

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 13

-Noah-

“WHAT DID YOU DO?!” My vision is turning blurry, a clear indication that my Lycan is ready to pounce. I have never felt such rage, such murderous intent towards anyone in my life, but as I hold Eli in the air by his n\*eck, that is all I can think about.

“Noah, he already told you it wasn’t him! Come on, let him go!” Lucas is right next to me but his presence is only comparable to a pesky mosquito.

“What did you do to her, Eli? Tell me, I promise I won’t bite.” My Lycan teeth are starting to come in slowly in a sarcastic smile; if this man doesn’t answer my question, I’ll end him. My lycan agrees with me as he’s all too happy to kill someone for his mate.

Doctors come rushing in and I recognize Violet, the nurse, and Dr. Owens. They rush to Vera who is still collapsed on the floor.

I tried waking her before, but nothing worked. So here we are now, with me about to kill my mentor and Vera still on the floor.

“Boy! Help us move her upstairs to the MRI machine, it’ll be quicker!” I recognize this as Dr. Owens’s voice, but what he’s saying doesn’t register until he comes over and gives me a hard whack to the ribs. “I’m talking to you, you beast! Help us or I’ll break your other ribs!”

I come to my senses and look over to Vera. Violet was trying to hold her up but now is immobile, her eyes wide as she stares at me; I can smell her fear.

I let go of Eli and he falls with a loud thud, Lucas quickly stepping in to help him up. I gather Vera in my arms and follow Dr. Owens to a flight of stairs.

“This is quicker, go! I’ll meet you there! Look for Dr. Alcott.”

Trush up the stairs, ignoring that my entire b\*dy is in pain. I've healed a lot since waking up, but I'm still not fully recovered.

I reach the door leading to the floor Dr. Owens indicated and am greeted by who I assume is Dr. Alcott. He rushes to us and places his hand on Vera's cheek, brushing the hair off her face.

"Oh Goddess, Vera. Please, follow me." I hesitantly agree. Why did their touch seem so intimate?

We reach a door leading to an MRI machine. I place Vera as Dr. Alcott starts it up. He's staring at her longer than I find appropriate and instinctively growl. I hold his gaze until he becomes uncomfortable; he clears his throat and instructs me to follow him to the other side of the glass, where the computers are.

Shortly after, Dr. Owens enters the room with a chart and they begin the test.

After

few minutes, the only thing that is clear is that neither doctor knows what the hell is going on with my mate. They have called in multiple doctors to take a look at the scans, and only one offered the simple suggestion of 'the machine is probably malfunctioning.'

After about thirty minutes, Sofia Allen, whom I was in a meeting with just before feeling that something was wrong with Vera, joins us in the room.

"Shut it down, doc. This isn't something any of you can fix. Put her in a room, make her comfortable, check her vitals." They both stare at her with a puzzled look, but can't deny her request. She is their alpha after all.

Once in the room, Vera is hooked up to many machines I have grown accustomed to. The faint beep of her heartbeat is the only sound I can focus on even when there are seven other people in the room between nurses and doctors. They're all taking notes in various charts and taking blood from her to run tests.

Despite everything happening right now, my heart swells with pride knowing how well loved and respected Vera is in her pack.

Sofia once

again joins us, now accompanied by her husband. All doctors and nurses raise their heads and turn to Sofia. She speaks,

"Everyone out, please."

Everyone leaves, except Dr. Owens and Dr. Alcott.

She gives Dr. Alcott an annoyed look,

“You too, William.” He hesitates but bows his head.

He moves to leave but before he closes the door, he looks back longingly at Vera. This shit is too much. I place myself in his line of sight and quietly snarl. Only he can see me and the threat is implicit. He quickly leaves the room.

Sofia comes closer to Vera and as she sits at the foot of the bed. She places a hand on my arm, drawing my attention to her instead of the door.

“Don’t mind him. He and Vera used to date. It’s nothing to worry about, he found his mate and have a lovely family together.”

He and my mate used to WHAT? I give Sofia a long look, beckoning her to tell me more. She rolls her eyes.

“Lycan, werewolf, men are all the same. Dr. Owens, would you please,” she says.

Dr. Owens clears his throat, reminding me there are more pressing issues at hand.

“There is nothing obviously wrong with Vera. Her vitals are stable, the MRIS showed nothing more than our need to replace the machine. She’s essentially...asleep.” We stare at him, expecting there to be more. “Sorry, that’s all I got for you. Whatever is happening to her isn’t of biological or medical nature.”

Sofia looks over to Vera, then to each and every one of us.

“What I’m about to tell you can’t leave this room.” She pauses for a moment, as if hesitating. “She isn’t sick, and she hasn’t been poisoned. She’s been cursed.”