

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 43

Vera-

Before making my way to Charlotte's garden, I go by Lucas's room, looking for a babysitter.

I knock on the door, hopefully he's already off duty.

I hear some rumbling inside the room and a shirtless Lucas opens the door, his hair disheveled.

"Oh, Vera, hi," he says. It seems I have taken him by surprise.

I smile at him.

"Hi Lucas, I hope I'm not interrupting."

"No, not at all. Did something happen?" He suddenly steps out of the room, scanning my surroundings,

He really is overprotective.

"No," I'm a little perplexed by his actions, "I was hoping you could accompany me to Charlotte's garden, I need a little...fresh...air."

Truthfully, the entire castle felt stuffy without Noah here.

"Oh! Right, sure! Give me a minute to get dressed."

He shuts the door in my face. I mean I get it, it'd look terrible if I, an unmated female, entered his room, but still.

A minute later he's out, this time fully dressed.

We make our way to the garden in silence. Once again, it's already late and most of the common areas are deserted.

When we enter the garden, I'm surprised to see Charlotte tending to some plants. She's the only one here. Her head perks up when she notices us.

"Lucas! Vera! Hi!"

"Charlotte? Why are you here so late?" Lucas is the first to ask her and approach her, though I'm also wondering the same thing.

"Oh, I thought I'd get some work done while Ethan finishes his shift. He's meeting me here once he's done."

I smile at this. During the dinner it was quite evident the connection they both had.

Lucas besides me yawns, quickly covering his mouth and trying to hide it.

"Lucas, Ethan and I can walk Vera back to her and Noah's room once he comes here, if it's alright with you," Charlotte speaks in her soft voice.

Lucas turns to me, his eyes red and tired.

"It's alright, Lucas, Go get some sleep, I'm sorry for waking you."

"No, no, it's ok, any time. Charlotte are you sure?"

"Of course," she smiles gently at him and I pat his back.

"Your babysitting duties are officially over, thank you."

He turns around as he yawns again, practically dragging his feet as he exits the garden. He closes the door before he leaves, leaving Charlotte and I alone.

*I'm sorry to impose, Charlotte, I just needed.."

"Fresh air?" She smiles at me. I notice she does that a lot.

"Yes." I smile back at her and take a seat next to where she had been working.

They are a few plants I don't recognize. They're quite beautiful, quite green and their still unopened flower pods already smell so fragrant.

*These are Moon Peonies, they're very rare around here. Ethan got them for me for our first anniversary. It takes them five years to bloom."

"That's amazing, smell good already."

“Smell?” She looks at me a bit bewildered, sniffing the flower pods from up close. “I don’t smell anything, must be your werewolf nose.”

I frown. The smell is quite intense, I would think even human nose would pick it up.

“Anyway,” she continues to tend to her flowers, “tell me, when does Noah come back? Ethan told me he’d be gone for a couple of weeks. You’re welcome here any time, I know the castle can be a little stuffy.” She crinkles her nose at this. I know exactly what she means.

“Thank you,” I smile at her and continue, “I’m not sure, actually. He seemed sure he could be back sooner but, I don’t know, really.”

“I’m sorry, you must miss him a lot. Ethan and I aren’t fated mates and I still miss him terribly when he’s gone. I can’t imagine what it’s like for you.”

I look at the mark at the base of her neck. Since they aren’t fated mates, their connection must come directly from the marking.

*Charlotte, can I ask you a personal question?

“Sure!”

“What made you decide to come here with Ethan? It seems like such a dangerous place for a human.”

“Well, same thing as you I suppose..... Love.”

She keeps tending to her flowers so she can’t notice my expression; If only she knew that’s not entirely why I came here.

“The mark, it must’ve hurt a lot if you heal like a human.” I continue, diverting my train of thought

Her hand goes to her mark and she caresses it with her fingers, smiling at the memory of it.

“I’m not gonna lie, it is the worse pain i have ever experience, but when a Lycan marks a human, part of their abilities are shared with them mate. In my case, I was fully healed the next day.”

She see’s the confusion in my face.

“Is that not he same with werewolves?”

“To be honest with you, I only ever met werewolf mates, I wouldn’t know if our abilities are passed to human mates.”

“Really? I thought having human mates is rather normal, like with Lycans. You see, there aren’t many female Lycans born, most of the time male Lycans have to find human females, and that rarely produces Lycan children.”

I’m shocked at this revelation, Charlotte is basically telling me the overall Lycan population is going down. I make a mental note to explore this topic further with Eli or Eden.

Charlotte and I keep making small talk. I was right the first time we met; I knew we would become quick friends. She’s the nicest person I have encountered here other than Lucas.

She tells me about her childhood, how her parents nearly passed out when she told them she was marrying a Lycan/ How she knew that having children with him was a long shot but that she was willing to take a chance, and how Ethan was in fact the sweetest person she had ever met, despite what his friends might think of him.

Once Ethan arrives after his shift, both Charlotte and he take me back to my room, to Noah’s room. I thank them and close the door as they turn to leave, hand in hand.

I turn around and face the room. This is the first night I’ll be sleeping without Noah here.

I change my clothes and put on one of his shirts; one that still smells like him, and crawl into bed.

For absolutely no reason, I begin crying into the pillow, the emptiness I feel consuming me, until sleep finally claims me.