

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend

Chapter 53

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-AMIERA

I take Catherine's hand and pull her through the crowd, hoping to find a way for us both to escape. "How did this fire even start?" She asks in horror. I begin to cough as more smoke surrounds us. "I'm not sure, but we need to find a way to get out before it's too late."

I gasp when someone grabs me from around my waist and pulls me to their side. I'm surprised by the intense feelings that wash over me almost immediately. To my surprise, it's none other than Adam. His eyes search my face as he continues to hold me tightly against him. My body feels a sense of calmness wash over it, and slowly, the fire begins to fade until there is nothing left of it anymore.

Catherine is gaping at us, and I have no idea why he's holding me. I look around us one more time and am surprised to see that the fire is truly gone, completely.

How is that even possible? Adam lets go of me suddenly and pushes his way out of the crowd without saying a word to me. That was weird.

Everything about this entire situation was weird. He had no reason to hold me like that; we barely knew each other. for more visit :- www.noveljar.com The least he could have done was apologize for startling me like that. But did he even startle me?

My body is still tingling from his touch, and my feelings have me so confused. Why does this feel so familiar?

Why? Why does it feel like it isn't the first time he's touched me?

"Take this," Catherine tells me as she hands me some water in a cup. "Drink it to help with the coughing."

I nod, but my mind is still on Adam.

My hands close around the cup, "I will be back in a minute. There is something I need to do." I tell Catherine. I don't wait for her to protest like I know she would.

I follow Adam out of the crowd, trying my best to keep up with him. I needed to get the answers that I was searching for, and he seemed to be the only one that could give them to me.

"Hey!" I shout as I spot him a few feet away from me. No one is around; it's just the two of us. It's the perfect time to ask him what I want to question him about.

Surprisingly, he turns around and lets me catch up to him. His hands are in his pockets, and he's waiting for me to speak. I took a deep breath; I didn't want to sound crazy, but I knew I had to get those answers. "Why do I feel like I'm supposed to know you?" I demand from him. "Who exactly are you?"

"It's the same question that I would like to ask you." He says in a rough tone. "After all, you are the one responsible for the fire inside."

I gape at him, "Is this some kind of joke? for more visit :- www.noveljar.com How could I be responsible for it when I didn't realize it started? Seriously, what is your problem with me?"

He takes a step towards me, and I take a step back. He gives me a suspicious look but continues to inch closer until he has me pressed up against the wall. He places both hands on the sides of my head and leans into me.

"What were you thinking inside there?" he asks me. "You're a lost little girl. You don't even know what revealed itself today, and I'm sure it came from you. If I didn't touch you, the entire school would have burnt down today. That's not normal, especially not for a commoner. Who are your parents? Are you sure that they aren't royals?"

He was speaking total nonsense to me. I knew that something was wrong with this man, but I never knew he was insane.

"You don't know what you are talking about," I snap. "How would a simple commoner like me start a fire so big? And how would a commoner like you help stop the fire just by touching me? Your words make no sense to me. My parents are not royals. My father died when I was a baby; my mother has sacrificed a lot to give me a good life without him. They are not royals; they don't have people doing everything for them; they tried their best to provide me with everything. So don't you ever ask me if my parents are royals again. I'm happy that they aren't. I'm grateful for my mom, and even though my dad is no longer alive, I'm also thankful for him."

Adam looks surprised by my words. Was he not expecting me to say that? Did I not look like someone who didn't have a father in her life? Well, I did; he was here in spirit; I knew he was. He's never left my side, knowing that is what has kept me going all this time.

Growing up without my dad was difficult, especially when the only memories that I had happened to be pictures my mother still had of him. She has never dated anyone after him, and I've always wanted their pure love. She loved him so much that she couldn't move on from him even though so many years had already passed. She's constantly told me that I'm all she needs in her life now that he's gone. I continuously reminded her of my father, she tells me that I take a lot after him.

I'm angry that he's making me remember this. What was with him? Did he come here to disrupt my life? Everything has been great until he entered the picture.

Tangrily shoved his chest, and to my horror, the glass of water still in my hand spilled all over his shirt. He did look for it, but it's not something I planned on doing. Adam sighs, and I watch as his wet shirt clings to his magnificent body.

He glares at me, and I wince from the look on his face. Then I remember who I am and give him a glare of my own.

I narrow my eyes when his hand grips the edge of the shirt and, surprising me, lifts the entire thing off his body. He's now shirtless in front of me, and my mouth drops open from the sight.

How is it possible that his skin is this smooth and shiny? I can't stop staring, and it's only then that I spot something that I should have seen earlier.

There is a scar or even a birthmark right above his chest. for more visit :- www.noveljar.com I'm drawn to the mark, and it brings me great sadness the more I stare at it.

I can't stop myself as I walk closer to him. Adam is immovable as a stone; all he does is watch me as I draw closer to him.

My lips part, and I reach up with one hand and gently touch the mark with my fingers.

What am I doing? Why can't I stop? Why does even this seem so familiar to me? And why does it feel like my heart is crying?