

The Rise Of The King

The Rise Of The King Chapter 11

-Vera-

"STOP!"

Violet comes rushing down, pushing the crowd aside as she makes her way to her mother.

"Please! Please have mercy!"

She kneels down in front of me, covering Cecil.

"No! Do not get in the way! I lost in battle to this mutt, I deserve death!" Cecil says, trying to shove her daughter aside but wincing in pain. "Mother, you can't! We need you!"

Violet motions to help her mother up, but Cecil slaps her hands away.

My hand goes to my forehead, rubbing it; these people are giving me a headache. Goddess, they're extremists.

I turn to Noah and shrug my shoulders, lowering the spear to my side; this is not my place to make decisions.

Noah moves closer to us; the people moving away to give him space.

"Do you submit?" He asks Cecil when he is beside me.

**Never" she says.

"For fuck's sake, woman. William, is she capable of continuing the fight?"

It takes a minute for William to answer. All this time, he's been relegated to a corner, watching everything unfold right in front of him, much to his horror.

"She- she most definitely isn't," he says.

"And did she not break the rules by entering to fight my mate instead of her daughter?"

"Ye-yes," William stutters.

"And what is the punishment for such actions?"

"De-death, Your Highness,"

"Precisely. But since I am The King, I can decide if she is indeed put to death, is that correct?"

"Yes, My King."

"Excellent," he turns to Cecil, crouching down to be at eye level with her, "So now, I am giving you and your entire family an easy way out. You get to keep your head, your daughter gets to keep hers, and this entire family continues on existing, if and only if you submit right now."

"Ne-" she begins, but William stops her.

"Cousin," he's stern, "I suggest you consider His Highness, our King's, gracious offer carefully. Think of the future of this House."

Cecil is grinding her teeth and breathing heavily through her nose; pure rage in her expression.

"I submit." she whispers finally.

Noah tilts his head to a side,

"What was that?"

"I submit." she whispers again.

"Hmm no, I didn't catch that, again please."

"I submit!" she yells angrily.

"Ah, there it is. Thank you."

He gestures at the maids to come tend to Cecil's wounds and they flock to her with rags, a blanket to cover her, and bandages. She'll need a little more than that for her shoulder wound, but I'm not about to volunteer that information. If I liked her, I'd even offer her some great painkillers I brought from the Castle for the next few days.

Noah turns his full attention to me now, coming to stand in front of me and lightly brushing through my face with his fingertips.

"How bad is it?" I ask.

It's not as painful as it probably looks since the adrenaline is still coursing through my body.

He smiles at me,

"You're already beginning to heal," he notes, kneeling and taking a closer look at my legs.

When he stands back up, he takes a rag from one of the maids and begins dabbing it on my face; I wince. This is really going to hurt when my adrenaline comes back down.

The crowd has now begun to disperse as quickly as it gathered and only William, Noah, Caleb, Violet, Cecil, the maids, and myself are left in the courtyard.

Eli comes through the doors, holding the maid I pointed out earlier by her wrists.

"What should we do with this one, doc?" He asks.

I come closer to her, leaving Noah at the center of the courtyard. She looks like she's about to throw up. When I'm right in front of her, I touch her face with my fingertips, an undeniable current flowing through them.

I have no doubt in my mind.

This girl is a witch.

"Her and I need to have a talk," I gesture at Eli to hand her over to me, but before he can, Violet comes running towards us.

"No, no please, my Queen, I beg of you, spare her! This was all our idea, she had nothing to do with this!"

Violet's eyes are pooling with tears as she pleads for this maid.

I frown. What was who's idea?

"Shut up, you fool!" Cecil yells.

I sigh, regretting that I didn't get to kill her.

"If you tell me the truth, Violet, I will spare her," I say, intrigued by Cecil's sudden outburst.

"She, she..." she looks at her friend who noticeable gulps, "she has some training, you see, in the art of witchcraft, but she's not a witch! I swear!"

I come closer to Violet, placing my face right in front of hers. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Aren't you a lying little princess." I whisper, and she blanches. "I-I..." Violet stutters.

I sigh again, this time closing my eyes and massaging my temple.

"I'm not going to kill her, Violet, I know she's a witch, I just need the rest of the story. What was that thing that Cecil threw at me? It gave me allergies," just in cue, I sneeze, "and quite frankly all this bullshit is giving me a headache." Violet is gaping, her friend is close to passing out, and apparently Cecil has run out of snarky

"It wasn't their idea; I offered my help!" The friend finally says, "when we found out that His Highness was coming and that Violet would have a real shot at becoming Queen, we knew we had to try everything!"

"Ok, now we're getting somewhere, what exactly *did* you try?"

She gulps as now my attention is completely on her.

"We - I - I gave Violet a special perfume meant to attract His Highness, it was concocted from special herbs, pheromones, and The King's hair to make it specific to him."

