

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood Novel Full Episode

Chapter 86

-Noah-

"Noah!" Vera laughs, it's the sweetest sound in the world, "we have to get out of this room!"

"Tomorrow, I promise," I say, nibbling at her neck.

"You said that four days ago!" She protests.

"This time it's for real," I lie, again, moving my hand to caress her breasts.

"You said that two days ago!" She's trying to push me off of her rather feebly; I know what spots to kiss and lick to get my way by now.

From what Vera told me, I had been unconscious for two entire weeks, making everyone wonder if I was going to wake up at all. It turns out, even after my physical wounds were already healed, I needed a little more time for my body to fight off the witch's spell. Vera's idea to mark me was brilliant. Considering my healing abilities were transmitted to her from my mark, it made perfect sense that hers would also be shared with me; only her healing abilities are more so catered to magic. Not that I didn't give her shit when I found out she marked me while I was unconscious; I had plans of how I wanted to be marked and they didn't involve being asleep.

When I finally opened my eyes and Vera explained everything. I made her lock the room and not tell anyone I had woken up. Well, it's been an entire week since I woke up and we have not left this room once. It's fine though. Not a day had gone by before people started noticing all the noise coming from this room; if that didn't hint at my full recovery, I don't know what would.

"You know, I wouldn't mind spending another week couped up in here with you," I tell her as I lift up her shirt. Really, that's been the only barrier between us as I have not once put on clothes and she wears nothing underneath my t-shirt.

I never got to tell her how much I loved that she wore my t-shirt and nothing else to sleep; it's about time I showed her.

I dive beneath the shirt and take one of her breasts in my mouth, teasing her n****e with my tongue and teeth.

She's no longer protesting.

She arches her back, silently pleading for more.

I move on to the next breast; licking, biting and teasing them back and forth.

Now she's finally moaning; it's quiet, but it's all the encouragement I need.

I start to smell her need and grin to myself, confidently moving past her breasts, making my way down her soft skin. I can't explain how much I love her reaction as I lick and nick at her skin gently; I can feel her goosebumps with my tongue. When I reach her most sensitive spot, I part her legs without much effort, beginning to gently and slowly kiss her clit, teasing her more.

"Are you kidding me?"

I smile, intending on teasing her until she goes crazy.

After only a few minutes, she gets up quickly, lifting my face with both of her hands; we're both sitting now, only she's straddling me and grinding up against me.

"I like you impatient," I smile into her kiss.

She keeps kissing me; it's a desperate kiss, but today I plan on taking my time with her. I don't know how much longer the council will let me evade my responsibilities as King, so I plan to make the most of it.

I hug her with one arm while my free hand goes to her hair, slowing her down.

"You just like to torture me, don't you?" she breathes into my mouth.

"Maybe," I smile.

I've been doing that a lot lately.

I position myself at her entrance and she slowly lowers herself onto me. Her head tilts back slightly, giving me access to kiss her neck, right where my mark sits proudly. She moans loudly this time.

I was wrong; **this** is the sweetest sound in the world. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She starts moving her hips slowly, up and down, up and down, while holding on to my shoulders. I can feel us both begin to build up to an orgasm.

I didn't realize it was possible but ever since she marked me, our connection got much stronger. Now, we are truly one and I feel her as if she lived inside my chest; I am in tune to her moods, her feelings, her needs and her fears. Vera keeps moaning softly as she builds up to her orgasm and I'm just enjoying the view when a knock interrupts us. Vera's eyes fly open and she stares at me wide eyed; she's also stopped moving.

I growl.

"What?!"

I yell at the door, already annoyed that they'd make Vera stop.

"Uh... Your Highness?" Comes a small, trepidatious voice from the other side of the door, "we've had to call for an emergency council meeting... the uh... the rogue attacks have intensified and we... we'd like to request your presence." Vera chuckles,

"Well, Your Highness," she sits up, letting me slip out of her and I gape at her, "it seems like duty calls."

She gets up from the bed, heading to the shower.

Or so she thinks.

I bolt from the bed, feeling my lycan begin to stir.

"Your... Highness?" The voice asks again.

"LEAVE," my lycan says. I hear the person shuffling away in a hurry after that; I can smell his fear.

