

The Agency: A Pharos and Alistair Novel

By : Leah Marie P

Andromeda Pharos doesn't know what she's doing anymore. Cathetica's most wanted criminal? Nothing new there. On the run? An every day kinda deal. Falling in love with Cathetica's most trusted and only superhero, Hero X? I think she sees where her problem lies.



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I waited patiently as he walked through the office door and sat in his huge chair. He spun around and gasped. I smirked a little.

"Losing your touch, Abraham. Didn't see me?" I raised my fedora so he could see my eyes. He cringed and I smirked more. I pushed off the wall I had been leaning on and took a seat in the client chairs, leaning back and putting my feet on his desk. "We need to talk."

"I gathered that," he breathed and opened a drawer. I immediately drew my claws and leant forward slightly. "Calm down," he demands as he takes out a bottle of pills. Anxiety most likely. For the nation's most brilliant crime villain, he's quite the coward. I scoff at his elegant British accent and leaned back again, pulling in my claws. "Now," he paused and focused on my face for the first time since entering, "what's the matter?"

I scoffed again and looked at him, raising my fedora once more. "Really? You just sent me on a suicide mission and want to know "what's the matter?" I stood up and went to the window. "I'm actually quite curious. Did you know who I was dealing with just now or are you as idiotic as the employee bathroom says?" It's his turn to scoff now and I heard him come up to me. He placed a hand on my arm and moved in front of me.

"It had to be done." I narrow my eyes at him and he grimaced a bit, trying to keep eye contact. He looked away again and I rolled my eyes. "Why can't you just wear the contacts? I spent a lot of money on those." I pulled my arm away.

"I didn't require them. I don't need them and I'm actually insulted you thought I was going to wear them." He sighed and leaned against the wall by the floor to ceiling window.

"I had hoped you would. I never assumed you would. We are getting off topic though. Look," he looked back at me. I looked back out the window. "You are the toughest person and the most experienced. I knew he would have set a trap, and I couldn't risk losing an agent because my top agent has a history with him." I bit my tongue and continued to stare out the window. I had seen a quick flash of light blue ducking around a corner. I narrowed my eyes and walked away from the window and returned to the chair.

"There is no history between me and that piece of scum."

"Says the woman with claws and freaky eyes."

"Says the crime villain." He actually laughed.

"Why must you insist on calling me that? It sounds soâ i" He paused, looking for a word. "Comic book like." Or three words.

"You know why." I got up and started walking to the door. "I'm taking a month off." He moved faster than I thought possible for him and grabbed my wrist, pulling my body close to his. "Let go," I growled and was shocked to see the amused smile on his face. I narrowed my eyes at him and bared my canines. "Get your hand off my ass."

"Have you thought any more about my proposal?" I tried moving, but he quickly formed earth around my feet up to my knees, locking me in place.

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"I told you then and I'm telling you again. I'm only twenty-two. I have no desire to move in with you." I fell back a little as he released me.

"Go. Take two months and be ready for hard work when you return." He walked back to his chair, never taking a second glance at me and I took the opportunity to leave before he changed his mind.

I closed his door behind me and took a glance at myself in the mirror. My oddly bright blue eyes were glowing again. I walked to the elevator and put my sunglasses on. I frowned a little, realizing I never did get an answer of why I was sent to deliver money to the target. "But the target was Xander," I whispered to myself. Why would my sister's ex-fiance (slash "superhero") be screwing around with Agency?

Chapter 2

I took one deep and quiet breath before opening the window. I made sure it wouldn't fall as I crawled in and let it gently slide shut, not causing any noise. I held a smile to myself, glad I was the one who had done the repairs on the damn house. If my mother or sister had done them, I'd be screwed. I took a glance at my sleeping sister and went to my old side of the room. I bit my lip; surprised most of my stuff was still there.

In boxes, but still there.

I walked swiftly and started opening boxes. Making sure to look thoroughly. It had to be here. If not, I just wasted ten minutes to get all the way into this damned neighborhood. Gates at every entrance, armed guards at every gate, and nice little heat seeking bullets in every gun on a guard. Not my idea of simple, but getting in was the easy part. Outâ that's going to have to wait until later for me to figure out.

I found the box I wanted and gulped lightly. I looked back at my sister. Blonde straight hair fell off the pillow as her little angelic face snoozed. I rolled my eyes. Sure, she seems beautiful and perfect and peaceful now. Wait until she wakes up, that's where the "beautiful" goes into hibernation and she decides nothing matters on the inside.

I pulled a key from my pocket and opened the little metal box inside the cardboard box. I stifled a sigh and was thankful that all the money was still there. I put the metal box on the carpeted floor and pulled the key out. I put it back in my pocket, stuffed the cash in my knee high black boot. I looked at myself, toes and up. Black tight leather boots, tight black cotton pants, black long sleeved shirt, and a tight black leather jacket covered my body. I rolled my eyes, realizing just how much of a burglar I must look like. And then I rolled my eyes realizing, I technically was burglarizing the house.

A small sound escaped my sister's lips, drawing my attention, and causing me to sink to the ground in front of her bed. I counted to ten before risking a glance. Alena was still asleep. I nodded to myself and went into the adjoining bathroom. I silently removed the top of the toilet, grabbing out a thick and large plastic bag. I looked it over and smiled, glad everything was still intact.

I decided waiting around wasn't the best idea and walked back to the window. "Andy?" I quickly turned around and stared wide eyed at Alena. "Andy!" She yelled out. "Mom! Quick, call the guards!" She tried getting untangled from her blankets, but by the time she was at the window I was already down the street. Bright lights flooded the streets and a helicopter was hovering closer.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid," I muttered as I ran faster and faster. I couldn't change while all these people were looking out windows and with the guards on my tail. "Alley, need an alley." I groaned and found a dark one. I sighed, realizing I'd have to be fast. I got in and went to the end. "Dead end, perfect." I groaned again and grabbed the cash out of my boot, took a rubber band from my wrist, and tied it to the cash. I saw people starting to come down. I stepped behind a garbage can and transformed into a small bird.

I hopped out and grabbing the money in my beak and flew off as fast as I could manage. I heard arguing and shouting as I flew away.

Chapter 3

"You did what?"

"I snuck in," I stated again. I walked over to my bed. I got on my knees and pulled out my black duffle bag. I grabbed the money I took earlier, from my back pocket, and put it in my wallet. Stuffing the wallet in a side pocket as I started folding and putting clothes into the bag was apparently annoying to my roommate. He groaned and sat on my bed as I continued packing.

