

EMILY FLOWERS



The **RED**

DIAMOND

Iman's Journal Book 1

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Chapter 1



As long as there was enough socks packed in my bags for my cold feet, I'd be good. Oh and my book of spells for protection of course and you never know, I might need to zap a human specimen into a rabbit.

"Iman."

Now that grumpy old sweet voice could only be my dear grandpapa Charles Mathews. He was my rock, but it was time to say goodbye for a while, to my beautiful home, which was a mansion built with the most exquisite architecture and finest of fine interior design.

And most importantly I was going to miss my room; this was where my imagination caressed the power of real magic.

"Iman, it's time to go!" My grandpapa yelled.

Goodbye to my magical room embraced with a ray of sweet purple and royal blue, but I'd be back with enough knowledge from the world of epidemiology. I believed my wizard magic would produce an epic kind of science which the universe needed.

As I walked down the stairs, there he was, my grandpapa waiting for me like I was a royal princess. I was only two years old when he adopted me after his daughter, who was mum, and my dad died in a car crash. Ever since Mr. Charles Matthews, my grandfather, showered all his love on me along with Mr. Albert Bell, our butler who spoiled me rotten. I was going to miss these two a lot.

Albert loaded my two huge suitcases in Grandpapa's Lamborghini and off we drove.

"Rule number one, never use magic to perform bad deeds. Rule number two, never get too close or friendly with ordinary humans. Rule number three, never expose your wizard gift to humans. Rule number four, never lie to your fellow wizards. And most importantly rule number five, never fall in love or have any romantic affairs with ordinary humans." Grandpapa recited the wizard code of conduct five times already so that it rang in my head like a Christmas carol.

Once we reached the campus, Grandpapa and I stepped out of the car and then I watched his dark brown eyes look into my sea blue eyes like his world was about to end. My heart felt like a sinking ship and before any tears could roll down my face, I quickly hugged him while he patted his wrinkled soft hand on my long red hair tied up in a pony.

He kissed me on the forehead and said, "Let's go get smart, my apple."

We both carried a suitcase and walked to my student accommodation. When we reached my new room, we entered to find a short plump but cute girl who already took the bed next to the window.

"Now how am I supposed to breathe?" I thought to myself.

Grandpapa, on the other hand, looked at the girl like she killed his favorite cat named "Spooks."

I smiled at the girl slightly to break the awkwardness that already clouded the room and then went on to place my bags inside a two-door brown wooden cupboard, and at that moment I thanked my wizard ancestors that there were two draws in the room and neither of us had to fight for cupboard space.

My bed was a single bed leaning against a plain grey wall and next to my bed was a small table and chair. Grandpapa was not too pleased with the plainness that room contained. "Iman, if you want to still live at home, I don't mind dropping you off at this place every day."

I knew that was coming. My grandpapa loved elegance and had quite an expensive taste which he could afford since he was the owner of the largest chocolate factory in the City of Florida.

"I'll be ok, Grandpapa," I replied. "This is a new chapter, remember, for me to grow."

"I know, I know, but before I depart I need to give you something." Then he retrieved a beautiful ruby red diamond from his pocket, which he slipped secretly into my palm since he could feel the fat girl's eyes glaring at them. "This will help keep the humans at a far distance so you'll not get attached to them," he whispered into my ears, rolling his eyes back as a hint toward my roommate.

I never shared anything before and I was not a people person and therefore this whole room sharing thing was going to be a hefty trail, but I'd be strong, I told myself.

I walked my grandpapa back to his car and hugged him once again. "See you soon, my dear!" Grandpapa said with a kiss on my forehead, and off he drove.

I trotted off to my new room and when I made my entrance, there was my roommate who had her hand stretched out incredibly excited to introduce herself.

"I'm Nicole. Nice to meet you!" she said with a squeaky voice, which gave me goose bumps and created a creepy atmosphere in the room.

"Hi ... I'm Iman." I responded, feeling really unbalanced because she looked like a talking time bomb.

“Aren’t you like excited to finally be on campus? I heard that there are like really hot guys here! I just can’t wait for tomorrow,” she yapped on.

“What’s happening tomorrow?” I boringly asked.

“A new day at campus, duh,” she irritatingly squeaked and at that point I felt like taking my wand and turning her into a quiet little rabbit.

“Anyway, I’m going out to store to pick up some snacks. Should I get you anything?” she asked.

“Hmm, no, thank you. “I responded.

“Ok, then see you in a few.”

Nicole slammed the door behind her on her way out, which turned into a big sigh of relief for me. Some peace and tranquility which I was truly going to miss from living with Grandpapa. I missed him already.



Chapter 2



Have you ever woken up in a new place and felt like, “Wow, how did I get here?”

I felt a huge gap in my mind waking up in my new room for the first time. Nicole, on the other hand, was wide awake and all dressed up in her shiny baby blue above the knee length doll dress, which exposed enough cleavage. Her well-tanned face was lightly powdered and her lips were glowing with pink lip gloss. She looked almost like a heavyweight, which is a better word than “fat” Barbie doll.

“Good morning, sleepy head!” Nicole mumbled with a chocolate Twinkie stuffed in her mouth, excited as if she leaped out of a gift box ready to rumble.

I rubbed my eyes and lazily responded with my rusty morning voice, “Morning.”

I looked at my phone to check the time because if Nicole was already up and ready then I was late for class and I had never been late for anything before. It was only 6 a.m. and already my over energetic roommate was blabbering. This time around I tried my best to avoid her and went into our miniature cream tiled bathroom, which was on her side of the room, and closed the door on her chattering. I told myself I’d just blame it on not being a morning person when actually I really loved the mornings. It was my best time to meditate about my plans for the day.

