

# The Rise Of The King

## The Rise Of The King Chapter 6

-Vera-

Before I can react, Noah's lips are on mine. It's a forceful kiss; a drunk kiss.

"Noah, Caleb and Eli are here..." I tell him between kisses

"They went for a walk," he says.

"In the cold?" I ask, not at all concerned for them right now.

He removes my shirt, letting his hands wander freely across my breasts. He tugs, caresses, and squeezes gently as he goes. I arch my back, reveling on the fiery feeling his hands trace all over my body. Suddenly, this room is not cold at all.

I moan loudly into his mouth, removing his shirt clumsily, needing his skin on mine.

His mouth moves to my breasts, raising them to stiff peaks and begins licking and sucking on them furiously.

He's being more forceful than I'm used to, but considering I've already wet my pajama pants, I can't say I dislike it.

When his hands move downwards, he starts caressing my sensitive spot through the pants, noting how wet they already are.

He grunts.

"How could I ever go a night without this?"

He stands up, removing my pants and quickly introducing a finger inside me. I moan out loud, not the least bit worried if someone hears us through the thin walls of the cabin. I'm greedy already and squeeze his finger for all its worth and he moans, positioning myself in a way that he's caressing me deep inside.

"Save some of that for later, baby."

He removes his pants in one swift movement, revealing his member.

It sounds stupid, but I had almost forgotten how much I loved the sight of it.

Coating himself with my wetness, he kneels on the floor and positions me at the edge of the bed.

I hated how short this bed was when I first saw it. Now? Not so much. It's the perfect height.

He stops abruptly and his expression changes.

"You know what?" He says, flipping me on my stomach and placing my knees on the floor and my torso is on the bed; my ass is up to him, "I'm still mad at you for being ok with parading your mate in front of these women," he slaps my a\*s. Hard.

But it's so, so good.

I moan.

Maybe I should make him angry more often.

"If you keep this up, I'll gladly take you to the others myself," I tease.

He chuckles.

But all laughter is over when he enters me.

I reel at the feeling of him stretching me, caressing me, stroking me deep inside. My vision starts to blur and I close my eyes at the intensity of the sensation.

He's using my hips as support to his rhythm and the weight of him on me, confining me to this position, is one of the best feelings ever; it's intoxicating.

Then, he slaps me again, this time more gently, and it is my undoing.

I moan into the bed as he quickens his rhythm. One of his hands grabs at the back of my neck

as he pumps furiously inside me, keeping me in place. It extends my orgasm, until I feel him finish deep inside me.

We're both panting, not daring to move. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He's still inside me, in the same position, as we come down from our high.

"I think we should get a shorter bed back home," he says, running a hand through his sweaty hair.

"I second that motion."

He steps away from me, looking for a towel or something to clean up his mess.

"It's not that I want to prostitute you out to these women, Noah, it's that the Kingdom has no other choice," I say, watching him as he cleans me up.

"I know, I just took it the wrong way. If a man were to even look at you, let alone flirt with you..."

I smile.

"I know."

"And I understand it's for the good of the people, but the more they demand of me, the less I want to sacrifice for them. The only thing keeping me sane is knowing I get to come to you at the end of the day. The future of this Kingdom is not only important to me as a lycan, but to wolves' survival. If the peace treaty were broken, if rogues became bold enough to go after wolf territory, or worse, if the Council had no other choice but to invade wolf territory to keep the lycan Kingdom alive..."

I gulp.

I had not thought about any of this; not once.

So, in reality, as much as I am here to see to the wellbeing of him and his kind, he's here to see to the wellbeing of mine.

I stand up and kiss him, wrapping my arms around his neck as he gently traces figures on my bare back.

"You're the love of my life, Vera," he says, pure emotion in his eyes.

"And you are mine."

I kiss him again, moving to lay on the bed.

We keep kissing each other, reconnecting, for a long while, until exhaustion gets the best of both

of us and we inevitably fall asleep; this time, in a much warmer and cozier room.

When I wake up again, Noah isn't here. The bed is still warm from our lovemaking and his scent is still very strong; he couldn't have left too long ago.

I stretch out my legs and arms, cracking my back and moaning.

I can't believe how much I missed this. I also can't believe I made fun of Noah for being in a mood due to the lack of sex if I was on the same boat, I just hadn't realized it; this morning I feel much, much better.

I stay covered in the sheets for a little while, the sun is barely coming up and I take it all in. The faint ache in my body, the scent Noah left on me from our night together; it makes me giddy.

"Vera?" Lucas calls from behind the door.

I frown. What is he doing here?

"Yeah?"

