

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend

Chapter 52

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~AMIERA~

“How dare you?” I demand.

He sighs and moves away from me. “Let this be a lesson to all of you. I’m not here to entertain your tantrums. I’m here to learn and teach you all at the same time. I also don’t see the need to paint one’s face

for practice either. Now I want everyone to pick up their swords and find a partner to practice with.”

Who does he think he is? Coming in here with his powerful presence, acting all superior and mighty like he owns this school or something. And then smearing my lip gloss? MY LIP GLOSS. I’m fuming.

So much that I feel a fire burning inside of me, it’s a weird feeling, really, but I ignore it. I was too preoccupied with being angry at him.

The rest of the class goes by quickly, with me glaring at him for most of the lesson. He didn’t pay me any attention again, and for some reason, it irritated my soul.

“Well, that was an interesting class,” Catherine beams next to me.*for more visit :- www.noveljar.com* “I have no idea what you see in him.” I snort.

So he was handsome and powerful, with an incredible body, but he was also arrogant and simply annoying.

She laughs, “he’s the first person in this school to not give in to your wants and need. Or should I say the first man? Maybe that’s why you’re so irritated with him. He called you out for your actions in the middle of class in front of so many students, so maybe he is a bit intimidating, but I also find him incredibly hot.”

Troll my eyes at her as we make our way into the cafeteria. Catherine was simply blind. And apparently, she can’t be the only one. Girls surround him in the cafe, offering to buy food and drinks for him. It was a rare sight to see; I’ve never seen them go this crazy over anyone before.

He doesn’t look like he’s enjoying the attention; however, if anything, he seems like he wants to get away from it all. Or maybe he’s just pretending not to like it.

One of the girls places her hand on his shoulder, rubbing it. My blood boils at the sight. It’s not something that should bother me in the least, but for some reason, it does. My hands tighten into fists at my sides, and my teeth grind against each other as I fight to clamp down on the anger within me.

Why does it feel like something frightening is racing through my veins? I clutch my stomach in pain, and I think something is terribly wrong with me. It feels like there is something deep in my belly that’s getting ready to break free.

And why does it all seem to be happening because of him? Adam.

Yes, that’s what he said his name was. Were his parents also fans of the flaming whisperer and the people that surrounded her? There weren’t many stories about Adam, only that he plotted to take over the world but was stopped by the flaming whisperer and her love for him. It was a tragic love story that ended in the death of both of them. I’ve never paid much attention to it, mostly because I’ve had to listen to those stories multiple times in my life just because my name was Amiera. People were fascinated that my mother had named me after our flaming whisperer, even though many others had that same name. It wasn’t an unusual thing at all, but people did annoy me when they brought it up each time I mentioned my name and had to introduce myself. I was even tempted to lie at times, to make up a name, anything not to

get the look that they always gave to me.

I turn my attention back to the man that has managed to annoy me more than any other person in my

He’s still standing in the middle of the cafeteria as more girls introduce themselves to him, one after the next they join the long line, not stopping even once. The line continues to move, and my heart continues to fume.

Why am I so angry about other girls flirting or talking to him?

“You okay?” Catherine asks me. “You look a little red and almost like you’re about to combust into flames.”

I freeze. Something is wrong, terribly wrong, especially when I smell fire. “Do you smell smoke?” I ask her. She gives me a puzzled look, “why on earth would I smell s—,” She’s cut off by a piercing scream followed by another and then another. “What the hell is happening?”*for more visit :- www.noveljar.com* Catherine asks before her eyes widen in horror. “OH. MY. GOD.”

I follow her gaze, and my earlier suspicions are confirmed. Fire. There is a raging fire, and it’s everywhere. The room is on bloody fire!

How the hell did that happen?

It’s not a small one either. We are all surrounded. And I’m not sure if there is anywhere to run and hide.

How are we going to escape this?

~ABIGAIL

It’s been nineteen years since I’ve lost my best friend. Nineteen excruciatingly painful years.

I couldn’t forget her; I couldn’t replace her. I missed her dearly every passing day. There is so much that I wanted to say to her. So many things have happened to me that I wished she was still here to tell it to. I’ve been alone all of these years, with no one by my side, no one to help with the pain of losing someone so close to me.

I stare at the statue of her; I’ve come to this place every single day since the day it was created because it made me feel closer to her. This entire museum was built just in her remembrance. Life has been hard ever since her death. I think it’s been difficult for everyone that was close to her. So many things had changed since then; there was more of a sad atmosphere in our kingdoms now. I don’t think anyone has fully recovered from her loss. The nation had lost the flaming whisperer, for crying out loud, and I had

lost my closest friend.

The fire fairy festival didn’t continue until three years after her death. They were once again searching for a flaming whisperer. They didn’t realize that there was only one, and no one would ever be able to take her place. I didn’t believe that they would ever find a flaming whisperer again.

Besides losing my best friend, there were many other hardships that I had to face along the way. There were many things that my parents hid from me, many things that they still hid from me. They won’t talk to me; they won’t tell me the truth no matter how I begged them.

I turn away from the statue and stare at myself in the mirror. I have not aged; I still look the same way I did when Amiera and I became best friends.

I knew something was wrong then. I knew that I couldn’t be just a damn fire whisperer. I didn’t know of a single fire whisperer that didn’t age except maybe the flaming whisperer, but Amiera never lived for us to find out.

parents, that they’ve always been away so much because of me; because they were trying to find ways to protect me, to hide who I am from everyone.

But who am I exactly? Who exactly was I? *for more visit :- www.noveljar.com* Why were my parents so hell-bent on keeping this secret from everyone, even from me? I sigh and take a walk around the museum. I stop by a beautiful painting of Amiera. I miss you. I miss you so much. I wish that I can see you again. I’ll do anything to see you again.