

# The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood Novel Full Episode

## Chapter 51

-Vera-

The King and I get up from our chairs at the same time, but before I can make a run for it, he grabs me painfully by my arm.

\*

"Now, I was hoping that you would be smart about this, \*wolf.\* Without Noah, without your mate, you're up for grabs. I thought you'd realize this and make this easy for both of us. But I guess I couldn't expect as much from a "dog,"

The guards are closing in on us but their pace is almost leisurely; they probably think I'm helpless because of the King's hold on me.

"Now, my plan is simple. I mark you, you become my mate, and have my heirs. I don't have much use for you afterwards, so maybe I'll let you reunite with your \*mate\* then."

He grins at me sadistically, making me even angrier.

"Be your mate? Bare your children? Don't you realize you're a joke?!" I yell angrily at him, "you haven't earned anything you have! Your people don't respect you, much less like you! And now you have to \*force\* a female to even consider having your children? You. Are. Pathetic."

He growls loudly at this; I managed to really anger him this time. He moves closer to me, raising his arm to strike me. I take the opportunity to dig into my pocket to what Charlotte had given me earlier, and shove it onto his face.

The King screams in agony and falls to the floor, surrounded by the petals of the moon peonies; he uses his hand to cradle his now burnt face. I take several steps back as the guards, instead of coming to me, go to the King. "My King!" They both yell, as they kneel to the ground to help him get up.

"You IDIOTS! GRAB HER!"

This is my cue.

I start running as fast as I can, before stupid one and stupid two realize how royally they have screwed up. I hear distant footsteps, running after me, but by now I have put enough distance between us.

When I reach the large doors to the entrance of this wing, I start pulling on them but its futile; they're too heavy for me to do this alone. I start looking everywhere, trying to come up with a different plan. I hadn't considered the sheer weight of these doors, and now they were the only thing keeping me from escaping.

"Vera? Vera?! Is that you?!" I hear from the other side of the door.

"Eli?! Eli it's me! Help me with the doors!"

I start pulling on the doors and hear a strained grunt on the other side as he's pushing form the outside.

After a couple of seconds, the doors start to move, enough for me to squeeze through it.

Eli is on the other side, waiting for me, sweat dripping from his forehead.

"What happened?!" He yells.

"No time to explain! Let's go!"

He follows me out of the King's wing, and into the corridors leading to Elden's library.

"Vera! Stop! Where do you think you're going?! What happened?!" Eli grabs my arm, forcing me to turn to him.

I have tears in my eyes.

"Eli, he said he had Noah killed. It wasn't a scouting mission; it was an execution."

Eli lets go of my arm, realization crossing his face.

"No... no it can't be. I \*trained\* those lycans, they are men of honor and... and..." realization dawns on him and his expression falls, "he wasn't hoping the witch would get them, their orders were always to kill Noah..." He stays immobile for a minute, grabbing his forehead. He looks heartborken.

"Eli," I draw his attention, unconcerned about the tears now rolling down my cheeks, "I have to get out of here. You were right, he wants me as his mate. I would rather die than bare his children."

We hear the commotion we had left behind coming closer to us. It might take them a few minutes to find us in these corridors, but they certainly will. We have no time to waste.

"Ok. Give me your sweatshirt."

I blink at him.

"It has your scent, maybe I can throw them off your trail."

I do as I'm told and without another word, he takes off running through a different hall, using my sweatshirt to mark the walls as he runs.

I take off running towards the library. I hadn't thought this part of the plan through, but if someone could help me right now, it was Elden.

I reach the entrance to library, get in, and quickly close the doors behind me.

"Elden!" I yell for him, "Elden! Please tell me you're here!"

There is no answer and I start frantically looking for him, yelling at the same time.

"Elden! Please! I need your help!"

"What is all this fuss about?"

Elden appears through one of his dark corners, rubbing his eyes as if he was just asleep.

My heart is pounding fast inside my chest. How do I even begin to explain this to him? I have no time!

"Elden, I need your help. I need to get out of here. The King... he killed Noah, Elden." I'm not sure if he can see my teary eyes or not, "I need to get out of here or else he'll turn me into his baby making machine." Elden raises his eyebrows in surprise.

"Never did I think he would be so bold," he says to himself, "come, come quickly."

I follow him into the corner he just appeared from. There's a large painting of a woman I do not recognize. Her features are gentle; she has kind eyes.

Elden pushes one side of the painting, and I hear a low 'click. The painting is actually a door. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"Go! These corridors lead to the back of the castle. From there, you have to run deep into the forest, you are no longer safe here. There is an old cabin that was used when

we still patrolled that border." "Elden, you have to come with me," I grab his arm gently, "please, they'll have you killed for helping me."

He puts his hand gently on mine,

"Child, while I appreciate your concern, but I can take care of myself. Now go, they are getting close."

Just as he says that, there is screeching outside the library where the guards are trying to get in, only now there are several of them.

I rush to the open door as Elden hands me a flashlight.

"Be careful Vera, and remember, don't stop until you reach that cabin."

I thank him and watch him close the door behind me.

Turning on the flashlight, I gulp. The corridors seem endless and treacherous, but I have no time to think about the consequences of getting lost.

I begin jogging aimlessly, hoping somehow, I'll find my way out of this one.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 52

-Vera-

The corridors, or rather tunnels, that Elden sent me on are endless. I'm sure they cover the entirety of the castle, just like back at the Pack House. It's unsurprising considering how many wars were fought, and lost, back in the age of witches. Tunnels like these were the difference between the life or death of an entire clan.

I think maybe 30 minutes have passed since I entered these tunnels and there is no sign of them ending. I'm beginning to think maybe Elden sent me through the wrong one, or purposefully deceived me.

No...it can't be. He showed as much disdain for King Alistair before, there is no reason for him to help him now.

Unless, he's using me as a bargaining chip to get something he wants, and right now he's using this time to negotiate.

I shake my head.

It's not normal for me to be paranoid, and right now all it's doing is messing with my head.

After walking some more, I smell something. It's the light scent of citrus that usually accompanies Elden's teas. I follow that scent, picking up my pace.

Suddenly, I'm at a wider portion of the tunnels, the scent of lemon intensifying.

I reach what appears to be a wall, keeping me from advancing further. I step closer, feeling the stone and realize it's the same material that I entered through; it's a fake wall. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Carefully, I push and pull on it, mimicking the motion Elden had done earlier to open the painting that revealed the tunnels. After fumbling around a bit, I hear the 'click' from before and carefully peek through; cold air hitting my face.

There seems to be no one around and I venture outside, carefully closing the door behind me. In this case, the door isn't a painting, but rather a portion of the castle's wall of stone that appears to have been hollowed out to make way for the tunnels.

The smell of lemon and other herbs hits me. I turn around to look at where that's coming from and realize it's a small greenhouse. Upon further inspection, this is certainly the back end of the castle. I can see the huge stone walls behind me, and no clear entrance. I step closer to the greenhouse. It has been carefully tended to. There is everything from lemon grass, to rosemary, to lemon trees and even a bee hive. It's a very complete garden and I have no doubt this is Elden's doing. This is where he gets everything he needs for his teas.