"I heard you. I was just hoping you'd change your answer." I gave him a blank stare as I continued my packing. "Why?" I grabbed the wallet and held it up, it was obviously a few inches thicker. He gasped and reached out for it. I pulled it back with ease and put it back in the bag. "How much did you steal?"

"I didn't steal anything. The cash was mine. My father left it for me before heâ" I shook my head. "The only crime I committed was breaking in and entering." I stood up straight and started ticking off other crimes I've committed. I stopped once I started losing track. "Actually-"

"I know you've committed crimes before. God knows how many," he muttered.

"Only breaking in and entering and resisting arrest for tonight. That's a hell of a lot less than yesterday." I let out a soft laugh and tried reaching the top shelf of my closet, failing in the process. My 5'9" height was generally helpful, but the advantages of having a tall roommate helped more. "Joel? Mind helping?" He grunted and stood up.

"Why would I want to help you pack? You're leaving me." He pouted, but smiled and reached the top shelf, grabbing a box easily. Stupid 6'4 height. "So much for you being tall." He stuck his tongue out and his eyes widened the second I pulled a knife up. His tongue darted back into his mouth and he took a step back. "You gotta stop doing that A." I laughed and took the box from him.

"I'm 5'9": an appropriate height for my profession and you're only a few inches taller than I am, Joel. Don't get cocky." He shot me a quick wink and I automatically regretted by choice of words. "Joel, you know what I mean." I walked back to my bag and dumped the contents of the box into the bag. Joel stalked over and pulled out of the lacy small thongs. He raised an eyebrow at me.

"Where exactly are you going and what do you plan to do there once you've arrived?" He asks as I try grabbing the underwear from him.

"They're comfortable and I don't have to worry about anything showing through my pants or jumpsuit. It's better than going commando." I sigh and lean back on my heels. "Although I guess I could try that route," I say in a sultry voice. His eyes droop a bit and he looks my body up and down. I take the distraction and jump on him. I quickly grab the thong and shove it into my bag. I laugh and look down as Joel's on the ground. "You're so easy." I smile and zip up the bag. I look around the apartment, glancing really, to make sure I haven't forgotten anything. I sigh and look back at Joel and see the oblivious look on his face. "Hey, numb nuts, I'm about to head out." He blinks and quickly stands up.

"Sorry, just didn't expect the seduction." I laugh as he scowls. "Seriously, I know you can get all freaky with the animals, but Aâ" he drifts off and my smile turns to a worried frown. "Are you sure you're not a succubus?" That just makes me laugh hard and I know he's kidding now. "Sorry, couldn't help screwing with you one last time." He smiles and comes over to me, enveloping me in a hug. "I'm gonna miss you, A."

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I smile and wrap my arms around him as well, setting the duffle bag down. "I'll miss you, too." I pull back and smile more. "Don't go off getting into any trouble. I won't be here to turn away any baby daddy seekers, so try keeping it in your pants please." It's his turn to laugh hard and he pushes me away.

"Me? A baby daddy? The nerve of some women." I roll my eyes at him and grab the duffle bag. I dig into the back pocket of my black ripped skinny jeans. I sigh and hand him the apartment key. He frowns taking it.

I walk towards the door and open it. I turn back to him and give him a smile. "A succubus? Really?" I wink and close the door behind me, hearing his laughter. Me being a succubus is as likely as Joel turning gay. Not likely, never going to happen, and completely absurd. I smirk to myself and take the elevator down to the main floor.

As I step out onto the street, I quickly hail a cab. "Where to, ma'am?" The driver is old, white, and has a mustache that would make you think he just popped out from some 70s porno.

"Hailing's Airport, please," I say and lean against the seat. "I've got a flight to catch."

"Going somewhere important?" The driver asks as he pulls away from the curb. "Kind of chilly for a vacation," he points out, trying to make conversation.

"My business is my business and if you want a tip, I suggest driving to the airport without bugging the hell out of me before my blade finds your throat," I say darkly holding up the blade that had been in my boot. I hold it up just right so he can see it glint in his rear-view mirror. I can hear him gulp and he nods.

"Sorry ma'am, I'll drive quickly." I smirk and offer a dark glare at the meter. He gulps again and turns it off. "Free of charge, of course." I nod and slide the blade back into my boot along with the others. I let my body feel my weapons. I have three blades in my left boot, along with a small hand gun. My right boot is holding another two blades and a few magazines. There's my special dagger, I've had since childhood, stuck in the inside of my jeans, by my hip. And of course, my animalistic instincts, nails that swiftly elongate and turn into claws, and my overpowered senses. I think I'm protected quite a bit. I smirk to myself and focus my eyes ahead, making sure the driver doesn't take any wrong turns. He seems shaken up enough and is taking the fastest way to the airport. Good.

Chapter 4

"Thanks for the ride," I say politely as I toss a twenty onto the passenger side of the cab. The driver nods and quickly pulls away as soon as I've shut the door. I laugh lightly and shake my head. I freeze, feeling something not right, and quickly look around.

"Son of a bitch," I mutter to myself and head towards a desk. The woman at the desk offers a fake smile and greeting. "Yeah, I need a first class ticket to Julbring," I say as politely as I can muster. The woman smiles another fake smile and taps at her touchscreen keyboard, looking for a flight.

"There's two seats left on the next flight. Both first class. Both quite pricy," she adds, looking me over. I roll my eyes and pull out nine one hundred dollar bills. Her eyes widen a bit and she gulps. "The tickets are eight-fifty each." I role my eyes and pull out Joel's discounted airline miles card. She quickly grabs and swipes it. "You know there's more than enough miles on this card for a few extra people and another trip altogether?" I nod, getting more annoyed by the second. She hands me back the bills and the card. "There are still three grand's worth of miles on that card." I offer her a fake smile and hold my hand out, waiting for my ticket. She jumps, realizing what I'm waiting for, and prints them out. She hands me the blue paper. "Enjoy your flight." I roll my eyes and walk towards security.

"Going somewhere?" I freeze in my place and turn my head around. He clicks his tongue a few times and comes in front of me. "Now where would Agency's best assassin be going at a time like this?" He smirked and took a step closer, putting his hands on my waist and pulling me in.

To any passerby, it would look as if we were a couple in a close embrace. However, I'm standing here with a knife pressed into my side, while he's sliding my dagger out of my jeans. I extend my canines and hiss at him as my pupils turn to slits. He stares at them for a few seconds. I can't comprehend the look on his face. He shakes his head and that's all the distraction I need.

