

# The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood Novel Full Episode

## Chapter 71

-Vera-

Elden walks quickly to the Beta's chambers and I follow close behind. When we get there, the guards are gone and he opens the doors. I step inside to find Beta Caleb sitting in front of a window and looking out with that distant look of his. He seems fine otherwise.

"I need you to try to heal him."

"Uhm, what?"

"The last time he had a moment of lucidity was when you touched him, back at the pyre ceremony, maybe it helped him."

"But I touched him later too and it did nothing for him."

"Vera, please. Just try."

"Elden, I could just as well fry his brain. I don't know how to use my magic yet." [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Just go by what you feel," he says as he takes my arm and guides me to Beta Caleb.

I sigh but comply. I kneel in front of Beta Caleb, taking a good look at him first. His beard has been shaven and his hair neatly cut; there is a semblance of the man he used to be.

"Did you do this?" I ask Elden, wondering about the haircut.

"It hurt my soul to see him in such disarray," he says.

"What is your connection to him, anyway?" I ask.

He growls lightly at me with a frown.

"Ok, ok. Here goes nothing."

I close my eyes, and try to 'go with the feeling' as Elden says, remembering the one time I touched the Moon Peonies and felt my intentions flow through to the flowers. I rub my hands together, concentrating, and then take Beta Caleb's hands in mine.

I stay like this for several minutes, with my eyes closed and focused on Beta Caleb, but I can't feel anything happen. With the Moon Peonies there was electricity running down my fingertips. but right now there isn't even the hint of a spark. I sigh,

"I'm sorry, Elden. I can't feel anything happening."

When I open my eyes, I find that Beta Caleb has closed his eyes and is resting against the chair. Great, I managed to put him to sleep.

"It's ok," Elden says, defeated, "I just needed to know."

He pauses,

"To answer your earlier question, I was Caleb's teacher back in the day. He was one of my first students and one of the most brilliant and honorable men I ever had the pleasure of teaching; and King Alexander? Oh, King Alexander was something special. He was everything I would ever hope a King would be. He was finally going to bring along absolute peace for the Kingdom, I was sure of it! His father made peace with your kind, and with witches gone, we only had to further nurture that relationship to be the Kingdom I always knew we could be. But then, Alistair took a piss on all of that."

Elden moves to a small table in front of another window, grabbing a glass and filling it up with what I think is wine. He pours a second glass for me. I join him and we both drink. It's very good wine, albeit on an empty stomach.

"All of them were spectacular, and all of them were stolen of their greatness," he says bitterly as he empties his glass and pours himself more wine.

This further explains why he hated Alistair so much, and why he stepped down from his Council position.

"Do you think he will ever get better?" I ask him, looking at Beta Caleb.

"I don't have much hope. Maybe he can have some moments of lucidity now that he's in a better situation, but I believe his mind is too far gone."

I look down at my glass, feeling sad that this would happen to him at the hands of his own son. I also feel incredibly grateful, knowing that if Noah is in fact King Alexander's son, Beta Caleb protected him despite paying the ultimate price: losing his son and his mind. "Elden, I'm going to do everything I can to help him, maybe my aunt and grandmother can teach me."

He smiles and pats my hand.

"I appreciate that," he says.

I excuse myself and head out, hoping there is still something left for lunch. As I'm making my way through the castle, on my way to the kitchen, I stop suddenly at the entrance to one of the courtyards, my ears ringing. Something is guiding me there and I know better than to ignore this feeling.

Soon enough, I'm making my way to Charlotte's garden, the ringing in my ear becoming stronger with every step. I step inside and find Charlotte reading on one of the benches. She greets me but I can't really hear what she says. I turn to look at the Moon Peonies and they're glowing; the ringing is coming from them.

I kneel in front of them, cupping one of them in my hands, almost like in a trance. I examine them closely, finding that not only are they glowing, they're actually vibrating. A couple of petals drop into my palms and with that, the ringing, glow and vibration stops. I snap out of it immediately, shaking my head. I look down at the petals in my hands, wondering what all of this was about. Charlotte is kneeling in front of me with a concerned expression.

"I'm... I'm sorry... I don't know what that was about," I say, trying to brush it off and to erase her worry, "did you also see that or was it just me?"

"See what?" she asks.

"The flowers were glowing just now."

"The only thing I saw glowing was your necklace," she says.

"My... necklace?"

I look down at the necklace Doctor Owens gave me. I don't see it glowing and I turn to Charlotte.

"Maybe we're both imagining things," she smiles, helping me up.

I take her hand and we both smile. This is a little awkward, who knows what Charlotte must be thinking after what she just saw.

"Oh, hey." I say, "I hadn't had the chance to thank you for giving me these." I gesture at the petals, "they're the only way I managed to escape the King."

"So it's true?" she asks, "I knew that man gave me the creeps, I told Ethan the minute I saw him. I knew he was up to no good with you, us girls just have that sixth sense you know." I smile at her,

"Unfortunately, I do."

I stay here catching up with Charlotte about everything that has happened since I last saw her. She was immediately aware of my mark and she congratulated me on it, winking and making me blush.

It feels good to have a normal conversation with someone that doesn't involve war plots and murder and all of the unpleasantness we have been exposed to recently.

"You know, I've been reading up on Moon Peonies and they say they have amazing healing properties when ingested," she mentions, glancing at the petals in my hands.

"Really? But they're poisonous."

"Well, it's like selective poison," she takes one of the petals between her fingers, "see? They burnt Harriet and the King, but they don't burn you, Ethan, or me. I still haven't figured out how that works."

I examine the flowers closely. If they do have healing properties, maybe Elden could make Beta Caleb a tea with them and see what happens.

I thank Charlotte and head back into Beta Caleb's room. Maybe this is why my ears were ringing and the flowers offered me their petals; it sounds ridiculous, even to me with everything I have experienced this past month, but I have to try.

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## Chapter 72

-Noah-

When I enter the dining hall, without Vera, everyone stops eating and stares at me. They don't know if they should stand, as they did with Alistair whenever he walked into a room, or if they should just ignore me like any other warrior, which I was less than 48 hours ago.

The silence is beginning to annoy me as I make my way to fix myself some food, the female lycans even attempt to take my plate from me and serve me themselves. I try to politely wave them off and thank them, but they're quite insistent. In the end, I just take my food and sit with my normal group of people. Once I sit, it's like everyone is holding their breath to see what I do; so, I just start eating normally, like I always do, not minding the stares.

Ethan, Ezra, and Mason are sitting next to me and in front of me biting their cheeks so they don't laugh. I growl at them slightly, challenging them to say something.

"So how do you like the stir fry, \*Your Highness\*?" Ezra asks, completely serious.

"Would you like for me to cut your steak, King Noah?" Ethan asks.

"Or here, Your Highness," Mason says, "let me just..." he proceeds to place a f\*\*\*\*\*g napkin in my collar.

The silence in the entire room is deafening.

I stare at all three cheeky bastards and unceremoniously grab my stir fry with my hand and spread it all over Ethan's face. The mouths of the other two hang open as they stare back and forth between Ethan and myself. I picked Ethan for this specifically because he finds this absolutely disgusting; I'm just waiting for his reaction.

"It's on, motherfucker," he says as he takes food in his hands and throws it violently my way. Only I grab Mason by his neck and place his face directly in the line of fire. It misses me, but it gets Mason good.

