

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 23

-Vera-

I head to the pack house, where I'll find Sofia in the top floor. As I make my way through the halls, I notice everyone regarding me just like they had in the clinic; I don't know what to make of it but I don't really care right now. I'm exhausted and the day isn't even over yet,

When I reach the Alpha's room, I hesitate before knocking on the door. What if she's asleep?

"Come in," I hear in my head. It's Sofia.

"The woman of the hour," she says softly as I open the door.

Her room is the largest in the pack house, naturally. It's not so much a room as it is a suite, with floor to ceiling French doors and a massive balcony outside. Her bed sits facing the northern wall, in between both French doors.

I make my way to her. She's sitting on her bed with the twins napping to her side; she has a bunch of files on her lap.

"Alpha," I salute her.

We exchange a long look and then break out of character. I rush to my best friend and hug her tightly. If there is a moment to break protocol, it is now, after everything we have been through.

"Oh, V. Thank you, thank you, thank you."

We both begin to tear up. In one day, Sofia had her twins, we were attacked by a beast of folklore, and I woke up from what I can only describe as a magic induced coma.

When we separate, we both grab tissues that were on the bed and compose ourselves.

“Oh Goddess, look at them.”

The tissues come in handy since I’m crying again, looking at Sofia’s babies. I crawl to bed next to them, and touch one lightly on the forehead.

“They’re absolutely perfect, Sof.”

“Aren’t they?” She’s sniffing again and I grab her hand.

“You did such a good job, mamma.”

“Oh please, if it wasn’t for you...” she cuts off to blow her nose but her eyes are rimmed with tears, “if it wasn’t for you, none of us would be here right now.”

Her words hang as we stay like this, looking at the twins; their tiny chests breathing in and out in complete relaxation, completely oblivious to the peril circumstance of their birth, Sofia really did do an amazing job at keeping it together while we were attacked, and doing all of this without any real medical intervention like an epidural; to me, it further proves her position as Alpha.

“I named her Rose, and he’s John.”

“John Allen,” a memory of Jade Waterfall under a new moon comes to me, “like your ancestor.”

Sofia frowns.

“Yes, how did you know?”

I’m not sure what to answer her so I stay silent. How do I even begin to explain to her everything I saw, and most importantly, why? My silence is very telling, and the continues,

“Well, we will have some time to talk about that. For now, please go and get some rest, take a shower. It will take about two hours to get the pyre ready.”

“How many?”

I ask flatly.

Sofia lowers her gaze.

Forty-six.”

Forty-six of our wolves, of our warriors, of our brothers and sisters... dead.

The pain i feel cannot be described, so I can't even imagine what Sofia is going through, having a connection to all of the pack all at once. She not only felt their deaths, but she now feels the pain and loss of their loved ones; their mates, their kids, siblings and parents. There are many reasons why the Alpha is regarded as the strongest of the pack, and not all of them are physical. Sofia is enduring all of this while also navigating all of the emotions that come with being a mom; I am truly in awe.

Still, I worry that it might indeed be too much for her. Knowing her the way that I do, I'm sure she will drown all of her sorrow in tireless work. I worry even more knowing that I won't be here to support her through this; Sofia will need a friend now more than ever and our connection has always been easy because we grew up together.

“Please take it easy on yourself Sof,” I advise her, “there was nothing you could've done, and what's more important, look what you have given the pack,” I look at baby John, “a male Allen heir.”

This clan has always thrived under Allen leadership; in fact, its darkest days have always come under the leadership of some other fool who thought they could lead this pack. Sofia was a surprise baby, the only one the Moon Goddess blessed her parents with. To say that the entire clan was disappointed it wasn't a boy is an understatement. Some members even deserted the clan, thinking the Allen dynasty was definitively over now that there was only a girl to inherit the Alpha position.

It fills me with pride to be able to say that Sofia has been anything but a disappointment.

“Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves, I'm gonna teach Rose how to kick as s just like her momma.” Sofia blows her nose once again, distracting me from my thoughts. “Now, I have a surprise for you, it's in your room. Please go shower, you seriously stink.”

We look at each other in a silent conversation that only we are able to have, perhaps because of how close we've been ever since she found me. The heaviness of the day is weighing on both of us.

I hug her one last time and exit her room, not before taking a long look at the twins again. I can't explain why, but I have a feeling that this mythical beast appearing and the birth of Allen twins cannot be mere coincidence.

My feet are barely lifting to step as I approach my room; every part of me simply hurts. When I'm about to turn the doorknob, I know exactly what gift Sofia is referring to.

I groan inwardly. My Alpha and her dirty, dirty mind.