After taking a long shower, I looked at my pale round face in the mirror and I couldn’t help but feel ugly even though my grandpapa always told me I looked like Snow White just with red hair and red lips which didn’t need any lip gloss. I opened the bathroom door and was relieved to find the room empty. Nicole had already left and I was in serenity.

Although I packed up two suitcases with almost all my clothes, I contested finding what to wear. Or maybe I was going through a new phase whereby I needed to invest in a new wardrobe of clothes. My navy blue jeans and red V-neck T-shirt were the only decent things I could find. All that was left now was tying my hair in a ponytail as usual and heading off to class. College is different from high school; there is no need to care about what people think or say because we’re all young adults trying to build our future. Well, that was what I presumed.

I was early for my class and chose a seat next to the window in the front row. I placed my backpack on the chair next to me to prevent other students from sitting there. I was already tolerating sharing a room so I really couldn't have more disturbances to my circle of isolation.

The professor entered the class and immediately wrote his name on the green board.

“Good day students, really great to meet you all. My name is Professor Lee and I can't wait to —”

While the professor was introducing himself, a tall well-built boy with dark brown brushed back hair barbarously entered. He browsed the class with his wondering hazel brown eyes and pranced over to the seat next to mine and ever so rudely put my bag on the ground.

“How dare this impudent imbecile!” I thought to myself.

“Welcome sir and you are?” the professor questioned the late arrival.

“I am Troy, sir. Troy Billings,” the boy responded confidently with his buff voice. “I do apologize for my tardiness.”

“Not a problem, Troy. I hope all of you are ready to start your new journey in the world of epidemiology,” the professor went on to say. He was a short skinny man who had a mid-thirties appearance and wore big round glasses covering his elegant Asian eyes. He spoke in a clam tone and portrayed an incredible amount of intelligence and wisdom.

Straight after class I headed to the library, my favorite hangout zone. And guess who decided to bounce by? My roommate. She was exceptionally out of breath when she reached me, as if she waited for my class to end in order to blow my ear drums off with all her bickering.

“Hey there, roomie!” she yelled.

At that moment I clinched my fist to hold myself from telling her to “shut the f#*k up!” Vulgar language was not my nature, but with this girl anybody would wish to lock her trap and throw away the keys.

“So how was your day? Did you meet any hot guys?” she blurted, as if my number one goal were to meet a stupid boy.

“The only boy I saw today was an idiot who put my bag on the floor,” I responded sternly, thinking she'd get the picture and say goodbye.

“Do you want like to hang out at the cafeteria and get some food maybe? Nicole asked.

“The professor has already piled us with homework, so I'm off to the library,” I pleasantly responded.

“Oh, ok then, I'll see you later I guess,” Nicole sounded like a pitiful puppy dog as she walked away, which almost hit a tiny nerve in my guilty conscience,

but my wizard senses were much stronger. Staying far away from ordinary humans is the best for everyone.

Later that evening I had the room to myself since Nicole was at her class of information technology. I practically knew everything about her now because she kept no secret. I then reached for my handbag and retrieved the red diamond Grandpapa gifted me with. I had my book of spells opened up on my desk and read, "Ruby diamond help me now, to place them humans far from me. No trick. No lie. I am your wizard so let the magic of my words speak to you." The diamond glowed for five seconds and that was a sign of my mission accomplished. My roommate was becoming too clingy and it had to stop.

The next day I decided to visit the cafeteria for a decent meal, because I had been living off a basket of snacks ever since campus started. I never liked cafeterias even at high school because that was where all the know-it-alls and picture-perfect people loved to loiter. In order to avoid glaring eyes I put on a headset and had my face glued to my phone. I glided through the entrance like a pro until I was close to the food court where an accident occurred. Troy the stupid boy from science class spilled all his carrots, rice and chicken casserole all over my favorite white hoody jacket.

"Nice!" I sarcastically blurted.

"Well, it's clearly not my fault," Troy stupidly said. "I'm not the one texting and walking."

"I wonder where his eyes were, probably glued to his ass, stupid asshole!" I thought to myself while catching on the ridiculous giggles and laughter from behind. The only thing I could do next was walk out like nothing happened, which made me feel like an even bigger fool.

When I reached my room, Nicole was there with a new friend, who was just as fat as she was. Perfect combination.

The new friend just looked at me and Nicole barely greeted me, and then they both scarpered out laughing together like two fabulous hippos about to eat the entire cafeteria.

I felt like the worst crap in a dustbin. I pulled the red diamond from my jeans pocket and stared at it furiously. "Why could I not be normal, like a normal person?" I asked myself withholding tears in my eyes.

I opened my stained jacket and screamed, tossing the jacket under my bed and then fell face down into my pillow and cried myself to sleep. I was a wizard, but why did I need to be the weirdo too?



Chapter 3



My puffy eyes after a night of sobbing made me dread waking up and stepping into a world of idiots.

To my surprise, Troy, the one and only pain in my nerve, was ironically early. He sat there gazing at me with his husky brown eyes that were to die for, but that didn't exclude him from being peevish. I hurried over to my seat, which was unfortunately still next to him. I sat down, trying to avoid all contact until suddenly he decided to communicate with me.

"Hi ... listen, I'm sorry about yesterday. I didn't mean to —"

"It's ok. Thanks." I said. I cut him off while he was busy apologizing, not to be rude, but rather to avoid his eyes looking so deep into me. Thank goodness! Professor Lee entered the room at that moment, which broke the awkward tension between us.

"Good day students. Today we'll learn the principals of epidemiology. As an epidemiologist our job is to find the causes of health outcomes and diseases that affect populations."

While the professor was giving his lecture, my mind was clouded with Troy. Even his scent was amazing. I couldn't stop thinking about the way he glared at me as if he could read my soul.