"I think you better come see this."

I get up quickly, putting on some clothes, noting the urgency in his voice.

I follow him without saying a word, dread pooling in my stomach.

We enter the manor hurriedly, before the so called guards can stop us, walking towards the dining room where the dinner was held last night.

I hear voices coming from inside as Lucas opens the door for me.

"This is the greatest disrespect on this house! On this family! We receive you, feed you and host you and this is how you repay us?!"

Cecil is beyond angry; she's livid. To my surprise, her tirade is directed towards Noah.

I come closer to them, staying by Caleb's side as Eli is closer to Noah and Cecil; Caleb is off to the side.

"What's going on?" I whisper.

"Apparently, the Queen here is angry that Noah didn't spend the night in his room. She suspects he spent it with you."

I turn slightly red.

"Of course, this is all conjecture because Eli and I made sure nobody was watching, considering how offensive this would all be if it were true," he gives me a knowing look.

"Then how could she know?" I whisper again.

"Jeremy!" She yells.

Jeremy walks in with his head low.

"Yes, my Queen?"

"Jeremy, please tell His Highness what you saw last night."

"I... I..." he stares helplessly between Noah and Cecil, "I saw his highness at the cabin, my Queen.

"And?" She raises an eyebrow at him.

"And... and he entered it with her," he points at me and all eyes turn to me.

The room is quite crowded and most of the guests from last night are here too. Out of all the faces, I spot William and his expression is almost apologetic. I'm starting to get really tired of him. "Step closer, whore!" Cecil commands me.

This earns her an angry growl from Noah,

"I'm sorry, my King, you were not raised like the rest of us, you were raised like a brute! So let me teach you a little lesson on manners. The King does not share a bed with a whore! Mate or not."

Eli steps in front of Noah, blocking his path to Cecil as he knows how badly this could end for all of us.

"Jeremy was with me during the night shift, guarding the outside of the manor, tell me how he could have witnessed the King entering the cabin if he was nowhere near it," Eli says.

Cecil throws Jeremy a look. Their lie crumbling in front of all of us.

"I... I went back for some tools," he says, mumbling.

"No, you didn't." Eli clarifies.

"Cecil, that's enough," William says, stepping forward.

"William, stay back! You brought these brutes into our home, I should be kicking you out as well!"

"Stop embarrassing yourself and this family! I saw Violet entering the King's bedroom late last night, so we should be the ones asking you to explain yourselves!" he says.

I'm shocked he would put Cecil on the spot like that.

A pregnant silence follows.

You could hear a pin drop in the room.

All eyes are turned to Violet, who is looking in my general direction with wide eyes. I narrow my eyes at her. Had she actually tried to seduce Noah in \*his room\* last night, we wouldn't be having this conversation, I would be ripping her to shreds. But something strikes me as odd in her stare.

I move closer to Caleb, making sure it's me she's staring at. For some reason, my heart starts racing, but it's almost as if it wasn't mine. I turn around, looking at where this feeling could be coming from.

I turn to Lucas, who is standing behind me. He's looking at Violet, his eyes wide and I can almost see his heartbeat through his shirt.

Oh.

Oh no...

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## **The Rise Of The King Chapter 7**

-Vera-

The heartbeat I felt as my own, the feeling of uneasiness and foreboding... wasn't mine at all. It was Lucas. Another perk of being part witch; I can sometimes feel other people's emotions. especially people I care about. Nobody seems to realize what's happening right now, but I do.

Violet is his mate.

All this time, his feeling of uneasiness was in fact because his mate was close, but he was fighting his instinct to look for her because of his fear.

They're both staring at each other with equal ambivalence; they don't move an inch.

"Violet, explain yourself!" One of the uncles shouts. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Young Lady!" Another one says.

Nothing seems to snap her out of it.

Lucas takes a step forward, completely enthralled by the sight of his mate. I step to the side, blocking his path.

As much as I'm happy Lucas has found his mate, and it happens to be \*my\* mate's supposed future wife, this is a very volatile situation, and numbers are definitely not on our side.

Cecil moves towards her daughter, putting her hand gently on her shoulder.

"Daughter, don't be afraid, you can speak freely."

This seems to break Violet's trance.

"Uhm... I... Uhm... What?" She stutters.

"You told me you were worried about the King being ill last night, so you wanted to bring him some tea to his room, is that right?"

"Yes, yes of course," Violet says, still looking directly at Lucas and no one else.

"Lucas," I whisper.

"Huh?" he responds, not paying any attention to me.

"Snap out of it!" I say, pushing him discreetly towards the door.

