

The Rise Of The King

The Rise Of The King Chapter 41

-Vera-

Are you ready? It's almost time, Sofia mind links me when it's close to midnight.

I'm stretching on the floor, relaxing my muscles and clearing my mind.

Yes, I answer.

Be very careful, I ruffled some feathers at the dinner, especially the Goldmoons, they won't take kindly to any of our party being found outside without an explanation.

Understood.

I step inside the bathroom, splashing some water on my face and putting on a tight, long sleeve black shirt.

Then, slowly opening the bedroom door, I step out, nodding at the warrior whose turn it is to keep watch.

He nods back at me.

I check both ends of the hallway to make sure there's no one coming this way; I also listen attentively, making sure everybody is in their rooms and not shuffling about. Exiting the room, I close the door behind me quietly.

Ok then, Dr. Owens said the door was hidden behind a red curtain. It doesn't narrow my search down, almost all of the curtains in this place are red.

I quietly make my way down the main corridor that leads to the kitchen as my eyes adjust to the darkness. Checking behind every red curtain, I have to suppress my need to sneeze; all these curtains are heavy with dust.

It takes me a good twenty to thirty minutes to find the door, but just as Dr. Owens said, there is a tear drop shape marking the ancient wooden door. I place my hands on it, turning the door knob, trying to be as quiet as possible. With a gentle push, the door opens, revealing a set of winding stairs leading to the bottom of the room. There is nowhere else to go, no corridor or aisle; the only way is down. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I close the door behind me, making sure to leave the tiniest gap below it in case it gets stuck and I can't get out. The curtain will cover the door anyway, so not even someone passing by will notice the door has been opened. Slowly, I descend the stairs. The air keeps getting stuffy, moldy. If this is their archive room, I'm truly concerned that if I do find Noah's birth certificate, it won't be in good condition. Once I reach the bottom of the stairs, I allow my eyes to adjust to the darkness.

There are rows and rows of boxes, papers, books, all smelling like rot.

Where do I even begin?

I turn on the flashlight that I brought with me, getting close to one of the first rows of archives. Hopefully the Goldmoons at least have some sort of system in place for safekeeping their documents.

It takes me several minutes to find any logic to how the boxes are arranged; and even then, most of them are out of place; like someone has been coming in, looking for stuff, and not putting the boxes back in their original location. It's a disaster.

After a few hours of digging through mountains of papers and boxes, Sofia mind links me.

*Anything?" she asks.

Not yet, this place is a mess, I reply.

There's been no movement here so far, just try to make it quick.

*Copy that."

I know how time sensitive this mission is, but reminding me won't help me find the document faster.

start.

I keep searching, unboxing all sorts of documents: treaty arrangements, deals, history books, censuses, accounting documents, any number of archives, except what I'm looking for. If only I could find a single box with birth certificates or a family tree, it would be a "This is impossible." I whisper to myself, frustrated. I place my fingers on my temples.

Massaging them. I have gone through about half the documents at this point, flipping through every single one of them with no luck.

At this rate, I'll be here until sunrise.

Just then, the hairs on the back of my neck prickle as a small gush of wind comes towards me.

There is no form of ventilation here, meaning someone must have come through the door.

In a few seconds, I hear someone angrily stomping down the stairs.

Quickly, I turn off the flashlight and look for a mountain of boxes to hide behind.

Just as I dive behind the boxes, the main lights of the archive room turn on.

"Who's there?!" Someone yells.

I don't recognize the voice, but whomever it is, he's an Alpha because I can feel his aura. It's rather weak, but an Alpha aura nonetheless. "Nobody is supposed to be here! Show yourself!"

I stay quiet, even holding my breath so that I don't disturb any of the dust around me and give away my location.

The archive room is actually rather large, but there are no other exits as far as I can tell; if this person were to really look for me, they could actually find me.

I hear the person come further into the room, shuffling papers and lifting boxes. Fortunately, or unfortunately, this place is a complete mess; if this person were to look for me it could take him a while, giving me a chance to possibly escape unnoticed. "Come on," I think to myself, "you have get out of here."

"I'll find you, you rat!" The voice screams, angrily tossing more boxes up-side down, looking for me.

I quietly crawl to my right, inching closer to the stairs in case I have to make a run for it; I take advantage of the noise he's making and every time he tosses a box in the air, I move closer to the exit.

As I move from pile of boxes to pile of boxes, I also get closer to the person here with me, so I can now smell it; the undeniable stench of alcohol. This person is very drunk.

I peak through a box, trying to figure out who it is.

I nearly gasp.

It's Elliot's grandfather, Alpha Silas; that aloof presence that didn't seem to care about anything during dinner, is angrily, and drunkenly, looking for me now.

This is also Ellie Goldmoon's father and Noah's grandfather.

Think, Vera. Think.

I have to get out of here before he finds me, but I only have two options. Either I wait it out, hoping he gets tired of looking for me and leaves, or I make a run for it. The chances of him seeing me however, are very big. Moreover, one whiff of my scent and he will be able to identify me as Dark Moon.

I sit patiently behind a couple of boxes, close to the stairs, trying to figure out what to do, when the boxes in front of me crumble.

Shit.

"Found you," he says, menacingly, his eyes dilating as he zones into me.

Something I did must have given me away because now I can see he tossed his shoe at the pile of boxes in front of me.

I stare at him wide eyed, my brain in overdrive as I try to think a way out of this. The adrenaline rushing through my body urges me to run, but I know better. He already saw me; he already knows who I am. Even if I were to act dumb when he accuses me of snooping, they'd still believe him over me, even in his drunken state.

Before I can think things through, however, I am forced to act as I see his eyes glaze over. He's mind linking someone, perhaps guards, so they can come escort me out... or worse.

"Wait!" I scream, momentarily distracting him as I jump from behind the boxes and reach out to him.

I'm acting on pure instinct, not even knowing what to expect from my actions. But then I grab his arm, making our skins touch directly.

My only intention was to stop him from mind linking someone, but I'm afraid our touch did much more.

His pupils are now fully dilated, his mouth hanging open. Underneath my hand, his skin is starting to feel clammy and cold.

Shit, shit, shit, I repeat to myself, realizing what I've done.

I close my eyes, taking in a shaky breath.

Inadvertently, I have just plunged us both into my vision of Ellie and Alpha Samael.

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-Vera-

Once the vision is done, I open my eyes and stare at Alpha Silas.

He's shaking, and so am I.

Reliving that vision was a hundred times worse than last time since I already knew how it ended, but for him, seeing his daughter like that... After a few minutes, Alpha Silas hasn't reacted; he hasn't said word. He hasn't even blinked.

"Alpha... Alpha Silas?" I ask with a soft voice.

He finally reacts, looking at me and blinking once, before collapsing.

Shit.

Sofia. Sofia, please tell me you're awake.

Of course, did you find it?

No. Alpha Silas found me.

Where are you?

I'm still down here! He passed out.

What do you mean he passed out?!

I don't know, just come down here and help me!

A few minutes go by when I hear someone descending the stairs.

"Oh, Goddess," Sofia says, rushing towards us.

She checks his pulse and pupils.

"Do you honestly think I didn't do that already?" I ask her.

"Then I don't know what you want me to do! What was he even doing here?"

"Looking for me! He must've heard me or seen the door open."

We both turn our heads in the direction of the stairs, hearing footsteps approaching.

Dr. Owens peeks his head through the door, his eyes landing on us and then on Alpha Silas. His eyes widen.

"Oh, Goddess, you weren't lying." he says, approaching us.

He also checks for his pulse and pupils, much to my annoyance.

"We're wasting time, we have to get out of here!" I whisper to both of them.

"We can't move him, what if it's a concussion?" Dr. Owens asks, as if I don't know this already.

"It's not, I caught his head before he fell to the ground." I explain.

"A seizure then?" He asks, still checking him for a response.

"No! He just... collapsed."

"Vera, what happened, exactly?" Sofia says, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Well..." I say, not really wanting to explain what I just put this man through.

"Vera..." Dr. Owens warns.

They both turn their attention towards me and I gulp.

"Okay, okay! But I just wanna say, before I start, that this whole thing was an accident."

I explain to both of them what happened. How I had a vision of Alpha Samael and Ellie Goldmoon back at the pack house and how she wasn't kidnapped by lycans, but rather ran away from her monster of a husband. And he saw everything.

He saw her playing her flute and singing in that wrecked rooftop, only to be followed by the brutal abuse at the hands of Alpha Samael.

Both Sofia and Dr. Owens stare at me with their mouths open.

"So, magic was used here. Meaning we have no idea when he might wake up." Sofia says.

"Or even *if he wakes up," Dr. Owens says.

"What do you mean?" Sofia asks.

"It means that I have no idea if he's under a spell or... just passed out from the experience...I just... I don't know. I'm way over my head here," Dr. Owens says.

"He was also really drunk," I tell them, "maybe, we can pass it off as if we found him like this? Either way, we have to get him out of here."

"Agreed," Sofia says.

Now that it's been established that he doesn't have a concussion, we carry him up the stairs; Sofia and I hold his shoulders and large frame while Dr. Owens holds his feet. We are very mindful to be gentle. Once we are at the top of the stairs, Dr. Owens gently lays his feet on the ground while he opens the door, checking if there's anyone out there.

The coast is clear and we make it outside, shutting the door to the archive room.