I decide to make myself a small herbal emergency kit. It might come in handy if I encounter any guards in the woods. If I get injured, I'll have to rely solely on myself to heal, and I won't have the benefits of modern medicine where I'm going.

Once I have everything I need. I take one last look around to make sure I'm here alone. I'm so far away from the main areas of the castle that I can't hear anything in the form of commotion, or people for that matter. There is an eerie silence in this part of the castle. It's almost as if no one is looking for me, but I know better.

I take a quilt that I find on one of the ends of the greenhouse. The air is starting to get colder as nightfall approaches. The sun is barely providing any light at this point. I have to get going. Putting the quilt over my head to disguise myself, I venture towards the forest, reaching the edge in about 20 minutes.

Up ahead, I can see the snow covered mountains looming in the horizon. I had already sensed that there was something off putting about this forest even from far way, but now that I am up close, the feeling is unmistakable. It's almost as if by looking at it, someone or something is looking back at me.

I turn back to look at the castle. There is indeed no one looking for me out here, for now. They have no reason to believe I have escaped; they're probably looking for me within the castle walls. Judging by how enormous the castle is, it'll take them all night to decipher that I'm not in it.

Taking a step forward into the woods, I have a sudden vision. It stops me in my tracks, but I can't make anything of it; they are all hazy, unfocused images. I take a few steps further in, my vision blurry due to the images in my head, but as I walk deeper into the forest, the vision gets clearer.

It's King Alistair and a woman in this exact forest. But something is different. King Alistair looks... younger? He even looks more muscular, much more like a warrior, than he does now.

He had a long beard and deep black hair, he's smiling warmly at the woman.

I walk even further into the forest, chasing the vision. I focus on what they're saying, trying to read their lips, but it's impossible.

The woman is lean, with hair reaching all the way down her back. She has long, claw like nails, and is bare feet. They're talking very close to one another, almost as if I am witnessing something intimate between them. King Alistair puts a hand on her arm and gently kisses her forehead; then, the woman disappears within the woods and King Alistair makes his way back to the castle.

Then, just as sudden, the vision is gone. My eyesight is back and I blink to adjust to the lack of light. The sun has now fully set and there is a full moon up in the sky. Judging from the position of the moon, I would say a couple of hours passed between my entering the forest and now.

I look around, thankfully the moon provides enough light for me to see clearly.

I'm lost.

I had kept walking through my vision, trying to get closer to the King and that woman, but all I managed to do is get lost. I have no notion of where I am, I don't even know where I am relative to the castle.

I crouch down, I'm hesitant to connect to this forest given the awful feeling it gives me, but I really have no other option now that I'm lost.

Without giving the unpleasant feeling much thought, I bury my hand deep into the soil. It feels rugged, dry, and unfertile. I concentrate on the trees, the wind, anything and everything I can gather. It takes me several minutes of this to finally get a sense of where I am; back home, the forest is so alive that it doesn't take me long, but here, everything just seems dead.

Finally, I envision the cabin and where I should go.

I begin walking, wrapping the quilt tightly around me. I'm getting closer to the snowy mountains, and the air carries the eminent chill of the snow.

It's not worse than the chill I feel in my heart as my mind inevitably starts thinking of Noah

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## **Read Chapter 53**

### **Chapter 53**

-Vera-

I don't know how long I walked until I reached the cabin, only it doesn't look abandoned at all. It's clearly been looked after these past several years. There's been work done on the wood and stone.

Before entering the cabin though. I have to make sure it's not occupied. I hide behind a tree. losing the quilt and feeling the chill on my skin. I shiver, inching closer to the cabin making sure I don't make a sound. I peer through the windows; the inside looks as kept as the outside, I can even see some furniture.

The cabin is quite small, enough to fit two people maybe. There are no rooms, it is completely open inside and it has a second floor where I can see a single mattress. There is a fireplace in the farthest wall and a couch. That's it. Maybe, just maybe, there's a bathroom too.

Once I've made sure I'm the only one here, I go back to the tree and gather my things, heading inside the cabin. The main door requires a little force to open, apparently some of the corners are frozen.

The temperature inside is just as it is outside; I really have no other option than to light up the fireplace or I'll get hypothermia before I can figure out how to get out of this mess. I light up the fire quickly, warming myself up; I can't feel my hands or feet at this point. After a while besides the fire, I finally feel warm enough to think about my next moves. First, I have to survey my surroundings in case I have to make a quick exit. The cabin does indeed have a second floor that only holds a mattress, but directly above it, is an escape hatch that leads to the roof.

Checking every cupboard, nook, and cranny in this tiny place, I come to the conclusion that someone has to live here; things don't even look dusty. There are full sets of

silverware, dishes, and toiletries. Why would Elden send me here? Maybe this is where he runs off to when he isn't in the library. Maybe this is his home.

It starts snowing outside, which will perfectly hide the smoke creeping up the chimney, and yet, despite how cozy this all seems, I know I won't be able to rest here, not while there are people probably looking for me. This is only a safe place until I figure out what to do, or until they find me.

Should I go back to the castle and seek the guys out? I need to make it back to wolf territory, but I first have to make sure everyone is ok. I can't imagine what the King might do to Eli if he were to find out he helped me, or Elden for that matter.

I recall a map Noah once showed me of Lycan territory, the map was old, but the routes still held true; there had been no updates in infrastructure or territory in several decades. There was an unguarded portion of the western territory, which would lead me directly to my home.

A deep pain settles in my chest and my heart is beating fast. The image of Noah that day, looking out for me, being so warm and tender, is too much to bear.

I had hoped this overwhelming feeling of loss would stay at bay until I could get back home, but it was too much to hope for.

I lay on the floor in front of the fire with the blanket covering my entire body. I'm breathing heavily and the tears won't stop coming. I want to scream, I want to kill the lycans who killed him, and most importantly, I want to kill the King. I concentrate on his old, scruffy face and my eyes begin to blur out of anger.

I feel so much regret in my heart that we were never truly connected. Now, all of the reasons to not be marked I might have had mean nothing to me. If I had been honest with him, if I had been honest with myself, none of this would be happening. I would've shown up in this castle as a marked wolf, and nobody would have questioned it. Maybe, the King wouldn't even have attempted to become my mate if I had been marked. Maybe, Noah would still be with me.

I didn't want to drag him into being with me forever, without understanding what I was getting into and without knowing what \*he\* was getting into. I still have no answers as to what a spirit wolf is or what dangers that comes with, but now it is pointless. I will never have another mate again, I will never get Noah back.

I cry for what feels like hours, until I'm too exhausted to think about anything anymore.

\*Vera, darling.\* [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

It's auntie Eleanor. Only this time, I can actually see her; I can see all of them.



There are about 12 women surrounding me, and I can see them all; and they're all... crying?

I look around, all of them look back at me with tears in their eyes.

