

I don't know what I was thinking about dressing up for school today; everyone looked at me differently. I don't think that I ever wore makeup to school before and today was a first. Now that I thought about it, when did I ever really wear any makeup on my own without someone intervening for me? I only did it today because my sister insisted, okay, that was a lie. I also did it because I wanted to see Adam's reaction if he saw me all dressed up. This wasn't even my dress; it was something my sister had picked out from her closet. It was slightly inappropriate for school, and I was lucky that my parents didn't see me leave the house like this. That didn't mean that they wouldn't spot me going in later. I shake my head; I'll study about that later.

I freeze when I see Adam walking down the hallway, and my heart stops beating when his gaze falls on me. His eyes don't look at the dress. Instead, he's staring at my face. He makes me feel very aware of the makeup there now more than ever.

He ignores some girls trying to talk to him and walks over to me. I gulp when he takes a few more steps closer to me so that there isn't much space between us.

He sticks his head to the side as he continues to study me.

"Are you wearing lipstick?" He asks while continuing to examine my face.

My face is red, and I can't form any words on my lips.

"Did you put on makeup for me?" He asks in a teasing manner. I'm positive that all of the blood in my body has now traveled to my face from the embarrassment of his question.

How could he possibly know that?

My gaze goes behind him, and I notice that many girls from school have decided to stop and stare at us. If I weren't careful, everyone would start talking about us, and the news would go straight to my siblings. I couldn't afford for that to happen. Noah especially will freak out if he sees us like this.

"I don't think that we should be this close since my brother and sister are back," I say to him, unable to look him directly in his eyes.

Adam places his two hands on my locker and leans into me.

"Or what?" He whispers, his sweet breath fanning my flaming red cheeks.

I can't think clearly when he's standing so close to me and looking at me the way that he's doing right now.

"Get the hell away from my sister!" Noah shouts from across the hall. I jump at the interruption, but it doesn't affect Adam one bit. His tongue is pressed up against his cheek, and

"She had something on her lips," he says to Noah. "I was only getting it off."

With that being said, he turns and strolls away.

I grab Noah's hand to stop him from going after him. "Don't get into a fight with him, please. We are already still in trouble from the last fight you had with Bryan. Let's stay under the radar for a while until we get back into our parent's good side."

"Why was he even so close to you?" Noah demands.

I shrug my shoulders, "I do not know brother," I lie; I couldn't tell Noah I practically kissed his bare chest already or that I was in a shower all alone with him in his room. I shiver at the thought of my brother finding any of that.

"I think that he's just trying to mess with Bryan since he messed with Ashton." While I was sure that was not the only reason, I am beginning to believe this lie.

He did start showing me more attention ever since the cheating scandal happened. Was it really true that he was only trying to mess with Bryan? The last time in the cafeteria, he stopped by my table only when he saw that Bryan was there. There may be more truth to this lie than I know. After being betrayed by Aria and Bryan, I don't think I can trust anyone's intentions again.

"Listen to me, " Noah says; the seriousness in his voice makes me look at him. "Stay the hell away from Adam Ashford. He's not someone that you should even look at. He's dangerous and manipulative. I don't like what I saw between the two of you just now. It makes me think that something is going on, but I know you're smarter than that. So I'll dismiss it for now."

My brother's faith in me makes me feel guilty about my actions. I felt like I wasn't even sure who I was anymore. The girl who always played by all of the rules not only lied to her parents about where she was going but was also pining for the enemy.

"What's going on with the two of you?" Belle asks as she joins in on the conversation.

Noah shakes his head, "Nothing." He tells her as he walks away, leaving the two of us behind.

"Is it just me, or is Noah extra tensed these days?" She asks.

Now that she asked the question, I also realized that he was indeed extra tensed. Was something bothering him that we didn't know about? Noah wasn't someone that spoke to anyone about his problems; he loved handling everything on his own.

"What happened to your lipstick?" she asks; I'm surprised it took her this long to see it.

you enter the classroom."

I nod, and before I can respond, I hear someone shouting my name.

"There you are!" Abigail shouts from a distance as she runs to catch up to me.

"I see you've found a new friend," Belle says with a pleased smile. "Just make sure this one isn't a backstabber and boyfriend stealer like the last."

