

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood Novel Full Episode

Chapter 61

-Vera-

I take one last look at the cabin, making sure everything is just as when I found it. Afterall, this

is Elden's home; I imagine he's very excited to get it back for himself.

Locking everything up. Noah turns to me and offers his hand,

"Are you ready?"

I gulp.

"As ready as I'll ever be."

"It's going to be alright. V. You'll be great."

"You know, you keep saying that and it doesn't really help."

He laughs.

"It's just performance jitters, you'll be fine."

I take his hand and we head out.

The sun hasn't risen so we walk with the last hours of light the moon has to offer. It's a very pleasant walk, unlike the first time I came to the cabin. The forest still has quite an unwelcoming feeling to it, but having Noah by my side makes everything better; it calms me.

We walk for a few hours, taking in all of our surroundings as a way to distract ourselves from the task castle, not before giving me a long, tender kiss.

I enter the tunnels, guided again by the scent of Elden's garden, and begin my walk towards the librar

To be completely honest, this plan seems ridiculous. There are so many things that have been left at that either. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After a long walk, I make it to the library and am greeted by Elden.

"Welcome back, Vera."

He's smiling at me, but it does very little to reassure me.

"Here," he says, handing me my spear which he had retrieved from Noah's room.

I shake my head in disbelief,

"One of these days you'll have to tell me how you get around without being noticed, Elden."

d. When we reach the clearing. Noah and I part ways. I go to the underground tunnels, the same tunnels by which I escaped, and he heads to the front of the

; anything could happen. It's stressing me out knowing that if one thing doesn't go as planned, we will have to improvise, and we don't have much room for

From what Eli told us, Noah's room and all the places that I frequented within the castle were still in constant watch by the guards.

"Well then, today is your lucky day! Nobody can know you're here until it's time. Come."

We walk to another part of the library, another entrance to the tunnels guarded by a massive painting. This time, it's of a man with a strong build and regal posture. There's something oddly familiar about this man but I can't quite place him. "Who are these people, Elden, the ones in the paintings? This man seems familiar and the other woman... who were they?"

"Hush, child. We must hurry. Your mate must be about to make it to the front of the castle. If anything happens, you have to be ready."

He ushers me into the tunnels, following closely behind after closing the concealed door.

"Follow me."

I do as I'm told and we walk in silence. These tunnels are smaller than the ones that led me outside last time; there isn't enough space for me to walk besides Elden so I walk a few steps behind him.

After about twenty minutes and too many turns to remember, we arrive at a part of the castle I don't recognize, but it has a direct line of sight to the entrance of the castle through some peepholes.

We stand there in silence, waiting for Noah. After only a couple of minutes, we hear commotion.

"He's back! Tell the King he's back!" We hear a voice, followed by heavy footsteps hurrying to open the massive doors.

My heart starts speeding. This is it. This is the moment where we'll know if our plan has a shot of working or this is where it all ends.

"Warrior Noah!" screams one of the guards; a small crowd has begun to form around the entrance but Noah isn't being let in just yet, "where are the rest of your scouting companions?!"

"I killed them." Noah says flatly.

Murmurs erupt all throughout the crowd. Some are outraged, but most are simply shocked.

"And why would you do that?!" An angry guard steps forward, challenging Noah.

"It's none of your business, but if you'd like to find out **how** I did it, you're welcome to come closer." Noah grins at him, his lycan teeth showing.

The crowd once again begins murmuring and whispering amongst themselves. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Eli and Lucas; Eli is looking our way, knowingly. He can't see us as we are still within the tunnels and therefore within the castle walls, but he knows the plan; he knows we're here.

After a while, we hear what we were waiting for; heavy footsteps coming from the winding staircases that lead directly to the King's quarters.

He's here.

"Well, well, well," King Alistair says as he descends out of our sight, "what do we have here? The **traitor** Noah?"

I clench my fist. Just listening to his nasty voice naming Noah makes my blood boil. I grip my spear with both hands now, Elden inching closer to the concealed door that would expose us to everyone. He nods at me, and I nod at him. I look over to Eli; he and Lucas have begun to move to the strategic points they had planned out.

This is the moment of truth. What will the King do?

After a few minutes of silence, the King comes into vision, standing in front of the entrance to the castle with that ridiculous robe of his.

"Guards, take the *traitor to the dungeons. We will have his trial first thing in the morning. gather the Council,"

I sigh in relief, softening the grip on the spear as Elden retrieves from the door. This is the best case scenario for now; we were afraid the King would have him executed right here, right now, but Eli was right, he'd want to make a spectacle out of it and for that, he needs time.

fare the trial

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

Chapter 62

-Vera-

We are still on standby in case anything goes wrong, the King has not yet left.

The guards step forward and handcuff Noah with large, heavy iron. He is pushed and shoved into the castle being forced to kneel in front of the King.

The King approaches Noah and whispers something to his ear, too low to hear all the way here, but Noah reacts, launching himself at the King but is quickly stopped by the guards.

Alistair lets out a loud, cynical laugh, and waves his hand dismissively as Noah's lycan eyes continue to swing in his pupils.

"Take him! No food or water for today."

Then, he turns around and leaves the same way he came. Relief washes over me.

Noah is pushed and shoved in the direction of the dungeons, my heart aching by the way he's being treated

"Ok, the plan is in motion, child," Elden tells me, "we should go and prepare for tomorrow."

"Is there any way I could see him? I need to make sure he's ok."

Elden scratches his beard, Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Let's consult with Eli. I know some of his guys are on watch duty today, they might be able to let you

We make it back up to the library the same way we came. This will be my hiding spot for the time being as only very few people knew I frequented it. Elden has even gone through the trouble of arranging a bed for me and everything. "It isn't much, but it'll do the job."

I thank him as he disappears through yet another dark corner of the library, leaving to consult Eli.

I sit on the bed and think about everything that's supposed to happen, playing all of the different scenarios in my head, and worrying sick about Noah; basically, fueling my anxiety until Elden comes back about an hour later.

"Come, we don't have much time, the guards in rotation right now are loyal to Noah but they are switched every hour. Put this on, it'll mask your smell."

I get up from the bed and follow Elden in a hurry, putting on a Council robe.

"Here," he says, "you might need this."

He hands me some bread, water, and a first aid kit. Worry sinks in my stomach as I look at him question

"No time, we have to hurry."

I follow Elden quietly, steeling myself for the worse. We walk for about 10 minutes, descending into the tunnels until we reach yet another fake wall. When we arrive to the dungeons, the smell is utterly putrid; I cover my nose with my hand, trying to filter out the smell of crusted blood and urine.

"Vera?" I hear my name as we make our way through the different cells.

It's Noah.

I hurry towards the voice and sink to my knees at the sight.

Noah is on his knees, his hands chained to the wall behind him in the far end of the cell. He's also been beaten into a bloody pulp. I have tears rimming my eyes, how could they do this?