There's another minute of silence as the entire room registers what just happened.

Then Mason yells,

"FOOD FIGHT!"

All hell breaks loose.

There is food flying everywhere, the female lycans have run into the kitchen to hide, and the youngsters are even on the tables, running away from their elders whom they took the opportunity to soil with food. It's complete chaos and I absolutely love it. Even Eli has joined in after one of his students threw a bowl of pasta his way.

This right here reminds me of the old days, when we were young and would get into food fights at least once a month and had to pay a very heavy price for it; cleaning up, extra hours of training, more combat hours, more laps around the castle, so on and so forth. It was worth it every single time.

By the end, there is no more food left to throw around and we are all exhausted from the action and from laughing so much. When we compose ourselves, I look around at all the mess we caused. All of us, no exceptions, are absolutely disgusting, covered in all types of food head to toe. The floor, the walls, and inexplicably the chandeliers and ceiling also have food stuck to them.

Everyone is looking sheepishly at me, probably waiting for me to snap. I clear my throat and look at all of them.

"Anyone below the age of 16 has to stay here and clean. The rest of you, back to work!" I say, completely serious. I can only imagine how stupid I look giving orders while completely covered with food.

I hear all the youngsters groan and complain, one even has the audacity to answer back.

"But you started it! It's not fair!"

"That's no way to speak to your King!" One of the teachers scolds him.

"It's ok," I say, "young man, it's not about who starts a fight, it's about who finishes it, and from what I saw, you were the last one to throw that bowl of salad." I point to the empty bowl still in his hands. Ethan, Ezra, Mason and the rest of our group burst out laughing.

I clear my throat again, feigning seriousness, "Alright, let's get to it."

As I leave the dining hall, I see out of the corner of my eye the female lycans coming out and handing the youngsters buckets with water and mops; I also hear their collective groans.

I smile to myself, on the verge of laughter, as I make my way to the kitchen to ask the cooks to prepare something for Vera for when she comes back. Next, I head in for a quick shower and coffee before entering the hours long torment that is my meeting with the Council.

At the meeting, I was pleasantly surprised to find that most of the Council members came back for the second round. It was my understanding that they were not at all pleased with the change in management but of course, they want to keep as much power and influence as they can.

The rest of the meeting was spent addressing their various concerns due to the coup; most of which had to do with their benefits as Council members, and of course, their pay, and very little to do with the well-being of the kingdom. One of them even suggested they get the pay of the ones that left evenly distributed amongst themselves for 'picking up their slack."

When the meeting is over, I at least managed to draw and agree on an agenda for the next meetings and changes that would be implemented right away, which included not taxing communities affected by drought or grain shortage. They were obviously not pleased, but agreed nonetheless. "Alright, Council session over, we will meet here tomorrow at the same time. You are all dismissed," I say.

Most of them bow their heads my way as a sign of respect as they leave, others won't even look my way. I make a mental note to remind them that they have a very simple choice to make; either they get with the program, or they can get the f\*\*k out of this castle. I don't even know what time it is when the meeting finally ends, all I know is that I'm hungry and I haven't heard anything from Vera since she took off with Elden.

When I make my way back to the dining hall, there's nobody here; it really must be late. I open the doors to the dining hall, expecting for it to be completely empty, but instead I find Vera eating completely alone on a table. Her eyes find mine as soon as I spot her and she smiles at me. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

This is all I need after a very long day.

I close the gap between us and sit next to her, giving her a quick kiss; her lips cold from the ice in her drink.

"So, I leave you alone for a few hours and you get food on the chandelier?" She says, pointing at the chandelier at the center of the room with her fork.

I laugh,

"I actually think that was one of the young ones."

"They hate you, you know? It's barbaric to have them clean this entire hall," she laughs.

"Hey, it builds character. It certainly helped mine."

"Well, the cooks and other cleaning staff were very grateful, perhaps that's why they made us dessert," she points at the cake she's eating.

I smile at her, feeling incredibly lucky that I get to have some moments of normalcy with the love of my life; and that she's not the least bit spooked by everything happening in my life right now.

I open my mouth to speak, but her eyes dart to the entrance of the dining hall. I turn around, following her gaze.

Elden is looking directly at us, his eyes wide and looking rather pale.

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## Chapter 73

-Vera-

Noah and I go to Elden, concerned with his lack of response when we called him over. He hasn't said a word and is looking like he's seen a ghost.

When we're in front of him, he's still unresponsive and Noah and I look at each other.

"Elden..." Noah says.

Elden snaps out of his trance and he looks at both of us, then all of our surroundings. He doesn't

say a word, he only gestures at us to follow. Of course, we are headed to see Beta Caleb.

When we enter the room, he's asleep in the middle of the bed, breathing passively.

"I was hoping he'd still be awake when we returned," Elden says. "Elden, what's going on?"

"The tea worked, Vera. It worked!" He's keeping his voice down for Caleb's sake but the excitement in his tone is clear, "I gave him the tea immediately after you brought it to me. I know we said we'd do more research but I didn't think it could hurt. I was right! You were right!" "Anyone care to fill me in?" Noah says.

We move to sit at the small table where Elden and I had wine earlier. I notice there's a blue tea in the middle of it; it's the same scent from the moon peonies.

"I brought Elden some moon peonies petals earlier today. My ears were ringing and it was the flowers calling me and I just had a hunch."

"The... the flowers were calling you?" He cocks an eyebrow at me.

I roll my eyes.

"I know how it sounds, but back when Charlotte's garden was destroyed, so were the moon peonies. I managed to bring them back to life and not only did they bloom, they flourished and multiplied. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com). Visit [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. I'm certain it was because I used magic to do it even if I didn't know that's what it was at the time. So, I guess there's some magic in them? Is that what's happening?" I turn to Elden with my question.

"L... I don't know." Elden says, looking down at the tea, "I tried it myself before giving it to him, of course, and nothing happened. So, I gave it to him and in a few minutes it's as



if he was back to his former self. It was incredible. It didn't last long, of course, this will take time, but it worked, Vera." Elden is tearing up as he says this.

"Did he say anything? About... my parents?" Noah asks.

Elden turns to him with a very serious expression.

"Noah. You *are* King Alexander's son, the rightful heir to the throne."

Noah releases a long breathe and runs his hand through his face. I just stare at him, trying to figure out what he's thinking now that we have confirmation.

A moment passes and he speaks again,

"And did Chirp shed any light on why my birth was kept a secret for so long?"

Elden's expression is grim.

"Because, Noah, your mother was not a noblewoman, but she was nonetheless King Alexander's mate."

"If she was his fated mate, why does it matter that she wasn't of noble birth?"

"Because she was a wolf."

My jaw drops to the floor. Noah's jaw drops to the floor.

"What?" Noah says, incredulous.

"You heard me correctly. According to Caleb, your mother was a wolf. She was of noble birth in wolf society, so she was mated to the Alpha of her pack against her will. When she met your father, it was clear that they were fated mates but she was already married. She escaped to join your father, but in order to not create conflict with her pack, all of this had to be a secret."

Noah runs his hand through his hair, shocked at the revelation.

"You keep referring to her in past tense, what happened to her?"

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"You keep referring to her in past tense, what happened to her?"

"I'm sorry, we didn't get to talk as much, that's all I got from him. Then I think the effect wore off and he went back to being... Chirp. He's been asleep since." Elden says.

My head is reeling at the revelation. Not only is Noah the rightful King, but he is also half wolf.