"So can anyone name what public health problems or events that are investigated?" the professor asked, while I was far, far away in my imagination until the professor called out my name. "Iman?"

I looked at him amused.

"Yes, sir. The answer is: environmental exposures, infectious diseases, injuries, non-infectious diseases, natural disasters and terrorism," I speedily shot the answer to the professor like a robot, which left me looking like a total show-off and that was not my intention; he just caught me off guard.

After the class I headed off to the bathroom to splash my face with cold water. "Why am I thinking about Troy?" I asked myself looking at the mirror. He only apologized, which was the right thing for him to do. It was not like he bought me a cheese cake.

So I went to the library and what a coincidence! Troy Billings was there, looking through books in the science section.

"Hmm ... hi!" I quietly gasped.

“Oh, hey!” Troy responded smiling at me like I was his ray of sunshine.

I turned my attention to a shelf of books although I knew I couldn't concentrate. The narrow space that we both occupied felt like flames of constrained arrows darting into my blood cells. Troy picked out a book and handed it to me, which was an astonishing move from someone like him. The book was called *A Brief History of Time* by Stephen Hawking.

“This book is about the universe of stars and planets and the tiny universe of atoms and subatomic particles. The theories explain the workings of the grand-scale universe and others explain the workings of the minute scale, which in my opinion contradict one another. Don't worry. I won't tell you why now, only after you're done reading it.”

I was marveled off my feet as he explained the knowledge within the book. It was not even part of our studies but he read a book. In high school the only thing a good-looking guy would want from me was to complete their homework, but here standing before me was a hot fine-looking man. And guess what? He was a smart-ass, absolutely unbelievable.

“Wow, it sounds really awesome! I can't wait to read it!” I responded smiling at him. I could feel my cheeks turn red as we stood in the same breathing space.

“Well, I got what I came for. See you around!” Troy said, winking at me as he walked away.

My mind and heart felt like a stroke of lightening hit. Troy Billings played in my mind every minute and I even started smiling alone. My brain wouldn't stop and my body felt a weird sensation. Should I cast a spell on myself to stop thinking of him? I looked at my bedroom mirror and untied my long thick red hair. I felt different, like a rose ready to embrace love, or maybe love was about to capture me.



Chapter 4



I decided to try out the cafeteria again. I let down my hair, dressed up in a cute black dress that showed off my pear-shaped figure and entered the doors with my chin up. I never felt this confident before and I could feel the sprawling eyes on me.

The menu at the food court had my favorite, macaroni and cheese, which I couldn't wait to indulge in. I caught a glimpse of Troy looking at me and I quickly pretended like I didn't see him and sat at a table not too far from his sight. The meal was very scrumptious, which made me feel calmer and not a nervous wreck sitting alone.

There was this tall girl with long brown hair who suddenly sat in front of Troy, smiling at him, and he seemed to enjoy her company and I almost choked on my food when she blew him a kiss. Without looking broken or upset I walked out of the cafeteria and went to a place I belonged, the library.

"There has to be a way to remove my feelings for Troy," I said to myself as I scurried through my spell book.

"What are you up to?" Troy asked, giving me fright.

"Oh, I didn't see you walk in." I said, quickly closing my spell book.

Troy sat down opposite me. "You look different, in a nice way," he commented.

"Thanks!" I said, looking down shyly tucking my hair behind my perfectly shaped ears.

"I read the book you suggested. It was great and I understand why you feel there is a contradiction between the large-scale universe and the smaller," I said, trying not to make direct contact with him.

"Do you mind coming with me, somewhere?"

I looked at him startled. "Somewhere ... like?" I interrogated.

"Well, you'll see when we get there," he said, holding his hand out like it was a marriage proposal and I said, "Yes, ok let's go somewhere then."

Troy owned a BMW E30 M3, a cool ride that suited his spontaneous personality.

"I inherited this baby from Grandfather after he passed on, cool right?" Troy said.

“It’s real awesome!” I said, sounding like an idiot, unsure how to relate to boys and their cars.

“My grandfather won’t allow me to have my own car as yet, which sucks,” I said, trying to make conversation as he drove.

“Yeah, but you’re an adult now. I’m sure you don’t need anyone’s permission to drive a car,” Troy went on to say.

“Yes, I know, but my grandfather has this fear of me driving because he lost my parents in a car crash when I was a baby.”

At that moment I felt like a sorrowful bird sharing all this information with him.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know. It must have been difficult for you growing up,” Troy said, trying to show concern.

“Actually my grandfather filled my life with so much love and joy that I didn’t even feel like my parents were gone,” I said.

“Wow, that’s amazing! Your grandfather is a good man,” Troy said.

Then there was a slight moment of silence until he played some music. He seemed to enjoy rock music, which I didn’t mind even though I was more into classical music like Beethoven.

I wondered where he was taking me. Well, if he did anything creepy, I would just turn into a lab rat. I was a wizard after all, a wizard who was breaking the rules right now.

He finally parked outside an old science museum, which caught me by surprise again. I almost thought we were going to a rock concert, since I had the sound of Evanescence ringing my head after the drive. We stepped into the museum and our adventure began. We toured the Hall of Human Life, the Butterfly Garden (which was my favorite), the Light House and the moon exhibit, which was his favorite. And then we sat down for some ice-cream.

“This was so much fun!” I said.

“It was even more fun with you; I love how passionate you are about science,” Troy said, making my pale face blush like a red tomato.

“Yeah, what do you think of magic?” I randomly asked. Sometimes I feel like my mouth blurts out things without waiting for my brain to think.

“Well, magic is a myth I think,” Troy said, looking confused and uninterested in my question.

“I somehow believe that magic is science,” I commented without thinking again.

