

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 22

-Vera-

I crumble to the floor as the surgeon's attention falls on me, my legs giving out. My heart feels like it's going to hammer out of my chest.

This can't be real. The only father I've ever known can't be gone. I crawl closer to the table, tears beginning to rim my eyes. When I get close to the table though, I notice something odd.

"This... this isn't... doctor Owens?" I turn my hopeful eyes to the surgeon as he comes around to kneel beside me. His kind eyes are smiling, but there is so much sadness in them.

"Vera, I presume. No, this isn't doctor Owens, this is Nathan, he was one of the warriors at the border when the beast attacked."

We both look at the lifeless body of the warrior; the tears that had begun to form in my eyes now falling to my cheeks.

"As for Dr. Owens's, his surgery went well; he's recovering from the anesthesia in a makeshift recovery room we prepared in his office."

I start crying even more. Full on, ugly face crying. All of the emotions of the day, all of the feelings I had been avoiding in order to complete my task, come back at once. I barely even notice when the doctor gently helps me up, guiding me to a chair just outside the O.R. He's holding me while I let it all out.

After about five minutes. I'm finally beginning to calm down and the doctor hands me a bottle of water. I take it and down it in one gulp.

Now that all the adrenaline has left my body, I realize how banged up I really am. My thigh and calf muscles are on fire, my back and rib cage area hurt more than I can describe. I might have a broken rib or two, and my head wants to explode.

While assessing the state of my body, my hand goes to where my head is especially tingling; I feel blood. I have a cut which I measure with my fingers, it's no more than six centimeters, right in my hairline, It isn't very big, but it is quite deep. The doctor moves to get supplies to clean me up but I grab his arm and stop him.

"No, please, many are in far worse shape. Go help them first, I'll clean myself up."

He gives me a long look. He comes closer to me and hugs me gently, whispering in my ear,

"Thank you." He says simply, and walks away.

I'm confused about the exchange, I'm the one who should be thanking him. In fact, I don't even know this doctor but judging from his age, he's probably a retired doctor that came to help out.

After gathering the supplies I'll need, I make my way to Dr. Owens's office, needing to make sure he's ok.

When I step into the room, one of the nurses, also one I don't recognize, is checking on him. As she notices me, she gasps and nearly drops her chart.

"Sorry," I start, "I just wanted to check on him." She composes herself quickly.

"Oh, honey. It's okay. He's doing just fine. He was injured by the beast in the clearing when he was trying to help one of the warriors. It punctured a main artery in his leg but they managed to clamp it."

I smile at this. I'm not the least bit surprised that he was there trying to help people. Dr. Owens is one of the kindest and caring people I know. The nurse moves towards me,

"Here, let me take care of that for you."

She grabs the supplies from my hands and directs me to sit on the chair at the side of Dr. Owens's bed.

She begins working on cleaning my wound, disposing of dirty gauze after dirty gauze. I'm entirely filthy from the battle.

"It'll need stitches. I'll be right back with some anesthesia." She says after she's done with the clean up.

When she comes back, I'm still sitting in a chair next to my mentor, energy draining from my body fast. She makes quick work of the anesthetic by injecting my forearm with it. She proceeds to further clean, stitch, and bandage the wound.

“I know I don’t have to tell you this, but take it easy. With a wound like that, I’m surprised you didn’t lose consciousness.”

I smile at her and thank her, genuinely grateful that I didn’t have to stitch this up myself. She grabs her chart and leaves, closing the door behind her. I lean into Dr. Owen’s bed and grab his hand. I stay like this for at least an hour, processing everything that had happened.

I felt different. I don’t know what I felt different, but something definitely was. My dreams, visions, now felt like a distant memory, stored somewhere in my mind. I had more questions than answers. Why was I the only one that could see the creature? Why did I manage to see it even when I wasn’t there? How do I make sense of everything I saw in my visions? Is any of it real?

I get up to leave when I feel myself dozing off; I also wanted to check on Sofia before I head to the pyre. It still isn’t time for me to rest.

When I exit Dr. Owen’s office, everyone turns to me. The doctors, nurses and even the injured wolves stop what they’re doing and make way for me, bowing their heads. It is the sign of utmost respect in the pack, normally only exhibited for the alpha.

I make my way through the hall and exit the clinic, turning briefly one last time to look at it.

Everyone still had their heads bowed.