"Okay, where can we put him?" I ask.

Someplace believable, Dr. Owens says.

I mean he was drunk, all drunks end up in the kitchen at some point, no?" Sofia says.

"Good idea, let's hurry, Dr. Owens says.

We pick him up once more and hurriedly make our way to the kitchen; thankfully it's close by. This man is very heavy.

Once there, we enter the kitchen and place him on the floor.

Ok, now, Dr. Owens, return to your room, we'll give you some time. Vera, act panicked. I'll call for the guards.

Both Dr. Owens and I nod. He takes off, and once he's had a few minutes of head start, Sofia calls for the guards. "Guards!" She yells, "Guards!"

In a few minutes, guards are entering the kitchen, frantic.

"We found Alpha Silas collapsed on the kitchen! Call Alpha Elliot!"

One of the guards comes over to check Alpha Silas's pulse, while the other mind links Elliot.

In a few more minutes, Elliot is entering the kitchen with Alpha Samael close behind.

What the hell are they doing together so late?

"What happened?!" he says, running to his grandfather.

"We found him like this, collapsed." I explain, "his pulse is stable, his pupils have a normal response, there's nothing visibly wrong with him. I suggest we take him to his room to lay on his bed, there we can assess his condition better." Elliot looks at me, frowning.

"Vera is a doctor," Sofia explains, "she's the head of the clinic back home."

Elliot nods at the guards who proceed to lift Alpha Silas and carry him up to his room.

Sofia, Elliot, Samael, and I follow closely behind.

As if the situation wasn't stressful enough, having Alpha Samael here makes me even more anxious. I can tell he's observing us closely.

Once we reach Alpha Silas's room, I enter behind the guards.

"Alpha Sofia, please call Dr. Owens, he should bring an oximeter and a stethoscope, just to make sure Alpha Silas's vitals are okay."

Sofia nods, her eyes glazing over as she calls Dr. Owens.

"What do you think happened to him?" Elliot asks me. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"I'm afraid there's no way to know."

"What were you two doing in the kitchen at this hour?" Alpha Samael asks bluntly, observing us as he leans on the door frame.

I stay silent, focused on my patient; anything to avoid that man.

"I should report to you now, Alpha Samael?" Sofia asks, indignant, "I thought we were guests in this House, not prisoners," she says.

"Of course, you are guests," Alpha Elliot responds, throwing Alpha Samael an annoyed look.

Dr. Owens comes rushing through the door, faking surprise.

"What happened?" he asks as he comes close to me, handing me the oximeter.

"We don't know, we found him on the floor, unresponsive," I explain.

We both get to work, checking his vitals, his blood pressure, his oxygen levels, etc.

After we are done, we remove all the gadgets from Alpha Silas and sit back.

"And?" Alpha Elliot asks.

"There's nothing evidently wrong with him. His oxygen levels are stable, his heart beat and blood pressure, too," he hesitates, "but maybe..." "But maybe what?" Alpha Elliot asks.

Dr. Owens looks at me and Sofia, then his eyes land on Alpha Samael.

"I really don't think I should say, this is a delicate matter," Dr. Owens says.

"Anything you can say to me, you can say to Alpha Samael as well," he says.

Dr. Owens clears his throat.

"Well, Alpha Silas smells like alcohol. We will know more when he wakes up, of course, but it could explain his state."

"Are you telling me he's drunk?" Alpha Elliot asks in disbelief, coming closer to his grandfather to verify Dr. Owens's claim.

He sniffs him once, his nose wrinkling.

"He smells like the whole fucking barrel," he says with disdain, turning away and leaving.

Alpha Samael takes one last look at all of us, his eyes narrowed. To my relief, however, he turns around and leaves behind Alpha Elliot.

What do you think that was about? I ask Sofia.

I don't know, but I don't like it. Stay with Alpha Silas, I'll tell Elliot we're just being cautious by leaving a doctor with him. Hopefully he wakes up soon and doesn't remember a thing.

I can take the first shift if you'd like to go rest, Dr. Owens offers.

"It's okay, I tell him, "I won't be getting much sleep anyway.*

Did you find it? Sofia finally asks me.

I shake my head slowly, not meeting her gaze.

"I'm sorry," she says.

We did our best, thank you, I tell her.

Sofia and Dr. Owens turn to leave, leaving me behind with Alpha Silas.

Looking around, I grab a chair and bring it to his side.

He's sleeping peacefully, his chest moving up and down slowly. I check his pulse and pupil response one more time, just to be sure nothing has changed.

Then, feeling completely defeated, I put my face on my hands and take a deep breath.

What am I going to do now?

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-Vera-

The loud ticking of the clock off to the corner of Alpha Silas's room keeps me awake; a constant reminder of the time passing by and our deadline coming up.

Despite racking my brain all night about what other options I have, I haven't come up with a single feasible plan; I haven't even figured out what to do if Alpha Silas wakes up and starts wondering if that horrible vision he had is real or not. Best case scenario, he won't remember anything, or at least think the whole thing was just a horrible nightmare. Worst case scenario, he will remember everything that happened down there.

I sigh loudly, leaning back on the chair and crossing my arms. I can't even go back to the archive room without being detected; not at this time, and not after we found Alpha Silas. Surely, Alpha Elliot and Alpha Samael will be keeping a close eye on all of us until we leave.

I failed him. I failed Noah.

There's nothing else I can do for him anymore, and this was the most important part of the plan. Without this document proving that he is King Alexander's legitimate son, all of his support could crumble before he even makes his move against the Council. And what then?

We return to my home and live there for the rest of our lives?

And what happens to his people? Eli, Lucas, Ezra, Ethan... all of his friends and supporters would surely also be exiled... or worse.

Deep down, I know Noah would never leave them to fare for themselves. They supported him when he needed it the most, he won't abandon them just like that. And it's not like they could just come live with us at Dark Moon; as much as Sofia and the rest of the pack wouldn't have a problem with them, the rest of the Clans would. Housing one lycan is risky enough, but several? It would isolate us from the rest of the Packs and make us enemies to the Council as well.

Noah's loyalty to his friends is one of the things I love most about him, but it's also what could plunge us into a full blown war with the Council.

I rub my temples, trying to ease the headache I've had for the past few hours.

I feel tears well up in my eyes out of pure desperation.

Without this document, the Council would probably be able to sway Noah's supporters in their favor, alluding to his lack of political experience and shady parentage.

Not to mention, if there is a real divide within the lycans, like the one this war would create, Alpha Samael and the Goldmoons would take the opportunity and attack, too. Someone knocks on the door.

I stare at it, quickly dabbing my eyes with my sleeves.

Dr. Owens comes in.

"Vera, you've been at it for hours, go take a break, walk around, take a shower. The sun will rise soon."

"Okay." I say with a smile, really needing something to distract me from my dark thoughts, *are we still leaving at sunrise?* I ask him via mind link in case someone is listening.

No, Sofia wants to stay here until Alpha Silas is awake, just in case. Not to mention, we are the only actual doctors in the entire pack house.

I nod, getting up from the chair I had been sitting on for hours now, and stretch my legs.

Before leaving, though, I touch Alpha Silas's forehead, trying to get any read on his condition.

I get nothing, no tingling, no magical sensation, no clammy or cold skin. Maybe he is actually doing better.

It seems like he's just asleep, I mention to Dr. Owens.

It seems that way, let's just hope he wakes up soon.

With this, I leave Alpha Silas's room and head to my own. I notice that guards have been put in place at his door and corridor, which isn't surprising considering how this entire visit has turned out. *There are guards at Alpha Silas's room and corridor. Any idea why that is?* I mind link Sofia.

No, but I have the burning suspicion that it's Alpha Samael calling the shots here, she says, how is he doing?*

He's fine, just asleep.

Good. As soon as he wakes up and we make sure he's fine, we're out of here.

"Copy that."

I enter my room, where all of the warriors are already awake and getting their bags ready.

They all look up when I come in, nodding in my direction.

I nod back, and head straight into the bathroom with my bag.

I take a quick shower, momentarily appeasing my mind. I try to meditate and clear my head for

a few minutes as a way to control my anxiety and disappointment. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

To say it didn't work is an understatement; it probably made it worse.

Coming out of the shower with a towel wrapped around me, I go to my bag, looking for some clothes.

I settle for simple jeans and a t-shirt, as usual, knowing it won't matter in a few hours when I'm running in my wolf form.

As I pick up my bag, however, something comes tumbling out.

Again.

Elden's wooden box.

I open it again, looking at the tiny piece of jewelry inside.

It's an earring.

It's quite beautiful, actually, but it struck me as odd that Elden would give me this in the first place; if he wanted me to wear it, he would've given me *both* of them, not just one.

Examining it more closely, I notice it's very elaborate. It has a ruby up top, followed by a dangling tear pearl. It looks old, too, and in need of a thorough cleaning.

"What in the Goddess's name were you thinking, old man?" I ask myself.

I sit on the lip of the bath, intently looking at the earring.

I close my eyes, trying to focus on it. It's probably the lack of sleep, but I can't help but feel that

it isn't a coincidence that this thing has literally fallen on my lap twice already, almost as if demanding attention.

After a minute or two, I still can't figure out this earring.

Then, I think to smell it. Elden can't see this piece, he can only touch and smell it, so maybe that's what drew him to give it to me?