\*Vera, Noah isn't dead. He hasn't crossed the threshold where we are, which is where all souls pass through.\*

\*Why are you all crying? What happened?\* I ask her.

\*Darling, you are our anchor to your world, we feel what you feel with just as much intensity. That's why we are here, we knew something had happened.\* This time the person to answer me isn't Auntie Eleonor, it's another woman, her voice oddly familiar. She lightly laughs.

\*I understand your confusion, we didn't have time to explain last time. My name is Margaret, sweetheart, and I'm your grandmother.\* My... my grandmother?

\*You are right, Vera. You are what we call a spirit wolf. Your father, my son, was Victor Blackwood, and your mother was a werewolf.\*

I stare at all of them. I understand what they're saying, but it doesn't make sense.

\*Victor Blackwood, I saw him in my visions before, didn't I? What was that all about?\*

"Your father was a very powerful warlock, child,\* Auntie Eleanor speaks, \*when he saw your birth, he started preparing for your arrival. It took him one hundred years, but he finally made the world safe for you\* her expression turns grim, \*but not safe enough.\* \*My son had the gift of Sight, Vera, and so do you. That's why you have visions of the past and with practice, you might be able to have visions of the future as well, just like your father did.\*

\*But you have to be careful, there are still powerful witches and warlocks that managed to remain alive, and they will need powers like yours to remain in your realm; you cannot let this happen.\*

\*Why wasn't I aware of this before?! Why did they leave me alone?!\* I feel my chest rumble with my words and the other women take a step back.

\*It's ok, it's ok. You have to be careful in this realm, emotions and magical powers are intensified. Breathe, darling, breathe.\*

I do as I'm told and close my eyes, taking in deep breathes. I open them once I feel calm enough.

Margaret smiles at me.

\*There we go. Good girl. There is a lot of explaining to do, but we don't have much time. Your father asked your aunt and I to lock your powers, so that you'd live a normal\* \*life with the Allen clan. This realm must feel familiar to you, does it not?\*

I nod, dumbfounded.

\*We didn't think you would actually have powers at first, but when you were very little you started visiting us every night. As witches grow up we lose the ability to travel\* \*into this realm, but you never did, we knew then the true power you held. That is why you recognize me, Vera, I was the one to lock your powers.\* Auntie Eleonor chimes in.

\*That's why I know your name, isn't it? That's why I recognized your voice!\*

I tell her.

\*Yes\* she smiles, \*you and I used to meet every night in your dreams.\*

\*But now that we have unlocked your powers, Vera, you have to be careful, there are people who will not stop until they have you..."

I hear a noise, and all of us turn to look to our right which is where we perceive it. It's a noise in the real world, my world.

\*And they might already be here...\*

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 54

-Vera-

I jolt awake.

The fire from the fireplace has died down and the room is cold; it must have been out for a long time now. The snow has stopped and I hear someone trying to open the door with some difficulty, no doubt wrestling with the snow. Taking advantage of the darkness of the night, I silently get up leaving the quilt behind.

I go up the stairs, towards the hatch I had seen on the ceiling earlier. Carefully, I start to push on it, making as little noise as I can. If this is one of the guards, or any other lycan for that matter, they'll hear the faintest of noises.

Just as the hatch opens and I'm ready to lift myself up to the roof, something stops me in my tracks. A scent.

It smells like the forest.

It smells like home.

Noah.

"Ver-" he begins calling to me, but I'm already leaping from the second floor to him, crashing into his cold body.

He immediately hugs me back tightly.

"Thank the Goddess you're alright," he whispers into my ear.

I'm hanging onto him like my life depended on it. Eleanor had been right; he was alive all along. The relief I feel, the happiness I feel, is indescribable.

"I thought they had killed you." I whisper into his neck where I have buried my face.

He chuckles lightly, without humor.

"Oh, they tried."

After a few minutes, I break the embrace to take a good look at him. His face has several cuts that are all but healed, his arms have many bruises and cuts that are also healing perfectly; meaning this happened a few days ago. I also notice he's shivering. "Come, I'll light up the fire, we'll freeze to death if we stay like this."

I take his hand and sit him in front of the fireplace, where I had just been sleeping a few minutes ago, wrapping the quilt around him and starting the fire.

Once the fire is in full blaze, I turn to him and he opens up the quilt for me. We snuggle, watching the wood crack and burn under the heat of the flames. When I lean on his shoulder, though, he flinches.

Concern crosses my face and forces me to separate from him.

"Take your shirt off," I tell him.

"It's really nothing, Vera. It'll heal on its own."

"Take it off, Noah."

I'm already going to my herbal emergency kit to see if there is anything I have to help heal him. When I turn back to him, I almost drop the little bag.

The wound is gigantic and deep; it stretches from his torso all the way to his back. This was a lycan bite; and as I'm examining it, I'm shocked it didn't lacerate his arm off completely.

Trying not to show the shock in my expression, I go to him and fall on my knees beside him, realizing these stupid herbs won't do anything to fix this. Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit [Jo bni b.com](http://Jo bni b.com) for the full experience. You won't find the next complete chapter anywhere else. The wound is too deep, and too old. for this to have any effect. Noah heals incredibly fast, but this wound still has red spots where the skin is still open.

"I'm guessing the fact that I can move my fingers is a good sign, isn't it?" He says as he clenches and releases his fist over and over, with a gentle smile on his face.

His brothers betrayed him. His brothers had tried to kill him in the most cowardly manner, his King, his leader, had this all arranged. He's potentially lost his home and the men he considered family, and yet here he is, smiling.

Tears start rimming my eyes; he doesn't deserve this. He doesn't deserve any of this.

I straddle him on impulse, crashing my lips to his. He responds without hesitation, caressing my back with one hand and fisting my hair with the other, holding me in place. His tongue caresses mine gently, but I want more. I deepen the kiss, feeling his member stir awake between my legs.

He breaks the kiss and we're both panting.

"Vera, are you s-"

I don't let him finish. I remove my shirt and crash my lips to his again, and this time, he responds in like.

He thrusts his tongue into my mouth with intention, playing with my tongue and gently biting my lips. We're both breathing heavily and I can feel him growing even more between my legs. I instinctively start grinding against him, making us both more aroused. I feel my cheeks flush as one of his hands moves to remove my bra.

My top is completely bare to him now, and he breaks the kiss to take in the image of me like this.

"I don't want this to be something you regret, V." he says, his voice strained.

"I'll never regret you, Noah," I whisper, looking straight into his eyes.

Wasting no more time, he flips me on my back onto the carpet and comes over me, using his arms to hold himself up and we start kissing again. This time, however, he doesn't stay on my lips too long as he continues down, kissing my neck, collar bone, and eventually my breasts.

He takes one of my breasts into his hand, gently teasing my nipple with his tongue, drawing it into a stiff peak. My back arches, silently begging him to continue. He gently

grazes both of my nipples with his teeth and tongue, back and forth, slowly and torturously. I can feel myself becoming more and more wet to the point where I know I'm ready; but it's not enough for him.

