

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood Novel Full Episode

Chapter 81

-Vera-

I grunt, exerting all the force I can on the spear to keep the lycan's teeth away from me.

Think Vera, think.

I start looking all around me for something, anything, I can use to get rid of this lycan before it gets rid of *me*.

Something clinks to my side and I turn; Eva who is fighting off two attackers, has kicked a knife over to me to try and help me, but in order to reach for it, I have to let go of the spear.

I have no choice. I let go of the spear quickly while simultaneously moving my head to the side. The lycan was pushing with such force that it crashes its snout onto the floor, only centimeters away from my face. Before it can register what happened, I reach for the knife and insert it straight into its neck, severing its jugular. Blood flows freely from his neck onto the floor and my entire face. Once it's dead, I use whatever strength I have left to crawl from underneath it. It's no easy feat considering how huge lycans are compared to humans.

When I'm out, I wipe the blood and grime from my eyes and take a long look around. The soldiers are still pouring in, and as much as we are killing them, our numbers are also diminishing.

I spot Eli and Noah at a distance fighting off humans and lycans. Noah locks eyes with mine, quickly disposing of his attacker to come running towards me. He crouches next to me and sniffs me. "I'm alright. The blood isn't mine."

As if not believing me, he uses his large tongue to lap at my entire face, cleaning me in the most disgusting way possible. His lycan is grimacing as he spits out the blood he cleaned off of me. I grab his chin by his fur to focus his attention on me.

"We are running out of time, we have to find Alistair and that witch. Did you notice their eyes? I'm sure they're under some type of spell. If we kill the witch, this all ends."

Noah nods and turns into his human form; he's incredibly dirty... and naked.

"Eli's mole came through. Alistair is hiding in the forest like the coward he is along with the witch."

"Are they alone?"

"They have a few soldiers with them, we have to take some of our men."

I nod and he turns back into his lycan form, signaling for ten men to follow us.

When they have gathered around us, we head into one of the tunnel's Elden showed me previously. This leads us directly to the woods, but away from where Alistair's soldiers are gathered. I open the fake wall to the entrance of the tunnel and turn back to them,

"Your lycans won't fit through so you should..."

They promptly turn to their human form and I have to avert my gaze because, just like wolves, lycans have no problem being naked.

We quickly move through the tunnels as I guide them to the exit. Once we get there, Noah puts his hand on my shoulder,

"Let me go first, just in case."

I don't argue and he squeezes past me and pushes on the door, carefully.

Once he's out, he signals for the rest of us to follow him; there is no one around.

"Vera, you're up," he says and I nod.

I take a deep breath and crouch down to the ground, placing my hand on the soil. I can sense all of the lycans with us watching me curiously, but I push the feeling aside and focus on my breathing. After about three minutes. I know exactly where we have to go.

I get up and close my eyes, taking a few more long, deep breaths. When I open my eyes again, my sight is in tunnel vision and without notice, I start running in the direction of Alistair and the witch; the ringing in my ear getting louder and louder. The lycans behind me don't have time to question what is happening, they just follow Noah who is following closely behind me. Once we get close enough, I stop.

"They still can't see us but surely they're aware of our presence by now. They have twenty men total. I suggest we separate and attack from different directions."

Noah nods and signals for the warriors to disperse. Before we continue walking, he changes to his human form once again and grabs my hands.

"Vera, if anything goes wrong..."

"Noah, please, we talked about this."

"No," he continues, "if anything goes wrong, if you at some point become outnumbered and I'm in no condition to back you up, you run, you hear me?"

I gulp. The reality of the moment setting in.

I nod at him and he kisses me; it's a long and tender kiss, but it's over much too quickly. When I open my eyes again, he's already switched back to his lycan form.

We begin walking the several meters that lie between Alistair and us, becoming visible to them in only a few minutes.

When we step into the clearing, Alistair is standing in the middle of his soldiers, arms crossed, with a woman to his side; the witch.

