

# The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood Novel Full Episode

## Chapter 31

-Noah-

When we reach the front doors to the castle, I'm right next to Vera, my hand to her waist. Since she doesn't have my mark, this possessive gesture should do to show everyone here who she belongs to. The wide, ancient wooden doors open and one of the Council members is waiting for us on the other side. He beckons us forward and we obey.

"Noah, Eli, Lucas, welcome back." He's greeting us kindly, but we know the Council has no love for anyone but their own. "And who is this? Is she the mate the King told us about?"

He approaches Vera and extends his hand. Vera's expression remains neutral but my hand at her waist tenses. We don't actually know what we are walking into.

Vera extends her hands graciously. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I'm Vera, it's very nice to meet you." It's the first time I've heard her voice in a few hours, she sounds relaxed.

"The pleasure is all mine Vera, I'm Council Member William."

They shake hands briefly and then the moment is over.

"Gentlemen, Vera, please follow me."

"I was hoping to get Vera to my room to rest before heading for the trial." I interject.

"Nonsense, she is also being requested by the Council and the King. We were all dying to see who this mysterious mate to the fabled warrior Noah might be. Come, quickly."

I tense up even further, but Vera seems perfectly calm. I look at her, hoping to get an indication of what she's thinking. She just looks up at me and smiles again, and I get no read on her thoughts.

Once we arrive at the door where the trial will be held, we are stopped by guards that search us and take Vera's spear away. They hand it to Council Member William and he

unsheathes it. He gasps when he sees it, realizing how intricate and old it is; he lightly touches the blue stone that hangs from the shaft.

"They're clear." One of the guards declares and the doors open for us.

Inside, there is a grand, rectangular table that sits at least five feet high. The Council members require stairs in order to get to their places. Sitting even higher than the Council table is the King's Podium, where he is regarding us impassively.

We are ushered inside, standing in front of the council members as Council Member William takes his seat.

Eli, Lucas and I kneel before The King, as is customary. Vera moves to do the same but one of the council members speaks,

"The mate of the warrior Noah appears to be unmarked, Your Highness, she shall not kneel since she is not yet a member of this Society; bowing to our King is a privilege."

All council members make a noise, signaling their approval, so Vera remains standing. I suppress the urge to growl at them. Under this context, even a growl could mean our deaths.

"Warrior Eli, Warrior Lucas, Warrior Noah, stand." Another council member orders us.

We do as we are told, standing with our hands behind our backs, and await their questioning.

"From what the King told us, you three deserted your posts, provoking your comrades' deaths. Is this true?"

"No, your Highness," Eli responds.

"And how would you explain your absence from your posts?"

"There were reports of strange noises the night before. I, along with Eli and Lucas went to scout the area." I replied.

"And how exactly did that lead to the deaths of everyone at the camp?" Another council member asks.

"It didn't. A creature attacked them while we were gone. We found all of their bodies, beaten and dismembered, when we returned the next day."

"And then naturally, you burned all the evidence!" Another council member accuses us.

I pay no attention to who is talking anymore. All of the council members' voices sound nasally and whiny to me.

"We burned our warriors, as we should, to give them a proper send off to the afterlife." Eli says through his teeth. I'm sure he's finding this line of questioning as insulting as I am.

All this time, Vera has taken her time to study each of the council members. I can see her through the corner of my eye as she deliberately moves her head to study them.

The council room has erupted into a shouting match due to a question I didn't quite catch while I was discretely observing Vera.

"Enough." Comes a voice from above us all. The King has spoken, but none of the council members stop their bickering.

I smirk to myself. A real King wouldn't need to demand respect from his people, but King Alistair can't even keep control of his trial room.

"I said, ENOUGH!" He yells and the entire room goes silent. "Warrior Noah", he continues, "In your opinion, what "did" cause the "mysterious" deaths of all those lycans?" He says \*those\* lycans as if they weren't his very own people, savagely beaten and killed.

But this is it. The moment of truth.

If they believe us, we will live.

If they don't, we will die.

"It was a Chimera, your Highness."

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## Chapter 32

-Noah-

The entire room has turned into a fit of mumbled whispers. I can swear I even heard a gasp. My statement hangs in the air, creating more and more doubt to our story.

"And I assume you brought us some proof of such \*fantastical\* claim, Warrior Noah?" The King says.

The expression on his face confuses me; I saw emotions there, but not surprise. I narrow my eyes at this, could he have heard of it before?

Eli reaches into his bag, retrieving a very long claw. Sofia had given us pieces of the creature to present during our trial, even photos, all of which we present to the Council and the King.

Each takes their time to examine the evidence. The photos, the pieces of hair, the claws and teeth. They pass around the evidence, some eyeing it with curiosity and others barely looking at them. It seems some of the people here had already made up their minds before we even showed up.

"As interesting as all of these objects are," one of the council members speaks first, "I do not think it is evidence enough. This is a creature of folk tales only. All of this could've been fabricated for all we know."

Chatter ensues. Council Member William speaks,

"Council Member Micah, it is known that these creatures were used by powerful witches and warlocks during the Age of Witches. Do not be so quick to condemn our warriors who bravely brought us proof, because if what they tell us is true, we have far bigger problems on our hands." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Witches! Warlocks! Listen to yourself! You are so quick to forgive these deserters when they have brought us no real proof of a witch, or a warlock!"

