

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood Novel Full Episode

Chapter 41

-Vera-

Noah's father? From what I had understood, Noah is an orphan, just like me. Why would any of this have to do with his father? "Ok, this is where you explain further, Eli."

He's still looking over his and my shoulders just to make sure someone isn't lurking in the shadows. If only he knew there's a council member probably creeping on us from some dusty

corner.

"Noah's father wasn't a nobody, Doc. His name was Cain Hunter one of the most powerful warriors I, or anyone, had seen. He was killed during the rebellion of King Alistair, where King Alexander was killed." There's a long pause, as if this is supposed to suddenly make it all make sense. I raise an eyebrow,

"And?"

"Don't you see? King Alistair is not the rightful King, but because King Alexander never had any children, there is no legitimate heir to the throne. Meaning it is up for grabs. Noah is well liked and respected here, and if he wanted to, I'm sure he could take on King Alistair."

Realization dawns on me. If Eli is right, King Alistair may be trying to get rid of his potential competition.

"What happens when King Alistair dies?"

Eli's eyes go wide.

"I mean of old age, of course," I clarify, rolling my eyes, "who takes over the throne? Or will there be a power vacuum?"

"It is said he is looking for a mate, one worthy of creating a new dynasty with. But he needs to hurry, he ain't getting any younger."

We stay silent, dread pooling in my stomach.

"Will Noah be safe, Eli? In this mission?"

He looks at me and c***s an eyebrow, like the question itself is stupid.

"Of course he will, I trained all of those guys myself, they are lycans of integrity."

His words do little to reassure me. I know what I saw, I know the expressions on the faces of those men.

If anything, the only thing giving me comfort is knowing what a formidable enemy Noah would be, even if it's four against one.

I wish I could be there with him, at least someone would actually be watching his back. I wish we would have never left the pack house. It is so clear to me now that lycan 'society' is nothing more than a den of vipers.

Eli gets up.

"I have work to do. Vera, don't think too much about this, and don't do anything stupid. There are many lycans here who would have Noah's back if it came to it, I've made sure of it." His tone is definitive and I question inwardly what he could possibly mean by that, but decide not to push further.

He places his hand on my shoulder and lightly squeezes it as he leaves.

I'm left alone with my thoughts, in the faint light of the library. The enormous window in front of me does a poor job at letting light in.

I don't know how much time passes, but I feel like dwelling on the knot in my stomach is doing very little to ease my nerves, or to help the situation.

I get up, searching for the book Council Member Elden had given me. It will at least distract me from something I have no power over.

Opening the book, I settle down in the table and turn the desk lamp on.

The Age Of Witches

Before there was a man, before there was a woman. Before there was a werewolf, before there was a lycan, there was a Witch.

I dig into the lore, invested in the parts that seem too fantastical to believe. Witches of good, witches of evil. Warlocks lusting for power and warlocks dedicating their life to nature. From what I gather, witches and warlocks formed the first societies when even werewolves still existed only in their beast form; before our moon mother granted us human form.

Then, they turned ruthless, greedy, and power thirsty; toppling council after council, leader after leader, destabilizing the society to the point where it was everyone against everyone all the time; a species cannot survive this type of turmoil, no matter how strong they are.

It is also interesting that most of the leaders were women, called Witch Mothers. Apparently, witches were normally more powerful than warlocks, with a few exceptions.

I think back on my vision at Jade Waterfall and the warlock, Victor Blackwood. He seemed powerful enough to cast out a spell that survives to this day. Why would he do that? Why would he help the werewolves if this book is telling me they only sought out others to conquer, murder, or use for spells and incantations?

I continue to delve into the book, looking for one specific entity. A Spirit Wolf.

One of the main reasons why I agreed to come here was to look for clues about what a Spirit Wolf is. Sofia is certain that I am one, but she found very little reference to such a creature in her family's archives.

If the Allen family doesn't have a clear reference to a Spirit Wolf, my next obvious step was to come to a place that already existed during the Age of Witches, Lycan Castle.

From what Sofia told me, a Spirit Wolf is a being that shouldn't exist, the son or daughter of a witch or warlock, and a werewolf. Two different species, mating together and producing offspring shouldn't be possible, which is why I find her theory highly unlikely; though it would explain many things about me.

I continue to search, eventually ending the book and all it had to teach me. There is no sign of a Spirit Wolf anywhere in witch lore.

I close the book and sigh; my head has begun to hurt from reading in such poor lighting all day. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I close my eyes and put my forehead on my hands, when I smell a sweet, lemony fragrance coming my way.

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Chapter 42

-Vera-

Council Member Elden makes his way to me, taking his accustomed seat in front of me. He places the

I down on the table and proceeds to pour two tea cups. He hands me mine and I smile gratefully at the gesture.

We begin drinking our tea quietly. This time, it doesn't have hints of citrus like last time, but it does have honey. It's delicious. "So, if the other tea was meant to kill me, what is this one for?" I ask, much to his amusement.

He chuckles lightly and there's a glimmer of glee in his eyes.

"Stress. Especially when one's lover is sent to his death."

I gulp. The dread that had been sitting at the pit of my stomach coming back uninvited. I had tried ver "Don't worry, I'm sure those baboons won't be able to take him down. Even I have heard of your mate I sit in silence, weighing how much I can share with this man; evidently, he was eaves dropping on Eli "Noah has never defied the King, nor does he have intentions of doing so, so why would he want him "King Alistair is a known coward, even when he was a little boy. It was a running joke with us the adult Him speaking his mind so openly, and so against King Alistair, emboldens me to do the same. "Who was his dad?"

"The former Beta of this castle, Beta Caleb. A very intelligent and honorable man. He stood by his Alph Wait... what?"

"So, King Alistair, the son of the former Beta, killed the Alpha and took over the throne? What happen **Killed* is a subjective word in this case. Those of us who knew King Alexander know he was too stro coward."

The disgust in his tone is evident. Still, I continue pressing for more answers. "What happened to Beta Caleb?"

to get rid of that sensation.

5. That's why the King won't try killing him himself." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

But as a former council member, he might have some insight into what the King is thinking, more so than Eli.

d tease his dad that there was no way that was his son," he sips his tea.

King, even when it was his own son who planned the coup."

Beta Caleb?"

be taken down just by Alistair. I suspect there was foul play, which is also why he hasn't been accepted as the Alpha of this castle. He is and will always be a

"It is suspected that his own son killed him. That's only believable because he loved his son very much, he would never be able to harm him, even at the expense of his own life." He stays quiet for a while and then continues, "In truth, we never saw his body or any type of remains. It is my hope that he managed to get away from this madness, albeit with a broken heart."