She seems to be in a trance, not even noticing our approach. Her hands are extended out and her head is looking up, chanting something softly. She's holding onto some artifacts and I immediately know that's my target. If I can get close enough to break her out of her trance and destroy her artifacts, her spell will be interrupted and the soldiers will be broken out of the trance they're in.

Alistair notices us and smirks, feeling all too confident since he can only see the two of us.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't the usurper and his slut," he says.

Noah growls next to me, his teeth showing aggressively.

"You said you wanted an audience, so here we are," I say, stopping a safe distance away from them.

"The time for audiences is over, wolf whore, we will soon overtake the castle and I will have your *mate* executed in front of all of his supporters, like I initially intended to. And you, well, you and I have some unfinished business," he says.

The mere thought of having his hands on me makes me nauseous, and I can see he's getting a rise out of Noah, but two can play this game.

"Please, save yourself the humiliation, Alistair. Face it, all of these *soldiers are here because she's controlling them." I gesture to the witch, "you are not respected by a single one of them... shit. they probably don't even like you. That's why you need a *woman* to do your dirty work. You're just a leech."

He scoffs,

"It's only a matter of time, Vera. It will all be over soon and I will take my rightful place on the throne again, and I will have *you* chained to my bed. You'll be my little pet slut."

"You think these are only my thoughts. *King*? Everyone in the castle flocked to Noah when you disappeared like the *coward* you are. Hell, even your father did."

He blanches. I hit a nerve.

"Oh yeah, he told us everything about you, how even as a kid you were a disappointment of a son. He never even thought you were good enough to be beta, or anything else. You have always just been a spiteful, cowardly, little prick; and you simply never outgrew that phase. And you called yourself *King*?"

I laugh, irking him even more.

"Deal with it, Alistair. Nobody wants you here. Not even your own father. You might as well just turn around and leave, maybe the rogues will take you." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

In the blink of an eye, he's changed into his lycan form and is charging towards me at full speed. The soldiers around him do the same and Noah steps in front of me, snarling at the incoming attackers.

Then, all of the warriors that were hiding come out to back up Noah, who has already killed the first soldier than came close the quickest.

The battle has begun.

I sneak around the smashing bodies carefully, inching closer to the witch so I can kill her and be done with this. I even manage to take a lycan down on my way to her.

When I leave most of the fighting lycans behind. I sprint towards the witch, my eyes solely focused on her neck. If I can only get close enough to sever her head with my spear, this will all be over. Or so I hoped.

Just when I'm a few feet away from her, her head snaps forward unexpectedly, opening her eyes and looking directly into mine. A chill runs down my spine.

Then, something snags me from my side, tossing me in the air and into one of the trees and I hit it with a big, painful crunch.

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Chapter 82

-Vera-

It takes me a moment to realize that I have been attacked. As I try to get up, a sharp pain in my mid body stops me; I'm fairly certain I broke a rib and my arm instinctively wraps around it.

I take a look back at the witch to see what exactly happened and realize it was Alistair who came to her aid. Our warriors are still fighting their soldiers which is why nobody noticed when Alistair slipped away.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Noah separate from the group to go after Alistair before noticing that I'm not there. He stops mid step and turns his head around frantically looking for me. When his eyes land on me, on the ground, and the tree I crashed against, he snarls and goes after Alistair full force, tackling him to the ground.

They begin fighting.

Noah is slightly taller than Alistair and by far the better warrior, but Alistair is still the son of a beta; he might prove to be a more challenging enemy than we initially anticipated.

A few moments later, I feel the healing abilities I got from Noah start to work their magic. The pain is decreasing, enough to let me stand and make my way to the witch. With Alistair entertained, I just might be able to kill her.

I take a step forward and lock eyes with the witch, she was only temporarily entertained by the sight of Noah coming for Alistair, but her main focus all this time has been me. She has unnerving milky white eyes and they are following my every move now. I scan my surroundings looking for my spear which was launched in the air with me. I need it to finally kill her.