"We would still need to prove this before bringing it to the Council, or anyone else for that matter, and I'm afraid Beta Caleb's testimony won't be of much use in this state," I say.

Elden nods,

"Yes, but now I at least have a lead to look into to prove your parentage, Noah."

We all stay silent for a long while after, processing what this all means.

In theory, not much changes. Noah is already King, albeit against the Council's wishes. But having proof of who he is will give them no other choice than to support him fully and recognize him as the true heir to the throne.

Suddenly, we hear a stomach growl. It's Noah's.

"Well, I think that's our cue to go. Elden, please let us know if you find anything else or if Beta Caleb says anything else," Noah says.

Elden nods and Noah and I make our way to the dining hall once again, hoping maybe there is some food left.

When we get there, there isn't much but someone left him some meat pastries in the pantry, neatly covered up. One of the cooks must have seen that he didn't get to eat; now that he's King, it's natural for everyone to be hyper aware of him and his needs. "Let's just go to our room. I'm tired and I don't feel like sitting here."

I smile and nod, also sneaking to the cellar to grab some wine as well as some coffee mugs from the counter; it's the only thing I could find in ways of a cup.

"I have a feeling we might need this."

He smiles at me and puts his arm on my shoulders as we make our way to the room.

Once there, we each get undressed and into some form of pajamas. He usually only wears pants or his underwear and I settle for one of his oversized t-shirts. As he digs into his food, I take the wine, open it and pour it into the mugs.

"How did you manage all of this when you found out about your parents?" He asks as we sip the wine and he finishes his food.

"What? The existential crisis? The abandonment issues? You have to be specific," I smile.

"Everything." he laughs and leans back on the headboard. "I have not known myself a single day in my life for the last 26 years."

"Noah, you're still you, regardless of who your parents were. And I saw the way you handled the Council in the meeting, you are a natural leader. None of that changes."

He sighs.

"I never wanted any of this, you know? I never wanted the throne, I never wanted to head the Council or an entire \*kingdom\* for that matter" he pauses, "I wonder if my parents had raised me would I feel any different."

"I think you already feel responsible for everyone as it is, otherwise you wouldn't have accepted this. And what is it to be King if not to sacrifice for your people?"

We stay chatting for a couple of hours more, laughing as Noah told me everything that happened during lunch. It's been a long day, for both of us, so I'm hoping this wine helps us both get some sleep.

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## Chapter 74

-Noah-

Two whole weeks have passed since I technically became King. The meetings with the Council have proved fruitful as now we have a plan of action for most critical problems in the kingdom. I'm particularly worried about the rogue invasion to some of our territories. Before, they appeared to be random attacks searching for food or money, but now they seem planned and strategic; we could very possibly be facing a loss of territory to these rogues now.

The worst part is, there is nothing I can do about it now. I can't send the appropriate number of men to deal with it without compromising the security of the castle. If I send fewer men than I consider necessary, it's a suicide mission. If I send the necessary army, we'd be vulnerable to any attack by Alistair.

Remembering Alistair makes me unconsciously grind my teeth. It's as if the bastard was swallowed by the earth itself, there is no trace of him anywhere. It's hard to believe he had friends anywhere outside lycan territory that would hide him, but now I have to consider the possibility that he indeed managed to escape the territory.

Eli and the rest are certain that he won't be a problem anymore; they're convinced he's just going die in some ditch somewhere, but my gut is telling me otherwise. He was underestimated once before by King Alexander; I will not make the same mistake. Once the morning Council meeting is over, I stay behind to talk to one person in particular. Perhaps he could enlighten me on whether I am right to be paranoid or not. "Council member William," I call.

He turns to me, bowing his head. The rest of the Council members have cleared the room.

"Please, Your Highness, call me William," he says.

"Only if you stop calling me Your Highness," I tell him.

He smiles,

"Alright, let's leave the formalities only for formal encounters. Tell me, what can I do for you, Noah?" He says.

It feels good to finally hear my name instead of royal titles.

"William, I was hoping you could enlighten me about something."

"Anything."

"How did Alistair manage to defeat King Alexander the first time?"

William stares at me for a moment, then looks around to make sure we're alone.

"Not here, please follow me."

We begin walking and eventually reach one of the open courtyards towards the entrance of the castle.

"Sorry, I'm just being extra careful. This castle isn't very good at keeping secrets and as you might be aware, not all the Council members are genuine in their support of you."

"I imagine as much," I say.

"And you're not bothered by that?"

"The council is unnecessary, William, I could just as easily dismantle it and call it a day. All of you would be stripped of your status, your power, and your influence. The only reason why I choose to keep it is to respect tradition." "And you really think you could govern on your own?"

I smile,

"No, of course not. I would simply get a new Council. One that has actual warriors, healers and scholars in it. I have a feeling that's the way it's supposed to be anyway. Most of you have had such privileged lives, coming from incredibly wealthy families. Tell me, William, what value do any of you add to a Council if you have not lived the struggles of the common folk, which are the people I'm trying to serve?"

He stops walking and turns to look at me, a genuine smile on his lips.

"None," he says honestly.

We keep walking until we reach an empty, less visited courtyard and sit on one of the benches. I had actually never been here.

"This is closer to my chambers, I know nobody will be listening here," he explains, "to answer your earlier question. I don't know."

I blink at him,

"Care to elaborate?" I say.

"I understand the discontent there was with King Alexander, and I understand why the Council chose to side with Alistair. But I do not know how he managed to have most of the warriors side with him. King Alexander was beloved by his people, respected by his warriors, so it is beyond me." "Why was the Council eager to get rid of him?"

"Not get rid of him, per se. None of them would have done what Alistair did, but when the opportunity came, they took it. Alistair promised them riches, bigger salaries, less work, so on," he stays silent for a while, "the purpose of the council is not only to advise you, Noah, it is to advise other influential families and to keep the peace between them and the royal family. But everyone got compliant after Alistair won; they all stopped nurturing their relationships with the outside world. Everyone got lazy." I rub my forehead with my fingers. 'Other influential families,' what in the world does that even mean. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Who were these influential families you speak of?"

"Oh well, you know, rich families that would donate generously to the crown. Alistair dismantled them. Since Alistair was not the rightful King, he was afraid one of them would try to overthrow him," he pauses, "I wasn't here when the fighting took place, the coup that eliminated King Alexander's reign, but my grandfather was. You see, Council seats are inherited, and I inherited his shortly after Alistair became King. He told me, on his death bed, that the warriors seemed to be in a trance... like they weren't themselves. Most of them deserted shortly after that."

I frown.

"That doesn't make any sense, William."

"Unfortunately, that's all I can tell you about the fight itself."

"Why was the Council discontent with King Alexander?"

"Well, for the first years of his reign everything seemed to be in perfect order, but then he got this wild idea in his head that he would open up our territory and routes of trade to wolves," he side eyes me, "not to be offensive, of course, considering your mate is a wolf, it was just such a wild idea back then... even now. They never saw this openness as a mutually beneficial plan, since they see no value in wolves."

"And what do you think?"

"I think the Council is due for a renovation if they still hold such archaic beliefs."

We stay quiet for a moment as I contemplate this new information.

"Eli and the others seem to think Alistair will no longer be a problem for us. I, on the other hand, will only be satisfied when I have his head dangling from the castle entrance. Am I right to be vigilant still?" His face turns sour as he looks at the fountain in front of us.