"Well, what else do you think a chimera comes from? Nature?!"

The room once again becomes riled up with council members fighting to speak over each other.

I had become so invested in the Council Members that I hadn't noticed Vera had moved. In fact, no one had noticed Vera had moved. I turn my head, looking for her, drawing the King's attention.

She had moved to where our bags and her spear were, temporarily out of the Council's sight.

When she returned, everyone was already aware of her movements.

She came back holding something in her hand, I couldn't tell what, and her spear. She returned to stand next to me, looking at Council Member William directly, "May I?"

Council Member William merely nods, dumbfounded.

I'm not going to lie; Vera could get us all killed right now.

I start sweating.

She calmly walks closer to the council members, some having to lean over their seats to see what she places on the floor. It's some form of crystal, but it's slightly broken.

"This is your proof," she says calmly, and she proceeds raise the spear and smash the crystal with great strength.

I feel a wave of force crash into me, it's unlike anything I have experienced before and it is accompanied by a blinding light. Dust has been elevated by the force and is now hanging all

over us.

When I can open my eyes again, Vera is by my side, with the spear safely sheathed on her back.

Once the dust settles the rest of the Council open their eyes, they stare at her, wide eyed, some with their jaws ajar. The crystal now has completely shattered on the floor in front of the council members. "This... this still doe...doesn't..."

"Oh, Shut up!" Council Member William interrupts Council Member Micah. "We all felt that. didn't we?! \*This was the proof you requested, and you got it. This trial is over."

The Council Members look up to the King, who is sitting passively and looking at Vera. He looks at her so long that I'm beginning to get uncomfortable. She's doesn't look at him, she looks straight ahead. "The trial is indeed over."

King Alistair gets up from his seat and leaves the room, signaling that the trial is over. The council members slowly follow suit, some eyeing us with disgust, others with curiosity. Council Member William has a small smile on his face as he regards us. I am glad we found ourselves an unlikely ally in this situation, otherwise, we wouldn't have survived this trial.

We would live to see another day.

For now.

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## Chapter 33

-Vera-

I'm so exhausted after the trial. It really can't be called a trial; it was more like an inquisition. Had Sofia not given me the stone, I'm sure we would have never made it out of that room. Although I brought it with me in order to study it, this was a better use for it in the end. Eli and Lucas have gone their separate ways; I'm sure they're both tired and eager to get to their own rooms. Noah is leading me down several corridors, passing by several rooms, to what seems to be his. It was one of the last rooms in a long hallway. Noah opens the door, and I realize why he'd said it was the best room in the castle. Although it wasn't the biggest, it had a stunning view of the southern end of the castle.

I went to the large windows and gasped, there were mountains in the distance with huge, tall peaks, covered in snow. Below them, a forest very unlike the one I come from.

There was something eerie about the forest, and yet I couldn't help but find it beautiful. I couldn't wait to go down there and explore; perhaps I could also connect to this one.

I hear Noah put down the duffel bag with a large thud, and then he throws himself on the bed. Honestly, that bed just got a whole lot more appealing. I smile at the sight, but return my attention to the window. I try to concentrate on the sight in front of me; for some reason this place seems very familiar.

After a few minutes of trying to gather my memories, I realize I'm too tired for this. I go over to the bed and lie next to Noah, both of us facing the ceiling.

"How did you know to do that? The crystal thing?" He asks me, still looking at the ceiling.

"Remember when I was on top of the chimera, and you and Eli came to help?"

"Yeah, I really wasn't sure what you were doing but it felt important."

I smile to myself. Yes, yes it was.

"That crystal was encrusted in the chimera's skull. Sofia and the Elders came to the conclusion

that it had to be the magical link between the chimera and its creator."

"How did you know where it was?"

"When you threw me at it, and \*missed\*, I saw it shining there. For some reason I knew it had

to be important and quite frankly, I was running out of ideas."

He stays silent for a while.

"So, what we felt at the trial, that was magic?"

"I assume so, yes."

"You assume?" He turns to look at me, I stay nonchalantly staring at the ceiling.

"Yes, I assume."

"So, what you did, which could've gotten us all killed, was a hunch?"

"I feel like you're not gonna like the answer to that."

He's staring at me in disbelief, it's honestly comical. I start giggling at his expression because I swear, I feel like I haven't laughed in days.

"It's good to hear your laugh again." Noah whispers to me as he takes and kisses the back of my hand.

That innocent kiss alone causes an electric current to form in my belly. Sofia wasn't kidding when she said that the mate bond is like a drug.

It causes me to act on instinct.

I come up over him, straddling him, and I crash my lips to his. His hands immediately go to my hair and thigh, holding me in place as he deepens the kiss, his tongue leisurely playing with mine. The gentle but firm pull of my hair by his hand is causing me to imagine so many scenarios of where this could go.

I can feel myself getting more and more aroused; I'm sure he can smell it too because I can feel his erection through his jeans, brushing up against me. If I start grinding, it will be the end of us, and the end of my plan.

There's a faint knock on the door and I pause, but he doesn't seem to mind as he continues kissing my face and neck.

"The King wishes to see you." I hear on the other side of the door, but Noah doesn't seem to

care.

