



226 THE JOURNEY BACK HOME

As they journeyed back through the oath that the Lycan king had given them, Erik was quiet. 1

The others were all chatty about what had happened.

"I am so happy that they gave us a different path." Rowan said. "I kept on thinking about how we were going to cross that bloody godforsaken path."

"Especially the wooden bridge that had already been destroyed." Elyon nodded in agreement.

Erik stayed behind with Xaden walking quietly.

Their horses were now tired and so they had all come down from the horses and were strolling alongside with them.

"You never told me that the king was your father." Xaden finally asked what everyone else was thinking. "You told us that you came from the Isle and you were born there but you somehow omitted the fact that you are the next heir to that throne." 1

"It was not important." Erik replied. "And he is not my father. It was only a long time ago." 1



Xaden was quiet again.

It was obvious that Erik wanted to keep his thoughts to himself.

After a short while of an unusual silence, Erik finally spoke up.

"It was a long time ago," Erik said. "The king lived there for a long time ago, and then he met my mother. Together they had me. But that was not enough, by this time the Queen had already blessed the Lycans with their gift. He wanted more and tried to use the cup for his own selfish benefit. My mother warned him but he did not listen. In the end we all paid for it. She took me and a number of Lycans along away from the kingdom. We were the only ones that escaped. I have not been there until now." 1

Xaden breathed in. "I thought the myth of the isle of lycanthrope had been on for centuries." 1

"Yes it has," Erik replied. 1

Xaden gave an awkward laugh. "Of course that can not be. If it were, then you would

Be over-

Xaden could not finish the words. It finally hit him.

And then he looked at Erik with a new and keen interest and the sudden surprise.



"Are you saying that you are-?" Xaden still could not finish the sentence.

"Over a thousand years old?" Erik asked and then nodded. "Yes I am." 4

Xaden was unsure of what next to say.

Never in his wildest dreams had he thought that Erik who was his second in command was the heir to a mythical lycan kingdom or that he was over a thousand years old.

"I did not know that." Xaden managed eventually.

"People don't." Erik said. "The curse laid on my father followed the son. He is immortal and I believe I am in a sort of way. Once I hit the age of thirty one I stopped aging completely. It is not a past I am proud of. It is something I wish I could hide. And I had done a good job of it until now." 1

"I am sorry that I dragged you into this." Xaden apologizes.

Erik shrugged. "It is one of those things. And remember you did not drag me, I most certainly did it with my own volition."

"What do you think is going to happen then? To all those people? Your people? Will they remain there for all eternity?" Xaden asked.

Erik shrugged. "I have no idea. Perhaps Marie



might know a thing or two. The only reason why I don't look as derailed as them is probably because I left. All the Lycans that are in your world came from my kingdom. They multiplied and scattered. Our breed is very sacred."

Xaden nodded even though he was still trying to wrap his head around what he had just learnt.

The Erik quickly changed the topic. "Have you decided on what you are going to do to Jasmine?" 1

Xaden sighed. "Yes I have. I want her. I want her with me."

"Even if that means losing your status as Alpha?" Erik asked. "It is forbidden to have a slave become a Luna. Are you ready for the hate you are going to bring? To the both of you?"

"Almost losing her just makes me realize that I want her. Even though she is the daughter of my enemy." Xaden said. 1

He had thought about it hard and only come to the decision when he saw Erik and his father. 1

He was alone and that was something about Jasmine that filed him up. 1

Made him look for a hunger he did not understand. 1

He felt his marks give him pain and he groaned.



By now the strain had gone through every muscle in his body.

It was now at his chin.

"You need to take it easy," Erik said. 1

"Do you think I could drink the cup?" Xaden asked him. "Maybe she could be healed that way. Since we are bonded together."

Erik shrugged. "We could try."

And then they stopped and they poured in some water into the cup to drink it.

After he had drunk it, they waited awhile to see if there were any changes.

"Did anything happen?" Xaden asked. "Are the marks gone?"

"No they are still the same," Elyon said.

Xaden swore.

"I don't think it works like that," Rowan said. "I heard that some certain treatments can only be done by the affected person. So maybe the cup can only have an effect on you if Jasmine who is the one injured takes it." 1

"That makes sense," Erik nodded and the other whispered in agreement. 1

"How long do you think it will take before we get home?" Xaden asked.



"This route is safer." Erik said. "But we should get back on the last day Marie stated". 1

Xaden sighed and said nothing.

The men continued their journey.

On the final day of their journey when they would arrive the crescent pack in only a few hours, they were riding on their horses. 1

When from nowhere they heard a loud screech.

They looked up and saw a large bird times five of a wolf and spitting fire swoon down on them. 2

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