

# My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend

Chapter 54

## Chapter 54

~Amiera

My body seems as though it has a mind of its own as my feet move closer to him until there is no space left between us. Adam's breath hitched, which should have stopped me from doing what I was about to do, but it didn't. My heart was pounding against my chest, and I could barely breathe properly, yet I didn't stop myself when I leaned down and placed a soft kiss on the scar. It's the lightest of touch, yet it burns my soul.

Adam goes rigid before me, and I gasp as a distant memory pounds straight through me. A vision of a boy with black hair hits me so hard that I nearly drop to the ground in shock. He looks just like Adam; the only difference is the color of their hair. There is also a girl in my vision, and she has bright red hair, the kind that could blind you in the sun. I can't see her face, but she did the same thing to him as I did. She kissed his bare chest.

I step back from Adam in horror. What was the meaning of these visions? Why was I seeing them now?

"What's wrong?" He asks as he takes a step towards me. "Who are you?" I demand. "What are you doing to me?for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) Why are you trying to mess with my head?"

He looks at me as though I've completely lost my mind, and it irritates me so much. "You're the one that violated my personal space." He says smoothly.

"Hey!" Someone says behind us, reminding me that we were still in school, and yet Adam was shirtless in front of me. How would this look to anyone that saw us?

Adam looks annoyed by the interruption, and he slowly turns to the unknown person. I follow his gaze, and there is a girl around our age in front of us. She has black hair with green streaks, and her eyes are dark brown. I feel a shiver down my spine as her gaze connects with mine.

Something about her seems so off. Unlike my feelings of sadness whenever I was around Adam, I felt a sense of hatred and anger towards this woman. I've never met her before, so why do I already not like her?

She drags her gaze away from me and focuses her attention on Adam. She smiles brightly up at him and my blood boiled at sight.

Do girls throw themselves at him any chance that they get? Was there no stopping them?

"I'm the new transfer student," she tells him, "I was told that you might be able to help me settle in. Do you mind? I'm a bit nervous, and I hate being by myself, especially since I'm the new girl. You look like a friendly person; I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't think that you would be able to help me settle in."

Adam crosses his arms over his chest, "what is your name?" She smiles, "Maria. My name is Maria Lizzie Jones."

Adam is silent for a few seconds as he stares at her. I hate the way that they are both looking at each other. I feel like putting a finger in my mouth and gagging at this sight.

Didn't he stare at her enough already? What was he looking for?

My irritation only grows when he nods his head, "I'll take you inside, but you need to be careful. Someone started a fire earlier in the cafeteria; things are crazy inside. Once you stick by my side, you'll be okay. I promise."

I know that he's implying that I'm the one who did it, and I want to pelt him with my heels.for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) Why is he so desperate to protect that girl he barely knew? He doesn't turn to look at me, and does he not realize he's still shirtless? Girls already threw inat with nis chest exposeal

Not kiss him like you just did, a voice in my head says. I blush at the reminder. What was I thinking?

I watch them go and feel my heart burn in my chest for some unexplainable reason. I had no reason to feel this way. I knew neither one of those two. Then why does my body beg to tell me otherwise?

Ilean back against the wall and close my eyes. I need to catch a grip on myself. My life wasn't perfect, but it was much better when I didn't have this Adam person messing it up. I had to stop letting him get to me and focus on more important matters. There were so many questions that I needed to find the answers to. I wouldn't let him distract me from getting those answers. No matter how much it bothered me to see him with other women, I will have control.

Still, something that he said still bothers me. Why did he think I had started the fire earlier? I didn't want to believe anything that he said to me, but there was no denying what happened inside of there. The moment he held me in his arms, the fire had died down without anyone doing anything to stop it. That was no ordinary fire. It was the job of a fire whisperer, a mighty one.

Adam may think that it was me, but I believe that someone else in that cafeteria was the person behind it. But what was the reason for doing so? Why start a fire only to stop it? Was it a warning for someone in there? Were there royals amongst us? What did they want with us? We were commoners, we couldn't offer them anything.

I sigh and finally decide to go back inside, where Catherine is still waiting for me. The moment that she sees me, she rushes to my side. "Where the hell did you go?" She demands from me. "You're not supposed to just run off after a fire. And did you see Adam shirtless? My God. The man can cause a girl to go blind. I'm convinced that it's those hot abs that caused the fire in the first place."

I roll my eyes at her, "you need help and a pair of glasses." She laughs and links her arms through mine, "you missed an announcement earlier." I give her a confused look, "what announcement? Did they find out who started the fire? Or what?"