I stop him.

"Noah." I whisper, "the King wants to see you."

His eyes had glazed over, almost as if his lycan was ready to make an appearance. Quickly he regains his composure, and he realizes what I just said.

"I'm gonna kill him." He grunts.

As much as this disappoints me too, I welcome the divine intervention that stopped us. I was about to do something I might regret.

He turns us over so that I am beneath him, my legs still around his hips. He kisses my forehead. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"I have to go, but this might take a while. I'll make sure Lucas or Eli come get you for dinner."

With that, he composes himself, adjusting his pants, and leaves.

I lay there looking at the ceiling, breathless. Not only was that the best kiss of my life, but I'm sure what would've followed was going to be the greatest s\*x of my life.

I'm somewhat disappointed that I have to wait a bit longer before I can give myself to Noah completely, but I have to know more before I do, and before his life is intertwined with mine forever.

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## Chapter 34

-Vera-

A shy knock on the door wakes me; I didn't even realize I had drifted off to sleep.

"Vera?"

I recognize Lucas's voice.

I get up and go to the door.

"Hi. Noah said you might need an escort to the dining hall. Most of the lycans have already had supper and have retired to their chamber, in case you're hungry."

Just in cue, my stomach growls. We both laugh; I'm actually famished.

"Come, I'll show you around."

Lucas leads me down a set of twin, master stairs that lead to a main foyer. We take a right and through massive doors, we enter the dining hall.

My mouth hangs open just looking at the sheer size of it. It looks like a banquet hall, complete with the enormous wooden tables and massive chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. Please visit [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com) and search the book title to read the entire book for free. At the end of the hall is the same composition as in the trial, a large table a couple of feet higher; I assume for the Council.

Oddly enough, there is no table above it for the King.

We head into the kitchen where in fact, people have already come and gone.

"Here," Lucas lifts some banquet dish covers and hands me a plate, "help yourself."

The food looks delicious; I'm not sure if it's because I'm starving or because it actually is.

There's pasta, meats, fruits, cheese of all kinds, even some fish which surprises me.

I get myself some simple rice and meats, accompanied with vegetables; I need to make up for the days of travel and poor diet.

Lucas helps himself to everything, and I mean everything. He could've just taken the pots with him and eaten out of them as it is. We sit next to each other in one of the large tables and begin eating.

We eat in silence; we are both enjoying the food too much to speak.

When we are done, we sit there almost like in a food coma.

"The food was delicious, thank you for bringing me."

He turns to me with a smile.

"Sure! Anything for my big sis."

I look at him questioningly.

"Well, Noah is like a big brother to me, now that makes you like my big sister."

I smile at this. I did notice how close Lucas was to Noah, and more importantly how much he admires Noah.

"Well, I am flattered, but don't think I go easy on little siblings." I flick his arm with my fingers to make a point. We both smile.

"I don't have training tomorrow, if you'd like, I can show you around. It seems Noah might be busy for the next few days." "Busy? Why do you say that?"

"I hear the King has assigned him to patrol the southern border, he might be gone for a few days." He then whispers to me, "between you and I, the King has been pestering Noah lately, I think it's because he's testing him." "Testing him...?" What could the King possibly test him for?

"It's no secret that Noah is the strongest warrior here, and there is a Council chair that has been open for quite some time. My guess is they want a warrior in the Council."

For some reason, this piece of information doesn't sit right with me. Even if Noah is one of the strongest warriors here, it doesn't change the fact that he was almost killed by the chimera, and whatever, whomever, created it is still out there. To send your top warrior into unknown danger seems a bit of a waste to me.

I don't share any of this with Lucas, he seems too blinded by Noah's abilities to see this incongruity. And to invite him to be a Council member? From what I gathered yesterday, the Council members are not even remotely strong, why would they need a warrior now?

It's getting late and Lucas escorts me to Noah's room.

"I'm down that hall if you need anything," he points and turns to leave,

"Thank you, Lucas, really. I'm gonna take you up on that tour you offered tomorrow."

He smiles at me,

"Perfect. See you at eight then. Have a good night."

"You too." I smile faintly at him.

Quite frankly I have not been able to shake the bad feeling in my gut ever since I learned of Noah's mission.

Despite it being pretty late. I decide to stay up and wait for Noah, taking a moment to organize my clothes and shoes to settle in.

Once I'm done putting all of my things away, I sit on the bed with the book I borrowed from the camp.

I've been learning more about lycan history from this book alone than all my years back in the pack house. They have such intricate history of Kings, Councils, wars and economic turmoil. Apparently, the only ruler that had brought any kind of peace and prosperity in the last two centuries, was the previous king, King Alexander. He was also

the son of the previous King before him, the one that made the peace treaty with werewolves and other species.

I keep reading about lycan history. By this point I have changed into one of Noah's t-shirts and I'm almost done with the book. I make a mental note to ask Lucas tomorrow where I can find more.

The door opens, revealing a tired looking Noah on the other side. He's practically dragging his feet as he walks in and closes the door behind him.

"I cannot believe this asshole. Not twenty-four hours back, and he already wants to get rid of me." He grunts as he lets himself fall to the bed beside me.

