

The Rise Of The King

The Rise Of The King Chapter 31

-Vera-

The next morning rolls along and once again, I feel as if I have not rested at all. I stretch on the bed, realizing I didn't even have time to change out of my clothes last night. Quickly. I head into the bathroom to throw some water on my face and change out of my clothes. I choose today's outfit carelessly, as we will be running in our beast forms again. "Vera?" Someone calls for me outside my tent.

"Coming!" I yell as I finish putting on my shirt, this time without a hoodie or sweater.

The further away we get from the Castle, the nicer the weather gets. The mountains behind the Castle always give the air around the Castle an unmistakable chill, but now that we are closer to Wolf territory, the weather is a lot more like summer. When I step out of the tent, Arlo is sitting on one of the beds, waiting for me.

"Good morning," he says, "we didn't want to wake you, but we almost have to go and you haven't had anything to eat. Here," he says, handing me something wrapped up in a cloth.

It's a sort of sandwich and my mouth waters at the smell.

"What time is it?"

"Just past sunrise," he says.

So, it must be around six A.M; it's already later than we had intended on leaving.

As we step out of the larger tent, I notice the guys are outside, putting out a fire they had lit up with some dry wood from the surrounding forest.

"Is everybody already up?" I ask.

"Yeah, you're the only one who decided to sleep in," Ezra says, teasing me.

Arlo rolls his eyes.

"Don't listen to him, he's just teasing you."

I blush at this. Honestly, this news takes me by surprise; it wasn't my intention to sleep this long.

"Did you guys keep watch last night?" I say, nodding at the extinguished fire.

"Yeah, we took turns," Ryker says, kicking some more dirt onto the dry wood.

"You could've woken me up." I say, unwrapping my sandwich and taking a bite out of it.

"We wanted to let you sleep; it seems only fair since once we get to the pack house you'll be taking over the mission on your own," Arlo says. I give him a look.

"Ezra filled us in. We need to be prepared for anything; it's kinda hard if you don't know what the mission really is," he shrugs his shoulders. "I'm just surprised I slept through all of this, I'm usually a light sleeper," I say, wiping my mouth and taking another bite off my sandwich. "Yeah, I tried waking you up for dinner, too, but you didn't respond. We figured the journey. really wore you down."

I frown.

Sure, it took a toll on me, just like everyone else, but not for me to pass out like this.

I finish eating my meal, contemplating whether I should get some tests done when I get to the Pack House. I could be vitamin deficient because never before had I been this tired. "Let's get ready to go," Ezra says.

Everyone, including me, step inside the tent once again to collect our things.

I transform into my wolf and sling my bag over my shoulder in the privacy of Noah's tent.

Soon, we are all gathered outside and everything inside and outside the camp is just as we found it. Nobody would even know we were here.

We begin running in formation again, with Ezra taking the lead. Ryker and Colt flanking him to either side, Emmet and Rowan a few feet away from Ryker and Colt, and Arlo at the back with me. The formation is a rectangle with me at the center, just in case anything were to happen.

After running only a few minutes, I feel the exact moment when our paws touch wolf territory; I feel the exact moment when I'm back in the forest.

I'm elated.

The joy I feel as I once again feel the warmth of my home is incredible. I had never experienced this forest in my wolf form, and it's a whole different experience; the trees

themselves seem to welcome me home. There is no resistance, no coaxing this forest to show me anything, no need to even use my magic actively.

It is the feeling of utter and complete belonging.

Immediately. I am shown visions of everything immediately around us and further down. I can even see the pack house even if we are still very far away.

Then, another vision.

A group of scouts that usually guard the perimeter are patrolling only a few miles away from us; without even thinking. I begin to run faster. In fact, I'm running at full speed, leaving the guys and the formation behind.

Ezra and everyone else have to really start running now to keep up with me, but I can't help it.

This is it.

I'm finally home. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I see the scouts raise their noses to sniff the air, finally catching on to our presence. Immediately, they begin running in our direction, tails straight, ears up, and snouts snarling.

Of course, they don't know I am here. Surely, the smell of the lycans accompanying me hide my smell.

After only a few miles, I hear a wolf howling in the distance, a clear threat to any trespasser.

But I'm no ordinary trespasser.

After running some more, I finally **feel** the wolves getting closer.

