

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 10

-Noah-

After Eli calmed down, he and Lucas filled me in on everything that had happened after I lost consciousness, how we got past the wolf border and ended up in a werewolf clinic, how Lucas heard me tell the doc she was my mate before I flat lined; this earned him a deathly glare from Eli who found out only moments ago.

“Honestly, I couldn’t even be sure I heard you correctly, you could’ve been delirious for all I know.” Lucas tells me, a sad expression in his eyes. “I thought we’d lost you, Noah. If it wasn’t for Vera bringing you back and operating on you...” I look at him wide-eyed, “Yeah, her name is Vera Blackwood, I asked around for you.” He gives me a wide grin. At least one of them is happy about me finding a mate.

“What else have you found out?” I knew she would be back tomorrow morning, but if Lucas already went through the trouble of asking around for me...

“Well, this is the Dark Moon Pack, and she’s a pack member but she wasn’t born here. This is the only pack in the country that has an orphanage and she came to it as a toddler...” Eli interrupts Lucas with a growl, much to my annoyance.

“Ladies, please, if you want to gossip, do it once we are back at the castle. We are in enemy territory! Do not forget what these wolves are capable of!” I forget how stubborn he can be.

“What do you suggest, Eli? Would you like to venture into the forest, looking and feeling like shit, and risk running into that thing again? Hell, I don’t even think I can run properly in my state.” I gesture to all my injuries. “We might be lycan, old rag, but that thing chewed us up and spit us out like we were livestock, and we still have no idea what it is. So, I suggest you get comfortable, and stop sneering at the wolves who saved us.”

I make a point by growling at him slightly. I might see him as a father, but I still out rank him.

He turns his face down, knowing everything I told him is true.

“The Alpha seems to think it was dark magic...” We turn to face Lucas. I give him a questioning look but Eli fills me in,

“Their Alpha, Sofia Allen, comes from a long line of Alphas, dating back to before the Age of Witches. She says there are records written by her ancestors relating the use of dark magic during war. She’s still looking into it, but she’s certain this was a very powerful witch.”

“A witch...” The idea of a witch attacking a camp of lycans is ludicrous to me. “Why would a witch even dare attack lycans? Or wolves for that matter?”

“They didn’t attack the wolves. The wolves attacked it first. My guess is it was only defending itself. Once we started running deeper into wolf territory, the thing stopped chasing us.” I stayed silent for a long moment.

So, the alleged witch was after lycans alone. From what I have read, witches would perform blood sacrifices in ceremonies to summon more powerful magic, dark magic; but all lycan warriors at the camp were accounted for, she didn’t take any to be used as sacrifices. And even when the thing grabbed me, its intention was to kill me, not capture me.

Nonetheless, the idea of a witch, or warlock for that matter, is so strange. All the classes, lectures, and even common folk tales denounced modern witches and warlocks. They’re supposed to be dead. There hasn’t been a record of one in almost one hundred years.

“Have any of you contacted the Council, or the King?”

“No, we didn’t think they’d appreciate the three of us being treated at a werewolf clinic, and more importantly, they’d want our heads for not bringing in the enemy.”

Eli is right, the Council is just a group of useless, old assholes who are a little too guillotine friendly; and the King isn’t much different.

I frown, enraged by the entire situation.

“What are the chances of the witch attacking the pack?”

Honestly? We can’t be sure. As you probably know, witches were very sadistic creatures but they always had a motive; without knowing what it wants, nothing is certain. Either way, the Alpha has doubled border protection and scouts are

searching the woods constantly. They might not be able to stop it, but they'll let their alpha know and give us time to escape."

"I'll contact the King tomorrow morning; he should know what happened at the camp, if he doesn't already."

The thought of contacting the King makes us grimace at the same time. The camp was border protection, guarding our territory from wolves; now with all the warriors dead, and all three of us here, there is no one guarding that side of the border.

"I suggest we wait in contacting the King or the Council. Our brothers are dead, we have left the border without protection, and we sought refuge with the wolves. Surely, you know how this looks," Eli says.

I nod. He's right, of course. We won't only look like deserters, which is shame enough; we will look like traitors. The penalty for treason is death.

Just thinking about this makes me grateful for all the meds I'm on, I won't be losing any sleep over how unpleasant all of this sounds.