I sip my tea quietly for the next minutes, digesting everything he just told me. So, King Alistair isn't liked or respected in this castle. It makes sense that he would feel threatened by Noah, someone who is strong and respected by his fellow warriors.

Still, Noah has no intentions of fighting him for the throne. It would be smarter if he won Noah's loyalty; rather have him as a powerful ally than a formidable enemy.

"Is this why you chose to leave the council?" I ask him, but he ignores my question.

"What are you really looking for, Vera?" He eyes the book he had given me, closed and tossed to a side of the table.

I decide to trust him.

"This stays between us, Council Member Elden..."

"Just Elden. Spill it."

"My Alpha back home is an Allen, one of the oldest werewolf families to ever live. They have kept records for centuries, even dating to the Age of Witches, but no real answer as to ... what I

am... I was hoping that coming here would give me answers."

"And you didn't find what you were looking for in that book?"

"I didn't."

"What are you looking for, specifically?"

"Spirit wolves."

His expression remains neutral for the most part, but I'm sure I saw a hint of something, surprise maybe, cross his complexion.

"Spirit wolves," he repeats as he muses over his thoughts, "I haven't heard that term in decades."

"So, you've heard of it?!" I lean forward towards him, expectant. This is the first real clue I may have as to what I am.

"Yes, many many decades ago. A Spirit Wolf is supposed to be the child of a Witch and a Wolf. Of course, there was never any recorded birth of such a thing; it would be difficult to hide as it was meant to be a creature of immense power. Witches and Warlocks alike would've been incessantly chasing after such a being."

"What were the characteristics? How would someone know they are a Spirit Wolf?"

He touches his beard lightly, thinking over what to say.

"That's all I know, to be honest with you. I am a scholar first and foremost, but I never came across much information about such a creature. I always believed such a being was pure conjecture rather than an actual beast."

My hope deflates again and I put my head on the table. The temporary rush of possibly getting answers had made me forget about the massive headache I had, but now it is back and making its presence known.

I groan out loud. I need to get out of here. The stuffiness of the library and the heaviness of the situation is getting to me; I need fresh air.

I get up, drawing Elden's attention.

"Thank you. Elden. For everything. If you can think of anything else, please let me know."

I leave, practically dragging my feet to the only place I know can ease my mind.

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Chapter 43

-Vera-

Before making my way to Charlotte's garden, I go by Lucas's room, looking for a babysitter.

I knock on the door, hopefully he's already off duty.

I hear some rumbling inside the room and a shirtless Lucas opens the door, his hair disheveled. "Oh, Vera, hi," he says. It seems I have taken him by surprise. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I smile at him.

"Hi Lucas, I hope I'm not interrupting."

"No, not at all. Did something happen?" He suddenly steps out of the room, scanning my surrounding He really is overprotective.

"No," I'm a little perplexed by his actions, "I was hoping you could accompany me to Charlotte's garde Truthfully, the entire castle felt stuffy without Noah here.

"Oh! Right, sure! Give me a minute to get dressed."

He shuts the door in my face. I mean I get it, it'd look terrible if I, an unmated female, entered his room A minute later he's out, this time fully dressed.

We make our way to the garden in silence. Once again, it's already late and most of the common areas are When we enter the garden. I'm surprised to see Charlotte tending to some plants. She's the only one han "Lucas! Vera! Hi!"

"Charlotte? Why are you here so late?" Lucas is the first to ask her and approach her, though I'm also "Oh, I thought I'd get some work done while Ethan finishes his shift. He's meeting me here once he's

I smile at this. During the dinner it was quite evident the connection they both had.

Lucas besides me yawns, quickly covering his mouth and trying to hide it.

ed a little...fresh...air."

still.

deserted.

er head perks up when she notices us.

ring the same thing.

"Lucas, Ethan and I can walk Vera back to her and Noah's room once he comes here, if it's alright with you," Charlotte speaks in her soft voice.

Lucas turns to me, his eyes red and tired.

"It's alright, Lucas. Go get some sleep, I'm sorry for waking you."

"No, no, it's ok, any time. Charlotte are you sure?"

"Of course," she smiles gently at him and I pat his back.

"Your babysitting duties are officially over, thank you."

He turns around as he yawns again, practically dragging his feet as he exits the garden. He closes the door before he leaves, leaving Charlotte and I alone. "I'm sorry to impose, Charlotte, I just needed..."

"Fresh air?" She smiles at me. I notice she does that a lot.

"Yes." I smile back at her and take a seat next to where she had been working.

They are a few plants I don't recognize. They're quite beautiful, quite green and their still unopened flower pods already smell so fragrant.

"These are Moon Peonies, they're very rare around here. Ethan got them for me for our first anniversary. It takes them five years to bloom." "That's amazing, they smell good already."

"Smell?" She looks at me a bit bewildered, sniffing the flower pods from up close. "I don't smell anything, must be your werewolf nose."

I frown. The smell is quite intense, I would think even a human nose would pick it up.

"Anyway," she continues to tend to her flowers, "tell me, when does Noah come back? Ethan told me he'd be gone for a couple of weeks. You're welcome here any time, I know that castle can be a little stuffy." "Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit J o b n i b . c o m for the full experience. You won't find the next complete chapter anywhere else, She crinkles her nose at this. I know exactly what she means.

"Thank you," I smile at her and continue, "I'm not sure, actually. He seemed sure he could be back sooner but, I don't know, really."

"I'm sorry, you must miss him a lot. Ethan and I aren't fated mates and I still miss him terribly when he's gone. I can't imagine what it's like for you."

I look at the mark at the base of her neck. Since they aren't fated mates, their connection must come directly from the marking.

"Charlotte, can I ask you a... personal question?"

"Sure!"

"What made you decide to come here with Ethan? It seems like such a dangerous place for a human."

"Well, same thing as you I suppose... Love."

She keeps tending to her flowers so she can't notice my expression; If only she knew that's not entirely why I came here.

"The mark, it must've hurt a lot if you heal like a human." I continue, diverting my train of thought.

Her hand goes to her mark and she caresses it with her fingers, smiling at the memory of it.

"I'm not gonna lie, it is the worse pain I have ever experience, but when a lycan marks a human, part of their abilities are shared with their mate. In my case, I was fully healed the next day."

She sees the confusion in my face,

"Is that not the same with werewolves?"

"To be honest with you, I only ever met werewolf mates, I wouldn't know if our abilities are passed to human mates."

"Really? I thought having human mates is rather normal, like with lycans. You see, there aren't many female lycans born, most of the time male lycans have to find human females, and that rarely produces Lycan children."