Are they lycan? They smell lycan, I hear in my head.

Oh, Goddess.

They definitely are, boy. Keep close, you're about to have a heck of a first day. Everyone. surround the clearing before they get here! They're coming in fast.

**Thomas? I think, recognizing his voice.*

It takes him by surprise, I can see it in my vision.

He pauses and looks around, confused.

"Did you guys hear that?" He thinks.

They all nod, also confused.

"Guys! It's me!* I scream in my head, getting closer and closer to them, my paws hurting from running this fast and for this long, but I can't stop myself. My tail is wagging, my wolf is smiling. and we are running faster than the wind. *...Vera?* Thomas finally recognizes my voice.

Before I can answer him, I am at the clearing where they had stopped to wait for us, charging at them.

Everyone is staring at me, dumbfounded. The wolves that had gone to surround the clearing stopped in their tracks and are staring at me, too, watching me quickly approach.

Oh, Goddess, Vera! I hear Thomas.

He runs to meet me at the center of the clearing, and we both jump at each other playfully. Soon, all the other wolves are joining in and I hear them all in my head.

Vera! Is that really you?

Whoah! She's a white wolf!

I had never seen eyes like those!

After jumping and pawing each other, all the scouts have gathered around me and are asking all sorts of questions,

Where have you been? We've missed you at training!

How come you can turn now? And what's with your eyes?

Have you come back for good?

All the questions cease when my companions come into the clearing.

Ezra and the others look incredibly tired, I can see it took a lot for them to reach me. Just how fast was I going?

Thomas steps in front of me, protectively, and so do the others.

"It's okay! They're with me..."

Just as I'm about to explain, another voice comes into my head. *Vera?!*

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 32

-Vera-

Vera?! I hear in my head.

This is a voice I know very well, even in my own head.

Sof?!

*Oh, Goddess, it is you!"

I start running again, leaving everyone else behind without a second thought.

Vera, wait! I hear Thomas in my head, but I'm already too far ahead.

Both lycans and wolves have to settle for jogging to the pack house while I run full force in the direction of Sofia's voice.

In my head, I also see her in her office, dropping a bunch of documents that she had been clutching as Alex watches her curiously. She mouths 'Vera is back, and Alex's eyes go wide. She hurriedly steps out of the office, removing her shoes and turning into her wolf as soon as she's outside the pack house.

She's running to meet me.

After hours of running full speed, we both meet in the middle, right above Jade Waterfall where she had stopped to wait for me, tail wagging.

*I can't believe it! Look at you!" She exclaims, jumping up and down as we play, tackling each other to the ground and greeting each other. Our wolves finally getting to know each other.

It's odd, but in wolf form, Sofia feels even more familiar to me than she did before, like our wolves are in fact blood family.

Both of our tails are wagging as we finish playing, both of us tired of the run and excitement. She places her forehead to mine. *Welcome home, V.*

I soak it all in.

The forest, being at Jade Waterfall, a place I had become so familiar with throughout the years, being back with people I have considered my family since they adopted me all those years ago. The only thing dampening my moods is what I am actually here for.

My tail stops wagging and Sofia notices the change in my mood.

Come, I'll have the cooks prepare your favorite dinner and we can chat over a glass of wine, she says.

We walk towards the pack house, still in our wolf form.

Once we get there, she leads me to her room to change and shower. Luckily, I didn't lose my bag through all the running we did because until I turned, I had completely forgotten it was even on my back. I take a long shower, washing my hair thoroughly with Sofia's shampoo and conditioner.

Once I'm done, I get dressed in a simple sun dress, fresh enough to bare the warm summer night.

By the time I'm done showering and getting dressed, I suddenly remember something.

"Oh, crap," I say, rushing out of the bathroom and out of Sofia's room, having completely forgotten about Ezra and the guys.

Just as I make my way to the entrance of the pack house, Ezra and the rest of the guys are walking out of the forest and making their way to the pack house, walking instead of jogging.

Fortunately, they are accompanied by Thomas and the rest of the scouts, making everyone else aware that they are indeed welcomed here.

"Thomas, can you please take them to the guest house. They can change and shower there, then they can join us for lunch." Sofia says, coming up behind me.

Many wolves have stopped what they're doing to stare at the lycans. It is quite a stark contrast, a lycan to a wolf. Sure, wolves are large, but since lycans walk on their hind legs, they appear much, much larger.