“Science obeys the laws of physics and magic defies common logic and reason,” Troy made his statement showing that he was serious about facts and magic would always be a fantasy in his understanding.

“Ok, Mr Science Factor, I still believe that magic is an important stepping stone to science. Both magic and science embody a small collection of general principals which can be adapted to a particular situation. Magic includes engineering like sensibilities of cause and effect just like science.” Being my wizard self, I couldn’t help but stand up for my first love that was magic.

“Hmm, ok, Miss Magic, I on the other hand will only believe in magic once I have seen it with my own eyes and then investigate it, interrogate it and scientifically examine it,” Troy said jokingly.

“Well, at least there’s still hope,” I said playfully.

We were like two peas in a pod, a perfect match. That was what I thought I guessed, but he was human and these moments would soon be just a dream.

Troy drove us back to the campus and we continued to laugh and talk, which was amazing. When we finally reached our destination, an uneasy silence arose. I could feel my body unable to control my hormones and all I could think of was grabbing and kissing him deeply, but that would be too embarrassing.

“I had a great time,” Troy said, almost leaning toward me.

“Yes, thank you so much! Bye.”

I opened the door and hopped out like a frog sprinting to grab its meal. In other words, I looked ridiculous.

As I laid my head on my pillow, my body embraced affection while my mind visualized his face, his smile and those eyes that had captured my heart from day one. Was this love? Or was he my crush? Whatever it was I wanted more.

The following day at class Troy and I looked at each other differently. Professor Lee made our day even more interesting.

“Today we’ll do a microbial investigation of our hands. Each of you will use a microscope and investigate your partner’s hand and tell me what you see,” the professor gave his instruction.

I felt like bursting because the tension between Troy and I was already on another level. Troy placed my hand on his and we both felt the chemistry flow through our veins.

“What do you see?” I asked as he looked at my hand through the microscope.

“I see that you need to wash your hands, my dear lady!” he said mockingly.

“Ha ha, really now. Your turn,” I said, taking hold of his hand.

“Hmm, I see that you need to not only wash your hands, but also scrub deep,” I said jokingly while examining his hand.

We both smiled and felt more at ease with each other.

After class, I could feel Troy tag behind as I walked to the library. Immediately when I entered the science section, he grabbed hold of my arm and

drew me near to him. I panted as the oxygen around me decreased until his lips met mine and pressed down intensely. My body finally got the satisfaction it craved for.

When it was over, I shyly bit on my thumbnail while he tucked my hair behind my ears.

“I need to go back to my room,” I softly said.

As I was about to move, he stood in the way. “Can I see you later?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I said, smiling at him.

As he walked away, I turned back to find him gazing at me and I smiled wider and blushed harder.

“This is definitely love,” I said to myself, falling flat onto my bed and smiling broadly, until I saw a light glowing from under my pillow.

It was the diamond. As I reached for it, Grandpapa startled me because he magically appeared in my room.

“Grandpapa!” I exclaimed.

“Hello, my dear, nice to see you too,” he said in a jolly good tone. I quickly went over to Nicole’s side of the room and looked outside the window. Everything was frozen because when Grandpapa did his vanishing and appearing magic, he also froze time.

“Why are you using magic to visit me?” I questioned, while he stood there in his wizard gown and hat.

“I wanted to surprise you and take you for a magical tour,” he said.

“Not today, Grandpapa. It’s been a long day for me and I have a ton of homework to complete.” I said, feeling guilty because my true excuse was I couldn’t miss my date with Troy.

Grandpapa’s excitement dropped and my heart felt a pinch. His eyes caught the red diamond glowing under my pillow and he looked at me as if he could tell that I broke two rules already from the wizard code of conduct, falling in love with a human and lying to a fellow wizard.

“Ok, we’ll take a tour next time around. However, I’ll investigate why your diamond is glowing. Your safety is my priority,” Grandpapa said, kissing me on the forehead and magically disappearing.

My grandpapa was a very smart man and that was why he was the chief wizard. I know that he would eventually discover my secret and lies, but whatever happened I would protect Troy.



Chapter 5



We stood under a tree behind the campus wall where nobody went so that no one would spot us together.

“I hate this!” Troy said angrily. “I don’t understand why we need to keep our relationship a secret. We’re adults and this feels real stupid, hiding!”

I had fallen in love with him already and I was afraid of losing him. I couldn’t run the risk of having our relationship exposed to the public because news traveled and wizards caught on fast.

“I know it’s difficult, but it’s just for a little while. Please try to understand,” I said, pleading for him to let it go and move on secretly. Plus, relationships kept in the closet have more zest and passion.

“No! I don’t understand. I like you a lot and I feel like you’re not sure about me!” Troy exclaimed.

“Do you really want people to be involved in our personal life? I just don’t feel comfortable with that,” I answered back.

I knew I was wrong in human terms, but because I was a wizard this relationship must stay a secret, I told myself.

“Fine, have it your way then,” Troy said bluntly, turning away from me while tears rolled down my face.

Deep inside, I knew that this wouldn’t be a forever thing. When he saw me cry, he wiped away my tears and kissed me on the forehead just like Grandpapa.

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to hurt you,” he said with his strong arms wrapped around me.

Little did we know we had an audience. Nicole. She suckled every juicy moment of our privacy.

Later that evening I decided to catch up on some reading. I sat on my bed reading my book while Nicole decided to watch me. I tried to ignore her but the constant bubble blowing she made with gum in her mouth totally flabbergasted my brain cells.

“Are you ok?” I asked her.

“I’m perfectly fine. And you?” she said sounding like a child.

“I’m great. Thank you!” I said, and continued with my reading. She was probably just bored, I thought.

“That boy, Troy from your science class, is absolutely hot, isn’t he?” she probed.