He leaves my breasts and ventures further down, kissing and nibbling my skin as he goes. My entire body is on fire from need.

He reaches my most sensitive spot and starts teasing me with his hand; I know he can feel my wetness even through my pants. I need him inside me, \*now.\*

"Noah..." I'm panting.

"I know baby, I know," he coos.

He removes my pants and panties without much effort and he takes a look at me, completely naked and panting for him. But instead of taking off his pants, he lowers his mouth to my bundle of nerves and starts kissing it gently. Shivers start coursing through my body, all of my nerve endings reacting to him.

Then, he closes his lips on my bundle of nerves and start sucking ever so gently. It isn't long before I'm on the verge of one of the best orgasms of my life. He puts a finger inside my slick entrance and that is my undoing. I moan out my o\*\*\*\*m, spasming uncontrollably through the experience.

A few moments later when I come down from my high, I notice he has removed his pants and his member is free and fully erect.

I gasp, taking it in.

I don't think I realized they could get so big.

He chuckles, amused at my reaction as I gape at him.

"When were you going to tell me you have a bat for a penis?!" I ask, feigning indignation.

Now he's roaring with laughter.

"And ruin the surprise?" He shrugs his shoulders and I shake my head incredulously.

He lets it fall between my legs, onto my swollen clit and all laughter is over, because that's enough to get me started again.

He lowers himself to kiss me on my lips, while also rubbing his member against my entrance. I'm panting once again at the sensation that it gives me. I'm already climbing, and he isn't even inside me yet.

Instead of waiting any longer, I continue kissing him but lower my hand to him, guiding his erection to my entrance; it's so slick that there isn't much coaxing needed. His head is sitting just inside me and the sensation is driving me crazy. "Impatient little thing," he's breathing heavily too, his voice husky.

Without warning, he pushes himself inside me with one quick thrust. It hurts somewhat, but I quickly adjust to it as he starts moving, in and out, slowly.

"How is that?" He asks concerned.

"Amazing." I'm moaning, "don't stop."

He begins moving faster, clashing into me. The feeling of fullness and the sound of my own wetness as he moves is almost enough to drive me to the precipice.

I'm climbing further and further, but I know there is something missing. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Noah..." I turn my head, exposing the part of my neck where he is to place his mark.

He starts kissing the spot gently and lightly nibbling on the sensitive skin. Sparks start under my skin; this is exactly what I need. He waits until I am on the verge of the precipice and when I reach that point and I'm moaning wildly, he sinks his canines into my neck, unleashing an earth shattering orgasm.

Everything else happens in a blur as I spasm around him. I feel Noah finish inside me, hotness pouring into me, and I feel him gently lapping up the blood that is surely oozing from the mark.

As my heart beat calms down, I feel Noah pull the quilt over us as he pulls me into him, my back to his chest. Then, cocooned into him, we finally drift off to sleep feeling utterly complete.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 55

-Vera-

I don't know how long we've been asleep for, but when I wake up, I feel so incredibly rested. I stretch my legs and arms and a dull ache reminds me of the what transpired last night. My hand involuntarily goes to my neck where I now bear Noah's mark. It's completely healed.

Something that Charlotte told me a while back comes back to me; something about some abilities being shared between mates once they bear each other's mark. It could be that I have some of Noah's healing ability now. Feeling my movement, Noah stirs awake next to me and pulls me to him, kissing his mark on my neck.

"Good morning, my love," he says.

I smile at the tenderness. His kiss on my neck also has another effect, though. If he keeps this up we'll be trapped in this cabin forever, just having sex.

"Morning to you, too." I turn around to face him.

He has a sleepy smile on his face and the golden sparks in his eyes seem to be dancing. He stretches out his limbs just as I had.

The fire went out at some point in the middle of the night, but I didn't even notice; Noah's body warmth was enough to keep us comfortable the whole time we slept.

Something crosses Noah's eyes and the moment is gone. We both turn serious.

"Did he... did he do anything to you?"

"What? Who?" It takes me a moment to realize what he's asking, "no, I ran before he could do anything. Nothing happened Noah."

"You had a bruise on your arm when I got here, was that him?"

I recount my experience with the King, and he did in fact grab me by the arm. I didn't realize it had left a bruise.

"Probably, yes. But again, nothing happened."

He clenches his jaw.

"I'm going to kill him." His lycan stirs in his eyes.

He gets up, putting on his clothes.

"Noah." I get up as well, putting on my own clothes, "what are you doing? What are you thinking?"

"I don't know how, I don't know when, but I *will* kill him."

His lycan is almost completely awake now, judging by his eyes.

"Noah... Noah, look at me," I take his face in my hands, "we have to get out of here, we have to go back to the pack house." [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"But first, we \*kill him\*," he says. I can sense this is his lycan speaking, his voice is deeper than Noah's. I roll my eyes.

"Hey, I need Noah back, please." I coax him.

He's breathing heavy, rugged breathes, but he complies. He closes his eyes and when they open back up again, Noah's hazel eyes are back. He blinks at me in confusion. Was he really not in control just now? "How often does that happen?" I raise an eyebrow at him.

"I had to let him take full control back in the forest, he feels like he's the boss now. Sorry, I'll reel him in."

"What happened, exactly?"

We both go to sit on the couch now that his lycan is back under.

"We found footsteps in the forest, they looked exactly like the chimera from the pack house. We followed its trail but found nothing else. That's when they all turned on me, trying to kill me. If I hadn't let this beast take complete control, I don't think I would be sitting here right now."

I take his hand on mine. I can't imagine how painful it must be to have your own betray you like that.

"The King is the one that wants you dead, Noah. It was all his doing."

"Yeah, but those guys really wanted me dead, too. They never hesitated. Good thing is, I didn't either." There's a pause.

"Eli told me he wanted me dead because he wanted you as his mate."

Something grim passes his face.

"You talked to Eli?! When?"

"He went looking for me into the forest. By the time he found me, I was already heading back to the castle to kill the King myself, but he told me everything that happened, he even told me where you were, that's how I found you." "How are they? Have there been any punishments for helping me?"

I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if something happened to them because of me.



"No, no. The King has kept all of this quiet; protecting his ego is more important. He has scouts looking for you, but I killed the best of them back in the woods. Lucas grabbed some of your clothes and directed them to wolf territory; they have no reason to believe you didn't go home."

We stay quiet for a moment, both lost in our thoughts.

"Noah, he didn't only want you dead because he wanted me as his mate. He wanted you dead because he knows how strong you are, he knows that you could easily take his throne."

"But I don't want his stupid throne, I have never been interested in it and quite frankly, If I was, I would've made a move by now with all his shitty management."

"I know, I know, and I think there's more to it but I haven't quite figured it out yet. Eli also thinks it has to do with your father, who apparently was one of the strongest fighters to ever live or something."

He raises his eyebrow at me, "He told you that?"

I nod.

"You guys became close while I was gone, huh."

I roll my eyes. Men.