As they pass in front of us, I mouth to Ezra, 'sorry,' feeling genuinely bad that I left them behind and hadn't even remembered about them until now. He notices but simply rolls his eyes, annoyed. I'll have to make it up to them somehow.

"Oh, I missed you,* Sofia comes beside me and hugs my shoulders, "come with me, we have a lot to catch up on."

I follow her to her office, where we find Alex still inside sorting through some documents.

"As I live and breathe," he says when he notices us, "it really is you!" he says, coming to hug me.

I hug him back, genuinely happy to see him.

"It's good to see you, Alex," I say as we separate.

"You too, V," he says, giving my shoulders a squeeze and then heading for the door.

"Wait, I can come back when you guys are done with work," I say, but he waves his hand in the

air.

"Forget it, knowing this one she wants to catch up with you now," he says, pointing at Sofia," and quite frankly, I don't want the details."

I frown at him, but turn to Sofia who's giving me *the* look and wiggling her eyebrows up and down.

"Oh no..."

"Oh, yes," Alex says, closing the door behind him, laughing.

"Give me *all* the details and I mean *all* of them!" she says, opening up a bottle of wine while eyeing my mark.

Subconsciously, my hand goes to my neck, attempting to cover my mark, suddenly embarrasses.

"Oh, stop it! You can't be shy around me, not anymore! Tell me *every* juicy detail," she says, handing me a glass of wine.

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"Sofia, this isn't really why I came back here, I - uh," I pause, not really knowing how to begin. Sofia doesn't know *anything* of what's happened these last few months and I'm struggling to find the words. She frowns.

"You seem very stressed," she says, using her index finger to guide my wine gla*s to my lips and tilting it for me to drink.

I actually do it, downing half of the glass in one gulp. Liquid courage.

"Well, Noah is King of the lycans, that's first," I say.

Her eyes widen.

"Did you say, *King*?"

I nod.

"I also may have killed the previous King, King Alistair,"

Her eyes widen even more.

"Yeah..." I say.

I pause and she stands up to retrieve the wine bottle, understanding we'll need quite a bit of that.

She sits beside me again, serving me a healthy glass of wine.

"Also, I may or may not be a witch," I say, taking a sip of my wine.

Her mouth hangs open and I sigh, getting ready to tell her absolutely everything.

"And one more thing, just to establish base line for what I'm about to tell you, Noah is half wolf."

She gapes, and she continues to gape as I tell her everything, and I mean "everything" because she wasn't going to let me get away with not giving her details about my sex life; her mouth hangs open in some parts and her eyes widen at other parts, particularly when I'm explaining the whole Witch Mother thing and Zombie army.

After about an hour, when I'm done, she's staring at me with a neutral expression; she's just blinking at me. It hasn't gone unnoticed that she hasn't even sipped from her wine this entire time; she's in complete shock.

After a few moments, she finally speaks, clearing her throat first.

"So, to... summarize... Noah is King, you are half witch, there is a bitch called the Witch Mother who everyone thought was dead but she's probably not and she may or may not come after you, you *killed* the previous lycan King *and* his witch, and now you are here because Noah is... half wolf... and you need to find his original birth certificate which proves his father was the previous lycan King and this birth certificate happens to be at the Goldmoons... is that it?" "Pretty much," I say, shrugging.

"Oh, and you can talk to your dead aunt and grandmother," she says.

I simply nod.

It still takes a few moments for her to register all of this, but when she does, she calmly set down her wine glass on the table and instead picks up the wine bottle, taking it to her lips and drinking directly from it.

She gulps three or four mouthfuls of wine before setting it down.

"That's a lot," she says, finally.

"It is," I agree.

"You know, maybe you should write a book about it."

She's completely serious, but we can't help but start laughing at the absurdity of it all.

I missed this. I missed simply being able to chat with my friend and have a fit of giggles every now and then.

Once we are done laughing and we compose ourselves, she speaks again.

"I'll arrange for a visit to the Goldmoons. We have some business to settle anyway, so it won't

be suspicious. Your friends will have to stay here, though."

"They're aware. They'll just hang out here until we return."

"Very well," she says, "we really don't have time to lose."

She gets up from the couch and sits down at her desk, taking out pen and paper.

