

In Love With My Best Friend Chapter 36

Astrea

I lay on the bed, my mind quite not on my surroundings. My intuitions were disturbing. If Natasha was indeed Calvin's ally, that might mean that she might have been causing a lot of damage without our knowledge. And who was the one who helped her escape when she was locked up? Were there any more renegades in the kingdom? Or worse, were they working close to us?

"If so, first, we would have to remove the traitors before taking our next step," Ash's substantial statement interrupted my train of thoughts.

I agreed with her. She was right. Our first step should be to find out who let Natasha out of the cell she was put in. I have heard that she wasn't confined in the dungeon. The warriors locked her up in a special compartment adjacent to their quarters. That was the place suspects were held captive during the investigation before they were sentenced.

The enchanting scent of my mate interrupted my thoughts. I glanced at the bathroom Leo just walked out of. He wasn't dressed. Only a towel covered the lower half of his body. My breathing hitched, as my mind suddenly focused on him. He looked so fresh... and yummy...

Several weeks had passed since Arnold's demise, and although there had been times we cuddled together, we hadn't really gotten close like a couple would. His death had shaken us all but now, my appetite for my mate had started to simmer. His abs and toned body were making my mouth water. I yearned to trace my fingers on his well defined body and run them through his soft hair. Perhaps tasting him is also a good idea.

He didn't seem to be aware that I was staring at him intently. He heaved a deep breath and ruffled his wet hair, tiny droplets of water splattering everywhere. My gaze travelled from his firm chest muscles and his toned abdomen towards his v line that was covered using his towel.

I felt my senses awaken. My emotions started to go haywire and my core tingled with desire.

"Mmmm..."

Ash's seductive moan fueled my need. My lips parted as the palpitations my heart rose. He walked towards the mirror without glancing in my direction.

"You know, he would taste so fresh right now. So fresh and good..." Ash moaned. "Imagine how good he would feel. It has been so long."

I bit my lower lip, attempting to hold back my groans. The tingling sensation intensified when Ash started to give me ideas.

Lick his abs, kiss him, taste him everywhere...

Ash continued to push me until I felt some moisture in between my legs.

Wait... did I just...

Suddenly Leo snapped his head at me, his eyes darkened with lust.

"Mate!"

His growl made me gasp and Ash purr in delight. The next thing I knew was that Leo was lying on top of me, trapping me under his weight, pinning my arms over my head. He seized my lips in a hungry kiss to which I responded with similar energy. My legs wrapped around his waist and he started to grind against my core.

I was still clothed and his towel was still tied to his waist. Yet, the movement was adding fuel to my fire. I moaned against his lips. He didn't stop. Without breaking the kiss, he started to massage my breast with one hand, pinching my nipples over the thin fabric of my shirt, making me gasp.

His scent, his movements and his gaze was pulling me into a trance.

He broke the kiss. Both of us were gasping for breath as he rested his forehead on mine, our lips barely touching.

"I smelt your arousal. It has been so long. I don't think I can hold back anymore," his husky whisper made me shudder as I lay underneath him.

"Then don't," I whispered back.

Within a few seconds the clothes that covered my body and his towel were lying on the floor. The feeling of his bare skin on mine was mind blowing. Sparks of our bond exploded as I let him explore every inch of my body.

“So perfect,” he mumbled as he fondled my twins, using his hands and mouth. Each time he flicked his tongue over my n****s, waves of pleasure coursed through my frame.

“Leo,” arching my back in pleasure, I moaned.

He didn’t reply. Instead, he let his hands and tongue do the talking. He peppered soft kisses down my abdomen until he reached my core.

“Let’s see what my honeypot tastes like,” he muttered.

“What?” I frowned.

Our gazes met. He smirked as he slowly lowered his head between my legs. Eager to see what he was going to do, I propped myself on my elbows. Without breaking eye contact, he kissed my inner thighs and ran his tongue over my skin.

I hissed.

“Look at me,” he commanded when my eyes closed.

Panting, I opened my eyes. His lustful gaze made the palpitations of my heart increase. The movements of his tongue made me crave for more.

Finally, he started to taste me down there.

“s**t! Leo!” I cursed as he flicked his tongue on my folds.

The passion was too much for me. He held my legs, forbidding me from closing them while he devoured what was in between my legs.

“Where... the...f**k did you ... learn...”

I was drowning in the sea of lust and desire. I could barely form coherent words with my emotions going crazy.

I screamed, not caring about who might hear me. I had reached my climax.

“Was that good?”

He snickered as he lay beside me.

Gasping, and squirming, I nodded. "Leo... where... how?"

He chuckled.

"Have you ever heard about the wonders of the internet?"

I blinked. "What?"

Did this mean that he had been watching p**n? Confused, I stared at him, searching for answers. He laughed at my confusion.

"That and some research," he winked.

I sighed. Research. I smirked when I remembered my conversation with Elena and Sarah earlier. Looking for tips on the internet hadn't crossed my mind, but my friends had explained a thing or two to me. Perhaps that could be counted as research.

I glanced at his shaft that was literally begging for me to touch it. My lips stretched into a lopsided smile as I reached out for it. But he held my hand, grinning mischievously.

I cocked a brow at him, wondering if he didn't want me to do the same for him.

"You've been a bad girl. You didn't tell me that you needed me. So you can't touch, yet," he mumbled.

My lips parted. What in the world...

He laughed, seemingly amused at my reaction.

"f**k you," determined, I pushed him onto the mattress as I straddled him. My wet core rubbed against his shaft as I grinded on top of him. He stopped laughing. His eyes once again darkened with lust. His mouth opened, and short gasps escaped his lips.

"Damn it. You feel so good."

I smirked. I was just rubbing my wetness against his arousal yet it made him feel good.

He groaned. "I need to be inside of you."

My smirk widened.

“Well, well. You have been a bad boy so no,” chuckling, I stood up to walk towards the dresser and opened the drawer. The little tin foil Sarah gave me a few days back was lying right there. I took it and waited. I knew he would follow me.

As expected he grabbed me and pinned me against the wall.

“You can’t do that,” he said as he plunged his finger into my core, making me moan. “I need you and obviously you also need me.

“Y... yes...” I managed to stutter. “But first.”

I showed him the packet which he hastily tore off using his teeth.

As soon as he was done wearing it, he picked me up, claiming lips and plunging into me in one go. Our support was the wall as he pumped into me like there was no tomorrow.