I'm shocked at this revelation; Charlotte is basically telling me the overall lycan population is going down. I make a mental note to explore this topic further with Eli or Elden.

Charlotte and I keep making small talk. I was right the first time we met; I knew we would become quick friends. She's the nicest person I have encountered here other than Lucas.

She tells me about her childhood, how her parents nearly passed out when she told them she was marrying a lycan. How she knew that having children with him was a long shot but that she was willing to take a chance, and how Ethan was in fact the sweetest person she had ever met, despite what his friends might think of him.

Once Ethan arrives after his shift, both Charlotte and he take me back to my room, to Noah's room. I thank them and close the door as they turn to leave, hand in hand..

I turn around and face the room. This is the first night I'll be sleeping without Noah here.

I change my clothes and put on one of his shirts; one that still smells like him, and crawl into bed.

For absolutely no reason, I begin crying into the pillow, the emptiness I feel consuming me, until sleep finally claims me.

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Chapter 44

Vera-

Five whole days have passed since Noah left, and I have barely left our room. I have been lying in bed most of the time, feeling sorry about myself and absolutely miserable. I'm starting to consider I'm actually depressed.

Moving away from my home, not having any communication with my friends and family because we obviously don't have stupid cel service here. I can't even send Sofia a letter because I'm not *mated* yet so I'm basically nothing without Noah's status. I used to have a life, a purpose, a career I had worked extremely hard for... I used to have a family.

I'm lying on my back, absentmindedly staring at the ceiling when there's a loud knock on the door. When I go to open it, it's Eli. He crinkles his nose when he sees me.

"Ok, first, go shower, you stink, second, get dressed and meet me at the gym."

He turns to leave but before he takes a step, he looks at me over his shoulder,

"If you're not there in twenty minutes, I'm coming in here and dragging you out myself."

He leaves and I can feel my eyebrows furrowing considering the possibility of Eli literally dragging me to the gym. It's such an unpleasant thought that I comply despite my mood. I get in the shower and get dressed in a pair of leggings, sports bra, and t-shirt. When I arrive to the gym, Eli is up in a fighting mat addressing his new recruits. Some of them look as young as ten years of age.

"Ah, our guest of honor," he says, all of the kids' attention turning to me, "everyone, this is Vera. He motions for me to join him in the fighting mat.

"Vera will be your scapegoat today, if anyone can force her to submit, she will take over your chores for the week."

What?! I gape at him.

All of the kids have perked up; apparently the idea of not having to do these awful chores is

very appealing to them. One of them raises their hand,

"But... but she's Noah's mate, he'll have our asses for touching her!"

"Bold of you to assume you *can*, boy. Don't worry about Noah, I'll take care of him if it comes down to it," Eli declares.

He steps away from the mat as I eye him in disbelief.

"Alright, if you don't mind, *my lady*"

The little shit that intends to go first even curtseys when he steps into the mat.

I take off my shoes, my nose flaring. We'll see who the *lady* is once I'm done with you.

He makes the first move too quickly; big mistake.

He ducks, going for my legs, thinking he can tumble me to the floor. But I'm too fast for him, catching his every move. I lift off of the mat, causing him to miss me, and land my feet on his back. This causes him to lose his balance and drop to the floor, his face down on the mat. I quickly wrap my legs around his arms, immobilizing them and making it painful for him to move at all. I place my hand on his neck, signaling a bite.

In wolf training, this would be the end of the exercise but from what I have seen, lycans are more brutal than that. The opponent has to either be physically incapable of continuing or in enough pain to verbally submit.

I keep my hand on his neck, but he won't submit. He's thrashing around trying to escape my hold so I tighten my legs around his arms, drawing them painfully closer.

He grunts, powerless. I know there is no way he's getting off my grip so I stretch his arms further back while simultaneously stretching his neck. This move is extremely painful as it causes terrible muscle spasms. "Ok! Ok! I submit! Get off of me!"

I let go and he's quick to get on his feet. There is utter silence from his friends as they all stare at me and then back at him. After a few seconds, two of them actually begin mocking him for losing to *a girl*. I can tell these three are the oldest of the bunch, maybe sixteen or seventeen years old.

"Mica, you're next," Eli says.

Mica, who was just now mocking his friend, steps on the mat with a grin on his face. Clearly, this one also underestimates my ability and more importantly, my *mood*. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He positions himself defensively, obviously preparing for an attack. Good boy, at least he learned from his friend. I run towards him directly and he takes out an arm to try and punch me, but he mistook my intentions.

I grab the arm with both hands and rather use it as leverage to wrap my legs around his neck, gyrate with force, and tumble him to the ground. He makes a choking noise as he falls to the ground and I tighten my hold on his neck with my thighs. As he's choking and turning blue, he pats my thigh with his arm and I let go, him crawling away and gasping for air.

Again, there is silence in the room. This time, not even his friends will make a joke, they're all staring at me looking horrified.

I grin at this and turn to Eli, "Who's next?"

For the rest of the morning, I kept beating up every recruit Eli had to offer. They were at the beginning of their training which is why they had only learned to rely on their brute force; which of course, I used to my advantage. They were easy targets, but still entertaining.

After we were done, Eli and I headed to the dining hall for some lunch and encountered some of Noah's friends; Liam, Mason, and Eva. We sat together and had some lunch, despite the odd looks some other lycans were throwing my way.

I hadn't realized how hungry I was until I first tasted the food; it tasted amazing. But then again, I had essentially been starving myself these past few days.

Once we were done, we all headed to Charlotte's garden. Apparently, the Moon Peonies are going to bloom any moment now and it only happens for a few hours. Charlotte has been going on about these flowers for so long that now everybody was anxiously waiting for them to bloom.

When we near the garden doors, something is wrong; they are wide open and Charlotte is sitting at the entrance, tears streaking her face. Eva makes her way quickly to her, while the rest of us go inside to see what's wrong.

It is all destroyed. Everything.

The pergola with the beautiful hanging flowers is on the ground; all of the colorful flowers smashed on the floor. The planters have been destroyed along with the flowers inside, including Charlotte's Moon Peonies.

I hear voices coming from the back of the garden, making their way to us. It's three lycan females I don't know, and Harriet, laughing their way through the garden. They're carrying metal poles; it is clear they are the ones behind all of the destruction.

Before I can begin to rationalize why Harriet would do this; I react on impulse before anyone else does, a small growl escapes my lips. I feel my eyes dilate, focusing on the group of women.

The last thing I hear is Eli shouting my name behind me as I launch towards my target.