Normally a phone call would suffice, but since she actually has official matters to attend to at the Goldmoons's, it requires an official letter. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I see her scribble away on the paper for a few minutes, signing it and sealing it before calling one of the scouts.

After only a few moments, the scout knocks on the door.

"Charlie, please take this to Thomas. He'll know what to do,"

"Yes, Alpha," Charlie says, bowing his head and leaving.

Then, I hear Sofia call for Thomas in my mind.

*Thomas, please ensure that letter gets to the Goldmoons safely, it is a time sensitive matter so please send a party now," she says.

"I mean, we could wait until tomorrow morning, we made good time getting here so we have some time to spare," I say, raising the glass of wine to my lips. Sofia frowns.

"You heard that?" she says.

"Of course, isn't that how this whole mind-linking thing works?"

She raises an eyebrow.

"No, it isn't."

Before she can explain further, someone knocks at the door.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 33

-Vera-

"Come in," Sofia says.

"Alpha, lunch is ready when you are," a cook comes in, bowing her head as she speaks.

"Great, thank you Nala," she says.

The girl retreats, closing the door.

Jeremy, tell our friends at the guest house that they can join us for lunch if they wish, I hear Sofia say.

"So, I'm not supposed to be able to hear that? How come I can hear you mind-link other people?"

"You know," she says, standing from her chair and once again taking a gulp from the wine bottle, "I have no idea. But let's focus on one thing at a time, shall we?" she motions towards the door, "you know how I get when I drink wine and don't eat," she says. Goddess, do I know.

Sofia and I used to sneak out into the woods at night after stealing a few wine bottles from the cellar and drinking them. It's then that we found out that Sofia is a mean and sloppy drunk. It's best to avoid that at all cost.

Walking down to the cafeteria brings back so many memories, and the smell? Oh, Goddess, the smell.

Unlike lycans, wolves eat a lot more fruits and vegetables, so the cooks have gotten creative with their dishes and recipes. Today's dinner is a big assortment of smoked vegetables, fruits, corn pastries and, my favorite, grilled fish. Lifting my nose up in the air, I also smell quite a bit of red meat down the table, something less common for us.

"The cooks had to improvise for your friends, they still remember how much they like meat," Sofia explains.

Once we are all seated, I keep an eye out for Ezra and the guys.

Finally, they come in through the doors, eyeing everything curiously. None of them had ever stepped into wolf territory, much less been taught about our customs and traditions. They probably don't know what to expect, making me feel a lot worse about having left them behind earlier.

I get up, excusing myself to come meet them at the door.

"Hey guys! How are your rooms?" I ask.

I know how comfortable our guest house is, but I'm trying to make small talk.

Arlo is the first one to meet my gaze as the rest of them, including Ezra, are bewildered by their surroundings.

"They're good! Great, actually. Your guest house is a lot more comfortable than the average warrior room back at the Castle, so it's a treat for us," Arlo says.

"Yeah, you'll have to thank your Kin - Alpha - for us," Ezra says.

"You can thank her yourself, she's right here," I say, pointing to her.

She's engaged in a conversation with Alex so she doesn't notice all six lycans staring at her.

"She's a woman? Your Kin Queen is a woman? Wow," Ryker says.

"Yes, but we don't call her 'Queen,' we call her, or any other pack leader, Alpha," I explain.

"Alpha," Colt repeats after me, still in disbelief.

Then, Rowan lifts his head up, sniffing the air.

"Is that venison I smell?!" He says, letting his nose guide him to the end of the table where all the red meats are served.

We all follow behind him, the other guys finally breaking out of their trance.

We all sit at the end of the table, but I slap their hands away as they hungrily reach for the food.

"This is no ordinary lunch; the Alpha is sitting with us. You have to wait for her to give the go ahead." I say.

Had you told me a year ago I would be sitting with lycans at the pack house and explaining wolf traditions to them, I would have died of laughter, but here we are.

"What? That's bullshit!" Colt says.

I growl at him a little,

"Behave." I threaten under my breathe.

Both Colt and Rowan look down, sulking.

"I swear it's like having children," Ezra says, his arms crossed.

I turn to look at Sofia who saw the entire scene. She has a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing.

Then, she clears her throat.

"Good afternoon, everyone," she begins.

"Good afternoon, Alpha," we all say in unison.

