

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend by LaurG Chapter 23

Chapter 23

-AMIERA

We are now one day away from the fire fairy festival, and something in my gut is telling me there is plenty that's about to happen in my life. I can't explain it, I know that I may sound crazy, but there is no denying what I feel.

I walk into the school's entrance, and before I can go any further, something catches my attention. I'm not prepared for the rush of negative emotions I feel next.

I cover my chest from the unbearable pain I begin to feel from seeing Adam's hands

wrapped around Lizzie's waist. But that's not all that makes me sick to my stomach.

I take a deep breath, and I swear that I'm getting a panic attack. I can't remember ever feeling like this before; I didn't even feel like this when I saw Bryan and Aria cheating behind my back.

I can't believe it. Is he truly kissing her? I don't know why I'm still here looking at him stick his tongue down her throat, but my feet don't seem to want to move. I knew that I wasn't in a relationship with him, and we barely knew anything about each other but still... This was the

last thing I was expecting to see today.

I thought that I'd come to school today and the tension between us would still be there. He

smeared my lipstick, for crying out loud! He even touched it with his lips. How can he do those

things and then show up kissing Lizzie today?

Why was I even expecting anything from him? He was living up to his reputation; everything people said about him was true. Well, not everything, but at least the part about him being a player. He knew how to play with a woman's heart; he knew how to make her want

him.

Why was I this devastated by seeing him kiss another woman? I knew that there could

never be anything between us, and I had already promised myself to try my best to stay away

from him. So then why am I this bothered? I should be happy that his attention would be on

someone else other than me. That way, I could focus on other things that weren't him.

I force myself to turn away from the two of them and keep moving forward even though I want to drop to the floor and bawl my eyes out. I keep telling myself that it doesn't bother me that much, but I can't keep that lie up. I know very well that seeing him kiss another woman

was ripping my chest apart.

I needed to get to the bottom of my emotions. This couldn't be a simple crush on a popular guy at school. It was more than that; my reactions to him said that there was way much more

Truth to class, and Abigail, like always, is waiting there for me. She smiles, and I force myself to smile back. I know when Adam enters the classroom, but I refuse to look at him today. I can feel his eyes on me for the rest of the class; my skin burns like it always does whenever he's looking at me. However, I will not let him get to me. Now, I knew that he was still with that woman. They were still together, and she had his heart.

I spent the rest of the day ignoring him as well; I did a pretty good job at it even though it was killing me inside. I loved staring at Adam and focusing on every small detail about him. Not doing that bothered me so much that I wanted to scream in annoyance at my own body.

I was not going to let another man do this to me. I was not about to be hurt by someone

that isn't even in a relationship with me.

As I'm busy chanting these words in my head, a figure catches my attention. Who was

here? I'd stayed back in the classroom because my professor had wanted me to practice some more; after all, I was the only one behind in class. I didn't realize that I wasn't alone or that

someone had joined me.

My breath gets caught in my throat when I see Adam.

Why was he here?

He takes a few steps in my direction, and I take a few steps back. He doesn't stop until he

has me pressed up against the wall.

"What are you doing?" I demand.

He quirks a brow and leans closer to me, "I'm not the best at understanding women, but I think that you're upset with me. Can I know why?"

The audacity of this damn prince. How hard was it to put two and two together? The same day he was seen kissing his ex-girlfriend was the same day that I was upset with him. How hard is it to figure it out?

He hasn't even kissed me once. And do you want that, Amiera? I want to groan in frustration. I sound like a jealous girlfriend!

Suddenly I'm very aware of the fact that it's just the two of us here. The classroom is empty, and it doesn't sound like there is anyone outside the door either. It's probably not a good idea to be here right now, but yet here I am, alone in an empty classroom with the dark prince himself.

"Aren't you going to tell me?" he asks in a husky whisper.

I don't know the answer to that question, but I find myself leaning more into him. His hand touches my cheek lightly, "tell me. What have I done to upset you?"

I swallow and gaze into his curious eyes, "I saw you kiss her today."

Surprise flashes across his eyes, and I think that I've finally succeeded in shocking him.

He is silent for a few seconds before he opens his mouth to speak again.

"You're upset with me because I kissed someone?"

My cheeks are now burning up as I realize what I've just done. I just admitted to him that I

was practically jealous that he kissed someone else! I had to get out of here quickly before I

embarrassed myself further.

"Amiera," he whispers. "Answer me." "Say it again," I murmur. Adam looks confused by my request. "Say what?"

"My name."

I don't know why hearing him say my name made me feel so warm inside, but I wanted to

listen to it over and over again.

I couldn't look away from his intense gaze even if I wanted to. I feel lost in his eyes, and I

want to keep drowning in them for the rest of my life. I've never seen eyes so enchanting before; they give me life, when in fact, they're meant for darkness; how insane was that?

"Amiera." He says, fulfilling my wishes.

He takes a step towards me, and I gasp when one hand reaches forward and grips my waist tightly. My lips part slightly when he places one of his hands on my neck. I can't explain what happens next; it's hard to understand or believe it's happening. My body immediately began to relax, and I no longer felt the anger and frustration that I just felt; in fact, I felt a

calmness that I've never felt in my entire life.

I stare at him in wonder.

How does he do that?

Our bodies are now pressed tightly together, and I'm dying for him to at least kiss me. It's precisely then that my body chooses to remember he was kissing another woman only a few hours ago. Suddenly, the anger and jealousy rush to regain control over my body.

push away from him angrily, "you shouldn't be this close to me when you already have

someone else." I snap. "I'm not the type of girl you're accustomed to dating; I'm sorry if I gave

I don't wait for him to say anything else as I rush out of there before giving him a chance

to change my mind.

-AMIERA

It's the day of the fire fairy festival, and while it may be an exciting day for others, to me,

it's just another day where people made me feel like I was a complete disappointment to my

kind.

I gaze at the large white glass stage in front of us surrounded by mirrors; everyone is dressed in white also; it was tradition for guests to wear white on this particular occasion even though the flaming whisperer has not been found for years now.

Our teachers gather all students in long lines; everyone who turned eighteen this year

must take part.

I stood a distance away, watching everything take place.

"What are you doing here?" Abigail asks me. "Let's join the line."

I knew that my professors didn't want me to participate today; they thought I would just be wasting everyone's time. However, as I look towards the stage and see the hopeful looks on my parent's faces, I know that I must do this, at least for them.

