

url: <https://www.wattpad.com/story/33105325-perfect-addiction-wattys2015>
title: Perfect Addiction [#Wattys2015]
author: claudiaoverhere
First published: April 18, 2015
status: Completed
description: Eighteen-year-old Sienna Lane has finally got her life the way she wants it to be.

A steady job at the local gym? Check.

An awesome sister as a roommate? Check.

A perfect boyfriend who adores and loves her? Check.

Sienna thinks she has everything figured out. That is until she finds out that her boyfriend has been screwing around with her very own sister.

Talk about humiliating.

To make things worse, god has decided to bestow upon Sienna the presence of Kayden Williams. He's moody, resentful and has a lot of issues, but he is indeed a great fighter – perhaps one of the best if it weren't for the fact that he has been defeated in the ring by none other than Sienna's ex.

Both of them need each other more than they think they do. Kayden wants glory and Sienna needs him to fuel her revenge as well as a place to stay. So he makes a deal with him to train him for the biggest fight of his life against her own ex-boyfriend in exchange for living in his apartment.

Boundaries have been set. Both Kayden and Sienna have to stick to the rules and play nice. But that is proven difficult considering the fact that maybe... they don't dislike each other as much as they think they do.

In fact, they may just be addicted to each other.

#17 on Teen Fiction

Warning: This story contains mature language/swearing. Read at your own risk

0. Prologue

C O P Y R I G H T

Copyright of claudiaoverhere. No part of this story may be reproduced, stored in retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning or otherwise without prior permission of the author.

T I M E L I N E

Start: 07/5/2015

Finish: 04/09/2015

F O R E W O R D

She is a saint with the lips of a sinner.
She is an angel with a devilish kiss.

A U T H O R ' S N O T E

Perfect Addiction can be read as a stand alone novel. It bears

no ties to Perfect Illusion, its predecessor. It is not a sequel of PI, just a companion novel set in the same place but revolves around different characters.

To those who are new and have not read Perfect Illusion before reading this, It's perfectly fine! I do hope you guys will enjoy this one.

I've been thinking about doing a more dangerous story for quite some time now and it's finally happening, so YAY! If you'd like, please do check out Perfect Illusion as well. You can read that after Perfect Addiction or before. It's entirely up to you.

Enjoy!

E X C E R P T

"I can help you destroy your arch nemesis of the fighting ring and my ex boyfriend, Jax Deneris," I say with determination.

For a while, Kayden just stares at me. He blinks several times, trying to fully digest what I'm saying. Then, he throws his head back and gives me the fright of my life by laughing.

"What?" I say dumbly. He ignores me and continues to laugh, now wheezing. "Hey, fuck you, Kayden. If you think this is a little bit funny—"

"It is funny." He says, tears shining in his eyes. "Damn, Sienna. That was the best joke I've ever heard in a long time."

"It's not a joke!" I defend, clenching my fists. How dare he insult me like this? He thinks I'm joking? I'm going to bust his freaking balls!

"No offence, but I doubt you can help me with my fight against Jax," He says, the humor slowly dying off in his tone, "You're well... a girl."

"If a feminist ever hears you say that, you'll be dead by morning," I mutter, "but seriously, I can help you beat him. I know exactly how to."

"What makes you think I need your help?" He asks, challenging me. "You saw me out there. I'm more than capable of winning on my own, thank you very much."

"You've won this battle, Kayden," I tell him, "and you will continue to win other battles, I'm sure of it. But the question is: Will you be able to win the war?"

1. Sticks and Stones Don't Break My Bones

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Four days ago:

Hit.

I'm in the living room of our apartment. It's dark and the only thing illuminating the place is the soft light coming from my phone. I take a cautious step forward as if I knew what was about to happen next.

Hit.

I don't know why I didn't just turn on the light. Maybe it was because I couldn't find the switch. Or maybe it was because I knew there was no point being afraid of the dark.

I've never come to expect the unexpected. A routine has already been set—I'd come home and my sister, Beth would be in her room, blasting Taylor Swift from her stereo, and my boyfriend, Jax would be in my room waiting for me with open arms.

That's supposed to be the way it is.

Hit.

Outside the sky is gloomy. Heavy clouds hover over it, creating a tense atmosphere. I hear a roll of thunder.

A storm's coming.

Hit.

It rumbles softly outside, causing a small chill to run down my

y spine. I shrug it off and make my way through the living room, crossing the hallway. I notice light seeping through from Beth's room, and a small smile creeps on my face. Just as I place my hand on the doorknob, I hear voices. Familiar voices.

I'm paralysed.

Two voices blend together, and my heart quickens when I recognize both of them. A groan escapes from one of them and I gasp when he murmurs something that completely shatters me.

"You feel so good, Beth."

Hit.

Beth moans. "Stop, Jax. What if Sienna comes back and finds us .."

Hit.

"Relax, babe. She won't be back till 8. We got all the time in our hands."

Hit.

"She's going to find out," she whines.

Hit.

"No, she won't. I told her I was out running errands. And you already made sure she knew you were with your friends. " He coaxes her.

"Maybe you're right..."

I hear him kiss her. "I love you, Beth."

"I love you too, Jax."

Hit. Hit. Hit.

A scream erupts from my throat. I take a few steps back until my back hits against the wall. Both voices freeze and I hear shuffling before the door is thrown open. Jax and Beth are staring back at me, looks of pure shock and guilt plastered on their faces.

"Oh god," Beth covers her mouth. "Si, wait-"

"Get away from me." A strangled sob escapes my mouth. "GET AWAY FROM ME!"

Hit.

"Sienna!" Jax yells and attempts to grab me. "Wait—we can explain!"

"NO!"

Hit. Hit. Hit.

Tears pour down my face in an uncontrollable manner. I'm trying to breathe, trying so hard to breathe, but my lungs are tightening inside of me. The world around me blurs and I blink my eyes, trying to find my voice.

"Stay away!" I croak out. "Don't COME ANY CLOSER!"

"Sienna!" Beth starts to cry too. "Please, listen to us! We... we didn't mean for you to find out this way!"

"I... I can't..." I'm trying to catch my breathe. "D-don't..."

"It's really not what you think!" Jax tries to calm me down but I look away, tears swimming in my eyes, clouding my vision.

Hit.

"STOP LYING TO ME!" I scream, my fists clenched.

Hit.

My hands go to my ears, and I crouch to the ground. I'm in so much pain, god it hurts it hurts

"Just stop! JUST STOP JUST STOP"

Hit. Hit. Hit.

JUST STOP JUST STOP JUST STOP JUST STOP

Hit hit hit hit hit hit hit-

"Just stop, Si!" I say to myself, and allow the punching bag to swing back and hit me. I stumble and fall to the ground, my legs finally giving out on me. I land with a thud, gasping for breath. "Fuck."

I take a few lungfuls of air for stabilization. I have been ri

pped out of my thoughts so fast that I haven't any time to get myself together.

When I finally manage to recollect myself, breaking away from the trance that I had been in, I take a good look at myself in the full length mirror in front of me.

I look like shit.

My blonde hair is a tangled mess, clumps of them sticking to my face. Sweat trickles down the sides and I make no attempt to wipe them away. I'm caked in dirt... or maybe they're bruises. I'm not exactly sure. But I know for a fact that the pools of red on my knuckles are indeed blood.

I must have been hitting the punching bag too hard, way beyond my capacity. I should have been using protection but instead, the illogical part of me thought that it would be better if I didn't. I wanted to feel the physical pain run through my knuckles, passing through my veins, seeping through my body.

They say the physical pain replaces the emotional pain.

That's pure bullshit.

I felt both. Raw and definite.

Tears stream down my face as I take the bandage and wrap it around my knuckles. They will probably be sore for a while. As if on instinct, I look around the gym. The lights are dim and upon glancing at the window, I immediately know it's time for me to head back home.

Julian said I can lock up whenever I need to. He knows that I needed to lose myself in the gym for a while to let off some steam.

Grabbing my things, I head out and lock up behind me. I bite my lip nervously, knowing that I have absolutely nowhere to go.

I can't go back to the apartment. Beth is there and I'd rather kill myself first than face her again.

Jax's place? Not any better than Beth's. My ex-boyfriend is dead to me.

Friends? I left all of them when I found out that they knew about the affair long before I did and didn't tell me about it.

But that just leaves... family.

I can't go to dad's. I still hate his guts for leaving mom and making another life of his own without me. He doesn't deserve the grace of my presence. And mom? I don't know where she is. Last time I heard, she had been dancing with strangers in the heart of Rio.

I'm absolutely fucked.

The rain starts to pour down, at first lightly teasing me, but soon continues to drown me. My hair and clothes are already drenched, my legs are caked in mud, and my bags are thoroughly soaked. I cannot even begin to imagine the condition of everything inside those bags. And I really don't want to care right now.

I think the more pressing matter should be: What the hell am I going to do now?

I have no direction. No home. No friends. No family.

No boyfriend and no sister.

I don't think I have ever hit an all time low until now.

Part of me wants to blame Jax and Beth for doing this to me. Part of me wants to go back there and scream obscenities at them.

Another of me wants to crush their hearts the same way they've crushed mine. I mean, they deserve it, don't they? After what they've done to me? After how much they've hurt me?

I wipe the rain off my face, but I think I'm wiping tears instead. I'm not sure.

Maybe I'm raining tears.

Bitter resentment crawls inside of me, making my anger boil. How could they? How could they tear out my heart and watch the life bleed out of me? How could they be so selfish to do what they were doing, leaving me in a state

te of obliviousness? I look like a fool.

A damned fool.

And I don't have the balls to say that to them either.

I'm a mere shell of what I used to be.

A car zooms by so fast, sending a pool of water at my direction. The water drenches me even further, but I'm too tired to care anymore. I've surpassed all levels of pathetic already.

But I shouldn't be standing around feeling bad about myself.

Grabbing all my bags, I walk over my destination.

Jo's is a nearby motel down by the street that has been around longer than my actual grandparents. It's run down and had a thousand complaints over the years, but the rooms are cheap enough.

I enter the lobby, looking very much like a serial killer on the loose with my tangled blonde hair sticking to my face complimented with an angry frown on my lips. I place the bag back down and make my way to the receptionist. She's in her late thirties and she too looks like she'd rather be anywhere else but here.

"Hi," I say, placing my arm on the counter. "I need a room tonight."

She lifts her face high enough to look at me. "How many nights?"

"Just tonight," I say.

She stares at me for another ten seconds before sighing and grabbing a key and chucking it at me.

"Second floor. Room 104," she says flatly. "Enjoy your stay."

When she's out of earshot, I mutter to myself, "I probably won't."

Nobody helps me with my bags so I continue up the dilapidated stairs and drag myself to the room. When I open the door, I cringe at the sight. It doesn't look half as bad.

Okay, who the fuck I kidding? It looks like every horror filmmaker's dream come true.

I try not let that thought process in my mind so I decide to just chuck it away and pretend to be grateful. At least I have a roof over my head. At least I have a reasonably comfortable bed to sleep on and fresh water coming out of the faucet.

I place my hand on my hips and sigh.

I totally need to get my shit together—fast. So what if I basically kicked myself out of my apartment? So what if I'm alone? So what if the two people I loved betrayed me?

I can deal. I always have. First thing tomorrow morning, I'm going to go to the school admin and ask if there's any available dorms I can stay in. Even though it's mid semester, I have to try. I am determined not to let them ruin me.

I may have fallen to the ground and I can trust myself to pick myself up too.

I'm not weak.

I'm not.

I'm a fighter.

And after I'm done getting my life in order, I'm going to make both Jax and Beth pay.

And this time, they will be sorry they've ever messed with me.

A/N: So that was chapter one! Tell me what do you guys think! I wanted to try a tougher, stronger protagonist. Alexandria is strong in her own way but the thing with her is that Daniel makes her stronger. I want Sienna to be strong because it's in her nature to be like that. And I also want her to be a more vengeful sort of person.

Stay tuned for more!

2. Meeting Mr. Moody

The cover above is so adorable! :) thanks! @_gia_hasnt !

NOTE:

Perfect Addiction takes place a day after the last chapter (not an epilogue) of Perfect Illusion.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The first thing I do the next day is check out of Jo's and make my way to campus. Boston University is only a ten minute walk from here—five if you have a car—so I don't mind the stroll. After I pay the receptionist for the wonderful stay in the motel, I grab all my stuff and proceed to BU.

I realize my hand hurts from me murdering the punching bag last night so I put most of my weight on the other hand. Sometimes I'll stop midway on the road side and adjust my bandage over my knuckles. It gets tighter every time I re-wrap it so I won't feel much pain anymore.

My classes start in another half an hour so I ditch my bags by the tree in the courtyard, hoping that no one is going to steal any shit. It's not like I got much valuables anyway. The only important things I have are my phone, my purse that consists of only twenty bucks and a Caffeinated Card, and a watch that Jax got for me for my birthday two months ago.

They can have the watch for all I care.

It suddenly hits me that Jax and Beth might be on campus too. I know she has classes today and even though Jax doesn't, I really don't want to take any chances. They've been leaving me voicemails on my phone, telling me to come back home and talk things through. After a while, I eventually delete all their voicemails and shut off my phone.

So I go to class early. I pick the most inconspicuous seat which is the back of the amphitheatre-style classroom—eighth seat to the left. It's a great seat and it doesn't draw attention. I keep my head down and pull my navy blue hoodie up, hiding my dirty blonde hair. I use the screen on my phone to check my reflection and I'm appalled by how bad I look.

There are dark circles under my eyes, and I look absolutely beaten. I look like a crazy girlfriend from hell.

I decide that there's nothing much I can do about how I look so I keep my phone and take out my notepad and some pens. I have no idea why I took this class. History isn't exactly my thing but I find it interesting enough not to drop it. Beth suggested I take up astronomy like she did, but I hate looking at the stars.

Stars give false hope.

Students start to file in, and most of the seats get taken. I leave the spot to my right for my acquaintance. When he sees me, he waves and slides into the seat next to me.

"Hey, Sienna," he says.

"Hey, Brent." I smile at him.

Brent Jacobs has been sitting next to me throughout this whole semester. I wouldn't call us close friends. We're just people who happen to share each other's notes—or to be specific, him sharing his notes with me—and exchange corny pick up lines to make each other laugh.

"What do you got for me, Jacobs?" I click my pen. "Shoot."

"Okay," he says then clears his throat. I laugh quietly when he does this. "Are you my homework? Because I'd like to slam you against my table and do you all night long."

"Oh god." I snicker. "Wait. I got one for you: I seem to be lost. May I have the direction... to your heart?"

"That's a good one." He nods. "Are you the dub to my step? Because I wub wub wub you."

I burst out laughing. Christ, this makes me feel so much better.

r. It helps to take the bullshit I had to go through these past few days.

"Oh shit," Brent nudges me by the shoulder. "Mr. Cooper is watching us."

I immediately look down to cover my smile. "Shit. Is he still looking?"

"No. Thank god. He turned away."

I snicker and extend my hand for a fist bump. "You did good today, Brent."

"You too, Sienna. I think we make a pretty good team."

"The lamest pick up line team ever." I snort.

Brent laughs and his eyes travel down, landing on my hand. All the humor in his eyes leave just as quickly as it came. "Jesus, Si, what happened to your hand?"

As if on instinct, I retreat my hand and blush slightly. "Nothing. It's just... an accident."

"Did someone hurt you?" He looks at me with concern now, his glasses slid off from the crook of his nose.

"Yes," I say without thinking. "I mean no. Nobody hurt me. They just... nevermind."

Dammit. Why can't Brent just be completely oblivious to my hand.

Brent blinks and frowns. "Sienna..."

"I broke up with my boyfriend, okay?" I say a little bit too harshly. "He cheated on me with my sister and now I have no place to stay because I can't even look at the both of them without breaking down. So I hit the gym I work at and did a number on the punching bag. Might have busted my knuckles while doing so."

"Shit, I'm so sorry," he says and he really sounds sympathetic. Unlike my friends whom I've recently ditched. They all knew that Jax had been screwing around with Beth and didn't tell me about it. I was so furious with them and they tried to defend themselves, telling me that they thought I knew.

That was the last time I ever talked to them.

"It's okay," I shrug. "I'll deal."

"Do you have a place to stay?" Brent asks.

"I stayed at Jo's last night. I'm going to try the dorms today. Maybe there's an opening-"

"I live in the dorms. I'm sorry, Sienna, but they're full."

Dammit. "Are you sure?"

He nods but frowns. "Yeah."

"I.... fuck. I'm so screwed." I drop my head on the desk and groan. "That's it. I'm officially going to be homeless."

Brent pats on my shoulder. "Don't say that. Look..." His voice trails off, hesitating. "I have a friend... who may be renting out a room in his apartment. I don't know. But... you can try him. He lives nearby and there may be a chance he'll let you in."

I bite my lip. He has a friend who's renting out? Sweet. "Great. That's great. Where do I find him?"

Brent smiles, and it's one that reaches his eyes. He notices that he has just saved my life so he takes out a piece of Post-It and scribbles something on it. When he hands it over to me, I realize it's an address.

"Go there and ask for him. His name is Kayden Williams." Brent tells me, "But be careful. You got to play your cards right. If you say one wrong thing..."

"Got it. He may possibly be an ex-murderer." I snap my fingers and paste the Post-It on my notebook. I stare at it for a while. Kayden Williams? He sounds familiar. Maybe Julian might have mentioned him before. I don't know. But I know I'll figure it out soon.

"Thanks Brent." I cast him a grateful smile. "You just saved my ass."

He smiles back. "I really hope you find what you're looking for."

Oh I better. Otherwise I don't know if I can survive another night being homeless.

After I'm done with my classes, I take out the Post-It Brent had given me and stare at the address. Typing it into my phone, I used Google maps to get there. Stony Brooke Commons is not so far from here; it's only an eight minute walk away from campus, which I'm super happy about.

This may be my potential new home.

Staring up at the apartment, I marvel at how beautiful it is. I'm sure the rent's high here and I will never get to afford it on my own, even though I'm on scholarship and I earn a pretty decent salary from the gym. Nevertheless, I get past the entry and make my way up the stairs, praying to god that Kayden's in. Brent never told me what time he gets off classes so I just have to assume he's home.

Nervousness creeps up on me and it mixes with a little bit of excitement. So far I'm liking this place a lot, and I can see myself living here.

As I walk up the stairs, I hear heels clicking from the floor below me and I look over the ledge to see who it is. I see a mess of blonde hair as she gets out of her apartment with a phone squashed between her ear and her shoulder.

"You stayed the night with Daniel?" She rolls her eyes as she speaks to the caller, "You should have called me or something to warn me? Jesus, Alex. I was worried sick. I thought you might be dead in a ditch somewhere."

She pauses for a while to listen. Then she sighs, now holding the phone in her hands. "I am happy for you. I..." Then, she breaks out into a smile. "Yeah. I'm really happy that the both of you are back together again. You have no idea how long I've waited for this reunion."

The girl finally is aware that she's talking loud enough for everyone to hear, so she starts talking in hushed tones. After a while, I see her end her call and walk towards the stairs.

"Hey. Um excuse me," I say, the words spilling out of my mouth. The blonde looks up and locks her eyes with mine.

"Err.. hey?" She says like it's a question. "Do I know you?"

I blush slightly but quickly collect myself. "No. But do you think you can help me? I'm supposed to go to apartment 4-B but it's not in between 4-A and 4-C."

The blonde laughs. "Yeah. That's cuz it's behind there." She points to the wall to the far right.

"Thanks," I murmur and start to make my way there. I'm stopped halfway when the blonde tells me to wait.

Whirling my head around, I see her catching up to me, her heels clicking rapidly against the floor. "Hey, sorry. I didn't catch your name."

"Sienna." I say with a tiny smile.

She beams at me and sticks her hand out. "Great. I'm Cara. Nice to meet you. You're new here?"

"Hopefully so." I say, then notice her confused look on her face. "Oh, I mean—well, I heard this guy was renting out a room so..."

Cara gets my drift. "Right. Well. Be careful." She eyes apartment 4-B suspiciously. "The guy that lives here... isn't so friendly. Trust me on that. I tried offering him cookies once when he moved here. Took them and slammed the door at my face. My boyfriend, Simon finds him super weird."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt to try anyway."

Her smile appears again, and I notice that she is quite pretty. Damn it. I would kill for her eyes. And her freakishly long legs.

"Okay then," She clasps her hands together. "I hope you may be my new neighbour. We can totally be friends. I'll introduce you to my best friend too. Alex is kind of a bit off sometimes, but she'll warm up to you soon enough."

"Riiiiiiiiight," I say awkwardly. Cara is cool and everything but we just met. She kind of needs to chill. "I'm just going to go now..."

"Okay bye!" She says and then walks away.

Taking a deep breath I need to calm myself down. Okay, maybe this place isn't so bad. See? I've already made a new friend.

Easy fucking peasy.

I stare at the door in front of me. I can do this. I can knock on this guy's door and plaster a huge smile on my face. He will answer the door and be charmed by my easy going smile and my charming personality (insert vomit face here) and he will let me stay in his apartment.

He will. Because he is super nice and extremely welcoming and he is not an ex-murderer.

Mustering up my courage, I knock on the dude's door.

Silence greets me back.

I wait for another two minutes, and realizing that nobody's going to open the door, I sigh and grab my bags, ready to go. But just before I can turn around, I hear shuffling from inside the apartment and footsteps growing closer.

The door flies open and I'm startled by the guy's abrupty.

Kayden now stands in front of me, his eyes hardening when he sees me. His jaw clenched tightly when his gaze travels up and down my body. Even though he looks really angry, I've ever seen anyone so... beautiful.

He's beautiful, alright. Not beautiful in a pretty boy sense. Or even the tough guy sense. Sort of like a mix of both. He's muscular around the arms. But he's not that buff either. His chest doesn't arch upwards like some other gym junkies I've met.

His face. God, his face. Those smouldering grey eyes of his almost made me melt on the spot. From his eyes down to his defined jaw and all the way down to his full lips. Almost perfection.

Almost.

There is a hint of a tattoo, but it is covered by the white T-shirt he's wearing. I see the vague swirls of tattoos peeking through the thin fabric. A small cut runs across his lip and when my gaze lingers on it, his face turns into a huge scowl.

"Who the hell are you?" Kayden says rudely.

Remember, Si. Charm his pants off! I remind myself.

I put on a huge smile. "I'm Sienna Lane. Brent, your friend, sent me here because he said you're renting a room in your apartment. Am I right?"

He narrows his eyes at me. Then, he seethes, "Yes. I am."

"Do you mind if I look around?" I'm ready to step into his apartment but Kayden blocks the doorway.

"What makes you think you can just come in here?" His scowl grows worse.

"Excuse me?" I'm taken aback by him. "I just wanted-"

"You want to stay here?" Kayden demands.

"Yes."

"Jesus fucking Christ," Kayden swears and rakes his fingers through his hair. "Fucking Brent, screwing things up for me..."

I am so confused. The fuck is he talking about?

"Look, if this is not a great time, I can come later or something." I shrug. "But I really am interested in staying here. I need somewhere to stay ASAP and your place can do just fine-"

A low laugh rumbles from the back of Kayden's throat. My mouth gapes open in disbelief.

This guy isn't serious, is he?

"Is what I just said funny to you?" I say with irritation.

When his laugh dies off, Kayden finally looks at me. "I'm sorry it's just that... you're a girl."

"Are you fucking sexist or what?" I can help but curse. I've only met this guy five minutes ago and I think I already dislike him a lot.

"No! I just—fuck. It came out wrong," he defends himself. "I'm just saying, with you being here, you're going to fuck things up for me. I got my own shit to do. I may be renting out, but there's no way in hell I'm sharing this apartment with you."

"Why the fuck not?" I cross my arms. "You don't think I can afford it? Because I can. And I won't bother you throughout my entire stay, I just need a roof over my head—"

"This place isn't a shelter." His hard eyes meet mine. "I don't take in strays."

"You son of a bitch," I hiss. "How dare you call me that—"

"I'm sorry but it's true!" He lifts his hands up. "I can't... you can't stay here, alright? I was hoping for someone else like a guy, or someone who won't give any trouble—"

"Hey, come on!" I have never been this insulted by a guy before. He even puts Jax to shame. "You don't even know me!"

"I don't have to know you to know that you're only going to bring me trouble. Trouble I don't need," he says like it's a stated fact. "You just can't stay here alright? End of discussion."

"You didn't even hear what I have to say!"

He sighs, his hand clutching the door. "Goodbye, Sienna. Don't come back. Ever."

And then he does what I wasn't expecting.

He slams the door at my face.

A/N: How are we feeling about the Cara crossover? HEHE. I know. I squealed internally too. So Kayden isn't off to a good start. But then again, so was Daniel. HAHA. I'm so excited to see where this story goes and I'm so happy to be sharing all the new characters with you. (; Do stay tuned for more!

3. Fight or Flight? You Choose

EYYYYYY. KAYDEN BEING FULL ON FIGHTING MODE^

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I blink dumbly at the door, wondering what the hell had just happened. Did Kayden just...?

What a fucking asshole.

Well, if he didn't want me here, then I don't want to stick around anymore. Because I doubt I want to stay here if this is what I have to put up with.

I can't believe I just lost a really good opportunity to stay here because of the fucking owner and his shit personality. I really thought I was going to stay here. God dammit, now I'm back to square one.

What am I going to do now?

Setting all my bags aside pathetically, I slide down unto the floor, pressing my back against the wall. I will have to keep looking, I guess. But finding another place to stay will take me days. I will have to scour for offers everywhere.

I can't believe I'm this desperate.

I guess that's the only option I have. I'd have to stay at Jo's for a few more nights and keep myself busy with finding another place to stay. It will be alright. Eventually an offer will come. I will find another place as good as this.

I will.

I can't.

It's been two days and nothing has come up. I tried asking around on campus and the rent's either too damn expensive or it's too far away. I even tried the dorms again, but it's full. I let out a sound of frustration as I mentally cross that option out of my head.

Why can't something go my way for once?

Needing to take my mind off this, I head over to the gym for a while to clear my head. My knuckles are less sore now and they're starting to heal, which means I can take the punching bag again. I need to hit something. Bad. I'm mad about not having any place to stay and my fists need to seriously make contact with something or else I'm going to blow up.

As I barrel through the doors of the gym, I can't help but feel a lot better. The Universal Fighter's Gym has been my home more than any place else.

I've been training here for three years before I decided to take a job here as a trainer. I cringe slightly, remembering that Jax was the one who had introduced me to this way of life. Fight or flight, he once said. You choose.

Jax Deneris is a fighter. When I met him, I knew that he craved the pain and loved the thrill of getting his ass kicked. I didn't understand at first, but when I started spending more time with him and he taught me how to fight, I knew.

There is a certain feeling that you will come across when you're in that ring. Adrenaline courses through your veins, making you feel alive. Your heart is a time ticking bomb, counting down the seconds to when you're going to come out of that ring victorious, or passed out on the ground. All that mixed with danger and the taste of power.

That's the dream.

I have never fought in a ring before—not even with Jax, but I've been hell observant watching him and his opponents fight. Jax fights like a tiger ready to pounce.

He is merciless.

That was what made me fall in love with him. Jax is always so determined—always so fierce. I love the way he moves around so effortlessly in the ring, circling his opponent. I love the way he keeps pushing until he's right over the edge and he's ready to fall. I love the hint of arrogance that laces his face when he faces his opponent, because he knows he's going to beat him into a bloody pulp.

God dammit, Si, I think to myself, he's not worth it. He cheated on you. He's not worth loving anymore.

Diminishing all thoughts about Jax, I set my gym bag down then grab my bottle and a towel. I wave hello to Julian—the owner of the gym—who's sitting casually behind the counter with a donut in his hand.

I place my hands on my hips and my eyes scan the gym. UFG is not the biggest gym in town but it's definitely the most equipped one. It's not your typical gym where you pay expensive membership just for the sake of working out and losing weight. No.

UFG is exclusively for fighters.

"Hey," I call out to Julian. "Do I have any appointments today?"

"Nope," He waves me off. "The gym's dead today. I don't know why you bother coming to work."

"Um, so I can get paid?"

Julian's chocolate brown eyes meet mine. "You're probably the only employee who cares about that. Most of my men just want to relieve their stress."

"Okay," I say, unsure of what else to say. "Where is everybody

anyway?"

Julian eyes me with boredom. "Preparing."

"For what?"

He pauses for a while before telling me. "There's a fight going on in Breaking Point tonight."

I curse. "God dammit. The competition's starting again?"

"Not tonight. But yeah, soon. Spring's just started. It's the best time of the year to hold one," He tells me. "Jax's joining."

I roll my eyes. "Of course he is."

Around this time of the year, Breaking Point gym holds their annual underground fighting competition down in their basement. It's amazing how they manage not to get caught by the police yet.

Word gets around pretty quickly around here and I'm assuming the competition that's looming is already the talk of the town. I guess I'm pretty much the only one around here who hasn't heard about it yet.

I've been too busy planning my revenge scheme on Jax and Beth.

Getting my revenge on Beth will be easy. I've been trying to avoid her these past few days, and soon enough, she'll break. It's not that she's fragile; she loves me so much that she will do anything to bury the hatchet with me.

If she loves me so much, why did she even sleep with my boyfriend in the first place? My guess is that she wasn't the one pursuing him—it was him that went after her. Beth is loyal, especially to me since we're sisters, and I can't imagine how long it took for Jax to make her turn on me.

And Jax has to pay for that.

So getting my revenge on him? It's not that easy. I don't know how I'll pull it off, but I have to try. I'll think of something. In the meantime, I have to move on.

And moving on means getting a place to stay—which proves to be way harder than the time when the British broke the Enigma in World War Two.

"Who's fighting tonight?" I say, my interest piqued.

Julian shrugs. "Don't know. Some Murphy guy. And that other dude who's been cracking heads since last year's championship—Kayden, I think."

"What a minute." I think I feel all the air leave my body. "Kayden Williams?"

"Yeah. You know him?"

"Something like that," I say, not wanting to tell him more about my weird encounter with Kayden two days ago. "He's a fighter?"

Julian nods. "And a good one at that. Almost as good as Jax. They fought during the finals. I know you weren't there but you knew the outcome."

I look down. Of course I knew. Jax won.

Jax always wins.

He's never not won a single championship before. Jax is incredibly talented. My heart aches for Kayden and for some reason, I feel sad that he was this close to winning until Jax put him down.

I have to see him. I have to see Kayden.

Suddenly everything starts clicking into place. A plan quickly forms in my head and I get so excited I start to jump up and down on the balls of my feet. "Oh my god oh my god Oh my god."

"Sienna, what the fuck?" Julian stares at me weirdly.

"What time does it start?" I run over to grab my bag and sling it over my shoulder.

"7 sharp. No more no less."

"Gotcha, I'm leaving now." I head over to the counter and lean over to press a kiss on Julian's cheek. "Bye, Jules."

"Where the hell are you going—"

"I'm a genius!" I raise both middle fingers and kiss them before

re lifting them to the air. "A fucking genius!"

I know exactly how to get my revenge on Jax.

I take a quick shower and slip into a simple black top and a pair of jeans. Tie my hair into a high ponytail. Stick a wad of cash inside my pocket and hail a cab.

I reach Breaking Point with ten minutes to spare. I now stand in front of the gym behind an alleyway that looks like a perfect place for murder. It's a very run down place but the least inconspicuous. I make my way to the metal door and knock on it three times.

The slot in the middle of the door slides open and a pair of menacing eyes stare back at me.

"Password." The man's bored voice almost put me to sleep.

"Black cat," I say, and I can't help but laugh. They come up with the most random passwords ever.

The slot closes and after a while, I hear the ringing of locks being taken out, then the door pushes open. I walk in, careful not to seem scared. But the truth is, I am. I haven't been to one of these fights in a long time. Jax once took Beth and I here and I didn't like the smell of blood that filled the air, so I never stepped foot here again.

Now everything's different. Because I have come here for something.

The place is dark and gloomy as I enter. Gym equipments greet me and I can hear the soft faint of cheering downstairs. The bouncer nods to the stairs beside me and I follow his direction.

I take the stairs two at a time, and reach another door. I pry it open and the familiarity of all of it hits me so hard I almost stumble.

The basement is so big it's fully equipped to house at least two hundred people. Rowdy patrons collide with one another, the air thick with the smell of sweat, blood and smoke. My ears bleed when the voices blend with one another, yelling names and numbers. I see several small groups of people holding out their money, eager to place bets on who's going to win tonight's fight.

"Son of a motherless goat," I mutter as I try to navigate my way through the huge crowd. Smack in the middle of the basement is where all the glory and gore takes place. The fighting ring looks decent enough; it looks like it was quickly put together and easy to disable if the cops ever find out about the place and they need to disperse.

I glance at my watch. Five minutes until the fight starts.

Good.

A bookie asks me if I want to place bets and I do. I hand the guy a wad of cash and tell him that I'm betting for Kayden. I know he's going to win this fight. I make sure I did all my research about him just now. From what I've heard, Kayden joined a year ago and haven't lost a single fight except for the one with Jax.

I say that's pretty incredible.

Someone accidentally pushes against me and I stumble back slightly.

"Sorry-" The guy's voice is cut off when he finally recognizes him. My eyes widen when I realize who it is.

"Brent?" I say, horrified. I never knew he went to these sorts of things. He always seemed so... I don't know, safe? Studious? The kind that usually stayed out of trouble. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"What the hell are you doing here?" He echoes the same question back to me.

"I'm here for Kayden." The both of us say and unison.

Wait, what?

Brent narrows his eyes at me, casting me a quizzical look. "Why would you be looking for him here? How did you know he's fighting-"

His voice gets drowned out by the thunderous roar of the crowd. Both Brent and I turn our heads towards the ring. A sharp bleating of a horn screams into my ear. Then, I see a man in the middle of the ring with a hailer in his hands.

"Welcome to the Vortex, fuckers!" He screams, like the hailer isn't already helping him amplify his voice. "If you haven't taken your bets already, what the fuck are you waiting for? You can't bet once the fighters are in the ring! And no touching or harassing the fighters. No interfering with the fight and no bet switching! If you are caught breaking the rules, I'd have my people kick your ass out and beat you up so you'd wish you'd never step foot in here!"

"This guy's insane," I say and Brent laughs.

"He's always like this," he tells me.

"You come here a lot, huh?" I ask him, my arms crossing over my chest. He nods.

"He's my brother," he replies, hesitating a little. "I come to every fight he's ever gotten himself into. And yes. Even the ones on the street."

I lean towards him. "You guys look nothing alike. How are the both of you brothers?"

"My parents adopted Kayden four years ago when he was sixteen," Brent says. "My mom works in the adoption agency. When they brought him in, she pitied him so she took him under her wing. He's been my brother ever since."

"Oh." That's all I can say. Kayden was adopted. Maybe... that would explain why he had an attitude.

I cross my arms and turn to the ring again, wanting not to dwell on that fact further.

"So let's get on with the fight, shall we?" The man screams again, and everyone cheers. "On your left, we have a newbie—Josh "Jaws" Murphyyyyyy!"

I can hear mild cheering but mostly, people are booing and throwing trash at the newbie as he appears on the ring. He beats his chest like some fucked up gorilla which makes everyone boo at him even more.

"And over to your right, we have the worst of the worst, your number one favourite, Kayden 'The Killer' Williams!"

I stare up at the ring as the guy appears from the other dark corner, draped in a red satin robe like a king. Maybe the red is supposed to symbolize the blood he's spilled or something. After all, he's 'The Killer.'

The moment Kayden appears with a grin on his face, the spectators stand screaming and cheering as he slowly turns to acknowledge them all. He runs around the ring, slapping people's hands doing a little dance to show his arrogance. He runs around a couple more times and slows down.

Then, his eyes scan the crowd and his eyes land on me.

The grin that he wears on his face immediately vanishes. His stare fixates on me, a very intense glare. I gulp nervously as he walks over to the edge of the ring in front of me.

"The fuck are you doing here?" He snarls.

He doesn't get an answer because another horn blares, signalling the start of the fight. Kayden tears his gaze away from me and focuses his attention on his opponent. He takes off his robe and eases into a stance.

He lifts his arms, his fists clenched, ready to pound his opponent. Then, he bounces on the balls of his feet, his calves flexing. He's muscular and large, but his opponent has at least a couple more pounds on him. It's great because Kayden can use his weight to his own advantage.

I can't hear anything anymore because everyone's screaming and yelling as the fighters size each other up. Josh makes the first move. Pretty daring if you ask me, considering he's a newbie. Most newbies in the UFC that come in to train can't even look me in the eye when I'm yelling at them to hit hard

er and move faster. Newbies lack confidence. This guy doesn't.

I guess it doesn't matter much to anyone because the minute Josh throws the first punch, he's already getting a few deadly hits from Kayden himself.

Kayden's fast alright, I'll give you that. He picks his pace, throwing his fists and moving around so fast you didn't even realize he was there. He swings his fist and it connects to the side of Josh's face. I notice Brent flinch beside me when Josh backs off to the edge of the ring, his look of fear already replacing the only hope he has of winning this fight.

"He's good," I comment.

He's good but if he was fighting against me, he'd lose. Big time. From what I can tell, Kayden is a good puncher. But he leaves his guard down a few times too many. But he's fast so he can hit his opponent and get away with it.

But that doesn't change the fact that even though he's good, he still has a lot to learn. He's lucky that the guy he's fighting right now is a total noob.

Brent shakes his head. "Your ex-boyfriend can end him in one single punch, that's for sure. He still needs time to improve."

Damn straight.

The crowd watches, enraptured, as the fight continues. I hear sounds of cracking fill the air but I don't care much as long as it's not Kayden that's losing. He throws punch after punch after punch, ducking and serving whenever Josh attempts to hit him sloppily.

Kayden dodges his opponent's fist and then punches him straight in the stomach on full force, which sends Josh flying straight to the ground. Now I know why Kayden is nicknamed 'The Killer.'

It's because he kills. Literally.

He doesn't even bother to stop when Josh is on the ground. Kayden continues to hit him everywhere- his face his arms, his chest, until Josh has no choice but to tap out.

"Annnnnnnnd the winner is the one and only... KAYDEN 'THE KILLER' WILLIAMSSSS!"

The audience explodes when the man lifts Kayden's fist up into the air, signalling the end of the fight. Everyone is high on euphoria now that Kayden has won.

I see the bookie I had just handed money to give me double my money back.

Brent chuckles as he gets a wad of cash from the bookie too. "I love betting on Kayden. I'm filthy rich because of him."

I see another fight starting and I notice Kayden isn't the one fighting anymore. I look around and notice that he's gone. God dammit.

"Hey, do you know where Kayden went?" I ask Brent. "Please, it's important."

Brent frowns. "Is this about the apartment thing? Look if it didn't work out, there's no use asking him again-"

"No you don't understand," I say. "I have to talk to him. He'll want to listen to me. Trust me on that."

"I don't know..."

"Brent, come on." I shake his shoulders and stare at him with fierce determination. "Please. He would know better than to turn me away."

Brent clenches his jaw tightly before sighing. "He's probably at the back of the gym cooling down. I'll take you to him if you want."

I nod.

Brent and I weave our way through the crowd. He holds the back door open for me and I enter a hallway. Brent leads the way until we come to a stop at another door. I notice a bodyguard standing beside it. Brent says something to the bodyguard and he opens the door for us.

"Thanks," I tell Brent.

"I'll wait outside," he says with a smile. "Good luck, Si."

Kayden has his back towards me. He's too busy bandaging his arms to realize that I've entered the room. I clear my throat and he turns around. His warm eyes meet mine and his signature scowl returns to his face.

"You," he sneers. "I told you to stay away from me--"

"Technically, you told me to never come back to your apartment again." I purse my lips. "But I think you'd wanna hear what I have to say."

"I can't fucking believe you," Kayden rolls his eyes. "Why can't you take the hint? I swear to god--"

"Just shut up and listen to me, you stupid twat." I say, annoyed.

His eyes radiate humor. "Did you just call me a twat?"

"Yes I did!" I place my hands on my hips. "Now shut up because what I'm about to say to you is probably the best thing you'll probably ever hear."

Kayden drops himself on the moth-eaten couch and tilts his head sideways, looking at me with curiosity. "Fine. If this is the only way to get you to leave me alone, then I'm listening."

I take a deep breath.

"I can help you destroy your arch nemesis of the fighting ring and my ex-boyfriend, Jax Deneris."

4. Deal with the Devil

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

For a while, Kayden just stares at me. He blinks several times, trying to fully digest what I'm saying. Then, he throws his head back and gives me the fright of my life by laughing.

"What?" I say dumbly. He ignores me and continues to laugh, now wheezing. "Hey, fuck you, Kayden. If you think this is a little bit funny--"

"It is funny." He says, tears shining in his eyes. "Damn, Sienna. That was the best joke I've ever heard in a long time."

"It's not a joke!" I defend, clenching my fists. How dare he insult me like this? He thinks I'm joking? I'm going to bust his fucking balls!

"No offence, but I doubt you can help me with my fight against Jax," he says, the humor slowly dying off in his tone, "You're well... a girl."

"If a feminist ever hears you say that, you'll be dead by morning," I mutter. "But seriously, I can help you beat him. I know exactly how to."

Kayden stares at me with intensity. "I don't get you, Sienna. I don't get how you fit into any of this. How you want to get yourself involved with all of this. You must be bat shit crazy if you want to be part of this world."

"Maybe you're right." I shrug. "But I'm pretty desperate here, Kayden. For some unknown reason, you refused me a place to stay in your apartment. I've been scouring the area but I'm still homeless. So I need you. And you need me. I say we can work together to get what we both want."

He crosses his arms and his lips are set into a thin line. All of the humor leaves him. "I don't want anything from you, Sienna."

"Oh, you do. You just don't know it yet."

"Enlighten me then." He crosses his legs, giving his entire attention to me.

"Jax was my boyfriend..." I start off, and then realizing that came out super pathetic so I clear my throat. "I spent three years of my life with him. He taught me how to fight. How to survive. He trained me and I watched him as he fought with his opponents outside the competition. I know how he trains, how he works, how he thinks. I know every single defense and offense he's ever used on anyone. I've memorized how he hits, and how he dodges. He taught me almost everything, and I'm right here in front of you. A mere copycat of your enemy."

y."

Kayden's jaw clenches. "Care to share all your knowledge about him with me?"

I smile. He wants this. I know he does. He can't say no to this deal, even if he wants to.

"I will do more than that. I will train you. However long you want me to. I'll teach you how to beat me. I'll make sure you win all those fights, especially the one against Jax."

"What makes you think I need your help?" He asks, challenging me. "You saw me out there. I'm more than capable of winning on my own, thank you very much."

"You've won this battle, Kayden," I tell him, "and you will continue to win other battles, I'm sure of it. But the question is: Will you be able to win the war?"

He stays silent for a while, thinking about what I have just said to him. I know he's seriously considering this.

He knows that he needs me in order to take the championship this season.

"Last season, you were invincible. You slayed everyone who stood in your path. But when you came to Jax... you faltered." I place myself on the couch, making sure to angle my body towards him, "I wasn't there but I know he fucked you over. What happened in that ring between you two probably took a toll on you. Maybe it fueled you. Made you want to win even more this year. And I can guarantee that win for you. With my help, you'll be able to beat him and you'll get your glory."

"Why do you want to help me?" He asks me accusingly. "You said he was your boyfriend. Was. Something ugly must have happened between the both of you to make you come to me, huh? What is it? Dumped you for another girl?"

"He cheated on me. With my own sister." Suddenly I'm not afraid to say it anymore. I'm not ashamed of it. "He's an asshole and he fucked me up. Badly. I want my revenge on him. I want to make sure he doesn't get what he wants, which is that championship. He's been winning for so long. I think it's time if you broke his streak, don't you think so?"

Kayden chuckles. "You're damn right I'll break it. That championship is mine. But what do you want in return for your help?"

"A place to stay." I look down. "I can't go back to Jax's. And going back to my sister's isn't an option either. And I also can't be staying at a motel for the rest of my life. I need to stay in your apartment—at least until I graduate."

He stays silent again. "I don't know..."

"Why are you so against me staying with you?" I prod. "Honestly, I'm not that bad. And I'll stay out of your way, I promise. Besides training and living together, we can just live our lives separately. It's as simple as that."

"No, Sienna. Things are going to get complicated a lot."

I don't know what he means but I don't want to press him about it further. "So do we have a deal or not?"

"Give me some time to think, god dammit." He presses his face in his hands and sighs loudly.

"I need an answer now, Kayden." I say with urgency. "I'm not going to stay another night at that crappy motel again."

He shakes his head. "You do realize that once I say yes to this... deal, there's no going back right?"

"I'm sure of it. I need this, Kayden.," I say to him. "So Kayden, do we have a deal?"

He turns his head and his dark eyes meet with mine. He holds my gaze, like he's trying to find the answers in my eyes.

"Before I give you an answer, I want you to seriously consider

the weight of what we're dealing with," he tells me, his lips set into a tight line. "This is not a game, Sienna. I don't fool around. If you're going to help me, it's all or nothing. Understand?"

"You're talking to me like I'm a fucking child. Of course I know that." I roll my eyes. "I will help you, if you help me."

"Then we have a deal." He sticks his hand out and I shake it. "You train me to take that championship away from Jax and I'll let you stay in my apartment."

Those words make my heart flip. I don't think I've ever been this happy before.

"Okay." I nod.

"Grab your things, Lucky," He tells me and gets up from the couch, "You're moving in with me tonight."

I say goodbye to Brent outside and head back to Jo's to get my stuff. As much as I dread staying with Kayden the Bipolar, I have no choice. His apartment is sweet and I don't mind staying there as long as we don't have to converse with each other that much.

A little part of me is a tad bit excited that I will be training him for the championship. I know I told Jax before I was never going to get involved in this illegal shit, but the thought of watching Kayden beat Jax until he taps out makes me smile a little.

I got Kayden's number before I left for the motel and he told me that he was coming by the motel to pick me up. I dial his number on my phone and he answers on the third ring.

"Yeah?" His gruff voice meets me.

"Do you have Alzheimer's or something?" I say irritably. "You said you were going to pick me up twenty minutes ago."

"Well, hello to you too, Lucky," he drawls. There it is again! Lucky! Why does he keep calling me that? I want to ask him but I'm going to voice that question out loud. "And calm down. I'm already here. I'm pulling over."

"Good. Because I was this close to branding you the ultimate asshole."

He chuckles. "Lucky, I would never leave you stranded here. I need you, remember?"

"Damn right you do." I mutter. "Where the hell are you anyway?"

"Are you blind? I'm in the red car!"

I turn around and spot the huge Mercedes pulling over in the parking lot. Whoa. My mouth gapes open at the luxurious convertible in front of me. Kayden has his arm on the wheel and he flashes me a grin when he stops in front of me.

"Holy... holy lord," I say in awe. "How can you even afford a fucking Mercedes, Kayden?"

He gets out from the car and helps me with my bags, "I earn a lot from the fights. You have no idea."

"I think I do." I say, throwing my bags behind and sliding into the passenger's seat. "I earned a hundred bucks just by betting on you alone tonight."

He glances at me, his grey eyes meeting mine with interest. "Stick with me a little longer and you'll be rolling in money."

"Aren't you worried that you might... you know, go to jail because of what you're doing?" I turn over to look at him. "This whole underground fighting thing... what if you get caught?"

Kayden shrugs. "Lucky, you don't understand how this works. It will never blow over. This business, it's a popular one and it will probably stay that way for an infinite amount of time. There are eyes and ears everywhere, even within the authorities. So we will never get caught. Ever."

I don't know how else to add to that so I keep my mouth shut and let the sounds of Fall Out Boy fill my ears. Kayden stays quiet too, his hands clenching the wheel tightly as we navigate our way through the roads. I fidget with my phone in my lap, realizing that Kayden and I aren't exactly friends. We can't be comfortable around each other.

This is just a deal, and it has an expiry date.

When he finally pulls over, I grab my things from the backseat and he helps me carry some up the apartment. We still don't talk when he fiddles with the lock and pushes the door open.

This is the first time I've ever been to his apartment, and I'm never seen a place so... empty. The white walls are barren with no paintings or photo frames. There's a sofa that compliments with a wooden coffee table and a huge television. But other than that, there's nothing in the living room.

My gaze travels to the kitchen where takeout boxes are littered everywhere on top of the kitchen counter. I cringe when I see the huge pile of dirty dishes on the sink, and I don't even want to know what creatures are crawling over those said dishes.

Kayden stiffens when he notices me scanning the place. "It's not much, but it'll do."

I point to the kitchen and stare at him, appalled. "Seriously? Don't you ever clean up?"

"I got no time." He shoves his hands into his pockets. "I train almost every day."

"And that's all you do? Train?" My head tilts sideways. "Don't you have school?"

"I dropped out," he tells me and I'm shocked.

"Why?" Now I'm curious. I wouldn't have guessed Kayden was a dropout. He didn't look like one, even though he had the whole rebel persona going on- with the tattoos and everything.

Kayden looks away, clearly wanting to avoid the topic. "I don't see how it's any of your business, Lucky."

Aaaaaand he's back to being closed off again. Kayden is weird.

One minute I think we're getting on just fine and the next... he just shuts himself down and backs away from me.

This guy is crazy loco.

"Fine," I snap, grabbing my bags. "Don't tell me. Just... show me to my room."

He leads me down a small hallway. "That's the bathroom." He points to the right. "And that's my room. My room is off limits. No going in there, okay?"

"Whatever. It's not like you're that interesting enough for me to snoop around in your room anyways," I mutter, then my eyes travel to the room beside his, "And this is mine, I assume?"

"Yeah." He pushes open the door.

The room is big enough for me. Like the rest of the apartment, the walls are white. Pale blue curtains drape over the window and a queen-sized bed is shoved in the middle of the room. There's a closet, a long mirror, a study table and a chair to go along with it. There's nothing home-ly about this room or anywhere else in this apartment, and I think I seriously need to do something about it.

"Sorry I didn't have time to decorate," he leans against the doorframe and crosses his huge arms. "I wasn't expecting anyone to rent out this place."

"No shit, Sherlock," I drag my bags in and place them on the bed, "Look at your living room. There's nothing welcoming about it. No rug, no vase of flowers, no nothing. Doesn't it feel... sad, living here?"

Kayden's eyes bore into mine. "No. Not really. I don't really care about that sort of stuff. It's just a place, Sienna. It's not my home."

"You should make it your home, then." I sit on the bed and look

k at him. I don't know why I said it, but I need to.

"I don't deserve to make this place my home." He merely says, and I know he's hurting inside. What I said probably triggered some memory that he didn't want to relive again.

The words tumble out of my mouth before I have a chance of stuffing them back in. "Did... did something happen to you, Kayden?" I say out of worry.

His eyes grow huge, like he's on alert. Suddenly he's being closed off again, a scowl plastered on his face. "Don't. Don't ask me questions like that again."

He grips the door and before he closes it, he mutters so softly, "Goodnight, Lucky."

And I'm left on my own.

5. Setting Up The Rules

Thanks KohMei for the gorgeous banner! Love you!

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

After unpacking all my stuff last night, I head to bed a little after midnight but I didn't get to fall asleep until an hour later. I couldn't help it. My mind kept drifting to Kayden and his mood swings.

I've never met anyone quite like him before. His whole arm has been inked with tattoos that also went along his back. I don't know if the tattoos mean something or they're just for fun. Maybe it's a fighter thing.

Gotta look cool to be taken seriously in the ring.. right?

His personality is a little off too. I've only seen little bursts of emotion from him, but most of the time he's careful with me. Careful to put his distance. And yeah, it's not like I want to get close to him either; it's just that I think there's definitely more to him than meets the eye.

It's crazy. I shouldn't be thinking too much about him. After all, this temporary friendship will break. It's fragile enough already. So I focus on other things instead.

Like my revenge on Jax.

I wake up at eight in the morning and head straight to the bathroom. Today's Sunday and it's a perfect day to have a run outside.

I slip into a black tank top, leggings and my sports shoes and head out of my room. I notice Kayden's door is slightly ajar and when I take a quick peek in, I notice he's not there.

Huh.

I scour the place for any sort of note explaining where he went but come up short. Then, I realize that Kayden isn't probably the type of guy who tells me shit about his whereabouts. I guess I should probably leave a note for him anyways if he comes back home and jumps to the conclusion that I ran away or something.

Grabbing a pen, I scribble on a piece of paper.

Gone out for a jog. I'll talk to you when I come back. -Si

I grab the keys on the kitchen counter and flee the place. I like that Stony Brooke Commons is near a housing neighborhood because there are pavements for people to jog. I slide out my iPod from my pocket and wear my earphones.

I start out slow, but soon my lungs are aching and my body sort of goes numb after I reach the park. My breath has moved from controlled inhaling and exhaling to uncontrollable spurts and gasps. This is the point where I like running the most- adrenaline starts to pump in my veins and all my energy is focused on propelling me forward through every step I take.

My pace starts to slow down when I spot someone familiar in front of me. I can spot that body of ink anywhere. Kayden's wearing a navy blue sleeveless hoodie and shorts, and he doesn't seem to notice me come behind him. Of

course he won't see me. He doesn't have eyes at the back of his head, and as I come closer, I notice that he's wearing earphones too.

"Hey!" I call out and he turns his head back. He stops jogging and takes off his earphones.

"You didn't leave a note," I don't know why I say it. It seems so childish now that it has come out from my mouth. Kayden just looks at me with confusion.

"I'm sorry, was I actually supposed to leave a note?" His breathing is ragged, and his voice is hoarse.

"Uh, it wouldn't hurt to know where you're going, you know." I fall into step with him and he distances himself a few inches away from me, careful not to touch me. "You don't live alone anymore."

"I have a feeling you're going to be reminding me about that a lot." He grumbles and tucks his earphones aside. "And did you just follow me all the way here just to tell me that? Stalker."

"Like I'd want to stalk you. Please don't flatter yourself." I say to him, snickering a little. "I'm here to keep in shape."

Kayden groans. "Please don't tell me you're one of those white Tumblr girls that just want to have a killer body and don't actually care about the actual fitness."

"I'm very insulted that you'd label me as one of those menaces to society." I pretend to be hurt by what he said. That earns a slight chuckle from him. This is the second time I've heard him laugh, and I like the sound. He should laugh more. "But no. I'm a trainer, remember? And a hell a good one at that."

"Haven't you heard that modesty is the best policy?" He crosses his arms and glares at me.

I laugh. "Honesty is the best policy. And yeah, I'm being honest. I am good at what I do."

"Ooookay, Lucky," he says. "I think you may need to tone down your ego a notch or a thousand."

"Speak for yourself. That arrogant smirk you displayed at last night's fight? And that small dance you made in front of the audience? You were totally being a major show off."

"I was not being a major show off!" He defends himself.

"You totally were!" I stop at my tracks and place my hands on my hips. "First step to taking that championship from Jax? Is to get rid of your overconfidence. That will just get you killed."

And then I start running, not caring if Kayden's going to catch up with me.

"Hey! What the fuck!" I hear Kayden exclaim behind me and he finally does catch up with me. He's shaking his head when he's beside me. "You do realize you can't outrun me, right? Look. I'm literally running circles around you."

I shove him away playfully. "If this isn't called being a major show off, then I don't know what is."

We jog in silence, going about it again once we've reached the back of Stony Brooke Commons and rounding back a second time. Kayden hands me a bottle of water and I press my lips against the opening of it, taking in the cool liquid.

I shove it back to him and he huffs when it makes contact with his chest. "Damn, Lucky. You don't have to get that rough with me."

I eye him. "It's going to get a lot worse when I actually train you."

Kayden groans. "I think we need a break."

"Hah. Pussy." I snicker.

"Hey, shut it, Lucky. I can go two more miles but it's for the best if we stop here." He takes a few lungfuls of breaths and points to the sto

re in front of him. "Caffeinated makes the best coffee in town."

"I don't have any money with me."

"That's fine. Coffee's on me." He beckons me to follow him across the street.

I'm stunned at his warm gesture of treating me to coffee. I know his good side of him will soon disappear, so I should take as much as I can get from him. He turns his head back to see whether I'm following and his grey eyes meet mine, hinting of a small smile.

We head inside the little cafe, and almost immediately I feel the wariness wash over me. That was the longest jog I've ever done in a really long time.

Kayden notices this and rolls his eyes. "Who's the pussy now?"

"Jerk," I mutter under my breath but loud enough for him to hear.

Kayden just ignores me and heads to the counter. Before he orders, he turns back. "Sienna, what do you want?"

"What do I want as in what do I want from the world, like what is my sole purpose of being here or-"

"You're fucking hilarious, you know that?" He says flatly. "What do you want to order?"

"I'll just have an espresso. Thanks," I say and head over to find an empty table.

At first I pick a table by the window but then I realize that's what Jax and I used to do when we went out to eat, so instead, I pick a corner booth. Kayden appears no less than a minute later with two steaming cups with him. He hands me one and slides into the seat opposite from me.

"Thanks," I mutter and take a sip from my cup. "Damn that's good."

"Yeah." Kayden sets his cup down. "Listen, we need to talk."

I narrow my eyes at him. "Okay, I think you may have gotten the wrong message. We are clearly not together and breaking up with me so totally unnecessary-"

"Fucking hell, I can never get a straight response from you, can I, Lucky?" He swears under his breath.

"Sorry, I tend to do that when I'm nervous."

"Why the hell do you have to be nervous about?"

"I don't know! You're staring at me intensely. You look like you're either going to tell me something I don't like or kill me."

"Neither, actually." He shrugs. "I think we have to talk about the deal again."

"Great." Phew. "What is there to talk about?"

His hands wrap around his cup tightly. "About training times. I know you have school and everything..."

Suddenly I want to ask why he dropped out of college. The question is at the very tip of my tongue, but instead, I don't let it out.

".... And I want to know your schedule so we can plan it out from there." He tells me and I nod.

"Right, um," I gulp. "I have classes on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and work part-time at Universal Fighter's Gym from 4 till 9 everyday except for weekends."

"Whoa, seriously?" His eyes widen. "You work at UFG? I know they only take in professional trainers."

"Like I said, I'm good at what I do," I smile. "They pay me well too. But whatever, that's not the point. The point is, I can make do on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons."

"Great," He leans back against his seat and places his hands behind his head. "I train everyday so you can always drop by Breaking Point after your classes so we can train."

"You... you what?" I ask in disbelief. "You train... everyday?"

"

"Is there a problem, Lucky?"

"What the fuckidy fuck is wrong with you?" I tap my hand on the table, "That's going to kill you. You don't want to overwork yourself."

"I can handle it. I've been training everyday since last year. Ever since..." He pauses, and swallows hard. He's obviously remembering the time Jax had beaten him and stole the championship from him. I can only imagine his pain of being this close to being the winner, and yet, Jax became it instead. "Like I said, I can handle it."

"No, I can't... I can't allow that," I shake my head. "Kayden, if you keep going at this pace, you're going to die. One of your major muscles will pull and then... god, we need to alter your schedule. Like right now."

"Hey, I only agreed for you to be my trainer. Not to have complete control over my life." He huffs.

"Are you being serious right now?" I glare at him. "It's literally my job to make sure you don't get yourself killed before the championship! I need you to help me fuel my revenge. If you get hurt, we both will never get what we want."

Kayden stays quiet for a while to let my words process him. "For a girl who has so much sass and snark, I can't imagine you're this I don't know... rational. Sane."

I roll my eyes. "Isn't that a good thing?"

"Okay, fine. It is." He lifts his hands up in surrender. "You go do your thing... Lucky."

I take out my phone and press on the calendar. "Okay. So since I can only do Tuesdays, Thursdays and weekends, you can train on Mondays to Fridays. Five times a week for five hours only. I'll train with you for two days, and you can make do by yourself for the other three. When we're nearing the finals, we can lengthen our training times, but not to the extent where we have trainings everyday. Because that's just crazy."

"You're killing me, Sienna. Five hours? That's not enough. I usually train for six. Sometimes a little more."

"We can extend it to five and a half but you'd need a half an hour break for every two hours and a half hours. That's how I roll."

Kayden scratches his head. "Okay. Fine. How about the weekends?"

"We take a break, duh." I say it like it's so obvious. "I want a social life too. Don't you?"

"I do have a social life," he states.

"Oh yeah? Name one friend."

"Brent." He says without much hesitation. I tilt my head sideways.

"I thought he was your brother."

He glares at me. "How do you know that?"

I hesitate. "Um, Brent told me last night. Relax, it isn't a big deal."

"It is to me." He sighs. "Yes, Brent is my brother. His parents had been taking care of me since I was sixteen. I'm really grateful that I ended up with a good family like them." His voice faltered. "The point is, foster care was rough. And I consider myself very fortunate."

"What happened-" I gulp nervously. "What.. how did you end up in foster care?"

He smiles at me, but it's a broken one. "You don't want to know, Lucky. You really don't."

"But-"

Kayden glances at his watch and whistles lowly. "Let's go. I'm in serious need of a shower. And you reek."

Wow. Gee. Thanks for telling me that.

"I really don't like you," I grumble when I follow him out of the cafe.

"I really don't like you too," Kayden turns back to tell me, "but whether we like it or not, we're stuck together. Until we get what we both want."

I had a feeling it wasn't going to be easy—getting what we both want.

A/N: so that was that! How are we feeling about Kayden and Sienna? HMMMMMM. Shall we trend #Kayna now? I'm sure DALEX would like that very much heh.

Stay tuned for more!

6. Friends and Foes

Thank you @emily_wangg for the beautiful banner!

Beware! There are minor spoilers for Perfect Illusion! If you haven't read PI but plan to read it soon, I suggest you do so now before you get spoiled! But to those who don't intend on reading PI, continue reading!

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I spent Sunday doing absolutely nothing. After our short-lived fun with each other that morning, Kayden's happy mood dissappeared and he left the apartment being Cranky Kayden.

I'm starting to think that this guy may just have a personality disorder.

Jokes aside, Kayden can be nice when he needs to be. I now realize that everytime I ask about his past, he immediately builds up his walls and shuts me out.

If this was any other person, I wouldn't have cared, but I'm feeling a little bit curious as to what actually happened to him that made him become this way.

I have a feeling that question will be left unanswered for a while.

The next morning, I get up and Kayden's already gone. Of course. But this time, as I pour myself some coffee, I notice that he did leave me a note today on the kitchen counter pinned down by a paperweight.

Headed out to Breaking Point. If you have time, come and swing by. -Kayden

I don't know why I smile at his note, but I do. This note means that we're making progress with our friendship, no matter how short-lasting it's going to be.

I lock up the apartment and start to make my way downstairs when I spot Cara barreling towards me. Today she wears a cropped blouse with high waisted jeans that totally make her already spidery legs look like giant noodles.

When she sees me, she waves hello, her smile beaming.

"Hey, Sienna!" She says, "I'm just headed out. You need a ride?"

"I was going to take a walk..." I tell her but then I pause. "You're going to campus too?"

"BU right?" She asks and I nod. "Great! I can bring you there, if you'd like."

Cara dangles the car keys in front of me.

"Sure, why the hell not." I offer her a smile and follow her down to the parking lot. She slides into the driver's seat and beckons me to sit next to her.

"This is a sweet ride," I say in awe.

Cara blushes. "Do you mind if I drop by my friend's house to p

ick her up?"

"Alex?" I ask and when she furrows her eyebrows, I quickly add, "Sorry. I heard your conversation with her a few days ago. I assume that's who you're talking about."

"Shit balls, I talk that loud, do I?" She laughs quietly as she pulls out of the parking lot, "Sorry. Bad habit. But yeah, Alex is my best friend. She lives not too far away from here and she just called me for a ride."

Suddenly, I sort of wish I was Cara. I had a best friend before. Beth was the closest person I've ever had and even though she was my sister, she was my best friend. We did everything together. Hell, we could talk for hours and it still wouldn't have been enough.

Why did she have to betray me? Why why why?

"Hey, you alright?" Cara turns her head and watches me with worry.

"Yeah, I'm fine." I quickly recover. "I was just thinking about things."

"Alex tends to do that too. I think the both of you would be great friends." She laughs. "So, Sienna, where are you from?"

"Born and raised right here." I say to her. "I don't want to go anywhere else. Boston is my home."

"I'm starting to love you already," She smiles and continues to ask me questions.

She asks me about my friends and I tell her I have none. She then frowns and ask me if I have a boyfriend.

I debate whether to tell her about what happened with Jax, but then I realize that Cara can be my potential new friend and I should be honest with her, so I go ahead and tell her.

Her eyes widen and soon, she pulls over, a look of pure shock on her face.

"He did WHAT?" She shrieks, "Oh helllllll no. Everyone knows you don't cheat on your girlfriend with her sister!"

"Everyone knows you don't cheat. Period." I correct her, "But yeah. He's an ass. A major asshole."

"He's a god damned fool to ever leave you for your sister," She shakes her head and dismay, "And what was your sister thinking anyways? Does she not have a spine? How can she just succumb to his ways?"

I can't help but laugh. "I don't know. But I hate her now."

"Good," Cara huffs, "We're going to make her pay."

And then, she turns on the ignition again and speeds off. She pulls on the brakes the minute we stop in front of a really nice penthouse apartment. I'm assuming that Alex is hella rich because I doubt any college student can afford a place like this.

We don't have to wait long for her because I see a girl with dark hair approach us. Her hair is messy, and her cheeks are flushed greatly. The shirt that she's wearing is unbuttoned, and it looks like one of the buttons has been torn away.

Cara casts her a perverted smile. "Daniel did a number on you this morning, didn't he?"

"Shut up." Alex blushes again and slides into the back seat. "He just didn't want me to go for classes today."

"He's gotta stop being so possessive of you." Cara rolls her eyes.

"He's afraid I'll run off to California and leave him here again." Alex pouts.

Oh my god. Suddenly everything clicks into place about who exactly Alex is and who she's with.

"Fucking hell," I curse and turn back to look at Alex, "Are you... are you Alexandria Woods? The one that Daniel Kerrington professed his love

to on live television?"

Alex blinks dumbly at me, as if wondering who the hell am I. "Uh... yeahhhh?"

Cara places a hand on my shoulder. "I'm being rude. Alex, this is my new friend, Sienna. She just moved in with Mr. McMoody a few days ago."

"Mr. McMoody?" I laugh. "Really?"

Alex joins in too. "Oh yeah. Cara told me all about him. Apparently, he's so evil he's a reincarnation of the devil himself-"

"Okay, now you guys are just exaggerating." I tell the both of them. "Honestly, Kayden's not that bad. Sure he has his mood swings-"

"Come on. Nobody has that many mood swings. Unless you're a girl," Cara chimes in, "Oh my god! What if Kayden's actually a girl dressed up as a boy? You know? Like Amanda Bynes in She's The Man-"

"You do realize that only happens in the movies right?" Alex interrupts her best friend but her attention is focused on me. "Just... ignore her. Cara can be super weird sometimes."

Cara slaps Alex's shoulder. "You're super weird!"

"No you are!"

"Ooookay, guys. I think we might be late for class." I glance at my watch nervously.

Cara rolls her eyes. "Another reason why I think you and Alex will get along. You both are major goody two shoes when it comes to studies."

Alex scoots over, wedging herself between Cara and I. She wears a thin smile on her face. "So, Sienna, you saw what happened with Daniel on the Charlyze Matson show?"

"Of course I did," I say, "I'm pretty sure everyone did. I think it's romantic, how Daniel professed his love for you."

Daniel Kerrington, the son of the owner of the multimillion dollar company, Kerrington Enterprises, has been hailed a celebrity because of his looks and his ways with women. His father, Harry Kerrington, needed to wash away his son's reputation in order for him to become the heir to the company so he planned an engagement for Daniel and Alex, whose parents were indebted to Harry at that time.

Who knew that Daniel would fall for Alex and make sure he did everything he could to ensure her that she was going to be his? And he proved his love for her on live television.

I think that pretty much sums up the definition of romance.

Alex frowns. "He should have just called me and said so. Ever since that episode in the Charlyze Matson show, I've been getting even more hate mail from angry thirteen year olds on Twitter and Instagram."

"That's what you get for dating a multi-millionaire's son!" Cara scolds.

Alex growls at Cara. "You were the one who was rooting for Daniel and I to get together in the first place! And now you're complaining?"

"I'm not complaining!"

"It sounds like you are!" Alex hisses back.

"Jesus, okay." I say as we slow down in front of campus, "I think you guys are the weirdest bunch I've ever met."

Alex throws her head back and laughs. "I'm looking forward to you joining us, Sienna. I think we can use someone like you. Maybe you'd be our middle person. Settle our debates for us."

"Do I look like the UN?" I say, chuckling. "I'm not going to be your middle person. But I am looking forward to hanging out with you guys again."

Alex turns to Cara and smiles. "I like her. She's fiesty."

I grab my bag from the car and I'm about to walk over to campus when I stop at my tracks.

Shit. On. A. Brick.

Beth is there under a shady tree, her hand entwined with Jax. Her blonde hair rustles slightly under the wind, and Jax stands in front of her, tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear. She smiles at him and leans forward, pressing her lips against his.

I feel all the air leave my body.

A mix of emotion whirl inside me, but the one emotion that has completely consumed me is anger. Red hot seething anger. My fists clenched when I see Jax's arms snaking about Beth's, when those arms should have been around me. Those lips should have been pressed against mine, not hers.

I'm sooooo pissed.

Who am I kidding? Jax doesn't care about me anymore. Neither does Beth.

They don't care about me at all.

I ceased to exist the moment I left them.

"Sienna, are you okay?" Alex comes up from behind me. Her gaze travels to the direction I'm looking at and her eyebrows lift.

"Oh no," Cara's eyes narrow at Beth and Jax. "Are the both of them-"

"Yeah." I say, seething. "Yeah they are."

"Okay I'm confused. Someone tell me what's happening." Alex glances at me.

"They... that's my ex-boyfriend. Shoving his tongue down my sister's throat."

"Fucking hell," Alex swears, "That's not good."

"Of course it isn't, you dumb shit." Cara glares at her best friend, then turns to me. "You know what? I think it's time to pay a little visit to them-"

I grab a hold of Cara's hand. "Whoa! NO. No fucking way."

"Why not?" Cara presses her hands against her hips and cocks her head sideways. "Those guys totally deserve it!"

"No. Not him." I point to Jax. "I got great plans for him already."

"Okay. Then let's ring that bitch's skinny little neck-"

"Guys, calm down." Alex stops the both of us. "You guys clearly aren't thinking straight. You guys need to chill."

"The hell with chilling." I mutter, "I can't... I need to show them that I'm here to stay. And I'm not to be messed with."

"You go Glen coco!" Cara cheers and Alex rolls her eyes.

"This is ridiculous." Alex tells me, "Nothing good can come out of this, you know that right? Trust me, I've been in your shoes before-"

Ignoring Alex, I trudge towards Beth.

"Whoa whoa whoa! Wait up!" I hear Alex call from behind me.

Jax had already left and now Beth stands alone, grabbing her things from under the tree. She looks so innocent with her rosy cheeks and shy eyes. But I know better.

The minute she sees me coming towards her, her eyes widen.

"Si-Sienna," She stutters, a look of pure shock and guilt crossing her face, "Oh my god it's really you-"

She doesn't get to finish her sentence because my hand makes contact with her cheek.

A/N: Does anyone else think of that time when Alex punched Daniel in the face? I think Sienna's got a little bit of Alex inside of her, don't you think so?

I love this chapter. I love the dynamic of Cara, Alex and Sienna's friendship. Stay tuned for more!

7. You're Dead To Me

Thanks for the banner @perthswiftie ! :) it's really nice!

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

For a long while, Beth just stares at me, her cheek stung by my hand. Tears start to stream down from her eyes as she faces me again, hurt written all over her face.

"Si-Sienna..." Her voice is so small, so small and deep down, I'm happy.

Happy that I've made her feel this way. Happy that she feels the need to cry over me.

"You ruined us, you know that? You and Jax." I seethe between my teeth, my fists clenched. My cheeks feel hot from the adrenaline rush. "You ruined me."

"I'm sorry!" Beth sobs, "I'm so sorry, Sienna. I didn't mean for you to find out that way--"

"Oh you both knew what you were doing!" I yell. A small crowd has begun to form around us. I spot Cara and Alex from the corner of my eye, their mouths gaping open at the scene in front of them. "You both knew that I would find out and YOU GUYS DID IT ANYWAY. I'm so fucking ashamed of you. I trusted you!"

Beth cries hysterically. "P-please Sienna, you don't understand... I love him..."

"Bullshit!" I snarl. "Don't you get it? You don't love him. It's just a thing that he made you think you feel for him! He's a manipulator. He doesn't love you! If he did, he wouldn't have gone behind my back- your very own sister's back- to get what he wants! You're just a toy to him! Some shiny toy! After he's done with you, he will dispose of you. And you will be nothing but trash."

"You don't know him like I do, Sienna!" Beth wipes the tears off her face and stares at me pleadingly. "You don't- he's not like that! He's kind and he's sweet and he makes me feel alive--"

I cast her a disgusted look. "If he makes you feel alive, then you're fucking dead to me. You got it? Dead."

"Don't! Please Sienna, please!" Beth starts crying again, her knees going weak in front of me. "Mom and dad would want us to stick together!"

"Oh don't you dare use mom and dad against me! Mom's probably fucking some guy in the coast of Puerto Rico. And dad's doing god knows what- planning his next wedding with some random girl we all know will disappear soon enough." I snarl at her. "You brought this upon yourself, you know that? You and Jax. And I will never EVER forgive you."

Beth clings unto my hand and sobs uncontrollably. "Sienna, don't go! I need you. I'll... Break up with him. I can't lose you! You're my sister and I love you!"

"Don't you get it?" I shake my head and wrench my hand away, "I don't want you to break up with him. I want you to see what you've lost because of him."

And then I turn around and walk away, leaving a very torn Beth and a confused crowd.

"What the hell was all that about?" Brent asks as I enter class. I just roll my eyes and stare straight in front of class. "Heeeeello? Earth to Sienna?"

"I'm really not in the mood to talk right now, Brent." I say in a defeated tone.

After what happened with Beth just completely drained the energy out of me. I feel a lot better now releasing some of my pent up anger on her, no matter how fucked up that was. I knew it was wrong and selfish for me to put my sister the position when I confronted her, but I just couldn't help myself.

I'm not afraid to admit it. Beth deserved it.

She shouldn't have went behind my back and kissed Jax. She should

uldn't have continued the relationship with him even after I found out about it.
She shouldn't have told me she loved him.

The minute she said those words, my heart was crushed. Because if it was just so me fling between Jax and Beth, I would be okay with it- alright, maybe I wouldn't have been okay with it, but it might have hurt a lot less than it hurt now. Now that I know that she loves him, and he possibly loves her too..

My vengeance on Beth is mostly complete. Watching her completely break in front of me was good enough.

Now, I'm going to destroy Jax.

"Sienna," Brent calls me again, poking his pen on my arm, "Come on. Talk to me."

I glare at him. "What exactly did you see just now?"

"I don't know," He scratches his head. "Nothing? Everything? Which answer do you prefer? Because I really don't want to piss you off right now."

I bark out a laugh. "I may be angry at Beth right now, but I think I have enough rationality in my brain not to unleash that anger on you."

Brent looks down, the glasses on his nose sliding down the crook of his nose. "I don't know. I just... you were scary, Sienna. I've never seen that side of you before."

I shrug. "I lost my shit out there. It won't happen again. Seeing Beth happy, it just made me mad. Because I'm not happy. She stole my happiness away."

"Do you still love Jax? Is that why you lashed out on her?" His eyes search mine.

I shake my head. "I hate his guts right now... but I guess a part of me will always love him. I don't know. But right now, I'm just trying to focus on exacting my revenge on him."

"Damn, girl. You are crazy."

I shove Brent's arm playfully. "Shut up."

Brent chuckles. He then leans over to my table, lowering his voice. "I heard about your deal with Kayden. You gonna train him for his fight against Jax huh?"

"Yeah," I nod my head in agreement, "I know Jax like the back of my hand. I'll teach Kayden everything that I know."

"I'm glad." Brent's face lights up, "Really, I am. Ever since he lost last year... it sort of fucked with his brain a little. Now he's moodier than ever and well... I think he needs someone like you in his life." My face crunches up in confusion. "I mean, not in a romantic sort of way. You have that spark in you. And he's cold as fuck."

"Like fire and ice," I drawl. "Nice one, Brent. I think we can use that as a pickup line one day."

"I'll work on it, don't worry." He chuckles.

Not a minute later, the professor dismisses us and I grab his notebook to see what he's written as notes. It's amazing how we end up talking throughout the entire class and he still somehow manages to pay attention.

"Are you going over Breaking Point later to see Kayden?" Brent asks me.

I recall Kayden's note this morning to meet him after I'm done. I don't know how long he'll be at Breaking Point, so I'll have to see first. Julian is going to light my ass on fire if I don't show up for work.

"Yeah. Maybe." I say to him, giving him back his notebook. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Julian dismisses me an hour earlier because the gym is packed with guys that look like they're in some kind of mafia business and he's worried that they'll try to 'take advantage of me'.

I did put up a good argument with him, telling him that I can

handle myself if they did try anything on me, but he still wouldn't have any of it. After coming to the realization that for once in my life, I might actually lose an argument, I flip him off and yell 'whatever!' before grabbing my things and heading out.

I take a cab to Breaking Point and when I reach there, I tap on the door. This time there is no bouncer to greet me. I push open the door myself and step right in.

The gym is surprisingly empty tonight. I only spot a couple of guys going at it with the black punching bags hung on metal rings. The boxing ring in the middle of the gym is empty except for the half naked tattooed man that I'm all too familiar with.

Kayden turns around and spots me by the door. His face contorts into a scowl. "You're late, Lucky."

"I don't give a damn, Kayden." I snap back and throw my bag down. "Am I even allowed in here?"

"Of course you are. I told the guys that you were with me." He wipes the sweat of his face with the back of his hand.

From below, I cross my arms and take a good look at him. His tangled black hair is a mess. Rivulets of sweat pour off his entire body, outlining his chest. His tattoos stretch and relax at every movement he makes. The only piece of clothing he has on are some baggy shorts and kickboxing gloves.

"How long have you been training?" I say, clearing my throat. I hope he doesn't notice the slight change in my voice after deliberately checking him out.

Kayden pauses for a while. "Two hours."

"You're totally lying to me." I say, sneering a little. "How long?"

He mutters a curse under his breath. "Four."

"One more hour and then you're done." I shake my head and grab my towel. Then, I walk over to the ring and extend my hand. "Help me up."

Kayden takes off one of his gloves and cups my hand, propelling me forward. This is the first time I've ever touched him before. I try not to think too much about it when he helps me over the edge of the ring, his hand around my waist to support me.

"Thanks," I mumble, blushing slightly. Holy crap on a cracker, did I just blush?

"So I heard that shit went down between you and your sister today at campus." Kayden leans against the pole and snorts.

"Wow, word travels fast, huh?" I say, placing my towel at the other pole. "But yeah. It happened. I confronted her and she cried."

"You're bat shit crazy, you know that?" He shakes his head. "You let your quest for vengeance fuel you."

"And you let your quest for victory fuel you." I tilt my head, my gaze holding his. "I think we should stop judging each other and get to business."

"Damn, Lucky, who crawled up your ass and died?" He chuckles, and I see light pouring into his eyes.

I roll my eyes. "You."

"Oh, so you let me up your ass?" He smirks and I shove him back. "Whoa, easy there, Lucky. I'm just joking."

"You really don't want to mess with me right now." I ease into a stance, my hands in front of me and my fists clenched. "Hit me."

Kayden stares at me in confusion. "What?"

"I said hit me!"

"I'm not going to hit you!" He says, exasperated. "You're a girl for god's sake. I don't hit girls. That's fucking abuse—"

"It's not abuse if I'm telling you to HIT ME." I bounce at the balls of my feet. "Come on, Kayden. Just imagine that I'm Jax. With long blonde

hair. And killer boobs."

Kayden snorts and readies himself in front of me. "I don't know why you're making me do this--"

I slap his arm and it doesn't bounce back. "You're not ready. Tighten your arms, Kayden. Pretend this is a real fight."

Kayden releases his hands up in the sky. "Nope. I can't do this. I can't hit you. It isn't right."

"Oh come on!" I whine. He turns his back on me and I sprint towards him, readying to attack. His body twists and his arm shoots up to snatch my arm before I can pound him.

My lips curve into a smile. "Good."

"Come on, that was child's play." Kayden releases his hold on my arm and we take our positions at opposite sides of the ring.

"I think we're going to start slow today since we've only got an hour." I tell him, "How about we do some blocks?"

"That's amateur stuff." He folds his arms over his broad chest

"Listen, you little shit," I spit, "If you think for one second that blocking is amateur stuff, I think you're sadly mistaken. Jax's offence is just as good as his defence. Not everything is about punching someone to death, you get me?"

"Fine. FINE." Kayden says, utterly defeated. "We'll do this your way for once. But I'm telling you: I'm shit good at this. I don't know why you're bothering me how to block. Are you sure you aren't going to teach me beginner's stuff to make yourself feel better?"

"Fuck you." I seethe and lock my arms into position. "Now, hit me, Kayden."