I shake my head as she walks away, just as Abigail reaches by my side.

"Do you have anything interesting to tell me today?" she inquires. "Did anything happen between you and Adam again?"

"Shhh, " I whisper as I look around for my brother. "No one can know that I went home by him. My brother is already becoming suspicious, and the last thing I want to do is cause him to get into another fight because of me."

Her eyes widen, "I forgot about that. How did your parents react to the fight yesterday? The whole school is talking about it."

I sigh, "we spent more than an hour having to listen to their lectures. I keep disappointing my parents. It's the last thing I want to do, but things are just happening left, right and center. I can't catch a break."

Anyone who has always been the good girl all her life knows what it feels like the moment that you make a mistake; it feels like everyone is judging you and like you're disappointing the people close to you.

I've reached the point where I'm not sure I even want to be a good girl anymore. It's hard to constantly watch every step that you make and still get nothing in return.

"Let's not think about any of that." She says, trying to cheer me up.

I nod and follow her into the classroom. I immediately spot Bryan and Aria once again at the front. They're all up on each other just like always. Those two have no shame for what they did. It's not like I didn't already know that; it's just that each time that I see them together like this, I'm reminded of what they did to get to that position.

They both look up, and I'm satisfied when I see both of their eyes widen. My look today was leaving an impression on everyone at school. Bryan looks at me from head to toe, almost as though he cannot believe that it's me, and Aria is looking at me how she usually looked at someone she saw as competition.

They're not the only ones looking at me; everyone in the class is as well. Not just the guys,

at it.

Abigail and I take our usual seats, and I turn around to see if I can spot Adam. To my surprise, he isn't there, but there is a chance that he will enter the classroom late like he usually does.

When an hour passes, and there is still no sign of him, I'm hit with a disappointment so intense that I silently scold myself. I know that having anything to do with him is wrong and could land me in so much trouble, not just with my parents but also with my overprotective brother.

I also know that I need never go back to his home again. Getting away with it once was enough; I didn't want to take such a significant risk again. Even though Adam has only just started showing me any attention, I've always had a connection with him. I've always been slightly obsessed with him, and I always thought it was harmless since I never expected to act on my feelings.

But now that he was showing a questionable interest in me, I couldn't seem to be able to control myself.

When the bell rings, my heart shatters with disappointment. He didn't attend class today. Was he not as desperate to see me as I was to see him? Of course not, Amiera!

I'm hit with more disappointment when I don't see him for any other classes. It's the end of the day, and not seeing Adam is hurting me.

Abigail says goodbye to me when her driver reaches, and I'm left alone waiting for my siblings.

I cross my arms over my chest and sigh in frustration.

What could he have been doing to not show up in class today? Lizzie was also not in class; did they go somewhere together? Like, skip school to go on a date?

I shake my head to stop thinking about it; the more I did, the more it hurt. I suddenly decide that I should wait in the limousine for my siblings instead of being all depressed inside the school's compound. I don't get to go far, however.

Adam is looking at me and blocking my way. He pulls his hand out of his pocket, and I'm surprised to see that the lipstick stain is still on his finger. It's the end of all classes for the day. Did he keep that for so long? Surprising me, he brings his finger to his mouth and rubs his bottom lip. My eyes go wide with desire as I see my lipstick stain now on his pink lip; my dirty thoughts imagine him kissing me and causing that mark on his lips when I know that it's only

a pounding in my chest and a shiver of need down my spine. His lips curl into a smirk as he turns and strolls away.

I don't know what just happened, but my murky prince has somehow managed to arouse me from afar yet again. He didn't have to do anything at all, and my body went all crazy for him!

The Virgin Alpha



Reverse Harem Alpha Michael Car is everything an Alpha should be, powerful, handsome, strong, dangerous, and rich. The only thing is he is still a virgin. Groomed by his father to be the Alpha he is today but cared for by his mother, she taught him g...



Domunique

As I'm lying on my bed, I can't stop thinking about Adam and what he'd done to my lipstick today. His lips were smeared with pink, and he didn't care about it one bit.