I nod and follow her to the back of the line. The whispers are getting louder, and no one

can hide the excitement on their faces.

My eyes lift to the crowd of people that have taken their seats all around us; every royal family from the neighborhood kingdoms has attended, all hoping that today we would get to meet the flaming whisperer. The dark whisperers are given separate seats from everyone else, and I don't understand why the council tries so hard to make them feel like outsiders. If they decide to retaliate against the rest of us, I think that little things like these would have been the

slight push they needed.

One by one, each fire whisperer is given a chance to take part in the ritual, and each time everyone holds their breaths only to be disappointed in the end.

The cycle repeats itself repeatedly, and by the time they reach me, I can tell that everyone has given up already.

"You'll have to sit this one out," Miss Phillis says to me. I look up at her with wide, surprised eyes. Yes, I did not believe that the flaming whisperer could be me or anyone here for

around me are louder now, and I can tell that many secretly laugh at my humiliation. I look

towards the crowds where I know my family is, and just as I expected, my parents also look

entirely embarrassed by what just happened to me. My brother seems pissed, and so does my sister.

I quietly excuse myself and stand at the sidelines where all students who failed the test

are standing. Immediately the girls begin to giggle in my face and talk about me as though I was not there. Or maybe they were actually waiting for me to hear every lousy word they wanted to say about me.

The service continues, and there are only a few more whisperers left. The attention is taken off me finally when everyone tunes in to find out if any of them could be the flaming whisperer.

I can't stop thinking about the way Miss Phillis denied me from taking part. Yes, I did not know how to create fire yet, but I was trying my best. The least they could have done was let me take part. The testing doesn't even take that long; how would my test delay anything from today? I was already eighteen; I deserved to take part in this; it was the rule. I didn't see a single rule that said a fire whisperer that did not know how to create fire could not take part in the ritual. But I'm sure that whoever wrote the prophecy didn't account for a fire whisperer that could not make fire. That was just not something that you ever saw around our kingdoms until

I arrived, of course.

Sudden sighs from the crowds make me lift my head towards the stage.

That was the last one, and nothing extraordinary happened yet. I guess this year was another one without meeting the flaming whisperer. Everyone stands up to leave, disappointed

once more.

"Wait!" A mighty yet familiar voice rocks the stage, gaining everyone's attention.

My eyes follow the sound, and I see that Adam is standing at the center of the stage.

"There is one girl that has not been tested today; it's only fair that she also takes part." He

announces to everyone's surprise.

Who could he be speaking about?

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Chapter 24

Everyone was accounted for; I checked myself, no one was left out.

"Who did not take part?" Miss Phillis asks.

His eyes suddenly connect with mine, and I hold my breath.

My lips part when he begins to walk towards me. I look around me to see who he could

possibly be approaching, but to my surprise, there is no one here that hasn't been tested except me, of course. But Miss Phillis did say that it wouldn't make sense for me to participate

in the festival. I also don't expect Adam to suggest for me to be tested. I must be missing something; he can't be coming towards me.

Needless to say, I'm in shock when he stops in front of me; the surprise is still there when he places his hand out to me, "come with me... Amiera."

I swallow. Did he purposely say my name? He knows now that it makes me happy when he says it. I stare at his hand, I don't know how to explain it, but somehow, I know that I must hold onto it. I gently place my hand in his, and he grips it in a tight hold. Adam walks with me towards our professors with his head held high; there was this determined look on his face

that I hadn't seen before. Why did it seem like he knew what was about to happen?

"Amiera is the only student that does not know how to create fire; how can we even consider her for this test?" Sir Williams asks.

"Everyone of age that belongs to the fire whisperers must be tested; those are your exact words. Are they not?" Adam demands, his eyes cool but blazing at the same time. How was

that even possible?

"Y-yes but,"

"But, nothing." He growls. "It's your own rules, and you will be breaking it if she isn't given a chance to be tested. There is not a single rule that goes against her

taking part today. It's only fair that she gets this chance; none of you have nothing to lose from letting her at least try."

The professors each give each other skeptical looks. They know that Adam was right;

there is no rule against me taking part today. They would, in fact, be breaking the rules by not

letting me participate. Adam takes their silence as a win in this battle, or maybe he doesn't

even care to wait for their permission.

"Unzip the back of your dress," he tells me. My eyes widen, unzip my dress? In front of all

these people?

"Give me the blade," he commands as he holds his hands out towards Sir Williams. The

My eyes widen when he rips the back of my dress using the blade without any warning

whatsoever.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" I hiss as I tried to hide my body from everyone looking at the stage with curious eyes. I can see that I'm not the only one surprised by his actions.

"You were taking too long," he whispers smoothly behind me. I gasp when he moves my hair forward, he's a little too close for my comfort, so close that I can feel him breathing on my

neck.

I gasp when he rubs his hand over my back. I don't want my parents to see my reaction to

him touching me, so I try my best to hide how much this turns me on.

He leans into me, and I feel his hot breath against my ear, "this will hurt a little." I don't have time to prepare myself when I feel the sacred blade against my back. He's

drawing some kind of symbol, but I don't care about that; I can't when I'm in so much pain.

I scream as the pain leaves my back and travels throughout my entire body. I feel like my body is on fire; it's much worse than when I touched the golden candle in his home.

"Adam!" I scream his name, knowing that he's the only one that helped me last time. "It

burns!"

"Shhh," he whispers. "I'll make it all better, I promise."

Before I can say anything, he spins me around to face him. Our gazes connect, and I can't explain the rush of emotions I feel from just looking into his eyes. It's powerful; it's blinding, and it has me losing my f*****g mind.

gasp when he points his hands towards me, and two black holes appear out of nowhere. I'm alarmed when they join together and create a whirlpool around me. My eyes widen, and I place my arms in front of me to protect my face from the gushing winds. It's too powerful; it shouldn't be this strong. But it was Adam; this was only a little glimpse of his true power. I continue to brace against the winds when I feel them growing more robust.

Was he trying to suck me into that thing? I was scared that I would lose my life to this

thing; that was how powerful it indeed was.

