

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 29

-Vera-

When I wake up the next day, the rain has stopped completely. It's still probably very early, before the crack of dawn, but I feel more energized already.

I cuddle into the source of warmth at my back; Noah. He instinctively tightens his arm around me, cradling me into him. I let out a long sigh and smile to myself.

Despite the circumstances, this seems to be the best sleep I've had in a very, very long time.

I close my eyes hoping I can fall back to sleep, but twenty minutes later, when I was finally drifting off to nap, Eli opens the curtain to the room and loudly yells,

"Good morning, ladies!"

Both Noah and I grumble, cuddling into each other even more as if that will make that old man go away.

"If you're not up and ready to go in the next twenty minutes, I'm coming in and cuddling with you." His tone is mischievous, and I have no doubt he will actually do it.

I turn, hugging Noah and burying my face in his chest. He still smells like the forest.

"He's actually going to do it, isn't he?" I ask into his chest.

"Yup."

He's rubbing my back and we stay like this for about five minutes until we hear Eli from outside our tent;

"I mean it!"

We both "ugh" at the same time and get up from the bed. We get dressed, again our backs to each other. I grab the book I borrowed last night and slip it into the duffel bag. Noah eyes me curiously,

"Sorry, I didn't even ask you if I could take it."

"No, no. It's ok. No one has touched any of those books in a long time. Take any you'd like."

Noah picks up a large map that sat at his desk and also slips it into the duffel bag. We both take our breakfast to go and head out.

The walk is once again quiet. I'm not sure I understand why Lucas and Eli, even Noah, have changed their demeanor. At least Noah and Lucas seemed a lot more relaxed in the Pack House, now they're just so serious.

About two hours into our journey, I feel the air tense and I stop.

Noah notices and stops too, eyeing me with a frown.

"Something... something's wrong." I tell him, wide eyed.

A chill runs down my spine and my hand goes to the spear on my back.

Before I can process what is happening, Lucas, Eli, and Noah have surrounded me, their backs to me. Their large bodies cover my line of vision as I hear a voice,

"Well, well, well, if it isn't the band of deserters," the voice gets closer and dramatically sniffs the air, "and what's this? You brought us a souvenir? How kind of you!"

The other Lycans accompanying the voice burst out in laughter, mocking me.

Noah immediately shifts, ripping up his clothes, and launches himself at the voice. I react on instinct, trying to reach out to him but Eli puts his hand on my arm, stopping me.

“Settle down, doc. Noah will take care of this.”

Eli lets me go and I can see what he means. All the other Lycans, some in Lycan form and others in human form, have surrounded Noah and this other Lycan.

They're about to fight.

The other Lycan attacks first, Noah easily dodges him and places a right kick to his torso. It doesn't keep him down for long as he launches himself at Noah once again, this time with his fangs bared. Noah is again quick to dodge, but this time, instead of kicking him, his massive Lycan fangs go right for his neck.

After about one second of struggling. Noah's enormous jaw crunches down on the other Lycans throat; I can hear the sound of bones breaking and blood gurgling in his throat as the Lycan fights Noah for his life. But there is nothing he can do, he goes limp before he can get Noah off of him.

All the Lycans surrounding them go quiet. Clearly, that was their leader.

Noah switches back to human form, butt n*ked, and eyes them all threateningly. Then he speaks, loud enough for all of them to hear,

*If any of you come to my mate with intentions of harming her, you will meet the same fate as Randall. Is that understood?"

The small crowd begins to dissipate, moving away from Noah warily. The Lycans that were in human form had even shifted out of instinct.

Lucas goes to Noah, getting him another pair of clothes.

I'm not even looking at Noah, I'm looking at the dead Lycan on the floor.

Noah just killed a Lycan, a man... his brother... for me?

My heart is beating fast and loudly, I feel like I'm about to faint.

What kind of world am I willingly walking into?