

## In Love With My Best Friend Chapter 51

Xander

As I savagely massacred the thugs that attacked us, all I felt was wrath. It didn't matter to me that they were bipedal. Anger was fueling my fists and kicks.

I couldn't believe I'd gotten myself caught in a trap. I couldn't believe it when I discovered I had fallen in love with the wrong person. Nonetheless, I was relieved that I had discovered her reality before it was too late.

I couldn't bear the thought of the harm she could have done if I had made things formal between us. As soon as everything calmed down, I planned to propose to her. I intended to make her my queen, both in my heart and, when the time came, in our realm.

I was convinced she was the girl of my dreams. That she was the one that was meant for me. The one who would be my constant companion in good times and bad. I was completely mistaken. Anyway, I'm glad I didn't accept my mother's offer to take the kingdom after I finished my training. She and my father were already doing an excellent job, and I preferred to tour the globe with my wife. That was no longer possible, yet I couldn't be proclaimed King while I was in such a state of mind. Her betrayal had plunged me into an emotional mess.

Despite this, I didn't give in to my grief. Instead, I channelled my rage into a fight. I half transformed into my lycan and unleashed all of my fury on anyone who stood in my way. I ripped through their bodies and slit their throats with my razor sharp claws. Enemies' bodies continued to fall at my feet, lifeless and mutilated. I felt satisfied after feeling their blood. To a certain extent, that fulfilled me. I adored having my hands coated in the scarlet liquid. Never did I enjoy slaying an enemy like I was enjoying it that night.

None of them made it out alive. They didn't get away with it, and I made sure they didn't. They were attempting to murder my entire family. They planned to take over the kingdom and had killed countless innocent people in the process. A large number of victims had already been strewn on the ground, deceased and mauled to death. These criminals were unworthy of even a smidgeon of sympathy.

I snapped the neck of the final renegade who dared to confront me after letting out a furious howl. I noticed Leo feverishly carrying Astrea's lifeless body into the palace out of the corner of my eye. At the very least, she was no longer attempting to murder our men and was, perhaps, no longer in danger.

Red and orange flashes erupted in the air. I took a look around to see if Danisha was still there. After some time, I noticed her utilising magic to battle Leo's great grandmother.

I moved closer to her, sneering. Regardless of the continuous bolts of power flashing at her, she managed to shoot a red bolt straight into the old sorceress's chest. The body of the old lady trembled and went numb.

"Grandma!" Leo's mother screamed, aghast. I stood there, watching in horror as her body plummeted to the ground, no sign of life left in her.

"Ha! You got it, old hag!" Danisha was ecstatic.

"b\*\*\*h!"

When I first heard Astrea's voice, I was taken aback, and even more so when she appeared behind Danisha, wearing an oversized shirt and pulling at her hair, causing her to scream.

While Leo's mother frantically tried to resuscitate her grandma, Leo viciously seized Danisha's throat.

He snarled, "You witch!"

"Astrea! Leo! Take her into custody!" I growled angrily. Both of them twisted Danisha's arms to the point that she couldn't move them. I could have let them kill her, but I was desperate for answers before she was chastised. I couldn't figure out the reason for her treachery. She appeared to be the ideal young lady. What went wrong?

When I looked around, I noticed that the war's pandemonium had subsided. The old sorceress was sent to the infirmary, and Ava, Leo's mother, followed. Other warriors came to the aid of their injured colleagues. It was an appalling scene. There were maimed bodies all over the place. The last baddies were being fought by my parents and a few soldiers. Only a few rogues remained, and they could be readily apprehended or murdered.

I walked close to Danisha and looked her in the eyes after taking a deep breath. They weren't the regular piercing blue colour. The change in her eye colour was strange, but I was too preoccupied with her betrayal to care about it. My teeth were tightened and my jaws were clinched. I was bursting at the seams with things to say to her. So many questions. I had no idea where to begin. My mind was whirling with several uncertainties. Memories of the wonderful times we had together flashed through my mind. It was excruciating. Why did she feel compelled to betray us?

I managed to say, "You stabbed us in the back."

