

My Best Friend Stole My Royal Boyfriend

Chapter 58

Chapter 58

She smiles, “he’s already agreed. You’ll be in his car; Henry and I will be in a different vehicle. It should give you more bonding time.”

Bonding time? My mother didn’t know what she was speaking about or encouraging, for that matter. The bonding between Adam and me isn’t the kind of bonding you see between siblings.

I packed my bags, just in case I wanted to go for a swim. A few minutes later and we are on our way to the lake. As usual, Adam and I are barely speaking to each other. He hasn’t said a single word to me.

I play with my fingers in my lap, “who was that girl from earlier?” I break the silence with a question bugging me since earlier.

I don’t want to care, but I do. He doesn’t have to know why I’m asking; he could think I’m curious. He quirks a brow, “why do you ask?” I cross my arms over my chest, “forget that I asked. It’s not important.”

“She’s someone from my past school. You wouldn’t be seeing her around again.” He finally responds.

Wouldn’t be seeing her around again? Could it be that he dated her and chose this morning to break it off? I want to ask, but I don’t want him to think I’m invested in his relationships.

“How far are we from the lake?” I ask him. – There are many other questions I have for him, but I’m waiting for the right moment to ask them. “Are you that impatient?” He answers my question with one of his own. I roll my eyes, “of course not. It was a simple question.” I’m about to say something else when a building comes into my view.

“Isn’t this…”

“The school that all royals attend.” He says before I can finish the question. “Yes, it is.”

My lips part, and I feel a weird pain in my chest, the same kind that I felt whenever I was close to Adam. It wasn’t as strong, but it made me feel uncomfortable.

“It’s so unfair; why do they have the best schools when commoners don’t,” I mumble.

He gives me a sideways glance, “it sounds to me like you have something against the royals. Most people worship them; what’s your issue?”

I laugh, “my issue? They don’t care about anyone but themselves. Where do you ever see them doing anything to better our lives? We’re the ones giving everything to serve them. It should be the other way around. I don’t know why they don’t use their power for good instead of bad.”

He shrugs his shoulders, “it depends on how you look at it. They have those schools because they’re training to protect those who can’t protect themselves. Not all of them only care about themselves. Don’t judge everyone badly because of one or two.”

“Are you defending them?” I ask him. He doesn’t answer me. Instead, he pulls into a road that goes into the forest. “We’re almost there.” In a few minutes, he stops the vehicle. His dad and my mom are not here yet; it’s just the two of us for

now. seen Derore.

“How did you find this place?” I ask him. “It’s beautiful.” ;

He nods and takes a look around him; I can see that this place brings him great peace, “I stumbled upon it one day while exploring the forest. Something about this place always brought me back to it. I don’t

think it’s just the beauty of it. I feel connected to it somehow.”

My heart thuds in my chest. It’s the first time he’s opened up about something like this to me. But that’s not what has me in so much shock. It’s the fact that I feel the same way. I feel connected to this place somehow. Like this isn’t my first time here when I know that I haven’t been here before, not even once in my life. This is the kind of place you just couldn’t forget.

“Did you date that woman?” I ask him. “Are you the type of man that sleeps around? How many women have you been with already? Did you love any of them?” The questions keep flowing from me, and I

can’t seem to stop them. I want to hear that he hasn’t loved anyone before. I want to hear that no woman has ever been able to satisfy him.

Why does it matter so much to me? I have no clue. But I wait for him to give me an answer. His eyes flash and pin me against the tree. For a moment, I can’t move, just let him stare at me.

And then he begins to move until he’s crossed the distance between us, and he’s looming over me with his big muscular body.

He c***s his head to the side and studies me with that intense gaze that leaves my knees weak and shaky.

“I think those are very personal questions to be asking someone that you barely know.”

“Maybe I want to know you. Maybe I want to know every part of you. Maybe I want to know why on earth I feel this way.”

He draws in a sharp breath.

He must think that I am crazy, but I think I’m okay with him thinking that way. As long as I got the answers to my questions, I would feel embarrassed afterward.

“You’re different.” He says suddenly. “Excuse me?”

What was that supposed to mean? Was that his way of distracting me from my questions yet again?