"With all due respect, Alistair is not someone that can be underestimated, his \*greed\* cannot be underestimated. You took away the one thing he cared for... power. Rest assured he will be back.

I nod at him and stand up,

"William," I extend my hand to shake his, "good talk. We should have these more often."

He shakes my hand and smiles,

"Whenever you'd like, Noah."

With that, I take off the same way we came in, my fists clenching.

It's about time I took matters into my own hands.

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## Chapter 75

-Vera-

My days lately have been comprised of either following Noah around, joining Charlotte in her garden, hands.

Back home, I always had something to do, always had something to tend to, not to mention how dema I decided not to join Noah today at the Council meeting and go

training instead; there's literally nothing I have to admit, I have been quite impressed with Noah; it really seems like he has been doing this all since Alistair disappeared.

Right now, I'm making my way to Eli's office to discuss a plan I have been thinking of. The woods on either side are a lead.

When I reach his office, I'm surprised to find people already there, including Noah. I come closer and "...we leave at dawn," Noah says.

I step behind him, completely concealed by his large frame.

"Where are we going?" I say behind him, causing the hairs on his neck to rise.

They were clearly not expecting my presence at all because all of them get spooked, even jumping a bit. "Oh, uh, Vera, I was coming to find you after this meeting."

"It's ok. Catch me up, where are we going?"

"Uh well. \*we aren't going anywhere."

Suddenly my demeanor changes and my expression turns serious.

"Guys, could we have the room, please?" I say a little too nicely.

Of the people here I only know Mason and Liam, whom I know are trackers and who are now throwing the last person closing the door behind them.

"Vera, I just need to make sure he's -" he begins, but I cut him off.

gug on whatever I can find about the age of witches and helping Elden out with Beta Caleb. But even all of this leaves me with too much idle time on my

working at the clinic was. I can't help but wonder what everyone home is up to. Maybe once this is all over, I can go home and visit for a few days. For me to do there since most of the Council is now on board with Noah's proposals.

life and in a way, he has; he's always been a natural leader. I, for one, am just happy we are regaining some sense of normalcy now that it's been two weeks

de of the castle are too vast to expect trackers to find Alistair's tracks, especially now that so many days have passed, so maybe I can use my abilities to find the last thing they were saying:

the sound of my voice.



sh looks between Noah and I; almost like they were doing something they are not supposed to. They all excuse themselves and make their way to the exit,

**\*\*Surely\***, you weren't thinking of leaving this castle, were you? Not now that you are King, and **\* surely** you weren't planning on leaving **\*me\*** again." I say, not even caring to hide the venom in my voice.

"I have to make sure he is found and killed, I will not make the same mistake Alexander made, underestimating Alistair caused him his life and his family," he's visibly upset.

"Oh, I see. You're making this personal. But have you not considered that this is might be exactly what he wants? If he gets rid of you there is absolutely no one else left to defy him, no one else that the people will follow."

"How can I not make this personal?! He killed my father and presumably my mother, and if I don't find him first, he'll come after us, after you, Vera! I will not allow that to happen!"

He's speaking through clenched teeth now.

"Noah, you can't think only about yourself anymore, you are King now! Your wellbeing is the kingdom's wellbeing! Besides, have you not even considered that we are a team now? You don't have to keep me from anything Noah, I am your equal, not a damsel in distress. In any case if he's a threat to both of us, we should both go after him!"

He's fuming.

"That will not happen."

"Why? Because you don't trust my abilities? I could singlehandedly destroy every single lycan you throw my way." I'm equally angry now.

"Because I can't lose you!" He yells.

We both stay quiet for a moment, my anger not diminishing in the slightest.

"I can't lose you; you are the only thing I have left. Why do you even think I agreed to all of this? Because there was no way that bastard was going to stop pursuing you, mark or no mark. He's a power hungry a\*\*\*\*\*e that would stop at nothing to have you. Vera, you have to trust me on this, **\*please\***"

"No, you have to trust **\*me\***. You **\*should not\*** go looking for him, Noah! We don't even know where to start looking, let alone what he's been up to these past few weeks! What if he ambushes you? What will five of you do against an entire army?! I've heard you talk about Liam's and Mason's tracking skills, let them handle it."

He clenches his fist,

"I'm not good at delegating. Vera. You should know th -" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Well then you better start practicing. \*Your Highness," I say as I turn around to leave, smashing the door behind me.

I walk around aimlessly through the castle after my fight with Noah. I really can't understand how thick headed men are sometimes, and they say we are the illogical ones.

As far as we're concerned, we don't know where Alistair is, we don't know what he's up to, and we don't even know how many moles he can have within the castle walls. Going out and hunting him down is the single most idiotic plan Noah has ever come up with. Does he not understand how crucial he is to everything now? Especially now that we know his parentage. He is not only King now but he is the very last of his clan.

The entire world could burn down, and he still would be the only one capable of building it back up.

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## Chapter 76

-Vera-

After walking aimlessly through the castle for what feels like hours, I settle for going to the gym and train some more before dinner time. I'm still so angry at Noah for thinking so selfishly, and specially for thinking of leaving me here... again. I run for an hour, I train with Eli's students for another hour, and then even lift weights, which I hate; all of this in hopes of releasing my frustration, but it's no use. I still don't know what Noah will decide, in the end it's his decision and he will do what he thinks is best; even if it's this stupid plan. I'm in no place to tell him what to do, but at least I hope I made him reconsider.

When I'm done training, I can barely lift my legs up the stairs to go to our room, but I'm in desperate need for a shower. My frustration isn't only about Noah's plan, but part of me misses being busy all the time, as weird as it sounds. Back at the Pack House, I had a

purpose. Here, I have yet to find my place. I know things will get better once Noah is settled in the throne; I've even thought about opening up a clinic here, but it might take longer than I'd like it to.

Once in the shower, I take my time under the warm water and try to meditate; clear my mind. I still have to tell Eli and Noah about my plan to find Alistair, I'm just not in the mood to argue with either one of them right now.

I sigh, turning off the shower and grabbing a towel. My hair is dripping water down my back and shoulders. Staring at myself in the mirror, I realize I'm not even hungry anymore; I'm just really, really tired.

I wrap a towel on my head, put on a t-shirt, and plop myself on the bed, arms stretched. Without realizing it, I'm slowly falling asleep, my eyelids heavy. In a few minutes, I'm too tired to keep my eyes open and I fall asleep, thinking of Noah and wondering if he will go through with his plan.

"My dear,"

It's Margaret's voice.

I open my eyes and I'm in their realm. I blink several times adjusting to the light.

\*Uhm, hi,\* I say

\*It's good to see you again so soon! We thought it would take a few months.\*

\*Why would it take months?\* I ask.

\*Because it takes a lot of magical energy to be here, Vera. Some witches only traveled once a year,\* Eleanor says.

\*Vera,\* Margaret turns to me, \*It's important we begin your training. I'm afraid there's already chatter about an unknown magical being in your world. Of course, they don't\*

\*know it's you, and they don't know what you are, but it's only a matter of time.\*

\*Actually, I was hoping you could help me with something. There's a man in my world that has gone insane, he took some moon peonie tea and it helped but, is there any\*

\*way to cure him with... magic?\*

Both my grandmother and aunt stare at each other and then at me,

\*Well, you see,\* auntie Eleonor says, \*witches each have a gift they excel at. It could be healing, it could be spells, it could be premonition or visions, like yourself. But no\* \*witch has all of them. Presumably, your gift is visions like your father, we won't know if you can also heal until we start your training.\*

"Wait," my grandmother interjects, "did you say, moon peonies?\*

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

They share a look.

