

Gotta Find The One.

Gotta Find The One.

By : Pigletlover

Alexandria 'Leigh' Skorie and her best friend George (Who she calls Tem) have to find the one. The one guy that makes Leigh feel renewed when they kiss, not like a pile of crap. This is sounds easy at first. But when you add in the fact that the aren't just looking at humans. Well that changes the whole thing. A/N: I found the picture for my novel at:

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Chapter 1: Here We Go Again.

A/N Hey everybody. I know this is mega short but I really really wanna know if I should even continue. I really like this story but I don't if I am any good. lol. So if you guys could please comment and honestly tell me what you think I would be to honored. Thankz :)

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"And here we go again." I thought glumly as my newest ex~boyfriend, Josh, turned and walked out of my life and not soon enough.

I sighed, turned around and began to search for my best friend in the crowd of people. I spotted him with his bright blue beanie and matching eyes, and started to head over to him. 6 foot tall with dark brown hair and his striking blue eyes, he was impossible to miss even in this crowd.

"Hey beautiful." He said when I reached him.

"Hi babe." I replied giving a small smile. I slid my hand into his back jeans pocket, he did the same to me, and we started to walk down the crowded street.

"So?" He asked "What happened with this one?" I sighed and thought about my words before I said

"Tem, I'm getting really tired of trying to find the right guy. I mean honestly, what are the chances he is even still alive? How do we even know that the Mallo didn't find him, years ago?" He pulled me closer to his body and I buried my face in his chest, trusting him to lead us down the street, and tried to find some comfort.

"Leigh~Leigh," He pulled as both into an alley, pushing me up against the wall and resting his forehead on mine. "We can do this. You are the one. We can't give up. I know you, you know you and you know me." He smiled, knowing he was making very little sense. "You are not the kind of person to give up and I am not the kind of person to let you ever even consider giving up." I pulled away slightly so I could look into his eyes. He continued,

"Let me lay this out for you Leigha. You are a half~elf, half~human princess. You need to find the guy that, when you're around him, you feel more energized and not drained. If you don't there will only be the High Council standing against the Mallo, and you know that would not turn out in our favor. All in all our side would loose, the Mallo would win all the power, and us measly humans wouldn't stand a chance."

"I wish it wasn't me." I whispered into him.

"I know," he said pressing himself closer to me. I felt him cheek against mine and his breath on my ear. "Baby, I don't want you to have to find this guy either, and yet I know you can do it. And you make an amazing princess."

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He nibbled my ear lightly, his tongue flicking my earring. I smiled, knowing that no one else on the planet could make me believe in myself like Tem could.

Chapter 2: Stinkin' High Council.

A/N~~ Hey everybody. So so so sorry it took me so long to get this up. I seriously have had like no time to type latly. !nd sorry it is so short. I usually can't stand shortness But I really really wanted to get this up. Please let me know what you think. Even negitive comments. Thankz Guys!!

~Asp

Tem and I continued down the crowded street, making our way toward, well no where in particular. After a few moments filled with a comfortable silence he cleared his throat and asked, "Where are we going now?" I thought for a moment and then spoke slowly in a I really really want this voice. "Well, I need to report what happened with Josh to the High Council, but I'm mildly exhausted and I need to change before I do....." I trailed off knowing he would get the hint. He looked down at me, his blue eyes narrowed.

"Please Tem," I continued, "You know I always feel way energized when we hang out over there and the clothes I want to change into, are still in the combat room." He sighed.

"It's a mess over there, Leigha." I smiled, put my arm around his waist, he put his around my shoulders and I led the way.

Tem's house looks like a lone apartment building from the outside, but the inside reminds you of the inside of a train. When you walk in the front door you find yourself in a large open room, painted black with strange, brightly colored artworks on the walls. On the right is Tam's PC and Mr. Mouse's (Tem's pet rat) empty cage, while on the left is the living room, with its black corner couch, small box TV, and wooden coffee table; and then the kitchen, and island in the middle and linoleum counter tops. Straight ahead is a long, dark hallway that ends in a black brick wall; two doors on the right lead to a closet and Tem's bedroom while a door on the right lead to the bathroom. Small, but totally cozy.

We stood outside Tem's house, me rubbing my arms, while Tem searched for his key. It was cold enough for me to see my breath and it smelt like snow, I usually love snow...but not, in the middle of July.

Tem finally found his keys and shook them at me, smiling broadly, before unlocking and opening the door for us. As soon as I shook my coat off and removed my shoes, I headed for the kitchen, knowing that if I didn't get some food, and soon, I would pass out. Before I could get very far a pair of hands slid around my waist and I was pulled back against Tem's muscly chest. He put his chin on top of my head. I sighed and leaned back against him.

I was exhausted. And Tem knew it. Josh had been one the worst guys yet, whenever I had been so much as near him I had felt pretty empty.

"You go and lay on the couch," He mumbled into my hair, I'll go and heat up the pizza from yesterday." I nodded, knowing that I didn't have the energy to argue. He kissed the top of my head and went into the kitchen. I rolled over the top of the couch and fell onto it, landing on my stomach. I laid my head on the pillow, pulled and blanket over me, and let Mr. Mouse get comfortable on the small of my back and settled in. "Alright, you ready to go?" I called impatiently down the hall. I had already put on all my fighting gear and was now waiting for Tem. Tight black leggings, a plain black T and two knife sheaths, one on my right thigh and the other on my left arm, I knew I looked dangerous....even if I didn't look anything close to attractive. Tem came out of his room and groaned when he saw me. He was dressing in a soft fawn colored leggings and a darker green tunic.

"You know the High Council can't stand it when you wear fighting gear to report to them." He said deeply. I looked at him with eyebrows raised.

"Right," I said sarcastically, "I'll just go change because you know its my life goal to please the Council."

"Leigha, could you just please put on some make~up at least, and maybe a skirt?" He asked getting irritated.

"Are you high?" I retorted "There is no way I am going to go waste my time putting on make~up for the Council. Sense when have I ever wanted to impress them?"

He looked me up and down, the anger faded from his gaze and something else replaced it.

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"You look so sexy in that, especially when you're pissed." He said, his voice taking on a deep tremor. I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms self-consciously.

"Glad we got that cleared up, you can just stare at me when it comes down to a yelling match with the council, which you know it always does." He smirked but obviously agreed because he started to head down the hall. We walked down the hallway, shoulder to shoulder. When we reached the black brick dead end, I placed my palm on the wall and whispered "Zarro." There was a flash of bright green light and a door appeared and opened.

We walked inside, shut the door behind us and Tem said, "High Council." When he spook in situations, like this, that demanded seriousness he took on a deep tone of voice. This voice usually sent shivers down my spine and this time was no exception.

After Tem spook there was a strobe like flash, a whooshing noise in our ears and cold air engulfed us. All these sensations lasted for less than a second and when all the cold air cleared we were able to see our dark, new surroundings.

We were in a large spacious room; it was unclear where it started and where it ended. When looking around in all directions, even behind us, it just faded into blackness. The only light was coming from a large alter looking table where 6 creatures were sitting, a candle in front of each of them.

Chapter 3: The War Has Started.

A/N Sorry for the last Update. I meant to get this up a lot sooner. I have no more of this story written down but I think I know where Leigha's and Tem's story is going so it shouldn't be too long before I get more posted. Please comment and let me know what you think, positive or negative. :D

~Piglet

On the far right end of the table a dwarf was sitting; short with a bald head, large, pointy ears, and the bushiest bread you have ever seen. The dwarf Lord Stephish was just like the rest of the dwarfs, very short, in his temper, and only ever talks when it is absolutely necessary.