To my surprise, it does the exact opposite of harming me, however. The fire inside of my veins begins to die down slowly until the pain is entirely bearable. I blink once, then twice, and

I'm in shock that the darkness was able to help me instead of harming me. How was that even

possible? Darkness was supposed to hurt; that was all it was suitable for, at least that's what

When the blackness around me begins to fade, there are gasps from everyone in the crowd. I'm confused by their reactions, and I don't know what could have caused it. It was the first time that I could really see the reactions from everyone looking at us. The pain wasn't distracting me anymore, and the giant whirlpool was finally completely gone.

Even Adam looks like he's enchanted by something. Why are they all looking at me?

Something in the mirror in front of me catches my attention. At first, I can't seem to

breathe as I continue to stare in astonishment.

My hand moves to cover my mouth, and I walk closer to the mirror, drawn by what is no doubt right in front of me. There are two blazing red wings behind my back, and I didn't think

that anything on this earth could be this breathtaking. But that's not all; my eyes are blazing

just as bright as the wings behind my back.

Sir Williams has a look of disbelief as he approaches me hesitantly. "O our flaming

whisperer." He stutters.

All of my teachers are lining up behind me, every one of them with a look of skepticism on their faces. No one expected the one person who couldn't create fire to be the legendary flaming whisperer, even I had no idea. In fact, for a while, I thought that the prophecy would

never come true.

What did this mean? If the flaming whisperer is, in fact real, and turned out to be me, were we all really in danger from the dark whisperers? My gaze immediately goes to the group of dark whisperers that are all now looking at me with new interest in their eyes. I feel a shiver down my spine; Adam was also a dark whisperer. Was I supposed to be his enemy? That couldn't be; the prophecy had to be a lie. There has to be a mistake somewhere.

"It's real," Miss Phillis says as she takes a closer look, bringing my attention back to everyone here in front of me. More people are joining the stage, trying to get a closer look at me, or my wings, or maybe both.

The crowd of people holds their breath as they wait for more confirmation that it's me.

"She's right; it's just as the legend says. Everything. The flaming whisperer is finally amongst us. She's finally blessed us with her presence." Sir Maxwell exclaims.

They are speaking about me like I'm a completely different person. I'm the same Amiera that I've always been, just with blazing wings. It's funny how a title could change people's

reactions towards you.

My gaze goes towards Adam; why does it seem like he already knew this all along? He

how did he perform a different ritual than what everyone had to do before? No one had to rip their shirts or have a symbol drawn on their backs. So why did he choose that method with

me?

He catches me looking at him, and my cheeks immediately turn bright red.

I don't have time to ask him any questions when hundreds of people surround me. They were all praising me and saying things that I'd never once heard before in my life.

I should be enjoying this, but I'm not by any means. I knew that most of these people were the same ones insulting me just minutes before my status was revealed to them. It feels fake and forced. These people don't care about me; they care about the flaming whisperer in me. They want to get close to me only because of that.

I don't want fake friends; I've had enough of that already. I want people in my life that I can

trust, people who believe in me, people who wouldn't hurt me the first chance they get.

Everyone is looking at my wings with excitement and awe; I couldn't disagree with them;

these wings were incredible-the most beautiful pair.

After about an hour of people coming up to me and asking questions, reintroducing themselves, and trying to become my friend, I'm finally ready to leave.

I'm not sure how to exactly make the wings disappear, but I know that I don't want to be

walking around them with me everywhere.

"Can you even disappear?" I whisper to them.

To my surprise, they do just that. Was it that easy, or would they pop out again from

nowhere?

When they're gone, I'm reminded that my dress is torn, and I try to hide my exposed back from my new admirers.

Adam approaches me just then; it's the first time he's shown himself to me since the last

time we gazed at each other.

There are sighs and screams throughout the crowd when he takes off his white hoodie in

front of us, leaving his chest completely bare. I suddenly remember the night inside of his shower and my cheeks turn red; I swallow the need I feel deep in my belly.

What was he doing?

I don't have time to react when he pulls me towards him. My eyes widen when he shoves

the hoodie over my head.

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Chapter 25

My lips part and I can't help but stare at Adam in awe. I've been fighting my feelings for him since the beginning, but a gesture this minor somehow manages to melt my barriers.

I noticed the looks of envy in the eyes of the girls who were praising me just a few minutes

ago. They all want Adam to themselves; him showing any affection towards me would stir the jealousy within them. Yet, they still try to fake their friendliness towards me.

My parents chose that exact moment to butt in. "Amiera," my father says, glaring at Adam.

"Let's go home."

Adam folds his arms and looks the least bit bothered by my father's nasty glare.

Tavoid eye contact with him as I nod my head and follow my father out of the crowds and towards our car, where my brother and sister are waiting for me.

Belle runs to me and gives me a long hug. "Congratulations, little sis, you've made us all

incredibly proud!"

Noah shuffles my hair, "I always knew that you were special. I'm glad that everyone else is

finally able to witness this."

"You've made not only your family proud today but every single person from our kingdom." My mother praises me. "I'm so proud of you sweetheart, come here," she says as she pulls me in for a hug..

"We will host a grand event in a few days to celebrate your achievement. You've done

what no one in any of the kingdoms has ever been able to do. You've been revealed as our long-awaited flaming whisperer. You're a blessing to us all, my child." My father praises.

It's weird to hear my parents praise me this much; I'm so used to them correcting my

mistakes.

When we enter the car, however, I'm hit with a very frustrating question.

"I don't think that you'll do anything to upset us," my mother says. "But I still have to ask. Is there anything going on between you and that dark whisperer?"

I take a deep breath and try to avoid the look that Noah gives me. I know that he already

saw the lipstick incident between Adam and me, and now this. I'm worried that he would report

this to my parents now that they're asking.

"No, mother." I lie. "I'm also surprised that he showed so much attention to me today." My hands gripping onto his hoodie tightly quickly loosened, afraid that they would read into it.

I noticed that my father's hand tightened on the steering wheel. It's a wonder that he didn't let the driver return with us. They probably knew they were about to bring this conversation up

ancient objects connected to the flaming whisperer. He must have sensed something in you that no one else did. It will explain how he knew to choose you to bring upon the stage."

So my father did also have speculations that Adam already knew who I was before anyone

DOS

else. But it was good that he did; this would excuse the exchange that took place between us.

“You must stay clear of any dark whisperers more than ever now that they know who you are.” My mother warns me. “Especially that one.”

How did I explain to her that I was already tied to him in our own twisted way?

Despite what I already knew, I still made a promise that I could not keep, “yes, mother.”