I raise an eyebrow at this and turn to Noah who simply shrugs, not knowing how they acquired. his hair either.

"My my mom took some from him when she gave him the tour of the manor," Violet says shyly.

Noah takes a quick moment to narrow his eyes at Cecil who has decided to completely ignore everything that's happening in front of her.

"And then what?" I ask the maid.

"And that didn't work. We didn't know he had a mate and that's probably why the pheromones didn't work."

She's not wrong, but she also doesn't know that Noah has a natural, and acquired, level of immunity to magic, even concoctions such as hers.

"And then we we wanted to try again, but without having you around..."

"That's why you tried going into his room at night."

"Yes," she admits, embarrassed, "we thought I could seduce him and if we... if we did it then he'd have to take me as his wife."

"And the powder?" I ask, ignoring the fact that she just admitted to having plotted to sleep with my mate.*

"That was wolf's bane, and it was meant to poison you," she says, her head down, "but it didn't work, I - I don't know why."

"Girl, that thing was not wolf's bane, I can guarantee you that," I say.

Back at the Pack House, we are all taught to detect wolf's bane from miles away to avoid it. If exposed to it for prolonged periods of time, or ingested in large doses, it can be fatal to any wolf. Visit [to read the complete chapters for free.](http://www.jobnib.com) Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on [Jo b n i b. com](http://www.jobnib.com). Back home, if you're a trained warrior, you are given small quantities over time to create certain immunity to it, at least enough so that it doesn't kill you right away; this is how I was trained. It makes sense that they wanted me to turn, too, since wolf's bane is more effective on our beast forms than our human forms. This thing, however, whatever it was, did not smell, taste, or feel like wolf's bane.

"Oh." she simply says, genuinely surprised.

"So, what do we do with her?" Eli asks, still holding on to the girl.

I think for a while, and on instinct, perhaps guided by my wolf, I say,

"Let her go."

He cocks an eyebrow at me.

"Excuse me?"

"Yeah, let her go. She's harmless. She can't even tell what's wolf's bane and what isn't."

Her head sags, embarrassed at my comment.

"Fine," Eli says, letting her go and she falls to the ground.

Violet and her immediately hug tightly, crying into each other.

Grateful that all of this is over, for now, I begin to turn to go back to Noah but suddenly, Violet'

s head snaps to the left, as if moved by some invisible force.

"What happened?" I hear Lucas ask as he enters the courtyard.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 12

-Vera-

I stay by Violet, observing her, as she's enthralled by the sight of Lucas. Her friend has separated from her and is looking at her questioningly; then, she follows her line of sight. She looks back and forth between Lucas and Violet, realization crossing her expression. "Oh no..." she whispers. Violet does not move an inch, but Lucas is striding across the courtyard, past Noah, past Cecil, past Eli, directly to his mate.

He kneels in front of her, placing a delicate palm on her cheek and looking at the faint scar my spear left on her face. She's healed by now, of course, but the scar might take a few weeks to disappear; at least I was delicate enough to make the wound very shallow. He turns to me to throws a sour look my way.

"I thought you weren't going to hurt her," he says in a low, grave voice.

"Well, she gave me a run for my money," I lie.

"You promised," he says, his lycan eyes swirling as he stands up to face me.

Crap.

He squares up to me and just as he's about to turn into his beast, a deafening growl comes from right behind me, sending chills down my spine. Before I see him, I feel him; Noah's vicious aura almost makes my knees buckle.

I turn back to look at him. His eyes are fully black, his lycan making its presence known. Everyone behind him, including Caleb and Eli, have taken an involuntary step back. Cecil is paralyzed, her eyes wide with fear. "Touch her, and you die," he says, his thick voice homicidal.

Even Lucas, with the courage and momentum provided by his mate bond to Violet, has to take several cautious steps back, his eyes back to normal. Instead of defying him, he unconsciously bows his head.

Violet and her friend are frozen in place, looking at Noah in absolute horror.

I place a gentle hand on his chest, getting on my tippy toes to kiss his chin.

"It's alright, Noah," I say.

Even if I feel his aura as much as the others, it doesn't exactly have the same effect on me.

He calms down instantly, his eyes turning back to normal.

He smiles down at Violet and her friend, trying to ease their fear.

"Well, I think that settles it," he intertwines his fingers with mine and kisses my hand affectionately, "shall we? I need to take a closer look at those wounds."

I nod, happy to be done with all of this.

When we make our way past Cecil, he turns to her; she still hasn't taken her eyes off of Noah

once.

"When you feel up to it, Cecil, there's a matter I'd like to discuss with you," he says, nodding in the direction of Lucas and Violet, who are now looking at each other adoringly.

Cecil follows his gesture, her expression difficult to read; she simply nods at Noah, absentmindedly.