He takes a deep breath and readies himself. "Fine. I'll hit you. But the minute you think I'm going to land one on your face--"

I almost laugh. "You won't. You won't get past my blocks. Trust me."

"That confident in yourself huh, Lucky?" I see another hint of a smirk. He's totally playing with me.

"Yeap." I say, popping the 'P'. "So you're going to just stare at me like a dumb fuck, or are you going to hit me?"

The words barely leave my mouth before I see Kayden barreling towards me with a roar.

A/N: so Sienna is cray cray. Like I would want to be friends with her but I wouldn't want to be too close CUZ damn, I do not want to get on her bad side. HAHA.

Oh and by the way, can we just talk about how Luke from the Shadowhunters TV show is going to be played by a man of colour and everyone is totally against it? Like bruh. Does it really matter if he's white or black? Shadow hunter fans need to chill man.

Next update: no idea, I'm sorry. Exams are crushing me and I feel like crying.

8. Breaking Point

Many thanks to @aokillogy for the GORGEOUS banner! You are so talented! <3

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Kayden hits with the aim to punch my face.

Immediately, my arms lock in front of me in a forward 'L' and the moment his fist makes contact with me, he quickly reels back his wounded fist and tries to punch me with another.

I got to admit, he has a skill for hitting. The force of his p

unch almost reels me back. When he tries to slam into me again, I deflect his hand with mine and at the same time, grabbing his wrist and twisting his arm back until he hunches over, groaning from the pain. I immediately let go of him and he staggers back from me, a look of shock crossing his face.

"Are you for real right now?" I exhale, "That was so pathetic. I can't believe you almost won the championship."

"Hey!" He says, clearly insulted. "I let you win on purpose."

I choke on a laugh. "Really? You're going with that excuse?"

"Lucky, I will say anything not to admit that you can possibly be better than me."

I roll my eyes. "Okay, Killer. Let's see what you got. Again."

This time, Kayden tries to come up me with his knee. He lifts his leg up to attack and I jam my arm down, blocking him. Then, I turn around and duck before he can land another on me with his fist, using my leg from below to trip him. He tries to catch his fall but fails, landing on the ground with a loud thud.

I wince when I see him in pain.

"I thought we were just doing defense," he says, trying to catch his breath. He glares at me from below. "You tripped me. That's cheating."

"Cheating doesn't exist in the ring, especially an underground fighting ring," I extend my hand to help him up, but he just glares at me and gets up by himself. "You of all people should know that there are no rules."

Kayden chuckles darkly. "I thought we were going to play fair."

"

"Really?" I almost laugh, "You just don't want to admit that you got your ass kicked by a girl."

"My ego is severely wounded by you, Lucky." He presses his hand against his heart in a mock gesture. "I'm really impressed, though. You're good. You should consider doing this for a living."

"And having to worry about whether the cops will catch me with illegal money? No thanks." I wave him off. "I'm fine doing what I'm doing. I help people to fight. That's how I handle myself. You on the other hand, fight for some screwed up reason. I don't know if it's about the money, or maybe you just want to feel that euphoric feeling that runs through your veins when you hit someone."

I can tell by the way Kayden's eye twitches that I've hit a nerve. He immediately staggers away, a flicker of anger crossing his face. "Enough. You have no idea why I fight, Sienna. No fucking idea."

Okay, Si. I think you said more than you should have. Now's the time to back down.

Instead of apologizing, I ignore what he said and hold his gaze. "Again."

He hits me. I block. We do this again.

And again.

And again.

When the hour ends, Kayden manages to get past most of my defenses. I'm impressed by how quickly he memorized my spars and blocks, and using that repeating pattern to his advantage. When I try to randomize my blocks, he still somehow manages to steal a few punches.

And those punches hurt.

Kayden is definitely an offender. One of the best offender fighters I know. And that's really good, but it also has its drawbacks. Jax is one of the greatest defenders of all time. He went pro three years ago before deciding that MMA was too good for him. So he joined illegal underground fighting rings instead. Said it was an easy win for him. I agreed with him.

What a fool I was.

I used to think that Jax was unbeatable. And I loved that about

t him; I was always a sucker for winners. Especially hot winners.

Jax was hot. He was a walking hundred and eighty pounds of hotness with broad shoulders, huge muscles, and paintroller abs. Girls swooned over him when he performed in that ring and maybe that's why I grew more aggressive to hold on to him. I loved Jax, and I would do anything in my willpower to keep him away from girls who were beautiful enough to catch his eye.

I was so busy making sure no girl got the better of me that I didn't realize who was the actual threat.

My very own sister.

Beth wasn't hot or sexy; she had that air of innocence around her. She was pretty enough- small nose, rosy cheeks, and beautiful blue eyes. She didn't care about how she looked and she definitely didn't care how others saw her.

Beth was always taken for granted, even from me. She was kind, and sweet, and I used her personality traits to my own advantage. I push her aside sometimes when Jax, Beth and I hang out together. I neglected her when I was around my 'friends' because I didn't like having a sister with no backbone.

A sister who couldn't stand up for herself.

So sue me. I was a bitch to my sister. Still am. And I would feel guilty about it if she didn't go behind my back and screw my boyfriend.

I can't believe it. Jax wasn't supposed to end up with her. He was supposed to be mine.

Jax and I are fighters. We fit well as a couple because we understood each other. We knew that the pain and anger inside of us made us who we are, and we accepted it.

Jax loved me. I know he did.

I don't know why that changed. I don't know what I did to make him turn to my own sister.

"Hey, you alright there, Lucky?" Kayden's worried tone brings me back from my thoughts. It's already nine and I'm stuffing all my shit into my bag. After spraying water over my face, I wipe it clean with the back of the sleeve of my hoodie.

"Yeah." I choke out. I was not going to tell him what I was thinking about. If he didn't want to tell me about him, I wasn't going to talk about me either. "Let's go."

When we're in his red convertible, Kayden lets the soft hum of the radio fill our silence.

He has his messy hair pushed back when he's driving, and I notice that his grey eyes shine under the moonlight. I can't help but think that he looks really beautiful under the stars- the best of his features are highlighted. From his grey eyes to his strong cheekbones, to his dimples and angled jaw.

God, his fucking dimples.

They're going to kill me one day.

I haven't seen his dimples ever since the first morning when we had our little jog together, and I really want to see it again. Kayden looks so much better when he smiles. It's a shame that he rarely does it.

When we hit the stoplight, Kayden glances over at me to see if I'm okay. I'm pressing my right cheek against the window frame, and when I catch his gaze, I smile.

Clearing his throat, he looks down. "Uh. Thanks for helping me out today."

"You did good, Kayden." I compliment him. "No one has ever gotten past my defenses. No one except you."

He mocks me by gasping. "Sienna Annabeth-Kingsley Lane -"

"Nice try. That is not my middle name-"

He ignores me. "-Did you just give me a compliment? I'm fucking honored."

"Oh shut up," I immediately regret ever complimenting him in the first place. "Don't make me take it back."

"I think I need to have a recording of this..." Kayden's voice trails off when he fiddles around the car for something, "Where's my phone-"

"Go to hell, Kayden."

He grins, and ohmygodhisdimples.

"Just because I'm going to hell doesn't change the fact that you basically said I was a true fucking god in the ring-"

"Holy bejeezus." I groan and cover my ears like a child. "Kayden, stop-"

"-And I just defeated the impossible. The gorgeous, the feisty, the girl whose mouth runs like no fucking business-"

Did he just call me... gorgeous?

Lady daaaaaaaaamn.

"-Lucky." He finishes off his sentence.

"Ugh. Don't call me that." I press my hands over my face in embarrassment. "I hate it when you call me Lucky. I'm not a fucking golden retriever so stop it."

"Why, Lucky? Does it annoy you?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to call you Lucky." He says, satisfied.

"You are the absolute worst, Kayden," I punch his arm but a rush of pain shoots up my hand. Damn Kayden and his muscles. "Fucking hell, are you MADE OF STEEL? You are rock hard."

He glances at me briefly again, humor glinting from his eyes. "If you're implying that I have a boner and you want some of this, I'm sorry to say that I'm not going to have sex with you."

"Hardy har-har." I roll my eyes. "I hate you, you know that?"

"The feeling's mutual, Lucky." He says, and then continues driving.

When we finally reach the apartment, a wave of exhaustion falls upon me. I think Kayden feels the same way because his eyes droop when he's unlocking the door.

"Here, let me take that." He mumbles, carrying my bag for me.

"What a true gentleman." I mock him. "Guess chivalry's not dead after all."

When we're inside the apartment, I run over to the couch and throw myself on it. My legs are splayed open. "Ahh," I say, my eyes fluttering close.

"That's so unlady-like of you." Kayden notes.

I sit up and my eyes challenge him. "Has anything I've ever done ever lady-like? Do you see me in sundresses and heels prancing over the place? Have I ever crossed my legs while sitting? Have you even seen me put an ounce of makeup to make myself look pretty?"

He chuckles softly. "Good point."

I drag myself out from the couch and yawn. "I'm going to call it a night."

"Me too." He sighs and crosses his arms. I walk over to my room and I see Kayden going to his room too.

For a while, we just stare at each other.

I offer a small smile at him and before I can shut the door, Kayden stops me.

"Hey, Sienna?"

I look up and meet his eyes.

He hesitates when he says he wants to say. "I'm sorry you're hurting inside."

I feel all the air leave my lungs. He knows. Of course he does, he may have dropped out of school, but he's not stupid. I allowed my guard to slip just now. And now he knows that the incident between Jax and I has taken a huge toll on me.

"Kayden-"

"Sweet dreams, Lucky." He murmurs and he closes the door, leaving me to think about what the hell he just said.

A/N: I'm terribly sorry if that was shorter than usual. When my exams are done (in another two weeks, YAY!), I will definitely write longer.

So how are we feeling about Sienna and Kayden? They're so adorable, I swear.

And did you guys hear that Harry Shum Jr. Is playing Magnus in the Shadowhunters? GAHHH. So excited!

9. Uninvited Guests

When KAYDEN tells you to SHHHH, you SHHHH. No questions asked.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

"You know, Beth told me what happened between the both of you yesterday," My dad says through the phone the next morning. I yawn, sitting on the bed, stretching my legs and arm.

God, I have a throbbing headache. It always comes when my dad decides to check up on me once in a blue moon.

"To say that I'm dissatisfied in you would be an understatement." He continues on.

I groan. I really don't want to have this conversation right now. It's too early for this kind of shit.

"Okay," I say, unsure of what else to say. What else can I possibly utter to my dad? I'm sorry? I don't know if I'm sorry. I feel bad about slapping my own sister in the face, but it's not like I don't have a plausible reason to do so.

"You aren't even going to try to explain yourself?" He demands and I roll my eyes.

My absentee dad, Jacob Lane has never been around for me for a long time. Ever since he divorced my mom and ditched us for a wealthy heiress, he's been practically dead to me. He's never tried to visit mom and I, never even bothered to come for occasions like Thanksgiving and Christmas, and never tried to help us in any way. But then again, it wasn't like he was Father of the Year even before he divorced my mom.

Jacob Lane was an alcoholic and he was never sober enough to do anything with me, so I stayed away from him. I had already learnt to be independent by then, not needing to rely on my parents- especially my drunk ol' dad.

Mom cared for that asshole nevertheless, and stood by him, even if he did more harm than good to our family. I doubt my mom and dad were binded by love- he merely needed her to keep him in check and she needed him to pay the bills. It was an easy marriage and I knew they wouldn't have lasted long. But I wouldn't have expected him to leave us and completely change his behavior for the second wife he married.

It was as though he didn't bother to change for us- his very own family.

And that's why I feel bitter everytime he calls. He acts like he's better than me and he can tell me what to do, but he can't. He is in no position to do so. I am my own person, and yeah, I may have made a lot of mistakes, but I didn't fuck up as bad as he did.

"Do you really want to have this conversation right now?" I seethe. My usual morning mood has turned sour when I had to hear his voice.

"Yes, Sienna. I do," He says, determined. "Look, I get it. I've never been there for you for quite some time-"

"Quite some time? Try four fucking years."

"Language, Sienna."

"Don't you dare tell me to mind my own tongue when you were pr

actically cursing at me to go die when you were drunk every night and mom had to tell you to stop yelling at me."

I hear my father intake a sharp breath. "Sienna, I'm sorry. How many times do I have to tell you that. I'm a different man now. I've sobered up and Gertrude made a man out of me-"

"And where the hell is she now? Huh?" I say, throwing the sheets off my bed. "You dumped her the year after you married her. Do you still feel like a man? Because you sound a lot like a god damned coward to me-"

"I will not take that kind of tone with you, Sienna." His voice booms through the phone and I almost flinched. "Don't you dare try to put the blame on me. We're talking about you and what you did to your sister."

"Because that will make you feel so much better knowing I fucked up, like you did when you touched that bottle of whiskey after fourteen years of staying alcohol-free-"

"Shut it, Sienna!" Now I'm getting my dad all riled up. I guess I like that he's pissy because of me. "I'm not going to ask you to apologize to me, but I'm asking you- begging you- to apologize to your sister. You know she's hurting inside."

"Well, she hurt me!" Now, I sound like a five-year old. "You do know that she slept with Jax- not one, not two, but eight times- during the time span when I was dating him? Do you know that? Or are you still clouded by alcohol to remember?"

He stays silent for a while. I can tell he wants to unleash all his anger on me, but he knows that it's useless. So instead, he takes in a deep breath to calm himself down.

"Can't you both just... bury the hatchet and move on? You guys are sisters. And you guys need to stick together-"

Aw jeez. Not this bullshit again. "I don't give a damn about sticking together with her. I want her to feel the pain that I felt when she betrayed me. I'm not forgiving her for this- not unless she earns my forgiveness, which is probably close to never."

"Sienna-"

"Don't Sienna me, dad." I say in defeat. "And don't try to call me to talk about this again. I've made my decision and I'm standing by it."

"You will regret it. I know you will." He says again, "Please. Think about what I said. You need to learn to forgive, otherwise you'll never be able to move on."

I pause for a while before saying, "I don't want to move on."

And then I hang up and drop the phone on my bed.

"Fuck," I swear. That was probably the most intense conversation I've ever had with my dad, ever. Normally I would just tell him not to bother me, but this time it's different. There's so much pent up anger in me lately that I feel like blowing some steam off on my father.

This isn't good. I'm hell bent on destroying Beth and Jax, but I just feel so much rage in me. And the only way I can get rid of that feeling is by taking it out on the ones that betrayed me.

It's the only way... right?

After taking a shower and putting on some clothes, I open the door and I realize there is a note taped unto it.

Out for a jog. Don't follow. -Kayden.

I roll my eyes and throw it into the bin, then begin to make my way to the living room. I take a few steps back when I hear a rustling noise in the kitchen.

Who the fuck is that?

Quietly retreating into my room, I grab a golf club and hold on to it as I slowly creep into the living room. I see someone - a man- going through the kitchen cabinets. My gaze dashed towards the door that is wide open. Oh my god! He's breaking in and he's looking for shit to steal!

I trudge towards the kitchen and raising my golf club, I hit the guy on the head.

"Ah fuck!" The guy immediately stops what he's doing and groans in pain, his hands flying over his head.

"Get away from me!" I lift the golf club again but he reaches out to stop it from descending. Damn it. Releasing the golf club, I reel my fist back and punch him in the face.

"Hah! Take that asshole!" I yell. He stumbles back and I send him flying to the ground with my leg. "Don't steal any of our shit!"

"What the hell-" The guy groans in pain, "I'm not a robber you stupid shit!"

A puzzled expression forms on my face. Before I can even react to what he said, Brent comes out from the washroom and his eyes widen at the scene in front of him. What the hell is he doing here?

"What the fuck is going on here?" Brent says, horrified.

"This guy tried to break into the apartment!" I raise my voice, fists clenching. "Pass me my phone! I'm going to call the cops-"

"Stop, Si! He's not a fucking robber!" Brent says frantically, reaching out to grab my wrist before I do anything stupid. "He's my friend. He's Kayden's friend."

"What? How-" I stop and narrow my eyes, "Who let you guys in?" Kayden's friend who's on the ground chokes out a small laugh.

"We have the keys."

"Why the fuck do you have keys to my apartment?" I say, even more confused.

Brent shakes his head. "I don't know. Kayden trusts us. Sometimes we hang out here when he's not around so he gave us a set."

"That's- that's wrong!" I pull my hand away from Brent. "I live here now. Jesus. You can't just barge in like this when you please!" Then I point to Kayden's friend. "And you! I could have killed you!"

"You almost did," He wheezes and Brent has to help him out. "Damn, woman. You hit hard. I think I might have a concussion."

"I'm sorry." I mutter and shuffle to the refrigerator. "Here. Let me get you some ice."

I'm so going to kill Kayden for not telling me about this. He could have at least warned me that his friends can come and go as he pleases. He takes my case to a whole new level.

Once Brent and I prop him on one of the island chairs, I pass him a pack of ice and he places it on his cheek. A nasty bruise is starting to show and I feel really guilty about hitting an innocent guy.

Brent stares at me and I stifle a small laugh. "I really am sorry for hitting you, uh-"

"Evans." The guy holding the ice pack says. "Although I go by many names on campus. They call me handsome, hot stuff, sex god-"

Brent rolls his eyes. "Don't mind him. He has an ego the size of Europe."

Evans closes his eyes and chuckles. "He's just jealous because he doesn't get as many chicks as me."

I shake my head. "Let me guess, you're the walking man-slut on campus. The guy that has sex with anyone with a vagina."

"Unfortunately, they call me that too." Evans sighs. "But hey, it's not my fault I love girls. And they love me too. It's a very two-sided thing."

Brent groans. "I liked you a lot better when you were groaning in pain on the floor."

"Shut up," Evans glares at him.

"So can please I have your keys back?" I hold my hand out to Brent. "Because I really think that it will be better if you knocked on the door"

before making yourselves at home here. I will feel better. And a lot safer."

Brent stares at me, horrified. "No way. Kayden's my brother. I need to check up on him."

Evans nods. "Plus, he has an LED television. Great for watching football."

I snort. Boys.

"I don't really give a damn about that," I tell the both of them, "But please, I'd like to have the keys back." I reach forward to grab them from Brent's grasp but he backs away from me, grinning.

"No can do, Si." He shakes his head. "I need this."

"Do you really want to repeat what happened five minutes ago with Evans?"

Brent shrugs. "I don't mind-"

Evans growls. "Hell no. I'm not getting any more hits from this bitch. I feel very violated right now."

Brent's gaze travels to Evans then to me. His entire expression falls. "Look, Sienna. I need the keys to check up on Kayden. He has episodes.."

Just then, Kayden decides to walk through the front door.

"Kayden!" I call out. "Tell these two idiots to give you back the keys!"

Kayden's stormy grey eyes dart from me, to Brent, then Evans. His gaze particularly falls on Evans, who has a nasty bruise on his left cheek and is holding an ice pack over his head. He lifts his eyebrow in confusion.

Brent cuts in. "Kayden, she's being impossible. She wants me to give back the keys to your apartment. I told her no."

I fold my arms over my chest, "Kayden, this is our apartment now. It's weird to have two random guys walking in whenever they want to. What if I'm like naked or something and they're here-"

"I don't mind." Evans say cheekily. I shoot a glare at him.

Kayden takes off his hoodie out of nowhere and wipes the sweat off his face. My eyes zero in on his well defined chest.

He grabs a towel from the kitchen and loops it over his neck. "Brent, give Sienna the keys."

"You got to be kidding me!" Evans groans. "But we need them! The cable in the dorms are so bad and this is our only hang out spot! You know that!"

Brent reluctantly passes the keys to me. "I don't want to be part of your corny jokes team anymore."

I cast him a look. "I'm sorry, Brent."

This time, Kayden is the one that rolls his eyes. "You guys come here way too often anyway. And now that we have a female living here, we have to compromise."

Evans chuckles. "You are so whipped, my friend."

Kayden clenches his jaw and his grey eyes look menacing. "I am not." Then, he turns to look at me and spits, "I am not whipped."

I throw Brent's keys into the small basket on the island table and then turn to Kayden to say, "How was the morning jog? I could have gone with you, you know."

He doesn't even look at me when he replies. "It was fine, Sienna. And I don't need you following me anywhere." The way he said it was so rude I almost gasp.

God dammit. He's back to being closed off Kayden again. I don't get it. We were fine yesterday, and then now we're not?

One step forward, two steps back.

"Do you want to head to the gym?" I ask again, testing his mood.

"Whatever." He mutters and heads to his room, then shuts the door.

oor.

"Fucking hell," I swear, shaking my head in dismay. Brent catches my look and offers me a sympathetic smile.

"He gets that way sometimes." Brent shrugs.

"I'm freaking tired of his mood swings," I mutter to Brent. "Call me when he finally gets his shit together. I'll be at Breaking Point."

Then, I turn on my heel and leave.

10. Pushing The Limits

Guess what? More Perfect Illusion crossovers!

You know you love me xx

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Kayden 'The Killer' Williams is a dick.

However shit he feels right now, he shouldn't have to take out his frustrations on me. When he arrived at Breaking Point an hour after I did, he was in such a pissy mood. He didn't even try to talk to me when he was warming up. When I asked him what was his problem, he completely ignored me.

And I thought I was the one with anger issues.

"Are you done wrapping your hand?" I ask him. He seems to be taking forever wrapping his left hand.

Again, he didn't answer me.

"Do you need help?" I ask in annoyance. My patience is wavering and it's not because he's taking so long to wrap his hand. It's my patience towards his attitude in general. "Kayden?"

He just grunts.

"Can we just address the fucking elephant in the room?" I say out of frustration. "What the hell is your problem?"

"I don't have a problem." He merely says.

"Of course you have a problem." I roll my eyes. "What the hell happened? I thought we went along just fine yesterday night! We had a good time training together and everything! What did I do that cause you to act like I'm nothing?"

"Sienna." He says in a warning tone. "Shut up. Please. I swear to god, you need to shut up or—"

"Or what?" I cross my arms, almost laughing, "You are in no position to do anything. We need each other. We own each other. If you want out of his deal, you will have nothing."

"You will have nothing too!" He counters back fiercely. "I think I'll take my chances without you."

Are. You. Freaking. Kidding. Me.

"What is wrong with you?" I raise my voice.

"You—" He starts off but then stops himself, "Just... forget it. I'm done with this. I can't do this— I can't. I can do this on my own. I can do this without you."

I swore a ton under my breath. I lift myself up from the edge of the ring and plunge down so I'm facing him. Our gaze level with each other, and even though he's a head taller than me, I still feel like I'm hovering over him.

He's not going to do this. He's playing by my rules now, and he can't decide when he wants to dispose of me when he doesn't want me anymore.

"You think you can do this without me? Think again. I beat you yesterday. You couldn't even block for shits, which means without me, you probably wouldn't even have lasted ten seconds in the ring with Jax. It makes me think how the hell did you manage to be a runner up in a competition like this. You must be fighting with fucking amateurs." I spit at him and Kayden actually flinches.

I continue on, "You don't get to say it's over. It's not your call to make. I made the deal, and I end it on my terms. I don't know what the h

ell happened between last night and this morning, but you have to get yourself together because you look pathetic. And don't you dare give me a fucking attitude when you feel like it. I treat you like a normal human being and I really wish you do the same to me. I deserve to be treated with respect. Certainly not the way you've been treating me these few days."

He clenches his jaw so tightly. "You don't know what I'm going through, Sienna."

"You're right, I don't. But instead of being such a pussy about it, you should at least do something about it. You know what makes a person a fighter? It's not the amount of punches he can throw, or how long he can last in a ring. It's when he shows real courage and strength to overcome his battle wounds and scars. You have scars, Killer. Own up to them."

He doesn't say anything for a while. He just keeps quiet, like he's silently pondering about what I've said. Instead of allowing the awkward silence to fall upon us, I tear my gaze off of him and grab my kick boxing gloves.

"Go home, Kayden. Take the rest of the day off. Think about what I've said and if you want to take the easy way out, I'll leave your apartment the first thing in the morning."

I slide my hands inside the gloves and walk over to the punching bag. I need the release after everything that I've said to Kayden.

I turn around to see if he heard what I said, but I look around and notice that

he's already gone.

After completely murdering the punching bag, I sigh in defeat and go for my phone in my bag. As much as I hate Kayden for being so hot and cold with me, I'm still worried about him. He must have gone through something very horrible that affected his state of mind.

I dial Brent's phone number and wait for him to answer. When he does pick up, I hear his smooth voice envelope me. "Hey, Si."

"Hey." I say softly. "How's he doing?"

"He's fine." He tells me. "He's locked up in his room but he's fine."

I let out a sigh of relief. "Honestly, Brent, sometimes I feel like I'm living with a freaking teenager with 9000 problems."

"He does have a lot of problems," Brent replies, "Cut him some slack. After today, he'll realize how he treated you and he'll be really sorry about it. Trust me."

I shake my head. "Okay, then."

"Are you coming back?" Brent sounds worried.

"Not yet." I say after a while, "I think I'm going to hang out with some friends."

He gasps dramatically. "You have friends?"

"Shut up." I say, snorting. "And yes, I do! They're really nice. One of them lives in our apartment block."

"Cool." He says, genuinely happy for me. "I'm glad that you've met new friends. I think you definitely need a breather after the whole thing with Kayden."

"Yeah," I say, packing my bag. "I'll see you guys later."

After Brent hangs up, my finger hovers over Cara's number. She gave me her number after my whole episode with Beth.

"Hey." She says when she answers my call. "What's up, Sienna?"

"Hey, Cara." I smile to myself, "You got any plans today?"

Cara picks me up from Breaking Point fifteen minutes after I called her and when I get in her car, she passes a strange look at me.

"What?" I ask her, confusion written all over my face.

"What the hell are you doing at a place like this?" She points

to the Breaking Point, which looks more like a brothel than an actual gym.
I stifle a laugh. "Don't ask."
"Okay, then." Cara snorts and starts to drive.
This is why I like Cara. She doesn't ask questions, which means that she trusts me.

My smile falters when I think of Kayden. He doesn't trust me. This guy has total trust issues. Just when I think I'm getting through to him, he tells me to back the fuck away from him.

All I want to do is take a peek of what's inside that mask he's wearing. I want to know if I peeled it away, who is the real Kayden beneath it?

Diminishing all thoughts about him, I force another smile. "So where are we going?"

"Daniel and Alex's place." She grins back at me. "Their place is the coolest ever. I mean come on- they live in a fucking penthouse."

"Damn, if only I had the money to get me one of those." I chuckle softly.

When we reach the place, Cara knocks on the door and waits. I hear shuffling for a couple of moments before the door is being thrown open.

"Hey." Alex greets us with a warm smile. "Come on in."

Cara rolls her eyes and steps in. "I smell... PANCAKES."

Alex laughs. "Daniel's making some in the kitchen." Then, she turns to me, "Hey, Sienna. Wasn't expecting you today."

"Wasn't expecting to be here too," I shrug, smiling. "But I thought I'd drop by and see you guys. It's been a while since I hung out with friends."

"Awesome." She leads me inside and I gasp at how huge this place is.

"Hot damn." I murmur when I take a look at the surroundings.

Polished wooden floorboards cover the floors, and huge landscape windows decorated with beige curtains complete the whole wall opposite from me. My feet instinctively bring myself to the spacious living room that has a television twice the size of Kayden's. Leather sofas and mink carpets add colour to the place, making it look modern and beautiful.

"It's beautiful." I say in awe. "I'm so jealous."

Cara stands beside me. "I know. I used to be too. It's a shame we don't have ridiculously good looking multimillionaire sons to sweep us off our feet."

"Please. I'm as broke as a joke right now so there's really no point to all of this," A familiar voice joins us and I whirl around to come face-to-face with the one and only, Daniel Kerrington.

He's handsome alright. His hair is blonde and thick and he uses both hands to push it off his forehead, revealing even more of his face. His blue eyes are wide when he takes me in, and his sculptured lips curve into a smile when he sees me.

"You're Sienna, right?" He asks and I nod. "Alex told me a lot about you. Said you were some high class ninja or something."

I can't help but laugh. "I'm a kickboxing trainer. I work at UFC gym."

"Whoa. We have a badass in the room." He compliments. "You got to teach me some cool moves in case this one over here" He gestures to his girl friend, "-decides to send me on another road trip, apologizing to all the girls I've ever fucked over, which will probably result in getting my balls kicked. And one day, I really do want to father my own children so my balls have to be protected-"

Alex comes from behind him, and he snakes an arm around her waist. "You want children?"

"Why the hell not?" He stares at her, challenging her. "Don't

you want to have kids?"

"Sensitive topic, Kerrington." She says. "You really do not want to have this talk with me now."

He groans. "You really have got to stop calling me 'Kerrington' now. I'm no longer tied to that son of a bitch."

I raise my eyebrows in confusion. "I don't follow."

Cara chimes in. "He got emancipated from his father, Harry Kerrington."

I narrow my eyes at Daniel. "Why the hell would you do that?"

Daniel's grip on Alex tightens. "Because he has been controlling me for so long. I want to be my own man."

"You are my man." Alex looks up to him and smiles. My heart melts at the way she's looking at him.

He returns the smile then he bends down to press a light kiss on her lips.

Cara makes a disgusted face. "You guys are absolutely revolting. Even pancakes won't undo this."

Daniel chuckles. "Would pancakes with chocolate help?"

Alex pulls away from her boyfriend and drags Cara and I to the kitchen. "Wait till you taste our new recipe. It's fantastic. It's like sex in my mouth."

"Are you sure you're still talking about the pancakes, sweetheart?" Daniel calls out, and Alex glares at him.

I think there's a sexual innuendo there somewhere...

We settle ourselves around the island table as Daniel cooks up some pancakes and Alex dribbles them with chocolate and fruits.

The minute I taste the pancakes, I almost moan in my mouth. "Oh god. I think I may just be addicted to this." I fork more pancakes and stuff them in my mouth.

We laugh and talk about other things- namely my profession, my experience living with Kayden, and then the topic steered off to boys.

Eventhough Alex and Cara are pretty much taken, they still have a tendency to fangirl about some of the guys on campus. Daniel gets pretty annoyed by the topic and tries to change the subject, but Alex doesn't let him because she wants to annoy the heck out of him.

Alex and Daniel's relationship is weird- in a good way. They argue with each other but in the end, they still love each other. I see Daniel looking at her in such a light that makes my heart soar. Seeing him- seeing them so happy and in love, made me realize what I had lost with Jax and wonder if I will ever experience something like that with anyone else.

"So tell us about Kayden." Cara wriggles her eyebrows at me.

"Oh yeah. We want to know the details." Alex leans in, her hands cupped together.

I laugh. Well, if they wanted to know, I guess it wouldn't hurt telling them what had happened this week.

"Let's start from the beginning, shall we?" I say.

*****A/N: just a little filler for all of you Illusion fans. and ERMAHGERD exams are almost over! So fucking happy <3 So hopefully I can produce another chapter by the end of the week. :)

Tell me what do you guys think of how Kayden is reacting.. Hmm mm. I wonder what is his problem. And did u like the PI crossover? It brings me back to the good ol' days when it's just Alex and gang.

Next update: maybe this weekend. ;)

11. Apologies and Strategies

Hi Brent! ^

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The next day, I pitch a ride in Cara's car and head over to campus. I was going to ask Kayden to drive me, but then I remembered that he's still an asshole so I didn't bother.

I spent the whole of yesterday with Daniel, Alex and Cara. They were pretty fun and I loved hanging out with them. We went out for lunch and laughed as Daniel played some tunes for us on his guitar, then when he left for work, the three of us ate chinese takeout and gossiped.

They're good friends- after spending time with them yesterday, I realized that I do need them in my life. I've never had real friends before; Beth and Jax used to be my true companions. I could count on them to be there for me.

I laugh to myself quietly. Where are they now, huh, Si?

Oh right. Probably screwing each other's brains out.

Okay, ew. I didn't need that mental image sewn in my mind

After getting some fraps from Caffeinated, I spend the next few hours drowning in history lectures. I really want to put myself out of my own misery by faking a terrible illness, but if I did, that will mean I have to go back to the apartment. And that will mean I will have to see Kayden.

And I'm really not up for that right now.

So instead, I quietly make friendly conversation with Brent, who too looks at me like he wants me to hold a gun to his own head and shoot him dead. When we are finally -finally!- dismissed, Brent offers to give me a ride back home, and I take his offer. I need to get to UF gym before Julian has my ass for showing up late to work, again.

"I'm here, folks!" I announce my presence as I saunter into gym. Julian casts me a lazy eye from the counter and rolls his eyes.

He flops his dark messy hair over to the side and mumble. "Well, better late than never."

"A wise man once said, a queen is never late. Everybody else is just earlier than her-"

"You are not a queen, Sienna. So just shut up, and get to work," Julian murders me with his eyes.

"Right," I say, placing my bag down.

Then, I got down to business, Fa Mulan style.

By the time I was done, I had Brandon Shaw, the total badass with a mohawk and a hundred piercings on his body, groaning in pain on the floor because he decided to get cocky and tried to grab me from behind for a surprise attack. He's pretty decent for someone as inexperienced as him, and will probably go pro in a few years time.

"Damn it, I almost had you." Brandon says, wincing in pain.

I help him up and pat on his shoulder. "Nice try, buddy. But nobody catches me off guard. Nobody."

"Is this catching you off guard?" A familiar voice says.

My breath catches when I turn around find Kayden in his black T-shirt and shorts. Today, he didn't bother to clean up because his hair is a god given mess. There are several bruises on his face, and I wince at the cut above his collarbone. He notices me looking and hikes up the collar of his T-shirt to cover it, his eyes focused on his feet from the embarrassment.

I turn to Brandon who looks just as confused as I am. "You can go, Shaw. I'll see you next week."

Brandon eyes Kayden warily. Kayden looks at him like he wants to murder him.

When Brandon leaves, I stare at Kayden again. "What happened to you?"

He shrugs. "I got into a fight."

"Why the fuck for?"

"I had... issues I need to deal with." He said, running his fi

ngers through his hair.

"So you decided to beat up innocent guys for the heck of it?" I swear, "Jesus, Kayden. That's fucked up-"

He stops me, eyes hardening, "I did not beat up innocent guys for fun. Last night, I was attacked by some goonies because they thought they were better than me. So I gave them hell for it. You think I look bad? You should have seen the other guys."

"Why are you here?" I cross my arms and look at him. He swallows hard, and I think he's nervous about seeing me today.

He should be nervous alright. If I can, I will beat the living shit out of him.

But I have a brain and I know that will do more harm than good.

"Last night, when I got attacked, I realized that how stupid I was. The only reason why I got out of that fight because you taught me how to." He tells me, his grey eyes locking with mine. I see the warmth radiate from those eyes. "Okay maybe it wasn't the only reason- I did pack a few good punches- but it was the main one..."

I glare at him and he clears his throat.

He takes his fingers through his hair, colour tinting his cheeks. "I'm here to apologize."

"Wow." I breathe. "Kayden 'The Killer' Williams is apologizing to me."

"I treated you like shit and I'm sorry." He scratches his head, looking down, unsure of himself. The way he's uncertain with his words makes me think that this might actually be the first time he's apologizing to anyone, ever. "I'm not saying this because I need you to help me get that championship- I'm saying it because I actually feel bad about it."

"Thanks," I mutter. "That's really all I needed to hear from you. I was already calling you a bunch of names in my head already. Want to hear some of them? I called you dickwad, fucktard, motherfucking piece of shit, son of a motherless goat, asshole, jack ass, fucker, asswipe, donkey shit-"

"Okay, I get it." He chuckles softly, and I realize how much I missed his laugh. "I'm all of the above. I admit it."

"I still haven't got an explanation, though." I place my hand on my hips and narrow my eyes at him, "Did I do something wrong? Is that why you turned cold on me yesterday?"

"I-" He starts off but stops himself. "I can't talk about it."

"Why not?"

"Look, can we just... forget about it?" He pleads me with his eyes. "Please, Sienna. I don't want to go into details about it."

I sigh. If he didn't want to talk about it, I can't press him about it.

"Fine," I mutter, "What do you want to do now? Train?"

"What time do you get off?"

"Not anytime soon." I glance over at Julian, who's busy taking a nap. "But I don't have any other guys I have to work with tonight."

"Take the rest of the night off." He tells me, stepping forward, and brushing a stray lock of hair away from my face and tucking it behind my ear. My eyes widen at his sudden gesture. He seems to be shocked too because he quickly recovers and steps away from me. "We're getting some dinner with the guys tonight."

"Evans and Brent?" I ask breathlessly. Kayden's touch had just sent me on an adrenaline rush.

"Yeah," He says, "We're going to Basil Kitchen."

Hell yeah. That's where Alex works.

"Fine. Let's go." I gush and grab my stuff. "Dinner's definitely on you."

"Why?"

"Because I heard the prices are... Killer." I mentally high five myself for that pun.

Kayden groans at my sad attempt to make fun of his name. He mutters swear words under his breath as we leave and I can't help thinking that Tonight will be a really interesting night.

"This place is the bomb." Evans says when we enter the entrance of Basil Kitchen. Brent follows behind him, and Kayden and I trail along by the sidelines.

Stepping into the restaurant, I feel very underdressed. I didn't have any time to throw on something nice so I just slipped on my black tank top and jeans.

Kayden takes one look at me and smirks, knowing all too well that I look like a potato in front of all these people.

"Hey, Sienna!" Alex materializes, patting her hands over her apron. She comes over to the concierge and greets us with a warm smile. Evans takes one good look at her and swoons.

He whispers to me. "I'm going to marry her one day."

"She's taken, jackass." I roll my eyes and laugh.

"I think I've seen the face of heaven." He gushes, following Alex like a love sick puppy when she leads us to our table. Kayden and I slide in to the booth followed by Brent and lastly Evans. He's too busy gawking at Alex to notice that everyone's already seated and waiting for him to do so too so she can give us our menus.

"Here you go." She passes me the menu and makes a creeped out face when she gives one to Evans and he brushes her fingers over her hand. "Um."

Brent punches Evans shoulder. "Stop it."

"Shut up, mom." Evans glowers at his friend.

"You two, shut up. You guys are giving me a fucking headache."

Kayden spits as he glances over the menu.

Evans ignores him and places a huge smile on his face when he sees Alex coming around to take our orders. He's trying to look seductive but in my opinion, he just looks constipated.

"I'll have the sausage, please." Evans says in a husky voice.

"Great choice, it's a bestseller."

"I bet you like sausages too, huh, Alexandria?" He says, grinning.

Alex just turns away from him and looks pleadingly at me, as if to say, get rid of this bitch for me.

After placing our orders, Kayden breaks the silence by placing his hands together on the table and addressing all of us.

"So guys, we have more than a month till the finals. A week before knockout rounds start."

"That soon?" I ask him. He nods. "You're not prepared."

"Knockout rounds are easy." Evans tells me, finally focusing on us. "It's basically a war between the experienced and the ones just looking for fun. There's no doubt in my mind that Kayden can do this."

"So you're confident, then?" I turn over, glancing at Kayden. He shrugs.

"With your help, I'll be fine," He mumbles, "After the knockout rounds will be the semi finals. That's the tricky one. I almost lost to this one guy - his name is East Lee. He goes by 'The Eagle'. He can't punch for shits and his defence is pretty decent, but he's huge. And strong."

"If he goes by strength, then we go by speed." I say. Kayden casts me a confused look. "What? No offence Killer, but you're pretty small."

He stares blankly at me, "I'm so offended right now."

"I'm serious! Okay let me rephrase that: you're muscular and y

ou tower over me like the fucking Empire State building but there are many out there that have a good fifty- hundred pounds over you. You need to use your weight to your advantage. If the Hulk and Flash were in a duel, who do you think would win?"

"The Hulk." Brent says at the same time when Evans say, "The Flash."

"Ooookay, I drawl out, "Um, well... The Flash will win. Obviously. The Hulk can smash but how much can he smash if Flash is constantly zapping around him, wearing him out?"

"You have a point." Kayden nods.

"I always have a point," I glare at him, "We need to work on your speed tomorrow. What else do I have to know about your opponents?"

The four of us spend the next hour talking about which fighters to watch out for. Of course, the most lethal one would be Jax, but Kayden's worried that some of the contestants might have stepped up their game. In a competition like this with little rules, we got to strategize and make sure our overconfidence won't cost Kayden his win.

After finishing our food, Kayden pays for the bill willingly, to my surprise. I thought he would have put up an argument about it, but maybe he too is tired of picking fights with me.

He's choosing his battles- and he's choosing to lose this one

"Hey, Lucky?" Kayden helps me up from the seat. "Thank you."

"For what?"

He smiles slightly, causing his dimples to show. "For setting me straight. You're right: I have scars. Deep ones. Scars that burn holes in me. And I'm going to try to own up to them- I'm going to try the best I can."

I smile back, knowing that this is a stepping stone for us.

One step forward, no steps back.

A/N: so that was that! Can we just talk about the new Perfect Addiction cover? I think it's seriously 'Perfect' for the story I'm about to tell!

I know nothing much happens in this chapter so I'm going to make it up to you guys by posting another update on TUESDAY :)

So how are we feeling about Sienna and Kayden right now? Comment your thoughts down below and don't forget to vote if you like this chapter!

12. Cold Showers

Kayden yum yum ^^

Oh and PERFECT ILLUSION JUST REACHED 100K LIKES so THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUPPORT!

Remember to follow, vote and comment! It really helps to motivate me :)

I spend the next week and a half training Kayden to death.

Every morning, we start out jogging, circling around the neighborhood as many times as we can. We begin running two miles, then everyday it increases a quarter mile longer. Soon, I have him running up to three-four miles everyday. It's tough work- an athlete's training- but he needs to have a near perfect stamina if he wants to beat The Eagle.

"You are fucking killing me, Lucky," He pants as we run our last and final round around the neighborhood.

"You think this is easy for me too?" I spit, inhaling ragged breaths.

"Seems like it," He croaks out. "You don't even look like you're sweating."

"Can't say I can say the same about you." I peer behind him.

A large pool of sweat forms on the back of his grey T-shirt. H

e notices me staring and slows down a little, reaching for the hem of his shirt to pull it over his head, then looping the shirt over his neck.

I have seen Kayden bare chested many times but I still can't get over the fact that he makes my lady parts turn to jelly every time my eyes rake over his body.

My heart flutters when I see his tattoos, the patterns and swirls painted from his shoulders to his back. I know he has another tattoo past his naval because there was one time when he forgot to button his pants and I caught a hint of the ink hiding behind the fabric. I know they're words and I'm curious to find out what it says.

Kayden's still a mystery to me. Eventhough we're on good terms, I still haven't any clue about him.

I only know so much.

I know that he drinks milk straight from the carton, hates the sound of country music whenever it plays on the radio, thinks that iPhone users are dumb and never leaves the house with his phone and a pair of Beats earphones with him.

He still doesn't open up to me. And I know, it's not my position to pry his secrets out of him, but I'm curious about him. He's a different kind of species all together, but in a cool way.

Kayden catches me staring at his chest and his eyebrows lift. "You alright there, Lucky?"

He's totally teasing me. He knows that everytime he takes off his shirt, I'll make googly eyes at him.

I look away swiftly and pretend that he hasn't affected me. "Uh-huh."

"You were totally checking me out." He smirks. I roll my eyes, pretending that what he's saying is bullshit.

"Don't flatter yourself, Kayden." I begin to outrun him and turn at the junction, not bothering to look behind to see if he's catching up to me. I hear him pick up his pace and tries to fall into step with me but he's too exhausted.

Now that we've increased our distance, I make it a habit to bring along glucose in my bottle. I hand it to him and he takes it and pours it over his mouth.

He spits it out as if his mouth is on fire, then looks at me with a baffled expression on his face, "What the fuck was that?"

"Glucose. You need energy, Kayden. You're dying on me." I thrust the bottle to him again.

"Fuck no. I'm not tasting that again. Get that yellow shit away from me."

"It's not yellow. It's beige."

"Whatever." He rolls his eyes. "Bring me a more manly drink next time."

"You're unbelievable." I roll my eyes too but I can't help but laugh. It's true. Glucose did tastes like shit.

We finally reach our checkpoint, which is the entrance of our block, and the both of us immediately crumble at the foot of the stairs. I hold on to the railing to catch my breath and soon my knees gave out on me and I tumble to the floor. I lay sprawled on the ground, holding my hand over the sides of my waists because they hurt like a motherfucking ton right now.

Kayden chuckles when he sees me almost passed out. He looks better than me, but I know he's trying to keep it together in front of me.

He lowers himself on the stairs and takes in deep breaths. "Are you okay?"

"Peachy." I groan.

"Your sarcasm is so refreshing." He says sarcastically.

"Thanks. Right back at'cha." I try to wink but fail completely

Now I just look like a retard who looked like she had shit in her eyes and is trying to blink it away.

Kayden helps to heave me up by extending his hand towards me. I take it and push myself to a sitting position before pulling myself up. I press my hands on his chest to stabilize myself. When I realize that this is the first time I have ever touched him like this, my heart stammers even more. I look up and I catch his grey eyes staring down at me, an unreadable expression crossing his face.

Damn, I can get lost in his eyes forever.

He doesn't pull my hand away from him. We stay like this for a creepily long amount of time before I pull away from him.

I clear my throat. "Um."

"Yeah." He looks down, clearly embarrassed, "I'm heading up to take a shower."

Then, he starts to make his way up the stairs. He mutters something under his breath quietly, but I catch what he said.

"Preferably a cold one."

Heat creeps up to my cheeks.

After our jog this morning, we took a very quick shower before driving to Breaking Point and going at it for a few hours. I wanted to work on his speed and agility, so after a couple of rounds of me moving around quickly and landing blows on Kayden, he finally got the hang of it and beat me at my own game.

I swing my leg over but Kayden quickly ducks and lands another punch on my shoulder, making me lose my balance. He uses the opportunity to swing his fist at me, knocking me out cold.

"Ooof." I say, tumbling to the ground.

Kayden beats his chest, whooping because of his little victory

To say I'm proud would be an understatement.

"Yeah," He says, relishing his triumph. "That's my third win in a row, Lucky."

"I've gone soft on you," I say, defending myself.

I don't want to admit that he's almost better than me. It will boost his ego up too much and we don't need that, especially now that we're drawing close to the knockouts. It's in two days and even I'm starting to get nervous.

I have no doubt that Kayden will do well this Saturday. He hasn't proved otherwise. I'm just scared that his emotions will get the better of him. After what happened between the both of us last week... there's a little part of me that he might build up his walls again and hide himself.

We don't need that kind of attitude now. I'm just praying that his emotions are in check and I don't have to call for a therapist.

"Whatever. Anything to make you sleep at night," he winks at me and I laugh.

"Now help me up, you stupid fuck," I say and I take his hand. "I think I might have a bruise on my cheek."

"I'm sorry." All the humour disappears from his face. All there's left is concern. "I hurt you badly."

"Honestly, it doesn't hurt as much." I mumble. "I've been through worse."

He immediately freezes. "Did... did Jax ever hurt you physically?"

"Yes."

All the colour drains from his face, a look of horror staring back at me.

"Oh my god, not that way!" I say quickly. "He didn't abuse me. But he did train me. Like I said before, he was my mentor for three years."

"Oh." Kayden breathes a sigh of relief.

"Yeah," I tell him, grabbing my bottle and spraying some water over my face. "He was a good mentor. Granted, he was harsh and brutal, but I learnt a lot from him. And now, I'm passing everything I've learnt to you."

"Did he treat you well when you were dating him?" Kayden prods hesitantly. I look at him, wondering why is he suddenly asking me about this. He's never been the one to share things with me.

But that doesn't mean I have to be like that too.

"Yes, he did," I nod my head. "He was nice to me. And he made me laugh a lot. Even though nobody liked him because of his nasty temper and bluntness, I saw the good in him. I thought he was worth keeping around."

"Did you ever talk to him about why he cheated on you?"

"I don't ever want to look at his fucking face again," I can't help but sigh, "If I do, I can't promise I won't beat him to death myself."

Kayden chuckles softly. I hand him a towel and he uses it to wipe off the sweat from his face.

"The lines of hate and love are thin." He tells me, shrugging.

"What are you, Shakespeare? Stop it," I laugh and he throws me the towel playfully.

"I'm gonna hit the showers again," He announces before turning his back on me.

I nod silently and when he's gone into the locker room, I grab my phone to check for messages.

One is from Cara, telling me to meet up with her on Monday for coffee. Another is from Evans, who's begging me to check my WhatsApp. When I do, I roll my eyes at the amount pictures of half naked girls he decided to send me.

There's a missed call from my dad and as much as I don't want to call him back, I know that I have to. He won't stop calling me until I do pick up my phone.

"Hello?" My dad's gruff voice answers. "Sienna?"

"What do you want?" I sigh.

"I didn't think you'd actually call me back." He almost sounds relieved.

"Do you want me to hang up or...?"

"No don't!" He says quickly. "I called you because I wanted to ask you to come back for the weekend."

"No can do. I have err- an event I have to go to." I answer.

"Sienna." He curses under his breath. "If you got yourself involved with all that shit Jax did last year-"

"No. I'm not." I say, lying.

My dad knows about Jax and the whole championship ordeal. It's not like he keeps it a secret anyway. The more people knows about his wins over the past three years, the better his reputation will be. Everyone will learn to stay out of his way.

He liked it that way.

It's a shame I didn't do what I was expected to do and instead, ran straight into the arms of Jax even if I knew he was into this illegal shit.

Too late for regrets now, I think to myself.

"You better not be." My father tells me sternly. "Because if I hear you're taking part in this competition or you're involved in any way-"

"Dad, don't even try to threaten me right now. You have no right to do so." I shake my head. "Why the hell do you want me to come back home anyway? Actually no- why do you even bother asking me? You know I will not stay with you and your fifth wife... or is it sixth? Forgive me if I keep losing track

of your spouses."

A slight pause.

"Sienna." A displeased noise rumbles from the back of his throat. "You need to come back for the weekend. There's something very important I have to tell you and I don't think I should do it over the phone."

"Dad-"

"Please." He sounds desperate now. "I've missed you."

I clench my fist and close my eyes. I don't give two shit about him missing me, but it wouldn't hurt to go back again.

Just once. After that, you never have to step foot at that house again.

"Fine." I say through gritted teeth. "Fine. I'll take a cab tomorrow morning but I'm leaving the next day."

"Thanks, Sienna." He breathes, "I love you."

"Bye." I say in a rush before hanging up on him.

I take a seat by the bench and drop my phone into my bag.

Just then, Kayden decides to grace me with his presence. He's half naked- of course- with beads of water clinging unto his broad shoulders and chest. His dark hair is wet and tousled, and he has a white towel hanging over his neck. When he makes his way to me, I notice that his shorts are hanging dangerously low on his hips, showing me a thin trail of hair disappearing down his navel-

Shut up, Si. You really need to get laid.

"Hey." Kayden says in a hoarse tone.

"Hey." I say, pretending to look away. "Um about tomorrow-"

"-You're going back to your dad's," He finishes off my sentence. When he notices my confused expression, he quickly adds, "Sorry for eavesdropping. You were kind of loud."

"It's okay," I shrug, "I'm sorry. You just have to train by yourself tomorrow."

"That's fine." He waves me off. "You sure you're okay going by yourself tomorrow?"

I smile smugly at him and cross my arms, "Kayden, are you implying that you want to tag along?"

He looks away, clearly trying to hide the color creeping unto his cheeks. "No, of course not. I'm just saying that if you need any support..."

"Forget what I said about me being soft on you. I think you've gone soft on me, Killer." I laugh and stand up, slinging my bag over my shoulder. "But don't worry about me. I'll be fine. It's you I'm worried about."

"Why?" He asks, folding his arms.

"How will you survive a day without me?" I blow a kiss at his direction. "Bye, Kayden. If you so much as to train for a minute longer than you're supposed to, the consequences will be... killer."

I hear his laugh echo as I exit the gym.

A/N: SHIT. I love KAYNA. So adorable. The dynamic of their relationship is vastly different from DALEX. But I still love them anyways. So excited for them to actually grow closer together :)

Next update: this Saturday <3

13. Gotta love my Famiglia

Sienna being just so over life LOL ^

I left Kayden a note before I leave the apartment on Friday. Knowing that after my classes, I'm going to head back to my dad's so I'm not going to see him until tomorrow.

Won't be coming back tonight. Don't get yourself 'killed' while

e I'm gone. -Sienna

God, I'm so PUNny.

After I'm done with classes, I pass by Evans on my way from the library. He has his back to me, but I'm pretty sure he's playing tongue hockey by the way he's moving his hand and gliding his hands down the girl's body.

"Ewwwww! Get a room!" I snarl at them. Evans whips his head back, red lipstick all over his cheeks.

"Hey, Sienna!" He waves me over and I take a few steps back. If he thinks I want to have some kind of fucked up threesome with him and the red head-

He turns to his company and shrugs. "Leave."

The redhead gasps. "But we were just-"

"I'll call you tomorrow." He smacks her ass not-so-subtly when she walks away, her heels clicking. I make a look of disgust.

"Don't judge." He tells me, rolling his eyes.

"I'm totally judging right now." I hug the thin stack of books I have to my chest. "Do you always do that? Play tongue hockey with any easy chick willing to get it on with you?"

"Definitely." He winks. "You want in, huh? My schedule's pretty full right now but maybe I can squeeze you in on Thursdays after lunch-"

"Fuck you." I flip him off and start walking away from him.

"Okay fine. I'm sorry." He lifts his hands up in surrender. "Can you do me a favor and not tell Brent about this?"

I lift an eyebrow in confusion. "Why does he care?"

Evans looks down. "Just don't tell him."

"Fine. I won't. I have someplace else to be, Evans. If there isn't anything else..."

He slides his hands into his pockets. "Where are you going?"

"To my dad's." I tell him.

"Don't you mean your parents'?"

"My parents are divorced. My mom has been travelling around the world screwing random guys while my dad's getting it on with wife number oops-I-don't-give-a-fuck."

I expect him to be baffled at my rude response, but he just laughs.

"Nice." He smiles.

"Gotta love my famiglia." I shrug.

"I can give you a ride." He smirks.

"You and your dick can fuck off-"

"No, I mean literally." He rolls his eyes. "You have a dirty mind, Sienna."

"Shut up." I mock punch his shoulder. "Are you serious on giving me a ride? Because I would hate to spend my money on a cab."

"Sure." He gestures for me to follow him. "Don't worry, babe. I'll make it worthwhile."

I don't know why on Earth would Kayden and Brent be friends with someone like him.

When we get into his car, I hear a couple of wolf whistles directed our way. Evans waves over at the noise makers and slides into the driver's seat.

"Are those your fans?" I say in a bored tone.

He nods. "Like I said, I'm pretty popular on campus. Girls want to have sex with me. Guys want to be me. I already have a line of successors to take my rightful place when I graduate from this hellhole."

"Successors?" I snort. "That's stupid."

"No, it's brilliant. I'll be leaving my legacy." He winks at backs out of the parking lot. "Where to, sweet stuff?"

"Don't call me that again." I sneer at him.

him?"

I say, baffled. "I am not into Kayden. I can't even keep up with his mood swings. He's like a Kardashians."

He chuckles. "Doesn't matter. You're attracted to him."

"Please don't humiliate me with this nonsensical bullshit—"

"You're stubborn with your feelings, Sienna. I'll give you that."

"I am not!" I say defensively. "That's because I don't have any feelings for him!"

"Uh huh. Whatever you say." He nods, still grinning at me. "So where to, sexy mama?"

I groan.

After telling him my address, I silently pout in my seat, crossing my arms.

What Evans had said really sank its claws into me. Am I attracted to Kayden? I've never kept it a secret that I found him unbelievably good-looking. He can make my insides turn to mush with just one look.

Hell, he even puts Jax to shame.

But... do I like him? I can't tell. I'm still suffering from what Jax has done to me. That kind of betrayal doesn't go away so easily. So I can't think of liking anyone right now, especially Kayden a.k.a my roommate

a.k.a the guy whom I've only known for two weeks

a.k.a the guy who takes PMSing to a whole new level.

Kayden is a rare species. In order for me to like him, I have to understand him first.

Finally we arrive at the mansion. It's huge. It's a Beverly Hills version complete with a large porch to fit at least twenty cars, a swimming pool, a gazillion windows, and a grand door that probably costs as much as my entire college semester plus tuition.

"Thanks for the ride." I say, hauling my bag from Evan's trunk. He casts me a seductive smile.

"Anytime, babe." He winks and I want to stab him in the eye.

"Shoo!" I whisper to him as I see the front door opening. "If you don't go now, my dad might think that—"

"Sienna!"

Too late. The devil in the form of my father has appeared.

He still looks the same as the last time I saw him—which I might add, was last summer. He has dark hair, but the tips are greying tremendously. There are several frown lines on his forehead and the dark circles under his eyes look bigger. But other than that, my dad is fairly handsome even in his late forties and if you'd ask the cougars in town trying to catch his eye, they'd definitely think so too.

"Is this your boyfriend?" He eyes Evans with curiosity.

"No." I say at the same time Evans says "Yes."

I glare at Evans. He smiles at me smugly, then extends his hand to my dad.

"I'm Evans. It's a pleasure meeting you, sir."

My dad shakes his hand. "He has manners."

"Dad, he's just a friend."

Evans chuckles. "Your daughter over here just doesn't want anyone to know that she's dating me. I used to be a player, but after I met Sienna, well... you know how persuasive your daughter can get when she wants something."

I want to mentally slap myself a million times. I should have never brought Evans here.

He's fucking things up for me.

"Okay, Evans." I push him away and towards his car. "You need

to go now."

"No, stay." My dad insists. "I'd like to know more about your boyfriend, Sienna."

"He's not my boyfriend!" I hiss at my dad. "I'm still getting over Jax, remember?"

"I should get going, sir." Evans says politely. "Again, a pleasure meeting you."

I glare at him when he gets into his car and I still glare at him when he wriggles his eyebrows at me, backing away from the driveway.

"Well, that was interesting." My dad blows out a breath.

"He's just messing with you, you know that?" I groan.

"You have very interesting friends."

You tell me.

"I'll send Houston to get your bags."

Houston is the butler in dad's house. He's been working there since my dad first married, Gertrude, his second wife. Every time I come over, he's always chirpier around me. Probably because Gertrude was one stuck up bitch and keeps bossing him around like nobody's business. I don't know how Houston is like with dad's other wives, but he's clearly unhappy here.

I send Houston a wave and he nods right back before grabbing my bags.

"Houston, we have a problem." I say, laughing slightly when one of the straps of my bag tears. God, that never gets old.

"Ms. Lane, you never fail to humour me." He says, smiling. "To the guest room, I presume?"

"Yep." I say and he's off to the second floor. "Thanks, Houston!"

I linger around in the living room for a while, pouting at the added furniture to the place. They're more paintings plastered on the walls, and more useless vases standing around. My dad once told me that one of his wives liked to collect them when they travelled around the world, but in my opinion, I think all this shit is unnecessary.

Sighing, I make my way to the kitchen when I hear an all-too familiar voice.

"Si-Sienna?" Her voice shakes when she acknowledges me.

I'm going to kill dad. I'm fucking going to kill him. He didn't tell me she was going to be here!

"Hello, sister." I say, facing Beth, who's gaping at me from the living room. "We meet again. I see the cheek where I slapped you is still red. Ouch. Look like it hurt."

"Wh-what are you doing here?" She folds her arms over her chest. "Dad didn't tell me-"

"Well, dad didn't tell me either." I say flatly. "If I'd known you were here, I wouldn't have bothered to show up."

She keeps quiet.

I cross the living room to make it to the stairs but she stops me. "Get out of my way, sister."

She frowns. "Sienna, we need to talk."

"I don't want to talk to you." I sneer. "I told you I was done with you."

"Listen to me!" She screams. "P-Please. I never had the chance to explain myself."

So this is why dad wanted me to come back. He wants me to make amends with Beth.

Well, to hell with him. To hell with Beth too.

"Get. Out. Of. My. Way."

"No." She stands her ground firmly. "Jax told me to stand up for myself in case I ever get bullied. I'm standing up to you."

"You're unbelievable."

"I know you're hurting, Sienna." She says softly. "And I want to make it easier for you-"

"I swear to god, Beth, if you don't get out of my fucking way-"

"What's going on here?" Another voice joins the room. This time, I don't know who it comes from.

Both Beth and I turn to the source and find a brunette woman standing by the kitchen with a mug in her hands. She wears a satin robe to cover her near perfect body, and her crystal blue eyes are fixated on us.

"Don't worry about it, Alyson." Beth tells her. "This is between my sister and I."

Who the fuck is Alyson?

I didn't realize I said that out loud until Alyson herself gasps.

"Well, I didn't think you were the one to cuss," Alyson shrugs. "But I guess I'll let it slide, just this once."

I stare at her wide eyed. "Do I know you?"

"No, but I have a feeling we're going to be the best of friends." She smiles sincerely at me like we're actually going to tell all our secrets to each other and braid our fucking hair.

My dad enters the living room, and he stops when he sees the three of us staring back at him.

"Okay, can someone please tell me what the living fuck is going on?" I yell.

"Crap." My dad says, "I wasn't going to tell you about this until dinner time."

Alyson saunters over to my dad and she towers over him. She snakes an arm around his, and presses a small kiss on the side of his cheek.

"I think we better tell her now. She looks like she's going to murder me."

My dad sighs. "You're right, darling."

Darling?

He tries to reach for my hand but I recoil away from him. He looks hurt, but he quickly covers it with a forced smile.

"Sienna... Alyson and I are getting married."

I suck in a sharp breath. This should not surprise me. I mean, he's basically said the same announcement except for with different women for the past three years, but it still comes as a shock to me. Always.

"Okay." I say, pretending to not let it get to me.

My dad frowns. "Sienna, I want you to know that this time it's different. I really love Alyson. She's smart, and beautiful and she makes me smile all the time-"

"Okay." I say, "I'm going to head upstairs."

"Sienna-" Alyson tries to reach for me.

"Don't." I warn her. "Don't you dare touch me."

She keeps her mouth shut. Dad just stands there, debating on how to handle this situation.

"Sienna, I know you don't believe me. I know I've screwed up so many times in the past few years-"

"Screwed up?" I say in disbelief. "Screwed up? You did worse than that, dad. I don't know why I keep giving you chances. I came here today because... because maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe I can start over with you. And then I see this boyfriend-stealer-" I gesture to Beth, who looks so hurt, "And this woman who looks half your age whom you want to get married to. Does she know how many wives you've had in the past three and a half years? Five? Six? I can't even tell anymore. And you expect me to believe that this one is any different from the previous ones you've had?"

My dad keeps silent. Alyson just stares at me with horror.

I choke out a laugh. "You can't even tell me that because it's true. You know she isn't any different."

"Why do you have to punish me for trying to find happiness?" My dad says, a pained expression on his face. "I'm doing the best I can, Sienna. I'm trying to love again. And I may have done more wrong than good, but I'm trying."

"You didn't try." I shake my head. "You didn't try when you had mom and I. We were your happiness. You were just too blind to see it."

And then I walk up the stairs and straight into the room, leaving everyone completely dumbfounded.

*****A/N: So YAY for family drama! I'm sorry if there's no Kayden in this chapter. But I'll promise I'll make it up to you guys in the next one! :)

I'll be updating regularly every Tuesdays and Saturdays now. So expect another update next Tuesday.

Tell me what are your thoughts about Sienna's family? And what do you guys think about Beth? Hmmm...

14. Falling

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE CONTINUING WITH THE CHAPTER! Okay before you guys read this chapter, I made a grave mistake. Beth is Sienna's BIOLOGICAL sister, not step sister. I guess I got confused (I know, I'm stupid sometimes) and put 'step-sister' in the summary instead of 'sister'. So please don't be confused! IM SO SO SORRY. I swear I didn't think it was a big deal until I started writing more of Perfect Addiction.

Okay, carry on! Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Dinner had never been more awkward until now.

I keep my head down for the majority of the time, only mumbling in one word sentences whenever I'm needed to, like "potatoes" or "gravity". It helps me keep my cool, because I knew that if I say more than I'm supposed to, I'll end up blowing my own shit up and taking down everyone seated around the dinner table with me.

To my disappointment, Beth had chosen to take a seat beside me, while Alyson, dad's favourite of the month, sits opposite from me. I don't know which is better- having Beth cast me the guilty look every time I sneak a peek at her or the fact that Alyson is practically begging me with her eyes to give her another chance.

Dad isn't really helping with the awkward silence blanketing us either. He just keeps his head down, forking peas into his mouth and when he runs out, he asks Houston to get him another round.

Alyson's gaze flickers to dad then back to me again. I sigh and place my utensils down.

Finally, I break the silence. "Alyson, if you want to say something, say it."

Beth frowns. "D-don't be rude, Sienna. She's part of our family now."

Alyson wipes the edges of her lips with her napkin. I can tell she's from a wealthy family from the way she sits upright and doesn't hesitate to use which knife to eat which course of meal. And that probably means that she's been brought up like this, which means she's loaded.

Dad always liked to go for the wealthy.

"Sienna, I know you have something against me-" Alyson starts off but I lift my hand up to stop her.

"No, Alyson. I don't have something against you." I shake my head then cast a disgusted look at my dad. "I have something against him marrying you."

She shakes her head. "Your father is a very nice man. He is no

t who you think he is anymore."

"Oh, and you know him better than I do? How long have you known him? A month? Maybe two? I've known him my whole life and I think that you should highly reconsider this engagement, because you have no idea what you're getting yourself into."

Beth gapes at me. "Sienna, y-you can't say that!"

I turn to look at her. "And why not? She deserves to know that our dad is nothing but a cheater, a faker and a fraud. He was an alcoholic-"

"Was." She corrects me. "Past tense."

I blatantly ignore her. "-then you surely remember when he left mom and us without so much as a word and came back with divorce papers two weeks later, claiming that he doesn't need us in his life anymore. Basically, we got replaced, Beth. He's a horrible person for doing that sort of shit to us!"

My dad stands up. "Shut your mouth, Sienna."

My stare challenges him. "Clearly Beth doesn't want to voice her opinion about you so I guess I should be the one to do it. I have tolerated you for so long. But now, when I see you with her-" My gaze lingers on Alyson, "I think you're a coward. You hide behind these women to replace whatever you lost a long time ago. And that was us. Mom, Beth and I. Even though you were a shitty father, we still stood by you! And you failed to see that! You are a coward, a sad sad coward and I really fucking pity you!"

He slams his fist on the table. Beth and Alyson yelps.

"Get. Out." He sneers.

I stare at him, wondering if he really means it.

He's serious.

He's really kicking me out.

"You have insulted me more times than I deserve." He says, clenching his jaw. "And I will not tolerate this any longer. Get out, Sienna. And until you finally realize that you're being very bratty about this, I suggest you never step foot here again."

This time, Beth is the one who decides to speak up.

"Dad," She says. "Don't do this."

He stares at her with disbelief. "You're defending her?"

"She is my sister." She says softly. "You can't do this to her. I m-may not have agreed to what she said to you, but you can't just kick her out."

Never thought I will see the day in which my sister stands up for me.

I cross my arms. "It's fine. I'm going to see myself out."

She reaches for my arm. "Sienna-"

"Just because you defended me doesn't mean I forgive you." I say. "Goodbye, Beth." Then my lips purse into a tight line. "Alyson."

Alyson stands up, tears sliding down her face. "Please, Sienna, let's talk about this-"

"There's nothing left to talk about." I merely say before I head back up to my room to grab my things.

Houston helps me squeeze all my things into the boot of the car, while Arthur, my dad's driver, slides into the front seat. I press a light kiss on Houston's cheek and smile.

"Thanks, Houston. I'm sorry we didn't get to hang out this weekend." I say, frowning.

"It's fine, Ms. Lane. I'm sorry about your father. You really did press his buttons tonight." He tells me.

"I know I did." I sigh. "He deserved it."

He shakes his head, not agreeing with me. "Does anyone ever deserve to be judged by their past?"

I look away, his words echoing in my mind.

God dammit, Houston. He always makes me feel bad about myself whenever I do something wrong.

"Good night, Houston." I say before going into the car. Houston smiles back.

"Have a safe trip back home, Ms. Lane."

The drive back to Stony Brooke Commons is a long one. It isn't because the journey was far; it feels like there was so many things that had gone wrong and they keep replaying at the back of my mind. I feel a pang of guilt, knowing that what I said during dinner was wrong.

I knew it was wrong. I knew it and I did it anyway.

How fucked up was that? I am all kinds of screwed up right now

Suddenly, Kayden crosses my mind. I'm not so different than him. We have a lot of anger inside of us- anger that is both dangerous. It's just that he handles it a different way than I do.

I dive up to my anger head first and take it out to the people closest to me whereas he pushes everyone away instead and builds his own walls, the pulsing anger beating inside of him.

When I'm finally back, Arthur helps me with my things but I tell him not to bother. So I carry my bags up the flights of stairs and knock on the door defeatedly. Silent tears threaten to spill from my eyes but I hold them back in.

I'm a little bit pissed that I got kicked out of my dad's house.

But I think I deserved it.

And that makes me feel even more shit about myself.

Kayden answers the door and his eyes widen when he sees me. "Hey. I thought you weren't supposed to be back until tomorrow-"

"Can... I come in?" I ask, tears swimming in my eyes.

The anger that I once felt is now lost, and is replaced with hurt. I feel so lost, so lost, like I don't know what I'm doing anymore. The guilt catches up to me, and my heart hurts so much I feel like it's slowing down, allowing me to feel the pain I caused my dad and his family. "Please..."

He notices this and his entire expression crumbles. "Of course."

I set all my bags down on the apartment floor.

Kayden crosses the room, a look of worry plastered on his face. "Sienna... are you okay?"

"No." I croak out and the tears start to spill from my eyes. I wipe them away but they fall endlessly, drowning me in my own guilt and pain. "Kayden.... I- I did something bad."

He closes the remaining space between us and slides his arms around me, cocooning me.

"Hey..." He murmurs. I've never heard his voice this soft before. So caring. "Lucky..."

For once, I let him hold me. For once, I allow myself to cry into his shirt, feeling like I'm so small so small in this huge world.

For once, I allow myself to be vulnerable.

After my crying episode, Kayden goes to the kitchen to make us some hot chocolate. I don't think he's ever done something like this before- caring for someone. Perhaps it has been a long time because by the way he embraces me, it's as if he's not sure what to do.

And when I tell him what happened that caused me to act this way, he tells me that it's okay and everything is fine when all I want is for him to scream bloody murder at me and tell me I'm wrong.

I can't take it. I can't take this new side to him. I can take moody Kayden, back-the-fuck-off Kayden, sarcastic Kayden, but caring Kayden? It makes it even harder to stay away from him.

"Thanks." I murmur when Kayden passes me a cup of hot chocolate.

"Do you know that I've never seen you this upset before?" He tells me, leaning over the counter with another cup in his hands.

"Trust me. This won't happen again." I mutter as I take a sip of the hot chocolate. "This... is just a one-time thing."

"You sound like we just had sex."

I swallow and bark out a small laugh. "That won't happen too."

Kayden chuckles, then looks at me, eyes meeting mine. A foreign emotion clouds his eyes, something I'm not familiar with, "I'm really sorry about your family, Sienna."

"What family?" I say, "My sister's a boyfriend stealer, my dad's a hypocritical son of a bitch that's going to take his seventh wife and he expects me to be okay with it."

"How about your mom?"

I sigh. "God knows where my mom is. I do envy her, though. She doesn't give a single care in the world about what happens to my dad whereas I care too much."

"So that talk about him being a coward and you pitying him- that's you trying to care for him?" He asks in disbelief. "If that's your definition of caring for someone, I think you and I need to have a serious talk."

I laugh again. "Oh, and you know how to care for someone? You basically patted on my back, muttering 'there, there' the entire time I was crying. I can never count on you to make me feel better."

He lifts his hands up in surrender. "I tried."

I mimic his voice. "I tried."

"Don't mock me, Lucky." He tells me and I snort.

I set the cup aside and cross my arms. "Do you think I was right, though? Telling my father off like that?"

He thinks about this for a while before replying me. "I do hate that guy after what you told me about him but I don't think he deserved your wrath. I mean, he said he's sorry, right? And that he's a changed man?"

"I know. But I don't believe him." I shake my head. "I just... I want him to come to his senses. I don't want him to marry that woman. Part of me.. part of me thinks that maybe, he'll come back to mom and I. It's a stupid fantasy of mine, but I do wish he'll see the error of his ways and piece our family back together again."

A small smile appears on Kayden's face.

"It's stupid, I know." I groan. "I feel childish for even saying that."

"It's not- It's not childish." He says in a low voice. "It's normal to think like that. Sienna, I think all you want is for someone to love you."

I freeze at his words. They sound so foreign to me.

"W-What?" I stutter.

God, I sound like Beth now.

"I think that you've been betrayed by the ones that you love and all you want is for someone to love you back. You have a big heart, Lucky. I've seen it. Even though you try to act tough, I know that you're hurting and I know you just want someone to take the pain away from you."

His words echo around my mind, and I feel unsettled.

Something tells me that he may be talking about himself too.

I offer a small smile, even though it feels forced. "You sound like a therapist."

"Sounds like you need therapy."

"You need therapy." I correct him. "Mr. Christian Grey."

He stares at me, humour radiating from his face. "Did you just call me-"

"Yeah. I did. So what?" I say, crossing my arms. "You have a billion mood swings. Just like him. If it's anyone who needs therapy- it's you."

"Kickboxing is the best form of therapy." He grins.

He has a point.

"You look like you need to relieve some of your stress." He points out. "I haven't trained today at all. Couldn't do it without you."

Somehow, his words make me smile. Knowing that he can't fight without me makes me think that we need each other more than we think we do.

"Aw." I touch the place above my heart. "You missed me, huh?"

He shakes his head, chuckling slightly. "Whatever, Lucky. The point is, I'm in a mood for a few rounds in the ring. What do you say?"

My lips curve into a small smile.

"I'm definitely game."

A/N: I swear Sienna and Kayden are so god damned cute! (: There will be more KAYNA fluff in the later chapters, I promise. Next update -as usual- is Saturday! (:

PS: Thank you for your support for the previous chapters. Your comments made me laugh so much. HAHHA.

15. Knockouts

Kayden and punching bag :) ^^

Today is the day of the knockouts. It's crazy but I don't feel nervous about it. Maybe it's because I know I've trained Kayden enough so that he'll make his opponents tap out in less than three minutes and be one of the last ones standing in that ring.

In another few hours, Breaking Point gym will be closed for the tournament. No police will try to expose it for the illegal activity it's holding because they will all be inside that gym along with the rest of us placing our bets and screaming at the ring, hungry for blood and gore.

Now, Kayden, Evans, Brent and I are seated around the dining table, preparing for what's to come. Or to be more precise, Kayden and I are preparing for what's to come while Brent and Evans are arguing over the last slice of pizza in the box.

"You ate the last two. I think I deserve to eat this one." Brent reaches over to grab the pizza but Evans slaps it away.

"Come on, Brent. You're not being fair. This one has extra cheese! EXTRA CHEESE!"

"Yeah, that's why I'm claiming it!" Brant scowls back.

Evans snatches the box away, hissing, "My precious."

I turn over to Kayden and roll my eyes. "Tell me again, why are you friends with the both of them?"

Kayden glares at the both of them. "They were tolerable in high school. Now, not so much. But as you can see, not many people are willing to be my friends."

"And whose fault is that? Most of the time, you look like you want to bash people's faces up if they try to come within a two-mile radius from you."

He just shrugs. "Can we talk about something else?"

"Why? Do you feel uncomfortable talking about your lack of friends?" I tease and he growls.

"Why do you always have to challenge me, Sienna?" He leans in closer, folding his arms on the table.

"Because I like to get you all riled up." I say, biting my lip, "Your ears get super red when you're pissed at me, and I think that's kind of

cute-

Kayden stands up and walks to his room, muttering curses under his breath.

I look at the clock on the wall and jump out of my seat. "Guys, we should probably go now so that we can get a good view of the ring."

Brent and Evans completely ignore me and continue to scowl at each other.

I roll my eyes.

I am surrounded by idiots.

The air is charged with excitement and scented with perfume, sweat and beer. Even though I've been here before, I still feel uncomfortable here.

Maybe it has something to do with the horny guys whistling at me to come over to them so we 'can get it on.' Or maybe it's because the girls running back and forth in their six inch heels and tight skirts and throwing themselves at the fighters that makes me cringe.

Brent, Evans and I are escorting Kayden to one of the small rooms behind the gym to get ready. When we're there, I tell Brent and Evans to save a spot for me and give them some money so I can place my bet on Kayden.

When Kayden sees the money, his eyes widen. "That confident, huh?"

I offer him a smile. "Like you said, I can earn a shit load of money off of you. Maybe if I stick with you a little longer, I'll be a millionaire."

His eyes stare at me with longing, and I'm not sure of the emotions hiding behind those eyes. He's so good at hiding his emotions, whereas me?

Not so much. Maybe that's what makes Kayden so alluring. He's mysterious, and all I want to do is peel away that invincible mask that he's wearing.

"Oh, before I forget..." I say, my hand sliding into my backpack and revealing his red satin robe. "Found this in the dryer. Thought you forgot."

Kayden breathes a sigh of relief and takes the robe from me. "Thanks."

I watch him stare at the robe for a little longer. His eyes dance over the cloth with joy. "You wouldn't be Killer without it."

His head lifts so his eyes can meet mine again. "Can you err... help put it on for me?"

I nod wordlessly.

I help him slide the robe over his shoulders. Then, stepping forward so we're chest-to-chest, I tie the sash of the robe over his waist. He gulps when my fingers make contact with his skin, and I boldly look up to see him staring back at me.

He looks at me with so much intensity and I feel my cheeks burning. My hands drop from his neck down to his well-defined chest, then quickly dropping my arms to my sides.

We're still less than inches apart, and I've never wanted to be this close to anyone before.

Even Jax.

"What are you doing to me, Lucky?" He breathes, stepping forward and tucking a lock of hair behind my ear. I gasp at his electric touch. I'm bewitched by the way my skin comes to life by his fingers, and I want more from where that came from, like a sailor drawn to a siren, wanting it to lure me to my death.

Kayden's going to be the death of me.

I clear my throat and step back.

"It looks ugly on you."

He chuckles.

"It's time." I say, glancing to my wrist but find that there's

no watch so I pretend to be picking a scab instead to hide my embarrassment. "Good luck, Killer."

"I don't need it. I've got you, Lucky." He says before I leave the room and I think my heart just flew out of my chest.

Walking away from Kayden was hard, but I knew I was going to see him in the ring soon.

What are you doing to me, Lucky? He whispered, making shivers run down my spine.

The real question is: What are you doing to me, Kayden?

He's going to screw up all my plans, I just know it. I've accepted the fact that I'm attracted to Kayden, but I thought it was just lust. What if... what if there's feelings involved too?

I simply can't afford it. I'm here for one reason only: to exact my revenge on Jax.

After this, I'm supposed to be done with Kayden. He's supposed to be done with me.

Why does it seem like that's never going to happen?

Diminishing all my thoughts, I squeeze my way through the roaring crowd, making my way towards Brent and Evans. Brent notices me and waves me over.

"Hey!" He yells over the noise. "What took you so long?"

"I was prepping him." I say, not meeting his eyes.

What a liar.

Evans thrusts me the box of popcorn he has in his hands. "Want some?"

"Where the hell did you get popcorn?!" I ask him. "I thought they only sell drugs here."

"Yeah. There's weed in here."

"WHAT?" I scream.

Evans laugh. "I'm kidding, Sienna. Live a little."

Grunting, I take a fistful of popcorn and fix my eyes on the ring, anticipating for the man in the red satin robe to materialise.

Soon, the blare of the horn interrupts the basement, and the crowd erupts in cheers. People are lifting their fists into the air, excited for what's about to happen.

"First rule of the Underground tournament: You do NOT talk about the Underground tournament!" The announcer says, mimicking Tyler Durden from Fight Club. "Nah, who the fuck am I kidding? Of course y'all are fucking going to talk about it. This year's tournament is going to be mother fucking BADASS."

Another round of cheers and hoots come from the audience.

"Alright, shut up!" The announce yells and the public falls silent. "Ladies and gentlemen, let the KNOCKOUTS BEGIN!" He raises up his hands and the crowd goes crazy. I can't help but cheer as well.

"Alright, alright! Without further ado, put your hands together for Paul 'The Hammer' Jones and Liam 'The Legend' Kingsley!"

Both fighters appear from opposite ends of the gym, and they do their little rounds around the ring, pounding the audience's fists and slapping their hands. Finally when it's over, they take their positions in the ring, their fists clenched, their eyes narrowed at each other.

The horn blares once again, signalling the start of the fight.

Paul thrusts his fist forward but Liam steers away, planting a punch at Paul's abdomen. They go about this for a while, knocking each other with punches and occasional kicks.

"This is an amateur fight." I shake my head, telling Brent. "And I thought MMA sucked."

Brent shrugs. "It's okay. I think after a few more rounds, it's Kayden's turn."

"How many opponents does he have to go tonight?"

"A couple." He nods. "From what I can see, there are a lot of them this year. I'm not sure if it's a good thing or a bad thing."

