

The Lightning Mage

Part 2 in the Battle of
Lavita

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Francisca Oosterhuis

Writer: Francisca Oosterhuis
Publisher Brave New Books
First edition
Cover design: AI generated
ISBN: 9789465129075
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The freedom we are looking for is the freedom to be ourselves and to
express ourselves

Chapter 1

Every morning since she arrived here with her friends was the same. First, a servant would bring her breakfast in bed. Once she had finished that, two more servants would come, prepare water for a bath and lay out a change of clothes. She was given half an hour to do this, before another servant would come to braid her hair.

Amira was fed up. She was grateful to Rivin for letting her stay here to train and prepare for the battle that was sure to come, but she was done with being treated like a queen. And no matter how many times she complained to him or the servants, no one seemed to listen to her complaints.

There was a knock on the door. Amira turned over in bed and put the pillow over her head. If she heard "Good morning, your majesty" one more time, she would go completely crazy. She could hear the door being opened by the servant, who would drop the tray irrevocably to the floor. Amira sat up and looked at the pale servant.

"You startled me, Your Majesty," the servant said, quickly picking up everything from the floor.

Well, at least it was a different greeting.

"I'm sorry, Selina. I didn't mean to startle you," Amira apologized.

The servant seemed to have completely ignored her words and picked up the last bits of glass from the floor, which had certainly been from the tea glass.

"I'll get something new soon," she said, standing up and bowing deeply.

Before Amira could say that it wasn't necessary, the woman had already left the room. She shrugged her shoulders in thought and walked to the bathroom. She let the water run in the tub and ran her fingers through it. She enjoyed the feeling.

She

didn't care that the servants would come to help her. She didn't want their help at all. She had done everything by herself all her life and she wasn't going to change that. Even though she would probably be treated the same way in Oros.

She didn't want to think about it. Ever since she was little and lived in Liova, she had wanted to know who she was. But now that she finally knew, she didn't want that knowledge. She was a princess. Even if she didn't feel like one, she was. Rhys had told her.

Deep in thought, she closed the bathroom door and laid out the robe. She poured soap into the tub and smiled. She and Rhys had become good friends in the last three weeks. And not just because of the bond that connected them. He helped her in a way that the others couldn't or wouldn't.

She could vent all her frustration on him. They trained for three hours every day on the magic training ground. He was good at making shields, and it had taken her a long time to break through, but she knew how by now. Rhys could take a lot from her. And when he got hurt, she always healed him quickly.

She learned to use her fire power and even tried to learn to use her destructive magic, although that was much harder. So hard that she hadn't succeeded at all until now.

Amira stepped into the tub and enjoyed the warmth of the warm water on her skin. It was only enjoyable when she could be alone. No servants for a while. No people to remind her of who she was. The person she didn't want to be.

Until they defeated Navarog, she would simply be Amira. Her friends had agreed to it, but only to protect her from Drogon.

He had spent much of the last two weeks in Lava Rock. Demons flew back and forth. Something they could see from the protected valley of Rivin, but the demons could not see them. She was grateful for the deterrent spells. The ones that helped keep Drogon from finding them and thus leaving her alone.

Not that she wanted to see him again. Even though it was already certain that it would come to a confrontation between them again. His darkness against her fire and destruction. She wondered who would win between the two of them. With the

right training, Rhys had said, she could win. But to win from Drogon, she had to learn to control her destructive magic.

And then came a final type of magic that had not yet revealed itself. But Rhys, Tiki, and Rivin would not say what that magic was. Adrien and she were the only ones who didn't know what other magic was hidden inside her. But she was determined to find out. No matter how long it took.

She lay there for a long time until she heard another knock on the door. She quickly got up and stepped out of the tub. She grabbed the bathrobe from the chair and put it on before she stepped into the room. The two servants who normally prepared her bath and laid out her clothes walked in. They looked at her, shaking their heads.

"You know you have to wait for us, Your Majesty," said the one on the left.

"I took too long. And how many times do I have to say it. Don't call me Your Majesty."

"But, Your Majesty..."

"You are excused," said Amira, glancing at the door.

She may not have wanted to be a princess, but she could pretend to be one very well. And she hoped that she had now made it clear enough that she wanted to be left alone.

"Let us lay out your clothes," said the one on the right.

"Get out. I can do it myself," said Amira in a tone that brooked no argument.

She knew she had hurt them, but she felt relieved when they were gone. There was a tray on the table with all sorts of tasty rolls on it. She picked up a currant roll and walked to the wardrobe while eating.