I spot the spear in between the witch and I, but she follows my gaze and realizes what my intentions are. We both start running towards it, her dropping her artifacts to the floor.

I reach it first and pick it up but before she can stop herself from coming closer to me, I use it to slash a clean cut across her cheek, bright red blood dripping from the wound. I smile to myself. Gotcha.

She stops for a moment, touching the cut with her fingertips and then looking at them covered in fresh blood. She frowns, looking back between the spear and her fingers in disbelief.

Then, she screeches; her mouth opening wide in the most unnatural way. It is a loud, horrible sound that compels me to cover my ears; it sounds like nails being drawn to a chalkboard, only worse. The rest of the people nearby do the same, some even falling to their knees as they cover their ears.

When she's done, I barely have time to react as she launches herself towards me.

Her movements are quick but there's something soft about the way she moves, something almost ethereal. She has long hair, it almost touches the ground, and horribly long, claw like nails. I had a feeling this was the same woman I saw in my vision before from when Alistair was young, but now I have confirmed it. So, he has been involved with this witch for a very long time now. It raises many theories in my head, but I can't stop to ponder on them now.

I use my spear to stop several of her attacks; I have a feeling those nails can do as much damage as any weapon. She stops chasing and attacking me after only a few minutes when she realizes she can't get to me this way. Then, she begins chanting something and my ears begin to ring; she's trying to use magic against me as I recognize the same language my father was using at Jade Waterfall.

When she's done, she points her fingers at me and the ringing in my ear stops. She has a nasty grin on her face that quickly dissipates as whatever macabre plan she had for me does not come to fruition. She tries again and again, chanting in that familiar language, but nothing happens.

She growls in frustration,

"How?" she asks.

This is the first time I hear her voice and it's surprisingly very pleasant. It sounds soft and delicate, much like what she presents herself as; but I know better.

Tired of her antics, I launch myself forward. It's a great relief to know that her spells won't work against me; it's the only thing that worried me about facing her since I still can't really use my magic. She steps aside again and again as I attack, almost as if reading my moves. If I launch the spear forward, she knows to step back, if I stab to a side, she knows to step to the other side.

Even though I'm incredibly fast, she is too, and she knows it. At this rate, it's really a matter of who gets tired first, or who gets reinforcements first.

I start looking around to see if anyone is available to help me, but the warriors that came with us are still fighting off the soldiers which outnumbered us, and Noah is still entertained with Alistair. I'll have to keep her like this until someone can come in and distract her so that I can put my spear through her heart.

Unbeknownst to me, while I was busy trying to think of a strategy and looking around, the witch has come close to me and launched her claws forward, getting me right on my stomach. The sting of the cut is painful, but I also take advantage of the proximity to again slash at her, this time getting her arm.

We both separate, her checking on her wound. It's a deep cut and she has to keep her hand on it to avoid losing too much blood. Quickly, I take a look at mine. She has slashed through my clothes and the wound is deep, but my healing kicks in and it's already closing as I step forward to try and get her again.

Unsurprisingly, she dodges my attacks but her movements are noticeably slower. She's getting tired.

Then, finally, I see Noah behind her put Alistair on the ground. He's unresponsive from what I can tell at this distance, but I'm not sure he's dead yet.

Noah, who has noticed my struggle to kill that witch, is coming up from behind her and tries to tackle her but his footsteps are too heavy and she hears him coming. She dodges him with ease. He comes to stand next to me as the witch starts moving, circling us. There's a change in her expression that I can't quite understand. She looks... triumphant?

I step forward with the intent of attacking her again, but something stops me in my tracks; she's whispering something. I can't quite understand what it is, it's unlike the spell from before. though. But then I also notice...she's looking straight at Noah. Oh no. S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I turn to look at him,

"Noah!" I yell.

He's unresponsive. His eyes are following the witch's every move, his body relaxing.

"Noah!" I yell again, coming closer to him and nudging his massive arm.

To my horror, his eyes begin to glaze over.