I put my focus back on the ring in front of me, watching silently as the two opponents fight. After what seems like forever, Paul finally has Liam on lockdown, both of his hands tightening around Liam's neck. Liam tries to thrash his legs forward but Paul has them clamped to the ground.

I hear Liam tap out and the fight is over.

I glance at Brent's watch. Two minutes.

That's hardly a fight at all.

Other contestants flood into the ring, and as the knockouts progress, I can identify who are the good ones and who doesn't stand a chance. Most of the good ones have a knack for offence, not much for defence. They are reckless in the ring, something that might get them to the finals or might get them killed.

Kayden is a bit of both. A bit reckless but also rational. I taught him to separate instinct from logic but he hasn't really mastered it yet. Instinct goes hand-in-hand with emotions and if his emotions are heightened, that might just cause him his win. I know when he's angry, he tends to be more reckless. I need to spend more time with him after the knockouts to help him improve on this.

I'm waiting anxiously for Kayden to come out. Evans can tell I'm impatient because I'm jumping on the balls of my feet. He passes me some popcorn and I devour it.

"Finally, the moment EVERYONE has been waiting for, the man everyone has been wanting to see... Kayden 'The Killer' Williams!"

Oh my god.

There
he
is.

I know I just saw him less than half an hour ago, but my breath still catches when I see the hint of red that is his robe. He materialises from the left side of the room, his hair tousled and his face mean. Lean muscles stretch under his tattooed skin as he flexes them.

He's all game tonight.

Nobody's stopping him now.

I see his fingers flex and fist at his sides, his wrapped hands huge and his fingers long. He cranes his neck, scanning the crowd, and when his eyes fall upon me, he smiles.

A shiver shoots down my spine when his grey hooded eyes connect with mine. I smile back, and he approaches me, ignoring everyone who's shouting at him and greedily thrusting their fists towards him.

He walks over to me, his stance effortless and ready with a hint of arrogance in his saunter. When he reaches me, his grin grows bigger.

"Lucky." He addresses me.

"Killer." I nod.

"Watch me own the ring." He smirks, then without lingering, he turns his back on me and hoists himself up on the ring.

His opponent, Maddox 'Meatloaf' West, cracks his knuckles, his glare set on Kayden. Kayden doesn't let this get to him. He turns his head and sends me another smirk before it disappears and replaced with a scowl.

Cheering continues to ensue, but after the blare of the horn, it dies down. My heart is pumping so fast in my chest I'm afraid it'll might just fly out of my body. I'm excited but also nervous for Kayden as he takes his position in the middle of the ring, facing against Maddox.

Another horn blares and the fight starts.

Brent is clutching my shoulder and pretty soon, he'll cut off my blood circulation.

I think I might just let him.

Kayden growls as he rams into Maddox, taking his opponent completely by surprise. Good. He's using the element of surprise to us. Maddox's eyes widen and he tries to punch Kayden, but he immediately ducks and moves away, then hitting Maddox straight to the ribcage.

Kayden is fast- faster than ever. Maddox keeps trying to knock him out with his punches and kicks but it doesn't have an effect on Kayden. He constantly zaps around, dodging all blows and giving Maddox hell for it.

Before Maddox can even shake off his blow, Kayden's fists make contact with his bloodied face over and over. He then crashes his elbow straight into Maddox's chest, making causing him to stumble and fall to the ground.

The crowd goes wild when Kayden holds Maddox hostage on the ground, sending Maddox constant punches. I wince, as if I can feel the pain his opponent is going through, knowing that he won't last much longer.

Maddox tries to tuck his knees and send Kayden flying away from him but he won't budge. He just swerves away from Maddox's legs and send another deadly hit to Maddox's jaw.

With the last of Maddox's strength, he taps his hand on the ground.

I cheer along with the rest of the gym when the announcer goes over to Kayden to lift his arm, naming him the victor.

"Hell yeah!" I pump my fist into the air.

Kayden wipes his bloody nose with the back of his hand and raises his other hand, clearly happy that he's won.

I run over to him when he gets down from the ring and the announcer announces the next fight. When I see him, I hold my fist out so he can pound it.

"Nice." I say and he chuckles. "You did great out there."

"Thanks, Lucky." Kayden sends me a crooked smile. "But I need to get cleaned up. I have to fight again and I need all the rest I can get."

"Okay." I nod and then he's off.

I want to follow him, but I guess I should give him some space. So I turn back and I collide with the person in front of me.

"Sorry." I quickly mumble and move out of the way but the person grabs my hand. "Hey what the-"

"Aren't you going to say hello to yours truly, Princess?" A familiar voice sends goosebumps down my arm. "For old times sake."

I force myself to look up, and meet a pair of familiar blue eyes.

"Hello, Jax." I sneer.

A/N: GUESS WHAT? THE WATTYS ARE BACK AGAIN THIS YEAR! I'm super excited because last year I was a little bit too late to submit my entry. I was supposed to finish Perfect Illusion before the due date (but as you can see, that didn't happen because I ended up only finishing the book this year). So I've been scheming for so long to join the WATTYS with Perfect Addiction, its sequel. So I would love to have your continuous support, guys! I hope I'll get shortlisted and actually win this year (crossing my fingers!)

Btw, how are we feeling about the sizzling KAYNA romance building? Gosh, I love that sexual tension.

16. He'll Tell You I'm Insane

Christian Merk as Jax Deneris^

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

"Hello, Jax." I sneer.

"Miss me, princess?" He reaches out to touch my face but I take a few steps back away from me, the huge scowl on my face clearly visible. He bites his lip in response.

I used to love it when Jax bites his lip.
Now, I want him to bite on it so hard he bleeds to death

Yeah. That would be awesome.

"Don't touch me." I snarl. "And get away from me."

"Come on, Princess. Don't be like that." He steps forward and frowns. "I know we had a little falling out but--"

"A LITTLE FALLING OUT? ARE YOU SERIOUS RIGHT NOW?" Even though we're in a gym filled with shouts and cheers, my scream still manages to grab the attention of a few of the people surrounding us. But I don't give two s--- hits about them. "YOU CHEATED ON ME WITH BETH! HOW THE HELL IS THAT A LITTLE FALLING OUT?"

"Okay, yeah, I'm an asshole." He lifts his hands up in surrender. "I admit it. It was a dick move. But princess--"

"DON'T FUCKING CALL ME THAT!" I yell at him and he flinches. "You don't deserve to call me nicknames!"

"Fine. Okay. You're right. I was just trying to ease the tension." He sighs. "I'm sorry. I really am. I should have told you that I didn't love you. I should have told you that I started falling for your sister. I should have never went behind your back and pursued a relationship with her. I should have. Could have. Would have. Does it actually matter now?"

"Of course it does!" I exclaim. "You hurt me! I felt so used. I was manipulated, lied to, cheated on. Those aren't just feelings that can make disappear with a small apology, Jax! I thought I meant more to you than that!"

"You did!" He retorts back. "You did, Sienna. Once. But then... how the hell was I supposed to tell you that I didn't love you anymore? How could I possibly tell you that I... love your sister? Do you know how fucked up that is?"

I don't know if he's lying to me. A little part of me tells me not to trust him, trust his words. But he always had a way of manipulating his words to make me believe him. How do I know if he's not doing that to me right now?

I point an accusing finger at his chest. "You knew it was fucked up but you still carried on your little... fling with her. You thought it would be fun huh? To mess with the Lane sisters? Shove your tongue down my throat in the morning and get between her thighs at night? You think this is some kind of game?"

"It's-It's not a game!" Jax pulls away from me a little hesitantly. I eye him warily because of this. "When I started dating you, I didn't know I had feelings for your sister. But when we grew closer... and then, things just happened. We couldn't control it."

I feel as if he had just taken my heart in his hands and squeezed the life out of me.

Because his words
fucking
hurt.

"She's funny. And smart. And beautiful." He tells me, his eyes shining, "and she gets me."

"I got you. I understood you." I say to him. "We were cut from the same cloth. How could I possibly not UNDERSTAND YOU?"

"It's not that- it's just the way she cares for me. When I listen to her, I know that everything's going to be okay. She makes me... stronger, Sienna. She makes me want to be a better person."

Oh god.

I don't believe this.

I don't. My instincts tell me that something off about what he's telling me. I don't know what yet, but I'm going to find out.

He pauses for a while, ruffling his fingers through his thick dirty blonde hair. "This year's tournament... it's going to be my last. I'm quitting this shit, Sienna. For her. I don't want to be a bad influence on her. She makes me see the good in me. And I would do it for her."

His words sound so real, so genuine.

But I call bullshit on that.

The Jax I know is never going to quit fighting for a girl. He loves fighting too damn much. He thinks he may be capable of quitting, but I know him better than he knows himself. He's not going to do it.

He's bluffing.

I shake my head, "I don't believe you."

"I guess I don't expect you to understand, Sienna." He shakes his head, sighing.

When I don't answer, he continues. "I'm sorry it had to be this way. But it is what it is. I know I should have told you about Beth and I way sooner but didn't want to hurt you. But you must know that it was the hardest thing I have ever done. I didn't want you to feel like what you feel right now."

I stare into Jax's blue eyes, wanting to find anything, anything that convinces me that he's telling me the truth.

His eyes are just empty.

Empty empty

Empty promises. Empty truths. Empty everything.

"You're right." I sigh, pulling away from his touch.

His eyes widen. "What?"

"You're right." I say again, more adamant. "I don't understand. And I probably never will. You are one selfish motherfucker, Jax Deneris. Regardless of whether you love my sister or not, I hate you for ruining me. I will make you a promise: I will hate you for all eternity and if there's even another existence after death, I will continue to hate you then. Even if I'm rotting in the fiery pits of hell. Because you had a choice to be with her or me. And you made a huge mistake by choosing her."

"I loved you. I stood by you and I was loyal to you. I never proved otherwise. You were just so blind to see it, and decided to go to my other half anyway. I shake my head in dismay. "I am done with you, Jax Deneris.

You crushed me and you made sure that I won't be able to live again. But guess what? I am standing right in front of you. And my hate knows no bounds. Make no mistake- if this year's tournament is your last, I'll be sure to make it a very memorable one."

"What are you talking about?" Jax stares at me, his eyes set as hard as stone.

"You know damn well that I'd rather kill you right now with my bare hands if I wanted to," I shrug, "But I think I'll just save the killing for the Killer, don't you think so? After all, it's his speciality."

Suddenly, it's as if he peeled off the fake mask he's wearing because his entire face turns into an ugly scowl. His eyes, bright with anger, and his fists start to curl.

Ah, there's the hint of the Jax I remember.

The Jax that would never change his demeanor for a girl.

The Jax that doesn't give two shits about anyone.

"What are you talking about?"

"I think you know exactly what I'm talking about," I smirk.

He runs to me and grabs my hand. My hand stings from how hard he grabbed me. When my words finally dawned upon him, his scowl deepens, "No. No. You wouldn't. Sienna, don't do it. He's my enemy! You know that! Don't you dare go to him!"

I snatch my hand away and flip him off.

"Just watch me," I hiss, turning on my heel and leaving.

I don't know what to make of what just happened. My mind is spinning, trying to make sense of his words. Part of me believes him that he loves my sister but another part of me doesn't. The way he said he loves her contradicts from his words. I don't know; there's just something fishy about it.

Sigh. Regardless of whether he's telling me the truth about him loving Beth, it doesn't alter the fact that he did go behind my back and cheat on me with her.

He may not love me anymore, and as much as I hate to admit it, I still love him. I still do.

And that's the most fucked up thing.

I don't want to love him. After he had shown his true colors by sleeping around with Beth, I should hate him. I keep telling myself that I should and he should just rot in hell and die. But I can't believe it, no matter how hard I try.

He was the one who taught me not to be afraid of the world, to thrust a middle finger up in the air and say "I don't care." He was the one who helped me get through my father and his failed marriages, and my mom who's MIA all the time. He was the one who made sure I was strong, physically, emotionally and mentally.

I would be nothing without him.

"Hey, where did you go to?" Brent asks me when I make my way towards him. I peek a glance at Evans, who bought himself another box of popcorn. Damn, that guy can eat.

"Sorry. Got lost." The lie easily slips out of my mouth.

"Well, don't get lost again." Brent tells me.

I'm already lost.

"Okay." I nod my head.

He points to the ring. "Kayden's next fight is starting."

"Who's he fighting?" I ask, my interest piqued.

"The Eagle." Evans chimes in, then points to the guy who's flickering in and out of the opening on the left. "Looks like he packed a few more pounds."

"Great." I say sarcastically. Kayden needs to be fully prepared to beat the shit out of him. We can't afford any losses. Otherwise he wouldn't move through to the semi-finals.

When the announcer calls out Kayden's name, he appears at the doorway again and makes his little dance, this time a little bit faster than before. A film of sweat runs down the side of his cheek when he stops in front of me. His grey eyes meet mine and he frowns.

"Are you okay?" His concern makes me falter.

"Are you okay?" I ask instead, eyeing Monty A.K.A The Eagle, who's waiting for him impatiently at the other side of the ring. I tug on his red robe loosely around him.

"Don't worry about me, Lucky." One of the edges of his lips curve upwards.

I smile back. "Go and knock him dead."

He nods, then turns his back on me and proceeds to his side of the ring. He peels off his robe just like he did before, but this time, his gaze quickly flickers to mine again. He's always so good at hiding his emotions, but tonight, he's transparent.

He's worried. Worried for me.

I snort. Kayden is actually capable of feeling something other than anger.

The sharp blare of the horn slices my ears and Kayden shakes his head, preparing for his fight. Both fighters hold their clenched fists high, their eyes narrowed and deadly.

Monty scowls and charges towards Kayden, swinging his fist to connect with his face, but Kayden ducks quickly and packs several punches at Monty's ribs. Monty roars, turning around sharply and aiming for him again, but Kayden darts to the right, narrowly misses Monty's arm, but successfully landing another hit at the back of Monty's shoulder.

I watch as the fight progresses, my heart stammering for Kayden. I love to watch him as he fights his opponents. He fights with such gracefulness and stealth. He isn't sloppy with his hits; when he punches, he punches hard. Enough to send someone to the ground, wheezing in pain.

Jax can punch -his swing is great- and he's has a killer defense. He also uses his brains instead of his instinct. He is calculative, trying to predict every move his opponent makes before he even makes it. It's good, but it's also risky. He got lucky for the past three years, but with Kayden, I think he won't be so fortunate again.

Because Kayden has me.

Finally, the fight ends with Monty on the ground and Kayden holding his neck down with his hands. He has his legs locked together in a way that Monty can't kick upwards, so seeing as there is no way out of this, Monty taps out.

The crowd cheers and chant 'Killer' when Kayden's hand is lifted up by the announcer, signaling another victory.

After the bookie hands me my money, Brent, Evans and I dash to the back of the gym so we can see Kayden. He's wearing his red robe again but it hangs loosely from his shoulders.

"That was fucking awesome." Evans knuckle punches him. "If I was gay, I'd say watching you fight was a major turn on."

Brent coughs, avoiding eye contact with Evans. "Congrats."

"Thanks, bro." Kayden nods, then turns to me.

"You 'killed' it." I tease. He shakes his head, chuckling slightly.

"You're not going to stop with these 'killer' puns, will you?"

"Never." I smile.

"God dammit." He swears under his breath.

"Should we celebrate his win?" I ask Brent and Evans.

Evans's face immediately lights up. "PIZZA PARTY."

Brent and Kayden both groan.

"You guys really wound me." Evans frowns. "Really."

I laugh and tell both Evans and Brent to figure out what we're having for supper now that Kayden's fights are over. When they disappear, I'm left with Kayden, who looks uncomfortable to be alone with me.

Maybe it reminds him of what happened back in his room before the fight. I can't help it either. Thinking about it makes me flustered and confused at the same time.

Kayden smiles at me, a small one, but sincere. "So how much did you get from betting on me?"

I show him my wad of cash and thrust it to him. "Consider this my payment for this month's rent."

His eyes widen at the money, but he doesn't take it.

"That's-"

"You think I'm going to live in your apartment for free? Please." I roll my eyes. "I pay for my own shit."

"Technically, this money is mine by default. After all, you bet on me to get this money. I'm indirectly giving you this money to pay rent for my apartment. That's hardly fair." He folds his arms over his chest, a slight twinkle of humor in his eyes.

"Shhhhhh." I put a finger to his lips. "Don't talk. You'

re ruining it. You're ruining my moment of trying to be nice. Just take the money, okay?"

"Okay." He nods, eyeing my finger on his lips.

I quickly pull my finger away and clear my throat.

Then, his eyes slowly move to a shadowy figure from across the hallway. My gaze follows to the direction he's staring at, and when I see Jax looming at the corner, I roll my eyes.

"Jax." Kayden's expression immediately turns nasty when he glares at my ex-boyfriend. Jax notices this and glares back at him too. Kayden starts to move towards him when I clamp my hand on his wrist.

"Don't." I shake my head. "Save it for the ring."

"He cheated on you." He sneers. "Don't you want to just beat the living fuck out of him?"

"I talked to him just now. Before your fight." I tell him, my voice lowering. "I said some bad things. Threatened him a few times. Trust me, you don't want to go near him right now. He knows I'm helping you."

Kayden clenches his jaw when he listens to me. "You told him that you were helping me?"

"Yes," I shrug, "but the point is, Jax doesn't take threats lightly. He may be tied down to Beth, but old habits never die. He will do anything in his power to make sure you don't get in his way of his championship."

Kayden sneers. "That championship is mine. He's not taking it away from me this time."

"Good." I nod. "He knows you are a threat, too. Especially now that you have me on your side. Now, he's going to try to use your weaknesses against you, in or out of the competition. Remember, there are no rules. So you have to be careful. What are your weaknesses, Kayden? Family? Girlfriend? Your car?"

Kayden looks away briefly, avoiding my eyes. He looks almost... sad.

After a while, he sighs.

"You."

"What?" My eyebrows knit in confusion.

"You." He repeats again, his voice strangled. "My weakness is you, Lucky."

A/N: I don't really appreciate all the comments telling me to update three (or more) times a week. First off, that puts a lot of pressure on my shoulders and you guys won't want to see me when I'm stressed. Because stressed Claudia = angry Claudia = Obliteration of the human race.

Second of all, I'm trying my very best to post chapters. It's not easy updating twice a week, especially when I have school and homework and family, just like all of you. Moreover, most Wattpad authors update less frequently than me; I think I'm quite consistent with my updates. Some authors even update once or twice every few months. I'm not saying all of you should be grateful; I just hope you bear with me and do not pressure me into updating. Because I'd hate to force myself to vomit out chapters that aren't the best of quality. And I want Perfect Addiction to be well... perfect, especially when I'm entering it for the Wattys.

Now, that I got that over with, how are we feeling about Jax? Hmmm... I sense something fishy going on with him. And KAYNA feels again! Eeeeeee eep!

16.5 Too fast, Too Soon

[Kayden's POV]

I'm falling for her.

Too fast. Too soon.

It's only been two weeks since I've met her.

this girl.
me.
I like her.
I like her.
I like Sienna Lane.
She's feisty, and sarcastic, and she always challenges me through her words and her actions.
She's determined to get what she wants, no matter the consequences. She isn't afraid to let anyone know that she can beat the shit out of someone if she wanted to.
She's so brave and I realize I shouldn't have underestimated her strength. She admits to her wrongs and allows herself to be vulnerable during her darkest moments.
But that doesn't make her weak.
That makes her invincible.
Sienna Lane is everything right for me and at the same time, everything wrong.
I can't have feelings for this girl. I can't afford it. I've built my walls, shut myself in so I wouldn't be able to feel like this.
I don't deserve to.
God damn her for tearing apart my walls brick-by-brick. I'm trying to piece myself back together but she won't let me.
She doesn't want me to hide anymore.
And the worst thing is, I don't stop her from trying to pry me out of my hiding spot.
But I can't keep doing this anymore, to her, to me. She has already had a peek of my past self. The self who worries about others, who cares more openly and wholly. The self that would do anything to protect the ones he cares for, especially her.
But there is a reason why I never let anyone see that side of me any more.
There is a reason why there are walls to shield me from the world.
Because monsters like me
should be prevented from being
unleashed.

A/N: I posted this today because it was really short and I wanted to give you a little peek into Kayden's mind and what he's thinking about. Next update -as usual- is on Saturday. Don't be thinking I'll be updating three times a week now. This week is just an exception. Till Saturday, my darling addicts.

BTW: I loved all your comments in the previous chapter. Really made me laugh. Would really love to hear from all the #KAYNA worshippers out there.

17. Splash of Paint

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

[Sienna's POV]

Today is the day where I wish lovey-dovey couples will go to die.

Yeap. It's Valentine's Day, alright.

Love is in the air, literally, so I should probably put on an oxygen mask just for the sake of breathing non-toxic air for the rest of the day

Back when I was still with Jax, Valentine's Day was not so bad. He wasn't the type who did the whole hearts-and-flowers thing, and neither was I, but nevertheless, we always had a great time anyway.

The first Valentine's Day we spent indoors, watching old James Bond movies. The second one he took me out to an Italian restaurant and kissed me under the stars. And the third one we spent in my room, making love under the duvets for the rest of the night.

I make a disgusted face. Yuck.

Finally dragging myself out of bed, I grab my phone and dial Cara's number. If there is anyone out there who can make me feel better about being alone on Valentine's Day, it will be her.

"Hey, Sienna!" Her chirpy voice shoots through my ears, and I wince slightly. "Happy Valentine's day."

"Uh same to you," I yawn as I wedge the phone in between my neck and my shoulder as I use my other hand to comb my hair in front of the mirror. "You got any plans for tonight?"

"Of course I have," She says like it's so obvious. "Simon's finally taking me out to some fancy restaurant. I gotta say, this is probably the first time he's taking me out this past two weeks because he's been so hung up on this new game that he bought for his X-Box."

"Okay," I laugh slightly. "Of course you guys will be going out. I assume Alex and Daniel are too?"

I can hear Cara smile over the phone. "Daniel's planning something extravagant for Alex, that's for sure. But I can't tell you. I don't kiss and tell."

"Fine," I roll my eyes. "Ugh. You guys and your boyfriends make me feel so shit about myself."

"You don't need a man to make you feel loved on Valentine's Day!" She says.

"I know that," I sigh. "I don't need someone to make me feel loved. I just... I spent the three of the best Valentines Day with Jax and... yeah. Just thinking about that makes me want to hole up in my room and binge watch Disney movies while eating ice cream."

"How about Kayden?" Cara asks me. "You can always spend Valentine's Day with him."

"He's not my boyfriend."

"I wasn't implying that he was," She laughs. "But, nobody wants to be alone on Valentine's Day. Even you, Sienna. You should spend time with the people you care about. Go out with Kayden. Maybe he'll be down for it."

"Hah. As if," I say, snickering. Kayden and Valentine's Day can't possibly be in the same sentence. "But thanks for the advice. I'll figure something out."

"Okay. If you need anything, just call me. I'll be right over. Chicks before dicks, right?" Cara says. "Bye, Sienna."

"Bye Cara," And then I hang up.

Sighing to myself, I drop the phone on the bed and place my hands on my hips. Staring around at my empty room, I make a pouty face.

I've been living in Kayden's apartment for two weeks now and I haven't got the time to unpack all my things. Beth has sent me the rest of my things from her apartment last week and I never got around to make this place my home.

Home.

A sense of happiness washes over me. I have never deemed any place my home before. It's a foreign feeling, knowing that this is going to be the place I came back to everyday now.

I head out of my room, wrapping my arms around myself. It's still early in the morning- eight thirty to be exact- and I see no note on the kit

chen counter, which means that Kayden is still sleeping in.

Good, I think to myself. He needs all the rest he can get after the tournament yesterday.

I stare at the plain white walls and frown. Running my fingers over the small cracks, a thought starts to form in my head. This place may be my home, but it certainly isn't Kayden's. He's been living here for a year and a half now and I don't see anything that screams Kayden in here. There are no photo frames, no colorful pillow cases, no flowers, no nothing.

It's like if he ever feels the need to disappear, he can do it without anyone knowing he was ever here.

Suddenly, an idea starts to flash in my mind and I smile to myself creepily.

I know I'm going to do for Valentine's Day.

Grabbing Kayden's car keys, I set off.

I come back with several tins of paint and other miscellaneous items I bought from Home Depot. When I drag the things into the apartment, Kayden appears from the doorway of his room, shirtless and only in his navy blue boxers.

"Morning," I say in a light tone. Kayden yawns and eyes the tins of paint I placed at the side of the door.

"What the hell is this?" He asks curiously.

"Oh, I went on a little bit of shopping spree," I say, dropping his car keys on the counter. "Thanks for lending me your car."

"I didn't lend you my car."

"Whatever."

He crosses his arm and eyes me warily. "You know when you mean shopping spree, I thought you would have meant clothes and shoes and all that bullshit that most girls usually get when they actually shop."

I turn to glare at him. "Do I look like most girls?"

He stares at me for a while before sighing. "Fair point."

"Help me with these," I drag the paint over to the kitchen. Then, taking out a spoon from the drawer, I pry the covers open. "Dammit. I was going for a fuchsia pink but I guess magenta will do."

He stares into the tin of paint, then narrows his eyes. "What are you going to do with this?"

"We're going to paint your apartment, silly," I smile at him and touch his nose with my finger in a playful way.

Kayden's eyes widen. "What?"

"Come on, Kayden," I lift my hands up. "This place is just so sad. It needs a little bit of color and a woman's touch, don't you think so?"

"Fuck no," He shakes his head, a look of disapproval on his face, "I am not letting you paint my apartment."

"Why the fuck not?" Now I'm growing frustrated.

"Because it's stupid!" He says defensively. "And I like it just the way it is!"

"Come on," I say in protest. "You've been living here for so long now. It needs to actually look like your home."

"And why do you care?" He sneers.

"Because!" I retort back. "Because... I just do, okay? I just care. I care about you and I want this place to look more like our place than a fucking dungeon. And it's Valentine's Day. And I intend on spending today painting the shit out of this place and not locking myself in a room and thinking of all the things Jax and I would have done if we're still together."

I stop to catch my breath, and I feel Kayden's eyes burning into me. He stares at me long and hard, as if trying to figure me out. "Today sucks for you, doesn't it?" He breathes and I nod silently.

"Yeah. It is," I look down, "I need to get my mind off it, that's

t's all."

He offers me a sympathetic smile.

"Okay," He nods to the paint. "Fine. You're right. This place looks like shit anyway. I hope you bought paint rollers."

My mouth gapes open. Shit. I had spent so much time on trying to pick out the right colors that I forgot to buy paint rollers too.

"Um. I didn't."

"What kind of person buys paint but not paint rollers?" He demands.

"I assumed you would have some!"

"Does it look like I fucking paint shit around here?" He huffs.

"Fine!" I say, exasperated. "I'll just drop by Target to get them."

"Nah, I'm just joking. I think I have some in the bottom drawer."

I sneer at him. "You son of a bitch."

"I love getting you all riled up, Lucky," Kayden grins and goes to retrieve the paint rollers. He hands a huge one to me and stares at the paint, exhaling softly. "Okay, so what now?"

I look at Kayden, who looks just as confused as I am. "Um. I haven't got that far yet."

"You have got to be kidding me," He rolls his eyes.

"Hey, don't roll your eyes at me!" I snarl at him. "I had been stuck on the whole trying-to-convince-you-to-paint-the-apartment-part that I haven't even thought of the actual painting."

"Fine. I guess I'll take charge then," He crosses his arms, humor glinting from his eyes. "Grab the canvas sheet and painter's tape. We're going to have some fun with that."

After moving all the furniture and placing the canvas sheets over the floor, we drag all five buckets of paint to the middle of the living room. I stare at the spectrum of colors in front of me- magenta pink, khaki brown, turkey red, beige and cream.

Kayden, who finally has the decency to put on a shirt, squints his eyes at the pink color. "You seriously thought I would actually paint my living room pink."

I shrug. "Hell, I don't know what color you like. Gotta keep my options open, you know?"

He covers the pink over with the lid, shaking his head.

"Fine. Then what color do you want this wall to be?" I ask him, crossing my arms.

The next half an hour is spent on arguing which suitable color we should paint the living room. I debate on putting red and cream but Kayden is hell bent on using beige and khaki. We go about it, making our own cases, telling each other why we think the colors we have chosen would be perfect for the living room.

Eventually, Kayden won, because he said that it was his apartment and it was his rules (insert rolling of eyes here). I grudgingly oblige, dipping my paint roller into the beige color and rolling the paint over the wall.

The both of us paint the wall in silence. Other than the occasional grunt and heavy breathing, we don't talk. It's not an awkward silence. There's just too little to say to each other.

After a while, I hear Kayden sigh, dropping his paint roller slightly.

"Blue," He murmurs.

"What?" I cast him a confused look.

"You said you didn't know what color I like. My favorite color

is blue."

I smile. Such a boyish color. "You're such a boy, Kayden."

He lift his eyebrow. "Oh, and what's your favorite color? I bet you that it's pink."

I don't say anything. Because he's right.

He takes my silence as an answer.

"You're such a girl, Sienna." He mocks me.

"Shut up," I dip my paintroller into the beige color and flick the paint at his shirt. He looks down at the mess I've made and glares at me.

"You can't be serious," He says, then dips his paint roller in to the red colour and rolls the paint over my shoulder.

"Is that the best you can do?" I snort, uncapping the lid to the pink paint.

"Get that ghastly color away from me," he sneers.

Too late. The pink paint gets all over his face and all the way down to his chest.

"You're going to pay for that!" He yells and attacks me with more paint.

I yelp and run around the room, dipping paint into my paint roller and throwing paint at him. Eventually, I drop the paint roller and use my hands instead. When he corners me, a mischievous grin on his face, I press my hands over his cheeks, rubbing pink paint all over his face.

He tries to rub the color off with his sleeve, so I take that opportunity to slide under him and grab the bucket of red paint, pouring it all over his body.

"Sienna!" He growls, his eyes hard as stone. "Come here."

"No!" I say playfully.

"COME HERE!" He yells and grabs another bucket of paint -the cream one- and splashes it all over me.

"I am going to ninja butt kick your fucking ass, Kayden!" I scream.

I try to run but the floor got all slippery with the paint and I tumble to the ground.

Well, that sucked.

I laugh, knowing that there is no way I can get out of this. Kayden hovers over me, laughing as he continues to pour the paint all over me.

"Stop!" I wheeze, shielding my face, "Alright! I'm sorry! Just stop..."

When he's done, he tosses the empty paint bucket aside, his face still inches away from mine. His grin is gone, replaced by an unreadable look. His lips fall into a thin line as he memorizes me with his eyes, his fingers slowly wiping away the splashes of paint on my face.

"Sienna," He breathes my name, and my eyes fall upon his lips.

Dear god. Is it wrong for me to picture what it would be like to be kissed by those lips?

Wrong. So wrong.

Making a bold move, I reach up to touch his cheek. He leans in to my touch, his eyes drifting close, and I marvel at how beautiful he looks like, allowing his defenses to fall away, letting me touch him like this. When I pull my hand away, he wraps his hand around my wrist, beckoning me not to stop.

It's like he's addicted to my touch.

He's addicted to me.

And I'm addicted to him too.

I can't stay away from him. He may have his mood swings, but I like him all the more for it. He can be funny when he wants to be, and I know that deep down, he cares for me. Even if he has a funny way of showing it. He may be closed off, but I want to be the one to break all his defenses and bring him back to

life.

"Lucky..." He turns his head slightly and kisses my palm. I gasp at his gesture, wanting him to kiss me anywhere and everywhere.

I imagine those lips on my forehead, my cheek, my lips, my jaw, my neck, my collarbone, the curve of my breasts, my stomach, my thighs...

No. Not like this.

That thought alone snaps me back into reality. I can't like him. I can't crave his touch like it's a drug. I shouldn't be allowed to want him like this. It's so selfish of me to be like this.

I can't. Not when I'm still trying to get over Jax.

I clear my throat, and this time Kayden doesn't stop me from pulling my hand away. I get on my knees and he backs away, running his shaky fingers through his hair. He doesn't look at me, doesn't meet my eyes, and I know that he's not going to recover from this. Not now, anyway.

"We should get more paint," I say, biting my lip. The floor is caked in a myriad of colors, and the wall we just painted looks like shit now that there are other colors on it too.

"Yeah," Kayden says, his voice dry. "We should. After... after I get cleaned up."

He looks like he wants to say some more, and I look at him expectantly, waiting for the next string of words to come out from his mouth. But instead, he clamps his mouth shut, walks to his room and slams his door shut.

"Shit," I curse under my breath.

One step forward, ten steps back.

A/N: So that was that. A little KAYNA moment for all you Addicts. Next update will be on Tuesday, as usual! For those of you who don't know my updating schedule, updates arrive every Tuesdays and Saturdays. Again, please don't pressure me into updating. I don't like it.

Anyways, tell me what do you think about this chapter in the comment section below!

18. Lost in the Moment

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

After getting more paint from Home Depot, we finished what we started, painting the wall we screwed up and the other walls as well. It takes us the whole evening to clean up the mess we made. I take a step back and wipe a thin sheet of sweat on my forehead, looking at the walls. I guess looks decent enough.

"Not bad," I say, nodding my head.

"It could have been better if we didn't fuck up the first wall. Now, it's uneven." He touches the wall and frowns.

"Honestly, it looks way better now," I point out and wipe my paint roller clean on the roller tray.

Kayden shrugs and throws his paint brush into the paint. His phone starts vibrating on the kitchen counter so he wipes his hands on his pants and retrieve it.

"Hello?" He answers. "Hey, Brent."

His face immediately softens and I smile, knowing that Brent is probably the only person that can make him less tense.

"Yeah. Okay," Kayden nods. "I'll tell her. Bye."

He hangs up on Brent and stares at the phone a little longer before looking at me.

"What did he say?" I prod.

"Brent says him and Evans are going to a club tonight. He asked if we'd wanna join."

"A club? Sure. Why the hell not," I say. "Unless... you wanna stay in."

Kayden shakes his head. "I'm game if you are."

"Then, let's go."

I dash into my room to take a quick shower, washing the rest of the dry paint off my hair. When I'm finally done, I rake my closet for something decent to wear. I haven't been to a club for so long. I can't even remember the last time I've ever set foot in one.

What do I even wear? Majority of my closet basically consists of sweatshirts, black tank tops, pants and jeans. I don't exactly have a colorful taste in fashion and I never cared about trying to look good. But now... I do.

I trash my closet, trying to pick up anything nice to wear. Finally, I come across a simple black strapless dress. It looks a little bit too short on me. One of my 'friends' had gotten it for me for my eighteenth birthday, hoping to change my sense of style, but I never bothered to try it on.

I grab the dress and slide it over my body. It hugs my body in all the right places and the hem of the dress rests on my thighs. It's sexy and flirty and I like it. I snatch a pair of heels from the floor and put them on before exiting my room.

I find Kayden leaning against the kitchen counter with his hands over his chest, waiting for me. He wears a plain black T-shirt and jeans that look a little bit too tight on him, but I'm not complaining one bit because his muscles bulge out more.

When he lifts his head to see me, his grey eyes widen, drinking in my entire form. His mouth gapes open at me. His eyes dart from my face down to my chest then my hips all the way to my legs.

He inhales deeply, and closes his eyes.

"Something wrong?" I place my hands on my hips and glare at him.

"Nothing," he mumbles then grabs his car keys. "Let's just go."

My heart drops slightly, thinking that maybe... maybe he was going to compliment me.

I snatch my hand bag and follow him, my lips pursed.

When we finally get in the car, Kayden's head turns to me once more. He leans forward to press his hand on my cheek, his eyes shining bright. I hold my breath, wondering what he is going to do.

"You're catastrophically beautiful," he blurts out before releasing his hold on me and turning the ignition.

I blink several times, allowing the words to sink into me. I gasp for air, shocked by what Kayden just said.

Holy shit. Someone pinch me.

Kayden thinks I'm beautiful.

This man is truly going to be the death of me.

I clear my throat and allow the silence to fill the air once more. I don't feel like talking, and I doubt he's in the mood for conversation either. I just want to replay his words in my mind over and over and over again because

I never
want to
forget.

When we finally reach the club, I spot Evans and Brent together, queuing up in the long line of people waiting to get in. I get out of the car and saunter over to them. When they see me, their jaws drop.

"Holy shit," Evans whistles lowly as he examines my outfit. "You look hot, Sienna."

"Thanks," I mumble and glance at Brent. He smiles back at me.

Just then, Kayden walks over to us, his hands shoved in his pockets. He has his lips pressed into a thin line and he grimaces when he sees where we're at. "So this is how we're spending our Valentine's Day?"

"Sure. Why the hell not?" Evans says. "The girls here are probably single. And desperate. I can get a couple of hook ups. After all, who wants to be alone on Valentine's Day anyway? I can definitely keep them company, if you know what I mean."

Brent glares at him, his irritation silent. "The line's moving. Let's go."

We wait for another half an hour before we finally get to the front of the line. The bouncer takes a good look at me and waves all of us through. The minute we're inside, Evans has been sucked into the crowd and I can't see him anymore. Brent joins in, no doubt wanting to stick close to his friend. I look at Kayden, hoping that he'll keep me company tonight.

"I'm gonna go with... Brent and Evans." Kayden clears his throat and before I have any chance to react, he's gone.

I guess Kayden's back to being moody again. And I'm ashamed to say I may just be the cause of it.

I make my way to the bar, needing to clear my mind.

I say to the bartender, "A shot of whiskey, please."

"Sure, hon." He winks at me and saunters off.

I run my fingers through my hair and glance at the people on the dance floor. They look like they're having so much fun, not giving a care in the world. I spot Evans dancing with two girls that look way too young to be legal. I hope he knows better than to sleep with those girls.

Brent is nowhere to be seen. Kayden too.

The bartender materializes with my drink and I tilt the glass over my lips, drinking it until the last drop. I head over to the dance floor and decide to make the most of my night by dancing. The DJ starts spinning the tune of some Martin Garrix song and I move my hips to the rhythm of the song, thrusting my hands up in the air.

A wave of dizziness washes over me, mixed with euphoria. I start pumping my fist upwards as the beat drops, laughing as I move my body. I'm not the best dancer so I hope I actually don't look half as bad as I think I look.

After a few more house music, the DJ starts spinning another tune, slower this time. He taps on the microphone and announces, "This is for all the lovebirds out there. Enjoy."

Ah, fuck. Just when I thought I was having fun.

I start to move away from the dance floor but stop at my heels when I see Kayden in front of me. He looks uncertain when he approaches me, like he's not sure whether it's a good idea to talk to me at all.

He walks over to me, mumbling. "Hey."

"Hey," I nod. "I was just going to get myself another drink."

I step away from him to move past him but he blocks my path.

"Sienna... dance with me," He says, an unreadable expression on his face.

I stare at him, dumbfounded. He's back. He wants to dance with me. One minute he wants to get as far away from me as possible and the next he wants to dance with me.

Dear god. I can't keep up.

"You can.. dance right? I mean I'm not good at this sort of thing but..." Kayden looks down, clearly embarrassed about what he's asking me. "I want to dance with you."

"I'm not a good dancer," I tell him.

"I could see that by the way you were gyrating on the dance floor earlier," He snorts and I smile just a little.

"Thanks for making me feel horrible about myself," I say sarcastically. "But do you mean it? Do you want to dance with me?"

I'm giving him an out right now. Stay or leave.

"Yes." He nods.

And then he makes a bold move by holding my hand and dragging

me on the dance floor. We navigate our way through the mass of couples until he finds an empty spot.

He closes the remaining distance between us and places his hands on my hips.

"Put your hands on my neck." He instructs me.

I do exactly what he says. When my hands make contact with his skin, he inhales deeply. He presses his body against mine as we sway to the slow steady rhythm of the song. I can't tear my eyes away from him.

I'm mesmerized by the words he's telling with his eyes, beckoning me to stay with him right now in this moment. He leans down and presses his forehead against mine, an intimate gesture that I wish to capture forever.

He buries his nose in the crook of my neck and I'm counting the number of times I'm losing my breath.

"Kayden," I breathe.

"Lucky..." He murmurs, his nose traveling to my shoulder. "You have no idea what you do to me."

"Please..." I beg. I don't know what I'm begging for. All I know is that I'm lost in him and I don't ever want to get out of this beautiful madness that is Kayden. "God, please..."

He pauses, and reluctantly pulls away from me. His stormy eyes meet mine again. "I'm sorry."

He's pulling away from me again. I really can't keep up with him, I can't.

He rakes his fingers through his hair. "There was a reason why we didn't kiss this afternoon, was there?"

I stay silent. It's as if all the air has been sucked dry from this room and I can't breathe.

"Let's face it. We both want each other but we can't do anything about it because you're still hung up on your ex and I'm carrying secrets that can possibly detonate this relationship before it even starts."

His words hit me so hard.

I release my hold on him. "What secrets are you talking about?"

"

He shakes his head. "I'm not ready to talk about this, Sienna."

"

"Then, when is the right time to do so?" I say, frustrated. "Every time I try to ask you about it, you dodge me. Why? Is it because you don't trust me?"

"It's not that at all. I trust you. I'm afraid that the demons inside of me are going to send you running." he mutters.

I recoil from him. "I've been honest with you from the start. You know everything about me. My past, my family, everything. And I realize I don't know anything about you. How is it even possible? I'm attracted to you big time but I don't even know what happened to you in the past that caused you to be so moody and angry all the time."

"You don't understand, Sienna," He counters back. "What happened to me was fucked up. I can't talk about it because I actually can't. It's too hard for me."

I can only nod because I don't know what else to say. I shouldn't push him. I get it now. I won't want to push him to tell me something he isn't ready for. And I know he wouldn't push me for a relationship that I'm not ready for either. Especially when I just broke up with Jax two weeks ago. That's not enough time to get over someone I spent three years of my life with.

"Okay. Fine," I say instead. "Let's... forget about the whole thing and just dance."

He casts me a puzzled look, like he cannot believe my words.

"I promise. We'll dance. That's it. Pretend for three minutes that we aren't attracted to each other. Pretend for three minutes that it's just

you and me. And nothing else," I sling my arms around him. He hesitates on putting his hands on my waist but I tell him to. "But can I ask one thing from me? Don't get hot and cold with me again. You don't get to do that."

He nods. "It's just so hard to be around you sometimes."

"Is that good or bad?"

He buries his nose in my hair as we move. "Both."

So, for a little while, we forget about our troubles and our past. We forget until we're free from our minds. And instead, we live in the moment because it's the only thing left keeping us from falling apart.

I bolt to the washroom after my dance with Kayden.

For a brief moment, I remember how it felt to have his hands on me. Even though the only thing that's separating his hand from my skin is the dress, I can almost imagine how good they feel. How rough they would be after years of intense training. I remember how it felt to have his lips so close to mine when his forehead touched mine. I can almost feel his ragged breath and I see how hard he's trying not to close the space and touch his lips with mine.

But he knows we aren't ready for that. And as much as I'd hate to admit, it's probably wiser if he doesn't kiss me.

He has issues he needs to deal with and I hate that he doesn't let me in on it. But I'm only a girl he just met two weeks ago and I know it takes time for him to trust me. Open up to me. And I can't fall in love with a man who hides from me.

I head over to the sink and splash water on my face. I need to cleanse myself from my myriad of thoughts going through my head right now. I dry off with a paper towel and head out of the way when a voice stops me.

"Brent, calm down."

"Shut up, Evans!"

"Brent! Stop!" A familiar voice sounds. I whirl my head around and spot Evans chasing after a very distressed Brent. "Come on, B! You're overreacting. It's not a big deal. I was just kissing her. I don't even get it! I do this all the time. I hook up with girls. So what the hell is your problem?"

B?

Since when did Evans ever call Brent, B?

I hide behind the boulder and watch as the two guys face each other in the hallway.

"My problem? My problem is that you're not honest with yourself! It pains me to see you act like this. Act like your someone else when your not!" Brent says, angry seeping into his eyes. "You know what? I don't know why I bother trying. I should forget about you. You are toxic, Evans. Toxic. You poisoned me and there's no going back for me. But you can't pretend whatever happened between us didn't happen."

I cover my mouth to prevent me from saying anything.

Holy shit.

Is he saying what I think he's saying?

I watch as Evans take a daring step towards Brent. "I'm sorry. You know I can't control it. I love girls. I'm attracted to them. I lust for them."

"I know," Brent sighs, "But I can't just stand around while you fuck other girls and pretend that this didn't happen. I can't get you out of my mind, Evans. Ever since that kiss."

Holy crap on a cracker!

I cover my mouth to prevent myself from gasping.

"It was a hella good kiss, wasn't it?" Evans murmurs.

"I... I... let's not talk about it." Brent brushes him away.

"But I want to talk about it, B," Evans says. "I want to tell you the reason why this won't work. My parents are going to kill me if they find out that I'm... that I'm..."

"Yeah. I know," Brent says miserably.

"That's why I have to play a facade. So that.. nobody will suspect," he says in a sad tone, "But the way I feel towards you.. It's indescribable."

"Fuck," Brent swears under his breath.

"I'm sorry, B. I'm fucked up. We're fucked up. And as much as I want this... It can't happen anymore."

Brent says nothing and I hear Evan walk closer to him.

"One more kiss? For the road?" Evans murmurs.

"I don't know..."

"Please?" Evans says. "Don't make me beg, Brent."

Brent sighs. I can see he's trying to fight against it, but in the end he fails.

"Ah, fuck it."

And then he steps forward and presses his lips against Evans's

A/N: I like how some of you guys predicted that Evans and Brent were gay. You guys are really perceptive and I thought the subtle hints I placed in the previous chapters would go unnoticed. so A+ for anyone who guessed it right!

Tell me what do you guys think of this chapter! Kayden and Sienna are a mess right now but I'd like to think of it as a controlled mess. With a little time and patience, they'll grow to realize that they should probably let each other in.

Oh, and do check out Olivia650's KAYNAISM. She posts Perfect Addiction quotes in there. If you want to relive KAYNA moments, do pay her book a visit. Next update is on Saturday. Till then, my Addicts.

19. Chaos

Sienna with a crowbar^

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The minute they started kissing, I got the hell out of there.

I didn't... God. I didn't know that Brent was.. and Evans was. . and they had feelings for each other...

Isn't this a revelation.

I guess everything now made sense to me. When Evans told me not to tell Brent about the redhead he'd kissed. He didn't want Brent to find out that he had started seeing other girls again. But the whole thing still blew up because Brent probably caught Evans with those two girls on the dance floor earlier on.

Damn. I wonder if Kayden knows that his best friend and his brother are totally into each other.

I head back to the main area, but I realize that the music has stopped. That's weird. I lift a curious eyebrow as I approach the dance floor and I notice that nobody is dancing. Everyone is crowded around the bar, their faces mixed with expressions of curiosity and shock. I squeeze my way through the crowd and when I reach the front, I gasp at the scene unraveling in front of me.

Kayden is faced off against Jax and his goonies. They corner him, wanting to intimidate him, but Kayden plasters an unreadable expression on his face. He stands his ground, his jaw and fists clenched.

"I don't take threats lightly, Killer," Jax growls. "When my girlfriend told me that I was going to get my ass handled by you, I thought she was joking. But then, I had one of my men to investigate and to my surprise, you guys are actually serious."

"Girlfriend?" Kayden laughs hoarsely. There is no humor in it.

"Don't you mean ex-girlfriend? After all, you did cheat on Sienna with her sister. That's low, even for you, Deneris."

A couple of murmurs pass through the crowd. I stand rooted on my spot, analyzing the scene. If I help Kayden now, a fight is bound to ensue. I need to think about what I'm going to do. They don't know I'm here. I have the element of surprise.

Come on, Si. Think! I scold myself silently.

"Shut up," Jax spits. "I've come to make a proposition for you. Give me back, Sienna, and I won't fight you here tonight."

"What is she? Your property?" Kayden snorts. "Sienna can make her own decisions. And I know her well enough to know that she sure as hell ain't going with you. She may have been yours once, but she isn't now. She is her own person."

"She is mine!" My ex-boyfriend sneers. "And she is going back with me tonight. To her home where she belongs! Beth is worried sick about her and I am too! I know she's staying with you, Kayden. Tell me where she is. If you do, I promise I'll keep the fight between us only in the ring."

Kayden gulps, his eyes darting over to the crowd. I crane my neck and when his eyes find mine, he breathes a sigh of relief.

I have a plan. I mouth to him, eyeing the crowbar at the edge of the bar. I'm only couple of feet away from it, and if Kayden can take this opportunity to distract Jax and his men, I can turn the crowbar into a weapon if Jax decides to attack.

Jax tilts his head sideways. "You do not want to mess with me right now, Killer."

"What is your game, Deneris?" Kayden sizes him up, his arms crossed. "Fuck Sienna's sister but want Sienna instead? What are you trying to do? Destroy both of their lives? I know you still love Sienna. You probably grew more possessive of her when you realize she's with me now. You want what you can't get. Just like how you had Sienna in your grasp but you wanted Beth."

And Kayden doesn't stop there.

"You're a fucking bag of horse shit, Jax. You're so fucked up up here-" he makes a daring move by stepping in front of Jax and pressing his middle finger on Jax's forehead. "And I'm starting to wonder as to what Sienna saw in you. You're nothing but a fake. A fraud. And I'll be glad to say that I'm going to beat your fucking ass and take that championship away from you."

Jax's face turns red from the anger.

I inch closer towards the crowbar.

"I'm not giving you Sienna," Kayden shakes his head. "She is an independent woman and she can make her own fucking choices. But I know for a fact that she's better off by my side than yours."

"She will never love you like she loved me," Jax sneers. "I was EVERYTHING TO HER."

"Please." I call out, the crowbar swinging. Everyone turns their heads to me and I feel a thousand pairs of eyes burning into my body. "Don't make it sound like you were that special to me."

"Princess." Jax breathes, his eyes flickering over to Kayden and I.

I hold the crowbar up, ready to aim.

"Stay away from us or I swear I'll blow your fucking brains out with this. AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOUR FUCKING GOONIES. COME AT ME, BITCHES!" I swing around and face Jax's men.

They look at each other and laugh.

They have the audacity to laugh? Really?

"YOU THINK I'M FUCKING JOKING? Your friend over here-" I gesture to Jax, "taught me everything I needed to know about my opponents. Now, I'll give you two options: Option one: get the fuck out of my face and disappear. Or option two: stay RIGHT here and be my FUCKING piñatas because I'm going to have so much fun beating the living shit out of all of you!"

I wait for their answer but they don't say anything.

In fact, the whole place is silent.

"Ding ding ding!" I say, "Time's up! I'm going to go with option two!" I hold my crowbar back to gain momentum and seconds before I start to swing, Jax interrupts me.

"Okay STOP. You don't have to cause a scene. We'll go." Jax says, alarmed. "We just wanted to scare your boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend." I seethe and Kayden rolls his eyes beside me.

"I'm glad to hear that," Jax's lips curve into a twisted smile. "I hope I get to see you again, Sienna. I think you know where you truly belong- and it's certainly not with that loser."

"You sick bastard!" I spit at him. "Go to hell. You are fucked up, Jax. And Beth is too blind to see it."

Jax merely smiles and lifts his hand, signaling for his men to leave.

"Bye, Princess."

"What part of get the fuck out of my face do you NOT get?" I cross my arms. "Get OUT!"

And then they're gone.

The bartender rushes to me. "I was going to call the cops, I swear. But he had the bouncer bribed and everything was happening so fast--"

"It's fine." I wave him off. "Just tell the DJ to start to start the music again."

The bartender goes off and I turn to face Kayden, who is smirking at me. He takes the crowbar from my grasp and chuckles when he examines it.

"I can't believe they actually believed you were going to beat the shit out of them with this."

"You know, a simple thank you would suffice." I roll my eyes.

"Not that I needed your help, but thank you," Kayden tells me.

"You always need my help," I tease him. "Kayden, the damsel in distress."

"Oh shut up." Kayden says, "But anyway, how are you feeling? After the whole... Jax thing."

I hug my arms around myself. "I never knew that Jax was that way. He fooled me. He fooled Beth. God, Beth. My sister. I can't believe he would do such a thing to the both of us. He just wanted to win everything. Even me. He didn't love me. I was just his prized possession. Just like how Beth is his now."

Kayden, sensing that my emotions are overwhelming me right now, slides his arm over my waist and pulls me closer to him.

"Hey," He says, "Hey, it's okay. We'll make everything right again. He will pay for what he did to you and your sister."

"I know," I say, trying to find my voice again. "And I will make sure your fist is the last thing he sees before he wakes up in the hospital the day after you take his championship."

"You know, this has been the weirdest Valentine's Day I have ever experienced," he tells me, chuckling.

"I like it," I nod. "It has been... very eventful."

Finally the music starts again and everything is back to normal. I spot Brent and Evans walking towards us, their hands itching to touch each other, but they fight it. Brent has a flushed expression on his face and when he sees me, he smiles.

"Hey," Brent says. "What did we miss?"

"I'll tell you in the car," I say, pulling him aside to let Evans talk to Kayden. "Meanwhile, when were you going to tell me you and Evans are... a thing?"

His eyes widen. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You guys weren't that subtle when you were making out with hi

m in the hallway near the washroom," I roll my eyes. "I'll story you about Jax and Kayden if you story me about this."

Brent stays silent for a while before nodding his head. "Deal."

When we get back to our apartment, Kayden and Evans head straight to the kitchen to fish for something to eat. Meanwhile, I drag Brent into my room and shut the door.

"Sit," I order. He sits at the edge of my bed cautiously.

"So what the hell happened?" I take my place beside him, unstrapping my heels. "Sorry to be eavesdropping but I heard some stuff--"

"It's okay," He says, nodding. "You caught us at a very vulnerable moment."

"I'm sorry." I offer a smile. "But are you and Evans together?"

"No." He shakes his head, blush creeping unto his cheeks. "I don't know exactly how it happened- how I caught feelings for him- but I did. Even though he's such a pain in the ass majority of the time, I can't help but.. like him. But I knew that my little crush on him was one sided because I never thought he was gay. Hell, he looked straight as fuck. But last week, the day before you went off to your dad's, Evans and I had a moment... and well... he kissed me."

"And that's good... right?"

Brent's cheeks grow even more redder. He presses his glasses further up the crook of his nose. "Yeah. We... made out for a while. But then, he stopped it and said that it couldn't happen again. His parents are crazy extremists when it comes to religion and if they find out that he's gay... they'll ruin him. And as much as I want him, I can't do that to him either."

"That sucks." My head falls onto the bed and Brent eventually joins me. "It sucks that you can't be together with someone you like."

"I'm not sure if you're still talking about me... or you." Brent glances over at me.

"Oh, Nice try, buddy." I laugh. "I'm so not going into that with you."

"You and Kayden? Come on. Even a blind person can see that the both of you want each other." He says, chuckling slightly. "I think you and Kayden will be good together."

"Yeah well, it doesn't really matter. It's complicated." I shrug. "Like really really complicated."

"Can't be as complicated as Evans and I," he says and I nudge him on his shoulder.

I look at him. "You know, you didn't tell me you were gay."

"It's not like I go around campus screaming, 'I like men!' to anyone I see, right?"

"I'm serious!" I stifle a laugh. "Do your parents know about it?"

"Sure they do." He nods. "They're totally fine with me liking boys. Even Kayden knows it. He's been really supportive of me ever since I came out of the closet."

"That's nice of him," I murmur.

"Yeah, it's a shame the same cannot be said about Evans's parents," he frowns slightly, but then quickly recovers. "So what kind of complicated shit did you get yourself into with Kayden?"

I sigh. I guess there is no point hiding it any longer.

"We both know that we're attracted to each other. But we can't pursue a relationship because he thinks I'm still in love with Jax. And I can't handle the fact that he doesn't want to tell me what happened to him all those years ago."

Brent widens his eyes.

"Damn," He whistles lowly. "But... do you actually still love Jax?"

I shake my head. "I thought I did. Before I started to accept that I wanted Kayden. But seeing Jax today made me realize that I wasn't in love with him. I was in love with the person I thought he was. And turns out... he played me. He is not a good person."

Brent offers me a sympathetic smile. "Oh well. Now that you realize don't love Jax, at least you're one step closer to getting him."

"Yeah, but I can't jump into a relationship with him now. And there's the fact that he's still keeping something from me. When he's ready, he'll tell me. But now, it's best if we stayed friends. For now."

Brent purses his lips. "As much as I'm really unhappy at the fact that you guys are too stubborn to get together, I understand. He's a complex guy. Girls get migraines just trying to figure him out."

I laugh. "Can we not talk about this anymore? It's very depressing."

"You're right. Your love life is very depressing," he teases.

"So is yours." I counter back.

"Maybe we should get together," he suggests and my eyes widen.

"Why not? I've never been with a girl before and I doubt you've ever been with a gay guy before. It'll be fun."

"No thanks. I'll just stick to being single. I'll feel less guilty every time I ogle at Kayden's beautiful beautiful body," I gush. "Cuz damn he is fine..."

"Okay. Ew. TMI, Sienna. TMI."

The door to my room creaks open and Kayden pops his head in. "Are you decent in there, Lucky?"

"Your eyes are open. Does it really matter?"

A hint of a smirk crosses his face. "No. Not really." He looks between Brent and I. "So, what are you guys talking about?"

Brent chuckles. "Your beautiful beautiful body."

"Really?" He chuckles, then looks at me. "You think it's beautiful?"

"I'm going to go to sleep." I get up from the bed and haul both Kayden and Brent out. Both of them start laughing at my pathetic attempt to answer Kayden's question. Brent willingly leaves the room and before I get to close the door, Kayden sticks his shoe out to prevent me from doing so.

"Wait," he says.

I cross my arms and glare at him. "What?"

He leans forward and presses a small kiss on my cheek. I am stunned at what he just did. That's so unlike Kayden at all. He scratches the back of his head and casts me a small smile, dimples showing.

"Sweet dreams, Lucky. And Happy Valentine's Day."

A/N: #LoveWins #MarriageEquality . Nuff said.

So what do you guys think of this chapter? Hmmm... I think there's something seriously wrong with Jax. And KAYNA is getting cuter each passing chapter. My babies <3 They grow up so fast.

Next update: Tuesday

Thank you for the 5K followers! Love you guys, really! And I've been thinking that my followers shall be called DIA-HARDS cuz ClauDIA and DIA-HARD after DIEHARD. Hey. Don't judge. Sienna came up with that pun.

20. Burn Baby Burn

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The next day, I wake up to a horrible nightmare. My mouth gapes open when I read the contents, my anger evident on my face.

Mr. Jacob Lane and Ms. Alyson Elizabeth Skeeter
and their families are delighted to invite you to celebrate their marriage on the

15th April 2015 at Canoe Club Ballroom-

Oh helllllllll no.

"What the-" I scream out of frustration, gripping the wedding invitation in my hand like I'm ready to disintegrate it into ashes. Kayden yawns as he appears from his room, half naked -as usual- and when he sees the wedding invitation in my hand, he lifts his eyebrows in confusion.

I thrust the invitation to him. "Fuck!"

His eyes widen as he reads it. When he's done, he sighs. "That's not good."

"It obviously isn't!" I moan. "I know he's done this before... but I still can't believe it-"

"Hey." He places the invitation on the kitchen counter and his eyes meet mine. "Hey. It's okay. You don't have to go if you don't want to."

"You're right. I don't want to go."

"Good," he says.

I point to the invitation. "So let's burn it."

"What?" He widens his eyes.

"Let's burn it!" I say, harsher this time. "I'll grab the lighter and you-"

"Okay. You're starting to get me worried." He reaches forward to grab the invitation before I can. "You're not thinking straight."

He lifts his hand with the invitation up and I try to jump to get it. "Come on! Let... me... burn.. that piece of shit! Maybe he'll see how it feels to have your whole life ripped out of you every time he gets married to some bitch!"

Kayden, still holding the invitation up, sighs, "I know you're hurting, Lucky."

Eventually, I give up trying to take the invitation from him. My hands fall to my side defeatedly. "I know I am."

Once he realizes I'm not going to burn the invitation, he places it back on the kitchen counter. He faces me again and offers me a sympathetic smile. "I'm sorry your dad is getting married again."

I look down, shaking my head. "He doesn't care. He doesn't care about mom and I. He only cares about himself. That selfish son of a bitch."

Kayden takes the opportunity to wrap his arms over my waist and pull me closer to him. I lean into his chest, craving the familiar warmth. "It's okay."

I close my eyes and relish the tiny moment of having his arms around me. "Yeah. I'll deal. I always have. Hopefully, I can pull through this one too."

When he does pull away, he clears his throat and runs his fingers through his hair. "Does your mom know about this?"

"About the wedding?" I fold my arms over my chest, "Probably not. I don't think it would be logical for my dad to tell my mom. I mean, what the hell would he even say? 'I'm getting married, again. Sorry our marriage didn't work out. I heard you found a Puerto Rican boyfriend. How's that going for you'?"

Kayden chuckles. "Yeah, that would be weird."

I sigh. "I guess I should go call her to break the news to her. She deserves to know what an asshole my dad is."

He nods, telling me that it's a good idea. "I'm going to head to Breaking Point. Semi-finals are coming and I don't want to slack off."

"I'll catch up with you later." I say and a few minutes later,

he disappears off.

I don't know what Kayden and I exactly are, but we're still talking, which is probably both good and bad. It's good because I don't want him to hide from me again. It's frustrating having to deal with his mood swings and when that we're talking, at least he's 90% nicer to me now. And I really like that.

But it's also bad because I have no idea what this thing between us is. Are we friends? I'm not sure either. Friends don't look at each other like they want to kiss and jump each other's bones.

But we're not in a relationship either and there's definitely no in-between.

This is so weird.

I head to my room and grab my phone to call my mom. She told me three weeks ago that she changed her phone number to a Caribbean one so it would be less expensive when she wants to call me.

I dial the number and she answers.

"Hello!" Her sultry voice envelopes me.

"Hey mom," I say cautiously. How am I going to break the news to her? I'm not sure which mask she's putting on today- the fragile, my-husband-dumped-me mask, or the I'm-better-off-without-him-so-fuck-men mask.

"Mom... I don't know how to say this..." I start off. "But dad is-

Getting married? Again?" She finished my sentence. "I know, baby. I know."

"Okay, I'm confused," I blurt. "He told you?!"

"Of course he did. He even sent me an invitation."

"You're not actually going to go to the wedding, are you?" I ask her. I hear her sigh.

"Sienna, I'm going to RSVP yes. I'm going to the wedding."

What did she just say?

I don't think I heard her right.

"Why the hell would you even do that?" Now, I'm raising my voice.

I hadn't expected her to be so calm about this. Her ex-husband, whom I know she still has feelings for, is getting married. She has never been content with his previous wives before, so what changed?

"Because I'm tired of holding a grudge against him." I can imagine her shaking her head when she says this. "And I'm fine with him getting married. At least he's trying to be happy."

"I'm so confused," I say. "I thought that... Are you high right now?"

"What? Of course not! Don't be silly," Mom snorts, "Baby, don't you think it's time to let your anger go? I have. And I feel so much happier about myself now that I'm over it. You need to learn to let go, Sienna. That anger you have inside you- it's going to tear you apart one day."

I stay silent.

"You know I'm right," My mom murmurs, "I wished I was there to help you through that difficult time when your dad and I split. Otherwise, you probably wouldn't feel so angry. But you know why I had to go, right? I couldn't stand myself to be near him because I loved him so much. I was angry. Hurt. I felt betrayed. But... after all these years, all those feelings subsided. And I'm a happy woman."

"I'm not like you," I shake my head. "I hate dad. He tore this family apart. Have you forgotten that?"

"I have not forgotten anything, Sienna. I can still remember vividly the night he barged into my room and demanded me to sign those divorce papers. I remembered how I cried so much, begging him to stay with me. I told him we could get through this. I told him that I loved him and I will never stop loving him, ever. But he never said those words back."

She pauses, then says, "And now, looking back at that night, I wished I was stronger than that. Why should I love someone who didn't love me back? My love was more than that. More than him. Don't get me wrong, Sienna. I care about your father. I may have lashed out when he remarried his other wives but now... I'm okay with it. I'm content with the way things are."

She continues on. "I have a nice place here in Puerto Rico. And I have someone here that cares for and loves me very much. I want you to visit me soon, darling. It's always so hot here, and I have a major tan, but everything here is breathtaking. I'll take you to the best spots here. We can visit all the islands and eat mofongo -yum, my mouth is watering just thinking about it..."

I laugh quietly. "That sounds really nice."

"Meanwhile, when I come back for the wedding, we have a lot of catching up to do, okay?" Mom says, her tone uplifting.

I frown. "Mom-"

"No, I don't want to hear it. I'm coming back for the wedding," she says. "It's what I have to do- I need to give your dad my blessing, even if he's going to divorce his new bride by the end of the year. At least he knows I've moved on." Mom tells me. "I have moved on. But the question is: Can you?"

After I finally hang up on my mom, I stare at the ceiling of my room and allow her words to sink into me.

She's right. I'm angry. So angry. At everyone and everything. I lash out and I win arguments, and that makes me even more motivated to attack people. I like the rage boiling inside me. It's the only feeling I've ever known.

What my mom is asking me to do is crazy. She told me to let go of my hatred for dad but I can't do that... at least not right now.

I still cannot fathom how she can just be okay with the fact that my dad's getting hitched. Again. I know she still loves him, even if she doesn't want to admit it.

"Urgh." I stuff my face in the pillow and groan.

Mom is coming back in two weeks for the wedding and as much as I want to be happy that I can finally see her again after so long, I kind of wished that she decided to stay back in Spain. I wish she could boycott the wedding. At least that would make a hell of a statement to my dad.

I am suddenly interrupted from my thoughts by the rattling of the front door. I hear someone banging on it and my first instinct is to snatch the golf club again and ready myself at the door. Realizing that I should probably look in the peephole to see who it was outside in case I repeated the same episode where I clubbed Evans in the head for 'breaking into' my apartment, my eyes squint to see who's outside.

Sure enough, it's Evans.

I unlock the door and he barges into the living room, looking very frustrated. He eyes my golf club with suspicion and glares at me. "Really? Again?"

"I had to be prepared. You might actually be a real robber wanting to rob our house."

"Hey, at least I knocked."

"You were banging violently on the door. There's a difference."

"Whatever." He rolls his eyes. "Look, I need you to do me a favor."

"Err... depends on what is the favor." I place the golf club against the wall and eye him with curiosity.

"I need you to be my fake girlfriend for the night."

"What?"

Today is just full of surprises.

"I knew you would react like this," he sighs. "Please. I need you. My parents are coming to town to have dinner with me and I sort of told them that I have a girlfriend."

"Then, go tell them you don't have a girlfriend!" I hiss. "Why did you have to lie?"

"Because they suspected I'm... not as straight as they thought," Evans hissed. "And they are going to kill me if they really know the truth."

My face immediately falls. "Evans..."

"I know. I know it's fucked up," Evans says, exasperated. "But I need this. I can't afford to lose them. Even though they're fucked up up here -" He points to his head, "I still want them to think that I'm their boy. The boy that they always wanted to have. I'm such a disappointment -with my grades and my meaningless flings with girls- and I don't want them to think I'm a lost cause. Please, Sienna."

I can hear the desperation through his voice and it makes my heart bleed. I wish Evans didn't have to go through with this.

"Evans... you're not a lost cause. Don't ever think you're that because you're gay, or bi, or whatever. That doesn't matter. That doesn't define who you are. You are Evans, and even though you're a pain in the ass, I still think you're a pretty decent guy. Maybe you're still confused. But... that's okay. That doesn't make you a lost cause. That just makes you different- in a good way."

Evans offers me a sad smile.

"But I wish you didn't have to hide the fact that you're gay from your parents. If they love you, they should accept who you are, no matter which gender you're interested in," I say firmly.

He forces a smile on his face. "I wish it were that simple."

"Me too," I nod. "And I get that it's complicated. So as much as I'm against this whole being-your-fake-girlfriend thing, I'm going to do it. Because I care for you and I don't want your parents unleashing hell on you. But eventually, you have to tell them about it, okay? You need to do this."

He nods. "Okay. I will."

"Good," I smile. "So you're going to pick me up at seven tonight. Be sure to get me some Skittles to eat beforehand. I love that shit."

He laughs, life finally seeping back into him. "Okay."

"Then we have a deal."

"Do you think Kayden's going to get really jealous if he finds out that I'm taking you out for dinner tonight?"

"I hope so." A smile creeps on my face. "You know what? I need something fucking sexy to wear tonight. Something that screams I'm-so-gorgeous-many-men-flaunt-after-me-but-I'm-also-a-good-girl-that-you-can-bring-to-meet-your-parents kind of dress."

"That's a tough order," he wriggles his eyebrows, but dangles his car keys in front of me. "But, you know what? I would love to see the look on Kayden's face when you wear that dress and walk out of here with your arm in mine. Let's go."

A/N: Nothing much goes on in this chapter. I guess it's a little filler. I'd love to hear what you guys think in the comments section below! Predictions, favorite KAYNA moments, everything. I love scrolling through the comments. It always makes my day.

Next update will be Saturday, as usual (:

21. Aren't We All Damaged In Some Way?

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I never thought I would ever see the day when I actually go dress shopping with Evans.

It's weird having him picking out clothes for me. He's barking out orders to the saleslady and every time I show him a dress that may look good on me, he tells me I look like shit.

"Remind me to never go shopping with you ever again." I groan as I head back to the changing room for the tenth time.

Evans casually sits by the chair, one of his legs propped up over the other, as his eyes dart through an issue of Vogue magazine. He dog ears some of the pages like he actually owns the magazine and whistles lowly when he sees a model in revealing clothes. "Yeah, I'm definitely bi. I like girls way too much."

I close the changing room door and laugh quietly as I change into another dress. "Maybe you're just physically attracted to girls... have you ever thought about that?" I call out.

I hear Evans sigh. "It's just too confusing. Everytime I look at a girl, I think that maybe I can settle down with someone like her... but I can't picture it. I can't. And then I look at Brent and think... damn, I want to kiss him and hold his hand and make him smile and laugh and cry out of happiness."

"I can picture myself falling for him," he mumbles. "B's different. He's cool, nerdy, cute and he makes me laugh like nobody else can. And also there's the fact that we also drive each other crazy."

"That's true." I stifle a laugh.

"Yeah," he says, frowning. "I like him a lot. And that scares the living shit out of me."

I slip on another dress and struggle to zip it on from behind.

"Why do you have to be afraid of your own feelings?" I say, sighing, "You should embrace what you have with Brent. He likes you, a lot. And the reason why he isn't trying to pursue you is because he knows that he would get you into so much trouble with your parents. That's a pretty noble thing to do. But.. I think you shouldn't give a damn about your parents. Let him make you happy."

Evans stay silent for a while. "I don't know why I'm getting advice from a girl who seems to be doing the same thing as me- hiding."

I open the door to the changing room. "What?"

"You may have accepted your feelings for Kayden but you don't want to act upon it. I see the way you look at him. I like that you are able to look past his flaws and see the good in him. But you aren't going to do a damn thing about him because you're afraid of how he makes you feel. Why do you have to be afraid of your own feelings? You should embrace what you have with Kayden," he says, clearly throwing my own words back at me.

"You have no idea what's going on between Kayden and I." I shake my head and present what I'm wearing to Evans. "How about this dress?"

"Pass," he says in a bored tone. "And what exactly is going on between you and Kayden, anyway?"

"I don't know either." I shake my head. "I just... I can't be with someone who has secrets. I know he has his demons... but don't we all? And every time I ask him about what happened three years ago, he always dodges me. He doesn't want to talk about it and it's so frustrating. I'm attracted to him, yes. And I'm afraid. I'm scared shitless of the feelings I have for him."

"Is it so bad to have feelings for him?"

I shake my head. "No it's not. But... you don't understand. I've been hurt so bad by Jax. And it's not because he cheated on me with my sister. I gave him the best three years of my life to him. Three years. And I didn't even realize he had been manipulating me this whole time. I'm starting to wonder if he actually really loved me at all. And that kind of feeling- that numbness- doesn't go away so easily. It tears you apart, rips out your soul until there's nothing left. I am an empty shell of what I used to be."

Evans says nothing.

"It's not like I don't trust Kayden..." My voice trails off.

"You don't trust the secret he's carrying." He finishes my sentence for me.

I nod wordlessly. "Everyone has masks. Jax had his. And Kayden sure has one too. What if that secret is the thing that will shatter his? Would I like the real him underneath? Would I accept who he actually is?"

"But that's what falling for someone is, right?" Evans replies. "It's absolutely terrifying... but it's also beautiful. So what if he has secrets? When he's ready, he will tell you. He will. You weren't there when the incident happened, Sienna. He was just so broken. He lived through life without a purpose. Maybe that's why fighting appealed to him- he was the damaged one among the other damaged. And that made him feel less...damaged."

I look down, folding my arms over my chest. I don't say anything, because just the thought of the incident causing him to fall apart like that ... it hurts.

Evans beckons me to come closer. I oblige him. "You need to give him time. He is also probably scared shitless about his feelings for you. He's stubborn. You're stubborn. You guys are perfect for each other. And there is nothing to be afraid of that. You just got to be brave enough to take the risk."

I snort, eyeing him warily. "I can't believe I'm taking advice from a manwhore."

"Hey!" He says, offended. "I'm sexually confused right now. Don't bring that shit in this conversation."

"Okay, enough games," I say, laughing slightly. Then, taking a step back, I show him my dress. "How about this one?"

Unlike the rest, he takes his time to analyze this dress. I'm wearing a short sleeved, body fitted dress that ends mid-thigh. It's ivory colored, laced with intricate gold designs that loop around the sleeves and makes it's way down the front of my body.

"It's nice." A slow smile creeps on Evans's face. "It's really nice. I like it."

I breathe a sigh of relief. "Thank fuck."

"Now go and get changed. Our dinner is in another two hours and I want to go through what-to-dos and what-not-to-dos with you." He tells me as I make my way back into the changing room.

"Come on. I think I know how to act around your parents." I roll my eyes.

"Oh really?" I hear the sarcasm in his voice. "Last time I heard, you were kicked out of your dad's house for yelling inappropriate shit at him and his new fiancé. So excuse me if I think that you need a slight attitude adjustment before you meet my parents."

"If I weren't half naked right now, I would strangle you." I huff when I slip out of the dress.

"Shit, is it weird that I find that mental image super hot?" Evans groans.

"I like it a lot better when you thought you were gay," I mutter.

After our little shopping rendezvous, Evans dropped me off at my apartment. I notice Kayden isn't back yet so I take my time to put on my makeup, or least, attempt to but completely failing at it. It takes me a good thirty minutes alone to put on eyeliner after wiping it off repeatedly with the makeup remover, and I really don't have time for the rest of the face, so I added some lipstick -courtesy of Cara- and some pink tint on my cheeks.

When I'm finally done, I send a quick text to Evans to remind him to get me some

Skittles. I receive a text message immediately after and check it.

Chill out, baby cakes. I've got em'. Get ready. I'll be there soon. - E

I smile to myself and slide my phone back into my purse. I debate on asking Kayden when he will be home but I hear the front door open and I peek out of my door.

Sure enough, it's Kayden.

He wraps a white towel around his neck and proceeds to wipe his face with it. When he notices me staring, his lips curve into a small smile. "Lucky."

"Hey, Killer." I fold my arms over my chest. "How was the workout?"

"Great," he says, settling down on one of the island chairs. "Would have been better if you were there."

Oh my god. It had totally slipped my mind to tell Kayden I wasn't going to help him practice today.

"Right. I completely forgot to tell you about it-" I start off but he interrupts me.

"Why didn't you tell me Brent and Evans had a... thing?" He eyes me warily.

Well, that escalated quickly.

I lift my hands up in surrender. "Whoa, don't look at me like that. I only just found out a couple of days ago."

"Still..." He looks down. "I'm so stupid. Brent's my brother. And I have been best friends with Evans since our senior year of high school. How did I not notice the signs?"

"Because... you're stupid...?"

He glares at me. "Seriously, though. I kind of wished I was enlightened on the whole subject."

"Hey," I walk over to him and slide into one of the seats opposite from him, "Does it really matter if they have feelings for each other? Brent is a good guy. And so is Evans. Even though they're probably not the ideal couple, I'm curious to see how they're going to end up together."

He casts me a curious glance. "How do you know that they'll end up together? I know Evans' parents will be crazy pissed if they found out."

I shrug. "I just have a feeling. Call me... clairvoyant."

"Since when do you use difficult words like 'clairvoyant'?" He says, horrified.

"Just.... Okay?" I say, telling him to cut it out.

A low laugh rumbles from the back of his throat.

"I guess Brent will be in good hands. Even though Evans is a horrible human being, maybe Brent will make an honest man out of him."

"How did you even find out anyway?" I ask him.

He shrugs, "Well, Brent has been super depressed lately so I assumed that he either failed some assignment or he got dumped. And today he came over to the gym hoping to find you. I'm guessing he wanted to talk to you about Evans, but you weren't there so I told him that he could talk to me. It didn't take too long for everything to come spilling out of his mouth."

"So... are you okay with it?" I prod.

"I guess," he mumbles. "But I doubt they'll be making up anytime soon. Besides, don't you have a fake date to go to anyway?"

I freeze. "How do you know that?"

"I'm not stupid. Evans had been freaking out this morning, rambling on and on about meeting his parents tonight and here you are right now looking like god's gift from heaven."

I feel all the air leave my body.

"D-did you just c-call me...?" God, I sound a lot like Beth right now.

"So are you actually going out with Evans?" He asks, unfazed by my question.

"Yeah, I am." I nod. "He even bought me this outfit as compensation for dragging me out tonight."

He helps me out of the chair and I stand in front of him, showing him my dress.

"God damn, Lucky." He groans. "So fucking beautiful. I want to remember you like this."

"Stop saying stuff like that." I mumble, unfolding the creases on my dress. "You're making it more difficult for me to not like you."

He takes a step back and closes his eyes briefly. "You're right. I'm sorry."

"It's okay," I say, frowning. "We're either something more or we're just friends. And I think we both know the answer to that."

He doesn't say anything because he knows I'm right.

"Lucky..." He starts off.

I force a smile on my face. "No, it's okay. We don't have to justify ourselves. I just... we need to make it very clear what we want, okay? We're just not ready for something more."

Kayden opens his mouth to speak but he's interrupted by the doorbell.

I go ahead and open the door. Evans is standing outside, his blonde hair neatly gelled behind. He wears a white button down T-shirt and some black slacks to go along with it. When he sees me, his eyes scan down my body. The smile he casts me is a smile of approval.

"Skittles?" I ask him. He takes the packet out of his pocket and throws them at me.

"I believe I've paid dearly for this date with you." He smirks but it soon disappears when he sees Kayden. "Hey, bro."

Kayden nods at him.

"Kind of wished you snatched her up first before she got to me, huh?" Evans say cheekily.

"Take care of her tonight or the only words on your tombstone will be 'got punched by Kayden so hard he died.'"

Evans's eyes bulge out of his sockets.

"Ignore him," I roll my eyes and laugh. "Let's go."

.....

A/N: Another filler chapter for you guys. Heh. I promise it will get better in the later chapters. So someone told me on ask.fm that Nina Agdal would play the perfect Sienna and I couldn't agree more! Her pictures with Wade Poezyn are so CUTE!

See you next Tuesday, my Dia-Hards. You know you love me. Xoxo

.

22. Confrontations

Picture of Evans^ In case you're wondering, he's Tom Barker, a British model.

Warning: Please refrain from your religious views when you read this chapter! It may be offensive to you, so read at your own risk. There is no sugar-coating here. If you don't agree with my views on the matter, feel free to state it but don't attack me in the comments. They will be reported and deleted. Thank you. (:

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

When we finally reach Basil Kitchen, Evans pulls over and helps me out of the car. I mumble a small thank you and throw my empty packet of Skittles in the trash can.

"I'm nervous," Evans mutters as I slide my arm into his.

"They're your parents. You don't have to be nervous around them," I comment.

"Yeah, but you don't know them like I do," He sighs. "They're very judgmental. One look at you and they'll either probably welcome you into the family with open arms or give you the stink eye for the rest of the dinner, telling you that you're unworthy to enter the doors of heaven."

I mutter a curse. "Damn."

We walk towards the entrance together, and I'm starting to see how nervous Evans actually is. He keeps readjusting his collar repeatedly, and I can see a thin trickle of sweat slowly making its way down his forehead.

My lips fall into a frown because at this moment, I know.

I know that Evans is terrified of his parents.

I reach down and squeeze his hand in mine, offering support.

Before we walk past the door, Evans stops me and turns to me face me. "Okay, so you know what to do right?"

"Yes. You briefed me in the car like... 9000 times. I'm not an idiot. I think I can remember simple rules." I roll my eyes.

"I'm sorry. I just don't want to mess this up." He groans, raking his fingers through his dirty blonde hair. "So you got this, right?"

I grab his shoulders and shake them. "Stop it. I'm fine. You don't have to worry about me."

He blows out an unsteady breath. "Okay. I'm fine. Let's go in."