"What do we do now, though? He thinks I went back home, and he has no reason to believe you're alive. We have to get back to wolf territory. We'll be safe in the pack house, we can live a normal life there." He clenches his jaw.

"Running isn't in my nature, Vera."

"But what choice do we have?! You almost got killed, I almost got turned into that asshole's baby-maker, what's to say our fate wouldn't be worse if we returned?!"

"I know, I know. Hey," he puts his hand on my leg, "we'll figure something out. I promise."

"Well, we can't stay here forever. And a plan won't just fall onto our laps like magic!"

Just on cue, there's a knock on the door.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 56

-Vera-

Noah gets up slowly from the couch, locking eyes with the door. He signals me to shush with a finger to his lips. We have no reason to believe this is a hostile since they're knocking on the door, but one can never be too careful. We both stand at the door and Noah quickly opens it, both of us ready to pounce on whoever is here.

It's Elden.

Noah lets out a breath and I relax, letting the adrenaline of the moment drain from our bodies.

"I thought it appropriate to knock, considering..." his eyes go to my neck and I immediately blush, "I'm happy you both are enjoying my humble abode."

I am absolutely certain this man has been able to see this entire time and he's just been pulling my leg.

"I... Uhm... come in?" I mean this is his house.

"Thank you!" He says with a cheer.

He walks around the small cabin with ease; he knows where everything is after all. Then he sniffs the air.

"Is that?... Could it possibly be you brought some herbs?" He says happily, rubbing his hands together.

His mood is confusing me. I would think everyone in the castle would be on edge considering the temper of the King. Specially those who helped me escape. Noah and I exchange a look. "Elden, what happened back there? What happened after I left? Did they do anything to you?"

Elden is almost skipping through the room, selecting the herbs by smell and putting them into a kettle. He also starts the fire on the fireplace and places the kettle on a hook directly above it. He sits down, cross legged, in front of the fire waiting for his tea.

Noah looks at me and draws circles over his ear with his index finger, signaling that Elden is crazy. I signal for him to shush and go sit behind Elden on the couch. Noah follows suit apprehensively; after all, he doesn't know Elden at all. "Elden..." He cuts me off.

"Tea first, child. Tea always comes first."

So, we sit there, literally watching the fire burn and the water boil. Elden is such an odd man.

The whistling of the kettle breaks me from my trance and Elden gets up, fetching it. He searches the cupboards in the kitchen until he finds three mugs and places them on the table. Noah and I get up from the couch and go to him.

The tea smells delicious, as usual. This time, it's something combined with chamomile. I start sipping on the tea, just as Elden, but notice Noah isn't following suit. I turn to him and gesture for him to drink. He eyes me curiously, but starts drinking his tea. "Don't worry, the ones with poison usually has citrus to mask the taste," Elden says.

Noah spits the tea into the cup, coughing loudly as Elden laughs to himself, pleased. "He only does that if he suspects you're a witch. Are you a witch, Noah?" I chime in. Elden and I share a look and Noah eyes us back and forth.

"What happened while I was away?!" He says.

Elden and I laugh, but the moment is gone and he turns serious.

"Did you find what you were looking for, wolf?" Elden says.

"I... I think I did. It came to be in a dream, really. \*They\* came to me in a dream."

Elden is listening attentively, but I realize Noah doesn't know anything about witches, warlocks, or spirit wolves as he is staring at me in utter confusion.

With a sigh. I turn to him and explain everything, in detail. My visions, powers and intuition. How Sofia first put me on the path of finding out about spirit wolves. And finally, about my vision last night. "So, you're telling me, you're half \*witch\*," He says.

I gulp. This is what I feared the most. I was foolish to let him mark me without telling him this first. He had a right to know, he had a right to reject me if he didn't want to be mated to a freak of nature. My heart is beating fast. He can't reject me as a mate, technically, but he can still leave me.

"So, when you saw the chimera, when you knew things nobody else did, when you connected to the forest and such... that was all magic?"

"Correct." Elden answers for me.

I'm unconsciously holding my breath, just waiting for the shoe to drop.

"So... what else can you do with that magic?" He's wiggling his eyebrows at me. \*Of course\* his mind would go there. I punch him in the arm playfully and he laughs, but I'm almost about to cry from the relief I feel. He takes my hand and kisses it.

"You're even more amazing than I thought, V."

I smile at this, but touching him has another, unintended, effect. I blush and his eyes darken.

Elden clears his throat loudly and I pull my hand away, still feeling the electricity under my skin.

"As much as I would like to leave you two lovebirds alone, I'm afraid we have more pressing matters at hand."

Noah adjusts himself and turns to Elden.

"We have to get out of here, we have to go back to the pack house. From what I heard, the scouts are already looking for her in that area so we have to be careful not to raise any..."

It seems our conversation just a few moments ago resonated with him.

But Elden interrupts him,

"That's the matter at hand. You can't leave. Neither of you."

We both stare at him and he finishes his tea before explaining further.

"Noah, you better than anyone know what Alistair is like. He is not worthy of being King. Our kingdom will \*die\* if left in his hands. We already are but a mere vestige of what we used to be. I know you don't remember, but I was there. I was there when we were prosperous, when we had the best scientists, the best doctors, the best scholars. Alistair has been the single most disgraceful \*thing\* to come out of this species." Elden is turning red with anger. "This is why you can't leave. We need for you to take over the throne." "I can't do that, old man! Do you not see what this has almost cost me already?! I was nearly killed and Vera..."

Noah can't finish his sentence. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You are a warrior first and foremost, Noah! You have to fight! If you ever believed in lycans, if you want the best for your brothers and sisters who would be \*left\* living in these conditions. you will fight the King!" Noah slams his fists on the small table, tumbling his half full tea mug.

"And what should I do? Huh?! Just walk in there and demand to fight the King?! We both know I wouldn't even be allowed near the door! Those goons that call themselves warriors would have my head! The answer is NO." Elden is frowning up at Noah in anger, and Noah's lycan eyes have begun to swirl in his pupils.

I hear someone step up onto the small deck at the entrance of the cabin and the hairs on my neck rise.

"Actually, the plan is a little more complicated than that."

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 57

-Vera-

We all turn to the voice and Eli steps into the cabin.

"Eli..." I get up to hug him, which takes us both by surprise; I'm just very happy, and grateful, to see him alive and well. "I'm not an easy target, doc," he says as he pats me in my back.

We separate and Elden offers Eli a cup of tea, which he gratefully accepts as he comes from trekking in the cold. I move to grab a washcloth and clean the spilled tea on the table as Noah has now moved to look out one of the windows. Eli, Elden and I are sitting on the table, waiting for him to calm down.

He finally speaks without turning from the window.

"What do you mean by "plan" exactly?"

"Noah, it's not new to you that the King isn't liked; I'd even venture to say he is hated by the people, and not just within the castle. Many warriors deserted after King Alexander was killed, but they never stopped being warriors. They were just waiting for a worthy King to take over the throne to come serve again." Eli is looking at his cup of tea as he speaks, "Noah, you *are* that worthy King."