Noah guides me within the manor to his room, which is thankfully a rather short walk compared to the Castle. When we get there, he closes and locks the doors behind us. I step further into the room, admiring its quaint decoration. It's very simple, with only the necessary furniture and light fixtures, but it's quite cozy; I like it better than the King's bedroom back at the Castle.

"I'll run you a hot bath," he says, disappearing into the bathroom.

I keep walking around the room, admiring the paintings hanging on the walls; most of them are of nature and beautiful, relaxing scenery. Making my way to one of the windows, I notice it's in the direction where I saw the greenhouse and it makes me consider what to do with the girl witch. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"Hey," Noah comes up behind me, "what are you staring at?"

"What would you say if we ask that witch to come with us?"

"I would tell you that if there's one thing I've learned these past months, is that your gut is never wrong." he says, massaging my shoulders.

I let my head lull back, resting it on his chest.

I moan.

"If I get this treatment every time I have to fight for your hand in marriage, it'll be worth it."

He chuckles and kisses the top of my head.

"Come, the bath is ready."

He guides me to the large tub in the center of the bathroom. For some reason, unlike the bedroom, the bath is actually luxurious; it's clear where the priorities lied when this manor was built. "According to Cecil, this used to be her husband's favorite room when he was still alive."

He starts to take off my top and sports bra, followed by my leggings. I wince as the fabric of the leggings grazes my wounds.

He stops.

"Is this okay?"

"Yeah." I say, closing my eyes, "just get it off me."

He hurries and does as he's told, offering his hand to me as support as I step into the bath.

I sink in, the warm water offering immediate relief to my sore muscles. Some of the water turns pinkish as the last unhealed areas of my wounds are still bleeding.

"Aren't you going to join me?" I ask him.

After a few seconds of consideration, he smiles at me and begins taking off his clothes.

I scoot forward to make room for him; even if the tub is enormous, I still want him close to me.

He sits behind me, letting me place my back to his chest as he continues to rub my shoulders, back, and nape.

"I didn't think that little girl could be so aggressive," he comments.

"I don't think that was all her. There are some roots that can be used to make someone much more aggressive, even raise their stamina. I'm guessing her witch friend had something to do with it."

"I thought all witches were gone,"

"For the most part they are, according to my grandmother. Some have remained here to try and live out their normal lives; but that girl is different, she's young, and I don't just mean her looks. Most witches appear young, but they can be hundreds of years old." "You're joking," he says, stopping his massage to raise a brow at me.

"I wish. My grandmother doesn't look a day over thirty, same as my aunt. That witch I killed? Mehra? Her body looked more like a corpse when I went to burn her, meaning she was way older than she looked."

He sighs and continues massaging me.

We don't say a word for a while, both of us deep in thought.

"Noah?"

"Yeah?"

"Your aura... it's getting a little out of control."

He doesn't say anything.

"The guys have begun to notice," I continue, "it's the second time in this trip that you scare them half to death. Back in the forest I thought it was because of our dry spell... but today..." I drift off, not wanting to pressure him into talking about it if he doesn't want to. "V, I'm sorry but I don't know what you mean."

I turn around to face him,

"What do you mean you don't know what I mean? Did you not notice Lucas lowering his head just now? The other guys took several steps back too, not knowing what to do. Even Violet and her friend were about to cry because they were so scared."

He genuinely has no idea what I'm talking about, judging by his expression.

"Noah, what did you feel when Lucas was about to attack me?" I ask him.

"Anger, naturally."

"Yes, but what besides anger? The need to submit him? The desire for him to obey you?"

He considers this for a few seconds.

"No, none of that, I just knew that if he touched you, I'd cut his hands off."

I frown, not really knowing how to continue on this conversation. If he has no idea what I'm talking about, he can provide little to no insight into what this is.

It feels exactly like an alpha wolf aura, and the reaction from everyone around him is the reaction every wolf would have to an alpha, but now, I'm second guessing myself. I know alphas use their aura willingly to submit others, make them bend to their will, but Noah is doing it unconsciously. It's both impressive and incredibly worrying that he has no idea what he's doing with such impressive presence.

I bite my lip.

"You look worried," he says.

I shake my head,

"No, I'm just thinking."

There is really only one person who could offer some insight, and that person is Sophia.

I turn my back to Noah, once again letting my body rest against his.

Even with all the thoughts and worries in my head, soon after our conversation is done, I am half asleep. Fighting Violet and Cecil has drained me.

After a while, I feel Noah lift me off of the bath and carry me to the bed. He lightly dabs a towel all across my body as I drift off to sleep.

I open my eyes slightly. It feels like I've slept hours already, but I need more. Something woke me up.

"Hey, it's just me."