"How dare you?!" I yell and slap him, he drops the dagger back into place and takes a step back, holding his cheek. "My own sister!" I yell and huff. I keep a smile off my face as I stomp away, towards security once again. "Best acting I've done in years. Now I just gotta avoid Xander for an hour," I whisper to myself. I take a deep breath and see my friend at the booth. His eyes widen as he sees me. He nods and directs me through the long line.

"Mission?" He asks, barely above a whisper. I shake my head and hold up my ticket. He frowns seeing the destination. "Julbring? Why are you going there? Everything is practically snowed in, this time of year. It's almost the end of November and you want to go to the snow capital of all of Cathetica?" I simply offer a soft smile and nod. He shrugs and directs me pass security, nodding towards his boss. "Alright, whatever. Your business is your business."

"See that's what I love about you. You ask a question and are completely satisfied when I simply say yes or no." I smile at Jon and pass through a metal gate. He closes it behind me.

"Yeah, well as long as you keep Joel away from my wife, you and I are always on good terms." He smiles and looks behind him to see Xander looking around. "You in trouble?" He asks and keeps his eyes on Xander.

"That's my sister's ex-fiance. What do you think?" I smile and pull out a few hundred dollar bills and slip them into Jon's pocket, through the gate. He frowns and sees what I do. "Keep paying your bills, Jon." I nod at him and walk towards the long lines. I sigh seeing everyone already in line for my plane.

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"Andy!" I gulp and look behind me to see Xander running towards me. He's keeping his speed somewhat human, so no one recognizes him, but he's still running fast. I grip my bag tightly and rush into the closest women's bathroom and lock myself into a stall. I look up seeing the vent cover. I pull it off and shove my bag in it before jumping up and crawling in. Just as I set the vent cover on, the door bursts open. "I know you're in here Andy. Quit stalling and just show yourself. You're wanted for questioning and I'd love to be bringing in my ex-fiance's sister." I roll my eyes. "Not that you act like a sister." I smile now. Out of all the people in my family, my sister is the one to grab a decent guy that gets me. Too bad he's a bloody 'hero.'

I held my breath and waited for him to leave. I heard a stall door slam against the wall. I rolled my eyes. A bit dramatic for him. I looked down through the cover and saw him staring up at it. I swallowed lightly, hoping he couldn't see me.

"Son of a bitch, she went through the vents." He slammed his fist through the stall wall and rushed out of the bathroom. I quickly opened the cover and slid out, duffle bag in tow.

"Well I suppose that answered that." I smirked to myself and checked myself in the mirror. Not a single white hair out of place. I smiled and slowly exited the restroom. I looked around for Xander and smiled, not seeing him anywhere. I saw the line for my plane had decreased and was boarding now. I rushed over and handed my ticket to the women at the front of the line and quickly got in, taking my first class seat.

Chapter 5

I leaned back in the cocoon and sighed. "Why was he there?" I asked myself aloud and rolled my eyes at the idiotic question. "Looking for me, that's what."

Xander A. Doesn't let anyone know his last name. Hell, he probably told my sister though. I mean, they were about to be married. Well, at least until he called it off a day before the wedding. That stung Alena and my mother, Miranda. They were so happy and excited that Alena would be marrying into a rich family. Or what's left of a family. Xander never talked about his parents, said they died in a fire. But back to Xander.

Handsome, obviously, otherwise my sister wouldn't have paid any attention to him in the first place. He had a squared off face, but it worked for him. Sexy stubble. Well sexy to me. I always considered a man with facial hair looked moreâ well sexy. Older and mature would probably be better adjectives, but I'm being honest here. Jet black spiked up hair that never fell out of place, unless doused in water. He was lightly tanned. He's only ever told me that he was Greek. Never got any information on where he's originally from. Dark grey eyes pulled you in easily. They were almost as black as his pupil. And tall. Not as tall as Joel's 6'4", but he definitely comes close. Maybe 6'1" or 6'2". He's much more intimidating than Joel, that's for sure. But I suppose one has to be to be deemed a 'superhero.'

Yes, Xander is Hero X. Lousy name, I've told him so a few dozen times. We crossed paths before he met my sister. I was on a mission, freeing one of our agents and it got a bit messy. I suppose breaking into the Cathetica's government head-quarters to retrieve a known felon and taking out numerous officers along the way was a big no-no. I had just gotten the agent untied from a chair as Hero X ran up. His super speed would have helped if I didn't have it as well.

Seeing him, in his all grey and blue uniform, the grey mask over his face. It was intimidating. I'd heard stories from other agents about them meeting him and barely escaping with their lives. Those agents were in wheelchairs or critically injured when they returned to Agency's hospital wing. And I was standing in front of the man who put them there.

We had fought. Clearly. Both overpowering the other at points, but never enough to win. The agent I had freed had run away like a little girl. Protecting himself. Hero X was a damned good fighter. Super strength, speed, and empathy helped him along the way. He did nothing to cover any power he had. He laid his cards on the table. Well I didn't. I showed him my claws and my eyes. Those were the only two things he knew of my power.

I got a few good scratches in, but he soon pinned me to the ground. "Had enough?" He had asked, looking me straight in the eyes, not even flinching from the color or that my pupils had turned to slim slits. I shook my head and tried scratching him again, but he quickly grabbed my wrists and pinned them above my head.

"I wouldn't underestimate me," I had whispered. I was tired and tried catching a few breaths. He put both my wrists in one of his hands and punched me in the stomach. I yelled out and tried breathing. "Well I take it you're having fun breaking my ribs," I had managed to get out, between the pain. I blinked back tears of pain and realized I was probably dying tonight unless I could think of an animal to change into quickly. I was horrible under pressure.

You put a train speeding at me and only having a split second to think, I'd change into a bird with time to spare. You put a gun to my head; I'd think of something and find a way to harm you before getting away. But hand to hand combat. That was different. A knife to my throat, a gun put to my heart, or in this case, someone on top of me, pinning me to the cement floor and punching me; yeah, I get a bit ditzzy and hesitant.

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"I'm not underestimating anyone. Humans have a tendency to hide things." I remember rolling my eyes at him and extending my claws and looking at him with a smirk.

"Do I look human to you?" I asked and brought my claws back in. He had smirked back at me. That idiotic smirk had been one of two things that drew me in. I looked up at him as he spoke to me.