"Good...afternoon Alpha," I hear the lycans say and I can't help but giggle a little.

"Today is a very special day for this pack as one of our own has re-joined us, albeit for a short amount of time. We welcome you back with open arms, Vera, you and your friends are welcome in this pack house for as long as you decide to stay. So, cheers, and welcome home." "Cheers!" Everyone says, raising their glasses.

I raise mine too, and mouth 'thank you, to Sofia, genuinely touched that everyone went through all this trouble to prepare this meal for us. She winks at me and sits back down, chatting away with Thomas and Alex.

The lycans turn to look at me, their puppy eyes making me laugh.

"Yes, you can eat now," I say.

Rowan and Colt devour their first serving of venison. I'm incredibly glad that the cooks had enough forethought to prepare lots of this because at this rate, these men will eat the table if it even smells like venison.

I begin eating too, going for the fish first. It's delicious, as always, but after being done with my first serving, for some reason, I'm craving venison too.

As I dig into my plate with vegetables and venison, Sofia comes to sit beside me.

"So," she says, "I finally get to meet your friends."

They're all caught by surprise by her presence and nearly choke on their food.

Ryker wipes at his mouth hastily, not really cleaning any of the venison off his cheeks. He stands up,

"Alpha, thank you for receiving us and preparing this meal for us. We are very well aware that our kind and your kind have never really gotten along, that's why this... peace lunch... is so important to us," he says and he legitimately looks like he's about to cry. Sofia eyes him with her mouth slightly open, not really sure what to say. Then, she looks at me and simply shrugs.

"You can sit..." Sofia begins.

"Ryker," I say.

"You can sit, Ryker. And please, it's my pleasure. You guys brought Vera back to us safely, that's all that matters."

Ryker sits down, but the awkwardness of the moment is far from gone. None of the guys want to continue eating in front of Sofia, they're embarrassed by their lack of manners.

Sofia begins talking to me, but before long, she notices their behavior has changed and rolls her eyes.

"Guys, please, pretend I'm not here. Male wolves are every bit as nasty when they eat," she nods at the direction of our warriors who are eating with their hands, their entire faces covered with food.

Encouraged by this site, the guys continue eating without a second thought, making Ezra and Arlo stare in disgust.

"Who would've thought you would be the more civilized of the bunch..." Ezra comments, looking at Arlo, who simply shrugs, taking a piece of meat and eating it.

I finish eating my plate of food as Sofia fills me in on some juicy gossip.

One of my nurses from the clinic got pregnant by one of the doctors and Sofia still hasn't found out who it is. Another one of the nurses apparently had a major crush on Lucas when he was here and had been meaning to ask Sofia if he could come back. But most shocking of all, Dr. Owens has been asked to oversee the establishment of another clinic over at the Goldmoon clan.

"That's why he wasn't here to receive you, but I sent word to him to let him know you're coming to him. In fact, the clinic we're opening at the Goldmoon's is one of the reasons why we have to go, anyway. It's part of a business deal." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I nod, about to ask her what the business deal is but something catches my eye behind Sofia.

Her twins are coming over, nearly running actually, towards her.

"Oh, Goddess," I say, noting how big they are.

"Oh! My babies!" Sofia squeals, taking both twins into her arms, "Oh, how I've missed you two today!" she says, giving both of them endless kisses on their heads and faces.

Aside from how cute they are, having inherited their mother's infectious smile and their dad's auburn hair, there's something else that holds my attention.

"Here my loves, meet your aunt Vera," Sofia hands me her son, John.

I stare at him, and he stares at me passively.

"No way..."

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 34

Vera-

I stare at John, and he stares at me, for several moments.

Sofia begins to get concerned.

"Vera, is there something wrong?"

I open my mouth to say something, but close it again. I can't really explain what I'm getting

from little John, because I know it just doesn't make sense.

"Vera?" Sofia presses, a concerned frown now forming on her face.

Alex has now become aware of our exchange and is making his way to us, also concerned.

"No, no, there's nothing wrong, it's just..."

"It's just what?" Alex asks, sitting beside Sofia, looking at the interaction between John and I.

"You don't feel it?"

"Feel what?" Sofia asks. "His... aura."

And in truth, that is exactly what it is. This little baby already has a monstrous Alpha aura, but it makes absolutely no sense. Alphas aren't actually born Alphas, their Alpha tendencies and aura comes along only when they have found and bonded with their wolf, and there is no way that this tiny human being already has his wolf.