On his left was a beautiful elf, who looked like she was younger than all the rest. With her long blond hair she could draw any mortal in like a moth to light, I think that is why our mother always preferred her. That's right. Millisa is my half sister. On my mother's side of course. Speaking of the devil, she was sitting on her daughters left.

The beautiful elf Queen Brawlee, she looked down her nose at us, in the haughty way she looks at everything. I don't understand how she fell in love with a mortal man, my father, to begin with. She looks at everything from the mortal world as if it is dirt in the way of her perfect realm.

To the left on Queen Brawlee was a grandfatherly looking face. Looking just like a human except for the wings and pointed ears, King Makorlie, the Farie king, was just like a grandfather to me. He looked at me as though I was someone worth talking to, unlike the elves, who looked at me as though I was a disgrace. Which I guess, in all honesty, I was, to them at least.

And then on the far left was a hairy little beast with pointy teeth and ears that were not even visible. The goblin, Lord Tamory, scared me unlike the rest. When he looked at you, with his tiny black eyes, you felt the urge to shrink away and beg for mercy.

All in all the High Council was a scary lot. With the exception of King Makorlie and Lord Stephish.

My mother looked down at us and, even though she knew who we were when she granted us acceptance, she said, "Please state your names and business."

I sighed inwardly and said "I am Alexandria Leigh Skorie, half~elf, half~human, daughter of Brawlee of the High council. This is George Remington Fascoly, full human and has been granted the right to participate in any court proceedings concerning me and the legend."

Brawlee nodded curtly and then Stephish, the dwarf Lord, said kindly "Go on them Alexandria."

"Right," I nodded, "Joshua Mikory, my 13th try guy, ended up being the worst sense number 7. Not to mention that Mr. Mouse probably can make out better than he could."

Tem snorted from behind me while the High Council looked disapprovingly down on us. I rolled my eyes and continued, "I let him dump me today. I also want to be done with this boy hunt-"

The farie king, Malkorlie, stood up just then and cut me off. "We have news for you." He sounded more serious than usual. Typically King Malkorlie was a laid back, funny, calm guy. There was a sound of urgency in his voice that made me drop my typical sarcasm and actually listen.

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"There was an attempted power~sucks at your place of residence about 2 hours ago."

"Power suck?" Tem asked softly from behind me.

"Yeah," I muttered back, "It means that someone tried to suck everyone's energy through my bracelet. You know the one that connects me to everyone else." I sensed that he nodded and then he said, in his told yah so tone, "The one that you left at home today cuz you didn't want to be connected to the council." I ignored the fact that he was 100% right in this case and turned my full attention back onto the Council.

One by one they stood up and told me what they knew, what they thought, and what they expected. All of them, that is, except my mother. They informed me, and Tem, that when they had first noticed that someone was trying to use my bracelet and it wasn't me they disconnected it. They had sent one of the other warriors out, sense I wasn't reachable, but he hadn't returned. The warrior, Mathew, had check in when he got there, reported that it was a disaster and someone had obviously been looking for something, or someone, but then had been cut off before he got to say anymore. I nodded as my brain began to process and accept.

"Anything else?"

"Well," Lord Stephish said hesitantly.

"You can't live their anymore, they don't want you to continue your search for your guy, and they think you may be hopeless, as well as worthless." That impressive statement came from Millisa, in a very hateful tone. Before I could come up with a comeback the whole council erupted. Technically Millisa wasn't allowed to talk during meetings, she was just there to watch and learn how to meetings were run so she could take her mother's place someday.

Tem and I looked at each other, smirking, and started to slowly back out of the room, getting ready to turn and run. And yet, we were stopped, by a shout, from my mother. She had stood up when she saw me and Tem start to leave.

"Don't you leave!" She shrieked, "You provoked my daughter into saying that. Her outbreak was just as much your fault as it is hers!"

I rolled my eyes. "Oh bull shit." I said calmly, thinking that this situation was just funny.

"Your father was smart to pretend you never existed!" She continued, the corners of her lips turned up, she knew she hit a soft spot.

My dad had died because he tried to protect Brawlee from one of the Mallo when I was about the age of 10 and had just learned about my supposed importance. Why he loved her, I have no idea. Why he didn't love me, I didn't know the answer to that either. I knew he didn't care about me, dad had been a drunk at the best of times and had hit and yelled at me more than once. Yet, in the end, if I had to choose a heritage to accept, it would always be the human part of me.

I felt myself start to get mad, the energy boiling beneath the surface, my fingers just itching to make her grow a beard. I felt a cold breeze around my wrists and looked down, distracted for a moment. I saw a tiny blue butterfly fly around my wrists and then around my torso, up until it was level with my eyes. It fluttered around to my ear and a quiet, high-pitched voice whispered

"You gotta get outta here Miss. Leave her and her heart of ice. You must get back into the safety of Master George's home. I will go scout your home, Miss, and see if Mathew is okay. I will come report to you in an

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hour. Be ready to leave then. I must take you to get more training. It is almost time, Miss."

I watched the little thing fly up and out of sight and then made eye contact with Tem. I nodded, letting him know that we needed to leave, now and fast. I looked up to the High Councils' table again, they were all still yelling.

I shouted to make myself heard. "I'm leaving. I will find out what the Mallo are up to and why they are getting stronger. But I can do all that without 'The One'." They had all stopped shouting now and were watching me, somewhat warily. "I can do this, without any boy that helps me find power. The only one I need is Tem, and whoever else wants to help me. I wish you all good luck in all future endeavors."

I turned and grabbed Tem's hand and started to run in the direction from which we came from.

"Alexandria," I heard from back at the table "The War has started. You have no time!"

"I know Lord Tamory. And I will end it. But my way. Not yours."

Chapter 4: It All (Almost) Falls Apart.

A/N: Hey there lovely booksieerz. I have to say I had a total blast writing this chapter. I hope all of you love it. I would totally love it if you would comment, or at least push "Like" :)

Tem and I ran back through the black door, into his hallway and back into the living room. We looked at each other and Tem choked out, trying not to laugh, "I thought Lord Stephish's beard was gonna fall off. I mean did you see all their faces when Millisa spoke. You could have fried an egg on any one of their heads they were so ticked."

We both burst out laughing. Were we pushing away the seriousness of the situation, and we knew it. But it felt good to laugh so hard it hurt, like a weight was being lifted off our shoulders.

I fell into Tem as I tried to stop laughing. We made eye contact and his face became serious. The smile slid off my face as I started into his eyes; my hands were resting lightly on his chest and his fingertips softly on my waist.

He slowly started to lean closer as the tension between us grew. I felt a warm tingle, starting from where his breath was on my face, all the way down to my toes

I tilted my head subconsciously and my breath quickened. Tem's eyes were fixed on mine, while my eyes traveled down to his lips. They looked warm and so damn inviting.

His face came steadily closer and his breath on my face quickened. His lips, ever so lightly, brushed against mine, sending waves of warmth all the way through me. I pulled away quickly before it could become anything more. I headed over to the kitchen trying to shake the fuzziness out of my head.

I walked around, pulling a cup out of the cabinet and walked over the fridge pulling out a gallon of milk. My hands were trembling.

Tem stood, looking dazed, against the beam right outside the kitchen. I looked at him as I put the milk away. Closing the fridge I crossed my arms and said, "That never fricken happened. Got it?"

I was totally freaking out. Being pissy with him was the only way I knew how to deal with it.

He nodded, closing his eyes momentarily. "Leigh~Lei-"

"No," I snapped, "we are not even going to discuss this. I need-"

"Leigha," He said taking a step forward, "I mean, we kissed, did I take your energy away? I mean there is no way I am the one. Do you feel any different? I didn't think about it until just now. I mean." His voice trailed off and I understood what he was getting at.

He was afraid that because we kissed he would be like all of the other try guys and start to drain me.