"Elden, go get those damn guards, I need to clean him up."

He does as he's told and a few moments later, one of the guards shows up with the keys. He fumbles with them a bit, testing my patience. I'm quickly going from sad to murderous; if I get my hands on the ones who did this to him, I will end them myself. I get inside once the guard figures out how to use the keys and drop to my knees in front of Noah, assessing the damage.

His lip is busted in many places and one of his eyes is swollen shut; the other eye isn't doing much better but he can at least see through it. I dampen one of the rags Elden gave me in the first aid kit and begin cleaning the crusted blood in his hair, face and body. Once I'm done, I also see many cuts meaning all of this blood I just cleaned was his.

"Those motherfuckers had to get me while chained, otherwise all of this blood would've been theirs," Noah says while spitting blood to the side.

He's angry. Good.

I keep cleaning him up, putting an antibiotic solution on his open wounds. I don't know what these wounds were made with but I'm just being extra cautious. "Some of these need stitches." I say matter-of-factly.

"You can't. They'd know I have people helping me and they can't know just yet, V, we have to stick to the plan. I'll be almost completely healed by tomorrow."

I stare at him, assessing what else I can do for him right now without it being too obvious. There is nothing more other than perhaps give him some painkillers.

"Here," I say, uncapping the water bottle and bringing it to his lips. He downs it one big gulp, also using some of it to swish his mouth and spit some more blood. I start ripping into the bread to feed him, piece by piece. He doesn't fight me on this, he continues eating in silence until the big loaf of bread is gone.

I hear footsteps outside the cell; it's one of the guards.

"It's time to go. Our shift is almost over."

I don't turn to look at him, instead I place my forehead gently on Noah's.

"Go, I'll be fine."

I take one last look at him, holding in all of the sadness, impotence, and rage I feel right now. This isn't the time to jeopardize the mission.

Elden leads me to the fake wall once again, and we begin walking towards the library. Still, I can't shake the horrendous feeling that has settled in the pit of my stomach from leaving Noah alone.

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

Chapter 63

-Noah-

Once I hear the fake wall click shut and I can no longer sense Vera, I grunt. I really should've taken the painkillers she offered; I was just acting nonchalant about it for her sake. The guards that brought me here made a point in letting me know just how much they hate me; they really did a number on me. Thankfully, Vera didn't think to check my ribs because it's likely at least three of them are broken.

Seeing her raised my spirits, but that's not necessarily going to heal me faster.

Alan, one of the guards, comes closer to the cell.

"Hey, boss?" Alan is one of the recruits I had personally trained years ago; he's a good kid, "we" re off duty now, but I suggest you pretend to be unconscious. Lenny is up next and we all know how he feels about you."

I grunt again. Lenny has always had a stick up his ass.

"Thanks, Alan. I'll think about it."

He nods and heads off.

It's incredibly humiliating to pretend to be unconscious so that the guards don't keep beating me, but if I want to be in any shape to execute the plan tomorrow, I have to do it.

A few minutes later I hear the next guards come in and hear Lenny's snicker.

"What do you mean he's *unconscious*?! The great lycan Warrior?! I have to see this for myself."

I let my body go limp, straining on the chains.

"Ha! I didn't think it was possible!" I hear him opening the cell, "would you look at that?" he kicks one of my knees and I remain limp, sagging further against the chains, "Hey Ezra! Come check this out." Good. Ezra is with him.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing. Lenny? The King was very clear, he wanted him in perfect shape for his execution tomorrow." Execution?

"Oh, come on, Ezra! Live a little! Let's have a little fun with him, and we can blame the guards from the shift before. What do you say, huh?"

Lenny cocks one eyebrow at Ezra's lack of response.

"Fine, suit yourself."

I hear Lenny unfasten his belt and feel him raise it in front of me.

"Let's see if this wakes you up, you piece of shit."

I steady myself so that I don't flinch and give myself away at the strikes, but Ezra catches Lenny's arm before he can swing.

Ezra's voice is laced with venom,

"If you want to disobey a direct order from the King himself, suit yourself. I will enjoy watching *two* traitors executed tomorrow."

There's a moment of silence as Ezra lets go of Lenny's hand, walking out of the cell and into his post. Lenny curses under his breathe but puts his belt back on, closing the cell door loudly.

Once I feel that Lenny has left and is at his post, I let out a long sigh. My blood is boiling. I can't wait to get out of here and push all of Lenny's teeth into his skull. They're all acting so triumphant already, having no idea what's coming to them. I feel my lycan beginning to surface.

"Rail it in, boy," I hear a voice from another cell.

It's a frail voice, I have to strain my ears to figure out where it's coming from.

"Who said that?"

It chuckles.

"Don't mind me. I'm the local cuckoo." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I frown, or rather, try to frown.

"What? You haven't heard? Every dungeon *needs* its own insane person."

"What's your name?"

"I don't have a name anymore. The rats in here call me, *chirp*" He actually makes the chirping noise rats make...

I shake my head; this man is just insane. He lets out a loud, cackling noise, followed by a fit of coughing. He grunts.

"Is it me or the bread keeps getting drier and drier here? Oh wait, you've only been here a few hours!" More cackling.

"Not to worry, friend. Chances are I won't live past tomorrow, anyway."

"An execution?" The voice comes closer, and now I notice he's in the cell right next to mine.

He pushes his face into the iron rods, coming the closest he can to me. His eyes have glazed over, and his face is almost skinny enough to pass through the bars. His hands make him look more like a skeleton than a person. I wonder how long he's been here.

"What did you ever do to upset the boy so?" He asks.

"The boy?" I question.

"Well, yes. Alistair."

I find it odd that he would refer to the King like 'the boy,'

"I killed some of his scouts. What did *you* do to upset 'the boy'?"

"I refused to die," he says with finality, turning serious.

He retreats into his cell, into the darkness, where I can no longer see him but can definitely still hear him. I can't make out what he's rambling about, not that I care enough to try.

I stay in silence, trying to rest my banged body. About half an hour later, Ezra comes into my cell.

"Hi, boss," he says, mockingly.

I try to roll my eyes but they still hurt too much and I grunt; Ezra chuckles.

"Sorry, it's what the young guys are calling you and it stuck. Here," he says, uncapping a water bottle and bringing it to me. I down it slowly.

"So, I'm to be executed tomorrow?"

"That's what I came in for, though it took Lenny longer than usual to fall asleep. The word is you are to be tried at the guillotine; the trial is just for show. We won't have much time to act, I've already informed the others." This means we will have to adjust, and we don't have much room time wise.

"Can I get you anything else?"

I shake my head.

"Ethan is coming in the next shift, we have programmed ourselves so that one of us is always here until tomorrow morning, just in case."

"Thank you, Ezra."

"You don't have to thank me. You're taking one for all of us."

Before he leaves, he loosens my chains so that I can rest my hands on the floor. It's much appreciated as the blood had already stopped circulating; I couldn't feel my arms.

