

Alpha Maximus : The last lycan Chapter 34

Micah walks with me to the front door, 'We should go camping for your eighteenth birthday next week?' He says.

'That sounds amazing. Just you and me?' I ask.

'Just you and me,' he winks.

'Did someone say camping?' My father asks behind me.

'Micah is going to take me camping for my birthday,' I smile.

'What a wonderful idea! I'll let your mother know we will all be going camping,' he says and walks back into the house.

My shoulders slump, and I give Micah an apologetic look.

'Don't worry about it. The more, the merrier, right?' He says.

'Sure,' I sigh.

'Plus, we can always go camping together alone another time,' he smiles.

'That's true,' I say, perking up at the idea.

Micah leans in and places a gentle kiss on my cheek.

'Goodnight, Princess,' he says quietly.

'Goodnight, Micah,' I wave, watching him disappear up the road.

I stay lingering in the large doorway until I can no longer see Micah. My hand caresses the spot on my cheek where he left a kiss. As I close the door and turn around, I bump into my twin brothers, who have their arms crossed and the biggest smirks on their faces.

'What do you two buffoons want?' I ask.

Theo holds his hand to his heart and pretends to be upset, 'That hurts, Lylah,' he pouts.

'I'm sure,' I say sarcastically.

'Now move out of my way, or I'll give you some real pain to cry about,' I say, holding my clenched fists up in a fighting stance.

They roll their eyes and step apart, letting me through but proceed to follow me to the kitchen.

'We saw lover boy gave you a smooch on the cheek,' Leo says.

'Yeah, and?' I say, making myself a cup of tea.

'Micah kissed you?' My mother asks, entering the kitchen.

I nod and blush.

'Lylah! He is such a sweet man. I'm so happy for you and pray to the Moon Goddess he will be your fated mate,' she says, embracing me.

'Thanks, Mum,' I smile.

'At least when you become Luna of Storm Glenn, you won't be too far away from us,' my mother beams.

I smile and sip my tea.

'Your father tells me we are going camping for your birthday?' She asks.

I nod.

Nathan enters the kitchen in a panic and exits through another doorway, paying no attention to us. Moments later, Sally enters, looking around, clearly on a mission. Her eyes brighten as she looks at a frying pan and picks it up.

'I'd like to see Nathan say humans are weaklings now!' She says with a manic laugh, flourishing the frying pan in hand and bolting through the same door Nathan fled.

'Are we all going camping?' Theo asks.

'Sure, the whole packhouse can come,' I say as I exit the kitchen and walk through the long corridors. I stop by the spell room and collect the spell book that my mother gave me, walk up the steps of the North tower and step out onto the open terrace once I reach the top.

Sitting on the stone ground, I place my cup of tea down. It's now cold. I flip through the pages of the spell book and read the odd incantation.

I have practised these spells thousands of times, and never once has it worked. The only reason I keep trying is because my mother and grandmother want me to.

There are different types of spells. The ones where you say the words aloud, usually work better with a wand but are not always necessary. The very experienced and strongest witches who have full control of their powers can cast these spells without a wand. Then, there are the spells where you use your hands to touch or hover over the object or person and concentrate using your mind. This technique is best used for healing wounds, which happens to be what my mother and grandmother are best at or can be used to change or move objects.

I focus on studying the fire spell. Once I've read everything the fire spell can do, I reach for my cold cup of tea and place it in front of me. Concentrating, I place both hands on either side of the mug and repeat the words 'Inferno Flamo' in my mind.

Minutes pass, and nothing happens, so I slump myself back with a heavy sigh and lay on the ground, giving up. The moon is shining above me, and the smiling face on the moon is more prominent than usual. I can't help but feel the moon is laughing at me.

Before I know it, I find myself fantasising about Micah. His soft, full lips and the taste of mint. His sable eyes that bore into mine as if our souls were dancing together. His touch that sends a ripple of waves through my body. I smile at the thought that I'll spend the rest of my life with Micah. Even though I have no wolf and no magic, I'd give it all away if it meant being with him.

I should probably stop daydreaming about Micah and keep practising magic. I look around and see a small pot with a half-dead plant. Reaching out, I take it and place it in front of me.

'Revito Sprouto,' I say, flicking my hands towards the pot plant.

A gust of wind goes by, and crickets become louder.

'Revito Sprouto,' I repeat, narrowing my eyes on the plant.

As expected, nothing happens. So, I cast the spell again, but this time in my mind as my hands hover over it.

After a moment, I shove the pot plant away, sliding it back towards the open terrace door. Then, looking back at my cold cup of tea, scoot myself over and hover my hands over it.

'Come on, Lylah. You can do this!' I say.

Once again, I narrow my eyes and concentrate on the words 'Inferno Flamo,' repeating over in my mind. Minutes go by, but I keep pushing myself to keep going this time. Half an hour has passed, and beads of sweat have formed across my forehead as I keep as still as a statue focusing on the cold tea. An owl lands on the stone rail and hoots, startling me. I turn and glare at the brown owl.

'Thanks for that,' I say sarcastically.

The owl hoots again and flies off the terrace and towards the distant woods. Getting myself up off the ground, I pat the dust off myself and walk down the tower stairs. Tired and defeated, I make my way to my chambers.

Unbeknownst to me, steam begins to rise from my mug moments after leaving the terrace.

The castle is quiet, and everyone is asleep. The only sound is coming from my footsteps. I walk through the maze of corridors and slump my back against my chamber door with the dreariest enthusiasm, pushing my door open. Trudging my feet, I stand in front of my floor-length mirror and stare at myself. Unlike all the girls and women, I don't wear dresses. It's much easier to train and fight in black slacks, which my wardrobe consists of many. My boots are solid and perfect for hiding small daggers on either side. My long-sleeved shirt is brown and tucked inside my pants, along with extra concealed daggers. My shirt's arms are baggy, allowing me to move more freely. I take off my boots, then my pants, and reach for my nightgown. I pull it over my head and look in the mirror. My blue eyes have darkened in colour as they do when I become tired, fatigued or angry. They are a bright sparkly blue when I'm in a good cheery mood or feeling content. My mother pointed out that when I was little, my eyes changed to different shades of blue, which showed what mood I was in at the time. She said it's strange because her eyes and my grandmother's eyes never change shades.

I untie my ponytail, freeing my white hair, and brush it out before going to bed. As I'm about to lift my bed cover to hop in, something underneath it moves. I gasp and take a step back. It moves again. I step closer, mentally preparing myself to be brave. I fling the cover back to find a frog in my bed.

'Leo! I yell and scoop the frog up.

The frog croaks in my hand as I approach my window and place it on the stone ledge. Then, with another croak, it leaps from the window into the garden.