It's Noah making his way across the bed to me. Soon, I feel his large arm come over me, cradling me to him. He kisses my cheek gently, then my forehead, then my nose, and then my shoulder.

I sigh in complete contentment and quickly go back to sleep, lulled by Noah's warmth.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 13

-Noah-

After towelng Vera dry and making sure she was asleep, I exit the room slowly, making sure not to wake her.

I knew Vera was an excellent fighter already, but could she had gotten better these past months? Even Caleb commented on how impressed he was with her fighting; not that I'm surprised. Anyone who hasn't already seen her fight will naturally doubt her abilities, and Caleb was nowhere close when she was fighting Alistair's army.

Still, I wasn't expecting for any of this to happen. Violet using magic to enhance her abilities? Cecil going against a centuries old tradition and interrupting an official fight? What the actual f**k.

I had to fight every muscle in my body to not kill Cecil the minute she stepped into the ring. If not because Vera indicated that she could handle her, I wouldn't have hesitated; and well, as Eli later pointed out, it would be a political nightmare. Politics.

I'm really sick and tired of that shit.

I walk through the manor in the direction of my objective.

When I'm there, I knock decisively on the door.

"Come in," Cecil says.

I open the door and step into the room, the maids tending to her quickly bowing to me; they didn't do that before. "Queen Cecil," I say.

I've been saying her name like this sarcastically this entire time, but I don't believe she ever caught on to that.

"Your Highness," she says, standing up from her chair and bowing to me as well, "please, just Cecil."

That's a first.

"Cecil, there are matters we have to discuss."

"Of course, Your Highness."

As she says this, the maids scatter, one of them closing the door behind them to make sure we have complete privacy.

Cecil remains standing, a feat that is noticeably hard for her at the moment. Through her flowy dress, I can see her stomach has been heavily bandaged where Vera injured her with the sword; her left arm is resting on a sling, her back heavily bandaged as well. There is a faint smell of herbs.

"Please, sit," I motion for her to take a seat again, but she doesn't budge.

"Fine," I say, sitting first across from her.

This is her cue to sit down. It's a very stupid custom if you ask me.

"Well, I think it's very evident that Lucas, my warrior, is Violet's Goddess chosen mate. I'm here to ensure they can be together."

Her lips press into a thin line.

"Your Highness, with all due respect, I can't allow that to happen", she says.

Despite how much contempt I've felt for this woman during our stay here, I know that she's only following the rules and traditions she's been taught her entire life. Really, I'm angry at the entire system, not just her.

"Okay." I say, leaning forward in my seat, "thing is, they *will* end up together, Cecil, I'm only here as a courtesy to you and your family since you were so gracious to host us these past few days."

"Since when can a King decide on how we choose to live our lives, huh? After everything we have done for the Crown and the Royal Family, *this* is how you repay us? My husband would be ashamed to have served such a Family! Violet is of pure blood, she will not* marry a lowly warrior." She narrows her eyes at me.

"Well, first of all, it's an honorable trait. You wouldn't know because all you have here are servants and stable boys that you have chosen to call warriors. Second of all, Lucas is not just a warrior, he's like a little brother to me, meaning he will forever have my favor, the King's favor," I say, but she stays quiet, staring at me defiantly.

I lean back on my seat, crossing my arms.

"Lucky for you, this also means I have secured him a Council seat when he's of age."

Her eyes widen.

"What?" she whispers.

"You heard me correctly. He will have a Council seat when he is of age, and since Lucas, like myself, is an orphan, he will have no trouble taking up your family name, making sure it does not die with you and Violet." Her hand flies to her mouth.

"But - but how? There is a fixed number of seats," she pauses, "oh no, don't tell me you will take it away from another House, we would not survive the political retaliation, if that's the case, I rather you don't, I would..." I cut her off,

"He's taking William's seat."

She gapes at me.

"William's seat? Did he already agree to this?"

"Yes, he did."

"I don't understand, what did you offer him instead?"

"A comfortable retirement." I explain. "William isn't wed, and he's taken a vow of celibacy after his chosen mate passed away, meaning he will die childless. He was more than thrilled to offer up his seat to someone from his House." She stays silent for a while, processing this news.

A Council seat is the best anyone can hope for apart from being King; hence being the wife to a Council member is as good as it gets without being Queen.

"Your Highness... I - I don't know what to say, how to thank you..." she trails off.

"Don't thank me. Thank the Goddess for mating your daughter to Lucas."

Out of the corner of my eye, I see a shadow emerging from one of the entrances to the manor. It's a figure with a cloak... and a bag.

I raise my head to sniff the air coming in from the open window and chuckle.

"Quite frankly, I think your daughter had already made up her mind, anyway," I nod at the figure and Cecil peeks through the window.

It is indeed Violet under that cloak, and she's carrying a big enough bag to make her intentions clear; also, she's heading for the stables.