Later that day, I’m invited to a party that’s hosted in my honor. It’s the first time I’m

attending a party just for me, minus those other times my parents hosted boring birthday parties for me, but that didn’t count; there weren’t ever many people present at any of those

things.

I’m dressed in one of the fanciest dresses that my sister has ever owned—a beautiful

short sequin red dress with a slit up to my leg towards my hips. I don’t think I’ve ever worn

something this scandalous before; I also don’t think I’ve ever felt this kind of confidence before

either. Could this be part of the fire that has suddenly awakened in me? But do I know if the fire

has truly been created? The truth remained that I still did not know how to create fire. I had wings that brought with it blazing eyes, but what else could I do?

I shake my head; I didn’t want to think about this now. I had a party to focus on. A party that included people who have insulted me my entire life. I was optimistic that Bryan and Aria would be here. I was also wondering if Adam would show up; I believe that was the only reason

I agreed to attend this thing.

"Do we have to be here today?" Noah asks; he seems the least bit interested. I did force my siblings to also attend with me. Something about attending a party just for me by myself

didn't sit well with me. I mean, Abigail would also be there, but I needed someone to walk in with me; I didn't want the spotlight to be on me alone.

"Shut up and enjoy the party, Noah," Belle tells him. "It's Amiera's day today."

"She doesn't need to attend a party with a bunch of frauds to feel appreciated. She has us;

that's all that she will ever need." Noah snaps.

They're talking about me like I'm not even here. I agreed with Noah, however. I wouldn't be

here today if I didn't want to see Adam.

The moment that I enter, all eyes are on me. I'm the center of attention, the exact thing

My eyes search the crowd while everyone comes to greet me; they are finally treating me

like the princess I am.

I'm not looking for their phony attention. I'm still searching for the person I came here for. And then I spot him, leaned up against the wall, gazing at me. He's not alone; Lizzie is here also, standing next to him. Seeing them together sparks the jealousy and anger within me once

more.

I can't keep doing this to myself. I can't keep wishing for something between us when he

hasn't once shown that he wants me to.

That wasn't exactly true, was it? I've seen passion and need in Adam's eyes before. All of which was directed straight at me. Then how can I say he hasn't shown me any signs of wanting to be with me? But I also wasn't sure what exactly was going on between him and Lizzie. I didn't want to be like Aria; I didn't want to be with someone already in a relationship. Everyone keeps saying that they aren't back together, but it's hard to believe when I saw them kissing just a few days ago.

"Hey," Jackson, a guy from class, greets me. He hasn't spoken to me before, and I know he's only showing me attention because of who I am.

"Hi," I respond with kindness.

No one said that I shouldn't try to get to know other men. If Adam didn't come clean and

tell me what I meant to him, why should I wait around for him?

"Can I have this dance with you?" he asks.

I don't know why I look Adam's way when he asks me. To my surprise, he stops leaning against the wall and straightens his back; it's as if he's waiting to see what I'll respond to Jackson. I can't explain the thrill of excitement I feel from knowing that he's watching me.

To test his reaction, I agreed to dance with the guy in front of me. However, I'm not happy when he places one hand on my waist and pulls me close to him. I don't like to feel anyone else

touch me but Adam. This feels nothing like when the dark prince touches me. His touches are

so *very* different; they leave me wanting so much more.

I feel a shiver of disgust when he runs a hand up my leg. I'm about to stop him when someone grabs me from behind, picks me up and pulls me out of the house. Just by the scent alone, I know that it's none other than Adam. It's the only reason why I haven't protested as

yet.

I gasp when he slams me against his jeep and leans into me. His eyes are dark with anger,

and was that jealousy I sensed? Was Adam jealous that I danced with Jackson?

"Why?" He growls. "Why the f**k would you let him touch you like that?"

I shiver from his question, not because I'm scared of his tone. No, it's because I can tell how much my actions have angered him tonight. He's angry that I let another guy touch me. Shouldn't that be all the proof I needed? Shouldn't this tell me that he felt something for me like I felt for him! It couldn't be just me; he had to be feeling all of these emotions as well.

"Why?" I ask with a sarcastic laugh. "I don't know, Adam. Maybe it's because I can't tell what your true feelings towards me are. Maybe it's because I always see you around your ex-girlfriend. Maybe because you kiss other women and let me see, so from now on, I'll let other guys touch me. And that will have nothing to do with you."

His eyes grow to a blood-red, and I can tell that I've managed to hit a nerve.

gasp when he unlocks the jeep and opens the door of the backseat. He grabs my waist and shoves me inside before I have a chance to protest.

“What are you doing?” He gets in beside me and shuts the door. “If you’re willing to let other men touch you. Then let me be your f*****g first customer.”

I don’t have time to respond when he pulls me under him and settles himself between my legs.

He pushes my two hands above my head and slams his mouth against my neck. I’m about to protest when I’m hit with emotions so strong that I cry out from the pleasure.

Oh. Oh my

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Chapter 26

My body feels like it’s on fire and alive at the same time. He’s awakened the fire in me. It’s

so hot that I feel like I can burn his skin if I really want to.

But I don’t think that’s entirely true; Adam possesses the power to control the fire in me.

He somehow knows how to heat me and cool me down at the same time.

I grab the back of his head and push his mouth harder against my neck. He doesn’t stop kissing me there. “I’ll let every f*****g man who comes near you know who’s been here first.”

I feel an instant wetness between my legs from his words. I should be angry; I should be

pushing him away. I’m not an object; I’m not someone that willingly gives herself to random men just for pleasure. I just said those things to anger him; I may have succeeded in doing that, but I wasn’t sure if this was the reaction I was hoping for.

He grips the side of my neck, and I almost die when he presses his mouth against my lips.

Immediately I see images of the both of us in the sky, Adam with breathtaking wings, half white, half black, and then there was me with my blazing red wings. Before I can make out what's happening, the images disappear in a flash.

I don't have time to ponder over those images when his mouth closes down on my bottom lip. Adam sucks my lip like an expert; I know that he's done this a million times before, and that bothers me but not enough to stop this from happening.

His hands travel down the side of my breasts and don't stop until he reaches my bare legs. It's like he wants to leave his mark there now that he knows another man has touched me there. This feels nothing like when Jackson touched me, however. My skin holds onto every single caress from him, like it's dying for a taste, a touch, anything as long as it's from Adam.

