

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 42

-Vera-

Council Member Elden makes his way to me, taking his accustomed seat in front of me. He places the tea set down on the table and proceeds to pour two tea cups. He hands me mine and I smile gratefully at the gesture.

We begin drinking our tea quietly. This time, it doesn't have hints of citrus like last time, but it does have honey. It's delicious.

"So, if the other tea was meant to kill me, what is this one for?" I ask, much to his amusement.

He chuckles lightly and there's a glimmer of glee in his eyes.

"Stress. Especially when one's lover is sent to his death."

I gulp. The dread that had been sitting at the pit of my stomach coming back uninvited. I had tried very hard to get rid of that sensation.

"Don't worry, I'm sure those baboons won't be able to take him down. Even I have heard of your mate's skills. That's why the King won't try killing him himself."

I sit in silence, weighing how much I can share with this man; evidently, he was eaves dropping on Eli and I. But as a former council member, he might have some insight into what the King is thinking, more so than Eli.

"Noah has never defied the King, nor does he have intentions of doing so, so why would he want him dead?"

"King Alistair is a known coward, even when he was a little boy. It was a running joke with us the adults. We'd tease his dad that there was no way that was his son," he sips his tea.

Him speaking his mind so openly, and so against King Alistair, emboldens me to do the same.

“Who was his dad?”

“The former Beta of this castle, Beta Caleb. A very intelligent and honorable man. He stood by his Alpha and King, even when it was his own son who planned the coup.”

Wait... what?

“So, King Alistair, the son of the former Beta, killed the Alpha and took over the throne? What happened to Beta Caleb?”

“Killed is a subjective word in this case. Those of us who knew King Alexander know he was too strong to be taken down just by Alistair. I suspect there was foul play, which is also why he hasn't been accepted as the Alpha of this castle. He is and will always be a coward.”

The disgust in his tone is evident. Still, I continue pressing for more answers.

“What happened to Beta Caleb?”

“It is suspected that his own son killed him. That's only believable because he loved his son very much, he would never be able to harm him, even at the expense of his own life.” He stays quiet for a while and then continues, “In truth, we never saw his body or any type of remains. It is my hope that he managed to get away from this madness, albeit with a broken heart.”

Isip my tea quietly for the next minutes, digesting everything he just told me. So, King Alistair isn't liked or respected in this castle, It makes sense that he would feel threatened by Noah, someone who is strong and respected by his fellow warriors.

Still, Noah has no intentions of fighting him for the throne. It would be smarter if he won Noah's loyalty; rather have him as a powerful ally than a formidable enemy.

“Is this why you chose to leave the council?” I ask him, but he ignores my question.

“What are you really looking for, Vera?” He eyes the book he had given me, closed and tossed to a side of the table.

I decide to trust him.

This stays between us, Council Member Elden...”

“Just Elden. Spill it.”

“My Alpha back home is an Allen, one of the oldest werewolf families to ever live. They have kept records for centuries, even dating to the Age of Witches, but no what I am... I was hoping that coming here would give me answers,”

real answer as to

“And you didn’t find what you were looking for in that book?”

“I didn’t.”

“What are you looking for, specifically?”

“Spirit wolves.”

His expression remains neutral for the most part, but I’m sure I saw a hint of something, surprise maybe, cross his complexion.

“Spirit wolves,” he repeats as he muses over his thoughts, “I haven’t heard that term in decades.”

“So, you’ve heard of it?!” I lean forward towards him, expectant. This is the first real clue I may have as to what I am.

“Yes, many many decades ago. A Spirit Wolf is supposed to be the child of a Witch and a Wolf. Of course, there was never any recorded birth of such a thing; it would be difficult to hide as it was meant to be a creature of immense power. Witches and Warlocks alike would’ve been incessantly chasing after such a being.”

“What were the characteristics? How would someone know they are a Spirit Wolf?”

He touches his beard lightly, thinking over what to say.

“That’s all I know, to be honest with you. I am a scholar first and foremost, but I never came across much information about such a creature. I always believed such a being was pure conjecture rather than an actual beast.”

My hope deflates again and I put my head on the table. The temporary rush of possibly getting answers had made me forget about the massive headache I had, but now it is back and making its presence known.

I groan out loud. I need to get out of here. The stuffiness of the library and the heaviness of the situation is getting to me; I need fresh air.

I get up, drawing Elden's attention.

"Thank you, Elden. For everything. If you can think of anything else, please let me know."

I leave, practically dragging my feet to the only place I know can ease my mind.