I fetch the plate of food I had prepared for him earlier, thinking he might be as hungry as I was. His nose flares and his eyes shoot wide open when I remove the lid. "Thought you might be hungry."

He takes the plate from me and sits up on the bed. He starts eating, enjoying every bite.

"hmpf-" he grunts, "you save my life once again."

I roll my eyes at his dramatic take but it's fine. I'll just let him enjoy his meal without any sarcastic remark.

"You know," he says between mouthfuls, "the Pack House meals were good, but this..." he takes a giant ribeye I had brought him, "I missed this."

I smile, it makes me happy to see him happy. I just don't know how long I can go without seeing him now, especially with this mission of his looming over our heads. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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## Chapter 35

-Vera-

The next morning, I wake up at the crack of dawn and Noah is already gone. There's a note on my nightstand, \*Vera\*

\*What's mine is yours, please feel free to anything you'd like. I'll see you later.\*

I take my time to shower, letting the warm water ease my troubled mind. Despite how much I keep trying to make it make sense, the King's actions still don't sit right with me.

I wash my hair, reveling on the scalp massage. The shampoo Noah has smells like peppermint, it helps me relax. I take my time in scrubbing my body too, washing away all the dirt from the past couple of days. Once I'm done, I towel myself dry. I look in the mirror and at least I look well rested now. The dark circles under my eyes have faded and my eyes are back to looking normal; light, light green. There's a knock on the door, It's Lucas.

I open the door and he's wearing a big smile.

"Hi Vera, good morning."

"Good morning, Lucas." I return his smile, it's quite infectious. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Ok," he says as I close the door, "you already know your way to the kitchen, we'll be making our way there for breakfast a little later."

"Why are we avoiding the other lycans?" I was wondering the same thing last night but I thought perhaps he was just being polite and letting me rest; today it's a little more evident.

He hesitates, his smile falling. I keep looking at him patiently. I don't need things sugar coated for me.

"Noah told me not to tell you anything, so don't tell him I told you."

He hesitates again.

"You can trust me, Lucas. It'll be our little secret." I wink at him.

He eases up a bit, but his smile doesn't return.

"You're an unmarked female, Vera. I don't feel comfortable taking you to where other male lycans are, they don't respect me like they do Noah."

"But I have a fated mate, isn't that enough for them to stay away."

"That only happens with wolves, from what I gathered. Unmated lycans don't care if you have a fated mate or not. That's why Noah has instructed us to escort you every time you want to go out of your room." We keep walking in silence, why wouldn't Noah want me to know this? It seems like crucial information.

We make it to the common area, filled with games, a giant T.V and several pool tables. It's empty. As Lucas informs me, this area is usually used at night when they aren't working or training.

Next, he takes me to an outside patio. It has no trees, no flowers, no vegetation at all. It only has a big but dull fountain, and several concrete statues that give it a creepy feeling. It seems as cold as the rest of the castle.

"I can take you to the gym and other training areas later on when it's unoccupied, I know you like to run. Just remember to let us know when you want to use it."

His words confirm what I have been feeling. I'm in a prison. I can't move freely about, and I can't move at all without a chaperone.

"Thank you for showing me around Lucas. I really appreciate it but... is there like... a library here? Or a place where lycans don't usually go?"

He stays silent for a while, thinking.

"You know, I do think there is a library here. I've never been but I think that's clear indication that nobody usually goes there. Come, I can show you after we eat something."

We venture into the kitchen and dining hall; it is indeed empty except for a couple of females that eye us curiously when we sit. These are the first females I have seen since we got here.

"I didn't realize there were more females here."

"Oh yeah," he tells me as we start eating, "many lycans are mated. Some females are also lycan. others are humans. They usually keep to themselves. I'll introduce you to a couple that are mated to our friends." "Friends? There are more other than you and Eli?"

"Yes, of course."

By this point we are done eating and I remind Lucas that he still has to show me the one and only place in this entire castle that I care about, the library.

We walk for about ten minutes, across many halls, many rooms, stair case after stair case, until we are on one of the top floors, with a clearer view of the snow-covered mountains outside.

When we arrive to the doors leading to the library, I can tell this place isn't visited very often. There is a musty air to the air and thick layers of dust.

When Lucas opens the door, my heart nearly stops.

The two doors reveal inside a massive library, unlike anything I have ever seen. Impressive ceiling high book shelves, with thousands, no... millions of books... line the

entire space. I step inside, reveling in the discovery of a place where I wouldn't feel like a prisoner, until from the corner of my eye I see a figure moving.

"Who dares enter my sanctuary?"

The figure is moving closer and closer to us, Lucas automatically coming in between it and myself to protect me.

As it approaches and I can better appreciate it, I gasp.

Is that a Council Member robe?

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## Chapter 36

-Vera-

I sidestep Lucas, putting myself in the middle of him and the figure. I don't detect any hostility from it, so I take a couple of steps closer.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, my name is Vera, this is Lucas. We'll be leaving now, sorry for bothering you."

I turn around to leave, but before I can take a step the figure speaks,

"Ah," he sniffs the air, "a wolf?"

That stops me in my tracks. Now that I'm looking at him from up closer, I can tell that he's a man and, by the hue of his eyes, it is clear that he is blind.

He extends a hand and I cautiously approach to take it. I can feel Lucas behind me, tensing at the contact.