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Chapter 83

-Vera-

"Noah! Noah! Snap out of it!"

My attention has completely shifted to Noah, I have even dropped my spear and am using both of my hands and all of my strength to shake him. "Come on, Noah! Fight this!"

I'm pleading with him, I can almost feel tears begin to rim my eyes. It's not out of sadness, it's out of desperation and frustration. I almost had her; *we* almost had her. Now she has flipped the tables and I have no idea how to get Noah back. I hear her laugh and turn to her.

She smiles at me. It's a sweet smile, laced with wickedness.

"Puppy," she says sweetly, as she lifts her arm and uses a single finger to point at me, "attack."

The hairs on my nape rise as all my instincts kick into overdrive. Noah turns to me, please no. Snap out of it!" I plead again, taking several steps back and picking up my spear from the ground, positioning it defensively in front of me.

Noah growls angrily at me. It's something I never thought I would live to see.

I take a few more steps back, understanding that pleading with him won't work. I have to find a way to kill the witch without hurting Noah, or before he kills me.

He launches at me, a hand extended towards my neck. I dodge his attack with mere inches to spare. He comes after me, again and again while that bitch just stands there and laughs.

"Oh, poor child, to think that you will be killed by your one true love. Imagine what will happen once I let him go and he sees you dead in his arms; he won't be able to live with the guilt."

My heart shrinks at her words. If Noah does kill me, I'm certain he will soon follow.

I'm using my spear to avoid his attacks but they keep on coming and I'm already getting tired. We have been fighting attackers for some time now, in the castle and here, I won't be able to last much longer.

When I land after dodging him again, my foot slips on spilled blood and I fall on my back. Noah cages me in, snarling furiously only inches away from my face. He's getting ready to snap my neck with his teeth when the witch speaks again, "Puppy, not like this. Turn into your human form, I want you to wake up and *know* it was your human hands that killed her."

"No!" I breathe.

My arms are pinned to my body by Noah's legs as he turns into his human form. His eyes are still glazed over, even in human form. His expression is furious as his chest heaves in anger in front of me.

"Now you can strangle her," she says in a cheery tone.

Noah promptly gets up, lifting me to stand painfully by my hair. I grunt at the pulling of my scalp and tears begin to fall to my cheeks. His free hand goes to my neck as he lets go of my hair, lifting me off my feet and squeezing. Both of my hands fly to his wrist as he continues to put pressure on my delicate neck.

"No...ah..." I manage to croak out, "I love... you. This...isn't your fault."

Unstoppable tears are streaming down my cheeks now. I hope, if anything, that he can remember my words. I hope he doesn't blame himself for this and I really, really hope he gets to kill that bitch for me.

As my eyesight gets blurry and my lungs burn due to the lack of oxygen, I can feel myself slipping away; but to my surprise, I fall to the ground.

I gasp for air desperately, clutching my neck with my hand. My lungs burn, my nose burns, and I'm extremely lightheaded. I turn to look up at Noah with teary eyes and notice his are still glazed over... but he's immobile. What the hell is happening? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I turn to look at the witch and she's equally surprised, shocked even. I turn back to Noah and he's shaking his head violently. When he comes to, his eyes are no longer glazed over; he looks at me panicked. "Vera! Goddess what did I do?!"

He crouches down in front of me and removes my hand from my neck. I don't know how bad my neck looks but he blanches; it can't be pretty judging by his expression.

"Vera I'm so sorry, I... I... this wasn't me! I don't know what I was thinking!"

I frown in the direction of the witch, unable to speak, silently letting him know it was her. He follows my gaze and understanding dawns on him.

The witch is looking rather pale now, she's taking a few steps back, as if wanting to escape any

minute.

"This isn't possible. It can't be," she keeps repeating as she retreats.

"I'm going to kill her," Noah growls as he turns into his lycan once again, chasing after the witch.

She tries once again to put him under the same spell he was in, but she fails. She has no other option than to dodge his attack and keep trying to put him under again.

