

In Love With My Best Friend Chapter 19

Leo

I didn't feel like going out of my room. Seeing her, and not being able to be with her is pure torture. It reminded me of the raging desire that burnt in my heart. Her scent drove me crazy. I wanted to do nothing except bury my face in her hair and kiss every inch of her. I woke up late, yet I was still in my bed. Xander had called me earlier but I just told him that I wanted to sleep in. I didn't want to go out.

I wasn't hungry and had no interest in socialising. I yearned for her, the girl of my dreams.

Since it was a Saturday, we didn't have our regular training session, so we were allowed to rest. I grimaced at the ceiling. Maybe that was what I should do. Rest.

I sighed and looked at my phone. I wanted to call her, but what was I going to say? I opened our chat log several times, typed down a message and deleted it before hitting send.

It was a bad idea to contact her. I didn't want to distract her from her work. She was most probably working hard with the other members of her council. And from what I heard, I can say that the matter was extremely risky. They still had a lot of work to do and a lot to find out.

My phone rang and I groaned. I wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone. Anyway, I picked it up and took a look at the screen. When I saw that it was mom who was calling me, I answered.

"Hey, honey. I'm at the palace," her message was simple.

Did she come here unannounced? I perked up. That's a lovely surprise!

"Mom? You are here?" I sat up, suddenly feeling better.

"Yes, dear. We just arrived. We are in the Queen's office. Why don't you come here?" She suggested.

"Sure," I grinned from ear to ear and dashed towards the bathroom to freshen up. It has been a while since we last saw each other. I always loved the times

they visited us. We would spend the whole day together and it would always be a wonderful occurrence.

I hastily brushed my teeth and wore the first set of clean clothes I could find and dashed towards the Queen's office. As usual, I was allowed in when I knocked on the door.

To my surprise, along with my mom and dad, my grandfather sat inside the Queen's office.

"Take a seat, Leo," the Queen smiled.

I felt that something was up. Wondering if the Queen had told mom and dad about Astrea and I, I timidly sat down.

"There is something we need to discuss with you. That is the reason I asked you all to be here today," she said, looking at my parents.

I gulped.

"We sent our young council on a mission and from what they found out, I think there was some wizardry involved. The rogues seemed to have mentioned something about a blood moon. Elliot and I couldn't think of any connection between us and the blood moon," the Queen shook her head, frowning.

"Perhaps you might know something?" She asked, looking at mom and grandpa.

Relief washed over me. So this wasn't about my little situation. I glanced at mom who was in deep thought. Shaking her head, she glanced at grandpa, who was slumped in his seat, tapping his feet on the tiles of the floor.

"I don't know... dad? Are you aware of anything like that?"

Grandpa remained silent, seemingly thinking about what he had heard.

"What exactly did they hear from the rogues?" He asked, turning to the Royals.

"Something like having to wait for the blood moon for their secret weapon to be fully prepared," Sir Elliot explained.

Grandpa nodded. "Sounds like some magic is involved, but that isn't something we practice. We might be able to find something in the books. My mom might know something. She knows about a lot of ancient spells, some of which we don't use anymore. I will take a look at the books I have. But I really think my mom would know better," he said.

The Queen nodded her head.

"Let's call her?" Mom said, taking her phone.

I remained silent as they discussed the issue over the phone. We were told that there was an ancient ritual that the old wizards performed that involved the blood moon. But it was a forbidden tradition, since the victim's blood would be used to do it. Only the disobedient wizards who practiced dark arts performed the ritual even back then. However, as time passed, the ritual had been forgotten about. The dark wizards slowly decreased in number and they soon forgot about it, except a few, like my great-grandma.

When mom asked her about the motive behind such a ritual, she simply told us that it was used to get help from the evil spirits on that night and form forbidden bonds.

I grimaced. Forbidden bonds. That sounded disastrous. It was called dark arts for a reason. I suppose there would be worse rituals than that. Like those who could kill innocents with the help of evil spirits.

Anyway, I was glad that the population of dark wizards had declined. Otherwise, it would have been troublesome.

"But you know what?" Great grandma said before ending the call.

"If you have heard such things from a scoundrel, I think we all should be prepared for the worst. The disobedient, dark wizards are fewer in number, but they aren't extinct. They might just team up with the rogues. They may be of different species, yet somehow their thoughts are compatible," she warned.

"So this means we must expect the rogues to be using dark magic against us?" Mom questioned.

"They might, yes," she said.

The call ended. Silence followed as everyone stared at the Queen blankly. I suppose no one expected to hear that. The Queen heaved a shaky breath.

“We... would need all the help we can get,” she said.

Mom shifted in her seat. “We have battled against magic, but dark arts?” She looked at grandpa and the Queen. “What do you think?”