I put the earring to my nose, inhaling deeply a few times.

It...

It smells like...wolf?

I mean it's been with me this whole time, so it makes sense; but it doesn't smell of lycan in the slightest.

I take another deep breath, really capturing the scent on it.

Then, I get a flashback.

A vision of Ellie playing her flute in the abandoned tower.

I gasp, opening my eyes to examine the piece with a new understanding.

Could this have been... Ellie's?

I place the earring in my pocket, quickly putting on my shoes and walking out of the bathroom.

I toss my bag on my bed and leave the room without offering anyone an explanation; Jeremy just looks at me curiously.

Turning into the corridor where Alpha Silas's room is, I vaguely notice that the guards are gone. I'm in too much of a hurry to wonder why the sudden change, but when I enter the room, it becomes clear.

The door is slightly ajar, so I come in without knocking, expecting Dr. Owens to be alone with a sleeping Alpha Silas. Instead, I find Dr. Owens held up against a wall by one of the guards, and Alpha Silas's Luna, Irene, standing over him.

The rest of the guards rush towards me, making a circle around me as I hold my hands up, showing I'm no threat.

"What's going on here?" I ask, remaining calm.

"Well, if it isn't the other doctor," Irene comes forward.

This woman is crazy! Dr. Owens mind links me, his face pressed against the wall by the guard.

Luna Irene is a beautiful woman; elegant just her daughter was. As she comes closer, I also notice this is where Noah gets his eyes from.

My heart constricts at the reminder of Noah and how I've failed him and everyone else back at the Castle.

"What's going on?" I ask again.

"I want to know what Dark Moon was doing down at the archive room, because Silas hasn't been down there for decades."

"I wouldn't know," I reply, completely calm, "we found him in the kitchen, unresponsive."

"Is that so?" she says, retrieving Alpha Silas's shoe.

Shit.

That's the shoe he threw at me. I completely forgot about it.

"You see, I found this down there, and interestingly enough, a scent I do not recognize. It can only mean it isn't someone from our pack. Also, Silas may be a drunk, but he's not a sloppy drunk. Three decades of him being completely intoxicated every night and not *once* has he caused trouble like this."

She's coming closer to me, threateningly.

When she's close enough, though, something catches my eye.

Realization dawns on me.

Her necklace.

The earring.

They're the same.

That's why her necklace seemed vaguely familiar to me before.

She keeps talking, accusing me and all of Dark Moon, but I've become fixated on her necklace.

Slowly, I retrieve the earring from my pocket, causing the guards to move closer to me, but I don't back away. Instead, with the earring on my hand and without taking my eyes off her necklace, I step closer to her.

For some reason, the guards let me pass, and I stop right in front of Luna Irene.

I grab her pendant with my hand, lifting it up to me as I open up my other hand, placing both the earring and the pendant side by side.

They're the same piece, only Luna Irene's has been turned into a pendant.

I look up at her, a silent tear slipping from her eye.

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-Vera-

"What is going on here?!" An angry Sofia barges through the door, breaking my moment with Luna Irene.

Irene separates from me, putting several feet in between us, clearly shaken; one hand on her pendant while the other wipes away her tears.

"Luna Irene, is there a reason why my people are being forcefully held by your guards?!" Sofia says, her alpha aura rising.

Luna Irene doesn't say a word; she still hasn't taken her eyes off of me.

Take everyone out, I mind link Sofia.

"Everyone, OUT!" She roars, without hesitation.

Sofia is so intimidating with her alpha aura that even the guards of the Goldmoon pack listen to her; they quickly look at Luna Irene and when she doesn't object, they all leave. *What happened?* Sofia mind links me once everyone is gone; Luna Irene still hasn't reacted.

I turn to Sofia, opening my mouth to explain but Luna Irene speaks first.

"All of you, explain to me *now* what you are really doing here and why *you* have my daughter's earring."

Sofia and Dr. Owens turn to me, questioningly.

I gulp.

This earring was in the Castle, I brought it with me but I didn't know it was Ellie Goldmoon's. It's the same as Irene's pendant, I quickly explain to Sofia.

"NOW!" Luna Irene growls.

Sofia purses her lips, taking a quick glance at Irene's necklace.

None of us say anything; how do we even begin to explain this? We never planned on coming forward with the truth, but it seems like that's our only option right now.

"If you won't tell me, the guards will be happy to torture it out of you," she says.

Even if she doesn't actually have the power to command the guards and it would be suicidal to torture wolves from Dark Moon, including our Alpha, there's a seriousness in her tone that can't be ignored. Afterall, this is her long lost daughter we're talking about; I would also do everything in my power to know more.

Her eyes begin to glaze over, but before she can mind link anyone, I step in front of her, my hands up.

She reacts, momentarily distracted.

"Please, we'll tell you everything, but what I'm about to tell you cannot leave this room."

Luna Irene purses her lips, considering her options.

In the end, what's most important to her is to know what happened to Ellie, so she calmly walks

to one of the tables off to the side and sits down. She gestures to the other seats on the table, beckoning us over.

The three of us share a glance, Sofia quickly mind linking us.

*Are you going to tell her the truth?

What other option do we have?

She nods, and all three of us walk over to the table where Luna Irene patiently waits.

We each take our seat, me seating directly in front of Irene.

"Well, who's going to start?" she asks, her eyebrows raised at me.

"Luna Irene, what I'm about to tell you can't leave this room," I begin.

"You said that already." she interrupts me.

"Yes, but I have to make sure you understand."

It takes her a moment, but she finally nods.

I open my palm and place the earring in the middle of the table.

"Your daughter, Ellie, wasn't taken and killed by lycans, as you have all been told, she escaped."

I weigh my words carefully, letting that first piece of information settle in.

She scoffs.

"That's ridiculous," she says, closing her eyes and pinching the bridge of her nose.

"She met her fated mate there, he was the King of the lycans, Alexander. They had a son," I continue.

Her eyes snap open, sneering at me.

"Their son is now the King of the lycans," I finish.

Her eyes are still glued to me, narrowed.

Then, after a couple of silent, tense seconds, she... laughs. It's a humorless, almost manic laugh, and it's not at all what I was expecting. "Well, I have to hand it to you, in all my years, never did I hear anything so nonsensical."

She gets up forcefully from her chair, readying herself to call the guards.

"Alpha Samael abused her, that's why she ran away," I tell her, not really wanting to look her in

the eye as the scenes from the vision are still too fresh in my mind.

She's still standing; I can feel her eyes burrowing into my skull.

She sits back down, slowly. Something I said must have struck a chord with her.

"And you know this *how exactly?" she asks cautiously.

"I saw it, and so did Alpha Silas, I believe that's why he hasn't woken up."

All mockery is over, she has no snarky remark or comment.

"*How did you see it?"

I look over to Sofia who has a serious look on her face; I'm not sure I want to get into my family history with the Goldmoons.

After none of us answer, Luna Irene breaks the silence.

"Show me."

I turn to look at her, surprised.

"Luna Irene, with all due respect, I don't think you want to see..."

"Show me" she says again.

I turn to Sofia, almost as if asking her if this is a good idea. She simply nods.

I sigh, putting my hands in the middle of the table for Luna Irene; she immediately puts her palms on mine without any skepticism.

"I have to warn you..." I begin, but she interrupts me again.

"Show me the damn thing already!"

I was going to warn her about what this did to her husband, but I guess it doesn't really matter to her.

I take a few deep breaths and focus on the vision I had earlier, drawing Luna Irene in with me. After experiencing this with Alpha Silas, I know what do to.

In a few moments, both of us are plunged into the vision and I can feel all of Luna Irene's emotions as if they were my own. This didn't happen with Alpha Silas, but that could be explained by his drunken state.

I feel her relief and happiness when she sees her daughter playing her flute and singing. I can also feel her horror when Alpha Samael grabs her by her hair and takes her into that room.

My heart wants to beat out of my chest.

I feel it *all*.

Hopelessness.

Rage.

Dread. ...Regret.

All condensed in the few minutes that the visions lasts.

When the vision is over, I yank my hands from under hers as if they burned. My heart is still racing and my head is beginning to throb again.

"Vera? Vera, are you okay?" Dr. Owens is beside me on his knees, shaking my shoulder slightly.

I didn't even notice when I fell on the floor. I also didn't notice when I started crying, but I feel it now; my cheeks are damp from the tears.

It takes me a moment to become fully aware of my surroundings.

I've fallen on the floor, my chair upside down next to me. Sofia is tending to Luna Irene on the other side of the table; she's also on the floor.

"No. No no no," she's repeating as Sofia tries to comfort her, "NO!" she yells, slapping Sofia's hand away and standing up abruptly, coming towards me.

Before I can react or realize what her intentions are, she falls on her knees in front of me and grabs my wrists.

"Show me more!" She demands, and just like that, we are plunged into another vision.

What the...? S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

This time, it's not the same vision. In fact, I've never had this vision before.

I look around. Luna Irene is next to me, also perplexed.

"What... What is this?" She asks.

"I don't know, I've never seen this before."

We're in the middle of the woods, but I don't know in what part or if it's even wolf territory. It'

s broad daylight and there's a gentle breeze flowing through the forest.

"Wait for me!" I hear a voice, immediately turning in its direction.