Harriet's throat.

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Chapter 45

-Vera-

I launch myself at Harriet, my eyes in tunnel vision straight to her throat. I had never felt such rage, such anger, at someone in my entire life. Charlotte is supposed to be her friend, hell, even their husbands are supposed to be best friends. Suddenly, I feel something, or someone, grab me by the torso midair, stopping me. It's Eli. "Doc, you better calm down before you cause a scene."

Me?! I'm the one who will cause a scene, when they have destroyed Charlotte's garden?!

I wiggle myself out of his grasp easily, sprinting towards the group of women, faster than their eyes can follow. They have stopped laughing, and two of them are looking rather pale.

Good.

To my surprise, just as I extend my arms towards them, inches from reaching them, Eva and Mason grab me by my arms and Eli quickly comes and grabs me by my legs lifting me off the ground, leaving me completely immobile.

They carry me like this, like a freaking *toddler* out of the garden and sit me next to Charlotte. I feel like a child who's just thrown a tantrum; only my intentions were rather dark. I cross my arms and start throwing daggers at them with my eyes. "You better stay here, doc." Eli is stern and giving me the stink eye, but it also makes me realize how rash I had been.

What would've actually happened if I got my hands on those women? On Harriet? I'm sure it would've been a blood bath. I can take any of them any day. But then what?

Charlotte breaks me out of my train of thought by hugging me,

"Oh, Vera. Are you ok?! Did they hurt you?!"

My heart warms at her words. In the middle of all of this, she's thinking about other people's well-being. I hug her back and whisper,

"I'm so sorry Charlotte, I don't know why they would do this."

She begins crying again, this time on my shoulder, and I let her, hugging her tightly.

After a couple of minutes of comforting her, I hear yelling inside the garden. Liam is giving Harriet an earful; I can hear the disappointment in his voice. They walk out, Harriet stomping away and Liam following closely behind, clearly not done yelling. The other three women hurry behind Harriet, throwing nervous glances at me. I narrow my eyes at them and lightly growl. They quicken their pace behind Harriet and soon they're out of sight.

A few more minutes later, Ethan comes running through the courtyard that leads to the entrance to the garden, kneeling and taking Charlotte from me as he picks her up in his arms. She buries her face in his neck, sniffing. "What happened?"

He turns to look at me and I nod towards the garden as I get up from the ground. He takes a few steps with Charlotte still in his arms and takes a peek inside. He doesn't need to see much to realize what has happened. "Who?" He asks lowly through gritted teeth.

Eli, Mason and Eva have come out of the garden with a few flowers they managed to salvage from the wreckage; still no one answers Ethan and he's getting impatient.

"Who?!" His lycan eyes begin to swirl in his pupils.

"You better ask Harriet," I tell him, not understanding why anyone would cover for her sorry ass.

He looks at me, his lycan eyes fully showing now, and turns on his heels, taking Charlotte in his arms into the castle.

Mason and Eva look at me, something different in the way they regard me.

"We, uh...have to go on patrol in a few minutes, we have to.... get ready... we'll see you guys around." Mason says, excusing Eva and himself from the situation. They leave rather quickly, also throwing nervous glances my way. "What was that about?" I ask Eli, nodding in the direction Mason and Eva took.

"Don't worry about it. They just didn't believe Lucas when he told them about you." Eli chuckles, "well, they believe him now."

I enter the garden again, Eli behind me, taking a long look at the destruction. They really didn't leave a single planter, a single base or flower untouched. What would possess someone to do this? Let alone a 'friend'? Harriet didn't rub me the right way anyway but this is too much.

"Come on, I'll take you back to your room. Or if you want, you can keep beating my recruits' asses so that I don't have to."

"I didn't get to thank you for that earlier, Eli, but thank you. I really needed it."

"Any time. Noah and the rest may not realize it, doc, but you're a fighter, and fighters need to fight."

I smile at this. He's right, I enjoy it a lot.

"I'm actually going to stay and clean up; I don't have the heart to have Charlotte return to this," I tell him, eyeing the mess.

"Suit yourself, you can find your way back."

And with that, Eli is gone. It feels nice to be trusted with my own security, for once.

I make my way to the small shed to the side of the garden where I saw Charlotte safeguard her tools last time.

Inside, I find everything I'll need. Large plastic bags, a broom and a dustpan. I begin sweeping all of the soil into the dustpan and placing it in the bags, evaluating whether I should discard it

or not.

Once I'm done with the general clean up and the rubble has been put aside, I can really see what is left of Charlotte's garden, which isn't much.

I sigh. It makes me so sad to see this, Charlotte worked so hard to make a small piece of this place her home and someone just comes in and destroys it.

As I'm flipping the remaining planters over to see what else can be salvaged, I come across her Moon Peonies; one of the buds that was just about to bloom, sadly stomped on the ground.

I pick up the broken planter where the Moon Peonies had sat and when I touch the root, some type of current runs through my fingers.

What the...? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Instinctively, I let go of the plant and it falls to the ground. I examine my fingertips closely; I had never felt anything like this before. Am I imagining things? It almost felt like when I touch Noah, but not quite. I try once again to touch the root, picking it up from the floor. As I do, the flower pod that was about to bloom when the planter got destroyed blooms in all of its greatness.

It is the most beautiful flower I have ever seen; it has blue petals with a white, faded interior which almost seems to be shimmering with glittery light.

There is no mistaking this sensation; it feels like I have an electric current shooting up my hand when I touch these flowers; this emboldens me to try something else.

I close my eyes and concentrate on the electricity at my fingertips, as it expands up my arm and into my chest. I control my breathing through the intense experience. When I open my eyes, I gasp, too stunned to let go of the flower.

How...?

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Chapter 46

-Noah-

As we make our way through one of the thickest parts of the woods, I think back on my conversation with Vera and how worried she was about my safety in this mission. Back in the pack house, I noticed how much Sofia, her Alpha, relied on Vera's intuition. It's kept me wondering if there is something to her worry.

I have trained with this group of guys since I first got into warrior training. They are all formidable fighters; intelligent, fast, and strong. But it is true that we aren't exactly friends.

I have heard of a time when lycans were not as cut throat and back stabbing as they are now. A time where you could really call everyone in the castle your brother and sister, and treat each other as such.

Now, the example set by King Alistair is that everyone is out to get each other. That's what happens when you have a weak, undeserving King in the throne; everyone takes their cues from

the top.

To be honest, I have felt uneasy since leaving Vera. I know she will be fine, all the guys, even Eli, promised me they would look out for her, but she was so on edge that I can't take her voice, laced with worry, out of my head. 'Noah, I have a bad feeling about this,' is what she had told me. It had planted doubt in my mind; what if she was right?

