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They went on riding down the path. The men were chatty because they had forgotten all their worries and a few minutes walking down the brown path the story of the Ryliats had now become like a myth. 1

They were in the park for over four hours, and then they still had not encountered anything.

"Erik are you sure there is any such creature here?" Harry asked with a laugh. "I can neither see nor hear anything dangerous. The place looks so fucking good and simple."

The men laughed in unison.

Erik ignored them.

"Do come on Erik." Harry laughed. "We are just making a plain and simple joke. Not everything has to be so strict."

"Fine." Erik shrugged. "Believe what you want to believe at your own risk then."

They went on the journey for a few more hours, and when it was noon, the men were exhausted.

"My God." Philip cried in horror. "Can we rest? This journey is excruciating. My bum hurts from sitting down here for so long."



"Your bum?" Melo asked. "I've been meaning to take a piss."

Lucky enough for the wolves, they could simply hold their pee for a very long time, unlike simple humans, also known as unshifted wolves.

"Can we not bloody stop?" Melo asked, frustrated.

The men were grumbling to themselves.

"No," Erik warned as he continued to ride on ahead. "No one stops for any reason. Not until I say so. These parts that we are following are the most dangerous. We do not stop under any account."

He kept on walking ahead.

As they progressed, it was as if the flowers were becoming more beautiful.

"Gods." The men murmured.

They kept on being on the path and then it was like with every step they took, when they believed they had seen the most beautiful trees and blossom there were more beautiful ones up ahead.

Soon, they began to hear chirping, and it was like birds were singling.

Like the trees themselves were singing in perfect harmony.



The men kept on going, and then Philip heard someone call him.

"Phil." 1

He stopped his horse.

"What is wrong?" His friend asked him.

"I thought I heard something," Philip said. "Did you perhaps call me?"

"No." His friend said. "You must just be too much in your head. Or one of the other wolves is calling you in your mind."

Philip listened again, but then there was nothing.

He concluded that he was actually possibly just hearing things.

He shrugged it off and went on with the journey.

Then he heard the calling again.

"Philip."

By this time it was not only Philip who was hearing his name being called.

Other wolves could now hear their names being called by different voices.

Philip turned around to see where he was hearing his name being called.

"Philip."



And this time he was sure where he had heard the voice before.

It was his little sister who had died in a rogue attack.

"Marina?" He spoke aloud.

The entire party of wolves stopped short.

"Where did you see Marina?" Someone asked.

"Shut up!" A hysterical Phillip screamed in terror.

"Shush. Silence". 1

He hissed at the men, trying to see if he would hear her voice again.

The entire place was quiet. Even Xaden and Erik were now quiet.

But there was no other voice.

Then Erik walked up to him. "You need to take your mind off this. There is no one here. It is the Ryliat. It is deceiving you and-" 1

"But I fucking know what I fucking heard!" Phillip said.

He was already beginning to go insane,

"It is the Ryliat deceiving you that-

"Phillip."

This time, they all heard it.



This time, they all turned in the direction where they had heard the voice call out, and sure enough, she was there.

A young of probably the age of fourteen stood in a simple dress looking at them. 1

Philip felt his heart stop.

"Marina?" He asked her. "Is that you?"

He could barely even speak he was swallowing so hard.

Tensed from everything that was going on.
Tensed from seeing his sister, who he had believed was long dead.

The last time he had seen her had been in such a cruel manner.

"Marina."

He came down from the horse, and he was already being pulled to her.

By the exact type of force that has made Xaden void of emotions, that had made Xaden unable to think straight.

"You came for me." She said.

His eyes watered.

"I thought I had lost you forever," Philip said.

"Philip, stay away from her! That is not your



sister!" Erik swore as he turned his horse from leading the way to block Philip's path.

"I am here. I have missed you so much." She said.

Philip's heart ached with pain.

Because he had been weak and defenseless when she had died.

He shook his head, weak with agony.

"And so have I. I have." He said. "It was me. I should have protected you."

She smiled. "It does not matter, come to me".

Erik came down. "Snap out of it! Do not let her take control of you!"

By the time Philip looked at Erik, his eyes were a harrowing yellow:

"Get off me," Philip answered dangerously.

He hit Erik and Erik was thrown back against his horse and landed barely a few inches on the brown path. 2

With another kick, he would have crossed into the dark forest.

The men took their swords, and some of them turned into their wolves.

Xaden turned to his original wolf and then he howled. 1



He did not speak to Phillip with his lips but from his mind and status as Alpha.

"As your Alpha, I demand that you obey me and return back to the pack!" Xaden backed.

But Phillip simply went on ahead like he had not listened.

The men tried to gather around him and drag him back into the brown path.

But then he stepped right into the forest. 3

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