She caught my attention immediately when she mentioned Troy. Did she know something?

“Yeah he is, I guess,” I responded like I didn’t care.

“And everyone is talking about how him and Sheila, this gorgeous girl with long brown hair, kissed at the cafeteria the other day,” she said with a wicked smile.

My body flamed with anger. “Did you see them or is it just a rumor?” I firmly asked.

“And why are you concerned, hmm?” she sarcastically asked and at that point I got up and left the room.

“How can this be?” I frantically asked myself and ran out the campus before I tore down the walls. My mind started pondering all sorts of things. Sheila, what a bitch! How dare she touch my man Troy! I was too hurt to even describe how I felt. They say a woman can handle a lot of battles. We are patient, kind and can love unconditionally, but lie to us or even worse cheat on us and you will see a monster.

I saw Troy drive past as I was running down the road from the campus. He stopped his car and ran after me.

“Iman!” he yelled from afar.

I tried running faster, ignoring his cheating voice, but Troy was in the football club and his speed had more velocity than mine.

“Hey, what’s wrong with you?” he asked while grabbing my arm.

“Leave me alone!” I said pushing him away.

“Did I do something wrong?” he asked with a confused face.

I looked at him furiously and continued to walk away and then he held my hand.

“Hey, come on, talk to me!” he said, trying to calm me down.

“Why don’t you go talk to Sheila?” I said sarcastically.

“What?” he questioned, unsure what I was talking about.

Then I received a call from the hospital. “Hello ... What? I’m on my way.” Tears poured down from my eyes like the Jordan River.

“What’s wrong?” Troy worriedly questioned.

“My grandfather had a heart attack. I need to go to the hospital.” I said sobbing.

“I’ll take you. Let’s go,” Troy gently said and led me to his car.

There was silence in the car as he drove and all I could think of was my grandpapa. I would die if anything had to happen to him. When we eventually

stopped at the hospital, we both got off and as we entered the hospital, Troy stopped me and held my hand.

“I love you, and I would never do anything to hurt you,” he said, and his words gave me strength.

When I entered the hospital room, I found four other wizards standing around the hospital bed, my Aunt Danielle, Aunt Annie, Uncle Joe and Uncle Tim. As I walked through the door, they all stared at me as if they were disappointed.

“Iman, what have you done?” Aunt Danielle exclaimed. She had always been the dramatic one in the family.

“I don’t know ... I —”

Uncle Joe cut me off, “Say no more, child.”

My heart started pounding and I felt like I was under attack by witches. It was all just too weird.

“We know what you’ve been up to, dear!” said Aunt Annie, who had always been the more mature one from the lot.

“I’m sorry! I’m so sorry!” I said weeping, unsure of what to do.

I broke the wizard code of conduct and now I was being punished. I ran over to Grandpapa and he had tubes and drips plugged to his body and it was entirely my fault.

“Grandpapa, I’m so sorry! What can I do to fix it?” I pleaded.

“Once the wizard code is broken, it can’t be fixed and the chief wizard dies,” Uncle Tim said with no light of hope.

“Please, I will leave Troy. Please, Grandpapa, please don’t leave me.”

As I cried with my head down at Grandpapa’s bedside, he lifted his hand and tapped my head gently. “It’s ok,” he whispered.

“Leave the boy with immediate effect and all will be well,” Aunt Danielle commanded and disappeared along with the others.

“Your brothers and sisters are weird,” I said to Grandpapa, wiping my tears away. Grandpapa smiled slightly.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know what came over me,” I said hugging him. “Don’t you ever think of leaving me?” I continued as tears rolled down my face and this time it was for Troy.

My heart crumbled when I saw Troy still at the hospital waiting for me and I allowed him to hug me because it felt right. On our way back to the campus, I felt like a part of my soul was about to leave me.

“Did you kiss Sheila?” I asked him and he looked at me weirdly.

“No, she kissed me, but this was before us,” he said.

“Hmm, ok,” I said looking down.

“Hey, there’s nothing for you to worry about. I’m with you,” Troy said.

Once we stopped at the campus, I said a blank goodbye and left the car. Troy tried to stop me but I asked him to give me time alone. This was my way of letting him go for good.



Chapter 6



I had come down with the flu and I was thankful for it because it meant I could stay in my room and in bed all day. Troy tried calling a million times and I avoided him. I hadn't seen him in two days and I was dying inside. Grandpapa was well and back home and that was all that mattered I guessed.

My heart was broken but time would heal it, as they say. And because I broke the wizard code of conduct, I was suspended from using magic for a week, meaning I needed to go through this breakup naturally.

Nicole had been a pain in the ass, playing R&B love songs whenever she was in the room. It was like she purposely rubbed salt on a broken wound. She also kept bringing her budding friends over and they would both shove their faces with junk food and laugh their lungs out like gigantic water hogs. I was definitely moving back to the mansion with Grandpapa in the next semester. I needed my own space.

I'd never cried this much in my life before and I couldn't control my emotions. The only time I didn't think of Troy was when I was fast asleep. When I awoke, I felt dead and I wished it so much, death.

After two days of isolation, I decided to go to the library. I wasn't ready to go back to class and face Troy. The library wasn't a great idea though because that was where we shared our first kiss. As I searched for books, Troy showed up and my heart almost stopped. He looked furious and I stood there lost for words.

"Where have you been?" he firmly questioned.

"I've been sick," I said with a fluey voice.

"And why haven't you been answering my calls?" he asked.

"I need to go," I said, almost walking away and holding back my tears.

Then he held my hand and I was so tempted to hold him.

"Why are you doing this?" he asked and I could see the hurt in his face.