She gave me a critical look and then spat in my face, something I didn't expect. I wiped the sweat from my face. I suppose I shouldn't be upset. What else could I expect from a traitor?

What surprised me was when she began to morph. Her muscles swelled, and hair sprang from every pore on her body. She was transitioning from a human to a lycan. Was she a crossbreed? Despite being caught aback, I quickly reacted and switched to my lycan.

I was quicker at shifting since I was a royal. I sank my claws into her chest in the middle of her shift without thinking about it. When I saw her eyes widen in surprise, it crushed my heart. I still loved her despite what had transpired, but what she had done was far too bad to be forgiven.

I swallowed the pain and stabbed my claws through her body before stepping back and allowing her to fall. I made certain that I had her heart. I couldn't take the chance of letting her recover. As she writhed in pain, the scarlet colour of her blood saturated the fallen leaves on the ground.

I moved my weight back. It was almost over. I took a big gulp. It was difficult for me. I shouldn't be suffering for her because she was a betrayer, but my wild heart wouldn't listen. It was excruciatingly uncomfortable. Nonetheless, I had to convince myself that she wasn't worth it. She didn't love me as much as I did. She would not have betrayed the throne if she had.

"Danisha!" I heard her mother's screams, but I raised my hand and gave her a sidelong glance. Her partner and she were both staring at their daughter, speechless.

"Please accept my apologies, but your daughter is a traitor!" I stated unequivocally.

I could hear the dying woman's harsh wheezes. I chose to walk away after pressing my eyes shut. I didn't want to be present during her final moments.

Everyone gasped as I walked a little way. They were staring at the corpse when I turned around. Her soul had to have left, so why were they staring at her motionless body as if witnessing the most shocking event of their lives?

Leo yelled out, "You have to see this." My parents were likewise concerned as they looked at me.

My brow furrowed in confusion as I considered what it could be. I wandered over to see what they were staring at.

I anticipated to see her human form lying on the ground in a pool of her own blood. What I witnessed, on the other hand, was a complete stranger dying at our feet – scrawny, dark haired woman with a star marked on her forehead... a dark witch.

"Who is that?"

"I'm not sure..."

Those around me whispered to one another. I looked at Danisha's parents, who appeared to be as perplexed and taken aback as I was.

"That... that isn't our daughter," her father muttered, rubbing his chest.

"The pain isn't there... the anguish of losing my puppy... she's still alive!"

He appeared to relax, and a smile began to form on his lips.

He cried out, "my daughter is not a traitor!"

"Yes... but where is she?" her mother inquired, her voice trembling.

I was staring at them, speechless, as they surged towards me. My rage and bitterness had faded away. That was an excellent question. Where had Danisha gone if that was an imposter?

My heart began to race as my throat constricted. Perhaps my girl had been in trouble all along and I was completely unaware of it. Was I any good as a boyfriend?

Danisha's parents clenched their fists and began pleading on their knees.

"Please, your Majesty. She might be in jeopardy. My daughter would never betray the kingdom, I know that. I haven't given birth to a traitor. Your Majesty, please. Please save her."

Her parents' faces were flushed, and their voices trembled. I licked my chapped lips with my tongue and bent down to pick them up.

"Don't get down on your knees for me. I'll do everything I can to find her," I took a big gulp. "I... I will try my best."

I hurried into the palace after a quick glimpse at my parents. While I was doing so, I heard dad giving orders to the warriors to clean up the area and bury our enemies' bodies in mass graves on the edges of our territory. Our slain warriors and residents would, of course, be buried with honour. Their sacrifice would not go unnoticed.

I dashed into my room and slammed the door shut without waiting another second. My heart hurt. Danisha, the actual Danisha, was no longer with us. She was most likely kidnapped and none of us were aware. I felt worried. Was she being tortured? Or was she abused in any way? One thing was for certain. She was still alive and I needed to find her.

I took a deep breath and dropped to my knees, clutching my fists into my hair. For the first time in my life, I let my eyes cry for a female.

Danisha. My darling. The lovely lady who had snatched my heart away.

"Where have you gone?" I whispered to myself as I wept silent tears.