A closet overloaded with clothes. Dresses, petticoats, tunics, warm sweaters and pants... You name it. She quickly grabbed a blue tunic with a wide belt and threw it on the bed. She put on her underwear and then the beautiful tunic. She sat down at the dressing table and braided her hair into a simple braid. She looked at herself in the mirror. She no longer had bags or purple spots under her eyes. She almost looked beautiful again. She smiled weakly. She didn't care about appearance at all and she never had. But still... She couldn't help but say that she looked good.

She picked up her teacup from the tray and quickly gulped it down. She was ready to go out onto the training field again. To get her frustration out and just have a nice chat with Rhys.

And as if he knew she was thinking about him, she felt that tug on her ribs. Through the bond that connected them. She knew what that bond meant, but she didn't want to think about it.

Instead, she rushed out of her room and ran down the stairs. In the dining room, she saw Tiki and Adrien sitting there, chatting away.

"Good morning!" Amira greeted them.

Her friends looked back and waved at her as she ran to the front door.

"Good luck with Rhys!" Tiki called after her.

Amira quickly gave her a thumbs up before disappearing outside. She ran around the corner of the house and saw Rhys already waiting for her. He was standing in front of the training field for weapons training. She stood next to him.

"What else today than just fire against light?" she asked curiously.

Rhys looked at her mischievously. His violet-blue eyes were shining with mirth.

"Weapons today," he said. "I heard from Adrien that you are very good at archery. Show me how you do it."

Amira poked him in the side. "So, what you're saying is that you want to take lessons from me for a change."

Rhys shook his head, laughing, and handed her the bow she made herself. The only bow she would shoot.

"You seem to forget that my father trained me," he said.

"You seem to have forgotten that I have trained myself and that I am the best shot in Liova," Amira teased.

"Hmm, and Liova is... How big?"

She gave him a push, laughing, and stepped onto the field. Rhys was already enjoying himself immensely, as he did every day they trained together. He watched her stand on the line, twenty-five meters from the target. She took an arrow from the

quiver she had grabbed as she walked onto the field and aimed it. She aimed at the bullseye, and looked at Rhys as she shot the arrow.

The young man blinked as the arrow landed in the center of the bullseye. Amira grinned.

"See?" she asked defiantly.

"You certainly are good," Rhys nodded. "But can you do the same with the other targets?"

Amira shrugged. She stood where she was and took three arrows from the quiver. She aimed and shot three times in quick succession. Rhys' bewilderment gave way to dismay. Without really taking the time to aim, she had already fired arrow after arrow, each one hitting the red bullseye.

He looked at her and smiled. "Okay, I don't think I'll be able to do that in ten years."

"That's not so bad. It only took me four years to teach myself. And if you have a good teacher, you'll be able to do it soon," Amira said.

"A teacher? Or a female teacher?"

"Are you trying to ask me to teach you?"

"Maybe," Rhys chuckled.

"Not going to happen. I'm certainly not taking your father's place," Amira said.

"Don't you want me to?" her friend asked mischievously.

"Get the idea out of your head."

Rhys' mirth faded and he looked at her crestfallen. It looked so pathetic that Amira burst out laughing.

And Rhys didn't want to, he really didn't, but he laughed uncontrollably with her.

"What's there to laugh about?" Rivin asked, standing by the fence of the field.

Amira and Rhys looked up at the mage in surprise.

"Your son wants me to teach him archery, but I refused," Amira replied.

Rivins gaze shifted to the targets, watching them with interest.

"Come on," Rivin said to Amira. "Anyone can waste their day doing things that don't matter when you're so good at it. If Rhysand doesn't take this seriously, I'll have to train you."

Chapter 2

Amira and Rhys looked at each other in surprise. Rivin suddenly wanted to train her? Why? He had refused when Rhys had suggested it to him the day after they arrived. He had paid them no attention at all, had never come to watch them train and wear each other out. Why would he suddenly want it now?

"Are you kidding me?" Amira asked the mage.

"I don't do jokes. Get out on the field, young lady," Rivin told her sternly. He looked at Rhys. "Has she made any progress?"

"I'm right here. You should be asking me," Amira said irritably.

Rivin ignored her completely. "Well?"

"She can create impenetrable shields now. She has mastered fire completely," Rhys said.

"And the destructive magic?"

Rhys shook his head regretfully. He looked at Amira from the side and gave her a guilty look. If anyone could be a torturer when it came to teaching, it was his father.

Rivin looked at Amira, who had stood there like a stick.

"Go to the other field," he ordered her.

"No."

Rivin blinked. He was never contradicted. By anyone. Everyone respected him and did what he wanted, when he wanted.

"Go out into the field now. You will learn to use that destructive power. And I will make sure you succeed."

"I don't want to destroy anything," Amira said, though.

"You have no choice if you want to defeat our enemy."

Amira's hands clenched into fists, the blue flames licking at her skin. She was angry. And Rivin knew it. But before she could strike him, she turned and walked toward the mansion. She paused for a moment and looked at Rivin.