Unlike the first time, this time was just pure bliss. He hit the right spots at the same time, making me reach my c****x. Waves of pleasure quaked every inch of my body.

I love him. I love him with every beat of my heart.

“Mark him,” Ash groaned.

My eyes flung open as I eyed his marking spot. My grip on his shoulders tightened as my canines elongated.

A growl escaped my throat as I plunged my canines into his marking spot. He hissed, and then groaned. I took my time to ensure that our bond was solidified before licking the raw mark clean.

He slowly placed me on my feet, yet my legs were more like jello. So I held onto him while he removed the rubber and discarded it.

We ended up spending the next few hours mating in the shower and in our room. When we were finally satisfied, we lay on the bed, attempting to relieve our exhaustion.

I traced his chest muscles as I rested on his arm and my thoughts once again drifted towards Natasha.

“What are you thinking about?” Leo asked, placing a soft kiss on my hair.

Sighing, “Natasha,” I told him abruptly.

“She was kept in confinement. She wouldn’t have been able to escape if someone didn’t help. I mean, the cell was adjacent to the warrior’s quarters...”

“That compartment...” Leo mumbled. “Only warriors have access to that place.”

“Exactly. This doesn’t look good. I wonder if they have CCTV camera footage that we could check,” I voiced my thoughts.

He nodded his head in agreement. “I think we can find something. We should meet the Queen.”

After resting for a while we dressed up and went to see her Majesties. Since our parents left as they had to go back to the pack, the royal couple also returned to their work. However, we were able to meet them in the Queen’s office.

“We were wondering if there was CCTV footage we could check. Perhaps we could glimpse someone who tried to help her escape,” I told them.

They exchanged glances and sighed heavily.

“That was the first thing that crossed our minds when Natasha escaped. We checked the footage. But to our surprise, the camera was turned off the night she escaped. Everything was recorded perfectly well until six o’clock that evening. Since then, it was turned off until we noticed it. That night she escaped,” Sir Elliot explained.

My forehead creased. “Then who was on duty at that time?”

Sighing, “Xander,” Sir Elliot said.

The creases on my forehead deepened as my eyes widened in shock. Xander being the crown prince, didn’t have to fulfill such duties. However, he wanted to, hence his parents appointed some responsibilities to him.

Xander would never betray his own parents, but how could we explain the camera being turned off?

“But... ” I ran my tongue over my lips. “He... could it be that there was a fault in the system?”

Shaking his head, “no, it was just turned off,” Sir Elliot said.

“We did question him. He was a hundred percent sure that he didn’t turn it off and no one else went to the security room that night.”

The Queen’s statement added more questions to the situation than answers. If he was so certain that no one came to the security room and that he didn’t turn it off, then what had happened that night?

“Finger prints?” Leo asked hopefully. However, when they shook their heads I knew that it was just another dead end.

“Nothing. There wasn’t even a whiff of a foreign scent. Remember when Allan was poisoned? We couldn’t find even a trace of an intruder, but indeed, someone had entered his room that night,” Sir Elliot reminded us.

My eyes widened. He was right. How could have I forgotten about that?

Sighing, “we are still investigating, but everything leads us to dead ends. Nothing makes sense,” the Queen told us.

I stared at them, my heart racing. All I could think of was just one thing.

Could it all be masked by magic?

In Love With My Best Friend Chapter 37

Narrator

Calvin glared at the trembling girl who stood in front of him. He wasn’t amused by what had happened. He swiveled in his chair, his eyes constantly drilling holes at her.

“I thought you wanted to use the weapon against our enemy,” he solemnly mumbled, twisting his cigarette between two fingers.

"I... I..." she stammered. "I thought... I thought she was...."

Calvin hissed, cutting her in.

"No, that isn't good enough," he groaned, massaging his forehead.

"I can't believe that I can't even kill you off. That's the least I could do for my late friend. Otherwise, you would be lying under six feet the moment you arrived here about a month ago," he glanced at her with a look full of resentment.

"I could have lost my chosen mate because of you. I don't know if it was your luck that the brown wolf intervened. Because if anything happened to my bride, I would rip your head off!"

His solemn statement made her shudder. There was something intimidating about the tone of his voice that made it uneasy for her.

Her chest constricted uncomfortably and he chewed on her lower lip in anticipation.

She knew she had messed up. Calvin was right. Perhaps it was her luck that her attempt to stab the bipedal wolf failed. After that stunt, she wouldn't be welcome in the lycan army and if Calvin was going to avenge her mistake, she would be better off dead.

Gulping, she faced the rogue leader. She was scared. Scared that one wrong word could be enough for him to order his men to kill her in spite of her being his friend's daughter. After all, he was a rogue who didn't care about anything. Ever since he was exiled, his dark side inundated him and whatever good he had in him faded away. Still, she had to try...

"Please... forgive me. I was unaware that she was your chosen mate. As much as I knew she already had a lover..."

Calvin froze and slowly gazed at Natasha, his eyes red with fury. Her heart raced as she sucked in a breath. She had messed up... again.

"What did you say?" he growled.

Natasha's eyebrows knitted together, worried about the consequences. She didn't want to be tortured, and that was exactly what Calvin would put her through if she angered him. At least that's what she thought he would do.

"What. Did. You. Say!" his thunderous voice boomed in the lair. Her silence has fueled his rage. He didn't like to repeat himself and more than that, he hated when he didn't get the answers he wanted.

She flinched. However, when she saw his widened eyes, clenched fists, and bulging nerves in his neck, she knew she better talk. After mustering up all the courage she could, she faced him, despite feeling apprehensive.

"She... she already has a lover..." she stuttered.

"She found her mate?" Calvin was trying his best to contain his hostility. He knew he had to use wisdom. If she had found her mate, he would have to change his strategy to make her his. He would have to get rid of her mate first and he would gladly do that.

Natasha found it a bit easier to confront him since Calvin didn't scream at her afterward. Nevertheless, she knew she would have to choose her words wisely.

Shaking her head, "no," she said, "they aren't mates, but they are lovers. I don't know what they are going to do when or if she finds her mate. I tried to warn him, but he is... what can I say... stupid and stubborn. I tried to catch his attention but that idiot..."

Calvin chuckled, making her trail off. Natasha blankly stared at him wondering if she had said something funny. Anyway, it had lightened up the atmosphere of the lair. She found herself loosening up while Calvin laughed.

Regardless of not knowing the reason for his laughter, she forced a smile.

"So you like him, don't you? I see why you attacked the girl."