A toddler comes running towards us, he tumbles and falls several times, but he gets back up and keeps running, surprisingly fast for a boy his age. When he's close enough, I notice he has a dimply smile I would recognize anywhere. It's Noah.

I stare at him, bewildered, as the woman that called for him suddenly comes into view. She's wearing a beautiful, sunny dress and the biggest, brightest smile.

It's Ellie.

Little Noah is running for dear life, but when Ellie finally catches up to him right in front of us, he laughs, delighted.

"Gotcha!" she says, tackling him to the ground and kissing him all over his tiny face.

Noah is kicking and laughing, trying to set himself free, but Ellie has a tight hold on him.

Beside me, Luna Irene crumbles to the floor, her hand trembling as she reaches it out to Ellie.

"Oh, my child," she says, tears flowing freely from her eyes and falling onto the ground.

"Your father will be here soon, my love, we have to wait for him," Ellie tells Noah, standing him up and dusting him off, completely unaware of us.

"Ellie?" A gentle voice comes from the distance, "where did you two go off to?"

A handsome man appears, with dirty blonde hair and bright, caramel colored eyes.

It's Alexander.

"I told you he'd come get us," Ellie whispers to Noah.

The man reaches us and picks Noah up, grabbing Ellie by her waist and giving her a tender, loving kiss. She responds in like, staring at him with stars in her eyes.

"Are you ready?" He asks her, to which she simply nods, not taking her eyes off his.

They begin walking. Alexander tossing Noah high up in the air and him squealing in delight. Ellie walks a few steps behind them, turning back in our direction, looking utterly content.

She smiles one last time before turning away from us and leaving with Alexander and Noah.

The entire scene is so enchanting, a stark difference from the vision with Alpha Samael.

This was their life once Ellie found Alexander; they were destined mates, and they were sincerely happy.

When I open my eyes again. I'm back on the floor of Alpha Silas's room. A concerned Dr. Owens is holding my hand as Sofia gently places her hand on Luna Irene's back.

Luna Irene is on her knees, endless tears flowing to her cheeks and onto the carpet floor.

I gulp, feeling my own tears forming in my eyes, my heart constricting at the sight of her.

"My baby," Luna Irene whispers, her eyes wide and sorrowful.

After only a few seconds, she collapses, hiding her face with her hands as she wails on the floor.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 45

-Vera-

It takes me a few moments to react after that last vision. I don't understand what happened, or why it happened; it's like Luna Irene forced me to have a vision and take her with me. All I know is that I feel spent after having those two visions, even more so because

I had taken Alpha Silas with me into the first vision earlier today.

When I fully come to and see Luna Irene on the floor, I gulp; she's acting exactly like I'm feeling.

I come close to her, crawling. Sofia and Dr. Owens are staring at both of us, concerned.

"Are you okay?" Sofia whispers to me as I approach her and Luna Irene.

I just nod, trying my best to hold in the tears I feel rimming my eyes.

I'm on my knees next to Luna Irene as she wails, putting my hand softly on her back as Sofia did before; only Sofia doesn't have magic. Maybe I can use mine to calm her down.

"I'm so sorry you had to see that," I tell her, my voice thick with feelings that mirror her own.

One of my hands is on her back, while the other is on her shoulder. I'm trying my best to calm her, but it's taking longer than usual; maybe because my magic is worn out after the whole experience.

Maybe 15 minutes pass before Luna Irene has stopped crying and is composed enough to sit up; I'm not sure if my magic helped her at all at this point.

"Luna Irene?" Sofia asks gently, sitting beside her.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," she says, waving her hand dismissively, "I just need a moment."

She blows her nose with a handkerchief she carries and gets up. She sits back down on her chair and collects herself.

She clears her throat before speaking.

"Was any... was any of that real?" She asks me, not daring to meet my gaze.

I slowly get up, picking up my chair and sitting in front of her once again.

Sofia and Dr. Owens sit back down, following our lead, but after everything they just witnessed, to say they're apprehensive is an understatement. "Yes, it was..." I have to adjust my throat, "it was all real."

"So Alpha Samael..." She can't finish the sentence.

I simply nod.

"And that other man?"

"Lycan King Alexander," I clarify.

"Ellie's mate." she finally says.

I nod.

She stares down at her hands for a long time, possibly processing everything she just learned these past few minutes.

I can feel Sofia staring between us, curious, but I'll have to fill her in later; I don't feel like discussing any of this right now, especially not in front of Luna Irene.

"I..." Luna Irene breaks the silence, clearing her throat again, "when it was decided that she would become Alpha Samael's mate, she was excited, he was nothing but a gentleman to her while they were here, courting. After all, we waited for her to find her destined mate, but she never did. Visit to read the complete chapters for free. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Job ni b. com. Now, it's clear why," she throws me a knowing look, understanding now that her mate wasn't even a werewolf, there was no way for them to meet before. She continues, "it was Silas's idea, but I had... a feeling... I knew that he wasn't the one for our daughter. Still, that old bastard insisted," she throws Alpha Silas a look, him twitching in his sleep, "and then, after months of not hearing from her, not even a phone call, we get the news that lycans kidnapped her? Alpha Samael was beside himself, looking for her, as were we, but things never really added up for me."

Her expression has now shifted from one of grief and sorrow, to anger.

"I should have listened to my instincts. When it comes to our children, a mother's instinct is never wrong."

Sofia nods in agreement; having already formed a bond with her twins, she knows exactly what Luna Irene is referring to.

There's another moment of silence.

I breathe in deeply, still calming myself after that intense experience.

"My child, why have you come here, really?" Luna Irene asks me, this time staring at me directly.

It takes me a minute to finally speak.

"That little boy you saw in the vision, Ellie's child, your grandson, his name is Noah, and he's my mate."

Her eyes widen slightly, her lips pursed into a thin line.

I let the revelation hang between us for a moment before I speak again.

"He's also the lycan King. He took over after I killed Alistair, the previous King. It was Alistair who killed Ellie's mate, Alexander."

Her expression turns sad again,

"And... Ellie?" She says, looking down.

"We... we don't know what happened to her, specifically, but we don't have any reason to believe that she's... alive," I say, with a heavy heart, "I'm sorry," I whisper to her.

Irene closes her eyes at this, silent tears once again dampening her cheeks. She quickly dabs at them with her handkerchief.

"I at least had to know for sure," she says, staring at the earring that remains at the center of the table.

"Luna Irene, when Noah was born, there already were problems within the lycan Council. Ellie and Alexander knew this, that's why his birth certificate back at the lycan Castle was faked, it never recognized King Alexander as his father in order to protect him. We have reason to believe Ellie would have taken precautions as well, though, ensuring he could always come home to you.

Luna Irene frowns, still looking at Ellie's earring; for a few moments, I'm not even sure she heard me.

I open my mouth to ask her again, certain that what I said didn't register with her, but she gets up from her chair. "Wait here," she says.

I haven't even finished explaining the whole situation, but I say nothing as she gets up and walks out of the room.

A few moments after Luna Irene leaves, Sofia turns to me.

"What just happened?" Sofia asks me, whispering.

I'm again about to explain it to her, opening my mouth to speak, but Luna Irene comes back too quickly.

I shut my mouth once again, shrugging at Sofia, mouthing 'later' at her.

Luna Irene sits with us again, placing a wooden box on the table.

She sighs, placing a soft hand on top of it.

"A little over year after Ellie went missing. I received a package, it had a letter and this inside," she once again grabs her pendant delicately between her hands, "I didn't even open it, thinking it was a cruel joke from the lycans, taunting us as we kept looking for her even after all that time. I just made her earring into a pendant and threw the rest of the package into a box of junk, not thinking twice about it."

"If it had her earring, it must have come from her," Sofia muses, looking at the wooden box.

"I realize that now," Luna Irene says, "at the time, it didn't even cross my mind that it could be from her. Over a year had passed, and she was able to send us a letter all that time? I..." she pauses, "that's not the Ellie I knew. She must've known we would be worried sick." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"She didn't think you would accept her new life with her new mate," I say, understanding the feeling well. Being mated to a lycan isn't easy, much less the lycan King.

"And we probably wouldn't have," Luna Irene says, tearing up again. "my sweet girl," she sobs, "she wanted to avoid conflict, it was best for us to believe she was dead in order for her to live her life happily and untroubled."

The heaviness of the moment momentarily distracts me from the task at hand, but I can't help it. It's as if I connected to Irene on a deeper level through the visions and I feel her emotions as my own now.

I still feel her anger, sorrow, and regret, but I also feel... relief? Even if it's subtle, it's unmistakably there.

"Anyway, are we going to open this thing or what?" She asks, interrupting the moment.

I hesitate, but within seconds I'm reaching towards the box, removing its cover.

There are a lot of documents, some old, some new, but mostly just junk. I have to sift through all of it in order to find a small package buried beneath it all.

There's nothing particularly distinct about it, except for an elegant handwritten name at the front of it.

It reads,

Noah.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 46

-Vera-

You would think I would have rushed to open this envelop, but I once again hesitate.

Sofia reaches her hand out to me, reassuringly squeezing my arm.

I turn to her in disbelief.

This could be it.

This whole plan could have actually worked.

"Well? Luna Irene asks, impatient.

After all, this is also her grandson we're talking about, the only real tie to Ellie she has left.

I open the envelope carefully, not wanting to rip anything inside. The paper is yellow, discolored from

Inside, there are a couple of official looking documents, neatly folded in half.