"Human? No. Special?" He smiled at me and his eyes seemed to lighten a shade. Those grey eyes. That was the second thing that pulled me into him. I didn't understand it at the time. I had been so confused. Here I was, minutes from dying, and I was thinking of his eyes and smirk. Me! Agency's top assassin. Agency's top agent. The most likely person to shove a knife into someone's back if they even looked at me wrong. And I was being worse than my giggly, flirty, childish older sister. "I think I'll see you soon." I looked at him with confusion, but he stood up and ran off. All within a few seconds. I had stayed on the floor for a few minutes. Dazed, confused, and not sure why I had been spared. I took it as luck and vowed to never land myself in a situation where I'd act that way again.

Little did I know that Hero X would show up on my doorstep with flowers and staring at my sister as if she was the greatest gift to the world. As if. I didn't know it was him at first. We had dinner. My mother, Alena, 'Xander,' Alena's friends, and twenty relatives. I pretended to be friendly. Not really a people person to begin with. I was Agency's top agent still. Had been since I was 17. Xander caught my attention and we hit it off. I never made eye contact. People frowned upon my eyes, being the bright blue, almost white, that they are, so I wore dark brown contacts. My white hair was covered with a brown wig, making sure no one could recognize me.

Xander had. I had noticed him staring at me for quite some time, so I glanced at him. We were across from each other at the table. The other people were talking to each other still, but I tuned them out quickly enough. I raised an eyebrow at Xander, as if asking what the problem was. He didn't respond, his eyes stayed on mine. I finally looked him in the eyes and dropped my glass. It shattered as it hit the tiled flooring. My mother yelled at me, but I was so focused on those grey eyes, I couldn't hear her.

I had gulped and shook my head. Standing up and tossing my napkin on the table I quickly escaped to the roof. I took deep breaths once I was seated, hoping no one knew where I had gone. I heard a door slam and looked down to see Xander and Alena talking animatedly.

"I'm so sorry about my sister. She's always been jealous of me and I have no idea why she acted that way." I scoffed and drew back into the dark as Xander's head snapped my way. "I'm sorry if she upset you, Xan-Xan." I snorted lightly, hearing her nickname for Xander. He looked annoyed and that made me laugh harder. I sighed, realizing Xander must have good ears or super hearing if he could hear me all the way up here.

"Your sister was fine. She seems really familiar though." I bit my lip, hoping he didn't tell my sister about my involvement with Agency.

"My sister? How could you possibly know her? She's only nineteen. You're twenty-four. Big enough age gap."

I saw him shake his head. "Doesn't matter. I should go. Love you." He had kissed her cheek and stalked off before Alena could say anything.

"Ma'am, the plane is landing. I'm going to need you to buckle your seat belt." I looked up at the flight attendant and nodded. I had been so busy visiting old memories, I hadn't noticed how much time had passed.

Chapter 6

"Can I help you with your bags, ma'am?" I turned around quickly. He smirked and took a step closer to me. "You can keep running, Andy. I'll keep catching." I narrowed my eyes and brought my hand up quickly, ready to slap him, but he caught my wrist and pulled my entire body closer to his. "I fell for that once. It's not going to happen again." I rolled my eyes

"Xander, Xander, Xander. When are you going to realize that as long as I can keep running, you'll never truly catch me." I was the one to smirk now. He actually had the nerve to smile and lean his head in, whispering in my ear.

"Maybe I enjoy the game of cat-and-mouse." I shivered slightly, feeling his breathe on my ear. I could feel his lips turn up into a smile against my ear. "Feeling flustered?" He laughed as I pushed him away.

"Feeling cocky?" I asked and turned around, walking at a normal speed towards the airport doors. I heard him catch up and walk beside me. "So where are all the police escorts and officers ready to take me down?" I asked, confused not seeing any cops around, besides the airport security.

"I thought I'd take an early vacation. I think the good people in Hailing will be fine without me for a few days. Maybe even a week." I rolled my eyes and scoffed.

"Good people? You have got to be kidding me. That town is full of crooks, gamblers, prostitutes, government traitors, and more. Good people, my butt." I laughed darkly and walked out of the airport. I stopped and turned towards Xander. "What are you really doing here Xander? You would have tried arresting me by now. I'm a wanted felon. Our good Hero X would have taken me into custody the second I touched Julbring ground." I dropped my bag next to my feet and put my hands on my hips. One hand on the dagger in my jeans.

"Honestly? I got a message from Alena." My eyes narrowed slightly. "Seems her little sister broke into the house and she felt frightened and needed company." He was the one to look irritated now. "Apparently she's concerned her sister has turned into some kind of thief." I laughed lightly as he cracked a smile.

"Awe, if only she knew." I smiled at Xander and looked him in the eyes. He did the same with me. We stood there for a few minutes. "Why aren't you freaked out by my eyes?" I asked finally, Always having been curious.

"They aren't freaky. No reason to be freaked out." I frowned. "What? Not good enough of an answer?" I shook my head simply. He sighed and took a step closer to me; I took a step back. "Fine," he sighed as he hailed a cab quickly, "I think they're pretty damn cool." I looked at him with an unbelieving face. "Just get in the cab," he groaned and turned towards the cab. I took that opportunity to bolt.

I ran as fast as I could, not caring if anyone knew about my super speed. Benefits of being able to turn into any animal imaginable. I got all of their reflexes, agility, and thinking power all wrapped up in my body. I smirked as I kept running. It was slightly difficult in the snow, but I was making it work. It started snowing again and I quickly regretted wearing all black. I'd be easy to spot if Xander tries to catch up.

I rounded a street corner and came up on a frozen lake. I looked around and smiled. "Perfect." I walked along the street and found the reservation building.

"Good afternoon. Can I help you?" I smiled at the man behind the desk.

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"Yes, you can. I wanted to see about renting a cabin," I said as I took a seat in front of his desk. He smiled at me after 'discreetly' checking me out. "Price isn't an issue," I added.

He smirked lightly and typed something into his keyboard. "I have one cabin left. Four grand a night and a high elevation. Right up the mountain and overlooks the entire lake and city. It also has the best security known to all of Cathetica. Panic room, large kitchen, two bedrooms, four bathrooms, large dining hall, and a fully stocked den along with game room." I rolled my eyes to myself and held up my hand.

"You had me at 'one cabin left.' So sixteen grand for four nights?" I asked as I pulled my wallet out.

"Cash?" He looked surprised and greedy at the same time.

"Problem?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Not at all. Our clients usually use their credit cards, that's all." He took the cash from me and handed me a clipboard. "I just need all your info." I pushed the clipboard back.

"I need to be off the record," I said as I held up a hundred dollar bill and slid it to him across the desk. He smirked.