The reason for his amusement dawned upon Natasha and she didn't find it funny. She had unintentionally exposed her feelings towards Leo. She pursed her lips, holding back her urge to roll her eyes. She knew what Calvin was capable of. He would kill without any remorse. Although she knew he had said that he wouldn't, she knew she had to be careful while dealing with him. She found his mockery impertinent, yet she had to remain silent.

“It’s perfect,” he suddenly mumbled, catching her attention. “You can have the lad, but leave my girl alone. And since they aren’t true mates, I don’t think I have anything to worry about,” he snickered as he stood up from his seat.

Natasha sighed. “H is adamant. He wouldn’t leave her. But perhaps if her true mate shows up...”

“Shut up!” Calvin ordered. “She will be my bride.”

He remained silent for several minutes. The silence in the air sounded heavy on her and the time seemed to drag by. He kept puffing on his cigarette and blowing the smoke into the air before dropping it onto the floor and crushing it under his feet. After what seemed like an eternity to Natasha, he placed his hands in his pocket, he straightened his body.

“I think we are deviating from our real motive. Getting a girl wasn’t my real goal. It was defeating that pathetic Queen. She has ruined my chance of becoming rich and tarnished my reputation. So even if I can’t have that girl as my mate, I will defeat the ridiculous royal family and bring an end to their reign. Getting the girl was just the cherry on the top,” a sly smirk curled on his lips as he winked at her.

He sauntered towards Natasha, who shifted on her feet, feeling intimidated by his approach. He halted a few feet away from her. The lopsided grin on his face had an evil tinge to it.

“Honestly, I’m more worried that you had made that stupid mistake and now you are out of the Palace. I loved having my spies working close to the royals. But you are here now. What can I use you for?”

Her lips parted as she hastily kneeled down in front of him.

“I’ll do anything. I’ll fight for you. I’ll teach what I learnt during my training sessions to your people. I’ll...”

“You know what, Natasha?” he cut her in.

“We already have all of that. I have skilled, well trained men and women in my army. Even if you don’t join us, we have enough fighters. And have you forgotten that I also used to be a warrior in the lycan army? How can a new recruit teach my men something I don’t already know? I have and am teaching

them everything about fighting. So that's useless, don't you think?" His grin widened.

Natasha hesitated. Wondering if he was hinting at something, she tilted her head. Wrinkling her forehead, she tried to read him. What could he be indicating? She had nothing to offer other than her services, but the problem was, he didn't seem to be interested in them.

She looked right into his eyes. Perhaps he might be interested in something else. She was ready to do anything to stay alive.

"I hope something can be arranged. I'll do anything," she firmly stated. She didn't care about what he was going to suggest as long as he let her live.

"Anything?"

The amusement on his face was inappropriate, yet she nodded her head. She had stepped into this mess, and now there was no way out.

"Anything," she confirmed, without backing away.

"Good," he hissed and grabbed her throat, making her gasp. "Because you have great assets that I would like to use."

Her eyes widened. He couldn't mean...

Her thoughts were interrupted when he grasped her breasts, forcefully kneading them. She was certain that he would bruise them, but she liked it... she always liked it rough.

She gulped.

"But... but you're my daddy's friend..."

"So what? You're an adult now and I'm not your father. Besides, it has been a long time since I've let go of morals. What good did it do to me? Huh?"

He suddenly ripped her shirt off her, exposing her naked body to all the eyes in the office of his lair.

She gasped and hastily covered her chest with her hands, but Calvin growled and attacked them with his mouth and hands. She looked around. His guards

were surrounding them, but none of them seemed to care about what he was doing.

“You said, anything,” he grumbled as he ripped her tights off.

“Y... yes...”

“Then this shall be it!”

He growled right before he took her rough and hard right in front of all the eyes and ears in the office. Her hesitation slowly vanished as she felt him bang into her. It had been a long time since she had a good f**k. Soon enough, the office resounded with the sound of her moans and his growls.

“You will be my slut! My personal slut! I see that you like it rough little b***h!” He growled in between his thrusts as he had her bent over the table in his office, while he yanked at her hair.

He showed no mercy by the time he was done, Natasha felt raw... and she liked it.

“Get the f**k out of my office!” He snarled, throwing the torn shirt at her.

“Hey, you!” He called one of his men.

“Show her to a room. A good one... I hope you know what I mean,” he instructed and his rogues instantly obeyed.

Natasha hurriedly wore the shirt that barely covered her bum, but that was it. Calvin had torn it, and her chest was uncovered. Her tights were torn so badly that she couldn't wear them at all. So she timidly followed Calvin's guard, occasionally pulling at the hem of her shirt with one hand while covering her chest area with the other, because she was pretty much exposed.

She may have been sexually active, but this was the first time she had s*x in front of other witnesses. And it was most certainly the first time she had walked out in the open with barely any clothes on.

The rogue took her to a room that had a comfortable bed. When he left her alone, she looked around and noticed that the room was rather well made.

She chuckled. Perhaps this wasn't too bad after all. She would be living in good conditions. She wouldn't mind being Calvin's slut if he was such a monster in bed.

Smirking, she thought about the little session she just had with him. If that was how good he was at it in the office, in front of others, she couldn't wait to find out how good he would be in a real bedroom.

Laughing, she slumped onto the mattress. She was going to have a roof over her head, food and great s*x. Who in her right mind wouldn't want that? She thought, as she chuckled all by herself. Though she was hesitant to team up with Calvin at first, she was now glad that she agreed to help her father's friend. He was now her master. He had claimed her as his.

At first, she was compelled by the urge to keep in touch with him because she she cared for him. After all, Calvin was her late father's good friend and he has been always there for her after her father's death. He had died due to heartbreak after the death of her mother leaving Natasha alone.

She was just a little girl who needed all the help she could have. His assistance curbed when he was exiled about five years ago. She had other relatives who were ready to help her anyway. However, she was shocked when he reached out for her when she finished high school, after years of not hearing from him.

He was a rogue, yet, she hadn't forgotten how he supported her when she needed it the most. So she secretly kept in contact with him. Yet, when he asked her to spy for her she was reluctant.

Spying for the rogues was something she hesitated to do. However, she ended up taking the bait and agreeing to help when Calvin narrated a story of how he was wrongly exiled.

When she found out the real reason for his exile, it was already too late. She was deeply involved in their work and fleeing was out of the question, because if she did, Calvin vowed that he would make her life a living hell.