I shook my head. "No Tem. You can't drain me."

"Wait. Does that mean I am the one?"

"No."

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"But then. Damn Leigha girl. I'm confused.

I shrugged, not totally sure what to say.

"Alright. Fine then." He said sound really exasperated. He walked around the kitchen, grabbed my full cup of milk and an empty glass in one hand and the gallon of milk in the other. He walked into the living room and set everything on the table. His face was set. I knew that whatever he wanted to do I wasn't going to be able to readily argue with him. He was just like me and when he got like this there was no sense trying to make him believe something else. He was a man on a mission.

He walked back into the kitchen, opened the container of peanut butter and stuck two spoons into it. He grabbed my hand, interweaving our fingers. He pulled me into the living room and we fell on to the couch, me sitting next to him, fitted into the crook under his arm.

Tem's POV

She looked at me, her bright green eyes showing me regret that the whole story had to come out like this, in a time where time was, well limited.

"I grew up with a normal-ish childhood. I had a drunk father, who, in his moments of soderness, was a great dad. My mother did take care of me, but she wasn't exactly the motherly sort, you know.

"She would buy me whatever I wanted and all that. All in all I was a happy kid, day after day it was the same thing and I was okay with that. I didn't, I don't, know anything different.

"Every night before I went to bed my mother would tell me a story." Her eyes became sad at that point, as if the cause of all of her troubles from that point on, had been all because of that bed time story. I reached out and held the hand that wasn't holding the peanut butter spoon. Somehow I knew that the telling of this story was going to be painful for her, but maybe it would help her feel like I was trustworthy.

I loved this girl. Everything about her made me smile. The way she really didn't believe that she had a beautiful figure, but absolutely didn't care if people saw it. The way she got pissed when she got uncomfortable but shook it off right away. The way that she didn't let anyone in, never let her walls down. Everything about her just made me smile.

Yes I admit that my kissing move was, was, stupid. I didn't even think about the whole draining fact until after word. I didn't want to loose her, yes I wanted her as mine, no other guys, but if that meant taking the chance of loosing her all together, than I wasn't gonna take the chance. We had been through so much together. I needed to hear this sstory, so we could become closer, and I could understand her more fully.

"Anyway," she continued, squeezing my hand softly. "She would sit by my side, while I laid in bed and tell me the same story every night. She said it was a legend, a legend that her family had been holding onto for a long time."

Her face took on a look of remembrance as she began to tell the story.

"In a time when both realms, magic and mortal, are in great danger a princess will be born. She will have a quality that will set her apart from all others, but no one knows what that quality is.

"Now every princess needs a prince, right? Well this princess is special in the matter. She needs the exact right boy to be her prince, not just anyone. If she tries to make the wrong boy her prince she will be physically

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tainted whenever he is around.

"The princess needs this boy to save both the realms from the undefeatable menace. The Mallo is what they are called. They were black cloaks and wield knives with uncontrollable fury. Their main goal is to wipe the mortal realm away. Yet the mortal and the magic realm is connect, in many ways, no one knows them all. The only way for the Mallo to remove the mortal taint is to remove the magic realm first. They believe that the only way to destroy the magic realm is to break the princess.

"From the day she is born there will be a protection around the magic realm. When she turns thirteen she will need to find her prince. For three years she will be able to find her prince, but as time goes by without the prince and the princess united the protection around her realm will slowly fall.

"Eventually, on her seventeenth birthday, if she has not find that boy, a war will break out. The mortals will not know about the danger in the beginning, but eventually the magic realm will begin to fall and the mortal realm will become vulnerable. The only hope for the realms is for the princess to find the prince.

"She would then lean down, kiss my forehead, and smile warily. She would tell me that it was all up to me, how the story ended. I loved that part. She would leave the room and for the next 15 minutes, every night, I would create a new and exciting ending. Sometimes the princess found the prince, sometimes she didn't. But every time it was new and different, unlike the rest of my life."

She popped the spoon into her mouth and ate all the peanut butter off of it in one mouthful. I smiled and handed her the glass full of milk. She took on large gulp, smiled at me (taking my breath away) and continued.

"My thirteenth birthday came along and my powers came along with it. Of course I had no idea; I thought I was a typical human girl. But I blew up my own birthday cake. Seconds after that happened, the front door to our house blew open and they came in. I knew right away it was the Mallo. I knew the story was true, but I had no idea why there were at my home, in my life. The idea that I was the princess never even crossed my mind.

"My mother threw up her hands and shouted...something, and a dark purple wall like thing flew up in front of them. She said something about it not lasting long and pulled me and my dad in the closet. She sat me down and told me the story again. Except this time she put everything into present tense instead of future.

"She explained to me that I was the princess and that I needed to hide, and in a while the high council of the Magical realm would contact me. At that point the door flew open and they came in. A dark, cold feeling came in there with them, it was like the sun and been sucked into a black whole. One of them threw a knife and I tried to grab it in mid-air but dad got there first.

"He had flung himself in front of mother and taken the knife in the stomach. They both looked at me, dad mouthed something, mother snapped her fingers, I felt a whooshing and next thing I knew I was standing in the living room of the house I know as my own today.

"I got the letter in the mail the next day and starting at the boarding school where we met. You know that whole story already."

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She smirked at me and laughed, "You made everything better, feel all light and airy, it was totally perfect."

I winked at her, "You know that I just had so much fun makin' fun of you baby."

She smiled and continued, "The first weekend that bracelet showed up on my bad, I slipped in on, turned in counter clock wise four times on a whim and got transported into the council chambers.

"They explained everything to me, like the fact that the story I had always heard was true and I was the princess and the ending was totally up to me."

Chapter 5: The Journey begins

A/N~ Alright so another chapter that I had a totally blast writing. I hope you enjoy and get excited for the journey to come. :) Please leave a comment or at least press "Like"

Leigha's POV

"And that was that, I mean the Council started giving me lessons so I could hone my magical skills. And when I was at school I was suppose to start dating.

"Hold the phone." Tem said, interrupting my flow. "You didn't start dating until after you told me about who and what you are."

I roled my eyes at his interruption and shrugged. "When they told me to start dating I told them about you. About how fantastic you are." He rolled his eyes at me, blushing lightly, "and I told them that I thought you might be the One."

Tem sucked in a breath of air but I shook my head so he didn't interrupt me again.

"They agreed, they thought you might be the One, after I told them about your attitude. The problem was that I refused to risk it. Even though we had only known each other for about a month I didn't think I could handle loosing you. So I didn't take the chance.

"The Council has the ability to cover up any guy. Which means that, if I truly want it, they can make it so any guy's chosen-~~oneness~~ disappears. So I had them do that. To you."

He looked mildly lost, but like he was slowly catching on. "So you mean to say that even though I might be the One, we could have a full blown make out session and your magic wouldn't be affected by it?"

I nodded, feeling like he was getting to more than just that, but I wasn't sure what. He took the spoon out of my hand and set it on the table.

He put his palm on my cheek and looked into my eyes. I bit down on the inside of my cheek to keep myself from smiling at the tremors that ran through my body at his touch.

"Why did you pull away then?" he whispered, sounding desperate. His amazing eyes were searching mine, searching for....something.

I stood up, getting the feeling that if he kept looking at me like that I would give into everything he wanted, and more. I walked over to the other side of the couch, picked up Mr. Mouse and let him crawl over my arms.

I took a deep breath, "Tem, I have already told the High Council that I didn't need a guy to do this. My plan is to wait for the little blue pixie to come back and tell me whats up with Mathew and my home. Than I will do whatever they think is best. Tem don't you think that me and you together could mess this up?"