As he locks the cell again, he nods at me and I do the same.

Maybe now, I can get some rest in preparation for tomorrow.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 64

-Noah-

I open my eyes at the crack of dawn, awakened by the cackling of my friend on the other cell. When I come to, I notice I feel a lot better; resting really helped me heal and I must have slept at least ten hours.

Now that I can actually see with both of my eyes, I look around the cell. The smell is the worst thing I have ever smelled, but at least I'm somewhat used to it by now. When my gaze falls on the cell next to mine, I'm spooked to find the same man squatting to my eye level, his face once again pressed on the cell rods.

"Good morning, princess," he says, his eyes wide. "Good morning to you, Chirp."

"Chirp? I like that. That's my name."

I chuckle humorlessly; this man really is something.

"You have to find him," he says very seriously, not blinking as he looks at me.

I turn to him again; noting his serious tone and the lack of cackling.

"Find whom?" I ask.

"You need to find the boy."

"The boy? King Alistair? I don't think that's going to be a problem."

"No! The other boy! The one I hid!"

"And where did you hide this boy?" I raise an eyebrow.

"You have to find the boy. The boy that would be King."

I frown, wondering if this man is actually being serious now or is just delusional.

"There is no boy-would-be-King, Chirp."

"He was two! And I hid him before *he* found out. I did good. Tell the King I did good, please tell the King I did everything I could, that it wasn't my fault. He was tricked you see! The boy was tricked by that wench! Oh, if I could get my hands on her now..."

Chirp continue rambling on to himself in the corner now, pulling at his beard hair, which explains the bald spots. I feel sorry for this man, I have a feeling he wasn't like this before. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jobnib.com. Visit Jobnib.com to read the complete chapters for free. Being in this Goddess forsaken place has turned him into this.

I remain awake until I can see the sunlight rising from one of the few windows here. Normally, when duty called and it was time to fight. I wouldn't hesitate, in fact I wouldn't even be nervous about it. Today is different. I never had anything to lose before, and now all I can think about is Vera. She must be up too, obsessing over today's plan; I can almost feel her anxiety.

Just as I'm thinking of her, the guards appear at the cell; it's two of our guys.

"Morning, boss," one of them says and I roll my eyes. They both chuckle.

"Sorry, it's what the other guys are calling you and -"

"And it stuck, yeah yeah yeah," I interrupt him and they chuckle even more.

One of them comes closer to me and unfastens the chains from the wall, but not my wrists. I look at him with an eyebrow raised.

"Sorry, the "big man" wants you like this, something about treating you like the dog you are." he shrugs and I sigh. This *King* never ceases to amaze me.

The other guard hands me some meat pastries and I gladly take them.

"We aren't due until the King is up which is in about thirty minutes, you'll need the energy if we want to pull this off."

I nod and also take the water they brought me.

"I can't thank you guys enough for doing this, I know it's dangerous but..."

"Are you kidding? We've been waiting for this day for years. I can't wait to feel like I actually have a purpose here."

I guess Eli was right, but I have a feeling the consensus is more against Alistair than it is *for* me; I'm just the scapegoat. When I'm done eating and drinking. I nod at them and they adopt their proper posture. I turn to Chirp one last time, "Good to meet you, Chirp, see you next time," I say and wink at him.

He just stares at me, his eyes turning wide and he whispers. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You..."

I don't have time to marvel at the depths of Chirp's mind, so I ignore him and follow the guys as they drag me by the chains out of the dungeon and into the main courtyard where executions are normally held.

When the doors are opened to reveal the courtyard, I'm shocked. The sick son of a bitch actually plans on making a spectacle out of this. The guillotine sits at the middle of hundreds and spectators, both lycan and human. Up ahead and right in front of the guillotine, the bastard has placed the trial seats for the Council and himself. He sits up top, with his stupid ensemble and a fucking crown.

The guards rough me up a bit, playing their part, then drag me by the chains onto the platform where the guillotine is displayed. They force me on my knees in front of the guillotine, right where my head would go if I'm found guilty, or rather, *when I'm found guilty. The entire crowd is in a fit of murmurs until the King claps his hands. It takes a few minutes for the people to settle down but they eventually do. He speaks. ***Warrior* Noah, you are being tried today for the murder of five of your fellow lycan warriors while on a mission to scout for an enemy, how do you plead?"

"Guilty, your Highness."

"And there we have it, he admits to his treason! My dear Council Members, I believe we have heard enough to-"

"If you will, your Highness, this Council would like to know why someone as highly regarded as Warrior Noah would commit such an atrocious crime," says Council Member William.

I wait for the King's permission to speak. He rolls his eyes and dismissively waves his hand for me to speak.

"They attacked me first, Council Member William. Had I not killed them, they would have killed me."

The crowd erupts in hushed murmurs.

"And why would they ever dare do that to you,* Warrior Noah?" The King asks, bored out of his mind.

"Well, your Highness, the last one I left bleeding to death swore it was you who gave the orders to have me killed."

Now, the crowd really goes wild. They're openly chattering, gasping, and some are eyeing the King suspiciously.

Council Member William stands up at my statement but the King... the King is turning all shades of red out of pure anger. Who's laughing now, motherfucker?

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 65

-Noah-

"Warrior Noah! Those are very serious accusations you're making against his Highness the King!

Do you have any proof?!" Council Member William says.

"Unfortunately, no, I killed all witnesses," I say indifferently.

"This is blasphemous!"

"How dare you speak to your King in that manner?!"

The Council Members are outraged while I pick at my ear unceremoniously, further infuriating all of them. This whole acting thing is fun, actually.

"Gentlemen, please, I can only relay what I was told. The only reason why I came back was to search for answers, otherwise, why not follow my mate to wolf territory? Or are the rumors untrue, your highness? Did you not try to force yourself onto my mate in my absence?"

More shocked whispers by the crowd and now even some Council Members.

"Oh, I know **everything** you tried to do to her, I'm glad she beat your ass before you could do anything. How does it feel to lose to a girl, your Highness?" I say, my voice heavy as my lycan. has begun to surface.

Council Member William turns to the King,

"Your... your Highness... is this true? Did you try to pursue a Wolf?" He's whispering discreetly, but we can all hear his question.

Now, the King is irate,

"You would come back, Warrior Noah, with wild accusations and no proof?! Where is that mate of yours to offer her testimony, huh?! Or is that unmarked wench still rejecting you?!" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

I grind my teeth. Don't f**k up now, Noah.

"My mate is safely back home, but I therefore, Your Highness, challenge you to a duel for my mate's honor!"

According to lycan code, as a King he cannot reject a direct challenge like this, but then again he is no real King. "Preposterous! Guards! OFF WITH HIS HEAD!"

The King is so angry he spits out the last words of his sentence. The guards loyal to him approach me and lean me into the guillotine, placing my head on the nook of the half moon. I close my eyes; this is the moment of truth. The only one who wasn't being closely monitored by those loyal to the King was Vera, which is why she's the only one that can make the first move.

