

It's the next day of school, and I'm having trouble breathing. I'm even more nervous about seeing Adam today than I was yesterday. Would he act as nothing happened between us just like the last time, or would he do the opposite today? That's the thing about Adam; he was unpredictable; it was like meeting a new person every time that I saw him, with the same nerve-wracking feelings, of course.

The moment I start to walk through the halls, my heart rate increases with each step that I take. I know that I'm not prepared to see him today; I'm not prepared for anything at all. I want to be stronger, I do, but my heart and mind have been taking the lead lately. It's too caught up in a series of emotions that seems to be only growing stronger the more time that I spend with him.

I turn the corner, unsure what it has in store for me, but what I see next drags all of the air out of my lungs.

I take a moment to take in the scene some more, but it does nothing to calm the pounding in my chest.

Adam is leaning against his locker, but he is not alone; Lizzie is in front of him.

She has her hands on his chest, and she's staring into his eyes. I feel an instant drop in my heartbeat from seeing them in such a romantic position. I don't know what I was expecting from him today, but this was the last thing on my mind.

I'm both hurt and angry that they're doing this in front of me. I know it isn't intentional but someone please tell that to my stupid heart.

I know that what happened between us yesterday was only him trying to help me but still, I didn't expect to walk in here today and see both of them so close. I've overheard a few girls talking, and from what I heard, they didn't get back together. But this ongoing display of affection said otherwise. Did the girls not get enough information, or were they saying that because they hated the thought of Adam having someone else?

He isn't looking my way, and even though his intense gaze usually sends me into a whirlpool of emotions, I feel a sense of emptiness now that I don't have it.

What was wrong with me? I'd just gone through a nasty breakup and lost the two most influential people in my life. And now I was pining over a guy I shouldn't even be thinking about. A guy that my parents would punish me for even looking his way.

Maybe my body enjoyed being hurt; that had to be it. Why else would I develop any feelings for Adam, who has never once shown interest in me? I should be focusing on myself

ever did for Bryan.

Maybe Bryan wasn't the only one in our relationship that was not completely happy. I did not realize it until now, but my feelings for him must have been very dull; I didn't have anything to compare it to back then.

Now that I saw what real passion felt like, I know what I had been missing. Was that why Bryan chose to cheat? We didn't have that passion in our relationship. It doesn't excuse what he'd done, but now I was happy that we were no longer together. I was allowed to feel something that I never thought possible.

In fact, if I had remained with Bryan, I would have never known feelings like this existed. But the truth was that it only lived because of Adam. I would not feel this way for anyone else; I knew that much.

But that was a big issue since he looked as though he was still in love with his ex-girlfriend.

I turn and try to keep the disappointment from my face as I head towards the classroom. I open the door and step inside. Abigail looks up when she hears the door and a bright smile forms on her face. It's nice to see that at least one person is happy to see me today. It's not like it's her first time seeing me in the morning, however. I did sleepover by her last night.

"You look down," Abigail comments the moment I take a seat next to her.

I shrug my shoulders, "I don't want to talk about it." I mumble.

Her gaze moves to the doorway, and I know without looking up that Adam had just entered with Lizzie.

"You need not say more," she says with a sigh. Though I haven't confessed all of my feelings to Abigail, my facial expressions must give it all away.

"Good morning, class," Miss Stevens says. "We are now only a few days away from the fire fairy festival. Who's excited?"

Just like always, the room is filled with cheers at her question. I don't even know why I waste my time attending that festival every year. But if I asked my parents to sit this one out, they would go all crazy on me.

"Every year, you've seen your seniors be tested, and this year it's finally your turn. Every fire whisperer in this room will have a chance to find out if the power has been within you all along." She chimes happily.

The class begins to laugh at the sudden addition to her earlier statement. Of course they would laugh; everyone enjoyed seeing me in pain.

Why did I think that they would even consider testing me? Not that I wanted to be tested, even I didn't think that it was possible for someone that didn't know how to create fire to be the flaming whisperer.

But still, they should include me. I'm not an outcast, I'm still a princess, and I'm still someone that tries very hard. So what if I can't create fire? Does that mean that it's okay for others to treat me like I'm nothing? I don't believe that it's my fault that my body refuses to obey every lesson I've been taught the past few years.