These past few days on this mission I have been extra vigilant for any sign of a beast like the chimera we encountered before, or a witch for that matter. But everything seems to be in perfect order.

The guys and I have had half a mind to go back to the castle and report that everything is fine, but we know that if we don't do this job thoroughly, that King of ours will have our heads.

"Oi, Noah," one of the guys calls out, "take a look at this."

I walk towards where they have all stopped, surrounding something. I take a look down and dread seeps into my soul. It is a large paw imprint on the soil, and it is rather fresh. It looks exactly like the chimera beast we encountered back in the border.

I clear my throat before addressing them, "This looks exactly like the beast Eli, Lucas and I encountered before. Stay alert, that thing was invisible back then and there is a chance it would be invisible this time around too."

I begin walking in the direction that the paw imprint appears to be going, but turn around to give them one last piece of advice,

"If you just as much as perceive the creature, I suggest you run. There are no possibilities of us making it out alive if we fight it, the best we can expect is that at least one of us makes it out to warn the King and everyone else." They all nod, but there was something in their expressions, almost... boredom? Do they still not believe me?

As we make our way deeper into the woods, the hairs on my neck stand even further as Vera's voice once again resonates in my head. Every one of my senses is on high alert, making my lycan also be on high alert.

Strangely enough, my lycan has also been agitated since beginning this mission, I don't know if it's because he's away from his mate or because he is sharing in her feeling of worry. In either case it's interesting because Vera and I aren't exactly connected yet, not until we have marked each other.

After hours and hours of walking and following what appears to be a trail of something big making its way through the woods, I suddenly feel the guys behind me shift into their lycan form. Have they sensed something?!

I look around searching for any indication that the beast is near, but before I can make sense of their shifting, two of them attack me in their lycan form. What the fuck?!

I quickly dodge them, allowing my lycan to surface. I don't understand what is happening, but I don't have time to rationalize this; I allow him to guide us through his instinct.

"You dumb piece of shit, you really should've listened to that wolf whore of yours," one of them says before shifting to his beast form. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I growl at him for the remark about Vera, anger seeping through my veins. My canines are bare and the hairs on my nape are standing. The last time this happened, the last time I was this angry, I lost control of my lycan. Soon, I am surrounded by the five of them, in their lycan form.

Vera was right, after all, I had simply misinterpreted the source of her worry.

One of them attacks me first, taking advantage of the fact that I am surrounded and have nowhere to run. However, my intention has never been to run.

As he launches himself to me, I kick him with my hind leg, tumbling him to the ground, but I can't finish him off, as another one of them is coming at me from the right. I dodge him too, managing to burry my claws into his rib cage area.

Another one comes for me from behind, attempting to bite my neck; I crouch down, standing up just as he's above me, and crunch down on his torso, causing a large, gaping wound.

At least I have taken one of them down, leaving four to take care of.

I don't notice when one of the lycans disappears behind me and grabs my arm, painfully biting my shoulder. I hiss, reaching over my shoulder and burying my claws on his neck, drawing a whimper from him. I know I wounded him severely, but he has also done a number on my shoulder; I can no longer move my left arm.

Another one takes the opportunity to wound me further, burying his canines on my leg. I manage to get him off, kicking him with my other leg, but my two wounds have left me vulnerable to more attacks, and they know it.

As I look at the three remaining lycans, they are eyeing my wounds sadistically and licking their lips.

I know that beating them now will be difficult, if not impossible. I'm breathing heavily and losing a lot of blood.

The three of them launch themselves at me and I know there is only one thing left to do; something I thought I would never have to resort to.

I let my lycan take over completely, losing myself in the process.

The last thing I think about before everything goes black, is Vera and her beautiful green eyes.

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Chapter 47

-Vera-

Satisfied with my work on Charlotte's garden, I make my way back to the entrance and close the door behind me as I leave. I'm all covered in dirt and I have a few cuts on my hands from the thorns, but I feel very content with what I have achieved. When I'm halfway through the courtyard, I encounter Gabriel and Ezra, making their way to the training grounds. They both greet me politely, taking in my appearance discreetly. I'm sure I even have dirt on my face.

I greet them too, laughing at their expression of utter confusion.

"I was working on Charlotte's garden." I explain.

Realization crossing both of their faces

"Oh, yeah. Eva told us about what had happened. I still don't understand what could possess Harriet to do such a thing, Charlotte has been nothing but sweet to all of us," Ezra says.

"I'm on my way to the rooms, do you need me to accompany you to yours?" Gabriel volunteers.

I do a once over on his outfit. He's in training clothes, clearly not intending on going to the rooms any time soon.

"No, no, I'll be fine on my own. But tell Ethan to bring Charlotte to the garden when he's done with patrol."

They both give me a questioning look but before they can ask anything. I take off towards the room. I could really use a shower.

After taking the time to wash off all of the dirt from my body and thoroughly wash my hair, I get dressed and head out, closing the door behind me.

I pass by Lucas's room and before I can knock on the door, he's swinging the door open. I'm temporarily startled but he gives me his widest smile and steps out.

"I was wondering when you were going to get hungry. Come on, I've been waiting for you."

"Wait, you have?"

He's a very dedicated baby sitter.

"Of course. Eli told me you stayed behind to clean up Charlotte's garden. I would've helped but I was on duty."

We begin walking towards the dining hall to get some dinner.

"It's ok. Honestly, I had to throw most of it away anyway. There wasn't much left to save."

He nods,

"Eli also told me you almost kill Harriet and her posse," he's grinning at me as he takes in my reaction.

I roll my eyes and groan,

"They had it coming."

He chuckles.

"Well, I would suggest you stay away from them for a while. Rumor has it Harriet has become tight with the King."

I stop mid step.

"Wait, what? *The* King? King Alistair?"

He turns his head upwards to look at me as he's a few stairs down already, his expression serious.

"Yes. So again, I suggest you stay away from her."

He resumes walking but I'm still too stunned.

"How...why? In what world does that make sense? She has a mate! How does Liam feel about this? The King isn't mated!"

Lucas climbs up a few stairs quickly, getting right on my face,

"Vera, please. Let it go," he's whispering very low, "these walls have eyes and ears. Just keep your head down, for all of our sakes."

I look him straight in his eyes. There is nothing but concern in his expression. I simply nod in response.

We continue walking, Lucas back to his big smile as he tells me that the new recruits are too embarrassed to admit that they lost to me, but also low key hoping I come back so that they can practice more. I smile at this. They sure do need more training if they intend on taking me down.

