Here yall!

:D

CHAPTER 1: RB (Random Book [I'll think of a name later])

## Luna

"P-please," I begged. Why weren't anyone listening to me? "Please just let me explain."

"Explaining as in lying like you always do?" Liam scoffed. "When will you ever tell the truth? You're a liar and a traitor."

I turned to Ethan. "Please, please listen to me. Hear me out!" I pleaded.

His glistening purple eyes glanced away. "There's nothing I can do for you. You got yourself in this situation." I've never heard him in such a harsh tone before while speaking to me.

"I had to do it! I really did!" I shrieked.

My best friend, Cora, angrily turned to look at me in my eyes. "You should leave! Go away and never come back."

"Please!" I repeated, " I had to-,"

"Save your breath," my adoptive dad, Tony, told me, "No one's going to listen to you because you are a liar. A traitor. A monster! So GO AWAY!" He boomed, his eyes full of anger.

I felt tears stream down my cheeks. My friends and family were angry. Not even angry. Betrayed and disgusted by me. I was a threat to them, and it didn't even matter if I'd known them my whole life.

I backed into a corner, them pressing in a tight half circle around me. I looked to left and right, but there was no where to run.

I sank into the floor, hugging my knees as the pushed on. Tears falling down my chin as they moved closer. Why couldn't they understand? I did nothing wrong! I just wanted to protect them. They threatened to hurt everyone I loved. That's why I'm doing it.

That's why I'm joining the enemy.

## Ethan

I can't believe she would do such a thing. Joining the enemy? That's the most stupid decision she's ever had. I don't think I'll ever forgive her for that.

I've known Luna basically my whole life. Since I was three. We were best friends, spending every possible time together, chasing each other around the neighborhood, telling each other our deepest secrets. That's when I noticed that Luna was not normal.

Of course, she looked normal. Better than normal. As soon as I turned old enough to understand what was going on, I started falling for her. The way her sky blue eyes lit up as she laughed. The way her dark brown hair glowed in the sun. The crinkles between her eyebrows when she was stressed. Her whole face was beautiful because it was imperfect. One eye a little bigger than the other. Her lips naturally forming a half smile.

But she'll never know. She's way too oblivious to find out on her own, and I won't tell her. I can't stand to watch as her smile slowly leaves her face when she registers my words. Mumbling words that she's sorry. Our friendship tie disappearing.

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I won't let that happen. I'll keep being her best friend, never telling her my feelings. But I guess I