

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend

Chapter 56

Chapter 56

“Shouldn’t you have locked the door if you were inside?” He asks as he ignores me in my towel and walks inside.

I snap my lips tightly together and show him the finger. His back is to me now, and I gasp when I see him pulling his t-shirt off his body.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” I demand. The last time he did something like that, I completely lost my mind. I didn’t want to get lost in that scar on his chest for a second time. Something happened to me whenever I saw it. I couldn’t risk that, especially not when we were alone, and my mother was supposedly getting married to his father.

“Taking a shower,” he tells me as his hands go to unbutton his jeans.

I swallow, and my eyes widen when he doesn’t stop, not even when he unzips the damn thing. Did he not respect the woman inside here with him, me?

He pauses and finally turns to look at me. My body turns to stone when he walks over to me so that our bodies are inches apart. His chest is staring straight at me, and I try my best not to look at the scar again.

“Are you just going to stand there in your towel and watch me undress?” He asks. Why does his voice seem so familiar to me? Why do I want to listen to him over and over again? What

ave with Adam?Twish someone could tell me. Even like this, when he’s next to me, I keep thinking that this isn’t the first time. I keep thinking that my body wants to hold him close and never let go. These feelings are driving me insane since it shouldn’t be this way. Lord knows how much this man irritates me, so even the thought of me ever wanting him sounds ridiculous in my head.

“Why do I feel like I know you?” I whisper before I can stop myself.

Why does my heart feel like it’s in tears whenever I’m this close to you? I don’t ask that second question aloud, but I want to. There are so many questions that I want to ask, but I’m too scared that I’ll sound crazy for asking them.

Adam steps closer to me and leans me up against the bathroom counter. His hands are placed on the mirror behind me, and I gasp when his arms brush the sides of my breasts. Even that touch feels so familiar to me.

Suddenly, I’m dying to be held by him, to feel his lips on mine. I’m not sure if he’s feeling the same way as me, but he isn’t saying anything at all.

“Amiera?”

TJump when I hear my mother call my name. I step away from Adam and run out of the bathroom before she can see us like this together.

What just happened between us?

My skin still tingled, and lord knows how much I wanted him to kiss me in there. My mother finds me in my towel and possibly shaking head to toe.

“What’s wrong with you?” She asks me. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” I shiver some more, “it’s nothing.”

I don’t wait for her to ask any more questions as I rush to my room. After dressing, I pick up my sketchbook from one of the unpacked boxes, and my hands are trembling as I turn the pages, one after the next. eyes are iaential to the eyes i’ve been sketching since i was a child. HOW is that even possible!

How can I sketch the eyes of someone years before I even met them?

There is a knock on my door, and I drop the sketchbook onto the ground. The knob turns, and standing right there is Adam. There is no denying it as I stare into his gorgeous grey eyes; I’ve definitely drawn them multiple times before in the past.

“You forgot something in the bathroom,” he tells me as he holds something in his hand. I narrow my eyes before I realize what it is.

Igasp, and my mouth drops open at the realization. He has my panties between his fingers, and he’s swinging them in front of me.

Trush to take it away from him, “What the hell is wrong with—,”

I don’t get to finish when my foot connects with the edge of a chair, and my body barrels straight into Adam’s.

His hands grip my hips, and I pull his towel wrapped around his waist to help find my balance. Adam tries to hold onto the door for support, but he misses, and we both go crashing to the ground.

My lips touch his from the fall, and sparks go off in my head. I stop breathing for a second, and the feelings that flow through me almost send me into another world. Suddenly, another image cuts through my thoughts. It’s a vision of the man I saw before, with black hair who looked just like Adam. He’s with the girl again, and they’re in a shower this time. He’s running his hand down her body, and I almost felt like he’s touching me also by touching her; it’s like I can feel every emotion that she’s feeling.

I cry out as though I’m in pain from the memories.

Adam cups my cheeks in his hands, “hey!” He tries to catch my attention, “What’s wrong? Did you hurt yourself?”

I blink up at him, and with his touch, the visions disappear, at least for now. I stare at him; his hair is wet and still dripping with water, water that’s leaking down his beautiful face. I want to reach forward and touch it, but I force myself not to.

I’ve been doing too much lately, things that didn’t make any sense to me. I had to find a way to put a stop to whatever this was that was happening to my body, especially whenever I was near him. There had to be an explanation, but I didn’t think I was ready for it yet. I don’t know if I’ll ever be prepared for it. All i know is that right now; I’m not.

It’s only then that I realize that Adam is naked beneath me. The towel on the floor next to us confirms that for me. I press my hands to his bare chest to try and get up, but I only slip and fall harder against him. My cheeks turn red as I realize where he’s positioned beneath my body.