We enter the dining hall, finding a few familiar faces and sitting with them. Ezra and Gabriel nod my way, and I do the same.

"Uh, we told Ethan what you told us earlier. He's not sure if Charlotte will want to go but he'll try," Ezra tells me.

"I hope whatever you have planned helps brighten his mood. He was murderous during training today," Gabriel chimes in, massaging the back of his neck.

I smile at them and say nothing, preferring to let them see for themselves when the time comes.

Eli, Levi, Mason and Eva have joined us and now the group is somewhat complete. Ethan will meet us later with Charlotte for the grand reveal; and then there's Noah. His absence weighing heavily on my heart.

After a few more comments here and there, we are all done eating and head to the garden.

It's about ten o'clock and from that the guys told me Ethan was off patrol duty at nine. Hopefully he's had enough time to convince Charlotte to come to the garden.

When we arrive at the garden entrance, the doors are already open, making me quicken my step.

I swear on the Moon Goddess if this is Harriet again I *will* kill her.

To my surprise, standing in the center of the garden, right in front of the Moon Peonies is a teary Charlotte and a stunned Ethan.

I hang back and watch everyone else go inside to look at what has Charlotte and Ethan speechless; I hear an audible gasp.

When I touched the Moon Peonies earlier today, trying to figure out that weird electric thing in my fingers, I had concentrated... visualized them... in full bloom. Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit JoBniB.com for the full experience. You won't find the next complete chapter anywhere else. When I opened my eyes, the flower buds that had been stomped had not only opened up, but they had also multiplied. Now, there was an entire bush of Moon Peonies in full bloom.

I had also managed to steal a large concrete planter from courtyard to plant the flowers in. It's not much, but all of the ceramic planters had been destroyed and I had no other choice.

I step forward, joining the group in admiring the flowers.

I had been mistaken too; I thought the flowers were all going to be that beautiful blue I saw at first, but as they progress in their maturing, they change hues. It really is a spectacle. "I... I..." Charlotte begins, but can't quite finish.

"We just came over to try and clean this before you guys came, but... how...?" Ethan's eyes land on me.

I smile at him,

"It's nothing, don't worry about it."

I'm just happy there was a small victory at the end of today, for all of us. I needed this, I needed to feel like I was doing something meaningful; even if it was as simple as cleaning up a garden. "Vera! It's not nothing!" Charlotte practically jumps at me, tears in her eyes as she hugs me.

I hug her back, almost being able to feel her joy and relief.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" She says.

She lets go of me but keeps her arm on my shoulders, both of us admiring the flowers. [SEARCH the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You were right, they do smell amazing." she whispers to me.

There is something almost hypnotic about these flowers; none of us can take our eyes off of them.

But then of course, nothing good lasts.

Through the door we hear a disdainful scoff.

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Chapter 48

-Vera-

Through the garden doors comes in Harriet, swaying as she walks carelessly inside. She came in to examine her work, but this is probably not what she had expected. "Are you seriously crying again, Charlotte? Why are you such a big baby?" She says as she nears the group.

To say her presence here is unwelcomed is a huge understatement, but nobody moves a muscle to remove her. Then Lucas's words cross my mind, *She has become close to the king* he'd said. That's probably why nobody wants to mess with her. My fists clench discreetly, if only to keep myself from doing something stupid.

Ethan has come closer to Charlotte and myself, shielding us both from Harriet.

The entire group tenses further when Harriet approaches the flowers, momentary surprise crossing her face.

"Hmm, I thought I had killed these too."

She reaches her hand to one of the bloomed flowers but as soon as her fingertips touch the petals, the flower burns her, although it looks more like a chemical burn. She retracts her hand, nursing it to her chest. "Ouch! What the...?"

Her pained expression is incredibly satisfactory and I smile.

"I forgot to mention... they're venomous."

Charlotte says nonchalantly, shrugging her shoulders.

I stare at her, she hadn't even told me they were poisonous, and I had touched them so freely earlier today! I wonder why they didn't burn me, but burnt Harriet. They must have some bitch detector to know who to burn. "You fucking bitch, wait until I catch you alone..."

Harriet begins her tirade but a sharp growl stops her.

It's Ethan.

"If

you catch her alone *what*, Harriet?"

His lycan eyes have surfaced and nobody dares move to stop him; if he wants attack, nobody will step in to help Harriet.

Pure disdain colors Harriet's expression.

"Settle down, boy. I just came to see the stupid flowers and to tell her* that the King wishes to see her."

All eyes follow Harriet's gaze.

Surely she can't... surely she can't mean me?!

Lucas's eyes go wide, staring between Harriet and myself.

"Why would the King wish to see her?" Ezra asks her.

"It is best you don't question his wishes. Tomorrow at 1800 hours, don't be late."

Harriet leaves, still nursing her hand, and leaves us speechless.

"Why would... is this... normal?" I have trouble formulating my thoughts, what if he found out I've been asking around for him?!

I start to panic, this wouldn't be good for Noah, who already doesn't have the King's favor, and it's certainly not good for me. An unmarked female meeting with the King? Nobody else here was summoned; what could this possibly be about? Eva clears her throat, drawing our attention,

"I suggest we take Vera to Eli's office; he might know what's going on."

"I second that motion," Lucas says as he comes to me, hurriedly taking me out of the garden.

The group has separated as some of them are on the night patrol; only Ethan, Charlotte, and Lucas accompany me to Eli's office.

As expected, the man is still sitting behind his desk when we show up.

He turns away from his charts when he sees us at the door, motioning us to come in.

Ethan shuts the door behind us and speaks first. [SEAR*ch the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"The King has asked to see Vera, we don't know why, do you have any idea what's going on?"

Eli now gives us his full attention, his eyes darting to Lucas and Ethan first, and then to me. "Leave us."

"But-" Charlotte begins, "We're worried about her, she can't..."

Ethan stops her with a gentle touch to her arm, comforting her. Hell, I'm the one who needs comforting right now!

"We'll see you tomorrow, Vera. Don't worry, it's probably nothing." Ethan says as he practically drags a helpless Charlotte out the door, not before giving me a worried glance.

I smile faintly at her, hopefully convincingly enough to reassure her that everything will be fine, even if I don't believe it myself.

"You too, Lucas. I need to speak with Vera privately."

"Whatever you tell me, he can hear it too," I tell him, meaning it. Lucas would never betray us.

"No, it's ok, I'll leave," he tells me, putting a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

He turns on his heels and leaves.