I unfold them, reading carefully.

My hand flies to my mouth as I read,

Noah, son of lycan King Alexander and wolf princess Ellie Goldmoon, of the Goldmoon Clan.

This is it. This is Noah's real birth certificate.

Both Alexander and Ellie signed this with their names and family seals, making it an official document "And?" Sofia asks beside me.

"This is it! This is Noah's birth certificate." I tell them, still not believing the words coming out of my m

I hand over the document to Luna Irene, who traces her fingers on Ellie's signature and seal.

She smiles softly.

"Yes, this is her signature," she verifies, "so, it *was* all real," she muses.

I'm in disbelief. I can't believe we actually found it.

se years of improper storage, but still, if this is Ellie's handwriting. I want to preserve it.

The apprehension that had settled in my stomach since leaving the Castle and Noah has dissipated; this right here is the key to having a peaceful dissolution of the Council! No war, no conflict.

Beside us, Alpha Silas grunts, waking from his sleep. Dr. Owens goes to his side, checking his vitals again and making sure he was in fact just asleep.

"He saw the vision too, the first one, he doesn't know anything else," I tell Luna Irene quickly.

"I understand. He might think it was just a nightmare. Don't worry about it, I'll take care of him."

"Luna Irene," Sofia says, "now you understand why we can't go to war with the lycans. Not only is Vera the King's mate, but he's also your grandson; he's a Goldmoon. If anything, this could be an opportunity to unite our people once and for all and end our centuries long conflict."

"And more importantly, it was a lycan that the Moon Goddess chose for my Ellie. I have no doubt that he was an exceptional man to deserve my baby," she says softly.

This reminds me of something I had been wondering, but hadn't had the chance to ask.

"I understand why the Goldmoons would want revenge against the lycans, but what about Alpha Samael? Considering how he treated Ellie, I highly doubt his reasons are noble."

Luna Irene purses her lips, suddenly turning angry again.

"We were under the impression that his motives were the same as ours, naturally, but you leave that to me," she says.

"He's in perfect health, if only nursing a terrible hang over," Dr. Owens declares beside Alpha Silas.

"Irene. Irene!" Alpha Silas calls for her once he comes to.

Luna Irene rolls her eyes.

"Let this be a lesson to you both, *sometimes* the Moon Goddess doesn't know what she's doing when she picks mates."

Sofia and I smile as Irene gets up and walks to Alpha Silas's side.

"Dearest, I had the most horrible, terrible nightmare last night!" He says as she takes his hand. "our little girl and that... that *bastard*..."

"My darling, it's okay. Rest for now, you had a terrible fall last night."

Alpha Silas is immediately calmed down by his Luna's voice, consoled to think that it was just a dream and nothing else. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Alpha Irene knows better.

Once Alpha Silas has calmed down, she turns to us.

"You all better leave, you don't want to be here when this one realizes what actually happened." she says, throwing me a knowing look.

Both Sofia and I nod, standing from our seats as I take Noah's birth certificate. Dr. Owens is right behind us as Luna Irene continues consoling Alpha Silas, reassuring him that everything he experienced was just a nightmare.

We leave in 15 minutes, Sofia tells us, rushing through the corridors and towards our rooms.

Once I'm in my room, the first thing I do is put the document in my bag, safe and secure.

After all these days, I actually feel like I can breathe now.

In less than the time designated, the warriors and I are out the door, leaving everything just as we found it, and meet Sofia and Dr. Owens at the entrance of the pack house.

Waiting for us there is also Luna Irene and nobody else; it would seem like not even Alpha Elliot is aware of our departure.

"Luna Irene, thank you for everything, and thank you for your... discretion," Sofia says, taking Luna Irene's hand.

"Irene, please. We'll be in contact, Alpha Sofia, things are going to get ugly here in the following days."

Sofia smiles at her, sympathetically.

This woman's life and her entire family's is about to be put on its head due to my vision.

When it's my turn to say goodbye, I had planned on just shaking her hand, but she surprises me

and goes in for a tight hug.

I hug her back.

"Thank you, my child," she says, "thank you for finally giving me peace."

I smile at her, but she still doesn't release me and instead holds me at arm's length.

I can feel her hesitation as she regards me.

"You can ask me anything." I reassure her.

She smiles.

"What is he like?" She asks and I can't help but smile.

"He's the best man I've ever known," I tell her, "he's kind, funny, loyal to a fault, intelligent, a formidable warrior," I could talk endlessly about Noah's attributes, but I only have so much time. "His people love him," I continue, "we would happily give our lives for him if it came to it."

"He sounds like a Goldmoon," she smiles, her eyes getting glassy.

I hug her one more time and whisper in her ear,

"He also has your eyes."

She gasps ever so slightly.

When I separate from her, a single tear has fallen onto her cheek; only this time, for the first time, it seems to be a happy one.

"Good luck, my child," she tells me, touching my cheek briefly.

"Thank you."

With this, I join the rest of the group. They have all shifted already.

I shift too, not caring that I completely ruined my clothes.

Everything okay? Sofia asks.

Better than okay. I respond, turning back to the pack house where Irene is gracefully waving at us.

Out of the corner of my eye, however, a presence catches my attention.

Up in one of the rooms, possibly the Alpha's office, a figure looms in the window, watching us.

It's Alpha Samael.

I can feel his violent aura.

"He's been watching since we got here, he was expecting us,* Sofia tells me, following my line of vision.

I bare my teeth. I'm done cowering.

I don't have an Alpha aura, but I do have a magical one, and it's arguably worse.

I growl in his direction, focusing on my murderous intent towards him.

He takes a step back and with my wolf's vision, I can see his expression clearly; he's shocked and perhaps, afraid?

Good, because If I ever see him again, I *will* kill him. That's if the Goldmoons don't do it first.

Let's go, I tell Sofia, anxious to get to the pack house and then, soon, the Castle.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 47

-Vera-

What were you two talking about? Sofia asks me.

We've left the Goldmoon clan territory behind and are now in Dark Moon territory. We've also made g *She asked me about Noah,* I tell her.

"Naturally," she says, "I'm just happy you got along well with your mother in law," she teases me.

I mean, she isn't my mother in law.

Right, but trust me, she'll step up to the plate. Just wait until you and Noah have kids.

I roll my eyes. Having kids is the last thing on my mind right now.

Dr. Owens joins us in our chat.

Vera, what.... What exactly happened back there?

I sigh, my head slightly lowering at the memory.

*I had a vision before we left for the Goldmoon's, it was of Ellie, Luna Irene's daughter. She was mated Irene at her request."

"Goddess. Those poor parents," he says.

And later, when she touched you? You two were gone again, Sofia asks.

*Well, then we had another vision, this time of Ellie, Noah and Alexander. Noah must've been around kidnapped, she ran away, and finally found her happiness."

*I can imagine that gave Luna Irene some solace. After all the abuse Ellie suffered by Alpha Samael, at *That raises the question, will they believe Irene?* Sofia asks.

I don't think so. Alpha Elliot seemed to take Alpha Samael for his every word. Dr. Owens says.

*We'll just have to wait and see just how Luna Irene will play this. She's a smart woman, and I know she

he so we have settled for walking instead of running, considering I have a long journey ahead of me; I have to save my strength.

ha Samael whom we met at dinner. He... he abused her pretty bad. That's what Alpha Silas saw when I touched him, and that's what I then showed Luna

ars old, maybe? But Goddess, Ellie and Alexander looked so in love. They were fated mates after all. I think it was clear from those visions that Ellie wasn't she found happiness in the end.* Dr. Owens chimes in.

anything to avoid going to war with the lycans now that she knows her grandson is the King." I say.

We continue the rest of our journey in silence and just a few hours later, we are at the pack house, and to our surprise, or rather horror, Sofia's twins literally come running towards us, b**t naked. Yes. Running.

Not crawling, not walking. Running.

WHAT?! I hear Sofia in my head.

In fact, we all hear her because some of the warriors at the entrance have to lower their heads at her loud scream. *ALEX, COME HERE THIS SECOND,*

Sofia has gone to meet her twins half way since they kept falling and scraping themselves.

Even for little Allen werewolves, them walking, no, running, this early is impressive to say the least.

Alex comes out of the side of the building where the training grounds are. He's shirtless and sweaty, but smiling. "Oh, hey! You're back!" He says, cheery.

A woman comes running to Sofia, offering her a robe. Sofia quickly shifts, taking the robe and putting it over her body.

Sofia is not at all uncomfortable with nudity, but since she became an Alpha, she maintains a certain level of decorum.

"Don't 'hey' me!" She yells at Alex, picking up her twins, "tell me why your children are running* all over the place, and butt naked! When did this happen?! Did you at least film it for me?!" "Uhh..." Alex says, scratching his chin nonchalantly.

"Alex," Sofia insists, handing a laughing Rose to her dad.

"My love?" Alex teases her.

"ALEX," Sofia is yelling now, her mood crystal clear to all of us, and this is our cue to leave.

We all scatter, not really wanting to be a part of this; the warriors, Dr. Owens, even the guards and scouts that were nearby have disappeared in under a minute; this is a practiced routine.

I take one last look back before entering the pack house; Alex is still unfazed by Sofia's mood and the twins are happily baby-chattering right along with their parents.

