

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 64

Noah

I open my eyes at the crack of dawn, awakened by the cackling of my friend on the other cell. When I come to, I notice I feel a lot better; resting really helped me heal and I must have slept at least ten hours.

Now that I can actually see with both of my eyes, I look around the cell. The smell is the worst thing I have ever smelled, but at least I'm somewhat used to it by now. When my gaze falls on the cell next to mine, I'm spooked to find the same man squatting to my eye level, his face once again pressed on the cell rods.

"Good morning, princess," he says, his eyes wide.

"Good morning to you, Chirp."

"Chirp? I like that. That's my name."

I chuckle humorlessly; this man really is something.

"You have to find him," he says very seriously, not blinking as he looks at me.

I turn to him again; noting his serious tone and the lack of cackling

"Find whom?" I ask.

"You need to find the boy."

“The boy? King Alistair? I don’t think that’s going to be a problem.”

“No! The other boy! The one I hid!”

“And where did you hide this boy?” I raise an eyebrow.

“You have to find the boy. The boy that would be King.”

I frown, wondering if this man is actually being serious now or is just delusional.

“There is no boy-would-be-King, Chirp.”

“He was two! And I hid him before he found out. I did good. Tell the King I did good, please tell the King I did everything I could, that it wasn’t my fault. He was tricked you see! The boy was tricked by that wench! Oh, if I could get my hands on her now...”

Chirp continue rambling on to himself in the corner now, pulling at his beard hair, which explains the bald spots. I feel sorry for this man, I have a feeling he wasn’t like this before. Being in this Goddess forsaken place has turned him into this.

I remain awake until I can see the sunlight rising from one of the few windows here, Normally, when duty called and it was time to fight, I wouldn’t hesitate, in fact I wouldn’t even be nervous about it. Today is different. I never had anything to lose before, and now all I can think about is Vera. She must be up too, obsessing over today’s plan; I can almost feel her anxiety.

Just as I’m thinking of her, the guards appear at the cell; it’s two of our guys.

“Morning, boss,” one of them says and I roll my eyes. They both chuckle,

“Sorry, it’s what the other guys are calling you and -“

“And it stuck, yeah yeah yeah,” I interrupt him and they chuckle even more.

One of them comes closer to me and unfastens the chains from the wall, but not my wrists. I look at him with an eyebrow raised,

“Sorry, the big man wants you like this, something about treating you like the dog you are,” he shrugs and I sigh. This King never ceases to amaze me.

The other guard hands me some meat pastries and I gladly take them.

“We aren’t due until the King is up which is in about thirty minutes, you’ll need the energy if we want to pull this off.”

I nod and also take the water they brought me.

“I can’t thank you guys enough for doing this, I know it’s dangerous but...”

“Are you kidding? We’ve been waiting for this day for years. I can’t wait to feel like I actually have a purpose here.”

I guess Eli was right, but I have a feeling the consensus is more against Alistair than it is for me; I’m just the scapegoat.

When I’m done eating and drinking, I nod at them and they adopt their proper posture. I turn to Chirp one last time,

“Good to meet you, Chirp, see you next time,” I say and wink at him.

He just stares at me, his eyes turning wide and he whispers,

“You...”

I don’t have time to marvel at the depths of Chirp’s mind, so I ignore him and follow the guys as they drag me by the chains out of the dungeon and into the main courtyard where executions are normally held.

When the doors are opened to reveal the courtyard, I’m shocked. The sick son of a b\*tch actually plans on making a spectacle out of this. The guillotine sits at the middle of hundreds and spectators, both Lycan and human. Up

ahead and right in from of the guillotine, the bastard has placed the trial seats for the Council and himself. He sits up top, with his stupid ensemble and a fucking crown.

The guards rough me up a bit, playing their part, then drag me by the chains onto the platform where the guillotine is displayed. They force me on my knees in front of the guillotine, right where my head would go if I'm found guilty, or rather, when I found guilty.

The entire crowd is in a fit of murmurs until the King claps his hands. It takes a few minutes for the people to settle down but they eventually do. He speaks,

"Warrior Noah, you are being tried today for the murder of five of your fellow Lycan warriors while on a mission to scout for an enemy, How do you plead?"

"Guilty, your Highness."

"And there we have it, he admits to his treason! My dear Council Members, I believe we have heard enough to

"If you will, your Highness, this Council would like to know why someone as highly regarded as Warrior Noah would commit such an atrocious crime," says Council

Member William.

I wait for the King's permission to speak, He rolls his eyes and dismissively waves his hand for me to speak.

"They attacked me first, Council Member William. Had I not killed them, they would have killed me."

The crowd erupts in hushed murmurs.

"And why would they ever dare do that to you, Warrior Noah?" The King asks, bored out of his mind.

“Well, your Highness, the last one I left bleeding to death swore it was you who gave the orders to have me killed.”

Now, the crowd really goes wild. They’re openly chattering, gasping, and some are eyeing the King suspiciously.

Council Member William stands up at my statement but the King... the King is turning all shades of red out of pure anger.

Who’s laughing now, motherfucker?