"What's going on?" Caleb follows.

"Violet is Lucas's mate!"

Caleb stops, wide eyed.

"No," he says.

"Yes!"

"Oh, Goddess. This whole trip just keeps getting worse! Come on, kid. Walk with me."

Caleb helps me shove Lucas towards the door, cautious that nobody sees us.

Noah has caught on and is giving me a quizzical look, while everyone else is focused on Violet.

"Mate." I mouth, and Noah's eyes go wide, looking between Lucas and Violet quickly.

I see him mouth 'f\*\*k' once he realizes what's going on; we're lucky nobody has noticed our interaction.

"Did she in fact enter your bedroom, Your Majesty?!" One of the voices demands.

"I don't know, I wasn't there."

"What?!"

"So, it's true?!"

"Explain yourself, Your Majesty!"

All the voices are jumbled together as we finally step out of the room with Lucas.

"Ok. Here's the thing, kid. If she's your mate, it can't happen like this."

"If?" Lucas looks offended, "how can she \*not\* be my mate? She perfect! She smells of cinnamon and roses and ... and... dessert! She's incredible," he trails off, sidestepping us to try and enter the room again. "Yes! Ok! She's your mate, but you have to understand, she's not just any lycan! This has to be done politically!" Caleb pleads with him.

"Nonsense!" He says.

"Lucas, please think about this! We will make sure you two are together, I promise, but right now, Violet is suspected to have been in Noah's room! If you know what that means, you know how delicate this is." Realization crosses his face, quickly followed by anger. His lycan eyes begin to swirl in his pupils instantly.

"No! Lucas, listen to me," I step in front of him, blocking his way, "It's not true! Noah was with me the entire night!"

"I don't care! I will kill him!" He shouts.

Oh, Goddess.

I never knew this mate thing could be so intense. When I met Noah, he was half dead. I wonder if he would have been this intense had he been healthy and awake. [Visit to read](#)



the complete chapters for free. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Job ni b. com. A fist flies in front of my face, taking me by surprise.

Caleb just punched Lucas, right across his cheek. Hard.

"Get your shit together, kid! Did you not hear Vera? Noah has not touched your mate! Now, stay calm, and stay away until we can sort this mess out!" He's speaking in a low, stern voice.

Lucas's eyes go back to normal.

"Are you sure he hasn't touched her?"

I raise an eyebrow at him.

"Honestly, I'm surprised you would even \*think\* him capable of that considering he has a mate," I narrow my eyes at him.

"Ok, yeah. Yeah, of course you're right. I just... I've never felt anything like this before. It's like I can't breathe but at the same time, like I'm breathing clean air for the first time. It doesn't make sense." "No, no it doesn't."

I pat his back gently, letting him calm down before taking him out of the manor.

Then, the doors open and Eli emerges from behind them.

"It's getting nasty in there," he says, his voice grave.

I immediately go to him, nodding at Caleb.

"I got him, don't worry," he says, seeing Lucas out.

"What was that about?" Eli asks.

"Violet is Lucas's mate."

Eli stops right before entering the dining room, his expression one of disbelief.

"Ok, let's save that bombshell for some other time, you have to get in there. I know we said that it would be a bad idea for you to fight her, but..."

"You have to marry our niece, Your Highness! What kind of King would defile a young lady and not be made responsible for her?!"

"You are an honor-less King!"

"Fake King Noah!"

"Your father would be ashamed of you!"

When I enter the room, all of the men have started surrounding Noah, who is holding up his hands.

"What makes you think I touched her?" He says trying to defend himself.

"Obviously she fainted at the memory!"

"Do you not see her, Your Highness, are you blind?!"

"Why else would she collapse if not out of embarrassment!"

I search for Violet in the crowd. She has indeed collapsed and her mother is holding her in her arms as some maids fan her.

"Quick, get her some water!" Cecil yells.

One of the maids quickly gets up and goes into the corridor that leads to the kitchen.

"Fake King Noah!" The men are chanting.

Enough.

I step forward, Eli close behind.

"Watch how you speak to your King! Unless you can prove that he had his way with Lady Violet,

I suggest you keep your mouth shut! Or would you anger the true King of the lycans?"

I'm livid.

"Vera is correct, indeed," William says, "tradition states that a test must be conducted to see if Lady Violet is still... untouched."

I almost puke in my mouth as he says that.

"I will not allow my daughter to be humiliated in this way!" Cecil shouts, handing her daughter to one of the maids to tend to.

"Cousin, it is the way it is, you know better than to stand in the way of tradition."

"Tradition?! You speak to me about tradition while this whore freely entertains the King! A Wolf! She points to me.