I stay on the ground, coughing and recovering from Noah's attempt to kill me. After only a minute or two, I feel like I can join in the fight. The least Noah can do is let me kill that bitch myself.

I grab the spear next to me and run towards where Noah is chasing the witch. When I get close, she looks panicked.

"Alistair! Alistair! Wake up you useless dog!"

She's almost growling at Alistair whom I can see from the corner of my eye is twitching. So, Noah didn't kill him after all.

"You were supposed to kill them all, you idiot!" She keeps yelling in his direction as she dodges our attacks.

I'm surprised she has managed to dodge our continuous attacks, but I can tell she's getting more and more tired. This is the moment where we have to push her more until she slips up and makes a mistake.

To my horror, however, it seems that Alistair has gotten up and is charging towards us once again. That scum won't just die.

Both Noah and I are hurt from all the previous fighting, but so are they. If we do manage to kill both of them, it will be by the skin of our teeth.

The witch stops for a second to lock eyes with Noah and she growls,

"This is why you should never let a dog handle the business of a witch!"

She points her slender finger at Noah, my ears are ringing. No... no no no.

"Noah!" I scream, running to him.

Mortem," she says, and Noah fall to the ground, paralyzed.

"Now, you idiot!" She yells.

Alistair takes a huge jump, getting to him first, and drags his claws across Noah's mid body. Satisfied with his attack, he retreats as I get close to Noah. He turns into his

human form and I catch his head in my arms before it hits the ground. "No, no no no! Noah! Stay with me!"

I'm sobbing uncontrollably, cradling his head to my chest as I look at his injury. He's looking up at me, a single tear slipping from his eye.

"Vera..." he tries to speak.

"No, no... shhh... It's gonna be alright, Noah. Save your strength."

The wound didn't kill him, but the heavy bleeding surely will if I don't stop it; and yet there's nothing I can do about it right now. I try applying pressure but I can't even do that properly because it's too massive. Panic and desperation are settling in as I continue to sob and try my best to stop the bleeding; my fingers slippery from all the blood.

"I told you, you stupid whore. I told you what your fate would be. Don't worry, I didn't want to kill him just yet. I need him to witness what I'm going to do to you."

Alistair keeps talking in his human form as he moves towards me, completely naked, but I can no longer hear him.

Pure, unadulterated rage blinds me.

I hear my bones begin to crack.

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Chapter 84

-Vera-

I always heard that the first shift to a beast form is incredibly painful. How, much like growing pains, w

itively try to fight it as much as we can because our body does not yet understand that it isn't dying, it's only changing. Some people spend days, weeks, with this pain before inevitably giving in to it and shifting. After it's over, it is said to be the most liberating feeling of all.

I have no time to think about any of this too deeply. It is indeed excruciating pain as I can feel my entire body breaking under the pressure of the shift, but instead of shying away from it, I welcome it. Placing Noah's head gently on the floor, I crawl a few paces away

from him. I've never shifted before so I'm not sure how this will go, I just know I can't afford to hurt him further.

I feel my spine elongate and curve, my arms bulk up and fur begins to explode from underneath my skin.

It feels like hours before it's over, but in reality, the transition probably took less than a minute. "What the fuck?" Alistair says, stepping back a few paces.

My jaw starts to break and elongate as well, making it perhaps the most painful part. It is a pain that I feel in my every nerve ending.

When I open my eyes, my vision is the sharpest it has ever been, it's almost as if every movement around me is in slow motion. I have never shifted to my wolf form, so I am not sure how I'm supposed to handle this; but I remember something Sofia told me a long time ago, to just let my wolf guide me through it.

I snarl furiously at Alistair, my full set of teeth showing menacingly. He keeps retreating and I step gently over Noah, protectively. I turn my face to him and he's looking at me with a gentle smile on his face. Please visit Jobnib.com and search the book title to read the entire book for free. He's looking very pale, I know I have to make quick work of these two to get him help. I lick his face reassuringly before I step past him and turn to Alistair once again. "You... your eyes," he says, "are you seeing this?!" He yells at the witch.