Besides, when she found out that they had developed a new poison which had no antidote to it, she thought she could use it to get rid of her personal problem. She wasn't aware that Calvin had started to like Astrea.

Smirking, she looked at the bathroom door. Perhaps that wasn't much of her problem anymore. At least that's what she thought.

"I think I'll freshen up."

When she walked out of the bathroom, Calvin was waiting for her in the room.

She smirked. Was he here for more? Feeling bold, she approached him, but when he forcefully jerked her hair, she winced. Though it was painful, she hoped that the pain would result in something pleasurable.

However, when he slapped her hard, causing her to taste blood, she was stunned.

"You're such a slut," he chuckled.

"I'm not here to have s*x. I want to make one thing clear," he hissed into her face.

"You, are my slut... meaning my slave. And you will do what I want you to, but," he paused. "My bride can be only one girl," he stated while he maintained eye contact.

She studied his countenance. She knew it was best to agree to whatever he said, despite the burning flame of hatred in her heart towards Astrea.

She nodded and he let her go.

"Good. Because the next blood moon is when we attack again it will be the time we take over. I'll have what I want," he gasped his fists in determination..

"The next blood moon?"

"It is within four months," he answered her.

Sighing, "why the blood moon?" she asked.

Grinning, "because that's when part two of my plan will ripen. You don't really think that I let her go back for nothing, do you? I could have taken her with me. I knew they would surround her and perhaps dilute the spell I had cast on her, but that's all they can do," he chuckled.

Natasha heaved a breath. So four months.

“So am I supposed to stay here and look pretty? Nothing else?”

“Actually, no. When we go to war, you must come. We all must. This war must be won!”

In Love With My Best Friend Chapter 38

Astrea

The havoc seemed to have died down. However, I knew better than to believe that Calvin would lay low. He would definitely return. But now we knew more than we used to.

A sample of Arnold’s blood sample was taken before his parents took him away, to learn more about the new poison Calvin had developed. The healers were working hard to cultivate a suitable antidote to it and over the weeks, they had made tremendous progress.

We were told that they were just a few steps away from formulating the perfect antidote to the poison. It was great news, because even if Calvin and his followers used it against us, we would be ready for it.

The security of the kingdom was strengthened. Nonetheless, our leaders seemed to keep an eye on everyone. Undoubtedly, there was a missing piece of the puzzle. A missing link that was linking us and the rogues. A mole among us. I was certain that I wasn’t one of them and although Xander was on duty on the night Natasha escaped, I was sure that he too was innocent.

There was no reason for him to betray his own parents. I couldn’t understand what he would get if he deceived his own people. At the same time, we all had to believe that a traitor was working close to us.

The days of the truce were serene. There wasn’t even a hint of the brewing storm. The people of the kingdom went back to their normal lives. Slowly, the tension among the commoners was relieved and the laughter among the young ones returned.

When I heard that uncle Cade’s family was going to pay us a visit, I was overjoyed. A lot of time had passed since I saw them. Especially his cheeky little one, Ace.

I threw myself into his arms as soon as he stepped out of the car.

“Whoa. Yeah I know I’m handsome. Calm down,” uncle Cade chuckled, taking me into his embrace.

“Hey, Astrea. It’s nice to see you! It has been such a long time,” his mate, Monica, flashed a broad smile at me.

“I missed you all so much,” I exclaimed, hugging her. Little Ace was staring at me with his wide eyes, beaming at me.

“Ace, oh,” I gasped as I crouched to his level and wrapped my arms around his little body. He giggled.

“I’m Ace Jones. Not Ace Oh. Have you forgotten my full name?”

His hilarious statement made me look at him, as my lips stretched into a broad smile. His parents snickered. Leo too chuckled.

“Well, no. I haven’t forgotten anything about you, little mister,” I ruffled his hair.

“I’m not little now. I’m growing up!” he protested.

Laughing, Leo ruffled his hair.

“Of course. You’re a big boy. We missed you,” he told him.

“It is nice to finally have you here, Cade and Monica. I believe this is your first visit to the lycan kingdom, right?” the Queen spoke, shaking their hands.

“Yes, your highness,” uncle Cade replied.

“I hope you find your stay enjoyable,” she gestured to one of the workers to carry their luggage to the room appointed for them.

“Please come inside,” the Queen and her husband motioned for us to follow them in. I knew that they were going to lead us towards the buffet that was prepared for uncle Cade’s family.

As we obeyed them, uncle Cade moved near Leo who was still holding Ace in his arms.

“Ace, did you know that Leo is now a part of our family?” he said.

My lips stretched into a bashful smile while Leo smirked. Monica squeezed my hand while she beamed at me.

Tilting his head, “family?” Ace asked, scrunching his nose.

Nodding his head, “yes. Leo is part of our family now,” my uncle told his son.

“Okay,” Ace replied.

I chuckled at his pure innocence, my heart swelling with joy. I was so glad that I got to see them after a long time.

The buffet was filled with joyous laughter. Despite the danger still lurking over us like a shadow, we managed to loosen up a bit and have a moment of enjoyment.

After the scrumptious meal, uncle’s family went to the room to rest for sometime. However, Ace wasn’t in the mood to rest. He wanted to go for a ride when he found out that Leo could drive.

“I’m not tired!” he insisted.

“Well, he slept in the car,” Monica shrugged her shoulders. “We weren’t so lucky,” she added chuckling.

“It’s okay. I can take him for a ride. We don’t have much to do today, anyway,” Leo assured them.

“Yeah,” I nodded. “A short ride will be fine.”

“A long ride!”

I pulled my lips together, widening my eyes when I realised my mistake.

“I want a loooooong..... ride,” Ace stretched his arms the furthest he could.

Sighing, “yes. A long ride,” I had to agree with him.

“I’ll get my purse,” grinning, I winked at Leo.

The ride was fun. I had forgotten how entertaining life was with Ace in it. Having him visit was the best thing I could have asked for to relieve some stress before chaos broke again.

We went to have some ice cream, not expecting to run into Danisha there.

“Hey,” she stretched her lips and glanced at Ace before shifting her gaze at us.

I smiled back at her since I didn’t want to be rude.

“Who is this little guy,” she sounded nice. I couldn’t decide if she was being really sweet or it was just a facade. Either way, I didn’t see why I shouldn’t be civil.

“This is my cousin,” I told her, offering a polite smile. Ace was on his best behaviour, watching silently as we conversed.