Noah pinches the bridge of his nose with his fingers, but he finally turns to us and sits with us.

"We would need an army, Eli. We would need an army to match the goons of the King. And then what? Just establish myself as King? The Council would never accept me."

"The Council are just a group of old hags who abide by tradition because it \*serves\* them, but in reality, there is no real benefit to a Council anymore," Elden says.

"Meaning?" I ask.

"Meaning they either get on board or we get rid of them."

Elden speaks of this in such a nonchalant manner, as if we're not just planning a coup over here.

Eli speaks next,

"We have an army; and they just might be enough to pull this off. I have been preparing for this moment since you were a boy; your potential was crystal clear to me from the start. Warriors outside and within the castle are just waiting for my call... waiting for your call."

Noah stares at Eli for a long time, weighing what he just said. Then, he turns to me and my heart sinks.

"Vera, I know what we said, but we might have a real shot at taking Alistair down. Not only for what he did to you and what he almost did to me, but for all lycans now and in the future."

His eyes are pleading with mine, but I know he's already made up his mind.

I sigh and turn to Eli,

"So, how many are we talking about here?"

"Couple hundred warriors, some of us are old, but we have a couple of tricks up our sleeves. Then, a great part of the warriors within the castle would also stand with you; you have earned their loyalty throughout the years."

"We could attack at night, but we'd have to make sure that bastard doesn't run away through the tunnels," Noah says.

"I could close them off. I know every entrance and exit better than anyone in the castle; it won't be a problem." Elden offers.

"Right now, the King is not in the castle. Apparently, he had some business to attend to within the kingdom. But when he comes back, we have to move quick," Eli says. Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit [J o b n i b . c o m](http://J o b n i b . c o m) for the full experience. You won't find the next complete chapter anywhere else. "Does he have any reason to believe Noah is still alive?" I ask.

"No, not yet. That's why we have to move quick, before he starts wondering why none of the

men came back either. He also has no reason to believe you're not back in werewolf territory. Once the King comes back, we make our move."

Noah turns to me again.

"I need you to stay here, V."

"You what?!"

"I can't have you in the battle, it's too dangerous."

"Dangerous?! You clearly haven't been paying attention then. Dangerous doesn't scare me."

"It's not about you being scared, and I know you're capable of defending yourself, but against a lycan? Against many lycans? I would rather you stay safe."

"Noah, you can't keep me here. I'm going whether you like it or not."

"Vera, this is not negotiable, you have to st-"

"She has to come with us."

We all turn to Elden who had been staying quiet for most of this conversation.

"What? Did you miss the part where she literally has magical powers? Who knows how useful she could be," He says.

"I mean her combat skills are great, sure, but I wouldn't say they're \*magical powers\*" Eli

retorts.

We all turn to him now.

"Oh, you missed that part of the story too, didn't you?" Noah says and I roll my eyes.

I proceed to tell Eli everything about my being a half witch, too.

By the time I'm done, he's gaping at me. Full on, open mouth, frozen expression. Then, something clicks.

"And you're ok with this?!" He yells at Noah. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Noah simply shrugs.

"Clearly, I am," he says and signals to his mark on my neck.

Eli looks back and forth between the mark, Noah, and myself.

"Tell me that's not what I think it is."

Noah snorts.

"What else could it be, old man?"

There's a moment of awkward silence while Eli figures out how to feel about this. He already had a problem with Noah being mated to a wolf, but now that wolf is also half witch. I'm sure if he concentrates on it enough, his head will implode. He composes himself and the stern expression is back. He gets up from the table.

"Well, I take it we are all on board with the plan then. I will make the due arrangements, quickly, before the King comes back. We'll be in touch."

And just like that, Eli leaves the cabin without saying anything else.

Elden also gets up and leaves without saying a single word, even though based on his silence and expression I can tell he has a lot in his mind. Noah and I are left in the cabin alone with our thoughts and little by little, the reality of the situation settles in.

We were going to war.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 58

-Vera-

Noah and I stay seated at the table for a long time, each processing the information in our own way. Eventually though, we both get incredibly hungry.

"Sorry, I haven't had time to hunt anything. We have to go out and find something to eat."

"It's ok. I'll go get us something. You stay here." He suggests.



"You do that a lot, you know?"

"Do what?"

"Try to keep me out of the fun stuff. I'm a great hunter, just so you know."

He smirks,

"A competition then, whoever comes in with some lunch first gets a price."

I raise my eyebrow at him.

"What kind of price?"

"We'll see when the time comes. I'll tell you exactly what I want," he winks at me.

I shake my head in disbelief at what I think he's implying, but still extend my hand to shake his in agreement.

"I have to warn you though," I say as I step onto the threshold of the door, wrapping my hair up in a messy ponytail, "not much is alive in this forest, so it might take you some time."

I hear something fall to the floor behind me; when I turn, Noah has changed into his lycan form.

He comes closer to me, tail wagging.

"Speaking of unfair advantages," I say, narrowing my eyes at him.

He simply licks my \*entire\* face with one swift, wet tongue, and takes off.

I continue narrowing my eyes at him after he's gone. It's game on.

My go to move in these situations, and why I was always such a good scout, is that the forest told me

ing I needed to know about my prey. This time, it would be a little more difficult than that. Not only was the forest very unwelcoming, but most of it was

dead.

I crouch down to the ground, near one of the trees that has survived all this time and dig my hand into the soil.

Again, it takes me a few minutes to connect to the forest, but it tells me exactly what I need. Running in the direction of my prey, two small rabbits, it only takes me about twenty-five minutes to reach them, kill them, and bring them back to the cabin. Noah is nowhere in sight.

I smirk to myself. This might finally teach him not to underestimate me.

A little over an hour passes and Noah finally comes back, one rabbit in hand. His lycan comes in through the door, tail wagging and looking triumphant; until he sees that not only had I brought a meal first, but also that they were already cooked. His tail sags.

"Change, so we can eat. I can prepare that rabbit too if you'd like," I say a little too sweetly, smiling at him.

He hands me the rabbit to be skinned and peeled and quickly changes, putting on his clothes.

"Ok, I'm calling bullshit. You summoned those rabbits with some magic spell."

"Noah, that's now how it works."

"What? You're gonna tell me you didn't use magic?"

"I mean, sure. But you turned into a lycan and that's technically magic too."

"I want re-do."

I laugh out loud.

"You're such a sore loser! Just admit it, you underestimated me. You really thought you could beat me at this."

"I was the best hunter in my class," he says.

He's fuming.

"So was I."

I wink at him.

I take the cooked rabbits to the table and place them along with some plates and silverware. We are too hungry to keep arguing so we dig in. We eat in silence at first. "Have you always had powers?" He asks.

"I guess so, in some degree. I've always been able to connect to the forest, but that's about it. According to my aunt and grandmother, that's because they blocked my powers."

"Right. How does that work again? You talking to your aunt and grandma?"

