

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood

Chapter 12

—Vera

I told you we should have prepared her! Now neither of us is there and she is a target, Eleanor! Do you know what will happen if that witch gets a hold of her?! She can't even summon her Wolf! Shh! She's awake.

Vera? Oh Vera, honey are you okay? How do you feel? Can you hear me?

I don't know where I am, I don't know what happened. All feel is ... light. Light as a feather, almost like I'm floating. Is this an out of body experience? Am I dead? Why does this place seem so familiar? The people talking to me... I can hear them clearly, but I can't see them. Are my eyes even open? I feel like they are, but there is a foggy to my vision. But why do I know this place? "Hello?" I call out hesitantly.

Oh, Vera, sweetheart. Don't be afraid. We won't hurt you. I'm your grandfather—

Don't you dare, mother! We agreed this was for the best! YOU agreed this was for the best, and look at her now! Do you know what this kind of magic can do to her?! She can't even defend herself

for moon's sake! Vera, Vera darling, listen to me very carefully, you're in great danger, your entire pack is in great danger. You have to fight

this, you can fight this. I will guide you, take my hand.

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As confusing as this is, I do as I'm told. I reach out my hand, expecting for the voice to take it, but instead, I feel them all. I feel the pressure

of multiple hands, all at once. How is this even possible?

What is even more bizarre, I feel as if I know each and every one of them, like we

are all connected somehow. I start feeling lighter and lighter, like I'm about to disappear, when I hear her voice again.

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It is done, my child.

And just like that, unconsciousness welcomes me again, or so I thought. The next moments are plagued with many dream-like visions, like

I'm the spectator of a play. Everything is in motion, despite my presence. The clothes look antique, the vehicles and the buildings betray the

era we are in. But how is this possible?

"Victor!" A voice calls behind me. I turn to the voice, reading myself to be discovered. But instead, the figure passes right through me and

hugs a man in a black tuxedo behind me.

"Master Ackley," the man composes himself and nods his head politely.

“Nonsense! My close friends need not call me ‘master.’ Are you headed to the Grand Ball? Come, come! You shall ride in my carriage with my wife and I.”

“You are too kind, friend. I will gladly accept your offer; it seems there is a storm brooding in the horizon.”

The man and I raise our heads to the clear skies above, silently questioning the man’s forecast. When I turn my head back down, I gasp. The man named Victor is looking directly at me, never breaking eye contact. Can he see me?! I wave, frantically, desperate for an explanation, but he shakes his head ever so slightly, and with a flick of his raised hand, the scene changes once again.

I’m in a great hall, with lavish golden decorations, grand mirrors, and the highest ceilings I have ever seen. The chandeliers are high up and golden. I see numerous paintings and statues, all so perfect and elegant, it makes me question if this is all a dream after all.

Everything seems to sparkle, but something captures my attention. Out of the corner of my eye, I see a painting that resembles a place I

know all too well; Jade Waterfall. I get closer to it, admiring the enormous painting. Strangely enough, even if the waterfall is most beautiful

when the full moon shines on it, this painting depicts a new moon. There is no light at all coming from the sky, and yet the waterfall is shining for itself. How odd.

“You always knew how to throw a party, Allen!” I’m startled by the loud voice, followed by loud laughs; it’s coming from behind a closed door. I approach the door tentatively, placing one hand on it to see if it would budge and to my surprise, it does. When I enter the room, there is no one in here. It seems to be an office of some sort with uncountable books, two large fireplaces, and an unmistakable wooden desk.

This is Sofia’s desk. But...how?

The room itself seems abandoned, everything is covered in dust and spider webs. I look behind me and the grand hall I was just in now seems desolate. There are no paintings, no statues, and the golden décor from before is either destroyed or under a very thick layer of dust.

Night has fallen quickly outside, and my eyes adjust to accommodate for the lack of light. I exit the office through another door to its side, and suddenly I’m on a balcony overseeing what were once lavish gardens.

What in the Goddess’s name happened here?

The destruction outside is evident, there was a war fought here a long, long time ago. I lean on the balcony railing, my senses finally coming

to me. My leading theory is that I’m dead, of course, and all of this is my brain’s way of making sense out of it in my final moments. Eli

probably killed me for dressing his wounds; or for being his proteges mate, who knows.

At the thought of Noah, an overwhelming sadness takes over me. They say losing a mate is a fate even worse than death. Losing a mate is akin to losing a part of yourself; the pain never fades, and you never forget.

I crumble to the floor, tears streaming down my face as I try to catch my breath. I start hyperventilating and my head starts to spin. I want nothing more than to be with Noah right now. Only a few days ago I wasn't even sure I wanted him, and now I can't imagine moving on without him.

I want him, I need him. I don't even know him well, but I know I love him. Even when I was with him, I never felt such need, such connection.

Now, I feel it even though we aren't close.

Whatever happens, whatever this is. I will find my way back to him. Whatever it takes.