I immediately turn to Noah, feeling his aura.

William, Eli and I have felt it before, so we are not taken aback. But the rest of the people in here take several steps away from him in fear, unsure of what's going on. His lycan eyes are swirling in his pupils, and this is the very moment where everything can go to hell. Instead of creating a bridge between the Castle and the families, we will end whatever semblance of a relationship that still exists.

To hell with it. If tradition is so important to them, lets do this by the books.

"I challenge Violet to a duel for Noah."

Everyone turns to look at me following a deafening silence.

"A wolf would defy a lycan?!" Someone says.

"Not a wolf, the King's mate. From what I understand, if Violet wins, she gets to marry Noah, If

I win, she abandons all notions of ever becoming Queen." I say, confidently.

I turn to Noah now. Instead of looking murderous like he did a few seconds ago, he looks amused.

I look back at Cecil and she's smirking.

"Very well, I accept the challenge on Violet's behalf. Once she is well, of course."

"Of course," I repeat.

This seems to please everyone as they all have nasty smiles on their faces. Quickly, everyone begins dispersing, content with the outcome of this little ruse.

Even Violet has begun to wake up and is taken to her room.

When the room is completely empty and it's just us in here, Eli comes to stand next to me, smirking.

"It's about time they learned to respect our true Queen."

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## The Rise Of The King Chapter 8

-Vera-

"So, what's the plan?" William asks, coming into the cabin looking flustered.

Eli, Lucas, Caleb, Noah and I have been in here for a few hours trying to figure out what our next steps should be.

Eli raises his eyebrow at him.

"Plan for what, exactly?"

"For the fight! I never thought it would come to this, quite frankly I was hoping Violet would be able to charm the King and all of this would be avoided." Lucas snorts and Noah growls. I narrow my eyes at him.

"Oh, come on! You both knew this was the plan all along! All of the Council was behind it, you two cant be this naïve!"

"Then why did you step in for us?" Caleb asks.

"Because I value family honor, and what Violet did, or attempted to do, lacked honor and grace."

"Well, aren't we lucky," Eli says sarcastically, "now come, sit, we have another matter at hand," he says motioning William to an empty chair.

We explain everything to William and I watch as his face pale with horror, much to my delight. This plan of his has backfired immensely.

"Tell me this isn't true, Lucas."

"Oh, so *\*now\** you know my name."

"This isn't a joke!"

"I'm well aware!" Lucas yells, his lycan eyes swirling.

He's been incredibly sensitive these past few hours. From Noah, I know that it's the natural pull they feel when they find their mate; its undeniable and overwhelming. He is literally suffering by not being at her side right now. "William, you know Cecil better than us, how can we get her to accept Lucas as Violet's mate," Noah asks, crossing his arms.

"We can't," William says with finality.

"There has to be a way," I say, "once I defeat her, she won't have any claim to Noah, so what are her prospects?"

"Other families like hers, coming from some sort of nobility. They could join territories even, making the proposal that much more attractive."

"But what about what Violet wants? I saw the look in her eye, she seemed as captivated by Lucas as he was with her," Caleb chimes in.

"That may be true, but much like the royal family and royal children, there is tradition and there are politics. Violet is Cecil's last bargaining chip, if you will, she won't let go so easily."

We all stay quiet for a while. This is what we feared. Even if Violet mustered the courage to leave Cecil behind, we would be essentially kidnapping her in her mother's eyes, making all of this mess a political nightmare.

"Ok, but I really have to ask, are you not worried at all about Vera fighting Violet? Even if Vera is trained as a fighter, Violet is still a lycan!" William asks after a while, truly in disbelief. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Eli chuckles; Noah and Lucas just look at him, confused.

"Oh, that's right," Eli finally says, "the Council was "hiding" when we were all risking our lives to defeat Alistair's army," Eli runs a hand through his hair, "listen, William, this might strike you as a surprise, but Vera beat actual warrior lycans in that battle, not to mention Alistair and that witch, what makes you think she can't take down a little girl?"

Lucas growls furiously at this.

"Oh, shut the f\*\*k up. You know it's true, besides what fighting experience can Violet possibly have? Have you forgotten Vera took down a literal mythical creature, \*before\* getting her beast?"

Lucas calms down, but then turns to me with concern, "Vera, you can't hurt her. Please, I know this is unconventional but you can't hurt her, she's a good person, I can feel it."

I smile at him,

"I won't, Lucas."

"And then there's the other thing." Caleb says.

"Ah, yes. You think you can take care of that, doc?" Eli asks.

