

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 37

Vera-

I nearly jump out of my seat when I hear the old man talk behind me. It's Council Member Elden.

"Thought you might like some tea.

My heart is thumping very loudly in my chest and I try to compose myself before answering.

"Y-yes, please."

He's carrying a tray with a tea pot and two tea cups, setting it down in the middle of the table. He pours the tea perfectly, handing me one of the tea cups, really making me question whether he's actually blind.

The tea smells amazing, like fresh herbs and citrus.

"No sugar unfortunately, it's a luxury nowadays."

The hint of sarcasm in his voice doesn't go unnoticed. He's sipping on his tea silently, prompting me to do the same. Although I am usually comfortable with silence, in this case it is quite unnerving.

I take the opportunity to study him, since he is staring at the table and not at me.

He has long, straight white hair, reaching his middle back. His beard seems long but well managed. His eyes look glazed over, as if he had cataracts but I know better; my experience tells me that hue comes from damage to his cornea, not cataracts.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer," he says as he continues sipping his tea, his eyes still on the table.

“I’m sorry, what?*

“A picture, with those devices you people carry now a days.”

I’m well aware of what a picture is, and a camera, but how did he know I was staring at him.

“I’m sorry, I was under the impression that you were blind.”

He’s still sipping his tea nonchalantly, but then how in the world does he perceive so many things.

“I can see better without my eyes, witch.”

Ok, now I’m really surprised. What the hell did he just say?

“You might have fooled everyone else around here, even tricking a Lycan into thinking he’s your mate, but I can see right through you.”

Now he is looking at me directly in my eyes, as if he really can see right through me.

“I don’t... I’m sorry I think there’s been a mistake. I’m a werewolf.”

“Well then, switch. Right here, right now. Don’t worry, I’m blind, I wouldn’t see anything you don’t want me to see.” He narrows his gaze as if daring me to change, and the reality I have to share with him is even more embarrassing to admit to now.

“I can’t.

“See? Witch.”

He stops throwing daggers my way and pours himself more tea. I’m halfway through mine, but I can’t possibly finish it now.

“But you’re not a dark witch or else this tea would’ve killed you, so what are you doing here?”

I stare at him in disbelief. He... he tried to poison me?!

I’m too stunned to even react at this point. I just sit there gaping at the old man who’s drinking his second cup of poison tea not looking the least bit concerned.

“Why do you think I’m a witch?

“Magic. I can smell it on you as much as I can smell wet dog, but the wet dog smell can be faked, not the magic.”

“Wet dog? You mean werewolf?”

“Wet dog, werewolf, same thing.”

This old man really is something.

“Aren’t you supposed to be dead?” I narrow my eyes at him. I know I should be polite, but now he made it personal.

“Dead? Nonsense. Everyone just thinks I am because I gave up my position on the Council. The only fathomable reason why someone would do that is because they’re on their death b e d. But as you can see, I’m alive and well.”

A pause follows. He finishes his tea and I do mine. It actually is really good, even if it was meant to kill me.

After careful consideration, I decide to confide in him, at least enough to see if he can help me; he must know this library better than anyone.

“I don’t know what I am. Up until a few days ago, I just considered myself an underachieving werewolf, since I can’t listen to my wolf or turn.”

“Did you like the tea?”

“I did, thank you.” I don’t know what this has to do with anything but I follow his lead.

“Are your parents also underachieving werewolves?”

“I never knew my parents.”

He stays silent for a moment.

“I think I have something that can help you, but you have to keep it between us.”

He disappears into one of the many bookshelves and procures a book I hadn’t seen before. My suspicions were right, he knows this place better than anyone.

He puts the book in front of me, drawing a cloud of dust. It seems very old, and very seldomly used. I clean the leather cover with my hand, removing the thick layer of dust.

The title reads,

The Age of Witches.