“He is cute,” her eyes darted towards my neck. Her lips parted and eyes twinkled with excitement.

“Hey, you are marked!”

Her excitement was a bit surprising to me. She never was my fan. She was more like my frenemy.

“Yeah,” I glanced at Leo. “We are.”

Her eyes lit up as her smile widened.

“That is so awesome. So you guys are now chosen mates!”

I looked at Leo who smirked at me

“No. We are mates, for real,” he proudly replied, making me smile.

She sighed, still looking pleased with what she learnt.

“I’m so happy for you. You guys are perfect for each other,” she said. “I have to go. I’ve been out for a long time. I think mom will be sending search parties to look for me now,” she laughed as she added while she moved to leave the ice cream parlour.

I watched her leave. It was nice to see her being friendly. It was more like a breath of fresh air. Being a real friend to Xander’s girlfriend would be nice rather than having her as a frenemy.

“That was nice,” I admitted as we took a seat at an empty table.

“Yeah. Maybe after Natasha revealed her true colours she is changing,” Leo shrugged it off. I nodded, but decided that it was time to change the topic. Ace seemed to be listening to every word we said and speaking about Natasha wasn’t convenient.

“So, which flavour of ice cream would you like?”

After a ‘long’ ride, we went back to the palace.

“Your mom and dad must be waiting for you in the room now. We should take you there,” I told him, as we entered the Palace.

Ace looked up at me and then at Leo. From the way he glanced at us, I knew he was doubtful about something.

“Are you thinking about something?” I asked.

“Uh...” he paused. “Leo is your mate?” He wrinkled his little forehead as he inquired.

Smiling, I nodded. He must have been thinking about it ever since running into Danisha.

“He is my mate,” I confirmed. My parents never shied away from explaining what mates meant to us and I was confident that I would be able to explain appropriately if Ace questioned me about soulmates.

“Mommy and Daddy are mates,” he stated.

“Yes,” I replied, glad that he seemed to understand. “and you are their little pup. You will be strong and kind like them.”

We walked towards the room his parents were staying in.

“When I grow up, will I find a mate too?” he questioned as we approached the room.

Smiling, I knelt in front of him and held him at arms’ length.

“Yes. You will find your other half. The one who would complete you,” I told him and kissed his forehead.

I noticed that he was looking funny.

“But...” he trailed off.

“But what?” I asked, knitting my eyebrows together.

“But I don’t want to,” he pouted.

Laughing, “why?” I asked.

“Because they always kiss and I don’t want to kiss another girl! Girls are gross and I don’t want to get cooties!” he stuck his tongue out and I had to hold back my urge to laugh out loud.

“But I want to wrestle,” he suddenly stated, confusing me.

“Wrestle?”

“Yeah! Mommy and daddy like to wrestle sometimes. I thought they were fighting, but daddy just pins her down and he will win!”

I took a few seconds to process what he might be talking about. Frowning, I tried to read his little face, but all I could see was innocence.

“Uh... Rea?” Leo sounded like he was trying to warn me but Ace continued with his narration.

“And sometimes they will hide under the blanket. Daddy will be shirtless and mommy won’t be wearing any pants. Maybe mommy and daddy like to play hide and seek too,” Ace narrated.

I sucked in a breath.

“Oh God! I did not need to know that!” Ash exclaimed in my head and I couldn’t agree with her more.

“Uh... yeah....Ace.... that’s enough,” I was stuttering, stunned and a little disturbed.

“Maybe we should knock?” Leo suggested, scratching the back of his neck.

Ace was already reaching to turn the knob, which I thankfully managed to stop before it was too late.

“Wait... we will knock,” I told him.

I could have sworn that I was blushing when my uncle opened the door and let him in. As we walked away from the room, I nudged Leo on the side.

“Kids are scary,” I commented.

He chuckled.

“Are you sure you want one?” I joked. It wasn’t that I didn’t want to have kids. I loved them. However taking care of them is hard work and at times risky. Especially when they reach the age of speaking full sentences while they know all your secrets.

“No. I don’t want one,” Leo solemnly mumbled, making me freeze on my step.

I was joking, but he sounded so serious. I tried to detect any hint of lies or pranks on his face, but he was dead serious. My heart sank.

He... didn’t want pups?

“You don’t want pups?” I whispered.

“Who said I don’t want pups? I said I don’t want one. I want at least twelve!”

My mouth hung open.

“What? Twelve? Leo!”

Shrugging his shoulders, “what? You asked me if I wanted one. No. I want a lot. A whole litter of pups!” he flashed his signature lopsided grin.

Playfully smacking his chest, “what? I’m not a pup vending machine!” I laughed.

“Yeah. You aren’t. That’s why we will stick with two or three,” he winked. “That doesn’t change the fact that I want to ram into you all the time and keep you pregnant with my pups.”

I snickered. “You are so silly and horny,” I said, glancing at him, as we entered our room, “all the time?”

“Yeah. It feels good,” he said, grabbing me and squeezing our bodies together.

“You feel good, mate,” he searched my eyes. “Tell me if I don’t feel good to you.”

His husky whisper made my core tingle. Cupping his cheeks, “I’ll never say that,” I vowed.

Narrator.

Meanwhile Calvin’s spies had brought him news from the lycan kingdom. One of his rogues bent down to whisper into his ears.

“What?”

His powerful roar shook the building with it’s force.

The nerves in his neck bulged as he clenched his fists. The rogue hurriedly scurried away, fearing for his life. He had been the bearer of the bad news. Despite being a risky job, he had to do it. It was an obligation.

Calvin grabbed the glass bottle of water on the desk and downed it, seemingly trying to tame his fury. He put the bottle on the desk and glared at it. His knuckles were going white with the force he grasped his fingers around it.

“She found her mate,” he hissed under his breath, just as the glass bottle shattered, tiny glass shards veering in all the directions.

In Love With My Best Friend Chapter 39

Calvin

All I could feel was rage. She has found her mate and what was worse? They have already marked each other. Which meant that they were bonded and it could overpower the spell that was dormant until the next blood moon.

“Who told you that?” I snarled at the trembling rogue who seemed to muster up all the courage to face me.

“I... Aitee She... she is here.... She... she brought the news...”

A ferocious growl that erupted from my throat thundered in the lair, making them flinch. Aitee was a dark magician who lived in the woods, minding her own business. I had formed an alliance with her, just to defeat the royals. For some unknown reason to me, she was respected by the small population of the dark wizards who were scattered in the forest. Although they didn't submit to anyone, I noticed that Aitee could command them.

