

54 HUNTING

Thank you for being patient with me. I had complications from my surgery, and I had been away. My work was on schedule, and I had no idea I had not uploaded my mass release. I have returned, and even though I'm still healing, I'll give my best to you. Thank you. I love you all so much. XADEN'S POV 1

The king pointed his arrow at the bird that flew over the horizon.

He pinned his eye and then let the arrow fly. It hit the bird, taking it down.

The men cheered, and the king turned around with a smile.

"Old, but I can still fire a shot with a bird's-eye view." He boasted.

A servant rushed ahead to find and pick up the dead bird.

Xaden rolled his eyes at the king.

"Xaden, is there a problem?" The king asked him.



"You think you can perhaps do better?"

They were out on the training grounds, where they frequently had the sport of hunting down birds and animals.

Xaden had been appalled, but it didn't surprise him that the King wanted to bounce around the pack instead of resting after the long journey.

He did not, in the least, like the royal family.

Where had they been when his family had died?

When had the entire pack been slaughtered?

Especially after everything his father has done for them.

Even if the King did not know about the attacks, he could have ordered Bale to die.

The King could have used his veto power to put a halt and order Bale to stop, but he had instead turned their eyes away.

Indifferent, she played the devil's advocate.

He could barely stand them, and if it weren't for this festival, Xaden wouldn't even be inches away from the king.

"I'm sure the King has well enough experience for this," Xaden said.

The king gave a hearty laugh.

"Ahh, Xaden. No, I want you to show me what you can do." He said. "Let it be a little entertainment for me, yes?"

Xaden was mute and wanted to snap and say something ridiculous until he felt an arm at his side.

It was Erik.

Erik closed his eyes and motioned for him to be gentle.

Xaden took a deep breath and shined his teeth. "But of course."

He collected a bow and arrow from a servant, and now all the eyes of the Alphas present were on him.

He stood at the center and looked at the birds in the air.

There was still silence on the grounds, and then he did something that confused the men.



He walked to the little pond and faced it, turning his back to where his gaze at the horizon should be.

Then, he watched the flock of birds from the pond and pinned his eye on his prey.

He pointed the arrow right behind him and used his face to pay close attention to the pond, which reflected the sea above.

Then he let the arrow go, and to all their shock and amusement, it caught the most significant bird and went down to the floor.

The men gasped and murmured.

Xaden turned and cocked his eyebrows.

"Is that entertainment befitting for the king?" Xaden asked sarcastically.

Instead of glowing in anger, the king clapped his hands and beamed.

"You see, men! That is why Xaden is the best!"

The king said, "No one does it like him."

The men murmured and joined the king in clapping for him.



Xaden could care less about their appraisal.

Another servant ran ahead to pick up the dead bird.

"My young and fearless Alpha." The King said he was walking up to Xaden as the other Alphas went on with their bows and arrows.

Xaden didn't hide his tight face.

"I heard about your little claim of attack on the moonlight pack." The king said,

Xaden gave him a warning look.

"What about it? Does it displease that king?" Xaden asked pointedly.

"No, I just wish I had known before." The king said. "They probably informed me before the events occurred. Just for knowing sake."

"The last time I checked, the King doesn't have a right to interfere in matters within a pack."

Xaden corrected.

"Unless treason." The king was informed.

"And unless the attack of a resident pack with allegiance and no cause to defend themselves."

He added smartly.

The king stared at him.

Xaden knew he was right.

His parents had been unlawfully killed.

It was cowardice to attack a pack from their castle. Only a battleground attack was accepted; they could take ownership of the pack if they won.

But what has happened?

His family had been killed without even being given the chance to fight.

The king's lips tightened. "Not a day goes by that I do not regret my inactions that day."

"With all due respect, your majesty." He started. "I don't give a flying fuck what you regret or don't."

The king's eyes widened further.

"It's too late to cry over spilled blood," Xaden said. "My family is gone, and no one would return them to me. The only thing that I have sworn to do is avenge them. And whether you



approve it or not, that's your fucking business."

"I'm taking down Bale. And I will do it no matter how long it takes." He promised.

The king blinked at him. It was a look of admiration and irritation.

Like the King admired him and yet was irritated by him.

"You never give up, do you?" The king asked.

"No, I don't," Xaden said.

"And what about the girl you took prisoner?" The king asked. "I heard you killed his son and took his daughter as your prisoner. Although I wonder how you did that when the original laws clearly stated that no wolf can be taken from her pack unless complete takeover."

"So there are now original laws for me but none for my family?" Xaden demanded with authority.

The king was quiet.

Xaden turned to leave the grounds when he saw Alex stroll in.

Another Devil.



"Xaden, Xaden," Alex said. "My worst enemy. What did I miss?"

Before Xaden could reply, Alexander bowed down to the king.

"Your majesty." He greeted.

"You may rise, good son of the moon." The king said.

Xaden wanted to laugh at the ridiculous comment.

Good son, indeed.

"I came to join the rest of the men," Alexander announced.

"Have fun," Xaden said, turning away and walking off the fields.