

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 56

Vera

Noah gets up slowly from the couch, locking eyes with the door. He signals me to shush with a finger to his lips. We have no reason to believe this is a hostile since they're knocking on the door, but one can never be too careful.

We both stand at the door and Noah quickly opens it, both of us ready to pounce on whoever is here.

It's Elden.

Noah lets out a breath and relax, letting the adrenaline of the moment drain from our bodies.

"I thought it appropriate to knock, considering..." his eyes go to my neck and I immediately blush, "I'm happy you both are enjoying my humble abode."

I am absolutely certain this man has been able to see this entire time and he's just been pulling my leg.

"I... Uhm... come in?" I mean this is his house.

"Thank you!" He says with a cheer.

He walks around the small cabin with ease; he knows where everything is after all. Then he sniffs the air.

“Is that?... Could it possibly be you brought some herbs?” He says happily, rubbing his hands together.

His mood is confusing me. I would think everyone in the castle would be on edge considering the temper of the King. Specially those who helped me escape. Noah and I exchange a look.

“Elden, what happened back there? What happened after I left? Did they do anything to you?”

Elden is almost skipping through the room, selecting the herbs by smell and putting them into a kettle. He also starts the fire on the fireplace and places the kettle on a hook directly above it.

He sits down, cross legged, in front of the fire waiting for his tea

Noah looks at me and draws circles over his ear with his index finger, signaling that Elden is crazy. I signal for him to shush and go sit behind Elden on the couch. Noah follows suit apprehensively; after all, he doesn't know Elden at all.

“Elden...” He cuts me off.

“Tea first, child. Tea always comes first.”

So, we sit there, literally watching the fire burn and the water boil. Elden is such an odd man.

The whistling of the kettle breaks me from my trance and Elden gets up, fetching it. He searches the cupboards in the kitchen until he finds three mugs and places them on the table. Noah and I get up from the couch and go to him.

The tea smells delicious, as usual. This time, it's something combined with chamomile, I start sipping on the tea, just as Elden, but notice Noah isn't following suit. I turn to him and gesture for him to drink. He eyes me curiously, but starts drinking his tea.

“Don’t worry, the ones with poison usually has citrus to mask the taste,” Elden says,

Noah spits the tea into the cup, coughing loudly as Elden laughs to himself, pleased.

“He only does that if he suspects you’re a witch. Are you a witch, Noah?” I chime in.

Elden and I share a look and Noah eyes us back and forth.

“What happened while I was away?!” He says.

Elden and I laugh, but the moment is gone and he turns serious.

“Did you find what you were looking for, wolf?” Elden says.

“... I think I did. It came to be in a dream, really. They came to me in a dream.”

Elden is listening attentively, but I realize Noah doesn’t know anything about witches, warlocks, or spirit wolves as he is staring at me in utter confusion.

With a sigh, I turn to him and explain everything, in detail. My visions, powers and intuition. How Sofia first put me on the path of finding out about spirit wolves. And finally, about my vision last night.

“So, you’re telling me, you’re half witch,” He says.

I gulp. This is what I feared the most. I was foolish to let him mark me without telling him this first. He had a right to know, he had a right to reject me if he didn’t want to be mated to a freak of nature.

My heart is beating fast. He can’t reject me as a mate, technically, but he can still leave me.

“So, when you saw the chimera, when you knew things nob*dy else did, when you connected to the forest and such... that was all magic?”

“Correct.” Elden answers for me.

I’m unconsciously holding my breath, just waiting for the shoe to drop.

“So... What else can you do with that magic?” He’s wiggling his eyebrows at me. Of course his mind would go there. I punch him in the arm playfully and he laughs, but I’m almost about to cry from the relief I feel.

He takes my hand and kisses it.

“You’re even more amazing than I thought, V.”

I smile at this, but touching him has another, unintended, effect. I blush and his eyes darken.

Elden clears his throat loudly and I pull my hand away, still feeling the electricity under my skin.

“As much as I would like to leave you two lovebirds alone, I’m afraid we have more pressing matters at hand.”

Noah adjusts himself and turns to Elden.

“We have to get out of here, we have to go back to the pack house. From what I heard, the scouts are already looking for her in that area so we have to be careful not to raise any...”

It seems our conversation just a few moments ago resonated with him.

But Elden interrupts him,

“That’s the matter at hand. You can’t leave. Neither of you.”

We both stare at him and he finishes his tea before explaining further.

“Noah, you better than anyone know what Alistair is like. He is not worthy of being King. Our kingdom will die if left in his hands. We already are but a

mere vestige of what we used to be. I know you don't remember, but I was there. I was there when we were prosperous, when we had the best scientists, the best doctors, the best scholars, Alistair has been the single most disgraceful thing to come out of this species. Elden is turning red with anger. "This is why you can't leave. We need for you to take over the throne."

"I can't do that, old man! Do you not see what this has almost cost me already?! I was nearly killed and Vera..."

Noah can't finish his sentence.

You are a warrior first and foremost, Noah! You have to fight! If you ever believed in lycans, if you want the best for your brothers and sisters who would be left living in these conditions, you will fight the King!"

Noah slams his fists on the small table, tumbling his half full tea mug.

"And what should I do? Huh?! Just walk in there and demand to fight the King?! We both know I wouldn't even be allowed near the door! Those goons that call themselves warriors would have my head! The answer is NO."

Elden is frowning up at Noah in anger, and Noah's lycan eyes have begun to swirl in his pupils.

I hear someone step up onto the small deck at the entrance of the cabin and the hairs on my neck rise.

"Actually, the plan is a little more complicated than that."