I intercept Vera before she enters the bathroom and she gasps at the suddenness.

"And you would accuse *me* of t*****e?"

She chuckles but I'm too impatient now.

I lift her up, placing her back against the wall while my arms snake the backs of her knees; putting in her in the position I want. She's helpless like this and she hangs onto my shoulders for support. I enter her quickly, crudely, and her eyes flutter close as she moans. The sound of her wetness as I slam into her again and again, coupled with her wild moans, is driving me crazy.

I growl, my lycan just below the surface, enjoying this as much as I am.

I kiss her, lick her, nick her, until I feel her tense around my erection, signaling that she's about to o****m. After a few more plunges into her she starts spasming; her muscles

squeeze my dick for all its worth, making the next few thrusts my undoing. We both moan out our orgasms, sinking into each other for support. We're a sweaty, tired mess, and I wouldn't change a thing about it.

Without putting her down, I carry her to the shower, her eyes now sleepy and her body completely relaxed.

She leans her back to my chest as I turn on the shower.

"You know, I think this technically counts as a wolf-moon," she says.

"A what?"

"A wolf-moon. When two wolves become mates and mark each other, they're not expected at class or their jobs for weeks. Now I know why."

I begin to lather her hair with shampoo and we both take a few moments to clean ourselves before we head out, reluctantly I might add, to the real world.

When we're done, we get dressed and head to the council meeting room, ready to face whatever comes next.

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Chapter 87

-Vera-

"Are you sure you want to do this, Liam?" I ask as we head towards one of the alternate entrances to the castle. It's midnight and only the night guards are up.

"I don't really have a choice." He says, resolute.

Noah had given Liam the chance to run away with Harriet and they were about to do just that, or so he thought. Harriet stabbed Liam in his back numerous times, leaving him for dead and slashing her mark off of his neck before taking off on her own. Now, instead of being branded by his mate's love, he is branded forever by his mate's rejection.

It makes me angry that I didn't kill her when I had the chance. Now, she's run off to goddess knows where and Liam has volunteered to go after her and kill her himself. This is his one chance to redeem himself in the eyes of his peers; if he fails, he might as well not come back.

He slings his bag over his shoulder and turns to Noah, who has his arms crossed. Liam simply nods at him and starts to turn his back to us, but before he can, Noah stops him. He gets closer to him and gives him a hug and a few pats on his back. "You always have a home here, Liam, remember that."

Liam nods but he doesn't hug Noah back. His eyes land on mine and I smile slightly, he does too, but those are undeniably the eyes of a broken man.

When Noah breaks off the hug, he comes to stand at my side and I wave as Liam composes himself and heads into the woods.

His real mission, assigned by the council, is to infiltrate the rogues that are progressively taking over more and more lycan territory; but his mission to find Harriet has been sanctioned by Noah; he will take care of both missions at the same time. Noah and I stay looking at Liam's figure as he disappears into the woods, his shoulders somewhat slumped.

"I'm surprised you offered him to come back," I say.

"That man has been through enough. I can't even imagine what a mess I'd be if you ever... left."

"Harriet didn't just leave." I point out.

"Which makes it worse."

"What happens when a mark is removed?" I ask.

"Absolutely nothing, the connection is still there. Removing a mark is only done to humiliate someone, to show the rest of the world that you're not even wanted by your mate."

"I swear I should have killed her," I mutter.

"No," he turns to me, "I should have. I made the mistake of trusting Liam's common sense."

He takes my hand and leads me into the council meeting room again. It's empty at this time of night, and I'm surprised he wants to come back here after we spent almost all day sitting here.

There is a massive map in the middle of the table with all kinds of figurines, depicting where our warriors are and how the rogues are expanding into the territory.

After a few minutes of admiring the map, Noah speaks.

"I don't want anyone knowing you're half witch." he says.

"Noah, I think it's pretty evident," I frown at him.

"I've had the guys ask around, most of them think your... abilities... come from being a wolf. Most of them had never met a wolf in their lives, much less a witch," he says, looking at the map. "And why don't you want them to know, exactly?"