Tem sat thoughtfully for about 2 point 7 seconds and then walked over to me. He took Mr. Mouse out of hands, gently set him down in his cage and walked back to me. He ran the backs of his fingers down my cheek and placed his other hand on my waist.

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"Please." he whispered low and husky. Then he kissed me. Like really kissed me. And wholly shit. His lips cupped my lower lip urgently. His teeth scraped against my mouth. I gave into feelings I had had for him sense the moment I first saw him. I slid my arms around his neck and parted my lips against his. His tongue slid in and flicked against mine. He was kissing me like he was drowning and I was the air he needed to survive.

Then, out of no where, there was frantic banging on the front door. Tem and I broke apart. We looked at each other, chests heaving, his blue eyes were brighter than usual and very feverish, I am sure mine looked the same.

I tore myself away from his gaze and walked over to the door. I closed my eyes for a millisecond before opening the door. I placed my hand on the doorknob and whispered "Inverio". The picture of what was outside the door flashed in front of my closed eyes.

There was a tall guy, he looked about 18 (a year older than me), with warm brown eyes and dirty blond hair. It was Mathew; he looked hurried, frantic and scared. Peeking out of his collar was the cute little pixie that had talked to me in the Council chambers.

Alwark is his name. I had seen him a few times before, caring messages for the High Council. He seemed to have taken a liking to me.

I opened my eyes and swung the door open. Mathew took one look at me and then flew at me. He hugged me as though he was afraid I might float away. I was startled for a moment, but after that passed I chuckled and hugged him back.

"Well, its good to see you too, Mathew."

He pulled away, somewhat reluctantly, shut the door and whispered "Balock" to lock it. He scanned the room briefly and smiled, nodding when he saw Tem.

"What happened?" I asked, seeing his obvious relief at seeing Tem.

"I'll give you the whole story later, but first we have to get out of here. "

"Yes Miss, Yes." Alwark had flown out of Mathew's collar and was flying around, his high pitched voice sounding very frantic.

"Slow down Alwark." I said calmly. "I need to know who is coming and where we are going." Mathew looked as though he was going to answer my question, but Alwark cut him off.

"The Mallo, the ones who destroyed your home Miss. They will come here next. They know you have not found the One and they wish to end this war before it begins."

Mathew nodded, confirming what had just been said, before he added on. "We must go see Master Ulnar. He used to be on the High council but left when the Lordess Barwlee joined because he did not agree with the way she did things. He is now a hermit living in the wood miles west of here. I know he will be able to help us; whether in learning new magic or finding a way to win the war. Anyway with the Mallo coming and us not being able to hid here, he is our next best choice."

"How are we going to get there?" Tem asked. I was amazed that he didn't argue or freak out. But I was also worried. It was obvious he thought he was coming but I didn't want him in that sort of danger.

"I know the way." Alwark replied.

"Tem." I said, with warning in my voice.

"No way." He said rounding on me. "Don't you even start. There is no way, in this realm or any other, that you are going to leave without me."

I sighed and raised my hands in defeat. "Yes Sir." Mathew chuckled from the side.

"What?" I asked warily.

"In all the years I have known and trained with you I have never seen you give into anyone like that."

I shrugged and Tem smiled.

Chapter 6: Our First (Not Last) Encounter with Them.

A/N Ok again, I really do love writing but this story..I don't know I totally adore it. Please leave a comment. Every comment make me smile...seriously. If you can't leave a comment I would love it if you could at least press "Like" ;)

Happy New Year!

~Piggy

Once it was decided that our trip would take about 9 days, on foot, we set about packing as quickly as possible. Tem and Alwark in the kitchen with food and sleeping gear; Mathew and I in the weapons room getting extra clothes, weapons and putting concealment spells on most of the gear.

Once everything, food and extra clothes and weapons, was all packed we all went into the weapons room to change. We continued to move quickly, not speaking, as three people stripped down while Alwark zipped in and out of our three packs making sure we had everything.

The boys had already removed their pants and shirts while I still had my pants on. I stopped undressing to help them dress. Both of their pairs of fighting pants had ties in the pack.

Mathew and Tem had both pulled their pants on and were trying to tie them. I smirked, watching them struggle. I walked over to Mathew first and swiftly tied his pants up. He had a small birthmark on the left side of his lower back. I touched it lightly and smiled when he flinched.

I left Mathew as he pulled on his leather under armor and went over to Tem. I knew Mathew could deal with the rest of his clothes while Tem, who never wore fighting gear, would need some help. I couldn't help but admire Tem's back as I walked over to him. Not too muscular, but far from flabby. There was one oddity about Tem. A mystery that I had asked about many times but had never gotten an answer.

There was a long jagged scar that traveled from his right shoulder and stretched down across his spine and onto his left hip. I placed a finger on his neck, on an impulse and trailed it down his spine. When I reached where the scar and backbone met I lifted my finger, placed it on the other side of the scar and traced the rest of the way down.

As I tied up the back of his pants, smiling, I noticed the goosebumps that decorated his skin. When I finished I leaned down and pressed a light kiss on the intersection my finger had missed.

He swung around and tried to meet my eyes but I avoided his. I handed him his leather under armor and as he slid it on I grabbed a regular button up shirt. I handed that to him as well and waited while he shrugged it on. I began to button it up, starting at the bottom and asked softly, so only he could hear me, "You never are going to tell me what the scar is all about, are you?"

I finally let him catch my gaze and he gave me an answer I never would have expected.

"The day you give me the chance to be more than just friends with you will be the day you learn the secret." I started at him, blinking, shocked. I walked over to a pile of gray things on the floor and pulled on a cloak out of it. I wrapped it around Tem's shoulders, Lord of the Rings style, and fastened the pendent about his neck.

"What is this symbol, Alexa?"

Mathew asked as he slid his cloak on, leaving only mine on the floor. The symbol he was referring to was the design of the pendent. It was a silver diamond shape with a light blue teardrop inside. If inspected closely, there was a small black diamond inside the teardrop.

"Oh," I said as I slid out of my pants and began to pull my armor on. Both boys seemed shocked that I stripped, down to my sports bra and gray cotton underwear, in front of them; never the less they shook it off quickly. "that is my symbol. You know how all the royal families have a symbol?"

Mathew nodded.

"Well," I continued, as I pulled on my own cloak, "I thought my mother's symbol was lame so I made my own."

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Mathew chuckled and mumbled something like, "Of course you did." He came over to me, latched my pedant, and gave me a smile; which got him a foul look from Tem.

With all of us dressed and Mathew and I armed to the teeth (Tem with two daggers that he is quite handy with) we marched in to the living room. I gave Alwark a questioning look and he squeaked, "We have all we need Miss. We must be off now."

I nodded, pulled my hood over my long red hair and picked up my pack. The guys slid their hoods on, shoulder their packs and headed toward the door. Alwark flew under Mathew's hood as the door opened and he stepped out in to the night.

Tem and I stood in the door way and looked around the place we had called home for almost three years. I sighed and leaned into him as he wrapped a comforting arm about my shoulders.

"Temy," I wined, "I don't wanna go."

"I know my beautiful princess," he replied, playing along, "yet it seems that fate has called on us. And we must act, even if I would much rather stay right here and convince you to kiss me some more."