\*Tell us exactly what you did with those flowers, Vera.\*

I proceed to tell them everything about the flowers, what I felt when I touched them, how they multiplied and bloomed; even how I tried to replicate that feeling with Beta Caleb.

\*Fascinating,\* my grandmother says, deep in thought.

\*Do you think she could... do you think she could have more than one gift? Because to do that without training... it took me years to revive a simple plant.\*

\*Let's not get ahead of ourselves, moon peonies are magic conductors. We will find out what other gifts you have as you train, Vera. For now, I want to focus on your gift\* \*of vision. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jo bn ib.com. Visit Job nib.com to read the complete chapters for free. It was incredibly useful to your father, and I imagine it will be to you, too."

\*Normally I don't have problems getting visions. It was easier back home in the forest, I'd just concentrate on my surroundings; the trees, roots, flowers, animals,\* \*everything and it would just... show me...if that makes sense. But I've also done it here.\* Now they've turned quiet and are looking at me as if I have a bug on my face.

\*What?" I ask annoyed.

\*It's... It's just unexpected... could it be we didn't seal her magic properly?\*" my aunt asks my grandmother.

\*No, no, we did.\*

\*But then she also visited me spontaneously in dreams, like when she was child, even after we locked her magic.

\*I know, I know. I will have to consult with our elders while you teach Vera her breathing exercises. Vera, dear, I'm sorry to leave you but I have to... consult... something." My grandmother smiles apologetically and just like that, she's gone.

I turn to my aunt, my eyebrow raised.

\*Darling, what you are describing is a very rare gift. Only the original witches were able to connect to the forest in the way you describe. Add to that the fact that you did it\* \*even when your magic was blocked, and without a spell? It's not rare... it's unheard of.\* "In the book I was reading, it says that witches are naturally connected to nature... I thought that's what it was.\*

\*Yes, it's true, and before our species became corrupted, it was a gift that flowed naturally in all of us. Now, it's only possible to get visions from the forest through\*  
\*conductors or spells. You see, the forest is a living being, it can choose who to show the visions to. Conductors and spells are a way to force it to show us things.\*

She pauses for a moment,

\*Anyway, let's get into your breathing and concentration exercises,\* She says.

I follow her instructions step by step, feeling myself relax as time passes. Then, I feel a spark at the center of my chest and gasp.

\*Good girl, hold on to that feeling, breathe in deeply and let it expand through your entire body as you exhale.\*

I do as I'm told and I can feel the warm electricity expanding from my chest to the rest of my body; somehow, even my hair feels electric.

\*Excellent. Now open your eyes and try to hold on to it.\*

When I open my eyes, much to my disappointment, the feeling is almost completely gone.

\*What happened? I felt it everywhere and now it's gone?\*

\*Patience, my darling. Mastering the fluctuations of magic within us takes practice,\* she pauses and looks to her right and smiles, \*for now, I think you better return to your\*  
\*world, someone's waiting for you.\* When I blink again, I'm no longer in their realm; I'm in my world, lying in bed, with a heavy arm draped across my belly.

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## Chapter 77

-Vera-

I blink to adjust to the darkness of the room; the other realm is quite bright and it takes me a moment

to close my eyes.

I fell asleep on my back and with a towel on my hair, so Noah fell asleep next to me with his arm draped around my belly. My heart swells with relief to see he decided not to go

after all. I turn around, burying my face on his neck and hugging him. The movement wakes him and he tightens his arm around me, holding me closer.

"I'm sorry I didn't want to listen to you earlier, V," he says.

"I'm sorry we fought," I say into his neck.

"You call that a fight? I'll consider it a fight when you start throwing shit at me."

"Oh, I wanted to," I say and he laughs, his chest rumbling against mine.

"You did help us come up with a different plan, though. I don't have to leave the castle; he just has to

I turn my head to look at him, a clear question on my expression.

"Don't ask, Mason just has a hunch."

I don't even want to ask anymore.

"Here, I brought you something."

He reaches over to the nightstand and retrieves a plate, turning on the nightstand lamp.

"They might be cold but no one saw you at dinner so I assumed you missed it."

I practically jump him for them. I don't know if it's the workout, the pent up frustration or the magical

I moan after taking the first bite.

"This is amazing," I say, not even caring that my mouth is full.

I dig into the rest of them in a minute and Noah is looking thoroughly amused.

"You're a little monster," he says with a laugh once I'm done. Little does he know I'm still hungry.

did. Hopefully this encourages him to come out of his hole and when he does, we'll be ready for him."

to my aunt and grandmother, but I'm absolutely famished.

"Well, I did train for three hours because I was angry at you, and then I had a dreamy magical teaching on with my aunt so," "Magical session? Really?"

"Oh yeah, and apparently I'm a freak of nature."

"They've seen you eat, too?"

I throw my bunched up napkin at him and he laughs.

"Apparently, that thing I do in the forest? Get visions from it and all? Isn't normal."

He frowns,

"And why isn't that normal?"

"Because the forest is a living being and it doesn't show you anything unless you coerce it to."

Noah's frown deepens.

"Yeah, I know. I'm not focusing too much on that, it gives me a headache. What time is it anyway?" I ask him.

"About 10, you fell asleep pretty early."

"And how have the Council meetings gone now that I'm not there to threaten them?"

"I'm intimidating enough on my own, thank you," he says, "you know, I think they're open to a lot of ideas, as long as I don't reduce their absurd salary that is." "Why am I not surprised?" I say sarcastically.

"Most of them were mostly afraid I would either kill them or exile them, but now that they see that I'm not a threat, they're more cooperative."

"Do you think some of them still hold any loyalties to Alistair?"

"Definitely. Which is why we need to get rid of him, soon."

"What about moles?"

"Several. We've intercepted a few; followed them hoping they'd lead us to Alistair but it always

ended up being a dead end. Apparently not even they know where he is."

We stay silent for a moment and I turn to look at my hands on my lap.

"Maybe I can help, that whole 'the forest tells me stuff' could work to our advantage."

I raise my gaze and look at him, he's smiling at me.

"We could try; honestly everything else we've tried hasn't worked."

I smile back at him,

"You know, except for that idiot plan of yours earlier today, I have been quite impressed with how you're handling everything. You really were born for this." "Well, I do have to admit it feels good to make changes that will benefit everyone in the long run. I didn't realize how abandoned the kingdom was under Alistair. People being attacked by rogues, others starving to death. Entire villages have been abandoned because the land is no good to grow anything anymore. Families displaced, drought, grain shortage... It was a matter of time before everything collapsed, anyway" he pauses, "how does that work? With wolves, how do you manage the territory?" He asks me. "Hmm... it's quite different. We don't have a King or Queen for starters. We have five main packs, each with their own land to protect and their own Alpha to rule over them. Other than the main Pack Houses which operate much like this castle, there are several villages that live off of the Pack Houses but still respond to the Alpha guarding their respective territories."

"And all of the Alphas get along? There isn't struggle over territory?"

"Of course, although it's been several decades since the last time any pack fought over territory. We have open trade and mobility amongst all of us; many come to our Pack Clinic because we have the best doctors and facilities, I studied at the Crescent Moon pack because their biology program is the best, and so on. We cooperate amongst ourselves for the most part."