"I'm sorry, but I need to go," I said, while taking back my hand from his. I left him there feeling hopeless, ran to my room and broke down.

It was time for the summer holidays and I couldn't wait to be back home and in my room. Troy looked like he was doing fine after the library incident, but as for me I knew I would never be the same again. Grandpapa sent Albert our butler to fetch me and I was so glad to see him. I always felt like he understood me more than anyone.

“Hello dear, it’s been a while,” he said with his prim and proper English accent.

“Good to see you too, Albert,” I said hugging him.

“You’ve lost quite a bit of weight ... is everything alright?” Albert asked while driving me home.

“I’ll be fine, eventually,” I said.

“Ok, then, but if you do wish to talk my ears are wide open,” he said, wiggling his elephant ears up and down to cheer me up, which worked as always.

“Ha ha, Albert, you’re one of a kind!” I said laughing slightly.

“Aha, there’s that smile that I’ve been longing to see!” Albert said. I hadn’t smiled in a while and he managed to sprinkle some light in my depressed life.

When we reached the mansion, Grandpapa was in the kitchen preparing a feast of a meal. He loved cooking and made the most scrumptious meals which I honestly did miss.

“Hey there, my apple!” Grandpapa yelled from the kitchen as I entered.

“Hey ...” I responded back softly and went over to the kitchen and hugged him.

“Good to have you back home,” Grandpapa said, kissing me on the forehead.

“Yeah, I’m glad to be back too,” I said. “I’m going up to my room and will come down when the food is ready.”

Grandpapa could see that I was no longer my usual self.

“Are you ok?” he asked.

“I’m ok,” I said and hurried off to my room.

My room did not please me as much as I thought it would. The bright colors aggravated the darkness that occupied me from within. As I placed my backpack down on the floor, a book slipped out, the same book which Troy recommended me to read and a book that opened my heart to him. I picked the book up, looked at myself on my fancy wall mirror and flung the book breaking the mirror. Immediately Grandpapa entered the room shocked by the noise that he heard.

“Iman, what happened?” he questioned. I looked at him in fury and asked him to leave me alone and then I broke down crying. I didn’t want to hurt my grandpapa, but I was torn apart and my soul was so bitter not even magic could fix me now.

When I went downstairs to dine with Grandpapa, he wasn’t himself and I apologized for lashing out at him.

“Iman, I’m sorry that you had to leave the boy you loved,” he said feeling really concerned. “I wish there was something I could do to make all this go away.”

“Maybe a magic spell can help me forget, because I can’t do this on my own,” I cried.

“Iman, even if I used magic to remove the memory of this boy, an empty void would still remain, and once the void enters your heart, you’ll become something you’re not. Evil will prevail and everyone in the universe will be in trouble,” Grandpapa said and looked like he was about to cry. “My dear, please do try to be strong. I hate seeing you so depressed,” he added.

“Ok, I’ll try. What’s for dinner?” I asked, trying to lighten up the evening.

“Roast lamb,” Grandpapa said with a smile.

“Hmm, sounds delicious!” I said.

Albert brought in our meal, laid it on the table and then joined us to eat. It was a divine meal indeed. Grandpapa outdid himself once again.

After dinner I went to the bathroom and looked for some pills that would help me sleep. Since I was in such a monoclonal state, sleep had been a thing of the past. I was lucky to find Grandpapa’s anxiety pills, which he had taken for a long time especially after the death of my parents. I popped three pills even though the bottle said take one and then went straight to bed. I felt my body relax like never before and dozed off within seconds.

Around 13:00h I woke up to find Grandpapa, Albert and our private doctor Rasool standing at my bedside.

“What’s going on?” I asked, rubbing my eyes from a long good sleep.

“It’s one o’clock in the afternoon, Iman,” Grandpapa said with a look of concern.

“Wow, it must have been those anxiety pills!” I said without thinking. “I need to get myself a bottle too.”

Doctor Rasool examined me. “How many of those pills did you take?” the doctor questioned.

“I took like three of them ... I think,” I said.

“Three, but the instruction on the bottle clearly says take one!” Grandpapa exclaimed.

“I know, but I’ve been struggling to sleep for a while now.”

“Well, your blood pressure looks good and you seem fine. I can prescribe some sleeping pills for you, which are much lighter than the anxiety pills. Will that be fine?” the doctor asked.

“Yes, doctor, thank you!” I said.

He gave me my prescription, shook hands with Grandpapa and went off.

“I really hope you’ll be well, dear!” Albert said and exited my room, leaving Grandpapa, who looked devastated.

“This is all my fault,” he said.

“No, Grandpapa! I’m the one who broke the wizard code of conduct and therefore I’m living my punishment,” I said.

“No, no, no, my dear! This is not the way I want you to be. Yes, breaking the rules can cause a lot of havoc for us wizards, but I did something and I now regret it. I’m so sorry, Iman!” he said.

“I don’t understand what you’re talking about” I said.

“The heart attack I had ... well ... it wasn’t real,” he said.

At that point I immediately arose from my bed.

“What do you mean it wasn’t real?” I sternly asked.

“My brothers and sisters and I wanted to protect you from getting hurt by the human boy, so we faked my heart attack in order for you to leave the boy,” he said.

I went ballistic.

“What! I can’t believe what I’m hearing,” I said crying. “I hate myself every day for breaking the wizard code of conduct. I haven’t slept well, eaten well or even been well for days and you and your family played games with my life by lying to me! You broke the rules too, because you lied to me, your own granddaughter, a wizard just like you.”

“Iman, we did what we did to protect you from the human —”

I cut Grandpapa off before he could finish. “Oh, stop it with the whole human crap! So what are we? Aliens? Wizards are born the same way as humans are born; we just have a gift which makes us different,” I said.

