

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 48

Vera

Through the garden doors comes in Harriet, swaying as she walks carelessly inside. She came in to examine her work, but this is probably not what she had expected.

“Are you seriously crying again, Charlotte? Why are you such a big baby?” She says as she nears the group.

To say her presence here is unwelcomed is a huge understatement, but nobody moves a muscle to remove her. Then Lucas’s words cross my mind, She has become close to the king he’d said. That’s probably why nobody wants to mess with her..

My fists clench discreetly, if only to keep myself from doing something stupid.

Ethan has come closer to Charlotte and myself, shielding us both from Harriet.

The entire group tenses further when Harriet approaches the flowers, momentary surprise crossing her face.

“Hmm, I thought I had killed these too.”

She reaches her hand to one of the bloomed flowers but as soon as her fingertips touch the petals, the flower burns her, although it looks more like a chemical burn. She retracts her hand, nursing it to her chest.

“Ouch! What the...?”

Her pained expression is incredibly satisfactory and I smile.

“I forgot to mention... they’re venomous.”

Charlotte says nonchalantly, shrugging her shoulders.

I stare at her, she hadn’t even told me they were poisonous, and I had touched them so freely earlier today! I wonder why they didn’t burn me, but burnt Harriet. They must have some b\*tch detector to know who to burn.

“You f\*\*king b\*tch, wait until I catch you alone...”

Harriet begins her tirade but a sharp growl stops her.

It’s Ethan.

“If you catch her alone what, Harriet?”

His lycan eyes have surfaced and nobody dares move to stop him; if he wants attack, nobody will step in to help Harriet.

Pure disdain colors Harriet’s expression.

“Settle down, boy. I just came to see the stupid flowers and to tell her that the King wishes to see her.”

All eyes follow Harriet’s gaze.

Surely she can’t... surely she can’t mean me?!

Lucas’s eyes go wide, staring between Harriet and myself.

“Why would the King wish to see her?” Ezra asks her.

“It is best you don’t question his wishes. Tomorrow at 1800 hours, don’t be late.”

Harriet leaves, still nursing her hand, and leaves us speechless.

“Why would... is this..... normal?” I have trouble formulating my thoughts, what if he found out I’ve been asking around for him?!

I start to panic, this wouldn’t be good for Noah, who already doesn’t have the King’s favor, and it’s certainly not good for me. An unmarked female meeting with the King Nobody else here was summoned; what could this possibly be about?

Eva clears her throat, drawing our attention.

“I suggest we take Vera to Eli’s office; he might know what’s going on.”

“I second that motion,” Lucas says as he comes to me, hurriedly taking me out of the garden.

The group has separated as some of them are on the night patrol; only Ethan, Charlotte, and Lucas accompany me to Eli’s office.

As expected, the man is still sitting behind his desk when we show up.

He turns away from his charts when he sees us at the door, motioning us to come in.

Ethan shuts the door behind us and speaks first.

“The King has asked to see Vera, we don’t know why, do you have any idea what’s going on?”

Eli now gives us his full attention, his eyes darting to Lucas and Ethan first, and then to me.

“Leave us.”

“But-“ Charlotte begins, “We’re worried about her, she can’t...”

Ethan stops her with a gentle touch to her arm, comforting her. Hell, I’m the one who needs comforting right now!

“We’ll see you tomorrow, Vera. Don’t worry, it’s probably nothing.” Ethan says as he practically drags a helpless Charlotte out the door, not before giving me a worried glance.

I smile faintly at her, hopefully convincingly enough to reassure her that everything will be fine, even if I don’t believe it myself.

“You too, Lucas. I need to speak with Vera privately.”

“Whatever you tell me, he can hear it too,” I tell him, meaning it. Lucas would never betray us.

“No, it’s ok, I’ll leave,” he tells me, putting a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

He turns on his heels and leaves.

I really had underestimated how much Eli is respected here, I never thought they would leave without a single protest, but here I am, no doubt turning paler and paler by the minute.

Eli gets up from his chair and heads to each and every window to close shut the blinds. He also double checks that there is no one at the gym and shuts to door, locking it.

He motions for me to sit and hands me a water bottle.

“Do you think he knows I’ve been asking around about him?” I whisper. Now I’m the one who’s paranoid. Lucas was probably right, these walls do have eyes and

“It’s possible,” Eli’s is talking normally, not whispering.

He stays silent a long while before continuing

“It’s possible but highly unlikely. If you were suspected of treason, they would call upon a trial, like when we first came back to the castle.”

He’s tapping his fingers on the wooden table, deep in thought.

“Noah should be back by now,” I say, “do you think something happened to them? Maybe he’s going to... give me some bad news,”

Just the idea of something happening to Noah makes me nauseous; I sip on the water Eli gave me if only to keep my dinner down.

“No, that’s unlikely. I would have heard of that by now.”

then, not once spoke to him; there haven’t been any chances of offending or upsetting him so far. He’s now rubbing his stubble with his hand. I’m thinking of all the possible scenarios but come up with nothing. I have only seen the man once in my life, and even

“Maybe it has to do with what happened in the garden?” I say, referring to the altercation with Harriet and her posse.

her to admit what happened... or almost happened anyway.” “It’s likely he didn’t even hear about that,” he seems amused, “Harriet is a proud lycan woman, who is also seeking favor with the King,” it would deeply embarrass his entire demeanor and tone turn serious all of a sudden,

“Vera, I think the King wants you as his mate.”

WHAT?!