the bathroom after me.

So seeing her concerned for me right now was a bit startling. “I think you were having that nightmare again. You were crying and thrashing about.” She sighed, pulling back to sit at the edge of the bed.

My skin clings to the sheets under me because of my sweat. I shifted, frowning as my fingers shook up to touch my neck. It felt so real. Stronger than it had been before.

“Did I wake you?” My voice croaked and I cleared it, looking around the room. It’s morning. 10:30 to be precise.

It’s late and I am supposed to already be in class. But I had no intentions of going to class right now. I just needed some fresh air. I toss the sheets off my body and get off the bed. Melissa eyes me. “No, you hadn’t. Just got back from my class and saw you were having a nightmare.”

That explains the smell of perfume coming from her. I nod, moving my sweaty hair off my face. “Where are you going?” She asked as she looked at me throwing on some sweats.

I shrugged. “Need some cool air. A breather.”

It wouldn’t have made sense to go to class anyway, not when there were only a few minutes left until it ends. Melissa nods. “We can go to the cafe and-

“No alone,” I spared her a glance and smiled to ease the awkwardness. “I just want to get my thoughts together.”

Her eyes cast lower and she nod, getting off my bed. “It’s fine. I have to get ready for a date anyway, need to wax and look super hot.”

I throw on my hoodie, ignoring her as I slipped on my shoes. Then her next words made me freeze. “I got a date with Xade tonight.”

I snapped my eyes to hers, my stomach tightening. She grinned. “Looks like I win.” She twirled around, giggling.

My chest tightened and I felt like I couldn’t breathe anymore. I looked at the floor, my fingers pinching the lace of the shoes. I want to throttle her. Many scenarios with me strangling her flutter in my head like a film.

I shook my head, swallowed and looked over at her blankly. “You did. And I’m not surprised. Guys tend to go for casier ones anyway.” I straightened, not caring that I was being rude and blatant about my upset.

I peered at her shocked state and gave her a cold smile. “Congratulations Mel, maybe your pussy will be satisfied with one dick at a time now?” I mocked and turned around to leave the room, closing the door with a bang.

I know I was being extremely rude, and had just called her a whore basically. I can already hear the moral police, those who modernized sluts, chewing down my neck.

\*Fake gasp\* She slut shamed! Pointing fingers at me.

\*inward eye roll\*

Melissa was a slut and there was no sugarcoating it. Besides I am angry right now, and jealous so I get a pass.

I have been walking for what felt like hours. I must look weird, especially with the state of my hair. I hadn't bothered to brush it.

I didn't know where I was heading until I stopped in front of the door. The sign sticking on the wooden door was an old, barely visible paper with GYM written on it. My belly does odd flips. I'm not sure why I am here. Why I even thought this was a good idea.

He told me to stay away from him. And I should. I really should. I should have.

But God I can't seem to. And I don't want to. I really don't want to.

I pushed my hands in my pockets, sucking in the dewy moisture of the air as the drizzle of rain beat down my face.

He's probably not in there.

I chewed on my lower lip, sucking it between my teeth as I thought of why this was a bad idea. He probably going to be irritated. Think I am a creep.

Fuck it.

I stepped forward and opened the door, stepping into the gym. The sound of the punching bag being pounded echoed through the space and my eyes flick around until I spot him.

My pulse races and butterflies flutter wildly in my stomach as my heart skip a beat. He is shirtless, sweat glistening on his muscles as he relentlessly punches the bag over and over. My breath hitches at the sight of him. He looks so powerful, every movement precise and controlled. He was magnificent.

Xade.

I hadn't known said his name out loud until he suddenly stop and whipped around, eyes pinning me down instantly.