“You’re unlike any woman I’ve ever met before.” He elaborates. “Is that a good thing or a bad thing?” “I’m still trying to figure that part out.” He says as though deep in thought.

“Do you think I started the fire in the cafeteria?” I murmur. It’s the question I’ve been dying to ask, and I finally built up the courage to do it.

His eyes narrow slightly, “I don’t think. I know you are responsible for it.” “How is that possible?” I ask him. “I’m a commoner; you saw it for yourself.”

“I’m also trying to figure that out.” He answers honestly. At least, I think that he’s being honest. I’m still not sure how he figured it was me that started it, to begin with. It would mean that he wasn’t just some average commoner. But I guess I already knew that he was different from the men I was used to meeting

“Do you think that you can teach me how to use it?” I ask him. “What makes you think that I know how to teach you?” he asks me.

He was also good at teaching my body how to ache for him.

I don’t say that out loud, but I feel it in my belly. Being this close to him doesn’t go unnoticed by my stupid hormones.

His hands reach forward and gently strokes the side of my arm. “W-what are you doing?” I stutter. “Teaching you.” He says. His voice was thick. “What does touching me have anything to do with teaching me?” I ask him.

“I’m not sure.” He answers. “I just know that this is what has to be done. I have to touch you. I need to touch you. It’s the only way.”

I gasp when he leans his head to the side and brings his face close to my neck. I can hardly breathe when he blows on the skin there.

“Did you bring clothes to change?” He asks me.” I nod my head; I cannot form any words when he’s this close to me. “Good.”

I don’t have time to prepare myself when he grips my waist and jumps into the lake with the both of

us.

I wrap my arms around his neck and hold onto him tightly.

“What-”

“Shh,” he shushed me. “I need you to feel. Not think. Feel.”

Our gazes lock. I do feel. I feel his big, strong hands on my waist, his chest pressed against mine, his leg between my thighs. I feel more than my body can take.

I can’t stop myself when I place my hands on his cheek, rubbing on it. He’s breathing hard, like me. “Throw your head back,” he orders.

I go to protest, but from the look on his eyes, I know not to. I was the one who asked to be trained. I had to listen to his commands.

I do as he says and push my head backward so that my hair is all over the water and my breasts are perked upwards towards the sky.

I feel his finger trail down my neck, and I’m having problems breathing again. And then I feel something that I shouldn’t.

His lips are on my neck, and I think I’m about to lose my mind. It shouldn’t feel this good. Something this wrong should not feel this right.

It’s just one soft kiss. Not two or three or multiple kisses. One bloody kiss, and it has set my body on fire. I’m burning everywhere.

And then he begins to nibble on the same spot.

I don’t have time to recover when his hands begin to travel down my body-starting from the sides of my breast to my waist, my hips, and then my thighs. His hands-on my body is causing both fire and coolness. That makes no sense, yet it does!

His hand moves up my dress, up my thighs, passing the one place that’s throbbing for him. He stops by my belly button and gently strokes it. I didn’t think such a simple touch would se it did. I’m writhing with need and… Fire. Fire feels like it’s rushing through my veins. It’s stronger than before, much, much stronger. I’m drowning in this fire. I’m drowning in his touch. I feel drugged.

Drunk. I feel drunk on him.

My hands are on his hair now, pulling on it. I lift my head, desperate to be closer to him. And I buried my nose in his hair and did something I didn’t even realize I wanted to.

Tinhale. I’m breathing in his scent and taking it all in. And now my clothes aren’t the only things that are soaking wet.

Adam’s hand gently strokes the side of my breasts, and I can’t even explain what happens next. Something shoots out of me. I don’t know how to explain it, but it’s fast and strong.

Oh my God.

The tree is on fire. I SET A TREE ON FIRE! My hands tighten around Adam’s neck in horror. What are we supposed to do now? We can’t just leave a tree on fire! Maybe we didn’t think this through properly, to begin with. I’m about to let go of Adam to try and help when something unusual happens.

A powerful darkness whooshes past me and consumes the fire, making it disappear like it wasn’t even there in the first place.

I’m frozen for a good few seconds. Unsure of what was going on. What the hell was that? I stare at Adam in disbelief as something finally clicks in my head. “You’re not a commoner, are you?” I demand.