I want to get up and speak out, to tell them all that they're pathetic and disrespectful for making me feel like I'm less than them just because of my inability to create fire. I want them to know that one day I'm sure that I will be able to do it, and they will all see for themselves.

There is so much that I want to say to them, but like always, I keep my mouth shut. It's how I've been taught to behave, not respond to the hate, not encourage arguments, let others speak and listen, do not interfere when adults are talking. These are just some of the things my parents have taught me. I've been like this all my life. It's hard to break out of something that you've been taught your entire life.

Only the few that had strict parents like my own would understand what I felt; everyone else would continue to look down on me.

For the rest of the class, I keep quiet, bottled up in my thoughts. I had so many things on my mind. I didn't try to look Adam's way again either, too afraid of the hurt I would feel while seeing him with her.

I breathe a sigh of relief when the sound of the bell signals the end of class. Abigail and I rush to the cafeteria for some snacks.

As if I wasn't already having a bad day, Aria chooses today to confront me once more.

I was beginning to realize that they weren't ever going to leave me alone.

"Can I talk to you?" she asks.

"If I say no, would that stop you from talking?" I ask sarcastically.

Her eyes widen, and I know that she must be in shock from how I'm speaking; I've never been that way before.

"Bryan told me some disturbing information." She says.

I'm sure that it's something I don't need to listen to, but I know that she won't leave me alone until she says what she has to.

"Is it true that Adam invited you to movie night. . . And were you crazy enough to go?"

I take a step forward so that we are now eye to eye. "Let me live my life Aria. I don't need to answer you. We are no longer friends; we aren't even enemies. You have no place in my life whatsoever. For once, will you listen to my request?"

"No." She snaps. "Adam is very dangerous, Amiera. You do not know him as well as I do. He isn't just some bad boy from school; he's more than that. He screams danger. If he's suddenly interested in you after all this time, believe me, he wants something from you. The minute that he gets it, he will drop you like you're nothing. You'll be left with a broken heart. He will use you until there is nothing left. I don't want to see that happen to you."

"Oh," I say. "You mean like what you and Bryan did to me? I hate to say it, Aria; he wasn't the one to hurt me. You and Bryan did that on your own, and now that I'm trying to move on, neither one of you is letting me. Why is that? Why can't you just let me live my life?"

"I think Amiera has said enough." Abigail cuts in. "You need to leave. You're not wanted here."

My skin suddenly begins to feel hot all over; what's caused this change? My eyes scan my surroundings, and I finally find the reason behind the tingly sensation.

Adam. He's looking straight at me, and he isn't trying to hide that fact from me. After not paying attention to me for the entire day, why does he choose to now when Aria is speaking to me about him? His eyes on me make it hard for me to pay attention to Aria anymore.

"Are you even listening to me, Amiera?" She asks.

"What part of I don't want to speak to you do you not understand?" I respond with a question of my own. "And you're acting like this when you dated his brother! You've dated one of them already, and everyone in school knew about it. Why are you behaving like this just because I spoke to him a few times? And it's not like it's any of your business either way."

"Bryan and I are just concerned about you. I know that we did something to hurt you, but that doesn't mean you have to be so reckless with your life! Do you even know how dangerous Adam and his family are?" She demands. "Both of our parents have warned us before. I don't understand why you're behaving this way when you've always been the only one out of the three of us to follow all of the rules. And I also don't understand why it has to be this rule out of all that you decide to break."

"You can stop pretending to care about me now," I say, "what I do from now on does not concern you nor Bryan. So please, listen to me and stay away from me. Whatever happens to me should not matter to the two of you."

looked as though he was focused on us, and I believe that meant that he was at least trying to figure out what we were talking about. The last time he chose to speak to me in front of Bryan, now I have to wonder, did he do that deliberately? Did he somehow know that they were telling me to stay away from him?

Did he invite me to his house to piss off Bryan? Was that what all of this was about? Bryan did steal his brother's girlfriend; he was practically their enemy now.

All I know is that he never showed any interest in me until now. That's precisely what Aria just said to me; I've known it all along; I didn't need her to point it out.