He pulls away from my lips but doesn't stop there. He travels down my body until he stops above my leg. What was he doing? I don't have time to prepare when his lips touch my skin there. I gasp and hold onto his hair for the support I didn't think I would need right now. I pull on his thick strands as he begins to suck on my thigh. My eyes roll back in my head as my panties start to soak from how turned on I am by this. His mouth is warm against me and I've never felt this kind of passion before; it's almost too much for me to handle.

He travels higher again until he stops at the slit by my hips, "you should have never worn

something this revealing."

Was he genuinely commenting on my outfit at a time like this? Before I could argue, he presses his mouth against the exposed skin and begins his incredible sucking motion some more. His hands against my waist, squeezing and pushing me tighter against his body,

Adam was experienced; of course, he would know exactly what to do to make a woman go completely insane.

Totally surprising me, he stops midway and pulls away from me. He opens the door and jumps out of the jeep before I can say anything.

"f**k!" he growls as he slams his fist against the vehicle.

W-what just happened?

My body is trembling when I exit the vehicle and stand next to him.

Our gazes lock, and his jaw tightens, "you're not that type of woman, Amiera. You don't wear clothes like this; you don't curse, you obey your parents, you don't let random men touch

you, you're a good girl. Don't let anyone change that about you."

My lips part. Did he mean to tell me not to let him change the person I was? Or did he mean to say to me not to let what Bryan and Aria did affect the person I was? I don't have time to respond when Lizzie appears before us from out of nowhere. Where did she come from? And how long was she standing there? Did she hear what Adam said to me?

"Isn't that your siblings looking for you?" she asks roughly. She's not lying; Noah and Belle

are indeed searching the parking lot for me. Did they see Adam pull me out of there? He didn't

exactly try to hide what he did from anyone. I'm sure someone must have seen. Jackson, for

one, did see everything. Would he tell everyone what he saw?

I don't waste any time as I rush back into the house before they can spot me. It would be trouble if they saw me out here with Adam and Lizzie.

I wait for them to reenter the house before revealing myself to them.

"Where have you been?" Noah asks me with concern.

"What do you mean?" I ask. "I've been here all along. Maybe you missed me when I went to

use the washroom."

Thankfully, they seem to believe that lie.

"You look a little flushed," my sister points out. "Do you want to go home?"

Inod without a second thought. I needed to leave this place immediately; I was feeling too many emotions in public right now.

She nods and pulls me out of the party with her, Noah, right behind us. I search the parking lot for any signs of Lizzie and Adam, but they're already gone.

Lizzie is losing her mind in front of me, and I know now that she knows what happened

inside that jeep.

"What's going on, Adam?" she demands. "What is it that you aren't telling me?"

I shrug my shoulders, "I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just trying to gain

Amiera's trust."

"Are you sure about that?" she demands. "Because that's not what it looks like to me. You're supposed to be gaining her trust, not sticking your tongue down her throat!" she shouts. "And was that all that happened, or did you stick your do*kin her too?"

"Watch your tongue!" I growl.

"What?" she snaps. "Did that anger you? How do you think I felt when I heard you tell her not to change for anyone that she's a good girl. What the hell was that, Adam? If we want her on our side, she needs to change; she needs to be the woman she isn't right now. You're giving

her advice that could spoil our plans for *good*. Are you even thinking?"

I'm not sure what that was either. I never thought the day would come where I would tell the flaming whisperer to continue being a good girl. I can't explain what happened to me; being near Amiera makes me weak. The books weren't lying; she would make things difficult for me. One kiss, and I'm already forgetting everything I stand for.

I run a hand over my head and face Lizzie, "you're not giving me a chance to explain myself. You're mistaken; everything I've said and done is only to get her on our side. Right now,

she's vulnerable. That's where I need to be nice to her, Amiera hasn't discovered her powers nor the confidence that she needs to unleash everything within her. She needs me there for that, and she needs to think that I'm a friend, not an enemy."

Lizzie sighs, "I'm not sure that I can trust you anymore. I know what I saw out there. She didn't look like the vulnerable one; you did. I'm not going to sit back and let you ruin our plans. We've been working on this too long just to let it slip through our fingers."

s**t! What the f**k did I do? The last thing I needed was Lizzie not trusting me. *We* were a

team.

I walk towards her and grip her shoulders. "I promise you that I'm not going to blow this. When have I not kept my word? You don't have anything to worry about. I'm sure that you can see she's already warming up to me. Doesn't that already prove that my plan is working? *Very* soon, she would trust me, and that's what we need."

Lizzie sighs but eventually agrees, "okay, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt because I

"You have nothing to worry about," I promise her

I needed to get these emotions in check before I blew everything.

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend by LaurG Chapter 27

Chapter 27

Belle stops me before I can enter the house. Noah is still in the car, and it looks like she's

trying for him not to see us. What was this about?

"You may want to hide those marks before you enter the house," she warns me. Marks? What marks. Her eyes focus on my legs, and I follow her gaze. My cheeks turn red

when I realize what she's talking about. Adam left his love marks on me earlier while he was

sucking on me.

Oh no. What was I going to do? "Relax," she tells me as she digs in her purse and pulls out some makeup. "I'll cover it up

in no time. Just tell me when Noah is coming."

Belle finishes just before Noah reaches us, and he looks at us in confusion, "am, is some

girl thing going on here that I don't want to know about?"

"Yes," Belle mumbles. "Now, let's get inside before our parents get worried and grow all hysterical on us. We don't want any more of that."

Once safely inside my room, I lock the door and head to the mirror, I'm not sure that I can even recognize myself. My eyes were bright, my cheeks flushed, and my lips were swollen. I've never looked like this before. How did no one suspect anything? Belle didn't ask me who gave me the love marks, but she didn't exactly get the opportunity either, maybe she was waiting for the right time. Or perhaps she wanted to give me my privacy. I wasn't sure, but I preferred that she didn't ask. I didn't want to lie to her, I already knew I couldn't tell her that it was Adam.

Trub my fingers over the spots his lips were on. I grabbed the makeup wipes Belle gave to me and slowly removed the makeup, revealing the marks to myself.

I don't understand how seeing those things and knowing that he left it there manages to double the desire inside of me. Somehow, I want him even more than before..

His words from earlier keep replaying in my mind. He said that I was a good girl and that I shouldn't change that for anyone. Why would someone like Adam say something like that to me? He was the prince of darkness, for crying out loud; seeing me rebel, should have made him happy. Then why did he seem so upset?

