

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend

Chapter 60

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The next day at school, things are back to normal. The cafeteria is all cleaned up like there was never a fire, to begin with. No one is even speaking about it anymore. Everyone is excited about the upcoming trip, and that's what the talk is about today.

I'm anything but excited about interacting with royals and whatever they had planned. I didn't trust them.

We have another sword training session this morning, and even though Adam and I came to school together this morning, somehow, I'm once again late to class. I'm sure that he hasn't noticed since squealing girls are all around him, trying their best to get his attention, just like I remembered from the first day he got here. School was never this frustrating for me until now.

Our gazes lock, and my heart begins to beat faster than it's ever done before. It's like my body remembers so much about him. It wants to run to him. To hug Him. To kiss him. To never let him go.

He's gazing at me too, and I have to wonder if he feels anything like I do. Does he feel like he can't go without being next to me? Does he feel the heat and the desperation? Does he feel like he will die if he doesn't hold me soon? Does he feel anything at all? I wish I knew the answer to these questions, but I don't, and I don't think I ever will.

We are asked once again to stand in a line; everyone gets a chance to train with him, and since I'm late, I'm the last one.

"Pick up your sword Amiera." He orders me. I do as he says, not wanting a repeat of last time. I'm no longer trying to annoy him. "Tell me what you feel." He says as he walks towards me.

Why does he do that? Anytime he gets too close, I can't think clearly.

I try to think of something, anything to say, but nothing comes to mind. Why does he always ask me that question? Why does he always want to know what I feel?

"Tell me." He urges me. "I don't know," I mumble. "I can't really tell," I say in a defeated tone. What am I supposed to say? What was the right thing to say to him? "Class," he says. "Make a trip around the school and meet us back here."

I watch as everyone obeys him without asking any questions. Why would they? Everyone here worships the ground he walked on.

"Why did you do that?" I ask him. "Why did you ask them to leave?" "Because I want to be alone with you." He confesses. My lips part at his words. He wants to be alone with me? My heart does a little jump at his words.

"So that you can train better. Your mind seems to be far. I think the fewer people here, the more you'll be able to concentrate."

Oh. Why did he have to burst my bubble like that?

He comes behind me so that my body is pressed up to his. His hand glides down my arm, "now tell me, Amiera. What do you feel right now?" .

He doesn't want to know what I truly feel when he touches me like this. It may not be the answer that he's searching for.

"Close your eyes," he orders me. "Don't think. Just feel. Let your body take control, don't be afraid.

I close my eyes and do just like he tells me to. The feelings that bombard me are almost too much for me to bear. It shouldn't be this strong, yet it is.

"I feel like I know you," I whisper; I can't seem to stop myself from speaking the truth like this. Not when he told me to feel and not think about anything else! I feel like there is fire flowing through my veins and begging to be let free. I feel great sadness. I feel heartbroken over something, but I have no idea what it is. I feel terrified. I feel like my body is practically begging to be by your side, to feel every touch that you can give, to know what it's like to be kissed by you. To know what it's like to be beneath you...to hold you close to me and never let you go."

I gasp. What did I just do? What did I accidentally confess to Adam?

Why did I speak to him as I knew him? Like we were lovers? Like we've known each other all our lives?

Adam and I aren't even romantically involved, so why did I say things like that to him? It makes absolutely no sense to me.

Adam lets go of me, and the sword drops to the ground. He turns me around to face him, and I wince at the look on his face. He's definitely not happy with what I just had to say. Why would he be? He's here trying to teach me how to sword fight, and I'm daydreaming about being with him.

"You don't mean that." He snaps as he grabs my face roughly and faces me with a fierce look. "Stop those feelings. Don't wish for things that could never happen. I will bring you only pain. Stay away from me if you know what's good for you. Do you understand me?"

I'm taken aback by this sudden change in him. I'm not even sure that he's the same person that was just beside me. His eyes seem different for some reason. Like someone else has taken control of him.

Why does he think that he will bring me pain? I know that my life has been crazy since he entered the picture, but it's not like it's his fault. He isn't controlling my emotions, and he isn't the reason why my mom hid the truth from me.

So then, how can he hurt me? I don't think it's possible. I don't think he knows what he's speaking about.

"Why?" I ask him. "You've done nothing to me. Why should I stay away from you?" It's not like we could avoid each other while living in the same house either.

"Just stay away. And don't you dare f****g get any sort of feelings for me." He warns. "Pretend that we don't know each other. Pretend that we aren't living in the same house. Pretend that we aren't going to the same school. Do what you must to forget my existence."

My heart breaks at his words when they shouldn't. I watch as he pushes away from me and storms off in the opposite direction. What the hell just happened between us?

-ADAM

I throw some water over my face and stare at myself in the mirror. I did something alarming today, something that I've never experienced before.

It felt like I had no control over my body. Almost like I was speaking about something I've experienced before when I know that I haven't. I talked like someone who knew Amiera more than she knew herself. That was absurd. I barely knew the girl, and the little that I did know would not provide me with enough

But why did she say those things to me? Like we were lovers? And why did something inside of me tell me that we were? Ever since I first saw her, I haven't been able to get her out of my mind. I thought about her constantly, and no matter how hard I tried to push her out, I couldn't.

Whenever I saw her, I had this gut-wrenching pain in the pit of my stomach. Something was telling me to remember, to remember her, to reflect the pain, to place the happiness, to remember it all.

And why did I feel like time was running out on me?

Why did I say those things to Amiera today? I've been repeating this question in my head since it happened.

Why do I feel such a strong connection to her?

Why is it so hard to ignore her? Why can't I get her out of my f****g mind? And why can't stop thinking about touching her? Why do I want to do things to her that would be inappropriate, considering she's about to be my step-sister?

What the hell is going on with me?

I've had countless flings in the past but never a relationship. No woman ever made my heart move; no one had anything that made me want to take it any further than a physical relationship.

Then Amiera comes along, and I feel like I'm wrapped around her pretty little finger. It's hard to explain, but I think it's safe to say that I'm losing my f****g mind.

Amiera was right.

I wasn't a commoner.

My father and I are royals. Not many people know that my father took me away from the palace when I was just twelve. He didn't want me to go down the wrong path. They've been searching for us ever since, but we've been good at running from them. I changed schools more than anyone else did. We changed houses just as fast. It's something my father has kept from Amiera's mother, and it's something that he's asked me to keep from Amiera.

We aren't supposed to tell anyone; it's our secret because no one else must find this out. We've betrayed the rules by running from our duties. If they ever find us, the punishment we will face will be painful.

We have turned our backs on our kind, people, and kingdom. We were now traitors.

I don't blame my father for what he did. They were forcing us to do things that we didn't want to. My father was terrified of what would happen when they realized how powerful was. He made sure that I kept

that part hidden. He knew it was only a matter of time before they found out the extent of my power.

We knew what happened to the last person that showed so much power, that darkness consumed him so much that he hurt the people closest to him. And breaking the people he cared about in turn cost him his life when he couldn't accept what he did.

Ironically enough, his name was also Adam. I have no idea why they chose that name for me. All know is that I'm not about to make the same mistakes that he did.

So the first thing I must do, and will do, is stay the f**k away from Amiera.