"Okay. Maybe I could stop by later?" I offered him a small smile as he held out the cabin keys. I leaned across the desk, giving him a view of my cleavage. "Should I take that as a yes?"

"You come within ten feet of that front door for any other reason besides the cabin's on fire?" I grabbed his dark blue tie and tightened it, making him choke for air "And I'll kill you," I finished and walked out of the building. I looked up the mountain road and saw the cabin. "Sweet," I smiled and started walking. I made sure I was out of sight before setting my duffle bag on the ground. I looked around once more, double checking my surroundings, and shifted into a mountain lion. I grabbed the handle of my duffle bag with mouth and took off running towards my cabin.

Chapter 7

It was getting close to midnight. I was sitting in front of my bedroom's fireplace actually wearing a pair of black cotton shorts (that were too short in my opinion) and a dark blue tank shirt. My snow white hair was even out of its normal ponytail. Hot chocolate in hand, a bowl of popcorn next to me, door barricaded with the dining table from the dining hall, windows blocked with the dining hall chairs, the bed turned over on its side to use as a blockade in case there was any gunfire, my daggers, knives, and guns laid out behind it, ready for an attack, and some expensive beer in the mini fridge.

"Nice night for a fight," I smirked to myself lightly, leaning against the edge of the turned bed. I sipped my hot chocolate, ate the popcorn, and let the warmth of the fire just curl over me. I sighed and closed my eyes for a few minutes, just relaxing. "Should have taken a vacation earlier."

My relaxation was broken when I heard the faintest sound of metal expanding. My eyelids opened, revealing my pupils slit and in a pool of brighter than ice blue(almost white). I sniffed the air and frowned. Not recognizing the scent. I stood up slowly and crossed to the door. I put my ear to the dining table, hoping to hear through that and the already thick oak door. I focused and closed my eyes now. Heightening my sense of hearing as much as I could work best when my other senses were cut off.

"Miss me?" I hear echo out. I jumped and opened my eyes again. I ran, at my inhuman speed to my weapons and grabbed a gun and dagger. "Awe, too late," was the last thing I heard before watching the vent above me fall to the ground, showing an annoying, idiotic, hot, moronic jerk. "Hey Andy."

I rolled my eyes and shot my gun, but he moved next to me within a blink of an eye. He tisked his tongue and bent down, kicking out his foot, and sweeping me to the ground. I glared at him and moved to stab him with the dagger, but he grabbed both my wrists and held them above my head. I took a second to look him over. His idiotically attractive black and blue uniform and mask were all that covered his body. But I knew from experience that the uniform was so powerful it doubled as bullet proof and knife proof. That stupid blue and black masked covered the top half of his face, minus his forehead with holes for his gorgeous eyes. I shake my head, trying to game control of my stupid emotions.

"What kind of welcome is that?" He smirked and bent his head down, laying his head on my shoulder so his face was buried into my neck and hair. "You smell good."

I actually shivered lightly, but shook my head and tried moving underneath him. "The kind of welcome an uninvited guest gets." I snapped at him. He just wouldn't give up.

"Now Andy-"

"Stop calling me that!" I yelled and quickly shifted into a black cat beneath him. His utter shock gave me the distraction I needed. I raced into the bathroom on all fours and shifted into a gorilla and pounded at the glass window. It cracked easily and I shifted into a small raven. I flew out and landed on top of the house, right above the chimney, so I could hear if he did anything.

"Well that was interesting," I jumped and shifted into my human form quickly. Xander was right behind me. "What? I told you a long time ago. I don't underestimate people." He winked and grabbed my waist, pulling me closer to him. "Now you smell like smoke," he frowned, but kept me close anyways.

"Youâ but Iâ howâ !" I couldn't form a complete sentence and he took amusement in it. "I've heard stories from cops and certain gang members about you. I've also heard it from Mr. Lent himself,

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but I didn't honestly believe him." I shook my head confused. My eyes widened and my body froze. "What?" He looked concerned. Not faking it either. He truly looked worried about what was going on through my head.

"What do you mean you heard about me from Abraham?" I asked slowly.

He frowned and looked at me. "He gave me information on where you lived, who you are: all the good stuff. I originally thought Alena was this mysterious white haired, white eyes woman. That's why I stayed so close to her for so long." He let his grip on me go and took a step from me. "Hell, she tricked me into proposing to her and I figured: why not? Just gets me closer to taking down the country's best assassin."

I slowly nodded, taking this all in. "That's why you broke off the engagement. You found out Alena wasn't me. That's why Abraham sent me after you. No loose ends." I crouched on the roof. Feeling dizzy and light-headed. Xander came over to me, putting a hand on my back and one on my arm to keep me steady. "Can you take me back to the bedroom?" I asked slowly before passing out and staring at darkness.

Chapter 8

"Andy? Andy?" I slowly opened my eyes, but shut them soon after. I groaned at the brightness and I only heard a soft chuckle. "Right, bright lights. Sorry." I heard movement and steps moving a few feet away from me and then back to my side. "You okay?"

I sat up slowly and rubbed my eyes, opening them slightly to adjust. I nod hesitantly. Feeling too vulnerable in the room with just Xander. "What the hell happened?"

Xander chuckles again. "You kind of passed out. I guess learning that your boss sent Cathetica's hero after you was a lot to take in." I groan and put a hand over his mouth.

"Abraham is not my boss. I have no boss. He just sends a check my way every now and then," I state, not looking at Xander at all. He takes my hand off his mouth, kisses my bunched up fingers and holds it between both his hands.

"Whatever you say. At least you get paid for this shit." It's my turn to chuckle lightly.

"Yeah. I don't necessarily think you and I have the same profession, Xander. You bring in criminals and stop crime. I kill competitors, dirty politicians, criminals, and every step of the way I just keep committing crimes." I sigh and pull my hand back. Already missing the feel of his holding mine. I shake my head, not wanting to believe I actually like a good guy. I look around the room and then up at the broken vent. I laugh lightly again. "I pulled that shit on you at Hailing's Airport and I didn't even think to block it when I was sitting in here." I roll my eyes at myself and, in one swift move, move the dining table from the oak door. I walk out into the hallway and start looking for a tool kit. Xander hot on my trail.

"I thought you escaped from the bathroom using the vent?" He asks, grabbing my hand again and lacing his fingers with mine. I smile softly at the touch, but take my hand away. I can't get distracted or emotionally involved with anyone. That's always been my rule. I don't even have to be looking at him to know he knows what I'm feeling.