Sweat drips down my forehead as the crowd is going wild. Some are expectant, others are horrified. The guard moves to unleash the rope that holds the guillotine in place, but just as he's about to undo the knot, he falls to his knees, shrieking in pain and holding his wrist; his hand has been cleanly cut off. When I raise my head, it's Vera's spear that has incrustated itself in the wooden structure.

You can hear a pin drop in the courtyard with how silent it's turned.

Then, a distinctive battle yell.

This is our signal.

In the blink of an eye, the entire space has erupted into chaos. People are pushing themselves and tumbling over others to leave the courtyard and get to safety as lycans launch at each other. It's an us versus them now. One of the guards loyal to the King comes for me in full lycan form but before he can approach me, he falls to the ground. Standing on his back as he falls is Vera holding a sword and... blood on her cheeks?

She comes to me with the keys to my chains and frees my wrists. I rub them while studying the fighter marks on her face. She rolls her eyes,

"It's Eli's blood, so that I'm recognized by his scent. Don't even get me started, I'm just happy I'm an actual doctor and I've had way worse on my face."

I smile at her; it's just so good to see her again. Even in the middle of all of this, all I can focus on is her.

"Watch out!" she says as she ducks and a lycan comes tumbling onto the platform, searching for me.

It's Lenny.

I grin and let my lycan out in a split second. Oh, how I've been waiting for this.

"Don't lose sight of the King!" Vera yells at me as she's fighting off a female lycan that's come for her. She makes quick work of her, having retrieved her spear and slicing the female's jugular.

"Hmpf, one of Harriet's friends," she says disdainfully.

Lenny launches himself at me, but he's always been a mediocre fighter at best. Still, I take my time with him, punching in his teeth just as I had wanted to last night.

I'm done with him in a minute and join Vera at the center of the platform, back to back. Lycans are coming for us from all angles to try and kill us. I take a look around and it's a total bloodbath, yet I can say with confidence most of the blood is theirs. We are joined on the platform by Mason, Eva and Lucas who nod at Vera. She nods back and turns to me,

"Noah, we'll cover for you, you know what you have to do."

I turn to look at all of my friends, fighting; not for me, but for themselves and the future they want to have. I nod at her and leap from the platform, fighting off a couple of guards and some other loyal servants to the King. I notice the Council has already scattered and fear that the King might have run away too, like the coward he is, but he hasn't. He's standing on his chair behind his two biggest guards; he hasn't moved an inch.

I grin to myself. This is finally it. We will finally be rid of this fucker.

I continue to fight my way through the crowd, knocking some lycans unconscious and killing others. I lock eyes with the King and grin a wide, vicious grin. I'm so close I can practically smell his fear. He signals for the guards to come to me, and they do, three at a time. I fight them off as they come, inching closer to the King.

Suddenly, the two massive guards that were closest to him are the only ones left. When they approach me, I note they easily double me in size.

"Kill him! Your King commands it!" Alistair says. I can no longer see him as the two guards tower over me.

One of them makes the first move, smashing his hands on the ground as I leap up into the air. The other one punches me right in my torso as I'm in the air, knocking the air out of me.

Ok, so these won't be as easy as to deal with as the rest. I dodge attack after attack, hoping they'll get tired enough for me to attack, but the contrary happens; I'm the one getting tired from evading them. It doesn't help that I was beaten mercilessly yesterday and I slept chained to a wall.

After several minutes of fighting off the guards, Eli joins me and together we are able to best the two massive guards. But in all of this ruckus, we lost sight of the target.

When I turn to look at where I last saw the King, he isn't there anymore and nobody knows where he went.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 66

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

"I just don't understand where he could've gone," Eva says, "It's like he disappeared, I swear we were keeping an eye on him."

"It doesn't matter now, we have to find him," Eli says, angry that the plan didn't work out the way we planned it.

"Elden, is there any way he escaped through the tunnels?" Noah asks.

"Well, it's a possibility he went into the tunnels, but I closed off all of the exits; he'll die within these castle walls before he makes it out," he says with complete confidence.

"Vera, do you think you could help us out?" Eli asks.

"Sorry," I shrug, "my abilities only work in the forest so far. I can't track him within the castle walls."

He disappeared. He just vanished.

I was keeping an eye on him the entire time we were fighting lycans off, especially when I saw Noah was up against dumb and dumberer who are huge in human form, but as lycans? Complete monsters. And then he was just gone. I lost sight of him for a few seconds as I was getting punched, and when I looked up, he was simply gone. I couldn't even trace his smell anymore. It really seemed like... magic. Otherwise, the battle was a complete success. We had lycans loyal to the crown, who despised Alistair for what he did, come in last minute and help just as Eli had planned. We also had many of the guards who weren't on the loop, come to our side when they realized what we were doing. Everything was working out better than expected, until the King disappeared.

We have been dealing with the aftermath of the battle for hours now, treating the wounded and placing the bodies of the dead in a pyre that will be part of tonight's ceremony. Lycans, in likeness to wolves, also cremate their dead.

As we have kept busy preparing everything, Noah and Eli are planning the next steps. It's clear the castle is ours now, and everyone here knows it. Now, the real problem is finding the King. He still possibly has access to the mercenaries he had hired initially, and if he manages to get them to the castle, we will be in huge trouble.

"Do we have the numbers to make front to an army? Our casualties were very low." I ask Eli, making sure he's the only one who can hear me.

He stays silent, grinding his teeth.

"I don't think so," he says.

We are all done with the pyre, and most of our friends have retreated to their rooms to clean up and rest. I stay behind, treating the last lycans that were injured. Some just have minor injuries. Others require stitches and even casts which I have to improvise. Once I'm done, I turn in the direction of the staircase that would lead me to our room. When I round up the corner, I'm surprised to find Noah waiting for me at the base of the stairs; I thought he would be with Eli and the rest to keep discussing the plan. puts

his arm on my shoulders and hugs me gently, being mindful that we both are pretty banged up right now; he kisses the top of my forehead.

"I knew you'd be perfect."

I smile at this; little does he know how absolutely terrified I was that I would miss the guard and get his neck instead.

We climb the stairs and make our way to the room.

"I'll get a bath going, I can't stand smelling Eli's blood on you."

"You and me both."

We both undress and head into the shower before the bath is ready. I take in a small rag so that I can scrub all the blood and crust off of him first. When we are all done, we soak in the warm water of the bathtub.

I sit on his lap, facing him, so I can tend to the wounds on his face. As I'm cleaning some wounds on his neck, he touches my forehead lightly, where I have a cut of my own.

"You know, I didn't think you'd fare so well against lycans in their beast form," he says.

"You know," I mimic him, "I was about to come help you out with those two monsters, you seemed to be struggling."