I really had underestimated how much Eli is respected here, I never thought they would leave without a single protest, but here I am, no doubt turning paler and paler by the minute.

Eli gets up from his chair and heads to each and every window to close shut the blinds. He also double checks that there is no one at the gym and shuts to door, locking it. He motions for me to sit and hands me a water bottle.

"Do you think he knows I've been asking around about him?" I whisper. Now I'm the one who's paranoid. Lucas was probably right, these walls *do* have eyes and ears. "It's possible." Eli's is talking normally, not whispering.

He stays silent a long while before continuing.

"It's possible but highly unlikely. If you were suspected of treason, they would call upon a trial, like when we first came back to the castle."

He's tapping his fingers on the wooden table, deep in thought.

"Noah should be back by now," I say, "do you think something happened to them? Maybe he's going to... give me some bad news."

Just the idea of something happening to Noah makes me nauseous; I sip on the water Eli gave me if only to keep my dinner down.

"No, that's unlikely. I would have heard of that by now."

He's now rubbing his stubble with his hand. I'm thinking of all the possible scenarios but come up with nothing. I have only seen the man once in my life, and even then, not once spoke to him; there haven't been any chances of offending or upsetting him so far. "Maybe it has to do with what happened in the garden?" I say, referring to the altercation with Harriet and her posse.

"It's likely he didn't even hear about that," he seems amused, "Harriet is a proud lycan woman, who is also seeking favor with the King, it would deeply embarrass her to admit what happened... or almost happened anyway."

His entire demeanor and tone turn serious all of a sudden,

"Vera, I think the King wants you as his mate."

"WHAT?!"

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Chapter 49

-Vera-

My heart is pounding incredibly fast; did I hear him correctly?!

"Mate... what do you mean mate? I already have a mate!"

"Whom the King sent off in an incredibly difficult mission, perhaps thinking he wouldn't make it back. A suicide mission."

My hand goes to my forehead; I feel like I'm going to pass out.

"You remember I told you the King was looking for a mate all this time, right? How he needed a strong female to create a new dynasty after King Alexander died?"

"I remember but... but I'm a wolf! His people would never accept me, he... he can't...!"

"They don't need to accept you; he just needs you to bear an heir."

His words are crude, but true. In theory, as a King, he doesn't need a Luna to rule, there are no benefits to Lunas in lycan society, like there are for wolves. After all, here the lineage isn't given by the mother, it is given by the father. I'm stunned. Speechless.

I'm looking at Eli helplessly, having half a mind to escape this hell hole and just leave Noah a message to find me back in the packhouse.

"This is too much, Eli... I... I can't... What do I do?"

"Remember at the trial? You put on a show with the spear and the stone. We all felt it. Pure, unharnessed power."

"Yes! But that was the stone, not me!" [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"It was you. You cannot destroy such a powerful object without having power yourself."

"But the spear, you know the spear has powers!"

He grunts, annoyed.

"Vera, the spear is only a tool. You had the power to wield it *and* destroy a very powerful object. The Council and the King are old and wise, this didn't go unnoticed."

He pauses before continuing.

"Now, I just thought it was because wolves are inherently more magical than lycans. But maybe there is something more to it."

I gulp.

That is one possibility I had not considered. Could he know about spirit wolves? Could he know that *I* am a spirit wolf?

The scenarios playing out on my head only get grimmer and grimmer the more I think about them. If he does know about spirit wolves, he might at least suspect that I am one. And if this is the case, if he wants me as a mate, I might not even have a choice in the matter since Noah is away.

Eli takes a look at his watch; I'm sure it's quite late.

"Let's go, I'll see you to your room."

Without another word, he takes some documents in his hands and we head out.

The walk to my room is silent, Eli walking in front of me.

Not 5 minutes later, I'm at my room's door.

"Don't worry about it doc, all of this is speculation. Try and get some rest."

Eli tries to smile reassuringly, but clearly his face is not accustomed to the gesture and it comes out extremely awkward.

"Thanks," I whisper, my spirit completely deflated.

"I'll come get you tomorrow, the recruits are eager to try some new moves on you and see if they can take you down."

I smile bleakly at him and shut the door, turning on the lights to the emptiness of the room.

Noah's smell lingered at first, but now it's almost gone.

I take one of his shirts and head into the bathroom. I'm just going through the motions at this point; washing my face, washing my teeth, changing into the shirt.

Everything feels pointless, even trying to get some rest; and yet, I turn off the lights and crawl into bed, on Noah's side. I like to think this is a way in which I connect to him; before he left, this was the place that held his smell best.

I pull the comforter over my head and do as Eli told me: try to get some rest. Although I realize early on, it probably won't happen.

When I finally drift off to some semblance of sleep, after tossing and turning for hours, I'm plagued by dreams of the forest outside the window.

Beneath the snowy peaked mountains, I see the forest as it was before. Luscious trees that extend endlessly into the sky, wild animals prancing around carelessly and unafraid. But then, I blink and everything is gone. The trees are no more; they have been burnt down. There are no animals here; this environment can no longer sustain them.

Many more visions like these are coming in rapidly, faster than I can register them. Again, it's like I'm moving through time in the blink of an eye, but nothing makes sense. There is no apparent reason for this destruction or for my visions. Needless to say, saying it was a restless night is an understatement.

Eli knocks on my door very early the next morning; I know this because I did not sleep one bit last night. In fact, when Eli is at my door, I'm already changed and ready to go.

Training is the same as before. The kids step up one at a time onto the mat, thinking they can make me submit, only to realize they are a few years away from even getting close to that.

I'm not enjoying the release of energy that training provides this time; I don't have any energy to spare.

After a while, I signal to Eli that I won't continue so he pairs the boys up with their peers to practice.

"You didn't get enough sleep last night, I gather."

"You gather correctly, old man."

If my lack of energy didn't give me away, the bags under my bloodshot eyes surely would.

"I asked around, and not even the Council Members understand what the King wants with you. They only advised I accompany you, since you're unmarked and all."

This actually manages to reassure me some. Maybe all of these scenarios in my head are my mind playing tricks on me. Surely the King is a reasonable man; he can't expect me to be his mate when I already **have** a mate, a very powerful one at that. Thinking of Noah further dampens my mood. We haven't heard from him at all, or any of the scouting party for that matter. I used to think this was good, it meant that nothing had happened. But what if it meant the complete opposite? Still, as hard as it was, I needed to focus on the situation at hand.

When practice is done, Eli and I head into the dining hall to get something to eat.

The food looks and tastes unappetizing; the only reason why I'm eating is to get some energy to power through the rest of the day, and then my inevitable meeting with the king.