...Right?

"Vera, what are you talking about? John is a literal baby, he doesn't have an *aura.*"

"Sofia, I'm telling you right now, this baby is going to be an Alpha, and a powerful one at that."

"Pff," she says, dismissively, "Vera, I think you're a little too tired. This is a "baby.* I mean he's an Allen, of course he'll be an Alpha, but it's too soon to know that for sure."

Sofia takes John back from me and hands me baby Rose.

I observe Rose as she sits on my lap; I get a much more gentle but equally powerful aura from Rose. No doubt this baby is also an Alpha, but I just shake my head. Visit JobniB.com to read the complete chapters for free. I won't mention any more of this nonsense because I can't understand how, or why, I can perceive Alpha auras from literal infants.

"Hi, baby Rose," I smile at her and she smiles at me, reaching her tiny hands up to my face.

I bounce her on my lap as Sofia and I continue talking.

After about an hour of chit chat and several friends coming to me and welcoming me back personally, baby Rose and baby John are ready for a well-deserved nap.

"Help me take Rose up," Sofia says.

"I'll be back," I tell the guys, cradling baby Rose in my arms as I stand.

By this point, they have eaten to their hearts content and the only things left of the venison are the bones. Rowan and Colt have even leaned back, unable to hide their full bellies.

"Actually, I think we'll go back to the guest house, we could really use some shut eye," Ezra

says.

The guys nod in agreement and once again thank Sofia before standing up and leaving. "They're a good party," Sofia notes, "although that one guy, what is up his ass?" "Who?"

"The one that gave the speech," she says, heading towards the stairs.

"Rowan?" I laugh, "he's just not used to any of this. He probably got nervous," I explain.

"Goddess, even I got nervous for him."

We both laugh, reaching Sofia's room. Off to a side, she had a nursery built for the twins to make them easier to reach in case of an emergency. Normally, this wouldn't happen; the Alpha's babies have a room to themselves right next to the Alpha's and a whole party of nannies ready to tend to them at any time. Sofia is being extra careful for good reason, however. Sofia and her line are the last of the Allens that we know about, making John and Rose the sole heirs to their bloodline.

I put Rose in her crib, and Sofia does the same thing with John. Both are breathing peacefully as they continue to sleep.

"They're so big." I muse, caressing Rose's cheek with a fingertip.

"They are." Sofia says, a gentle smile on her face, "and they're getting bigger with each passing day."

When we move to the couches on the other side of her room, I suddenly remember another thing I had to discuss with her.

"There's one more thing I wanted to ask you," I say, sitting down.

She sits down, waiting for me to continue.

"I told you how Noah is half wolf, and how he carries Goldmoon blood through his mother," I begin, "but lately he's had... he's had what I can only describe as an uncontrollable... Alpha aura.

Sofia regards me with a frown, deeply considering my words.

Amid her silence, I continue,

"It's like nothing I have ever experienced before, Sof. You know I barely even react to Alpha auras, even yours, but with him? I freeze. And I know he won't hurt me, he never has, but his aura is threatening, to put it mildly; and he's not even aware when he uses it which makes it even stranger."

"I see," she simply says, a frown still framing her face. After a few minutes of contemplation, she offers some insight,

"It's not out of the realm of possibility that his wolf side is an Alpha considering his lineage, and this murderous aura you mention is very like the Goldmoons. But, the fact that he isn't consciously using it? I've never heard of that. Normally, we use it with purpose, it doesn't just *flow." She pauses, considering her words carefully, "And I'm just guessing here, but it seems to me that Noah is right to get rid of this Council. Alphas are not meant to have Councils, Vera. Alphas are meant to lead. Not to be subservient, not to *obey* rules or an idiotic Council. It doesn't work that way. *we* don't work that way. Alphas develop a deep feeling of connection to our people, one that nobody else has, so why would it make sense that someone else comes in to tell me how to lead *my people?" she says, pausing again. "Again, this only a guess, but perhaps, the Alpha wolf within him is resenting not being able to freely lead his people."

I stare at her.

A lycan - wolf hybrid is unheard of, so going off on the information for the individual species, what she's saying is completely plausible. But this still doesn't explain my second concern,

"Then why can't he feel it when he's using it? He's not even aware of the effect it has on the people around him."