"Lycans are simple creatures; they know a witch was behind Alistair's attack and they'll put you into the same bag as her if they knew you were also a witch... and you're already a wolf and you know how hard that's been for you."

I stay quiet for a moment. There are a lot of changes happening very quickly, and even if Noah is the legitimate king, he still has a lot to prove to the council and more importantly, to his people. Please visit [Jo :b nib.com](http://Jo.b.nib.com) and search the book title to read the entire book for free. If they found out his mate is a witch... on top of being a wolf...

"I'm sorry Vera. It won't be forever," he says, turning to me and putting his hands on my arms, "I promise as soon as I know it's safe for you, you won't have to hide but for now..."

"No," I interrupt him, "it makes perfect sense. Besides, we don't want that Witch Mother finding out who I am just yet."

He raises his eyebrow at me this time.

"It's a long story." I explain.

Someone clears their throat behind us. Both Noah and I turn to the door and it's none other than Beta Caleb.

"May I have a ...word?" He says.

I turn to leave to give them some privacy, but he stops me.

"No, please, with both of you, if that's okay."

Noah nods and we sit at the table. Caleb closes the door behind him before sitting across from us.

"Uhm, I've been meaning to talk to you both, I feel like... I feel like I owe you two an explanation... to the entire council really... I just haven't... I'm still..." His hand brushes over his head in exasperation, "I'm sorry I don't even know where to start." "Take your time," I smile at him.

He smiles back but there is so much sadness in his gaze.

"So, Elden tells me you already know who your father is," he looks at Noah.

"And my mother," Noah interrupts him.

"Yes, you already know you're half wolf. Luckily from what I can tell, you seem to be mostly lycan," he says and Noah nods in confirmation, "well, nobody knew who your mother was, in fact nobody knew King Alexander even had a mate, much less that she was a wolf. He didn't mind people knowing, but she was already mated to someone else and for the sake avoiding conflict with the wolves, we kept it quiet. Only he, Ellie and I knew."

Noah perks up.

"Yes, her name was Ellie Goldmoon,"

"From the... Gold Moon clan?" I interject, my mouth hanging open.

"You know them?"

"I know of them. Much like the Allens, Sofia's bloodline, the Goldmoons are what in wolf society would be considered royalty. They have the second biggest pack in all the territory, after ours."

"Correct. Which is why her relationship to your father had to be kept a secret. That and..."

He pauses, looking at us apprehensively.

"That and what?" Noah asks.

"Everything changed with Alistair of course, because he wasn't a royal he didn't follow royal protocol, but Noah... the King is not supposed to mate with his... mate," he says.

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

"What kind of bullshit is that?" Noah asks, irritated.

"The kind of bullshit that keeps alliances stable and territories safe," he says seriously, "even if you already have a mate," he eyes my mark on Noah's neck, "you are meant to marry someone who can provide alliances beneficial to the kingdom. Your mate is never supposed to bare your children, only your spouse is."

I'm gaping at him.

Noah sits up and begins to pace, probably trying to calm himself down.

"I know, I know. It *is* bullshit, but I didn't make the rules," he puts his hands up.

"Is that what you came to say?! To "suggest" I take a "spouse?" Noah's lycan has begun to swirl

in his pupils and I go to him, taking his hands in mine.

"Hey, hey, look at me. Nobody is going to separate us, Noah. Breathe, calm down."

"No, no, I... I actually came here to apologize. What happened with Alistair, everything with your parents, it was all my fault," his voice cracks.

We both turn to look at him as his hand flies to his face, covering his eyes. After he composes himself, he turns to us again.

"Alistair started seeing a witch many, many years ago. I should have stopped it. I should have known that nothing good could come out of it and I did nothing. She tricked him into believing she was his mate with some... some spell... I ..." he adjusts his throat, "it's the same witch that hexed me and the same one that was controlling his army. I never knew what her interest in Alistair was, it was just clear to me that she wanted your father dead for some reason. Noah," he looks at him seriously, "you survived by chance, because nobody knew of your existence."

Noah sits back and crosses his arms as he thinks, then he looks at me but before he speaks, I know what he wants,

"I'll ask them." I say gently.

"Thank you."

He grabs my hand and kisses it. Caleb regarding the gesture with a look.