I leaned up and kissed his cheek with a smile. Together we turned and walked away; knowing we would never see the place in one piece again.

~~~~~

After about 3 hours of walking through the darkening streets, in our cloaks that rendered up virtually invisible, I was getting impatient. With our feet crunching on the snow I was going over signs that I should have noticed ages ago, signs that would have told me that the war was approaching. That fact that of the snow in July should have been the first sign. When the Mallo become powerful they bring an air of darkness and chill with them.

Just as I was about to break the silence to ask how much farther we had to go, Mathew spoke softly, "We're here."

Here was a long deadened alleyway. Alwark had explained to us that this alley way was a portal, just like the one in Tem's house, that would take us to the middle of the woods about 100 miles from here. From there we would set up camp for the night and make a plan for the rest of our journey.

I glanced at both Tem and Mathew before I started to walk to the end wall. I was followed, closely, by Tem with Mathew bringing up the rear.

I was a few yards from the end when I felt like something was wrong. Out of the shadows stepped to black cloaked and hooded men. They were walking slowly straight for me, short daggers in each hand.

"Just where the hell do you think you're going?" A thick gravelly voice came from under the hood closest to me. I inhaled sharply and the three of us froze. I reached for my long knife; Tem and Mathew both reached for their weapons of choice.

The men moved closer and I made my choice. It was two on one, we could probably win, and there was no way I was going to let the Mallo make the first move. On my turf. I lunged at the one that was closest to me.

He reacted immediately, meeting my knife with both of his daggers. At my lunge everything seemed to have gone from slow motion to fast forward. Tem had come and was blocking the mans blade while I gave him little cuts everywhere I could reach.

That left Mathew to the other bloke. I felt, rather than saw, Mathew stun his opponent. The moment his spell made contact there was an uncharacteristic BANG from the entrance of the alleyway. At that point I went from feeling in control and calm to panicked and scared. That bang had caused 4 more men of Mallo to appear.

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At this point we were all fighting for our lives. We had gone from a 3 to 2 advantage to a 5 to 3 disadvantage. It was like the battle stories of old that the Council had always told us about in our lessons. The ones we were always joking about, always thinking our teachers were over reacting.

I was getting frantic, I was the kind of person who attacked, not blocked; yet here I was slowly backing up and struggling to block is jabs. There was noise all over. Spells being screamed in Mathew and Alwarks voices; Knife strokes echoing off the walls.

"Alexa," shouted Mathews voice from somewhere to my left, ""You have to get to the wall and open the portal!" I faltered and my opponents blade caught my right cheek. I felt the sting and the blood dripping down my cheek. The man was smiling gloatingly down on me and I took advantage of this pause and stabbed him in the stomach. He went down and I tried not to get queasy as I pulled my blad back out of his flesh.

I turned quickly and reached under my cloak, pulling out my throwing dagger. I felt another figure coming at me from the left and threw my dagger at him. I knew I hit him from the groan of pain that came from him.

I was about five feet from the wall when I heard Tem yell in pain. I lunged from the door and the moment my fingers made contact with the cold brick wall I screamed "zarro molia". I added the 'molia' so that me and all my friends were pulled into the portal. We went spinning into it as the darkness and my bright green magic surrounded us.

## Chapter 7: Encounters with Death and Messengers.

**A/N1 Alright. So this was kinda a filler chapter to get us to the next point in our story, but it does have some good info in it. Please comment! Or at least press "Like"**

**Enjoy!**

**~Piggy**

I was lying on my back struggling to open my eyes. On the small of my back, where my shirt had rode up, I felt dried leaves against my skin. I felt cold all around me, and forced my eyes open. In spite of the fact that I felt sore all over, I pushed myself up so that my weight was resting on my elbows.

I looked around shakily, feeling the adrenaline that I shot through me when the Mallo showed up, ebbing away. Tem was lying, spread eagle, to my right. When I first saw him, thinking to worse, and sighed in relief when I saw his chest rise and fall.

It was then that I noticed Mathew sitting right next to Tem. Alwark was zipping around up in a large square. It looked as if he was leaving a trail of fog behind him, yet I knew it was a concealment spell.

I pushed myself up onto my hands and knees and crawled over to the two boys. When I got close enough to see their condition, my stomach dropped.

Tem had a gash across the left side of his chest. I could tell the gash was deep because the color of his blood had a blueish tinge. He also had a bruise on his forehead. Not to mention he was unconscious.

Mathew was sitting next to him, but he looked as if he barely had enough energy to sit up. He had a deep cut in his left arm. He was cradling it but wasn't giving it much attention. He seemed to be more worried about Tem.

I felt a tear slide down my cheek and wiped it away quickly, but not soon enough. Mathew saw and nodded, "I'm going to be blunt with you. It is as bad as it looks; he isn't going to make it unless we come up with a amazing solution and fast.

I bit my lip, nodded and got up. I gulped and tried to become all business, sealing away my emotions for later. I ran over to Tem's pack and grabbed the tent. Alwark zoomed over to me and squeaked, "Missy, I am almost out of magic, but Miss you must help humans, I will set up tent." I smiled in thanks and started out of the concealed square. As soon as I was out Mathew was yelling for me to come back but I barely heard him.

My feelings were tearing me apart. I knew that bringing Tem was dangerous but, damn it, he wasn't supposed to get mortally wounded within the first 5 hours. There were a million thoughts in my head, blaming Mathew, blaming me, blaming the friken Mallo. All these thoughts, all these voices; I felt the urge to either scream or break down in tears.

So I screamed. Loud and long. And honestly, it made me feel better, more focused. I needed a healing stone. It was the only thing that could heal Tem's deep wound. I knew that there resided in creeks, ponds and streams. I glanced at my watch and felt a surge of relief, finally some luck. Healing stones glow, to magical eyes only, from 12 am to 3 am. It was 2:30 a.m. thank goodness.

I closed my eyes and concentrated. I felt my pointed elf ears stiffen somewhat like a dogs. After a few silent

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moments I heard a very faint gurgling sound in front of me. My eyes snapped open and I started to run in that direction.

Running was my, somewhat guilty, pleasure. I loved the feeling of the earth under me feet, the cold air wiping across my face. My muscles were sore from the fight but the running seemed to be stretching them out.

I knew I was getting closer from the way the sound of water rushing across stones got louder. I finally burst through some old willows and came upon a very strange sight.

There was a little goblin sitting at the edge of the creek. At least I thought it was a goblin, it looked more like a garden gnome to me.

He looked startled when I burst in, then he laid his eyes on me. He bowed his large hairy head and spoke in a low tremor, "Welcome Princess Alexandira." then went back to staring into the depths of the stream. I furrowed my brow and stepped closer to my side of the stream.

There was a glowing coming from the very bottom and suddenly I thought I knew what was going on. Goblins can't swim. I slid off my shoes and shirt, leaving me in a sports bra and tight fighting pants. I placed a toe in the water and asked "Would you like me to get you one as well? I must get one to save me friend and -"

He cut me off. "I am here for no healing stone. I am here waiting here for you Princess; with a message from Master Ulnar." I nodded, urging him with my eyes to continue. "He says you must move with great haste to come to him. He says the warrior, Mathew, we right it leading you to him. He has much to teach you and not enough time."

I was not really comprehending all of what the little dude was telling me but that obviously wasn't important, because he nodded his head, as if I had said something, stood up and disappeared into the trees.

I blinked, hoping I hadn't gone crazy and imagined all that and jumped into the water.

Holy shit, it was cold. I struggled to catch my breath, took three deep ones and plunged in. I didn't open my eyes as I was under. I didn't exactly feel the need to.

I headed toward the bottom, reaching out with my right hand and my fingers wrapped around something warm. I had what I needed. I swam to the surface, breaking the water and gasping for air. I took a quick look at the stone and slipped it down the front of my bra. I pulled my clothes back on quickly and jogged back to camp.

I could only see where we were camped because I had already been inside. As soon as I walked in a ran into a storm of shouting.

