If this note posts and ya'll are wondering why it says "Retry" in the title, it's because I've posted this chapter so many times and IT'S STILL not getting reviewed. I have probably waited a month or two for this to get reviewed if ur reading this in the future T-T. So anyways, this chapter is very cringy (specifically the one in Ethan's pov) and part 2 will be later! I have already finished writing it, but I'm waiting for this one to post first, so you get the chapters in order. Toodle loos!!!!!!!!

Tony (Flashback still)

I gently set her on the ground and held my hands up.

"I didn't do anything, Sir," I slowly said. "I found her in the woods and I thought she needed help." Most of that was true. I technically did find her in the woods, but not really.

The police quickly shuffled past me to get to the girl.

One police officer gasped. He was holding up one eyelid to study her eyes. "She... she has blue eyes!" Another one scoffed. "That's impossible."

"No look!"

All of them gasped at the same time.

"Get her to the King at once!" An officer said, probably the chief. "And you, Mister, you are coming with us," he said to me.

The chief grabbed my hand and yanked me back to the group.

"Barry!" He barked to a dirty blonde boy, probably about seventeen years old. His facial features pulled back into a scared frown, his forehead scrunching. He had the lightest shade of purple eyes I have ever seen, like a lighter version of lavender.

"Yes chief?" He asked nervously.

"Take us to the palace AT ONCE!" The angry man yelled.

"Y-yes sir!" Barry stated. The chief squeezed my hand even tighter than he was already, which I thought was not possible. He looked me into the eyes and glared at me, and I realized he was probably just a grumpy guy. I also took note of his dark red eyes, making him look even scarier.

Another man, roughly about 90 years old from what I could tell, with vibrant red messy hair and brown eyes gently gripped my other hand while the chief counted down. My wife picked up the girl I found, and a man with chocolate-brown hair and pure black pupils wearing a wrinkled police officer uniform put his stern grip on my wife's shoulder and put his other hand on Barry. The other men held onto us by our shoulders, making us stand in a double layered circle.

"3. 2. 1. NOW!" Barry teleported us to a place I have only seen once before in real life, but MANY times in pictures.

It was a ginormous building, complete with connected ornate quartz columns alongside a large, white staircase leading into a beautiful tower. The walls of the tower shimmered with all kinds of color, with red, purple, orange, and colors I have never seen before, stained glass covering more than half of the whole building. The tower looked like the length and width of a football field, and at the top, which was the height of around 50 stories, a triangle shaped roof slanted down. The palace stood in the middle of a grassy field clearing.

Looking around to our surroundings, I see that we are surrounded by the beautiful nature of a forest, twisting and turning vines, wildflowers dotting the place in peculiar spots, the brown trunk of trees, and green, green, green. The sunlight streaming onto the gaps in the forest made the place look magical, with tiny little glimmering particles floating around in the air, like microscopic bubbles.

This is a perfect place for a greenie. I look at the other police officers, taking note of two green eyed men. They had a relaxed facial expression, their mouths tilted up in a half smile. The greenies always had a special connection with nature.

The red-haired guy let go of my hand and inched away. His features twisted into a nervous scowl, but his brown eyes were twinkling with humor. He looked like a fun guy. I was about to wonder why he was

acting like he was scared of me, a normal guy, when he glanced shortly at the chief, understanding my questioning glance. Oh.

The chief dragged me to the palace. His grip was so strong, I'm sure I was going to get a bruise later. He roughly yanked me up the steps, me stumbling on the slippery steps so often that he was almost carrying all my weight. The chief let me go at the top of the stairs after about a minute of this.

I basically collapsed. My legs were burning from all that slipping, and I put my hands out to gain my balance and get my bearings. Then, I slowly rose back to my feet, dusting imaginary dust off of my pants before fully standing up. I looked at the chief with a silent question, asking what to do now.

"Come," he said less sternly then before. I mindlessly followed him, wondering why I was there and who the girl was that I found in the woods. All the other officers followed me, and we walked in through the double doors that had opened when we reached the front of the palace.

Ethan

Note: This is Ethan's POV for what happened after they left Asher :D Also, get ready for a <u>cringe-fest</u> :) Cause I'm definitely cringing and I WROTE THIS

"What were you thinking?!?!?!?! First you go JOIN the humans, then you go teleport there, and THEN YOU CRUSH ON ONE?" I yelled at Luna. "They're our enemies! Not friends."

In all honesty, I didn't really care that she went to the human world. But the fact that she acted all fluttery and innocent around a guy we JUST met made me burst.

"I DON'T KNOW WHY! You can't control what I do. Okay? It's MY. CHOICE!" She replied back.

I took a step back. I didn't know she was going to yell back at me. "Well you can't blame me for trying to protect you!"

"I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP! Now BACK OFF!" She screamed, tears rolling down her face.

I stopped breathing for a second and felt a bunch of emotions swell up inside me. The most prominent one was hurt. I was hurt that she didn't need my help. I knew she didn't, because she's an independent person, and she doesn't rely on me. But I wish deeply that she did rely on me.

Another emotion, buried deep down, was love. That's right. I didn't mean to hurt her, it's just because I love her so much. I'm... I'm in love with her. And I couldn't help thinking about how pretty she looked even with tears streaming down her cheeks. I shoved the feeling down and ran my hand through my hair.

"I- I just wanted," I started. I just wanted to do a lot of things. I wanted to explain everything, my feelings for her, why I'm protecting her, why I'm so close to tears. But most of all, all I wanted to do was step closer to her, to get her all fluttery. To just tell her, I can't wait anymore.

"No. We're not talking about this anymore. Go away." She stated, her face set stone hard. Then she looked down, studying her shoes like they're the most fascinating thing in the universe.

Why can't you understand! I wanted to scream. Don't you see that- that... Wait a second. Am I about to cry...?

"I-," I started, deciding that I'm ready to explain everything. She glared at me, probably thinking I was going to argue back at her. I change what I was about to say. She probably wouldn't take my confession well when she's in a mood.

"Okay," I whisper softly, not trusting myself to talk. I turn, wanting to get out of there before I actually cry. But I can't just leave her. "Wait, umm, where are you going to stay?" Please decide to stay at my house. I can't bear to be alone with my dad right now. And I can't bear to leave you. [*Cringe* Why did I write this???? Like actually tho...]

"I'll figure it out," she responded, her tone set and hard. She brushed a strand of her hair out of her eyes and tucked it behind her ear. I couldn't help but stare at her movements. She realized I was staring and raised an eyebrow.

Without my consent, a single tear passed through all my walls I put up to hide away my real emotions. I quickly wiped it away. Shoot.

"Are... are you okay?" She asked me, concerned. I love it when she get concerned for me, but this time, I really need to change the topic. "Yeah. Everything's o-," I rush to say but then stop when she snatches my wrist. She grips it tightly, and I flinch. It brings back memories from the last time I saw my mom.

"Look Ethan. I'm sorry. I'm just in a mood right now." Obviously. "But that's not the point. Are you okay? Is something going on at home?" She asks me softly. I can barely hear her. Because my mind is too caught up in a flashback.

[Mwahahahahahah >:)] Part 2 will be later!!!!!!! (Sorry about this chapter guys, I'm too lazy to fix it.)