He laughs, a real belly laugh that makes my heart flutter. Not to mention what the vibration does to me considering I'm straddling him... completely naked.

"You're healing faster now," he points out.

I also noticed that. The healing abilities extended beyond his mark; the wound on my forehead was gushing blood only a few hours ago and now it was almost completely healed.

"I have you to thank for that." I say, smiling at him.

He looks at me with a confused frown.

"Charlotte told me a while ago that when Ethan marked her, some of his healing abilities were transferred to her," I touch my mark, "I guess that works for us too."

He smiles at me, but there's something else dancing in his eyes.

He grabs my neck and crushes his lips to mine, surprising me.

The kiss is passionate, demanding. He slips his tongue deep into my mouth and I can taste all of him as he holds me in place by my neck. The gentle pressure of his hand on his mark is driving me crazy and, in no time, I'm ready for him. He slips his free hand down to my sensitive spot, slipping a finger effortlessly inside me, in and out, in and out. I moan into his mouth, but his tongue doesn't let up, taking the opportunity to venture further, biting my lips as he goes. My hands instinctively go to his already erect member, stroking him firmly under the water.

"Goddess," he says, as he throws his head back.

I don't know if he planned on taking his time with me, but I'm too impatient. I remove his hand from inside me and position myself so that his member is at my opening. I tease him, rubbing it at my entrance but not letting him in yet. He looks at me, his lycan eyes swirling in his irises. He's breathing heavily and gripping the tub fiercely with his hands.

"Payback." I say under my breath, referring to all the times he's teased me just like this.

He chuckles, but his hands go to my hips, gripping them tightly and lowering me as he sinks into me; we both groan at the sensation. I grab the lips of the bathtub to steady myself, his head coming forward to catch one of my nipples between his lips. I start moving, up and down, slowly, still teasing him. He groans with my breast in his mouth, nibbling at it.

After a few moments of this, he looks back up at me and it's clear that playtime is over. He leans back, grabbing my hips once again, lifting and lowering me on him at his pleasure, essentially using me as a s*x doll. I loll my head back as he increases the tempo, water splashing outside of the tub all around us. The sting from where he's holding my hips adding a new, delicious sensation to the experience. We're both sweating despite being in the tub.

Just as I'm about to climax, he comes forward and stands, lifting my legs so that they're around him, and carries me to the bed; never mind that we are both soaking wet, in more ways than one.

He throws me on the bed and flips me on my stomach in one swift movement; then he grabs my hips and raises them towards him, angling me just the way he wants. As he's standing, he grabs his member and positions it at my entrance, rubbing my clit and all my wetness, causing me to begin climbing again; with his other hand placed on my back, he lowers my chest onto the bed.

He enters me in one quick, deliberate move, grabbing my hips with both hands to keep me in place. This new angle is hitting all the right spots inside me and in only a couple of strokes, I'm already inching closer to my release. I arch my back more, lifting my hips further to meet his strokes. The sound of him thrusting into me is driving me crazy; without warning. I'm moaning loudly into the bed, spasming as I o****m.

In three more powerful strokes, Noah moans, throwing his head back as he releases himself inside me; I feel the hot, thick liquid pouring into me.

We're both left panting and sweaty as we recover from our orgasms. Noah flops on the bed, grabbing my waist and hugging me to him. He's kissing my head, forehead, nose, lips, and cheeks, until we both fall into an incredibly well deserved nap.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 67

-Vera-

I wake up after a few hours feeling rested and realize I fell asleep on Noah's chest. He's caressing my "You know, I would've killed last night for this, a bed with you in it." he says.

"I was wondering how you managed to sleep last night, that thing smelled disgusting."

"I'm guessing you didn't sleep so well yourself," he says.

I blush.

I in fact didn't sleep at all worrying about him and missing him in bed. He continues stroking my hair "You know, it was better than I thought, and Chirp entertained me for a while - Oh Goddess, I forgot a "Chirp?"

"This old prisoner next to my cell. He looks like he's been there a long time, he's gone mad." "Poor man."

"I'll tell the guards to set him free before the pyre ceremony, I can't let him stay down there any longer There's a hesitant knock on the door,

"Uh, hey, boss?"

I arch my brow and look at Noah,

"Boss, huh? I like that, I might start calling you that in bed."

He laughs and gets up. Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Please do."

He wraps a towel around his waist and cracks the door open, just enough to see who it is. Noah begin make my way to the bathroom in my tiptoes to wash up. After a few minutes, Noah joins me, dropping

He slaps my butt as he makes his way in and I giggle,

"If you keep this up, I don't think we'll make it to the ceremony," I tease.

He comes up behind me, caressing my breasts with both hands and kissing my neck.

"Is that a threat?" He says against my neck.

"On the contrary, it's a challenge." I tell him, letting my head fall back on his chest.

stretch out, feeling inevitably sore. I turn my face up to look at him and he kisses my forehead.

peaks, irp"

g to whomever is at the door but I can't make out what they're saying; instead, I vel on the floor.

He continues nibbling at my neck and caressing my breasts, as one hand slowly makes its way down, right where I want it.

And then, to my annoyance, there's a loud, intrusive knock on the door. Noah stops and turns towards the direction of the door. "It's Ezra, I have to go."

"Noo!" I protest, grunting as his hand makes its way back up, towards my chin; he lifts it up gently to kiss me and he leaves the bathroom.

I was practically panting already and now he's leaving.

Noah is getting dressed outside the bathroom but pops his head in,

"Come find me in the courtyard as soon as you're done, the ceremony will start in about an hour.

"Tell Ezra I'm gonna kill him." I say through gritted teeth.

Noah laughs and I hear the main door shut, meaning I'm alone now.

I take my time to wash my hair this time; It's been so long since I've tended to it. I also intended on cleaning up the wound on my forehead but it's completely healed; amazing.

Once I'm done, I get dressed in regular jeans and a black t-shirt. There is no protocol as to what to wear for these ceremonies, at least not one that I'm aware of.

When I enter the courtyard, most of the lycans are already there, including our friends. I find Noah in the middle of a crowd and instead of disturbing him, I find something else to do.

I walk around for a bit, noting how there's an overall feeling of relief and calmness, one that I had never experienced here before. It really is something considering Alistair has been gone for less than 24 hours and already people feel better here. I smile to myself; this is all thanks to Eli and Noah.

As the crowd around the pyre continues to grow, I stay in a corner, observing everyone walking around as if a weight had been lifted off of their shoulders. Then, it's time to start the ceremony.

Eli steps in front of the pyre, looking solemn as he speaks,

"Brothers and sisters, it is with a heavy heart that we stand here, mourning the death of our comrades to such a noble cause," the entire crowd is silent, "as some of you may know, this has been a long time coming. For many more than two decades we have been serving an undeserving King, a coward King, and a treacherous King, but now, all of our prayers have been answered! From now on we will serve with purpose! With pride! We will finally have a worthy King, a true King! All hail, King Noah!"

