

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 50

Vera

Both guards are enormous, even bigger than Noah. They are certainly intimidating but I know in a fight, size is not the most important factor.

I'm taking in and memorizing all the halls, doors, entryways and exits in this wing, if Eli is right, I might have to make a run for it. Hell, I might even have to take down these two guards in order to escape.

I'm on high alert, but I can't let anyone, much less the King, believe I'm on edge.

We reach what seems to be the middle of the wing; the guards stepping in to open those doors too.

This seems to be a living area, but instead of it being welcoming, it looks dusty, decrepit, and incredibly uninviting.

There's a large table in the middle of it.

The placement of the large dining table is very off putting. Surely, this large room wasn't meant to be a dining area. And yet, this is what it's being used for. The entire wing is very odd, very tasteless.

There is a fireplace off to one end of the room, and the King sits there looking at the fire sizzle.

“My King,” one of the guards says, “Your guest is here.”

I side eye him; the tone in which he said guest did not go unnoticed.

The King slowly gets up from his chair. He’s wearing riding pants, riding boots, and a white shirt. Nothing weird about that. But he’s also wearing a large, red robe, with golden accents. It’s so tacky, I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing.

“Ah, Vera,” he says and dramatically extends his arms.

Nothing happens, and he stays like this, with his arms comically extended.

He clears his throat angrily, narrowing his eyes at the guards.

They have an “aha’ moment and hurriedly approach the King to remove the opulent robe from him and place it on one of the chairs.

“Not there, you pair of idiots, how many times have I told you how to properly store it?!”

I raise my eyebrows without even realizing it; shocked and amused by the scene playing in front of me.

Now that I take a good look at the king, without his robe, he’s a small man, and I don’t mean his size. It wasn’t apparent before because of the position we were in, him up high in his chair, but this man is miniscule in spirit and character. He rather reminds me of a pretentious, conceited child.

“Now leave, I have a guest to tend to.”

The guards head towards the door, leaving me alone with the King.

From what I’ve seen, this man isn’t intimidating at all, but I have to keep in mind that he got to where he is for a reason, and no one has yet tried to take his position from him. He might be putting up an act for me to lower my guard.

“Vera, please, take a seat.”

I still haven't said a word to him as I make my way to where he gestured. It's the chair right next to the head of the dining table, his seat.

“So tell me, how have you liked being with us lycans so far?”

Before I started to speak, huge doors behind me open and females start pouring in with food and wine. They neatly set the table without suspecting the tension in the room.

“It's been great,” I say, sarcastically of course, but I keep that tone to myself.

“Please, dig in, this whole feast was prepared just for you.”

The quality of food being served here is indeed better than the one at the dining hall where everyone else eats; It indeed looks lavish, and quite too much just for the two of us. All of this could have poison for all I know. We start eating without saying another word. To say this is awkward would be an understatement. My hesitation grows with every bite I take, and I haven't even touched the wine too much. He tries to make small talk, asking about the Pack House and werewolves in general. I keep my answers emotionless and curt, I have no intentions of giving away

“You know, my dad used to take me to werewolf territory all the time when I was little. He always believed we could all just be merry friends and even do business together.”

He's referring to the dad that he killed, allegedly.

“Your father sounds like a wise man, King.”

He grimaces.

“Yes, he used to think that about himself too. Didn't serve him for much in the end.”

“In the end?”

He makes a dismissive gesture with his hand,

“That’s a story for another time. Now please, it’s getting quite cold and the fireplace is going to waste.”

At this point we are done eating; most of the food remains untouched. He gestures for me to follow him and sit on one of the chairs that faces the fireplace. Just like everything else in this horrible wing, the chairs are old and mistreated.

I can’t help but feel he intended for this to be some sort of date? If he wanted something more casual, he surely would have invited at least a few Council Members, or he would have allowed Eli to accompany me.

“King, if I may. Why am I here?”

I’m getting really tired of all this nonsense. It’s clear to me that he’s playing some form of character right now and I have no patience for this. If Eli is right, which I’m beginning to suspect he is, he can just come out and say it so I can reject him and eliminate any notion of me becoming his mate. Even if Noah wasn’t in the picture, I would rather cut my left arm and leg than be mated to this pretend King.

His face becomes serious, his lips turning down in a displeased expression. Finally, his true colors come out and he drops the act. He is no longer smiling; he is no longer pretending to be amicable with me. It seems my blunt words have displeased him greatly; I can’t imagine this happens often.

“Vera, we all saw what you did back in the trial, your power is greater than even you are aware of; which is why you’re perfect.”

“Perfect for...?”

“Perfect to create the new lycan dynasty with me, perfect to be my mate.”

“King Alistair, with all due respect, I have a mate.”

He turns to look at me, an evil grin on his lips which then turns into a sadistic, full teeth smile. He lets out a laugh.

“Noah? You’re referring to Noah?! HA!” He says, making the hairs on my nape rise, “well, I suppose you wouldn’t know because that sorry excuse for a lycan never marked you, but Noah isn’t coming back, Vera.”

“What..... what are you talking about?!” I’m sitting on the edge of my seat, not because I want to be closer to him, but because my flight instinct has been activated,