

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 21

Vera-

My eyes are closed as I feel the rush of adrenaline leaving my body. I'm breathing heavily and there is ringing in my ear from all the exertion. As my heart begins to settle, I open my eyes and sit up; all the muscles in my body straining.

Everyone that was in the clearing has gathered around Noah, Eli, myself and the beast. Now that it is visible, some are eyeing it curiously, fearfully; others are brave enough to poke it to verify that it is indeed dead. The beast doesn't bulge.

Lying next to me is Noah, still in his Lycan form. I place my hand on his forehead, beckoning his eyes open.

We did it.

We actually did it.

A loud howl of joy erupts from someone in the crowd that has formed, and several quickly follow; I smile at their outburst. All the wolves start turning to human form and screaming at the top of their lungs. I tend to forget how nudity-friendly wolves are.

I lower my gaze, ashamed by the scenery and focus on Noah who is intently looking at me. His black Lycan eyes are slowly fading, revealing the hazel eyes I like so much. He's getting ready to shift as Lucas jogs over in his human form to give his friends some clothes. I cover my eyes, still sitting on the floor as Noah and Eli quickly put on some clothes.

Noah places his hands on my cheeks, causing me to lower my hands from my face. His eyes are filled with more love and... pride?..... than I have ever known from anyone.

"You did it, Vera. You fucking did it," and without warning, he kisses me.

The kiss is everything I ever hoped a kiss could be, and then some. Fireworks are erupting in my mind and my entire being is on fire. How could I ever even think to go on a lifetime without this?

I deepen the kiss, causing a fire to pool in my belly. If we continue like this, I might not even care that we are in the middle of a clearing, with a dead beast, and all of the pack members surrounding us.

Noah breaks the kiss and puts his forehead on mine; we're both exhausted and injured, borderline hyperventilating, but none of that seems to matter right now.

With the dead beast on the ground and everyone cheering around us, it feels like a huge weight has been lifted for both of us.

The crowd starts moving in sync, drawing our attention. Noah helps me up just as Sofia appears in the clearing, followed by Alex, each with a baby in their arms.

Her dress is a mess, blood crusted at its hem, her face puffy and her usually impeccable hair in disarray. It is also clear that the twins have literally just been born; they haven't even been cleaned properly. Sofia looks swollen, teary, and most importantly, weak.

"Brothers and sisters. There will be a time to celebrate. For now, we gather around the pyre and bring our warriors home."

The look on everyone's faces fall. The relief and happiness from defeating the beast had temporarily blinded us to the reality of the situation: the high cost at which we obtained this victory. Just thinking about our wolves lying on the ground, lifeless, devoid of their souls, causes a knot to form in my stomach.

Her words had the intended effect as the crowd is dispersing, following their Alpha's command. I say still, looking directly at her as her eyes scan the crowd. They land on me, and the minute our eyes lock, I can tell her tears are about to fall. Not wanting to show any more weakness to her pack, she turns her head and leaves the clearing with Alex close behind.

I turn to the Lycans and without a word they know to follow me. I let go of Noah's hand, feeling guilty I hadn't thought about the aftermath of the attack.

Deciding to make myself useful, I make my way back to the clinic to assess the chaos that ensued the battle.

When we get there, my heart breaks; beds are filled with wolves, some even having to wait seated on the floor to be taken care of. The elders who once were doctors and nurses have also come out to help.

As I make my way through the corridors, the clinic is not only packed, but there is no order; everyone running around without a clear plan. Where is Doctor Owen?

I find Violet tending to the wounds of one of the warriors; there is a deep cut that nearly severed his leg. Violet has managed to stop the bleeding but he will need to be wheeled up to surgery as soon as possible.

“Where is doctor Owens? Who’s running the clinic?”

She looks at me with sympathy in her eyes.

“He’s in surgery.”

Well, that isn’t strange at all. I give her a questioning look, not understanding the sad look on her face.

“Vera,” she places her hand on mine, “he is in surgery.”

It takes me a moment to understand what she’s saying... this can’t be happening.

“He heard about what you were going to do and he wanted to be there just in case... just in case you needed him.”

We exchange a long look; one I know all too well. The situation isn’t likely to turn in his favor. I start to panic.

“Go, I got this.”

I take off, running through the halls, navigating through all the people crowding the clinic. I reach the stairs and sprint to the third floor. I enter the surgery room, straining my muscles even further, just as everyone is taking off their gloves and I hear the distinct, long beep of the machine, indicating there is no heartbeat.

“Time of death, eighteen forty-two.”