Sofia shrugs.

"Maybe he does feel it, he was just never taught how to use it like most of us are. You have to be very in tune with your wolf to use it and feel it; which is why we are trained young. From what you're describing, it may be possible that his Alpha aura had been dormant all this time." She pauses, "maybe, if Noah is up for it, he could come up here and train with me. An unchecked Alpha aura can be quite dangerous."

I smile at her, appreciating her offer. Maybe once this is all over, we can come stay here for a few weeks while Sofia trains him.

"Thank you, Sof. Hopefully once this whole Council thing is over we can deal with this," I say. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She smiles at me but then her eyes glaze over.

Alpha, the Goldmoons have accepted your request for a visit, I hear Thomas's voice in my head, but he's talking to Sofia, *they will be expecting you tomorrow.* *Wonderful news, Thomas. Thank you.*

She looks at me, her eyes turning back to normal.

"Were you able to catch that?" She asks, tilting her head to a side.

"Yes," I answer.

"Hmm, interesting." she simply says, "it's still early, but I suggest you get some rest like the rest

of your party. I had your bag moved to your room. I'll come get you later for dinner."

I thank her once again, hugging her and leaving for my room.

I'm actually really tired, no doubt from running at full speed all the way through wolf territory to the pack house. My wolf must have been really excited to come back home because not once did she protest about the physical task I was demanding of her. Reaching my room, I turn the doorknob and enter, noticing that everything is exactly as I had left it. I smile.

Sofia made sure not to assign this room to anyone else all this time.

My bag has been placed at the foot of my bed so I drop myself on the bed and get comfortable.

As much as I like sleeping with Noah and how much I've become used to his bed, I missed my own bed.

I take several deep breaths, willing myself to sleep.

Soon after, I am lulled by the gentle tik-tok of the clock on my night stand, reminding me of the task at hand.

I fall asleep, well aware that day two of our journey is over and our deadline is looming over our heads.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 35

-Vera-

"Hmm..." I grunt, waking up unexpectedly.

I rub my eyes and turn to the clock on my nightstand. It's two A.M.

Once again, I missed dinner.

Putting a pillow over my head, I try to fall back to sleep, but after a couple minutes, it's clear I won't be able to.

Stepping out of my room, I tiptoe down the stairs. The pack house is entirely deserted at this hour since everybody is asleep; I'm careful not to make any noise.

Without turning any lights, I go down to the kitchen to grab a kettle to make myself some tea. I know this kitchen like the back of my hand, so in no time, I have the kettle on the flame, heating up the water. I turn around, going towards the cupboard to grab a mug. Without warning, however, I get a sudden vision.

It isn't clear, and I have to squint my eyes a little to adjust to the light of the vision.

Where am I?

I blink several times, the vision still foggy, until I suddenly see a shape moving about.

It's a woman, a very beautiful woman at that. She's carrying something in one hand as she makes her way up a set of stone stairs.

I take a look around me, I don't seem to be in lycan territory, nonetheless this place seems quite familiar.

I follow the woman up the winding stairs. Now being closer to her, even if I can only see her back, I can tell she's a very elegant woman, of high birth. Her long, thick brown hair sways as she moves like a gentle wave.

Soon, we reach the top of the stairs which has led us to some sort of run down rooftop. The brightness of the night sky illuminates the entire space and I notice that the entire stone wall has been taken up by wild vegetation; it makes it seem more like an open courtyard. From the plants alone, I know we're in wolf territory.

The woman moves to sit on a concrete bench in the middle of the courtyard, one that is barely noticeable since the vegetation has started taking over it as well. She proceeds to take something out of the leather pouch she was carrying; it's a wind flute. I haven't seen one in several years, not since we were taught music in school.

She closes her eyes, delicately putting the wind flute to her lips and blowing on it. After a few test blows, without opening her eyes, she takes a deep breath, and begins her song.

It's a haunting melody, full of sorrow and melancholy, but there's also a sweetness to the song that I can't understand.

The wind is blowing gently, causing her hair and all the vegetation to dance along with it; everything in perfect synchrony with her song.