"Yeah Princess I realize this is hard for you but that doesn't mean you can bloody well run off and be a drama queen. There are lives at stake here and you-" Mathew broke off, chest heaving and actually looked at me. He had his arms all wrapped up and it didn't look like it was as painful to him as it was when I left.

"Why are you wet?" he asked, the fire was still in his voice but at least he wasn't still yelling. I shook my head, I didn't think I could speak, after the chill of the stream and the jog back. I reached in between my breasts and pulled out the stone. Mathew's eyes widened.

It was the perfect size to fit right in my palm. It was still glowing faintly. it was a soft blue color with dark brown speckles covering it.

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Up until this point I hadn't looked in Tem's direction but now I walked over to where he lay and kneeled next to him. His face was pale and blood was still seeping from his wound. I began to run the stone over his cut, up and down, up and down.

Mathew came up behind me and placed his hand on my shoulder, opening his magic to my use. I directed both of our energies through the stone, using mostly mine. I felt as if, sense this was my fault, it would be unfair if I didn't give myself into this.

Tem's skin slowly knitted back together, the color returned to his face an this breathing turned normal. I stopped running the stone over his skin and leaned back on my heels.

Mathew squeezed my shoulders, "Good Job, he'll live. Won't even have a scar." I smiled and felt myself falter. I had used too much energy, I passed out against Mathew.

## Chapter 8: Princess are allowed to sleep, as long as they wake up

**A/N: Alright everybody this is really kind of a filler chapter. I am in the middle of Finalz right now and thats why I haven't posted in forever. Thank you for sticking with me. I can't wait to hear what everybody thinkz.**

Tem's Point Of View

I moaned and started to sit up and stopped because of the pain ripping through me. I inhaled deeply, gathered my wits and slowly looked around. I was lying on one of three cots within a smaller, modern looking tent. The front flaps were open and I could hear, and smell a fire from outside. To my left was the tent wall, in the middle was the cot where Leigha was laying.

I sat up quickly when I did a double take on Leigha, and yet totally regretted it instantly. My head spun and I felt as if I might pass out. I closed my eyes and waited until my surroundings stopped spinning.

I took a step forward so I was at her bedside. Her long hair was spread across the pillow. There was a cut on her right cheek, it looked as if it wouldn't heal, kind of wet and fresh. At least it didn't looked infected.

I gently lifted the blanket that was covering her to check for wounds, but there were none. And yet I was sure she wasn't just sleeping, she looked unconscious to me, and I had see her both asleep and unconscious enough to know the difference. I covered her back up.

On the far right was another cot, that I assumed was Mathew's, and at the bottom of his bed was a small dresser. Alwark rested on top in what looked like a little cat bed. The dresser had a small mirror resting on it, as well as my cloak, and I headed over to it.

As I picked up my cloak I got a glimpse of myself in the mirror. The only difference that I could see my face was the fact that I was mildly paler than usual. I snapped Leigha's pendent around my neck and stepped outside the tent.

Mathew was sitting on a large, long log poking a stick into the red, hot crackling fire. He started when I lumbered out, ducking as to no hit my head on the tent flaps. When Mathew's eyes met mine, at first there was remorse in them; as if I wasn't the one he really wanted to come out of the tent; that pasted quickly and a smile of relief crossed his face. "Thank gods you're awake."

I nodded and sat next to the man that I had to deal with for the next couple weeks. The guy bugged me. He was so, with it, never confused or worried just there. I saw the way Leigha watched him, examining every move, as if she never wanted to see anything else.

Snapping out of those hateful thoughts I asked, somewhat sharply, "What happened? Last I remember you yelled at Leigha to get to the portal. Why is she unconscious?"

Mathew looked confused for a moment and then muttered, "Leigha, who- Oh," his voice grew stronger, "Alexa, well." And he proceeded to tell me all the parts of our journey that I had been mentally absent from.

I rubbed the spot where he told me I got slashed absent mindlessly. There was no reminder of the wound that almost killed me, the wound that might kill my best friend. That brave stupid stobborn girl. She risked her life

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to save my arse. I was going to have to talk to her about this when she woke up, if she woke up. The fate of many realms rested on her shoulders, she couldn't just go around saving worthless mortals. Like me.

"How long as she been out?" I asked, long after he finished his story.

"4 and a half days."

"Damn." A pause. "What are the chances she won't wake up?" I asked this very reluctantly, knowing I didn't want to hear the answer.

He met my eye, looking sad and helpless, those feelings, I know, we reflected back at him. "I don't know." His voice was barely about a whisper. He turned his head and continued to stare into the fire.

I inhaled sharply and tried to lose myself in the bright dancing shapes.

After about a half-hour of silence Mathew looked over at me, thoughtfully. "You love her. Don't you?" It seemed like a rhetorical question to me but I still felt the urge to answer, to correct him.

"I'm not a typical teenage who thinks I know when love is, cuz I don't. I know that I am totally attached to her and I would be so ripped up if she.....didn't wake up; I mean, she's my best friend." I looked over at him, anger flaring through me. "If you so much as think about breaking her heart or getting together with her, your head-"

"Dude, If I even, I mean...Look. Me and Alexa together is messed up, on so many different levels. I get the whole 'best-friend-but-I-could-never-let-you-go' gig."

I inhaled, not regretting my blow up, and understanding the fact that this guy was here for friendship and duty only.

The fire has started to die down, causing me to shiver and stand. "I'll go get some wood so the fire keeps burning throughout the night." He nodded, looking eerie as the red glow of the fire flickered across his face.

"I'll make some of the elven porridge. It gives you the most amazing sleep, and when you wake up you feel as if you will never be tired again. We will fall asleep as soon as we drink it, and hopefully in the morning," He glanced pointedly at the tent, "we will be able to leave." He glanced at me and added on, as an after thought, "Make sure to leave your hood on the whole time you are out, that way no one can see you."

I nodded, pulled my hood on, and headed out of the protective circle.

As I wandered through the woods I let despair overwhelm me for a moment. I knew that if I didn't let it out on my own account I would fall apart, and I didn't need that to happen. Especially in front of Leigha.

I refused to let a tear fall from my eyes; never the less I felt as if a black cloud had swooped in and swallowed me whole. I let this black cloud surround me as I gathered a large armful of sticks and one rather large log, that I thought might burn through the night, long and slow.

Once I couldn't carry anymore, and I thought I had enough, I stared back toward the camp, pushing away the black cloud with each step I took. I began to build my defenses around my mind again, thinking of the girl who might die, because she saved me.

## Chapter 9: Odd names, lots of pixies, and squirrel tails.

**A/N: Hey readers. Another chapter is up and more secrets are revealed. To be honest half the stuff in this chapter I didn't have planned, but when I started typing it just came out...lol...I hope you enjoy and I can't wait to hear what you think. On that note I really want to give this novel a new title. 'Gotta Find the One' Soundz too much like a typical romance, and I honestly want this story to be much more than that. Please help me out! Enjoy!**

~Piggy

The next morning was deary. The one after that was the same. And the day after that. For 3 whole days Mathew and I sat there, waiting, ever ready, for our sleeping beauty to awaken. On the evening of the third day Mathew had decided that, whether 'Alexa' woke up or not, we had to move on.

It was getting close to dark and we were just about to cover the fire when Alwark flew out of the tent. He zoomed straight through the flames and landed on Mathew's shoulder, whispering urgently into his ear. Mathew nodded knowingly and warmed his hands over the fire as the little pixie, with his butterfly wings flew away from the encampment.

"What's up?" I asked gruffly, my voice at a lower notch because of the lack of heat around me. The man took a deep breath, his breath fogging in the air as he exhaled.

"They are 3 miles away. Alwark is going to hold them off, don't ask how, for the night. We will leave in the morning, I'm going to have to turn her into something so we don't have to carry her full body weight."

I sat there, completely stunned. Not about Alwark, because when someone told me not to ask, I didn't ask. I was totally appalled about the fact that Leigh was going to be turned into something, unnatural.