"I wonder if that's because of the nature of wolves, you guys are pack animals while lycans are not."

"Sure, but I actually think it's because of the Alphas." I say, taking a moment to put my thoughts into words, "for us, our main purpose is to serve the good of the many, we are pack animals as you say; but Alphas have the power to lead their pack into war, to coerce everyone in their domain to comply with their demands, but they choose not to. We are taught our history, and wars have only ever led to unnecessary deaths. You see, holding on to so much territory has never been possible. It is much more stable this way, and therefore better for everyone."

Noah stays silent for a minute,

"William was telling me that there were noble families before Alistair came to power, they would act as guardians of certain territories; I'm just wondering if it's beneficial to bring them back now. I have a feeling rogues have been taking over these territories because they no longer have the means to defend themselves as they used to."



"Probably, but you would have to meet them first. When was the last time you traveled through the kingdom?" "Never."

I stare at him, blinking several times.

"Never?"

"Warriors are not allowed to leave the castle unless under explicit orders from the King. I'm starting to understand why that is. Many of us would have deserted if we saw the state of the kingdom."

We keep talking for about half an hour more until I yawn, a tear even slipping down my eye. Noah laughs.

"I know I'm boring you with all this kingdom talk, it's boring even to me."

"No, you're really not, I'm just ti -"

Before I can keep protesting. Noah tuns off the nightstand lamp and pulls me down with him on the bed. This time, my back is to his chest and in only a few minutes, the steady beat of his heartbeat and breathing lull me to what I thought would be peaceful sleep. Only a few hours after falling asleep. I jolt up from the bed, breathing heavily while cold sweat drips down my forehead.

Noah jolts up too.

"Vera, what wrong?"

"They... they..."

He turns on the lamp to look at me, Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I have tears streaming down my eyes and I can't control them.

"They're coming."

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## Chapter 78

-Noah-

"They're coming," Vera says in a panicky voice.

It takes me a minute to wake up fully and understand what's happening. I grab her face between my hands; she's crying.

"Noah, they're coming. Many thousands of them, I couldn't see the end of the line. I... I..." She's hyperventilating.

"Who's coming. Vera?"

"Alistair and an entire army!"

She gets off from the bed and changes her clothes, quickly; It prompts me to do the same. I know better than to not believe her by now.

We both step out of the room; it can't be past two in the morning right now and the castle is deserted as we make our way to the council meeting room. I knock on several doors on our way, waking everybody up.

Everyone follows us, looking grumpy and disheveled.

When about twenty of us have gathered, I begin.

"We have reason to believe Alistair is mobilizing now, with an army of thousands. We have to prepare the castle walls, call back all of the warriors that are out. With those numbers, our only chance will be to protect the castle and plan the attack from within." Everyone stares at me incredulous. One of the warriors raises his hand, yawning and scratching his beard.

"Uhm, excuse me, boss? How do we know this isn't just a ploy to get us to retreat our people from the outposts? It would give them the chance to advance without intervention."

"Vera saw them."

They all look at her and she gulps; she's visibly still shaken by whatever she saw, enough to cause me to be on edge.

Eli and Lucas give me a look, both increasingly concerned now that they know the information is coming from Vera. Nobody else here would understand what this means, but Lucas and Eli have both witnessed Vera's powers first hand; more importantly, how accurate her visions are.

"I'm sorry, boss, but she hasn't been outside these castle walls, how would she know?"

"Shut up, boy!" Eli yells angrily, slamming his hands on the table, "We have no time to waste. Vera, tell us exactly what you saw; reference points, number of soldiers, time of day, everything you can remember."

Vera begins telling every detail of her vision, and from what she tells us, Alistair is very close; two hours away at best.

"Do you know if the soldiers are lycan or human?"

"Most of them are human, but many hundreds of them are lycan," she says, shivering as she recounts her vision.

"Alright, you all know what to do. Let's go!"

The meeting room is cleared in only a few seconds, only Eli and Lucas stay behind.

"We have to close all of the entries to the castle. If they manage to breach it, we are f\*\*\*\*d," Lucas says.

"I'll go talk to Elden. There's only one way Alistair disappeared and he might use that same way to come in," Vera says.

I grab her hand,

"You don't have to, you can stay here with us. Eli will go talk to Elden."

Eli nods but she frees her hand,

"No, no. Thanks for the offer but the last thing I need right now is to be idle."

She leaves the meeting room, hugging herself against the chill of the night.

"Lucas is right, which is why we have to prepare a plan in case they do breach the castle. We need guards in the secondary entrances at all times to inform us if they breach," Eli says.

"We have to reinforce the main gates, too, they might try to breach through there as a distraction, Lucas says.

"Our main goal should be to make this battle as short as possible, and in order to do that we have to go after Alistair himself," I say.

"Yes, of course, but knowing him he will be hidden in the sea of people that accompany him," Eli points out.

"Which is why we need someone on the inside."

"I'll go." Lucas offers.

"No, he knows your association to me, it has to be someone he would never suspect. Someone who can blend in."

"I've been working on one of the guards that stood by him," Eli says, "let me talk to him, see if he's up for it."

I nod, and with that, the meeting is over.

Thanks to Vera, they no longer have the element of surprise. Had that been the case, we wouldn't have had time to reinforce the entrances to the castle or call back our warriors and we would have really been f\*\*\*\*d. Now, we actually have a fighting chance. I run through the castle walls, barking orders and taking one last look at all the main entrances. Then, I go up to one of the towers, where I can see miles in every direction. Eli is already here, with his arms crossed and staring out in the direction Vera pointed us to. "Anything?" I ask.

"No, but I suspect they're not far. I sent out the mole, as you suggested, let's just hope he finds Alistair, fast."

"Good. Now, we wait."

Even with our lycan vision, today is a new moon and therefore it's very difficult to see far in the darkness.

Several minutes pass before we hear the commotion.

"Your Highness, you have to come see!" One of the guards comes into the tower with wide eyes.

Eli and I exchange a look, he nods and I follow the guard down to one of the foyers while Eli stays behind. Two guards are holding up a third who seems to be unconscious.

"What happened?" I question, coming closer to them. I recognize him as one of the guards assigned to the outposts.

"We found him near the castle as we were retreating, as you ordered, he says they're coming, they attacked his outpost. He was the only one to survive."

"What outpost was he guarding?"

"The southern one, Your Highness." [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

I frown. southern one? Vera saw them coming from the east. All of our efforts and strategy is based off of Vera's vision.

I shake my head,

"Get this man help, quickly."

The two guards carry him into the makeshift healing room we have set up.

"My King, if he's coming from the southern border, then maybe your mate was wrong; we should rethink our strategy."

The fear in his tone is evident. The last thing I need is the warriors to start second guessing our strategy.

"We stick to the plan." I say sternly.

"Ye- yes, my King"

The guard bows and leaves. I trust Vera with my life, I know she's not wrong. But then this can only mean one thing. Someone in here knows our plan and that we are aware of Alistair's eminent attack; and that someone has also managed to inform Alistair from within the castle.

I clench my fists.

I'm going to f\*\*\*\*\*g kill her myself.

I walk to one of the guards,

"Get me Liam and Mason, now."

After a few minutes, both Liam and Mason join me.