When Cecil turns back to look at me, she doesn't look angered by this, instead, her expression has softened.

"She's a good girl, you know. All of her life, all she ever wanted to do was please her father and I," her expression turns sad, "to find ones mate is such a blessing from the Goddess, I have no doubt that Lucas is a very special man, one deserving of my daughter," she wipes at a tear that fell on her cheek, "everything we did. Your Highness, was out of desperation. Our house was about to die. With the death of my husband, all of our political credibility died with him. Violet was willing to marry anyone who would help revive this House's name, and when William wrote to us, saying you were interested and that we were *the first House* you would visit, we couldn't, under any circumstance, let that opportunity pass. It was our last chance."

I turn to look at the window.

Suddenly, Cecil doesn't seem like the bitch I saw her as before; even if I don't agree with her methods, she's just a mother trying her best to secure a good future for her daughter.

We stay quiet after this and I let my mind wander in the silence.

Inevitably, it always, always, wanders back to Vera.

Finding one's mate really is the ultimate blessing by the Goddess.

"How is your mate, Your Highness?" Cecil asks, now composed.

"Noah, please. My friends just call me Noah."

My request takes her aback, but she nods as I turn my attention to her.

"She's sleeping." I say.

"We could perhaps offer her some medicine; it really does work wonders and maybe Lilith can tend to her wounds?"

"She's healed," I say, keeping my answers short.

I don't really want to discuss Vera with someone who showed such hostility towards her, even if I now understand why. "Oh, she heals fast," Cecil frowns.

"For a wolf?" I voice her confusion.

She smiles sheepishly.

"They're a lot more resilient than you'd think," I say, mostly speaking to myself and staring back out the window.

A moment passes before Cecil speaks again.

"She really is something special, isn't she?"

I smile at this; a polite smile at that.

"You have no idea."

"Your Highness, if I may," she begins, but waits for me to nod before she continues, "the other Houses will stop at nothing to get you to marry their daughters. I can tell you from experience, they are brutal. If you think our antics were bad, wait until you experience

theirs; wolf's bane will be the least of your concerns. Your mate is clearly smart and perceptive, not to mention a brilliant fighter, but how much more will you put her through until you finally have to take in a wife, anyway? She can't keep fighting these women forever."

I grind my teeth, staring directly at Cecil.

No.

Absolutely not.

*F**k* no.

There will be *no more fighting* for Vera.

This ends now.

And I will not take in a fucking wife.

Fuck the Council.

I feel my lycan rising to the surface slowly, but I control it before he comes too close.

When I come out of my thoughts and focus back on Cecil, I notice she's staring at me with wide eyes, and her heart is racing abnormally fast. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I frown and think back to what Vera said earlier, about my aura or whatever; she looked worried back in the bath. Maybe I have to start paying closer attention to this..... thing.

"Thank you for your advice, Cecil," I say, standing up.

"No, please," she stands up, wincing in pain, "I thank you for what you have given this House, Your Highness. You will forever have this House's loyalty and gratitude. If ever you need of me. please feel free to write to me."

I smile at her, coming close to her to shake her hand.

"I might have to take you up on that." I say, squeezing her hand slightly.

"Anytime," she says, a genuine smile on her face.

"Have a good night," I say, making my way to the door.

"You too," she says.

And with that, I return to the only place I ever want to be.

At Vera's side.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 14

-Vera-

"Cecil," Noah shakes her hand, "thank you for hosting us, and for letting Violet come with us. I promise you she will be taken care of." "Your Highness," Cecil bows, "on the contrary, thank you for coming to meet us. It was very gracious of you."

The entire exchange between these two strikes me as odd, but I make a mental note to ask Noah about it later; I don't want to ruin the moment.

We had both woken up at around six A.M and everyone else was already having breakfast and preparing to leave. To my surprise, Violet was already having breakfast too, right next to Lucas. The mark on her neck not going unnoticed. I had looked at Caleb in hopes for an explanation but he had simply shrugged. Considering we were all having a very peaceful breakfast, I didn't think to question it, either.

"How are you feeling?" Lucas asked me when I sat down.

"Rested," I had answered with a smile.

He returned one of his own but quickly returned his attention to Violet.

I was genuinely happy to see this entire episode come to an end, and with such a happy resolution. Violet was coming with us; Lucas was going to be able to be with his mate.

"Hey, what's the next house we're visiting anyway?" I asked after a while.

William gives me a curious look.

"We're going back home," Noah had answered.

"Home?"

"Something has come up with the Council, we have to... sort it out... before we can continue," William explained.

"Oh." I said simply, sipping on my tea.

A moment passes and a thought crosses my mind.

"Oh, Violet," I turn to her and she blushes, "I was hoping I could talk to your friend before we left, I'd like to extend an offer for her to come train with us at the Castle."