Not many men would be able to handle Sofia's temper, but Alex has become a pro by now, so we'll just leave him to it.

I quickly find my room, entering it and shifting.

The first thing I do is take out Noah's birth certificate and place it neatly on my night stand. I'm being so careful with it, I don't even want it to wrinkle.

Then, I head straight into the bathroom to shower and change. I finally take the time to wash my hair and grime from the past days; I'm even able to take off that musty smell I got from being in the archive room back at the Goldmoon's. Once I'm out, I change and blow dry my hair.

It feels nice to not feel the pressure of the mission anymore. We finally got what we came here to look for, and it turned out even better than I had expected. Luna Irene seemed very fond of Noah already; I have no doubt that once they meet, she will love him as her own. I smile at this; at the notion of Noah finally having the family he never got.

Leaving my room, I head straight to the kitchen. Breakfast and lunch have already been served and everyone has already eaten, but I'm starving. Once there, I make myself two sandwiches and eat them in a hurry. It's not much, but it will do for now. Right after finishing my snack, I mind link Thomas; I have to give the guys the good news.

Hey, Thomas? Any idea where my guys are? I ask him.

*They should be in the training grounds, they really wanted to fight a wolf," he says.

It figures. Thank you!

I walk towards the southern end of the pack house towards the training grounds.

Being here brings back so many memories. Not too long ago, I would spend my weekends here beating the young wolves' butts and then training with the rest of the warriors. It's common for she-wolves to be trained in combat, but not for them to be considered warriors. I am.

I reach the training grounds and off to a side, I see the lycans.

Ezra is on the mat, fighting one of our warriors, Leo.

All the wolves turn my way when they feel me approaching, nodding my way. Acknowledging someone when they enter this place is a sign of respect, which I earned after I killed the chimera all those months ago, apparently.

I walk towards the corner where the lycans are and greet them.

"Oh, Vera! Hi," Arlo greets me.

The rest of the guys nod at me.

"So, I have good news. I got what we came here for," I tell them, not going into much detail, we will stay the night and leave early tomorrow, before sunrise and..."

I hear a loud thump, followed by a grunt behind me.

Ezra is getting his ass handed to him by Leo.

Beside me, Colt laughs.

I raise my eyebrow at him.

"Would you like to go next?" I ask him, sarcastically.

"You know what? Yes, I'd like to," he says, stretching and mumbling something else I don't catch before entering the mat.

Ezra approaches us, nursing his ribs.

"That guy is brutal," he says.

Colt takes his position, and in under 5 minutes, he's also grunting on the floor.

I shake my head. Leo is one of the best warriors in this entire pack, these guys stand no chance against him. If it were me, I'd also be on my ass in two minutes.

"In all seriousness, stop getting beat up and rest, we have a long journey tomorrow," I tell them.

They all nod, but I can tell they're not really listening to me. I can see them getting worked up from seeing lycan after lycan getting beaten by a wolf. Of course, it's going to take more than a simple visit to a pack house for them to understand that the lies they've been told about us are complete bullshit; that we're not weaker than them by any means. Smaller, yes, in most cases. But definitely not weaker.

I roll my eyes and turn to Ezra only.

"I mean it, Ezra. I will leave all of you here if I need to. Four A.M tomorrow."

He nods, but he doesn't take his eyes off the mat, where now Arlo is fighting for their collective dignity.

I sigh, taking one last, pitied glance at Arlo. He doesn't know it just yet, but he too, will fail.

Returning to the pack house, I take my time to take it all in.

It's like a distant memory by now, walking through these halls and greeting everyone on my way to the clinic. My life has changed so much these past few months. I can't say I don't miss my home every now and then, but I've come to really appreciate and love the life I have now at the Castle with Noah.

Perhaps, though, now that the Council will be taken care of, I'll be able to visit more often.

"Vera," I hear someone call me. I turn around. It's Flora, one of the oldest cooks here and like a mother to all of us, "the Alpha told me you'd be leaving tomorrow?"

I smile at this. No, we hadn't talked about it, but she knows me well. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Yeah, we're leaving early tomorrow, before sunrise."

"Ah, well, I'll be sure to pack some meals for you guys before then."

"Thank you, Flora," I tell her.

I smile at her and she approaches me, hugging me tight.

"I still remember when you and Alpha Sofia would sneak around the kitchen at midnight, stealing the leftover desserts," she tells me, smiling. "It's been good having you back."

I almost tear up at this.

She leaves towards the kitchen as I keep roaming through the pack house.

After a while, I end up in the central courtyard and sit in front of the mountain, basking in the last few rays of sunshine.

I take in a deep breath, a bittersweet tingle forming in my stomach as I think that tomorrow, I'll be leaving again.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 48

-Vera-

The rest of the afternoon went as expected.

After leaving the courtyard, I made my way to the clinic to say goodbye to everyone. There were hugs, there were good wishes, and there were many, many tears. Again, that bittersweet feeling in the pit of my stomach intensified. I really did miss my girls and the clinic, and having to say goodbye to them again is making me way too emotional.

Then, I even chatted to Dr. Owens about his plans for the clinic back at the Goldmoon's. Everything is on standby until we know it's safe to return; and more importantly, until Alpha Samael is out of the picture. I did note, however, that he brought with him Amelia's phone number and they've been texting. When he caught me looking at his screen, he immediately shut it down though, threatening me to say a word. I just put up my hands defensively, saying nothing.

We hugged goodbye, and decided that when the time came and if we had a chance, he would gladly go to the Castle to help me establish the lycan clinic. I appreciate this more than he knows, considering the clinic over there is a complete mess still and I have barely had the time to organize it.

After Dr. Owens's office, it was already time for dinner.

This time, there was no special good bye dinner or anything. We don't believe in such things because we have the certainty that we'll see each other again, so really, there is no need for a farewell feast. Not to mention Sofia is swamped with work after only two days of not tending to it.

To my surprise, however, when I got into the cafeteria, Flora and the other girls had once again prepared my favorite dishes; steamed fish, veggie rice, and of course, dessert. I ate with the lycans who were still being served venison meat, much to their pleasure. Visit to read the complete chapters for free. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Job ni b. com. I also didn't fail to notice that even if lycans heal fast, most of their faces were pretty banged up still; meaning either they were still fighting up to a few minutes ago, or Leo really did a number on them.

I say nothing at first, but I narrow my eyes at them and their injuries.

Arlo catches me staring and quickly diverts his gaze.

Colt does the same.

Then, when my gaze lands on Ezra, I can't help myself; his face is by far the most damaged.

"You went in again, didn't you?" I ask him.

He says nothing.

"You guys do realize wolf's train far more than lycans, right? You guys begin training at what. fourteen on average? We train from the moment we can walk," I tell them, shaking my head.

From the Castle, I know that lycans think wolves are inferior in all regards; but us wolves know that were brute strength and a quick temper fails, hard work, skill and practice prevail.

"I thought I noticed a weakness, okay?" Ezra says, defensively.

I shake my head.

They all look like dogs with their tails in between their legs. Colt has barely even touched his food, despite how delicious it is.

Once I'm done, I get up, leaving them to their sulking.

"You guys should get some rest," I tell them, picking up my plate, "give your bodies some time to heal. We have a long journey tomorrow." For some reason, however, I still feel like my recommendations will fall on deaf ears.

I turn to leave, stopping by the kitchen to drop off my plates and thank the girls; then, I head to my room.

When I enter my room, I strip, filling up my bathtub with warm water and some essential oils, I clip up my hair and sit comfortably in the tub. The mix of oils, mainly chamomile and lemongrass, will help me get some good sleep tonight; I'm going to need it after these past few nights. Taking some deep breaths, I clear my mind, taking this time to meditate and relieve the anxiety I had been feeling these past few days. After about thirty minutes, I'm basically falling asleep in the tub and decide it's time to head out.

Toweling myself dry. I change into a t-shirt and crawl into bed, thankfully falling into a deep sleep within minutes.

The alarm clock on my bedside table goes off. It's three-thirty A.M. I stretch on my bed. completely rested.

Getting up from my bed, I go to the bathroom to splash some water on my face, further waking me up.

Once I'm done, I go over to the nightstand where I had safeguarded Noah's birth certificate. I open it, almost not believing that we managed to find it. I tuck it in safely inside my bag. making sure it won't be damaged on our journey. As sad as I am to leave my home again, I'm also incredibly excited about getting back to Noah and the Castle and finally settling this thing with the Council once and for all.

In only a few minutes, I'm all packed up and ready to go.

I leave my room, closing the door behind me carefully, mindful to not make any noise so as to not wake anyone up.

When I get to the first floor of the pack house, Sofia is waiting for me at the entrance.

"Good morning," she says, giving me a hug.

"Morning." I respond, returning the hug. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

She yawns.

"Are you ready?" She asks.

I sigh.

"As ready as I'll ever be. I'm not gonna lie, I'm not all too happy about leaving again."

She chuckles humorlessly.

"We're not very happy to see you go again, either," she says.

There's a moment of silence as the lycans slowly start to show up at the entrance with their bags.

They each greet me informally, but to my surprise, they greet Sofia respectfully, bowing their heads.

"You guys are welcome here any time, just remember to give us a heads up so we don't kill you at the border. Leo is usually on patrol," she says, teasing them.

"We appreciate that, Alpha," Ezra says, "and we might take you up on that. Leo and I have some pending business."

