

## Chapter 57 Rules Or No Rules

The sun rays hit the pit of the grand colosseum, which Peter had previously called the Flavian Amphitheatre. However, Roxanne was struck with the realization that apart from the pit of the colosseum, where the fight was to take place, the rows and columns where the audience and musicians sat were shielded from the sun with a thick canopy of brick roofs.

Peter had said it was to shield the audience away from the scorching sun, seeing as the fight could sometimes take hours, and Roman sun rays were not as friendly as the ones of the spring, summer and even autumn sun in London, or back in her hometown in America.

For this, Roxanne was grateful. The thought of being sunburned along with hundreds of thousands of people was not really a good one for her. Now, she could watch the fight in peace.

All around them, the crowd agitated, musicians played drums while the rest of the audience screamed strange chants of war. Roxanne saw Peter nod to the rhythm once or twice, as though he was enjoying it.

But Roxanne found all of it strange. She felt like she was in the middle of some gladiator fight in 16AD. Peter tugged at her arm and told her to relax, he had a reassuring smile on her face. Roxanne promised to try to enjoy herself. From five rows above the pit, she watched iron bars rise up, and Aztec walked in. The audience rose up and his name erupted from all

over the colosseum. Roxanne pressed both her palms to her ears to deafen herself to the noise. She watched with keen eyes as he walked further into the sandy pit. Clad in nothing but royal blue shorts. His white and long hair was tied into a bun behind his head, and various tattoos covered the mean muscles of his biceps and abs. Roxanne wondered how she had not taken note of it earlier.

He dramatically stamped his feet on the ground and beat his chest like an angry gorilla, even though the smile on his face was proud. This gesture seemed to arouse the audience, because they began to scream at the top of their voices once again.

King Aztec Rold turned around slowly, allowing the people to bask in the glory of seeing him out in the daylight. The people of his kingdom barely got a chance to catch a glimpse of their king, who was a day lighter (a vampire who could come out in the sun and not get roasted to ashes). They were all pleased by the opportunity and cheered all the more.

After Aztec's brief show, the iron bars rose up again. This time, a straight faced Lancelot strolled out of it. The cheers began again, although not as loud as before.

Roxanne's heartbeat began to race inside her chest. She squeezed her palms on her laps and took in slow and deep breaths.

Just like Aztec, the rest of Lancelot's body was bare, besides his pelvic region down to the upper part of his thighs which were covered by white colored shorts. His thick muscles and broad shoulders were left to the adoring eyes of everyone in the audience. The sweat on his body glittered against the rays of the sun.

She had seen him naked before, but something about this time was different.

Roxanne did not know that she had been staring and drooling until Peter pinched her softly. She jolted, and he threw her a knowing smirk.

"Concentrate. The fight is about to start."

She shook her head and sighed, before clearing her throat and adjusting her sitting posture.

"Of course."

Five rows below them, Aztec walked in circles around a stiff and stoic Lancelot. The fight did not begin until the sound of the large bell; he had enough time to toy with the alpha prince until then.

Aztec had a plan; to infuriate Lancelot until he ran out of breath and became weak with anger. Then, at Lancelot's brief moment of weakness, he would strike and send the wolf's half dead body to hell. And he knew just what to do to push Lancelot over the edge.

"You can't stay stagnant for long, you would have to fight me sooner or later," Aztec spoke up, casting Lancelot a grin.

Lancelot frowned without looking at him, Aztec walked to Lancelot's back and lingered there.

"Don't flatter yourself, this would only be a fight if you manage to get your hands on me." Lancelot growled.

"Do you underestimate me, alpha prince?" Aztec sounded too excited, and it irked Lancelot. The vampire king was being too confident for his own good.

"I speak only the truth."

In that moment, the sound of the bell signifying the beginning of the fight was heard. Above them, the crowd erupted in cheers, even while divided into two; a majority part for Aztec, and the other for Lancelot.