"Sure, I don't think it'll be a problem anyway."

"What other thing?" William asks, glancing at each of us, searching for answer.

Noah gets up.

"Don't concern yourself with that, William. Come, walk with me, there's something I have to discuss with you privately."

Noah snakes his arm around William's shoulders as they leave the cabin; William flinching slightly at the gesture.

I frown.

"What's that about?" I ask the guys.

"Beats me," Caleb says.

Eli simply shrugs.

"One more thing," Caleb says, "Lucas, you should stay here, or wherever, far away from the battle."

"What?!"

"No discussions. First, you're too volatile right now, what's to say you won't attack Vera in the middle of the fight? Second, if you do, and you probably will, it will be a dead giveaway of your feelings for Violet and we have to keep that a secret for now." Lucas sulks, but there is no arguing. If there is something that we have all agreed on, including him, is that we have to keep this under wraps until we figure out how to handle it so that they can be together. If Cecil finds out before we can offer her something she'll agree to, she may force Violet to reject him.

There's a faint knock on the door that draws me out of my thoughts.

"Come in," Caleb says, moving to the small kitchen to prepare some tea.

"Excuse me, my Lords, Lady," Jeremy comes through the door, bowing slightly, "Queen Cecil has scheduled the fight for tonight at 7:00 PM. It will be held at the main courtyard, at the center of the manor. Please, be there on time." He bows again as he leaves.

"Good, you have some time to rest," Caleb says, placing an empty mug in front of Lucas, Eli, and myself.

"Rest? She should train before the fight so she can be done with Violet quickly," Eli says.

Lucas once again growls.

"You know, I'm getting real tired of your shit, boy," Eli says, pointing a finger at him.

"Calm down," Caleb says, filling up our mugs with tea, "what he's going through is natural, he's not doing it on purpose."

Eli grunts, taking his mug and drinking his tea.

"Vera, you have to promise," Lucas is looking at me.

"Lucas, I won't hurt her, I promise."

As much as I find it cute that he's so worried about her, he's getting on my nerves too.

"Where do you think the magic is coming from?" Caleb asks me.

"To be honest with you, I don't know, but I have a feeling it's not Violet."

"Cecil then?"

"Perhaps."

"But your ears rang when Violet entered the room,"

"That doesn't mean it's her, necessarily,"

"So, what can we expect for the fight?"

I sigh, taking my mug in my hands,

"Old man, just expect the unexpected. I trust my abilities enough to deal with it. The magical charge, so to speak, was so faint that I doubt it's coming from a powerful source." We all stay quiet after that, sipping on our tea.

When I'm done, I excuse myself and leave the cabin. It felt stuffy all of a sudden.

I am not one to get nervous before a fight, but I'm feeling anxious all of a sudden. I go down to the woods behind the cabin, making my way past the stables and the water well.

Just stepping into the forest makes me calm down, so I sit down, crossing my legs and resting my back to one of the trees. I close my eyes and focus on my breathing.

Meditating has helped me manage stress for as long as I can remember, and now it helps me control my magic.

I breathe in and out slowly, allowing my body to relax. Soon, my wolf is with me, wagging her tail as she comes join me. She lays down and relaxes next of me; it warms my heart that she's so happy every time she sees me.

We both sync our breathing and soon, we are deep in our meditation.

In my mind, I travel through all of the forest, almost like connecting to the trees' root system and navigating through it. For some reason, my mind is being drawn in a specific direction, contrary to other times where my mind simply wanders throughout the forest. In time, I come across a place that looks like a greenhouse, full of lush herbs and dangling flowers.

What is this doing in the middle of nowhere?

My wolf also perks up at this discovery, pointing her ears forward. Suddenly, she takes off in the direction of the greenhouse, running with her tail raised.

"Vera?" I hear a voice in the real world, causing me to lose my connection.

I open my eyes to Caleb crouched beside me.

"It's time," he says, his hand on my shoulder.

"What? Already?"

I'm genuinely bewildered. When I came here, I still had several hours left before the fight.

"You've been gone quite a while, the fight starts in thirty minutes, you should get ready."

I frown. Has it really been that long? I always dive deep into my meditation, but it has never made me lose track of time in this way.

I get up, dusting myself off, and follow Caleb back, not before turning one last time in the direction of the greenhouse, wondering what my wolf might find there.

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## **The Rise Of The King Chapter 9**

-Vera-



I opted for a simple outfit for the battle; leggings, a sports bra, and a fitted t-shirt. I also go barefoot i Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

of my trainings, and really, this is pretty much that to me.

When I get to the courtyard, accompanied by Eli and Caleb, Noah is already there and he meets us at the door.

