

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend

Chapter 55

Chapter 55

-AMIERA

I turn to my mother, “mom,” I whisper. “What is he speaking about? Who is he?”

She offers me another one of those nervous smiles, and I try to keep my cool even though this entire thing is setting my nerves on fire. Adam couldn’t be telling the truth. There is no way that my mother would have had a serious relationship and not told me anything about it. We’ve been so close for so long; we told each other everything. As far as I knew, we didn’t keep secrets from each other. Unless I was wrong all along, that’s not something that I want to be true. I didn’t want to think that it was possible that my mother would keep something so important from me.

“Sweetheart,” she says as she lifts herself off the couch and takes a few steps towards me. She reaches for my hand and holds it gently in her own as if to soothe me, “I’m sorry that I didn’t tell you about this sooner, but I wasn’t sure of what to say to you. I was scared that you wouldn’t be happy about it. Henry and I met a few months ago, because of work. At first, we were good friends, and slowly things started to change between us. I haven’t felt this way about anyone in a long time; he was the first man to make me feel again. for more visit :- www.noveljar.com I was scared of these feelings and wasn’t sure what to do about them. Then Henry proposed to me and I couldn’t say no. He makes me so happy. I knew that I couldn’t keep this from you any longer; I knew that you deserved to know the truth even though I was terrified of telling you. I thought that today should be the day to finally tell you everything. I love him, and he loves me. We want to start a family together. We will be moving to his home from today onwards. Adam here will be your step-brother. He transferred to your school today; I’m not sure if you have met him already. But I think that the two of you will get along well.”

I’ve met him alright. I’ve done more than that; I’ve managed to kiss him on his chest on our first day of ever seeing each other. What a great first impression that must have been? I’m sure my mother wouldn’t like to know that happened between us today. What would she think about step-siblings in such a compromising position? It’s not like I knew who he would be to me earlier. I’m not sure knowing would have stopped what happened either. I’m not sure about anything anymore.

I was sure about one thing, however, and that was that my mother was wrong. I didn’t think Adam and me would get along. There was this strange, unsettling feeling whenever I was near him. And until I figured

out what that was all about, there was no way that Adam and I could ever get along.

Wasn’t she looking at him right now? Could she not see what I saw? He wasn’t thrilled about this news, neither was I. The man looked like just being in the same room as I was torture for him. At least we both agreed on something.

“I guess I should be packing my bags then,” I snap as I turn around and make my way to my room.

I know that my mother may be upset by my action to this news. But what did she expect? How could she wait this long to tell me about her fiancée? I thought we told each other everything; we were all each other had after my father’s death. Now I felt like I didn’t know her at all; if she could keep something like this from me, what else was she hiding?

When I reach my room, I angrily pull open the draws and throw my clothes into the suitcase.

Was I honestly supposed to live with Adam? I couldn’t stand him. Now I had to sleep in his house and act like he was my brother? Well, step-brother.

It didn’t matter; we could never be siblings.

“What are you planning on doing with the house?” I ask her. She sighs, “someone is already interested in it to buy.”

“So you’re just going to sell the one place that has all of our memories together? All of your memories with father?” I demand.

“Amiera, please, please try to understand.” She begs.

I was trying to. I was, but every time I thought about it, I got angrier and angrier. She deserved to have someone by her side after being alone for so long, but why couldn’t she tell me about it before it became this serious? How could she do this to me? I felt so betrayed.

And why sell the house? We had memorable moments in here. Why would she give it up like that? “Are you ready?” Henry asks her, and I push past the both of them.

Adam is waiting in his car, and the passenger side is already opened and waiting for me. I look behind me and see that mom is preparing to leave along with Henry in his vehicle. Was she also planning on selling her car?

I didn’t bother to ask any questions as I entered the vehicle with Adam. for more visit :- www.noveljar.com I shut the door and pulled the seatbelt around me. I Thold on tightly to the seat when the car begins to move. My mother never drove this fast, neither did Catherine. Was he trying to kill me with him?

“Don’t you think you’re driving a little too fast?” I demand. He doesn’t answer me, and it only irritates me. Why does he ignore me so much? He doesn’t slow down. If anything, I think he’s going faster now.

Where do they even live? This car wasn’t the most expensive out here, but it wasn’t the cheapest either. It was also one of the sportier kinds, those fast cars that took part in races. I never liked those kinds, and here I am in one with a maniac.

People that owned these kinds of cars didn’t attend schools like mine, which didn’t make any sense at all to me. Why exactly did he transfer to my school? Was he a troublemaker in his last?

We pulled up to a gated community, and needless to say, the houses inside here were beautiful. They were nothing like the neighborhood that I was used to.

We drove for around five more minutes before Adam stopped at a grey house. There was a small garden to the front, and it was just as pretty as the others I’d seen since entering this community.

“This is your new home,” my mother tells me when I get out of the vehicle.

She gives me a quick tour of the house before showing me to my room.

I drop my bags onto the floor and throw myself onto the bed. Things were changing too quickly for me.

I sigh and grab some clothes from the suitcase. I should at least shower in my new home.

Unfortunately, the guest bedroom, which is mine, doesn’t have a shower. This means I’ll have to use the same one as Adam, which is right opposite my room.

How convenient?

I grab my towel after laying out my change of clothing on the bed. I make my way into the bathroom. It’s much nicer than ours back home; however, I still preferred ours. It was the only home I’d known for years. I wouldn’t choose anything above it.

I shut the door and quickly undressed. The water is warm, and it’s the only thing that I prefer over the

I shake that thought out of my head.

I should be using this time to relax. I was stressing too much over everything, and it was the last thing I wanted to do to myself.

I turn the shower off and wrap the towel around my body.

My eyes snap to the door when I hear the doorknob turning.

My body goes entirely still when I see Adam standing in front of me with a towel of his own thrown over his shoulder.

He takes one look at me, and the man doesn’t even flinch. Does he not realize what he just did? Opening the door on someone who’s using the bathroom? What if I didn’t have my towel on? Couldn’t he have knocked before entering?

I know that he may not be used to having a woman here; well, that couldn’t be completely true; I wasn’t sure about Adam and his relationships. Who knows how many women he brought home.

But that was not the point right now. The point is that he should have knocked! It’s no longer just him and his father in this house. “Why didn’t you knock before entering?” I demand.