I can still feel her standing there, looking at me.

It's weird, but in this form, it's as if my connection to the forest is permanent, I no longer have to concentrate steadily coursing through me.

I launch towards Alistair and he quickly shifts to his lycan form, dodging my attack.

I lean on it to get its feedback; it's readily available for me at any moment. I also feel like my magic is freely flowing through me now; small, electric shocks.

I launch again but this time. I falsify my step, making him believe I will go left and instead go right, grabbing him with the full force of my jaw by his shoulder. I forcefully separate from him using my hind legs before he can react. I feel a chunk of his shoulder detach from his arm as I ripped it off with my teeth. He falls to his knees in an attempt to swing his claws at me.

Alistair was already tired and severely injured by Noah coming into this fight; so was I until I switched to my wolf form and before I was fueled by pure rage after seeing Noah injured.

I take advantage of his shock to go after him again, my ear twitching in the direction of the witch whooping to use the same spell she used on Noah on me,

***Mortem!* She yells, "*mortem, mortem, mortem!" She repeats desperately, her slender finger slightly trembling.

As much as I'd like to take my time to dismember Alistair and make him pay for everything he's done, I have to think of Noah first.

I take a big leap so that I come over him, standing behind him. I attack him from behind, sinking my teeth into his nape. He screams and claws at me, trying to get me off of him. As it is, he can only use one arm against me since the other one is too wounded from my earlier attack. I feel him actually puncture my skin deeply, drawing blood, but I don't care about the pain... not anymore.

I bite down harder on his neck, until I feel him go limp against my grasp. Once that's over, I turn my full attention to the witch. I growl and snarl at her, stalking her as she's taking slow steps backwards,

"It can't be, you can't be real!" she says in disbelief.

I can feel Alistair's blood dripping from my snout as I growl.

The witch is visibly shaking.

She quickly turns around, attempting to escape. She has no chance to outrun me; not in my human form much less in my wolf form, but she still tries.

I don't have time for this.

Stay still, I think to myself, and she actually freezes in place, mid step.

Interesting.

I reach her just seconds later, circling her slowly to look her in the eye.

Her eyes are wide and panicky, I can see beads of sweat forming in her forehead.

"Please, don't kill me. I'll do anything. I gave Alistair everything he wanted, imagine what I can do for you," she pleads. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

I growl at her.

"No no! Please! You have magic, I can see as much. I can take you to my mistress, she can teach you!"

My ear twitches.

"You'd like that, right? She's the best! She's our Witch Mother and you... you're a spirit wolf, right? You'll be her absolute favorite!"

I quickly shift into my human form. I'm naked, covered in blood and grime, but I need for her to look me in the eye.

"I didn't... I didn't think your kind was real," she says, a little more relaxed now that I'm in my human form.

She misinterprets my intentions.

"I wanted you to be able to look into my eyes as I did this..." I say.

"Did wh -"

She gasps as I punch my hand through her chest and reach her heart, squeezing it slowly as I take it out. I see the life drain out of her eyes and she falls to the ground. The heart beats a few times before it completely stops. When it does, I crush it.

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Read Chapter 85

Chapter 85

-Vera-

When I finally manage to compose myself and get up from the ground, I take my time to shift back to my wolf form. I feel like I'm pushing my body beyond what it can take right now; I have shifted three times already and it's only my first day as a wolf. All of my limbs are protesting as I shift again.

I make my way to the warriors that came with us initially. Some of them are coming back to after being unconscious, either because of exhaustion or because of injuries. When they open their eyes and they land on me, they immediately get spooked, even attempting to crawl away from me. When they realize I'm not chasing them or showing any signs of hostility, they stop. I would shift back to being human to explain but honestly, I don't want them to see me naked.

One by one I check on them, moving some of them with my snout until they wake up. Unfortunately, four of them are dead.

