



206 FIVE WEEKS IN THE WILD

Xaden along with the other men in their horses, watched as the darkness completely overwhelmed the forest. 1

"That was close ." Someone said what everyone else was thinking.

"The way we are closing down and destroying the way we have been coming in. Would we have a road back home? I thought there was only one way in." Someone else replied.

"There is only one way in," Erik responded. "But that does not mean there is only one way out."

He turned his horse down the roads.

"It is still not safe," Erik said. "We have to ride down for a while."

They all obeyed him as he led the way for them.

Until they came to a bunch of trees and few plants.

They came down from their horses and made camp.

Two of the men who had gone out to look for the game returned.

"You mean to say that there is no single life stock here?" One of the men asked.



"You went to look for animals?" Elyon asked.

"Not even one bloody rabbit or squirrel!" The other man said. "It seemed too scary for us to even venture further. I feel like we are the only ones in the forest."

"That is because we are," Erik said. "There is no wolf life in these parts. Only monsters. That is why we need to stay closer to each other".

Xaden was far away from the men setting up the stones to remember those who had been lost in the forest on their way out.

"I can not believe we are here." Someone said. This godforsaken place!"

Then, there was a cry in the distance.

It was not something wolf or human, and all the men went quiet.

There were goosebumps on their skin. No one moved, and they heard other howling s from afar.

It was like they were making a chorus

"What the bloody hell is that?" Someone demanded.

"It is wild sirens and Ryliats," Erik said as he fished through his already canned soup. "They are the ones who run this part of the wilderness."



"So we only have to deal with them then?" Steve said. "That does not seem so bad. We can handle them all together."

"I said they run this place," Erik said. "I did not say they were the only ones. We are still a bit far from the isle of lycanthrope."

"How many days left till we get there?" Someone else asked.

"We have precisely five weeks left," Erik said as he drank his soup.

All the men turned to look at him in shock.

Filled with horror and their face white with disbelief.

"What?!" Xaden asked, even stopping what he was doing and looking at Erik. "What do you mean by that?"

The men all started grumbling and making so much noise.

"We are to be in this place for bloody five weeks?! How are we going to survive?!" Someone said.

"I smell like shit! I feel like shit you did not say this!"

"We lost so many men already. We are barely even twenty. Our strongest are dead. What



makes you think we will survive."

And so went on the complaints from the very many men.

"You said that we were going to spend a week here and come out. Jasmine has only a few days left to live. She has barely a week! How the hell do you expect her to live." 1

"Everyone calm down!" Erik snapped, and they all became quiet.

Erik breathed in heavily. "When I said that we will be here for five weeks, the time here is different from. The time outside. One week outside is equivalent to five weeks here." 3

Xaden looked at him suspiciously, unable to believe what he was hearing.

"Are you certain of this?" Xaden asked. "You have barely been here for long, so now how do you know things are not different."

"I come from here," Erik said. "I know this place like the back of my hand. I can assure you. When we retrieve the cup, we will be able to go back home. You will see for yourself."

The other men began mourning the fact that they were going to be here for a very, very long time.

Eventually, they came to accept it.



After all, Xaden was their Alpha. They were only traumatized by the manner in which they had lost their colleagues.

"I only ever heard stories of this place," Brad said as he rolled his beard.

They were now all gathered by the fire.

"The curse of the Lycans!" Brad said.

"Oh, please." Someone rolled their eyes.

Brad was known for his over-exaggerated stories.

"But it is true. The Lycans were special to the gods. They were created in the image of the gods. But their greed got to them, and that was why the goddess punished them. Cursed them to be the undead. Cursed them to be the ones that would be haunted by the immortality they provide. Thus, why do we have one Lyrin herb? The most powerful herb we have comes from the carcass of a dead Lycan."

The men murmured amongst themselves.

"But how did the Lycans now come to live among us?" Someone else asked.

Brad opened his mouth to talk, but Erik spoke before him.

"After the curse, those who had decided to leave



ran away. Those who remained stayed behind and fell in line with the curse of them being undead." Erik said. "A lot of Lycans escaped but still bearing the curse that had been imposed on them. The Lycan king remains on his throne. Those who seek him shall be welcomed into the kingdom. But he requires a duel to the death. If the champion who has been chosen loses to the Lycan king then all who had come with him will be eaten alive in the most brutal way."

The men swallowed.

"Is it possible that anyone would win?" Someone managed.

"Of course not. He is the immortal undead king of course he can never lose." Erik said rising to his feet and leaving the men to be terrified on their fate. 1