

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 49

Vera

My heart is pounding incredibly fast; did I hear him correctly?!

“What do you mean mate? I already have a mate!”

“Whom the King sent off in an incredibly difficult mission, perhaps thinking he wouldn’t make it back. A suicide mission.

My hand goes to my forehead; I feel like I’m going to pass out.

“You remember I told you the King was looking for a mate all this time, right? How he needed a strong female to create a new dynasty after King Alexander died?”

“I remember but... but I’m a wolf! His people would never accept me, he... he can’t...!”

“They don’t need to accept you; he just needs you to bear an heir.

His words are crude, but true. In theory, as a King, he doesn’t need a Luna to rule, there are no benefits to Lunas in lycan society, like there are for wolves. After all, here the lineage isn’t given by the mother, it is given by the father.

I’m stunned. Speechless.

I'm looking at Eli helplessly, having half a mind to escape this hell hole and just leave Noah a message to find me back in the packhouse.

"This is too much, Eli... L... I can't... What do I do?"

"Remember at the trial? You put on a show with the spear and the stone. We all felt it. Pure, unharnessed power."

"Yes! But that was the stone, not me!"

"It was you. You cannot destroy such a powerful object without having power yourself."

"But the spear, you know the spear has powers!"

He grunts, annoyed.

"Vera, the spear is only a tool. You had the power to wield it and destroy a very powerful object. The Council and the King are old and wise, this didn't go unnoticed."

He pauses before continuing.

"Now, I just thought it was because wolves are inherently more magical than lycans. But maybe there is something more to it."

I gulp.

That is one possibility I had not considered. Could he know about spirit wolves? Could he know that I am a spirit wolf?

The scenarios playing out on my head only get grimmer and grimmer the more I think about them. If he does know about spirit wolves, he might at least suspect

that I am one. And if this is the case, if he wants me as a mate, I might not even have a choice in the matter since Noah is away.

Eli takes a look at his watch; I'm sure it's quite late.

"Let's go, I'll see you to your room."

Without another word, he takes some documents in his hands and we head out

The walk to my room is silent, Eli walking in front of me.

"Don't worry about it, it's just speculation." Eli tries to smile reassuringly, but clearly his face is not accustomed to the gesture and comes out extremely awkward.

"Thanks," I whispered my spirit completely deflated.

"The recruits are eager to try some new moves on you tomorrow and see if they can take you down."

I smile bleakly at him and shut the door, turning on the lights to the emptiness of the room.

Noah's smell lingered at first, but now it's almost gone.

I take one of his shirts and head into the bathroom. I'm just going through the motions at this point; washing my face, washing my teeth, changing into the shirt.

Everything feels pointless, even trying to get some rest; and yet, I turn off the lights and crawl into bed, on Noah's side. I like to think this is a way in which I connect to him; before he left, this was the place that held his smell best.

I pull the comforter over my head and do as Eli told me try to get some rest. Although I realize early on, it probably won't happen.

When I finally drift off to some semblance of sleep, after tossing and turning for hours, I'm plagued by dreams of the forest outside the window.

Beneath the snowy peaked mountains, I see the forest as it was before. Luscious trees that extend endlessly into the sky, wild animals prancing around carelessly and unafraid. But then, I blink and everything is gone. The trees are no more; they have been burnt down. There are no animals here; this environment can no longer sustain them.

Many more visions like these are coming in rapidly, faster than I can register them. Again, moving through time in the blink of an eye, but nothing makes sense. There is no apparent reason for this destruction or for my visions.

Needless to say, saying it was a restless night is an understatement

Eli knocks on my door very early the next morning: I know this because I did not sleep one bit last night. In fact, when Eli is at my door, I'm already changed and ready to go.

Training is the same as before. The kids step up one at a time onto the mat, they keep trying to make me submit, only to realize they are a few years away from even getting close to that.

I'm not enjoying the release of energy that training provides this time; I don't have any energy to spare.

After a while, I signal to Eli that I won't continue so he pairs the boys up with their peers to practice.

"You didn't get enough sleep last night, I gather."

"You gather correctly, old man."

If my lack of energy didn't give me away, the bags under my bloodshot eyes surely would

"I asked around, and not even the Council Members understand what the King wants with you. They only advised I accompany you, since you're unmarked."

That gradually manages to reassure me some. Maybe all of these scenarios in my head are my mind playing tricks on me. Surely the King doesn't expect me to be his mate when I already have a mate, a very powerful one at that.

No News of Noah further dampens my mood. We haven't heard from him. I hope nothing bad happened. Or it meant the complete opposite or any of the for that matter

When practice is done, Eli and I head into the dining hall to get something to eat. The food looks and tastes unappetizing; the only reason why I'm eating is to get some energy to power through the rest of the day, and then my inevitable meeting

When the time comes, Eli accompanies me to the King's wing, Dread settling in my stomach. Ethan and Charlotte are there to see me off and Charlotte hands me something discreetly in a napkin. I take it, and immediately know what it is; I smile at her as a thank you, her expression remaining concerned.

"Remember, let me do the talking. I will be speaking for you as you are an unmarked female. Don't make any eye contact with him, keep your head down."

I nod, unable to utter a word. Staying quiet won't be an issue.

When we arrive at the large, wooden doors that lead to the King's wing, two guards open up the doors to let us in, but stop Eli before he can step inside.

"This is Noah's mate, an unmarked female, she has to be accompanied."

"King's orders, Eli. She comes in alone."

"Boy, step aside before I..."

"Before you what?"

The two guards have now place themselves in front of Eli, one of them growling loudly.

“King’s orders, old man. She meets him alone.”

Eli is ready to challenge them, but we both know that going against the King’s orders would be suicide. If not now, then later at a trial, so I stop him.

“Eli, it’s ok. It’ll be fine. I’ll come find you when I’m done.”

He stares at me for a long time, before stepping outside the doors.

The guards slowly close the doors on him, his fists clenched and his jaw tight.

This is the last thing I see before the guards turn to me and escort me to see the King.