

Lycan King Chapter 78

Healing Rosaline invited the legendary wolf

ALEXANDER'S POV

'Hunter, can you feel where he went?' I asked through my mind link while following the scent of that nasty witch who had been helping Robert in his destruction plan.

'I am not sure. He isn't leaving any traces. Let's go in the north direction first.' Hunter replied, making me run in the north direction.

However, before I could run even a km, I was pushed back to the ground by a large force.

Looks like the coward has finally decided to show his face.

"I don't get what you are running for. You and your species call yourself strong creatures, but when it comes to a one-on-one fight, you do nothing but run with your tail between your legs like a pussy you guys are." I shouted, trying to excite the witch.

"Who is running from you, dog? What can you do with your weakened body anyways? What I am trying to do is buy myself some time so that I can do what I want." Patrick smirked, his body floating in the air.

"Haha... You call yourself a strong witch, and you don't even know that no prisoning and weakening potion works on a king for more than a couple of hours. And it has already been five hours since I was last given any dose." I said before growling at him and lunging at him.

Catching his legs with my hand, I immediately threw him at a nearby tree before changing into my wolf form.

I looked at that witch coughing blood before he closed his fist and chanted something that created large stone walls in front of me.

Huh! As if these walls can stop me.

Growling loudly, I threw myself at those walls, immediately breaking them into large pieces.

Gazing at the witch, who was looking at me with a tint of horror, I lunged at him again, however, this time he was quick to dodge me, and I could only scratch his arm with my paws.

His wincing was like music to my ears after what he had made me go through. After what he made Victoria go through.

I might not know what exactly happened, but it looked like hunter had some kind of connection with her as he knows everything but has barred me from knowing anything.

Not only he called me a bastard to believe everyone so easily, but also an incompatible mate that really edged me.

For my wolf to curse me like this, it must've been something really bad.

My love has to suffer in the arms of these pathetic people because of my mistake.

The one that I had promised to care for and protect for the rest of my life was in danger and pain for so long, and I couldn't do anything about it, and the thought of it angered me enough to almost go berserk.

The only thing that has kept me sane for now is the fact that when I reached the border of my pack, I smelled her, and she didn't smell any different from how I had left her, which was probably a good sign. Though her emotions were all over the place, as long as she was fine, I know I will be able to correct everything.

Concentrating back on the task on hand, I looked at the witch before smiling,

"Is this all you have? You, who calls himself one of the strongest, have only this much? No wonder Christopher is still the king of the witches. It's all because other people in the coven are so incompatible that all they can do while fighting another king is float in the air and chant spells.

The last time an alpha king fought with Christopher for fun, they had a real sword fight, but you on the other hand only know how to fly." I scoffed, knowing that this topic was a sour spot for him.

Who doesn't know about Patrick trying to take over the throne for the last few decades but has always come empty-handed because the people of the coven didn't believe that he was capable enough to lead a coven full of powerful witches.

"You! You want to know what else I can do?" He said, his eyes glowing green with anger while he opened his palms and shot daggers at me.

Since I wasn't prepared for this, one of the daggers plunged through my upper arm, making hunter growl in anger as he lunged at Patrick again.

Patrick, who was still playing with daggers, was caught so off guard that he immediately fell to the ground with wide eyes as the hunter hovered over him, ready to snap his neck and kill him.

"Kill me! Go ahead! But what will happen to Victoria if I am killed?" Patrick said in a rush, and it immediately made us look at him in confusion before I bit into his hand, urging him to continue.

VICTORIA'S POV

"As you wish, Victoria." Robert smiled before closing his eyes as if channeling the message to all the rogues, to stop fighting and end this war.

While Robert was busy stopping the war, I stepped towards Rosaline. Looking at her condition and how fast she was losing blood, it was clear she needed critical treatment.

These people might not be realizing the criticality of the situation since something like this has happened to them for the first time, but by the rate the blood is oozing out from her system, it won't be long before she will be drained of all blood.

"Kyla! Maddy! Bring Rosaline to her room." Theodore shouted when he noticed her gasping as her complexion started to turn pale.

“No need for that,” I mumbled, stopping everyone dead in the tracks as they looked at me quizzically.

“An old witch aunt had taught me a spell that anyone can perform to seal small wounds,” I said so that it can cover up for the fact that I was the infamous hybrid everyone had been looking for.

Sitting near Rosaline, I closed my eyes before chanting the spell slowly in her ears.

Roaming my hands on her head, I counted and chanted it 7 times in the name of the first seven supernatural ancestors.

Opening my eyes, I looked at Rosaline, whose wounds were healed now, and her complexion had started to get better.

“Victoria, you are amazing.” I heard someone say from beside me, however, due to the weakness from performing the spell, I couldn’t make out whose voice it was.

Turning around, I noticed from my blurred vision that many wolves were still fighting.

“Why...not stop?” I asked before falling on my knees to support my body on the pavement.

“Victoria, are you okay?” I heard Daniel shouting from some distance before I was engulfed in a warm hug.

From the scent, I knew it was none other than Daniel.

“The rogues that I had convinced to attack the mansion agreed to me when I said that the war was over and we don’t need to fight anymore, but those who were fighting for their personal agenda disagreed with the arrangement and still want to fight. Those rogues who want to fight are more than 500 in number. I think we need to take action soon.” I heard Robert say, however, I couldn’t respond to anyone’s voice anymore as I felt an unbearable pain shooting up my spine, making me scream so loud that even Robert took a step back involuntarily.

“What is happening to her! Daniel!” I heard Sean’s voice in my surroundings, however, I was too busy not dying of pain to take care of their words.

“I am not sure. It looks like Sh-she is shif-shifting.” I heard as my head became numb.

“But how can this be possible? Isn’t she a lantern?” I heard a few gasps from around me before I started losing consciousness and heard Carla’s voice.

‘You handled pretty well till now, my dear. Due to your using those powers to heal a person, and bring her condition back to how it was, which I must mention even a witch doesn’t try so easily, your body conscience has weakened to great extent. It’s time you take some rest now. It’s high time I let them meet their queen.’ Carla said as she took over me, and before I could say anything, I felt my body changing, and I was sent inside the back of my mind.

“Unbelievable!” I heard someone gasp near me, and it turned out none other than Theodore.

“Carla?” He breathed, his eyes wide as saucer plates, making me look at him in confusion before I noticed my legs and felt shocked.

It was because between my legs I saw a white fur tail flailing in the air.

Did I grow a tail? I was shifting for real? But why weren’t my legs and hands turning into paws?

I have indeed turned into half-wolf like almost all of them here, and into a white wolf at that.

‘A white female wolf? The legendary queen?’ I thought as I remembered the book that I had read.

The book was about the legendary Queen from before 5-6 centuries, and the front cover of the book was a white female wolf growling at the moon.

“This isn’t what it looks like, right?” I heard someone say near me, or should I say Carla before she growled loudly.