

I stepped out of the passenger car door, took in a deep breath, and braced myself for the guaranteed chaos to come.

I glared at Kayden one last time, smirking at his "cool" face he put on when in reality was probably as nervous as a crowd of frightened porpoises (you know, because he looks like an ugly version of a porpoise?... sorry, bad analogy), before walking slowly towards the building.

It was a grand school, the large double doors at least two times my height (Just kidding, I meant I almost hit my head on the top because, of course, I'm a giant) and the main building the size of a football field and tennis courts combined. There were a couple buildings branching out from the main one, and according to the pictures I saw when stalking the school online, there were more buildings behind the view that my beautiful, enviable eyes could see.

No, I'm not self-centered, what are you talking about?

I curled my lips into a half smile as I took in the sight that would soon become my kingdom after all of its residents fall in love with me, because I'm *that* cool.

In all honesty, I would probably rule this school for a different reason, whether accidentally or not.

My smile faltered as I pursed my lips, sighing when I came to a realization that I've told myself many-a-times before.

Being famous is not easy.

I know I sound like a complete brat when I say this, but the media following your every move and people stalking you to know everything about you can be a *little* disorienting.

Just a little.

Kayden rudely interrupted my thoughts for a second time today. "Are you done staring at the building depressingly, or do you need another minute?"

I could almost *hear* the smirk in his voice.

I licked my dry lips and mentally prepared myself to act like I owned the place as I walk in. I rolled my eyes as I turned to face my dear brother, holding up my pointer finger and then sticking it in his face.

"You better not be mean to me, because you know who the world loves better." I narrowed my eyes.

He snorted. "Yeah, no. I'm sure most of your 'fans' only follow you to catch sight of me." He brushed his hair away from his eyes so weirdly, I cringed.

Okay, that might be slightly true, but I honestly don't know what people find in my brother. Sure, he's "hot" and "fine" according to other people (*cough* mostly girls *cough*), but I'm even *more* hot and fine, considering I got more of my mom's genes than him.

Looks *and* smarts. He got more of my dad's, and *oh*, let's *not* mention him.

"Let's go, dummy." I scoffed, motioning to the door that I know he's scared to go through.

He snickered, "Is that the best insult you could come up with?"

His smirk grew when I didn't reply. "Aww, baby Leah's still scared of cursing, *oh the horror*." He mocked while screwing his face up into what I think is supposed to be a representation of a baby.

He looked more like a blobfish to me.

I took a deep breath to calm myself before I brutally murder him. "No, but actually, do you think I should have brought someone with us to... *protect* me?"

By protect I mean guard me while my fangirls (and boys, you never know) bombard me and try to touch me (not in *that* way, you should probably go and wash your minds).

He flickered his eyes toward me. "I think the first day's fine, but after that, you probably need to get a bodyguard of some sort once the press finds out where you are."

For the second time today, I agreed with him.

Something's definitely wrong with me today.