

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 34

-Vera-

A shy knock on the door wakes me; I didn't even realize I had drifted off to sleep.

"Vera?"

I recognize Lucas's voice.

I get up and go to the door.

"Hi. Noah said you might need an escort to the dining hall. Most of the Lycans have already had supper and have retired to their chamber, in case you're hungry."

Just in cue, my stomach growls. We both laugh; I'm actually famished.

"Come, I'll show you around."

Lucas leads me down a set of twin, master stairs that lead to a main foyer. We take a right and through massive doors, we enter the dining hall.

My mouth hangs open just looking at the sheer size of it. It looks like a banquet hall, complete with the enormous wooden tables and massive chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. At the end of the hall is the same composition as in the trial, a large table a couple of feet higher; I assume for the Council.

Oddly enough, there is no table above it for the King.

We head into the kitchen where in fact, people have already come and gone.

"Here," Lucas lifts some banquet dish covers and hands me a plate, "help yourself."

The food looks delicious; I'm not sure if it's because I'm starving or because it actually is,

There's pasta, meats, fruits, cheese of all kinds, even some fish which surprises me.

I get myself some simple rice and meats, accompanied with vegetables; I need to make up for the days of travel and poor diet.

Lucas helps himself to everything, and I mean everything. He could've just taken the pots with him and eaten out of them as it is. We sit next to each other in one of the large tables and begin eating.

We eat in silence; we are both enjoying the food too much to speak.

When we are done, we sit there almost like in a food coma.

"The food was delicious, thank you for bringing me.

He turns to me with a smile.

"Sure! Anything for my big sis."

I look at him questioningly.

"Well, Noah is like a big brother to me, now that makes you like my big sister."

I smile at this. I did notice how close Lucas was to Noah, and more importantly how much he admires Noah.

"Well, I am flattered, but don't think I go easy on little siblings." I lick his arm with my fingers to make a point. We both smile.

"I don't have training tomorrow, if you'd like, I can show you around. It seems Noah might be busy for the next few days."

"Busy? Why do you say that?"

"I hear the King has assigned him to patrol the southern border, he might be gone for a few days." He then whispers to me, "between you and I, the King has been pestering Noah lately, I think it's because he's testing him."

"Testing him...?" What could the King possibly test him for?

"It's no secret that Noah is the strongest warrior here, and there is a Council chair that has been open for quite some time. My guess is they want a warrior in the Council.

For some reason, this piece of information doesn't sit right with me. Even if Noah is one of the strongest warriors here, it doesn't change the fact that he was almost

killed by the chimera, and whatever, whomever, created it is still out there. To send your top warrior into unknown danger seems a bit of a waste to me.

I don't share any of this with Lucas, he seems too blinded by Noah's abilities to see this incongruity. And to invite him to be a Council member? From what I gathered yesterday, the Council members are not even remotely strong, why would they need a warrior now?

It's getting late and Lucas escorts me to Noah's room.

"I'm down that hall if you need anything," he points and turns to leave,

"Thank you, Lucas, really. I'm gonna take you up on that tour you offered tomorrow."

He smiles at me,

"Perfect. See you at eight then. Have a good night."

"You too." I smile faintly at him.

Quite frankly I have not been able to shake the bad feeling in my gut ever since I learned of Noah's mission.

Despite it being pretty late, I decide to stay up and wait for Noah, taking a moment to organize my clothes and shoes to settle in.

Once I'm done putting all of my things away, I sit on the bed with the book I borrowed from the camp.

I've been learning more about Lycan history from this book alone than all my years back in the pack house. They have such intricate history of Kings, Councils, wars and economic turmoil. Apparently, the only ruler that had brought any kind of peace and prosperity in the last two centuries, was the previous king, King Alexander. He was also the son of the previous King before him, the one that made the peace treaty with werewolves and other species.

I keep reading about Lycan history. By this point I have changed into one of Noah's t-shirts and I'm almost done with the book. I make a mental note to ask Lucas tomorrow where I can find more.

The door opens, revealing a tired looking Noah on the other side. He's practically dragging his feet as he walks in and closes the door behind him.

"I cannot believe this asshole. Not twenty-four hours back, and he already wants to get rid of me." He grunts as he lets himself fall to the bed beside me.

I fetch the plate of food I had prepared for him earlier, thinking he might be as hungry as I was. His nose flares and his eyes shoot wide open when I remove the lid.

“Thought you might be hungry.”

He takes the plate from me and sits up on the bed. He starts eating, enjoying every bite.

“hmpf-” he grunts, “you save my life once again.”

I roll my eyes at his dramatic take but it’s fine, I’ll just let him enjoy his meal without any sarcastic remark.

“You know,” he says between mouthfuls, “the Pack House meals were good, but this...” he takes a giant ribeye I had brought him, “I missed this.*

I smile, it makes me happy to see him happy. I just don’t know how long I can go without seeing him now, especially with this mission of his looming over our