

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood

Chapter 16

-Vera

After composing myself, I decide to keep walking inside the mansion. Now that the shock of dying is subsiding. I start to think more logically.

I can't be dead, and if I am, The Goddess means for me to be here anyway. Something tells me this mansion has more to show me still, as I am sure this is Sofa's ancestral home. But why am I here? And what does this have to do with everything?

I pass by every room, opening doors and windows looking for clues. All the rooms are empty and every time I pass by them, everything seems to deteriorate further, almost like I'm a ghost passing by the decades of this building.

I enter the grand hall and just like the rest of the rooms, everything now seems abandoned and forgotten; all the paintings are gone, leaving behind only their imprint on the walls. I make my way to the only piece remaining, the Jade Waterfall painting. (2) I take another look at it, removing the cloth that had covered it for Goddess knows how many decades. The paint beneath the cloth is still impeccable, with only some signs of age. 3

“Why are you here, of all places ?” I ask to myself, gently touch the piece at the waterfall, and just like that, I am transported once again.

This time, the vision is taking place at Jade Waterfall.

Though I recognize it implicitly, it is clear I am still not back in my timeline. Some trees

I know to be hundreds of years old in my time, are barely infants here.

There is a new moon high above, and just like in the painting, the waterfall is shining green from within. Rather than the rocks appearing to

be covered in moss though, there appear to be actual green crystals beneath the waterfall. Almost like all the rocks are legitimate emeralds.

I step forward, wanting to examine this phenomenon up close but as I am about to near the lip of the pool that forms at the end of the

waterfall, a man emerges from the water. His tan torso shining bright against the reflection of the water and stones.

I recognize this man; he is the same Victor I saw earlier. I stay immobile, my senses on high alert. It was clear from last time that he could

see me, but am still uncertain if this is good or bad.

The man, half submerged, places his hands on the surface of the water, chanting in some language I do not understand, but that somehow

feels familiar. He closes his eyes and a light starts emanating from his hands, shooting down and to all sides of the pool. Soon, the entire

pool, the entire waterfall, is shining as the man continues to chant.

The scene is mesmerizing. It creates a warmth within me, and I can't explain what it is at the moment, but I have felt this before; it is the

feeling of calm and serenity that I have whenever I am in the forest. If this man is capable of creating such a feeling, then I know he can't

possibly mean me any harm. In fact, I have already seen him two times and have detected no hostility from him. (?) I wonder if he actually can see me, though, as no one else has been able to so far. (1)

When the chant is over and the water has turned back to normal, I step closer to him, wanting to ask him so many questions. His gaze once again meets mine directly, confirming my first impression that he can see me.

I realize now that I'm looking at him up close that both we have the same eye color; it's the first time I've met someone with very, very light green eyes like myself. Sometimes, in different lighting, they can even appear white.

Does this fact astound him as much as it astounds me?

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1 crouch down so that we are at eye level, we stay like this, gazing into each other's eyes for a few seconds, none of us saying a word. He's

regarding me with curiosity, as am I, I can't quite place it, but this man seems very familiar to me. (2)

Before either of us speaks a word, a shadow emerges from the other side of the woods, getting his attention.

“It is done, master Allen,” the man with the green eyes says.

“Please, call me John.”

“Very well. This spell is infused in the waterfall, in its emeralds to be precise. The water and emeralds can be found in all the aqueous

tunnels underneath this forest, and underneath all your territory. No witch, or warlock, will ever be able to trespass

“I do not know how to thank you. In all honesty, when you first approached my father and I, we did not believe you were capable of such

feat.” (1

Magic? This man is a warlock? I thought the stories of witches and warlocks were only legends

“I am used to being underestimated.” He gets out of the water; he was still wearing his pants and as soon as he steps out, they immediately dry. Another magic trick no doubt.

“Please, warlock, if there is anything my family or I can do for you... I realize this type of magic comes at a cost... but our pack would have

never survived without this, without you.” The man proceeds to put on his shirt and shoes, and approaches John. I get closer in order to

hear what is being said, as it is clear John cannot see me.

“Many, many generations from now, I will come to you Allens for a favor. My request cannot be denied.” John hesitates. To compromise his future blood line to a warlock’s whim is a serious consideration, but alas, he accepts.

“How will we know when it is time? Will you be the one to deliver the request?”

“Just remember my name, it is enough.”

“What is your name, warlock?”

“Blackwood. Victor Blackwood.” 13