He stands in front of me, taking my face in his hands and giving me a quick kiss. This is the first time we display any form of affection in front of everyone, but I guess he's done caring about politics. "Are you ready?" He asks.

"Always," I smile up to him.

Soon, the courtyard becomes crowded as we are all waiting for Violet and Cecil to make their grand appearance.

The lights in the room dim after a few minutes and the doors from their side swing open dramatically

"Oh goddess," I moan, experiencing second hand embarrassment for such theatrics.

"For fuck's sake," I hear Eli grunt.

I've noticed Eli is a purist when it comes to fighting, all of this nonsense is not only unnecessary, but also distracting; and not in a good way.

I turn to Noah who is wrinkling his nose at their entrance.

"V, if you don't win, I'm taking them out myself," he says, frowning at their attempt at intimidation.

I huff.

"You wish,\*" I say.

I take his hands from my face and lower them, then I make my way to the center of the courtyard, where an outline has been drawn to simulate a fighting ring.

I begin stretching, cracking my neck, arms, and back.

I don't need theatrics; I just need this thing to be over soon.

When Violet finally emerges from the crowd, who have taken their time to cheer for her, pat her in the back, and encourage her, she comes to meet me at the center; my ears

once again ringing lightly. I c\*\*k my head to a side, analyzing her and trying to figure out what about her is magical; it's \*on\* her, but not really coming \*from\* her, if that makes sense.

Then, she takes off her robe and tosses it to the side, revealing her outfit.

Oh goddess.

She can't be serious.

I raise an eyebrow and behind me I hear someone laugh explosively, only to cover up the laughter with coughing. Of course, it was Eli.

She is wearing full body armor; heavy metal, chunky boots and all.

"You really should have worn a little more protection, mutt," she says, her voice aggressive.

I raise an eyebrow.

"You do realize all that shit does is slow you down, right? I mean, no offense, but it's not like you have the muscle tone to carry all that," I say, not at all impressed with her trash talk. She growls, her lycan swirling in her eyes.

I know now that this battle will be really easy. A good fighter never loses its temper, especially not at the beginning of the battle. You might as well expose your neck to me and be done with it.

"Thank you all for joining us as witnesses of this fight, where Vera, His Highnesses' mate has challenged Violet, of the House Cerulean, for the right to the throne and the King's hand in marriage," William begins talking, "each fighter has the right to use one weapon and one weapon only, there will be no swaps and there will be no replacement if the weapon were to be damaged. There will be no outside interference and there will be no time limit to this fight. The first person to submit the other, will be declared the winner. Are we all in agreement?" He asks, looking at Cecil and Noah, who simply nod. "Both parties are in agreement," he raises his arm. Begin!"

The crowd goes wild, chanting Violet's name.

"Doc!" Eli says, tossing me my spear.

Oh, how I missed it.

I grab it while Violet unsheathes a golden sword with her family crest on it.

She laughs,

"You think you can defeat me with that? Please."

She launches her first attack.

Even with her bravado, her technique and choices make it painfully obvious that she's inexperienced in actual combat.

I roll my eyes and easily dodge her every attack.

"Go for the neck!" Someone chants in the crowd.

"Kill her!" Someone else says.

Even if the comments are meant to throw me off, all they're doing is distracting Violet.

After a few minutes, Violet is getting noticeably tired from trying to attack me as she's carrying such heavy armor. Rookie.

"Come on, mutt! Stop running away!" She yells, almost panting.

Something is off with her, I had never seen her this worked up, not even when I called her out during the dinner. That day, she simply excused herself nervously; this Violet seems like a completely different person. "And ruin the fun? No way," I say, dodging her again and again.

After about twenty minutes have passed, she's panting heavily; the crowd getting exasperated.

"Finish her!" They chant, as if they're not witnessing the same fight I am. This girl will sooner drop dead from exhaustion than land a punch on me.

"Stop." She swings her sword, "running," her sword hits the ground, "away," she swings her sword again, "from me!" she roars, as her sword, unsurprisingly, misses me again.

As she's panting with her sword on the ground, I smirk.

Fine. If she's so desperate to end this.

I run closer to her and her eyes go wide as they lose me for a moment. I have run behind her and before she understands what happened, my spear is cutting her cheek. It's a superficial wound, but enough to draw quite a bit blood.

I did promise Lucas I wouldn't hurt her, but she'll heal before he sees her again anyway.

I quickly step away from her, having that first cut only be a warning. She can end this any time before she gets seriously injured.

The crowd goes silent.