"In truth, I came here to apologize for not killing my son when I had the chance. All of this, your father's death, Alistair's atrocious rule, it's all because of me."

He's looking at the floor now.

"There's a lot of regret going around lately," I say absentmindedly, thinking of Harriet.

"The only thing I have to offer, Noah... Your Highness... is my service at your side. I may not be beta material anymore, but I have learned from all of my mistakes, even the ones I made with your father. When the entire world is against you, Noah, I will be on your side, always, if you will have me."

The sincerity is obvious in his eyes.

After a few moments, Noah gets up and goes to Caleb's side, who hastily gets up and tries to bow but Noah stops him, taking his hand and shaking it.

"You have a deal," Noah says and Caleb smiles, his eyes glassy.

When the moment is over, he turns to me,

"And I owe you an apology, Vera. When I saw your eyes I just... I know one witch does not represent all but I just... my pledge to be on Noah's side of course applies to you as well." "My eyes?" I frown.

"Your wolf's eyes," he says as if this is supposed to ring a bell. When he notices my frown he continues, "Vera, your wolf's eyes are white, like a witch's."

Huh?

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Chapter 88

-Vera-

"What do you mean her eyes are white?"

"Didn't you see her wolf? Her fur is also pearl white... and... iridescent. I had never seen anything like it either." Caleb says.

I'm surprised by what he's saying. Having white fur for wolves is rare enough, but what he's describing is impossible. Noah c***s an eyebrow at Caleb.

"Are you sure you weren't hallucinating? You had just come out of the spell and maybe you were seeing things," Noah says.

"I'm not making anything up, you can ask that other kid that was with us."

Noah turns to me,

"Lucas," I clarify.

Noah frowns.

"That means you will also not be able to turn into your wolf in public, Vera," he points out.

"Noah, I already walked through the entire castle in my wolf form."

"You did what?!"

"What? You preferred they see me naked?"

"I wouldn't worry too much about it," Caleb interjects, "not many people have been exposed to wolves as much as I have, many probably just think that's normal."

"I would still like for no one to know she's half witch, I don't think it's safe."

"Or convenient." Caleb adds, "I agree."

I roll my eyes.

Nothing like men making decisions for me.

Caleb clears his throat.

"I think it's better we all get some rest. The real work begins now. We can meet tomorrow to plan the future steps to regain control of the territory the rogues have taken over and... the other thing." Noah stands up as Caleb does, both shaking hands.

"Let me make one thing clear," Noah says, holding his hand firmly, "I would rather give up the throne and all of this shit than take in a 'spouse'. Vera is my mate, whether they like it or not. The **only** reason why I'm having her hide her identity is because of fear for her safety, **not** because it's convenient to me."

Noah's stance is relaxed, but there is a clear threat in his tone and my heart starts beating a little bit faster.

Caleb sighs, briefly glancing at me.

"Quite frankly, I expect nothing less from Alexander's son."

With that, they both release each other's hands and Caleb starts turning away, not before nodding my way and giving me a long look. I don't smile at him as I usually would; I feel like there's something he's not telling us and it's irking me. "We really should get some rest," Noah comes to me, extending his hand for me to take.

I nod and get up, Noah noticing my frown. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Vera, don't worry about it. Nobody is going to come between us, I won't let it happen. I mean it when I say I will never take in a spouse that isn't you."

I turn to him, my frown deepening.

Oh.

"Noah, just to be clear. I will kill any bitch that even attempts to flirt with you," he laughs, "It's not that, it's... do you feel like he's hiding something?" "Who? Caleb?"

I nod.

"Not really, I thought he was sincere."

"So do I, but there's something else, too."

"Let's not think about that right now, let's go get some sleep. We have meetings tomorrow; they start early."

I take his hand and smile at him, reassuringly. It does little to ease my nerves though.

When we get to our room, we each change and lay in bed.

Noah is soon rolling to his side and putting his big arm around me, already half asleep. I cuddle into him, my back to his chest. I relax and focus on his even, passive breathing until it lulls me to sleep.

I know why Mehra wanted Noah's family dead.

I open my eyes.

I'm in my aunt and grandma's realm.