The warriors that have managed to get up are helping those who can't.

"We'll come back for their bodies," one of them says, limping away towards the castle. Once they're on their way, I turn towards the castle, limping and with my tail hanging low between my legs. Despite the fact that we won, I feel defeated. At what cost did we win this battle?

With every step that takes me closer to Noah I feel my heart beat faster. I have heard wonderful things about the lycan healers that used to inhabit the castle; fortunately, many of them came back once they heard Alistair was no longer King. They are no doubt treating Noah now.

As a doctor myself, the hardest thing to do is to not intervene when a loved one is being treated, and I know that if I made my way back to the castle with Noah, I would have been difficult to control; especially now.

When I enter the castle, the overwhelming smell of blood causes my eyes to sting. Warriors, students, guards, and even cooks are helping pick up bodies; both ours and from Alistair's army.

I notice the surviving members of Alistair's army off to a corner, chained like prisoners to the pillars of the castle; several of them are crying.

The tragedy of it all is that none of these soldiers chose to be here; they were being controlled by the witch. I can't imagine the panic they felt once they came to and realized what they were doing; especially seeing all of the death around them. Everyone pauses what they're doing to stare at me as I make my way through the castle, following Noah's scent.

He's been taken to the King's wing for some reason, and I make my way up the stairs until I reach the entry.

There are two beaten up guards at the entrance, they immediately open the doors, inferring it's me.

When I reach the middle of the hallway, Noah's scent begins to be mixed with someone else's; it's strange but then I realize it's perhaps because they had to get him a blood transfusion, or several.

I notice Lucas's scent and focus on that instead.

I find Lucas, Elden and Caleb sitting outside of a room, pacing.

When I approach, Elden notices me first, sniffing the air.

"Vera?"

I come close to him and lower my forehead to his.

"Oh, Vera," he says, placing his hands on the fur of my face, "We're still waiting for the healers to come out, it might take a while."

I nod. Of course, I understand.

When I remove my forehead from Elden's, I notice Caleb is looking at me... differently. There no longer is the lost, distant look he had before.

Elden notices the direction of my gaze and nods,

"I don't know what happened. We were sitting at the library tunnels when he suddenly just became... lucid. He hasn't said much but maybe he was also under some sort of spell? Like the rest of the army? It's just a theory." Elden shakes his hand dismissively, as if the theory is too far-fetched, even for him.

I nod but don't take my eyes away from Caleb's. After a few moments, he speaks,

"Is my son alive?" he asks blatantly; there is something defiant about his stare.

I shake my head and he breaks away from my gaze, turning towards the fireplace in the center of the wall. I feel his mood change; I feel his grief.

In my wolf form, I am much more aware of... everything, even people's emotions; it's exhausting. I look around for some form of clothing or anything to cover me before I turn.

"Here," Lucas notices my intentions and takes off his shirt. I gladly accept it and scoot off to a corner to change.

His shirt is clean, I assume he picked it up after carrying Noah. It's huge on me so it covers just above my knees.

When I reappear, Lucas's eyes go wide.

"Vera, you should get your wounds checked," he comes towards me, fixated on the massive wound on my leg.

I hadn't noticed how bad it actually was; just like I hadn't noticed the trail of blood I was leaving behind me in my wolf form. My inherited healing abilities have indeed kicked in, but it just goes to show how deep the wound is.

"Wait here," Lucas says after I shake my head. He disappears through a hallway. There is nothing that will move me from this place until I know Noah is going to be okay. He comes back with fresh rags and fresh water, "at least let me clean that for you."

I nod and he brings me a chair to sit on, beginning to work on cleaning up the grime and dirt from the wound. It stings, but I don't flinch; I don't have the energy to even do that. SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After he's done, he leaves again, returning several minutes later with a shirt on and a hoodie for me, which he literally has to force me into. I hadn't even realized how cold I was.

I feel an undeniable numbness in my heart.