“But we still need to be careful. The rules cannot be broken, Iman,” Grandpapa continued to say.

“Then, I cannot be here,” I said and used magic to disappear, leaving Grandpapa to think carefully about what he had done. All my life I respected him, obeyed him and never raised my voice at him. I was a good child and, yes, I broke a stupid code and I didn’t regret it now, because I did it all for love.



Chapter 7



Magic allows one to disappear and reappear anywhere the heart wishes to be. I landed at my parents' old cabin, a place where my parents went whenever they wanted time alone.

The cabin was warm and cozy and it was 10km away from the mansion. I still couldn't believe what Grandpapa did, lying about his heart attack knowing that I would be shattered. The damage had been done and I was even more broken than before.

I made myself a cup of hot chocolate, played the video tape that was on the table and curled up on the sofa with my mother's hand woven blanket. The tape had memories of when my parents were alive, from when they were married till they had me. I cried as usual when I saw the part where they both hugged me and kissed me as a baby. I wish they were here. My mother was lucky to fall in love with another wizard. In that way she avoided complications, like the ones I had.

I thought about Troy and so wished for his arms to be wrapped around me, but that was a wish never to come true. Then there was a knock on the door, which startled me because no one knew this place except for my parents and grandpapa. "It's probably Grandpapa. Why can't he leave me alone?" I wondered to myself, and then went to open the door and was amazed to find Troy.

"Hi!" he said, standing there looking at me while I was shocked out of my mind, wondering how on earth he knew where I was and why he was here.

"Hi ... what —" Before I could continue, he grabbed hold of me and kissed me intensely.

"Ok ... let's go in," I said, taking his hand and leading the way.

"Would you like some hot chocolate?" I asked, still in a state of confusion.

"Not right now," he responded and held me close to him, kissing me gently.

"I missed you!" he said and then we both kissed, which gradually moved us toward the sofa, where Troy started kissing me on the neck all the way down to my breast and then we started undressing each other.

"I've never done this before," I whispered.

"It's ok. I've got you," he said and continued kissing me gently while I enjoyed every moment, hoping that this was not a dream.

Troy and I made passionate love on the sofa and it was amazing. I slept lying on his chest while he caressed my hair.

“So how did you know I was here?” I asked.

“Well, an old wizard told me,” he responded and I woke up to face him.

“You spoke to my grandpapa?” I asked.

“Yes, your old man came by to see me and told me that he faked his heart attack so you could break up with me, and that he is a wizard and so are you,” Troy said, making it sound like one big fairy tale.

“And do you believe him about the wizard part?” I asked.

“Well, at first, I laughed at his story and then he literally took me off my feet by using his magic to make me lose gravity,” he said.

“Yep, that’s grandpapa for you.” I said, laughing slightly.

“He also told me about the wizard code of conduct about why wizards can’t fall in love with normal people,” Troy continued.

“Oh yeah, what did he say?” I asked.

“A long time ago there was a wizard who fell in love with a man who was not a wizard and when she showed him her magic, he called her a witch and told the community, who then had her burnt alive. Your grandpapa said in order for our love to continue peacefully, he needs to amend the rules or else the wizard who was burnt alive three hundred years ago will haunt us forever,” Troy explained.

I took a second to analyze the part where Grandpapa was going to amend the rules. “If Grandpapa amends the wizard code of conduct ... that means ... Oh no, we have to go!” I said and got up immediately because I realized that Grandpapa was about to risk his life in order to make changes to the rules.

“What? What’s wrong?” Troy asked.

“Grandpapa is in trouble and we need to go now!” I exclaimed and we both got dressed. When we went outside to Troy’s car, I used magic to elevate his car from the ground and Troy looked at me strangely. “We need to get there faster than normal and only magic can do that,” I said. We both got in the car and I sat in the driver seat using magic to make the car fly as fast as a rocket.

As soon as we reached the mansion, I ran upstairs to Grandpapa’s room and he was not there. I called out for Albert and he was nowhere to be found. I went into my room and there was a letter on my bed from Grandpapa.

The letter read: “My dearest Iman, I am sincerely sorry for the mess I have caused! It breaks my heart to see you so sad and my only wish is for you to be forever happy. I will amend the wizard code of conduct and thereafter moving forward you and all young wizards will be able to experience human love to its fullest. My only advice is that our magic is not to be revealed to anyone else

besides the one you are sure of. I hope the one you have chosen will never disappoint or hurt you. I will be entering the portal with a chance of never returning in order to amend the rules. After reading this letter, I need you to go down to the basement, put on my wizard gown and open up the portal using my wand. This is the only way out of the portal. Should the magic not succeed, please do not despair as I will always be with you through my undying love ... Lots of love, your Grandpapa.”

I immediately ran to the basement after reading the letter and Troy was right behind me.

“What do you need to do?” he asked.

I need to save my grandpapa,” I responded.

At the basement I did as Grandpapa advised. I put on his wizard gown and took up his wand and read from the chief wizard spell book, “The air is sweet. Prepare the way for my feet to be in the magic within.” I said feeling weird because Troy was watching me as if he were at the cinema.

A gust of wind blew through the basement and the room started to tremble like an earthquake. “The magic is working!” I exclaimed and moved closer to Troy, who held my hand tightly anticipating what would happen next. The portal opened up and we waited for Grandpapa to appear.

“He should appear any second now,” I said.

“How long does it take?” Troy questioned, still amazed by the magic he had seen.

“The portal stays open for 30 seconds and once it closes, I won’t be able to open it again.” I said, feeling worried because Grandpapa still did not appear.

Troy and I watched the portal, which looked like a galaxy filled with stars, and then I looked at my watch. “Where is he? He only has ten seconds remaining!” I exclaimed panicking, and Troy held me close feeling concerned.