I roll my eyes but Sofia laughs.

"I'm sure you do," she says.

She turns to me.

"Before I forget! Here," she says, dragging a bag that sat behind her, "Flora asked me to give you this."

My mouth almost waters at the thought of the food inside.

"Thank you," I tell her with a smile as Ryker picks up the bag and slings it over his shoulder.

"My pleasure," she says, smiling back.

Before I turn to leave though, she catches my arm.

"Vera, please be careful," she tells me, "back at the Castle, from everything you told me, you and Noah still have to watch your backs, even after his parentage is proved. And of course, if anything happens, you know this is your home. Noah's too." I nod, understanding her concern and appreciating her offer.

We hug one last time before I go into one of the rooms to shift.

My wolf is even more reluctant to come forth, but after a few minutes, I manage to shift.

What is up with you? I ask her.

She doesn't even look at me, instead, she stares straight ahead.

I head out, nodding at Sofia.

Until we meet again, I tell her.

She nods and waves as we take off, running into the woods.

A few minutes later, we are joined by a group of ten scouts, running beside us.

I take a look at them and nod. At the head of the party is Thomas; they're escorting us out of wolf territory.

Once we cross over to lycan territory, the group of wolves stop following us, howling loudly into the air as they say goodbye.

I howl too, my face up in the air as I say goodbye, for now, to my home.

We run for several hours, anxious to get back to the Castle. This time, instead of stopping for some breakfast, we decided to run well into the afternoon until we reach the lycan campsite where we can eat and rest.

By now, we are only about an hour away from the campsite and right now, the only thing keeping me motivated is the pile of food Flora made for us. We have gone the entire day without eating; I'm sure my companions are also starved. Suddenly, however, my wolf perks up, noticing a cloud forming in the horizon.

I frown.

That's odd. There were no signs of rain until just now.

But then, she completely stops, raising dirt all around her as her paws dig into the ground.

What's wrong? I ask her, as she panickily looks in every direction.

A powerful feeling of foreboding settles in my stomach; whatever my wolf was feeling just now, now I'm feeling it too. Something isn't right.

After a few seconds, the lycans notice that I have stopped and are now coming towards me, concerned.

Ezra shifts, unable to communicate with me in lycan form.

"Vera, is there something wrong?"

I can't answer him, I can't even bring myself to shift in order to explain to him that something* is* wrong, but I don't know *what*.

I look straight ahead, following my wolf's gaze; the hairs on her nape are raised and she's growling furiously. In the distance, I see a rush of wind coming towards us, cutting through the tree trunks like they're made of butter; more than a gush of wind, it seems more like a giant sword swooshing through the trees and cutting them down.

It's far too fast, the lycans haven't even noticed, but it's getting lower and lower. At this rate, it will cut right through us as easily as it's cutting down the trees.

Simultaneously, my wolf and I feel something... someone... a presence, coming in from the side.

Everything is happening far too fast, but I'm seeing it almost as if it's in slow motion.

Without notice, my wolf shifts us back to my human form without me initiating the shift, just as the presence nears us.

The lycans have just now realized what's happening behind them and as confused as they seem, they're in position to fight, but there is no fighting this; they will be sliced in half if I don't do something.

I crouch to the ground, trying to bend the soil to my will as I have done before with fire.

I feel the rushing of electrical current throughout my entire body, all of the hairs in my body rise and my hands feel like they're on fire; it is more magic than I have ever felt before, and it's making me dizzy. I yell at the exertion, feeling a gush of liquid running down my nose.

Blood.

"Vera!" Ezra yells, but I barely hear him.

I begin to pass out, but not before I hear the rumbling of the ground beneath me, and not before

I feel someone picking me up from my midsection and rushing me away.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 49

-Noah-

One

night.

One night I have been away from Vera, and I've already thought about chasing after her and bringing her back to bed with me more than I care to admit.

These past few months I have been so preoccupied with the Council and running this kingdom that I barely saw her; I thought it would make being apart from her easier. But even then, I still came to bed to her, felt her presence, and smelled her all around me as I fell asleep and woke up. "Your Majesty? Are you okay?"

I look up, William is standing over me, concerned.

"Yeah," I simply reply, turning my gaze back down.

"Have you even been listening to what this Council has exposed?" Council Member Ambrose asks

me.

"Not really, but I don't have to," I tell them, bored.

There is a silence.

"Please tell me where I may have lost you and I'll happily recount the exposition," Council Member Charles tells me.

"That won't be necessary," I say, looking at him, "it's always the same thing." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Pardon me?" Charles says.

"You tell me how important the Houses are to the crown, to me; how the rogue invasions are decimating their territory, how therefore, the crown* is losing farmland and assets, and of course, soldiers, and how the ones that are the most affected are the common folk of this kingdom. To avoid an incomplete reading experience, visit Jobn'i'b.com. All of this to ask me to send warriors to deal with the rogue invasion. Correct?"

"I - uhm - " Charles clears his throat, "we haven't gotten there yet, but, something like that."

"And what do I get in return for this protection? Money was it? Because they have made it clear that I will not get their loyalty unless I marry one of their daughters." "Correct," Charles says after hesitating for a second.

"So, these Families are offering me money in exchange for protection; but, here's the thing. I don't need money."

There's another silence. They're all seem surprised and I don't even know why.

Ambrose opens his mouth to speak, but closes it again, not finding the words.

"What? The rats took your tongues, Council?" I stand up, putting my arms out, "look around you. I don't have any *lavish* inclinations like all the Kings and Queens before me. I don't need luxury. In fact, I don't want it. I have cut down the crown's budget, and the Castle's, to fit our current circumstances and capital intake, and you know what? We even have money left over. So please, enlighten me, what would I use "their" money for?"

No one says a word and I take my time to look at every one of them to make my point.

"Now, you can all come in here and pretend that protecting the *Families" assets is protecting the Crown, but we all know that's bullshit. Protecting the Families puts *my* warriors at risk; not to mention the continuous protection of this Castle. So let me be clear, I will *not* put my warriors on the line for money. For loyalty? Maybe. Money? Absolutely ridiculous."

I head towards the door, leaving them speechless.

As I pass Charles, I put a heavy hand on his shoulder, startling him.

"So, am I close?" I ask him.

He doesn't reply, but he nervously nods.

As I'm about to exit the meeting room, I hear someone stand up.

Ambrose is about to say something, but I speak before he does.

"Make them take a knee, Ambrose, otherwise, don't come to me with this bullshit again," I tell him, exiting through the door.

The meetings with the Council have proceeded as usual. Even if my claim to the throne has been challenged, they still acknowledge that the people of this kingdom and, more importantly, within this Castle, are loyal to me - or rather, loyal to my family. Meaning if they don't have a substantial claim to remove me from the throne, we have to continue operating as usual.

Now, my show back at the meeting was not just because I was bored, though I was.

Typically, when I challenge the Council like that, they go back for a day or two, regroup, and then call for another Council meeting. Right now, this works in my favor because I need to step away from the Castle for a day or two and I definitely don't want them to know why.

"Ready. Your Highness?" Eli asks, mocking me, as always.

I meet Eli, Ethan, Mason, and Caleb at the back of the Castle. I had to go into one of Elden's tunnels to go undetected so the Council and their little spies wouldn't know what I'm up to. "Ready," I tell him, greeting all the guys as usual.

"So, when we get to the village, we have already arranged for meetings with the town's folk. Just remember, they're apprehensive of lycans in general, more so in power, you have to be patient," Caleb says.

I nod, and we all shift, starting our journey.

One of the most important parts of the plan to get rid of the Council is to have the support of the people; and I don't mean the Houses.

At the end of the day, the common folk, farmers, maids, herders, and hunters are the ones that drive the economy of the Kingdom, whether it's the Castle or the Houses. Meaning, if I have their support and offer them a home and land in return, the Houses will be left with no workers, and it won't matter at all if I have their loyalty or not. So now, we are going to the most influential villages near the area to reassure them that if they don't want to work for the Houses anymore, they will be received in the Castle with open arms. When we have been running about two hours, Caleb stops, opening his palm to us, meaning it's time for us to shift.

Humans are far weaker than us and, for generations, lycans have been abusing this disadvantage. Still, many of the people in this village have rarely, if ever, seen a lycan in lycan form, so we don't want our first appearance to be as the beasts they're so apprehensive of.

"Okay," Caleb says, "we are close, we should be able to make it there in the next fifteen minutes. It's best if we walk now so we don't scare them."

Again, we all nod and shift back to our human forms.

In under fifteen minutes, we are at the village and meeting all the people.

"My boy!" Someone yells behind us.

We all turn and a woman, probably in her forties, comes rushing towards us and embraces Ethan.

We all stare at the scene, baffled.

Ethan hugs her back and behind her, a man comes towards him and quickly pats his back.

"Noah, this is Ivy and Tom, Charlotte's parents."

At the mention of my name, Ivy looks flustered.

"Oh my, I didn't think His Highness was coming!"

She quickly smooths her skirt with her hands and clumsily courtesies. Tom beside her bows his head.

As much as I appreciate the gesture, it's quite awkward, so I step forward grabbing her hands with him.

"Please, there's no need for that. Six months ago, I was just like your "boy" here," I say, glancing at Ethan who narrows his eyes at me, understanding my mockery, "so just call me Noah."