I burst out laughing. Even harder than I had back at my place with Leigh. My eyes started to water and I couldn't breath.

"What is wrong?" Mathew asked in a tone of voice that implied that he was far above my lame outbursts.

"Leigha, with a permanent, purple squirrel tail." I wheezed out, trying to breath. Once I resurfaced, I saw that Mathew had cracked a smile. It was good to see a sign that he did have feelings.

For the days that I had lived with only this guy I had found him, almost snobby, to say the least. He was straight forward and full of manners, it was very obvious he had been around the High Council much more than was good for any being. At yet, as I watched him, he let small signs of humanity show through. These moments seemed to increase as time went on.

Alwark flew back toward Mathew, looking like he appeared out of thin air. He glanced around at me as if deciding whether to divulge his information at large, or if he should whisper it to Mathew again.

"They should be held until morning, if they are as dumb, and we are as lucky, as we hope."

Mathew stood up, stretching and yawned. "Well, we better turn in." He said sleepily; it wasn't the 'oh I've done so much work' kind of tired, but more of the 'I am just lazy because I have sat around for days.' I nodded and we both began to cover the remaining coals with dirt. Then out of no where we both froze in our tracks. A very familiar, yet shockingly terrified voice came from the opening to the tent.

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"No. You can't 'turn in". We have to leave now."

---

Leigh's Point of View.

I was sitting with my back pressed against a wall of stone. My thighs against my chest, and my arms wrapped around my legs in a protective manner. I looked around, slowly, taking in where I was, and what I was wearing.

I stood up slowly. I was dressed in a feather light, short sleeved, V-neck, white T-shirt. A soft, light blue skirt fluttered just below my knees.

I was surrounded by black, rough rock. The cavern wasn't all that large, to my right was a passageway that seemed to glow faintly with a yellow light, like sunshine. Yet that was not the passageway that drew my attention, it was the other passage, that seemed to project dark light.

In the center of the room, was a feather, and glowing feather; the same color of my skirt. I moved to the center of the room, and yet, it didn't feel as if I was walking, more as if I was gliding.

My hair was pulled into a high pony tail with a soft piece of leather. I crouched and lifted the feather. I placed the tip into the center of the ponytail, just like you see Indians in the movies. The moment I did this the glow around me moved in to my eyes. As crazy as this sounds I can't think of any other way to describe the feeling. I felt the glow that was coming from the feather sink into the crown of my head and then slowly slid into my eyes. Wherever I looked, there was a soft blue glow, but in my peripheral vision all was dark.

As soon as the light was fully in my eyes, the feather fell and landed in my palm. I slid it into the waistband of my skirt, on an impulse.

I felt a tug on my stomach and started to 'glide' for the darker passage. It felt as if something, or someone, was controlling my motions, and I didn't feel the urge to fight it. To not be in control, even if just for a while, felt peaceful.

As I continued down the passage I began to notice writings, and drawing, on the walls. I didn't focus on these too closely, something told me it wasn't important.

The farther I went down the walkway, the wider it became. When I first entered only one person was able to walk, at this point 2 people would have been able to walk next to me.

Then, right in front of me, a green glow appeared, not as bright as my magic, darker, less threatening. The glow began to intensify; and when I was withing a couple feet I stopped progressing forward. The glow became too great and I looked away. When the glow had faded I looked back.

Standing in front of me was a farie. A male, who looked about 3 years older than me. His wings were the same dark green color that the magic had been that made him appear. He had an unusual face, with a square jaw and a nose that looked as if it might have been broken. Those factors should have made him look intimidating, and yes, they did not, it made him seem friendly and welcoming. I did not feel the urge to be afraid.

"My name is Matrical." His voice was not very deep, but soft and airy. "I am here because you have questions, questions that you have not asked yet, but you must know the answers to. " I nodded, curious. He held out his

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hand, I took it and he led me on.

Once he had my hand in his I lost track of the turns we took. I felt as if I didn't need to worry about it. That this man would take care of me, no matter what danger came our way.

We came to a room, it was glowing purple, and he led me over to a bench and we sat down. "This is what you call the Mallo, used to be." He waved his hand and a sort of projection began to play in front of us.

There were 3 little boys, human boys, playing on their skateboards in a driveway. They looked to be about 6 or 7 years. They were smiling, playing, and even though the projecting did not give us sound, I could almost hear their laughter.

I made eye contact with Matrical. "What happened to them?"

The projections disappeared and he grabbed my hand again. He walked into another cavern and stood in the entrance. This one glowed red and the projections began as soon as we entered, as if they were waiting for our arrival.

There were the same boys, except this time they looked about 13. They were messing around outside a building that looked like a mall this time when someone came up to them. It was a cop, for some reason they all were arrested and taken in the back of the car to the jail. They were put into a cell with about 20 other men and women. That night a pixie flew through the bars into the middle of the cell.

This pixie wasn't anything like Alwark. This one glowed black and had an evil look on his face, he dropped a small black pebble and then zoomed out. The projections faded and the glowing red disappeared to be replaced by darkness.

I leaned back against the wall and looked at Matrical. He blinked slowly and then turned to face me. "That pixie was a servant of the evil Lord Trymole. Trymole's only goal was to turn all humans against the magic realm. All the humans in that cell became bonded to Trymole. They still think and feel for themselves, but they can't make their own choices.

The reason Trymole is having his Mallo attach now, is because Trymole is ill. Trymole should be immortal but he feeds of all that is in balance. Right now the mortal and magic realm are living in peace. This is killing the evil lord.

You are the key factor in this equation. You are the one being that is part of both the magic realm and the mortal. You must find a way to keep the balance, and yet, I fell if you continue to kill all the Mallo that try to kill you, well that might cause trouble.

Everything from here on out is important, every step you take will effect the realms."

'Well,' I thought, 'no pressure or anything.' I looked at the being in front of me. It was obvious that telling this story hurt him, like he was a part of it.

"Who are you?" I asked, wanting to know what part he played in this story. As the words left my mouth there was a rumble and the cavern seemed to shake. It stopped quickly, but i took it to be a sign because Matrical looked up and shook his head sadly.

"I do not have time to tell you. It his time for you and your friends to leave. Ulmar awaits." He began to walk away from me.

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"Wait," I wasn't going to let him walk away. I felt safe with him, if he left, anything could get me. "will I see you again?" I felt like a 12 year old girl from some Disney movie, but, honestly, I was scared.

He walked back to me and cupped my cheek with his palm, "I will see you again, we will fight side-by-side, I promise you that." And then, he started to glow again, and with a flash, he vanished.

I sat straight up. I was sitting on a cot, in a tent. What the hell was going on? And then it all come back to me. The fight in the alleyway, Tem getting hurt, the goblin by the creek, and finally, Matrical and the caverns. That last part had to have been a dream, but somehow I felt it was more than that. Much more. I had no doubt that I would see him again.

I stood, and pulled my cloak from the bottom of my bag, wrapping it around myself. I was wearing jeans with my armor under them, and a black hoody. As I stood, I got a surprise. In the back pocket of my jeans, was the feather. I stood, shocked for a moment, and then placed it back and decided to deal with it later, when we were safe. I heard voice from outside, and knew it was Mathew and Tem. One of them said something like "Better turn in." And I wasn't going to let that happen. I was scared now, and I knew that the Mallo were close, and I didn't want to have to kill them, they were innocent.

I stepped out into the darkness and said, "No. You can't 'turn in". We have to leave now."

## Chapter 10: Ancient legends? Forget Them. I'm cursed.

**A/N: So sorry it took me so long to get this chapter posted. And also I know most of you are going to be disappointed at the end of this chapter...But I just couldn't do it.....Oh well, Maybe Matrical has better chance ;) Can't wait to hear what you all think! Please leave a comment or at least press "Like"**

Both of my companions spun around and froze, staring at me. Their faces were almost comical, a mixture of shock, excitement, fear and relief. They stood frozen like that for a good 40 seconds until they both came toward me.