I can still feel his eyes burning into my back as I exit the cafeteria, and part of me wants to turn around and go right back to him. I don't know what was causing this dangerous pull between us, but I didn't want to stop it, not for me, not for Bryan, not for Aria . . . Not for anyone.

My eyes widen when I see my brother in front of me. When did he arrive? I knew that his return had been delayed, but no one informed me that he would be here today. He looks like someone who's about to beat the s**t out of someone else.

"Where is he?" He hissed.

I take a deep breath, scared that he's talking about Adam. Did he somehow find out that I was there yesterday with him . . . In the shower.

Oh my goodness. I was in deep trouble. But how would he have found out? Did Aria tell him something? Or did Bryan. It is evident that the two of them wanted me to stay away from Adam; would they go to such lengths to get me to cooperate? It was possible, they were sneaky like that, and my parents did favor them despite what they did to me.

I hold my chest in fear as he pushes me to the side and walks into the cafeteria. The girls in the cafeteria go into an uproar. They were crazy about my brother and even more so now since he wasn't here for weeks because of the sports club.

His eyes zero in on someone and I follow his gaze. To my surprise, he's glaring at Bryan, not Adam.

Oh, why didn't I think of this? Of course, he would be pissed off at Bryan after he cheated on me with Aria. He must have returned just after I left for school. Did this mean that my sister was also finally back? I missed them both like crazy, but this was not the way I wanted to be reunited with them.

I watch in horror as Noah grabs Bryan by his shirt and shoves him against the wall with so much force that the sound of the collision travels around us.

you get away with your betrayal so easily, think again, fool."

My eyes widen when he punches him in the stomach once, then twice, and another.

Bryan gets red with rage as he clenches his fists just as fire forms within his grasp.

"Noah!" I scream. I don't warn him in time and the fire from Bryan's hand slams straight into his stomach. Noah's body flies halfway across the room, but it doesn't affect him as badly as I expected it to. He picks himself off the ground and attacks Bryan with fire of his own. They go back and forth with each other, Noah becoming angrier with each passing second.

Oh, God. I had to stop them!

Noah manages to escape one of Bryan's attacks, and before Bryan has a chance to form fire, my brother tackles him to the ground.

The cafeteria is now in chaos, with everyone running in opposite directions, trying to get away from the fight.

Noah and Bryan don't seem to care about any of that; they are still fighting.

Girls are screaming, and men are shouting, "fight, fight, fight!"

It's a nightmare. I can see Noah forming fire in his hands, and his eyes are turning a blazing orange. If this continues, both of them can get seriously hurt.

"Noah!" I scream. He doesn't listen to me; I'm not even sure that he can hear me above all of the noise.

I'm about to step into the fight when Adam steps in front of me, "don't. You will get hurt." I'm surprised by his protective stance; his eyes are not lying to me, I can see clearly that he doesn't want me to get hurt.

Just as I'm about to protest, I spot my sister through the crowd of students. She has a murderous look on her face, and my jaw drops when she walks up to Aria and slaps her hard across her face.

"You backstabbing b***h!" She screams. "Who do you think you are? If you wanted Bryan all along, you should have opened your big mouth and said something. Both of you didn't have to do that to my sister. You'll pay for what you did. Do you think that just because she's kind, that means that you can walk all over her? Think again, honey. You better stay the hell away from her, or I swear to God, if one of you tries anything again, I'll make you pay!"

Aria is in too much shock to react; this was the perfect opportunity to snap a picture. After looking around, I realize that I'm not the only one thinking that way, phones are out, and I'm sure that more than one person got a recording of the slap . . . Along with the fight between Noah and Bryan.

Security guards, as well as teachers, show up next to stop everyone and separate them. The boys surrounding them don't hide their disappointment from the abrupt ending of the fight.

"You four!" Professor Miles says to them. "In my office, now!"

I should go as well; after all, this fight only took place because of me. However, when I try to follow them, everyone tells me to stay behind . . . Including the professor.

I watch as they leave helplessly, and Abigail joins me once more.

"Okay, I've always known that your siblings were awesome, but damn, they've outdone

those two did to you." She confesses. "But what are your parents going to say about this? Surely they're going to flip. I don't think I remember ever hearing your siblings involved in something like this before. This must be a first."

