

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 62

Vera

We are still on standby in case anything goes wrong, the King has not yet left.

The guards step forward and handcuff Noah with large, heavy iron. He is pushed and shoved into the castle, being forced to kneel in front of the King.

The King approaches Noah and whispers something to his ear, too low to hear all the way here, but Noah reacts, launching himself at the King but is quickly stopped by the guards.

Alistair lets out a loud, cynical laugh, and waves his hand dismissively as Noah's Lycan eyes continue to swirl in his pupils,

"Take him! No food or water for today."

Then, he turns around and leaves the same way he came. Relief washes over me.

Noah is pushed and shoved in the direction of the dungeons, my heart aching by the way he's being treated.

"Ok, the plan is in motion, child," Elden tells me, "We should go and prepare for tomorrow."

“Is there any way I could see him? I need to make sure he’s ok.”

Elden scratches his beard,

“Let’s consult with Eli. I know some of his guys are on watch duty today, they might be able to let you in.”

We make it back up to the library the same way we came. This will be my hiding spot for the time being as only very few people knew I frequented it. Elden has even gone through the trouble of arranging a bed for me and everything.

“It isn’t much, but it’ll do the job.”

I thank him as he disappears through yet another dark corner of the library, leaving to consult Eli.

I sit on the bed and think about everything that’s supposed to happen, playing all of the different scenarios in my head, and worrying sick about Noah; basically, fueling my anxiety until Elden comes back about an hour later.

“Come, we don’t have much time, the guards in rotation right now are loyal to Noah but they are switched every hour. Put this on, it’ll mask your smell.”

I get up from the bed and follow Elden in a hurry, putting on a Council robe.

“Here,” he says, “you might need this.”

He hands me some bread, water, and a first aid kit. Worry sinks in my stomach as I look at him questioningly.

“No time, we have to hurry.”

I follow Elden quietly, steeling myself for the worse. We walk for about 10 minutes, descending into the tunnels until we reach yet another fake wall. When we arrive

to the dungeons, the smell is utterly putrid; I cover my nose with my hand, trying to filter out the smell of crusted blood and urine.

“Vera?” I hear my name as we make our way through the different cells.

It’s Noah.

I hurry towards the voice and sink to my knees at the sight.

Noah is on his knees, his hands chained to the wall behind him in the far end of the cell. He’s also been beaten into a bloody pulp, I have tears rimming my eyes, how could they do this?

“Elden, go get those damn guards, I need to clean him up.”

He does as he’s told and a few moments later, one of the guards shows up with the keys. He fumbles with them a bit, too murderous; if I get my hands on the ones who did this to him, I will end them myself.

testing my patience. I’m quickly going from sad

I get inside once the guard figures out how to use the keys and drop to my knees in front of Noah, assessing the damage.

His l*p is busted in many places and one of his eyes is swollen shut; the other eye isn’t doing much better but he can at least see through it. I dampen one of the rags Elden gave me in the first aid kit and begin cleaning the crusted blood in his hair, face and b*dy. Once I’m done, I also see many cuts meaning all of this blood I just cleaned was his.

“Those motherfuckers had to get me while chained, otherwise all of this blood would’ve been theirs,” Noah says while spitting blood to the side.

He’s angry. Good.

I keep cleaning him up, putting an antibiotic solution on his open wounds. I don't know what these wounds were made with but I'm just being extra cautious.

"Some of these need stitches." I say matter-of-factly.

"You can't. They'd know I have people helping me and they can't know just yet, V, we have to stick to the plan. I'll be almost completely healed by tomorrow,"

I stare at him, assessing what else I can do for him right now without it being too obvious. There is nothing more other than perhaps give him some painkillers.

"Here," I say, uncapping the water bottle and bringing it to his lips. He downs it one big gulp, also using some of it to swish his mouth and spit some more blood. I start ripping into the bread to feed him, piece by piece. He doesn't fight me on this, he continues eating in silence until the big loaf of bread is gone.

I hear footsteps outside the cell; it's one of the guards.

"It's time to go. Our shift is almost over."

I don't turn to look at him, instead I place my forehead gently on Noah's

"Go, I'll be fine."

I take one last look at him, holding in all of the sadness, impotence, and rage I feel right now. This isn't the time to jeopardize the mission.

Elden leads me to the fake wall once again, and we begin walking towards the library. Still, I can't shake the horrendous feeling that has settled in the pit of my stomach from leaving Noah alone.