She shook her head, "no, strangely enough, the announcement had nothing to do with that." She explains when her eyes light up in excitement. "We will be going on a school trip! Somewhere we have never been to before. Somewhere I'm not sure you'll be happy to attend. But I don't care; we are both

going. It's to give us extra points and higher grades. I'm not about to miss out on that; I need it. And once I'm going, you are too."

I sigh, "where is this trip that you're going to drag me into?"

She smiles, "brace yourself. For the first time in our school's history, we will be amongst royals. They are giving us a chance to see the museum built in honor of our flaming whisperer. I know it will be strange for you since you have her name, but I think that this is wonderful news. We've never been given the privilege to do something like that before. It seems as though the Royals are opening up to us. Isn't this crazy? Aren't you excited about this?"

I fold my arms as I ponder on her words, "don't you think that this is a little strange?" I ask her. "They have never given us an opportunity like this before. Those places are reserved for the richest of the lands. Why are they suddenly considering us or even remembering that we exist? It seems to me like they have something else up their sleeves. Do they want to trap us there or something?"

"Oh, Amiera," she says, "why do you always do that? You always think there is a hidden meaning behind anything good that the royals do for us. When will you accept that they aren't as bad as you think they are? This is a good chance for us to see what she looked like. To get a good glimpse at her. I've heard that she was gorgeous." I snouia de looking forwara to it. But wny ao i feel a burning sensation in the pit of my stomach? Why do I feel like something will go wrong there?

"When is this trip supposed to happen?" I ask her.

Her eyes shine some more, "this Friday. I can't wait. I don't think I'll be able to sleep the night before.for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) Maybe we can have a sleepover and make it more interesting. What do you think?"

Inod, "it sounds good enough for me. I'll have to confirm with my mother first, but I don't think she should have a problem with it."

My eyes go to Adam and Maria a short distance away. She's blushing at something he's just said to her, and I force myself to look away before I lose my mind again.

What he does must not concern me.

"They also said that they're dismissing classes earlier today," she informs me. "They will have to clean up the mess the fire has caused. The school wouldn't resume until Wednesday. So we also have tomorrow off."

Awhole day without school? What am I to do with my free time? Mother will be at work, which means I would be all alone in our house. I never liked being alone anywhere; I hated feeling lonely. I always did crazy things like random sketches of stuff whenever I was alone, sometimes I sketched things I've never seen in my life before. It frightened me.

I never understood that side of me. My mother told me stories of weird words I would cry out when I was a child. I was constantly calling out random names. She never told me what they were, but it scared her when she didn't know how to help me.

When I grew older, the random words stopped, but the drawings started. I sketched weapons and wings, amongst other things. Funny enough, I've drawn eyes that mirrored those of Adam's.

I shook that thought out of my head. I was reading too much into nothing. "Are you ready to leave?" Catherine asks.

Inod and follow her out of the compound towards the parking lot. Ever since Catherine and I became friends, she was the one to drop me home every day. It made things easier for my mother, and I was always grateful for that.

Besides, I didn't live very far from here.

Within half an hour, I'm already home and saying goodbye to my best friend. Strangely enough, there was a vehicle parked at the front; one that didn't belong to my mother.

This never happened. We never had visitors that I didn't know about. I rushed inside, excited to tell my mother about my day at school and curious as to who was there. "Mom?" I call after getting inside the house. "In here, sweetheart!" She answers me.

I follow her voice into the living room. I spot her first, and her beautiful yet nervous smile holds me in place. What was she worried about?

My gaze shifts from her onto the middle-aged man next to her. Who was he? He's studying me too, but there is a friendly look in his eyes.

"Amiera," she says. "I want you to meet someone dear to me. His name is Henry. Henry, this is my daughter."

He reaches his hand out to me, "it's nice to meet you, Amiera. Your mother has told me plenty about you." im getting an awturing about this. Who is this man!

"Your mother's fiancé and my father." My blood runs cold at the familiar voice and the words he'd just spoken.

Ispun around, and there in front of me was none other than Adam. Our gazes clash, and I want to scream in frustration.

My mother's fiancé? His father? What the hell was he speaking about? A/N:

Hi, my beautiful readers; I would like to wish everyone an early happy new year.for more visit :- [www.noveljar.com](http://www.noveljar.com) May God continue to shower his blessings on each of you; I hope you have good health and only happiness in the following year as well as all of the other years to come. Thank you so much for always supporting me and being the best readers any author can hope to have. I can't even begin to explain just how much you mean to me. I thank God for each of you, and I want you all to be happy always.

Lots of love,

Laura.