When my hand is in his, he quickly uses his other hand to flip it, revealing my palm. With his free hand, he uses his index figure to roam around my palm. My breathe catches due to the surprise, and for some reason it's hard to let it go. I'm a lot more anxious about this than I thought. We just got over the trial yesterday, I wouldn't want to do anything to jeopardize Noah and the others.

...

"And mated to a lycan," the old man says in surprise as he continues to scrutinize my palm, very interesting."

He keeps looking at my palm though I'm certain he can't actually see it.

"Tell me, child, why have you not yet been marked by your mate?"

I don't answer him. I'm too stunned making sense of this old man to think of a reply. Lucas steps in and yanks my hand away from his,

"Well, we better get going now, her \*mate\* is waiting for her."

It's a decent excuse, but the old man sees right through it.

"Nonsense. This one came looking for answers, so I suggest you let her look for them. You are welcome into this library any time you want, wolf."

With that, the figure turns away, disappearing into a dark corner of the massive library.

I turn to Lucas. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Thank you for the tour Lucas, I did come here looking to find... something... I don't know what yet, but this feels like the place to start."

He hesitates, looking at the dark corner where the old man disappeared. He turns to whisper to me,

"I have no idea who that was, but judging from the very old Council robe, I think that's the council member that has been missing for all these years; Council Member Elden."

He's visibly shaken by the encounter.

"Missing? But he's clearly here, you saw him too, didn't you?"

"That's exactly why I'm unsettled. V."

I understand where he's coming from, but this library is the only place in this entire castle where I can be alone without a chaperone.

"Lucas, It's fine, really. You think I can't take him if it came down to it? Besides, Noah's room isn't that far away, and I don't pass any areas where I'll encounter other lycans. I'll be fine, I promise."

He doesn't seem convince, but thankfully the reminder that I can in act take care of myself seems to ease him up a bit.

"Ok. I'll still be back for you in a couple of hours, or Noah will have my head. Scream if you need anything."

"Noted." I smiled at his protectiveness. He really is treating me like a sister.

Before turning towards the door, Lucas turns his face once again to the dark corner where Council Member Elden disappeared, visibly shivering.

"Old guy gives me the creeps," he mumbles to himself, and finally leaves.

After Lucas is gone, I take my time to walk through the rows and rows of books. Some of them are so far up that I can't even make out their names. I'm going to have to get a ladder if I intend on reaching any of them.

Some books here are merely track records of the territory's finances, economic records, census, etc. Others are about lycan history, and many others are, unsurprisingly, about war tactics. So far, I have not found anything about wolves or magic, which is what I'm genuinely interested in.

It was clear to me that the Pack House was very limited in this regard, except for Sofia's family records which she is no doubt sifting through right now. I thought maybe, just maybe, I'd get lucky here.

Hours pass and I have looked at all the books that I can reach, most of them boring me out of my mind. I already knew finding answers wasn't going to be easy, but I never imagined it would be a dead-end right from the beginning.

I close the last book I brought with me to one of the tables in the middle of the library, drawing a small cloud of dust from it, making me cough.

I'm at my wits' end.

All of these books seem to only hold very outdated accounting or administrative archives. Why even keep accounting records from two centuries ago? I'm surprised most of these books haven't succumbed to mold at this point with how neglected they have been. I let out a loud breathe, more like a sigh, when I hear someone behind me.

My skin begins to crawl. I am not here alone.

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## Chapter 37

-Vera-

I nearly jump out of my seat when I hear the old man talk behind me. It's Council Member Elden.

"Thought you might like some tea."

My heart is thumping very loudly in my chest and I try to compose myself before answering. "Y-yes, please."

He's carrying a tray with a tea pot and two tea cups, setting it down in the middle of the table. He pours the tea perfectly, handing me one of the tea cups, really making me question whether he's actually blind.

The tea smells amazing, like fresh herbs and citrus.

"No sugar unfortunately, it's a luxury nowadays."

The hint of sarcasm in his voice doesn't go unnoticed. He's sipping on his tea silently, prompting me to do the same. Although I am usually comfortable with silence, in this case it is quite unnerving.

I take the opportunity to study him, since he is staring at the table and not at me.

He has long, straight white hair, reaching his middle back. His beard seems long but well managed. His eyes look glazed over, as if he had cataracts but I know better; my experience tells me that hue comes from damage to his cornea, not cataracts. "Take a picture, it'll last longer," he says as he continues sipping his tea, his eyes still on the table.

"I'm sorry, what?"

"A picture, with those devices you people carry now a days."

I'm well aware of what a picture is, and a camera, but how did he know I was staring at him.

"I'm sorry, I was under the impression that you were blind."

"I am."

He's still sipping his tea nonchalantly, but then how in the world does he perceive so many things.

"I can see better without my eyes, \*witch.\*"

Ok, now I'm really surprised. What the hell did he just say?

"You might have fooled everyone else around here, even tricking a lycan into thinking he's your mate, but I can see right through you."

Now he is looking at me directly in my eyes, as if he really can see right through me.

"I don't... I'm sorry I think there's been a mistake. I'm a werewolf."

"Well then, switch. Right here, right now. Don't worry, I'm blind, I wouldn't see anything you don't want me to see." He narrows his gaze as if daring me to change, and the reality I have to share with him is even more embarrassing to admit to now. "...I can't..."