Crap.

She was right. I didn't even think about my parents. There was no way to hide this from them; the principal would no doubt call them in. And then the truth remained that there were already videos circulating everywhere.

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~ADAM~

"What was that about?" Ashton asks me the moment that we are home and away from prying eyes. I know what he is speaking about, but I choose to pretend that I am lost.

"All what?"

"I saw you stop Amiera from entering that fight. First, you invite her to movie night, and suddenly you're protecting her?" he demands. "What is it that you're not telling me? There is no way that my brother will have an interest in someone as dull as she is. So what is the real reason that you're suddenly bringing her into your life? You fancy powerful women, and she is anything but powerful, so don't even try lying to me. What is your deal?"

I clench my jaw and drop my bag onto the table. "Since when do I have to report my actions towards you?"

He quirks a brow and flexes his arms, "since you're getting involved with one of the most protected girls in our land. Her parents do not like our kind one bit. You getting involved with her will cause unnecessary trouble for all of us. Can you imagine what will happen if her parents go to that white fox?"

Ah, yes, the incredible white fox. Everyone is scared of him; I am not.

"You will know soon enough why I'm sticking so close to her," I inform him. "Until then, do not bother me about this matter again."

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~AMIERA~

"What do you three have to say for yourselves?" My mother demands.

Noah's face is slightly bruised from the fight, and Belle looks anxious now that our parents are questioning her. I never expected her to slap Aria the way she did, but it was indeed about



Noah. What can I say? My siblings made headlines no matter what they did. I'm saddened that it's in a negative light now, and it's only because they were defending my honor. I would forever feel guilty about this but I still enjoyed it a little more than I wanted to admit.

I wanted Aria and Bryan to pay for what they did; I've been saying this since it happened; this is the first time that I got a chance to see some revenge take place.

"Mother, please don't be angry with Noah and Belle. It's not their fault; they were only trying to protect me. They are not in the wrong. If you have to punish anyone, punish me." I tell her.

"Are you insane?" Belle asks me. "Noah and I are the ones who caused the entire thing; how are you at fault? You've been betrayed by the two closest people in your life; you haven't ever been so close with Noah and me. How can we just let this go without teaching those two a damn lesson?"

I want to give a response to that, but the words are clogged in my throat. What could I say? Everything she just said was the truth. I was closer to both of them; in fact, I chose to hang out with them instead of my siblings. The more I thought about it, the more I believed that Aria and Bryan deserved to pay for what they did to me, it was incredibly unfair, and I didn't deserve it at all.

"All three of my children are completely losing their damn minds," my mother cries in frustration. "Why are you three choosing to destroy your reputations like this? I've always been proud of how well mannered you've been all of your lives. Now I'm ashamed by your actions."

My mother's frustration bothers me. I did not want to disappoint her; none of us did. But she didn't understand what I was going through, and I don't think that she ever will.

"Mother," Noah growls. "That bastard cheated on my sister with her damn best friend. How could I sit back and let him get away with it? How can you and father allow him to walk freely like that? She's my sister, your daughter; she has feelings. Are you even thinking about her at all?"

His questions make her pause and think, and I know that she doesn't want to hurt me in any way, but her kingdom still comes first. My father is sitting back and watching the exchange between us after going off on us a few minutes before.

"Go to your rooms!" She shouts. "All of you. Go and think about what you've done today and how it's going to affect our kingdom when the news starts to spread for everyone in the damn world to know!"

Noah walking right behind me.

"Listen to me," Belle says as the both of us reach my room. "Don't you ever let people walk all over you like that again. Stand up for yourself. Let them know that you don't need them, let them know that your presence in their life was a blessing, and never forget that. There are times where Noah and I won't be there to protect you. That's when you'll need to be strong. Don't trust easily and never fall for anyone as quickly as you did for Bryan again. Get to know the person first, alright?"

My cheeks turn bright red at her words. What would she say if she knew that I fell for someone else already? And what would she say if she knew that the person I fell for was none other than a dark whisperer?

"I'll try my best," I promise.

She nods, "since that's out of the way, we need to change your closet. I have the perfect outfits for you, the same ones you always refused to wear. We are going to dress you up so much that no one recognizes you at school tomorrow."