The ten seconds were up and Grandpapa did not appear. The portal started closing, “Nooooo!” I screamed running toward the portal until Troy grabbed hold of me. I cried in his arms blaming myself. “This is my fault!” I said and then I pulled out the red diamond from my jeans pocket and held it close to my heart. “I wish you’d just come back!” I whispered to myself.

The diamond started heating up in my hand. I dropped it to the ground and the basement started trembling again.

“What’s going on?” Troy asked.

“I’m not sure.” I responded.

Suddenly a red portal opened up in the ceiling and Grandpapa fell screaming down onto the ground.

“Grandpapa!” I called out and hurried over to him.

I helped him off the floor with Troy's help and Grandpapa picked up the red diamond and placed it in my hand.

"It was your heart that saved me," he said and I hugged him tightly.

"Thank you!" I said.

Grandpapa invited Troy for a family supper with everyone present including his brothers and sisters. This was their way of initiating a new member into the circle of wizards. I was nervous as hell because I knew how Grandpapa's brothers and sisters could be. They were totally Nobel Prize winners of weirdos.

Aunt Danielle and Aunt Annie sat with me giving the girl talk.

"Now that the rules are amended, this love thing you have does not mean you need to forget about your family. You're our little angel and we'll always be here for you," said Aunt Annie.

"Aha, thank you, Aunt Annie! That's real sweet of you. My family will always be close to my heart no matter what." I said.

"That's good to hear, dear, and if the human boy dares to hurt you in any way, your Aunt Danielle has always wanted to try human Kentucky fried chicken, so you can just bring him to me," Aunt Danielle said, licking her lips.

"Ok ... Aunt Danielle, we're wizards, not witches, remember."

I had the most hilarious Aunties who made life a little more interesting than normal. Uncle Joe and Uncle Tim were in the kitchen with Grandpapa cooking up a storm. It was obvious that the men were the master chefs in my family.

Troy was at the door and I opened it for him while the rest of the family waited in the living room. He was dressed in a suit for some odd reason.

"Hmm, a suit?" I said raising my eyebrow.

"Yeah, I thought I'd be more presentable, and your grandfather always wears a suit," he said.

"Ok, weirdo," I said teasing him and then led him to the living room.

"Hello there, young man, you wearing a suit ... hmm, I feel a competition heading my way," Grandpapa said jokingly.

"Ha ha, the occasion called for a suit, I guess. Thank you for having me over!" Troy pleasantly said, scoring himself more points with Grandpapa.

"Mmm, something smells good! What's for dinner?" Troy asked.

"You are!" Aunt Danielle smirked and Troy laughed it off until he noticed us staring at him silently.

"What ... you not serious?" Troy asked, looking unsure of the situation.

"Don't be silly. Of course not. That's my Aunt Danielle, the drama queen," I said. "And this is my Aunt Annie, Uncle Joe, Uncle Tim and Albert."

Then we all headed to the dining room where dinner was served.

"Mmm, this roast chicken is delicious!" Troy said, enjoying the meal.

“Can you cook?” Uncle Tim asked Troy.

“No, not really, but my mom can,” Troy said and everyone stopped eating and the table went silent.

“Well ... I can learn, I guess,” Troy continued, feeling the awkwardness.

“I guess we’ll both learn how to cook then,” I said laughing slightly breaking the awkwardness my crazy family created. “Grandpapa is the boss in the kitchen so I’m sure he can teach me a thing or two,” I continued and everyone laughed and enjoyed having Troy over.

After dinner Troy and I took a drive to have some time alone.

“Your family is quite cool,” he said.

“Cool, more like weirdos you mean,” I said jokingly.

“Nah, they’re fine. Wait till you meet my family,” he said.

“Do you think they would like me?” I asked.

“How could they not?” he said, leaning forward to kiss me.

“So aren’t you going to analyze me, interrogate me and scientifically examine me?” I asked teasing him.

“Well, first I need to take you to my science lab,” he said kissing me on the neck.

“And then?” I asked, feeling tickled but enjoying the moment.

“And then I would start with unzipping you from the top,” he said while unzipping my jacket.

“Hmm, I’m scared already ... but before you continue, my Mr. Scientist, I have a surprise for you,” I said while kissing him and then made him swap places so I could take the driver seat.

“Ok, so where are we going, my Miss magic?” he asked.

“You’ll see,” I responded and winked at him.

Troy and I were floating above the galaxies and he turned from hunky grown Troy to becoming marveled like a nine-year-old boy who just received his first bike.

“Wow, oh my gosh, this is awesome, Iman!” he said. “That must be Pluto right there and there’s Mars ...”

“Yes, and there’s the moon,” I said, watching how enthusiastically excited he was. It was so much fun to see him this happy!

Grandpapa gave me this tour when I was seven years old so I understood how Troy felt. It was amazing to be able to see the universe in its full capacity and all that it held.

“Now do you believe that magic is a stepping stone to science?” I asked him.

“Yes, most definitely. Thank you!” he said looking at me gratefully.

“For what?” I questioned.

“For being a wizard in love with me and trusting me,” he said, holding my hand while looking at the planets.

“And thank you for being the most amazing human!” I said and then we kissed.

Science provides facts, magic provides hope and love makes the world go round. That was my philosophy and I was glad to have found my human love.

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About the Author

Emily truly believes in magic and that is why she is passionate about writing fantasy romance. She is also obsessed with such paranormal phenomena as levitation, deja vu, spook lights, the sixth sense, time slips, mysterious disappearances, and astral travel. She spends at least one hour meditating each day to communicate with her guardian angels so that she can come up with great story ideas.

Instagram: [emilyflowersromance](#)

Email: emilyflowersromance@gmail.com