He holds out his hand and I slide mine into his, interlacing our fingers together. He uses his other hands to push the door open to let me in.

A dark-skinned woman waits for us at the concierge, a huge smile plastered on her face. "Do you have a reservation, sir?"

Evans nods. "I already have a table waiting."

"Right, of course," The hostess says and grabs two menus. She extends her hand, showing us the way. "Follow me."

As we navigate our way through the tables, I can already spot them.

Evans' parents are waiting for us at the booth near the window, looking extremely bored. Evans's mom has her hair tied into a neat bun and she wears a baby blue cardigan over her champagne dress. Meanwhile, his dad's blond hair is gelled to the side, similar to how Evans wears his hair right now, and he's in a clean suit that he tops off with a black tie.

When we're at the table, they glance up at us and their faces illuminate. Evans's dad immediately stands up and extends his hand. "Hello, Siena. Pleasure to meet you."

I force the biggest smile on my face and shake his hand. "Same here, Mr...?"

"Call me Robert," he says.

"Robert, a pleasure to meet you too."

His wife also greets me with a warm smile. "I'm Lily. We've heard so much about you."

"Mom. Dad." Evans nods at his parents before helping me into my seat. The both of us now sit opposite from his parents.

"Evans why don't you call for the waiter?" Evans's dad turns his attention to Evans.

His son nods wordlessly.

After everyone sits down, Lily glances at me, her eyes judging my outfit. I catch her stare and she offers a strained smile.

"Don't you think what you're wearing tonight is a little bit too provocative?"

What?

I look down at the beautiful dress I'm wearing. How the hell is any of this provocative?

"Ummmm." I have no idea what to say. "I think it's okay?"

"Mom," Evans warns her. "It's fine."

She shrugs. "I'm just saying. She's showing way too much skin for a formal dinner like this. Are you sure she isn't one of your... sexual partners?"

My mouth gapes open in horror.

"Mom, enough," Evans says again. "She most certainly is not."

Robert glares at his son. "Don't take that tone with your mother."

"But I--"

"Evans." His commanding tone silences all three of us.

Evans clamps his mouth shut and looks down, his teeth gritted and his face red from embarrassment.

I look around the table and notice the unease. I can see why Evans never talked about his parents before. As much as he loves them, he also hates them. They assert a lot of control over him and his life, and it's torture watching him like this... so submissive. He has no choice but to obey their every word.

I need to be the one to ease the tension. How can his parents actually see the good in him if I don't do something?

I need to start with something small then work my way up.

I laugh a little bit too forcefully, cutting the silence. Evans, Lily and Robert turn their attention to me.

"Oh well. Um.. anyone up for some champagne?"

There's absolutely no response.

Le sigh. Don't say I didn't try.

Tonight is going to be a long night.

It takes a while for Evans's parents to start warming up to me after the whole 'inappropriate dressing' incident. When our food's served, all is thankfully forgotten and Mr. and Mrs. Evans start to bombard me with questions.

So, Sienna, where are you from?

I was born in Boston.

How did you meet Evans?

We were partnered up to do an assignment together.

What do you do during your spare time?

I spend a lot of time with my parents who are still very much together and in love.

What do you think of our boy?

I think Evans is smart, kind, caring and the most loving person I've ever met. He always manages to put a smile on my face.

What future do you think holds for both you and Evans?

I think we will get married after we graduate and have lots of children. And we will grow old together in your grandfather's lake house and continue to love each other unconditionally.

These were all the questions that Evans had asked me during our car ride here. He told me how to answer every specific question. And to my surprise, most of the questions he had drilled into me had been asked by his parents. Every time I gave a rehearsed response, I see Evans smiling with satisfaction.

Evans's parents seemed very pleased with how I have answered all their questions and are now finally warming up to me. They joke with me about things that don't make sense, but I laugh along anyway because I don't want to be rude.

Evans squeezes my hand and bends to whisper in my ear. "You're doing good."

"No shit, Sherlock," I hiss back. "I think I deserve another bag of Skittles."

"I will buy you a hundred more if you talk about how intelligent

nt and wise I am."

I think about it for a while. "Deal."

Then, I turn back to Evans's parents and smile. "Do you know how intelligent and wise your son is...."

After our meals are finished, we moved on to dessert. I ordered myself some chocolate lava cake and the minute I dig in, I moan because it was just so mouth-watering.

We chat a little bit longer and talked about studies. To be honest, I really had nothing to talk about because I hate my major and it's too late to change now. But I refrain from telling that to them. Instead, we talked about other things delved into other topics like politics and religion.

When we're finally done with dinner, Robert calls for the check and Lily talks to me about how Evans has changed since the last time they've seen him.

"He sounds very happy to be with you," she tells me and I smile.

"Sure he is."

"Oh I hated it when he had been fooling around with countless of girls. It's not right. It really isn't."

I cast Evans an uneasy look. He begs me to keep it in for a little while longer. I have no choice but to oblige.

Lily stops mid conversation and all the blood drains from her face.

"What's wrong?" I ask her, concerned. She points to the direction behind me, a look of horror on her face.

Both Evans and I glance to the direction of where she's pointing at. I see two guys at the booth behind us, their hands clasped together, their eyes glued to each other, looking very much in love.

Lily shakes her head. "That is revolting. Look, Robert."

Robert takes one look at the couple and shakes his head in disapproval.

I purse my lips and clench my teeth together because I know that if I open my mouth, I will not like what comes out of my mouth.

"What's wrong with being gay?"

Wait... did that just come out from me?

No, I don't think so.

I swivel my head and notice Evans standing up, a look of fury crossing his face.

Oh no.

This is not going to end very well.

"What did you just say, Evans?" Lily is not staring at her son like she doesn't even know him.

"You heard me," Evans says, mustering up all his courage. "What's so wrong with being gay?"

"You know why!" His father raises his voice. "Because it's wrong! God didn't mean for this to happen! It's a choice to be gay and it sure as hell is a wrong one!"

"THAT IS NOT TRUE AND YOU KNOW IT!" Evans explodes. "What you're saying right now- it's complete and utter BULLSHIT!"

"Evans." I tug on his arm but he avoids my touch.

"No, I can't... I need to say this," He takes a deep breath and levels his gaze with his parents, "There is nothing wrong with being gay. You don't get to choose who you fall in love with. And who cares if two people of the same sex love each other? Don't they deserve to be happy? Don't they deserve the same level of respect as the way we treat people of different sex? Why is it that people like you guys have to be totally against people like them- like me? You make it sound like we need to be put down like fucking animals. That is prejudice and it is so wrong on many levels!"

The whole restaurant falls into a deadly silence.

"You're... you're..." Lily stammers at her son, tears streaming down her face.

"Yes, mom. I'm gay. Bisexual. Whatever. I don't care. And you shouldn't either. I'm still your son, aren't I? I didn't choose to be this way, but I am what I am and if that makes me a bad person, then so be it. But don't you dare try to say that it is wrong to be gay because it's sure as hell isn't. Being gay may not be the norm, but I think that if you love the person you're with, no matter what skin color, race or gender, then you should be allowed happiness. And if you can't accept that- you can't accept me- then maybe you shouldn't be in my life anymore."

"Evans...." I say, standing up. He doesn't look my way.

"I asked Sienna over here to be my girlfriend for the night because I was terrified of how you may judge me. I knew you would. You let your religious views cloud your judgement and I didn't want to be judged. But then I realized, I'm done being a coward. I'm done not being able to fight my own battles. And I'm done with both of you- if you can't accept who I really am now."

"This is unacceptable," Robert still has the audacity to laugh. "You can't expect us to be okay with this. Look, maybe you're just confused. God can forgive you, he can if you come with us now-"

Evans tugs on my arm. "This is ridiculous. Now my parents think that they can 'change' me. I'm getting the fuck out of here."

I cast a weary glance at Lily and Robert, "Your son's right. You should still love him, regardless of his sexuality. You shouldn't try to change him. You may not approve of his sexuality but it wouldn't hurt to just accept him the way he is. It's a shame that it has to end this way."

I shake my head and allow Evans to escort me out the restaurant.

The minute we're outside, I throw my arms around Evans and hug him. "I'm so fucking proud of you."

He breathes a sigh of relief. "I'm proud of me too."

"Hey," I breathe, cupping his face in my hand. "If your parents can't accept you, then they're not worth it, you hear me?"

He nods. "You're right."

I hug him a little while longer before finally releasing him. "Let's go back."

Evans steps away from me and smiles to himself.

"What?" I ask.

He takes his keys out of his pocket and throws them at me.

I catch it narrowly. "What is this for?"

"Stay safe on the road, okay?" He quickly presses a kiss on my cheek before turning his back on me and breaking into a sprint.

"What- you can't- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" I yell.

"I'm going to get Brent back!" He yells back before disappearing into the night.

A/N: Here's to all the LGBTs out there. Love you.

The Wattys2015 deadline is nearing soon so I would love to have all your support. From the 24th of August to the 31st, use the hashtag #MyWattysChoice with the link of the Perfect Addiction story to help me nab The People's Choice Awards! It's been my dream of mine to win and I hope I'll be able to do so. (:

If you'd like, also hashtag #Wattys2015 with Perfect Addiction in your tweet at any given day to help me increase my chances. For more information or updates, just head over to my twitter account.

My twitter username is claudiaoverhere.

See you on Saturday. You know you love me, Dia-Hards.

23. Confusion

Thank you guys so much for the 1 million views! You guys ARE THE BEST!

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I got back to the apartment a little around midnight. After dropping Evans's car keys on the counter, I make a mental note to text him later, asking him about how the whole thing with Brent turned out. But I have a feeling he will be quite preoccupied at the moment.

I spot Kayden lounging on the couch and when he realizes I'm in the room, he tilts his head to me and nods. "Hey. How was the fake date?"

"It was a disaster," I say, laughing a little. I walk over to his direction and make myself very comfortable at the empty spot next to him. "So Evans came out of the closet."

"His parents found out?" Kayden widens his eyes. "That is not good."

I shrug. "I don't really think he cares anyway. After the whole episode with his parents, he was so hell bent on going after Brent."

That made Kayden smile. "Who knew Evans had a single romantic bone in his body?"

"Yeah. I want to call him to ask him how it went but I figured I should give them some time to themselves."

"How selfless of you."

"Oh shut up." I roll my eyes. Then, I turn my attention to the television. "What are you watching anyway?"

"Redemption."

"Is it any good?"

"It's the most unrealistic piece of shit I've ever seen." He shakes his head. "The epic fight scene looks fucking choreographed. This is an insult to kick-boxers everywhere."

I scoot closer to him, but not close enough that our shoulders are touching.

"Look at that." Kayden points to the screen. "See that? The hero could not have possibly anticipated that attack unless he has a pair of eyes at the back of his head. It's pure bullshit, I say."

"It's a movie. Shit aren't supposed to be real. That's why we have movies like Fast & Furious."

"I know," he says, sighing. "But this is reality. And if that guy was in the real world, he would have his ass handed back to him by me."

I smirk. "That confident huh?"

"Hell yeah," he shrugs. "I've been improving. I think you'll like some of the new moves I've invented. You haven't exactly been the best trainer these past few days."

"Well, forgive me if I have a life other than training you," I glare at him. I feel him stiffen beside me. "Okay, I'm sorry. That was a low blow."

Kayden stays silent and continues watching the movie.

"Hey," I say. "The semi-finals is this Saturday, right?"

"Yeah."

I get up from the sofa. "Then, let's get moving."

He just stares blankly at me. "Right now?"

"Yeah. Right now."

"You're shitting me. It's almost midnight."

"So what?" I challenge him.

Kayden continues to stare blankly at me.

"You're right. I have been slacking off as a trainer," I admit. "But I'm here now. And I'm telling you to get the fuck off the couch so we can train!"

"Okay! Okay!" He lifts his hands up in surrender. "Jesus, okay! But where the hell are we going to train? Breaking Point is closed."

"I'll call in a favor from Julian."

"Who the fuck is Julian?" He stares at me with confusion.

"My friend and the guy who owns UF gym. Now get dressed, grab your things, and let's go!" I yell and he mutters curse words under his breath as he makes his way to the room.

He calls back. "I hope you don't think I'm going to tolerate you bossing me around after I have the championship in my hands!"

"You think this is me bossing you around?" I almost laugh. "Oh, Killer. You haven't seen nothing yet!"

Half an hour later, we arrive at UF gym and manage to get in, after having to persuade Julian fifteen minutes before to give me the keys to lock up. He begrudgingly gave them to me on the condition that I had to work another extra hour tomorrow.

I turn on all the lights, illuminating the entire place. I settle my bags on the bench nearest to the door and place my hands on my hips. Kayden looks around, his eyes memorizing the place.

"Shirt off," I tell him. "Now."

"Yes, ma'am," he salutes me, smirking. "Only just my shirt? How about the pants too? Underwear?"

"Sure, if you like your junk hanging out the entire time we train, possibly eliminating your chances of ever having children in the future, then that's perfectly fine by me."

He stares at me for a while. "Sometimes, I really hate your sarcasm."

I grit my teeth, holding his stare. "Shirt. Off."

Now he knows that I'm not in the mood to fool around so he takes off his shirt and chucks the material aside. "Happy now?"

"Yes." I swallow, my eyes quickly dancing around his chest. "Yes. I'm happy."

Kayden chuckles and catches me staring at him. "This was an excuse to check me out, was it?"

"Don't flatter yourself, Killer. I've seen better."

A lie.

He has the most beautiful body I've ever seen. It's like a beautifully painted canvas that I would love to purchase for myself.

Jax has got nothing on him.

Nothing.

I finally manage to tear my eyes away and head over to the section of the gym where they keep the boxing gloves. I come back wearing two pads on both on my arms and thigh, and also some bandage to wrap his hands with. I throw the bandage at Kayden's direction and he catches them.

"Tonight, you're going to show me what you're really made of."

I say, raising the pads up. "You say you've been training, huh? Then, let's see how you've improved without me constantly up in your ass."

Once he's done finishing wrapping his hands, he readies himself, fists rolled and tightened. I beckon for him to come closer and he does.

"Go ahead, take your sweet time. We have a shit load of time to waste anyway," I mumble sarcastically. Kayden rolls his eyes.

He inhales deeply, throws a double jab, a cross, and his shin meets the pads down by my thigh as I instantly lower them. With every punch Kayden makes, he grunts, putting all force into his hits. He almost manages to knock me off guard, turning around and slamming his fist on my right pad.

I stumble slightly and he casts me a smile of triumph.

"Oh don't get cocky with me now. You still got a long way to go." I say, smiling too. At least I know he's actually been working out and not slacking off.

We spend the next hour doing a different bunch of combinations. After a while, I discard the pads and I teach him a bunch of different moves that Kayden could use to defeat his opponents other than throwing punches.

He listens carefully, and we exchange a few blows. He ends up bruising me on my shoulder while I manage to get a few deadly hits on his torso. He shakes my blows off and continues to spar with me, quickly darting back and forth while he tries to land a few hits on me, this time without using his fists, but with his legs.

"Come on, Killer. You can't be so cautious around me. You often hesitate before hitting me," I moan.

"You can't blame me for doing so! I don't want to hit you." He sighs and rounds the corner, jumping on the balls of his feet.

"Oh, come on. Don't be such a pussy!"

"It's not that!" He says, frustrated. "You don't understand, Lucky. It literally hurts me every time I have to hit you. And I never ever want you to feel pain. And especially not after... not after what Jax did to you."

My hands fall to the sides of my hips. "Kayden..."

"I know. It's stupid to think that." He shakes his head. "But hurting you is the last thing I want to be doing."

I purse my lips, fighting a small smile. "You're crazy."

"You're crazy," he corrects me. "We're sparring at one o'clock in the morning. And I'm exhausted. I think we're done for today."

I nod and fold my arms over my chest. "Yeah. Hit the shower."

"Aren't you going to shower too?"

"With you? Not a chance."

He chuckles. "That wasn't what I was trying to imply, Lucky."

"I'll take a bath at home," I say.

He nods and grabs his bag before disappearing into the locker room, leaving me alone in the gym.

I take a shaky breath, replaying Kayden's words over and over in my mind. He doesn't want to hurt me. Somehow this makes me attracted to Kayden even more.

God dammit. I was supposed to suppress my feelings for him, not let it grow.

What am I going to do?

After we finished up at UF gym, Kayden and I went back home to catch up on our sleep. Kayden went straight to bed while I spent some time out on the balcony of our apartment just having a one-on-one moment to myself.

I keep thinking about how every day it's going to be harder and harder for me to not fall for Kayden. Every single day he makes me smile and laugh and starts to sew back my once broken heart. And every time I'm around him, I'm freer. Braver. Bolder.

What on earth is he doing to me?

I feel like such a girl. I never understood why all the other girls in my class lived in these sorts of moments with their boyfriends. When I was with Jax, it was easy. It became a routine. All the kissing, the moments we spent, it was predictable and both of us had grown used to it.

Was I really in love with him after all? Or was I in love with the person that I needed at that moment?

I had never felt so lost until I found Jax. He mended me back together and he taught me things that made me stronger. And naturally, we would be together. I knew it would happen. It was bound to happen eventually. But when we were together, it felt like I needed him more than he needed me. He was far better off without me, and I knew that. I knew it, but I didn't want to let him go because I thought I could never find someone like him anymore.

I thought he was the only one who can make me feel alive.

Turns out, I still felt dead. Until I met Kayden.

He cares for me in a way that Jax never did. Kayden knows that I'm independent but he still tries to protect me, and it's endearing. It's nice to know that someone has my back. He's also uncertain, raw with his emotions, but he's also pretty funny and we always have a good time when we're together. His mood swings aren't really an issue anymore; they have subsided when we started to grow closer.

God, I like him. I like him so much.

My eyelids start to flutter close and I realize that I should be getting some sleep so I close the balcony doors and head to my room.

I drift into the darkness, knowing that maybe one day, when I'm braver

I can open my heart to Kayden.

I wake up to the sound of the doorbell.

"Ugrh," I mutter before shoving my pillow over my face, hoping that the person who's ringing the doorbell would stop.

But of course, it doesn't stop.

After a few more rings, I chuck the pillow aside and drag myself off from the bed, shuffling towards the door.

"Alright! Alright, I'm coming!" I yell, my hand already on the doorknob. I twist it and open the door, revealing a woman with dark brown hair. Her eyes are wide, her lips pursed and she shifts uncomfortably and when I greet her at the door.

My eyes start to focus even more, and after staring at the woman for a while, I realize I know her.

"Hi," The woman says sheepishly. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you up but I need you right now-"

"Alyson?" I say out of disbelief. My dad's latest fiancé. What is she doing here?

She offers me a half smile. "Hey, Sienna. I never thought I'd see you again."

"What are you doing here? Wait a minute-" I pause for a while. "-how did you know I live here?"

"Houston told me," She cuts me off in a rush. "I'm sorry. I just- I needed to see you."

"Oookay," I say with uncertainty. "Well, I don't know how I can help you..."

She shakes her head and slides her hand in her bag to reveal to me a torn envelope. "You RSVP-ed no."

It takes me a while to register what she's talking about.

"You're talking about... the wedding," I half-yawn, half-say.

"Of course I'm talking about the wedding." Her eyes are sad when she replies me. "Sienna... You can't RSVP no. You have to come to the wedding. No, scratch that -you need to come to the wedding."

"Why is it so important to you that I go? I haven't been to any of dad's other weddings before. Honestly, I think my dad will be happier off not having to see my scowling face as I see you walk down the aisle."

"I'm going to forget you said that," she mutters. "But you don't understand, Sienna. You have to come. Because you're my maid of honor."

A/N: So this must be a surprise- me updating on a Thursday. I have good news for all you Dia-Hards!

I WILL UPDATE PERFECT ADDICTION EVERY TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

Why, you ask? Because I realize if I only update twice a week, I'll never be able to complete it in time for the Wattys2015 because this story has 45-ish chapters and it's A LOT. And I sworn myself that I will join this year and complete it before the deadline.

So YAY! More updates for all of you guys. I'd really like to have your support because it's going to be tough updating three times a week. I love you guys so much and I read all your comments (yes, ALL!) and I'd love to have feedback and encouragement. Thanks a lot guys.

In the meantime, how are we feeling about KAYNA? And hmmm.. Alyson is walking on thin ice asking Sienna to be her maid of honor..

See you on Saturday, baby cakes. ;)

24. Maid Of Honor

Dedicated to alicia because she leaves me the most awe-inspiring and beautiful comments. Love you, girl.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

"You have got to be kidding me." I bark out a laugh. Oh god, Alyson wants me to be her maid of honor? "That's... hilarious. Really, Alyson. Fucking hilarious."

"I wasn't trying to make a joke, Sienna." She shakes her head. "Sienna, I really want you to be my maid of honor."

I pull abruptly away from her. "Why can't you get... one of your friends to do it? Don't you have a sister or something? Family?"

"You are my family." She tries to justify herself. "I mean, well, you're about to be my family. Sienna, you're like a daughter to me."

"This can't be happening." My fingers rake over my hair. "You're crazy if you think that I believe that bullshit. I mean, for god's sake, I can't be your daughter. We're almost practically the same age!"

She blushes slightly, color tinting her cheeks. "Technically, I'm a couple of years older than you."

"Still way to young to be marrying my dick of a father!" I say, exasperated. "God, I need a drink. It's too early for this sort of shit."

I make my way to the kitchen and pour myself some coffee. Alyson just stands there at the doorway, unsure of what to do.

"You can come in, you know," I say and she hesitantly steps in to the apartment. She walks over to the kitchen and places herself on one of the stools.

"Sienna... I know that it's odd, considering the fact that we barely talked before..." Alyson starts off. "But I really do want you to be my maid of honor. I really want to get to know you. And like I said before, I have a feeling we're going to be the best of friends. Trust me, you and I- we're more alike than you think."

I almost want to laugh. "I am nothing like you, Alyson."

She looks down and when I irritably slide over a cup of coffee towards her, she offers me a small smile.

I take a sip of my coffee. "Why can't you ask Beth to do it? I'm sure she'll be more than happy to be your maid of honor."

"She and I both agree that you'll fit the job more."

Oh, Beth. Your selflessness is so irritating.

I place the cup down on the counter. "You know, I'm starting to get the feeling that you don't actually want me to be your maid of honor because you want to think that we'll be able to create some kind of fucked up mother-daughter bond shit. I think my dad put you up to this, didn't he?"

Alyson stays silent. I take that as my answer.

"That's what I thought." I huff. "He wanted you to mend things with me so he doesn't have to do it himself."

"That's not... that's not the reason." She shakes her head.

I cast Alyson an annoyed glance.

"Okay, yes, it's true that your father wanted me to see you today," she admits truthfully. "He wanted me to make you maid of honor as somewhat of a... peace offering for what happened two weeks ago. But that wasn't what motivated me to come here. I wanted to see you and I was worried you still hold so

me sort of grudge against me. I want to make you see that I'm not as bad as you make me out to be."

"Alyson..." My voice trails off. "Really... I'm not interested in burying the hatchet with my dad if he doesn't have the balls to confront me himself. And as for you... I really don't think that this can work. I can't be your maid of honor. It's ridiculous to even ask me in the first place. I know nothing about you and I can't work with someone who I know nothing about."

"Sienna, please-" Her voice gets cut off when I hear Kayden's bedroom door creak open and Kayden materializes from the hallway.

As usual, he's half naked, only wearing his black boxers. It hangs dangerously low on his hips, and my eyes narrow at the tattoo half covered up by his waistband. My eyes travel up and find him looking really sleepy.

"Fucking hell." He groans. "My muscles ache from yesterday. I think I might have pulled something."

"Good morning to you too, Kayden." I say flatly.

"Why the hell are you up so early, Lucky-" he looks up from the floor and stops mid sentence when he realizes I have company.

"Uh..." He mumbles, eyes fixated on Alyson.

Alyson swivels her head in my direction. "Who is this?"

I blush slightly, handing Kayden a cup of coffee. He hesitantly takes it from me, his head tilted as he tries to figure out the woman who is in our kitchen right now.

"He's my roommate." I rush out. "Um, anyways.. are we done here? Because I'm not going to change my mind. Oh and you can tell my dad that he can suck it."

Alyson finally manages to tear her eyes away from Kayden, "Um.. what?"

Guess it seems like she's starstruck by his presence too.

I know, Alyson. He has that kind of effect on everyone.

Sighing, I pass her her bag, thrusting the thing towards her.

"Here you go. You can go now. Buh-bye."

"Whoa. Whoa wait-" Alyson says as I drag her to the front door. "Sienna, wait."

"What?" I say, exhausted. "If you're trying to convince me, again, to be your maid of honor, seriously, don't waste your breath-"

"Let me try to persuade you," she says, her eyes pleading. "Sienna, don't make me a villain. I'm not that bad. And I really want to get to know you better. Please. I swear, I'm not doing this for your dad's sake. Just... just let me take you out for lunch today. We can talk over a nice meal. What do you say?"

I shake my head. "Alyson, you're nice and everything but I really don't think-"

"You're not being fair, Sienna," she frowns. "I'm not asking you to be my maid of honor. I just want to hang out with you. Please. I can't stand the fact that I'll be leaving here without you changing your mind about me."

I let out an audible sigh. "You're not going to stop if I say no, are you?"

"Nope."

I turn my head and see Kayden watching me with curiosity. I give him a begging stare and he shrugs, as if saying I don't know. It's your choice.

"Fine." I grunt. "Fine. I'll have lunch with you. But it's only this one time. I'm not doing it again."

Alyson's whole face immediately lit up. "Oh my god. Thank you, Sienna. I'll meet you there at 12."

She squeezes my hand, smiles and she walks away.

When I close the door, I notice Kayden is smirking at me. "What?"

"So she's your dad's fiancé?"

"Yeah."

He smiles smugly at me. "She's kind of pretty."

I shoot daggers at him with my eyes. "You did not just call my future stepmother pretty."

"Oh yeah, I just did." He nods, his eyes radiating humor. He's taking pleasure in watching me get jealous.

"That's absolutely disgusting."

"You're absolutely disgusting."

"Asshole." I mutter.

"Lucky," he drawls out. "You know, if you dad ends up leaving her, maybe I can take a swing-"

"I don't want to hear it!" I hiss.

He just laughs. "Okay, Lucky. Have fun with Alyson."

I walk back to my room, muttering curses under my breath.

I can seriously never catch a fucking break.

I meet Alyson at the shopping mall roughly around twelve.

Honestly, I don't know what I'm expecting to come out of this lunch date with her. She says that she wants to get to know me better and prove to me she isn't as bad as I make her up to be. I'm surprised that she actually cares about what I think; dad's previous other wives never bothered to reach out to me before. Maybe that's why I find it hard to wrap my head around that Alyson actually wants to be friends with me.

I treated her badly the first time I met her and yet, she still wants to try to make amends. I got to give her credit for that.

She got some balls.

Maybe, just maybe, I should try to be a little bit nicer to her. But I still find it very uncomfortable that she's only a couple of years older than me and she's marrying my dad, who is almost twice her age.

I guess love is blind. Very very blind.

"Sienna!" Alyson's voice fills my ears and I turn around to see her waving at me. I only offer her a half smile and saunter towards her. The look on her face when she sees me is priceless. "I was afraid you stood me up."

"I guess I'm surprised I showed up too," I say, shrugging. "But like you said, perhaps I should give you another chance."

She beams at me. "I'm so happy to hear that, Sienna. You have no idea."

We enter a small restaurant and the waitress seats us at one of the tables in the middle. I take my seat opposite from Alyson and the waitress takes our orders. Without much thought, I look up from my menu slightly to see Alyson giving me another smile, like she cannot fathom that I'm actually here in front of her.

After we placed our orders, she leans over, pursing her lips.

"I've been meaning to ask since this morning: is the half-naked guy who graced us with his presence, your boyfriend?"

I cough, "Um, no. He's not."

She laughs at my response. "He's got it bad for you."

I arch my eyebrows in confusion. "How would you know that? You just met him for like... five minutes."

She leans back against her chair and crosses her arms. "Oh, I know he's into you. I can tell. You can see it in his eyes -the way he looks at you."

I force out a laugh. "Okayyyy. I really don't want to talk about this."

I expect her to frown at my response, but she doesn't. Instead, she merely nods. "Okay, then. Fair enough. Let's talk about your wedding RSVP."

"Alyson-" I start off.

"It's not too late to change your mind, you know." She smiles at me sadly. I can tell she is very much affected by the fact that I'm not coming to the wedding.

I cross and uncross my legs, a slight nervousness running through me. "Alyson, you know why I can't come. You're really nice and everything but I can't see myself approving your marriage with my dad. I can tell you love him very much, but I'm not sure if he does love you. I mean, come on. Look at how he's treated his past six wives. He marries them and gets divorced after a few months. He never stays. He never stayed when it was just my mom and I, so why would he start now? I don't want you to think that you're not worthy to be marrying my father. I think that he's not worthy to be marrying you."

She stays silent, her lips falling into a thin line. This time, there is no smile on her face.

"You deserve much better than the piece of trash that is my father," I continue on. "How old are you? Twenty-three? Twenty-four? That's way too young to be tied down. I know it's not my place to give you advice, but it's what I think. You need to be very sure that he loves you and he can make you happy. Because if he can't, then what's the point of getting married to him?"

Alyson shakes her head. "Sienna, you have no idea what your father and I have. Yes, he may be older than me, but the age difference doesn't concern me at all. I know about his past six wives that he failed to keep. I know all of them. And I have talked to them personally. I'm not some naive girl that is going into this marriage blind. I know things about him- the things that he never shares with anyone. He's vulnerable, and when you're in a vulnerable position, you're bound to hurt people or get hurt."

Her expression changes, a hint of a smile forming on her face.

"But when he's with me- when I'm with him- I don't see that side of him. He's happier around me. He talks to me about you and how you're so strong that you don't need him anymore. He talks to me about how much he loved your mother but he failed her. He is trying, Sienna. I know he is. And I love him, so damn much. He might not be the best guy in the world, but he's the best guy for me. We can make each other happy. I'm not marrying him because I don't know any better and I don't want to be alone. I'm marrying him because he's perfect for me. And when you actually experience that feeling for yourself- that over-consuming love- then you'll understand."

This time, I'm the one to stay silent. I hadn't expected her to say that.

"Our food is here." She says quietly when the waitress materializes with a tray of food.

Alyson and I eat in silence. It's not an awkward silence; I just needed to be alone with my own thoughts. Was it true -what she said about my father? Was he really trying to be better for Alyson?

The way Alyson talked about him, it was as if she didn't care about the mistakes he had made in the past. She cared about the future that held so many possibilities for the both of them.

She loves my dad, she really does. And that's rare because my dad is not an easy person to love. I thought that he married his past six wives for their wealth. But what if that's not true?

"Did my dad marry his past six wives for the wealth?" I blurt out. Alyson stops swirling her spaghetti and turns her attention to me.

"Is that what you think?" She asks instead.

I nod wordlessly.

"No, he didn't." She shakes her head. "Perhaps it seemed that way. I used to think so. But he didn't marry them for wealth. He had fallen in love with each and every one of them. But I guess he soon realized he didn't actually love them- he just wanted to be loved back. But it's different with him and I. He has matured and he knows what he wants now."

I offer her a small smile. "I'm glad to hear that."

She smiles back. "I hope you will give your father and I a chance, Sienna. You are important to us. And even though it's really weird that we're almost the same age, I hope I'll be a great stepmother to you."

I stifle a laugh. "Honestly? I can't think of you as my stepmother."

She pauses for a while. "Sisters, perhaps?"

"We'll see." I nod.

She hesitates before saying something else. "Speaking of sisters, I heard you and Beth aren't getting along."

"You heard right."

Alyson lowers her voice slightly, "Did she really steal your boyfriend?"

"Well, technically yes. I mean she did sleep with him behind my back."

Alyson gasps. "That bitch."

I burst out laughing.

"You know what?" I say. "I think you're right. We're going to get along just fine."

A/N: LOL. I almost forgot to update today. Sorry about that. Tell me what do you guys think of Alyson! Personally, I think Sienna needs someone like Alyson in her life. Someone who is sincere and actually cares for her. There's Kayden too... but you catch my drift.

Thank you guys so much for the 6K followers! You guys are amazing! Next update, as usual, is on Tuesday. For more updates on what I'm doing or if you're feeling bored, just follow me on twitter! My username is claudiaoverhere.

I also keep getting questions about sending banners/fanart to me. Both of those are welcome! Just send it to me via twitter or DM me on Instagram. My instagram name is claudiaaatan.

See you guys on Tuesday! You know you love me. Xoxo, Claudia.

25. He Loves Them Guns N' Roses

So since Daniel and Alex from Perfect Illusion had a song that defined their relationship -Hey Jude by the Beatles- naturally Sienna and Kayden should have a song too. And it's none other than Guns N' Roses's Sweet Child O' Mine.

Also, wishing my muslim friends a Selamat Hari Raya Aidilfitri!

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Alyson and I spend the next two hours talking about all sorts of stuff. I tell her about Beth and what she had done, and Alyson was appalled because she thought that she was just an innocent girl. I shake my head, telling her not to buy her facade.

"You know, I actually pitied her after how rude you were to her when the both of you came over to our house," Alyson says and I lift my eyebrow slightly, noting the use of the word our house instead of your father's house,

"but now I see you had good reason to be pissed at her. If I were you, I'd wouldn't want to be in the same room as her either."

"I know," I say, biting on my straw in my drink. "I hate her. But I know it's not entirely her fault. The one to blame is Jax, a.k.a my dick off an ex-boyfriend."

"I'm starting not to like him already," she shakes her head. "Tell me more about him."

And I do. I tell her about how he had manipulated me to think that he loved me and when he did get together with Beth, he still wanted me too.

"I don't know what his problem is. If he did love Beth, man, I would hate it, but I would be fine with it. But knowing that he's manipulating her too? What if he doesn't love her? He sure fooled her into thinking so."

"Christ," Alyson swears. "You guys have more drama than all my twenty years of existence."

I choke out a laugh. "I do kind of pity Beth, though. I would probably say something about it but I'm not on talking terms with her and even if I somehow manage to convince her -which most probably won't happen considering the fact that she has a thick skull- that Jax is playing mind games with her, I don't have any proof. What if I'm just imagining things? What if he's just trying to get in my head to break me?"

"I know guys like Jax," Alyson nods. "I used to date a few guys like that in college. They tell you they love you and after they get bored, they'll move on to the next. But they'll come back to you again when they run out of girls to go to, as if they never burned you in the first place. Guys like Jax, they don't love. They want. Trust me, girls can never benefit from guys like that."

I bite my straw, hard. "Yeah, well. Guys like him need to be taught a lesson."

I don't tell her about my plans for Jax because exacting my revenge on him involves underground fighting and she -and my father- would never approve. So instead, I keep my mouth shut and wait for the waitress to come with our bill.

"Damn straight." she nods.

After she pays for the bill (I did make a good argument telling her that we should split it but she won't have any of it), we know it's time to head our separate ways. I'm happy that I decided to give Alyson another chance. Now I know that she is going to make a good wife to my father, I guess I can give her my blessing. Even if it's somehow betraying my own mother.

But even my mother is finally coming into terms with the fact that my father has moved on. And she's right; I do need to start forgiving him sooner or later.

And if I want to forgive him, I'll have to start with Alyson.

"Thank you for coming today." Alyson wraps her arms around me and presses her chin on my shoulder.

"I'm glad I came," I say to her and she pulls away reluctantly. "You'll make a good bride-to-be, Alyson."

She smiles at me, light reaching her eyes.

"Oh, before I forget," she murmurs before taking my RSVP out of her bag, "here. Maybe... maybe you'd want to consider coming to the wedding."

She looks at me warily like she expects a negative response from me.

Instead, I just smile. "I'll think about it."

"And maybe... you'll consider being my maid of honor too?" She looks at me expectantly.

"Don't push it, Alyson." I say and she laughs.

"Okay, I won't," she nods. "But the offer still stands, alright? It would be an honor for you to be with me during the wedding."

I nod wordlessly and clutch the envelope with my RSVP inside it in my hands. After another hug, Alyson disappears off, and I take a cab back to the apartment.

I don't know why but I feel sort of proud of myself for letting Alyson into my life now. She's just a breath of fresh air- exactly what I need among my circle of companions right now.

When I'm finally home, I fiddle with the lock to the apartment only to realize that the door isn't locked. Puzzled, I push open the door and immediately a loud, hard tune fills my ears. I wince and hesitantly step foot inside of the apartment, wondering if this is the right one.

Surely Kayden isn't the one who's blasting music from the stereo right now? Shouldn't he be at the gym?

I walk into the living room and sure enough, this is the right apartment. The familiar tune of the song I now recognize as Guns N' Roses's Sweet Child O' Mine blasts from Kayden's speakers in the kitchen.

My eyes widen when I see Kayden in nothing but his low waisted jeans, his voice humming to the song. His back is towards me and I see the flex of his back muscles, staring at them in awe.

When the chorus finally hits, he points to the speaker, yelling, "Oooohohoooh, sweet child o' mine!"

I can only stand there but watch as the humorous scene unfolds in front of me. I think he was expecting that I wouldn't be back so soon so he's making himself really comfortable by having a mini concert in the kitchen. Apparently, he's making some french toast on the stove but when the song reaches its climax, he steps onto one of the chairs, his eyes closed and his fingers moving swiftly as he air-guitars, mimicking the song.

Oh my god.

This is absolutely priceless.

I cover my mouth to prevent me from laughing, but I can't help it. This is too hilarious. In the end, I burst, not even attempting to tame my uncontrollable laughter.

I don't know how long I laugh, except when I open my eyes again, I see Kayden stop what he's doing, his face as red as a tomato right now.

"Oh shit," I wheeze. "Shit, today is the best day of my life."

He looks down and walks over to the speaker, putting the volume on mute. He crosses his arms over his chest, color still tinting his cheeks. "You saw that."

I nod, biting down hard on my lip to stop myself from bursting into another fit of laughter.

He frowns slightly, but I know he's trying to fight a smile. I think he finds this hilarious too. "You do realize that I have to kill you now, right?"

"Yeah yeah," I wave him off and saunter towards the kitchen. "But seriously though, that was so fucking awesome. Never seen that side of you before."

"You weren't supposed to see that." He shakes his head.

"See what? That you let your guard down?" I drop my bag on the chair and walk over towards him. The french toast he's making on the stove is burnt inside out so I close the stove and dump the contents of the pan into the trash can.

I catch him looking at me and his blush intensifies.

I reach over and pinch his cheeks. "You're adorable when you blush, seriously."

He nudges my hand away, muttering a string of curse words. "I'm never going to live this down, am I?"

"Nope," I say, popping the 'P'. "Hey, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. Granted, that was the most un-Kayden-like thing you've ever done, but it's so adorable."

"Call me that one more time—"

I smile at him smugly. "You're adorable, Kayden. Like a little puppy."

"My ego is bruised." Kayden groans, placing a hand over his heart like he's actually hurting.

"It's a compliment!" I defend myself.

"In a man's world, Lucky, a compliment is when you brag about how muscular he looks, how he makes you want to cream your panties, how big his dick is—"

"How can I possibly say that when I've never even seen Kayden

junior?" I say.

"Kayden junior? Junior?" He looks utterly baffled and offended, "Mind you, there's nothing small about it! In fact, if you've seen it, you would call it Kayden Senior."

"This conversation is getting weird," I whistle lowly.

He stops talking.

"Agreed," He nods. "I'm just going to forget this ever happened."

"I'm not." I smirk, then proceed to mock him by exaggerating his air-guitaring skills.

Kayden sighs. "I'm just going to kill myself now."

"Why don't instead, you be a doll and make me an omelette?" I offer him a sweet smile.

"Didn't you just have lunch with Alyson?" He says, confused.

"Yeah. But I'm still hungry." I complain.

He grumbles. "Go and make it yourself."

"Oh come on. I'm sorry." I say, laughing. "I didn't mean to insult Kayden junior. If he takes after his owner, I'm sure he will kill in bed."

"Thank you!" He says, exasperated.

"Kill the mood in bed." I add.

The glare he sends me is a deadly one.

"Okay okay, I'm sorry," this time I'm not laughing anymore. "I promise I won't make any dick jokes anymore. Just... teach me how to make an omelette."

Kayden's eyes widen at what I said. "You don't know how to an omelette?"

I shrug. "I don't even know how to cook. Period. Back when I was still living with my sister, she was the one who made the meals. I didn't feel like I needed to learn."

Kayden presses his lips into a thin line.

"So, can you please teach me?" I ask him, offering him a half smile.

He grumbles, grabs my hand in his and leads me to the stove.

Even though this isn't the first time he's ever held my hand, I realize that our hands fit perfectly together. I love the way his skin feels against mine- rough and calloused. I link my fingers with his, wanting to feel more, but it doesn't last long because he lets my hand go.

Kayden heads over to the fridge to grab three eggs, sliced mushrooms and cheese.

He snatches the pepper off from the kitchen counter and then he tells me to grab the mixing bowl from the top shelf. I do as he says.

"Dump everything except for the cheese into that bowl." He gestures to all the ingredients he just laid out on the table.

"Just like that?"

He nods. "Just like that, Lucky."

When I'm done, I show him the mixture. I lean my body to the edge of the stove and he comes from behind me. The pan is already preheated so all I have to do is just pour the mixture in. The front of his body presses against the back of mine and I'm trying so hard not to let it get to me that he's this close. I hear him intake a sharp breath.

"Here," he gives me the spatula. "Don't flip it over too early, alright? And don't forget to add the cheese."

"How much cheese do I add?"

"As much as you want, Lucky." He drawls.

I flip the omelette gently and to my surprise, it doesn't look half that bad. Kayden leans against the counter, grinning as I put it onto a plate.

"See, it's not so bad, right? This is easy shit. Next time, I'll teach you how to make a breakfast burrito." He murmurs, his breath hot against

t my ear.

"That's... oddly nice of you."

"We're... friends. And friends help each other out." He says, eyes locking with mine.

His words don't quite match with his eyes.

"Yeah," I swallow. "Friends."

He grabs the plate with the omelette and I seat myself on the kitchen counter, already reaching for the goodness that I've made. I fork some into my mouth and I can't help but moan. The mushrooms wrapped in cheese just melt in my mouth.

"Shit. That's good."

"Almost as good as my air-guitaring skills?" He suggests.

I laugh. "Hah. Please."

Kayden's eyes crinkle with amusement as he looks at me. "Come on, you honestly don't think I can have any future career as a guitarist?"

"Stick to kick boxing, buddy," I pat him on the shoulder. "It's the only thing you can do."

"That and making killer french toast." He adds.

My lips curve into a smile. "I like how you're starting to get really into these 'Killer' puns."

"Well, you rubbed off on me."

I pinch his cheek again. "And you say I'm an annoying little shit."

"You are an annoying little shit." Kayden mutters.

"But I'm your annoying little shit," I tease. "Okay, it's really quiet here. We need some music. Try to keep your dancing to a minimum, okay?" He rolls his eyes.

I press replay and the music and the sounds of Guns N' Roses fill the air again.

"Okay, this time, I want to sing lead," I point at Kayden who is chuckling at me attempting to dance to the guitar solo, "A one.. two.. one.. two.. three.. four... she's got a smile that it seems to me, reminds me of childhood memories where everything was as fresh as the bright blue sky!"

Kayden surprisingly going along too. "Now and then when I see her face, she takes me away to that special place and if I stared too long I'd probably break down and cry."

I smile at him and thrust my hands into the air as the both of us sing in unison, "Oooohohoh sweet child o' mine! Oooohohohhh sweet child o' mine!"

We laugh and prance around the kitchen like little kids for the rest of the song. Kayden takes a while to finally let his guard down again and by the time we hit the climax again, I had him sliding on the floor on his knees, breaking into another guitar solo. And instead of laughing at him, I join him.

As I immerse myself in the euphoria that is dancing and singing with Kayden, I stop for a second to look at him- like really look at him. He seems so lost in the moment. So full of life.

So goddamned beautiful.

He doesn't have to say anything. His feelings for me are written on his face every time he looks at me. And I think my feelings for him are starting to show too. God, I don't know how it happened.

Maybe it's the way he smiles at me, like there's no one else he'd rather give a smile to. Maybe it's the way he opens up to me -raw and uncertain- little by little. Maybe it's the way he has this overwhelming urge to protect me and care for me.

Maybe... it's all of the above.

But regardless, I can't deny it anymore. I simply can't.

I'm falling in love with Kayden.

A/N: I hope you like this KAYNA fun-filled chapter! Love this new side of Kayden. HEHE. Tell me what do you guys think of this chapter! I would love to know!

For more updates, just head onto my twitter account, claudiaoverhere. (:

Also, if you're free, hit me up on ask.fm ;) it's ask.fm/claudiaaatan

See you guys on Thursday!

26. Getting His Head In The Game

This banner is just absolutely gorgeous.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Our little moment in the apartment kitchen was short lived. After that, we had to get serious.

Tonight is the semi finals, which means I have Kayden the whole morning at Breaking Point doing his usual training. He's going at it with the punching bag, his eyes focused -like a tiger hell bent on catching his prey- as he throws a series of jabs and punches. I bark out orders at him, making sure he's as motivated as he can get. However, he just ignores me and continues murdering the punching bag.

After a while, we work on his defense again. He now blocks way better than he did before I trained him, so whenever I try to sneak a hit, he dodges me quickly and works on another offense. He's thinking fast this time; his hits are more precise and more deadly. Trust me, I've been on the receiving end of those punches several times.

"Okay," I say, panting after I fall to the ground for the fifth time. "Take five."

Kayden shakes his head and leans over, extending his hand. "Come on, Lucky. Take my hand."

"I think I might want to lie on the ground for a little bit longer."

The laugh that escapes his throat is hoarse and dry. "Did I really hit you that bad?"

I wince. It did hurt, but I wasn't going to admit it.

"Nothing that I can't handle."

His face falls, and his lips fall into a deep frown. "I'm sorry."

I try to get up into a sitting position. I hug my knees and offer him one of my infamous eye rolls. "You have got to stop saying sorry to me. I'm not that weak."

"I know that you're far from weak, Sienna," He eventually gives up on talking to me while standing up so he takes his place on the floor beside him. He crosses his legs and looks at me, concern written all over his face. "You're so strong and I should have never underestimated you when you first came to me. You can throw a punch better than anyone that I've ever seen fight me in a ring. But sometimes... you need to let people help you. And I want to help you. So tell me: where does it hurt?"

"Kayden, don't-"

"Where does it hurt, Lucky?" He says, more adamant this time.

Eventually I give in and tap on the right area below my chest.

Kayden scoots over so that he's as close to me as possible. "Lie down," he instructs me.

"Seriously, it's no big deal-"

"Can you just shut up for once and do what you're told?" He sighs in frustration.

"Whoa. You don't have to attack me with your mood swings. I'll lie down, jeez," I lift my hands up in surrender as I lie down, pressing the back

ck of my head on one of the mats.

He hovers over me, his face inches away from mine and his hand glides down to the place that he kicked me.

"Here?" He says, barely a whisper.

I nod.

His fingers pinch the hem of my black tank top. "May I?"

I nod again but this time, my heart is stammering wildly against my chest. His eyes, hooded with his thick eyelashes, redirects to my tank top, where his fingers drag the thin material up right below my chest. My breath hitches as his skin makes contact with mine, igniting a thousand sparks that set my cheeks and the rest of my body on fire.

Kayden's face lowers as he examines that nasty bruise. He touches the place where he hurt me, a lump forming on his throat. "Jesus, I'm so sorry."

"Kayden, stop apologizing," I say quietly. His hooded eyes lift and he presses his lips into a thin line.

"I hurt you," he says, his fingers circling the bruise.

"It just needs ice," I murmur.

"I'll... go get some," he nods, and he gets on his feet to search for the ice pack.

After he's gone, I feel like I can finally calm myself down. My heartbeat has gone a hundred notches faster ever since Kayden touched me and I need to get my shit together before he comes back, otherwise he will know that he has a hold on me like nobody else.

I'm falling in love with him.

I close my eyes and remember briefly what it had felt like when I was dancing to Sweet Child O' Mine with Kayden. I felt a rush of feelings that I'm unfamiliar with, and as much as I feel the need to be afraid of those feelings, right now...

I really don't care.

Maybe... maybe, I should just embrace the fact that I'm falling for Kayden. I mean, it's not such a bad thing right?

But then again, a lot of things can go wrong. We have already established the fact that we can only just be friends.

Why does it seem like it's getting harder and harder each day to just be that?

"Damn," a familiar voice whistles lowly. "That sexual tension, though."

I whip my head around to find Evans standing at the doorway of Breaking Point. He smiles at me smugly and when he walks over to the ring, I notice that he's holding hands with Brent. I wriggle my eyebrows at Brent, who turns red in an instant.

"Hey guys," I say, trying to get up, but then deciding not to because damn that bruise hurt.

"I think you should just jump Kayden's bones already," Evans says, releasing Brent's hand to heave himself up the ring. After he's on top, he lends a hand to Brent.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I arch one eyebrow.

This time, it's Brent who answers. "He was practically begging for you to kiss him."

"You saw that?" I say. "That was- we were just-"

Evans rolls his eyes. "Excuses."

"Fuck you," I glare at him. "He was just... helping me."

"Helping you what? Get your panties in a twist? He was practically eye-fucking you the entire time."

"Oh shut up," I ignore him. "Meanwhile, what the hell have you been up to? You ditched me after dinner with your parents and you were gone for two days!"

I look over at Brent to find some sort of explanation and the

intensity in his blush is the only answer I need.

"We were... preoccupied." Evans shoves his hands into his pockets, avoiding my gaze.

"So I'm assuming you guys are back together, then?" I have the urge to smile.

Evans looks at Brent and his eyes soften. "You can say that."

"But we're taking it very slow," Brent quickly adds.

"What we did for the past two days was not considered 'slow'." Evans wriggles his eyebrows at his boyfriend.

"Okay, ew. Too much information, guys. Keep your sex lives to yourself."

"At least we have one." Evans chuckles.

I would have probably attacked his neck with my hands right then if Kayden hadn't walked back into the gym with a huge pack of ice.

When Kayden notices his friends came to pay him a visit, his grey eyes immediately fill with light. "Hey. Sup guys."

He gets up on the ring effortlessly and smacks his brother's shoulder, then knuckle punches Evan's fist. "So... you two, huh?"

Brent nods. "I've been meaning to tell you—"

"Nah, it's okay. Don't mention it," Kayden says, handing me the ice packet. I cast him a grateful smile and he returns it.

Then, he turns his attention back to Brent. "Have you told mom and dad yet?"

"I will, soon. Maybe when we go back home."

He nods and turns to Evans. "You better not mess with my brother. I swear to god Evans, if you as so much cause him an ounce of pain I will personally see to it that your balls will be castrated—"

"Okay, damn," Evans groans. "I get your point. And it won't come to that— I promise. Brent... he's different."

Kayden huffs. "You better hope he is."

"Okay, calm down, guys," I say from the floor. All three men turn to me. "Kayden, you need to be less protective of your brother. Brent can definitely take care of himself."

Brent shrugs in response. Kayden sighs and hugs his brother.

"I know, I just don't want you getting hurt." Kayden points out.

Brent laughs. "You've been really emotional lately. Sienna, care to explain?"

"He has feelings now," I nod. "Yesterday, I caught him having a mini concert by himself—"

Kayden glares at me, telling me to stop talking.

I clamp my mouth shut to prevent me from talking any more, but the damage is already done. Both Evans and Brent burst out laughing.

"Shut up!" Kayden growls. "In my defense, she joined in on it too."

Evans went on the floor, wheezing.

"Thanks, Kayden," I say sarcastically. "Way to drag me into this with you."

"You started it first!" he defends himself.

Brent chokes on his own laugh before finally calming himself down. "Okay, Evans. Stop."

"Okay, okay, I'll stop." He laughs for a few more seconds before it dies down.

"Okay. Training's over. You—" I point to Kayden, "—need some rest before the big night tonight."

Kayden nods wordlessly, running his fingers through his dark hair. "I'm going to hit the showers. You sure you're okay?"

He helps me up and I stumble slightly, falling into him. The h

and that isn't holding the ice pack presses against his chest, and he inhales a sharp breath. I look up into his grey eyes and see them holding my gaze, as if he's trying to figure me out.

I clear my throat and step away from him. "Go and shower. You reek."

He chuckles. "Yes, ma'am."

And then he's gone.

When he disappears, Evans whistles lowly.

I sigh heavily, knowing exactly what he's going to say. "Evans, I swear to god—"

"I bet he's going in there to jerk himself off."

Brent lets out a throaty laugh.

As usual, Kayden wins the match. The screams of audience that chants his name prick my ears as his hand is lifted up, signaling the end of the fight as well as his victory. I yell at the top of my lungs, my hands cupped to my mouth, wishing my voice isn't drowned out by the thousands that scream his name as well.

"Killer! Killer! Killer! Killer!"

A shiver runs along my spine as the crowd goes crazy over his name, especially the women and their eager shouts tumble over one another. I glare at the blonde next to me, who's telling Kayden to... well, do all sorts of inappropriate things to her.

"Hey!" I jerk my head to her direction, "Beat it."

The woman stares at me, blinking, before muttering how crazy I was and walking away.

Calm down, Sienna, I tell myself, You can't get jealous. He's not yours.

Right on cue, Kayden looks around, his eyes searching for mine. He scours the crowd for a good few seconds before his eyes land on mine. My heart flies out of my throat when he casts me a crooked smile, then places his fist above his heart as if he was thanking me for the win.

You did great. I mouth the words to him and shoot him a thumbs up.

His smile widens.

"He won't ever get over you, you know," Brent comes up from behind me and hands me a bottle of coke. I cast him a grateful smile and open the bottle, pouring the contents into my mouth. "You're his beacon of light. You give him a sense of direction in his life. A purpose."

"Brent, you're over-exaggerating," I tell him.

"I know you're scared to be with him," He murmurs. "But is it worth it? Just being his friend? Not being able to love him the way you want to?"

"Brent..." I shake my head.

"Kayden has always taken care of me," Brent purses his lips. "And I want someone to take care of him too. He deserves that. He has been... tortured for so long. He blames himself for everything that went wrong in his life."

And I never thought I would see the way where he would smile again. You made him do that, Sienna. You are the reason why we have the real Kayden back."

I stay silent because I don't know what to say.

Brent lays a hand on my shoulder and squeezes, "You already own his heart. But whatever you do, don't break it. I'm not sure he'll be able to live through that."

I can only nod.

I can't believe Brent has just said that to me. He says I'm the reason Kayden has a reason to live. Which meant that... he didn't want to live before he met me? What was so horrible that caused Kayden to be that way?

I want to know. But I don't. But I do.

Damn him.
Damn Kayden for making me feel this way.
Damn him for making me fall in love with him.
And damn him for making it so hard to be with him.
Brent focuses his attention back to the ring, where Kayden is making his way down and back to his room. "You want to go?" He asks me.
I shake my head. "I want to check out the competition. You go."
"

I don't even have to tell him twice. He nods and then he's off.

I cross my arms and gulp as the announcer gets back on stage, his hands raised high to control the crowd. Regardless, the crowd is still noisy and gets louder when the announcer brings the microphone up to his lips to announce the next fight.

"Aaaaaaand the guy you've all been waiting for, the machine that has been undefeated for three years now, give a round of applause for the legend that is JAX 'DEADBEAT' DENERISSSSSS!"

The crowd roars in approval, their cheers and screams even louder than when Kayden emerged on stage prior to this fight. Everyone is doing the 'Deadbeat' war cry which I have grown accustomed to since I came to Jax's first fight- two beats against the chest, then elbows thrust downwards and repeat again.

"DEAD-BEAT! DEAD-BEAT! DEAD-BEAT!" If this was three years ago, I would have joined in. Hell, I would have climbed on one of the boulders and chanted his name like some kind of mad prayer.

But now, I stand idly by, my arms hugging myself as everyone around me worships Jax when he enters the ring. He wears a black robe with his name printed behind in silver, and he hides himself behind the hood, his eyes the only thing I can see. When he gets up on the ring, he pounds his fist, then his chest, doing the same war cry that everyone is doing for him.

Then, he raises his hands in the air and the crowd goes absolutely INSANE.

I see Evans materialize behind me and the worried look he sees plastered on my face confirms his suspicions.

"Shit," he mutters as he stands next to me.

Jax takes off his hood slowly, as if to intensify the air of mystery around him. When his hood is finally down, his head lifts and casts a dangerous smirk to the crowd.

He scans the crowd with his predator eyes and there's nothing soft about them. When his eyes landed briefly on me, he does a double take and holds my gaze. I gulp nervously as he ravishes me through his sight, and licks his lips, then casts me a twisted smile.

And in that moment, I never wanted to hate anyone more than I hate Jax 'Deadbeat' Deneris.

I flip both my middle fingers at him and he chuckles.

"Did he just...?" Evans looks at me, shocked. I nod.

I watch as Jax peels the rest of his robe off, making sure he's taking his time to do so so that the women can admire his rock hard abs and glistening body. He ruffles his dirty blonde hair and growls when his opponent enters on stage. His opponent does not have the same confidence and arrogance as Jax. He merely wears his pride like a glove, but takes it off when Jax sees him. The man gulps and takes off his own robe, his fingers trembling slightly at the splash.

The bell rings, and both men immediately get into position. Nervousness creeps into my veins. I desperately want Jax's opponent to win, but there is no doubt in my mind that it won't happen.

Jax is too strong.

And he proved to be that when the bell rings and he lands his first deadly punch on his opponent.

Immediately, the man goes down. Merciless, Jax grabs his legs and topples him again, smashing his opponents face to the ground. The crowd is mesmerized as Jax executes his performance of a lifetime, his fists constantly making contact with his opponents body. I hear a cracking of ribs and wince as Jax continues to pound him. When his opponent finally rolls away and gets up, his fists readied in front of his face, Jax sneers.

The man sends a weak kick to Jax's thigh, which is a fatal mistake because Jax sends another few punches to the man's gut. He goes down again and Jax hovers over him, attacking his face. The man shields himself with his arms and tries to go under Jax, but Jax stops him. He strangles the man with his legs, and he coughs out blood.

Jesus. This feels a lot like murder.

"Aw, man. That's nasty!" I hear someone from the crowd say.

The man attempts to grab Jax's waist, throwing all his force to knock him out, but he fails as he gets thrown back again. I hear a loud crunch and I look away because I can't bear to see what happens next.

"HOLY SHIT!" The announcer swears. "WE GOT A K.O! Guys, WE HAVE A K.O! That was FAST! Aaaaaand, we HAVE A WINNER! Ladies and gentlemen, JAX 'DEADBEAT' DENNERIS!"

I turn back and sneer when Jax's hand is raised up and everyone resumes chanting his name. Evans finds my hand and squeezes. Between the pounding of my head and the noise poking around me, I move towards the front of the ring. Evans falls into step with me, his expression contorted into an uncomfortable one.

"Look," he points to the edge of the ring.

My breath gets stolen from me when I see the condition that Jax had left his opponent. He's lying on the floor, his face pale. Blood pools at his sides, and his lips are split, his cheeks bruised. His eyes are closed and as I go closer, I can't tell if he's still breathing.

It's at this point that I don't even know if he's unconscious or dead.

A/N: So that was an intense chapter. Sorry not sorry LOL.

Thoughts about KAYNA right now? And hmmmmmm.. Can Kayden actually beat Jax? I'd love to see your comments! They always make my day.

Next update: Saturday! Damn, I'm on a high roll here.

You know you love me Dia-Hards. Xoxo, Claudia.

27. Once A Fighter, Always A Fighter

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Fortunately, he's not dead. Otherwise, Jax would have a lot of explaining to do to the police.

A little part of me wishes that Jax did kill his opponent. After all, there is more than one way to get my revenge. I think Jax going to jail would be just fine.

You are sick, Sienna. That guy he beat up was a human being. A person who has a family and possibly kids. A person who has a life other than fighting. And you want him dead so your beloved ex can go to jail? What kind of person does that make you?

I compress a shudder. Oh god. What kind of person have I become?

No. No no no no. I'm going to erase that thought out of my mind. I can't afford to think like this. This is madness.

"You okay?" Brent immediately snaps me out of my thoughts. I j

erk away from him, my eyes widening. "Sienna?"

"I'm fine," I say quickly, hugging myself tightly. "Where's Kayden?"

"I don't know," he mutters. "I hope he didn't see the fight with Jax. He will blow his shit up."

I tear my gaze away from Brent and my eyes scan for Kayden among the crowd. The minute I see Kayden at the corner during the fight, his jaw clenched, I know he saw the whole thing. His eyes are glued to the scene unfolding in front of us.

Two guys are hoisting the unconscious victim up and they're taking him to the back so he can receive medical attention. Jax just stands there, watching as they take his opponent away. There is little mercy in him. He just stares blankly, like almost beating that guy to death did not affect him one bit.

"Hey," I walk over to Kayden. He doesn't acknowledge me. He just stares at the ring defeatedly. I know he's doubting whether he can really win this. "Kayden."

His self esteem must have taken a huge blow watching that fight with Jax. I have built up his confidence this past month and I can see that it's all for nothing. He no longer glares at Jax with seething anger. He doesn't even look his way anymore. His eyes are trained to the ground, his jaw tight and his fists clenched.

I say when I move towards him. "Hey, you did great."

"Don't," he snaps at me.

"What? It's the truth!"

Kayden's eyes meet mine. "I can't beat him, Lucky. I can't. Did you not see what just happened?" He points to the ring. "He fucked that guy over real bad. Fucking hell, he almost killed the guy!"

"I know but you can do better," I shake my head. "You can. You just need more practice, that's all."

Kayden looks down as if he's ashamed. "Don't waste your breath, Lucky. We both know that I should just kiss that championship goodbye."

"Come on. I know you have a lot of fight in you! You're just going to give up? Just like that?"

He turns to walk away from me, but I reach out to grab his hand.

"Listen to me, Killer," I say with determination. He's not looking at me. He's avoiding eye contact with me. Out of frustration, my hands cup his cheeks to make his eyes level with mine.

"Listen to me," I choke out. "You are not giving up on me now."

I worked too hard for this. You worked too hard for this. Being defeated is a temporary condition. But giving up? That just makes it permanent. Don't give up on me now, Kayden. I have faith in you. And sure, Jax may look like he can finish you off in a second, but with more practice, I can help you beat him. But you need to believe that you can beat him otherwise it won't work. Then this deal would be for nothing."

He doesn't answer.

He devours my eyes, wanting to believe me. I know he does. His ego has only been hit. He thought that he could do this but when he saw Jax, all there is left is doubt.

And I know when he's in doubt, he's going to retreat again. He's going back to his hiding spot and he's going to shut me out again.

Just like how he did last time.

But I'm not going to let that happen. I can't. I'm in too deep in all of this. Brent says that I'm his beacon of light. Well, I'm going to bring him back. He can't go back into the darkness again.

I won't let it consume him.

"You're stronger than that, Kayden," I say. "You can do this."

I know you can. Of all the guys I could have went to, I chose you. I think that's got to count for something." I cast him a half smile. "Hey. You're not going down without a fight. I won't let you. Okay?"

I press my lips to his forehead and he sucks in a huge breath.

I step back, my fingers on my lips, reeling from the shock of what I just did. Granted, it wasn't on the lips where I desperately wanted to, but it was close. I know that's what he needs right now. He needs to know I'm here for him.

I am.

And I'm not giving up on him.

Not now, not ever.

"Okay," He says. "Fine."

I nod. "Just... don't pull yourself away from me again, okay?"

I can't do this without you. We help each other."

He closes his eyes briefly, digesting my words.

"Okay, Lucky."

"Good," I nod back. "Now, go and greet your fans. They're swarming outside and they're thirsting for your blood."

His lips curl upwards. "Come with me."

I want to protest but he glares at me and I shut the hell up.

"Okay, then."

He reaches down to intertwine his fingers with mine. I look down at our linked hands and my heart does somersaults in my chest.

I follow him to the hallway which are swarming with people eager to catch a glimpse of the fighters. When Kayden rounds the corners, he gets attacked by a small mob of people, their hands thrust at him for an autograph or a picture. He squeezes my hands once, then twice for reassurance that I'm right beside him. We meander our way through the crowd, stopping every few seconds to take a picture with a fan or give an autograph.

One girl makes him autograph her chest, which I am totally against, but Kayden assures me that it's fine. Once he's done, she squeals and crushes her lips against his.

I want to fucking kill her.

Kayden pulls away and whirls his head around, his eyes searching mine. When he sees that I have a scowl on my face, he apologizes. "I'm sorry you had to see that, Lucky."

"Let's just go," I grumble and he smiles.

I'm glad he finds my jealousy humoring.

When we're finally out, I spot Brent and Evans waiting for us. They wave us over. Evans's eyes drop to our entwined hands and casts me a weird look. I just roll my eyes.

Kayden releases my hand, embarrassment clouding his face, and he rakes his fingers through his dark hair.

Brent is the first one to congratulate him. "You did good, brother."

Kayden shrugs. "Yeah, well... not good enough. Jax stepped up his game."

Evans snorts. "Well, obviously. After what happened during Valentine's Day, no doubt he feels threatened by you."

"He's trying to prove a point," I say, crossing my arms. "He wants me to know that he's better than you and that my deal in helping you win is not going to work. I saw him out there. He's swift and merciless. He won't stop at nothing until Kayden's on the ground. Or worse- dead."

Kayden shrugs. "Then, we got to step up our game. By a hundredth fold."

"What else can you guys do?" Evans challenges. "I mean, Sienna's doing the very best she can. She's definitely not holding back. But what else can you do to guarantee his win?"

Come on, Sienna. Think!

An idea looms at the back of my mind, but I'm not sure if i

t's going to work. Evans is right; I have trained him more than enough. I have passed on all my knowledge to him, and yet, he's still not good enough to beat Jax.

But I know someone who can help him do just that.

"I have an idea," I say out loud. All three pair of eyes focus on me, "But I'm not sure if he'll be down for it."

"Of course I'll be down for anything that can help me-" Kayden starts but I shake my head.

"No, I'm not talking about you," I say. "You need someone else to train you. Someone who have fought Jax before. Someone who won."

Kayden crosses his arms and looks at me with piqued interest.

"Who?"

"No. Absolutely not!" Julian roars, slamming his fist on the counter.

I am taken aback by his anger. I knew that he does not want to get involved in this but I'm desperate. I have to at least try.

Julian was a fighter back then, back when Jax had just been starting out. Julian was the one who trained him. He was good- one of the best fighters Jax and I had ever known. But he got too cocky, too arrogant. He fought for other underground fighting leagues, and he triumphed in all of them except for one.

And that fight nearly cost him his life.

But nevertheless, Julian was amazing. Even after his loss, he was still raved by all. People spoke his name in excited whispers whenever he came into the room.

He was Jax's mentor, which means that he knows how to beat Jax. With Julian's help as well as mine, we'll be able to mold Kayden into Jax's worst nightmare.

It's a shame Julian didn't want any part of it.

"Come on, Jules," I whine. "I know you've been out of the ring for so long but I know you can still do it-"

"Sienna, there is a reason why I don't mentor or fight anymore. There is a reason why I'm always behind this counter instead of inside a ring," Julian shakes his head. "No. No fucking way. I'm absolutely done with this shit."

"I'm not asking you to get inside a ring, Julian," I say with pleading eyes. "I'm asking you to train him. At least for a couple of weeks. He saw Jax out there last night, Jules. It messed with his mind. And he needs to win this year. He has to."

"Why is it so important that he does?" He glares at me.

"Because I made a deal with him!" I retort. "I can get my revenge through him. And I will personally see to it that I hold my end of the deal. Jax's reign is over. I know Kayden has it in him to defeat Jax. He just needs a little more help. I've taught him everything and it's not enough. I need you, Julian. You can help him in ways that I never can. I've been Jax's girlfriend for three years but I can only teach Kayden so much. I am a copycat of Jax. But Kayden doesn't need that. I realize that now. He needs to fight someone better than Jax. And that's you."

Julian sighs, "I don't know, Sienna. Running a gym? That I can do. But I can't train him. I can't do it. I haven't hit a punching bag in years, let alone train someone."

"Just because you haven't fought in a long time doesn't mean you're no longer a fighter. Remember what you told me? Once a fighter, always a fighter," I murmur. "Please, Julian. I know you're not friends with Jax anymore. He ditched you once he got famous. Didn't that hurt? Don't you want payback? I do. I want payback for what he did to me. And Kayden wants payback for taking that championship away from him. We all have a common goal here: and is to see Jax

'Deadbeat' Deneris fall."

Julian stays dead silent for a while. He looks away, releasing a huge breath.

"So? Thoughts?" I say, "Now would be great."

He grits his teeth like he's struggling to say something. "If I help Kayden train, what do I get in return?"

I blink. "I thought revenge would be enough."

"Unlike you, I've let go of my hatred for Jax," He says. "I'm not like you, Sienna. I don't hold grudges like you. I don't want revenge. I don't want to end up angry all the time... like you."

I flinch at his words. "I'm going to pretend I didn't hear you say that."

He sighs. "I'll help you. But I want something in return. What can you offer me, Sienna?"

I ponder for a while. "I can work longer hours at the gym."

"That's no good for me. I'll actually have to pay you more," He snorts. "And besides, ever since you've been busy training Kayden, you haven't got much time to train anyone else."

It's true. I don't have time to work longer hours, especially when most of my time is with Kayden. He doesn't need me to work harder. Maybe he needs me to just... do more.

"I'll- I'll run the counter when you're gone," I shrug. "I'll clean out the lockers, wash the equipment- all that bullshit you don't want to do. For a month."

Julian eyes me in suspicion. "For free?"

A small laugh escapes from me. "Yes, you idiot. For free. But I still get my original salary- don't think you can escape from that!"

He laughs as well. "Okay. Fine. You have a deal."

"Nope, you need to swear it."

He sighs dramatically. "I swear I will train Kayden to beat Jax in the ring in exchange for Sienna's help doing all my shit for me. For free."

I smile. "That's more like it."

"But I'm training him on my terms, all right?" He glares at me. "I know how you guys like to train and make out and all that shit-"

"We have never once done that-" I try to protest but he continues on.

"Whatever. The point is, sometimes you distract him. Yes, I notice things whenever you train with him here. He looks at you like he wants to ravish you right there in the ring. When he's training with me, he focuses on me only, alright?"

I snort. "Oh, Jules, I didn't know you were so hungry for male attention."

"Oh shut it, Sienna. I'm not gay. I'm straight as fuck," He rolls his eyes. "But that's not the point! The point is: I want to see him here tomorrow morning. Before eight when the other fighters aren't here."

I nod. Kayden won't be happy about waking up early, but well, he needs to make his own sacrifices.

I smile and shake Julian's hand. "You got yourself a deal."

A/N: Sorry. Filler chapter. I promise we'll pick up the pace in the later chapters. I just really want this chapter to be about Sienna struggling with wanting her revenge. I think we may have seen a little bit of her dark side today. Hmmm...

Anyways, I would love to hear your thoughts on this chapter! What do you think of Julian training Kayden? I think Kayden needs all the help he can get. Jax is definitely getting stronger.

See you on Tuesday, Dia-Hards!

Xoxo, Claudia.

28. Distractions

Can we just appreciate Wade Poezyn's body for a moment? Good god, he's faaaaine. Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Throughout the entire week, Kayden and I spend majority of our time at Universal Fighters Gym with Julian. Julian was not kidding when he said he isn't going to fool around. Since the first session, he was menacing and focused on keeping Kayden on his toes – something I never thought Julian was actually capable of doing.

Granted, the Julian I know is grumpy and often irritated with the world. But he uses those traits to his advantages. He pushes Kayden more, even so to the brink of exhaustion.

And I thought I had been harsh on Kayden. Julian is worse by a tenth fold.

"The thing with Jax is that he fights up here," Julian taps on the side of his head, "not here." He then taps on the area above his heart.

"Are you saying-" Kayden looks at him, wide eyed.

"You fight when your emotions are heightened. When you're angry, you get more reckless. More sloppy," Julian says, shaking his head in dismay, "But when Sienna's beside you, for some weird reason, you fight better. But what if one day, she's not there for you?"

"I will be there for him," I say and Julian shoots daggers at me with his eyes.

"There will come a time when you can't be too dependent on her," he swings his attention back to Kayden, who is pouting. "She's not always going to be by your side, Killer. You need to start thinking with your mind, rather than your heart. Jax does that. And you see how he fights. That's why he's the best."

"I'm better," Kayden growls.

"Then show me you're better," Julian says, his arms raised, ready to block. "Fight me and win."

Kayden attacks.

He doesn't even last ten seconds before Julian sends him flying to the ground. He lands with a loud thud, his eyes closed, clutching the side of his chest.

Julian laughs humorlessly. "Shit, that was pathetic."

I walk over to Kayden and thrust my hand for him to take it. "Come on, buddy."

Kayden takes my hand reluctantly and steadies himself, holding my shoulders when he's in a standing position. "Your boy over there has no mercy."

"Kayden, you need to listen to him."

"Don't you think that I'm trying?" He glares at me, his grey eyes cutting into my gaze.

"You just have to believe him." I tell him and he nods.

"That's just it, Lucky. I don't. I don't believe in his whole mind - heart theory bullshit. If it's anything I learnt ever since I started fighting is that fighting with your heart is the only thing that helps you win," He says. "When you fight with your heart... you fight for what you believe in."

"So what do you believe in? Who are you fighting for? What are you fighting for?"

He doesn't answer my question. I can only sigh. Julian calls Kayden back for another round and I can only stand idly by and watch as Julian beats him into a bloody pulp again and again.

I wince as Kayden makes contact with the ground for the fourth time. He grunts and I offer to help him up but the look he casts me makes me think that he really needs to try to do this himself. He gets up and holds his fists up again, easing into a stance.

"Again," Kayden says, his hands shaking.

"Aren't you a determined one," Julian says, smirking.

"Come on, Kayden," I murmur to myself, watching as the both of them spar again. "Come on."

Kayden doesn't do so badly in the next round. He lasts a tad bit longer than the first time, but a surprise kick from Julian causes him to lose his balance and falter.

"Dammit," Julian swears. "Sienna, come here."

I do exactly as he says.

"He's good, but not good enough. I can see that you've taught him plenty. He's memorized Jax's tactics, which can come in handy. But what if Jax changed his methods?"

"That's why I have you, handsome." I press a cloth to Julian's face to wipe off his sweat.

"You motivate him," He nods over to Kayden. "I know you do. You make him do better. Hell, if you weren't here, he'll probably do a lot worse. That boy has a heart of a lion and you live in his heart. So I need to see him spar when you're not around."

"You're kicking me out?" I drop the cloth.

Julian nods.

"Yes, I am. I need to see how his mind works when you're not here to fuel his heart," he tells me. "It's not permanent."

"I get it," I nod. It sucks that I can't be around Kayden much when he trains. "I'll go."

My gaze flickers over to Kayden, who is watching me with much intensity. I smile at him, my lips quivering. I walk over to him and tell him what Julian said to me.

He shakes his head. "Don't go."

"It's only temporary," I say. "I'll be back in a while. Trust me, you won't be getting rid of me that easily."

He chuckles at my response. "I promise I won't get 'killed' while you're gone."

"That's the spirit," I pinch his cheek. "Goodbye, Killer."

"Goodbye, Lucky."

The next few days go by in a daze. Kayden has been working his ass off with Julian. According to Julian, there seems to be improvement. Since I'm not around all the time, Kayden has been working harder, not allowing anymore distractions.

I notice the changes when every time I pop in to see him. He's more muscular now. I'm pretty sure Julian has him do weights when they're not sparring against each other. His shoulders are broader now. Wider. He's changing in front of my very eyes. He's different now.

Good different.

Sometimes I watch their trainings, sometimes I don't. Kayden has learnt to focus better now and because of this, Julian lets me stay for practices. Often, I find myself joining their training, seeing as how I also need to keep myself in shape.

I got to admit, their trainings are tough – tougher than what I'm used to with Kayden – but it's no doubt helping Kayden a lot. I feel very grateful for Julian's help, knowing that he has poured his blood and sweat into Kayden's trainings.

Throughout the next week, Julian's presence starts to decrease. He tells me that Kayden is almost ready, and I can resume training him again if I wish to. I take up on his offer – guiding and training Kayden again.

My trainings are less intense than Julian's and I think Kayden is grateful for that. After a week and a half with Julian, he needs to step back and take a breather.

Lately, we've gone back to training at Breaking Point instead of Universal Fighters Gym. Julian says I need to maintain a strict balance between my actual work and Kayden and similar to how I'm Kayden's distraction, he's mine too.

And I can't worry about what he's doing while I'm training other kick boxers who need my full attention too. So, during the weekdays while I'm doing my job at UFG, Kayden does his solo training at Breaking Point. It hurts a little, knowing that I can't see him a lot now, but I think a little separation can do us both good.

Because my feelings for him are just messing with my mind now.

It's been two months since we've met and my feelings for Kayden grows stronger every passing day. And I think... he feels the same way too. But as much as we acknowledge the fact that we like each other, it never goes any further than that.

I know we agreed to stay friends.

But lately, I've been wanting for us to be more than that.

I'm scared to tell him. I know Kayden still has issues to deal with -horrible ones- but I don't know how much longer I can suppress these feelings if I don't act on them soon.

I pause for a flitting moment and wonder if Kayden has these thoughts about me too. It's the little things that makes me wonder about his feelings for me. Like when he touches my hair and curls them around his fingers, his eyes fixed on mine, clouded with lust. Or when he smiles and I feel like he gives a little part of himself to me everyday. Or when our faces are so close to each other and his lips itches to touch mine and it takes him so much willpower to back away from me.

We're stuck, stuck in this endless loop that seems to be leading nowhere. We're like rats on a wheel, constantly chasing after everything and nothing. I think about breaking the cycle so many times, but each time, I feel like I'm not brave enough.

Pushing all thoughts aside, I take a deep breath and look around as I walk down the street. Kayden and I have decided to take a day off from training today, which is perfect because Alyson told me today is dress fitting day for her bridesmaids. She asked me to come if I wanted to become her maid of honor.

I told her yes.

And the smile on her face was absolutely priceless.

I stop in front of a small bridal shop at the end of the corner and push the door of the entrance open. All around me, racks upon racks are adorned with wedding gowns and dresses, each different from the next. My eyes glaze over them in awe, my fingers itching to touch the fabric. Even though I've never showed an ounce of interest in weddings, I've always secretly wished that I would wear one of these dresses one day.

I'm a girl. So sue me.

"Sienna!" I hear Alyson's voice echo and I lift my gaze to meet hers. She's wearing a cream silk robe that hugs her perfect figure in the right places and her dark hair cascades past her shoulders in a fiery manner. She saunters over to me and throw her arms around me for an embrace.

"Hey, Alyson."

"You're late, but I'm going to choose to forgive you," She casts me a cheeky smile and leads me further inside the shop. "Where's that boyfriend of yours?"

"He's not my boyfriend-" I sigh. "Why do I even try to convince you? You're already planning our wedding in your mind already."

"That I am," she winks at me. "Okay, stand here. I'm going to get your dress. It's absolutely gorgeous- a nice combination of classy and sexy. You're lucky because the other bridesmaid dresses are just classy."

I snort. I spot the other bridesmaids lounging around - some are

familiar faces, but most of them I don't recognize. I wave a friendly hello to them, but have no intention on joining them. Instead, I stick to myself at the corner, my feet tapping impatiently against the carpet, waiting for Alyson to materialize with my dress.

"S-Sienna?"

Oh no.

Oh god no. Please don't let it be her-

Too late. Beth walks over towards me in her bridesmaid dress, her eyes wide and her lips quivering. She approaches me with hesitation, and I'm glad that I strike fear in her, even though that's kind of fucked up.

"You decided to be Alyson's maid of honor," she says. "I'm happy. I knew you'd come around."

Why are you talking to me like we're still sisters? I'm still fucking angry at you!

"The wedding's going to be amazing," she gushes, standing beside me. I eye her warily. "I've already seen Alyson's dress. Have you?"

I roll my eyes.

Her lips fall into a frown. "Sienna, I'm trying. I really am. Please... you can't stay mad at me forever."

I grab her arm and turn to her, my eyes narrowing. "Yes. I can. And I can be mad at Jax forever too. Just fucking watch me."

"Y-you gave Alyson a chance. Please, give me one too-"

"Alyson is different," I hiss. "She wasn't the one who slept with my boyfriend behind my back! And she definitely didn't continue pursuing a relationship with him even after I found out!"

Beth blinks, her eyes tearing. "I'm sorry, Sienna. How many times do I have to say so? I thought... I know it's hard to accept Jax and I as a couple. But... I love him-"

"Oh you are so fucking naive," I spit. "You have no idea what he's doing, do you? He's playing you, Beth. I've seen him. He came to me on Valentine's Day and he basically asked me to come back to him. Did you know that? I guess he was just too perfect to tell you so. And do you know what else he did? He threatened Kayden and I if I didn't go back. Does it sound like the Jax you know? DOES IT?"

Beth shakes her head. "You're lying to me-"

"And why would I lie to you, huh? I'm telling you the truth. The ugly truth. He's not who you think he is. I have only come to realize that. I've been blind for so long. I thought I loved him. But Jax can't be loved. I don't know what game he's playing -messing with the both of us- but I'm certain about one thing: he does not harbor the same feelings you do for him."