"I- yes, Cassia. I'll have her called," she quickly lowered her eyes to her empty plate and not another word was spoken between us.

And so here we are, saying our last goodbyes to Cecil and this place, before returning to the Castle.

"Are we running or walking?" Eli asks, stretching out his arms.

"I thought we'd walk for a while. I hear you guys have a lake close by?" Noah asks Violet.

"Ah, yes, Your Highness, it's on a longer path than the original one but it's still in the direction of the Castle," she says, lowering her gaze.

"Noah, please," he says, "how long until we get there if we walk?"

She quickly looks at Lucas, confirming that it's really okay to call him Noah. He smiles back at her, reassuringly.

"About a day's walk," she answers, still refusing to call him by his name.

"Well then, lead the way."

"Very well," she smiles and takes Lucas's hand, leading the party.

Noah takes my hand as we begin walking

"You're a miracle worker, Noah," I whisper to him.

He gives me a look.

"Violet," I say, gesturing at her and Lucas happily walking in front of us.

"Oh, that," he says, "I've come to learn one thing these pasts months, politics is nothing more than figuring out what people want, and offering it to them in exchange for what *you* want." "And what did you offer her?" I ask, curious.

I

"Not her. Lucas. I gave him William's Council seat,"

gape at him.

"And William just accepted that?"

"Surprisingly yes. It's a mutually beneficial arrangement."

"I'm shocked," I say, "even then, it's hard to believe Cecil would allow this to happen." I gesture once again at Lucas and Violet.

Noah smiles,

"I think she also realized Violet would make her own decision. If she pushed her hand, I would've left her and her House with nothing, and Violet still would have chosen her mate, anyway."

We stay quiet after this and I look at Lucas and Violet. They're both chatting away with the biggest smiles on their faces. Even if I hated her when I first met her, she really does strike me as a sweet girl now; one that is deserving of Lucas. After only about an hour of walking, a voice is heard shouting from behind the bushes directly to our side.

"Wait! Please! Wait for us!"

We all stop, curious.

Jeremy emerges from the side of the road, dragging a heavy backpack.

"Please, please wait for us," he's doubled over, catching his breath.

"Did we make it?!" Another voice comes from behind him.

Cassia emerges from behind her brother. Both of them are covered in leaves, a few cuts, and drawing in labored breaths.

"Cassia?!" Violet comes rushing to her friend and hugs her, "I couldn't find you before I left! Oh. Goddess, where were you?!"

"We were... we were waiting on the road. Queen Cecil gave Cassia permission to come, but not me. If we left the manor with you guys, she would have known I was planning on coming along, too," Jeremy explains.

"But you guys never came! We figured after a while that you must've taken another road, so we ran all this way."

When Cassia and Jeremy compose themselves, they suddenly realize it's no ordinary party they have joined.

"Your Highness!" They both yell at the same time.

"We are so sorry for the intrusion, and we are so sorry to delay your journey," Jeremy bows.

Cassia has also bowed her head but they both peak at Noah when he doesn't say a word.

"Hmm... we....." Cassia begins, but gulps. I can hear her heart starting to beat very fast, "she..." she stares at me, "Lady Vera invited me to come and I... I couldn't leave Jeremy behind, I...." she's starting to panic and Noah still doesn't say anything. He's just having fun with them but I find it cruel to extend their worry; this girl's chest is practically vibrating from her elevated heartbeat.

"Of course, it's okay for you two to come," I say finally, "I didn't realize Jeremy would also like to join us so I didn't think of inviting him, but it's no trouble."

The color returns to both of their faces.

"Thank you!" they both say, bowing profusely.

"Jerk," I whisper at Noah.

He chuckles as he takes my hand again and we resume our walk.

"I never knew I'd enjoy making people sweat like that, but it's become the highlight of my days," he explains and I roll my eyes.

Hours pass and we all continue walking in smaller clusters. Jeremy and Cassia quickly joined Violet and Lucas up front. Caleb, William, and Eli are also talking amongst themselves and walking in front of us. Noah and I are still holding hands and just enjoying each other's company.

"What's the emergency that came up with the Council?" I ask, finally.

He sighs. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"We're not doing this anymore," he says after a few minutes.

"Doing what?"

"Looking for a wife."

I turn to look at him.

"What?" I ask maybe a little too loudly as Eli turns to look at me momentarily.

"It's too dangerous, V. Look at how many unexpected issues we had here. Cecil tried to poison you, for fuck's sake. What's to say what the other Houses have in store?"

"Noah, whatever it is, I can take it."

"Well, you shouldn't have to."

