

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 41

Vera

Noah's father? From what I had understood, Noah is an orphan, just like me. Why would any of this have to do with his father?

"Ok, this is where you explain further, Eli."

He's still looking over his and my shoulders just to make sure someone isn't lurking in the shadows. If only he knew there's a council member probably creeping on us from some dusty corner.

"Noah's father wasn't a nobody, Doc. His name was Cain Hunter one of the most powerful warriors 1, or anyone, had seen. He was killed during the rebellion of King Alistair, where King Alexander was killed."

There's a long pause, as if this is supposed to suddenly make it all make sense. I raise an eyebrow,

"And?"

"Don't you see? King Alistair is not the rightful King, but because King Alexander never had any children, there is no legitimate heir to the throne. Meaning it is up for grabs, Noah is well liked and respected here, and if he wanted to, I'm sure he could take on King Alistair."

Realization dawns on me. If Eli is right, King Alistair may be trying to get rid of his potential competition.

"What happens when King Alistair dies?"

Eli's eyes go wide.

“I mean of old age, of course,” I clarify, rolling my eyes, “who takes over the throne? Or will there be a power vacuum?”

“It is said he is looking for a mate, one worthy of creating a new dynasty with. But he needs to hurry, he ain’t getting any younger.”

We stay silent, dread pooling in my stomach.

“Will Noah be safe, Eli? In this mission?”

He looks at me and cocks an eyebrow, like the question itself is stupid.

“Of course he will, I trained all of those guys myself, they are Lycans of integrity.”

His words do little to reassure me. I know what I saw, I know the expressions on the faces of those men.

If anything, the only thing giving me comfort is knowing what a formidable enemy Noah would be, even if it’s four against one.

I wish I could be there with him, at least someone would actually be watching his back. I wish we would have never left the pack house. It is so clear to me now that Lycan “society” is nothing more than a den of vipers.

Eli gets up.

“I have work to do. Vera, don’t think too much about this, and don’t do anything stupid. There are many Lycans here who would have Noah’s back if it came to it, I’ve made sure of it. His tone is definitive and I question inwardly what he could possibly mean by that, but decide not to push further.

He places his hand on my shoulder and lightly squeezes it as he leaves.

I’m left alone with my thoughts, in the faint light of the library. The enormous window in front of me does a poor job at letting light in.

I don’t know how much time passes, but I feel like dwelling on the knot in my stomach is doing very little to ease my nerves, or to help the situation.

I get up, searching for the book Council Member Elden had given me. It will at least distract me from something I have no power over.

Opening the book, I settle down in the table and turn the desk lamp on.

The Age Of Witches

Before there was a man, before there was a woman. Before there was a werewolf, before there was a Lycan, there was a Witch.

I dig into the lore, invested in the parts that seem too fantastical to believe. Witches of good, witches of evil. Warlocks lusting for power and warlocks dedicating their life to nature. From what I gather, witches and warlocks formed the first societies when even werewolves still existed only in their beast form; before our moon mother granted us human form.

Then, they turned ruthless, greedy, and power thirsty; toppling council after council, leader after leader, destabilizing the society to the point where it was everyone against everyone all the time; a species cannot survive this type of turmoil, no matter how strong they are.

It is also interesting that most of the leaders were women, called Witch Mothers. Apparently, witches were normally more powerful than warlocks, with a few exceptions.

I think back on my vision at Jade Waterfall and the warlock, Victor Blackwood. He seemed powerful enough to cast out a spell that survives to this day. Why would he do that? Why would he help the werewolves if this book is telling me they only sought out others to conquer, murder, or use for spells and incantations?

I continue to delve into the book, looking for one specific entity. A Spirit Wolf.

One of the main reasons why I agreed to come here was to look for clues about what a Spirit Wolf is. Sofia is certain that I am one, but she found very little reference to such a creature in her family's archives.

If the Allen family doesn't have a clear reference to a Spirit Wolf, my next obvious step was to come to a place that already existed during the Age of Witches, Lycan Castle.

From what Sofia told me, a Spirit Wolf is a being that shouldn't exist, the son or daughter of a witch or warlock, and a werewolf. Two different species, mating together and producing offspring shouldn't be possible, which is why I find her theory highly unlikely; though it would explain many things about me.

I continue to search, eventually ending the book and all it had to teach me. There is no sign of a Spirit Wolf anywhere in witch lore.

I close the book and sigh; my head has begun to hurt from reading in such poor lighting all day. I close my eyes and put my forehead on my hands, when I smell a sweet, lemony fragrance coming my way.