"Mason, I'm afraid you were right." I say through gritted teeth, throwing daggers at Liam.

Mason takes a long look at Liam, who stares back at us in confusion.

"I'm sorry man, I had a hunch that Harriet was the mole. I'm afraid I was right."

"What? How can you say that?" He takes a defensive stand as he vouches for his mate, "she swore to me, to us, that her allegiance to Alistair was over after you took the throne!"

"She's the only one who knew about the plan, besides us, only she didn't get the update where Noah wasn't coming with the scouting party. That's why Alistair is making a move. He thinks Noah isn't here."

\*\*All\* of us were in on the plan! What makes you think the others didn't snitch?!"

"Because none of them are \*here\*. None of them know that we are aware of the attack and that we are preparing for it. Alistair sent a guard from the southern border, which means someone here\* alerted him to our knowledge of their attack. He's trying to make us doubt our strategy, making us believe they're coming from a different direction," I explain to him.

If this wasn't his mate, he would understand the obvious connection. Not only did she tell Alistair that I would be gone, but now that she realizes her mistake, she's giving him updated information on our plan and everything going on in the castle. Liam clenches his jaw. He's furious.

"And what makes you think that little mate of yours isn't lying, huh?! She's a wolf! Who knows what Alistair did to her when they were alone! For all you know, they -"

I don't let him finish talking. I come down on him with such force that I hear some of my bones begin to crack, preparing to let my lycan free. I punch him in his stomach first, and then his chin. He falls to the floor, shaking. I crouch down beside him, my voice husky as my lycan lies just below the surface.

"I suggest you go find your mate, Liam, because if I find her first, I will break her neck myself."

Liam stares back up at me, defiant, but doesn't dare say a word.

He knows what this means. He knows how us lycans treat a betrayal of this magnitude. I am giving him a chance to run away with his mate, if he so chooses.

I walk away, leaving Liam nursing his stomach and chin as Mason follows closely behind me.

"What do you want to do about the potential attack from the south? The warriors believe the guard from the outpost, it's making them have doubts."

"We stand by the original plan. If the army is as massive as Vera says, they won't be able to redirect their attack in time. They have to stick to their original course."

"Understood."

Mason leaves as I make my way to Beta Caleb's chambers, where I will no doubt find Vera and Elden.

When I open the door, I find both of them helping Beta Caleb get dressed.

As I lock eyes with Vera, the war horn sounds above us and all around us.

They're here.

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## Chapter 79

-Vera-

The sound of the war horn above us is deafening; it makes all of the walls in the room shake and my heart beat faster. Noah comes rushing to us.

"Take him up to the library. It's the last place where they'll look and it will give you two a chance to escape if it comes to it," Noah tells Elden, "Vera, I need you."

I look at Elden and he nods. I make my way to Noah and he grabs my hand, squeezing it as we hurriedly make our way to the front of the castle. As we pass some guards in front of the healing room, as they call it, Noah approaches one of the guards, "That guard from the southern border, how is he?"

"He's conscious, your Highness, it seems his wounds were not severe."

"It figures. Take him to the dungeons," he says, not giving the guard a chance to respond as we speed away. I just hear him calling after us,

"Ye- yes your Highness."

"What was that about?" I ask.

"I'll explain in a minute."

When we get to the front, we climb up to the tower where we find Eli with his arms crossed.

"Well, you were right, they're coming from the east," Eli hands Noah a pair of binoculars. After a quick look, he hands them to me, "What was that I heard about a guard from the south?" Eli asks.

"Harriet," Noah simply states.

Eli growls lightly and so do I.

"That rat," he says.

"It's ok. She's taken care of."

"What, did you kill her? I wanted Vera to get the chance," Eli says, not hiding his amusement as he looks at me.

"I sent Liam for her. It's up to him if he wants to leave with her or kill her himself."

"Hmm... I much rather behead rats fast if I'm honest with you, but I get it, Liam is still your friend." Eli says.

I turn to Noah and he's clenching his jaw. I can't imagine how hard it must have been for him to tell his friend that his mate is the mole they had been looking for all along. Not that I'm surprised, but it still must be a hard pill to swallow for Liam. "How long do you think it'll take them to get here?" Noah asks.

"Maybe half an hour. It's quite an army he's got. Vera are you sure most of them are human?" Eli replies.

"Positive," I say, "he's keeping them in the back. The first lines are lycan, I'm assuming to intimidate us."

"You assume correctly. Well, this will be interesting." Eli says.

Eli is the quintessential lycan I have come to realize; abides by tradition, looks down upon other species, and more importantly, loves to fight.

"Shut the main gates!" Noah shouts down, "no one gets in or out without my express authorization!"

"I think you should send out another mole," I say.

They both look at me.

"Well, with those numbers it's a matter of time before they breach, but if we can insert a mole that will direct them to a secondary entry or one of the tunnels inside, something narrow, we can be ready for them when they breach." Noah and Eli look at me, then to each other. Noah shrugs,

"Got anybody else to send over?" He asks.

"Oh, absolutely. Let's do that secondary entry you used to sneak out of when you were younger."

He turns to leave, but before he does, he ruffles the top of my head. "Atta girl!" he says with a devilish grin.

I stay quiet for a moment as he leaves, processing what he just did.



I blink at Noah.

"Did he just pet me like a dog?" I ask him in disbelief.

Noah laughs and again looks out through the binoculars.

"They're moving slower than I thought. It might take them longer to get here," he pauses, "I don't know why but I have a bad feeling about this. I think Alistair might have a few tricks up his sleeve." "Doesn't he always?" I say.

"Up until your vision, we didn't even know he had gathered an army of this magnitude. It makes me wonder what else we don't know."

"Even with his numbers we have the upper hand. This castle is basically impenetrable. Even if they manage to get in, they can't do it in great numbers unless they tear down the main entrance. In this scenario, the numbers are not that great of an advantage." "Exactly. Alistair is a coward but he's not an idiot."

"Maybe that's what he's counting on, to overwhelm us slowly. He has no regard for life, not lycan nor human, he doesn't care how many die in the attempt to take the castle."

Noah stays silent.

It's difficult to imagine what's going on in his head right now. Everything I know about war strategies and real life combat comes from books I read back in school, but Noah has lived through it; and now I'm about to live through it too.

Fear finally sinks in and my chest feels heavy. This could be the end for Noah and for me. Either of us could die any moment, or both of us. Alistair's army is massive, even if we do have the upper hand, there is no telling what Alistair is planning; he wouldn't be making a move without feeling confident that he could take the castle, but what's his plan? My heart sinks the more I think about what we're about to face.

"Well, I sent out another mole with very clear instructions," Eli says, stepping behind us.

"Do they seem to be moving normally to you?" Noah says, handing Eli the binoculars. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Eli takes a look for several seconds.

"How can they be moving so slow? They should be halfway here already."

Eli hands me the binoculars and I take a look.

Now that they're a little closer, I can see them clearly. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on [Jo b n i b . c o m](http://Jo b n i b . c o m). Visit [Jo b n i b . c o m](http://Jo b n i b . c o m) to read the complete chapters for free. The soldiers seem to be walking with such lethargy, it makes no sense. They're not even keeping a normal-slow pace; they're straight up dragging their feet.

"They look... asleep," I point out, taking another look through the binoculars to double check.

Eli grunts,

"Most boring war I've ever been in. I might as well take a nap while we wait for them."