Ivy blushes slightly and Tom clears his throat.

"Noah, I believe you are expected at the meeting hall," Tom says.

I let go of Ivy's hand and nod at Tom.

"Well, then I suppose we better not keep them waiting." I tell them, following Tom towards a building at the center of the village.

Hopefully, if this goes smoothly, we can be done with this and move on to the next village today.

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The Rise Of The King Chapter 50

-Noah-

I see a glass bottle flying across the hall, towards the podium. I quickly duck.

"Where there are lycans, there's deceit!" Someone yells.

"Yeah!" People yell in response.

So much shit has flown towards me this past hour that I have lost track. Shoes, bottles, cups, hats... underwear.

"Listen, as I said before, this is only an option for you guys if you don't want to continue working for the Houses," I throw my hands up, defeated.

I'm tired at this point and my voice is hoarse from yelling over people.

The meeting actually started better than we anticipated. People were receptive to everything I had to say, up until the point where I mentioned that if they wanted to stop working for the Families, we would offer them a home at the Castle; I even offered them land, but that was the point of no return.

"Some of these lands have been in our families for generations! You can't ask us to leave it!" Someone had said.

"All of my sons and grandsons were born there, I won't let someone else take what's mine!" Another one had yelled.

"This is just another ploy for the lycans to get our land! They just want us to hand it to them!"

And so on, so forth.

Right now, people are even arguing amongst themselves to see who can come up with the most nefarious theory as to why I'm offering this to them. After all, the land by the Castle is the most sought after and priced, they can't believe I'd just give it away.

"Silence! Silence!" Tom yells, "Please! This is a town meeting! Nobody is forcing you out of your land, so please, quiet down!"

Apparently, Tom is influential enough for people to listen to him because the chatter dies down in a couple of minutes.

I nod at Tom in a silent 'thank you'.

"Your Highness, if I may," someone raises their hand.

"Yeah?" I say, sounding more and more defeated.

"Lycans have used us for generations as forced labor. We work the farms, we work at the Castle. we work at the Houses. We have again and again been used as bargaining chips in every dispute imaginable, and right now, you are doing the same." The yelling begins again, agreeing with the woman.

I raise my hand, trying to calm them down, and this time, they actually do.

"Please, explain what you mean," I tell the woman once the crowd has quieted down.

It takes her by surprise,

"We - well, Your Highness. None of us actually want to leave our home. That's all we've ever known, and you are asking us to leave. Why?"

I stay silent, looking at her.

I really don't have an answer for her. What she's accusing me of is absolutely right, now that she puts it that way. I'm trying to use them to stick it to the Houses, to leave them without a workforce, but in the process, I am asking these people to leave behind their homes and all they have ever known. I hadn't even thought of the effect this could have on them.

I rub my face with my hand. The entire room has become quiet, waiting for my answer.

"Okay, listen. I'm going to be honest with you, which is what I should've done in the first place. It's no secret that I'm new at this. In fact, I hardly ever know what I'm doing; this is one of those cases. As Tom said, nobody is forcing you out of your homes. If you want to stay, you stay. What I *do* know however, is that I'm not happy about any of this. I'm not happy about the Houses raising your taxes, I'm not happy with the Council and those in power trying to always look after themselves and at your expense no less. I'm not happy about how you all have been treated and I'm not happy with... *feeling* like this Kingdom could be so much more. And to be honest with you, I don't know how to change any this. So, please, if you have any suggestions, I'm all ears."

The people before me are so shocked at my revelation that they don't say a word. Quite frankly. even I am surprised at my admission. It's the first time I have admitted, even to myself, that I have no idea what I'm doing.

With the Council, I always have to fake this bravado to be actually be listened to; I have to pretend I know better than everyone in the room. Here, that has backfired phenomenally.

A shy voice comes from the back of the room.

"Yo Your Highness, perhaps we could start by lowering the taxes? Last month the Houses took half our crops, this month they want to take more. It won't leave me enough to feed my family." "Unfortunately, I can't do that. The taxes are established by the Houses."

"Bu - but they've always said they're established by the Crown," the voice says again.

I raise my eyebrow.

"I'm afraid you've been lied to. Not once have I suggested nor authorized, for that matter, a tax increase."

Chatter breaks out once again in the room, until Tom stands up. His expression has changed. It was passive before, but now he seems angry.

The room quiets down once again when they see that Tom has stood up to address me.

"Your Highness, I want to thank you for coming in and explaining the situation to us. You can rest assured that you have my and my family's support moving forward," he says, sitting back down. "And mine," someone else says.

"Mine too!" I hear from the corner of the room, followed by many others.

The meeting ends on a high note, considering that nothing was thrown my way as I stepped off the stage.

"Noah," I hear from behind me. Turning around, I notice it's Tom who spoke.

"We really did want to thank you for coming here. Most of these folks are highly distrustful of lycans, but you coming here means a lot to them. Previous Kings never talked to us directly, so going to the towns and villages and addressing the people will go a long way."

He shakes my hand.

"I appreciate that, and hopefully, you're right."

He goes on to shake the hands of my companions and more men come up to me to shake my hand.

I don't know what I said to make them change their mind, but I'm happy it did.

"I think we should head out. A crowd like this can draw attention, if the Council's little spies come looking, we better be long gone." Eli says.

"Oh, but you can't! We prepared a feast and everything!" Ivy says, hanging on to Ethan's arm and coming towards us.

"I'm sorry we can't stay, but surely next time we're here Noah will try your fantastic cooking. Ivy," Ethan says, patting her hand.

This seems to please her enough to leave the subject alone.

Truthfully, we could've stayed longer and eaten with them, but Ethan was so quick with his answer I'm assuming he doesn't want to stay here much longer.

We exit the meeting hall after it's been almost completely vacated.

Once again, we meet Tom at the exit.

"Tom, thank you for making this happen." Ethan says, shaking his hand, "it's more important than you realize."

Tom has taken out a pipe and proceeded to light it, smoking whatever herb or root he put in there.

"Don't worry about it," he says between puffs, "I mean, no one here is stupid, most of us understand that the Houses haven't aligned to the new leadership and now the King must do something about it. Believe me, if it comes down to it, no one will support the Houses, anyway."

This statement takes me by surprise, but before I can ask him about what he's heard or what he knows, he winks at me,

"So, Noah, you better not make fools out of us."

I smile at him and shake his hand again.

"I won't," I tell him.

After this, we all turn to leave, wasting no time to get out of here and onto the next town. Our

schedule is tight if we want to make it back to the Castle before anyone starts suspecting anything.

We begin walking into the forest, away from everyone, before I hear a stomach rumble.

It's mine.

"Well, the King has spoken," Mason says, much too happy to be away from the crowd at the village.

I chuckle.

"We can walk a few more minutes and reach a clearing. The day is nice, might as well take advantage of it." Ethan says. Ethan knows this area well since most of the time away from the Castle is spent here with Charlotte and her parents. We all walk towards the clearing in our human form.

We walk in smaller groups, and I take the opportunity to finally ask Ethan what is wrong.

He's been... off... lately. No one knows what's wrong with him and he's been like this for so long I'm actually starting to get concerned.

"Hey, Ethan, are you okay, man? The guys and I have noticed you've been off lately, I'm starting to get worried," I tell him.

He purses his lips, not looking at me.

After a couple of minutes, he finally speaks.

"Charlotte is pregnant," he says.

This takes me by surprise.

"Pregn.... Is it yours?" I ask him.

He stops walking to look at me through narrowed eyes.

"Of course it's mine, who the fuck else do you think?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I raise my hands up, defensively.

"I didn't mean anything by it I just... it's just... you're lycan and she's human."

He continues walking.

"Don't I know that," he murmurs to himself, "we're here."

We all stop at the edge of the forest and the beginning of the clearing. Ethan is right, it is at beautiful day.

We all sit on the shade of a tree and unpack our lunches.

"So, what are you guys going to do?" I ask Ethan, sitting beside him.

"Do about what?" Mason asks.

"Charlotte is pregnant," Ethan says.

Mason, Eli, and Caleb pause for a second, staring at Ethan in disbelief. He doesn't meet any of their gazes, he just unpacks his lunch and begins eating.

"I asked her to get rid of it, but needless to say, it landed me on the floor for several nights."

"You can't just ask a woman to get rid of a baby," Caleb says.

"Why the fuck not? She's a human, there's no way she'll survive that birth." Eli says.

I throw a rock at him.

"Hey!" he protests.

"Stop being an asshole." I warn him.

"He's right, though. That's exactly why I asked her to get rid of it. Do you know what the mortality rate is for humans birthing lycans? Over ninety percent."

We all slowly begin eating, not sure what to tell him.

"Have you tried telling her how concerned you are that this pregnancy might take her life?" Caleb asks, trying to be tactful.

"Yes. She says it's a risk she's willing to take."

"There isn't much you can do, then," I tell him, resolute.

"I mean what would you do if Vera ever got pregnant with your pup? Even for a wolf it would be dangerous," he says.

I have mixed emotions at the mention of Vera bearing a pup of mine. As much as I love the idea of Vera having my pups, I would never put her life at risk in order to do so.

I stay silent. I think it's evident that none of us here would put the life of our mate's at risk in order to have kids.

With that, we drop all conversation pertaining to Charlotte's pregnancy and continue our meals in complete silence.

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