She continues shaking her head, refusing to believe me.

"Fine. Don't believe me," I shrug and look away. "You're loss. But don't say I didn't warn you."

I spot Alyson holding my dress and plaster a smile on my face.

I press my hands on my cheeks and I walk over to her, completely ignoring the fact that I've left a tear-streaked Beth at the corner. Alyson eyes Beth, then looks at me. I merely shrug and examine the dress she's holding in front of me.

"My god, it's beautiful," I say as my fingers dance over the lace material.

"Go and try it on," Alyson ushers me to the dressing room.

I hurry and slip the dress on, eager to see how I look like. I've never been a maid of honor before and somehow the thought that Alyson trusts me not to screw up her wedding is quite endearing. I emerge from the dressing room and Alyson gasps when she sees me.

The dress fits me perfectly. It's a red, stapless, full length satin dress that stops at my ankles. It flows down beautiful like flames of a fire. Alyson was right; it was elegant, simple yet sexy. There is a small slit at the side of my dress that would do my right leg justice.

"You look absolutely stunning, Sienna," Alyson clasps her hands together and smiles when she sees my reflection in the mirror. "You're going to make a beautiful maid of honor. I can't wait to see you walk down the aisle in this."

A small laugh escapes me. "Nobody will care how I look like. All eyes will be on you."

"Trust me, sweetheart," She winks. "I think that boyfriend of yours will have his eyes glued to you the entire time."

"Kayden? He's not coming-"

As if she knows what I'm about to say, she stops me. "I've already sent him a wedding invitation."

"You did?" I ask in disbelief.

"I thought you might want your beau with you. Maybe you'll find the wedding a bit more exciting when you have his company."

I place my hands on my hips. "You know, you're officially the coolest stepmother I'll ever have."

Alyson's smile widens. "I know I am."

"Thank you," I say to her.

She hugs me briefly. I throw my arms around her and hug her back. I feel Beth's eyes burn through me.

I head back to the dressing room to change back into my normal clothes. When I'm out, I tell Alyson that I have to go.

"Really? You should stay," she pouts. "We're having brunch- just us ladies."

"I have to pass. I have a meeting with my friends. I'm sorry," I offer her an apologetic smile, "but thank you for inviting me."

"No problem."

Before I leave, I see Beth sulking. She looks at me, her eyes sad. God, I hate this. I hate her. But there is a little part of me- a really minuscule part of me- that can't help but feel sorry for her too. She doesn't even understand what kind of game she's in. I, however, know exactly what it is.

Jax is the chess player. And Beth is the pawn.

I don't like this. I should just let her be. After all, she did choose Jax over me. I want her to realize that she was wrong all along. Isn't that my initial plan in the first place? To watch her suffer?

I glance at her over again and mentally curse myself for what I'm about to do.

I turn over and walk over to her to whisper in her ear.

"Don't let Jax burn you," I say through gritted teeth, "He's doing his damage and look how I turned out. Whatever you do, don't let him win."

A/N: So that was that! Sienna is one step closer to admitting her feelings for Kayden hehe. And what do you think of Beth? Still hate her? Having second thoughts? I'd love to hear your thoughts!

Next update, as usual, is on Thursday. A word of advice, you might want to stick around for this Thursday and Saturday updates. Perfect Illusion fans will be really happy about it. Oh, and so will the Addicts. (;

Any questions? Just hit me on my ask.fm or twitter! My twitter username is claudiaoverhere. And my ask.fm link is <http://www.ask.fm/claudiaaat> and

Love, Claudia.

29. She Wants To Name Her Dog 'Kat'.

Awww, y'all love it when I have PI crossovers.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

"Tell me again, why are we in an animal shelter?" Cara says as we navigate our way through the hallway.

After trying on my bridesmaid dress for Alyson and in the process, managing to scare Beth to death with my warning for Jax, I knew it's time for me to spend some time with my friends. They are the ultimate stress reliever and since this week has been filled with trainings with Kayden and sister drama, it's time for me to take a step back and relax.

And what better way to get off all my stress than to chill with Cara, Alex and her boyfriend, Daniel?

I trail along behind Cara, my heart aching at the animals behind the steel cages, their paws reaching towards us, desperate for company. I hold my hand out to one of dogs and the animal instantly comes to life, its tongue sticking out, its legs jumping up and down, excited at the prospect that I'm willing to entertain it.

Oh yeah. This is definitely a good stress reliever. Dogs are just the cutest.

"Because we want a dog," Daniel says, his arm slung over his girlfriend's shoulder. Alex leans into him as they survey the animals in front of them, "and rather than spending money on one, we can adopt one here."

"You guys don't have time for a dog," Cara points out, crossing her arms. "Who the hell is going to take care of it? You guys have classes in the morning at night and Alex is off working in Basil Kitchen while you bartend. That's hardly fair for the dog."

"We'll make do," Alex says as she crouches to take a look at another dog. She smiles when the bulldog comes forward and licks her cheek through the small opening of the cage. "Hey, Daniel. This one looks just like you."

Daniel glares at Alex. "That's not funny."

Cara laughs. "It is to me."

The volunteer girl shifts uncomfortably, "This one just arrived two weeks ago. It was found on the streets, with little to no water and food. An elderly couple took it in for a few days to care for it, but they simply could not adopt it as their own. I think they'd figured that they won't live much longer and that he needs a more permanent home."

"That's so sad," I frown.

The volunteer girl nods.

Alex turns to her. "Can you let him out?"

The girl produces a key and unlocks the cage. The bulldog goes flying towards Alex with its tail wagging, its tongue sliding across Alex's face. She laughs and holds the bulldog up, scrunching up her face. "He's so cute."

Daniel sits cross-legged beside her. "Let me hold him."

"No," Alex sticks her tongue out and continues playing with the dog.

It seems to like her a lot by the way it nuzzles its nose against Alex. She pats him on the head and scratches his tummy, an act in which the dog greatly appreciates.

Cara snorts when he sees Daniel looking grumpy as hell. "For once, that dog is getting more action than you, Daniel."

"Shut up, Cara," Daniel huffs like a five-year-old boy.

"We need to have him," Alex gushes as she finally lets her boyfriend play with the dog. Daniel's eyes light up as it licks his arms excitedly. He runs his hands over the dog's back and it closes his eyes to relish the feeling of it.

"You're right, we do," Daniel says gleefully.

"Wait, hold on. I think you guys need to realize how huge the responsibility is going to be when you adopt him," Cara states, her lips pressed into a worried line. "No offense, but I don't think you can handle it. Sienna, tell them that they can't handle it."

"Oh no," I shake my head. "I'm really not getting involved in this. Cara, this is all on you."

Alex laughs.

"Cara, you need to chill. Daniel and I have obviously thought about this," Alex looks up to meet her best friend's gaze. "We may be busy most of the time, but we're going to alter our schedules to make time for him. We're going to make it work. We will."

Daniel laughs. "Sweetheart, look. He can't stop licking me."

"That's cute, Daniel. Would you like an award?" Alex says sarcastically and I find the urge to laugh.

Sometimes, I swear that Alex is like my soul sister. We're in a lot of ways alike. We like to keep men on their toes, just for the heck of it.

Daniel rolls his eyes and continues playing with the dog. "Sometimes, you irritate the hell out of me."

"Awww, but that's why you love me," Alex blows a kiss to Daniel.

"What should we name it, sweetheart?" Daniel raises the bulldog's paws and it instinctively licks them. "Suggestions, guys?"

"You have got to name her Paris!" Cara squeals.

Alex glares at her. "It's a boy, Cara."

"How about Marley? As in from Marley & me?" I tell Daniel.

He shakes his head in disapproval.

"Let's name it Kat," Alex says and her boyfriend casts her a confused look.

"Cat?"

"No, Kat. With a 'K.'"

"Does it really make a difference? You actually want to name our dog, Cat? Are you joking?" Daniel says, utterly baffled. "This dog may grow up to have major identity crisis in the future."

I stifle a small laugh. "How about... Ace?"

Daniel nods, patting the dog, "Ace sounds good. What do you think, sweetheart?"

"Not as good as Kat, but whatever," Alex grumbles.

"Great. Then, it's settled," Daniel smiles at Ace lovingly, then glances over to the volunteer girl. "We'll take him."

"Awesome," She says, clasping her hands. "I'll get the paperwork ready."

While Daniel and Alex follow the girl to get the adoption papers for Ace, Cara and I linger behind, wanting to see more of the animals.

I'm suddenly very tempted to adopt one of these animals, but I'm not sure Kayden would like it. We're definitely more comfortable around each other at home now, but in the end, it's still his place and I can't just bring a dog home and declare that it live with us. I doubt that he's going to like that one bit.

And there's also the fact that he's afraid of animals.

Yeah, I know. It's pretty hilarious, if you ask me. There was this one time when we were walking down the streets and some dog broke from his owner's leash and started chasing Kayden. He ran for ten blocks straight before realizing that the dog only wanted to play with him.

After that incident, I always make a habit of bringing it up so he'll feel really embarrassed about it.

"Sienna?"

"Hmmm...?" I turn to Cara, who's looking at me intently.

"Alex, Daniel and I decided to play paintball tomorrow," She says, blushing slightly. "It's uh... a couple thing. Alex and Daniel, Simon and I and.... you and Kayden."

"We're not a couple-"

"I know you guys are not. But we're going to have so much fun! And you have to bring him along. We've never really talked to him before and it'll be great for us to get to know him better," Cara tells me. "If it will make

you feel better, you can invite your other friends too."

"Brent and Evans? I think they'll be down for it." I nod, folding my arms across my chest.

Cara places her hands on my shoulders. "Please come. We'll have a blast, I promise."

"Okay," I say. "I'll run the idea through Kayden first. See how he feels about it. But I'm not sure because we have... stuff to do."

"I'm sure he can take a break from his training," Cara smiles, a tight one. "Jax isn't going anywhere."

I am taken aback by her words. "Y-you know?"

"Of course I know. I'm not an idiot. And plus, it's not exactly a secret. Word gets around, you know?" She rolls her eyes. "I know that you want to keep it a secret to protect us or whatever but I think we're perfectly fine of taking care of ourselves. Besides, it isn't really a big deal. So what if you're basically breaking the law by helping Kayden participate in an illegal underground fighting competition? Granted, you could go to jail for it but I doubt I can actually stop you. You made your choice. And besides... I think it's pretty cool - you helping Kayden and all that. It's like Fight Club in real life."

I nod, biting my lip

She sighs, touching my hand. "Just... be careful alright? I don't want you getting hurt."

"Do Alex and Daniel know?" I ask her and she shrugs.

"I think they suspect. But if you don't want me to say anything, I won't."

I nod. "Thanks, Cara."

"So, you'll come tomorrow?" She asks me, hope filling her eyes

I sigh. I'm not sure if Kayden will be down for it, but I can't say no.

"Sure, I will."

"Lucky, this is ridiculous. I'm not going," Kayden mutters under his breath when he pays for our orders at Caffeinated. I grab our drinks from the barista and settle down opposite from him at the table.

"Please?" I make a pouty face. "I know you've never met my friends but I swear, they're pretty cool."

"I don't do well in huge groups, Sienna. You know that," he sighs, then takes a sip of his coffee.

I know he's exhausted after the whole morning run we just had. Today, I had him run four miles. I would have offered him glucose to keep his energy running, but as he clearly stated before, he hates that shit.

Which is why we're spending fifteen bucks on overpriced coffee. But, on the other hand, it's good overpriced coffee.

"But it's not a huge group," I shrug. "It's Alex, Cara and their boyfriends. Hell, even Brent and Evans are going. And they're totally fine with it."

"I'm not," he glances briefly at me, his gaze hardening. "Sienna, this is stupid. I don't even know your friends."

"Which is why it's the perfect opportunity to finally meet them!" I exclaim. "Come on, Kayden."

Kayden's trying really hard to get out of this so I'm trying to close off every exit route he can find. Right now, I think he's stuck.

Yay.

"Please..." I reach out to touch his hands. He flinches at my touch, but relaxes soon after and slides his hand in mine, "I'll look like an idiot going there alone. I'll be the seventh wheel. The odd one out. You're my only hope."

He makes a frustrated noise. He clenches his jaw tightly, and

I see a vein popping out from his neck. I know he wants to say no to me, but he's struggling.

"Lucky..." He finally sighs. "You're going to drive me crazy one day."

"So, you'll come?" Hope fills my eyes.

Slowly, he nods.

"Thank you thank you thank you!" I give an excited squeal.

"The things I do for you, Lucky," he mumbles, taking another sip from his coffee. "Why are they even going for paintball anyway? Do they know how excruciating the pain will be when they get hit?"

"I wouldn't know. Because I've never tried it," I shrug. "Is it fun?"

"Fun?" He says in disbelief. "It's dangerous."

"Haven't you heard?" I wink at him. "Danger is my middle name, baby."

"Oh god," he groans, humor dancing in his eyes. "That was so cliché."

I swat his arm with my hand and he shuts up.

We spend the next two hours at Caffeinated, talking about laser tag and other stuff until our coffee turns cold. It's not like we have other places to go; Kayden has already insisted that we take the weekend off to enjoy ourselves. We've been working so hard that we don't actually what relaxation means anymore.

I think this weekend will do us both good. We got two more weeks to the finals in which him and Jax will battle it out in the ring. And as much as that thought scares me alone, I don't think I should overwork Kayden. He needs as much rest as he can get before we perform more intense trainings on the week before the finals.

It's nice to watch him unravel before me. He's always so tense after trainings that it's pretty hard to get any sort of conversation out of him. But now here he is, his small smile evident on his face, as he stories me about his past experiences in paintball when he was younger. I laugh hard especially when he told me that he got hit so hard that he wet himself in his pants.

"Kayden junior strikes again," I stifle another laugh.

"Can we please address the fact that my dick is in fact, not small?" Kayden makes an exasperated noise from the back of his throat. "It's such an insult to call it junior, like it's a fucking toddler or something."

I snicker, but Kayden doesn't think it's funny.

"Oh, come on. Don't take it seriously. I know you dream big. If you think your dick's huge, then fine," I attempt at a smile. "But you don't fool me."

"Christ," he swears under his breath. He takes a huge lungful of air to calm himself down from my response. "I don't want to talk about that anymore. The actual point of the story is that you have to be protected tomorrow. I don't want you spotting bad bruises the next day."

"How about you? Don't you need protection too?" I arch an eyebrow.

"Don't worry about me, Lucky. I've learnt to tolerate pain a long time ago."

I pause to let his words sink into me. "Well, that isn't weird or anything."

He offers me a half smile, his grey eyes softening. He doesn't seem very affected by me making fun of Kayden junior anymore.

"So, what did you guys do today?" He asks casually, "Daniel and Alex adopted a dog named Kat?"

I laugh again and start to tell him what happened this morning. When I'm done, he exhales loudly, like he's not sure what to make of my friends.

"Your friends are weird," he says with absolute certainty.

"Yeah, they are," I nod, "But so are your friends. This morning, Evans bombarded my phone with nudes. Of guys."

Kayden widens his eyes. "He did?"

"Yeap."

His jaw tightens and I'm not sure if I'm seeing things but I swear his eye just twitched. "Delete those."

"Why? Does it bother you that I have naked pictures of hot guys on my phone?" I ask, folding my arms across my chest.

"Uh, yes?" He says like it's no big deal. But I know better.

Jealousy really suits him.

"Then, I'm going to keep it," I say teasingly.

He stands up and quickly lunges for my phone on the table. Even though his reflexes are fast, mine are faster. I yelp, panicking and realizing that there's no way I'm going to hide my phone from him, I make a stupid but effective decision of sliding my phone in my bra.

"You're not going to get this phone, baby. Not while it's in here." I gesture to my chest.

Kayden's eyes quickly drop to breasts, eyeing them with lust.

"You must think so lowly of me. I'm more daring than you think, Lucky."

My mouth gapes open, reeling from what he just said to me. I think he just stole my breath. There's no way he's actually going to put a hand through my bra... right?

"I know what you're thinking. But I'm not going through your bra." Eventually, he tears his gaze away and smiles smugly.

I exhale slowly.

Then, he says ever so softly. "Not yet anyway."

It's not even a suggestion. It's a promise.

Blushing, I grab the phone out of my bra and slide it into the back pocket of my track pants. He nods, as if saying good call.

We slide back into our own seats and I take a sip from my drink. I think I need another if I want to survive what just happened.

After another half an hour of bickering and talking, I decide to head back home. It's almost noon and I have a lot of things to do before night falls. Apart from that, I also kind of want to lock myself in my room and think of the sweet things I'd let Kayden do to me if we were together. After what he implied just now, I think he knows how much he had affected me.

Your hormones are going crazy, Si. You really need to hook up with someone.

I shake my head. I can't. The thought of me spending the night with a total stranger gets me uncomfortable. Don't get me wrong, I like sex. But I can't think of anyone's hands or lips on me.

Anyone but Kayden? The question lingers in my mind. And I'm pretty sure my heart knows the answer to that.

Well, shit.

I really am falling in love with him.

"We should go," Kayden says, breaking me from my own thoughts.

"Yeah. Okay." I take another sip of my drink before discarding it in the trash can.

He smiles hesitantly and turns his back, already walking out of the cafe. He doesn't have to turn around to know that I'm trailing behind him.

Before I exit the place, I look back at our table and notice that he left his wallet on the table so I sprint back to grab it.

"Kayden, you forgot your--"

The wallet slips from my fingers my accident and when I bend down to pick it back up, my eyes focus on the picture jutting out of it. My curiosity gets the better of me and I slide the picture out of the fold.

The picture is frayed at the sides and folded over so many times

es that there are huge creases. Kayden must have kept this for a long time. It's a picture of a girl, not much younger than me. She appears to be thirteen or fourteen from the looks of it. She has beautiful blonde hair and the same pair of stormy grey eyes that Kayden possesses.

Suddenly, the wallet as well as the picture is snatched away from me and I look up to see a really furious Kayden. His eyes are blazing as they lock with mine.

I quickly gather myself up, an apologetic look worn on my face. "I'm so sorry-"

"No, don't," he cuts me off quickly. He sounds pained, his voice very hoarse, "Don't... don't go through my stuff."

"Kayden, who is the girl in the picture?" The words fly out of my mouth before I have a chance to stuff them back in.

"Nobody."

"Doesn't seem like nobody to me," I murmur.

"It's none of your business," he snaps.

"Kayden, wait-"

He doesn't hear me. Or he just chooses to ignore me. Regardless, Kayden's already storming out of the cafe, leaving me standing in the cafe, completely dumbfounded and utterly speechless.

Shit. What have I done?

A/N: Should you expect some drama? Maybe. Perhaps. But this Saturday's update will be a light and fluffy one. One that you guys will (hopefully!) enjoy.

Thoughts on Sienna's thoughts? Thoughts on Kayden and the tiny glimpse of his past? I wonder what's going on with him. Hmmmm... Tell me in the comments section below! What are your predictions for how everything is going to go down?

Next update: Saturday. Duh.

If you're free, just hit me on ask.fm! <http://www.ask.fm/claudiaaatan>

Or if you just want to say hi to me, I'm available on Twitter too! My username is claudiaoverhere.

See you guys soon, bitches. Xoxo, Claudia.

30. Paintball Kisses

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

This chapter is officially the longest I've ever written. But I still hope you guys like it!

The next day, Kayden seems to have calmed down about the whole ordeal with the photograph. I breathe a sigh of relief when he made small conversation with me over breakfast this morning. I'm thankful that we're on speaking terms, because I'd hate to have to break my... friendship with Kayden over this.

Perhaps I shouldn't have asked him about the photograph. Obviously, the girl in the photograph meant a lot to him. As much as I want to ask him who that girl is and how is she connected to his past, I know I can't force him to. He needs to do it on his own terms. When he's ready, hopefully he'll tell me.

I don't want him to shut me out forever. Not when I have such strong feelings for him. I want to know more about him but I realize that he has to do it on his own pace.

Kayden begrudgingly follows me to the cafe near the paintball place where everyone is currently at right now. Before we go any further, I place my hands on his chest to stop him.

"Kayden, please be nice to them." I say, looking up, my eyes doe-like. "They're my friends and I want them to like you."

He sighs, then nods, agreeing to what I had said. "You know I'

m only doing this for you, right?"

"I know," I purse my lips, "but we're going to have fun. I promise."

He nods again, but clamps his mouth shut. I feel him relax slightly, a good sign.

I push the door open and am immediately greeted by Cara, who throws her arms around me and gives me a good hug.

"I'm so glad you came!" She squeals.

"I wouldn't bail on you guys for the world, you know that." I laugh as I pull away from her.

Cara shifts her focus on Kayden, who has his hands shoved in his pockets, looking uncomfortable as hell. She plasters a huge smile on her face and sticks her hand out, "Hi, Kayden, right? I'm Cara."

He takes her hand and shakes it. "I know who you are."

She blinks in confusion.

"I mean-" He says quickly, "you gave me cookies that one time, didn't you?"

Her face lights up. "You remember."

To my surprise, he smiles back as well. "Of course I remember. They tasted amazing." Then, his expression changes to uncertainty, "I'm... sorry that I was rude to you, then. I was not in my right mind."

"That's okay," She nods. "I'm just glad you're here." Then, she turns to face the both of us. "Come on. Everyone's waiting for the both of you."

She beckons us to follow her. Kayden instinctively slides his hand in mine and squeezes it. I look up to see him looking nervous as hell.

Kayden is nervous? Now that's a feeling I never thought existed in him before.

I squeeze his hand back and the edges of his lip curls upwards. For a while, I think that he isn't mad at me for what happened yesterday. For a while, I think that he wants to forget about it too.

So we forget.

The path clears and I see everyone seated at the two long tables shoved together.

Daniel has his hands linked together with Alex, his thumb brushing over her knuckles. He leans into her ear and whispers something which makes her laugh. She tilts her head and presses a small kiss on his lips and he blushes from the minute action.

And over to the far corner of the second table, Brent and Evans are talking in hushed whispers. Whatever they're talking about, Brent's face is heating up at every second that passes. Meanwhile, Simon, whom I assume is the redhead and Cara's boyfriend, lights up when Cara enters the room with both of us.

Cara kisses her boyfriend on his cheek and announces to everyone. "Guys, they're here!"

Kayden and I are immediately at the centre of attention. Everyone greets us hello as we take our seats beside Brent and Evans. Kayden takes his place beside Daniel and Daniel eyes his tattoos with awe.

"Your tattoos look cool, man," Daniel compliments him. "I've always wanted a tattoo."

"You'll look ridiculous with a tattoo," Alex chimes in.

Daniel ignores her. "Do you have like any names of ex-girlfriends over there?" He points at Kayden's arm.

Kayden laughs. "Not that I know of."

The both of them ensue in a conversation about tattoos so I guess I've lost Kayden already. It's good that he's making progress with this bunch. My friends are my life.

We order our food. I make sure that I don't eat anything heavy or that involves any dairy products. I wouldn't want to barf while playing pain

tbball.

While we're eating, all eight of us fall into an easy conversation.

"So how's Ace?" I ask Alex and she wipes the edges of her lips with a napkin.

"He's great," she says. "He drools all over the carpet when he sleeps, but he's so adorable. Such an angel."

"That demon?" Daniel rasps. "He ate my underwear and then took a shit in my room."

Everybody laughs.

"Okay, it's your fault you left your underwear on the floor in the first place." Alex retorts.

"I'm sorry I was too preoccupied with you." He challenges her stare.

"Okay maybe that make out session in the kitchen was pretty nice--"

"TMI, guys! TMI!" Cara squeals, "I swear to god, leave your sex lives off of this! I don't want to hear it!"

Alex throws her head back and laughs. "You're being ridiculous."

"Having sex is the most natural thing in the world," Evans shrugs. "Brent and I--"

"Don't you dare go there right now, Evans," Kayden glares at him. "He's my brother and I really don't think I want to hear about the things you guys do in his dorm room."

Cara crosses her arms, looking at Evans and Brent with fascination. "Can I just say that I've never met two gay dudes before? How is that like--"

Simon slaps her arm. "Baby, you can't just go around asking that. It's sensitive shit."

She completely ignores her boyfriend, scooting closer to Evans. "So how do you guys do it? Do you guys like stick it in each other's--"

"Okay!" I say a little bit too loudly. "I don't want to lose my appetite so..."

Alex shakes her head. "This isn't the first time she has done this. One time when my mother came to visit, Cara asked her if she had Chlamydia."

Kayden spits out his drink, trying to contain his laughter.

"Hey! In my defense, she was going to the toilet a lot." Cara crosses her arms, pouting.

"What if she, oh I don't know, just wanted to pee?" Alex shoots daggers at her best friend with her eyes.

Daniel glances at his watch and whistles lowly. "Girls, I'd hate to interrupt, but if we don't leave soon, we're going to be late."

Brent nods. "I think we should go now."

Evans stands up. "Just so you guys know, I'm going to win this shit."

"It's not a competition, Evans." I tell him.

"Oh, it is," Simon corrects me. "We're going to play Paintball : Capture The Flag edition."

We strap our gear over our bodies to cover ourselves up. Kayden help me patch up my shoulders with some shoulder pads. He hands me my paintball gun and I marvel at our good it feels in my hands. I examine the gun for a while and my finger hovers over trigger--

"Whoa!" Kayden snatches the gun from me. "Don't do that in here! Do you want to get yourself killed?"

"It's just a paintball gun."

"It may just be a paintball gun but when someone shoots you with it, it hurts like a motherfucker," Kayden eyes me with suspicion. "So take this shit seriously."

"Yes, boss." I salute him and he rolls his eyes.

"Don't mock me, Lucky."

I cast him a cheeky smile and snatch back my own gun. "Come on. Let's go. The others are waiting for us."

We meet the rest of the gang at the entrance. They wave us over and we stay behind the group and watch as Simon explains to us the rules of the game.

"The rules are simple. It's exactly like Capture The Flag, so we're going to have two teams. Each team will have some time to hide their flags. When the time is up, attack with your guns. Retaliate. Find your opponent's flag before they find yours." Simon explains. "Any questions?"

"I want to be team leader!" Cara raises her hand. "I want to pick who's on my team."

"I thought it was decided which couple would be in which team." Daniel argues.

"But that's hardly any fair," Cara tells him. "Sienna and Kayden are basically the overpowering ones. Everyone would want to be on their team. Which is why they need to split. And if they split, we split too."

Simon nods. "I'll be team leader too."

"I want to choose first." Cara insists.

"Okay, baby," Her boyfriend says. "Take your pick."

Cara surveys us carefully. "I'll take Alex. Because she's my best friend."

"Then, I'll take Daniel," Simon says.

Daniel squeezes Alex's shoulder and kisses her on her forehead. "I hate that we're separated."

Alex pouts. "Me too."

"Oh for the love of God—" Cara rolls her eyes. "Can you do your declarations of love later? We haven't got all day!"

I end up being on Simon's team with Daniel and Brent. It's weird being the only girl on the team, but Simon insisted that I be on his team because he thinks I'm cool. So that means that Kayden is on Cara's team. I think he too feels uncomfortable about the fact that he's not with me, but I cast him a reassuring smile and after that he's fine.

I grab our red flag just as Simon beckons us to follow him. The paintball field is literally a battlefield. It has large boulders with ivy creeping over them, huge cement rings big enough to crawl under, various kinds of landmines and traps and contraptions and plenty of hiding spots. Simon insists that we cover more higher ground. He plans to stash our flag at the fortress above.

"But isn't that stupid? That's the most obvious place they'll go looking," I shrug. "If you want my opinion, I think we should hide it underground."

"Inside the tunnels?"

"Exactly!" I snap my fingers. "They won't even know it's there!"

Brent comes up beside me. "Sienna's right. they'll never think to look there."

"Then what are we waiting for?" I say. "Let's get digging!"

Ten minutes later, we weave our way through the tunnels and stash the flag there.

Daniel makes a look of disgust when he sees the condition of the tunnels. "Cara's team is not going to like this one bit."

"They'll be trying to find something that's out of sight. It will buy us more time to find their flag." I say.

The loud blaring of the horn pierces through the silence. It's time for war.

"Brent and Daniel, go up front. Sienna, go and get the flag. If she takes too long, you guys should go looking for her. I'll be here defending our flag," Simon says, holding his gun. "Go!"

The three of us are above ground, lost in the playground battlefield. I take a turn for the right, my instincts telling me that they're there.

I see Brent meandering through the huge rings I saw just now. He drags his body forward and when he reaches the end of the ring, he pulls his gun forward and readies himself in case the enemy attacks. Meanwhile Daniel is making his way to the top of the fortress, his eyes darting back and forth. I shoot him a thumbs up and disappear from our territory.

I'm the one who's supposed to retrieve the flag. Suddenly that's the only thing I can think of as I make my way through the field. I dart behind boulders to make sure I'm well hidden in case of an attack and when I see no movement, I keep moving.

I hear a distant shout from behind me and I turn around and see Alex shooting me with her paintball gun. She manages to hit me once on the shoulder but thankfully I don't feel much pain.

Thank you Kayden for putting those shoulder pads on me.

I narrowly swerve her next shot, ducking behind one of the trees. I turn around quickly and just as I see a flash of dark hair, I pull the trigger twice.

The first one hits her thigh and the second on her leg. Her knees give out and she falls to the ground with a huge thud.

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit," I mutter as I crouch down beside her, "I'm so sorry. I just.. I got so caught up-"

Alex groans. "Shut up, Sienna and keep moving. I'll be fine-"

"Do you want me to help you up-?"

"Just go," she nods, her hands clutching her stomach. She groans. "Jesus, is this how dying feels like?"

"Alex-" I start off.

"Go," she urges me.

I leave her reluctantly and my eyes revert to the opening in front of me, which I'm assuming it's Cara's team's base camp.

I turn around to look if Alex is alright and I already see Daniel running towards her. He carries a worried look when he kneels down to inspect her. I hide behind one of the bushes, catching my breath, as I watch the scene unfold.

Daniel clutches Alex in his arms. "Are you okay, sweetheart?"

"Of course I'm not okay, you idiot," she rolls her eyes. "Daniel... I don't think I'm going to live much longer."

He pauses, digesting the words she uttered to him. He closes his eyes, a pained expression on his face, "Alex.. don't leave me."

"We know it's for the best..." She gasps. "Daniel, I- I love you. Thank you for the best seven months of my life."

"P-please, sweetheart, don't give up on me. On us." He presses his forehead against hers. "I love you."

"I... I..." Alex takes another lungful of breath before she stops moving.

My hand flies over to my mouth as a wretched sob escapes from me.

Daniel cups his girlfriend's face in his hands and closes her eyes with his fingers. He stays there for a long time, grieving for what he has lost.

"Shit, that felt good." Alex's eyes suddenly fly open. "I've always wanted to do that."

Daniel chuckles. "Couple goals, I swear."

"Now, help me up, you stupid fuck," she says and Daniel slings an arm over her to help her stand up.

"Stupid son of a-" They almost had me. Almost. I get up from my hiding spot and continue to make my way through the bushes, careful not to make much noise.

I hold my paintball gun up, my eyes constantly aware of the slightest movement in my surroundings. I hear shuffling movements coming from beside me but I take a second too long to respond. Next thing I know, I'm being flung back and I land on the ground.

Small pain erupts from my side but I don't care. I scramble to get a hold of my gun.

Too late. Another gun is pointed right at my head.

"Please don't kill me," I lift my hands up in surrender. "I didn't do anything!"

"Lucky?" Kayden releases his hold on the gun and crouches down to look at me, "Jesus, you look like shit."

"Thanks," I groan. "Give me my gun. Now I'll have to kill you."

"You're not going to shoot me." He laughs it off.

"Just watch me, Killer," I hiss, reaching out for my gun then aiming at him. "Where is your flag?"

"Like hell I'm going to tell you where's the flag." He rolls his eyes.

"Wrong answer," I say and pull the trigger. I shoot him at his leg and he falls on his knees, groaning.

"Son of a bitch!"

"Where is the fucking flag?"

"Calm down, Lucky," he says. "It's just a game."

I lower my gun. "I know but it's so fun. I feel like I'm some kind of assassin."

Kayden lets out a strained chuckle. "You're as deadly as a bunny, Lucky."

"Wrong answer again." The paint lands on his other leg, and he grits his teeth from the pain.

"Okay, shit. I'm sorry. That must have hurt." I mumble, suddenly feeling very guilty.

"No shit," he gasps out.

"I'm sorry. Come on."

Feeling pitiful, I loop an arm around him and help him into the shed underneath the fortress. It's dark, but it will do. I place him inside and close the shed door behind me.

"Is there anything I can do?" I say, watching him as he takes an uneven breath.

"How about... don't shoot me again?" He says. "This shit hurts man."

"Okay, now you're making me feel even more guilty."

Kayden drags himself into a sitting position. He casts me a cheeky smile. "Just kidding. It doesn't hurt as much."

I punch him on the shoulder.

He grins, then grabs a hold of his gun and shoots both my thighs. I land on the floor, groaning in pain.

"Fuck!" I swear. "What the hell was that for?"

"For shooting me!" Kayden spits.

"Great," I say, leaning my head against the shed, taking deep shallow breaths. "Now we're stuck here."

"You can go anytime, Lucky. I'm not stopping you."

"My arms hurt like a motherfucker. I'm not going anywhere when I can barely hold a gun."

He offers me a half smile. The shed is filled with our heavy breaths. I shift over and grab my gun, placing it on my thighs. Kayden eyes me warily and he scoots over, a thin frown on his lips.

"I'm sorry I got mad at you yesterday," he says ever so softly. I almost didn't hear him.

I don't think I heard him right. I never expect him to apologize what had happened after I found that picture in his wallet.

I struggle to get the words out of my mouth. "If anything, I should be the one to say sorry. I shouldn't have pried. That picture was yours and I shouldn't have looked."

"But it wasn't your fault. The picture slipped out."

"Still-"

"Dammit, Sienna. Why can't you just let me say sorry?" He sighs deeply. "I just - you caught me off guard, that's all. But I shouldn't have been pissed at you."

I lean my head against his shoulder, my arm brushing against his. He stiffens but slowly relaxes at my company.

I link our hands together and he stares at them in utter fascination. I can't help but stare too.

Our hands feel like two missing puzzle pieces that are finally reunited.

"Why do we keep doing this?" He says after a while.

"Doing what?" I ask, my breathing hitched.

"I don't know. This," he continues staring at our hands. "Sometimes I think that we're friends... but then we do these kinds of things. We hold hands and we touch and we have these... moments."

My throat runs dry.

He clenches his jaw tightly. "And I have thoughts about you. Bad thoughts. Thoughts about wanting to kiss those lips of yours and every other inch of your body. I want to feel you bare against me in bed. God, especially that. I want to make you smile so much that you design a smile just for me. I want to say many things to you, things that... friends would never say to each other."

I don't say anything.

Because he had just stolen all the words that I'm too afraid to speak.

The air around us is electrified with want and need. I'm suddenly aware of everything about him - his beautiful eyes, his rough jaw that I so desperately want to feel against my skin, his taunt arms around me.

Kayden turns to me, his eyes filled with emotions that I can't quite decipher. He gulps, a lump forming at his throat. I meet his eyes, uncertain about where this is going.

"We're not friends, Sienna," he shakes his head. "No matter how much we say we are, we aren't. We want to be more than that but hell, it's so difficult. I want to open my heart to you - I swear, I want to - but I don't know how. I can't even tell you the whole ordeal with the picture-"

I shake my head. "You don't have to tell me."

"I know you want me to," he says. "And I want to too. But I'm just... I'm not ready. That picture was part of my past I have been trying to escape from for years. It hurts just thinking about it - about her. I can't.. I don't know how to tell you because if I do then everything falls apart again-"

"Kayden, I don't care," I shake my head.

There is some truth to my words. I don't care that he's keeping secrets from me. I don't care that he can't tell me.

Okay, maybe I do but that doesn't matter now.

I just... I need this man so damn much. And I can look past all the things he doesn't want to tell me. I know he's not ready so I don't want to pry it out of him just yet. But right now, I don't want to look at him, having to worry about the past.

The present sounds just fine to me.

I lift my leg over him and place myself on his thighs, straddling him.

ing him. He inhales deeply, his eyes trained on mine, wondering what am I about to do. I slide my trembling hand over his cheek, my fingers smoothing over his skin. He lets out a ragged breath. I know he's trying to find the right words to explain to me why he can't tell me. So before he can say anything, I open my mouth to speak.

"Look at me, Kayden," I lift my eyes to his. Neither of us breaks our gaze. "I don't care about the stupid picture. You don't have to tell me when you're not ready. And I understand. So right now, I don't care."

"Dammit, Lucky..." he says, his eyes falling to my lips. "When you say things like that, it makes it so much harder to be just your friend. You drive me insane, Sienna. Absolutely insane. I'm going nuts just trying to keep up with you."

"You don't have to keep up with me. We're already falling into pace with each other," I murmur.

"I don't know- I don't know what to do," he sighs. "I don't know what to do with you. You're so hard to read sometimes. And I know I am too. But despite all that, I can't help myself but want to be near you all the time. You make me laugh, Sienna. I haven't laughed as much as I do with you. You make me want to smile, to spend time with you, to do all the stupid things those couples do in the movies. But I get it. It's not that simple for the both of us. Not when I can't give you everything you deserve."

"Don't say that," I shake my head. "You are everything that I want, Kayden. Everything."

He's staring at my mouth with so much concentration, his breathing coming out in short gasps. His fingers run down the side of my arm daringly, and I do nothing to stop him from sending a rush of sparks through my body.

"What do you want, Lucky?" He says, barely a whisper. He looks up to meet my eyes again, searching for the answers that he already knows. "What do you want?"

He knows.

He knows.

And so I deliver.

I deliver what we have both wanted since the first time we set eyes on each other.

"This." I grab a fistful of his shirt and press my lips against his.

A/N: It's finally happening. And it took thirty chapters to get here but hopefully it was worth the wait. I know it's a little bit of a cliffhanger, but I assure you that next Tuesday's update will be epic for the KAYNA fans. (;

Let's talk about all the Illusion and Addiction couples coming together in this chapter! God, I missed DALEX so damn much. I hope you like the little snippet of them after Perfect Illusion. And Cara and Simon are just the cutest. BREVANS too.

Oh, and let's not forget the hot KAYNA moment.

Hehe. You're welcome.

If you have any questions, just hit me on my ask.fm! www.ask.fm/clauidiaaatan

Say hi to me on Twitter! [claudiaoverhere](https://twitter.com/claudiaoverhere)

See you on Tuesday! Love, Claudia.

31. Your Lips Can't Handle This

Warning: This chapter is probably not appropriate for ages 16 and under. So don't blame me for the corruption of innocent minds. LOL.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

When I kiss Kayden, everything falls away. The guilt, the worry,

ies, the concern over what's going to happen next, everything just disappears. All the pent up desire of days and weeks adds up to this one moment where everything that I want has lead me to this.

I claim his mouth, my hand lightly trailing down his chest. For a second there, I'm not sure if he's kissing me back. His lips doesn't move, and I'm suddenly afraid that this isn't what he wants.

Am I reading this wrong? I think silently. Does he want this?

Feeling dejected, I start to pull away from him but Kayden doesn't let me. When his hand slides down to pull me closer to him and kisses me back fiercely, I know he wants this just as much as I do.

He gently coaxes my lips apart with his tongue and my mind is spinning, spinning when I feel his warmth inside my mouth. My hands snake around the back of his neck, wanting to close any remaining space between us. I can't get enough. I press my chest against his, the slight friction causing a rumble that vibrates deep in his core. No doubt he is very much pleased with what is happening right now. He holds me tight in his arms as our lips mold together greedily.

God, Kayden's lips are driving me crazy. His lips and his kiss should come with a warning sign. Maybe something like proceed with caution because your lips can't handle this!

He pulls away from me a while later, his eyes heavy with need.

I gasp for breath, my hands pressed against his chest. He looks at me for a second, maybe two. Maybe he's having second thoughts about this.

Maybe he's regretting ever kissing me back.

I plead him with my eyes, trying to decipher what he's possibly thinking right now. He leans forward, his nose touching mine, his breathing ragged. Our lips are not touching. Instead, we allow ourselves to digest what we had just done.

"That was the best thing that's ever happened to me," Kayden whispers, his nose trailing down to nuzzle my neck. I gasp when he dips his head, sucking the skin on my collarbone.

Suddenly, the door to our shed is being thrown back. I immediately scramble away from Kayden, the blush on my cheeks intensifying.

Cara materializes, her arms crossing, a huge smirk on her face. "So this is where you guys had been hiding."

I grab my paintball gun and clear my throat. Kayden pauses to look at me before he takes his own paintball gun as well.

"Well, I should probably get moving-" I say.

Cara shakes her head. "The game's over. Our team won."

"Oh." I don't know whether I feel happy or disappointed. I was supposed to be the one to retrieve the flag and I failed my team. But on the other hand, the kiss Kayden and I shared...

So worth it.

"Just letting you guys know," she shrugs. Her eyes dart from me to Kayden to me again. "I guess... I should just leave you guys to be."

"Cara, wait-"

She wriggles her eyebrows before closing the door to the shed, leaving Kayden and I alone again.

"We should probably get going anyway," Kayden says after a while, his fingers ruffling through his dark hair.

"Right. Um... okay," I say uncomfortably.

He holds the door open for me, and I step outside with him behind me. The late afternoon light blinds me, as if I haven't stepped foot out in so long. Kayden stands beside me and his hand finds mine.

I allow him to lead the way back to the entrance where everyone is waiting for us. I pout my lips, looking at our linked hands. I wonder when the gang sees us, they'll suspect something. I don't know if Kayden wants them to suspect something.

My gaze flickers to him and he looks so calm, like our kiss hadn't affected him.

Maybe we shouldn't hold hands. I begin to pull away from him but his grip is like iron. He squeezes my hand tighter, noticing my apprehension.

"I'm not letting you get away from me this time, Lucky," he whispers, low and soft, sending a trail of pleased shivers running down my body.

The gang finally notices that we're here. Alex, who's laughing at something Daniel said, turns around. Her eyes widen when she sees our linked hands and she smiles widely when I approach her.

"Are you okay?" I ask her. "I know I hurt you—"

"Nothing I can't handle, Sienna." She waves me off. "So you and Kayden, huh? Where did you guys run off to?"

My cheeks color again.

She slaps me on the shoulder. "Oh my God! Did you guys...? No wonder we couldn't find either of you! You sneaky little bitch!"

"Shhhh!" I place my finger over my lips. "You can't tell anybody!"

"Girl, I think everyone already knows." She nods towards Kayden, who's chatting with Brent and Evans. "He must be a really good kisser if he managed to give you a hickey."

"I do not have a hickey!" I hiss.

Alex points to my collarbone. "Yeah, you totally do."

"Are you serious?" I stare at my reflection through the window and groan. "Oh shit."

"There's no way you can hide that." She smirks.

Daniel comes over and slides his arm around Alex's shoulder. When he sees me, his eyes narrow at my collarbone. "Sienna, is that a —"

"I know what it is!" I glare at him. "Just.... shhh!"

"I can't believe you went fooling around with the enemy! You were supposed to retrieve Cara's team's flag!" He says.

"I'm sorry! I got... sidetracked." I try to defend myself.

"No shit," Daniel mutters. "Simon was pretty bummed that they won. Cara's never going to let him hear the end of it. But it's okay, though. She has never won anything in her life so we'll just roll with it."

"I am really sorry, though," I say shamefully.

"It's okay, Sienna." He shrugs. "We're a forgiving bunch so we totally forgive you."

We hang around for a couple more minutes before I head to the bathroom to clean up. My arms are covered in paint and I scrub them off with a paper towel. After I get myself cleaned, everyone bid their goodbyes to each other.

I invited Brent and Evans to hang out at our apartment, but they took one look at each other and shake their heads. Maybe they want to spend some time alone together. I don't blame them.

I follow Kayden to his car. We don't talk at all. It's not an uncomfortable silence; it's just the fact that there is so much to say but too little time to say anything. Instead, I cup my hands together nervously as Kayden helps me into the front seat. He starts the ignition and off we go.

The air around us is different now now that we've kissed. Our feelings for each other are now out there in the open. They're raw and exposed. Real. I steal a glance at Kayden and I see him clenching his jaw, as if he notices me looking at him. He tilts his head and his eyes meet mine for a flitting second before turning away from me again.

One of his hands is on the wheel and the other lies limply on the side of his seat. I lay my hands awkwardly on my thighs and I constantly lick my lips. From the corner of my eye I see him gulp and his free hand moves towards me.

Then, he makes a bold move by placing them on my leg, slowly c

massaging my skin.

I look over to see him looking very composed. Calm. I swallow hard as his fingers continue to make circles over my skin. The circles go higher, and higher, and ohmygod.

I think I'm in love with Kayden's fingers.

I have to bite back a small moan from escaping me because his touch feels too damn good. He continues torturing me with his little circles. His eyes are on the road in front of us, a small smile playing on the edge of his lips.

"Kayden..." I murmur as we pull into the parking lot. I look at him desperately.

Great. Now I want this man more than I wanted him back in that shed two hours ago.

He helps me out of the car and grabs my hand, leading me up the stairs. We're flying up and up and up, my legs barely catching up with me. I'm so breathless from how fast we're going. He tugs on my arm and I follow him all the way to the apartment. When he produces the key, I've never felt more relieved.

The door gets unlocked.

He steps in.

I step in after him.

We look at each other, our eyes clouded with lust.

We haven't even been in the apartment for five seconds before Kayden steps forward and meets my lips with his.

Neither of us can keep our mouths to each other. He cradles my face in his huge hands and my breath falters as he invades my mouth just as I have pictured him doing over and over again. His hands fall, traveling down the curve of my body all the way to my hips. I wrap my arms around him as he presses sweet kisses down my jaw. I moan and bring his face up again so I can kiss him again.

Our kiss is heavy with passion, need and desperation. He slides his hand lower to cup my butt and in response, I curl my legs around his hips, allowing him to bring me anywhere he wishes to. God, I hope he knows where I want us to go. I wound my hands over his neck, pressing our chests together.

He doesn't stop kissing me when he walks over to his bedroom. Thank fuck he read my mind. We stop in front of his door, his lips still on mine. He pauses long enough to kick the door open. It doesn't budge.

He kicks it again. Still nothing.

I laugh against his lips. "Here. Let me."

I use my free hand to twist the doorknob. The door creaks open.

He groans, blushing slightly from his failed attempt. "Well, that was a total fail."

I slide my hand over his hair and lean into his face. "A plus for effort."

He chuckles, then molds his lips with mine again. We stumble in to the bedroom carelessly. He kicks the door close and he lays me down on the bed gently. I have never known of such gentleness and for some weird reason, I'm even more turned on than ever. A smile tugs on my lips as he climbs over me, hovering, his legs wedged between mine.

He lowers himself and flirts with my body with his sweet kisses. Oh damn. He sure has some talent with that mouth of his. My hands go everywhere – brushing his shoulders, touching his neck and tugging on his hair. I don't know where he's kissing anymore because I'm delirious from the things he's doing to me.

Kayden's hands glide down my body. My black tank top has ridden up, showing a hint of my bra. He grins, pressing a lingering kiss on my stomach. I gasp from the wonderful sensation as he continues to ravish me with his oh-so-fucking-talented mouth.

"Tell me to stop," he murmurs against my skin. "Tell me to stop before this gets any further."

I shake my head. "Like hell I want you to stop."

A low rumble vibrates from his throat after hearing my response. "You have no idea what I want to do to you right now."

I tug him back to me so our gazes level with each other. My eyes challenge his.

"Then, do it."

"Fuck." A pleased groan rumbles from his throat. "Best damn words I've heard all day."

I flip us over so I'm on top this time, straddling his hips. I peel of my shirt slowly, my eyes never straying from his. He watches me, his gaze filled with lust and hunger. When the shirt is off, I throw it on the floor and almost faint from the way he devours me with his eyes. He closes his eyes and breathes in once, twice, like I'm some kind of miracle he thought he was never going to have.

When he finally does open his eyes, he dips his head down and latches on my neck, sucking on the skin there. His hands make their way down my thighs, the lightest of his touches sending me skyrocketing off his lap. I grab his face in my face and crash my lips with his, wanting him to feel exactly what he's making me feel.

His rough jaw brushes against my chin and I drag my mouth down his neck all the way to his chest. My hands roam from his chiseled pecs down to his abs. I'm at awe by how my touch ignites several moans from him.

"Shit," he hisses.

He's on top of me again and the wicked gleam in his eyes tells me that I'm going to like what's going to happen next. He slides further down the bed, then pops the buttons on my jeans one-by-one and drags the fabric down so I'm lying on the bed in only my bra and my panties. Even though I'm still half clothed, I already feel naked beneath him.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Lucky." He runs his thumb over his lips. "This beats all the fantasies I've ever had about you."

My cheeks turn crimson.

He chuckles against my skin. "You're turned on by my words, aren't you?"

"I'm turned on by you."

His eyelids flutter close and he bites his lip, pleased with my answer. "Do you know how many cold showers I had to take to get you out of my mind? More times than I can count on one hand. But I can't forget you, Lucky. Never. You've sewn yourself into my brain. Embedded yourself in my heart. I'm a goner. A fucking goner."

I close my eyes because I want to replay those words over and over again in my brain.

"I want to make love to you right now," he murmurs.

Those nine words are officially my new favorite words ever.

"Will you let me?" His eyes search mine for answers.

"Yes," I rasp. "God, yes."

The rest of our clothes are in a tangled heap by the floor. I'm naked beneath him and I feel vulnerable. Sensing my apprehension, Kayden leans down and presses a feathery light kiss on me.

"You don't have to do this if you don't want to," he murmurs against my lips.

I shake my head. "No, I want to."

He smiles, his lips wavering slightly. I know he's nervous too. I feel his presence leave me as fishes for a condom packet in his drawer and rips it open with his teeth. I wait in anticipation when he rolls a condom on himself. He's back on top of me and he presses against me at the same time his tongue slips into my mouth.

I gasp and pull him to me, clutching his shoulders. My ankles dig deep into the edge of the mattress as he moves against me. A foreign sound escapes his throat and his head falls to the side of my shoulder. I slide my hands up his arms, along the curves of his shoulders, up the sides of his neck and into his hair, moaning as Kayden connects our bodies together.

"Oh god, Lucky."

"Kayden, please." I'm begging, begging for more. I just can't get enough of him.

The next few minutes are a blur of moans, kisses, sweat and hands. Wild sounds tear out of me, as ragged as my breaths. Kayden begins to find a rhythm in each kiss as he keeps his eyes open with every movement he makes.

"Lucky..." He gasps my name, his lips parted open. "I can't.. I can't hold on-"

"It's okay," I whisper softly. I hold his hand in mine and he squeezes it tightly as his movements become more frantic. I climb into ecstasy with him, my nails digging into his back.

Then, we're falling, falling, the passion haze slowly retreating, until we collapse on the bed, completely spent.

Afterwards, we lay together, wrapped in the sheets, his legs tangled in mine. I lean into his chest and his arms embrace me, his nose buried in my hair. I sigh as I position myself so I can see him. His eyes are closed, and I realized I've never seen him like this before. So... peaceful.

It is only then that I realize that I'm the only person that gets to see this side of him. He's giving me a small piece of himself and I like it.

I press a soft kiss on his forehead and the edges of his lips twitch slightly. A small smile graces my face as I know that he isn't really sleeping.

"Come here," he says, barely a whisper.

My fingers play with his hair and he nuzzles closer to me, his hand on my hips, drawing me to him.

I'm not sure what will tomorrow bring us. He may regret what we've done tonight and he may push me away again. Our future is uncertain, but I'm grateful for this night to lose myself in him. We both need this.

Regardless, I cocoon myself in Kayden's arms and let my imminent slumber overtake me.

A/N: I didn't want the sex scene to be too descriptive. I feel like if it was smut, it would take away the element of romance and I wanted the sex scene to be romantic and beautiful. And just descriptive enough for you guys to enjoy. I hope that's okay.

Stay tuned for the next chapter, which is on Thursday! It will be very... dramatic.

Any questions? Ask me on my ask.fm! www.ask.fm/clauidiaaatan

Say hi to me on Twitter if you're feeling bored! My username is claudiaoverhere.

Love, Claudia.

32. His Killer Secret

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I stir awake sometime at crack of dawn. It's still dark outside, with cracks of red and orange seeping into the horizon as the sky prepares itself for the sun. I clutch my sheets tighter to my chest and I'm suddenly aware that I'm naked underneath.

Last night's memories come flooding back to me like a whirlwind.

d. I remember how soft Kayden's hands were when they roamed over my body, how he kissed me until my lips were numb and how good he made me feel when we made love last night.

I knew last night wasn't just sex; it was something more. I think he knows it too.

But the question still lingers at the back of my head – does he regret it?

As much as I want to, I don't regret what happened between us. There are still many things I don't know about him, but I try not to let it bother me. There is no doubt in my mind that I wanted what happened last night. I wanted to show him how much I want him.

A slight blush forms on my cheek. I can recall how vividly our bodies molded with each other. We woke up in the middle of the night, craving more. At one point, we had lost count of how many times it happened. He was on top of me, then I was, then he was again. His hands caressed my cheek every time he moved against me, as if I was some porcelain doll and he was afraid to break me. And I often found my hands roaming over his tattoos, tracing the outlines of the swirls and words, wondering what every single one of them meant.

His body was a map I wanted to discover. There was so much I had yet to explore.

I tilt my head and notice the absence of his body next to me. My heart drops, my lips curving into a deep frown. I force myself into a sitting position, my eyes scanning for any trace of him. His clothes from last night are gone and mine are sitting at the edge of the bed in a neat pile. No doubt Kayden had put it there.

I wonder if he wants me to leave now. Maybe that's why he put the clothes there.

Reluctantly, I drag the sheets away and slip into my clothes. His absence tells me that he needs some space, so I guess I should give him some. I walk out of his room and tiptoe my way back to my room but before I can reach the door, I hear a soft sound coming from the living room.

I try not to make any noise as I cross the hallway and peek in to the living room. Kayden is sitting in the couch in a white shirt and boxers, his legs spread open and his head resting on his arms. From the back, he looks frustrated. He runs his fingers through his hair and sighs, like he's having an internal battle with himself.

I don't know if I should go over to him. Maybe I shouldn't. We probably need space after what happened. But as I stand there and watch him grow exasperated by the minute, I hesitate on going back to my room. I need to know where we stand right now. After last night, there is no way in hell that we're going to go back to just being friends. Friends don't get intimate with each other like that.

But then again, how are we able to pursue a relationship if there is so much he hasn't told me? I thought I knew Jax, and turns out, he has another side of him that I didn't know about. I can't afford to make the same mistake with Kayden. I really want this to work with him.

So without much thought, I clear my throat, announcing my presence in the room.

Kayden's head whips back and his eyes widen when he sees me.

"Hey," I say uncomfortably.

"Hey," he nods back.

Then, silence.

I cross my arms, hugging myself as I scoot closer over to him. He makes space for me on the sofa and I place myself beside him, cross-legged. I peek a glance at him and notice that he's still staring at me. Like he can't quite believe that I'm still here.

"How are you feeling?" He asks me, a worried expression crossing his face.

I don't know how to answer this.

How am I feeling? Oh, I don't know. I'm delirious and so turned on by you that I can fucking fly.

"A little bit sore," I murmur instead, "but it's fine."

"Did I... did I hurt you?" His voice is so small when he says this.

I shake my head. "No, you didn't."

You were perfect. I'm sorry I ever doubted your dick size. It's very much senior indeed.

"Good," he croaks out, then tears his gaze away from me, focusing on his hands laid out on his thighs.

I open my mouth to say something, but I have second thoughts and clamp my mouth shut. I don't know what Kayden's thinking right now. He is such a hard person to read.

Do you regret it, Kayden? Do you wish you never kissed me? Do you want to forget I ever existed?

Forever passes by and I can't take it any more. I press my hand against his cheek and turn his head to me.

"Say something, Kayden." I say, my throat constricting. "Please."

He sighs. "What do you want me to say, Lucky? That last night was the best thing I've ever experienced in my entire life? That as much as I want to regret what happened between us, I don't? That I want more than anything to be something much more with you?"

I gulp, my lips trembling.

He takes my hand that's on his cheek and places it above his heart. "Listen to this," he says. "You own my heart. Every single heartbeat is for you."

Why does he keep saying such beautiful things to me?

As if on instinct, a tear leaks down from my eye. No, I cannot let him see me this way. I absolutely hate crying. The last time I cried was when I came back from my dad's place after he kicked me out. Crying is weakness and I hate being weak.

I turn away from him, shielding my face, but it's too late. He notices and pulls me closer to him, wiping the tear from my cheek. "Don't cry. Please, don't cry."

"What are we doing, Kayden?" I look up to meet his eyes.

"I don't know," he shrugs, "but I want to make it up to you."

"How?"

He rests his head on top of mine and wraps his arms around me. I'm nestled in his warmth and embrace. "I woke up an hour before you did. I was here... thinking about things. What we did last night kept replaying at the back of my mind. I realized that... I didn't want just one night with you. I wanted all the nights with you. Every single one of them."

His words melt my already fragile heart.

"And if I wanted that, it meant that I had to open myself to you," he says, "yesterday, you said you didn't care about my past. You didn't care about the girl in the picture. But I care. I care about what you think of me. And if I wanted to be with you, you need to know the real me. The real me three years ago. The ugly side of me."

I know it took him guts to say that. So, I take his hand in mine and link our fingers together, then squeezing his hand to reassure him that I'm listening.

He presses a kiss on the top of my head. "You may not like what I have to tell you. I've been trying to keep this part of me hidden for a long time because I was afraid that if you knew what happened - what I did - you wouldn't... you wouldn't like me anymore."

"Kayden..." I murmur, "nothing is going to make me not like you anymore."

He frowns. "Sienna, you don't understand. It's bad."

"Then, tell me," I look at him and challenge his eyes. "Tell me who is that girl in the photo. Tell me what happened to you three years ago."

He pauses and swallows hard. I know he's trying to find the right words to tell me. He's thinking too hard. I cup his face in my hands and my lip trembles when I kiss the edge of his lips. He sucks in a huge breath and I pull away, my eyes still connected with his.

"Kayden, it's okay."

He nods, and I can tell that he's trying to hold back his tears.

"The girl in the picture is – was – my sister, Clarissa. And three years ago... I killed her."

I swear my heart stopped.

I blink, trying to find any logic to his words. He notices my perplexed expression and his face immediately crumbles.

"I'm sorry," he starts to move away from me. "I can't- I can't do this-"

"No, don't you dare leave me hanging now," I shake my head. "Kayden... what did you do?"

He swallows a lump in his throat and looks up, blinking back tears. I've never seen him like this before. I've never seen him cry. His walls are breaking, crumbling, and he's exposed. His emotions are raw and tormented. It hurts my heart to see how pained he is trying to fathom his thoughts into words.

"I was sixteen when they died," Kayden starts off. "My parents... That was my fault too. I was drunk... too intoxicated to remember anything that happened that night. I was one of the few people who was still left at the party and my parents were just coming back from their date night. So, I asked them to pick me up. Told them to take a shortcut that went through some cliffs. From what I remember, it was raining pretty fucking bad. The police officer told me that they... couldn't see and the car flew off the cliff."

"Oh my god." I clamp my hand over my mouth.

Kayden takes a shaky breath. "Clarissa was at home when it happened. I didn't know how I ended back home, but when I sobered up and heard the news, I broke down. When I had the guts to tell my sister, I felt like I had destroyed her life. She cried and cried and cried and I died a little everyday knowing that I was the one responsible for her pain."

He doesn't stop. "Our parents were gone and we had no one. No relatives. No family. Nothing. We were absorbed into the foster care system. I was still two years from being legal so I couldn't protect my sister. I knew the system was going to be brutal. They separated Clarissa and I. It was absolute torture. I couldn't be with my own sister. And the worst part was, I got adopted by the best family in the world while she had the worst."

"I didn't know it at the time but her adoptive parents were abusing her. Terribly. God, they were sadists. They would hit her and they relished in her pain whenever she cried. I didn't know about what they've done to her when I eventually tracked her down and she told me everything. They would lock her in her room for days without food or water. She was so skinny and pale all the time. I told my adoptive mom about what happened. She tried to press charges but they were really good at hiding their tracks. They would make sure she ate a lot during those days so nobody would find out she wasn't eating. They made Clarissa testify that they weren't doing anything wrong to her. So how could we win a case when all the evidence has been buried and my own sister was scared shitless to even tell the truth?"

"I was going to take her away," he says, a tear falling down his cheek. "I was. I had been plotting the escape for a few days, after I knew that we weren't going to win the case. Brent even helped me. I couldn't contact her at all after we lost the case, but I made sure she knew I was coming for her. So the night when th

e trial ended, I snuck out of the house and I went to get Clarissa. But I was too late."

I close my eyes, knowing what is to come. Kayden releases a shaky breath when he says the next part.

"They killed her, Sienna. They- they knew I was coming for her. She probably told them about it by force. I was a few blocks away from their house when I saw the fire. God, Sienna. There were flames everywhere. Then, I heard her scream. It was the most agonizing sound I have ever heard. I dove straight into the house and darted through the flames to save her. But the fire was too big. I couldn't get past the flames. If I did, I would have died too."

"I saw her for a flitting moment," tears were streaming down his cheeks. "She told me that it was okay to leave her. I didn't want to - you have to believe me, Sienna - I didn't want to. I would have killed myself if it meant that she could go to walk out of that fire without a scratch. It was the hardest thing I had to do.... She kept telling me to leave and I told her I wasn't going without her but she begged and begged and the flames engulfed her and I couldn't see anymore and..."

A wretched sob tears out of him. "I left, Sienna. I was a coward. I left her to die. God, she was so young. Had a whole life ahead of her and I took it away from her. It was my fault that her parents died. My fault that she had a crappy adopted family. My fault that they set the fire that took her life. I'm responsible for her death. I'm a true killer."

"Kayden..." Tears swim in my eyes. "Don't... don't say that. It's not your fault. Your parents's deaths were not on you. And you couldn't have known that Clarissa's adopted parents would do that. You only wanted what was best for her. It's not your fault. You know that."

"It is my fault," he shrugs. "And I've learnt to live with it. I didn't just feel sad about it, Sienna. I was angry. Furious at myself... at the world. I was empty, soulless for so long. I walked around like a fucking zombie, forcing myself to live another day without my parents and my sister. I dropped out of school soon after her death and got into fighting. It felt good - helps to numb the pain. Made me high. I was obsessed with winning, with beating the hell out of people for fun. Because it made me feel good, but it also made me more angry too. But I liked it. I craved it. The anger and the adrenaline and the feeling of victory."

"Oh, Kayden," I murmur.

I don't know how to feel about this. It hurts knowing that he has to live like this for so long. And to think I had worse problems.

He had the worst.

"You... you once asked me what- who I was fighting for," he mutters softly. "When I'm out there in the ring, I'm fighting for her. Clarissa. I'm... fighting for the life she never had."

"That's why you want to beat Jax," I say softly and he nods. "You're doing it for her."

"It's stupid, I know," he sighs, "But I can't do anything else. My little sister's dead. I can't bring her back to life. The best thing I can do is win... to do her proud, you know?"

Kayden lays his head on top of my chest. This time, I'm the one that's shielding him, protecting him. He drags my arms so that I have them wrapped around him. "I'm sorry I pushed you away, Sienna. I'm sorry I was rude to you before. I've been alone for so long that I didn't know how to handle you. You barged into my life and made me feel things that I didn't deserve to feel."

He looks up to meet my eyes. They're swimming with tears but I can see the glint of hope in them. "I didn't know I was falling in love with you until the knockouts. When I looked into your eyes, I knew that my life was bound to yours. You brought me back to life, Sienna. And... I'm forever in your debt."

I smile sadly and Kayden sighs in my arms.

Tears continue to leak from his eyes. "Sometimes, I think about

t what could have happened if I just ran away from the foster system and took her with me. I could have saved her life. My parents would have wanted that. But of course, I failed them. And I failed her. I'm a coward, Sienna. A motherfucking coward. I don't deserve you."

"Don't say that," I shake my head. "It is not your fault that she died, Kayden. It's nobody's fault but her adopted parents that set that fire. And you are not a coward. You are one of the bravest people I've ever met. You're so strong if you are able to withstand so much loss in your life. If anything, you're courageous. And I'm fucking proud of you."

He smiles a little, and I know he's grateful for my words. But the smile soon disappears and all that's left is pain.

"I miss her so damn much, Lucky," he croaks out and my heart bleeds for the pain he's feeling.

"I know you do," I say, stroking his hair. "I'm so sorry, Kayden. So fucking sorry you had to go through that."

"You're not leaving?" He asks hesitantly.

He thinks I'm going to bolt after hearing about his past. I'm going to prove him wrong. There is nothing that is going to make me leave him. Nothing.

"I'm not going anywhere," I murmur.

For a while, we just sit there, wrapped in each other's arms. He buries his head in my shirt and I let him cry it out, wishing that I could take away all the pain that he had to live with for so long. Wretched sobs continue to tear from his throat as he allows the darkness to consume him one last time before it leaves him forever.

A/N: If you haven't joined our Dia-Hards Facebook page, *cues Elle Goulding* WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Here is the link:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/491136387718551/>

If you can't click on it, fear not! Just search for The Dia-Hards and click to be a member (: We share lots of shit there like pictures, gifs and teasers. Right now, we have about 400 members (and counting!). So do check it out and be one of us.

So, anyway, this was an intense chapter. It's nice to see Kayden's vulnerable side for once. I like how Sienna and Kayden are such strong people but they allow their flaws to show around each other.

Relationship goals af.

I hope you guys like this chapter! Next update: Saturday. Duh. Love, Claudia.

33. We Are Endgame

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

There is something soothing about being wrapped in Kayden's arms. He wounds his arms around me tightly, seeking the comfort that he so desperately wants. I give in to him, wiping the fallen tears from his face and giving him small smiles for reassurance.

I can't possibly imagine what kind of pain he went through - losing his family that way. And I don't want to pretend I understand his pain too. My problems are pea-sized compared to his. I realize that now and I wish he never had to go through what he did.

But the way he looked at me today, it's as if I had somehow released him from the pain.

Eventually, we realize that the time we spend in the living room is up. I kiss his cheek and tug on his arms, freeing myself from him. He doesn't object when I bring him back to his room. I cup his hand in mine and drag him to his bed, where I make him lie down. I make myself very comfortable next to

him and sling his arm over my shoulder so I'm nestled at the side of his chest. He looks down at me and the edges of his lips curl into a smile.

I pull the blankets over us so it covers our tangled legs. He strokes my hair, a small gesture that I greatly appreciate.

"I'm glad I told you," he murmurs. "It was hard but I'm glad I did it."

"Thank you for telling me, Kayden," I say. "You didn't have to, but thank you."

"I wanted to," he says, tilting his head. "We've been going around in circles for so long because I didn't have the guts to tell you what happened to me. I knew you didn't trust my secret and honestly, if you knew about it, I was afraid that you see me as some kind of monster for killing my sister."

"I would never," I shake my head. "You are many things, Kayden, but a monster is not one of them. And you most certainly did not kill your sister. You have to stop blaming yourself for her death. Because it's not your fault."

He closes his eyes briefly like my words had somehow brought him peace. "Thank you for that."

"You're welcome, Kayden."

Kayden cups my face in his hands and brushes his thumbs over my cheeks. I lean in and kiss him, my lips yearning to meet his. He sighs against my lips, his hands running along the curve of my body, sending a wave of shivers. I snake my arms around his neck to bring him closer to me, then close my eyes and moan when he drags his lips down my cheek to my jaw all the way to my neck.

He pauses at my collarbone then brushes away my hair, and smirks. "You have a hickey."

Heat rises to my cheeks. "Yeah. I do. You gave me one when we were playing paintball."

He lowers his head and his fingers lightly brush over the hickey. He stares at it with fascination. "I've never given anyone a hickey before."

"I hope I'll be the only one you'll be giving hickies to," I point at his chest and he laughs.

"Oh, Lucky. I plan on giving you so much more than just hickies," he murmurs sexily and I groan.

He ducks his head and presses a lingering kiss over the hickey on my collarbone, then brings his lips lower and lower, until he's at the curve of my breasts. I'm panting beneath him, my hands digging into his hair, wanting him to travel further down.

He helps me out of my shirt and I oblige him, lifting my arms so he can discard the fabric. His eyes rake over my body hungrily and I whimper from the way he groans, like I'm the best thing he has ever seen.

"Take off your shirt," I say, tugging on the edge of Kayden's white T-shirt.

He chuckles and pulls the shirt over his head then throwing it on the floor. I didn't have much time to marvel at how beautiful he looked last night but now I do. The soft light now illuminates his perfectly angled body and my mouth waters from the sight of it. My fingers dance over his pectorals, making their way down, outlining every single one of his packs. He sucks in a deep breath, his eyes racing every movement my fingers make.

"Kiss me," I murmur, my eyes meeting his again. He does what I say, working my lips like he's making love to them. My hands roam around the back of his body and I can tell he likes it by the pleased rumble that escapes his throat. I catch a hint of red at his back and I pause, my eyes flickering.

I press a hand against Kayden's chest to stop him from kissing me.

"Kayden, turn around," I say. He casts me a confused look but doesn't question me. He turns around and I cover my mouth with my hand to prevent myself from gasping. "Fuck."

"What's wrong, Lucky?" Concern is written all over his face.

"I'm so sorry, Kayden." I shake my head. "Last night... I must have... it's really bad."

He peers behind, his neck craning. "Are you talking about the claw marks at my back?"

I can only nod. "They're red lines all over your body. It looked like it hurt a lot."

He shakes his head, a smile crossing his face, something I didn't expect would happen. "Lucky, it didn't hurt. I love the claw marks. They're so fucking sexy."

"What if people see them?" I ask, crossing my arms.

"Then, let them," he says, a glint of humor in his eyes. "Let them see what you've done to me. You've claimed me, Lucky. I want everyone to know that."

"You're crazy." I shake my head, laughing. I crawl into his lap, my legs on either side of his and I cradle his head in my hands, "absolutely fucking crazy."

He looks at me, his thick eyelashes hooding his eyes, "Would it be super cliché if I said I'm crazy for you?"

A small laugh escapes me. "Totally."

"But it's the truth." He dips down again and nuzzles his neck at the valley between my breasts. "You drive me insane, Sienna. But I don't care as long as you get to be with me as long as you want me to."

"Yes," I breathe.

"I won't be the most pleasant boyfriend." He shakes his head, his hair brushing against my skin. I gasp when he unclasps my bra and tosses it at the side of the bed. He kisses my skin and I squirm against his lap. "I will want to make love to you at any chance I can get. I will get crazy jealous if you so much as utter a single word to another guy. And I'm not afraid to beat up any person who hurt you. Any person who hurts my Lucky deserves to go through me and my fucking fist."

I'm delirious from the pleasure he's giving me that I'm not really sure what he's saying. I bite my lip as he nibbles on my skin, shooting waves of pleasure through me.

"Do you understand, Lucky?" He stops what he's doing with his mouth and I open my eyes, still in a daze. "Once you're mine, I'll never leave you alone. I need you in my life, Sienna. And I crave you more than I crave the fucking oxygen. I want you any way I can get you and I'm not going to take no for an answer. Not after the night we spent together, not after what I told you about my past and certainly not after everything we've been through together."

"If this is your way of asking me if you can be my boyfriend, then fuck yes," I say, exasperated. "Now please, for the love of god, get naked and make love to me right now."

He chuckles lowly and flips us around so I'm beneath him. "Yes, ma'am."

He wastes no time to take off the rest of our clothes and ravish me.

We lie awake until the sun crosses the horizon, tinging the sky with pinks and oranges. It's too damn early to call morning, but too late to call it night either. Regardless, I don't think I actually care. For once in my life, I feel tranquil.

My leg is draped over Kayden's thigh and half my body is pressed against his chest. I slowly trace tiny circles around every single one of his tattoos. I lean forward and kiss the one on his right arm that is wrapped around my body.

"How about this one?" I say, pointing to the tattoo I just kissed. It is a bird—a dove, I think—spreading its wings and taking flight, "where did you get this tattoo?"

"When I was sixteen. After my parents died," Kayden says quietly.

"What does it mean?" I ask.

"It can be whatever I want it to be. At times, I think the dove is my parents. They're on their way up there, wherever that may be," he says, stroking the side of my hip, "but most of the time, the dove is me. It's... hope. For a long time, I felt trapped. I was suffocating. This constantly reminded me that there was hope for me, even though I was so fucked up."

"And now?" I meet his eyes.

"I don't need to look at this anymore to know that I have hope," he murmurs. "I've got you, Lucky."

I smile and proceeded to find another tattoo. His whole body is my very own scavenger hunt. I'm at awe by every single ink imprinted on his body. Kayden doesn't get my fascination with his tattoos. He thinks they're just dumb.

But I know that there's a story behind every single one of these tattoos. By knowing each of the stories, I get to know him a little better. I want to know the part of him that he hid from me for a long time.

"What about this one?" I point to the odd-looking butterfly on the top of his chest. "Why on earth would you want to get a butterfly as a tattoo?"

Kayden chuckles. "You don't want to know."

"Tell me."

"You are such a demanding little thing." He snorts.

"Shut up." I shove him playfully. "Tell me why did you get the butterfly tattoo."

"Okay, fine." He sighs. "It was stupid, okay? Evans and I were very drunk one night and he suggested something that may have sounded very appealing at that time."

"Oh my god," I say. I think I already know where this is going.

"We got matching friendship butterfly tattoos," he says and I burst out laughing.

"It's not funny!" He grabs me by my waist. I swat his hand off and end up falling on the floor, still laughing. "Stop it, Sienna."

"Alright, alright," I wheeze, holding my stomach because it was just so hilarious. "Help me up."

He extends his hand and hoists me up so I'm sitting on his lap. He sucks a huge breath, caught off guard by the fact that my hips slam his crotch area.

"Shit, I'm sorry." I apologise.

He throws his head back and groans. "You squirming on my lap is not helping."

"I can tell." I find the urge to laugh. "Kayden senior is getting a little excited down there."

He blushes and I pinch his cheeks.

"So," I say, slinging my arms over his shoulders, "why didn't you remove it? The butterfly tattoo?"

He shrugs. "I don't know. I've never gotten a tattoo removed before."

"Does it hurt?"

"It's excruciating to remove one," he nods, "But not as painful as getting one."

"Maybe I should get a tattoo," I say, pointing to my left wrist, "right here."

"What do you want to get a tattoo of?" He asks, mischief dancing in his eyes as he snakes his arms around my waist.

"Your initials," I blurt out before I can stop myself.

He blinks his eyes, as if he hadn't just heard what I said.

"My initials," he echoes and I nod, blushing.

"Or... maybe not. It's pretty fucking stupid. Forget I ever said anything-"

"No it's not stupid." He shakes his head. "I thought of getting one too. I want the word 'Lucky' right over here." he gestures to the only available space on his chest that isn't inked. The place above his heart.

I trace my finger over the empty space and his eyes follow my movement.

"Is it too soon? To get each other's names as tattoos?" I said quietly.

He doesn't answer me.

It is too soon. I had no idea why I suggested having his initials on my wrist. Maybe he thinks I'm some kind of lovesick puppy now.

"I don't care if it's too soon." He presses his forehead against mine, his breathing labored. "I don't ever want to forget this. I want to remember you, everything about you. I want to remember what it's like to be with you. It doesn't matter if in five- ten years from now we're just a memory to each other. When I look at your name on my heart, I'll remember that you once had it. And I once had yours."

I nod wordlessly, my hands sliding over his arms. Somehow the thought of this thing with Kayden being temporary breaks my heart. I know he means well. He's just telling me the reality. Sometimes, couples don't stay together.

I don't know if that will be the case with us, but I really hope not.

He's the only one that can make me feel like this. He makes me want to kiss him all day everyday. He makes me want to scream out of frustration and laugh until my stomach hurts. He makes me want to get a tattoo of him and stay in bed with him all day.

What I have with Kayden means so much more than what I had with Jax.

I don't want to let go of this. And I don't think Kayden wants to either.

I press both of my hands on his chest and push him down so he falls back on his pillow. I slide myself lower until my fingers hook on the waistband of his boxers.

"What are you doing?" Kayden breathes.

"There's another tattoo I haven't seen yet," I say and I drag his boxers down. I've been curious about this tattoo ever since the first time I saw him half naked. I couldn't really see it the first time we had sex and so now is my opportunity to strike.

I suck in a deep breath when I see the words. Two words. Four syllables.

NEVER FORGET.

Kayden gulps, expecting a reaction from me. I keep calm and look up to see him. "This is for Clarissa?"

He nods painfully. "Yes."

"Tell me about the tattoo," I outline the words slowly.

"I got it right after she died," he murmurs quietly. "I never wanted to forget what I've done to her."

"Is that why you call yourself 'Killer'?" I say, a frown on my face. Kayden nods.

"I kept reminding myself that the reason I'm still alive is because she's dead," he tells me. "And I owe it to her to fight for the life that she deserved."

He closes his eyes, no doubt remembering his scarred past. I want to erase everything. His torment and his pain. But I can't so I do the next

best thing.

I press a kiss on the first letter of his tattoo and his body stills. I continue to do the same for the other letters, allowing him to relax under my kisses.

If my kisses help him to forget about the horrors of his past even for a little while, then it's worth it. It's all worth it.

So I do it.

I kiss away his sorrows.

I kiss away his pain.

A/N: So I've updated. Can ya'll please calm down? I've already told you guys what happened. I had to attend a concert in which I was performing.

I updated, but I realized too late that it wasn't the one I had edited. The edited version is on my computer. So I had to wait until I got back home to update the REAL version.

Stop bombarding my inbox and my profile. I feel like I just caused an international crisis.

Next update: Tuesday.

I've got nothing else to say because I'm just too exhausted and irritated to say anything.

I'll talk more in the Facebook group.

Peace out. Claudia.

34. Our Happy Bubble

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I sleep for a little over two hours because exhaustion consumed me. When I stir awake, it's not a surprise that I'm still in Kayden's bed. The early morning light cuts through the windows and I yawn, stretching my arms and legs.

Something -no, someone- stirs from beneath the sheets and I feel a light hand brush my thighs. The blankets lift slightly so I can see a mass of dark hair popping out from them.

"Morning." Kayden grins lazily and kisses my inner thigh.

"Morning," I say, arching my body so I can see him better. "What the hell are you doing?"

He doesn't answer. Instead, he casts me another grin before kissing his way down the inside of my leg, taking his time to travel down to my ankle then all the way back to the inside of my thigh. I whimper, my legs instantaneously spreading wider to give him a better angle to kiss me.

"Shit," I mutter as he bites my skin and I almost fly out of the bed in response. I feel his breathy chuckle against my skin as his hands clamp down on my legs, preventing me from moving so much.

Kayden continues to torture me with his lips, doing all sorts of things with them as well as with his teeth and tongue. I weave my hands into his hair and foreign sounds escape from me. I murmur his name like some kind of mad prayer and in return, he gives me the sweet pleasure I need.

"Are you okay, Lucky?" He says, smirking.

I look down and glare at him, knowing that he takes his pleasure by watching me squirm. He hooks his fingers on the waistband of my panties and slides them down my legs. I weep out of relief when the fabric is gone, thrown somewhere on the floor of his room. He latches his mouth on the sensitive skin and I would have shot straight off the bed if it weren't for his hands clamping me down.

He teases me with his tongue, then his teeth and he repeats again. I'm chanting his name over and over, my hips dancing as he tortures and seduces my body like he's my captor and I am to succumb to everything he wants to do to me.

"Kayden," I whisper his name. I feel something building inside

me, something strong, and I'm reaching towards it, climbing, climbing-

The door to Kayden's room flings open and I scream, immediately pulling the covers up to sheath myself.

"FUCK!" Brent stands by the doorway, a horrified expression plastered on his face when he sees us.

He has captured us in a very uncompromising position. Kayden is still beneath the sheets, and no doubt Brent knows exactly what he's doing under there. When Kayden finally emerges, his first instinct is to cover me with his body, shielding me from his brother.

"What the fuck!" Kayden yells. "How the hell are you here? I thought you didn't have the key-"

"Evans made a spare key for the spare key. In case of emergencies. You were supposed to be at the gym half an hour ago. Julian asked what the hell was the hold up..." Brent says, his mouth still gaping open. He's looking at the both of us like we had both just committed a murder. "Did you just... and you were... and she was.. Oh god, I swear I didn't mean- I didn't know that you guys were-"

"Get out," Kayden growls.

He didn't have to say it twice.

"Got it." Brent rushes before closing the door.

Kayden sighs, getting off the bed and picking up our clothes. He hands me mine and I take them reluctantly, sliding on my undergarments, then my top and my pants.

"It's okay, he didn't see anything," I say to make him feel better. He doesn't look at me when he slips into his jeans, zipping the front. "I think."

"I think we scarred him," Kayden says quietly, walking over to his closet and throwing on a black T-shirt.