"Well, from what I gather, they're in a realm different from this one, and I can access it, apparently."

"And they blocked your powers, why?"

"According to them, Victor Blackwood, my father, asked them to do it so I could live a normal life."

I stay silent for a minute.

"Actually, you know, when I was in that coma back in the pack house, I had a few dreams with him. In one of them, he was putting a spell on the underground gems in the Jade Waterfall. When he was done, he told John Allen that no witch would be able to trespass. He also told him that he would need a favor from his bloodline when the time came. I wonder if he did all of that for me."

"It sounds like an act of love to me." He smiles at me.

"I wasn't even born at this point. John Allen is a very old ancestor to Sofia."

"Well, didn't your grandmother also say that he had been preparing for your arrival for one hundred years?"

"They also said he didn't manage to make it safe enough. I wonder if that's where the chimera witch comes into play."

I remember something else, too. The vision I had when I first walked into the forest. I didn't stop to think about it too long at the time, but now that I can, I wonder who that woman was.

"Eli told me that King Alistair doesn't have a mate, but has that always been the case? When I first stepped into the forest, it showed me a vision. It was a much younger Alistair with a woman. Noah finishes chewing a piece of meat as he thinks.

"I've never heard of anyone being close to him, much less a woman. Are you sure it was him?"

"I don't even know anymore, maybe it was someone else."

We finish eating and clean everything.

Then we sit by the fireplace and snuggle, admiring the flames. It didn't snow today, but it's still cold enough to need the fireplace.

"I'm sorry for dragging you into this, V, and for everything else."

"What's everything else?"

"The chimera, back in the pack house, then bringing you to this horrible place, and now this. I should've known better."

"Noah, how could you have known? You don't have to apologize for anything, anyway. Everything has been my choice, you haven't forced me to do anything." [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"And yet here we are, expecting a war at any moment."

He sighs and I turn to look at him.

"How are you feeling about being King? It's a lot of responsibility."

"You know, if that's what it takes to get that asshole out of the throne. I'll do it. Hopefully it

won't be a permanent position but rather just until we find someone else."

"Oh, I think it'll be pretty permanent, you heard Eli, you're king material."

I beam at him, remembering the way his friends and everyone else reacted to him, with such awe and admiration.

He stays silent, thinking about all of the implications of going to war and being King.

"You'll be a great King, Noah, and I'll stand by you every step of the way." I tell him, and I full-heartedly believe it too; he's one of the most honorable and kind men I have ever met. He looks at me as something I don't recognize crosses his face.

Then, he kisses me.

It's a passionate kiss. A kiss that demands to be responded to in like.

Soon, we are both half naked as he carries me up the stairs to the bed, ready to make me his again and again.

[Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 59

-Vera-

TW: infanticide, r\*\*e, human sacrifice.

I wake up in the middle of the night, only I don't actually feel awake. When I open my eyes, I'm greeted by my grandmother and aunt in their realm, but it feels different. \*Hello Vera, we've been expecting you,\* says my grandmother.

I look around, noticing this time it's only the three of us. It also \*feels\* different. Before, I felt like I was in a dream, this time it feels like I'm actually here. Everything is clearer. \*Why does it feel different this time?\* I ask.

\*We think it's the mark, my dear. We can't know for sure but there's a real possibility that it has amplified your powers. We also feel more connected to your world,\* Auntie Eleonor offers.

My hand moves to my mark unconsciously. When I touch it, my mind travels back to Noah and for an instant, I can see him, see us, sleeping peacefully on the cabin's bed.

\*You are astral projecting, Vera. Now that you bear Noah's mark, it serves as an anchor to him at all times.\*

I stop touching it and I'm back with my aunt and grandmother. Now that I can see them clearly, my grandmother looks unexpectedly young. I open my mouth to question this, but she laughs. "Darling, we are witches. Aging is optional.\*

\*Your power has grown, Vera. It is an unexpected side effect of being marked by your mate. I...\* Auntie Eleonor hesitates and looks at her mother, \*this is uncharted\*  
\*territory. We'll have to figure things out as we go."

\*What your aunt is trying to say, is that you have to be careful. As your power grows, it will become a beacon to other witches and warlocks, and the ones that remain in\*  
\*your realm are for the most part evil. You will have to be able to defend yourself if it comes to it.\*

\*And for that, we will train you in this realm. It's certainly unorthodox, and it's not like in your world, but it will give you an idea how to control your powers.\*

Both of them share a look.

\*What is it?\* I ask

My grandmother hesitates.

\*I'm sorry, my dear, but first you have to understand what you're really up against.\*

Without warning. I'm transported back in time, just as I had before. Only this time, it was clearer, just like the other realm. It didn't feel like a dream, it felt like I was actually here.

I'm in a grand castle, it's opulent in its decoration, with crystal images and the highest ceilings I have ever seen. It's very bright, filled with enormous windows and natural light. White marble spreading throughout all of the floors, walls, and columns. Beginning to walk around, I hear my aunt's voice in my head.

\*Now that you're more powerful, you have to be careful not to use any magic while you're here. If you do, you might leave a magical imprint which can be tracked across\*  
\*time, even into this realm.\*

"Where am I exactly?\*

\*You're in White Castle, home to the Witch Mother.\*

I read about Witch Mothers before, so I'm not completely clueless.

"And what am I doing here, exactly?\*

\*You need to learn where you come from. Head to the end of this hall, there's a red door that will glow for you. Enter, but be very careful.\*

I do as I'm told, walking for a few minutes until I reach the door. I open it carefully. It instantly feels like I shouldn't be here, the hair on my nape rising.

The scene that I'm greeted with here is the opposite of the castle outside. There is no natural light; the descending flight of stairs are only lit by fire lamps placed on the walls. I continue descending, and the more I do, the more intense the smells get; it smells like rot and decay. I have to cover my mouth and nose with my hand to continue; even my eyes are watering.

"No, no please, give me my baby back." I hear a voice coming from my destination, followed by murmurs.

"NO! Why isn't this WORKING?!" Comes screaming from the same direction.

"Please, he's just a baby, he's not at fault, give him back." The initial voice is sobbing.

"Your baby is nothing but a failed experiment."

Then, I hear a loud, telling crunch.

"NO!" says the teary voice, followed by anguished screams.

When I get to the base of the stairs, I realize these are actually dungeons. There is a large space in the middle, with tables, cauldrons, and countless books, surrounded by many cells.

"Witch Mother, we have to let these lycans go, none of their babies have served your purposes. We're doing something wrong."

The one called the Witch Mother takes a look around the cells, which I now see are filled with pregnant women and some very rugged, malnourished men. The smell in here is putrid, it's hard to imagine anyone being here for extended periods of time. "Let them go? Even if their babies are useless, it doesn't mean they are. Bring these two to me." She points at the cell with the wailing mother and another one to her left.

The people do as they're told. The Witch Mother takes the wailing mother by the hair and lifts her up in the air; she painfully screams, violently trying to free herself. Swiftly, the Witch Mother slashes her throat, silencing her. Then, she uses her claw like nails to puncture into her chest and remove her heart.

