

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 33

-Vera-

I'm so exhausted after the trial. It really can't be called a trial; it was more like an inquisition. Had Sofia not given me the stone, I'm sure we would have never made it out of that room. Although I brought it with me in order to study it, this was a better use for it in the end.

Eli and Lucas have gone their separate ways; I'm sure they're both tired and eager to get to their own rooms. Noah is leading me down several corridors, passing by several rooms, to what seems to be his. It was one of the last rooms in a long hallway.

Noah opens the door, and I realize why he'd said it was the best room in the castle. Although it wasn't the biggest, it had a stunning view of the southern end of the castle.

I went to the large windows and gasped, there were mountains in the distance with huge, tall peaks, covered in snow. Below them, a forest very unlike the one I come from.

There was something eerie about the forest, and yet I couldn't help but find it beautiful. I couldn't wait to go down there and explore; perhaps I could also connect to this one.

I hear Noah put down the duffel bag with a large thud, and then he throws himself on the bed. Honestly, that bed just got a whole lot more appealing. I smile at the sight, but return my attention to the window. I try to concentrate on the sight in front of me; for some reason this place seems very familiar.

After a few minutes of trying to gather my memories, I realize I'm too tired for this. I go over to the bed and lie next to Noah, both of us facing the ceiling.

“How did you know to do that? The crystal thing?” He asks me, still looking at the ceiling.

“Remember when I was on top of the chimera, and you and Eli came to help?”

“Yeah, I really wasn’t sure what you were doing but it felt important.”

I smile to myself. Yes, yes it was.

“That crystal was encrusted in the chimera’s skull. Sofia and the Elders came to the conclusion that it had to be the magical link between the chimera and its creator.”

“How did you know where it was?”

“When you threw me at it, and missed, I saw it shinning there. For some reason I knew it had to be important and quite frankly, I was running out of ideas.”

He stays silent for a while.

“So, what we felt at the trial, that was magic?”

*I assume so, yes.”

“You assume?” He turns to look at me, I stay nonchalantly staring at the ceiling.

“Yes, I assume.”

“So, what you did, which could’ve gotten us all killed, was a hunch?”

“I feel like you’re not gonna like the answer to that.”

He’s staring at me in disbelief, it’s honestly comical. I start giggling at his expression because I swear, I feel like I haven’t laughed in days.

“It’s good to hear your laugh: again.” Noah whispers to me as he takes and kisses the back of my hand.

That innocent kiss alone causes an electric current to form in my belly. Sofia wasn’t kidding when she said that the mate bond is like a drug.

It causes me to act on instinct.

I come up over him, straddling him, and I crash my lips to his. His hands immediately go to my hair and thigh, holding me in place as he deepens the kiss, his tongue leisurely playing with mine. The gentle but firm pull of my hair by his hand is causing me to imagine so many scenarios of where this could go.

I can feel myself getting more and more aroused; I'm sure he can smell it too because I can feel his erection through his jeans, brushing up against me. If I start grinding, it will be the end of us, and the end of my plan.

There's a faint knock on the door and I pause, but he doesn't seem to mind as he continues kissing my face and neck.

"The King wishes to see you." I hear on the other side of the door, but Noah doesn't seem to care.

I stop him.

"Noah," I whisper, "the King wants to see you."

His eyes had glazed over, almost as if his lycan was ready to make an appearance. Quickly he regains his composure, and he realizes what I just said.

"I'm gonna kill him." He grunts.

As much as this disappoints me too, I welcome the divine intervention that stopped us. I was about to do something I might regret.

He turns us over so that I am beneath him, my legs still around his hips. He kisses my forehead.

"I have to go, but this might take a while. I'll make sure Lucas or Eli come get you for dinner."

With that, he composes himself, adjusting his pants, and leaves.

I lay there looking at the ceiling, breathless. Not only was that the best kiss of my life, but I'm sure what would've followed was going to be the greatest Sex of my life.

I'm somewhat disappointed that I have to wait a bit longer before I can give myself to Noah completely, but I have to know more before I do, and before his life is intertwined with mine forever.