Does Adam care for me? Was it more than just lustful desires?

I shake my head; I don't want to look for anything that wasn't there. I also didn't want to

read too much into this. It would drive me crazy, and I didn't want that.

I needed to move on from tonight no matter how badly my body and mind wanted to hold on to every single detail.

rest of my life. A part of me, a big part, tells me that Adam is the man for me, the only man. Just the thought of that scares me, I didn't know how to control myself around him, and I don't think that would ever change.

I can't keep doing this to myself; I needed to be strong. I couldn't let Adam get to me until

knew that I could trust him.

It was the next day of school, and I ensured that the skirt I wore today was long enough to

hide the marks Adam left on my body. I couldn't risk anyone seeing that.

Belle kept giving me these worrisome looks, but still, she didn't ask me any questions. I

knew that Noah had an idea about Adam and me, but I wasn't sure that my sister knew

anything other than what my parents mentioned in the car.

Abigail meets me by my locker, and she has this huge smile on her face, "somebody looks like they got some action last night." she teases.

I didn't tell Abigail anything about this; how does she know?

"I saw Adam lift you out of the party last night." She informs me. "I was about to come and save you, but I knew that you probably wanted some alone time with him," she says, wiggling her eyebrows at me.

I shake my head at her as I try to hide my blush. "I'm right, aren't I?" she demands in a high-pitched voice.

I nodded and looked around me to make sure that no one was listening in on our conversation. "Adam kissed me inside his jeep last night."

Abigail does a girlish squeal from excitement, and I shoot her a warning look. I didn't want to bring any attention to us.

"Let's get to class."

She hooks her arm through mine and strolls with me to our classroom. "You need to tell me all about it the moment we get some time alone."

I chuckle, "just try and stop me."

All eyes were on me when I entered the classroom; I almost forgot that I was now my people's flaming whisperer. Things weren't the same as before; there were people actually

trying to become my friend now.

Sir Williams offers me a seat at the front of the class along with Abigail, and it's not

could track your every move. This also meant that Abigail and I wouldn't get to talk more about

Adam.

Where was he? He wasn't in here, and as the class progressed, he still didn't show up, not even late like he usually does.

"Since we now know who our flaming whisperer is, I think that it's important for us to train her." Sir announces suddenly. "Amiera, we need to awaken the fire within you. I'm not sure why it hasn't surfaced yet since you're supposed to be the strongest of your kind, but we need to

start somewhere. Please come here and stand next to me."

I'm extremely nervous as I step closer to him, and unfortunately, face the rest of the class. I can feel the pressure as they all look on to see what I can do now that it was revealed whol

was.

"Try to create fire," Sir Williams commands.

I close my eyes with the palm of my hand facing the ceiling and try to bring forth the flames. Two seconds passed, then another and another, but just like always, no matter how hard I tried, nothing happened.

"How is it possible that the flaming whisperer has no idea how to create fire?" Carol asks, "she seems more like a fake than anything else to me."

Of course, I still didn't earn the respect of everyone around me, even though I was now supposedly the savior of my people. There were still persons that would look for any opportunity to bring me down. But could I blame them? How could the flaming whisperer not be able to create fire? What was it that I was missing? What was I doing so wrong?

There are more whispers, and Sir Williams tries to reassure me that it's okay. The whispers stop when the classroom door slams shut. I look up and spot Adam; he isn't looking

at me; instead, he's glaring at the rest of the class.

He finally turns towards me, our gazes lock, and his jaw tightens. He walks forward and doesn't stop until he's a few inches away from me.

"I'll train Amiera from today."

W-what?

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend by LaurG Chapter 28

Chapter 28

"What did you say?" Sir William asks to confirm his earlier words; even I'm not sure that I heard correctly.

"I will help train her," Adam announces once more in front of the classroom, speaking

louder this time.

Everyone is shocked by his interference. Why would he offer to train me? None of the elders would feel comfortable with a dark whisperer training the flaming whisperer.

"I don't think that's such a good idea..." Sir Williams begins to protest, proving my point.

Adam shoots him a glare, and he shuts his mouth, clearly intimidated by him. "I know more about the flaming whisperer than anyone inside of here. I've read countless books, plus I think I know how to awaken the fire inside of her. She can't do this on her own; she needs me."

I swallow; I do need him, I don't want to, but I do. I can't explain how I know this, but I know that he's speaking the truth. There is more to Adam and me, more than anyone knows; I can feel it deep inside. What was I missing? What did no one tell me? There was a missing piece to this puzzle. It couldn't be as simple as a flaming whisperer and dark whisperer being each other's destruction. I knew that Adam wasn't the best person out there, but I also knew that he wasn't that evil; he wouldn't destroy our world. How could one person do that on his own? There was so much that I didn't know, and Adam may be the only one to give me these answers. Even though I knew that training with him wasn't the most brilliant idea considering my feelings for him, this may be the only way for me to awaken my power.

"None of you here believed in her, not even once; you didn't want her to take part in the festival; some of you still have zero faith in her. Amiera may have forgotten this, but I haven't." He points out; everyone looks down in shame. They should feel ashamed, contrary to what Adam thinks; I didn't forget; I just chose not to say anything. I hated confrontations so much; I've always felt safer just avoiding them and moving on with my life.

"Let me help her." He adds. Of course, no one here would oppose this when they all either feared or worshipped Adam.

Sir Williams sighs, "I'm aware of the fact that you are not looking for my permission; you'll do it with or without it. This isn't my decision to make, but rather, Amiera should be the one to

answer you."

Adam turns to me and waits for a response. How can anyone say no to him? I mean, just

look at him!

"Okay, I'll let you train me."

say yes either.

"I'll be waiting in the training center for you," Adam informs me before leaving the room.

The moment that I step outside of the classroom, however, Bryan is right behind me.

“What are you doing, Amiera?” he demands. “Why did you agree to let a dark whisperer train you? And why out of everyone do you seem to trust Adam the most?”

I laugh, “that’s really low coming from you. I’m not about to stand here and listen to your nonsense again, Bryan. I have some training to get done.”

I walk away from him before he’s given a chance to say more.

Adam was telling the truth earlier; he was one of the few to believe in me, to give me a

chance; he’s also the reason why everyone knows who I am. Why shouldn’t trust him after all

the faith he’s shown in me? When he was the only one to believe that I was the flaming

whisperer, why can’t I be the only one to trust him when he says that he’s going to train me? I

believe that he will also be the one to help me awaken my power; I trust him.