What if someone had seen it on him? What if someone really did? I had no idea what happened after he walked out on me yesterday. It wasn't precisely invisible, and anyone who paid a lot of attention to him would have noticed it.

I bury my head against my pillow and don't bother stopping the girlish scream that leaves my mouth.

Why did he have to be so damn hot with every single thing that he did? Even his walk was heavenly to look at.

I grab my notepad from the shelf and pick up a pencil from my desk while putting on my night light.

My fingers moved expertly as I began to draw his face like I've done multiple times before. Only this time, I know exactly what his eyes look like when he's looking my way. And this time, I have something to smear on his lips; my very own pink lipstick. I feel a shiver down my spine as my mind replays what he did today over and over again. And what was that smirk he did right after?

It should be a crime for someone to be as good-looking and irresistible as he is.

I swallow and imagine his hands on my body; then I guess the look on his face when I touch him. I feel a spark traveling up and down my arms; it's an unusual feeling, something that I haven't felt before.

I inhale deeply for a few seconds and then exhale before repeating the steps.

The spark intensifies, and for a quick second, I feel something at the tip of my fingertips. I open my eyes quickly, but there is nothing there. Did I imagine that? I stared at my fingers for a few more minutes, hoping that there would be something there, but like always, there was nothing.

I groan in frustration and bury my head against the pillows. Would I ever be able to create fire? Or would I always disappoint people for the rest of my life?

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~ADAM~

I stare at my hands, I haven't even brought out the true power in Amiera, and already I can feel myself grow stronger. It's just as the books said, just being in her presence alone would increase my power, just like being in my presence would help awaken hers.

an empty feeling in my gut. I have been trying to fill that emptiness ever since I knew that it was there.

I thought that her strength would help feed that lost feeling inside of me. But I was wrong; would it only be fixed after I reveal her truth to the world? Was that it?

A part of me wanted to keep her to myself and hide her from the rest of the world, but there was also the dark part of me, the very dark part that wanted to show everyone who she was. For now, that part of me was winning the battle.

I knew now that I had to let everyone else know what I had learned. They needed to see that she was the flaming whisperer. And I already knew when was the right time to do it.

The fire fairy festival.

There wasn't much time left for the festival to begin, which meant that very soon, everyone would know that Amiera was the one and only flaming whisperer.

I already knew that the teachers wouldn't want her to participate, and I wasn't sure if she was willing to do it either. That's where I would have to step in.

"Wow," Ashton says behind me. "Your power is improving.

I take a glance at him and nod, "it has improved, but there is still more work to be done."

I immediately notice that there seems to be something off with him tonight, and there are also many questions in the depths of his eyes.

"I just talked with Lizzie," he mumbles. "Our entire family did. She wanted to talk to us because she was concerned for you."

I snap my mouth shut in annoyance; what mess did Lizzie create now?

"She claimed that you told her that you think you've found the flaming whisperer." He tells me.

I close my hands, and the black holes disappear so quickly that one would wonder if they've even been there before.

"I said that I wasn't sure and that I would inform everyone when I had this confirmed," I answered him without giving too much information away.

He quirks a brow, "so you're telling me that this sudden increase in your strength has nothing to do with you being in the flaming whisperer's presence?" He asks. "I'm not stupid, Adam, you've found her, and you know who exactly she is. Now I can think of one person that you've been extra close with recently. It was weird to see you protecting her and inviting her

to get her to trust you; it had to be. That's the only reason that I can think of. So, is it who I think it is?"

I narrow my eyes and shoot him a nasty glare, "when the time is right, I will tell you everything that you need to know."

I was surprisingly angry to find out that my brother knew this already. I wasn't ready for anyone to find out, but I didn't exactly hide it well either. I knew that everyone would notice the moment that I showed Amiera any attention. There was no way for me to hide this truth from anyone who knew me well.

"Yeah?" Ashton asks. "And when is that? Since when have we started keeping secrets from each other? I would like to know what the f**k is going on with my brother."

"Look," I roar. "I'll reveal who the flaming whisperer is during the fire fairy festival. You'll know everything that you want to find out then."

Ashton mumbles a few more curse words, but I ignore him. He wasn't the only one that would want answers. Lizzie spilled the truth to my entire family; I had more trouble coming my way.