

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 61

Narrator

Everything was set. Cassy and her army were now prepared for an attack that might happen anytime. All the provinces and the werewolf packs were now on standby and alert with their armies ready to be dispatched. Cassy had specifically strengthened the security of the borders in the Central province since she had a hunch that her cousin would attack them there. The only thing she didn't know was, when.

Ever since Ava had returned, she had been trying to figure out the magic that had been used in the tablets, with the help of her father. After several hours of studying and research, he finally concluded.

"I believe that this is a spell of acceleration. The spell would accelerate whatever effects the tablet has on anyone." He finally concluded.

"So which means if the tablet contains poison, it would accelerate the death of the one who takes it?" Cassy asked, slightly shocked at the damage it could cause to a living body.

"Yes. Your highness." Ava's father nodded.

"Good gracious! Liquid silver would break down every blood vessel in the body. I can't even imagine the pain this tablet would cause to the one who died." Cassy gasped.

No one knew what to say. It would cause a painful death. Whoever prepared this tablet and brainwashed those guards into using them would indeed be ruthless.

Just then, a hysterical soldier rushed into the throne room, without waiting for permission to enter. He looked as though he had just faced his biggest fear. His eyes were wide as he looked around frantically. Beads of sweat were glistening on his forehead. He was shaking and trembling in fear when he caught the attention of everyone in the room.

"Your highness!" he gasped. "A massive army of rogues are approaching us at the east border. It is an army like we have never seen before!" He exclaimed, startling Cassy and those who surrounded her.

“How far are they?” she asked urgently.

“They will reach our border within half an hour at the speed they are travelling.” He replied just as urgently.

“Okay! Quick! Dispatch the army! And hide everyone else in the safety bunkers in the basements of the palace. Hurry! We don’t have a moment to lose.” She sent out the orders and the guard hastened to carry them out.

Nolan, Ava, Miles and Calli joined the lycanthrope army who were preparing to leave. The former King and Queen too joined the war, along with Sir Harold. Elliot was barking out orders at the warriors while Cassy was too prepared to lead the lycan army. Ava had sent a quick message to her grandma, informing her that they were being attacked. She didn’t have the time to wait for a reply or to see if she came to help for real. She and her father would do whatever they could to block the magical attacks their rivals cast on them with, or without her grandma’s help. They marched forward with confidence. They were prepared to face anything. Even death.

Cassy glanced at her mate, who was focused on what was in front of him.

“It is time.” She whispered.

“We will win!” He whispered with certainty. Taking in a deep breath she nodded and narrowed her eyes at the approaching army, which was now visible at a distance. She could clearly see who was leading them. A tall, well-built figure, which she guessed belonged to her long lost cousin.....a heartless lunatic who wouldn’t hesitate to kill to have what he wanted, despite it not belonging to him.

“Izzy? Ready girl?” she asked her lycan, who had been more than prepared to claw out their hearts.

“Hell yes.” Came the reply.

Elliot had his heart hammering in his chest. This wasn’t the first war he had fought. However, this was the first time he had faced an army this huge and an army that most probably would use magic in their attacks.

“Rex, let’s kick some a*s.” He whispered to his lycan and secretly stole a glance at his mate, who seemed to be fully focused on the approaching army.

“I’m more than ready for that!” Rex growled back. “ And we must keep our mate safe.” He added.

“Of course. But I’m damn sure she will do a good job herself.” Elliot replied, just as the army of rogues halted a few hundred metres away from them.

Their leader looked into the lycan army with pure hate. He scrutinized through the army and smirked when he noticed the former King and Queen.

“Pathetic.” He hissed as he bared his teeth at them. He was just too confident that he would win. There isn’t anything magic couldn’t do, he thought.

The former king felt a mixture of feelings as he stared at the one in front of him. He couldn’t help but wish that his nephew turned out to be a better person. He wished he still could help him so that he might perhaps rectify his mistakes and become a better person. However, at the same time, he wanted to punish him for causing immense damage to his family and for trying to kill his beloved daughter, more than once.

“Zander!” He called.

“So, we meet again, huh?” His smirk widened.

