

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood

Chapter 19

“So, what’s the plan?” I hear out of the peripheries of my hearing. When I’m focused on my hunt, it’s like having tunnel vision. Nothing can or will deter me. I exit the room, Alex and Carina staying behind supporting Sofia. I walk past a confused Eli and Lucas and I’m barely aware as all three lycans follow me out of the office and through the packhouse.

As I get to the base of the pack house, right at the entrance; I take off my shoes and start playing around with the spear. I’m getting used to its feel and its weight, playing with it in the palm of my hands, circling it around me. I stretch out my thigh muscles, my back, and my neck which feel stiff after not being used for weeks; I’m warming them up for the chase.

Lifting my face up to the wind, all of the hairs on my body stand to attention. I allow the wind to convey where the beast is coming from and as it blows in my face, I perceive a smell of decay and rot coming our way from the North, my mind locking in on it. 4

My senses lock in on my prey.

I can somehow feel the beast as it is approaching us, fast and steady. It isn’t being deterred by any attack from the wolves.

Without a second thought, I sprint into action.

I'm running past the fields where I used to play with my friends as a youngling. I'm running past the clinic that helped shape who I am

today. I'm running past the orphanage that was my very first encounter with this pack that would eventually become my family.

I'm running so fast; it almost feels like I'm floating. My eyes squint at the rapid wind but quickly adjust.

At this point, I vaguely recognize the heavy steps of the lycans following me; it's clear to me they had to turn into their beasts in order to

keep up with my pace. The muscles on my legs are straining as I will them to move faster and faster. 5

We reach a clearing where something stops me; everything is awfully quiet. Too quiet. I can't hear the wolves, I can't sense the beast. The wind has ominously stopped blowing.

Couching down to the ground, I put my hand on the soil connecting to the forest.

Suddenly, I can sense the commotion that's coming our way. In the distance, I can hear the distinctive wolf howls signaling retreat coming straight in our direction.

A lican that I recognize as Noah places himself protectively in front of me, his huge frame effectively covering me from the impending attack. It hasn't registered to him that I'm the only one who can see this thing and therefore, it's up to me to protect him and the rest of the pack. 10

I don't even have time to admire his midnight black fur when the first wolves come into our line of vision. They're running furiously, straight to the last line of defense in the pack house. By now, they have bought everyone enough time to hide, and in theory enough time for the lycans to run away. The plan was solid, but everyone, including myself, underestimated the beast. I didn't think it would make such quick work of our best warriors, but here it is, only about half a mile from the pack house. It won't happen again.

As more and more wolves start coming our way, I see trees in the distance bending and shifting under incredible weight; and soon, I am

looking at the beast straight on, walking towards the clearing where we stand. (!)

I sidestep Noah and sprint full force towards the now, to me, fully visible creature. I was right the first time: this thing is exactly as folk tales

describe chimeras, with a lion's head, the body of human like creature, a long tail. and hooves. How I wish I would have paid more attention

in those classes when I was younger. What were their weak points? How do you defeat a beast like this? Where do they even come from? —

I don't have time to ponder on all these useless questions for now as it has noticed me coming towards it and giant foot; but I easily side step it. Then, it attempts to crush me with its giant arm, but I sidestep it once again. Its expression in a frown as he's becoming annoyed with me.

I use its extended arm on the ground as leverage to climb onto it and reach its face. My first plan of attack is to try and blind it; If I succeed, this will be a more even playing field.

I make quick work of the first eye by launching myself, spear first, into it. The spear penetrates the eye ball effortlessly, and I grin to myself as the beast shrieks loudly. This is good. This is the first win. But as I'm attempting to retrieve the spear from its eyeball, the beast shakes so furiously that it catapults me to the nearest tree. My back hits it with a big thud; the pain causing stars to blur my vision momentarily.

Noah is quickly by my side, his huge frame crouched to help me up.

I have no time to lose if we intend on defeating this thing before it kills us all.

"The spear is stuck in its left eye! It will give you and the others a sense of where to attack the beast! GO!"

Noah quickly returns to the clearing to relay the message, and an attack is coordinated. I'm fast to get up and follow, I need to retrieve that

spear from its eye, but I first have to figure out how we're going to actually kill it. The others attacking will give me some reprieve to observe it well, or so I hoped.

After managing to shake off all of its attackers, the beast's white eyes scan the clearing looking for something... looking for me.

It spots me, locks eyes with me, and begins charging at me at full speed with a furious expression in its eyes.

I'm afraid now it's me who's being hunted down like prey.

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