Eli gestures to Noah and he steps forward; the crowd goes wild, cheering for him and chanting his name. I have goosebumps all over my arms from the emotion in the room.

Noah steps forward, carrying a live flame on one of his hands.

"Brothers and sisters," everyone goes silent again, "I have always fought for you and alongside you, and I will continue to do so for as long as I shall live. Tonight, however, we don't celebrate this new era for lycans, tonight, we honor those who fought bravely and helped us trace this new path, a path worthy for us and our children. Tonight, we mourn and tomorrow we celebrate when we have Alistair's head!"

The crowd again goes wild, roaring like maniacs and chanting Noah's name once again. He nears the flame to the pyre, starting it as the crowd chants in a battle cry manner; it's their way of mourning the warriors they lost.

Coming from such a different culture, it really is fascinating to observe lycans from up close. They have a completely different perception of death. While wolves mourn the fact that we won't again see our loved ones in this lifetime, lycans celebrate their deaths as the highest honor.

When the pyre is fully ignited, the crowd has broken down into groups. Some are drinking heavily, others are less boisterous, talking and laughing amongst themselves. I walk towards Noah now that there aren't as many people around him. I notice as I make my way to him that Elden is actually here, off to a corner on his own. I think of going to him first but Noah spots me and calls me over. He has a beer on his hand and I'm pretty sure he's tipsy.

"There she is."

I go to his side and he hugs me.

"Our hero!" Ezra says and I narrow my eyes at him,

"You and I need to have a little talk about something." I point at him accusingly and he and Noah burst out laughing, tears in their eyes. They're definitely drunk.

We keep chatting and laughing about Noah's childhood, how he was always pranking Eli and the other teachers but nobody ever dared give him away because he'd kick their asses; everyone else would get blamed but Noah. Judging from Eli's reaction, this is the first time he's hearing about it and he's not happy, causing even me to laugh. "Hey, boss!" One of the younger guards approaches us, "we did as you asked, here's the prison- I'm sorry, Chirp."

An old man comes up behind the guard, looking extremely fragile and malnourished. He can't really walk right; he's being aided by the other guard. Instinctively, I go to him, my doctor brain kicking in and assessing his condition, hoping to come up with a treatment plan if possible.

"I told you I'd see you again, Chirp." Noah says, smiling at him.

When I get close to him, I take over holding his hand as support, and something happens. It's as if something clicks as he looks at me. His eyes suddenly don't look lost, he looks focused. He turns his attention to Noah, and walks towards him without letting go of my arm.

He approaches Noah, maybe a little too close, and reaches for him with his free hand. He's inspecting his hair, his eyes, he even lifts Noah's lips to inspect his teeth. The entire thing is incredibly bizarre and now everyone still in the courtyard is staring at the scene. "Ok, ok," Noah says, taking Chirp's hand and placing it to his side, "I missed you too."

"I knew it." Chirp says, his expression completely serious.

Elden has come out of his corner and is now behind Noah, looking extremely shocked.

"It can't be," Elden says, sniffing the air and approaching us tentatively.

He comes up and touches Chirp's face lightly, unsure, examining his features.

"No, no this can't be."

"It's good to see you again, my friend."

"Beta Caleb," Elden says, "It's been too long, old friend."

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

Chapter 68

-Vera-

A pregnant silence follows Elden's shocking reveal. Nobody is moving, it feels like nobody is even breathing. I look over to Noah who is looking between Elden and Chirp-Beta Caleb with a frown.

The silence is interrupted by a loud chirping noise, coming from Beta Caleb, followed by manic laughter. "Vera, help me take him to his room, quick."

Elden steps to Beta Caleb's other side and we quickly leave the courtyard, heading towards the stairs. Beta Caleb continues laughing and sagging against us. Getting him up the stairs takes a few minutes but we manage to do it, walking quickly to one of the largest rooms in the castle: the Beta's chambers. "Here, I'll hold him, you open the doors."

The doors are naturally stuck from being shut for so many years, a thick layer of grime and dust coming from under the doors when I finally manage to open them.

Elden walks inside with Beta Caleb,

"Shut the door behind us."

I enter the room and do as I'm told.

"Remove the top sheets, please. This bed smells disgusting." he tells me.

Again, I do as he tells me and remove the top layers of the bedding which are indeed dirty beyond imagination. The bed itself however isn't that bad; it's been protected from the dust all these years by the layers I just removed. Elden moves Beta Caleb and sits him on the edge of the bed. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Stay here," he tells me, retreating to the door, "don't let him leave, and don't let anyone see him like this."

I nod, dumbfounded. I'm still processing what just happened out there.

Beta Caleb, Alistair's father and former Beta to King Alexander... is alive. He's not only alive, but he's gone insane.

He sits right now on the edge of the bed just staring absently at the space in front of him; he doesn't even seem to recognize his own room.

I keep myself busy by making sure the lights in the room work and that there is running water in the bathroom. I don't know how long Beta Caleb has gone without a proper bath, but it seems like it's been a while; he smells like the dungeons.

As I'm preparing a bath, there's a knock on the door. The hairs on my arms stand in awareness.

I go to open the door and Noah is waiting outside rather sheepishly.

"Can I come in?" He asks.

I open the door wider for him to come in and join us.

"Elden is gone, Goddess knows where, I'm hoping he comes back soon."

Noah steps forward in the room, regarding Beta Caleb and his absent stare into nothingness.

"He has moments of lucidity, I noticed it too back in the dungeons, but I could have never imagined..." he trails off, "how could he do this to his own father?"

I know exactly what he means.

"Do you know what this means?" Noah continues, "the answer was right under our noses the entire time, and we had no idea. A Beta is perfectly capable of taking over Royal duties without incident. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jo bn ib.com. Visit Jo b nib.com to read the complete chapters for free. All of these years, all this time, wasted under Alistair's command."

"Noah, there was no way any of you could've known. Alistair kept him very well hidden, and if he didn't want him found, he was never going to be."

"I think there was a reason for it. Back in the cells, he was telling me about a two year old boy he hid, and said that he was the rightful king."

"The rightful King? How is that possible? King Alexander didn't have a son."

Suddenly, Beta Caleb snaps his head, turning to look at us. It takes us both by surprise and we shup up, expecting him to say something, but he doesn't. He just stares at us, primarily focused on Noah.

After a few minutes, Noah moves closer to him carefully as to not scare him.

"Hey Chirp, how are you feeling?"

"Ha. Chirp. That's my name," he says with humor, carefully watching Noah as he approaches.

Noah crouches down in front of him.

"Remember that boy you were telling me about? The boy-would-be-King? You need to tell me where to find him. I have no intentions of keeping the throne from a rightful heir. Do you remember where you hid him?" "Noah..." I caution. It isn't wise to fluster someone who is mentally unstable. Perhaps after some treatment and therapy this question won't be overwhelming, but as it stands, it could make him snap.