"You know the Council will never allow this, Noah," I stop in front of him, "You can't just throw away the negotiations, it took you guys months to even have these families to agree to meet with you." Visit to read the complete chapters for free. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Job ni b. com. "My decision is final, Vera. You will not put your life at risk for the pleasure of these decrepit old men. And so, what if they don't like it? I am the King. I can make them disappear and they know that. This wife bullshit is *done.*"

Noah walks past me, angry. Fortunately, no one else was close enough to hear our little argument.

I keep walking behind the group, feeling defeated. There's a reason why I didn't want to be with Noah at first; I was afraid that, whatever I was, would put him in danger. So many months later, who would've thought that my worst fear would become true; our mate bond is truly a liability for him and this Kingdom.

I come closer to Eli, Caleb, and William and realize the entire group has stopped. Eli is taking off his bag and placing it on the ground.

"It's time for lunch, doc," he says, taking a seat on the ground.

I drop my bag next to him and walk a few meters into the woods. He looks at me questioningly, but says nothing; I need some time alone.

I place my back against a tree large enough to cover my frame, and slowly begin taking deep breaths. Eventually, with my eyes closed. I connect with my wolf.

Hi, pretty girl, I tell her.

She comes to me and whimpers lightly.

I know.

I place my head on hers as we both take comfort on each other.

A few more moments pass until my concentration is suddenly broken by a ruffling sound behind me.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 15

-Vera-

"Hey!" Jeremy calls me, "Sorry, I couldn't find you. Here," he hands me a little box. I come close to him and take it from his hands, the smell immediately making my mouth water, "I took the liberty of cooking for everyone as a thank you," he says, bowing a little. "That's so nice! Thank you, Jeremy." I smile genuinely at him.

I walk back with him to the clearing where everybody is already eating and sit where I left my bag initially.

When I sit down, Eli hands me a water bottle.

"Trouble in paradise?" Eli asks as I sip on the bottle and he devours his meal.

"Did you know he called off this whole wife search thing?"

He nods.

"He discussed it with me."

"And you're okay with this?"

"Yes," he answers with a shrug. "Doc," he wipes his mouth, "Noah is the King, the Council doesn't rule over him, as much as they'd like to believe they do. He agreed to all of this because he thought it would take some pressure off your back; you know, being his mate *and* a wolf, the Council naturally isn't a fan of you. But you saw what happened back there. I wouldn't be surprised if those assholes plotted with their Houses to get rid of you. For good."

I open up my meal and it's a beautiful array of meats, vegetables, and fruits.

"Wow," I say.

"Yeah, the kid can cook. I'm glad we stole him from Cecil," Eli says.

"Wow' at the Council wanting me dead," I clarify and begin to eat.

He scoffs, "That's how the Council works. They can't take 'no' for answer; and the minute they don't like something or someone, they find ways to make it disappear. In this case, it happens to be you."

He speaks of this so casually it really makes me wonder whether the threat is serious or not. I get lost in my own thoughts as I continue with my meal. It really is delicious, but I can't really enjoy it considering what Eli just told me.

If they really do want me gone, they will stop at nothing to ensure that happens. But if they succeed, Noah will still not take in a wife, I'm sure of it. What's more, if they are found out, if it is known that they went against the explicit wishes of their King, they will all be put to death.

Someone clears their throat in front of me, drawing me out of my thoughts. It's Violet and Cassia.

"Hmm, Lady Vera," Violet starts, "can we join you?"

Violet still can't muster the courage to look me in the eyes and Eli raises his eyebrows at me, clearly amused considering these two tried to kill me less than twenty four hours ago. "Just Vera, please, and of course."

They both happily plop down in front of me while I continue eating.

"We just... we wanted to apologize for... for everything really." Violet starts, not really knowing how to do this.

"Yeah, and we didn't really mean to harm you, we just wanted the King to choose Violet," Cassia finishes.

"Cecil threw what she thought was wolf's bane at me, hoping it would kill me," I comment.

Sometimes I'm too blunt for my own good, but these two better make no mistake about what happened back there.

They both look at each other nervously.

Cassia clears her throat,

"Yeah, about that. How did you know it wasn't wolf's bane?" She says, casually steering the conversation away from their murder plot.

"Because it didn't kill her, obviously," Violet whispers to Cassia, as if the question she asked was too stupid to bother me with. But she's wrong.

"Wolf's bane tastes sweet initially, then it turns bitter once it starts releasing its poison. It's quite distinct."

"Tas-tastes? You mean you've tasted it?" Violet asks in shock.

"Of course," I say, licking my spoon. It really was a delicious meal.

They don't really know what to say after that so I take the opportunity to ask them a few questions I had been curious about.

"How old are you guys, if you don't mind me asking?"

"I turned seventeen a month ago," Violet answers proudly.

"I turn eighteen in three months," Cassia says.

I stare at them.

Children. They're both basically children.

"When William said you were 'of age' I assumed you were older," I tell Violet.