So in a way, she was their leader, and angering her would be dangerous. Nonetheless, the news she had brought is infuriating. Not only had I lost the girl I wanted but it could drastically affect my perfect plan to take over the throne.

“I must break them apart!” I sneered, gritting my teeth.

There was no other way. I glanced at the one who brought the news to me. He was already whimpering in one corner of my office. I raised my eyebrows and wondered if he was really thinking that I would kill him just because he brought the news to me. I would kill them if they had betrayed me or had messed up my plans. Not because of something that wasn't in their power. The sound of his pathetic whimpers was getting on my nerves.

Groaning in annoyance, I closed my eyes as I massaged my forehead. I needed to use my brain to think. I couldn't afford to act on impulse and ruin everything. Years of hard work would then be wasted just for nothing.

It couldn't go wrong. It shouldn't. My plan was flawless. How could she meet her mate all of a sudden?

Aitee could be mistaken. I told myself, hoping that it was the case.

Frowning, I leaned in my seat, swiveling in the chair as I thought deeply over the matter. Before I faced the magician, I needed counsel.

“Kali,” I consulted my lycan. “What do you think?”

“She is a powerful dark magician. Maybe we should talk,” he responded.

Nodding my head in agreement, I glanced at the rogues who still seemed to be terrified by what I might do. I held back my urge to smirk.

I loved it when they feared me. It made me feel powerful.

Squinting at him, “where is Aitee?” I asked, trying my best to sound calm.

“She is in the lobby.”

“Bring her here,” I ordered.

They obliged at once. The clicking of heels told me that she was coming. Dealing with Aitee was always hard and troublesome. She was intimidating. There was something about her that I couldn’t lay my finger on and if I differed with her opinion, I feared that she might use her magic on me.

Anyway, to win this struggle, I needed her. She was the leader of the dark wizards and if I pissed her off, none of them would help me.

The door that wasn’t entirely closed, flung wide open. Her significant scent hit my nostrils and I knew it was time to receive her.

I stood up and straightened my body.

“Welcome, lady Aitee,” I greeted her. As usual, a conceited smirk was plastered on her thin lips. Her pale skin contrasted against her jet black hair and dark coloured clothes. Wearing all black seemed to be a thing among the dark wizards.

Aitee walked in confidently and sat in the seat in front of me without any hesitation.

“Well, are you gutted to find out that your little lover is no longer available?”

Her question irritated me, yet I had to be careful while conversing with her.

“Maybe they aren’t true mates...”

“Are you telling me that I am lying?” she cut me in.

“No, no. Not that... I... I just ...”

"I don't like to work with those who doubt my powers and abilities," her statement was firm. Her demeanour suddenly changed. The annoying smirk was no more as she narrowed her eyes on me with a critical glare. The way she stared at me made me shudder.

"Sorry, Aitee. I would never question your capabilities," I sighed, not wanting to forfeit her assistance. Besides, it was I who needed her help the most. I needed her help to complete my revenge against them.

Shifting in her seat, "good. Because I don't like to stay in a place where I'm not appreciated," she said, gaining my attention.

My lips parted as my forehead creased. "I'm sorry," I mumbled, lowering my gaze and hating myself for being so vulnerable.

"We will get rid of this bitch as soon as we get what we want!" Kali growled in my head.

I couldn't agree more with my lycan, yet, I would have to act normal. At least until I managed to squeeze all the help I could out of the black magicians during the great war we were preparing for.

"Well, what do you plan to do? They are marked and our magic cannot break a bond that is solidified. We might be able to block it temporarily, but once marked, there is no going back," she stated.

"Of course it won't," I pursed my lips, twirling the little paperweight on my table. "But if he dies...."

I didn't have a mate, but I knew a bond could be broken by rejection or if one of them dies.

Aitee's lips stretched into a sly smirk, her cold eyes gazing deeply into mine.

"I like how you think," she snickered. "I can make a vial that could put his lycan to sleep. If he can't shift, you can finish him off sooner," she mumbled.

A smile that matched the one on her face curled on my lips.

"That would be great. But how do I get him out of the Palace?"

She waved her hands as though it wasn't an issue.

“I’ll take care of that,” she glanced at me and smirked. “I’ll bring him to you tomorrow night.”

Shocked at how fast she works, my lips parted. She was efficient, there was no doubt about that.

“Are you sure?” I asked, unable to believe her.

Raising her eyebrows, she gave me one glance that made me shut my mouth.

“Sorry. Of course, you will,” I hastily added, earning a little nod from her.

“Tomorrow night, be ready,” she mumbled as She stood up from her seat to leave.

Ever since I was exiled from the Lycan kingdom, I had vowed that I would avenge them. At that time, I didn’t know how. I just knew I would have to prepare an army that would be strong enough to defeat the Lycans. However, despite the rogue wolves joining me, we were small in number and honestly, weak. I was certain that they would wipe us off within a few moments.

I was slowly losing hope when I stumbled across Aitee in the depth of the forest. It was she who approached me. She offered to help me, and it was with the help of her loyal followers that we made the hideout and the laboratory. The partnership seemed to benefit us, more than it benefited them and whenever I asked her about it, she would simply say that she was wronged by the lycans several years ago so she wanted to get her vengeance. She never told me what had happened to her.

It was acceptable. Wanting to get revenge was a mutual feeling. After all, that was what I wanted too. However, the curiosity of her mysterious past was eating me alive.

I cleared my throat just as she was about to leave.

“Aitee,” my lips moved before I could reconsider asking her.

She glanced at me over her shoulder.

“What did the lycans do to you?” I paused for a while when she turned around to make eye contact with me. Her dark eyes were cold and emotionless. They looked like two black pools of desolation.

It was almost impossible not to be intimidated by her. Almost, because I managed to withstand it. I had trained myself to resist such pressure, all because I didn't want to bow down to that pathetic Queen.

However, I couldn't help but shudder in Aitee's presence. She was dangerous. Everything in her aura and demeanour screamed danger. Perhaps I had simply gotten better at acting as though their power didn't affect me.

"They have taken something extremely important to my late mother and for that, I will avenge them... I'm doing this for her," she stated, her eyes suddenly glowing red as she clenched her jaws.

I sucked in a breath. She was angry. No, furious at the lycans.

"That should be enough information for you," she said, as her eyes returned to normal.

I nodded my head agreeing with her.