Aztec stood in front of Lancelot and took a stance. His right leg was at the forefront, his left at the back, his two arms were in front of his face, ready to defend an attack and make an attack as well. Lancelot cracked his neck and rolled his fists into balls in front of his chest.

They walked in circular motion for a short while, each calculating the right time to strike. Just then, Aztec's lips spread out in a thin grin.

"You know what I thought about last night?"

"Keep your nonsense to yourself, Rold."

"Ah! But you must hear it." He tried to fling his opponent a kick, but Lancelot was swift enough to dodge it.

The colosseum shook with chants of cheers from every angle. The audience had already begun to bet their money on the fighters.

Sly fox, Lancelot thought, after he had dodged Aztec's kick by lowering his shoulder and tilting his head to the left.

"I missed. But I certainly would not miss on the first chance I get to grope your secretary's succulent body." Aztec threw his head back as he laughed. Before he could focus on his opponent, Lancelot buried his fists into his stomach. It sent Aztec staggering backwards.

When he regained his stance, his grey iris narrowed at a fiery eyed Lancelot. Aztec's grin only widened; his plan was working.

"Are you annoyed Alpha Prince? Does the thought of my teeth buried in her neck and my hands on squeezing her succulent breasts annoy you?"

Lancelot's fury sprang up to life again, a bright red flashed in front of his eyes, and he drilled his fists into Aztec's nose, wiping away the grin from his face. Aztec's face shifted to the left, blood spilled from his mouth with the force Lancelot used to hit him. Lancelot flung a kick at the man's stomach, sending him down to the ground.

Aztec felt his back come in contact with the scorching hot sand, he tried to raise his face up, but Lancelot seized hold of his body by pouncing on top of him.

The vampire king spat out the blood that gathered in his mouth. He smiled again to reveal his bloody teeth. Right there and then, Lancelot wanted to

grip his head and separate it from the rest of his body with his claws and teeth. This man was the definition of despicable, and the more Lancelot looked at him, the more his blood boiled with rage.

"That's right, that's right. She'll have a nice time riding my cock like this. I'll save you a seat to watch, and you can..." His speech was interrupted by Lancelot's fists crashing on his face. The Alpha Prince's blows sent his face left and right. Above him, veins popped out of Lancelot's forehead and arms in anger, his eyes were red and dark with fury. He was going to kill Aztec, rules or no rules.

From where she sat, Roxanne watched in horror. The man she was looking at was a totally different person. She could almost see the flames of anger burning around him. Subconsciously, she gripped the linen of Peter's suit trouser. He stared down at her, she was visibly shaking.

"Are you alright?"

"What is this?" she asked breathlessly, while her stunned gaze was fixed on the beast that had taken over Lancelot, and the laughing maniac he was so close to killing.

"Tradition," Peter replied curtly. A knot tightened in Roxanne's stomach, she wanted nothing more than to lower her head and vomit. The sight of so much blood was making her nauseous, but she said nothing.

What kind of tradition was this? She would have thought that with the way everyone in the palace was so prim and proper, they would have better things in their tradition than a bloody gladiator fight. Lancelot continued to pound Aztec's face, but the man wouldn't just shut up.

"Why are you so angry my prince? Not that she's anything special, but you know what she is, we all do." Even with his swollen mouth and cheeks, he did not stop to trigger Lancelot. Since he could barely raise his hand, he had to continue to use the venom in his tongue.

Lancelot began to quiver with anger, he was growing dizzy with rage. Ziko hurled and thundered insults at him, screaming at the top of his lungs to allow him take control and dig his teeth into the man's neck, but Lancelot was struggling to keep Ziko in, while brutally digging a hole in Aztec's face with his fists.

Slowly, Lancelot's vision became hazy. The voices in his head were growing too loud, and his blood was being poisoned with so much irritation as anger thrummed through his veins. In that moment, he became breathless with rage. He released Aztec's face and paused to breathe, to capture his senses back.