I stifle a laugh. "Trust me, that was nothing. If he could handle Evan's... junk, he can probably handle this."

"You've seen Evans's dick?" He stares at me with disbelief.

"From what I've heard on campus, he needs specialized condoms because the ones on the market are too small for his size."

Kayden barks out a laugh. "Now that's just pure bullshit."

I sit cross-legged on his bed and he turns to me, a small smile on his face. He walks over to me and leans down, gracing my lips with a soft kiss.

"What was that for?" I ask.

"Just, you know..." He smiles. "For everything."

"So..." I eye the door, which Brent had torn open just a while ago, "You want to break it to him... or should I?"

"I think he took the hint the minute he saw me giving you-"

"Okay!" I bolt off the bed and Kayden chuckles.

I bid Kayden goodbye before I follow Brent to the parking lot where he's car is parked at. He's taking me to campus today and I can't help but think that this is probably the first time since I've seen him without Evans. Later, they've been really busy doing god knows what and I think the less I know, the better.

"I can't believe Kayden made me give back the spare spare key."
He pouts.

"You're crazy if you think he's going to let you keep it after what you accidentally saw today." I roll my eyes.

He chuckles and blushes hard. We walk together, side-by-side and he gestures to his car parked at the far end of the lot.

Brent eyes me warily in the car as I slide into the front seat. I catch his gaze and ask, "what?"

He shrugs, then turns on the ignition. "Nothing. It's just tha

t... you're glowing."

Pink tints my cheeks.

"Thank you for pointing that out," I mumble.

Brent smiles. "I'm glad that you and my brother are finally together. You make him really happy, Sienna. I've never seen him smile this much before. It's... odd but it's good for him. He needs more positivity in his life."

His words cause my lips to tug into a small smile.

"Has he told you about what happened?" He glances over at me when he pulls out of the parking lot and into the road.

My smile falters. I clutch my books in my hands a little tighter. "Yes, he did. I never knew..."

Brent looks down. "Yeah. Our mother was so worried that he'll never be the same after the incident. She brought him to see several therapists, but he never liked talking about what happened to his sister. Fighting was the only form of release he ever had. That and now... you."

I close my eyes and inhale his words. I wish I can erase everything bad that has ever happened to Kayden because I cannot possibly imagine how much he had to go through. Losing his parents was one thing, but losing his entire family was surely to have broke him. It's a miracle I get to see him slowly moulding back to his normal self again.

"You love him right?"

I nod.

Brent's face immediately lights up. "Have you told him yet?"

"No. Not yet," I shake my head.

"Then, what are you waiting for?" He casts me a confused look.

Brent's right. What am I waiting for? The truth is, I don't know. I don't know why I can't utter those three words to him. Perhaps I'm scared that he won't say it back. Perhaps I'm scared that when I say it, our love will be too real.

Or perhaps I'm scared because I don't want to get burned again.

.

I've said those exact same words to Jax several months into our relationship. I thought he was going to be my forever.

But he tore me apart and left me to fend for myself as he found another to say those three words to.

I'm not sure if Jax ever meant it when he said I love you to me. Maybe at one point, he did, but after a while, the words didn't have much meaning anymore. It was just something he felt obligated to say. And it hurt.

Since then, I love you always had a tainted meaning for me.

I don't want it to be that way for Kayden and I. When I say it to him, I want to be sure I'm leaving my past -including Jax- behind me and I will mean those words I say to Kayden with every fibre of my being.

And I can't do that if I'm still seeking revenge for what Jax did to me. I'm not willing to leave the past behind me. Yet.

I don't answer Brent's question. I keep quiet, waiting until he parks his car. He helps me out and the both of us walk to class in a comfortable silence.

After a while, I break the silence and ask him about Evans. He immediately blushes and tells me about how they're both going to move out of the dorms once they find a suitable apartment to stay in.

"Oh my god, really?" I say, surprised. "That's great! Wow, you guys are getting really serious."

Brent nods. "It was Evans's idea. He hates the dorms anyway. It's really hard for the both of us because of the whole separate rooms thing. So yeah."

"Does Evans's parents know about it?"

Brent swallows hard. "Yeah, and they're furious. But they can't do anything about it because Evans already made his choice. And they can't cut

off ties from him because he's their only son. But right now, they're not talking to him, which ends up being a blessing in disguise because he hates talking to them anyway."

I stifle a laugh. "Nice."

"Thanks for being supportive of Evans and I, Sienna," he nods.

"We wouldn't be together if it weren't for you."

"I didn't do anything. I only agreed to be his fake girlfriend that one time."

"But you encouraged him to stand up to his parents," he nods.

"He wouldn't have done it without you, trust me."

I bite my lip and smile. "Well, in that case, you're welcome."

We finally reach the entrance of the class. I turn around and point at him. "You owe me some new cheesy pick up lines, Brent. Don't think I've forgotten."

He chuckles, and tugs on my hand. "Oh, I got a shit load of them. I got them all for the ultimate cheese King."

"And who might that be?"

"Evans, of course." He winks as the both of us enter class.

After a long day of classes and several hours of trying to come up with the cheesiest pick up lines ever, Brent and I decided to part ways. Evans and him are going to do some apartment hunting whereas I have to get to Breaking Point to train Kayden.

We got two more weeks till the finals and I'm nervous merely thinking about it. I want more than anything in the world for Kayden to beat Jax but I'm afraid that Jax will grow too strong these few weeks. I try not to think about that and instead, focus on Kayden instead.

I call Julian in to help us these few days because let's face it: he's much more capable than me as a trainer. He's got years of experience ahead of me and he can probably beat me into a pulp -though I think I can put up a fair fight against him.

And plus, ever since Julian has been training with Kayden, Kayden has gotten way better. He hits with way more force and precision now -I'm pretty sure it's due to him lifting way more weights than he's supposed to- and if

I thought he was fast last time, it's nothing compared to how he is now. He fights in flickers; I can't see where he is anymore because he's just that fast.

Okay, I'm probably exaggerating.

But still.

As I enter the gym, I spot Julian is fighting against Kayden in the ring. I watch silently, crossing my arms, as I watch the fight ensue in front of me. Julian is holding up quite well, but Kayden is going all out today.

He's merciless, using a different combination of moves that actually makes Julian sweat a little. He sweeps his leg across Julian's thigh, and

Julian almost loses his balance, but manages to get a few deadly kicks on Kayden. Kayden blocks, memorizing his pattern, and he spots a tiny opening on Julian's defense. He drives his elbows down on Julian's head and uses his leg to strike his ribs, knocking Julian out cold.

"Motherfucker!" Julian roars, pounding the floor with his fist.

Kayden smirks, extending his hand to help his opponent up. "Admit it, Jules. I'm getting good."

"Fuck you," Julian flips him off and heads straight for his bottle.

"Come on, man." Kayden groans. "I'm sorry. You had an opening and I dove for it."

"Yeah yeah." He sighs, emptying his bottle out of liquid. "Whatever."

I place my bag on the floor. "Only the student can beat the teacher."

acher. That's what you said, Jules."

"Are you guys ganging up on me or something?" Julian glares at me. "Take five. Afterwards, we're going to work on your defense."

"Where are you going?" Kayden asks when he sees Julian exiting the gym.

"Someone's gotta take care of UF. I'm heading there for a while to keep an eye on things," He says, "those fuckers will take any opportunity they can get to trash the place." He glances at me. "Do you think you could help me?"

"Screw off, Jules. It's my day off." I glare at him and he sighs.

"I'm coming back." He points at Kayden and then disappears.

When we're finally alone, Kayden smiles and jumps off the ring, coming to greet me.

"Hey, Lucky." He weaves his fingers in my hand and slides his other hand around my waist.

"Oh gross, you stink." I duck and release myself from his embrace. He chuckles and pulls me to him closer, caging me in his arms. "Get away from me! I can't breathe!"

"You're being dramatic," he says, still grinning. He lowers his head to kiss me but I shake my head, my fingers pinching my nose.

"You need a shower," I say, my voice nasal.

"Care to join me?" He smirks.

"Nope." I say, popping the 'P'. I pull away from him and let go of my fingers, finally able to breathe, "Yeap. That's it. I'm totally getting you deodorant for your birthday."

"You wound me, Lucky," he places his hand above his heart, as if my words had stung him. I smack his chest and roll my eyes.

"So, I was thinking if you'd wanna have lunch with me," I say, shrugging. "Brent ditched me for Evans so I thought I'd ask you."

He starts to unwrap his hands and stuffs the bandage in his bag. When he's done, his head lifts and a mischievous smile graces his lips. "Siena, are you asking me out on a date?"

"It's not a date-"

"Yes, it is." He nods. "A date is when two people who share mutual interests bond by going out and spending time with each other. You're asking me out on a date."

"Well, fine." I roll my eyes. "If you put it that way then... yes. I guess I am."

"Then, I would love to go on a date with you, Lucky." He smiles.

"Great," I say. "But I'm not going out with you and your stinky ass. Go and take a fucking shower."

He tugs on my hand. "Take one with me."

I know he doesn't literally mean taking a shower with me.

I groan. "Having sex constantly is not going to be healthy for us, Kayden."

"Hey, what's so wrong with wanting you?" He murmurs, his hands going to places that is totally inappropriate right now. He gets on his knees and lifts my shirt up so he can press a kiss on my stomach. I look down at him and his eyes cloud with lust for me.

"You're impossible, Kayden," I close my eyes and moan when he kisses me lower.

"I've never had shower sex before," he whispers. "Have you?"

"Ugh - what?" he gets back on his feet and slides his huge arms over my legs and hoists me up. "Kayden!" I squeal. "This is madness. I think you need help. You're officially addicted to sex."

"Ah, that's where you're wrong," He chuckles and kisses me on

the square of my lips. "I'm officially addicted to you, Lucky."

"It's not fair." I shake my head. "When you say things like that, I always lose."

"That's what I'm counting on, baby." He winks at me, then carries me bridal-style straight to the showers. "Admit it. You're addicted to me too."

"Never." I shake my head, laughing.

"Then, I'll just have to make you say it." Kayden grins. "I think I know a couple of ways I can do that."

"I'd like to see you try." The challenging gleam in my eyes humors him.

His grin widens and closes the shower door behind us, then turns on the faucet to drown out our voices.

He tried, alright. And he was right; I did end up giving in and saying it.

Many, many times.

A/N: I like happy KAYNA. They're so damn adorable. I know nothing much happens in this chapter, but I feel like I should dedicate the next few to them. They need to be happy, at least for a little while before stuff happens.

Anyways, I decided to start a new book for extra Perfect series fluff. I posted an Interview with Kayden over there. Fill free to check it out (:

Link: <https://www.wattpad.com/154824245-perfect-series-extra-an-interview-with-kayden>

If you have any questions, fill free to contact me through my twitter, ask.fm or on the Dia-Hards Facebook page!

Ask.fm: ask.fm/clauidiaaatan

Twitter: [clauidiaoverhere](https://twitter.com/clauidiaoverhere)

Dia-Hards Facebook Page: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/491136387718551/>

See you guys on Thursday! Love, Claudia.

35. The Long Weekend

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The next few days pass by quickly. All my time has been drained by school, work and Kayden and between the three, I think I like my time spent with Kayden. Granted, we spend most of our time back and forth between our apartment and Breaking Point, but we never run out of things to do.

I like the little moments that we have.

Sometimes, when we're free, we talk about our families. I tell him about how Beth's doing. I often catch glimpses of her looking really sad on campus and as much as I hate her, I never liked seeing her sad. I don't know if she remembers what I told her about Jax -about him using her and such- but if she does, then I'm sure she's questioning her relationship with him.

If she truly believes me then I really hope she has enough willpower to leave him. Jax is nothing but toxic; he burns everything he touches. I can see how much he has affected her-both the good and the bad. He may have his perks but his flaws outweigh them and she shouldn't be around him when the scale tips.

Kayden listens to me when I talk to him about her. He knows that in a way, I still care for Beth despite the fact that she had betrayed me. But he also knows that my hatred for what she did is minuscule compared to my hatred for her accomplice. I can still remember what I had said to Jax after the first time I've seen him after the whole incident between him and Beth.

I am done with you, Jax Deneris. You crushed me and you made s

ure that I won't be able to live again. But guess what? I am standing right in front of you. And my hate knows no bounds. Make no mistake- if this year's tournament is your last, I'll be sure to make it a very memorable one.

I made a promise that I would destroy him, and I will see to it that I will. I have never strayed from my path to revenge. But ever since I know he doesn't truly love Beth and he's somehow just using her to fill this empty void in his heart, I now realize that my quest needs to succeed. He wronged both Beth and I, and I'm not willing to let it slide. Beth may be oblivious to what he's doing to her, but I'm not. So I'm not only getting my revenge for me.

I'm getting my revenge for the both of us.

It's funny how Kayden and I are doing this -preparing him to defeat Jax- for the sake of our sisters.

Often, when we're in bed together, he talks about the little things that he misses about Clarissa. The sound of her squeaky laugh when he made a joke; the smile on her face when he takes her out to the park where she feeds ducks; the way her body moves when she's dancing in her room when she thinks that no one is looking. As he tells me all of this, I start to picture her in my mind, feeling as if I had already known her whole life.

Kayden's face lights up every time he talks about her. I feel like she has been the only person in his life that made him happy after his parents died. My heart drops every time I think about how much pain he must have felt when he lost the only true thing that he ever loved.

So I remind myself that every time I see him packing deadly punches onto the punching bag. I remind myself that every time he knocks Julian out cold in a fight. And I remind myself right now. I remind myself that he's doing this for her, to make her proud.

He's trying to keep his sister's memory alive.

When Julian finally calls for a break, Kayden immediately gets rid of his bandages and heads over to my direction. I help him relax, pressing my hands on his shoulders, releasing the tension that is there. He closes his eyes, grateful for my touch.

"This is the only time I'm going to do this for you," I mutter as I massage him.

I see the edges of his lips curl into a smile. "It's your job, Lucky, to help me win."

"No, it's my job to motivate you and train you. Not to pamper you... like what I'm doing right now," I say, sighing. "I swear, being in a relationship with you has changed me."

"Not exactly," he says. "You're still as snarky and bitchy as ever."

"Thanks," I say, flipping my hair. "I try my best."

He laughs and turns around, snaking his arm around my shoulder and pulling me to his side. My lean on his shoulder, my lips pull into a thin line.

"Hey," he murmurs. "Regardless, I still think you're the coolest girlfriend I've ever had."

"I'm the only girlfriend you've ever had," I correct him, smiling a little.

"Okay, it sounds very pathetic when you put it that way."

"No, I think it's cute," I say, nodding. "I like that I'm the only girl you've ever you know... really dated. I know you've been on a few dates and hookups with random girls, but I'm the only one you want to settle down with. I must be very special."

He chuckles. "Aaaaaand let's not forget to add arrogance to your list of appealing traits."

"You know you love my arrogance."

"It's annoying. Especially when you think you're great in bed."

"

I pull away from him so fast that his eyes widen in confusion.
"Oh, you did not just go there."

His eyes widen, as if he knows that if he says anything more, we'll turn this into a full blown fight. We tend to do that a lot in the apartment. The minuscule things will just set us off and we'll be arguing about things that don't make sense. Just yesterday, we had been arguing about the whether that bloody dress was blue and black or white and gold.

"Okay, I take it back." He lifts his hands up in surrender. "I don't want to pick a fight with you so I'm aborting mission right now."

"Good choice. Because if you got any further, I would have had to castrate your balls."

Kayden releases a breathy chuckle, then pulls me unto his lap. He tangles his fingers in my hair—something he likes to do a lot—and I sling one of my arms over his neck and press my sweaty forehead against his.

"Come with me to visit my parents tomorrow," he blurts out.

Whoa. That was not what I had been expecting to come out from his mouth.

"What? Why?" I eye him warily.

Suddenly, the thought of me visiting his adopted parents makes me nervous. I know they love him to bits but what if they take one look and me and realize I'm not good enough for their boy? I'm not really known for behaving during family gatherings and I know that the littlest of things will tick me off. I don't want to do that in front of Kayden's parents. What if I can't control myself and they end up hating me?

He arches his eyebrow. "Because I want to show you how wonderful my adopted parents are. They played a huge part in helping me through the whole ordeal with Clarissa and I would really like you to meet them."

"Kayden..." My voice trails off.

"Okay. I'll take that as a no, then?" His face falls slightly and his smile is strained.

"No! I mean—" I take a deep breath. "I... what if they don't like me?"

"Why won't they like you?" He narrows his eyebrows in confusion.

"I don't know..." My head is spinning for answers. "I'm not usually known for being my best at family gatherings."

Kayden smiles, a little bit of humor gracing his lips. "I know. But I'm sure you'll be fine. They're nice folks, really."

I look away, considering his offer. "We've only been together for a week."

"And we've known each other for way longer than that," he murmurs, tilting my chin so I'm facing him again. He swipes his thumbs over my cheeks. "I think we're kind of overdue for a meet-the-parents session already."

I laugh quietly. "My dad will never approve of you. He'll go nuts knowing that I'm dating another fighter."

"Then, we'll start small. With my parents." He smiles. I can tell he's excited to bring me back. "Please? Brent is bringing Evans too. We'll have a blast, I promise."

"What about your training? Finals is next Saturday," I say in a worried tone. "And we'll be gone for the whole weekend. You'll have less than a week to train."

"Yeah." He frowns slightly. "I know it's probably bad timing but... I think I'm almost ready. Even though Jules hates to admit it, I'm getting really good now. I think it may be because of you, but regardless, I fight better now. I really think I can win this. And maybe... we can spare two days off from training. I need the tiny break anyway."

"Are you sure?" I narrow my eyes. "I'm still your trainer and I really don't think that that is a very good idea. You're not ready yet. And I

need you to win next week. You promised."

He tilts his head so his face is resting on my shoulder. His nose grazes my neck and I feel his hot breath against my skin. "Maybe as my trainer, you just need a little more persuasion..."

"You're horrible." I slap his chest and scramble off his lap, laughing. "You can't bribe me with your dirty talk. I'm not falling for it."

"Fine." He crosses his arms. "Do you want to get on my hands and knees, then?"

"What-?"

Too late. Kayden gets off the bench and kneels in front of me, his eyes pleading when he looks up at me.

"Please come back home with me this weekend, Lucky."

He tries to hug my knees but I yelp and jump away from him. He chuckles and I roll my eyes. I ponder for a bit, biting my lip, wondering if it's actually a good idea to go back this close to finals. I need him at his best next week. I don't want him to falter. I need him to beat Jax and exact my revenge on him.

"Kayden..." I groan. "Are you sure? You know how important it is for you to stay."

"And you know how important it is for you to come back home with me," he says. "What's the big deal anyway? I'm fine, Lucky. Does it really matter if I skip a few days of training?"

Eventually, I give in. "If we're going back, I want to know that you'll going to be holding your end of the deal we made and you're gonna take Jax's championship away from him, okay? You know my revenge is important to me and I want to be guaranteed that you can beat him."

He sighs. "You know, revenge isn't exactly the healthiest thing, Lucky."

"Maybe you're right." I shrug. "But it's healthy for me. It's the only thing I've ever known for the past two months. I am getting my revenge."

And I'm getting it through you. So can you do it, Kayden? Can you break Jax's reign?"

"I think you know the answer to that."

"I know. But I want to hear you say it," I say.

He sighs. "I will beat him, Lucky. I will. I won't let you down."

Slowly, I nod, pleased.

"Now, will you meet my parents with me?" Kayden says pleadingly.

"Yes, you dumbass. Of course, I will." My lips curl upwards slightly.

He returns the smile and on instinct, I lean forward to kiss him. The last of his defenses fall away and he lets me take the lead.

If meeting his parents will make him happy, I'll do it for him. But something is tugging on my heart, something that might just split me in half. It's a feeling -an all too familiar one- and something tells me that this is going to be a huge problem in the near future.

Regardless, I try not to let it bother me. Kayden and I deserve to be happy for once, and I'm not going to let this feeling ruin the both of us.

Even if somehow, it's already starting doing its damage.

The night before, I make sure that all my bags are packed. I end up taking more than I actually need-just in case I needed to pull out the big guns in order to make a good impression on Kayden's parents.

Mac, Urban Decay and Sephora are going to be my new best friends for the weekend.

The next day, Kayden and I gobble up our breakfast in a hurry.

I help load our bags into Brent's trunk and the both of us slide into the backseat of the car. Evans is seated in the front seat and turns around with a smirk on his face.

"What?" Kayden and I ask in unison.

"Oh, nothing," he shrugs. "You might want to be careful where you sit. A certain couple might have done some... stuff that may have involved a lot of kissing and the lack of clothes-

"Oh my god!" I jump out from the seat but end up banging my head against the top of the car. Kayden scurries to the edge of the seat, his eyes replaced with fear.

Brent grumbles in the driver's seat. "You just had to tell them."

Evans laughs. "Oh man. Totally worth it. Their reactions were priceless."

I can see Brent close his eyes briefly, almost painfully, like he's grieving the fact that he could have chosen a much better person to date than Evans.

"What the hell are we going to do now?" I say to Kayden, exasperated. "I'm sure as hell not sitting in the backseat after what... the both of you have done on it."

"You can sit on my lap. I'm sure Kayden will like that," Evans suggests.

"Absolutely not." Both Brent and Kayden say in unison.

"Fuck you." I flip Evans off and scoot over so I can sit on Kayden's lap instead. He inhales a sharp breath when I sit on him.

"Lucky?" Kayden whispers.

"Hmmm?"

He groans when I shift my hips against his lap. "You're making me very..."

I look down at the bulge in his pants and I stifle a small laugh. Kayden blushes and looks away, clearly embarrassed about the situation.

The rest of the car trip is nothing eventful. The radio starts playing the Proclaimers' 'I'm Gonna Be' and Evans is singing along enthusiastically while Brent continues to cast him irritated looks. He has the song on replay throughout the whole hour of the journey and as much as I hate to admit it, the song kind of grows on you. When we hit the thirty-minute mark, Evans has all of us singing with him too.

After a while, Kayden gets used to me on his lap. We talk in hushed whispers and his fingers make tiny circles on my back. He tells me about what to expect when we arrive at the townhouse and I nod, my nervous getting the better of me every time we draw closer.

"There's nothing to be nervous about," he murmurs. "When you and Jax were dating, did you visit his parents?"

I nod. "Yeah. They were nice enough but I was never really close to any of his family members. I doubt they thought we were going to last anyway."

"I'm glad you guys didn't." A hint of a smile dances along the edges of Kayden's lips. "I know he's still pinning over you, Sienna. But I'm glad you didn't go back to him. Even though he wants me dead, I should thank him for giving me the greatest gift. You."

I smile and link my fingers with his as a small gesture in response to his nice words.

"Oh god, can you guys get any more cheesier?" Evans groans. "Come on, Kayden. You can do better than that."

"Fuck off, Evans." Kayden shows him the middle finger.

"Aw, don't be too harsh on him," I pinch his cheek. "He's lost his game a little but nothing time can't cure."

"He has a game?" Brent looks behind, then laughs. "That is as

non-existent as Evans's balls."

"Hey!" Evans glares at his boyfriend and I burst out laughing.

"You know very well that isn't true!"

"Fuck you," Brent hisses. "You told them about what we did in the backseat. So, I'm withholding sex and I'm not going to go easy on you throughout this entire weekend."

"What?" Evans says, completely baffled. "You're joking."

"You think I'm bluffing?" Brent snorts. "Just try me, Evans."

Evans points at me. "This is all your fault."

"My fault?" Disbelief crosses my face. "What the hell did I do?"

"You just had to overreact!"

"You're fucking unbelievable." I roll my eyes. "You don't have to be so childish about it. Grow up, Evans."

He glares at me. "Bitch."

I'm already off Kayden's lap and my hands are reaching to clasp Evan's neck.

Evans yelp and struggles out of his seatbelt. The only thing that's keeping me from strangling him is Kayden, who's holding me back. Brent is completely over it and gets out of the car, mumbling a string of curse words under his breath.

I finally manage to get a hold of Evans and he's yelling when my hands curl around his neck.

"Hello!" A blond-haired woman's face appears from the window and I almost have a heart attack. She's in her mid forties, her complexion pale and her cheeks rosy. Her eyes bulge out of their sockets when she sees both Evans and I like this. I must have a murderous expression on my face and Evans looks scared as hell.

I immediately let go and stumble back, causing me to hit against Kayden's chest hard. He gets the wind knocked out of him and groans in pain. Well, shit.

"Hi, Mrs. Jacobs," I say shamefully.

I have a feeling this weekend is going to be a long one.

A/N: Just a filler chapter. I think we might be getting a few more of these, just to give a little glimpse of KAYNA together before everything goes to shit. I have a bad feeling that nothing will go the way both of them want it to be. What are your predictions? What do you think is going to happen? Feel free to discuss in the comments below or on the Dia-Hards Facebook page!

Send me a tweet! My twitter username is claudiaoverhere

Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/491136387718551/?fref=nf>

See you on Saturday!

Love, Claudia.

36. His Family Isn't As Screwed Up As Mine

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

"Your mom hates me," I hiss to Kayden as I help him with the bags. I grab our duffle bags and follow him into the house, my legs dragging my body at every step I take. He looks back and casts me a nonchalant smile.

"She does not hate you," he says, waiting for me to catch up to me. When I fall into step with him, he places a hand on my waist and guides me through the house.

The place is bigger than I had expected it to be. The living room is huge, beautiful furnished with a modern touch. Kayden and Brent's mom loves her flowers a lot; there are vases of them on the dining table, fireplace, ki

tchen and living room. The mild smell tickles my nostrils, making me feel a lot more at ease after what happened.

I can't help but compare this place with my dad's. My dad's place is the complete opposite from this. It has an elegant touch, complimented with state of the art furniture and art pieces. It is a house, but it is not a home. This place feels more like home to me.

I peek a glance at Kayden and Brent's mom—Mrs. Jacobs—who is talking with Evans in the kitchen. He is using hand gestures to explain something to her and she nods like she understands. I gulp, knowing that Evans is trying to explain what happened in the car ten minutes ago. I wonder what lies he's cooking up to appease her.

I feel a hand on my shoulder and I turn around to see Brent smiling at me. "You okay, Si?"

I nod. "The house is beautiful."

"I didn't ask if the house is beautiful. I asked if you're okay." Brent says.

"I'm fine," I say, setting the duffle bags down. "I hope your mom is okay with me."

"She'll be fine," Brent waves me off. "This is not the first time Evans has pissed someone off before. My mom has had a fair share of his drama. She'll come around."

It has completely slipped my mind that Evans has been here before. Of course he would. Brent, Kayden and Evans had been friends since high school and I'm sure Mrs. Jacobs know Evans very well. I guess I just have to explain to her what caused me to almost strangle him to death.

I look around the ground floor a little longer and I find myself by the foot of the staircase, where the walls are plastered with pictures. I see a picture of Brent and Kayden together. They look a few years younger. Brent has his arm over Kayden, even though Kayden is a foot taller than him. They're both looking at the camera with wide smiles on their faces.

I busy myself with the pictures a little longer. My eyes linger on their family picture, Kayden included. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs have one hand on his shoulders and their smiling proudly at him. There are more pictures with Kayden and I know that the Jacobs family has always tried to make him feel loved and at home. Kayden is truly lucky to have had an adopted family like the Jacobs.

I pause at one of the pictures. This particular one does not have any of the Jacobs in it. It is a picture of Kayden and his little sister, Clarissa. By the looks of it, this picture looks like it had been taken almost a decade ago. Kayden's dimples show when he carries his sister in his arms. Clarissa appears to be laughing, pulling on his cropped hair. They look so happy together and I'm suddenly angry at the world for taking Clarissa away from him.

"I had a copy of that picture made," a voice said from behind me. "Kayden didn't want to give up the original and I wanted to have a picture of her and him together on our wall. Even though she wasn't our kid, I'd like to think that she was."

I cross my arms and turn my head slightly so I can see Mrs. Jacobs. She gives me a soft smile, her eyes welcoming. I don't say anything so she does. My eyes scan her, taking in her features. She has beautiful blonde hair, a shade or two lighter than mine. For a woman who is in her late forties, she appears surprisingly young. Her face is absolutely flawless—rosy cheeks, plump lips and a regal nose. She carries herself very well and I do envy her.

She extends her hand towards me. "Hello, Sienna. I don't think we've been properly introduced."

"About what happened in the car with Evans—"

She laughs, then waves me off. "It's okay. I talked to Evans. He said he was just being an ass."

"Yes, he was." A small smile appears on my face. "I hope you don't think I like to go around strangling guys. Because I really don't."

"It has crossed my mind, but I don't like to judge people until I really know them," she says, still smiling. I notice she likes to smile a lot. "You know, when I heard from Brent that Kayden's bringing a girl home, I got to admit, I was very surprised. He was usually very closed off and never liked to talk about girls or the possibility of ever getting one. At one point, I thought he was the one who was gay, not Brent."

A small laugh escapes me. I'm already starting to like this woman. I think we might just get along very well. "Well, I assure you that he is very much straight indeed."

"I can tell. He has good taste." Mrs. Jacobs murmurs and I blush. "So, you're a fighter too, then?"

I shake my head. "I don't do what he does. But yes, in a way. I am a fighter. I'm a kickboxing trainer in Universal Fighter's Gym."

"Ah, a trainer." Her eyes are piqued with interest. "You have that look- a look of a fighter. Built, tough, and confident. And I'm sure you can handle yourself very well too. I can see why my boy is so taken with you."

"He makes me very happy," I say, smiling to myself. "I'm lucky to have him, Mrs. Jacobs."

"Please, just call me Patricia. Or Pat, if you want," she says, then her eyes drop to the duffle bags on the floor. She offers to help me with the bags. "So are you and Kayden sharing a room?"

"Um..." I don't know if this is a trick question. Does she want me to share a room or not? What if I say yes and she'll think the only reason I want to share a bed with him is because I want to have sex with him? What if I say no and she'll think something bad has happened between us?

As if she notices my apprehension, she laughs, easing the tension. "Stop overthinking it, Sienna. I think Kayden's room is big enough for the both of you. I'll place your bags there."

"Thanks," I say gratefully. "Where's Kayden?"

"Probably with Brent and Evans out front," Mrs. Jacobs-sorry, Patricia-shrugs as we climb the stairs. I help her with the bags and after we reach the top, she opens the door to the right. "Here it is."

I step inside the room and marvel at Kayden's old room. It's not much-very Kayden-like indeed. The walls are bare with the exception of some pictures plastered at the side of his bed. Some are of his old family, others are with his sister and a good number of them are with the Jacobs. The bookshelf next to the study table is mostly bare except for a few miscellaneous items.

My fingers dance over some of the things on the shelves-a small teddy bear, a game controller and a first aid kit. No doubt the first aid kit is for when he gets injured during fights.

"I'll leave you to be, alright?" Patricia says, hovering at the door. "You can come down and join them if you like. Dinner's at seven."

I nod, "Thank you and uh... thank you for having me."

After she leaves, I linger around Kayden's room a little longer, picturing how he would have been like here when he was younger. I picture him coming home after fights, having to mend his wounds by himself because he didn't want to upset his mother. I picture him holding the teddy bear in his huge arms -no doubt the teddy bear belonged to his sister- and sleeping with it for the comfort.

I wish I would have met him sooner. I wish I could have somehow helped him to avoid all the pain and suffering he had gone through. But this is reality and that can't happen.

"Hey." Kayden's chest is pressed against my back as he circles his arms around my waist. His chin is on my shoulder and he kisses my neck slowly. "So you've been hiding here this whole time?"

"Mmmmm," I say. "I talked to your mother. She's such a nice woman."

I feel him nodding. "She is. I told you she won't be mad at you. She knows Evans all too well."

"Where's your father?" I ask him as he presses another kiss on my collarbone.

"He won't be back until dinner," he tells me as he drags me to the edge of his bed. He sits at the corner and I stand in front of him as he sucks in a huge breath when his hands glide over my dress. "I didn't tell you that you looked beautiful today."

"Only today?" I tease, straddling his lap. I place my hands over his shoulders and he steals a kiss from my lips.

"Yesterday, today, tomorrow, everyday," he whispers, dragging his lips down from my cheek to my jaw.

I love his lips on my skin. I love the way every single one of his touches ignite flames in my body. I love everything he does to me. I can't imagine having another man's hands on my body anymore.

I'm too far in this to leave.

Suddenly, I remember that Patricia is downstairs and I'd hate for her to find us like this if she ever were to come up to check on us. I push against his chest and fall unto the bed next to him, wrapping myself comfortably in his sheets. He stares at me in fascination as I beckon him to come closer.

"Sleep with me," I say, patting on the empty space beside the bed.

"Just sleep?" His eyebrows arches in confusion.

"Just sleep." I nod and he sighs, obliging me. He slides to the spot beside me and places his hand on my waist. I turn around and cocoon my body next to his.

"You know, we could be doing a lot more things than just sleeping," he whispers huskily and I laugh.

"Don't even try, buddy. Not when we're at your parents' house," I drag the sheets up so it covers the both of us. He doesn't look the least bit sleepy. His eyes are wide open, his grey eyes locked with mine as he lifts his other hand and cups my cheek, brushing his thumb over it.

"I can't believe you're here," he murmurs. "I've always imagined bringing you here. To my home. I just... you're here."

"I'm here," I say softly, nodding. "And I'm real."

"Don't go anywhere, Lucky. I need you," He closes his eyes briefly and embraces me tightly. "I'll be here for you. I'll protect you. Always."

I want to tell him I don't need protecting, but I let him have his moment. And I like that he watches over me. He wants to make sure I don't get hurt and I trust him. So his words echo inside my mind, his voice the last thing I hear when I drift off to sleep.

By evening, the Jacobs' house is eventful. Evans and Brent have been constantly fighting since we got out of the car so needless to say, they're pretty mad at each other. And when they're mad at each other, they tend to direct their anger towards anyone who dares talk to them. I made a mistake of asking Evans what is his problem and he threw a deadly glare at me before storming off.

Patricia doesn't seem very fazed by it. I ask her why and she tells me that even before the both of them got together, they were always like this-picking petty fights with each other. She suspects they'll make up by the next morning. Kayden bets with his mom that they'll be back to normal by the end of the night.

I like the Jacobs's household. I finally get to meet Mr. Jacobs, who looks utterly exhausted after coming back from work. Apparently, his meeting ran long -something about an angry investor- and he apologizes to me for getting held up.

He's a lovely man and I squeal internally when he kisses his wife swiftly on the lips the minute he puts his suitcase down. I have not met much married couples that still keep the love between them burning alive. This is certainly not the case for Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs. If anything, the both of them sti

ll look like they've just started dating.

Dinner is absolutely delicious. I practically worship every dish that Patricia laid out. She lets me grab for seconds, something that I never usually do. Kayden watches me with humor as I steal some of his curry from his plate.

"You're embarrassing me by eating more than me, Lucky," he bends to whisper at my ear.

"Oh fudge off," I mumble, stuffing the potatoes into my mouth.

Mr. Jacobs-Elijah, or so he tells me to call him-sits beside me, turning his attention towards the both of us. I think he's sick of Brent and Evans giving each other glares across the table so instead he thinks he can find better company with us.

"So, Sienna," he starts off, wiping the edges of his mouth with a napkin, "do you have any ex-boyfriends?"

Kayden casts him an irritated look. "Dad."

Elijah looks at him in confusion. "What? Is it a weird question to ask? If it is, I'm sorry. Kayden's never brought any girl home and I guess I've been a little rusty."

I laugh quietly. "It's okay, Elijah. Um, yes. I dated a little but nothing serious. But I had been with Jax for three years before we... uh, broke up."

"Jax?" The name sounds foreign as it rolls across his tongue. His gaze settles on Kayden. "Wait, didn't you tell me some guy named Jax beat you last year? Is he the guy that won the championship?"

Another thing about the Jacobs' household is that they like to talk about Kayden's illegal fighting like it's nothing. Kayden did once told me that they tried to get him to quit that stuff a few years ago but he wouldn't budge. That's why they made Brent stay near him, just in case he did get hurt. After a while, they've grown used to him fighting.

If you can't beat em, join em, right?

"Um, yes." I say shamefully, "but if it makes you feel any better, I wish I never dated him anyway. He's screwed up."

Kayden places his hand on my thigh, squeezing it.

"Good, that's good," Elijah nods in approval. "I like you already."

He continues to ask him a bunch of other questions-some tolerable and others plainly uncomfortable. I answer them anyway because I don't want Elijah to make a fool of himself. I think he is cool when he wants to be. He cracks a ton of jokes during dinner, jokes that make Patricia cringe inwardly. But we let him have his moments.

After dinner, Kayden and I help Patricia clean up. Evans and Brent sprint upstairs after dessert. I hear mild yelling and I know they are trying to work things out. I help Patricia to load the dishes into the dishwasher and when I'm done, I join Kayden who is on the living room couch with his dad.

Kayden notices my presence in the room and he slides an arm over my waist.

"I want to take you somewhere," he says. "I'm not sure whether you'll like it."

"What? Now?" My eyes widen and he nods. "I hope you're not taking me to an alley where you're going to kill me."

Elijah overhears our conversation and laughs. "My boy's not that sloppy. If he's going to kill you, he'll do it in a ditch."

"Ignore him," Kayden groans. "Dad can I borrow your car keys?"

"Fine," Elijah grumbles. "Be home by midnight, kids."

From the kitchen, Patricia adds. "And please, for the love of god, use a condom!"

"Mom!" Kayden glares at Patricia.

"I may approve of Sienna but I'm too damn young to have grandchildren any time soon," she shrugs and continues busying herself in the kitchen.

"Your parents are hilarious." I stifle a laugh as Kayden grabs his dad's car keys. He slides his hand in mine and pulls me outside where the car is parked. He helps me in the car and I thank him with a small smile. "You're really not going to tell me where we're going, are you?"

"Nope," he says and without another word, we're off.

"If this is your idea of a date, I think we might have to revisit the whole idea of you going to therapy," I say, my flats crunching on the gravel.

The moon is already visible in the night sky and it's the only source of light that allows me to see what I'm stepping on. So far, no bones, which I'm really grateful for.

Yay.

Sienna-1. The dead-0.

Kayden casts me an apologetic look as he guides me through the narrow pathway of the cemetery. I swallow hard when we pass headstones. Some of them are weather-beaten and the words engraved on them are fading off. Others aren't very well kept. Grass crawl upwards, shielding the stones from the world, like they want the people who are buried there to be forgotten.

"Kayden?" I say. I know he's in front of me but perhaps saying his name will bring me comfort.

"We're almost there," he tells me. After a good amount of headstones and several dreadful minutes later, he comes into a halt and I stop behind him. I can't make out what he's seeing, but from the way he freezes, he's looking at something that has haunted him for a long time.

Clarissa's grave.

I gulp, standing beside Kayden. Her headstone is newer than any of the other ones I've passed by just now. It reads:

Clarissa Williams

1998-2012.

Loving daughter, sister and friend. She will be dearly missed.

Beside her gravestone are two others, and I'm assuming they're for Kayden's parents. My heart drops at the sight of the only memory I'll ever have of Kayden's family. As if on instinct, I curl my arm around his and lean towards him as he gulps and stares at the gravestones in front of him.

"I haven't been here in months," he speaks softly. "I don't know what I was thinking... bringing you here-"

"No, it's okay. I want to be here." I say.

"I miss them." Kayden sighs and he gets on the ground, sitting cross-legged in front of Clarissa's grave. I follow him. "I miss all of them. So damn much."

"I know you do," I sigh, leaning my head against his shoulder.

"My adopted parents love you, you know," he says after a while. "I wonder if my real parents would too."

"I'd like to think that they would," I smile to myself. "I also would have loved your sister like she was my own."

"She would have liked that," he nods. "Clarissa always detested the fact that I never settled down with any girl. She would have liked you a lot."

The conversation falls silent and I let the wind carry it away. Kayden clasps his hand in mine and I let him have long moments to himself. I let him think of the what-ifs and what-could-have-beens. I let his tears fall down his cheeks. I don't tell him that it's going to be okay. Because it won't and I know better than to tell him so. So, I just let him to immerse himself in his grief for a while, and I comfort him through my presence.

We stay there for quite some time—an hour, maybe two—and after a while, Kayden tells me that we should go. I nod wordlessly and let him guide me back to his car. I think coming here to the cemetery gives him some sort of closure.

re to move on, because I notice something has changed inside him. He seems somewhat weightless, like the burden on his shoulders have been lifted.

When we're in the car, he turns on the engine but we don't move. He sighs, then turns to me.

"Thank you for coming here with me," he says, smiling

"Hey. I would do anything for you. I will always be here for you," I murmur.

I'm awed by the way he looks at me, like everything else is dark and I'm the only thing he sees. He leans forward and captures my lips with his. It is a soft kiss, a kiss that is unlike anything I've ever experienced. There are so many words expressed through his lips, words that I can make sense of but I'm thankful anyway. Because I know it's hard for him to express his feelings and whatever it is, I'll be there to help him understand them.

Unspoken words are flying, making me dizzy. But when he pulls away slightly, his lips still hovering over mine, I'm certain I hear the three words that escapes from them.

"I love you," he says.

A/N: I'm so sorry. I feel like nothing is going in these few chapters. Is it getting boring? I really hope not! Just bear with me. The next one will be a transition chapter to the climax. We're so close, guys! So damn close! And I can assure you it's going to be a really BIG climax. That's right. Shit is going to hit the fan. Can you feel it? The calm before the storm...

Anyways, if you haven't already seen it yet, I just posted the summary for Perfect Collision on the Dia-Hards Facebook Page! So far I'm getting a really good response from it and I'm really happy about it. Tell me what do you think! I'm super excited about it like seriously, I can't stop thinking about it.

So, be a Collider and join me on this crazy ass ride with Riley and Devin! <3

Love, Claudia.

37. Mother Knows Best

PLEASE READ the AUTHOR'S NOTE at the back of the chapter. I have an IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I didn't say it back.

Kayden said I love you to me and I didn't say it back.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

He doesn't ask me to say it back. He doesn't press me and doesn't bring up the matter the next morning. I'm glad he didn't because his I love you had been plaguing me the whole night and I don't want to feel even more guilt than I already was last night.

The next morning, I wake up and I realize that Kayden's not next to me. My heart sinks slightly but speeds up again when I see the note on the side dresser of his bed.

Brent, Evans and I are out with mom to get groceries. We'll be back before noon and we'll get going by then.

I love you.

-Kayden

My eyes linger on the words he had written. I reread the last three words again and again before deciding that I'm spending too much time in bed and I should probably get up. I drag myself out of bed and brush my teeth, then scouring my duffle bag for some decent clothes to slip into. After I'm clothed, I head downstairs and I'm not surprised to be greeted with silence.

I edge towards the kitchen and pour myself some orange juice. There's some toast on the dining table already so I help myself to them. As I slide into the chair, I hear a soft noise coming from the living room and I peer t

o see Elijah with his breakfast on the table beside one of those huge floor-to-top windows.

"Good morning, Elijah," I smile warmly at Kayden's dad. His head pops up from the newspaper he casts me a soft smile, the crinkles at the side of his eyes visible when his cheeks lift.

"Sienna. I thought you left with them this morning," he says as I place my plate down in front of him and slide into the opposite seat.

"I must have overslept. Kayden didn't bother to wake me up," I murmur, forking some toast into my mouth.

"He probably didn't want to bother you," Elijah says. "I heard he brought you to the cemetery last night. Kind of a weird place to take your girlfriend, if you'd ask me."

"Oh, I know," I laugh. "But he had a good reason."

"He brought you to Clarissa's grave, didn't he?" He sighs, sipping on his tea. "So you know, then? About his family?"

I nod. "I know everything. Granted, it hasn't been easy for him to open up to me."

"I'm glad that he did," he tells me. "Kayden hasn't always been... easy to handle."

"Oh, I know. Trust me."

He laughs at my comment. "I know that he trusts you a lot, Sienna. And he loves you. The way he looks at you, it's as if you're his entire world. I've never seen him like this before. It's really refreshing. My wife really thanks you. She's been trying to get him to let people in for so long now and I'm glad he decided to take that step with you. Being with you really changed him."

"He changed me, too," I say. "Being with him is unpredictable. But I like it. I like that he's always trying to make sure he doesn't hurt me. I also like the fact that he wants to protect me. Even though he knows very damn well I can hold out on my own."

Elijah lets out a small chuckle. "He has always been that way."

I guess to him it's instinct. Even though he says he couldn't protect his sister, he tries his best to never let the same thing happen to anyone else."

I pause for a while. "What... what happened to Clarissa's adopted parents? Did they get caught? Did they end up in jail?"

Elijah's smile drops and he shrugs. "Eventually, they were caught and they ended up in jail. A few years later, they hung themselves in their cells. Some said they went crazy and they couldn't fathom what they'd done to the child. Honestly, they were crazy people. It was quite a shame that Clarissa ended up in their hands."

I push the plate aside, suddenly not having much of an appetite to eat anymore.

"Do you ever think that they got what they deserved?" I say after a while.

"Yes, I do. At least they couldn't harm other kids anymore. Clarissa was the first and the last victim," Elijah says without any hesitation. "Did... did Kayden tell you that he wanted to be a social worker like Patricia?"

I widen my eyes. "Really?"

He never told me that. He never even told me about his aspirations or his dreams.

"He finally told me when I got it out of him a few years ago. He said he wanted to help foster kids to get better homes. He wanted to prevent what happened to his sister," Elijah says, smiling to himself. But there is also sadness in his eyes when he says that, like he's proud but sad at the same time. "It's a shame he dropped out of college. I guess he couldn't get over her death. It still plagued him like an infection. He couldn't do anything about it."

I open my mouth to say something, anything, but I clamp my mouth shut instead. I didn't know Kayden wanted to be a social worker. Perhaps that

was a dream long ago, but still. I could picture him being one already. I knew how he was with his sister. He would be absolutely great with kids. He could prevent children from going into bad homes. He could help them and in the process, save a lot of lives.

It was a shame that Kayden dropped out of college. He allowed that dream to slip past his fingers, letting it get away. He could have done something more with his life. He had a goal, an aspiration, while I didn't. I'm stuck majoring in history, something that I found absolutely no interest in.

Elijah and I both swim in our own silence. But it doesn't take long before the silence gets cut off. The door opens and four voices fill the room. I hear Evans whine about how heavy the grocery bags are. I get on my feet and find Kayden carrying a crap ton of bags from the car all the way to the kitchen. He drops them onto the kitchen counter and uses the back of his hand to wipe off his sweat.

When he sees me, his face lights up. "Hey."

"Hey," I say, reaching forward to cup his face and kiss his dimples. Until now I still find them irresistible. "You guys bought a lot of shit."

"No, most of this is for our road trip back home," Kayden points to the bags.

I raise my eyebrows in confusion. "The car ride back home isn't even a road trip. It's a half an hour ride. Why do we need that much food?"

Brent shrugs. "Don't ask me. It was Evans idea."

I roll my eyes. Of course it was.

Patricia comes sauntering into the kitchen and presses a kiss on Elijah's cheek. She frowns when Kayden helps her to unload the bags. "I can't believe you guys are going back today. Can't you stay another day?"

"Mom. We have classes tomorrow," Brent explains. "And Kayden and Sienna need as much time they can get to train. Remember, mom? The finals are this Friday."

"Saturday." I correct him. "My dad's wedding is this Friday."

Patricia smiles at me. "Oh, you're dad's getting married? How exciting!"

"Not really." I shrug. "He's getting married to his seventh wife. They've been together for two months and he's many years her senior."

Her face falls slightly. "Oh. Well. I'm sure the wedding will be amazing."

Kayden laughs and snakes his arms around my waist. He whispers in my ear so softly that only I can hear. "I can't wait to see you in your bridesmaid's dress. I heard it's really sexy."

I blush. "You can't wait to see me in the dress or out of it?"

He grins. "Both."

"I'm going to get our bags!" Brent announces. "We have to get going soon."

Elijah and Evans follow Brent upstairs to help him with the bags. After helping Patricia take out all the stuff from the grocery bags, I quickly dash upstairs to stuff all my things into my duffle bag. Kayden starts the car ignition and we're loading all our bags into the car boot.

Patricia crosses her arms and pouts when she sees me. "Oh I wish I got to know you a lot better, Sienna. Please come and visit again soon."

Before I get into the car, I pull her into a small embrace. "I will, I promise."

She eyes Kayden warily. "Take care of him, will you? He needs you."

I nod wordlessly. All of us bid our goodbyes. I'm sad to leave Kayden's parents so soon. They're really nice people and they make me feel a lot like home -more than I can say about my own parents. I'm happy that Kayden ended up with them. He needs that kind of positivity in his life.

I slide myself into the back seat. I made Evans clean it out 1

ast night so I don't have to worry about that anymore. Kayden slides in right after me and hooks an arm over my shoulder, pulling me close.

As the car pulls out from the lot and onto the road, I feel a pang of fear crawl inside me. I don't know why I feel like this. As if something terrifying is going to happen and there is nothing I can do about it.

"Are you okay, Lucky?" Kayden notices my worry.

"Nothing," I lie instead, not wanting to think too much of it.

"It's nothing."

Like I said, it's nothing.

The next few days pass by fairly quickly. Kayden and I resume our training. To make up for lost time, I have him do rigorous training, increasing his hours at the gym. It's exhausting, but it's necessary. The finals are drawing closer and closer and each day I feel even more nervous.

I'm fairly confident that Kayden can do this—beat Jax—but I don't know how Jax is doing. I debate on stealing glances of him in the place where he trains, Lean Machines, but Julian says it's too risky. He might just see us and change his tactics all together.

So the only thing Kayden can do right now is just keep at what he's doing. When he's not at the punching bag, he's skipping rope. And when he's not skipping rope, he's running laps around the gym. When he's not doing that, he's sparring with me or Julian or both. And when he's not sparring, he's fighting with Julian.

Julian constantly keeps him on his feet. Kayden has managed to beat him countless of times regardless and I think it's bruising Julian's ego. Honestly, I don't really care. Julian needs a reality check and he needs to get it in his thick skull that someone can finally win him. Plus, every time Kayden beats Julian, he's another step closer to beating Jax.

I go on with my usual routine. In the morning, I go for classes and in the evening when I'm not working, I visit Kayden. Sometimes, we see each other too much and other times we see each other too little. I like to think it's a pretty nice balance. When I'm training with others, he'll stop by UF gym and surprise me with my favorite espresso from Caffeinated. Occasionally, he'll also hang around and taunt me while he watches me train my clients.

I like spending the little time that I have with Kayden. After a long day, I find myself missing him more than I care to admit. I crave his company so much that it doesn't feel right when I'm alone.

I love him.

And I want to tell him exactly that.

There are many times at I almost do. When he's cradling my face in his hands and his eyes display some sort of unanswered question. I want to give him my answer, I do.

But god, saying I love you is scary.

I'm not in my right mind to say I love you to him. I'm not. When I say those three words, I want to be the best I can be. And I can't do that when my thirst for revenge is getting stronger and I'll vaporize to dust if I don't see Jax Deneris fall in two days. My revenge will come first; it has always been that way since I met Kayden. And now, I have to focus on getting it through him.

My dad said that my need for revenge is scary. It's fueled by anger and hurt. He told me to let it go. My mother told me to let it go. But no matter how hard I try, I can't. I have never forgotten what Jax had done to me and my sister, and I will not stop until my revenge scheme is complete.

Sometimes, Kayden doesn't understand.

But then again, I don't think anyone does.

Perhaps they think it's wrong for me to burn in hatred and want revenge this much. I don't think anyone is like me. I guess I've been hardened to this sort of person ever since a long time ago. That's why I can't say I lov

e you to Kayden. Perhaps... when I'm done getting my revenge, I'll be able to be the person he wants me to be.

I'll just be... Sienna. Plain old Sienna.

Come to think of it, that sounds boring as fuck.

Today is the day Alyson and my dad finally gets hitched. Mom was supposed to be here two days ago to spend some time with me before the wedding, but she got held up at work and she had to take a last minute flight on the day itself. Kayden and I are waiting for her at the airport now. I glance at my watch and sigh.

"She's late," I roll my eyes. Kayden presses his hands against the hood of the car.

"She'll come."

"I'm not worried that she won't show up. I'm worried that she'll make us late for the ceremony."

"Well to be fair, we're already late," Kayden shrugs.

We knew we wouldn't have time to get changed after we picked my mother up from the airport so he's wearing his suit right now. The white button up shirt clings unto his body in all the right places. I can see several of his tattoos inside his sleeves, and in my opinion, it makes him look even hotter.

"Alyson is going to kill me," I run my shaky fingers through my blonde hair. Dammit. I am going to ruin the curls that I spent three hours this morning trying to get it perfect. All for Alyson. She would want me to look my best today and I want her to see that I made an effort.

I don't feel deserving of the maid of honor title. I haven't done very much to contribute to the wedding, except for the fact that I'm related to her fiancé by blood. But I don't think Alyson cares very much. She thinks I'm the best thing that's ever happened to her and that's why she's honored to have me at her wedding.

I think she's really starting to grow on me. More than I can say about mom right now.

Finally, I see a leggy blonde materialize from the revolving doors. She has on white, sweetheart dress that looks really good on her. Oh hell, everything looks good on my mother. On the good days, she can totally pass off as my sister because of how young she looks.

Maybe it's the botox.

"Hey!" She waves to us and I give her a half smile.

I don't want her to see that I'm irritated at her. This is the first time in five months since I've last seen her and I don't want to ruin the moment. So instead, I run to her—or to be more specific, attempt to run in the four inch heels I've been told to wear—and throw my arms around her to give her a good hug. She squeals and hugs me back, and tears shine in her eyes when I pull away.

"Shit, you're looking even more beautiful than ever," she says, not realizing that she just cussed at me.

"And you're looking even more... tanner." I say, wide eyed.

"It's the sun. I swear, it's scorching hot there," she walks over to Kayden and sticks her hand out. "And you must be the boyfriend, I presume?"

"You presume correct." Kayden casts her a sheepish smile.

"Oh crap. Thank god you snatched this one up, Sienna. His dimples are gorgeous." She winks at Kayden as he helps to load her luggage into the back of the car. "So how many hours do we have left to the church ceremony?"

"Uh. We're running late. Really late," I tell her, shrugging.

She frowns, getting into the car. "I'm so sorry, baby. Is Alyson going to be pissed?"

"She's not that kind of person."

"Oh, baby," she says, pressing her hand against my cheek. "She

may not be that kind of person but you don't know weddings, Sienna. They'll turn you into a monster."

Kayden turns on the steering wheel, chuckling slightly to himself. Mom just glares at him.

"What?" He says.

"You don't believe me? You'll wait and see when you get hitched to this one," she points at me. "She'll be a nightmare to handle, that's for sure."

"Mom-" I start off.

But my mom shushes me—actually shushes me!—and turn to Kayden. "Step on it, boy. We got a wedding to catch. I bet you guys fifty bucks that all hell breaks loose during the wedding."

A/N: Like I said in the previous chapter, this is just a filler chapter. The next few chapters will be very dramatic.

Oh, and I have an IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! Since the deadline for the Wattys2015 is on August 31st and I have to finish Perfect Addiction by then, I have no choice but to update more frequently than I ever have. I have ten more chapters left, so I need to do this. It's exhausting, but I'm dedicated to finishing this story. Therefore, there will be UPDATES EVERY ALTERNATE DAY. So there might be updates 3 to 4 times a week.

I'm probably the only author here on Wattpad that updates that much.

After August 31st, I will start on Perfect Collision. However, I am going to be having my Trials and my IGCSEs in October and November so I have to catch up on my studies. Also, I think I need a little breather after typing relentlessly on the keyboard everyday to finish Addiction. Therefore, I probably won't be able to update as frequent as I do now. I apologize beforehand and I don't want any of you going into Collision thinking that I'm going to update 3-4 times a week. It will definitely be less than that.

If you haven't seen the Perfect Collision summary yet, it's on the Dia-Hards Facebook group. And if you're not a member of the group yet, join here: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/491136387718551/>

Ask me a question on my ask.fm! It's always open!

<http://www.ask.fm/clauidiaaatan>

Check me out on other social networks as well!

Twitter - claudiaoverhere

Instagram - claudiaaatan

See you on Thursday!

Love, Claudia.

38. Wedding From Hell

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The wedding ceremony was absolutely beautiful. Thank god for Kayden's mad driving skills, otherwise we probably wouldn't be able to make it on time.

Once we got there, I found out that mom was right about one thing, brides on their wedding day are crazy. Alyson almost tore my head off when I came to see her for my bouquet. She yelled at me like a banshee for about ten minutes, causing the ceremony to start late.

I would have given her a piece of my mind but unfortunately, I knew I should take the blame for why I was late. And plus, I didn't want to make bridezilla even more angry.

So I apologized and helped her calm down. In the end, she did and she apologized profusely for yelling at me the way that she did.

The wedding ceremony turned out fine, with little to no mishap

s whatsoever. I did as I rehearsed before, making my way down the aisle. My hair was pushed to my side and I had a smile plastered on my face. Alyson was right; I did outshine the bridesmaids. Their dresses were white and modest whereas mine was blood red and gorgeous.

I passed by Kayden, who could not find a good seat so he sat at the back. When he saw me, it made everything worth it. He looked at me like I was an angel and he was mine to claim.

Soon after I walked in, Alyson made her grand entrance. She was absolutely beautiful in her wedding dress. It was a strapless gown, the top stopping mid-waist, allowing the many layers of fabric flow around as she walked. She looked like a princess with her long trail and the huge bouquet of roses she held. I noticed how my father looked when he saw her. He looked at her like how Kayden looked at me.

Filled with love.

I never thought I would see the day when my father actually married someone I knew he was going to spend the rest of his life with.

The music faded and vows were exchanged. I smiled when my father got teary-eyed when he declared his love for her and vice-versa. Hell, even the priest looked like he was about to cry. Rings were given and words were said.

As the priest uttered his last words to end the ceremony, my father stepped forward and claimed his new wife with a loving kiss. All the guests applauded and cheered them on as he carried her out of the church, looking like the happiest man alive.

I watch from afar, my heart filled with joy for the both of them. The reason why my father was smiling right now is because of Alyson. She did this and I love her for that. When I caught her gaze sometime later, she grinned at me and I gave her two-thumbs up, as if telling her congrats, woman. You have successfully tamed my father.

Now, I watch as the same happy couple sway to La Vi En Rose, completely lost in each other. I sit with Kayden, his hand linked with mine as I continue to gaze from afar. I turn around and catch him staring at me, a grin evident on his face.

He nods to Alyson and my dad. "You think they'll last?"

"Yeah. I think so," I say. "It's different this time. Good different."

"Think we'll be like them one day?" His grin grows wider, red tinting his cheeks.

"What are you implying?" I eye him.

"You know damn well what I'm implying, Lucky. I'm talking about the whole marriage and kids thing."

"Wait a minute," I instantly did a double take on him, "are you asking me what I think you're asking me?" I turn to him more, humor crossing my face. "So we're really doing this? Having the whole marriage and kids talk?"

"Why the fuck not? Now is a good time as any," he says, kissing the inside of my hand slowly. "Weddings get me thinking about this sort of things."

"Okay, then. Let's do this." We're now face-to-face, unable to wipe off the smiles on our faces. I take a sip of champagne and start. "So you think we might just last and get married?"

"Hell yeah," he murmurs. "We go big or go home, Lucky."

Oh my god. This is hilarious.

"Kids?"

"What about them?" He leans closer to me, a challenging gleam in his eyes.

"If we get married, how many would you want?"

"Two. A boy and a girl. I don't care which comes first," he says without hesitation. "We'll name him Max, after Maximus, because that name is fucking cool. And the girl Clarissa, after my sister."

My face hurt from smiling. I can't believe we're having this talk.

"You've thought about this, haven't you?" I ask.

"Of course I had," He says as-a-matter-of-factly. "I like to think that there is a future for the both of us. I'm not in this relationship to just see how it goes, Sienna. I'm in love with you and I'm in this for the long run. If you'll have me, of course."

His words melt my heart. I lean in and press my lips against his, kissing him slowly. He sighs against my lips and his tongue slips into my mouth easily. I forget how much I crave his kisses sometimes. They're so... addictive. When I finally pull away, I lean against his forehead, breathing heavily.

I want to speak, to tell him that his words mean so much to me. But I can't even describe how he makes me feel. It's impossible to put it into words. He takes my silence as it is and the edges of his lips curl into a crooked smile.

"Let's dance." He tugs on my arm. "This time, I promise I'll let you lead."

"Well, if you insist." I wink at him.

He laughs and I let him drag me to the dance floor. We're spinning and I'm dizzy, dizzy with lust and love for him. I can't believe I've managed to have someone like Kayden. He has many layers and it took a lot of digging to finally get through to him, and when I finally did, it was worth it. It was all worth it.

I'm still in my little bubble after we pull apart and he gives me some time to mingle with the other guests. I have a giddy, infectious smile on my face as I head over to the refreshment table to grab myself another glass of champagne.

"Haven't had a chance to see you all day. But looking at you right now... made the wait so worth it." Someone whispers in my ear and my skin crawls.

I back away from him, hissing. "Get away from me, Jax."

I knew he would be here. Of course he would. Beth obviously brought him here.

I've seen Beth this morning when she walked down the aisle but she never made any attempt to strike a conversation with me after that. She casts fake smiles and makes polite conversation but I know deep down, she's just sad.

Sad and lost.

And it's because of the man in front of me.

Jax wears a white tuxedo, complimented with a red bow tie and leather shoes. He has his blonde hair gelled back, which makes his squared jaw even more prominent. He adjusts his cufflinks and smiles at me. That smile might have made me worship the ground he walked on a long time ago, but not any more.

My anger boils when he casts me a twisted smile. I hate him. I really do. I wish he never fucking existed.

"Where's Beth?" I hiss.

"Don't know," he shrugs, "but I don't want to talk to her. I want to talk to you."

Hah. Talk my ass.

"You're disgusting." I spit at him.

"It's not what you think." He shakes his head. "Can we go somewhere more private? Away from... this?"

He throws a glare at Alyson and my dad like he's disgusted with him. I'm appalled. Truly. Because I realized that I used to date a fucking asshole who only cares about himself.

I can't believe I didn't see this sooner. I can't believe I was so blind these past three years, allowing myself to succumb to his ways.

"The hell I'm going anywhere with you," I grab my champagne glass.

ass and lift my dress so I can walk. "Stay away from me. I am done with you, Jax. I mean it."

He steps inwards to block my way. I cross my arms and I'm contemplating all the ways I can kill him. "I only want to talk to you, Sienna. I swear. You don't have to talk. Just hear me out, okay? Once I'm done, you can go and you don't have to talk to me ever again, I swear."

"Or you could just leave me the fuck alone and let me get on with my life trying to erase you out of it."

He winces and I know my words hit a sore spot. "Please, Sienna. Give me three minutes. Three minutes and I won't bother you again."

I look around, silently wishing for help to get myself out of this situation. I find Kayden, who's having a conversation with Alyson and I try to desperately to catch his attention, but he doesn't even bother to glance at me.

I guess I'm on my own now.

I make a frustrated noise. As much as I should probably leave him right now, I can't. I'm curious to know what he wants to say to me. And maybe if I succumb to him just this once, he'll leave me alone after that.

"Fine. Fine," I say, exasperated. "Three minutes and you're gone, you got me?"

"I promise, princess," he murmurs and I cringe at the use of my old nickname.

I grab Jax's arm and drag him outside the hallway. When we're in the clear, Jax steps away from me and buries his hands in his hair, completely messing it up.

"What do you want to tell me, Jax? I haven't got all night." I say, my arms placed on my hips.

He takes a deep, pained breath and his eyes lock with mine.

"I love you," Jax says. "I'm in love with you, Sienna."

Jesus. Way to drop the bomb on me.

Whatever I expected to come out of his mouth, it surely wasn't that.

"No," I shake my head. "No, you're not. Don't play games with me. You're drunk, Jax. Go home."

"I'm not drunk!" He raises his voice and I back away from him. I think he realizes how it looked and his expression softens. "I'm not drunk, I swear. I'm in love with you, princess. I loved you since I met you and I love you since we dated and I never stopped loving you even after... after what happened between us."

"Fuck you!" I shove the middle finger at his face. "You're so full of bullshit. If you did love me, you wouldn't have cheated on me with my sister! Jesus! You're so fucked up!"

"I am!" He slams his hands hard on the wall and sighs. "I am but I know what I want. And I want you. I do. So fucking much that it hurts."

"Well, I don't want you!" I say, crossing my arms. "I'm with Kayden now. He makes me happy— happier than you've ever made me."

The look that crosses his face is pure devastation. "You don't mean that."

"I do!" I exclaim. "I know what I feel so don't tell me how I should! Because I fucking love him, Jax. I never thought it would be possible to love someone after you but I did. And I realized that the kind of love I have for Kayden beats everything that I ever had with you. He's funny and he never fails to put a smile on my face. He protects me and he doesn't hurt me. I wish I can say the same about you."

An angry snarl crosses Jax's face. He steps closer to me, his clenched fists. "You're wrong. You don't love him. He's just your rebound guy. He doesn't understand you. Like you said, we've always understood each other. We were made out of the same cloth. Let's face it: you and me? We belong together."

We're made for each other. No matter how many times I screw up, I will always wait for you. Always."

I laugh. "If you're so certain about this, why did you cheat on me? Huh?"

"I don't know!" He says, exasperated. Even he seems to know that none of this is making any sense. "Because I could? Because she was there once when you were not? I didn't think, Sienna. It was the one time that I didn't. Do you have to put me through so much torture because I made one mistake? I don't know what happened to me. I got so caught up in the moment. I thought she could give me more than you could. That's why I lied to you when I saw you at the knockouts. All that shit about Beth and I, loving each other and all that, it was just pure bullshit. I knew I made a mistake when I lost you and I thought that maybe if I still had her... it would be fine. She was loyal to me and I liked that. So of course I stayed by her side."

"But then... I see you with that son of a bitch," he spits. "Kayden fucking Williams. My arch nemesis. You knew I hated him, princess. You knew and you went straight to him when we broke up. I couldn't believe it—couldn't believe you would do something like that."

"Well, betrayal is such a bitch, isn't it?" I hiss back.

"I couldn't stand the fact that you went to him. That's why I threatened him at the club last month. I needed to teach him a lesson about not to mess with me and my girl." He shakes his head. "Sienna, you make me crazy. You make me love you and you make me hate you. You don't make sense. And I love that. I love you, princess. I'm sorry if it took me this long to figure it out but I do. I don't want Beth. I never wanted Beth. I want you."

The words that are coming out of his mouth are unbelievable. Two months ago, he swore he loved Beth and now he swears he loves me?

Jax presses his hand on my cheek and leans in. "I want you, princess. Kayden doesn't deserve you. I do."

I don't believe him. I know why he's doing this. I know why he's weaving lies.

"You want what you can't have," I murmur. He freezes and his head and falls limply to his side.

"What?" He breathes.

"You want what you can't have," I say a little louder, laughing. "God, you're a fucking dick, Jax. Really. I know why you cheated on me. You didn't just get 'caught up in the moment' with Beth. You wanted her because you were stuck in a relationship that you couldn't get out of. You were caged in and I know all too well how you felt about that. You wanted her because she was there—pretty, sweet, innocent and madly in love with you. She fantasized about you for so long. I was already yours so what did it matter? You wanted a taste of my sister and you went for it."

"And now you can't stand that I'm with Kayden now. I may not have been with him since the last time we met, but you knew that I would fall for him. And you hated that. Because now you were stuck with my sister and I'm the one out of your grasp. Untouchable." I huff and Jax's eyes blazed. "So you're here right now because you want me back. You don't want me because you had an epiphany and you realize you love me. You want me because I'm with another man and you like a challenge. You always do."

I don't stop. "When I came to you three years ago, I was weak. I was destroyed by my parents' divorce and I needed someone. You took me in and fixed me up because you liked the challenge of aiding weak girls like me. You made me strong but I didn't like how I was with you. I had fake friends, and I was a total bitch. I was mean to my sister and I was so blinded by the fact that you were there to help me that I thought I was in love with you. But I don't. You made me bad, Jax. You are a bad influence on me."

"You're wrong," he croaks out, but even his voice sounds weak.

"No, I'm not," I shake my head. "You're a fucking mess, Jax. G

o and get a life and leave me and my sister the fuck out of it. She knows what you're doing, Jax. And she's so sad. And when she's sad, I get fucking angry. Remember the promise I made you? One way or another, I will exact my revenge on you. I want to watch you writhe in your pain. I want to watch you get what you can't have and that is that victory tomorrow."

I'm shaking with anger. I grab him by the face with my hand and clench my teeth. "I can't wait to fulfill my revenge on you. I'm really excited to watch you fall."

"You're crazy." He laughs.

"You made me this way!" I hiss.

"No, I didn't," he shakes his head. "You did that entirely on your own."

"Fuck you." I seethe.

He gives another twisted smile. "Already did, princess."

Anger burst out of my body and I slap him on the face. Fury flashes across his face and he clamps a hand down on my wrist to prevent me from hurting him again. But I use my other hand to smash my fist into his face. He immediately lets go of me and he steps back, a hand flying to the place I had hit him.

I can't believe what I had just done. I actually hit him. I couldn't control my anger and I couldn't think because I was just clouded with wanting to hurt him.

I expect Jax to be mad at me for hitting him, but he only smiles when he sees my baffled expression. He is enjoying this, clearly.

"And you're blaming me for making you this way?" He laughs and there's no humor in it. "Please. I didn't force you to hit me, princess. You did that on your own. We are more alike than you think. Our anger fuels us. Makes us who we are. You can't escape that, no matter how hard you try."

"Don't." I can't listen to this anymore. I swear to god, if he doesn't shut up I'm going to hit him again. "Don't."

He walks towards me, his eyes wielding mine. I look away because I don't want him to see me like this. The darkest side of me out in the open.

"Don't think about it. I forgive you for hitting me. You're angry. You've always been. And I understand. That's what makes us perfect for each other. We do twisted things but that is exactly why we're good together. You understand that, do you?" Jax now stands in front of me, his face softening. He reaches out to cup my face and I jerk away, but he slides a steady arm around my waist and pull me to him.

"Jax." I try to pry away from his arms but he cages me in.

"Don't try to fight it," he murmurs. "You were made for me, Sienna."

And he crashes our lips together.

I'm fighting him, fighting his lips, but he is pushing himself unto me, making sure I cannot get out of this. I hate everything about this. I hate that all I can feel in his kiss is the pain and confusion that is inside of him. He's not doing this because he loves me. He's doing this because he doesn't want to be alone and he thinks I can understand him, even though he doesn't understand himself.

My instincts kick in and I thrust my leg upwards, kicking him in the groin. He immediately double over, and I take that moment to walk away from him.

"What the fuck is going on here?" A familiar voice rings in my ears and I relax because I know who it is.

Kayden crosses the hallway and stares at me, then at Jax. I shake my head and wipe my lips, wanting to erase Jax from my body. His smell, his touch, his kiss, everything. Kayden realizes what Jax has done to me and immediately stalks towards Jax.

"You fucking kissed her?" His nostrils flare while saying it.

Jax laughs, holding his private area. "She wanted it, Killer. She really did."

"I so fucking did not!" I yell.

Kayden's eyes go blood red. He tightens his jaw so hard that I'm afraid that he might break it. Jax laughs again, his voice dry and hoarse. "Why don't you just hit me, Killer? I'm clearly asking for it."

My boyfriend turns to look at me. I'm breathing hard and my mind is spinning. I know Kayden shouldn't hit him. Jax wants it, and I don't know why he does, but he's provoking Kayden to do it. But a little part of me tells me to let Kayden hit him. Isn't that what I want? Jax and Kayden can settle this right now. We don't need a ring for me to exact my revenge on Jax.

We can do it right here.

"That's right," Jax seethes. "I'm asking you to fight me, Killer."

I don't say anything. I know Kayden wants me to tell him what to do, but I look away because I'm ashamed. Ashamed that I want this fight between Kayden and Jax to happen right now.

"I'm not going to fight you." It takes him so much effort to say it. But I can tell he wants to hit Jax so badly. His fists are clenched and he's staring at Jax with so much loathing.

As usual, Jax doesn't want to take no for an answer. He steps towards Kayden, his eyes leveling his. "What? You afraid I'm going to win? I always win, Kayden. You're below me. You're nothing. Even with all the help in the world, you'll never beat me. Because you're pathetic. No parents, no sister, no nothing."

"Jax, shut up!" I snap.

Jax laughs and hits Kayden in the head with his palm. "That's right. I know all about you. I did my research. You killed your parents. Drove them straight into the ocean, huh? And your sister—you put her in that home because of that, you killed her. You can't do anything. You can't even protect your own family. How are you even going to protect yourself when you're in that ring tomorrow? How are you going to protect her?" He points to me and I flinch.

"Your parents died because of your stupidity," he snarls. "Your sister died because you were a coward and you left her to burn in that fucking house. You are weak, and you don't deserve to even live after what you've done—"

Jax doesn't even get to finish his sentence because Kayden's fist slams into his face.

A/N: Shit is going down.

I believe we're almost near the climax. (: And guess what? About 8 more chapters left till we're done with Perfect Addiction. I'm kind of sad it's nearing the end, but well, you know what they say. All things must come to an end.

Anyways, what do you guys think of this chapter? Things are finally heating up. I'm kind of scared of Sienna right now. Her ugly side is really showing and I don't want to mess with her right now.

I'm going to stray a bit from Perfect Addiction and say this—If you haven't read my rant, head on over to my Rant book, Rants, Raves and Other Misgivings. This week, we're talking about Overused Book Titles.

Latest post: <https://www.wattpad.com/134461927-rants-raves-and-other-misgivings-6-overused>

If you haven't joined the Dia-Hards Facebook group, you better get on the bandwagon because we have more than 1000 members already!

Dia-Hards Facebook Page: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/491136387718551/>

Also, follow me on Twitter! My username is claudiaoverhere
Don't forget Instagram! My username is claudiaaatan

See you on Saturday, loves.
Xoxo, Claudia.

39. He Beats The Crap Out Of My Ex

Perfect Addiction just reached 3 MILLION READS! LIKE WHAT EVEN.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

My mother was right. All hell breaks loose. The minute Kayden's fist makes contact with Jax's face, everything goes to shit.

The fight is a blur of hands strangling each other, throwing punches and kicks. I can't see anything except that the both of them are going apeshit crazy. A potted plant gets smashed the minute Jax's body crashes down on it. Kayden topples over him, his fists repeatedly smashing Jax's face. Jax clamps his hands together, blocking his face, and kicks upwards, knocking Kayden off of him.

Kayden tackles Jax again, caging him against the wall and punching his gut. Repeatedly. Jax groans in pain but uses his energy to push Kayden away but he doesn't back down. If anything, it makes Kayden angrier. A twisted snarl crosses his face as he pins Jax against the wall, his hands clasp his neck. Jax claws at Kayden's hands, but his grip on his neck is like iron.

Oh my god.

Shit, do something! My mind screams at me but I hesitate.

I want to let Kayden do this. I should. Hell, isn't this what I've been training him to do this whole time? To beat Jax? And he's actually doing it. He's winning this fight.

But it feels wrong.

"Stop!" Someone yells. Or that's me. I can't really tell. It's as if I'm not conscious of what is happening here. I'm too stricken by my thoughts. Why does it feel like this shouldn't be happening? This isn't what I pictured what would happen between the both of them—I imagined them in the ring tomorrow, battling it out—but it's close. It's what I've always wanted.

Right?

"Stay the fuck away from Sienna and I," Kayden hisses. "If you come back, I swear to God, I'll end your fucking life."

"You're pathetic," Jax sneers. "You've finally shown your true colors. You gonna kill me, Kayden? Your hands are around me. I think I might just let you. Show Sienna who you are—a true killer."

Shit. Jax knew what nerve to touch. And I hate it. He always had a way with words. Whether if it was to flirt with a girl or to get someone really angry, he always knew the right-wrong thing to say.

Kayden's eyes bulge out for a second and I know he's thinking about his sister again.

Kayden makes a pained sound, but he doesn't release his hold on Jax. He shakes uncontrollably with anger as slams Jax against the wall again. I know Kayden doesn't want to do this; but Jax is feeding him bullshit that fuels his anger.

He has come so far, and now it's all going down the drain.

Do something, god damn it! My mind screams again. Can't you see that he's hurting? Get him out of this fight before anyone regrets it!

My legs are still glued to the floor.

STOP THE FIGHT. STOP THE GOD DAMNED FIGHT!

As much as I want my revenge today, I have to stop this. Kayden might be winning this fight today but if Jax opens his stupid mouth once more, his words will destroy Kayden. He's not going to recover from this.

I have to save him. I have to protect Kayden.

I run to him and try to pull him away from Jax but

He. Won't. Let. Go.

Kayden's eyes are still glued to Jax, his hands making a permanent

nent place around Jax's neck. I've never seen him this mad before—red clouds his eyes, veins popping at the side of his neck.

"You will never deserve her. She loves me. She always had. You will always... come second to me," Jax coughs out blood and spits it at Kayden's face. Kayden growls and push him harder against the wall. "You think you're so special? She's just using you to get her revenge on me! She doesn't care about you at all."

"Don't listen to him!" I grasp Kayden's arm to try to pull him back but damn, he's strong. "He's fucking with your mind!"

Jax glances at me, his teeth clenched.

"You know I'm right," Jax seethes. "She will always put her revenge first above anything else. Even you. Wondered why she didn't pry you off me sooner? Because she wants this, Killer. She wants you to kill me. Right here. Right now."

"Shut up!" I scream.

"What makes you think that she will still love you if you lost to me tomorrow? Huh?" He coughs. "She won't. Because if she doesn't have her revenge, she will have nothing. And you will be nothing."

"Kayden!" I yell, desperate this time. "Let go!"

"What the fuck is going on here?" I hear my dad running towards us, a look of pure shock on his face

Another voice soon follows. I'm pushed aside as two people try to pry Kayden off of Jax. Eventually, Kayden lets go and staggers back, the realization of what he's done finally dawning upon him. Jax slumps to the floor, coughing out more blood. My dad and my mom hover over him, checking if he's still okay.

"Oh my god." Another voice joins and I whirl around and see Alyson in her bridal gown. Her mouth is clamped over her mouth as she walks towards us. "What the hell happened?"

Kayden doesn't answer. He presses his forehead against the other wall, too ashamed to say anything. I put a hand on his shoulder to see if he's okay and he flinches, pushing me away. I don't need a huge sign to know that he needs his space and I'm not wanted right now.

Jax laughs, his voice breaking. "I hit him and he retaliated."

He lifts his hand up shakily to point at Kayden.

My dad, who's white button up shirt is splattered with blood, has a deep frown on his face. He walks over to his new wife and kisses her softly. "I'm sorry. There is nothing to be worried about. Go back inside."

"How old do you think I am? Five?" Alyson rolls her eyes. "I want to know what happened. The guests are worried."

My dad glances at me with worry. I nod, telling him to go with his wife to handle the guests. God, I think I just ruined a wedding. All because I decided to have a talk with Jax.

And look how it turned out.

"Go, dad," I urge him.

My mom, who is done inspecting Jax, nods. "I'll deal with this."

"Lauren?" My dad questions. My mom nods again and that is the only confirmation he needs. He turns back and cups his wife's hand before they disappear to explain what the commotion was to the guests in the ballroom.

My mom hugs herself with her slender arms as her gaze finds mine. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's not me you should be worried about." I tilt my head towards Jax. "You should call Beth. She'll want to hear about this."

My mom shakes her head. "She's going to freak out."

"Her boyfriend got his face bashed by my boyfriend. Even if that's all kinds of fucked up, trust me, she'll want to know."

My mom glares at Jax. "He won't be her boyfriend much longer."

"Go back inside. I'll handle... whatever this is." I hug her quickly but she doesn't seem convinced. "Please, mom. I don't want you to see any more of this."

"I trust you." She kisses me on the cheek.

With another swift nod, I send mom on her way so I can deal with both Jax and Kayden.

"Kayden-" I reach out to touch him but he backs away from me. His face is bruised, his lip has a huge gash on it and he's bleeding. He wipes it away with the back of his hand and turns his back on me. "Where are you going?"

"I can't-I can't-you-" He chokes out and then he takes off running, disappearing out of view.

I don't know what to do I don't know and I don't know how to fix this. My mind is spinning, spinning, still trying to process what just happened.

"Go after him, princess," Jax sighs. "He's much more important to you than me."

"He definitely is." I sneer at him. "Why would you do that? Why did you have to provoke him?"

"Why didn't you stop him?" He counters back.

"I did." I say.

"Clearly you didn't want to. You only did it because I fucked with his mind."

I hate that Jax is right.

"I hate you," I spit at him. He leans his head against the wall and laughs.

"I only wanted to fight him because I think he deserves to see who you really are. He will never accept you like this, Sienna. And he probably never will. Because he sees too much of himself in you and it scares him. But it doesn't scare me. If you give me another chance, I'll embrace who you really are, princess."

"Shut up!" I snap. "I will never go back to you, Jax. Why can't you get it in that thick skull of yours? I will choose him. Always. Don't try to make assumptions about him. You have no idea what he'd been through. You triggered something in him and I don't know how the hell am I going to get him back!"

