

# The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 15

Sotia

I call to my husband, even if it's just a whisper. His grey wolf is beside me before I can fully register what's about to happen. He's aware of the attack, too, and has come accompanied by my midwife, Carina.

This is not negotiable. Sof. We talked about it.

I simply nod my head and head into the office with the help of Carina. Behind the massive bookshelf is a safe hideout leading to various

tunnels under the pack house. This packhouse is ancient, and in times of war, these tunnels saved countless lives.

Thomas, I mind link my Beta, I just started labor, I need you to get all the elderly, non-warrior women and children to the tunnels under the cellar. We have a plan for this, we have had it for weeks, everyone knows what to do.

Yes, Alpha.

Where is it?

We are in pursuit of it, Alpha, but just as the lycans said, that thing is invisible. We get flashes of it now and then against the sun, but that

it. Its heading straight to the pack house. You have to alert the lycans. It may be heading to them.

Oh no, Vera.

Violet.

Yes, Alpha?

I don't have time to talk. Alert the lycans of what your brothers and sisters have encountered at the borders. We are under threat of an attack any moment now. They need to leave; this is their chance.

Yes, Alpha. I feel her hesitate.

You can speak freely, Violet.

It's Vera, she let them know before the alarms even went off.

What?

When she woke up, she was frantic, saying 'it' was coming, we didn't understand what she meant, but a few moments later the alarms went off. The lycans are readying themselves to leave.

I need you to send Vera to me, in my office, she knows where.

Yes, Alpha.

If what Violet is telling me is true, and my gut is right, then she might be the only hope this pack has of surviving tonight.

My contractions get more frequent as the minutes go by. I knew it would be painful, but I never imagined it would hurt this much.

"Alpha, try to relax, we might be here for a while, you are only four of centimeters dilated," Carina says. I appreciate her looking out for me,

but her comment does nothing to ease my stress. How could I relax when all of my warriors are out there, fighting for us. (2)

I'm going to head out and survey the team protecting the pack house. Do. Not. Leave.

Alex puts his forehead to mine and leaves. I feel more vulnerable than I have ever felt in my life. I cannot reconcile that all of this is

happening to my pack and I cannot be there for them.

Instead, I am locked up in the safety of this room. To make matters worse, Thomas

probably told everyone I'm in labor so I'm not getting any more updates on the attack.

Several minutes pass, maybe fifteen, and the heavy bookshelf door opens. I see my husband, still in his wolf form,

accompanied by Vera and Noah.

"Sofia!" Vera rushes to my side, checking my temperature with one hand and the pulse on my wrist with the other.

She begins to speak with

Carina about... I don't even know what...medical jargon I guess.

My heart feels lighter now that I can see her awake and well; I really wasn't sure if she was going to make it out of this one.

Silent tears start falling to my cheeks and Alex gently licks them off my face. (3)

I don't need to be strong right now, not with my best friend. I take her hand,

"Vera, you need to listen to me. Tell me exactly what happened to you." Her eyes are glossy with the need to cry, too.

"I...I don't know where to begin, what little I remember seems more like a dream than anything..."

“What did you feel when you woke up? Violet told me you alerted the lycans before the alarms went off.”

“I didn’t feel it, I saw it, breaching the southern border, I...” She lets the tears fall freely now, we are both crying as she continues, “I don’t know what it is Sof, how to stop it. It’s killing our wolves.”  
(3)

I take her hand and squeeze it through a contraction, closing my eyes and not letting a single sound escape my lips. When it subsides, I

look her straight in her eyes. 1

“Vera, you’re our only hope. You saw that thing, even if it was just as a vision, you might be the only one able to see it and kill it. It may be a

long shot, but you have to try.” My tears are flowing as I think of my pack and what I’m asking Vera to do. If I’m wrong... if my gut is

wrong... then this will be the end of her too; I just don’t know what else to do.

The air in the room tenses, a silent exchange going on between Vera and I as we look at each other. She knows precisely what I’m asking of

her and I know she, as well as any of us, has no hesitation in dying for this pack.

I reach to my right and retrieve a long spear from my bag, one that had belonged to my family for centuries; it is made of the only known

material to be effective against witches. I had been carrying it around to use in case something like this happened, but I am in no position

to do anything with it.

“This, and you, are our only hope.”

Vera has calmed down significantly, relaxing her breath and quieting her heart. She closes her eyes and breathes in passively. When she

opens them again, she grabs the spear delicately, feeling it and getting accustomed to its weight.

When she looks at me, her eyes are expressionless and dilated. It's a look I know all too well.

She's ready to hunt.