Beta Caleb starts rocking back and forth in the bed, staring directly at Noah but not saying a word.

"Noah, I think we better let him rest, I'm drawing a bath for him maybe that will calm him."

As I'm saying that, Elden comes in through the door with a basket filled with herbs. I can smell chamomile, lemongrass, lavender and many others.

"Oh good, you're already drawing a bath," he says and proceeds to the bathroom to dunk all of the herbs into the water, stirring them in with his hand, "help me get him in."

I go forward to help him but Noah stops me,

"I'll do it."

He carries Beta Caleb to the bathroom, ridding him of the horrible robe he was wearing, then he carefully puts him in the bathtub where Elden is waiting with a sponge. "There, there. This will make you feel better."

Elden is bathing Beta Caleb carefully and Noah and I step out of the bathroom to give him some privacy.

"Where do you think he could have hidden such a boy? A Royal baby can't be easily hidden. much less a toddler." I ask.

"I don't even know if it's true, V. He might just be delusional; maybe all those years in the dungeons altered his memories. Besides he'd be what? 25 or 26 already? Surely he would've claimed the throne by now." About twenty minutes go by until Elden emerges from the bathroom with Beta Caleb. He looks a lot better now that he's clean, and smells a lot better too.

Carefully, Elden lays him on the bed for him to rest, but as soon as he sees Noah again, he jolts up; this time, he's tearing up.

"I served my King. I served my King well. Oh Elden, will you tell him? Will you tell the King I saved his boy?"

Elden is looking at him perplexed,

"Caleb, our King had no children, he was unmated," he says gently.

"No! No no no! He had a son, a hidden mate. For two years I kept the secret of his birth, and for twenty-four years I kept the secret of his existence from my boy. Please tell him I did good. please tell him to forgive my boy." He has tears flowing freely down his cheeks.

We are staring at him, confused. Elden tries to shush him gently but he won't stop crying.

"I will, my friend, I will, but then tell me, where is this boy you speak of?"

With a very serious expression, Beta Caleb raises a shaky hand and points it at Noah.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 69

-Vera-

I gasp, my hands flying to cover my mouth. Elden is equally shocked and as mouth hangs open. We're both staring between Beta Caleb and Noah, trying to figure out if there is any semblance of truth in what Chirp is saying. Noah frowns, but doesn't say a word. He approaches Beta Caleb and puts a hand on his forehead.

"It's ok, Chirp. I will tell him you did good; you did everything you had to do. Now, you have to get some sleep."

Beta Caleb smiles at Noah's comforting words and lays down on the bed again, closing his eyes and breathing peacefully. In only a few minutes, he's sound asleep. The bath

Elden prepared for him and the comfortable bed he's on are working their magic. Elden and Noah quietly move away from him, joining me by the door.

"Nobody hears from this until we have confirmation that this is true, we can't claim such wild allegations without solid evidence," Elden whispers to us.

"Elden, Chi - Beta Caleb is insane. We can't possibly believe what he's saying. We know who my father was, he claimed me before he died, Eli will tell you. There is no point in entertaining Beta Caleb's idea."

Elden narrows his eyes at him.

"Follow me," he says.

We leave the room silently and follow Elden, not before telling two of the guards to watch the Beta chambers so that Chirp won't be disturbed.

Heading towards the staircase that leads to the library, Noah gives me a look and rolls his eyes. For some reason, I'm not as dismissive of the notion, in great part because Elden guards many secrets to this castle and the royal family; if he's entertaining the idea, there must be a reason.

When we reach the library, Elden sniffs around before entering, making sure we're not being followed. I find myself double checking as well.

Once we're inside, Elden retreats to one of his dark corners but Noah and I stay by the door, unsure if we should follow him.

All of a sudden, bright moonlight shines in from the direction where Elden went, and then more and more light. I'm having trouble deciphering where it's coming from until Elden rounds up the corner, dragging heavy drapes across the floor. He proceeds to reveal even more floor to ceiling windows right in front of us with elaborate stained glass designs. I never knew these windows existed.

He continues to round up the corner and now the library is as bright as if it were daylight pouring in. I gasp, the library is even more majestic this way, with the intricate designs creating a kaleidoscope effect on the space. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Elden comes back from the corner and joins us in the middle.

"Come." he says.

We follow behind him, admiring how much more open the space looks now. Elden stops and we turn to look at what we stopped in front of. It's one of the doors to enter the tunnel, the one covered by a portrait of a man. Only now that I can see him better, he

has dirty blonde hair and caramel colored eyes. He has some resemblance to Noah, but nothing striking.

"This is King Alexander, or rather the last portrait left of King Alexander. The first thing Alistair did when he came to power was burn all portraits of him and his father before him. It was his way of deleting him from history. This is the only thing I managed to save." "I always wondered what he looked like. Eli and all the other teachers would talk secretly about him to us, but we never saw pictures."

Elden nods and he looks at us, expectant.

After a few minutes,

"Yeah, I don't see it," Noah says.

"There is some resemblance but it's nothing striking." I say honestly, looking at Noah and back at the portrait.

Elden rolls his eyes, "Come along, then."

We follow him to the other side of the library, to the door through which I first exited the castle. This is the one with the portrait of a woman.

"This portrait came in after Alistair had won, so when it came in, I just stashed it here to hide it. It was commissioned by King Alexander long before his demise. I can't actually see it, but I was told it's of a woman. What do you see?"

My mouth hangs open and I quickly cover it with my hand, taking a step forward. The resemblance is uncanny. She has the same color of hair as Noah, and some of her facial features resemble his; but what is undeniable is the eye color. Whomever painted this portrait made sure to capture her eye color in great detail, and it's exactly how I would paint Noah's eyes; she has the same specs of gold dancing in her irises.

"Noah..." I say, but when I turn to him, he's looking at the portrait, shocked.

"This doesn't mean anything. Elden, it's just a couple of paintings and we don't even know who she is." he finally says.

"I know, which is why we have to investigate further. Caleb did say King Alexander took in a secret mate, and I think this could have been her."

I keep looking back and forth between Noah and the woman, having no doubt in my mind that this is his mother.

"Leave it to me. I'll find out, but again, I suggest this stays between us until we can prove it."

Noah and I nod at Elden and go our separate ways. Elden stays in the library, disappearing off into some corner as usual, and Noah and I head down to the courtyard again.

The place is deserted already and the pyre has all but burnt out. We step outside the castle, greeting the night guards as we go. We lay just outside the castle, on the grass, staring up at the full moon.

We stay silent for a long time, lost in our thoughts. I'm mainly worried about what's going on inside Noah's head after such a big revelation; it seems to me like he's in a bit of denial still.

"It makes no sense," he says. I turn to look at him and he continues, "why would King Alexander have a secret mate? And why would they hide a child? You'd think they would celebrate having a male heir..." he trails off.

"I think we have to wait to see what Elden comes up with, but Noah... you can't deny that it's very possible that those are your parents, King Alexander and that woman."