“Just one question, Zander. Why?” the former king asked. It was painful for him to go against his sister’s son, albeit it looks like they were left with no other choice.

“None of your damned business.” He laughed and looked at his followers.

“Attack!” He ordered and the army of snarling rogues charged into the lycanthrope army. Some of them were in their wolf forms, however, they were weaker than the well trained lycan army. At first, it was obvious that the lycans would easily finish the rogue army off However after some time the lycans started to feel lethargic.

“What is happening?” One of them cried.

“It feels as though our energy is being drained.” Another one groaned.

Ava, who was still in her human form, realised what was happening. They were being put under a spell. Narrowing her eyes at the pale and blond man, who was muttering something under his breath, she chanted a chant that she

knew would cancel out the spell he was putting on the lycan army. The lycans started to feel better and they continued to s***h through the enemies.

Hearts were clawed out and bodies dropped dead on the ground. Soon, the whole battlefield was soaked with the blood of the dead wolves. Occasional green and yellow flares of light didn't surprise the lycan army. They knew that it was from Ava and her father. What surprised them was a strong red light that attacked the rogues.

"Mom!" Ava's father exclaimed in excitement.

"What! I am not someone who would tolerate the abuse of magic!" she growled and sent more energy blasts at the rogues.

"Why aren't they retreating?" Elliot growled.

"They are being fed with pure energy. Whoever their master is, knows magic!" Ava's grandma replied as she sent off another energy blast.

"Kill them off!" Izzy growled.

"With pleasure!" Cassy replied as she continued to claw out their hearts one by one. She was partially shifted, allowing her to use lycan powers to some extent.

Soon, the powers of the three wizards combined were too powerful for Zitao to handle. The rogues in his army started to lose. The well trained, majestic lycanthrope army was not a match for the underfed, and untrained rogue army, despite the magical powers of Zitao. It was his mistake that he thought he could defeat them.

"I didn't know they had wizards in their army!" he growled in frustration when he saw that he was losing. He was about to blow a blast aimed at the former King when a strong red blast inhibited his movements.

"Gah!" He screamed in fury when he realised that he could no longer move. The remaining rogues were taken care of by the lycans and soon, the royals surrounded the restrained dark magician. They had won for sure, with minimal damage to their army.

"What.....! Let go of me!" he bellowed.

“Too bad, it is game over for you!” Cassy shrieked.

“I can’t believe you have become such a disappointment, Zander.” The former king sadly sighed. “Your parents were nothing like you!” he stated, shaking his head.

Cassy sniffed the air. The metallic scent of blood hung in the air. However, Cassy found it strange that she couldn’t detect a new Lycan’s scent despite standing so close to him. Frowning, she stepped closer and sniffed once again.

“You don’t smell like a lycan, cuz. What have you done to your lycan? And why in the world do you have magic powers?” she quizzed.

He smirked and let out a burst of menacing laughter. Cassy’s parents exchanged confused glances as his laughter slowly got louder until he was laughing like a maniac.

“Carina,” Izzy murmured through their link. “He is not a lycan.” She whispered.

Cassy’s eyes widened at what Izzy had told her.

“What?” she asked. Her breathing hitched as her heart started to pound in the chest. “Are you sure?” she asked.

“A hundred per cent certain. I cannot feel his lycan. None of us can. Rex, our parents.....” She confirmed.

“Who are you?” Cassy growled when the realisation hit her. This wasn’t her cousin. It cannot be. “Who the f**k are you? And where is my cousin!” she screamed.

“You are not a lycan, are you?” The former King narrowed his eyes at the restrained person, who looked like an older version of his nephew he had seen years ago.

“We can find out.” Ava’s grandma stated and blew a black coloured powder in his direction. Slowly, his appearance started to change. His pale skin changed to a yellowish-brown and the blond hair changed its colour to jet black. Gasps were heard when a stranger stood in front of everyone, smirking evilly at them.

“Who are you?” the former King growled in the latter’s face as he grabbed his collar. “What have you done to my nephew?” His menacing shout echoed throughout the forest.

However, all they received in response was a burst of evil laughter from a crazy lunatic that gripped the hearts of the royals with fear.