"See? Witch."

He stops throwing daggers my way and pours himself more tea. I'm halfway through mine, but I can't possibly finish it now.

"But you're not a dark witch or else this tea would've killed you, so what *are* you doing here?"

I stare at him in disbelief. He... he tried to poison me?!

I'm too stunned to even react at this point. I just sit there gaping at the old man who's drinking his second cup of *poison* tea not looking the least bit concerned. Please visit [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com) and search the book title to read the entire book for free. "Why do you think I'm a witch?"

"Magic, I can smell it on you as much as I can smell wet dog, but the wet dog smell can be faked, not the magic."

"Wet dog? You mean werewolf?"

"Wet dog, werewolf, same thing."

This old man really is something. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](http://SEARCHTHEWEBSITE.COM) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Aren't you supposed to be *dead*?" I narrow my eyes at him. I know I should be polite, but now he made it personal.

"Dead? Nonsense. Everyone just thinks I am because I gave up my position on the Council. The only fathomable reason why someone would do that is because they're on their death bed. But as you can see, I'm alive and well."

A pause follows. He finishes his tea and I do mine. It actually is really good, even if it was meant to kill me.

After careful consideration, I decide to confide in him, at least enough to see if he can help me; he must know this library better than anyone.

"I don't know what I am. Up until a few days ago, I just considered myself an underachieving werewolf, since I can't listen to my wolf or turn." "Did you like the tea?"

"I did, thank you." I don't know what this has to do with anything but I follow his lead.

"Are your parents also underachieving werewolves?"

"I never knew my parents."

He stays silent for a moment.

"I think I have something that can help you, but you have to keep it between us."

He disappears into one of the many bookshelves and procures a book I hadn't seen before. My suspicions were right, he knows this place better than anyone.

He puts the book in front of me, drawing a cloud of dust. It seems very old, and very seldomly used. I clean the leather cover with my hand, removing the thick layer of dust. The title reads,

**\*\*The Age of Witches.\*\***

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## Chapter 38

-Vera-

I stare at the cover of the book, mesmerized by its detail. It is old and covered in dust, looking lackluster, but I know better; this is exactly what I was looking for.

"Now, this book, or any for that matter, can't leave this library but you can come any time."

"Thank you." I tell him, absentmindedly.

I don't even notice when he gathers his tea set and leaves me be.

The entire interaction with Council Member Elden has left me wondering what else he knows, and how I can access said knowledge. I might have to become this old man's friend if only to find out more about who, and what, I am.

But it will have to wait until tomorrow as there is a knock on the door. I don't even know why anyone would bother knocking, but it might be Lucas and he was very unnerved by

the presence of Council Member Elden. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I feel the doors open and immediately pick up that scent of home; it's Noah.

I place the book on one of the closest shelves so I know where to find it tomorrow and make my way to the entrance.

When I get there, Noah is in awe admiring all of the tall bookshelves.

"I didn't even know this place was here," he muses over the rows and rows of books just as I had before.

My heart warms at the sight, immediately causing me to smile. Going all day without seeing him was hard, and it was only going to get harder when he left for his mission.

I come up from behind him, startling him when I hug him from behind.

He hugs my arms affectionately, continuing to look over the impressive library.

"I'll have to come here more often from now on."

He turns around to face me and takes my hands in his, "Are you done here? I have a surprise for you."

"Yeah, we can go." I smile at him; I'm just so glad to see him.

With my hand in his, we make our way through the vast stone corridors of the castle, something I'm still getting used to. It is obvious to me that I would surely get lost if not accompanied.

As we pass the common areas, I realize it's even later than I had expected; there is nobody in sight, much to my relief.

We walk even more, crossing the terrible, concrete courtyard Lucas had shown me earlier. Noah suddenly stops in front of two decrepit looking wooden doors.

"Only a few people know this place, so we're letting you in on the secret."

He opens the door, revealing a beautifully kept garden inside. It's not as small as it appeared to be from the outside. There are hanging plants adorning the wooden pergola that surrounds the entire space, along with colorful planters scattered on the floor. "Oh, my Goddess..." I'm breathless looking at the space. It's a breath of fresh air and... life... in such a harsh and unforgiving place that is the castle. I take my time to take it all in.

"Noah, I... I love it."

I turn to him and realize he had been looking at me the entire time I've been admiring the garden, causing me to blush.

"I knew you'd like it," he smiles warmly at me, "but this isn't the surprise. Come on."

He extends his hand and I take it, moving towards the back of the garden. When we turn the corner, I am met with something very unexpected.

Lycans.

I recognize Lucas out of all the lot, the rest I have never seen before.

"Vera, these are my friends, everyone, meet Vera."

One by one, everyone comes closer to me and introduces themselves. There are ten people here; most of them are lycans, and only one is human. In the middle of the courtyard there is a large rectangular picnic table with food set up for us. Noah had planned this, a dinner for me to meet his friends. It makes me emotional; one of the things I miss the most about the Pack House is my friends, my family... genuine relationships.

We sit at the table and each grab a plate of food, passing around the various dishes of meats, fish, fruits, salads and more importantly, wine.