She straightens her posture, letting her sword fall to the ground. Her eyes are wide, like a rabid animal's, as her hand slowly goes to her cheek where she feels the warm blood.

She's looking straight at me.

"I WILL KILL YOU!" She yells, taking off her armor in one swift movement, and turning into her lycan.

Well, I poked the bear, what did I expect?

Female lycans, unlike males, are slightly smaller and thinner, built for speed rather than brute force. I know from my experience, that they pack a weaker punch, but are much faster than their counterparts.

She roars furiously as she charges at me, full speed and full force. I am still able to dodge her, but such intensive workout will tire me out quickly; I need to put an end to this.

As she's attacking, she's once again not using the proper technique since she leaves too many openings for me to attack her.

When she launches her fists forward, trying to grab me, I kick her feet. As she tries to kick me, I jump and kick her in the face. Of course, this only angers her more, and if I really want to submit her, I might have to go back on the promise I made to Lucas. This time, when she attempts to kick me, I jump up on her leg, using her kick as leverage to jump over her and land on her shoulders. I begin punching her in the head with all my might, as she desperately thrashes and claws at me, managing to injure my legs with her claws so I retreat, bleeding.

Screw it.

I'm sorry, Lucas.

I grab my spear from the ground where I had placed it and charge at her full force. She tries to stop me with her paws but she can't and I come into her stomach with the back of my spear, knocking the wind out of her. She falls to her knees, trying to gasp for air. I run at her again and kick her two times, right on her face.

She spits out blood and I kick her again on the other side of her face.

I keep coming at her, retreating every other kick to assess my position and where to attack next. The next two to three minutes, I attack her mercilessly, kicking her head, chest, shoulders, arms, until she's no longer even trying to protect herself.

On the final kick, I get her straight in her face, feeling a crunch on the ball of my foot of her bones breaking.

She falls forward to the floor face down, turning back to her human form, clearly unconscious.

I'm panting.

Maybe this was a little more intense than training, after all.

The crowd is once again deadly silent.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I notice a figure moving towards me, but it's too late. It lands a heavy punch right to the side of my face, sending me flying out of the fighting ring.

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## **The Rise Of The King Chapter 10**

-Vera-

The punch disorients me for a few seconds, not understanding exactly where it came from or from whom.

The force with which it sent me flying almost makes me suspicious that it was Lucas, but my suspicions are laid to rest when the figure comes over me, attempting to punch me more.

"You stupid whore!" Cecil screams as she comes over me, pinning me to the ground and throwing punches at my face, forcing me to protect myself with my arms, "you were supposed to turn into your wolf, you dumb bitch!" What the hell?

The shock quickly subsides and it allows me to think quickly; I have to get her off of me.

I raise my knees from under her, arching my back to dive them into her stomach and remove myself from under her grip.

She's heavier than I expected and solidly planted to the ground, but I manage to get her off and put some distance between us after a few seconds of struggling.

"You crazy bitch," I say as I spit the blood that was pooling inside my mouth from her punches.

I look over to the fighting ring and Violet is being tended to by the maids who have covered her naked body with a blanket. Something catches my eye though; one of the maids that is tending to her has a striking resemblance to the figure my wolf and I saw last night. Now that I focus on her, my ears begin to ring.

Cecil throws another punch at me; and then another and another, breaking my concentration.

Whoever that girl is, I will take care of her after putting this psycho down. I had only promised not to hurt Violet, Cecil on the other hand...

Out of the corner of my eye, I notice Noah and the rest of the guys are being surrounded by the now mob-like crowd. Noah and I lock eyes, and we are both feeling the same thing.

Intense anger.

I shake my head slightly, letting him know that I'll take care of Cecil and he nods, focusing back on the mob. None of them have turned into their lycan form, but Eli's and Noah's eyes are turning black; evidently waiting for an attack.

"Why won't you turn?!" Cecil lands a punch to my ribs, causing me to step back and cradle my torso with one arm as the other one is blocking her attacks.

Clearly, Cecil is a much more adept fighter than her daughter, strategically throwing punches and retreating when necessary.

She's got nothing on me, though.

I square up, tired of being defensive.

Moving quickly, I lower myself when I get close to Cecil, expecting her to throw a punch to stop me; when she does, I land two powerful strikes to her belly, causing her to take a few steps back. Not allowing her an inch of relief, I once again come for her, this time kicking her legs.

Her legs don't buckle and she takes advantage of our closeness to try and land a strike to my face. I block it with my left arm, using my right fist to punch her in the face.