"This could still work. Do not give up brothers and sisters!"

She places the heart into the cauldron and chants a few words, her eyes becoming completely white as the mixture bubbles and fumes.

When she's done, she takes some of the sticky liquid from the cauldron and puts it in a chalice, handing it to one of the warlocks in the room.

"You know what to do."

The warlock steps forward and drinks the concoction. Then, he steps close to the other woman, grabbing her forcefully by her hair, dragging her into one of the cells. The woman merely whimpers and whispers, "no, please no, not again."

I fall to my knees as the woman begins to scream. I still keep my hand on my mouth to make as little noise as possible, remembering that in this state I have to rail in my emotions; but it's incredibly difficult.

\*The Witch Mother wanted to create a cross between a witch and a lycan, initially conceptualized as a Spirit Beast, to use as her personal army, but it took them many\*  
\*decades to figure it out.\* [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

\*What you are seeing now, that woman, would become the first mother to the first Spirit Beast, only she wasn't a lycan; she was a wolf.\*

\*The Witch Mother finally realized that the creature she considered inferior, the werewolf, was the answer all along. She would never have her Spirit Beast, but she would\* \*have Spirit Wolves.\* \*But this... she had to sacrifice another woman to create the baby she was looking for,\* I say.

\*Yes, and that is why letting her continue on would've meant the end for both lycans and werewolves. You see, both were necessary to create the Witch Mother's\* \*creature.\*

"What happened then? How did she stop?\*

"Your father found out what she had been up to the last few decades and realized the perversion of our kind could no longer be ignored.\*

"That's why your father, Vera, began the end of the Age of Witches."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 60

-Vera-

I close my eyes forcefully, not wanting to be witness to such cruelty anymore. When I open them back up. I'm out of those horrid dungeons; my grandmother and aunt looming over me in concern. One of them places her hand on my head, consoling me. \*I'm sorry, darling, but we had to show you what our species had come to. Your father understood well that we could no longer exist under these pretenses. The Witch\* \*Mother is pure evil.\* \*Is?\*

I ask.

My aunt turns to me grimly.

\*Yes, we have every reason to believe she is still alive. There are witches still living in your world, most of them still serve her.\*

\*This is why you can't let your guard down. Vera. If she ever found out a Spirit Wolf is still alive, she could try to use your magic to gain hers back. You cannot let this\* \*happen under any circumstance, do you understand?\*

I nod. The implication is very clear. I'd rather die than give that bitch her powers.

\*If she were ever to gain her powers back, with the rest of us gone, there would be no stopping her. No lycan or werewolf would ever be a match for her.\*

\*And what happened to my father?\*



They both look at each other.

\*We have reason to believe he is also alive in your world, although we are not sure in what state. We haven't felt him since we felt your birth.\*

\*And what about my mother? You said she was a werewolf?\*

\*Ah yes, her name was Lilith. Your father met her once and felt the mate pull, even though witches don't have predestined mates. She was a very lovely girl.\* My heart sinks at her words.

\*Was?\* I ask.

My grandmother turns sad,

\*Unfortunately, she didn't survive long after you were born. You see, it takes a very special wolf to be able to breed with a warlock, and none ever made it out alive. It was\*\*the curse of giving birth to a Spirit Wolf.\*

Unwanted tears start streaming down my face. I didn't even know these people, but I just know they had to love me very much to give up so much for me to live.

All of a sudden, I feel very tired. The entire experience has worn me out.

My aunt puts her hand on my forehead,

\*You should go now. A lot of magic is required to keep in the state you're in, it's drained you. You'll need a couple of hours to recuperate. Sweet dreams, my dear.\*

That's the last thing I remember her saying before everything goes dark.

I don't know how long I sleep for, but when I wake up and peek through the window. everything is dark. Is this the same night? I turn to the other side of the bed, noticing Noah is gone.

I get up from the bed feeling groggy, like I didn't rest at all. Maybe what my aunt said is true, being in their realm drains my magic and energy. Regardless, I get up from the bed and get dressed, heading downstairs to look for Noah. I find him looking out the kitchen window when I approach him. He turns around, sensing me, and puts his arms around me.

"Morning, sleepy head."

I grunt.

"How long was I asleep for?"

"About 18 hours."

I turn my head up to look at him,

"What?!"

"I mean I can't blame you, we were at it all night; I must've drained you."

"Noah..." I narrow my eyes at him and he laughs.

"Is that tea I smell?" I say, turning to the fireplace.

"Oh, yes, Elden said it might help you? He was here a few hours ago."

I grab the kettle and pour myself some tea. It smells amazing, and this time it has honey. I sigh, feeling better just by the scent alone. As I take a sip, it tastes like some type of flowery tea.

I sit by the couch and Noah joins me.

"What did you guys talk about?" I ask him.

"Not much, I think he was only interested in talking to you. He's a very odd old man."

I smile at this. Yes, yes he is.

"You were having a nightmare," he says.

I turn to look at the tea cup in my hands, enjoying the warmth of it against my skin.

"I was with my aunt and grandmother again. They showed me how spirit wolves were made." [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He looks at me, waiting patiently for me to continue. My skin crawls just recalling the experience. I take a deep breath and tell him everything I saw and everything my aunt and grandmother told me. He stays quiet for a long time, looking into the fire. "I knew witches were evil, but I underestimated them."

"They also said the Witch Mother is still alive, Noah. What if she's the one that created the Chimera? It had to be a powerful witch."

"More importantly, why would she create it in the first place?"

"She was after lycans and then werewolves, both of which are needed to create spirit wolves, could she be trying to make more again?" I shiver at the thought of this being true, but it's a possibility we have to consider.

We both sit in silence after this, each considering the implications.

"If that's the case, it is even more important to get Alistair dealt with, soon. Lycans have to be strong enough if that witch is coming back."

I nod at this. With everything I have recently learned. I had almost forgotten about Alistair. The quicker we deal with him, the quicker I can visit Sofia to warn her and catch her up.

There's a knock on the door and Noah sits up to get it.

"It's probably Eli," he says, heading to the door.

Eli walks in, a grave expression on his face.

"What happened?" I question, noticing his demeanor.

"Change of plans, kids."

He says as he sits on the dining table and Noah and I join him.

"So, King Alistair is back. We finally know what he was doing while he was away," he pauses, something sour in his expression, "he was gathering an army for hire."

Noah and I turn to look at each other, shocked.

"How many?" Noah asks.

"Thousands, they haven't arrived yet."

We both gape at him.

"How does he even have the money to hire such an army?" I question.

"He doesn't, but they don't know that yet."

We sit there, processing what this means for our plan.

"So, what now?" I'm hesitant to ask, but we need a new plan; we don't have nearly enough people to fight an army of thousands.

"Oh, I have a plan. It's riskier, but we have to move quickly, before his army gets here. The good thing is, we have an advantage." "And what's that?" I ask.

"You."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.