"Well, for lycans, sixteen is considered 'of age.' It's when we can safely carry a pup and start our own families," Violet says happily.

"Goddess..." I whisper.

The more I learn about lycan society, the more disappointed I am of it. Only because you could* have a baby at sixteen, doesn't mean you *should*.

"Do you mind if I ask you another question?" Cassia says, interrupting my thoughts once again.

"Sure," I say, sipping on my water bottle.

"Why didn't my concoction work on the King? The one Violet wore as a perfume when they met? I went back and revised my recipe; I've been giving it to women for years and it always works. I thought it was the mate bond, but we tried it on Lucas this morning and he was confused, to say the least. Could it be because the King already bears your mark?"

"You tried it on Lucas?" I laugh.

"Yeah, he wasn't too happy with me." Violet admits, blushing, "but it did work on him."

Poor Lucas.

"Well, it could be that it's because he bears my mark; it could also have to do with the fact that Noah has a natural immunity to magic," I explain. "Immunity to magic?" Cassia asks, "how is that possible?"

"He comes from a long line of witch hunters, so to speak. In time, they developed certain natural protections against spells and magic in general." Not to mention the added protection my mark likely offers.

"Wow," they both say at the same time, discretely turning to look at Noah.

After a while, I remember the other question I had for Cassia.

"Cassia, what was that thing you gave to Violet for the fight?"

"What thing?"

"Some concoction to raise her stamina? She was quite... angry," I say and Violet blushes once again, turning to look away from me. This girl is most definitely not a fighter.

"That wasn't Cassia," Violet answers, "mother gave me something before the fight; she said it would help me. I didn't think to question what it was."

"Dried shrub root," Eli answers, "it's an old warrior trick. We used it before battles to increase our stamina and aggressivity. With years of usage, we realized it had two terrible side effects; it caused addiction and made many lycans feral. Many never came back to us."

"Cecil would give you something so dangerous?" Cassia asks, notably displeased with this information.

"She was desperate," Violet whispers; a feeble attempt at defending her mom.

I smile sympathetically at her. I can see none of this was Violet's fault now, but it makes me dislike Cecil even more.

"Alright, ladies. The chatter is over, we have to get back on track if we want to reach this lake by night fall." Eli says, standing up and offering his hand to me.

"Again, Vera. We are so sorry about everything. I hope in time you can find it in you to forgive us," Violet says, taking my hand, her expression genuine.

"Already forgotten," I say, waving my hand dismissively.

This seems to satisfy both of them because they jog back to Lucas and Jeremy, looking a lot more relaxed than before.

Eli hands me my bag.

"Doc, whatever this thing between you and Noah is, you both have to put it aside. You will both need to present a united front in whatever he decides from now on. The Council will sense if there is any rift between the two of you and will exploit it any way they can. Don't let that happen."

I nod and he walks away, joining William and Caleb again.

We continue to walk for several more hours, mostly in silence. At nightfall, we reach the lake Noah mentioned.

The water is crystal clear, revealing all of the terrain under it. It's quite beautiful, but it's hard to see why Noah wanted to see it.

"We'll sleep here for the night." Eli says, dumping his bags on the ground and starting to build the campsite. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Everyone gets busy helping Eli and I go off into the woods on my own to collect firewood, but I feel someone following me.

I turn around.

"Hey," Noah says, "listen, I'm sorry for getting mad earlier, I'm really not mad at you, it's just this entire situation... I shouldn't have let it happen. None of it."

He's massaging the back of his neck.

"No, I'm sorry," I come close to him, "I realize how much pressure you're under, and I thought all of this was going to help you get the Council off your back, that's why I agreed to it in the first place."

He takes my hands in his.

"Vera, this isn't your Kingdom to fix; quite frankly, it isn't mine either. *We* aren't the problem. It's everything else. It's old traditions, customs... we will never move forward if things don't change. Even opening up new trade routes is cause for argument in the Council; it's incredibly childish and counterproductive."

I smile up at him and he sighs, releasing my hands as we both begin to look for firewood.

"You know you can talk to me about any of this anytime, right?" I tell him after a while.

"I know, but when I'm with you, the last thing I want is to relive the shitty day I've had."

"So, what's the plan now? Ditching the Families and your *wife* doesn't just mean we are vulnerable to rogues; it also means trade will suffer."

"I was hoping I'd come up with an idea before we reached the Castle..." he admits.

"So, taking the scenic route...?"

"Gives us a couple of days extra before we get there."

After a few minutes, when we gather enough firewood, we head into the campsite where the tents are already up. Violet, Jeremy, and Cassia are running around the lake. Lucas, Caleb, William, and Eli are finishing up with the tents. Before we step within sight, I think of something. It's a long shot, but it's worth considering.

"Hey, Noah? I think I have an idea."

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