

## Chapter 373 August

Jennifer's POV:

As soon as I hung up the phone, Anthony held me in his arms and asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen to Skylar?"

Anthony could be very perceptive, so it wasn't surprising that he already had an idea of what was going on. I nodded blankly. "Yes, Skylar met that friendly vampire Thomas again. He told her that the vampire king doesn't want to withdraw the troops, and that he's only waging this whole war in order to find her."

Anthony didn't respond, but his eyebrows knitted together into a frown. Leaning into his strong arms, I let out a sigh.

"What's going on in the vampire king's mind?" I wondered out loud. On one side of this war was the werewolves, while on the other side was the vampires, which my best friend happened to belong to. I was in a dilemma. "Can't we take the initiative to negotiate with him for peace? I mean, we can just talk to him without giving Skylar's identity away."

"I'm afraid that won't be advisable. It's a complex matter," Anthony explained, shaking his head. "Don't worry, honey. Looking at the current situation, we werewolves still have the upper hand. If there ever comes a time when we seem to be on the losing side, then we can see if there's a need to negotiate. Just trust me, honey. I don't want the war to continue either."

I nodded and shrugged. "Why is Skylar so unlucky? I hope that she can continue being a carefree girl like always."

The scene of the first time I had met Skylar swam into mind. Her smile that day, sweet and genuine, was still etched into my memory. From the moment the two of us had become good friends, my soul had become entwined with hers.

"Don't worry, Jennifer. We'll win this war, and we'll all be happy, you and me and Skylar and Jerome," Anthony promised.

I rested my head on Anthony's shoulder and nodded slightly. "I believe you. But Anthony, Austin has been fighting for such a long time. How much more time can he go on like this?"

Although Austin had proved his ability through the recent battles, he was leading the entirety of the front line troops all by himself. I was afraid that sooner or later, he would become too worn out to fight.

"I'll be holding a meeting with the elders tomorrow. I will discuss with them and send more troops to the front line to help Austin," Anthony replied, brushing his lips against my forehead.

"Okay." I smiled slightly. This man never failed to impress me. "Anthony, you always think of everything."

"Go to sleep, honey," Anthony said gently. "Good night."

"Good night," I murmured as I closed my eyes.

Larry's POV:

After the mysterious man agreed to save me, he used a teleportation spell to transport me to a hidden forest with a small log cabin. For the past few days, it was in this small log cabin that I had been recuperating. My recovery was only punctuated by the occasional visits from the mysterious man.

"A few days have passed. Are you feeling better now? Don't worry about your safety. I have cast a hiding spell on this cabin. Ordinary people won't be able to find it," the mysterious man assured me on his latest visit. As usual, he was dressed in black from head to toe, with a hood that cast a shadow on his face, masking it from me.

"I'm doing much better. It's all thanks to you, sir," I said sincerely, lying in the bed. "May I know your name?"

It was strange, but I still didn't know the name of my savior.

As if to answer my question, the mysterious man slowly took off his hood, revealing his true face, which was wrinkled with fine lines. He looked like an old man who had aged with grace.

"Call me August," the mysterious man said lightly.

As soon as I heard his name, I was shocked. It was a name that I was all too familiar with. Before I had made a name for myself, the one who had held the title of the strongest wizard was August.

However, it was said that he had died a long time ago, though no one seemed to know exactly when, where, or how. Nevertheless, it was as if he had disappeared off the face of the earth. It undoubtedly came as a surprise for me to see him.

"Are you really August, the grand wizard?" I asked, widening my eyes at the man standing in front of me in disbelief. "Everyone says that you died a long time ago."

Even if this man really was August, the grand wizard, I still couldn't figure out why he had saved me.

"Ha, of course I'm still alive, but the world doesn't need to know that." August snorted and took out his wand. I instantly became vigilant, afraid that he would try to hurt me. But before I could so much as lift a finger to protect myself, a white light emitted out of his wand and grew wider and wider, wrapping me up in a cocoon of light.

It was healing magic. And it was buzzing with unbridled power. I actually felt as if I regained all my strength again.

"Wow, your skills are really amazing as they say. There's no doubt that you're August, all right." I let out an appreciative whistle. His magic power was almost as strong as mine had been back when I was in my prime.

Raising an eyebrow at me, August asked, "Are your legs fine now?"

It was only when I heard that that I tried to move my broken legs. Sure enough, they weren't broken anymore. I was able to move them around freely without feeling any pain.

"It's like I recovered in a second," I told August in awe. But the next moment, my shoulders drooped again. "But my magic power is still getting weaker and weaker."

"But how can that be?" August asked in confusion. "Aren't you the famous grand wizard Larry? How did you end up like this?"

The fact that August was not only alive but knew about my power might have excited me before, but now, I could only nod dully. "A few days ago, I was tricked into taking a drug that reduces my magic power. In order to increase my energy in a short time and escape from that situation, I had to take some forbidden medicine. But now, the effects of that medicine are wearing off, and I'm getting weaker and weaker again."

"I see," August said expressionlessly, as if he didn't feel any surprise or sympathy over what had happened to me. "Larry, do you want to be the strongest grand wizard?"

For some reason, I preferred talking to this logical man over someone who would show pity on me. Clucking my tongue impatiently, I explained, "I already was the strongest grand wizard. It's just that I've lost my magic energy. But I will do whatever it takes to regain all of it and take back what belongs to me! I won't rest until I have my revenge!"

"Who brought you to this condition in the first place?" August asked, rubbing his chin curiously. "You wouldn't have fallen into the trap of ordinary people, right?"

Thinking of that wretched Anthony and Jennifer made me gnash my teeth in anger. "It's all because of those werewolves. They're the reason I ended up like this!"

"Who are you talking about?" August pressed.

"The current lycan king and his wife, a vicious she-wolf!" I growled, wishing I could strangle the both of them right now. "The king's father killed my father, and now, the king stole my lover and even manipulated her into poisoning me!"

August sighed and pursed his lips. "Larry, I feel sorry for you. Maybe we can join hands."

I squinted at August. "What do you mean?"

The man who had been calm so far suddenly raised his voice, his whole body bristling with anger. "I know your pain. I once had a smart son, but he was killed by a werewolf! I hate their whole bloody race. I want to kill them all and make them disappear from this world. Larry, both of us consider the werewolves as our enemy, don't we? Well, as they say, the enemy of an enemy is a friend. My goal right now is to destroy the territory of the werewolves and thrust it into chaos."