The entire scene is quite wistful; quite beautiful. So much so that I find myself unable to take my eyes off of her, completely enthralled by the sight. After a few moments, her melody is done and she places her flute on her lap. With her eyes still closed, she turns her face up, reveling in the gentle caress of the wind. Without opening her eyes, she opens her mouth, and begins to sing.

I was raised with tales of sirens, far off in the sea, but I never thought I'd see one on land. Her voice is melodic but sorrowful, vivacious but serene. If I thought her melody on the flute was striking, her voice is simply put... magical.

I'm completely captivated by her performance and how everything around her seems to react to her, even me, so much so that I only heard the heavy steps coming from below us until they're almost at the foot of the stairs. "Ellie!" Someone yells.

I turn to the sound of the voice, vaguely noticing that the woman has stopped singing.

"Coming!" she yells back, rushing past towards the stairs.

She makes her way hurriedly down the stairs as I follow her.

When we reach the bottom, there's a large, dark figure waiting for her off to a side. "Where were you?"

"Oh, nowhere, I was jus - I was just getting some air"

"Air where? Off in the roof? I told you to stay away from that place!" The figure yells.

"I'm sorry. I didn't want to go out of the pack house without you so I went there instead."

"You shouldn't be going *anywhere* without me, not even that fucking rooftop! What do you think, that you can escape me so easily?!" he screams at her.

Coming forward with large, heavy steps, he stands right in front of the woman, lifting her arm forcefully.

"And this? What's this?!"

He rips the little leather pouch from her hand and opens it, tossing it to the floor as he retrieves the flute.

"This shit again?! How many times do I have to tell you?!"

He grabs the woman by the hair with one hand, tossing the flute to the floor with the other, breaking it into pieces that scatter at the woman's feet.

"I'm going to teach you what that useless family of yours never could; respect!"

"No, please!" She pleads. SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He drags the woman by her hair through several corridors. The man is so much taller than her that she has to run in her tip toes to keep up and make his grip on her hair less painful. "No, no no please. I promise, I'll be good! I promise!"

I can tell by the thickness of her voice that she's holding back tears.

I run after them, screaming at the man in my head. I have to remind myself that this is just a vision, something that has already passed, and there's nothing I can do to help her; but still, I have to at least try. Soon, we reach a door and he slams her against it, opening it by the sheer force with which he throws her at it.

She lands on the floor, chest down, as the man stomps inside, reaching for her hair again as she weakly tries to lift herself with her arms. He closes the door behind them.

I run closer to the door, desperately banging on it.

"Leave her alone!" I yell, my heart constricting at the entire scene.

"No, please!" I hear her yell inside once again.

"You piece of shit!" I bang on the door, desperate to get inside and help her.

Tears are starting to well up in my eyes, and even if it's just a vision, my fists hurt from banging on the door.

Then, I hear her muffled cries.

Goddess, no.

"LEAVE HER ALONE!" I yell again, even if I know it's useless.

Before long, the door to the room is opening again, the half-naked man stomping out, leaving the door ajar.

Inside, I see the woman, hugging the sheets to her body and crying into a pillow.

She briefly opens her eyes, sadly looking at the door, making sure the man is truly gone, and that's when it hits me.

Sorrowful, hazel eyes stare at me, almost as if she could see me. Her sadness, however, can't hide those golden specs in her irises that I have come to know and love. Ellie, he had said.

Ellie Goldmoon.

I try to take a step towards her but a sudden, horrid sound causes me to drop to the floor, forcing me to close my eyes and cover my ears.

It's the tea kettle.

When I open my eyes again, I'm back at the pack house, on my knees and in the middle of the dark kitchen. The only light is the fire from the kitchen stove. Goddess, what was that?

My heart is still racing from the vision; my eyes sting from my crying and my throat feels hoarse from all the yelling; even my knuckles feel very painful.

This had never happened before. I had never had such a visceral reaction to a vision, much less be hurt in one.

I go to turn off the kitchen as soon as I manage to stand up; I really hope I didn't wake anybody up because the water in the kettle has nearly evaporated at this point.

I rub my temples with my fingers, a headache slowly settling in.

I take several deep breathes, trying to calm myself.

Clearly, I won't be getting any sleep tonight, specially not after that vision.

Feeling defeated, I step out of the kitchen, heading towards my room again. There, I will no doubt lie awake, waiting for the time we leave for the Goldmoon Pack. This is how I officially begin day three of our journey.

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