"How come nobody knew? Had we not found Beta Caleb, we wouldn't know any of this."

"A two-year-old is pretty easy to kill; Alistair wouldn't have let you live."

We stay silent another while, just staring up at the stars. Then, Noah stands up and offers me his hand.

"I'm tired, and we have a big day ahead of us tomorrow. We should get some sleep."

I smile and take his hand, walking hand in hand back into the castle and into our room, for some well-deserved rest.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 70

-Vera-

The next morning comes along faster than I'd like. I turn around and extend my arm to the other side of the bed, searching for Noah but I hear the shower running; he's already getting ready. I yawn and stretch, getting up to join him in the shower. When I come in, he has his eyes closed, letting the water stream down on his head. I take a minute to admire the physique on this man; his toned abs, legs and arms look absolutely delicious; and then, I let my gaze linger one of my favorite parts hanging between his legs. "See anything you like?"

He's staring at me, catching me shamelessly ogling him. I blush, but still step into the shower with him. I take the rag and soap, soaping up his back. When I'm done, he returns the favor, washing my entire body before we have to go out and face our new reality. "Did you get any sleep last night?" I ask him as we towel ourselves dry.

"Barely," he says.

We continue getting ready. We're in casual clothes; jeans and a t-shirt. Before we're completely done, Eli is knocking at the door.

Noah goes to let him in as I grab my spear and hang it on my back. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Good morning your Royal Highnesses," he smiles, sarcastically, "we have a busy day ahead of us so I suggest you keep up."

He turns around and begins walking. Noah gives me a look and we both follow behind him. It's around 5:00 AM and most of the people are still asleep. "First thing's first, we have to meet with the Council and lay down the new rules."

"Which are?" I ask.

"Well, it's quite simple," he says as he opens the door to the Council meeting room, "either they accept Noah as the new King or they get decapitated."

He's smiling as he opens the doors wide and we step in, no doubt picturing the decapitation of one of these poor souls; a chill runs down my spine. The Council is already sitting around the grand table, leaving only one spot at the head designated for the King. None of them stand as Noah takes the empty seat, followed closely behind by myself and Eli. Once he sits, he looks back up at me as I stand beside him. I smile at him, letting him know this is fine; I don't mind standing.

"Gentlemen," Eli speaks, "your new King doesn't need any introduction, of course, but from now on you shall address him as His Highness, His Royal Highness, or King. Is that clear?"

One of the Council members stands up angrily, his seat scooting back and falling and his face bright red.

"You will NEVER be King. *Warrior* Noah, you hear me?! What you did was a disgrace! We have ways, we have protocol, and you just shitted on all of it!"

"I suggest you sit down, Council member, or this will be a shorter meeting than I intend it to be," Noah says. His voice is thick, clearly indicating that his lycan is just below the surface.

The Council member does not sit down and instead looks at Noah disdainfully. He huffs and angrily begins walking to the exit. Eli looks at me and nods in the direction of the door. In a moment, I unsheathe my spear and throw it to intercept the Council member. It incrusts itself on the wood, only a few inches away from the Council member's head. He stops cold in his tracks, his face looking rather pale as he stares at his reflection on the metal of the weapon.

"I

I suggest you listen to your King. Council member." I say a little too sweetly. "I didn't get much sleep last night, I might miss next time."

I see the adam's apple on the council member's neck bob up and down. He slowly steps away from where he was almost impaled by my spear and moves back to his seat, picking up the chair and sitting on it.

"First order of business, I'm not going to force anyone to support me as King, you can leave* after you've heard what I have to say and then decide if this is something you want to be a part of or not. We did not do what we did on impulse, and if there would've been any other solution, we would've taken it, but there wasn't. It shouldn't be a secret to you how much Alistair was despised in this castle; how many warriors, healers, and scholars deserted after he became King. it is also no secret to *any* of you "how he became King." he makes a point to look directly at the Council member that spoke earlier, "but now, all of that changes. If there is any legitimate claim to the throne, it will be evaluated fairly, honestly, and with the well-being of *all* lycans taken into account." Eli looks at him sideways but gives nothing away. I know he's confused by what Noah just said but we can't tell him anything, not yet. Noah continues,

"We will be looking at the financial situation of the entire kingdom over the next couple of days. There have been some troubling reports from beyond the castle that evidence just how mismanaged it has been. There is a shortage of crops being reported from the east and attacks by rogues from the south. Any idea what King Alistair was doing about all of this?"

The Council members remain quiet for a moment, looking at each other. One brave voice speaks,

"Uhm, if I may?" Council member William says as he stands, "a party of ten was sent to the south to deal with the rogues a month ago, we never heard back from them. In regards to the crop shortage, we didn't... we didn't do anything... King - Alistair didn't think they were being truthful, merely trying to avoid their taxes."

I stare at him in disbelief and Noah runs his hand through his face in annoyance.

"You've got to be kidding me. Ten warriors to deal with a rogue invasion to one of our most crucial territories."

Noah sighs,

"Ok. What else should I know about?"

The meeting proceeds for many hours more. Eventually, I get tired of standing and retreat to one of the chairs at the back designated for guards. Eli joins me eventually, completely satisfied with how Noah is handling the meeting. "Would you look at that, the kid is a natural; it's like he was born for this," he whispers to me.

I simply smile. If only he knew just how right he might be.

"Do you think they'll comply? I'm afraid we have a couple of wolves dressed as sheep amongst us." I point out.

"Certainly, but they'll be revealed in time. Noah has the support of his warriors and soon will have the support of all the kingdom, I have no doubt."

"I admire your positivity."

"You mean to tell me you don't think he can do it?" He raises an eyebrow at me.

"I mean to say, Alistair is still out there up to Goddess knows what. Before dealing with all of this, we should be hunting him down to the ends of the earth."

"And we will, we have warriors scouting for him as we speak, it's only a matter of time before he shows up."

The entire table stands, including Noah, and we stand with them.

"We will meet again after lunch. Again, if you are not on board with my proposals, I suggest you don't return. If you don't return, you will be given 48 hours to get your affairs in order, pack up your stuff, and get the hell out."

A couple of Council members nod and take their leave, others are left whispering amongst themselves off to a corner, taking turns to throw scornful looks our way. I retreat my spear from the door frame and make sure to look at them as I do; it's a very clear threat to them and I'm hoping, for their sake, they understood.

Eli and I join Noah and head to the dining halls.

"If I have to listen to one more complaint about the state of the Councils' quarters, I'm going to lose my shit," he says under his breath.

I chuckle.

As we're about to enter the dining hall, something catches my eye off to a corner and I find Elden partially hidden. He beckons me over and I share a look with Noah; he nods and I head over to where Elden is.

"Wolf, I need your help. Come with me."

"Can I just have lunch firs -"

"Quick." he says.

I grunt but follow him, hoping this is worth losing my lunch over.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.