He chokes on his own laugh. "Whatever, princess. Go do your thing."

"Oh my god, Jax?" I hear Beth round the corner and I don't want to stick around to see this reunion. I make a dash towards the opposite side, my legs carrying me as fast as possible. I need to catch up to Kayden. God knows the feelings running through him and right now, I need to be there for him. I need to help him.

I promised him I would.

I push the grand doors away and the cool night breeze hits me.

I look around frantically, trying to find any sign of Kayden. I trudge towards the direction of his car, hoping that if I find it there, then he wouldn't have gone far. But my face falls when I stare at the empty parking spot.

Well, shit.

I can't sleep. The whole night I've been walking back and forth around the apartment, worried sick about Kayden.

After the wedding, he had gone completely MIA and nobody had seen him since. I tried calling his cell but it keeps going to voicemail. At first I was frustrated, but now I'm just angry. For leaving without telling me. For leaving me here to pick up the shattered pieces of what was supposed to be a great night for me, Alyson and my dad.

I left him eighty-seven voicemails.

Where are you?

I'm worried about you.

Don't listen to what Jax said. He's a dick.

Please, talk to me.

I can't stand the fact that you're gone and I don't know where you are.

Come back to me, Kayden.

That's just the gist of it.

After a while, I gave up on that and threw my phone on the sofa. I don't know what to do now.

Kayden is gone and I'm not sure if he's coming back.

I can only imagine what he must be going through right now. The things Jax said to Kayden... god, it was bad. Jax knew exactly how to push his buttons. Using me to get to him? That was real low. And Jax didn't even know it but when he called him a killer, I knew then it stuck with Kayden. It probably brought him ugly memories of his sister that he had wanted to suppress.

I wince at just the thought of Jax. I can't believe he would say such things to Kayden. Back when we were dating, he was always good around me. He hid that side of him from me—the ugly side. The side that wants to own people and hurt them when they hurt him.

God, I can't believe I was in love with that fucker.

My thoughts revert back to Kayden. I never thought that I would find love with him, but now that I did, I'm scared now that it's in jeopardy.

What Jax said about me and my need for revenge, it was horrible. I may not love Jax but I know that he's right. I'm dark and twisted inside, and I hesitated to pull Kayden away from Jax because I wanted him to defeat Jax right there. Because for a split second, my need for revenge is stronger than my love for Kayden.

He's going to slip through my fingers and it's going to be my fault.

I need to find him. Maybe I'm not the person he wants to see now, but I want to see him. I need to explain what happened, even though I don't know how.

But how can I even find him when he doesn't even want to be found?

I miss him already. I wrap myself in the blankets that I stole from Kayden's bed and I make myself comfortable on the sofa, my eyes trained on the door. Every minute sound lifts my hopes a little but it's soon crushed when I realize the sound isn't Kayden unlocking the door and coming back to me.

I glance at my phone for the thousandth time and of course, there are no messages from him. I should probably do something other than wait for him. Instead, I call my mom's cell. After the wedding, she wanted to stay with me for support but I told her to head her own way. She didn't need to get sucked into all this drama now. I wanted her to enjoy what little time she had here in Boston before returning to her boyfriend in Puerto Rico.

I quickly dial her number and hold my breath for a response. Fortunately, she answers on the second ring.

"Hey, mom," I murmur.

"I was just about to call you," my mom sighs, obviously glad to hear my voice. "You doing okay? Is he back yet?"

"No," I shake my head. "Mom, I don't want you to think that he's like this. Kayden is good to me. He always has been. Jax just provoked him and he just... cracked."

"It's okay, I get it." She cuts me off quickly. "That boy loves you. I saw him looking at you when you weren't noticing. He loves you so much and I know he wouldn't lay a finger on you. But seeing what happened between him and Jax... I don't know. It got me worried. Not about you but him."

"I'm worried about him too. I'm worried that he'll do something he'll regret later." I shake my head, wedging the phone between my shoulder and my ear so I can lift the sheets higher up to cover myself. "How is Alyson doing? I hoped we didn't ruin her wedding."

"I think she's fine," she says. "Your dad managed to calm her and the other guests down. The reception resumed like normal."

"Thank god," I breathe a sigh of relief. "I was afraid that Alyson's going to hate me forever."

"She won't," she laughs. "Alyson is such a nice lady. I doubt she'll hold a grudge."

"How do you know that? You met her for like five minutes."

Mom laughs. "But after you left, we talked about you. That woman has your best interests at heart. I'm glad that she loves you and she'll be able to look after you when I'm gone."

"So you approve of Alyson?"

"Totally." I can picture her nodding here. "Your dad finally met his true match. Speaking of your dad, have you talked to him yet?"

"Um..." My voice trails off.

"Sienna. You're not still holding a grudge on him, are you?"

"Well... not really?" I say, uncertain. "I don't know, mom. I didn't get a chance to talk to him."

"I think the both of you are long overdue for a father-daughter chat. Do ring him up when all this... is sorted out, okay?" I open my mouth to protest, but her mother's intuition kicks in and she cuts me off. "I mean it, Sienna. You need to patch things up with him. Otherwise you'll regret it."

"Fine," I say, exasperated. "But not now. I need to focus on Kayden first."

"I understand." Her tone is lighter now. "I do hope Kayden comes back, though. If you haven't heard from him after tomorrow..."

"I know what to do."

I'll call his parents. Mom told me to do that at first but I didn't want to because I didn't want to worry them.

"Good night, baby. I love you."

"I love you too, mom." And then I hang up.

Silence consumes the room again. I look around, then glance at the door, my eyes trained on them as if I'm willing Kayden to come home. Home. It doesn't feel like much of a home without him.

I spend another hour up, but in the end, my eyes fail on me and I drift to sleep on the couch, the ember of hope inside of me slowly burning out until there's nothing left.

A/N: First of all, shoutout to my school's cheerleading team, Cyrens and Rayvens for claiming the champions title yet again. You girls continue to amaze me and you deserve everything and more after all the hard work and tears.

Okay. Back to PA. Like I said, shit is about to go down. This is not the end of it guys. We're nearing the climax, and I'm excited for you guys to see it. And also scared for your reactions. Hehe.

I like this chapter because I like diving into Sienna's mind. She's dark and she scares the living shit out of me. Even though she is a very flawed character, I would never have her any other way.

So, is KAYNA in jeopardy? Perhaps. I guess we'll have to find out in the next chapter.

See you guys on MONDAY!

Love, Claudia.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

My eyes immediately pop open when I hear the door open. Footsteps soon follow, each louder than the last.

It's him. It's Kayden.

He looks like shit.

His dark hair is tousled and messy and his face is sickly pale. There are huge eye bags underneath his eyes, somewhat like hollows. The gash on his lower lip is still there, but it has stopped bleeding. When he notices that I'm awake, he stops at his tracks and just stares at me. Neither of us know what to say.

He swallows hard and with a trembling hand, he runs his fingers through his hair—a usual habit of his—and closes his eyes like it pained him to see me.

It pained him for me to see him like this.

Weak.

Broken.

I can sense that something within him just snapped. I don't recognize the man I fell in love with. I don't recognize the spark of light within him that constantly draws me to him. I don't recognize his face, his hands, his body, this body, standing in front of me.

It is as if he's back to square one—his walls built back up and his defenses impenetrable. I cannot find anything in his eyes that can give me any answers.

Kayden swallows hard, a lump forming in his throat. Fortunately, he is the first one to break the silence. "Hey."

"I waited all night for you," I say, barely a whisper. My voice comes out hoarse and shaky. "I waited for you, Kayden. I hoped—I thought that you would come back. I was worried sick."

He just stands still, his body turning rigid when my words dawned upon me. He shoves his hands into his black slacks—the exact same pair from last night's wedding—and looks down like he's afraid of where this conversation is heading. "I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry?" I wipe the tears off my face. "That's it?"

He doesn't look at me. He doesn't want to. I throw the sheets wrapped around me aside and stand up, walking to him. I grasp his chin and force him to level his gaze with mine. He gulps again, fear clouding his eyes.

"You left me at the wedding, alone and without a single word!"

I yell. "You didn't even bother to tell me where you were going. I called you a thousand times. I looked everywhere for you! I know that what Jax said to you was harsh, but god dammit, Kayden! You running off like that without even word—it hurt me. I get that what happened took a huge toll on you, but I would have been there if you needed me! But you don't even care, do you? Otherwise you would have at least sent me a text telling me if you were okay or you would have called me and told me not to worry and you were figuring things out!"

"Lucky," he says my name weakly. "I'm sorry."

He doesn't even know what else to say to me.

"Where did you go?" My eyes find his again. He doesn't answer me. "Please, Kayden. Where the fuck did you go?"

He sighs. "I went to Jo's for a while. To clear my head a little. Then, I went to the cemetery. I needed to be near my sister and parents for a while."

That would explain the reason why he wasn't there when I went to the cemetery. He was at Jo's first. I didn't bother to check again.

Our timing didn't match up.

"Why didn't you come to me instead?" I say, my hand falling limply by my side. "Why? We could have figured things out. I could have helped you. I promised that I'll be here for you. Always. You needed someone then and I sh

ould have been there for you. Do you know how much it killed me knowing that you were out there somewhere and I couldn't even help you overcome this?"

"I needed to be away from you." he shakes his head. "I couldn't be near you."

I feel like he just tore me half open and wide because what he just said was excruciating.

Kayden looks down again and starts to walk away from me. I reach forward and clamp a hand down his wrist to prevent him from going any further. "Is this about what Jax said? About me?"

"That... and among other things." A vein pops in his neck and his eye twitches. "Is it true? That you're just using me to get your revenge on Jax?"

"That was our initial deal," I say, trying to justify myself. "My aid in helping you defeat Jax in exchange for my revenge and a place to stay."

He shakes his head. "I know... that initially it started out as a deal. But then... I don't know. Sometimes, when we're training, I feel like it's not my fight anymore with Jax but yours. You're so consumed with finding vengeance that sometimes I don't know what you love more—me or your revenge."

I hate that he's saying that. But I hate it even more that he's right about this. My actions justified his words yesterday. I failed to pry him away from Jax sooner, all because I wanted my revenge a little bit more than to save him.

I'm shaking and I try blow out an unsteady breath.

I guess Jax got what he wanted. Kayden may have won the fight last night but Jax rattled Kayden with his words. And now, we're here, having a conversation that I wished I could have avoided.

I don't say anything. Because I simply don't know how to defend myself.

"You're not even going to try to deny it, aren't you?" Kayden demands. "Revenge always came first to you. Maybe that need for it simmered down when we got together, but it always stayed by the sidelines. Revenge isn't healthy, Sienna. I know you have so much anger in you and that may be because of what your father did, but you can't let that anger win. Because your anger is fueling your revenge right now and it is going to do more harm than good."

"Says the guy who almost killed my ex-boyfriend last night." I can't help but snap at him.

Kayden looks as if I had just slapped him in the face.

"That—that was a mistake," he says, shame falling over his face.

"He said all those things about you, my parents, my sister... I just needed him to shut up. He is a shit person but I wouldn't have done it if it was unprovoked. I try not to be like this anymore, Sienna. When I'm with you, I don't feel the need to be angry anymore. I try to be better. I look back at how I was three years ago and I don't want to be that person anymore. Filled with rage. Sienna, you scare the shit out of me because you remind me of my past self. Don't end up like how I was. Please."

"Wow." I cross my arms. "Just because you think you got it all figured out doesn't mean you can tell me what to feel."

Those words seem harsh coming out of my mouth. But I can't help it. What he said to me hurt so much.

"God dammit, Sienna. I'm not telling you what to feel! I'm telling you what is right." He mutters. "What if I lost to Jax tomorrow, Sienna?"

"You won't lose to him!" I say, adamant. "You won't."

"I won't, but what if?" He snakes his hand into my hair and looks me straight in the eyes. "What if he got the upper hand tomorrow night and he won the championship instead of me?"

I pull away from him, refusing to give him an answer. Because he knows what I will

ll say and I don't want him to know that he's right.

"You will hate me," Kayden says with finality, "and I will hate myself because you hate me."

His words completely shatter me.

"We're going to tear each other apart," he whispers.

Aren't we already? I think to myself.

"You have no idea how sorry I was for leaving you yesterday. I felt like shit, knowing that I beat the living shit out of your boyfriend. And I know, I've done worse inside the ring. But it's different outside of it. Much different. I don't go beating people up for fun—at least not anymore. Until I met you. You made me a better person. You made me laugh and you were the only one that understood me. I wanted to be better for you. And I am, until... yesterday. I had a taste of that darkness I wanted to get away from for so long and I hate myself for it," he says. "I've been in a dark place for so long and I don't want to go back. Ever. Your need for revenge—it has to stop. You need to learn to forgive people. Be better than me."

"This is absolutely ridiculous." I laugh. "You're telling me that I should forgive my ex-boyfriend? Why should I? What has he done to earn my forgiveness? He did nothing but lie to me repeatedly and he messed around with my sister. She loved him and he used her because he was lonely. He kissed me and gave you enough fuel to beat the living fuck out of him yesterday. He manipulates people and he is not a good person! You're crazy if you think I'm just going to bury the fucking hatchet and get all buddy-buddy with him!"

"I'm not saying that you should forgive him right away." He shakes his head. "He obviously has to earn his forgiveness and that takes time. But you need to give him a chance. The possibility of forgiveness. Revenge is never the answer. It's going to eat you alive and you're going to go dark. Just like I have. I don't know how it feels to be betrayed, but I do know how it feels to be made. You think that getting your revenge on him is going to erase what he did to you? Sure, it may feel good for a while, but it won't make the pain go away. It will just hurt you more. You need to stop being so angry all the time and learn to forgive him. I know that's hard for you to do, but it's the only way you can move on from him."

I shake my head, tears filling my eyes. "You're wrong. You... you just don't understand. Nobody does."

"If you don't learn to forgive, you're going to turn out like how I did three years ago. I couldn't forgive myself and I had so much rage inside me. You made me whole again, Sienna. I'm not going to let you go through what I did. Because the place where I was at—it sucked me dry of all happiness I once had inside of me. I'm trying to prevent that from happening to you. So for the love of God, let me help you or..."

I fold my arms over my chest. "Or what?"

"Don't make me do this, Sienna," he mutters.

I know what's coming. I already know what he's going to say but I want him to say it.

"OR WHAT?" I raise my voice.

Kayden takes a deep breath. "If you don't let me in and if you go down this path... if you decide that your revenge is more important than anything else, then you and I are done."

I successfully avoid him the whole day today. What he said shook me to the core and I can't handle being around him when he just gave me an ultimatum that is impossible to make.

He doesn't understand. I thought he did. When I made the deal with him, I thought he knew what he was getting into. I have held a grudge against Jax for so long and what he's asking me to do is just... not possible. I can't just let go of my grudge against Jax. I simply can't. It's the only thing that I've ever known for the past two months. How can he just think that I'll throw it all away?

All this forgiveness bullshit... it doesn't work. I don't believe in it. The people in my life have done nothing but hurt me again and again and I highly doubt they will stop if I choose to forgive them. My dad, Beth and Jax. They are responsible for who I am—filled with rage and incapable for forgiveness. I've always been that way and Kayden is too blind to see it.

After our heated argument this morning, Kayden and I go our separate ways. I'm not really in the mood to train him and he knows that I need some time by myself so he did his own training at Breaking Point by himself.

Cara and Alex invite me to lunch with them but I had to turn them down. The last thing I want to do is to talk about what happened between Kayden and I with them.

Because I know that they'll side with him.

So instead, I stay in the apartment, busying myself with any work that I can find. I start with my assignments and then when I'm done, I proceed to clean the apartment. I do the dishes and the laundry, vacuum the place, clean the toilets and water the already dying plants. When I'm done, I tell—or rather beg Julian—to give me some work to do around UF and he gladly assigns me to clean out the lockers and train some guys in the evening.

By the time I reach home, a wave of exhaustion hits me and I want to crumble. The finals is in a couple of hours but it doesn't feel like it. Kayden is nowhere to be found—no surprise there—so I decide to take a small nap. However, I can't sleep.

His words keep replaying at the back of my mind and I think I might just be going crazy. I didn't realize I was crying until tears fell down my cheeks in a steady stream.

God, I feel pathetic.

I never cry. I'm Sienna Lane, for fuck's sake. I'm stronger than that.

Tonight is the finals I don't know how it will play out. What about Kayden and I? How will that play out? Did he really mean what he said? If I don't let go of my anger for Jax, does he want anything to do with me?

My heart wrenches just at the thought of it. I'm so scared... so scared that I'll lose him. I don't want to. He's the best thing that's ever happened to me and you can't just let go of something so sacred like that.

I need to get my shit together, fast. I'll either lose nothing or everything.

A/N: Honestly, I really do not understand the hate for Sienna right now. She is obviously a flawed character—but then again, what character isn't? Her problems are just bigger than some others. That doesn't make her a weak or annoying. Her desire for revenge is obviously going to tear her apart, but she needs time to pull herself together. So give her that time.

It's called character development for a reason, guys. Read it up.

If you guys aren't able to tolerate this, then I suggest you stop reading now.

Thanks for getting this far!

Anyways, if you haven't read my post about my struggles with writing Sienna and Alex, you can read it here in the Perfect Series Extras book:

Link: <https://www.wattpad.com/158616161-perfect-series-extras-on-writing-alex-and-sienna>

See you on Wednesday, Dia-Hards! It's going to be an epic one. (;
Love, Claudia.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

"Sienna? You're murdering my hand," Brent hisses at me, trying to squirm away from me.

I hiss back and clutch his hand tighter. He sits at the backseat of Evans's car with me and Evan is driving. Obviously, I squeeze Brent's hand again, somehow needing reassurance. When we pull over a few blocks away from Breakeering Point, I bite my trembling lip.

This is it. This is what I have been training Kayden for for the past two months.

The day is finally here. The day of the finals between Kayden and Jax.

And I'm nervous as fuck.

"Sienna?" Brent glares at our hands.

"I'm sorry." I let go of his hand and busy myself with my fingernails. Evans cuts the engine and helps me get out of the car. Brent casts me a worried look from the frame of his glasses.

"You need to chill. You look stressed," he mutters.

"I'm not stressed!" I snap.

"Yes, you are. Stop biting you fingernails. It's a very bad habit."

"Don't tell me what to do!"

"Calm down, Si. Jesus. Even Kayden's not as nervous as you." Brent sighs, sliding his arm over my shoulder.

"I wouldn't know because he's not talking to me." I sigh, leaning into him.

"What happened to the both of you anyway? Did he like... dump you or something? You guys looked fine two days ago." Evans falls into step with us, shoving his hands down his pockets. He casts me a questioning glance and I just shrug in reply.

"I don't want to talk about it," I merely say.

Evans decides to push my buttons further. "Is that why he didn't catch a ride with us? Because you guys broke up?"

"I said I don't want to talk about it!" I hiss at Evans. He backs away from me, hands up like he's surrendering.

"You need to chill. You have crazy eyes." Evans shrugs.

"Evans, shut up," Brent rolls his eyes. "And it's fine, Sienna. You don't have to talk about it. But are you guys okay? Is it a little falling out? I'm still rooting for you guys, you know."

The truth is, I don't know if we're okay. After our fight this morning, it seems like the dynamics of our relationship has now changed. We're questioning each other and I don't like it.

I'm starting to realize that us being together isn't so perfect as it seems.

There is no doubt in my mind that I love Kayden but he wants me to be someone I'm not. And I want to be better for him, but how can I do that when I'm seeking my revenge? He wants me to let go of my anger, but he should know that I hold grudges longer than anyone.

Nobody realizes that letting go of grudges is much harder than holding onto them.

It's okay, I keep telling myself. It's just the stress of finals getting to him. Once it's done and over with, once Jax loses, then I'll be content with my life. I'll learn to be better for him.

I got this. After I get my revenge, Kayden will see that the anger issue won't be a problem anymore. When this is all over, everything will be fine. I'll be back to normal. Once Jax gets what he deserves, I won't need to be angry with him anymore. And god knows he deserves hell and more for what he has done to my sister and I.

I need Kayden to understand this. He has to. Because I don't want to lose him over something as minuscule as this.

We'll work things out. We will.

"We're fine. For now." I can only manage a nod. "Now can we go in instead of wasting time talking about my love life?"

"Let's get this party started, then," Evans said, walking to the front door of Breaking Point. "Jax may survive the night but everyone knows luck is not on his side. Especially when you're Kayden's Lucky."

I hope it stays that way, I think to myself silently.

The minute we're in, Evans and Brent disappear with their money to find a bookie. I gave some of my money to them too. I'm going all out for Kayden tonight.

I know he will win this. We've been training for two months and all of the sweat and blood is all for tonight. This is going to be the night where Jax's reign collapses and a new champion is named. This is the going to be the night where Kayden finally gets what he wanted for so long and that is to get the glory.

I weave my way through the already growing mass around the ring. Tonight the mats are gone and I'm nervous because all I see is concrete floor. I'm guessing they're doing this so there will be more gore and blood tonight. That thought alone makes my skin crawl.

It's really packed tonight; I can barely squeeze through the blur of bodies blocking my way. It takes me a while to finally get to the end and I quickly lose myself in the hallway to find Kayden's room. I finally found it and I knock on the door, bracing myself for how he might react to me.

Will he still be angry at me after our fight? Will he tell me to leave? I don't know I don't know.

I hold my breath, waiting for him to come to the door. When he finally does, my breath catches when I see him. He looks beautiful adored in his red robe. Last week, I added some gold stripes to the sleeves of his robe. Gold is the color of a champion. Since you are a champion, you need to look like one, I told him.

My eyes travel to his face. An unreadable expression is embedded onto his face. His eyebrows are furrowed and his jaw is clenched. A thin film of sweat runs down his forehead when his stormy grey eyes connect with mine.

"Kayden," I say, looking down. I'm nervous. I don't know why. My fingers are fiddling with the edge of my black tank top, desperate to do something to calm myself down.

"Lucky," His lips tug slightly and I can tell he's happy that I'm here but he doesn't want to show it. "Come in."

I step inside and release a long breath. Kayden closes the door and I feel his gaze burning at the back of my head. I turn back slowly and my lips curl upwards slightly. I don't want to talk about our fight. Because if I do, I know we'll argue again. But the air is too thick and I want to ease the tension.

So I don't talk about our fight. Instead, I walk over to him and my fingers run down the silky material of his robe. "I like the new addition to the robe."

He knows what I'm doing. He knows I'm trying to avoid the pink elephant in the room. He stares at me for a long while before replying. Eventually, a small smile graces his face. "Me too."

"You ready?" I step back and clear my throat. "You've been working so hard for this for the past two months."

"Yeah," Kayden doesn't meet my eyes when he says this.

"I believe in you," I nod, sliding my hands over his arms. When my skin makes contact with his, he sucks in a huge breath. "I know you're going to beat him. You are. I've seen the way you fight these past few weeks. It's nothing like I've ever seen before. And... and during Alyson's wedding, you fought him and you won. You can do it again, I know you can."

"Thanks," he gulps. There's something off about him. He's trying to avoid my gaze. He looks nervous and fidgety. I wonder what has gotten into him.

"You okay?" I ask, cupping his face with one of my hands. "Are you nervous about the fight?"

A hoarse laugh escapes his throat. "You can say that."

My eyebrows furrow in confusion. What the hell is he talking about?

I release my hand and place my hands on my hips. I'm trying to figure him out. There's something wrong with him and I'm dying to find out what it is.

Kayden doesn't even look at me. Instead, he shakes his head and asks. "Are we going to talk about our fight this morning?"

My face falls. Dammit. I was hoping that he wouldn't bring that up. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"I don't know." He scratches the back of his head. "But I can't get it out of my head."

I nod. The both of us know what's going to happen if we talk about it. There might just be a possibility that we might just piss each other off until one of us leaves the other. If it does come to that, my heart would not be able to live through it. Kayden is the best thing that's ever happened to me.

I don't want to lose him. I want to hold on to what little we still have left.

"We... we can talk about later. After... your fight," I suggest. "We don't have to do this now. I don't want to distract you. You need to focus on beating Jax."

"Because everything is about beating Jax, right?" The way he said it, it was like he was mocking me.

I choose to ignore it. Instead, I plaster a smile on my face. "You're trying to pick a fight with me. I'm not letting you."

"Yeah. Whatever." Kayden waves me off. "I have to go."

I glance at the time on my watch and nod. "Good luck."

He doesn't bother to give me a reply. He's moving towards the door and my heart sinks when he leaves. I trail behind him, trying to keep up with his pace. Kayden walks in huge steps, his fists clenched as he makes his debut down the hallway. Before he enters the hall through the door, his steps falter and he turns around, looking at me.

He stares at me with so much intensity and it takes me back to the first time he looked at me, when everything was still so uncertain between us. Still is.

He draws me to him and weaves his fingers in my hair.

"Ah, fuck it," he says and he mashes his lips with mine.

I'm so taken aback by his gesture that my eyes widen and my legs almost give out on me but he slides his arm around my waist to stabilize me. I press against him as he hungrily takes my mouth. I don't blame him. I kiss him back just as hard and I'm pretty sure I'm reeking of desperation the moment I wound my hands around his neck greedily, wanting to get more of him.

More. I need more.

His lips are so addictive and I want to take my time with them, to kiss them, to bite them, to nibble them, to make love to them. I want everything that I can get from him, as little as he gives me. I don't care if our relationship is on the rocks right now. When our lips meet, it feels just right. Everything falls into place and it's perfect.

He breaks apart from my lips and drags his lips down my jaw, breathing, kissing, inhaling. I moan when he sucks on my skin and I have to cling unto his robe for support. When his lips find mine again, I'm weep out of relief.

This kiss is different; it's slow, soft, but filled with so much love and something

ing else I can't quite decipher. I press my hands against his cheeks and sigh when he takes his time with my lips, parting them, closing them, loving them.

It is only then I realize what this kiss is for.

It's a goodbye kiss.

When he pulls away, we're both breathing hard, trying to catch our breaths. I search his eyes for answers, anything that proves me wrong but I can't. Because it is right there. The slight frown on his face says. The twitch on the edge of his lips. The crease on his forehead. Everything tells me that this would be the last kiss we'll ever share.

"No," I shake my head. "No, Kayden. No--"

"I'm sorry." He kisses my forehead and sighs. "I'm so fucking sorry."

"What are you going to do?" I demand. "Kayden, what the hell are you going to do?"

"I'm going this for your own good. For us," he says, kissing my hair. "I'm so sorry."

"For the love of God, Kayden, what the fuck is going on--"

My words get cut off because the announcer screams the Killer's name and the crowd goes absolutely nuts. I'm drowned out by the hundreds of people in the hall worshipping him, chanting his name like he's a god.

He turns his back on me and walks out, leaving me completely in the dark.

Oh no.

Oh fuck no.

He's not going to do what I think he's going to do... right?

"Motherfucker--" I squeeze through the crowd to search for Brent and Evans. I can't find them anymore. I'm frantic, calling out their names until one of them hears me. People put their fists in the air, screaming and yelling, and my voice seems to blend in.

"Brent! Evans!" My voice sounds desperate. Bodies bump into me and I push and tug, needing to find either of them. Finally, for what seems like forever, someone grabs my arm and I whirl around to find Brent staring down at me.

"Come on, the fight's starting!" He drags me to where Evans is standing.

"Brent," I say in between breaths, "Kayden's going to--"

"Aaaaaaand on the other side of the ring, we have our defending champion, the best of the best, the fucking legend... everyone put your hands together for Jax 'Deadbeat' Deneris!"

The crowd goes berserk and the war cry starts. Everyone is beating on their chests and thrusting their arms backwards, screaming his name from the top of their lungs. "DEAD-BEAT! DEAD-BEAT! DEAD-BEAT!"

It seems like Evans, Brent and I are the only ones not joining in. I glance up with worry as I see Jax emerge from the other side of the hall with his black robe, this time a symbol of a skull embedded at the back of it. He casts an arrogant smile at the crowd, running around the ring to slap people's hands. He whoops, then pumps his fist into the air like everybody else, no doubt high on adrenaline.

Kayden clenches his jaw as Jax climbs up the ring. Both pairs of eyes meet and I can feel the tension lapping off the both of them like waves.

Jax peels off his robe and throws it at the side of the ring, beating his fists together as he approaches Kayden. Kayden gulps, holding his ground as Jax circles him like a predator waiting to kill his prey.

He yanks Kayden hard and mutters something in his ear. Kayden shakes his head and whispers something back, and this time Jax's eyes widen. But after that, a slow smile creeps on his face and he releases Kayden, walking away from him smugly.

"What the fuck just happened?" Evans yells.

I close my eyes, hoping that Kayden won't do what I think he's going to do.

Kayden slides off his robe as his eyes search the crowd. His eyes finally land on mine. I shake my head.

Don't do this. Please don't. I mouth the words to him but he just shrugs.

I love you. He mouths back and that is the last I'll ever hear from him for a long time.

Both fighters walk to the centre, their guard completely up and their fists clenched. The crowd grows quiet but the silence doesn't last long.

All eyes are glued to the two fighters in the ring. Evans's hand finds Brent's and he squeezes them.

I can feel my heart hammering wildly against my chest. Even though noise fills the air, I can hear every accelerated heartbeat. Thump thump thump thump.

When the bell rings, the crowd goes into a frenzy when Jax throws the first punch, straight to his ribs. Kayden immediately falls back, his back hitting one of the poles of the ring.

"WHAT THE FUCK!" Evans swears. "WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOING? WHERE IS HIS DEFENSE?"

The crowd lets a thunderous boom when Jax hits Kayden again, sending a deadly punch at his face. Kayden stumbles to the side, his hand flying over to the place where he had just been hit. Jax doesn't stop.

He continues to land punches on Kayden and Kayden does absolutely nothing to save himself. He just bounces on the balls of his feet, doing nothing. Jax rams his fist into Kayden's gut and Kayden groans in pain when Jax gives him an uppercut to the jaw. I hear a crunch sound and my hand instinctively flies over to cover my mouth to prevent me from crying out loud.

I wince when Kayden sends a weak punch to Jax but he blocks it too easily. He sends Kayden a smirk and then slams his leg against Kayden's chest, sending him to the ground.

Brent and Evans look absolutely horrified.

"OH MY GOD!" Brent cries. "WHY ISN'T HE DOING ANYTHING? WHY ISN'T HE FIGHTING?"

I hear a series of boos from the crowd when Kayden shields his face from Jax. He had an opening right there- a tiny one- that might just get him out of this uncompromising position, but he doesn't take it. He just lies there as Jax repeatedly hits him.

"KAYDEN, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, GUARD UP! JESUS! EVEN A FUCKING IDIOT WOULD KNOW THAT!" Evans screams. Kayden doesn't even acknowledge him. I know he's heard what he said but he's refusing to do anything about it.

I can't watch this. I look away, tears leaking from my eyes. The boos are getting louder now, overwhelming Deadbeat's chants. Everyone knows what is happening right now.

This isn't a real fight.

It is an execution.

Kayden's execution.

Why is Kayden throwing this fight? After months of training and he decides to waste it? For what? Why isn't he hitting back? My mind is spinning with possibilities but none of them make any sense.

Kayden isn't even going to try to fight him. He's just lying there, waiting for his imminent death. Every time Jax jabs him, my heart wrenches and I die a little bit inside. I can't bear to watch this. I can't. I'm so angry at Kayden, for choosing to lose this fight, for choosing to let Jax win. We've worked so hard for this and he decides to throw everything away.

I can't stand idly by and watch him get beaten again. He can't take any more blows. He can't. At this rate Jax is going, he'll die. Kayden looks suicidal, begging for death. He takes another hit to his ribs and two more to his face. He's co

ughing out blood now, pools of red seeping into the floor.

"KAYDEN!" I cry out helplessly.

Jax is merciless. He pries Kayden off the ground and holds him up, landing another deadly blow. Kayden falls back unto the ropes, clinging for them, but he's going to lose his balance and fall.

I've never seen him this weak before.

Weak and utterly defenseless.

Anguish and pain consume me. I can't breathe because his pain is my pain and I can feel everything he's feeling and I won't let him do this.

I won't let him give up. And I'm not going to let Jax get what he wants.

Without much thought, I run towards the stage. The crowd parts for me easily, clearly confused at what is happening on stage. I don't stop running. I don't look back.

"SIENNA!" Brent screams but I ignore him. "DON'T DO IT! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!"

Hands attempt to grab at me when I climb the ring but I push them away. I slide through the ropes easily and sprint towards Kayden.

"HEY! SOMEONE GET THIS GIRL OUT OF THE RING-"

"WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING-?"

"SOMEONE STOP HER!"

I drown out all the voices wedge myself in between both Kayden and Jax.

"Stop! Please!" I find myself shouting.

I don't know how and I don't know why but I should have anticipated what comes next. Time slows down and I find Jax in the middle of a hit, slamming his fist upwards, aiming for Kayden's jaw. But it doesn't hit him. It doesn't make contact with Kayden at all.

Next thing I know, Jax's fist makes contact with my face and I fall to the ground, the side of my head making contact with the hard surface.

I hear someone yell my name. Lucky. I know who it is. I want to reach out to him but I can't move. The voices retreat from my mind. I hear nothing anymore. I can't feel anything. My vision gets blurry... so blurry until I can't see anything at all.

I'm sucked into a large void that I find myself unable to get out of as darkness overcomes me, sealing my fate.

A/N: Well that was a dramatic scene.

I've planned this for a while, and I'm quite pleased with this scene. Obviously, I'm not happy about what happened between Kayden and Sienna, but you know what I mean.

So that was the scene everyone has been waiting for. Did you expect it would turn out like this? What were your predictions? Let me know in the comments section below!

If you have any questions, ask me on my ask.fm! www.ask.fm/cludiaaatan

Or post your frustrations on the Dia-Hards Facebook group! I check all the posts (:

See you guys on Friday!

Love, Claudia.

41.5 As She Lay In My Arms

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

[Kayden's POV]

Throughout my entire life, there were three things I couldn't prepare myself for.

The first one was my parents dying. That one hurt like a motherfucker. Of course, it did. It was the first tragedy that rocked my entire world

, sending me down the road to hell. It was my own fault . I couldn't blame anyone but myself. I was the one who told them to use a shortcut road that led to their deaths. So I bear the responsibility singlehandedly.

The second thing I hadn't prepare myself for was my sister's death. If I thought I felt pain before, I was in for a harsh reality. Seeing Clara die didn't feel like what I was feeling when my parents died.

It was much worse, by a tenth-fold.

I couldn't save her from the flames that engulfed her. I couldn't save my little sister that I sworn to protect. Once again, I had failed.

I thought I would know better now. I would be more careful of who I let in my life. I would make rational decisions, make sure the people I loved stayed as far away from me as possible to prevent the same things from happening to them.

Brent and Evans were close to me but they had their own lives.

I was mostly alone in my own dark world. I lived in my head, reliving the horrors that marred my past over and over again.

I didn't deserve any kind of love that was offered to me.

Because I knew all too well I would destroy that love.

And then, she came into my life. Sienna. My Lucky.

My fate was bound to hers and I couldn't control it. No matter how far I ran, I found myself back to where I first started. With her. She taught me how to love again. She taught me that everyone has monsters inside of them and I wasn't any different. She didn't treat me differently. She treated me like I was human. If anything, I love her all the more for it.

She was my beacon of light, my salvation, my everything. The girl whom I love whole.

And I destroyed her.

Which leads me to number three.

I almost killed the girl I love.

I should have ran faster. Faster. Harder. I should have broke free from her grasp, should have pushed her away more. I should have been the bigger man. I should have cursed at her, yelled at her, made her hate me until she no longer cared for me. It would have been better for me, her, the both of us.

Because that is nothing compare to watching the girl you love almost die in front of you.

I wanted to protect her. It is the only thing I had ever known . I couldn't protect my parents and my sister, so I knew I had to try harder. Sienna was just too stubborn. She couldn't let go of her anger for Jax.

The anger ate her and I saw my past in her future. A past that I never want her to live.

I couldn't blame her. She had been brought up in a broken family. Both her parents left her. It must have fucked with her mind. And then, her boyfriend leaves her for her sister. The two people she trusts the most betrayed her. If she wasn't angry before, she sure as hell was now.

Sometimes when we were together, I'd see hints of her fury seeping out and it scares the living shit out of me. Her vengeance she seemed was going to cost her her soul. She was going to end up like me. Angry and empty.

I wanted to save her from that life.

But turns out, in the process, I almost cost her her life.

Everything happened so fast. I was getting my ass handed to me by Jax and the next... it stopped. My body couldn't take another hit and I was begging for the death I deserved. For her. All for her. I anticipated the last blow, the final blow, but it never came. I opened my eyes just in time to see my opponent slam his fist against Sienna's face.

My heart disintegrated to dust.

I didn't see her coming. Why didn't I see her coming? I could have stopped her. I should have been paying attention to what I was doing. If I wanted to throw the fight, I should have known Sienna would come running.

She was like me in many ways. She wanted to protect me.

I was blind to see that.

The minute Jax's fist made contact with her face, Sienna crumbled in front of me. I lunged forward to grab her but she was already falling, falling until she crashed unto the ground. A pained cry tore out of me when her head hit the surface. I scurried towards her, my face drowning in disbelief.

Now, I cradled her limp form in my arms, wishing I can undo everything.

Tears leaked from my eyes in a steady stream as I examined her body. Her eyes were closed and her lips were pressed into a grim line.

"Lucky... my Lucky..." I sobbed and pressed her face against my chest, wrapping my arms around her. I was still reeling from what had just happened. What I let happened. "I'm so sorry..."

"Shit," Jax cursed, pressing his hands on his face. He looked absolutely horrified about what he had done. "Shit, Sienna..."

He bent down to touch her but I growled at him. "STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM HER!"

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to—I didn't see her coming! If I'd known, I wouldn't have hit her!" Jax swore under his breath. "Shit, Kayden... I love her too. I wouldn't have hit her. I wouldn't, god damn it!"

His words stung me deep. I wanted to hate him, hate him for delivering that punch, but for some fucked up reason, I believed him. I just didn't want to deal with him right now. I ignored him and continued to hold her petite form in my arms, stalling for time to figure out what to do.

The crowd was in a frenzy. Everyone was asking who is the girl that stepped in between Jax and I. Who is the girl who was brave enough to protect me. I wanted to drown out their voices so I can think, think, think!

Brent and Evans came rushing forward. Brent stared at me, an unfathomable expression plastered on his face. "She may have internal bleeding. She'll die if she doesn't get to the hospital."

Die. Sienna might die. The girl I love is going to die and it's all my fault.

"Call an ambulance!" I yelled.

"All the roads are blocked, Kayden." Evans shook his head. "It's not possible. By the time they get here... she might be gone. And if the ambulance is here, the police will get here too. You will go to jail, Kayden. Everybody in this hall will go to jail."

I don't care if I go to jail. I don't care! I'll trade my life any day for hers!

"I'll get the car," Brent said, already making his way down the ring. "It will take a while getting out of here but—"

"No," I shook my head. "I'm carrying her there."

"What?" Brent hissed.

"The nearest hospital isn't very far from here." I was already gathering her in my arms. Her head fell against my chest, her hands swinging downwards. "I'm running."

"You aren't fucking Forrest Gump, Kayden!" Brent tried to reason with me. "You're not in a state to carry her right now. Jax really hurt you. You might have broken ribs. You aren't in a really good state to do anything right now."

So what? I don't care. I don't care if I bleed to death getting her to the hospital. She's not going to die because of me.

"Get out of my way," I sneered at him, "or so help me God, if you don't, her death will be in our hands!"

Brent thought about it. He knew that there was no reasoning with me at a time like this. Once I made up my mind, I was done for. So he stepped away reluctantly and I ducked under the ropes.

The announcer called for my name. "What about the fight?"

I pointed at Jax, who looks sickly pale, leaning against the r

opes looking like he just committed murder. If I didn't get to the hospital in time, then he probably would.

"I forfeit. The championship is all his." I say.

The crowd surged with anger. Everyone is screaming obscenities at the announcer and at Jax. My supporters started to throw anything they could find- food, rubbish, clothes- towards Jax.

"BOOOOOO! BOOOOOOO!" The crowd shouted at him. but he didn't care. He just buried his face in his hands and cried.

I shook my head and carried Sienna down. The crowd parted for me and I sprinted as fast as I could out of Breaking Point. Evans was right. Because of the finals, all the roads were blocked. Cars were packed everywhere and it would have taken hours to get the car. I had to rely on myself now.

I didn't care enough to see if Brent and Evans were following me. I navigated through the cars and sprinted faster than I ever did, careful not to drop Sienna.

I love you, Lucky. I wouldn't let anything happen to you. You won't die on me. You're a fighter. You're tough. And you love me. Live for me, baby. Live.

I thought about those words constantly, the only reminder that there is still hope for her. My legs continue to pump, bringing me forward and I have to drag myself past every block. My throat is burning and my legs are on fire. I run faster than I've ever run during all my trainings with Sienna put together.

If Sienna could see me now. She'll think I'm the Flash for sure.

I didn't know how far I had gotten. I just kept running. I almost wept out of relief when I saw the building in front of me. The lights from the sign blinded me as I swerved and made a run for the hospital entrance. People were starting to notice who I was carrying. The nurses made way for me and they followed when I burst through the doorways, sweating and panting.

"I need help, please! My girlfriend hit her head and she might have a major concussion!" I pleaded and the nurses came for Sienna. They took her from my arms and laid her onto a stretcher. They carried her down the hallway and I trailed behind them, worried sick.

If she dies, it's my fault. It's my fault. I'll have to bear the responsibility of another death.

I slowed down my pace as they neared the emergency room and the only thing I can do is stare at the doors. I didn't know what they would do to her but all I know is that she was going to be in more capable hands than me.

I hurt people. I hurt the people I love.

The very thought made my legs give out and sent me crashing to the floor. My hands fisted in my hair and I let the tears I had bottled up just now come flowing down.

It was true. Every time people got close to me, they always got hurt. My parents and Clarissa paid dearly for that mistake and if I was too late, then Sienna would too.

If Sienna died, the pain would be absolutely intolerable. She was my bubble of happiness and if she was gone, there would be nothing left but despair.

I couldn't live like this. I wouldn't.

If there was no chance for her, there would be no chance for me either.

A/N: A tear fell down my eye when I wrote this. I think this is the first time I've ever felt that emotional writing.

I'm sorry if it's short. It's supposed to be that way and I like that it's short because I think it makes so much more impact to the readers when reading.

Anyways, my updating schedule is going to be fucked up from today. I may update everyday; I may update every alternate day. It depends on how many more chapters I have to post before August 31st.

Also, a gentle reminder to VOTE FOR ME FOR THE WATTYS2015 from the 24th to 31st of AUGUST FOR A CHANCE FOR ME TO WIN! EVERY VOTE COUNTS and I will literally WORSHIP YOU if you VOTE FOR ME.

All you have to do is tweet out #MyWattysChoice Perfect Addiction by claudiaoverhere REPEATEDLY and I'll have a chance!

Thank you! And next update: Sunday.

Love, Claudia.

42. Fight For Me

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

I don't remember a lot of things. I drift in and out of consciousness so I only saw fragments of what was happening around me. Little bits and pieces that blurred together, making my brain hurt.

I remember a pair of arms carrying me. Judging by how they felt—strong, muscular, but handled me with so much care—I know it was Kayden. I don't know how long he carried me, but I didn't mind.

I felt safe in his arms. Secure.

But it didn't last long. He let go and I wanted to reach out to him, call for him, plead for him to stay with me.

Don't let me go, I wanted to cry out.

I wanted to say a lot of things to him. I wanted to yell at him for doing something so reckless and stupid by throwing the fight against Jax. I wanted him to feel how every punch and every hit Jax gave him felt like I was being stabbed over and over again. I wanted him to see how by doing what he did in that ring, he had hurt me so much.

But I don't regret protecting him. I don't. I needed Jax to stop. If I hadn't intervened, he was going to kill my boyfriend. Kayden has always got my back, and I knew it was time I got his. But I didn't know what exactly had I bargained for when I stepped in between Jax and Kayden in that ring. I acted on impulse—stupid, stupid impulse—and got injured in the process.

At moments, I see flashes of light—light that blinded me. But after a while, it retreats and I'm swallowed by darkness again. I'm pulled under, suffocating, and I'm trying to grab for the surface, to break free, to get back to the real world—where I'm not suspended in an in-between.

I think hours may have passed before I regained consciousness for good. I wake up disoriented, my eyes slowly fluttering open.

Everything I see is white. White ceiling. White walls. White sheets. White wires connected to white machines.

My head is rested on a large pillow and after a while, I realize I'm lying in a hospital bed. I tilt my head sideways but a huge pang of pain hits me and I groan, closing my eyes briefly to adjust.

I feel like shit. My head is pounding and I try not to focus on the pain. Instead, I move my legs and my hands slightly, hoping that the other parts of my body are fine. So far, I'm okay. I touch my head and a large bandage is wrapped over my forehead. Ah shit. I must have hit my head a lot harder than I thought.

Wires are plugged deep into my skin, checking my vitals. I pull them out and try to get out of bed. I can't stay here. I need... Kayden. Yes. I need to see him. I need to talk to him. He has never once left my mind even when I was unconscious.

The machine starts to beep rapidly, but I ignore it, placing my feet on the ground and walking towards the door.

Before I can reach the door, it bursts open and a nurse rushes

in, grabbing me. I see a blur of blonde hair and I immediately know it's Evans. If Evans is here, Brent is here too and maybe Kayden. I peer over the nurse's head to see if he's there but I don't see him. Instead, other people come in.

Alyson and my dad look worried when I try to fight the nurse.

"I'm fine!" I say to her. "Let me go."

"Sienna-" Alyson walks over to me. "You need rest. You've been out the entire night."

"What?" I say in disbelief. My dad nods.

"Please, Sienna. You need to rest." My dad says, frowning.

I sigh, letting the nurse help me into the bed. She adjusts my pillow and puts the bed in an upright position to make me feel more comfortable. I cross my arms as she readjusts my bandage. Alyson and my dad stay by my side as my friends start to flow in. Brent and Evans are here, but I don't see Kayden. Why isn't he here? He would want to see me... would he?

Brent bites his lip, the creases on his forehead evident when he assesses me. "You look like shit, Si."

"No shit, Sherlock."

Evans sighs. "You remember what happened?"

I nod. "I know I... I interfered with the fight. I got in between Jax and Kayden and uh.. Jax hit me."

"He hit you so hard you almost cracked your skull," Evans says

Shit. That would explain the heavy pounding in my head.

"We were so worried," Alyson says, a little bit teary-eyed. "We heard about what happened and... we cancelled the honeymoon."

"What?" I turn to look at her, my mouth gaping open. "Why would you do that? You didn't have to. Dad, tell her."

"She's right. You're my daughter... our daughter now," My father slides his hand into Alyson's and mine. "I didn't want to spend my honeymoon worrying about you. I'd rather be here with you."

"Your father couldn't sleep," Alyson adds. "He had a dozen cups of coffee because he didn't want to miss you in case you woke up."

"Where's my mom?" I tug at Alyson's hand.

"Your mom and Beth are on their way. I just called them. Don't worry, Sienna." She casts me a smile.

My father scoots over, deep frown lines gracing his face. He looks at Brent and Evans, signaling for them to leave. When they're gone, he turns back to me and sighs.

"Sienna, I told you not to get involved with all this underground fighting stuff." He shakes his head. "At least Beth knows to stay away even when she's with Jax. But you? I thought you would know better than that. You said you weren't going to get involved. And now look where you are. That boy-Kayden-is a bad influence on you. He's the reason why you're stuck in this hospital bed in the first place!"

"Dad, enough." I place a hand to stop him. "He is not the reason why I'm here. I did all that by myself."

"Sienna... your dad's right." Alyson nods. "As much as I'd hate to admit, he did put your life at risk. Brent and Evans filled us in on what happened and even though he never meant for you to enter that ring to save him, he did throw that fight on purpose."

"He wouldn't have known I would get in between their fight!" I shake my head. My voice echoes the entire room and it makes both my parents uncomfortable. "I refuse to put the blame on Kayden. If anything, it's my fault. I was reckless. I didn't think... I just acted on impulse. And my first impulse was to save him. I don't care if he threw the fight because of me... I would have stepped in between the both of them and let Jax hit me over and over again if it meant that Kayden wouldn't get hurt anymore."

My dad and Alyson exchange glances. I don't think they expecte

d me to say what I had just said. I would have never said such things when I was dating Jax. The love that I have for Kayden is fierce and overwhelming. It consumes every single fibre of my being and I won't let anyone tell me what to feel.

"He's not a bad influence on me. If anything, he is good. Pure. He... he makes me feel things that I would have never thought I would feel again. He makes me feel so loved," I say quietly, "and I want to see him. Where is he?"

I lean forward, arching my neck but my dad gently pushes me down.

"Dad?" I stare at him. "Alyson?"

Alyson stays silent. Dad too, at least for a little while. I don't get it. They're acting so cautious around me, like I would break apart at any given time. They should know I can handle myself very well.

Eventually, it is my dad that speaks up.

"He's not coming, Sienna." He seems almost sorry, apologetic. "Kayden's not coming."

What?

"What do you mean he's not coming?" I stare accusingly at my dad. "Did you tell him not to come? Did you?"

"No. I wouldn't have done something like that," My dad says defensively. "He made that decision all by his own."

I close my eyes and take a deep breath, trying not to let those few words hurt me. But the feeling has already made its way to my heart, the pain invading my entire body.

Why wouldn't he come? It doesn't make any sense. He was the one who carried me to the hospital in the first place. He didn't want to stay to see if I was alright?

I shake my head adamantly. "Can I see Brent and Evans, please?"

Alyson nods and gets off the bed, walking towards the door. She calls my friends in and a few minutes later, Brent and Evans enter the room, looking very grim.

"We'll give you guys some space." Dad says and kisses my forehead. "If you need anything, we'll be outside, okay?"

"Yeah. Okay." I wave them goodbye and when they leave the room, I turn to face both Evans and Brent. They cast me forced smiles but I know better. "Okay, cut the shit, guys. Where is Kayden? Is he okay?"

Both of their faces immediately crumble. Evans scratches the back of his head, avoiding my gaze. Brent looks everywhere else but at me.

"What is the matter with the both of you?" I demand. "Where the fuck is Kayden?"

Evans frowns. "He's gone AWOL, Sienna."

Ah, fuck me.

I clench my fists. I want to hit something real bad. I hate it when he runs off like this. I absolutely hate it.

"Does anyone know where he went?" I glare at Brent. "You're his brother. You must have some clue."

"I don't know," Brent shakes his head.

"I don't understand," I say. "What the hell happened?"

Brent clears his throat. "After you got hit last night, Kayden just... broke. He just cradled you in his arms and he was saying sorry over and over again. It was probably the only time I've ever seen him cry so much. He was so angry—at Jax for hitting you and at himself for putting you in a position like that. I guess something inside him just snapped. He forfeited the fight so Jax won and he carried you all the way to the hospital. We wanted to help but he wouldn't let us."

I can't breathe. I'm lost for words.

"When he deposited you at the hospital, we asked him to stay but he didn't want to." Brent continued on. "He said... he couldn't see you like

this. He couldn't see you when he knew he was the reason you got hit in the first place. He looked so.. sad, Sienna. So lost. Seeing you limp in his arms was probably the worst thing he had experienced in a long time. So he left. Evans and I tried to stop him but you know he is. Trust me, he does not want to be found right now."

"Then, call him!" I yell. "Call his parents! File a police report. Do anything than just wait for him to come back! He's gone and there's not even a trace of him?"

Evans holds my hand and squeezes it. "Hey, we're his friends too. Don't you think we want him back too? We tried calling Elijah and Pat but they don't know where he is. We thought of filing a police report but he hasn't even been gone for 24 hours. And besides... what good will it do? They'll be digging into his past and his recent activities and if they find out he's been fighting illegally..."

I nod because I know how that will end. Filing a police report will only do more harm than good.

"His cell phone is out." Brent shrugs. "I've left him a hundred messages and twice that amount of calls. Every time, it went straight to voice mail."

"Shit," I mutter under my breath. "I'm so scared for him, Brent. What if... what if he's not coming back?"

A tear leaks down my eye and Brent catches it. "Don't cry, Sienna. Please don't."

"I need to talk to him," I say, brushing my hair away from my face. "I need to. He's my boyfriend. I love him, no matter what he did last night."

"We know," Evans kisses my hand. "He'll come back. He has to. But right now... we just need to let him have his space. He needs to figure out what he wants."

"That's just it, Evans," Another tear falls down my cheek and I make no attempt to wipe it away. "What if he realizes that what he wants... is n't me?"

Throughout the entire day, visitors came and went. Brent and Evans stayed for a little while longer to keep me company but they were getting tired so I sent them back home.

Sometime after lunch, my mom and Beth came to visit me. Beth and I were still not on good terms but it didn't really matter to her. She still looked like she was genuinely worried for my welfare and when she saw me, she threw her arms around me and embraced me. It had been a long time since we hugged.

My mom looked like she was about to throw a hissy fit when she saw my bandaged head. She ranted on and on about how irresponsible I was to jump into that ring to save Kayden. I tried to defend myself but she wasn't having any of it. Then, she started crying, saying how she almost lost her precious 'baby'. Eventually, Beth managed to calm my mom down and for a while, all was good.

They stayed for a couple of hours. Mom braided my hair and told me about the wonders of having a Puerto Rican boyfriend while Beth sat idly at the side of my bed, her eyes glued to the television.

I'm glad that Beth did not try to talk to me. Sometimes, she would hold my hand and smile at me, but nothing more. But every time I see her, I know she's hurting inside. I can see that she felt awful about what Jax had done to me that night. She wore the guilt on her face and I want more than anything to wash it away.

For once, she had nothing to do with it and yet she still looked like she had committed an awful crime. Beth has always been like this. She likes to take responsibility of other people's faults. I love that about her.

But I still can't forgive her, yet. As much as I know that she had been wronged by Jax like me, she still did betray me and slept with him while he was still dating me. I thought that we were loyal to each other. We were s

isters, for fuck's sake. She shouldn't have done that.

I don't know how our relationship will play out. It seems like we're better than we were two months ago, but there's still bad blood between us. I try not to think much about it.

My brain still hurts from thinking about Kayden.

I wish I knew where he was. I can't even fathom what he must be feeling right now. Knowing him, he probably thinks that it's best if he weren't around me. He probably thinks that I'm mad at him for putting me in that position during the finals. So, he's hiding. Because he wants to be noble and let me recover without him being there by my side.

He knows I'll be angry at him for trying the fight. And god, I am. I want to yell and scream at him, for wasting my time, our time. All these months of training for nothing. In the end, nothing has changed. Jax still got what he wanted which is his championship. Kayden doesn't get his glory and I don't get my revenge. It's aggravating knowing that I can't change that.

If I weren't so worried about Kayden, I would be furious at him.

But, priorities first.

If Kayden doesn't show up soon, I'm going to blow my shit up. I want to see him. I ache for his presence at every passing hour, the hope inside of me still going strong. Cara, Alex and Daniel tell me not to worry when they visit me. They tell me he's going to show. But I know the harsh reality that sets upon their faces that contrast with their words.

He's not going to show. He won't. I know him too well.

He's just stubborn like that.

When the nurse tells them that visiting hours is over, they leave me reluctantly. Now, I'm alone again in the dark, counting down the hours until I can leave the hospital. But in the meantime, I'm exhausted, needing as much sleep as I can get. I cocoon myself in the sheets but before I close my eyes, I see a flash of dark hair pass by my room from the window overlooking the hallway.

Kayden. I immediately think.

I sit up, waiting for him to sneak in, to steal a kiss from me, anything, but as the minutes tick by, nothing happens. All hope drains from my face and eventually, I lie back down, disappointment accompanying me as I fall asleep.

A/N: Kayden's AWOL. Sienna's sad. Everyone's really unhappy right now.

Anyways, if you haven't taken part in the Perfect Addiction Review Contest... what are you WAITING FOR? There's still time! The rules and regulations are in the previous post. It's really simple to enter! JUST DO IT!

Also, TOMORROW GET READY BECAUSE WE DIA-HARDS ARE GOING TO BLOW TWITTER UP! Voting for YOUR favorite Wattpad book to win the Wattys2015 starts TOMORROW so GET READY and TWEET LIKE CRAZY!! (Hey, that rhymed). Voting period is from 24th to 31st August, so make sure you VOTE FOR PERFECT ADDICTION! I think Kayden and Sienna deserve to win (:

How do you vote?

Very simple. All you have to do is go on Twitter and write this:

"#MyWattysChoice is Perfect Addiction by @ claudiaoverhere. <http://w.tt/1IgcMvc> "

If you want, you can add why you want my story to win! (: Customize your tweet however you want it, so long that you have the hashtag, the story you would want to win and the name of the author on it and don't forget the link too. THE LINK IS REALLY IMPORTANT!

And you can vote more than once! Spam the twitter page! Us Dia-Hards are going to take the world by storm starting from tomorrow! Make me proud!

(:

If you guys vote, I'll be forever happy.
Next update: Tuesday!
Love, Claudia.

43. Giving Up

Dedicated to @olivia650 because she has been tweeting Perfect Addiction for #MyWat
tysChoice non-stop yesterday. <3 But also, I'm really sorry. Because I don't thi
nk you're going to like this chapter.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Elijah and Pat, Kayden's parents, both visit me the day I get
released from the hospital. It's been a week since the fight between Jax and sti
ll no word from Kayden. I know he's out there, somewhere. And I know he's close
too.

I don't know if I'm going crazy because throughout the last fe
w days, I've seen glimpses of him everywhere. There was a huge bag of Skittles w
aiting for me in the morning two days ago and nobody knew how it got there. But
last night, several hours after visiting hours were over, I felt his presence in
my room. I don't know how he managed to sneak in so late but I know I wasn't im
agining things. He was there.

A light brush of his hand against mine. A kiss on the forehead
. Two words whispered to me: I'm sorry.

But the minute I opened my eyes, he was gone. The only trace o
f him was a flash of dark hair and a blurred tattooed arm via sighting from the
window. I hate that Kayden can't just man up and talk to me. Because what happen
ed that night-what he did-really needs to be discussed.

He broke my trust. He went behind my back and planned to throw
a fight that everyone was counting on for him to win. He said that he did it al
l for me but I don't understand. I need to understand and the only way I can do
that is if he talks to me.

Being in a relationship with Kayden is so hard.

"You okay?" Elijah pats my shoulder, his smile wavering. "See,
Pat? I told you we should have visited her sooner. All this bullshit about her
needing to spend time with her family and friends and all that-"

"Eli, shut up. You're giving the girl a migraine." Pat helps m
e up from the hospital bed. I place my feet on the ground and slip into my sneak
ers. My mom, dad and Alyson are outside checking me out and helping me grab my t
hings.

"We're her family now. She's dating our son and we should have
came the minute we heard that she was in the hospital-"

"It's fine, Elijah." I wave him off. "Seriously, it is. I'm su
re you've been preoccupied with your own son."

Pat shakes his head. "That stubborn kid. He's always been so g
ood at disappearing when he needs to. I've checked everywhere-his parents' old hom
e, Breaking Point, motels, the cemetery and I've come up with nothing. I hate th
at he's out there somewhere and we can't do a damned thing about it."

I nod. I know how Kayden's mother feels. I'm worried shitless
about him too. I had been hell bent on finding Kayden after day five of being he
ld captive in the hospital. But the nurses insisted I stay a little longer for m
e to heal. I tried sneaking out a couple of times -some with the help of Evans a
nd Brent- but every single time I failed. It makes me wonder how the hell did Ka
yden manage to zoom in and out of his place without anyone -even me- noticing.

"He'll turn up, you know he will." Elijah places a reassuring
hand on his wife's shoulder. She relaxes under his touch. "He's a good, sensible
kid. Always has been. He just needs time to heal. Had he not have gotten Sienna
to the hospital on time, she might be dead."

I wince when Elijah says that. I owe Kayden my life. No matter
what he did during the finals, I had to thank him for that.

"It's a shame your father disapproves of him." Pat shakes her head, scrunching her face up.

"My father doesn't see what I see in Kayden. Yet. When Kayden comes back -and he will- maybe he'll get to see how good he is for me. He'll come around." I smile at her.

"You're perfect for him, you know that?" Pat kisses both of my cheeks when we finally near the reception. I spot my mom, dad and Alyson waving at me. "I don't think I've said it enough. I know the both of you will have issues to deal with.. . but don't give up on him. He's in rough shape but with a little time and care, you'll see that loving him is worth it. Trust me, I know."

Her words warm my heart. "I will try."

Elijah pulls me into a huge embrace. "Take care, okay? I'll see you around."

"Thanks for coming guys." I pull away from Elijah and wave goodbye to them as they pass the hospital doors. When they're gone, I turn to my parents and Alyson. Alyson greets me with a warm smile and thrusts a cup of Caffeinated coffee at my face.

"Thought you might need it." she winks at me. "Your mom's got all your things. You didn't arrive at the hospital with much so she only has your apartment key and your clothes."

"Great. I can't wait to get out of these rags." I look down at my hospital gown and make a disgusted face. Alyson laughs and leads me to my parents. My dad has his hands shoved in his pockets and when he sees me, a small smile graces his lips.

I gave him a hesitant smile. He hasn't visited me all that much during my stay here and I think it's because he knows he hasn't apologized for our bad blood. Honestly, I don't really care anymore. It's good that we're on talking terms now. Will we ever have a solid father-and-daughter relationship again after all these years? I don't know.

I'm not willing to forgive him yet. But time will tell.

One step at a time.

"Dad," I say and he hugs me tightly. It's an awkward hug considering the fact that we haven't hugged in.. forever.

"You sure you're okay?" He looks at me and examines my head. "If you think that you're not feeling that good I can always tell the doctor-"

"Jesus, Dad. I'm not made of china. I'm fine." I insist. "Can you do me a favor?"

"Anything." He promises.

"You and Alyson better get out of my faces in the next 24-hours and go on your honeymoon!"

Alyson and my dad burst out laughing.

"You think I'm joking?" I snap. "I feel horrible that you have to cancel your trip to Bora-Bora. Alyson's been yapping about going there for such a long time. Please, go. I don't want to be the reason you guys are staying. You have to go."

Alyson grins. "Well.... I guess it's possible to leave tonight. Tickets will be expensive but nothing we can't handle."

Dad slides his arm around her waist and leans down to kiss her cheek. "If it's okay with Sienna..."

"Do I have to say it twice?" I place my hand on my hips and glare at them. "Leave. Tonight."

Dad smiles. "Thank you for your blessing, Sienna. It means a lot."

I point an accusing finger at him. "You and I still have a lot to discuss. Don't think I've forgiven you yet. But that can wait until after the honeymoon."

Alyson and my dad start to discuss about their honeymoon plans so I turn to my mom. She opens her arms wide and I fall into her embrace. Her c

hin rests on the top of my head and I sigh.

My mom had postponed her flight back to Puerto Rico so she could stay with me while I stayed in the hospital to recover. It's been great having her around. I missed her so much when she was abroad and I really liked spending all those hours in the hospital room binge watching Pretty Little Liars and gossiping about hot guys.

But now, she had to leave. Her flight is in a few hours and as much as I hate the fact that she's not going to be with me anymore, I have to let her go. She has a life without me and even though it hurts, I'm glad that she has finally moved on from my dad and living the life she wanted for so long. A life of happiness and freedom.

"I'm going to miss you, baby," she murmurs. "Are you sure you don't want me to stay?"

I shake my head. "You have Alejandro to get back to. And I have to find Kayden and fix things with him."

My mom tilts my chin and smiles. "Say hi to him for me, yeah?"

"Will do."

After a round of goodbyes, dad and Alyson drop me off at my and Kayden's apartment. They seem eager to leave so they can start packing for their honeymoon. I hugged them again and told them to have fun. When they're off, I grab my keys and fiddle with the lock. It feels good to finally be back. But when I enter the apartment, I feel a sense of loss.

Something is missing. Something is wrong.

I hear rustling of clothes from Kayden's room. Shuffling of feet against the wooden floor. I tip-toe to the kitchen and grab myself a kitchen knife before approaching Kayden's room. Shit. Why can't god give me a fucking break. Haven't I been through enough? Now there's a possible robber in my home?

Tightening my grip on the knife, I kick Kayden's door open and hold the knife up, ready to defend myself.

My mouth falls open and the knife clatters to the ground.

Kayden stands in front of me, facing backwards. When he sees me, he turns back and his eyes widen. I gasp when I take in his full form. He looks beaten. Defeated. There are huge dark circles underneath his eyes and his cheeks are hollowed. He looks like he hasn't sleep or eaten in the past week.

"Hey." He clears his throat. His voice is dry and hoarse.

There are so many questions I want to ask him. Words flood into my mind, incapable of forming into coherent sentences. I'm so utterly speechless. I can't believe he's here in front of me.

That was easy.

"What are you doing here?" I demand. "Your parents... Brent... Evans... they've been looking for you everywhere! Where the hell have you been?"

He doesn't answer me, not directly. His eyes drift to what he had been doing. I peer over his huge figure and see a huge bag stuffed with his clothes in it. There are two more bags on the floor, fully packed and ready to go. I stare at him again, trying to find some sort of answer to what is happening right now.

My mind suddenly clicks into place and I swear my heart stopped.

"You're leaving." I say in finality.

The expression he wears on his face is heartbreaking. I gasp for air but it seems like there's not enough oxygen in this room to fill me completely.

"Why are you leaving?" I croak out. "Do you need time or something? Do you need some space? Wasn't a week enough?"

So many questions. Not enough answers.

"Sienna..." He tries to reach for me but I back away from him.

"Why didn't you come visit me in the hospital?" I ask. "Why? Y

ou saved my life and you didn't bother to stick around. If you feel guilty about me risking my life for you, then you should stop because I swear I would do it all over again if it meant that you didn't take that deadly hit from Jax."

Kayden sucks in a deep breath, his chest rising slowly.

I shake my head. "I don't understand. I don't understand anything, Kayden. Please... help me."

"I'm leaving this apartment. For good."

I'm dead.

He shot me straight at my heart and now I'm dead.

"Wh-what?"

He turns around, tearing his gaze from me and he continues to stuff clothes into his duffle bag. "You heard me."

"Why?" I ask. When Kayden doesn't answer, I trudge towards him and grab his shoulder so he is facing me again. "Why, Kayden? Did I do something to upset you? Christ, you're not making any sense!"

"Yes I am!" He yells, his eyes blazing with anger. "Because I'm trying to protect you!"

"Protect me? From who?"

"From me!"

His words echo around the room and I inhale sharply. My heart is breaking, breaking and the fragments are falling unto the floor and they lay there while he crushes it with his feet.

Kayden takes a sharp breath and runs his fingers through his hair out of frustration. "Do you know why I threw that fight, Sienna? It was because I thought I could save you. You have been so hell bent on getting your revenge through me. I told you that if you didn't let that anger go... you were going to lose it. You were going to be like how I was three years ago. I wanted to save you from that kind of tortured life. If I won that fight, Lucky, you wouldn't like what you would become. You would want more. Crave more. The anger. It was going to eat you up until there was nothing left. So I threw the fight because I thought that if I lost, you'll get over your anger for him. I thought that you'll finally realize that maybe... revenge isn't always the solution."

"You gave up your victory... for me?"

He shrugs. Yes.

He gives me sad, broken smile. "Funny how things turned out. I thought I was going to be the hero. Your hero. I was going to save you. And in the end, I almost killed you."

"You had no control over the situation, you know that." I shake my head. "It was my fault. I stepped in to protect you."

"If I didn't throw that fight, then you wouldn't have gotten hit by Jax and you wouldn't have been in my arms, dying." He says the words through gritted teeth. His voice is so pained and strained. "I can't even fathom how I felt when you were unconscious in my arms, Lucky. It was devastating. Excruciating. It destroyed me. I haven't felt like that since Clarissa died."

"You know very damn well it wasn't your fault, Kayden!"

"But I could have prevented it from happening!" He screams. Fat tears roll down his cheeks and I had to look away because seeing him like this was too painful for me to watch. "I could have. You don't understand. I hurt everyone that I love. My parents died because of me. My sister died because of me. You almost died because of me. I'm no good for you. I'm a horrible person. Death follows me everywhere like the fucking plague."

"No," I shake my head, spilling tears of my own. "Don't. Don't do this."

"I almost killed you." Kayden continues to pack his things, refusing eye contact with me. "Guess it fits, doesn't it? Me being the 'Killer' and all that."

"Kayden, we can work through this." I plead. "What happened last week was... not hing."

"No. It was a revelation. A realization for me," he says. "I can't forgive myself for this, Lucky. I can't forgive myself for putting you in that kind of position last week. I'm a hypocrite. I tell you to forgive Jax but I can't forgive myself for this. You almost dying in my arms... I'm not letting that happen again."

"It won't happen again!"

"It will if I stick around." Kayden looks at me briefly. "I promise I'll protect you, Lucky. I promised and I broke that promise. I don't deserve to even be near you."

"Don't say that... please," my voice breaks. I place my hand over his to stop him from packing. "Stop it. Stop packing and listen to me! Yes, you said you'd protect me but I also made a promise to protect you! We got each other's backs, remember? So you're punishing me for protecting you in that ring?"

"No, I'm not punishing you. I'm reliving you." He pushes my hand away and zips the bag. I don't know what to do. Kayden looks at me and I beg him to stay to stay please stay don't leave I love you I love you so damn much it hurts it hurts...

"I'm sorry, Lucky. I destroyed what was true to the both of us. I was selfish and you paid the price for it. I'm not letting it happen again."

"STOP IT!" I step in front of him so he can't leave. "STOP TALKING LIKE THAT!"

"Sienna, please step away."

"No."

"GET OUT OF MY WAY, LUCKY!" He yells. "I'm trying to be the good person here!"

"I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE THE GOOD PERSON! I WANT YOU TO BE WITH ME!" I scream and he flinches.

"Lucky..." He wipes his tears away. "I have to do this."

Don't give up on him, Sienna. Pat's voice rings in my ears. Don't give up.

I shake my head. I hold back my tears and take a deep breath.

"If you leave this room, we are over. Over, you hear me?"

Stay, Kayden. Please stay. Stay stay stay stay stay. Stay here. Stay with me. Be the bigger man and stay.

Kayden says nothing. He gulps, a lump forming in his throat. He blinks back his tears and grips his bags hard.

"Then, over it is." He murmurs.

I can't hold the tears back any longer. They cloud my eyes, falling down my cheeks in a steady stream. He tries to sidestep me, but I cover the door to prevent him from leaving.

"I'm not letting you leave," I croak out. "Fight for me, Kayden. Don't give up on us. Please."

He looks away, defeated, then closes his eyes, each fallen tear a painful reminder that my words don't-won't-mean a single word to him.

"Some battles can't be won, Sienna. This is a battle I'm choosing to lose." And with that, he bends down, taps on the floor twice—a sign that he's giving up. I can't see him anymore because my eyes are clouded with so much tears.

And this time, when he nudges me away so he can leave the room, I don't stop him.

I let him go.

A/N: I'm so sorry for this chapter. You have no idea.

I hate to break the mood, but voting period is still ongoing! I know it's going to sound very repetitive, but I hope you guys will vote. I think Perfect Addiction has a fighting chance and you can show your love for the book by voting for it. We're up against some really tough competition, but I'm opt

imistic.

I kind of hesitated posting this chapter because I was afraid y'all won't vote for me. I'm sorry.):

Anyways, do those who wish to vote, voting will be going on this ENTIRE WEEK so they'll be plenty of time to vote And you can vote MORE THAN ONCE! So those of you who have voted, spam the twittersphere AGAIN! I'll be on Twitter everyday to tweet and retweet, so if you're online, come and shoot me a simple HI!

How to vote: Go to Twitter and type : "#MyWattysChoice Perfect Addiction @claudiaoverhere <http://w.tt/1IgcMvc> "

You can also customize your tweet however you wish, so as long as those words are there.

Anyways, let's get back to the real issue at hand. So KAYNA is no longer canon, which sucks. I would say more, but that would include spoilers. Hehe. My updates are going to be sporadic throughout this whole week. We have FOUR MORE CHAPTERS until Perfect Addiction is finished. It makes me sad that I'm going to have to let it go, because this is one of the best work that I've ever done and I'm kind of afraid I won't be able to top this.

Show me your love and vote for me! I'm on most of the social medias- Facebook, Instagram and Twitter. You'll never get rid of me that easily.

PS: I'm really sorry about the KAYNA breakup. I feel really shitty giving you this chapter; it's like I'm rewarding all the people who voted with such a sad chapter. But stick around because perhaps things will get better.

Next update: Tomorrow/Thursday.

Love, Claudia.

44. Getting Over Him

The official Perfect Addiction trailer is in the link above! Enjoy!

Also, I found this on Pinterest and I thought it would be fitting for this chapter:

"I laughed a lot because of you.

I cried a lot because of you.

I believed in love because of you.

And now I'm heartbroken because of you."

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Hit.

I picture him standing there again. His face doesn't seem fazed by my words. He just stares at me blankly, like I shouldn't try to stop him. I shouldn't try to stop him from leaving.

Hit.

It hurt. God, it fucking hurt. All traces of him have been wiped from the apartment. That was what the apartment was meant for, right? I knew it from the start. I knew that if he ever needed to leave, he could just disappear and nobody would know he ever lived here. He was destined to run. I thought he wanted to run from his past.

Turns out he's running from himself.

Hit.

He's running because he says he doesn't deserve me. Because he doesn't think that he's good for me. Because he thought he had hurt me and he wanted to prevent that from happening again. But when he left me cold and alone in that apartment, he did exactly what he promised not to do. He hurt me and he tore my body wide open and ripped my heart out of my chest and crushed it into a million fucking pieces.

Hit.

He's gone. He really is gone. He hasn't once called, hasn't once texted to see if I was alright and I didn't bother to try either. What's the

use of contacting someone who can't stand to be near you? Someone who would rather leave like a coward instead of staying and fighting. Fighting for our relationship. Fighting for our love.

Hit.

I want to erase him from every good memory we ever shared.

Hit.

I want to forget the day I ever met him. I want to forget the way he stared at me like he was afraid of me, afraid of what kind of damage I would do if he agreed to let me stay in his apartment.

Hit.

I want to forget that fear turned to adoration when we fought together—our first training session— and he was determined to beat the hell out of me but I wouldn't let him get the better of me.

Hit. Hit. Hit.

And most importantly, I want to forget that that adoration turned into something much more. Love.

HIT.

I want to forget our first kiss.

HIT.

I want to forget how good it felt when he gave me my first hickey.

HIT.

I want to forget how breathless I was when he helped me out of my clothes, taking his time with each piece of clothing.

HIT. HIT. HIT

I want to forget the feel of his hands on my skin, roaming, exploring, loving.

HIT HIT HIT HIT HIT.

I want to forget the first time we made love and I wanted to cry out from the happiness because I knew it wouldn't get any better than this.

HIT HIT HIT HIT HIT HIT.

He loved me. He loved me until he destroyed me. That is the only way I know how to put it. The numbness, the pain when he stepped foot out of that apartment... it was excruciating. I want to kill the pain inside of me, tear out every positive feeling that connected with him and throw it away away away because I don't want anything to do with him with it with them.

HIT HIT HIT HIT HIT HIT-

I don't want to feel like this, like I'm suffocating and I'm trying to breathe I can't breathe I need air AIR stop stop stop STOP let me breathe I need to breathe STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP-

Hot tears start to spill from my eyes when I thrust my hand out to stop the punching bag from knocking me out cold. I tear my wraps from my hands and place my palms over my face, wanting to push back the overwhelming emotions swirling inside of my right now.

Pain. Devastation.

It doesn't feel much like the time when I found out that Jax was cheating on me with Beth and I had broken up with him. At that time, I felt betrayed but more importantly, I was angry. Hot sizzling rage ran through my body and consumed me. Every action and decision I made from then on was to destroy Jax. I loathed him. I hated him. I wanted to see him burn.

But this time around, it's different. I didn't want to do any of that to Kayden. Sure, I'm angry that he left me, but I'm more hurt at the fact that he walked away from me. He walked away and he left me to pick up the pieces of my shattered heart by myself. I thought I didn't need a man to make me feel strong but he made me stronger. And he when he left, he took all my strength with him.

I'm broken. Completely and utterly broken. It would take more than a plot for revenge to put me back together again.

For the first time in months, I don't feel like I need revenge anymore. I feel utterly pathetic knowing that the reason why Kayden left was because of me. Me. It was my own fault. I let my rage get the better of me. Kayden saw something in me—something dark—and he wanted to protect me from it. He wanted me to be free from the darkness that came with the anger. And now he's gone because I couldn't let go of that darkness.

I fall to the floor and let the tears fall down my cheeks. It's been over 48 hours since he left and every time I think about him, I cry. It is not in my nature to cry over a boy, god dammit. Back when I broke up with Jax, I cried once.

After Kayden left, I lost the number of times I cried.

I stare at the punching bag, now standing completely still. After Julian found out what happened, he took pity on me and let me use the UF gym to get some release. For the past two days, I've been camped out here. I try to avoid the apartment as much as I can.

Even though Julian's my boss, he's a genuine friend of mine and I should really thank him for this favor. I make a mental note to shoot him a text after I'm done with my crying episode.

"Sienna?" A familiar voice echoes through the wall. "Jesus, we've been looking for you everywhere!"

I lift my head and see Evans barreling towards me. Brent trails along behind him, looking really worried. I quickly wipe the tears off my face and plaster a huge smile.

"Hey." I sniff. "How's it going?"

"'How's it going?' Really, Si?" Brent stares at me with annoyance and a little bit of anger. He adjusts his glasses and crosses his arms. "Cut the crap. We know you've been crying. Your face is all red and you look like you might wanna hurl. Is this where you've been hiding this entire time?"

Dammit. Brent is too smart for his own good.

Evans sighs and sits cross-legged in front of me. Brent does the same. Both of them continue to stare at me, like I might just give them some answers. Well, they'll have to be here the whole night after that happens because I'm not in the mood to talk.

"Sienna." Evans blows out a huge breath and takes my hand. "What is going on? I swear, we were gone for two days and then suddenly we get a text from him saying that he left town and he doesn't know when he will return. Then, we barged into your apartment and we see all of Kayden's stuff is gone. We waited for you for hours, but you didn't show up. We thought you'd be here but the gym was closed. This is probably the only time you were careless enough not to lock the god damned door."

Crap. I completely forgot.

"What is happening?" Evans breathes. "Where's Kayden? Where did he go? What happened to the both of you? You look like an emotional train wreck."

"I am an emotional train wreck."

These are the only words that I have spoken today.

Brent swears under his breath. "Kayden broke up with you, didn't he?"

Slowly, I nod.

"That motherfucker!" Brent curses. "He's such an idiot! I knew he was acting strange after you being in the hospital and all that but... seriously? This is how he chooses to opt out?"

"It's not his fault." I shake my head. "It's mine. You know damn well it's my fault. I just couldn't let go of my need for revenge. And now he's gone because he feels like he failed to protect me."

Brent rolls his eyes. "He always wanted to be a martyr."

"Whatever." I sniff again. "There's nothing I can do about except to move on."

"You're not even going to try to find him?" Brent says. baffled. "Come on. The Sienna I know would not give up like this."

"What the hell am I suppose to do, huh, Brent?" I snap. "I tried to make him stay. I really did. But he wanted to leave. He brushed past me and left me like I was nothing to him. I did everything and it still wasn't enough. And what good would it do if I just ran after him? What am I supposed to do then? Tie him up and hold him captive? There's nothing I can do to make him stay. If he wants to leave, let him leave. If he stays, you know very damn well he'll just bolt again."

Evans looks down. "Can't the both of you just work things out?"

I shake my head no. "This relationship was doomed from the start. I was just too blind to see it."

Brent scoots closer to me and throws an arm around me. I lean against his shoulder. "Hey, what you and Kayden had was beautiful. The both of you didn't just fell for each other. You grew to love each other. He was your best friend and your lover. He was perfect for you, Sienna. Everyone could see it. Kayden always wanted what was best for you. That's why he ended things. I get that now. He was fiercely loyal to you and when shit hit the fan, he thought that backing down from what he had with you was the right thing to do."

"Then, you must know that he won't be coming back anytime soon." I shrug. "I don't know how long he'll be gone. A month, maybe two, or hell, even forever. I might never see him again."

That thought scares the living shit out of me.

"He'll come back." Evans says with determination. "And when he does, he should watch out for my fist."

I bark out a small laugh. Brent catches me doing so and smiles.

"I missed your smile," Brent murmurs. "Really, you should smile more."

"Dude. Give me a break. I just got my ass dumped."

Evans laughs. "We'll go easy on you these past few days. But make no mistake: we will help you get better. No more hiding in the gym and crying. You look pathetic. It's absolutely disgusting and a fucking eye sore."

"Thanks, friend." I mumble sarcastically.

Brent slaps his boyfriend on the shoulder. "Don't say stuff like that. It's okay to cry, Si. You're not human if you don't. But you need to get back on your feet. Your break up doesn't have to be a bad thing, right?"