Once again, she takes a few steps back, but this time she reads my next move and fools me into believing she is going to punch again; instead, she strikes me with her leg right on the wounds that her daughter inflicted on me before. "Motherfu-" I curse.

She smirks to herself, satisfied, but she makes one terrible mistake; she puts distance between us. Taking advantage of this, I put my hands on the floor, taking her by surprise, and gyrate my body so that my feet hit her stomach and jaw. Then, coming to

a squat on the ground. I use my legs to catapult myself straight at her, headbutting her in the jaw.

She staggers back, nursing her now inflamed and bloody mouth. I can't say I'm in much better condition; I feel that my face is also swollen and my legs are still bleeding.

"Enough!" She roars furiously and turns into her lycan, ripping through her dress.

I take the opportunity to run towards the fighting ring, looking for a weapon. I can't see my spear anywhere, so I take Violet's sword instead.

The hairs on my nape rise as Cecil comes near me, so I quickly turn around and duck, flinging the sword in her general direction; fortunately, it manages to leave a nasty wound on her stomach.

She's panting; I don't know if out of tiredness or anger. Then, she roars loudly like a mad animal and I have to cover my ears at the noise.

Well, that answers my question.

She launches at me again and again, her lycan making her more agile and powerful.

In my mind, I feel my wolf inching closer to the surface; she's growling with her canines fully showing. She's as angry as I am.

\*Easy now,\* I tell her in my head.

I can't let her get too close to the surface or my eyes will begin to change and for anyone paying close attention and with enough knowledge, that will be a dead giveaway for what I really am. Then, the figure I had seen previously, the maid that had been tending to Violet, comes back into the courtyard.

"Queen! You can use the powder even if she doesn't turn!" She yells.

Powder? What powder?

Cecil's lycan smirks sadistically as the girl tosses her a little leather pouch.

Cecil rips it open with her teeth and throws it at me. It lands directly on my chest, powder spreading all over me in a thick cloud that limits my visibility. It's a green-grey tale that smells absolutely disgusting. All of the clamoring dies down as everyone turns to me, expectant.

What the heck is this thing?

Cecil doesn't move an inch and that stupid smirk of hers only grows wider.

As the cloud of powder dissipates, my eyes begin to slightly sting and my breathing is labored; I begin to scrunch my nose at the sensation.

Then, I let out a thunderous sneeze.

Whatever this thing is, it gave me freaking allergies.

"What is wrong with you, you crazy bitch?!" I tell her as I rub my itchy nose, exasperated with her antics.

Her face falls; I'm assuming this is not the reaction she expected.

She turns quickly towards the girl and so do I; her face is pale and she's taking several steps back.

"I- I'm sorry, it should have worked! I don't know what happened!"

I narrow my eyes at her; was this supposed to poison me? Incapacitate me?

I turn my head towards Noah and the rest of them; everyone has been paying close attention at the scene unfolding in front of them. I lock eyes with Eli and nod in the girl's direction, he nods back and I know he understood; we need to get her.

She begins running, but so does Eli and she's no lycan. None of the other people present care enough about her to save her, they're much too concerned with Cecil and myself.

I play with the sword in my hand; I'm tired of this shit.

"Hey!" I draw Cecil's attention away from where the girl has taken off running; she turns to me and I sprint towards her.

Using her distraction against her as I realize she won't be able to predict my move; instead of attacking her head on as she assumes I will, I go to my knees, passing below her legs. I stand up quickly, before she realizes where I've gone, and sink the sword deep into her shoulder.

She screeches in pain, clawing frenziedly at her back trying to remove the sword unsuccessfully.

Out of the corner of my eye, I spot my spear; one of the members of the crowd is holding it.

I walk towards him and he steps back on impulse. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.



I extend my hand towards the man who is looking at me with a stupefied look on his face. He carefully hands me my weapon and I make my way back to Cecil.

She has now turned into her human form and has managed to remove the sword from her shoulder; she's nursing her arm carefully. I made sure to insert the sword in her scapula. something I know is debilitatingly painful.

"Submit." I tell her as I approach her.

She looks at me defiantly,

"Never," she seethes.

"Submit," I say once again, playing with my spear between my hands.

"Did you not hear me, mutt? Never!"

"Submit," I say yet again, completely calm and inching closer to her.

"I would rather die!"

I turn to Noah, Caleb, and Eli; they all have a resolute look on their faces.

Noah nods once.

I sigh.

"As you wish," I say, turning to Cecil and lifting my spear.

She refuses to close her eyes and decides to stare at me, challenging, waiting to be struck down.

I lift it and just as I'm about to strike her down, a voice calls from within the crowd, halting me. "STOP!" It yells.

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