"Don't make me do something I don't want to do, Rivin. Any further and I'll destroy everything here," she said in a menacing, warning tone.

The mage let her go.

Rhysand was about to follow her when his father stopped him.

"You know she has to learn. Talk to her. I have a feeling she'll listen to you more than she does to me."

The boy raised his eyebrows. "What makes you think that, father?"

Despite the seriousness in his eyes, Rivin smiled at him.

"You think it escaped my notice? You, me, and Amira all know why. Maybe you both don't want to face it, but you know that a bond of companions is sacred in our land. Talk to her and get her back here."

"How long have you known?" Rhys asked softly.

"Since the day you met. The moment you looked at each other and then jumped back in shock... That was the moment you both realized what you are to each other. Use it to your advantage for now, my boy, so that she can learn to protect herself and others. We cannot stay here forever. We will have

to move on soon. And I want her to know all of her magic before then."

"All of her magic? But that may take a long time," Rhys said.

"We can continue to train on our journey to Oros. But first she must open up to her magic," Rivin said. "She has very powerful magic that she will need in the final battle against Navarog. But before she can learn that, she must accept the destructive magic. And I think that is where she has the most difficulty."

Rhys nodded. "The first time that magic manifested itself was where we found them. The power was so strong that the bandits died and the entire landscape was reduced to ashes. I believe she would have no trouble accepting the magic. What Amira has trouble with is the fact that the Lavitans were killed by a single attack."

"Go talk to her, Rhysand. Let her know that she is not alone. Not now and not in the coming battle."

"Okay, Father."

Amira had rushed to her room. Ignoring everything and everyone she came across. She tried her best to keep calm within herself, but that had been difficult lately. She dove onto the bed and looked up at the white ceiling. What was Rivin thinking? Why did he think he could order her to do what he wanted her to do? Ever since she had used the destructive magic to get rid of Drogon, she had not really wanted to think

about it. Maybe that magic was important, but what she had done with it... She did not know if she could or wanted to live with the consequences.

Even though the Lavitans who had not survived had been bandits, she felt bad about it. She wished she had not used that power that day. Even if it had been to defeat Drogon, which had not even been possible. The Navarog army leader had cowardly turned to dust and moved himself. Only because he had known that he would not have made it out alive otherwise.

Now she regretted that she had not been able to summon that power unnoticed. Maybe then he would have been gone and she would at least have been free of him. Then she would have only had Navarog and his right hand, Wolfe, to face in the final battle. But that was not the case. Drogon was alive and he was not going to stop until he had her.

It had been stupid of her to show him her magic, she knew that very well. But at that moment she had seen no other way out. She wondered if Drogon knew what it meant that she had so much power in her possession. Had he figured out who she really was by now? Or had the thought never occurred to him?

She heard him before the knock on her door. She turned onto her side, her back to the door. She didn't want to talk to anyone at this moment. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts. Not that they cheered her up, but still.

She heard him open the door and he walked over to her. She felt the mattress sink behind her as he sat down, but she didn't look up at him.

"My father can be quite the troublemaker," Rhys said. "But he really means well."

Amira didn't respond. She didn't even let him know that she had heard him. She stared stoically ahead of her at the purple flowers on the table.

Rhys looked at her. He could feel her sadness and pain and even a hint of worry, which told him that her memories were haunting her now. The bond that connected them was an open line between them. They could feel each other's emotions and sometimes even hear each other's thoughts. And that's how he knew she was thinking about Drogon.

"He can't come here," he said, trying to reassure her.

Still, she didn't answer. She didn't say anything at all. Yet he could feel the tension in the room lessening. As if she needed that reassurance.

"Amira."

They were both silent, but finally Amira turned to him. She looked at him without saying anything. She waited. She waited for him to tell her why he was here. And Rhys knew it.

"Give it a chance. One step at a time. Learn to know and control your power. I have every confidence in you," he said encouragingly.

Amira raised an eyebrow. She didn't believe him. Whether he meant it or not.

Rhys sighed, suddenly thinking of something he could probably help her with.

"Do you want to know where your magic comes from?" he asked her.

He had her attention now. She sat up and nodded in agreement. Rhys smiled at her.

"Okay then," he said, rubbing his hands together enthusiastically. "Your family has an incredibly strong bloodline on both your mother's and father's side. So many different types of magic come together in it, that the members of the royal family are generally the strongest mages in our society. My father was a good match for the strength of our king. As the last fire mage... I mean, the second to last fire mage, he has the greatest fire power compared to the previous fire mages. After the war between King Brandon and the demons three thousand years ago, there were almost no fire mages left. And those who were still alive were killed by bandits, so that if anyone ever found the Demon Blade, there would be no fire mages left to stop the attacks."