"Stupid empathy," I whisper so quietly I know he can't hear it. I raise my voice now. "No, I was just hiding in the vent," I answer simply. Trying to keep a poker face and hiding my emotions.

Xander sighs and I hear him scratch his head. "Why can't you just let me hold your damn hand?" He asks, stopping in the middle of the hall behind me. I don't stop walking and I don't answer him. I go into the kitchen and look beneath the sink.

"Finally," I say as I pull out the large black tool box. I look inside quickly, finding the battery powered drill. "I'll be right back." I say, but regret it as soon as it slips out of my mouth. I close my eyes and turn around. I open them and see Xander still in the same spot. "I suggest you leave. Don't be here when I come back from the shed." I say, knowing I don't want him to leave at all. But hell. I can't get involved with anyone. No matter how much I want to.

The look on Xander's face, honestly, scares me. He looks so angry and his eyes have gone black. I gulp, but turn around again and walk towards the glass door that leads to the backyard. I push away the blockade I formed and exit. Once in the cold and thin air I take a deep breath.

"Holy crap. What the fuck is wrong with me?" I whisper to myself. I start heading towards the snow covered shed. "Couldn't have been a normal human being like my sister and just live comfortably and do normal crap.

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Go to college, get a job, meet a nice guy, have a family, die. Nope, none of that except the meeting a nice guy and die part. Too bad I'm not a nice girl." I ramble on for a while, all under my breath. I stop as I get to the shed. I open it, breaking the lock, and grab a few pieces of wood planks. I hold everything in one arm and walk back to the house. I see more smoke coming from the chimney from the room I've claimed as mine. I frown. "Did he add more wood?" I shake my head. "What part of 'don't be here when I get back' is so hard to comprehend?" I mutter pissed and enter the house again. I only temporarily set all the wood down on the floor as I place my blockade back together. I turn around and freeze. "Well didn't expect that to happen," I say out loud and loud enough for the group in the living room to hear. A few smirk, a few stay still. But every single one has a gun pointed at my heart or head.

"Should have," I snap my head around to see the guy from the reservation building. "You threatened my life. I did the only reasonable thing and called the police. Gave them your description. Who knew this pretty girl is such a bad one?" He exclaimed sarcastically. I glare at him and my claws extend, only making the officers tense up even more. I narrow my eyes and withdraw them.

"Andy-" I snap my head around to see Xander holding up a pair of handcuffs. He clears his throat and tries it again. "Andromeda Pharos, you're under arrest for an exponential amount of arrest warrants, murder charges, robbery charges, embezzlement charges, arson charges, etc. Do you understand what has been said to you so far?" I hear no emotion in his voice as he comes up behind me, roughly clasp the cuffs on my wrists.

"Bite me," is all I whisper under my breath. No one but the two of us in the room should have had the ability to hear it. He runs a hand over my arm as he puts my other wrist in the cuffs. "Should have known you were just a decoy. What? Had to wait for the uniforms to catch up with you? Couldn't bring me in on your own?" I tease loudly, making it possible for everyone else in the room to hear.

"I didn't know anyone was coming after you tonight," is all he whispers in my ear. I freeze a bit and turn my head to the side, trying to look at him, but the angles off. "If you hadn't told me to leave, then I could have prevented this, and you wouldn't be in deep shit," he whispers again and grasps the chain between the cuffs and starts to walk me towards the front door.

"If I hadn't told you to leave, I'd still be in deep shit," I whisper back. He stops for a second, but continues to push me forward. "You already know what I'm feeling and I'm not sure I can deal with that right now. Hence why confusion is probably overlapping that feeling. You're a good guy, Xander. The goodest of the good in fact. I don't suggest running around my crowd." I continue to whisper, not wanting any cops to hear.

"You could always step into my crowd," he suggests. I scoff and shake my head. I hold up my hands restrained behind me. "Oh yeah. Probably wouldn't be the best idea." I roll my eyes as he cracks a joke. "Turn around," I do so and look up at him. He punches me in the stomach and I buckle over, not expecting it. My eyes narrow as I look up at him, but I feel a small item made of metal rub against my hip. I move my hips back and forth, feeling it. I raise my eyebrows as I notice it's a small key. Xander smirks and opens a cop car door. "Meet me in Telpart. Casino Jewel, top floor, penthouse." He shuts the door as I sit down and walks away to talk to an officer. I lean back in the seat.

"Did that seriously just happen?" I whisper to myself. Confusion and excitement roll through my brain and body before anxiousness and fear cloud over it. I smirk to myself seeing Xander grimace. He can still feel everything I'm feeling. I smirk knowing I caused him mental pain after he just caused me physical pain. I frown quickly though. "Why the hell does making him hurt make me sad?" I whisper and groan. "Crap," I mutter and swivel my hips, getting the key loose. I grow a monkey tail and work it around.

Picking up the key, unlocking myself, and making the tail recede all in a matter of seconds. I unlock the cop door, opening it a crack, and turn into a small bird. I quickly fly out and towards Telpart.

"Let's see what's so special about meeting him there," I chirp.

Chapter 9

I was standing in front of the door of the penthouse suite. This place was insane. Black tinted glass flooring, black glass walls in the casino(minus the hotel rooms), red and blue jewels encrusted everywhere. What idiot designed this place? I sighed though, knowing that if Xander was in the room he'd hear me but no one opened the door. I knocked on it, leaning on the threshold wearing a new set of clothing. Same style. Black cotton leggings, black thigh length leather boots, black leather jacket, black t-shirt, and my ice white hair pulled into a high ponytail. Such a blunt contradiction.

The door didn't open after a few minutes so I sighed again. I bent down and traced the edge of the door. "Completely sealed. Shit," I whispered. No way could I get through there. It was an electric lock so I couldn't work my way through that either. I stood up straight and put my hands on my hips thinking and staring at the door.

"Boo." I was gonna scream but someone's hand came over my mouth. I quickly kicked my foot back, but my attacker grabbed my ankle and pulled my body closer. I relaxed though as soon as his scent filled my nostrils. "You really should pay more attention to your surroundings." I could just hear his smirk.

"You should seriously stop pulling this kinda crap. You're lucky all my weapons were confiscated. All of them," I added quietly, missing one in particular.