There is just one problem with this, a major problem actually. I’ll have to keep this a secret

from my family. No one out of the classroom can know that Adam’s the one training me.

Somehow, I know that Adam may be the only one to ensure that this happens. He has control over a lot of people. Many will do as he asks just because they want to please him or because they’re too scared to do otherwise. I’ll need him to do this for me. If my parents knew that he was training me, they would go up into flames, literally.

When I enter the room, Adam is seated on one of the hundred of chairs, waiting for me. I

walk up to him, and he leans back against the chair to look up at me.

“My family cannot know that you’re the one helping me,” I warn him. “You must make sure that they never find out. For that to happen, you’ll need to make sure that no one out of our class knows about this.”

He quirks a brow and stands up so that we are now inches apart.

"Is that what you're truly worried about?" he whispers as he leans into me. I hear myself hiccup and want to curse at my body. I see the hiccups are finally back to ruin my life.

His eyes zero in on my skirt, "did you wear that to hide my artwork?" he demands.

"What are you talking about?"

"I didn't mark you for no one to see; I marked you so that every man that came near you would see it and know who put it there." He growls.

sounds like a jealous boyfriend right now? Does he even care?

"Why are you doing this?" | ask. "Are you, or are you not in a relationship with Lizzie? I'm

not going to mess around with a man who's involved with another woman. You caught me off

guard last night; it won't happen again."

His jaw clenches, "what Lizzie and I had is in the past. We are just close friends now,

that's all."

He doesn't know it, but his words manage to calm my racing heart. I hadn't realized that I was holding my breath while waiting for a response. I didn't want to think of him and Lizzie

being in a relationship; it would only break my heart. Now I know that it's not something that I have to worry about... That is if I can trust his words, however. He can just be telling me this, but why would he lie to me? What would lying to me gain him in return?

"Are you ready?" he asks me as he steps even closer to me.

I hesitantly nod my head. I'm not exactly ready, but I don't think that I'll ever be. He walks behind of me and grips my waist in his hands. Was this really necessary? I didn't think that I could think clearly with his hands on me like this.

He leans into me, and his hot breath tickles my neck. "Close your eyes and tell me what

you feel."

"I don't think that closing my eyes—," "Just do it." He cuts me off.

He pushes my hair to the side and leaves a soft kiss on the side of my neck. I'm immediately filled with a need so strong that I have to rub my thighs together.

"What do you feel, Amiera?"

What do I feel? How could I bring all of these emotions into words? And does this have anything to do with my power, or does it have to do with what he does to my body?

"Tell me." He urges me.

gasp when his hand grips my thigh, exactly where he kissed me yesterday.

"I feel hot, all over. My body feels like it's surrounded by fire," I swallow. "A fire that wants to consume us both. A fire that I feel like you have the power to control. A fire that's scared to show herself because of what may happen the moment that she does."

I gasp the moment those words leave my mouth. I wasn't sure what made me say that; it's

not something I knew before. Was the fire inside of me scared to be set free? Was it scared of

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend by LaurG Chapter 29

Chapter 29

Adam lets go of me, and I turn to him with curious eyes. How did he get me to confess something that even I didn't know I was feeling?

"Your power is not going to reveal itself until you begin to trust yourself more. You need to have confidence; you need to believe that you have the fire within... And it would help if you buried that fear that's preventing you from moving forward. Fear isn't your friend Amiera. You need to be strong to be the host of a fire so powerful." Adam explains to me.

"Did you really read many books about me?" I ask him. It's the only reason I could think of

to explain how he knew so much more than me.

He looks away from me then, "I have."

"Why?" I ask him. "Why was it so important that you read so much about me? Is there some reason that you're not telling me?"

Without warning, Adam grabs my waist and walks with me to a nearby desk. "What are you doing?" I demand.

"Yes, there is plenty that I haven't told you that I'm keeping from you." He answers me. "I'll let you in on one of your biggest secrets that even you do not know. When we're like this, closer than anyone else in this world wants us to be, you are at your strongest. Whenever I touch you, whenever I kiss you, whenever your body feels release given to you by only me, (This novel will be daily updated at)your power intensifies to the point that it's hard to control."

I gasp when his mouth crashes down on mine as if to prove his point. This feels just right, like an explosion has just taken place inside of my body like I'm finally where I need to be. I want this; I need this.

Adam pulls my hair back and slams my body against the desk. He grips my waist and shoves his body hard against mine. (This novel will be daily updated at)I can't control the whirlpool of desire that floods my body, even if I wanted to.

He unbuttons my shirt and pushes my bra out of the way. I feel exposed under his hungry gaze, but I don't try and stop him when he leans down and covers my n****e with his mouth.

"Adam!" I cry out. He pulls back and rests his forehead against mine, "say it, say my name."

My lips part in shock. Does he really want me to say his name? "Say it," he growls.

"A-adam." I stutter. tell me something I would have never known had he not admitted it to me.

"You're not the only one who likes hearing their name, Amiera," he tells me. "But I only wish to hear it from your pretty little mouth."

I gasp from listening to him admit that to me. I never thought that someone like Adam

would like to hear me say his name.

"Tell me," he whispers as he cups my breasts in the palm of his hands. "What else do you like that I do besides saying your name?"

My cheeks are flushed from both pleasure and embarrassment. I don't understand how he can look this calm while saying things like this. There are many things that I love that he does, too many to count.

I gasp when a tiny black hole appears and begins to caress the hollow between my breasts. It's almost cold, like ice. It stays there for a few seconds before disappearing. And then Adam leans down and kisses the same spot with his very warm lips. The mixture of hot and cold sends my body haywire with need.

"Are you not going to tell me?" he demands as he grips my ass in his hands and squeezes (This novel will be daily updated at)

tight.

"I like when you touch me," I say between moans. "Touch you where?" he growls. "Where do you like when I touch you, Amiera?"

Before I can respond, his hand pushes my skirt up, revealing the marks he claims were given to show other men that he put them there. Adam Ashford, my murky prince, wants other men to know what he did with me. I don't know why that makes me so happy.

His eyes zero in on my light blue panties, and I don't think I've ever seen anyone look at me with so much desire in my entire life. I've never felt this wanted before, and it feels so good.

