



224 TO THE ARENA

Xaden looked at the dark throne seat. ¹

He was now quite sure that it was from the figure on the throne seat.

"Who are you?" Xaden asked. "And how do you know my name?"

The figure adjusted in his seat, and with a wave of a shadow across the room, the curtains that were dusty and filled with cobwebs closed the opened windows firmly shut. And then he heard a snap of a finger.

Candles instantly lit up the entire room and illuminated it.

Then he started hearing some footsteps, and then he began to see people appearing one after the other.

They were men and women with long white hair.

There were cobwebs on their bodies, and as terrifying as they looked, they were alluring. It was like they were calling you to join them.

Xaden now saw the figure for who it indeed was.

It was a man, probably in his forties, like the rest of the people. He had long grey hair and pale skin.



His eyes, despite their beautiful shade of green, seemed dead.

There was no life in them.

"Who are you?" Xade repeated as he pulled out his sword and pointed it at all of them.

The man had a crown on his head. "I am the King of the Isle of lycanthrope."

So this was the man that they were all gravely afraid of.

A man who seemed to have no power. And most of all, the legend was true.

There was, in fact, a place called the Isle of lycanthrope.

"State your business, Alpha, with no heart." The King said.

"How did you know this?" Xaden asked, astonished.

"Anyone who steps into my kingdom gives their information without knowing it." The King replied. "Hence why I know who you are."

"Then you know what I came here for?" Xaden asked, still not trusting this huge man before him.

The King waved his hand in the air, and a diamond cup appeared floating over their heads.



"You came for the cup of life." He said. "You came to heal your lover, who in turn will heal you from your impending fate of death. Is it not Alpha of the Crescent Pack and Champion of the Halo Festival? I know everything about you."

Xaden reached out to touch it, but once the king waved his hand again, it disappeared as quickly as it had appeared.

"Every wolf who has stepped in here has come haunting for this." The King said. "You are one of the few to ever make it alive to my castle."

"And where are these other wolves that came into this castle?" Xaden questioned.

"If you followed the front gates there is a small valley not so far away, close to a wall, there are a bunch of bones fashioned as trees. Those are the wolves who had come visiting." The King said.

Then he beckoned to Xaden. "Come closer I perceive something familiar on you."

Xaden bravely approached him, and then the King sniffed him. "You smell of my son. Where is he?"

Xaden wanted to protest, but then he realized that Erik was the only Lycan in their pack and the only one who had escaped the Isle of Lycanthrope.



"TELL ME WHERE HE IS?" The King demanded.

At that moment, the doors were barged open, and then Erik and the other wolves came in.

Xaden was dumbstruck because he had left them over hours ago.

How come they had already made it here?

"Erik." Xaden said.

"I told you not to leave," Erik said. "We were all going to do this together."

"It is not your burden to carry." Xaden reminded.

"The day you became our Alpha was the day you shared your burden with us. If you came here alone and died alone, then it meant that Luke and the others who did on their way here died for nothing." Elyon said.

"If you die, then we all die together," Rowan said.

"How did you get here so fast?" He asked.

"I took a shortcut," Erik said. "You sometimes forget that I used to live here."

"My son." Came from the man that was seated on the chair.

Erik then turned to look at the Lyan king "My son has returned to me."

There was cheering from the other group of



people.

"I am not your son," Erik said. "I came here only for the cup."

"Your mother deceived you, spun lies about me, and took you away from the only true home you had. I do not blame you for your decision." The King said.

"You were greedy, and you were the reason why the entire kingdom fell," Erik said.

Xaden was stunned, so it was indeed true.

Erik was not just from the Isle of the Lycans but the heir to the Lycan kingdom.

"Give us the cup, and we will be on our way out," Erik said.

"I am sure that you know it does not work that way." The King said.

"You strike deals, and I am ready to strike one with you," Erik said fearlessly.

"What do you think you are doing?" Xaden asked, grabbing Erik's arm and pulling him aside. "Are you willing to die?"

"You are in no state to fight him," Erik said wisely. "Look at how much death has spread on your body. It is on your neck and will soon reach your face. I am the only one who can face him."



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"I challenge you to a duel!" The King said. "Against me."

"I accept," Erik said quickly before Xaden stopped him.

"How could you?" Xaden demanded.

"This is the best time for me to settle my issues with him. You do not need to get in the middle of it. I promise to do my best to retrieve the cup." Erik said.

"We have a duel!" The King announced. "To the arena, everyone! It seems my prodigal son has chosen to challenge me."

And they all cheered with glee.

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