"Liam, Mason, Ethan and I went to school together, the females beside them are their mates, Harriet and Eva are lycan, Charlotte is human."

"Are they fated mates?"

"Uh, Harriet and Liam are. Mason and Eva grew up as best friends, eventually deciding they had feelings for each other, and I don't know what that other jackass did to have Charlotte agree to marry him." "Isn't it dangerous for a human in a castle full of lycans?"

"It can be, but Charlotte is marked and Ethan is well respected here. She's also the one that tends to this garden."

I look over at Charlotte, amazed at the will of this woman to follow Ethan to such a dangerous place. As a wolf, I know I'm not liked here, hell, by the looks of it, I'm hated here; but at least I could defend myself if I had to. A human doesn't have that luxury. As I'm looking over at her, studying her, she meets my gaze and warmly smiles. She has big blue eyes and long, beautiful blonde hair. I can already tell we're going to get along great. I return the smile as Noah keeps telling me about his friends. "Then, you have Levi, Gabriel, and Ezra. We met until I came to the castle but we became friends pretty fast."

I smile at the group of people that is laughing freely and cracking jokes at each other. At one point, even the girls are giving the guys shit for their combat skills and such.

I look at all of them and can't help but feel a hint of sadness; all this is doing now is reminding me of my home.

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## Chapter 39

-Vera-

It's very early the next morning. I'm awake before the sun is up and cocooned by Noah, who's still very much asleep and passively breathing behind me. His large arm surrounds me, cradling me to him. This has become our usual sleeping position since leaving the Pack House; not that I'm complaining.

I got a chance to talk to all of Noah's friends last night. Most of them were curious to meet me as Lucas had already told to them everything that had gone down at the Pack House. Others were curious just to meet the fated mate of the great warrior that is Noah. I had underestimated the regard with which Noah is held here. Even in a casual setting like the dinner, all of the men, and even the women, in the group showed an evident level of respect. It made my heart swell with pride.

The only one who wasn't as welcoming was Harriet. I caught her giving me the stink eye a couple of times when I was talking to the group. I wasn't surprised though; I can't expect everyone to accept me. Still, I wonder what her deal is.

I stay like this, contemplating what my life has become, my back to Noah's chest. Despite all the adversities, I have not once regretted my decision to come with him.

I feel Noah shift behind me, a sign that he's waking up. He tightens his hold on me as he stretches out his legs.

"Hmmm...I have a headache." he says, grunting.

I smile at this. For once, I feel some sense of normalcy. We had dinner with friends last night and Noah is waking up hungover. However, I know this will be short lived. "When do you leave?" I ask, still without facing him.

He stays silent for a moment.

"I was planning on telling you about that today."

"Don't be mad, Lucas told me already."

I turn to face him, with his arm still around me.

"Why is King Alistair sending you out there, leaving the castle without it's best warrior?"

He again stays silent for a while. He's regarding me with a very serious expression.

"Don't sugar coat this, Noah." Everyone here has a bad habit of this.

"I don't know. But everyone else finds it odd too."

I can't help but think the King is trying to get rid of Noah, I just don't understand why.

"I think he wants to take you out, Noah. The way he looked at you at the trial, there was so much hatred so much... contempt. Did you guys ever have issues before?"

"Never, I've only seen that man a few times in my life."

We stay quiet. Both trying to decipher what his real intentions might be.

"Vera, while I'm gone, you have to be careful. All of the guys last night promised to protect you and accompany you wherever you want. I know this isn't ideal, and it's not fair to you, but if he's after me, he will also be after you."

I silently nod, but my head is somewhere else. Something here doesn't add up, and I'm determined to find out what it is. I can't shake this feeling that Noah is in great danger and the sooner I find out what is really going on, the better. Noah kisses my forehead and draws me out of my trance.

"I have to get ready; I need to meet with the rest of the scouting party."

"Can I come with you?"

My question takes him by surprise, but his face softens.

"Of course you can."

He kisses my forehead again and we begin getting ready.

We enter the training grounds of the castle, a place I hadn't been to before. It's an open courtyard with all kinds of training cycles, weapons, obstacle courses, and fighting matts; it even has a boxing ring in the middle of it.

As we make our way to the scouting party, I'm surprised to find that none of the lycans turn to look at me, as they have before. Maybe it's because I'm with Noah and no one wants their asses handed to them today.

We reach the table where the scouting party waits for Noah; it isn't made up of lycans I recognize, meaning it's none of Noah's friends. In fact, they don't even acknowledge me. It's better this way; as they try to ignore me, I can take my time to scrutinize each and every one of them.

The one thing that strikes me first, is that they don't regard Noah with the same level of respect that I have seen from the others. In fact, they look at him almost defiantly, though their words are nothing if not formal.

As Noah begins explaining their route on a map, the five lycans seem almost dismissive; something that I'm sure doesn't go unnoticed by Noah.

"We will meet in two hours to depart. Make the necessary preparations. You are all dismissed."

He turns to me, noticing the look of worry on my face.

"Come, let's get something to eat before I head out."

"How long will you be gone for?"

"Honestly? It's quite a bit of land we have to scout, I expect it will take us about a week or two." [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Noah, I have a bad feeling about this... I don't know if you've... picked up... on how my intuition works but..."