I stay looking through the binoculars while Eli and Noah chat in the background; I'm not paying any attention to them, all of my focus is going to the army ahead.

I slow down my heartbeat, controlling my breathing and concentrating with intention, just like my aunt taught me.

And then I hear it, that distinct, faint ringing in my ears; one that I have come to understand well.

It's the presence of magic.

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## Chapter 80

-Vera-

"Noah..." I interrupt their conversation and place the binoculars down. They both stop talking and turn to look at me, "he has a witch with him."

They both pause for a moment.

"What?!" Eli reacts and takes the binoculars from me, looking for the witch frantically in the crowd moving towards us.

"You won't be able to see her... or him. I felt it."

He puts down the binoculars and looks at me, waiting for an explanation.

"The... ringing in my... ears. Listen, it's hard to explain, but that asshole found a witch and it's her magic I'm sensing."

"Vera," he steps closer to me, placing his hands on my shoulders to make emphasis, "on a scale of one to ten, how \*certain\* are you that it's magic we're dealing with here?" "Ten," I say with no hesitation.

"For fuck's sake." Eli says under his breath, making his way to the staircase, but suddenly he stops, "oh, Your Highness, I might have to raid the war room for some very special weapons, may I?" He's turned towards Noah. "Be my guest," Noah says, but he's focused on me.

When Eli is gone, he comes to stand in front of me, caressing my arms with his hands.

"Vera..." he's thinking very hard on what he's about to say, but I already know.

"Don't even think about it."

"I haven't said anything."

"You don't have to. I'm not hiding, Noah. That witch or warlock is mine. Nobody else here stands a chance against magic."

Noah claps his hands and everyone disperses and takes up their posts. Eli approaches me, handing me my spear and a sword from the war room.

"I thought you might need this," he says as he hands me the weapons.

I nod at him and he nods back, retreating to his post.

Now, we just wait.

Noah and I stay close to the main entrance, which is likely to be the first place they attempt to come in through.

After what feels like an eternity, we hear banging on the large, wooden doors.

"Warrior Noah!" A voice calls, "our King seeks a private audience with you!"

Noah turns to look at me and everyone else, placing his finger on his lips, signaling for everyone to stay quiet.

"Tell your King if he wishes an audience, he shouldn't have come with an army!" He shouts back.

"This is not an army, these are just the King's people showing our support for the one true ruler of this kingdom!"

I frown.

"Does that voice sound normal to you?" I whisper to Noah.

Noah is also frowning as he shakes his head.

"Stay here," he whispers to me.

He quietly goes up the stairs to the tower we were previously in, returning quickly back down.

"They're not moving," he informs me, "it makes no f\*\*\*\*\*g sense. They're just standing there."

"What's going on?" Eli comes up behind us.

"They're not making any move to attack. They're standing outside like statues. I can barely even sense them breathing, it's the weirdest shit I've ever seen." "But what if they find out what you are? It might be even more dangerous in the long run."

"Noah, first we have to survive today."

"But -"

"Tell me, who here has a better chance than me? If you can come up with one single name, I'll

go hide with Elden and Caleb in the library."

He purses his lips but comes up with nothing.

"Exactly. Noah, I will never forgive myself if something happens to you and I wasn't here."

I look into his eyes and don't back down. He doesn't push the topic further, although he's still caressing my arms, at war with himself.

When we turn to look at the army again, they are definitely getting closer. We don't have much time prepare for whatever that witch has prepared.

"Ok. The war room has some weapons that were used during the age of witches, let's go help Eli out."

We hurry downstairs and just as Noah said. Eli is already distributing all sorts of swords and daggers from the war room.

"Ok fellas, you know what to do. If you encounter anything that remotely resembles magic, stab first, ask questions later," Eli is saying as he hands everyone the weapons.

They're all looking at him questioningly and Noah steps in,

"We know a witch is coming with them, it may explain his numbers and how Alistair disappeared in the first place. Just be careful and as Eli says, stab first, ask questions later. Our best plan of action is to keep them outside the castle until we can zero in on Alistair's location. I bet the witch is with him. If we can take care of both of them, this will be over before it starts."

"Do we know how many witches are coming with him?" One of the warriors asks.

"Just one," I say, and I have a feeling I know exactly who it is.

"Ok then, everyone knows what to do. Let's go!"

Noah claps his hands and everyone disperses and takes up their posts. Eli approaches me, handing me my spear and a sword from the war room.

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"They're not making any move to attack. They're standing outside like statues. I can barely even sense them breathing, it's the weirdest shit I've ever seen." "Do you think maybe they *\*are\** coming from the south and they're just buying time here."

"No." I say confidently, "this is it."

Eli scoffs.

"Very anticlimactic if you ask me."

I roll my eyes.

The banging on the main door resumes abruptly drawing our attention, only this time, it's multiplied.

It gets so loud it's evident that there are several soldiers now banging on the thick wood; it's deafening. Then, without warning, we hear a commotion outside.

Eli, Noah and I hurry up the tower to see what is happening and Noah was right, it makes absolutely no sense.

The soldiers are attempting to climb the walls and the gate, some are even trampling each other in order to climb on them.

We are all perplexed but don't have time to wonder on their strategy. The numbers are such that they actually have a real possibility of climbing over by amassing bodies beneath them.

We run back down to inform everyone that they should be ready, but just as we get there, Alistair's army breaches through the secondary entrance Eli mentioned.

There is no time to think. We are being attacked in large numbers and we have to do everything we can to kill as many soldiers now as we can. As they come through the door, they turn into their lycan forms; but yet, something doesn't sit right with me. Their actions are sluggish and monotone; It's difficult to remember that their sheer number alone can overwhelm us at any moment.

Eli and Noah quickly turn into their lycan forms, taking on two attackers at a time. Soon, the courtyard is filled with bodies, both ours and theirs.

One of the lycans comes for me at full speed, growling and aiming his claws at my throat. I jump up, dodging his attack to land on his back, where I quickly unsheathe the sword Eli gave me to sever his spine.

The next one comes up behind me, but Lucas is right beside me, tackling him to the ground. Next, a human comes up to me, sword in hand, ready to kill me. I stop his sword only inches away from my face, close enough for me to notice something. It takes me a moment, but from up close it's very clear that his eyes are glazed over in an unnatural way. I quickly separate from him, using my spear to puncture his neck at a distance. He gurgles on his own blood before falling to the floor and dying.

I retrieve my spear and make my way to the secondary entrance where our people are being overwhelmed, killing one attacker after another. I kill attacker after attacker, lycan and human, with both my spear and sword. My clothes have been soiled with blood from our enemies; so much so that they're beginning to weigh me down.

"Noah! We have to find him!" I yell back as Noah is finishing off one of the lycans with a quick bite to the throat. His fur is full of blood as it drips from his mouth. It's an incredibly unpleasant sight, but I have no time to ponder on it. Noah nods at me but is distracted yet again by an attacking lycan.

It was clear that Alistair had thousands of soldiers outside, but now that we are facing them head on, I'm afraid we have taken up more than we can handle.

Just them pouring in from this secondary entrance is tiring us out, but if they manage to enter through the main gate we will be inevitably overrun.

I take on another lycan head on. He manages to tumble me to the floor and I use my spear to jam it in between his teeth before he gets close too close to my throat. From up close, I notice his eyes are also glazed over, just like the humans. As I'm looking into his eyes, the ringing in my ears get louder and louder with every passing second.

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