Even after she left, I stared at the door she had and walked out of. She was a good associate. She was reliable, fast, and efficient. She too had a good reason to hate the Lycan kingdom. I had no idea what they stole from her mother. Whatever it was, I was grateful that I wasn't part of that kingdom anymore.

I most certainly wouldn't want to be a victim of Aitee's wrath.

Aitee

I slammed the door to their lair and stepped out into the open. My destination was the Lycan kingdom. As I reached the perimeters that marked their turf, I sprinkled some of my odour-cancelling dust on me so that their scouts wouldn't notice my scent.

After walking deep into the woods and right before entering the inhabited part of the kingdom, I halted in the shadows of the trees. It was a moonless night and it was pretty dark in the woods. Perfect for me.

I sneered as I looked at the house I was supposed to go to. Despicable, clueless mutts. I chuckled to myself. They weren't aware of what they had gotten themselves into.

I clenched my fists as I remembered my late mother. She was destroyed. They destroyed her. The lycans must take responsibility for what had happened to my mom.

What was her crime? She fell in love with one of them. At first, she admired him from a distance and her feelings for him grew stronger as days passed. So she disguised herself as a White witch and met him in the woods. He liked her and eventually, they got into a relationship. He promised to never leave her. He vowed to keep her happy and to marry her. He told her that he loved her.

But they were all lies.

They met in the woods and that was where their love blossomed.

However, the day she found out that she was pregnant with me was the most disastrous day of her life. He went to see her sooner than usual and it was then he found out that she was really a dark witch.

After finding out that she had disguised herself to catch his attention, he humiliated her and left without listening to a word she had to say. It was as though finding out her reality was enough to forget the beautiful moments they shared over the months they met. The love he claimed to have for her instantly changed to hatred. He forgot about her in an instant and it broke her heart. He shattered her beyond recovery.

She did give birth to me, but she was like a living corpse. She loved me and I loved her more than life itself. However, I always wondered why she was so drained all the time.

Her death was early and I lamented for her. Thankfully, one of her friends helped me through until I reached maturity. However, it wasn't until my first shift I was told about my mother's past. I was a hybrid. A lycan-dark magician. When I learnt the reason for her miserable life and her broken heart that led to her early death, revenge was all that I desired.

I had no desire to find out who was the one who fathered me. I couldn't care less. All of them would have to pay. What would be better than making one of them do the dirty work for me?

Smirking, I snapped my fingers together and closed my eyes to embrace the change my body was about to go through. A smile curled on my lips as I felt myself grow in height and my facial features change their shape.

I opened my eyes when I was sure that my disguise was complete. I flipped the shoulder length blond hair over my shoulder and adjusted the pink top I wore.

Pink... it was making me want to throw up. Yet, I had to put up with it because it was who she was. It was who Danisha was before I took her place and I didn't want anyone to suspect anything.

I chuckled. Poor girl. I hope she was doing fine where I sent her.

"Well, Danisha, it's showtime," I giggled and walked out of the shadows of the trees.

In Love With My Best Friend Chapter 40

Aitee

I walked through the front door without any hesitation. Danisha's parents were frozen in front of the TV, just like I left them after dinner. The TV was on, yet, neither of them moved a muscle.

Chuckling, I entered my room and before I closed the door, I blew in their direction to break the spell I cast on them

After waking up, they looked around. They looked so confused and it was amusing. Nevertheless, I knew that I had to pretend to sleep before she came to check on me. I closed the door, making sure that I didn't make any sound that would alert them.

With a flick of my wrist, my clothes changed to my pyjamas and I climbed into my bed. I would have cloned myself if Danisha's parents weren't lycans. They might be able to sniff out a difference in our scent. It took an awful lot of effort to imitate Danisha's scent. I didn't want to repeat the feat, just for the sake of a clone.

To emulate her scent I had to keep her alive for weeks and the whole experience was troublesome. Her parents kept sniffing me, confused about

the change in Danisha's scent, which I managed to brush off telling them that I wasn't feeling well due to the stress of the final exams.

Finally, after weeks of struggle, I managed to own it and thankfully her family didn't question me about it anymore.

At first I wanted to finish her off, but I had a better idea. Why should I kill her when I could get rid of her and be benefitted from it? I knew the dragon king would heartily purchase her. Dragons among all the magical creatures were s****. I knew I would earn a large sum of money and get rid of her at the same time. I would be killing two birds with one stone. The dragon king would be only too happy to add another pretty face to his harem.

The thoughts made me snicker, but Danisha's mother's voice interrupted me.

"Oh, it's past midnight! I guess we fell asleep here!" she exclaimed.

Hugging my pillow, I pretended to sleep. I knew she would check on me before they went to their room.

The door opened and she walked towards me. I heard a sigh of contentment, as she caressed my hair.

"My beautiful daughter," I heard her whisper. "I love you so much."

She kissed my forehead and left. When I heard the door close, I waited for some time to make sure that her scent had diffused into the air.

She had left.

I opened my eyes and sat up to look at the closed door. I smirked. They had no idea where their daughter was. The real Danisha most probably was in the dragon palace, pleasuring the dragon king like an obedient little slut.

The dragon king was fascinated to have her. Especially since she was a desirable girl. Yet the problem was, she was rebellious. So I had to use a little charm on her...

flashback

It was a triumphant week for me. I had successfully mimicked her scent and the dragon king agreed to check the girl out. If he liked her, he would take her away to his kingdom. If not, he wouldn't.

Either way, I was going to get rid of her. I no longer needed her in this territory anymore. It would be easier if the dragon takes her away. Then I wouldn't have to kill her off and clean up the mess afterwards.

I glanced at Danisha who was already chained to the pillar. I had kidnapped her weeks ago and teleported her to an abandoned temple up in the mountains. She was unaware that I had impersonated her and taken her place in her home. It wasn't easy. I had to learn her likes and dislikes in addition to copying her scent. Since they were lycans, they could sniff the difference in odours.

Anyway, I had succeeded in altering my scent and copying Danisha's smell and it was a massive success.

Keeping her confined was also hard. She was unruly and had tried to escape several times. At last, I injected her with a vial that would block her lycan. Without her other half, she was more like a weak human and couldn't destroy the chains I had shackled her with.

She glared at me in anger and I scoffed. She wouldn't show even an ounce of submission even though she was at my mercy. She surely was a strong-willed lycan.

"What the f**k do you want from me?" instead of screaming and demanding that I let her go, she asked.

