

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 27

-Vera-

“Sofia, we need to talk.”

“Vera! I was just coning over to find you.” She says cheerfully. She’s sitting in her office, breast feeding one of her twins as she reads some reports.

“Are you serious? Do you never stop working?”

“Hey! I’m reading Thomas’s reports on his Alpha duties.”

“You mean the one thing you allowed him to take from your hands?” I raise my eyebrows.

The only thing she’s allowing him to do is look over the month’s meal plans.

“And he’s doing a crap job at it,” she grumbles, “so, what’s up? You seem agitated.”

“We need to talk about... I don’t even know how to put it.” I hesitate for a moment, genuinely confused at how to even start this conversation. “So, I was just talking to Dr. Owens, right? And he gave me this necklace,” I touch the dainty emerald necklace sitting in my collar bone, “he told me something that jogged my memory.”

She gives me a questioning look, putting all the reports down and setting the baby on the basinet.

“I had a dream, or a vision, about Jade Waterfall, it involved your ancestor, John, and a warlock with my same last name. His name was Victor.”

She raises her eyebrows, realization dawning on her.

“What?” I ask.

“No, no, continue. I just remembered something.”

“Anyway,” I continue, “Dr. Owens told me that there is a legend that the green coloring in Jade Waterfall actually comes from emeralds in the bed rock, and not moss like we were taught. This necklace is a piece of those emeralds, that has been passed down through generations in his wife’s family.”

“The Harrells.” She interjects, but I let her continue. “Dr. Owens’s wife came from one of the founding families of this pack, one of the oldest along with the Allens.”

We let that piece of information hang between us for a minute before she continued.

“That legend may very well be true, and that emerald may very well be from Jade Waterfall before it was all covered in moss.”

I touch the dainty necklace once again. What was that memory of Jade Waterfall again? Oh! Right.

“I saw it, Sofia. I saw it when it still had emeralds in it. In my dreams, that’s also why I knew your ancestor’s name.”

“What exactly were they doing?”

“There was a warlock, Victor –

“Blackwood.” She clarifies.

“Yes, Victor Blackwood. He and John Allen were gathered in Jade Waterfall and Victor was chanting some form of... some form of spell... when he finished, he told John “it is done.”

Sofia looks at me for a long time, but I know she’s not focused on me. She’s deep in thought.

“I always thought all those stories were fake.” She whispers after a while.

“What do you think it means?” I ask her.

“It means I have to go back to studying my family’s history,” she says, “when I was younger my father would tell me all these stories that quite frankly seemed too fantastic, so I never paid any attention. I thought it was all lies; stories to boost the Allen name. Now I see it may not be so.”

Again, we stay silent.

Both of us are at a loss and of our depths when it comes to all things magical. But now, it's not only my future that depends on this knowledge, but also the packs. Everyone here is now aware of the presence of magic, very powerful and very malicious magic. Sofia will have her work cut out for her to ensure the safety of her pack and her twins.

This thought brings along another memory.

The Allen family was once linked with witches and warlocks, some even claim there was intermingling within the species as a product of this closeness. If this is true, then the twins might be an easy target for whatever, or whomever is out there.

The fact that I'm leaving knowing full well how needed I might be here makes the pit of my stomach feel heavy. I look at the twins and think of all the things I will miss because I'm leaving; who knows when I'll be able to see them again.

Will they be walking already? Learning how to fight? Already shifting to their wolf forms? Or worse, all grown and with their families of their own?

Sofia breaks me out of my depressive thoughts,

"I'm actually glad you came to see me, V, I also needed to talk to you about something. I have some theories."

"Theories about the beast?"

"Theories about you."

I look at her questioningly.

"So, we know you look human, but you're not. We know you're a wolf, although you haven't connected with her yet. I mean Noah sensed her, before that, I wasn't even sure," she pauses, "And now we know you have magic too."

"Aren't wolves innately magical, though?" I ask her, skeptical.

"To some extent, yes, not to the extent you exhibit though."

A long pause follows again.

"So, what are you saying?" I'm hesitant to even ask.

"Have you ever heard of a Spirit Wolf?"