97 The Dragon Keep (Ch.97)

Neveah had wondered quite often in the past few days of what the mighty Dragon Keep would look like, 1

The respected abode of the great Asvarian beasts, the first beasts to have walked the realm, the great beasts that ruled the earth and sky, with unmatched strength and a lifespan of hundreds of years.

For beasts of such power and prestige, not forgetting their massive sizes and flame breaths, just what would their home look like? Would it be built up from land?

Or dangling from the sky in some unbelievable way?

It was a silly thought, truly. But when caught on the back of a dragon, high up in the sky, at an altitude that not even birds dared venture, there was hardly anything else to do but think.

Now, Neveah found no pleasure in thinking of her past and so she had thought of her future more often than not, and how could she think of her future without the appearance of the Dragon Keep?

The ultimate destination of the dragon's flight.

It was unusual for one to ponder over how one's new jail cell would appear as though that would make any difference whatsoever to the fact that she was but a prisoner.

Yet Neveah had still wondered about it, of how majestic it would appear, of how intricate the layout would be and of course, of how difficult it would be to escape it.

Being halfway across the world from the Eclipse Domain, there was at least a sense of relief and marvel... even when freedom was still out of reach.

However in all her thoughts, Neveah had never predicted that she would arrive the majestic dragon's keep, unconscious and at death's door.

The sky reaching towers of the Dragon's Keep loomed up ahead as Xenon lowered his altitude after a full day of flight, to reveal they had already arrived at the prestigious dragon's keep.

The sight of the keep was beyond describing, it appeared more like a fortress cut into a towering mountain with wide terraces and numerous landing courts at different heights

There was just a few small doors serving as an entrance for the other residents of the keep that were not beasts of flight,

There were treacherous cliffs all around and a steep climb while the base of the keep itself began from the middle of the mountain up till the peak, the lower ranges serving as a platform upon which the keep rested in all it's majestic glory.

All around the keep, the mighty Asvarian beasts flew to and fro at different altitudes, some in solitary flight while others in groups...they were the flight patrols dispatched for their rounds and other ranks of dragons.

Upon Xenon's back, King Jian sat, his gaze blank as it always was as Xenon soared for the second highest landing court above the flight path of the other dragons.

It did not take too long for Xenon to reach the landing court along with the other dragon shifters and they all landed at once, the court was vast and large enough to fit them all.

As Xenon landed, King Jian got off Xenon's back, an unconscious Neveah still cradled in his arms as a middle aged man hurried over.

"My Liege, you return at last. I have summoned

the healer as you directed." The middle aged man said with a bow before his gaze settled on an unconscious Neveah.

"This is the girl?" The middle aged man asked and King Jian hummed in response as Xenon reverted back to his human form and strode over, snatching Neveah away from King Jian's arms.

Xenon's actions were agitated and it was clear he was barely restraining his fury.

"Lord Xenon..." The middle aged man called after Xenon but King Jian shook his head.

"Leave him be...he will see to her." King Jian said as he headed into the keep.

King Jian walked down the hallways, his hands crossed behind his back.

The halls were lonely, the two highest floors of the keep were reserved for the solitary King Jian, other than his most trusted companions, no one was allowed on these levels.

No attendants...no servants, King Jian did not keep any of these, other than Rodrick, King Jian's butler who saw to all his affairs, there was no one else by his side.

"Rodrick, in the days I was gone, what

difficulties have you encountered?" King Jian asked as he walked, his butler following some distance behind him.

"No such thing, My Liege. Maintaining order in the keep is my duty, there are no difficulties to speak of." Rodrick replied with a shake of his head.

"Truly so?" King Jian asked and Rodrick affirmed it quickly.

"Truly, My Liege. Such domestic affairs are of no consequence, the burden rests more on Decaron and Hardinger." Rodrick said, mentioning the chief royal guard and patrol commander.

King Jian hummed in response as he turned a corner.

"A bath has been drawn and a change of clothing prepared, My Liege may first proceed to your quarters and wash off the smell of wolf." Rodrick said.

King Jian hummed again, he was a man who hardly ever spoke unless it was absolutely necessary and all around him were accustomed to it.

After a few more turns, King Jian arrived at his

quarters and stepped in, heading over to the washroom where a large bath pool was filled up with water and elegant curtains hung up.

"How was the flight? You have not towed the path to the wolf territory in a decade." Rodrick asked as King Jian shed his clothing and stepped into the bath pool.

"For good reason." King Jian murmured as he leaned back against the edge of the pool, his lush silver hair splayed out behind him.

"I presume the affair was tasking then?" Rodrick said and King Jian did not respond.

"Not tasking but... bothersome?" Rodrick tried again as he handed over bath towels to King Jian.

Again, there was no response from King Jian and Rodrick knew it was only because King Jian did not care to respond.

However Rodrick could already make a guess at King Jian's response.

"My Liege did not have to go in person." Rodrick pointed out.

"I did not." King Jian agreed but said nothing else and Rodrick did not speak further too, taking his leave instead but he stopped halfway.

"Will My Liege want to know of the she wolf's condition? She bears the title of My Liege's Price." Rodrick asked.

King Jian was quiet for a moment and just when Rodrick thought he would not respond at all, he finally did.

"She is safely delivered to the Keep... she is Xenon's problem now." King Jian said.

"And the poison? Mernax has begun investigating the fairies." Rodrick reported.

"Then there is nothing to be said of it, it is not the first attempt on my life and I do not reckon it will be the last. Send Decaron to Mernax... I will expect a report by the morrow." King Jian said indifferently.

"Understood. Does My Liege have any further orders?" Rodrick asked.

"Keep an eye out...that is all." King Jian said, dismissing Rodrick with a wave of his hand.

Xenon kept a close watch on the healer prodding about the little wolf, the healer's gaze frequently moved to Xenon also a wary look in his eyes while Kirgan especially stood between both parties, just in case.

Xenon wondered if they truly believed Kirgan alone was enough to stop him if he truly intended to attack the healer...not that he did not intend to because he would if the little wolf did not awaken anytime soon.

The little wolf had been sleeping for too long and her breathing was uneven, Xenon understood that the poison had spread and afflicted her health but he still felt the little wolf was rather fragile.

It was why she always needed him around her, if he was around her, nothing would be able to harm her. 1

But the little wolf was just too stubborn and did not like having Xenon close, it was frustrating.

And then there was Jian who was being his usual irritable self, always keeping a cold look and making everyone feel annoyed by it... now he had gone and gotten someone who wanted to poison him and the little wolf got caught up in the middle.

Xenon did not want Jian poisoned either and so he would not cast blames, but since Jian did not like the little wolf...he did not deserve the little wolf's help either. 2

Xenon was the one who liked the little wolf, he

really... really liked her, but he still would not have her drink poison for him... the little wolf was just too silly.

Now she lay here with healers all around her and Xenon stood with his lips pursed, just waiting for the healers to say anything unusual and then he would storm over to King Jian and have him come here and heal the little wolf himself. 1

He would do it any moment now...the very second he got tired of waiting, Xenon wanted his little wolf returned to him the way he had found her...or it would be trouble. 1

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