"Where? Tell me, Amiera, where do you like it when I touch you?"

"My breasts," I answer but feel shame immediately after.

"And where do you want me to touch you next?" He asks, not giving me a chance to think more of the words leaving my mouth.

My cheeks are burning more than ever, how does he expect me to answer that? His hands slide up my legs and near my now-soaked panties. "Tell me, where?"

"M-my p**y. Please, Adam, please touch my pussy."

he's doing, he bends down and kisses me there. He pulls my panties to the side and licks at my

juices.

I cry out from the pleasure; I've never felt anything this amazing before. I don't even feel

like we're still in the training center anymore where anyone can walk in and see us; I don't care

where we are; I just don't ever want this to stop.

But then it does. He stops and takes my happiness away with him. I'm left feeling confused and needing so much more.

He fixes my skirt and buttons my shirt before leaning his forehead against mine. (This novel will be daily updated at)

"You taste so f*****g good, so good that I want you served on a f*****g plate to me. So good that I need to stop before I take things too f*****g far and take you against this motherfucking desk."

Doesn't he understand that I need this right now? Can't he see that it's exactly what I

want?

He pulls away from me, "that's it for training today. I'll see you tomorrow."

My heart drops; that's all that this was to him, training? He did say that us touching and being close would help increase my power. Was he trying to help awaken it?

I try not to pout as I walk past him. I'm upset with both him and myself.

But does this mean that tomorrow would be the same thing? Would we have another session of touching and kissing... And the occasional licking? My cheeks are red when I remember where he was just a few minutes ago.

I need help. I did. Lord help me, I'm looking forward to our training more than I've ever looked forward to anything in my life before.

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend by LaurG Chapter 30

Chapter 30

It's the next day and I'm excited for our training today, like I've been since yesterday. I can't stop thinking about his mouth on my body, I feel a river of emotions, and I just want to tell

him all about it. I want him to know how much I enjoy being in his presence, I want him to

know just how much he makes me happy, I want him to know that I've never felt this way about anyone else before. I also want him to know that even though many may judge his intentions towards me, I trust him; I don't believe that he will ever hurt me; I think that he will instead help me become the woman I need to be.

I know that it's stupid of me and not very wise to feel these emotions so quickly. I was

supposed to be taking things slow; I was supposed to not trust him entirely until I knew more about him. Towed it to myself after suffering such a betrayal. Still,

after knowing all of these things, (This novel will be daily updated at)I chose to be around Adam. I deserved some happiness, and he was the one to bring it out in me, no one else.

Adam told me earlier to meet him at the training center once more, and that is where I'm heading after the end of classes. I've already informed my siblings that I would be late today, but they insisted on waiting. I hoped that they didn't decide to come near the training center today and see something they shouldn't.

I take a deep breath when I see the center a few feet away.

After finding my strength, I open the door but instead of seeing Adam waiting on me like he did yesterday, I'm given a very rude awakening. Adam is leaned up on the same desk he was kissing me on just yesterday, and Lizzie is in front of him, sticking her tongue down his throat.

I don't know if Adam senses me, but he pushes her away from him and turns towards me

with wide eyes.

"Amiera!" he shouts my name, but I don't wait for him to say anything; I rush out of there

with tears streaming down my face.

I try my best to hide my tears when I spot Belle and Noah. I hardly speak to them on the ride home in fear of breaking down in front of them. Why did he let her kiss him? Why did they do that in front of me? Adam knew that this was the time I would enter the training center; this was the time we both agreed to meet. So then why did he wait for me to see something like that after what we did yesterday?(This novel will be daily updated at)

He freaking lied to me. He told me that she was just a friend; friends don't make out with

each other. She wasn't just a friend; she couldn't be. Was I stupid for still hoping that he had an

excuse?

see me crying my eyes out. Why am I letting a guy get to me like this again? I kept promising

myself that I would be strong, that I would protect my heart. Yet I kept being a fool for Adam; /

kept hurting myself because I wanted him to be good. Even now, a part of me wants him to tell

me that nothing was going on between Lizzie and him, that what I saw was all a lie.

I don't know why I wanted so much for Adam to be a good person; I don't know why that

mattered so much to me. I couldn't see what excuse he could come up with after what I saw. It

wasn't the first time I saw him kissing Lizzie; my eyes weren't lying to me, there was

something between the two of them, but I didn't know what it was. After what I saw today,

shouldn't even bother, but it wasn't like I could avoid Adam for the rest of my life. I still needed

him to train me. I didn't know how to do that anymore; I didn't even know how to be in the same

room with him.

.....

~ADAM~

f*****g Lizzie, she didn't know when to stop. I should have known she was up to something when she showed up wearing that damn short dress to the training center. Now! had to work hard to regain (This novel will be daily updaed at)Amiera's trust; would she even listen to me now?

Now here I am, climbing the wall to her damn bedroom. I almost entered Noah's just a few minutes ago; that would have been an interesting turn of events. I'm sure her brother would

have welcomed me with open arms. I shake my head and focus on climbing. The last thing |

needed was to fall from this height.

Getting in here without being seen was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do; their security was tight, but I shouldn't expect anything else from Amiera's parents. They were big on securing their people, children, kingdom, everything.

Amiera didn't give me a chance to explain myself before, but I hope this does the trick. She wouldn't exactly push me out the window; at least, I hoped not.

Tran after her earlier today but by the time I got to her, she was already with her siblings. I knew that if they saw us together, all hell would break loose. I didn't really care about any of that, but I didn't want anything to obstruct the progress we've made so far. I also didn't want her parents to find out and separate us, for they surely would do that once they knew how close Amiera and I had gotten recently.

I paused by the window and peeked through the glass, hoping that I was finally in the correct room. I spotted her face down in her bed and felt an uncomfortable feeling in my chest.

I pull the window open; thankf**k it wasn't locked.

Amiera doesn't move, and I assume she's too consumed in thoughts to realize that her windows were just opened. The sound of my footsteps catches her attention, however.

Her back stiffens, and I know that she's wondering what to do. She turns over on the bed and stares at me wide-eyed. I'm hit with so much guilt when I see how red and swollen her eyes are. She's been crying for quite some time; I'm sure of that. The tightness in my chest intensifies, and it continues to do so the more I stare at her.

Her hands tighten on her sheets, and she narrows her eyes at me, "what are you doing here?"(This novel will be daily updaed at) she hisses.