“I am ready to help. I am going to study the books mom gave me years ago. I will try to find out more,” grandpa assured.

“I am sure Amelia also will be a great help. If we must, we will ask for help from the Wizard King. This is worse than I thought it was.”

The Queen looked at us.

“I hope we can find out something from the lad the girls brought in. He is slowly recovering and the healers think he will wake up soon,” she explained.

“Are they with them?” I blurted out.

Nodding her head, “Yes. Sarah and Astrea are with them.”

I pursed my lips. I really should visit him. I shouldn't avoid them just because I found it hard to control myself around Astrea. Resolving to go to the infirmary after spending some time with my parents, I listened to what the Queen had to say.

“We can and we will succeed,” she asserted and glanced at me.

“Leo,” she sighed. “I am sorry. We didn't expect the discussion to be this intense when mom called you. Hope that didn't scare you,” she explained.

“No, I am not scared. In fact, I want to join this quest and beat the bad guys. I won't back down when our territory is in danger,” I voiced my affirmation.

Smiling, she nodded her head. “I can always count on you all,” she said.

“That's all. Thanks. We have to find more information on the secret weapon,” pursing her lips, she shook her head in disbelief. “I am now doubtful if this could be the work of Calvin. Because apparently, dark wizards are involved, and some vials too. Whatever they are planning, it is going to be tremendous.”

“We are preparing the troops. The warriors must be ready for a surprise attack. We don’t know when they will attack,” Sit Elliot frowned. “They might be suspicious that we are spying on them. Astrea and the gang had busted one of their hideouts in the woods, in addition to executing a group of rogues. They might not know who did it, but I’m almost sure they would suspect us,” he added.

“Why?” The Queen asked.

“They are rogue wolves. And they are in our kingdom. None of the other species would cross the boundary without our permission, if they aren’t here for war,” Sir Elliot pointed out.

He was right. Being here taught me a lot of things.

“Your Highness, I would like to leave so that I can go and take a look at my books,” grandpa said.

We also followed him out. Mom expressed her desire to see what the books stated. She was too eager to learn something she didn’t know. I followed my parents to my grandparents’ place.

“I’m so proud of you,” dad patted my back on the way. Mom grinned as she squeezed my hand.

“Me too,” she confessed.

“Hey, grandpa is way prouder. You have grown up to be a tough lyan, just like your grandma,”

Grandpa laughed.

Chuckling, I wondered if I should tell them about the powers I had recently discovered. I didn’t quite understand what it was. As we drove in grandpa’s car, I kept pondering.

“What are you thinking about?” Mom asked, just as grandpa parked his car in front of his house.

I heaved a sigh and looked into her eyes. Maybe I should tell them. Maybe then, I would be able to use it against rogues if they attack unexpectedly.

“Is something bothering you?” Dad frowned when I didn’t say anything.

“Uh, no,” I mumbled as I climbed out.

“Son, you should tell us if you are feeling uncomfortable about anything,” grandpa said. “Is it a girl?” He blurted out.

“No!” I felt my face heat up. Memories of Astrea flooded my head, but I pushed them away. Dad chuckled, and mom also laughed.

“Smooth,” I heard Zoro’s mockery in my head, but I ignored him.

Clearing my throat, “umm.. I.. I have to show you something,” I let out.

Sighing, I opened my palm and let the energy flow. Soon, a little blue flame was dancing on my palm.

Mom gasped.

“Leo!” Her eyes glistened with tears of pride. “You...”

“I don’t know what this means. But... what is this?” I asked, looking at grandpa who was grinning from ear to ear.

“I think you can control the fire, Leo. Just like me,” he replied and opened his palm to reveal a little purple flame similar to mine.

I learnt a lot from the short visit to my grandparents’ place. Just like my lycan needs to be coached, my ability to control fire too needs training. At least I wouldn’t have to go too far for that. Grandpa promised to teach me everything he knew.

Just as mom was going with grandpa to take a look at the books grandpa had said, my phone rang.

“Hello?” I answered without checking who the caller was.

“Hey... umm you are coming tonight, right?” It was Natasha.

I froze. Tonight... oh, it was Saturday and I had agreed to go to her sister’s birthday party. Great! I had completely forgotten about it.

“Uh... yeah. Sure,” I mumbled.

“Guess what, Leo? I kind of don’t like that girl,” Zoro stated. I didn’t want to confide, but I also did not like the way she kept trying to get close to me.

Sighing, “let it go, dude. We aren’t interested anyway,” I shrugged it off.

Zoro retracted to the back of my mind. Though I didn’t want to, I felt bummed that I had to attend a celebration I wasn’t interested in. I knitted my eyebrows.

Would it be okay if I asked Astrea to accompany me? I wondered.