When the time comes, Eli accompanies me to the King's wing, dread settling in my stomach. Ethan and Charlotte are there to see me off and Charlotte hands me something discreetly in a napkin. I take it, and immediately know what it is; I smile at her as a thank you, her expression remaining concerned.

"Remember, let me do the talking. I will be speaking for you as you are an unmarked female. Don't make any eye contact with him, keep your head down."

I nod, unable to utter a word. Staying quiet won't be an issue.

When we arrive at the large, wooden doors that lead to the King's wing, two guards open up the doors to let us in, but stop Eli before he can step inside. "This is Noah's mate, an unmarked female, she has to be accompanied."

"King's orders, Eli. She comes in alone."

"Boy, step aside before I..."

"Before you *what*?"

The two guards have now place themselves in front of Eli, one of them growling loudly.

"King's orders, old man. She meets him alone."

Eli is ready to challenge them, but we both know that going against the King's orders would be suicide. If not now, then later at a trial, so I stop him. "Eli, it's ok. It'll be fine. I'll come find you when I'm done."

He stares at me for a long time, before stepping outside the doors.

The guards slowly close the doors on him, his fists clenched and his jaw tight.

This is the last thing I see before the guards turn to me and escort me to see the King.

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Chapter 50

Vera-

Both guards are enormous, even bigger than Noah. They are certainly intimidating but I know in a fig

I'm taking in and memorizing all the halls, doors, entryways and exits in this wing; if Eli is right, I migh

I'm on high alert, but I can't let anyone, much less the King, believe I'm on edge. Search The [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

We reach what seems to be the middle of the wing; the guards stepping in to open those doors

too.

is not the most important factor.

to make a run for it. Hell, I might even have to take down these two guards in order to escape.

This seems to be a living area, but instead of it being welcoming, it looks dusty, decrepit, and incredibly uninviting. There's a large table in the middle of it.

The placement of the large dining table is very off putting. Surely, this large room wasn't meant to be dining area. And yet, this is what it's being used for. The entire wing is very odd, very tasteless. There is a fireplace off to one end of the room, and the King sits there looking at the fire sizzle.

"My King," one of the guards says, "Your *guest is here."

I side eye him; the tone in which he said 'guest' did not go unnoticed.

The King slowly gets up from his chair. He's wearing riding pants, riding boots, and a white shirt. Noth "Ah, Vera," he says and dramatically extends his arms.

Nothing happens, and he stays like this, with his arms comically extended.

He clears his throat angrily, narrowing his eyes at the guards.

They have an 'aha' moment and hurriedly approach the King to remove the opulent robe from him an "Not there, you pair of "idiots, how many times have I told you how to properly store it?!"

I raise my eyebrows without even realizing it; shocked and amused by the scene playing in front of me Now that I take a good look at the king, without his robe, he's a small man, and I don't mean his size. pretentious. conceited child.

"Now leave, I have a guest to tend to."

The guards head towards the door, leaving me alone with the King.

rd about that. But he's also wearing a large, red robe, with golden accents. It's so tacky, I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep form laughing.

it on one of the chairs.

't apparent before because of the position we were in, him up high in his chair, but this man is miniscule in spirit and character. He rather reminds me of a

From what I've seen, this man isn't intimidating at all, but I have to keep in mind that he got to where he is for a reason, and no one has yet tried to take his position from him. He might be putting up an act for me to lower my guard. "Vera, please, take a seat."

I still haven't said a word to him as I make my way to where he gestured. It's the chair right next to the head of the dining table, his seat.

"So tell me, how have you liked being with us lycans so far?"

As he starts to speak, huge doors behind me open and females start pouring in with food and what I suspect is wine. They neatly set the table without so much as looking at me. "It's been great," I say, sarcastically of course, but I keep that tone to myself.

"Please, dig in, this whole feast was prepared just for you."

The quality of food being served here is indeed better than the one at the dining hall where everyone else eats; It indeed looks lavish, and quite too much just for the two of us.

We start eating without saying another word. To say this is awkward would be an understatement. My hesitation grows with every bite I take, and I haven't even touched the wine; all of this could have poison for all I know.

He tries to make small talk, asking about the Pack House and werewolves in general. I keep my answers emotionless and curt, I have no intentions of giving away too much.

"You know, my dad used to take me to werewolf territory all the time when I was little. He always believed we could all just be merry friends and even do business together."

He's referring to the dad that he killed, allegedly.

"Your father sounds like a wise man, King."

He grimaces.

"Yes, he used to think that about himself too. Didn't serve him for much in the end."

"In the end?"

He makes a dismissive gesture with his hand,

"That's a story for another time. Now please, it's getting quite cold and the fireplace is going to waste."

At this point we are done eating; most of the food remains untouched. He gestures for me to follow him and sit on one of the chairs that faces the fireplace. Just like everything else in this horrible wing, the chairs are old and mistreated.

I can't help but feel he intended for this to be some sort of date? If he wanted something more casual, he surely would have invited at least a few Council Members, or he would have allowed Eli to accompany me.

"King, if I may. Why am I here?"

I'm getting really tired of all this nonsense. It's clear to me that he's playing some form of character right now and I have no patience for this. If Eli is right, which I'm beginning to suspect he is, he can just come out and say it so I can reject him and eliminate any notion of me becoming his mate. Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit JoBniB.com for the full experience. You won't find the next complete chapter anywhere else. Even if Noah wasn't in the picture, I would rather cut my left arm and leg than be mated to this pretend King.

His face becomes serious, his lips turning down in a displeased expression. Finally, his true colors come out and he drops the act. He is no longer smiling; he is no longer pretending to be amicable with me. It seems my blunt words have displeased him greatly; I can't imagine this happens often.

"Vera, we all saw what you did back in the trial, your power is greater than even you are aware of; which is why you're perfect."

"Perfect for...?"

"Perfect to create the new lycan dynasty with me, perfect to be my mate."

"King Alistair, with all due respect, I have a mate."

He turns to look at me, an evil grin on his lips which then turns into a sadistic, full teeth smile. He lets out a laugh.

"Noah? You're referring to Noah?! HA!" He says, making the hairs on my nape rise, "well, I suppose you wouldn't know because that sorry excuse for a lycan never marked you, but Noah isn't coming back, Vera."

"What... what are you talking about?!" I'm sitting on the edge of my seat, not because I want to be closer to him, but because my flight instinct has been activated.

"I didn't send him on a mission to find a chimera or that stupid witch, she isn't even here! I sent him out there to be executed, my dear wolf."

As he says this, the doors open to reveal the two monstrous guards from before, making their way to me.

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