The minutes pass and I can feel them as if they were ticking inside my stomach. Waiting for the healers to come out making is making me inch closer and closer to a full blown panic attack.

I close my eyes and focus on my breathing, bringing my hands together and squeezing them as much as I can, just to concentrate on anything else but my anguish.

Hours pass, and finally, a healer comes out. He's old, even older than Dr. Owens, but to me that just means more experience.

He steps out, cleaning his hands which are full of blood with a rag.

"He's stable. He lost a lot of blood, I'm afraid, and the wound is quite severe. We have done everything we can, now it's up to him."

I step forward.

"Can we see him?" I ask.

"Are you his mate?" he asks, slightly contemptuous I might add.

"She is," Caleb says, crossing his arms in the distance and eyeing the healer with equal hostility. "Fine. But only you, it will be good for the King to heal with his *mate* by his side."

He throws the rag on the floor and walks away. When I step into the room, I notice there are two other people here, cleaning up everything; one of them is a woman.

Noah is heavily bandaged and the smell of herbs is intense. I make a mental note to ask about his medication, and in case that there isn't any, I have to get him some; pain killers for when he wakes up, antibiotics for possible infections. I won't allow him to be treated like we're in the middle-ages.

"Excuse our healer," the woman says when she notices me, "he's very old so he still believes in the older ways, and you're "

"Yes, yes. A *wolf*"

The other person turns to look at me, as if this is a surprise; but then I notice he's human and he'd have no way to smell the wolf in me.

"We're done here," she tells me, "Please don't hesitate to call if you need anything or if his condition changes."

"Actually, we need to move him," they both stare at me, "Lucas!" I call.

When he comes in, the smell instantly hits him and he grimaces, his nose flaring.

"We have to move him," I say, "this place stinks of Alistair."

"Definitely. Where do you want him?" He asks.

"Our room," I say.

Lucas leaves.

"Are you sure he should be moved right now?" The female healer comes to me.

"I think Noah can smell this disgusting scent even unconscious; it's best we move him before he wakes up."

"If he wakes up..." The male healers says under his breathe.

I turn to him, waiting for an explanation and he gulps as his eyes meet mine. He knows he said something he shouldn't have; a foot in the mouth moment.

"Master healer Josiah said he smelled magic on him; if he was hexed, his physical wound is the least of his worries," He explains.

"But he is a great warrior, and a royal, surely you have nothing to worry about." the female healer says.

When the witch put that spell on him; he didn't die. What is it she had said? Mortem? Could it be possible that the spell is still working on him, even if the witch is dead?

A few minutes later, Lucas comes in with a few guards and a stretch bed, moving Noah with extreme caution and carrying him to our room. Fortunately, the way to our room does not require us go to the more populated parts of the castle; I would hate for everyone to see him like this.

They place Noah on our bed and leave.

"If you need anything else, you know where to find me," Lucas says, giving my hand a gentle squeeze before leaving. I smile and thank him before shutting the door behind him.

I go to our bathroom to retrieve a couple of clean rags and some soapy water. The healers tended to his wounds and his wounds only; the rest of him is still a bloody, dirty mess. I start by gently cleaning his face, his neck, his hands and his legs. I'm relieved to see that the minor cuts and wounds have almost completely healed, meaning the spell hasn't hindered his ability to physically heal; still, I have to fight the urge to cry as I clean him up.

When I touch him, I actually feel my ears slightly ringing; meaning the spell is alive and well within him, even if he appears to be sleeping passively. I can actually, somehow, feel the spell coursing through his veins like poison.

Once I'm done, I head into the bathroom and clean myself up. It's a hasty shower since I'm anxious to return to Noah.

I know what I have to do, I just don't know if it will work.

Towelng myself dry, I put on one of his large t-shirts and make my way to his side. I crawl up

on the bed and straddle him as carefully as I can, mindful of his injuries.

Moving his neck slightly to its side, I bare his neck and elongate my teeth. Maybe my mark will do for him, what his has done for me.

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