I grunt.

Hi, Margaret, I say, not amused. I really wanted a peaceful sleep tonight.

Vera, I'm sorry to bring you in, but we need to talk.

I rub my eyes and look at her, giving her my full attention.

*You already heard from Beta Caleb that Mehra used Alistair to dethrone King Alexander," she says.

I raise an eyebrow,

Who's Mehra?

The witch you killed, the one controlling Alistair's army and the one who tricked him into believing she was his mate.

You said she wanted Noah's family dead?

Yes. Ever since the battle, when Noah broke free from her spell, I've been wondering if he could have a natural defense against magic since he still didn't have your mark and protection. It turns out, Noah comes from a long line of warriors that fought against witches for generations; they were essentially witch hunters. They were a catalyst for the end of the age of witches and had, presumably, developed some form of resistance against magic.

Now my interest has peaked.

So they wanted revenge on his family?

It's worse than that. There is a prophecy, Vera, that says that the last battle against witch kind will be led by the 'first son of the first son.' Noah's ancestors were known to recruit the first son's of every willing family to fight against witches. The Witch Mother probably assumed that the prophecy referred to someone from Noah's family line. That's why they needed King Alexander killed, only they didn't know he'd had a son.

My chest constricts at this.

So now that he's taking over the throne, and it's known that he's King Alexander's son...

"They will likely come for him again.*

I gulp, dread settling in my stomach.

"That's not all," she says, "chatter has begun. Vera. The witch's felt your magic when you turned into your wolf form. It seems that spirit wolves in their beast form are not only conductors for magic like us, they *are* magic itself. If you ever fell in the wrong hands..." She shutters before she can finish her sentence. Then, she comes close to me and puts her hands on either side of my face, making me look into her eyes.

Vera, we will do everything we can to protect you and Noah. In the meantime, we suggest you keep a low profile. The witches know Mehra is dead, and they know there was a pure magical essence around her, but they don't know much else. I need you to go to the forest and burn whatever remains are left of her, to block out any chance of them knowing exactly where she is and finding out about you. We will also need to continue your training in here.

I nod, feeling overwhelmed at everything that she's telling me. We just got rid of Alistair, we just got rid of that witch, and we have so much on our plates already... to think of another battle... Margaret hugs me.

It will be fine, Vera. I promise.

I hug her back, closing my eyes and taking in whatever comfort she can offer me, but there is nothing she can do or say to reassure me.

When I open my eyes again, I am in Noah's embrace once again.

I carefully slip out of bed without waking him and put on some clothes and a hoodie, getting ready to go outside.

I make my way past the corridors of the castle, getting to the kitchen to retrieve some matches, paper, and oil. It's around four or five in the morning and the only people up right now are the guards. When I'm at the exit, I greet the guards with a nod and they do the same, not questioning where I was going.

I get to the place where we had fought Alistair and the witch, noticing that our warrior's bodies had indeed been removed.

I keep walking until I find the place where I killed the witch, Mehra. Her body is still here, decomposing at an accelerated rate. It doesn't even look like a young woman's body, it looks like an elderly one.

I dip the paper in the oil and attempt to light it up with the matches.

You don't need that. I hear a voice inside my head. *Grandma?* I think.

Yes. I can use your wolf as a direct channel to you even when you're awake. Put your hands in the soil, child, and think of the fire you want to create. What it will smell like, feel like, and how it will serve you.

I do as I'm told and crouch down a few feet away from the witch's body. I close my eyes and take several deep breathes, calming my mind. Then, in one strong exhale, the fire starts around the witch's body, slowly making its way to my target. *Very good.* I hear in my head.

I smile and get up, hugging myself and enjoying the warmth of the fire in this chilly night.

The sun has begun to peek through the horizon and the forest is starting to become alive with the diurnal animals beginning to wake up.

An ominous chill suddenly runs down my spine as the fire reaches the witch's body and ignites it in a ball of fire. Soon her bones are cracking under the pressure of the flame.

The wind starts blowing from the west and I turn my face towards it. A sense of foreboding

settles in the pit of my stomach, almost making me nauseous.

I hug myself tighter.

There is a war looming in the horizon.

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