"Well, nothing much. I don't really need you now. I'm done with you," I told her.

"Then why are you not letting me go?" She asked.

Chuckling, "I think you might be useful to someone else. Someone bigger and stronger than the Lycans," I told her.

She frowned.

"The dragons?" I told her, and her eyes widened. The dragons were known for their carnal appetite. There was no doubt about what he would do to her if he took her with him.

"What? No! I don't want to! I am not a slut!"

Her screeches and protests were comical. It made me laugh hysterically.

“Who asked if you wanted to? You are my prisoner and I’ll do whatever I please,” I snickered looking at the white and purple shirt she was wearing.

Her outfit clung onto her body, displaying her curves and I knew the dragon king in his right mind wouldn’t reject such a beautiful and fresh female.

Ignoring her cries, I walked out of my hideout and waited for the dragons to arrive. They didn’t disappoint me. Soon enough, I saw three massive dragons flying in the sky.

They landed on the rocky mountain surface and shifted back to their human forms.

“Well, where is the stock?”

I suppose it wasn’t the king who spoke to me.

“So, are you the leader?” smirking, I faced him.

“No. He is,” he pointed to the buff, male who looked as though he wanted to kill someone.

“The girl is inside and I believe that he only should see her. If he is interested, he can have her, if he doesn’t like her you can take a look,” I offered. “After all, a king’s women should be only for his eyes.”

My words seem to have influenced him. He blinked, though his countenance didn’t change much.

“Fine. Take her to me,” he stated.

His friends waited outside the temple while I led him inside.

He glanced at Danisha who was chained to the pillar. Her face contorted in anger, yet, with wide, alluring eyes and soft pink lips, she looked good.

“Isn’t she a beauty?”

“She is,” he agreed, “she would be a wonderful addition to my harem.”

As soon as he said that Danisha screamed, thrashing against the chains that bound her to the pillar.

The king's face contorted in disapproval.

"What am I going to do with an untamed female?" he growled.

"Don't worry, she will be tamed," I chuckled and picked up the vial I had been saving for this occasion.

Danisha's eyes widened, but she couldn't stop me from injecting it into her system. Tears rolled down her cheeks, as she glared at me. The enchanted drug would take a few moments to kick in.

"You won't get away with this. My parents and Xander will look for me."

Laughing, "how will they look for you if they don't miss you?" I replied and snapped my fingers.

My outward appearance changed and her mouth hung open in shock.

"You...."

She trailed off and for a split second, she looked dazed. Her face softened as a soft breath escaped her lips. Blinking in confusion, she looked around. A lopsided smile curled on my lips. The vial must have kicked in.

"Where am I? Who are you?" she asked me.

"I'm Danisha, a friend. You are in my cabin and he is your lover," I replied, pointing at the dragon king.

She tilted her head and raised an eyebrow.

"Lover?"

"Yes. Don't you want to be with the love of your life? He will take good care of you," I smirked at the dragon king who seemed to be impressed by what I had done.

Danisha no longer had any recollection of her past and was believing everything she was told. And the mutt that lived inside her? She most probably would never wake up.

“Who am I?” she frowned.

The dragon king stepped forward and traced her cheek. I watched as he traced his hand over her chest, making her gasp.

“Your name is Nuri and I am your beloved,” he stated.

“My beloved,” she repeated as though she was in a trance.

The dragon glanced at me, satisfied at the outcome.

“My Nuri. Now let’s see what you have.”

I solemnly watched as he tore her clothes off her. A broad grin spread across his face. His eyes darkened with lust as he stared at her curves.

“Perfect,” he mumbled, as he fondled her breasts.

She moaned, making me chuckle. The girl who was adamant about saving her honour a few hours ago was moaning by just a simple touch.

When he started to r****h her body then and there, I walked out of the place. I believed that I didn’t need to see what they were up to.

“Will she be obedient?” he asked me as soon as he walked out of the temple.

“Of course. I am sure she will obey your every command,” I assured him.

“What if your magic wears off?”

“It won’t unless she meets her true mate and he marks her, which is unlikely in your harem,” I smirked.

“Harem. I’ll keep her in my private quarters. She isn’t like those other girls. This one has fire in her. That’s why I called her Nuri. You were right. I am glad I came here. She is worth every penny and now she is mine. Only mine.”

“Nuri,” I snickered and slumped onto the mattress. “Well, I didn’t kill you, Nuri. Be happy.”

The money I received from the dragon king was used to upgrade the laboratory so that they could make more vials and poisons to use against the Lycans and the wolves.

Sighing, "I better focus on the task I must complete by tomorrow night," I mumbled. I already knew what I had to do. Xander, Leo, and I were assigned the same duty. Ever since Natasha escaped, they never let anyone be on duty alone. Especially near the palace premises.

The way they reacted to my plans was perfect. I loved every bit of it. I loved watching their confusion and how they tried to solve the mystery of the hidden traitor. There were times Xander shared top secrets with me, thinking that I was his lover.

I chuckled. He was handsome, I agree. But too bad, I wasn't going to fall for him. My mother had made that mistake once and I wasn't going to repeat that. He was my enemy. All of them were. Especially the one who fathered me. If I ever find out who he was, I would surely kill him.

I gritted my teeth, yet hastily controlled my anger. I had to.

I counted up to ten, massaging my forehead as I thought about my task. We would be guarding the northern gate which was perfect.

All I would have to do was put them to sleep and take care of everything before Xander woke up. Then, I would make up an epic story of how Leo escaped.

Hugging my pillow, I squeezed my eyes shut. I had an eventful day ahead and I was looking forward to it.

An hour before our duty started, I marched towards the security room where the control of the CCTV system was located. The three guards on duty seemed to be fully alert. I peeked at them from behind a pillar. It would be harder than the time I tricked Xander on the night I let Natasha out of the confinement.

That was just one time I had taken pity on someone. She may have been Danisha's friend, but I liked her. Besides, she was envious of Astrea, and perhaps I could use it for my benefit.

I glanced at the pack of sleeping dust in my hand and shook my head. No, I would have to save it in case of an emergency.

My lips parted and then stretched into a broad smile when an excellent idea generated in my mind.

Perfect! I gleefully cheered for myself in silence and snapped my fingers. My appearance changed.

Grinning wide, I walked out of my hiding spot with confidence. There was no way this could fail.

“Leo, what are you doing here? I thought you and Xander were to be stationed at the northern gate.”

The smirk on my face widened. It worked. Now for the real work.