"Babe, all breakups are bad." Evans says. "Trust me, I know."

Brent glares at him. "But sometimes, you don't really have to look back at your wonderful memories with him and be sad over the fact that you can't have anymore with him anymore. Be happy over the fact that you got to spend these few months making him the most luckiest guy in the world. Look back at every single kiss the both of you ever shared with a smile on your face. Remember what it was like to have his heart and be grateful for that amount of time you had it. Cherish every moment the both of you ever had with each other and never regret what you had with him. Your relationship with him may have ended on bad terms but time before that was good. Really good. Remember those feelings, Si. And trust me, you will see this breakup at a completely different perspective."

I smile and hug him because those are the most beautiful words someone has ever said to me. Well, second most beautiful. The first one was Kayden saying I love you to me.

Huh. I guess I really can do this after all.

"Thanks, B," I murmur. "You're a good friend."

Evans clears his throat. "I believe you've hugged him enough, Sienna."

I release my hold on Brent and laugh. "Evans, are you jealous?"

"That is my boyfriend you're hugging. Of course I'm jealous!"

Brent leans forward and kisses Evans on the cheek. "Don't worry, babe. You're the only one that I want."

Evans blushes and I laugh some more.

"Thanks guys," I say to them. "I really appreciate it."

"Good," Brent nods. "You may never get over him. None of us can get over something as huge as what you and him had. But we learn to move on. We learn to forgive ourselves and others and along the way, we become better. There will always be a gaping hole of his absence in your heart, but with time, I'm certain that you'll heal."

I can only nod.

"Oh, baby. I love it when you talk dirty," Evans presses his nose against Brent's cheek.

"Sweet Jesus," Brent rolls his eyes.

"I don't think I'll ever get over Kayden." I say. "I'm pretty certain what I feel for him will never go away."

"I think he feels the same way," Brent smiles. "That guy... he needs to sort his shit out. Why he needs to leave town is beyond my understanding. I would knock some god damned sense into him but... I think I have faith in him. He's a good guy, Sienna. He's just really difficult to understand. I think he just needs time. But in the meantime, you should try live your life without him."

"A new beginning, then." I say.

"A new beginning." Brent echoes.

New beginnings. That sounds... nice. And Brent is right. I will never get over Kayden. He was the best thing that has ever happened to me.

He may not be a knight in shining armor, but he saved me all the same.

And I'm eternally grateful to him for that.

But he's gone and I'll never know when he'll come back. And sitting around pinning for him won't do me good. I have to get up on my feet again. By myself. I did it before so I'm certain I can do it again.

I don't know what's going to happen to Kayden—whether he'll come back or not. It terrifies me that he might not be here anymore. But I know this separation will do us both good. He needs to figure out what he wants and I need to pick up the broken pieces of my own life too.

And I have to do it without him.

I need to get my life back in order. Kayden has no doubt given me the strength I need to pull myself back together, but I need to test that strength by myself.

So I take Brent's advice.

I write myself a new chapter.

A new chapter with a new beginning.

A/N: DAY THREE OF THE WATTYS! How are we all feeling? Because I'm feeling OPTIMISTIC! If you haven't vote, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, BRO? Join in on all the fun! The Dia-Hards and I are having the time of our lives spamming the shit out of Twitter! We may not be first right now (I'm pretty sure that space is solely reserved for Kat's Omertà) but that doesn't mean we can't try! I'm pretty certain that if everyone go on twitter RIGHT NOW and TWEET, we'll be trending for sure!

All you have to do is type this on Twitter: #MyWattysChoice Perfect Addiction @claudiaoverhere <http://w.tt/1IgcMvc>

You can do it however many times you wish. You can spam like me (and get kicked out of Twitter for reaching the Tweet limit) or you can retweet other people's tweets! RTs count as votes too!

Anyways, UNTO my thoughts and feelings about this chapter... I honestly think that this breakup was really needed for KAYNA. They're both vastly similar, and I think they need to spend some time apart to figure out their o

wn shit. Because they'll be getting no where if they're together right now.

We only have three chapters left! To be more specific, we have one chapter left, and an epilogue that is SO GOD DAMN LONG that it had to be split into two parts. Yes, an epilogue split into two parts. That's a first for me.

And after that... I guess we're done.

Sobs.

Next update: I'm not sure, since I'm too busy with the Wattys, but hopefully soon!

Love, Claudia.

45. A New Beginning

Now THIS is officially the longest chapter I have ever written.

I wanted to say THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR VOTING LAST NIGHT! YOU GUYS WERE AMAZING! I LOVE YA'LL. SO THIS IS MY PRESENT TO YOU!

I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT EVEN IF WE ARE IN 3RD PLACE NOW, WE CAN STILL DO IT! WE CAN STILL FIGHT FOR IT! JOIN ME FOR THE LAST TWO DAYS AS THE DIA HARDS CONTINUE FIGHTING FOR WHAT'S OURS: THE 'CHAMPIONSHIP'. HEHEHE. I think we deserve it! We may have a small fan base, but we are MIGHTY IN POWER.

SO AFTER THIS CHAPTER, PLEASE REMEMBER TO VOTE ON TWITTER! I know it's a lot for you guys to ask, but please help me! I can't do it all alone. I need my Dia-Hards!

Also, winners of the Perfect Addiction contest winners are listed after this chapter! Leggo.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The next few days aren't as painful as I thought they would be. In fact, I feel much better after the talk I had with Brent and Evans. As much as I love the gym, I promise myself I wouldn't get too caught up with it. Even Julian insists that I should take a break now and then.

So, I take his advice and I spent a good amount of my time doing a lot of other things. I hang out with Alex and Cara more, and it doesn't hurt as much anymore seeing them with their boyfriends.

I use my time to get ahead of my studies as well. History isn't something that will ever benefit me in the future, but it's far too late to change my course now.

Besides, when Julian retires in three years, he promised to give the gym to me. I'll not only manage the gym myself, but I'll be able to train whenever I wish and not have to beg Julian to give me the keys so I can lock up after midnight. UF gym will be my future. And I've never been more excited.

Fighting has always been my life and always will be. It consumes my every breath. I love that I get to release my stress and my pain when I'm in the gym. I love that every punch makes me feel like I'm fighting for something. Someone. Anything. I love that there is no better way to connect with yourself than fighting.

I was born to be a fighter.

But being a fighter does not mean that I have to live in rage.

When I fight, I live in my emotions. But maybe... my emotions don't have to trap me anymore.

That's why when I open the door to my apartment and I see my sister, Beth, standing in front of me, a hesitant smile on her face, I don't push her way. I don't tell her to get lost and I don't slam the door shut on her face. I lean against the door frame and I wait for what she has to say.

She is a beautiful mess. Her long blonde hair is pulled into a messy bun, and her face is pale. Her cheekbones are sunken in and judging from her body, I know she lost a lot of weight. Her eyes are swollen, but they hold so much hope. She sniffs, then looks down nervously, like she expects the worst from me.

I don't blame her.

"Beth, are you just going to stand by the door and not say anything or do you actually have a reason for coming here?" I fold my arms across my chest.

I tell myself not to snap, not to be rude, but I can't help myself. I still harbor a little bit of bitter resentment towards her.

Ever since I came back from the hospital two and a half weeks ago, I haven't seen her at all, even on campus. Either she's been trying to avoid me or she spent two weeks not even bothering to show up to school. I don't know what has happened to her.

There were times when I wanted to call her, to ask if she was alright, but I always hesitated. Maybe there was some small part of me that thought that if I did call her, I was somehow 'forgiving' her. That I was somehow accepting the fact that she did wrong. Which, by the way, I haven't exactly gotten over yet.

"I... uh, I don't know what to say." She licks her lips and clutches her bag close to her. "It's good to see you."

I glance at Beth again and sigh. Somehow, Kayden's voice echoes in my mind. Don't push her away. Give her a chance. Don't be like me. Be stronger than me.

"You want to come in?" The words come out of my mouth before I have a chance to stuff them back in.

Too late now. No turning back.

She nods and I leave the door ajar for her. She saunters in and takes a deep breath when she sees my apartment. "Wow. It's... a beautiful apartment."

"Thanks."

I gesture for her to sit on the sofa, but she shakes her head no. My eyebrows lift in confusion when Beth frowns and a tear leaks from her eye.

"Beth?"

"I broke up with Jax." She blurts out.

Whoa. I hadn't expected that to come out of her mouth.

I cross my arms and really look at her. "Really?"

"Really," she wipes the leaked tear. "Um... and I realized.. you were right. About him. Everything. When you told me that he was playing me, that he never really loved me, I didn't want to believe you. I was stubborn. I had the guy of my dreams and I didn't want to let that go. I was convinced you were trying to undermine me so I wouldn't get my happily ever after with him. But.. after I saw you in the hospital and when I went back home, I saw Jax. He was snuggling in your bed, clutching your sheets and he was apologizing and saying that he loved you. Over and over again."

I inhale a sharp breath. Tears are falling in a steady stream down her cheeks and yet, she still manages to smile. I would never be able to do that.

"I guess he felt really bad about what he did to you. But in that moment, I knew that he really did love you. Or whatever definition of 'love' he believes. But he does care about you. A lot. More than me," Beth shakes her head. "Even after he got together with me. I wanted to believe that I could be happy with him, but he was never a 100% with me. Now, I know why. When you found out he cheated on you, you thought you were his mistake. But I know that isn't true. I'm his mistake."

"He regretted being with me. I can see it in his eyes." She continues on. "He didn't say anything to me. I just knew it. And I didn't want to say anything. I hoped it was just a phase, and it would just go away. But it didn't and god, it hurt so bad. So yesterday, I finally had the balls to confront him about it again. And he said he wasn't happy with me. So I broke up with him."

"Why are you telling me this?" I sigh. "I can't help you get him back, you know."

"I don't want you to help me. I just... I just needed to tell you. To explain what happened." She is crying right now. "I'm so sorry that I slept with your boyfriend. It was a horrible thing to do and at that time, I didn't think there was anything wrong with it. I have always been the good girl. I stayed by the sidelines and watched Jax love you and it fucking hurt me. Because I was so madly in love with him and I would have done anything to be with him. Even to betray my own sister."

"And then, when he started noticing me, it was a dream come true. I was a loner and no guy ever liked me, but Jax took interest in me. I was on cloud nine. I wanted him. I wanted his attention. I thought that he was too good for you. And when he kissed me, I was convinced he wanted to be with me. I knew it was wrong, doing it behind your back, and I did it anyway. Because I was too clouded by my love for him that I was thought it was an okay thing to do."

"Now, I realized I was wrong. So wrong." She takes a step closer to me. She wipes her tears away and she looks into my eyes. "I'm not worthy to be your sister. I'm not even worthy to talk to you right now. You loved him, and I took him away from you. Even if I loved him, I should have told him no. I shouldn't have pursued a relationship with him anyway. It was a...crappy thing to do and you have no idea how sorry I am."

I say absolutely nothing.

She said she was sorry, Kayden's voice invades my thoughts again. She's trying, Sienna. She may be in the wrong, but she's trying to atone for her mistakes.

No, stop it! You are not real! You are gone! I mentally scream. Gone and you can't tell me what to do!

I'm gone but the fact that you're still hearing my voice means that in some way, you want to listen to me. And you want to listen to what I would have said if I were standing next to you right now. You don't have to forgive her. But you just have to understand where she's coming from. Don't let your anger get to you. You think that if you cling onto it, you'll feel stronger. But you won't. Let the anger go. Don't end up like me. I beg you.

I'm going crazy. I'm going fucking crazy, I keep telling myself.

My subconscious is now in the form of Kayden, my ex-boyfriend. Sweet baby Jesus, I need to see a therapist.

"I'm so sorry." She tears her gaze away from me and covers her face with her hands. "So so... sorry. And I know there is no chance for you to forgive me. And... that's okay... because I don't deserve it. I really don't. I have done nothing but destroy what was true to you and I understand why you hate me. I guess I'm just here because... I needed to say it. I have been keeping all of this for a long time and I needed you to hear it."

Shit.

She's right.

That is what I really needed to hear for a long time.

Shit. This can't be happening. I don't understand this. I don't understand this... foreign feeling that's overwhelming me right now. Pity? Sadness? Despair? It seems like all the the above rolled into one. I look at Beth again, and I don't feel much anger anymore. I want to hate her, I do, but I can't. Because somehow

her words

released me.

God damn you, subconscious Kayden!

"What?" Beth stares at me, confused.

"Nothing," I quickly add.

Beth frowns and she does what I didn't expect. She throws her arms around me and pulls me into an embrace, sobbing into my T-shirt.

"I'm so sorry, Sienna. So damn sorry." She cries.

I don't know what to do. I just stand there, my hands awkwardly

y by my sides as my sister continues to hug me. What do I do? I haven't hugged my sister since when we were kids. How fucked up is that?

Slowly but hesitantly, I slide my hands around her and sigh. I'm hugging Beth. I'm actually hugging her. My sister. The girl whom I loved when I was a kid. The girl who rode bicycles with me ate ice-cream with. The girl whom I wanted to be because she was always the smarter one, the more beautiful one, the more soft-hearted one. I was her polar opposite—always struggling with how I felt and trying to find my place in the world.

I hated myself but she loved me.

But her love for me was put to the test when she was with Jax. And that betrayal stung. But she knows that now and she's actually apologizing for what happened.

I close my eyes and let out another sigh.

And besides, Beth did me a huge favor. If she was never with Jax, I would have never realized what a piece of shit he was and I would have never found Kayden.

Can I really hate her for something like that?

No. I can't. The past is the past. And what I do now is going to decide what kind of person I am going to be in the future.

"It's fine," I shrug and pull away from her gently, "And... I don't think it's entirely your fault too. Even if you did sleep with him, he initiated it too. He went behind my back and betrayed me too. So as much as I want to hold you responsible, you're not completely at fault."

"I know. But regardless, I still did a really bad thing. And it has taken me a long time to admit it. I just want you to know that I really am sorry for what I did. Really. If I had to take it all back, I would," Beth says. "How stupid was I to think that some guy was more important than my own sister?"

"I haven't exactly been a great sister too," I shrug. "I ignored you. I neglected you. When I was with Jax, I don't think I was a very good person."

"You weren't... but I still should have been loyal to you." She defends me. "But... I can't change anything. I just hope that maybe... you won't hate me so much anymore."

I take a deep breath.

I can't believe I'm actually doing this.

Kayden, what have you done to me?

"I don't know I'll ever forgive you for what you've done," I say. "I'm sorry. But it's the truth. I can't forgive you. Not now. It still hurts sometimes. But... I don't hate you. Maybe I have, but I don't hate you now. Things will never be able to go back to the way things were between us. That's reality. There will still be awkwardness there and I don't think we can be close anymore. But you're still my sister. You're my blood. And even though I can't forgive you now, I'd like to think that there is a possibility of forgiveness."

The smile on her face is huge.

"Really?" She sniffs.

"Really."

"I never would have expected that..." Beth bites her lip. "I didn't think I would get anything out of you at all."

"Well, I guess I've changed." I shrug. "I don't know. I'm still new to all of this. I try to hold less grudges now."

"That's... great," She beams. "I know it's hard to forgive me for what I've done, but... the possibility of forgiveness is more than enough. So thank you, Sienna."

"You're welcome."

One step forward, no steps back.

I guess Kayden—well, subconscious Kayden—is right. I feel much better

ter without having resentment and anger boiling inside of me. Even though I've practically lived in those emotions ever since my dad left both my mother and I, it is kind of a relief to let it go. Sure, I hadn't forgiven Beth yet for what she had done, but if she can earn that forgiveness, I guess anything can happen.

Same for my dad. My dad and I have gotten way closer after he came back from his honeymoon with Alyson. The both of them look like a bunch of teenagers, smiling like idiots and kissing each other every chance they can get.

This marriage with Alyson is different; my dad is happier than he's ever been in his entire life.

I think it's nice for him to finally achieve the happiness that he longed for for so long. If my mother couldn't give him that, I was convinced no other woman would. But then came Alyson.

I guess happily ever afters do exist after all.

Apart from spending time from his wife, he spends his time with me. At first, I was hesitant to visit him so frequent on the weekends, but Alyson always make sure that I'm more than welcome too. I think she too is sick of the fact that my dad and I have tension between us so she's trying to push us back together.

The first few visits were awkward; I spent more time with Alyson and the butler, Houston more than I did with my dad. But after we got past the awkward conversations, I've come to realize that maybe my dad isn't so bad after all.

In fact, he's actually pretty cool. Now that my weekends are more flexible, him, Alyson and I go out on Saturday nights. We go bowling, mini-golfing or watch a movie—but usually I have to watch the movie twice because every Friday night is my movie night with Brent and Evans.

Sometimes, Beth tags along when she's free. Even though it's still a little tense between us, I try not to let it get to me. We're finally a family now and I'd hate to break it up again.

Speaking of family, my friends are starting to feel like a second one to me. When I'm not busy hanging out in the apartment with Brent and Evans, I go shopping with Alex and Cara. It's a good balance. I'm surrounded by the people I love and it's great. But I make sure I leave some time alone to myself to hit the gym.

Like tonight.

I don't have to ask Julian for the key to UF gym anymore. I have my own key. I guess he got pretty tired of me calling him and begging him for the key, which he has to drive all the way here to give it to me. Last week, I asked for a spare one and he made it for me. I was surprised, to say the least.

"If I'm giving you complete ownership of the gym when you graduate, I'll have to start trusting you," Julian rolled his eyes, dangling the spare key in front of me. "So you better not break my trust, Sienna. I'm counting on you."

It was basically his way of saying he loves me.

I stand by the doors of UF gym and I ransack my duffle bag to find the key. To my frustration, I can't find it so I throw the duffle bag down to the floor and throw out all my clothes and towels to find the key.

"Sienna?" Someone all too familiar calls me.

I look up and find a silhouette of a man leaning against the doors to the gym. I squint my eyes and walk closer, and to my surprise, it's Jax. His blonde hair has grown way too long and flops over his face, shielding his eyes. His clothes are torn and ragged and he looks absolutely weather beaten. He holds up a bottle of whiskey and dumps the remaining of its contents into his mouth, then licks his lips dry.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I demand. "Are you drunk?"

"Yeppers peppers," he slurs. "Very drunk."

"Why?"

"Because I'm a—what do you call it? Oh, right—fuck up. I'm a fuck

up." He lays the whiskey bottle to his side and stares lazily at me. His fingers arch, beckoning me to come closer. "Sienna, what have you done to me?"

"Jax, you shouldn't be here," I cross my arms. "You need to go home—oh fuck, your knuckles. They're bleeding."

He stares at his hands. "Oh this silly little thing." He giggles. Jesus, he actually giggled. "Nah, it's nothing. I busted my knuckles beating up some of the guys from the tournament. They thought I didn't deserve the championship—which I totally agreed with them, but I guess they were still looking for a fight. So I gave them one."

He points to his mouth. "Busted my lip. Busted my knuckles. Twisted my ankle trying to get away. Then, I ended up here. Yay for me."

"You need help. I'm going to call an ambulance. You might want to have yourself checked out for any broken ribs or something. I can fix a lot of things but I can't fix this," I gesture to Jax.

He shakes his head. "Please, no ambulance. Please."

"Jax—"

"No," he demanded. "I'm... fine. I just... I came here because I wanted to see you."

"If you're here to apologize, Beth beat you to it already." I shrug. I don't know what to do except to just stand in front of him like an idiot. This is my ex-boyfriend, the guy I love for three years. I've thought I've seen him at his worst before, but looking at him now, I know he hit an all time low. Just like how I had when I found out he cheated on me.

"Huh, Beth." He laughs. "I knew she'd crack. Knew she'd come back and beg for forgiveness."

"Actually, no. She didn't ask for forgiveness. She knew I wouldn't give it to her too soon."

"At least she's not stupid." Jax coughs. "Can you sit next to me, please?"

"I don't know, Jax. I still don't know what you're doing here."

He lifts his right hand and clenches his fist. I don't know what he's doing. He shows me his fist for a couple of seconds before speaking. "This is the fist that almost got you killed five weeks ago."

Holy shit.

"Um, thanks?" I say, unsure of what he's implying.

He holds his fist up for a few more seconds before letting his hand fall unto his lap. "I have hit you before, during practices and stuff, but not like that. Never like that. You know I would never hurt you on purpose."

"I know, Jax. I know."

In the end, I cave in and sit cross-legged in front of him. I still eye him suspiciously. Jax has many faces and I'm not sure which one I'm looking at tonight. He hurt me before emotionally and he did the same to Beth. I should be very careful around him.

"It was an accident," he breathes. "I swear, princess. It was. I saw you on the ground, and you were unconscious and I knew I shouldn't have hit it too hard but how was I supposed to know you were going to come in between the fight? I thought it was going to be easy, winning the fight. Hell, Kayden didn't even resist. But he held on and goddammit, that punch was meant to end him. And then you got hurt and—"

A tear falls from his eye. He clenches his jaw. "You were in the hospital for days. I was going to visit you but... I didn't think you would want me there. After all, I was the one that you put in the hospital in the first place."

"Jax, just get to the point."

He nods. "I just wanted you to know that I would have never wanted to hurt you on purpose. It has killed me... this past month, knowing that I fucked up on so many levels. I'm a fucked up person. You know that. Your boyfri

end knows that. Everyone knows that. I can't... I don't know what I'm doing half the time. I love you, princess. But at the same time, I don't. I want you too. And isn't wanting the same thing as loving? I'm so confused, Sienna. I fucked up so bad with you and your sister. I had the best relationship of my life with you and I had to fuck it up by sleeping with your sister. But I never stopped thinking about you. Never stopped loving you."

"Jax," I say slowly. "Love and want—they're not the same thing. You don't love me Jax. You want me. Same like you wanted Beth. You want because you're so unhappy. When we were still together, I saw through you. You weren't happy. And you thought Beth could make you happy. So you thought you loved her. And now you realize that she can't make you happy, you want me instead. So you think you love me. But Jax Deneris, that's not how it works. I know in your own screwed up way, you do care for me. But you don't love me."

Jax stays completely silent.

"You can't have everything in your life," I continue on. "You hurt everything you touch. That's what's wrong with you. You need to stop doing that. You need to start another life somewhere away from both Beth and I. You need to fix what is broken inside you and go find your happiness somewhere else."

"How would I know what to fix if I don't know which part of me is broken?"

"I don't know, but you have to figure that out by yourself." I lift my shoulder in response. "You got issues, Deneris. Face them and I'm sure you'll be fine. I know a guy who had a lot of issues—just like you—and he's better now. Or... at least I think he is."

He nods. "It's Kayden, isn't it?"

"Yeah." I say quietly.

"Of course."

A pause.

Jax looks down, like he's ashamed of himself. "I'm sorry things didn't work out between us."

"We were just meant to be with other people." I say.

What I actually meant was: I was meant to be with Kayden.

"I'm not going to ask for your forgiveness, Sienna. I'm way past that stage already. But I hope you don't hate me as much anymore. I don't want to be on bad terms with you."

Four months ago, I would have told him to shove his words up his ass because I made a vow that I would always hate him. But now, the circumstances are different. Now, I've learnt so many things. I think I'm a more matured person now. Kayden made me one.

He made me see that revenge isn't everything. He's right; If he hadn't thrown the final fight between Jax a month ago, I wouldn't have gained much. I would have had my revenge, but what could I actually do with it? Sure, I would feel great for a while, but it wouldn't serve me much purpose. I would become someone I didn't want to be. A monster.

I'm so glad Kayden saved me from that.

Now, I don't look at Jax with hate. I just look at Jax with pity. He doesn't understand himself and that is probably the worst thing anyone could endure. I don't see a confident man anymore. I just see a man. A man who is lost in the world and needs to get his life back in order.

"I think... we're okay." I lean against the door beside him. "It's probably the hardest thing I had to say but yeah. We're okay."

"Wow. Guess Kayden really did change you." Jax says. "You're better off with him anyway."

"Yeah, well. He broke up with me so..."

Jax swears under his breath. "He's such a fucking idiot."

I choke on my own laugh.

Jax turns to stare at me. "You still love him though, right? I can see it in your eyes. You're hurting inside. But you still love him."

Wow. Jax is observant.

Yes, I am still madly in love with Kayden, perhaps more than I have ever been before. If it weren't for him in my life, I would be lost without him.

He may be long gone by now and I will probably never see him again, but I will always be grateful for the short period of time we shared together. He is my lover—the real deal. But because of our mistakes, we're not part of each other's lives anymore.

What I had with Kayden is a precious thing and I will always remember and treasure it. Forever. I don't feel bitter about the fact that he left. I'm happy because I got to be with such an amazing man who taught me things about myself that I never even know. We helped each other in so many ways and we loved each other because of that.

I don't know what happens if he even comes back. But Brent's right—I can't just sit around and mope for him while he does. I need to pick myself up and stay strong. I need to learn to be a better person, without him. And I think he needs to do the same without me too. At least for a little while.

But I'll never stop wanting him. I'll never stop loving him.

"Yes, I do." I say without a moment's pause. "I will always love Kayden. Always."

A/N: Okay, so before we head on to the epilogue, I want to announce the winners of the Perfect Addiction review contest! Honestly, it was REALLY DIFFICULT—near IMPOSSIBLE—to pick the winners because EVERYONE's reviews were so DAMN GOOD. It was tough competition guys, I got to admit. So I'm so sorry if you didn't get picked!

But let me just say that I really appreciated every single review submitted to me. Why? Because all of you showed so much love you had for the book—and the series—and I felt really REALLY happy reading all of them because it made me as well as KAYNA feel SO damn loved. Some of you even thanked me for writing this book and that really had me. You guys are the best readers in the world—no kidding—and I'm so happy to have you all in my Wattpad life. <3

Anyways, I'm just going to announce the winners now. Again, I apologize if your review didn't get picked. I read every single one of them and loved ALL. But I had to pick. I'm sorry.

Let's just start with the honorable mentions:

Percabeth13 , Taliathompson98 , SteepleChaserX , Misfit_NextDoor, cramberryapple24 , seriously143 , travestyx , xoxjanayaxox , broeham

<3 Love all of your reviews. No kidding.

3rd place: deniablydetrimental

Your review was beautiful. I loved the inferences you made because all of them are so damn true. Your talent for reviewing is spot on! I will be sharing your review on the Dia-Hards Facebook page and my other social networks (:

2nd place: LivilOMG

I absolutely LOVED your opening. I think it's one of the best I've read. The first three sentences already sucked me in, and I knew your review was going to be a special one. I will also be sharing your review on the Dia-Hards Facebook page and my other social networks. (;

1st place: champagnechapstick

Congratulations!

Her review was SO brilliant I literally had no words to express it. It wasn't the longest, but it definitely was very meaningful. She created beautifully crafted sentences with complex words. You didn't need long sentences to express how you felt; every single word was spot on. I wouldn't change a single thing in your review. I was smiling the entire way reading it, and I can't wait

ait to use it because it sounds amazing and professional. <3

I will be putting your review up on the epilogue of Perfect Addiction and will also be sharing it on all my social sites because I want everyone to read it. Thank you so much for your kind words.

Congratulations to all winners! You deserve it!

Next update: Unsure! Probably in the next few days!

REMEMBER TO KEEP VOTING! THERE'S ONLY TWO MORE DAYS LEFT. KEEP HOLDING ON. STAY STRONG. KEEP FIGHTING. NEVER BACK DOWN.

ILYSM.

Love, Claudia.

46. Epilogue (Part I)

This epilogue was so so long (9K words WTF) that I had to split it into two parts! Damn.

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

Here is @champagnechapstick 's review for Perfect Addiction. She won first place for the contest. Congratulations!

"Claudiaoverhere has once again successfully captured the hearts of readers globally through this heart-stopping, hair-pulling romance novella. The harsh reality of everyday lives is portrayed beautifully through characters, Sienna and Kayden, who have fallen victim to horrible family tragedies, and find contentment in a two-way-win revenge plot.

This marvelous story follows the life of Sienna Lane, a girl who seemingly has it 'all' in the beginning, only to lose everything to the ones she trusted the most. Sienna is a strong, powerful, and vindictive protagonist who still crumbles at the hands of her own faults and weaknesses, making Perfect Addiction perfectly relatable and realistic.

The journey Sienna Lane and Kayden Williams embark on is one filled with cold shoulders, bone chilling secrets, rough family gatherings, and passionate kisses that will curl your toes, make your stomach do flips, and cause you to have a serious unnerving love-hate relationship with every character that's introduced.

Perfect Addiction is a work of art that expresses realism and real world issues in a compelling and addictive romance. The struggles each character must endure are truly unforgettable and continuously tantalize the readers. A remarkable novel by @claudiaoverhere that's enchanting, sexy, and without a doubt timeless."

Thank you for everyone who participated! Unto the epilogue....

[Two and a half months later]

I watch from afar as both Brent and Evans slow dance to their wedding song, Ed Sheeran's Photograph, with their arms tight around each other.

I let out a tiny laugh as Evans twirls Brent around with one hand and uses that opportunity to crash their lips together. Brent's eyes widen out of shock, but after a while, he wound his arms around Evans's neck and kissed him back just as fiercely.

I can't believe that two of my best friends are married. Actually married.

It's crazy.

"Seriously, who gets married before twenty?" Cara takes a sip out of her martini.

She is watching both Brent and Evans just like I am. In fact, almost everyone's eyes are fixed on them. You can't really help it; they are the epitome of love.

"Brent and Evans, apparently." I can't help but smile.

I know it wasn't an easy road getting here. Since gay marriage was legalized a month ago, Evans had made it his mission to get Brent to marry him. Brent had turned him down a couple of times because he didn't want to be tied down at nineteen, but Evans had been persistent. He knew that Brent was the o

ne for him. He just had to make Brent see it too.

Eventually Brent did. Evans gave a whole speech about it and I actually teared up. Who knew Evans had his way with words?

"I love you," he said. "I love you and there is no denying the fact that I have always loved you since Kayden introduced us for the first time four years ago. I hadn't always been very true to myself. I have been hiding my sexuality for a long time because I was afraid of what my parents might think of me. So I suppressed my desire for you. But I never stopped loving you, B. You make me realize that I should embrace my sexuality. That I should never be ashamed of myself. That I should be happy and comfortable in my own skin. And I am. And it's because of you. Granted, Sienna helped, but you are the one that I want to be myself for. I may be an asshole sometimes, and I may do stupid things to piss you off, but I love you."

"You are the person that anchors me, brings me back to axis when I'm lost. You are the person that never fails to put a smile on my face. You are the first person I want to see in the morning and the last person I want to see before I go to sleep. You can give me a thousand reasons why I shouldn't go through with this proposal and I'll tell you one good reason why I should: It's because I'm irresponsibly and irrevocably in love with you, and I would rather die than see another person touch you like I do, smile at you like I do, kiss you breathless like I do. I want to be the only person you do all those things with and I'm not going to take no for an answer."

Thank god Brent said yes.

And now, here we are, on Cape Cod beach, spending the rest of our night sharing this joyous occasion with them in a form of their reception.

My eyes linger on the happy couple again, before drifting away to the other couples on the dance floor. Elijah and Pat—Brent and Kayden's parents—are in a tight embrace as they move steadily to the slow rhythm of the song. They are so lost in the moment, their eyes only focused on each other.

I haven't had a chance to talk to them all day. They've been so busy with Brent, Evans and the wedding so I try not to bother them.

Patricia and I have been pretty close, perhaps even more after Kayden left town. She has been keeping tabs on him, hoping that he won't get into any sort of trouble. I'm glad that Kayden decided to keep in contact with his parents after he left. He wouldn't want to worry them so much.

He hasn't tried to call me ever since we broke up. And I get it. He needs to start another life without me in it. So when Patricia offers to give me insight on how he is doing, I tell her I don't want to know. He needs to heal from me, and I need to heal from him too. And the only way I can move on is that I know little about him now.

I'm afraid if I do, I'll ask Pat questions that I don't want the answers to. What if he's happy? What if he has a gorgeous girlfriend who he's madly in love with? What if his life with her is way better than his life with me?

I don't want to know. For once in my life, I'm fine. I'm... happy. Or at least happy as I try to be. Sure, there are some times when I ache for his presence. Times when I wish I could feel his lips against mine again. Times when I longed to see his beautiful dimples and cute grins. Times when I wished he was here with me again.

But fate is an asshole sometimes.

As if on instinct, I glance at the initials on my left wrist.

K. W.

When I first got the tattoo, my friends said that I was crazy for getting a tattoo of my ex-boyfriend's initials. Sure, it was unheard of, but I still remembered what Kayden said when we first got together and we were talking about tattoos.

I don't ever want to forget this. I want to remember you, everything about you. I want to remember what it's like to be with you. It doesn't m

atter if in five-ten years from now we're just a memory to each other. When I look at your name on my heart, I'll remember that you once had it. And I once had yours.

I will never want to forget what I had with Kayden. Never. I will always think of him as the boy who owned my heart—still do—and made me whole.

"Hello, girls." Evans materializes and places both his hands on our seats. "You two look very lonely."

Cara grins at the groom. "I'm not lonely. I have a boyfriend."

"That's what they all say." He winks at her and I laugh. "How about you, Sienna? Wanna dance?"

"I think I'll pass," I say. "Dancing is not my thing."

"Bullshit! Dancing is everyone's thing." Evans extends his hand. "Come on, dance with me."

"Shouldn't you be dancing with your groom instead?" I fold my arms over my chest.

"Yeah, but Brent won't mind. Now that we're married, we trust each other now. And he trusts me not to get all handsy with you."

"You know damn well if you try to grope me, I'll kick your balls."

"Ouch. Can we please not resort to violence? Especially on my wedding night?" He acts offended. I roll my eyes and take his hand.

He grins and leads me to the dance floor. I place my hands on his shoulders as he slides his down my waist. I lean my head against his shoulder and sigh.

"I can't believe you're a married man, Evans," I laugh. "Never thought I would be alive for that to happen."

"Haha. Very funny." He snorts.

"This wedding is beautiful. It's a miracle you and Brent managed to pull all this off in two weeks. I mean—a wedding on Cape Cod? Wasn't there a waiting list?"

"Money talks, baby cakes." he winks at me. "And we're loaded."

"Ah, that explains it." I say, snorting. "Are you sad your parents didn't show up today?"

"Nah. They'll ruin all the fun anyway. But at least they had the decency to send me a gift card."

A small smile forms on my face. I know Evans really wanted his parents to come. But I guess they still have some adjusting to do. They hadn't approve of his marriage to Brent, but Evans assures me that with given time, they'll start to warm up to him again.

He presses his chin on the top of my head as we sway together.

"You okay, Sienna?"

"Never been better."

He sighs. "That's what you say all the time."

"It's the truth!" I defend myself.

"No, it's not." He shakes his head. "You're sad. And don't try to say you aren't, because you are. There's just this emptiness every time I see you."

I say nothing.

"It's because of Kayden, isn't it?"

Slowly, I nod.

"I've learnt to deal with that for two months now." I press my head against his chest. He tightens his hold on me. "But... sometimes I'm not that strong. Sometimes, it still hurts—just thinking about him."

Evans clenches his jaw tightly. We spend the rest of the dance in silence. There is too much tension, too much to think about. So, I keep my mouth shut and pretend that this wedding is perfect, even though it's far from it.

Finally, the song ends and I pull away from Evans. I kiss him

on the cheek before heading back to my table. I pass the mini bar, where Daniel is seen mixing drinks. He offered to bartend for the wedding for a few extra bucks. After he got emancipated from his millionaire father, he's practically broke. And plus, he needs money to buy Alex an engagement ring. Nobody knows about it except for me, Cara, Simon, Evans and Brent and we're supposed to keep our mouths shut about it until he actually proposes.

Alex leans against the mini bar and watches her boyfriend in a while. He catches her staring at him and he reaches over to tuck a stray hair behind her ear. Then, he leans over and kisses her ever so gently on her lips. It is such an intimate moment and I feel guilty witnessing it. But I can't help it. I wonder how long will it take for me to experience that kind of love again.

"Ugh. They're so lovey-dovey sometimes." Cara rolls her eyes. "It's sickening."

"I think it's kind of cute." I tell her. "Don't you and Simon do the same thing?"

She shakes her head and laughs. "Nah. He's not a fan of PDA."

I stare at Alex and Daniel again. "You think she'll say yes?"

Cara nods swiftly. "Definitely. Or I will kill her. I love Alex and everything but sometimes, she likes to run away from things that can make her happy. I think happiness scares her."

Huh.

Kayden and Alex would make a pretty good team.

"But she loves him, you know?" Cara's eyes meet mine. "I've never seen her this happy before. Her parents were... rough on her. And ever since her dad died... it kind of screwed her up. But Daniel keeps her in check. Keeps her grounded. They may drive each other crazy, but it's the type of crazy that only they can understand."

I laugh quietly to myself. I can't help but glance at Daniel and Alex again. They seemed pretty damn happy together. And Cara's right—I will never understand what they have. And I don't have to. Their love is only theirs to share.

"Oh no." Cara mutters under her breath. Her words cut me from my thoughts. "Here comes trouble."

"What?" I follow the direction to where she's pointing at.

The two bouncers that have been handling the guests have strolled in and are now talking to both Brent and Evans. It looks like a very intense conversation. Evans has his lips pressed into a grim line and Brent looks absolutely shocked. More words are exchanged before the one of the bouncers gestures at something behind them. Someone steps into the tent.

Oh.

My.

God.

It's him.

I think my lungs may have shrunk a size. Either that or the amount of the oxygen in the room has just been sucked up by a vacuum. He looks different from the last time I saw him. His dark hair had grown longer and is now slicked back and tucked behind his ears. His grey eyes are soft, with a warm glow to them. The tuxedo he is wearing looks like it has been made just for him. Or he has been made just for the tuxedo. Whichever way, he looks absolutely stunning in it.

I can't believe he's here. Kayden's here. My ex boyfriend. The guy whom I'm pretty sure I'm still madly in love with, despite the fact that I keep telling myself that I have moved on.

He's actually here.

The boy that broke my heart.

The boy that got away.

I don't know how to feel. My heart is stammering so wildly against my chest I think it might just fly out of my throat. I'm trying to breathe to breathe but my breaths come out in short spurts and gasps. I cling onto Cara's

s hand for support because if I stare at him any longer, I may just faint.

Kayden looks around the tent. I realize that the volume of the music has been lowered and every single pair of eyes in the tent is now focused on Kayden. But it doesn't affect him one bit. He searches the crowd for something, someone, and when his eyes finally land on mine, they stay there.

I stand up straighter and meet his gaze. I can't tear my eyes away from him. When I look at him, everything feels right. Perfect.

Shut up, Si! I mentally scold myself. He left you. He hurt you. How can you possibly have those kinds of feelings for this man? He's only going to leave you again. Haven't you learnt your lesson?

"Lucky," he breathes.

He takes a bold step towards me and I brace myself for what he's going to do. But he doesn't do anything because the next thing I know, Evans slams his fist at Kayden's face and he tumbles to the ground.

"Evans! What the fuck!" Brent screams. All the guests are scrambling away from the fight ensuing in the middle of the tent. Evans doesn't listen to him. Instead, he lands another punch on Kayden's face. Kayden doesn't resist. He just stays on the ground and let his best friend punch the hell out of him.

I can't watch this any longer. I run over to the both of them and pull Evans away. "Okay, okay it's enough. Calm down, Evans."

"Calm down?" He stares at me in disbelief. "You're telling me to calm down? Really, Si? This is the guy that left you for two months without another word! This is the guy that left his whole life and disappeared! He left me, Brent and all his friends! He abandoned you! So I have every right to punch the living shit out of him!"

"It's okay." Kayden gasps. "I deserved it."

"Damn straight!" Evans points an accusing finger at his best friend. "Why the hell are you here, huh? After all these months?"

"I came... for the wedding," he tries to lift himself up from the floor. "Better... late than never."

"Unbelievable," Evans huffs. "Un-fucking-believable."

"Evans, Sienna's right. You need to calm down," Brent places his hands on Evans's shoulder. "He's my brother. Even after what he did, he still came. He still showed up."

Kayden slumps back to the ground in defeat. I hover over him and bite my lip out of worry. Evans screwed up his face pretty bad. There is a slight gash above his eyebrow and it needs to be fixed ASAP.

"He needs some stitching," I examine Kayden. He continues to stare at me, his eyes following my every movement. "I'm going to take him outside to fix him up."

"You sure it's a good idea?" Brent casts me a look. What he means is: you sure it's a good idea being alone with him? After the history you and him both share?

"I'll be fine."

I don't know if I'm trying to convince Brent or myself.

"Tell me if it hurts."

"Lucky, I think I can handle a little bit of stitching. I've been through much worse—Ouch! Motherfucker—"

"Sorry. But don't say I didn't warn you."

"I'm pretty sure you did that on purpose."

"Okay, maybe I did. I'm still kind of mad at you."

He slumps against the slab concrete wall as I continue weaving the needle through his skin. We're on the beach, quite a distance away from the tent. I thought it would be better if we were away from Evans and Brent for a little while. Brent still needs to calm Evans down. His knuckles are bloodied and

bruised, and he needs to get cleaned up.

I cut off the access thread and rub the needle with disinfectant before placing it back into the first aid kit. "There. You're done."

"Thanks, Lucky." He smiles faintly at me and my heart melts from the simple gesture.

Get your shit together, Si! You're a hot mess when you're around him.

"No problem," I say. "You want to go back to the reception?" He produces a strained laugh. "I don't think I'm welcomed there anymore."

"You want my advice?" I ask. "I think it's better if you stay here for a while. At least until Brent manages the cool down Evans."

"Yeah. That's a great idea," He says.

Um, I'm going to go and back and check on things-" I start to stand up but his hand shoots up and clamps down on my wrist.

"No, please," Kayden breathes. "Please stay with me."

"Kayden-"

"I'm a dying man here." He points to the area where I just stood.

"Don't be such a pussy. You're not dying. You just have a boo boo."

He stares at me, a grin evident on his face. "A boo boo? Really? That's gotta be new... coming from you."

I hate that he's nice to me. Why are you nice to me Kayden? Why did you have to come back? You're making all my emotions go haywire. I don't know what I am when I'm around you. I lose my grip. I lose control. You make me feel things that I can't afford to feel anymore.

"Kayden. You're fine on your own. You don't need me." I say, harsher than I meant for it to be.

His smile falters. I take a deep breath and start making my way back to the tent when he calls me again.

"I came back to see you."

I whirl around and find Kayden standing there, his dark hair messy and his clothes caked with sand. He looks desperate and I want nothing more than to wipe that look off his face. I don't want him looking at me like this. I don't. Because he looks at me like he's a starving man and he would rather die than watch me leave him.

"What?" I murmur.

"I came back to see you, Lucky." He's walking towards me now. Every step he takes makes my heart race. I think I lost count of the number of times I'm losing my breath. "Well, I came back for the wedding... but mostly to see you. I've missed you. So damn much."

"Don't," I turn away from him. "Don't do this, Kayden. You left me. You left me for a reason. You don't deserve to miss me."

"I know." A lump forms in his throat. He lowers his head, his eyes hooded by his thick eyelashes. "I know and leaving you was probably the worst thing I have ever done. You needed me at that time and I failed you by leaving you. You were right. I was a coward. I was afraid because of what I've done to you. And I left because it was easier to walk away than to fight for you."

I inhale a sharp breath. I fold my arms against my chest.

"I'm so very sorry for all the pain I caused you, Sienna," he says. "I had an epiphany—a realization. When I was gone... I felt really shit about myself. About what I've done to you. To us. I should have fought harder—but I was scared. Because I felt so damn guilty for what happened and I felt like I didn't deserve to be near you. But as time passed... I realized that I wasn't just running from you. I was running from my own fears—my own doubts."

I inhale a sharp breath.

"What do you want me to say, Kayden?" I say, defeated. "What d

o you expect me to do right now? To take you back? I can't do that. I have a... good life here. I'd like to think that I moved on from you. You know how hard it was to get over you? It took me weeks. I still don't know if I'm really over you. But you can't just come back out of the blue and screw up all my plans! You don't get to say you miss me and hope that everything will be okay again. Because it's not. You left people here, Kayden. People who love you. Me. Brent. Evans. We love you and you knew we would be there if you needed help. But instead of coming to us, you left. You chose to run. And you gotta live with that. But don't expect us to welcome you with open arms."

"You're right," he says.

"I'm...right?" I say, baffled.

He nods. "Me leaving Boston probably hurt a lot of people. Especially you. And I regret it every single day I was gone. What I did was horrible. I tapped out. I gave up. On us. I shouldn't expect you to forgive me in an instant. But I'd really like a chance to explain myself, please. I'd really like to make it up to you... or at least try to. I'm not giving up without a fight. Not this time."

"Kayden..." I hug myself more tightly. "It's getting late. Maybe some other time."

"No, please." Kayden reaches forward and links my hand in his.

I gasp from the way his skin feels against mine. Oh god. The way his slender fingers intertwine with mine—they feel amazing. "Please, Sienna. Just a little while. I promise I won't keep you long."

I look back to the tent, then back at Kayden. Brent and Evans need me by their side. I'm their bridesmaid and I should be there.

But then again, there's Kayden. The man I love standing in front of me, begging for me to give him another chance. If I was still the old me, I would tell him to screw off. But that's not me anymore. Being with Kayden changed me. It morphed me into a more rational person.

I should give him a chance to at least explain. I hope Brent and Evans won't realize I'm gone too long.

"Okay," I stare at our linked hands. "Just one chance. Lead the way, Kayden. "

A/N: (; (: (:

I would like to say A HUGE THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO VOTED! We got third place! NOT BAD, GUYS! In the end, it doesn't really matter who came first. Top ten gets to win anyways (:

Stay tuned for the epilogue—part two! The LAST and FINAL update of Perfect Addiction arrives on Friday.

Sobs.

I'm so sad to let this go. I don't want to let it go just yet.
Love, Claudia.

46. Epilogue (Part II)

Remember to follow, vote and comment!

The both of us are now sitting at the shoreline of the beach where the ocean meets the sand. I silently ache for the water splashing at my feet and when it does, I feel a sense of triumph, like I had somehow won the Olympics.

Kayden stares at me, a grin on his face as he watches the water crash against my toes. I can't believe a minute action like this would make him smile.

He's been silent for the past few minutes and so have I. I guess there's just too much to say but not enough time to say it.

"It's beautiful here at night," I say instead. It's dark apart

from the canopy of stars materializing amongst the ocean of black. The moon hangs lowly over the sky, the only source of light we have here.

"I can't believe I didn't take you here back when we were together," he stares at the explosion of stars. "Would have made a hell of a date."

"Kayden," I say, uncomfortable with his words.

"What? I can't talk about the fact that we used to date? Why, does it make you feel weird?" Concern is written all over his face.

Dammit. Don't act so innocent around me! You know it makes me feel weird!

"I don't know," I shrug. "Us dating—it seemed like forever ago."

"I never stopped thinking about it, you know. Even when I was in LA," he speaks, his voice suddenly low. "I never stopped thinking about us."

I hold out a hand to stop him. "Wait, so these past two and a half months, you were all the way across the country?"

"You didn't know? I thought my mother would have told you about it." He casts me a curious eyebrow.

"Well... she wanted to tell me but I sort of forbade her." I say, suddenly shy.

"Why?"

"Because if I knew where you were, I was afraid that if I was vulnerable, I'll actually track you down and find you. And I really wanted to prove to myself that I could actually... live without you. So, I told Pat not to tell me anything about where you were or what you were doing."

Kayden scoots closer to me, his arm bumping against mine. "You could have visited me."

"Kayden, how was I supposed to know if you even wanted to see me? You left me without so much as another word and you hadn't contacted me ever since. I thought you hated me."

"I would never hate you," he shakes his head. "Never, Lucky. And the reason why I didn't call you is because... well, I knew you would have a better life without me in it. I guess we both wanted that for you."

I look down at my feet again and waited for the water to come. "So you were in LA."

"Yeah," he nods. "I have an uncle there. I asked to stay for a while and he let me. He owns a car repair shop there so I offered to help out in exchange for some cash."

"Why do you need cash? You know, apart from the fact that you're loaded."

The edges of his lip curl upwards slightly. "Ah, I was getting to that. Technically, I'm not loaded anymore. After I threw that fight with Jax, I lost a lot of money. People paid top dollar for me to win and when I didn't... I had to pay back what was owed to them. So, I did in fact need as much money as I can get seeing as how I'm moving back here."

My heart stopped beating.

"Y—you're moving back? To Boston?" I stare at him in disbelief.

Kayden nods. "Running away from you was a stupid thing to do. I realize that now. I was absolutely miserable without you. Half the time I thought I was going crazy. I wanted to come back for so long, but I needed to... take care of a few things first before I came back."

"What things?" I whisper.

Kayden gulps, and links his fingers with mine again. He lifts our connected hands and presses a kiss on the top of my hand. I shiver in delight as his lips meet my skin. He grins, knowing that he has affected me.

"First, I had to sober up," he tells me, his grin receding. "And when I mean sober up, I mean I had to quit fighting."

"What?" Today is just full of surprises.

"It's not the way that you think," he adds quickly. "I'm done

with the whole illegal fighting thing. I'm out. I made a bunch of calls, got a lot of people angry, but I made it clear that I wasn't coming back next season."

"Why would you do that? You love fighting."

He sighs. "I do love fighting. But I can't do all this illegal shit anymore. I had a lot of time to think about it. When I started going to those fights, it was around the time after Clarissa died. I was in grief and I needed a release. An escape from the real world. It was dangerous but I loved it. But I had a lot of time to think about it these past few months and I realize that if Clarissa was alive and she saw me right now, she would have been really disappointed at me. I thought that I was fighting for her. But I'm not. It was just an excuse because I have no other reason to fight like this. I'm not going to keep making excuses for myself anymore. I want to do something that would have made her proud if she was still here."

"So, I'm out," His eyes meet mine again. "I'm not going near Breakeering Point again. I'm still going to fight, to keep my shape and to get some release, but I'm not going to do the illegal shit. I'm not going to keep putting myself in danger. Jax did a huge number on me at the finals. I'm not going to let that happen again."

"Wow," I breathe. "I... I don't know what to say."

"Shhh, I'm not done yet, Lucky." He drawls, placing a finger on my lips. My eyes widen at the sudden gesture. "So yeah. I'm out of that shit. And after these past few months of helping my uncle around the shop, I earned quite a lot of money. I'm going to use that money to get myself an apartment and uh... to get into a college."

"I already applied to several colleges. My SAT scores are above average and I got some offers. But I'm going to BU instead." He smiles. "So, I guess we'll be seeing each other more now."

"Oh my god," I say. "Oh my god. You're going to college! Holy shit, Kayden."

"Yeah," He blushes slightly. I can't believe he's actually embarrassed about this. I've never been more proud of him. "After Clarissa died, I've always wanted to be a social worker. I want to help foster kids go into better homes. I want to see that they are cared and loved for and I would be able to prevent kids from ending up the same way Clarissa had. I can save lives."

I can't help the huge smile growing on my face right now. I make an excited noise and I throw my arms around Kayden, squeezing the living daylight out of the guy. I may have hugged him a little too hard because the both of us end up rolling all over the sand, our hands wrapped around each other. Somehow, I end up below him and Kayden towers over me, a look of pure shock plastered on his face.

"Sorry," I mumble. "I think got a little bit too excited."

"You think?" He snorts.

I reach forward to cup his face in my hand. "I'm still so proud of you, Kayden. So fucking proud of you."

"Thanks," he says sheepishly. "It's uh... really good to have your support."

"Just because we aren't together doesn't mean I'll not support you. I'll always have your back, remember?" I murmur. "I'm so happy that you're actually going to college. And following what you really want to do. Clarissa would be so happy to see who you've become."

He chuckles lightly. "I guess being away from you did give me a little bit of insight to what I'm going to do with the rest of my life."

I nod. He sits down on the sand again and pulls me close to him. I don't protest when he slides a protective arm around me.

"You and me both." I say, leaning against his shoulder. "After you left me, I was... sad. There may have been crying and lots of Ben and Jerries involved."

"I'm sorry." He whispers.

"No, I think I needed that. It was kind of a wake up call for

me." I nod firmly. "What you said about me always being angry and holding grudge s... you were right. Absolutely right. I was just too stubborn to admit it. I've been that way since my parents' divorce so you can say I was a bitter kid. And I never let that bitterness go. If you hadn't thrown that fight with Jax, I would have become someone I did not want to be."

Kayden's lips curve upwards slightly.

I shrug. "Yeah. I... um, I decided to take your advice. Beth came to me a little while after you left and I didn't shun her away. I listened to her and I understood why she did what she did. I hadn't exactly forgiven her yet but... I think we're okay. It's still awkward at times when we have family gatherings but we'll be fine. Maybe, maybe when I'm really ready, I'll be able to forgive her."

He smiles, his fingers brushing over my hair. "That's great, Sienna."

"I talked to Jax too." I continue on. "He's still a little screwed up but we ended on pretty... good terms. He hasn't even asked for forgiveness. I don't think he wants redemption yet. I think he needs to sort his shit out. He left Boston a little while ago and I never saw him again. But from what I heard, he's turned over a new leaf. Just like you."

"Wow," Kayden whistles lowly. "Never thought that Jax would do that."

"Yeah. I'm proud of him." I say.

I am proud of Jax. I never thought I would say it. I have been so consumed with my revenge for so long that I never thought to see the other side of him. The side that is broken. Lost. He needs to deal with himself now, and I fully support his decision to leave. I heard he settled down somewhere not far from here and is trying to get his life back to order. He needs to find himself and I really hope he succeeds in that.

I never thought I would say this but I don't hate him anymore. I actually want him to find happiness. I want him to live life with a different perspective—without the anger clouding him. I want him to live the life I'm living right now—completely and utterly free of the emotions that has been pulling me down before.

"I can't believe it. I missed so much of this. This new part of your life," Kayden says, frowning. "I wish I came back sooner. No. Scratch that. I wished I never even left. You're right, Sienna. I was a coward. I was afraid of what I've done to you. And I couldn't stick around because I just felt so damn guilty. I hate hurting people, Sienna. I've always hurt the people I love and I thought it would be easier if I just left. But... I didn't realize that leaving you hurt you even more."

"Oh, Kayden." I murmur.

He nods. "When I was in LA, I really did feel like shit. I wanted to call you. Everyday. Every night. I wanted to see how you were doing, but I thought that maybe you'd have a better life without me. Here. I ruined you, Sienna. I thought you need someone better than me."

I shake my head. "You didn't ruin me, Kayden. You saved me."

He smiles just a little, light pouring into his eyes. "My cousin—Riley—you don't know her, but she really helped me. A lot. She was the one who urged me to come back. And taught me that I should fight for what I love. Who I love. She taught me that I should take a chance and come back. I was afraid of returning and seeing you happy with someone else. But I still had to come. The thought of seeing you again—even if you were happy without me—gave me hope."

He doesn't stop there. "You're my hope, Lucky. I want to be better for you. I want to stop running away. I want to stay and commit. I... don't want to be afraid of what I want anymore."

A tear leaks down my eye and I nod.

"Please forgive me," Kayden says quietly. "Please. I know I've hurt you by leaving. But I can't—I can't imagine my life where you aren't in it."

I... I can't express how I sorry I am. But I hope—I really do—that you'll give me another chance. I sure as hell don't deserve it but I'm willing to try."

That's all I ever wanted to here. For Kayden. To try again. To fight for me. And here he is, doing exactly that.

If this was me five months ago, I would have never considered the prospect of forgiveness. I used to think that forgiveness is only for the weak. The feeble. But I was wrong.

It takes a lot of willpower to forgive someone. It takes a lot of strength to let the anger go and live without it.

Forgiveness is not for the weak.

It's for the strong.

And I'm strong. I didn't use to be, but now I think I am.

"I think...forgive you, Kayden." I press my forehead against his. "I do. I think—we all made our mistakes. Our timing didn't match up. I was too consumed with my revenge and you were just lost in your past. But... I wouldn't change a single thing. I would live through the heartbreak and the pain over and over again. Because it taught me a lot of things about life and love. It taught me that I can let go of my anger. And it taught you that you can look forward to the future without worrying about your past."

He closes his eyes and inhales, and I know that my words had taken off the heavy burden on his shoulders.

"To be honest, I'm kind of glad we did go our separate ways. I guess our separation did us both good, in a way."

He smiles. "I think what we really needed was to work on ourselves first before focusing on each other."

I nod in agreement.

"Come here," he murmurs.

I hesitate.

"I promise I won't try anything," he lifts his hands up surrender. "I just want to lie with you. Nothing else."

He lies down on the sand, his jacket acting as a pillow for his head. I lean against his chest as he cocoons me in his arms.

I missed this so much. Being wrapped in his arms. Our legs tangled together. Just the both of us.

Kayden and I.

"I missed you," I blurt out. "I missed you when you were gone."

I try to be tough and pretend that I didn't need you when in reality, I wished you were with me all the time. I feel pathetic saying that. I keep telling myself that I don't need a man to keep me happy. But you changed me, Kayden. You changed me for the better. And I'm happier because of that."

"Me too," he rests his chin on my head. "Me too, Lucky. I missed you so much. You have no idea. I was afraid that if I came back, I would find that your life was so much better without me. You would be happier and you would have a boyfriend who's much more good looking than me—which, by the way, it's practically impossible—"

"Jesus. Your arrogance is so annoying. I can't say I missed that."

He grins, showing his dimples.

Oh yeah. Definitely missed those dimples for sure.

"I don't have a boyfriend," I shake my head. "I couldn't— I couldn't be with anyone else after you."

He lets out a breath of relief. "Thank fuck. Because if you did, I would have to go and beat him up."

I slap him on the shoulder. "You wouldn't."

"I won't. Because you don't have a boyfriend."

"How about you?" I ask.

"Do I have a boyfriend? Lucky, you know damn well I don't roll that way."

"Come on, you know what I mean." I slap him on the shoulder again. "Do you have a girlfriend?"

He shakes his head. "No, I don't."

"That's... good." I can't help the smile forming on my face. "Really good."

"I agree."

We're both smiling at each other right now and even though that should be considered really weird, we don't stop.

Being with Kayden here, it's as if the past few months hadn't happened. I'm back in my little bubble with him and I never want to get out. My feelings for him have never changed. I had been really to move on from him but now, touching him like this, I don't think I'll ever get to do that. I'll never be able to separate from him again. I don't want to.

"What's this?" Kayden catches my wrist and his eyes widen at the tattoo there.

"Oh god no." My hand starts to retreat but he clamps his hand down on mine. He lifts my hand and inspects my wrist.

"Are those... my initials?" Kayden looks at me, his eyes twinkling with humor. "K. W. Those are my initials."

I nod, color tinting my cheeks. "It doesn't mean anything, I swear."

"Oh, really?" he teases.

"Oh, shut up. Don't get too cocky now, okay?" I glare at him. "It's not a big deal."

He stares at the tattoo again, this time tracing the letters engraved on my skin. He leans down and presses a light kiss on it. I feel that kiss all the way to my toes.

God, I'm such a girl.

"I really like this," he says, pleased with the tattoo. "I want to show you something too."

Kayden casts me another infectious grin before he starts to unbutton his linen shirt.

"Um... what are you doing?" I squeak out.

Shit. What if he thinks we're going to have sex right now?

On second thought, that's actually not a bad idea.

Oh, jeez. What on earth are my hormones doing to me.

"Relax," he tells me. He doesn't unbutton the shirt all the way. He tucks the left side of his shirt away, showing me his exposed chest. "Right here."

He points to the place above his heart.

"Oh my god," I breathe, my fingers dancing over the word Lucky. "You really did it. You really got my name tattooed on your chest."

"I told you before," he breathes, his hands cupping my face. I hold his hands in place and close my eyes, trying to process this. "I want to remember what we have. Even... even if we're not together now. I still love you, Sienna. Always have, and perhaps, always will. You'll never get rid of me so easily. You're my Lucky. My lucky charm. When things go bad, I have you to keep me on the right path. You're my Lucky and I'm so fucking in love with you."

Oh my god.

There goes my fucking heart.

"Shit," I curse, tears filling my eyes. "You son of a bitch."

He chuckles. "What did I do?"

"This!" I gesture around me. "I thought I was better off without you. And then you come back and you... you ruin all of my plans. Plans of moving on. Plans of getting a life. All of them, you ruined."

"I'm... sorry?" Kayden stares at me in confusion.

I take a deep breath and sigh. "I should be mad at you. I should. But I'm not. Because the ugly stuff that happened between us, they were supposed to happen. So we could be our best selves. Sure, it hurt like shit along the

e way, but I'm glad we are what we are now."

"Me too," he says, kissing my hair.

It's true. As much as I hate that he left me, he had to go. He had to figure out what he wanted—whether or not he was going to continue living in the past or the present, with me. And I had to figure out how to let go all of my anger and resentment and grasp the idea of learning how to forgive. I'm still struggling with it, but at least I'm trying. For real this time.

So I can't hate him for leaving. We needed to be apart in order to be together.

"Who am I kidding?" I laugh to myself. "I never got over you. You lingered in my mind every day. I hated you for that."

"I hope you don't hate me now."

"No, I don't," I murmur. "I think I love you."

His entire body immediately freezes.

"Yeah. I love you." I say without a pause. "I'm glad I get to say it now. I'm sorry I didn't say it before you left. I wanted to be better for you when I say it. I thought I lost that chance."

"But you didn't," he smiles. "Say it again. Please."

"What? I love you?"

He nods and I laugh.

"I love you."

"Again."

"Kayden." I sigh.

"Please," he begs. "I love hearing you say it."

I press my hand on his cheek and smile. "I love you, Kayden. I don't think I ever stopped. You made become the person I am today. And I like who I am right now—with you."

"Thank you, Lucky," he murmurs, "and I like who I am with you too. I'm not going to run away this time. I'm going to fight for this. Fight for us. I swear to god, I will. I'm going to spend the rest of what time we have making it up to you. I've let you down once. I will make sure I won't do it again."

"You better not," I say, "or I will crush your balls."

He chuckles. "You own them anyways. But I will give you the permission to crush them if I ever fail again—which, I should probably tell you, won't ever be likely, because I intend to stay. Here. With you. Whether you want me or not, I'm going to be here. I'm going to make this right, Lucky. I will."

"Thank you," I say.

"Can I ask you something?" He asks.

"Shoot."

"Is it okay if I kiss you right now?" He says hesitantly, "because I really want to and I'm scared that if I do it without your permission, you might just... I don't know kill me."

My eyes meet his, and I smile. "I would make a killer pun for what you just said, but then I realize you're no longer Killer anymore."

Kayden shakes his head. "I'll always be the Killer, Lucky. In here." He places his hand above his heart. "It doesn't have to be a bad thing. I just want to be Kayden. For now. The 'Killer' is in the past. I want to leave it all behind and chase after the future. With you."

My heart almost bursts out of happiness from his words.

"Thank you." I murmur. "See that's how you charm a girl's pants off."

And I lean forward to meet my lips with his.

The second the both of us kiss, everything melts away. I don't feel like I have to pretend that I'm over him because I probably never will be. I live for this. This. My love for Kayden. It doesn't just disappear overnight or six months. It doesn't disappear at all. It will always be there, etched to my heart, the reason why it keeps beating.

He's the reason why I'm living. Living life through my best self.

When our moment is over, when the heat dies down and we pull away from each other, I press my forehead against his. He grins at me, his dimples visible.

"I wanted to do that since I first laid eyes on you just now." He twirls a piece of my hair with his finger. I laugh, and swat his finger away.

"We should get going. I promised you ten minutes. We've been gone for two hours."

"Ah, fuck." He mutters under his breath. "I wonder why they haven't sent someone out to find us yet."

"Maybe it's because they know we'll be doing exactly that," I say, grabbing the hem of my dress so I can stand up. "Come on, buddy. We need to get back. Evans and Brent probably want to talk to you."

"Now, why does that seem like a very horrible reunion?" He dusts the sand of his jacket and puts it over his shoulder. His hand finds mine and the both of us walk back to the tent together.

"Because Evans probably wants to smash your face with his fist again for leaving all of us behind."

"Dammit," Kayden swears. "You'll protect me, right?"

"You know I always got your back, Kayden."

He winks at me. "That's my Lucky."

After we got back to the tent, all eyes were on us. I clear my throat and head straight for the bar to grab myself a drink. I let Kayden make amends with his best friend and his brother. The three of them are seated down as Kayden calmly explains why he had to leave two months ago and tells them about his plans for coming back to Boston. Brent listens, an evident smile on his face while his groom, Evans, is too busy throwing daggers at Kayden with his eyes.

"So, did you and Kayden make up?" Alex takes a seat beside me, her eyebrows wiggling. I merely roll my eyes.

"Do not tell me I got another hickey." I groan.

"No, I don't need to see a hickey for me to know that the both of you got pretty hot and heavy just now."

"Oh, shut up, Alex." I nudge her playfully.

"What? I'm not judging," she smiles. "I know how it feels. The kind of love you have for Kayden? It doesn't go away. It stays with you forever. That's how you know it's going to last." She glances at Daniel, who gives her a wink from the bar.

"He's going to propose, you know." I mutter under my breath.

"What? I didn't quite hear that."

"Nothing." I plaster a smile on my face. I kiss Alex on the cheek. "I'll be right back."

I walk over to Kayden, Brent and Evans. It seems like their conversation is over. Brent throws his arms around Kayden, welcoming him back. Meanwhile, Evans crosses his arms, his eyes trained to the floor as he is trying to process everything Kayden said.

"You okay?" Kayden places a hand on Evans' shoulder.

"I don't know..." Evans shakes his head. "I'm still mad at you, you know. For leaving."

"And you have every reason to be mad at me. But I had to leave. I needed to figure out what the shit I'm going to do with my life. And I did," Kayden looks at me. "And I choose to spend it however I can with Sienna."

"I get to be the judge of that." I roll my eyes.

Kayden chuckles.

Evans shrugs. "I guess I'm kind of glad you came to your senses. Just... don't run away again."

"I'm staying. For good." He glances at Evans, Brent, then to me. "I'm not leaving again. And I'm standing by that."

"Thank fuck." Evans throws himself unto Kayden. "I want to hug you right now."

"You are one messed up dude." Kayden hugs him back, laughing.

"In that case, I'm happy I got married before Brent realizes that about me."

"Evans, he probably already knows," I say. "Maybe that's why he turned down your proposal. Three times. It's a miracle he said yes on the fourth."

Evans glares at me, but continues hugging Kayden.

After they pulled away from each other, Evans points an accusing finger at Kayden. "You better not break Sienna's heart again."

"I won't," he says firmly.

Evans glares at me. "He won't?"

I shake my head and Evans sighs. "Okay. I just—I miss you. You can't leave again."

Kayden grins and hugs his best friend.

After their little reunion, Kayden still has a lot of guests to attend to. Everyone is eager to meet him, especially his parents who haven't seen him just as long as I had. When Kayden hugs her mom, she immediately breaks into tears. Elijah gives him a long talk about leaving again, but in the end, both father and son make up and all is well.

When I finally get Kayden to myself, he pulls me straight to the dance floor and wraps his strong arms around me. I laugh as he dips me, then twirls me around, something that I never thought Kayden would actually do. It's good to see this side of him—carefree and light spirited.

"Hey," Kayden murmurs as we slow dance again for the third time in a row. "You want to get out of here?"

I eye him warily. "You sure the married couple won't mind?"

"Lucky, they already left."

He's right. I scan the tent for Brent and Evans but I don't see either of them. I guess they went back to the hotel to... consummate their marriage.

"Okay," I nod. "Let's get out of here."

I let Kayden whisk me out of the tent. We're back on the beach again and he's tugging on my hand as the both of us run. The both of us are alone in the beach, so I'm thankful for that. I let out a tiny laugh when he hoists me up and spins me around, my dress flowing around me like a carousel.

When he finally sets me down on my feet, his hands glide down my back, sliding down to cup my butt. "You look fucking sexy in this dress, Lucky. So fucking sexy it hurts."

I tug on his suit, smiling. "Well, you're not so bad yourself. You 'killed' in this suit."

"Oh, how I missed your 'Killer' puns." He toys with the strap of my dress. "I really like you in this dress, Lucky. But I really want to see how you look like out of it."

"You naughty boy," I tease.

Kayden chuckles, his breath hot against my skin. He slowly removes the straps of my dress and lets them fall past my shoulders. I'm aware of what he's doing right now and I don't stop him. It's been too long since I've done this with him, with anybody in fact.

His eyes find mine and he's waiting for my permission to go further. I nod silently and he ends up behind me, his fingers dragging the zipper of my dress down. I let the fabric fall, pooling at my feet. He sucks in a deep breath, his thumb on his lips, as he drinks my half naked body in.

"Yes," he murmurs. "So fucking beautiful."

"You're wearing far too many clothes," I say as I begin to und

ress him. I peel off his jacket, then slowly begin to unbutton his white linen T-shirt. His eyes doesn't stray from me. He watches me with much concentration as I pop the buttons one-by-one. When I'm done, he discards the fabric eagerly.

Kayden grins, his naked body glistening under the moonlight. I lean forward and press a light kiss on my name on his chest, igniting a small moan from him.

"Don't. No kissing," He rasps, "Or it will be over before you know it."

"Kayden," I complain.

He drags his thumb over my bottom lip and smiles. "Slow, baby. Let's take it slow."

We're taking our time to take off our clothes and even though it's agonizing going at this pace, there's something really nice about the anticipation leading to the sex. My bra and my panties are off and so are his pants and underwear. We're skin to skin, chest to chest, and the friction causes me to moan.

Kayden lays me down on the sand, his body shielding mine. He strokes my hair, then drags his hand down my face to the curve of my breasts, all the way down to my hips. "You're so beautiful, Lucky."

"Kiss me, Kayden. Please."

"Yes, ma'am." He says and his lips descend upon mine.

He expresses how he feels for me through his lips, his touches, his mouth. He's telling a story about us as he makes love to me. Our story. He tells the story of how we met and how we grew to love each other. He tells the story of how our strengths and weaknesses compliment each other and how we're invincible because of that. He tells the story of our broken past, our beautiful present and our uncertain but hopeful future.

I kiss him back, my tongue slipping into his mouth. He tastes of home, of the things that I want and need in my life. I run my fingers over his rib cage then back up to his thick shoulders, getting familiar with him once again.

When he finally tears his lips from mine, it is only long enough for me to see the question in his eyes. Do you want to do this?

Yes. I nod. A thousand times yes.

I kiss him again to confirm my thoughts and he melts in my mouth. When the kiss breaks, a word tears out of me. "Condom."

Kayden nods, then reaches over to grab the condom wrapper from his pants. He blushes when he tears it open.

"Please tell me you weren't hoping to sleep with any the bridesmaids tonight." I say, eyeing the condom with suspicion.

"Technically, you are a bridesmaid. Maid of honor, actually." He replies with a wink.

"So you were hoping to sleep with me?"

"It was presumptuous of me but..." His blush intensifies. "I brought it. Just in case."

A bubbly laugh escapes from me. "You're crazy."

"Crazy in love with you."

"Can you stop with the cheese?"

"Are we really arguing about this right now?"

"Okay, my lips are sealed." I smile.

"Thank god," he breathes.

He sheathes himself with the condom and I weep out of relief when he presses against me. The way he's looking at me, as if I'm the only thing that matters in this whole world. I'm consumed by the pleasure and the burst of emotions rolled into one. I'm delirious and half mad from this, this feeling, this connection that we share.

He presses his hips into mine for two seconds, then relaxes and pulls back. He's trying to take it slow, but I'm begging him to keep going to not stop. I whisper his name repeatedly as he moves inside me. My fingers dig in

to his back, claiming what is mine.

Rivulets of sweat coat our bodies and ragged breaths evaporate into the air. I cup his cheek in my hand and he leans down to press his forehead against mine as he moves. He closes his eyes, consumed by the pleasure, and I meet my lips with his, wanting him to feel everything that I'm feeling for him right now.

He moans my name again, a plea, and I know he's close. I cry out as the feeling builds inside of me, ready to burst. Our bodies move together, faster, harder, until the world around us explodes.

When the euphoric feeling subsides, we lay together, our bodies tangled. We use the clothes to make a makeshift blanket to cover ourselves. Kayden strokes my hair slowly as the both of us fall back to reality.

"Hi," I say.

"Hi," Kayden says.

"You know," I start off, "you still have to make it up to me. For leaving me for two months."

"Don't worry," Kayden presses his lips on my nose. "I will. I will stay by your side no matter what happens. You'll get so sick of me you'd want to leave me. I guarantee it."

"I don't want you to run anymore," I shake my head. "I'm just scared. I love you. I don't want you to go anymore."

"I'm here," he murmurs. "I'm here, Lucky. For good. I know we have issues but... I think we can do it. We can make this work."

"We got a lot of work to do if we want to make this work," I say. "We're really dysfunctional people."

"We're not dysfunctional, Sienna," he murmurs. "Everything happened between us, it has led us to this. We're better people now. And... I think it will be much better this time around. So yeah. I believe we can do it."

I nod. "We can."

He smiles. "We can."

And then he kisses me.

He holds our future in that kiss. Our future together. I know we will have one. We have come a long way and because of that, there is a possibility for us. Hardships will follow and not all battles can be won. But there is no doubt in my mind that the future is set for Kayden and I.

Because we will fight for it.

Together.

T H E E N D

A/N: Before I get to my author's note, PERFECT COLLISION IS OFFICIALLY PUBLISHED! Add it to your libraries now! (:

<https://www.wattpad.com/story/45014576-perfect-collision>

Spoilers: KAYDEN WILL BE FEATURED IN THIS STORY. He's a side character, but still... KAYDEN! More information about it down below!

Okay... moving on!

We have finally come to the end of Perfect Addiction! I hope the ending was satisfying and bittersweet because I definitely thought it was.

My motivations behind this chapter: Yes, it ended on good terms. Some of you may not like it. I'm going to stand by this ending.

Because throughout this entire story, my goal was to have Sienna truly understand the meaning of forgiveness. She is trying with Beth, and even though Jax never asked for forgiveness, she was on good terms with him before he left town. She didn't harbor any resentment anymore. And when Kayden came back, she forgave him. Why? Because she understood where he came from. Yes, he committed a horrible thing by leaving, but the fact that Sienna forgave him in the end showed how much she has grown throughout the entire book.

And I'm proud of that. Of Sienna. Of Kayden. Of the both of them.

And I'm really satisfied at how it ended. I was just editing it

he first few chapters of Perfect Addiction again and I saw how much of a bitch Sienna was. I'm really proud of her character development.

I feel kind of sad that this book is done. I always looked forward to writing KAYNA moments for all of you. But alas, all things must come to an end so here we are. I hoped all of you enjoyed reading this book just as I had enjoyed writing it!

As usual, many thanks to nicole2lau for proof reading all my chapters before I post them. You are a dear friend and your constant support (and criticism) always pushes me to be better. And also thanks to acheairs for all the lovely comments! I always look forward to your feedbacks and trust me when I say that you really helped me improve a lot. Love you guys loads.

And of course, huge thanks to my readers. Without all of you, this story may not have been possible. Your endless support has kept me motivated to write and post chapters. Thank you so much! Dia-Hards rock!

Without further ado, here is the Perfect Addiction playlist. I usually listen to these songs to help me get in the mood, whether it's to write a fight scene or a romantic scene:

Jungle - Jamie N Commons ft. X Ambassadors

I probably listened to this song a lot to get me in the mood for fight scenes. If you plan on rereading, I suggest listening to this while reading Chapter Three.

I'll Come Back For You - Max Schneider

Unsteady - X Ambassadors

Give Me Love - Ed Sheeran

Every time I listen to this, I feel like Kayden is telling Sienna, "Give me love, Lucky. God dammit!"

Irresistible - Fall Out Boy

Fourth of July - Fall Out Boy

Lock Me Up - The Cab

What If- Rhodes

This song probably inspired post-breakup scenes.

Photograph - Ed Sheeran

I absolutely adore this song. I think it sums up KAYNA perfectly. The lyrics are beautiful and every time I listen to this in the car, I get all emotional and stuff.

Powerful ft. Ellie Goulding - Major Lazer

Although I only listened to this song after almost completing Perfect Addiction, I think it sums up the entire story really well. It's a 'Killer' song. I urge everyone to listen to it.

So I thought I would hold a little Q&A to clear up some questions. Here it goes:

Which book was more difficult to write? Illusion or Addiction?

Definitely Perfect Addiction. If you followed me while I was writing PI, I wrote in the author's note that I had difficulty starting PA. Oh, I wasn't exaggerating. I had three drafts for the first chapter alone. I couldn't get the characters right, especially Sienna. Back then, she wasn't Sienna. She had no depth. She was just a bitch hell bent on wanting revenge and that didn't work for me. So I scratched the idea and wrote her as a kind, sweet girl who got screwed over. That didn't work too because I couldn't understand why she would want revenge.

So I shelved the Perfect Addiction idea for a few weeks before I attempted to write the first chapter again. This time I was able to fix minor things in the plot and changed the characters. So when I wrote Sienna, the words flowed like magic. I finally found her voice.

Will there be a sequel to Perfect Addiction?

I can answer this in two ways. But if you're asking if there is another sequel to KAYNA's story, then no. There won't be. Kayden and Sienna's story is done and there is no use poking and prodding them for more drama. They

are content with their lives and I think we should just let them be happy.

But if you're asking me if there is another book to the 'Perfect' series, then yes. It will be called Perfect Collision. But I will not update as regularly as I did with Addiction because (a) I'm having my IGCSEs in November so I probably won't be able to write on Wattpad as much. I need to focus on my studies so I can get into a good college next year.

And (b) I have a rough plan of how I want the third book to be but I don't know how to execute it. The main focus will be on cars and drag racing and stuff, something that I've always wanted to try for a long time. Think Fast & Furious with a New Adult twist. But it's going to be a 'Killer' to write because I know little to nothing about driving. Hell, I haven't even gotten my driver's license yet. So it will be difficult. But not impossible!

Will there be crossovers from the previous two crews in Perfect Collision?

You know me. I love my crossovers. Perhaps you will not see as much of Dalex anymore, but you'll definitely see more of Kayden in this new installment. This is because it is mentioned in the epilogue that Kayden stayed with his uncle for a brief period of time and worked in his car repair shop. And I'm writing a story about his cousin, Riley. So you'll see a lot of Kayden. A lot. We'll be able to delve into how he coped with the breakup and his thoughts and feelings about it. We'll be able to see what pushed him to go back to Boston and how he was able to recover from what happened to him.

Are there any more installments to the 'Perfect' series?

Nope. I will probably do some one-shots for all the couples in the three books, but that's it. The 'Perfect' series is only a trilogy.

What else are you planning to do other than Perfect Collision?

That is still undecided. But if I do have any more works, you will know. If you follow me on Wattpad, you will be able to see them on my profile under the 'Works' section. But, as I said before, I probably won't be able to update as frequently as I did with Perfect Addiction. It puts too much strain on the little time that I have and I have to focus on acing my exams first.

How typical asian of me.

So, I guess that is it! It's officially a wrap. See you guys soon! Don't forget to follow me on Wattpad and on twitter for updates on what I'm doing and further works to come!

Love, Claudia.

On Sequels: Perfect Collision and Perfect Redemption

Greetings! It's been exactly 6 days since Perfect Addiction ended and since then, I've been working hard on the next TWO sequels, Perfect Collision and Perfect Redemption. Yes. You saw it right. TWO sequels.

So much for it being a trilogy, eh?

This is the lay down of how the Perfect series is going to go:

1. Perfect Illusion

2. Perfect Addiction (set after the last chapter but before the epilogue of Perfect Illusion)

2.5. Perfect Redemption (set after the last chapter but before the epilogue of Perfect Addiction)

3. Perfect Collision (set after the last chapter but before the epilogue of Perfect Addiction)

What is Perfect Redemption about?

It's Jax's story. A lot of you had requested his story and I had been secretly planning this for the past few days now. I know. There is actually a story there and I know everyone is excited to see him get redemption. He's probably not going to be the best protagonist, seeing as how he was actually the villain in this story, but it will be cool to dive into his fucked up head and write from his point of view.

Lets not forget about our main love interest, Blaire. She's so cool, I swear. I can't wait for you to meet her.

This story will also be told from DUO POV- Jax and Blaire's.

What is Perfect Collision about?

It's Devin and Riley's story. Riley is Kayden's cousin, who is briefly mentioned in the epilogue of Perfect Addiction. Both are entirely different characters and set in LA, where Kayden spent his time getting over his breakup with Sienna. So you bet that there are going to be little appearances from him. He no longer will be the main character-merely a supporting one. But still important to this story.

This story will also be told from DUO POV-Devin and Riley's.

Which one will you update first?

Most probably Redemption. Why? Because it's easier, and it's shorter. It's only twenty chapters at most. But it's still a little bit undecided. I might switch to Collision, then to Redemption again. I may update both simultaneously. I may only update one. It depends on my mood really. So it's safer if you add both into your libraries so you can see the updates.

I'm looking forward to starting a new journey with you Dia-Hards! It's gonna be a wild ride, people. Hop on the bandwagon so you won't miss out!

Love, Claudia.