My attempt to get away is more desperate this time, but again, I only fall straight back down on his wet, naked body.

“Stop. f****g. Moving.” Adam growls.

He closes his eyes for a few seconds, and it looks as though he’s fighting for control. What could he possibly be trying to control right now?

He lets out a heavy breath and grips my waist tightly before picking me up and lifting both of us off the ground. I know that my entire body must be red from embarrassment right now. I try my best to look everywhere but at his naked body.

He bends down and grabs his towel off the ground. Igasp when I feel him behind me a few seconds later. Why hadn’t he left as yet?

He looks down at something over my shoulder, “are you sketching my eyes now?” He whispers,

“Are you crazy?” I ask him. “Why on earth would I be sketching you?”

He moves away from me and walks out of my room. “I guess I’m seeing things now, aren’t i?”

I fold my arms and watch him leave. As soon as he’s out of sight, I slam the door shut and make sure to lock it this time.

How could one person come into my life and turn it upside down in the matter of one day?

I jump up and down like a crazy person from the embarrassment of it all. First, I left my underwear in the bathroom with him, then I fell on top of him, and even pulled his towel off his lower body! Not to mention I felt something; he was packed down there. And I don’t even think that he was aroused.

If he could notice that I sketched his eyes, who else would? It just proved that I was right all along; I drew his eyes when I was younger. Things were getting stranger and stranger with each passing second

So many weird things happened today that I’m tempted to believe that all of this is just some crazy dream, and I’m about to wake up from it any second now.

Then there were those weird visions; they were beginning to haunt me. I couldn’t get those images out of my head. Who was that man that looked just like Adam? And who was the girl that was always with him?

I can’t do this right now. I can’t think about these things. I had other things to study. Like my mother marrying a man, I knew nothing about. How well did we even know Adam and his father?

I sigh.

I would have to wait until tomorrow to get my answers; for now, I would get some sleep and try to forget about what happened today. The many things that happened today.

.....

“Amiera?” My mother shouts my name. I feel my body shake and open my eyes to see her right next to me, above the bed.

“Mom?”

“You need to wake up and have some breakfast with the family,” she tells me. “Henry and I are leaving for work in a few minutes. You and Adam will have the house to yourselves. Hopefully, it would give you time to get to know each other better.”

That completely wakes me up. I’m out the bed faster than my mother can repeat my name.

What was she thinking, leaving me in a house alone with him? I barely knew the man. And just yesterday, many strange things happened to me while being next to him. I couldn’t trust myself in a house alone with him.

“Mother,” I say. “Do you need to go to work today? Why don’t you stay home and celebrate moving into this house?”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart, today is an important day for me at work. I can’t stay home.” She offers me an apology.

I clench my jaw and try to remain calm. It’s not like I can tell my mother what happened yesterday.

After breakfast, she leaves me behind, just like she said earlier. I’m left with Adam alone in this big house. Just the thought of it sends my body into a panic mood. What am I supposed to do? I considered calling Catherine and bringing her over, but then I remembered that she texted me yesterday, letting me know that she would be out with her family for the entire day. I couldn’t ask her to skip that because of whatever strange things were happening between Adam and me. Instead, i rush to my room and lock myself in. I wasn’t about to let a repeat or yesterday happen again. I was not one to cower easily, but things were a bit too weird for me to handle. I was also a bit terrified of my own feelings. I didn’t feel like myself whenever I was around him. I felt like someone else was controlling my emotions around him, and I wasn’t sure how to explain it to anyone. I don’t think anyone would understand the way that I felt. I worked too hard to make a name for myself at school. I couldn’t let these events give me a bad name. Hopefully, if I avoided Adam enough, I would be able to survive this semester.

I hear laughter coming from downstairs, and it stirs my interest. Who could be down there? I thought Adam and I were supposed to be alone in the house today? It’s been less than an hour since my mother and his father left for work. Was it possible that they forgot something and came back for it?

I slowly opened the room door and listened some more; maybe I had made a mistake. But then there it is again-the sound of a female’s laughter. The voice irritates my ear for some reason. I tiptoe down the stairs, careful not to make any noises. I didn’t want to alert anyone. I wanted to see what all the laughter was about.

I’m at the last step now, and the laughter is getting louder. I’m positive now that this isn’t someone know or want to know, for that matter. The girl’s voice was highly annoying.

Ignore that thought and follow the sound untill reach the entertainment room. I peek inside and am surprised by what I see.

What the hell?

Adam had a girl over in the house? She was nestled against his arms, and they were watching some weird movie on the screen-nothing I’ve seen before or want to see.

Why on earth would he have someone over and not have the courtesy to tell me about it? Oh right, this isn’t my house, he can do as he pleases.

Still, I’m pissed. Who the hell was she? I’ve never seen her around before. Did she happen to go to his last school?