Amira listened to him intently, thinking as she did so.

"We only heard about our mission the day before Adrien and I left Liova. That was the day one of the Golden Owls came to us and told the council members what had happened in Oros.

When Adrien and I were called to them, the Golden Owl told them that both fire and lightning can defeat demons. He also told them that there were no lightning mages left. What happened to them?" she asked.

Rhys was silent for a moment. Then he sighed deeply.

"They were killed during the demon attack," he said somberly, a glint appearing in his eyes. "But even though the Golden Owl said they no longer exist, it is not true."

Amira blinked. "So, the Golden Owl was lying?"

"No, he probably just didn't know."

Amira nodded slowly. "What does this have to do with me?" she asked next.

Rhys smiled sheepishly as if he had only just realized that he had digressed from the story.

"As I said earlier, both of your parents' bloodlines possess different types of magic, very powerful types of magic. Your healing and clairvoyance are from your mother. The destruction magic, the blue fire and your lightning magic are from your father."

He could see the confusion on her face. "Lightning magic?"

Rhys nodded. "Your father is a descendant of King Brandon, the one from whom you inherited your lightning magic. But that is something we will come back to later. What is important now is your destruction magic. My father told me long ago how our king learned to use his power little by little in a safe way. And

that is what he wants to help you with now. If you want, of course.”

Amira, who was struggling to process everything she had just heard, actually smiled. She looked at her friend.

“If you’ll help, he can teach me,” she said, her eyes beaming.

Of course, Rhysand couldn’t refuse, and agreed.

Chapter 3

Rivin had waited on the training field. He had every confidence that his son would be able to get Amira back on the field.

In the meantime, he had been preparing stones, wood, and other objects. If she were able to use her power today, he wanted to use those objects to find out how strong she really was and how well she could focus her attention on that one thing. Although he had of course seen the destruction she had caused the day he and Rhysand had come to Amira and the others' aid.

Only because of the magical energy that Amira radiated had he known exactly where to go. At first, that energy had been very weak for her, but after her explosive attack with the newfound magic, he had almost passed out. The impact had been so powerful that he had felt a huge shock go through his body.

Now that he was used to her magical energy, he would really be able to get going. It had been the only reason he had not wanted to teach her up until now. But he could no longer ignore it. She needed his help.

Rivin turned around when he heard footsteps behind him. It was Tiki and Adrien.

"Is class over yet?" Tiki asked her old friend.

"I'm actually hoping we'll start soon," Rivin said with a weak smile.

"We'll be training soon too. Not that I think he needs it," Tiki said, looking proudly at Adrien, "but it's always good to make sure we're in good shape and stay that way."

"We're only training because Tiki needs it," Adrien chuckled. "My sword has a life of its own when we're facing enemies. Aedions magic is amazing."

"That may be true, young man, but your body needs the energy and strength to fight our future enemies," Rivin said sternly.

"I know," Adrien said with a sigh.

"Good! Now hurry up and train. My challenge is coming up."

Rhys and Amira walked up, chatting away. Amira's mood had clearly changed. Rivin wondered what Rhysand had said to make her so cheerful. It almost sounded like she wanted to use her magic.

"Okay, but one more question," he heard her say.

Rhys chuckled and nodded.

"What is my magic called? With you it's easy. You're a light mage, your father is a fire mage and Tiki is a gate mage. But what am I?"

"Good question," Rhys said approvingly. "It happens that there are mages with two types of magic. You even see that sometimes mages have three types, even though they look very similar. But above that? That's unique," he said.

They had now reached Rivin, Tiki and Adrien. The fire mage jumped in immediately where Rhysand paused.

"You have five different types of magic that don't look at all similar," he continued. Rivin sounded wildly enthusiastic. "In our history, there has only been one person who had that much power."

"King Brandon," Amira nodded.

Rivin looked at her for a moment in surprise. "Yes," he said then. "You know your history by the sound of it. In any case, he was the first mage in our world with that amount of power. And because of that power he became the first Rainbow Mage of Lavita. You are the second."

"Now I have one more question, before we start training," Amira said and without waiting for a response she continued: "Rhys told me that the two bloodlines of my parents are very powerful, that many types of magic come together in them." Rivin nodded. "So, as far as we know I have five types of magic. And I know it's a lot to ask, but I'm wondering if it's possible that I can discover even more types of magic."

There was a moment of silence. Adrien looked at her and he didn't care that she could see the surprise on his face. It was the same surprise that Tiki and Rhys showed. Then they all looked at Rivin, who was thinking deeply.

Finally, he said: "It's possible. Maybe we can test that later. But now we have to train the five most powerful types of magic that we know. Tiki told me that you can now use the clairvoyant and healing magic without any difficulty. My son told me that you