Tem lunged, picked me up and began to spin me around in a hug. I got ready to scream but he caught himself just in time. He set me down and made eye contact apologetically. He knew about my issues with getting picked up. I honestly couldn't ever stand the idea of having to trust someone else for that kind of support; it scared the crap out of me.

Seeing the familiar look in his eyes, seeing him alive, honestly just threw my system out of whack. Last time I had seen him he was passed out on the ground with blood everywhere. I threw my arms around his neck and pulled my arms as close as possible. His arms went around my waist and pulled me close, yet leaving my feet on the ground.

I pulled away sooner than I wanted to, although later than I should have. Tem's hands left my waist and moved up and down my sides, as if trying to assure himself that I was real. His eyes locked on mine and I felt myself get slightly lightheaded. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against my forehead, my eyelids fluttering as his breath blew across my face.

I pulled away and placed my hand on his cheek, smiling, as I looked around for Mathew. I expected him to be right behind Tem, but he wasn't there.

Then slender arms wrapped around my rib cage from behind, and I felt lips pressing a kiss against my cheek. Mathew pulled away and spun me around; hands on my shoulders he smiled. "I missed you." I nodded, smiling briefly and then proceeded back into the tent.

I felt them following me as I began to fold blankets and move them all to one cot; they stood behind me, dumbfounded. As I stood there I felt a breeze on my side, I looked around, and yet no one was there.

"We have to go. Now." My voice was strangely strangled, panicky. I turned around to face them, so I could read their reactions as I spoke.

They were standing in the doorway, the tent flaps barely open behind them. Their facial expressions were very different, and not the easiest things to read. Mathew looked, well, conflicted. As if his system couldn't decide whether to be all business as usual or still be in total shock and completely relieved that I was alive.

Tem, on the other hand, looked ready. He had moved past the point of relief and looked frightened by the seriousness in my voice.

"When I went to the brook to find healing stones to cure Tem there was a goblin sitting on the bank. Long story short, he told me he was Ulmar's messenger. He informed me that Ulmar was waiting for us and that he had much to teach me before the war started and not even close to enough time. And then, when I was passed out, well," I hesitated at this point. I didn't, well, I felt the urge to keep Matrical a secret. So I did; or at least, I tried to.

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"I had a dream, well kind of a dream but it wasn't really a dream. Anyway, I know what I saw in that dream was true. And the Mallo are close. Too close."

Mathew tilted his head like a puppy who doesn't understand. His voice was hesitant. "I have heard of the royal line being able to 'see' things, in visions. But those all occurred while awake. And," his voice grew stronger, more convinced. "Alwark has set some kind of magical blockade to keep them busy for the night. We were planning to leave in the morning."

I shook my head, rolling my eyes. "Look." Now I was irritated. "You can stay here. Fine. See if I care. But I am leaving now." I must have looked panicky, that was how I felt. Flustered and determined to make them understand how much danger we were in.

Alwark, who had been observing us from the dresser, chose this moment to fly over to me. As he was making his way over to me he nodded slightly. "It is good to see you awake Miss." Then he flew down to my feet and started to glow more boldly. He started to fly up, spiraling around my body. He beautiful butterfly wings leaving small, brightly colored flakes of magic over me. When he came level with my eyes he stopped and peered at me. Then he abruptly turned in midair, to look at the guys standing in the doorway.

"She has been into something the Great Ones called a largula. It is a vision that one powerful being in the magic realm sends to another, No lies may be told while in this state, and it may only be transmitted when both the sender and receiver are unconscious. Who sent the largula to you?"

His squeaky little voice was serious during this explanation. When he asked the question he turned and drilling me with his stare.

His eyes, the same blue ting as the rest of him, were usually happy or protective. Now they were scanning me as if I was in cahoots with the enemy.

I glanced down at my feet, embarrassed. I wasn't sure what was stopping me from telling them about Matrical. Honestly I felt the same way I did when I had gotten my first crush. I was 10 and I knew that I should tell my mom that I liked this boy, and yet, I didn't. That same sense of foreboding was hovering over me again, and I didn't know what to do about it.

I looked up again, through my eyelashes to avoid full eye contact. I wished that the green farie that I had met in my dream was standing next to. Then I would have had an easy answer, whether to tell, or keep his secret. But I didn't have the luxury. I looked at Alwark full on and made my choice.

"It was a farie. A green, male farie. Can I, can I give you details once we are safe? Once we reach Ulmar."

Alwark continued to examine me.

"You have met him. The powerful, young farie they speak of. The one the council said never shared his name."

The moment Alwark finished talking I knew it was true. I also felt something touch my shoulder, I looked to the spot, startled. And yet, nothing there, again. Eh, I shook it off, I was just tired still. I nodded. "You're right. I know you are. I don't know how I know. He told me his name. He showed be what the Mallo are and who their leader is. I have lots of questions and lots of things to tell you guys. But we have to get to Ulmar first."

Mathew spoke softly, and slowly, as if more to himself than the rest of us. "I agree. If you really have met him. I remember the High Council talking about such a figure. But if he truly told you his name then..." He

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broke off and shook his head. His voice then became strong and commanding. "We will leave now then. Alwark, will you go take down the enchantments around the camp?" He nodded and zoomed away, giving me one last sideward glance along the his way out.

"And," he spoke to Tem, "will you and Alexa go and cover all the physical signs that we had been here? I will pack and take down the tent." Tem shrugged and left the tent. I began to follow him, but paused in front of Mathew. We stood looking at each other, his gaze was confused and flustered.

I hugged him and whispered in his ear, "I am so sorry. I don't understand much, and all that I do know I will tell you." I felt him squeeze me, and pull away and looked into my eyes. I'm scared for you, the High Council used to always say the one person the farie would tell his name, would be cursed. All who had been trying to gain his name would know, and come and haut that individual.

All of a sudden all the little touches and breezes I had felt sense I woke up made sense. I was scared for all of 3.3 seconds and then I shook that off. I mean, just a curse and ghost following me, I could totally figure that out. I was part of a legend and the whole galaxy rested on me. A couple of ghosts wouldn't both me much. I kissed Mathew's cheek and said confidently "I'll figure it out Mathew, as soon as we get to Ulmar's and I absolutely sure that everything will work itself out." And then I left him alone, with his thoughts, to pack. I slid through the flaps of the tent to join Tem. I just stood for a moment, watching him. The way he moved was familiar and comfortable. He hair swinging across his forehead as he bent to move a log that looked as though my knights had sat on, waiting for me to awake. I smiled as I watched him. I felt at ease watching him. He must have felt me watching him because he stopped in him movements and turned to look at him. his eyebrows went crooked, as if asking me what I was smiling about. I shrugged and walked over to him. I bent down and helped him lift the log. We both walked, breather hard, over to the far side of the tent.

"It goes over there, leaned up against the tree." He puffed out. I nodded and walked my end over and leaned it op against the tree, he set his end on the ground and smiled. "That looks about right."

We began to walk back around the tent, but my toe hit something hard and I landed full on my face. I rolled over onto my back and groaned. "Those ding, dang ghosts." Tem, holding back a smiled missed my words but reached down to help me up. He kissed my cheek when I was fully standing and proceeded to walk back around the tent.

Through ghosts, curses, legends, hot faries showing up in my dreams, and being the daughter of the means elf ever, Tem would always be there. My constant. I loved this. I wouldn't ever trade it for the world. No matter how much I would give to be a typical teenage girl and just fall for Tem, I couldn't let it happened. And I knew, deep down, that Tem knew it to.

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