



223 THE ISLE OF LYCANTHROPE

XADEN'S POV 1

Xaden had been riding for a few hours ever since he had left the camp and was getting closer and closer to the Isle.

He knew that Erik would hate him, but he had no choice.

He did not want any of his men to die on his behalf anymore.

He was the Alpha, but yet he owed his people.

The pain had become more frequent, and even as he rode down the steep hill, he could feel it burning in his chest.

He groaned in pain and then used one hand to hold where it hurt him as he continued to ride.

He would have to find his way and he would return back to the camp.

Then, he reached a place where he knew it would be difficult for his horse to climb.

He came down from the horse and tied it close by but not too tight so that he could walk freely.

Then he gathered his things and looked up at the



large rocks that lay in a well-arranged position before him.

Then he began to climb. 1

He went pace after pace as he dug his hands into the sides of the rocks and climbed up further.

He placed his foot in an opening of the rocks to steady his balance before he climbed more and more.

Then he mistakenly put his finger inside a small stone caving, and then he felt something odd.

He pulled it out and then when he saw it was a usual but gigantic looking scorpion, he freaked out and then threw it away. 1

In this cause of action, he lost his grip and slid down.

He hurriedly tried make his firm grip again before he fell down and fortunately enough for him, he did. 2

He sighed heavily as adrenaline filled his entire body.

Then he looked down at the rocks that had fallen when he, in turn, had almost fallen.

They fell down into a mist beneath, and it was so far down that he knew that if he made a slight mistake, he would fall to his instant death.



He looked back up and resumed climbing.

Finally, he reached the top of the hill, and then before him stood a decaying and abandoned kingdom.

He gawked at what he saw.

It was very much obvious that this was once a flourishing civilization that had been now abandoned.

He went through the village that had homes that had once been beautiful but were now ugly and dilapidated.

It was quiet except for the occasional birds they flew past. 1

Erik had said that he had been the last to leave this place since he was a young boy.

And Erik was currently in his early thirties.

The village must have been abandoned at least twenty-five years.

He ignored the quiet village that bore no sense of life and headed up to where he saw the castle was overlooking.

By the moment he was in the castle, it was already mid-afternoon.

He reached the castle gates and then opened them.



It creaked with its old rotting metal but invited him in nonetheless.

Just like the village, the castle was equally empty.

Every single that indicated once a good life was now dead and Empty.

The fountains were dry and filled with fungi; the places where beautiful plants and trees had lived were now withdrawn and decaying.

It was almost as if they had lived a beautiful life and had been forced to die the moment a dark cloud appeared.

Everything was bleak and dry, and it smelled of death.

There was no one in sight.

It was all greying and old.

As he walked towards the castle itself he saw that most of the walls were falling apart and then itself had grown to have black fungi.

He sighed and wondered if this was the place at all.

There was no undead present it was simply a place where people had once lived in but no more:

Xaden now began to fear that maybe perhaps there was no such thing as the cup of life and he



had come here for nothing.

After all, it was just a myth. Perhaps a story that the witches had spawned amongst themselves.

He gritted his teeth in rage.

It had been a total waste.

Jasmine would die, and so would he follow her after.

It baffled him, and he wondered if there was any point at all going into the castle.

His instincts told him to proceed and investigate.

It was better than simply concluding.

He went into the castle.

Surprisingly, everywhere was open as well.

The main castle doors were wide ajar as if always welcome. 1

There were cobwebs everywhere.

He saw beautiful furniture and touched them.

Even though they were dusty and filled with bugs inside, he knew that they were costly and of great value.

He looked up at the walls and saw portraits of a firm-looking wolf he suspected was the Alpha.

He had blonde hair and seemed like someone



who would not take no for an answer.

He saw another large picture.

He went to it and pushed up the skin of the picture because it had fallen down and hidden the full picture. 1

It was a woman with the man and this time there was a boy with Brown eyes in her arms. 1

They looked happy.

Happy before everything had gone wrong.

Then he withdrew his hands and went around investigating.

He went through rooms and libraries, which were filled with dust and cobwebs, and promised him False hope.

He felt himself go weak from the pain and the fact that he had probably wasted his time here to find nothing.

He finally found the chamber room.

There was a large chair with different crowns on it and he knew that that must have belonged to the king.

And to his horror, there was a figure seated in it.

But the figure was in such a position, filled with dirt and smelled of death.

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"Welcome Alpha Xaden." The figure said

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