"Well I got one back. Seemed special." He let me go and I turned around to see what he was holding. My dagger, the one thing left to me from my father and he risked status to get it back to me. I gulped and looked up at him. "Least I can do. I should have noticed the cops coming up the hill when we were on top of the chimney." He took a step closer and held the dagger out to me, the blade pointing towards him. I reached out to grab it but he flipped it in the air and pushed me against the wall faster than I thought he would and caught the dagger with his face buried in my neck. I gulped again. I could feel his lips turn up to a smirk. "Feeling flustered?" I scoffed and pushed him away. I thought I saw a flash of hurt in his eyes, but that doesn't make sense.

"Why did you want me to meet you here?" I ask, folding my arms over my chest and kicking a foot up to lean against the wall. "Why'd you risk getting in trouble with the cops? They trust you. Not exactly the best idea to free someone on Cathetica's most wanted list." I say, trying to get my emotions back in line. I knew why I wanted him to want me here. I'm no prude, but now isn't the time.

He simply looked at me, almost glaring, for a few minutes before taking out a black card from his jeans pocket. I hadn't really noticed that he was in street clothes. He looked normal. I bit my bottom lip looking at him. Regular black jeans, black shoes, dark blue polo. He took a step towards me and my breath hitched. He smirked and side stepped me to open the door, holding it open for me. I nodded and walked past him. I honestly didn't bother looking around the penthouse suite. From my attitude, I wouldn't be invited much longer, I assumed.

"You gonna tell me why I'm here now?" I asked as I took a seat on a black couch. I brought my feet up and sat on it length wise. Leaning my back against the arm and feet/legs spread straight in front of me. "Or keep me in the dark?" I asked not looking at him.

He moved and sat down opposite of me on a dark red couch. Leaning forward and putting his forearms on his knees. "You need my help." I scoffed and stood up, walking towards the small kitchen. "I'm serious, Andy." I turned my head towards him.

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"Stop calling me Andy. And on what planet would I need your help?" I ask, venom practically seeping through my words as my claws extended and my eyes went cat like. Everything white except a tiny sliver of black in the center of both eyes. I turned on him fully and got closer. My claws never receding. "I don't need your help with whatever it is you think I do. And I suggest you realize that I'm more deadly than I look. You've seen me shift. Now that you have, I have no problem putting you on your ass." I spit out again.

He never even blinked. All I remember in that long silence and then the two of us attacking each other.

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"I'll repeat it. You went away for a vacation. By the way we need to discuss your definition of the word 'vacation.' Then met up with Hero X. Then fought with him. Then started being all flirty and googly eyed around him. Next you're getting arrested and he helps you escape. Then you meet him in a hotel and fight AGAIN! And tell him you can't be around him anymore because your ass can't get a grip on reality when he's around. Sounds like a really fun vacation, A." I scowled at him but he had a point. I regret not even hugging Xander. But had it gone too far, I could be in some serious trouble. And so could he.

Of course I hadn't told Joel that Hero X is my sister's ex-fiancÃ©, Xander. I couldn't. In all reality, I probably should have told Joel that I had met up with Xander, but he was in uniform most of the time so he technically was Hero X more.

How brain-dead do I sound, right now? I thought to myself.

"I don't want to get into it. I told you, just so you can be prepared if suddenly Hero X shows up around the neighborhood and you have the idiocy to say something." I sat up and looked at Joel with cold eyes. He looked taken back as I did so, but I was serious. "Let me make this perfectly clear Joel, if you even see him around here, you need to call or text me to let me know he's around. He doesn't generally come around this neighborhood unless helping the cops out, so there shouldn't be a real issue. Plus, I'm almost positive he doesn't know I live here, but we have to be safe."

Joel nodded and leaned his elbows on his knees. "This guy really got to you, didn't he?" I gulped and only nodded. Admitting that felt like a weight was lifted off my shoulders, but I couldn't do anything about it.

I sighed and stood up. "I need to go see Abraham. Something Hero X told me on my little adventure is making me worry." I went to the closet and pulled out a pair of thigh high black leather boots, considering my other ones were ripped. I was now in leather skin tight pants(loose enough to run in though), the black boots, a dark red long sleeved shirt, and a black cotton vest that was buttoned up. I also pulled out three knives and tucked those into the boots. I checked the magazine on my .45 handgun and tucked that on the inside of my vest. I pulled my hair up into a ponytail as per usual and looked over at Joel. He was staring out the window in thought I suppose. I walked over to him and put my arms around his waist. He jumped but relaxed a second after. I leant my forehead against his back since he didn't turn. "I'll be back in two hours unless I text you otherwise, okay?" He only nodded and I let go.

Chapter 11

"You wanted to see me, Andromeda?" Abraham asked as I walked up to his desk. I stood a foot away from the edge and crossed my arms over my chest.

"Yeah, why exactly did you send Hero X after me?" His face blanched and I smirked. He opened his mouth, but closed it. Then he opened it again. I cut him off. "No, he's not dead. But why did you send him after me to begin with?"

I continued to glare at him, but I shifted my eyes, turning them into slits, knowing he hates them so much.

"You're a loose end." I scoffed at his nervousness. I could hear his heartbeat beating like a crazed drummer.

"I'm your best assassin. Try again." I took a step closer to the desk and he flinched.

"I'm closing up shop and moving to Telpart. Business is booming in one of my hotels and too many cops are catching wind of my exploits. I can't let it be known I have a hired assassin on my employee list so I had to get rid of you. Problem is, you're too good. I could have sworn Hero X would have put you in prison or eliminated you in the process." He frowned and pulled open his desk drawer, causing me to pull a knife out and move behind him, holding the knife to his throat, all in a split second. He sputtered and caught his breath. "I was just reaching for a cigar." He slowly moved his hand up holding a single cigar.

"Well excuse me for being careful. I know what you're capable of, remember?" He slowly nodded and I pulled the knife away. "So what now? You're obviously not going to try sending a fellow assassin after me. I'm guessing you've had them eliminating each other while I've been gone." He nodded again and shrugged, seeming to regain composure.

"You could always come with me, you know. Help with the hotel. Be a board member. Maybe a bed member." He smirked as I grimaced. "I knew you wouldn't go for that last one," he chuckled lightly and lit his cigar. "I honestly have no idea about now. Leave each other alone until one of us dies, I suppose?"

I laughed now. Knowing full well that he wouldn't let me live if he was still alive and working angles. I'm a loose end after all. He sighed again and nodded, knowing what I was thinking.

"So we part ways for now. I'm going to Telpart; you can leave for Hamspring, or Julbring, or go to another country for all I care. The more distance we put between each other the better."

"For once we agree." He stood up and walked to the windows. I followed him, but kept my distance as I looked out the windows with him. "It's going to be strange, not working for you and killing left and right." I finally admit. This is what I've been doing since my dad died. It's hard to think of a life outside of being an assassin.

