

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

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 heartbroken.

"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.”

“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 seems 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.