"You worry too much," he smiles gently at me, "I've known and trained with these guys for years, they're excellent fighters, if we encounter any trouble, we'll be able to take care of it. Come."

He takes my hand and we make our way to the banquet hall. I barely have a stomach for food, and I have a feeling this will last until Noah is comes home safely.

I ponder on this the entire time we are eating. He also seems to be lost in his thoughts.

Then, the time comes for the scouting party to depart.

I'm at the castle's main gates, saying goodbye to Noah. He kisses me lightly on the lips, before once again reassuring me that everything will be ok. I half smile at him.

He jogs over to where the scouting party is waiting for him and turns to me one last time, smiling my way.

What he fails to notice however, is that one of the lycans accompanying him also turned to look at me one last time, a nasty smirk on his face.

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## Chapter 40

-Vera-

I stay at the castle's entrance until I can no longer see Noah, and even then, I'm hesitant to move. The feeling in my stomach intensifies, almost making me nauseous.

I decide to give myself purpose while Noah is gone, so I plan on making myself useful and digging up everything I can on King Alistair at the library, along with my research on witches. When I turn around, I find one of Noah's friends, Ezra, waiting for me.

"Hi, Vera." Ezra seems like a genuinely nice guy, with thick curls, olive skin and very kind brown eyes. "Lucas told me Noah was leaving, thought you might want company."

It's a polite way of saying 'babysitter' but I'll take it.

"Hi, Ezra, and yes, thank you, but I was actually wondering if you knew where Eli was?"

"Hmm... that old man... he must be at the gym's office. Come, I'll show you."

We walk in silence, Ezra walks about two steps in front of me, his large body strategically shielding me from the other lycans.

I'm very grateful Noah's friends were willing to chaperone me while he's away; I'm certain they have other more useful things to do.

We walk into the gym, it is usually filled with people but for now, it seems like training is over and lycans are at work.

"Here."

Ezra opens a door leading to a small office with two desks. One of the desks is empty, the other has Eli sitting at it, regarding us... regarding me... with an annoyed look. In truth, I'm beginning to think that that's just his natural, resting face. "Thank you. Ezra. Would you mind leaving us? I'll be safe with Eli."

Ezra takes a look at Eli, gauging his reaction. Eli simply nods once, and Ezra is off.

"Please, come find any of us if you need anything." He tells me, genuinely meaning it.

"Thank you, Ezra." I smile at him as he leaves, closing the door behind him.

I come closer to Eli, taking a seat in front of him. He was reading some files and taking down notes before I came in. I take a look around his office; it is as sober as the man himself. There are no pictures, no windows, not even motivational posters hanging up. It is so unlike what I'm used to. Every part of the Pack House was welcoming, even the training areas. Everything in this place is rather purposed to make people feel uncomfortable.

"I'm in charge of their training. I have to make progress reports," he explains, gesturing towards the reports.

It makes sense that being an older lycan he isn't in active duty but rather training new recruits.

"Why does the King want Noah dead?"

Eli's eyes go wide and he immediately gets up, peaking through the windows to make sure we're alone. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

When he sits back down, he definitely has an annoyed look.

"You better watch your mouth around here doc, a comment like that could get us killed!"

"We're alone, Eli. Why does he want Noah dead?"

I have no patience for any of this. None for his grumpy ass, none for Noah being in danger, none for murder plots and none for a \*King\* that has such little regard for one of his best warriors. Eli hasn't met this side of me yet, but I'm beginning to get very angry about this whole situation and how ridiculous it is.

He stays silent for a long time, his eyes never leaving mine.

"I don't know. But I also don't think you're wrong."

"Who are the guys that went with him in the scouting mission? And what the fuck are they scouting for anyway?"

"Witches."

He gives me a long look.

"Witches." I repeat, in disbelief. "He sent a total of six lycans, to hunt for a witch."

"It doesn't make sense to me either, doc. But that's what the King decided, we just follow orders."

"Who are the lycans that went with him?"

"They're phenomenal fighters. I trained them myself, just as I trained Noah. They'll be good backup if anything should happen."

"But they're not friends, hell I don't even think they \*like\* Noah, so tell me, who \*are\* they, and why would the King pick them specifically to go with him?"

Clearly, Eli doesn't have an answer for this because he's just staring at me, making my patience run even thinner.

I get up suddenly, startling him out of his thoughts. I make my way to the door, it's clear to me that this was a dead end.

"Wait," he comes after me, "not here, it isn't safe."

"I know a place."

I step out in front of him. Eli has dropped his annoyed look and is following closely behind. The few lycans we encounter lower their gaze as they see us pass, clearly out of respect for Eli.

We make our way through many corridors, almost like a maze, but finally we reach my intended destination.

I open the large doors leading to the library with one big push.

Once we step inside, I take a seat at one of the furthest tables from the door.

Eli takes a look around, even sniffing the air, making sure we're really alone, before he comes and joins me.

In reality, we aren't alone. Council Member Elden is probably somewhere around and is aware of our presence.

"I also think the King has it against Noah, I warned him about it a long time ago."

"Ok, and what's that about?"

He hesitates, looking over his shoulder as if someone were spying on us.

"What I'm about to tell you does not leave this room. Understand?"

I simply nod.

"It has to do with Noah's father."

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