Aztec took a peek at Lancelot's eyes, he was struggling to keep them open. In that moment, Aztec's smile widened in a very creepy way, the moment of weakness he had been waiting for had finally arrived.

"You're mine now," Aztec growled. Lancelot struggled to keep his eyes open, while raising his hand to send Aztec's face back to the sound. But he was too late. No, he was too slow. Aztec dug his right claws into Lancelot's face and peeled skin off his right cheek with one resounding slap.

Lancelot groaned in pain and fell to the ground, with blood oozing from his face. Aztec rose from the ground immediately, and dug his left heel into Lancelot's chest. Lancelot coughed, blood splattered on the floor, beside him. "I told you prince, your darling secretary is going to be all mine." As he taunted him, Aztec kicked Lancelot's face severely.

Fear gripped Roxanne's chest as she watched them. With every kick that was sent to Lancelot's face, Roxanne felt pain in her stomach. Tears welled up in her eyes, pain dug a hollow hole in her chest.

"Somebody should stop him," she croaked, hot tears stung her eyes and choked her voice. Beside her, Peter appeared stone cold calm.

"No one can, he just has to win it."

Roxanne let out a disgruntled scoff. She couldn't even begin to imagine the amount of pain he was in.

Lancelot continued to fight to hold his wolf in. Ziko had grown very restless, and almost weak. Aztec lowered his face to Lancelot's and spat on it. Lancelot tilted his head in disgust.

"I would spill my seed on her face every night, right after she kneels before me and takes my cock in her mouth, and I'll spit on her human face, just the way I have done yours." Molten rage coursed through his veins, his eyes froze in anger, his resentment and deep disgust festered in him.

He couldn't lose this match, he had everything to protect, and everything to lose. The images Aztec spoke off were all in his head, he could see every detail of it, and it drove him mad.

His adrenaline pumped up once more, he regained his strength almost immediately. When Aztec least suspected, Lancelot's hand gripped his neck and held it tight. Aztec's eyes widened in shock. He shivered, trying to wriggle free on Lancelot's grip.

He sent Aztec to the ground with one sharp swing, and squeezed his neck with his hands. Aztec's eyes threatened to pop out from their sockets. The veins on Lancelot's body shot up, his teeth clenched with anger.

If Aztec wouldn't give up, then he would die.

Lancelot did not stop, did not release him. Aztec felt his consciousness slowly slip out of his body, with every second Lancelot gripped him.

He kicked the air, punched Lancelot's shoulders with his hands, but nothing was strong enough to send Lancelot away from his body.

"If you don't tap out, I promise I'll kill you," Lancelot thundered, with his gritted teeth.

He could smell Aztec's blood and fear, and he was overjoyed.

In no time, Aztec tapped the floor twice, indicating his surrender.

The vampires saw this and the bell was rung.

The fight was finally over.

Cheers shook the entire Amphitheatre. Joy and screams of rage erupted from all the walls.

Peter shot up from his seat and clapped with excitement. Roxanne could only manage to breathe down slowly, a relieved smile crept up to her lips.

He won, Lancelot won.

He rose from Aztec's body and raised his two arms to the air, while panting and trying to steady his breath. Drops of sweat trickled down his forehead and every part of his body, his body was stained with sweat and sand. The injuries from the fight had healed on their own.

Lancelot turned to the audience and picked up Roxanne's scent and Peter's wolf sense. Without thinking, he charged into the audience, heading towards the row they were seated in.

Roxanne cast Peter an uncertain look. One that screamed "is he coming here?" Peter didn't seem to know the answer, he watched quietly as well.

Lancelot appeared in front of them. Peter smiled, but Lancelot did not say a word to him.

While they were still trying to make sense of what had happened, Lancelot gripped Roxanne's arm with force and fixed his tired eyes on Peter. "Let's get out of here. Now."