"Ha! I doubt that. You'll get back into the killing no matter what. You'll just need to find a different person to write your paychecks. Speaking of which. Yours for the last four kills." He held out a check with my fake name, Angela Korovsky, on it. The same fake name and ID I use for my bank accounts.

"Thanks," I say as I pocketed the piece of paper. I look down at the busy day time street and get a glimpse of blue turning the corner. I shake my head and hold in a snarl. "I'll be going now. See ya soon Lent."

"See ya soon Pharos."

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I walked briskly to the elevators and waited patiently going down. He was too calm. I have no doubt in my mind he considers me dead meat the second I leave this building.

The elevator dinged and the doors slowly opened. I took a side step to my right quickly as a small circular blade zoomed by, sticking into the wall of the elevator.

"Okay, maybe before I leave the building." I took out my gun and flicked the safety off and started shooting. "Ninjas? Really Lent?" I roll my eyes as every black coated figure raced by, trying to get an angle on me, as I picked them off, one by one. Bullets between the eyes, two each. I replaced the magazine with a fresh one from my boot and continued. I counted off ten dead and I could smell four more hiding. Thank whoever for my extra sensitive senses. Good to know when Xander's not around I can actually function correctly.

I took a step out of the elevator and flung a knife at one, hitting his heart. He fell and another raced up to me, I threw him a quick punch to the nose and leaped on his back and twisted his head, snapping his neck. "Two more. Come out. Come out, wherever you are!" I sang. One of the two jumped out and tried to get me in a choke hold, but I slipped between his legs and kneed him in the groin. "You really should wear a cup," I said as he sunk to the floor in pain. I put a foot to his chest and stabbed him in the neck once. I went to the other ninja I stabbed and took my knife from his chest.

I sniffed the air, trying to locate the final ninja. "Looking for me?" I heard him whisper in my ear before being put into a choke hold. I tried hitting him, but he managed to slide me to the floor and pin one hand under my knee with his knee pressed into the back of my leg, holding that tight. His other hand held my other arm behind my back and somehow managed to hold a blade to my throat all at the same time. "Gotcha." I panicked. I hated hand to hand combat. Why do I always freeze up?

The ninja slumped on top of me and I tried moving from under him. He slid to the floor and a hand grabbed mine pulled me up to his body. I groaned and put my forehead on his chest, closing my eyes. His familiar scent wafting through my nose, making me shiver. I heard him chuckle and I went to hit his chest, but he grabbed my hand quickly and kissed it.

"Told you you'd need my help, didn't I?" I looked up at Xander, dressed as Hero X now, and scowled. He just kept smirking. "Let's get you out of here. Rooftop," he said, while pulling me to the elevator, still smirking I'd like to add. "Ninjas. Does Lent have no class?"

I smiled finally as the elevator moved up to the rooftop with Xander, Hero X, holding my hand.

Chapter 12

"This is your apartment?" Xander asked as I moved into my room and closed the door after he entered. He sat on the bed, bouncing slightly and patted the spot next to him, smiling like an idiot. I rolled my eyes and went to my closet, opening the door, and removing my knives, boots, holster, vest, and putting my gun in place with the others. I felt a breath on my neck and shivered again. "Nice collection you've got. Needs one more though," he stated as he placed my dagger into the drawer. I took it and moved away from him and towards my bed, I lifted the pillow and placed the dagger underneath.

"No, that one gets its own spot." I laughed lightly and sat down on my bed, my back against my many pillows. Xander smirked and sat down on the bed with me. He leaned his weight on his right hand which was on the right side of my body. So my knees were up against his chest. "Why did you follow me after I specifically told you not to?" I asked, trying to glare, but my heart sped up making him smile softly.

"Because I knew what Abraham Lent wanted." He inched closer.

"And that would be me dead." He frowned momentarily but brought a hand up to my cheek. I closed my head and leant into his hand, feeling the warmth spread through my body again at his touch.

"He's not going to get what he wants this time," he moved closer and I scoffed. "I'm serious. You are officially under police protection, Andy." My eyes widened and he leaned forward, his eyes closing, like he was leaning in for a kiss. I swiftly moved from underneath him and stood on the floor, my arms crossed over my chest, glaring at him. His face fell into the pillows, but he sat back up and looked at me confused. "What? What could possibly be the problem now?"

"Under police protection?" I all but squealed.

"Uh, yeah. You want Lent coming after you? Were the ninjas not a clue of how serious he is?!" He yelled, standing up and putting his hands on my shoulders. He started to lean in again and I side stepped him. "I'm getting sick of this, Andy."

"Stop calling me that! Just stop calling me Andy! There is only one person on this God forsaken planet that gets to call me Andy and he's dead so just stop! And on what planet do you think putting Cathetica's most wanted criminal under police protection is going to work out? I'm a known assassin. I kill, good and bad, people. I don't ever fail. I'm a wanted criminal. If I'm put under police protection, I get caught. How did you not think of that?!" He move forward again, but I just kept dodging him. He growled and jumped, pinning me to the wall. "Move," I snarled at him.

He stayed silent as he glared at me.

"I said move, you idiotic, chaotic, stupid, neurotic, egotistical, son of a-" He cut me off as his lips pressed against mine. I tried to move away from him, but he thrust his hips forward, locking me in place and pushing his groin against my stomach, making me feel what was underneath the uniform. No hiding that, I guess. He pulled back after a second with softer eyes, but was still pinning me to the wall too fiercely. He moved back a bit, but soon lifted me off the ground, making me wrap my legs around his waist. His groin pressed to mine now. "You gonna put me down anytime soon?" I asked, just above a whisper. He shook his head and I groaned, leaning my head against the wall, which he took as a sign to kiss and bite at my neck. Not that I'm exactly complaining. After a few minutes of that, I was practically putty.

He pulled away and leant his forehead on mine. "You make me angry, insane, and awe-struck all with just one look. Most of the time I want to smack your head, but other times I just want to smack thisâ " he drifted off,

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putting his hands on my bottom. I gulped and closed my eyes again. He sighed and kept his forehead on mine. "How the hell did Cathetica's Hero X start falling for Cathetica's Most Wanted?" He chuckled softly. "Maybe because you're too irresistible." It was my turn to laugh. I opened my eyes and leaned against the wall. He opened his as well and frowned.

"Me? Irresistible? Maybe you've hit your head too many times, Xander." He frowned more and leaned in, kissing me, and I didn't stop him, this time.

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