

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 44

Vera-

Five whole days have passed since Noah left, and I have barely left our room. I have been lying in bed most of the time, feeling sorry about myself and absolutely miserable. I'm starting to consider I'm actually depressed.

Moving away from my home, not having any communication with my friends and family because we obviously don't have stupid cel service here. I can't even send Sofia a letter because I'm not mated yet so I'm basically nothing without Noah's status.

I used to have a life, a purpose, a career I had worked extremely hard for... I used to have a family.

I'm lying on my back, absentmindedly staring at the ceiling when there's a loud knock on the door. When I go to open it, it's Eli. He crinkles his nose when he sees

"Ok, first, go shower, you stink, second, get dressed and meet me at the gym."

He turns to leave but before he takes a step, he looks at me over his shoulder,

"If you're not there in twenty minutes, I'm coming in here and dragging you out myself."

He leaves and I can feel my eyebrows furrowing considering the possibility of Eli literally dragging me to the gym. It's such an unpleasant thought that I comply despite my mood. I get in the shower and get dressed in a pair of leggings, sports bra, and t-shirt.

When I arrive to the gym, Eli is up in a fighting mat addressing his new recruits. Some of them look as young as ten years of age.

"Ah, our guest of honor," he says, all of the kids' attention turning to me, "everyone, this is Vera." He motions for me to join him in the fighting mat.

"Vera will be your scapegoat today, if anyone can force her to submit, she will take over your chores for the week."

What?! I gape at him.

All of the kids have perked up; apparently the idea of not having to do these awful chores is very appealing to them. One of them raises their hand,

"But... but she's Noah's mate, he'll have our asses for touching her!"

"Bold of you to assume you can, boy. Don't worry about Noah, I'll take care of him if it comes down to it," Eli declares.

He steps away from the mat as I eye him in disbelief.

"Alright, if you don't mind, my lady"

The little shit that intends to go first even curtseys when he steps into the mat.

I take off my shoes, my nose flaring. We'll see who the lady is once I'm done with you.

He makes the first move too quickly; big mistake.

He ducks, going for my legs, thinking he can tumble me to the floor. But I'm too fast for him, catching his every move. I lift off of the mat, causing him to miss me, and land my feet on his back. This causes him to lose his balance and drop to the floor, his face down on the mat. I quickly wrap my legs around his arms, immobilizing them and making it painful for him to move at all. I place my hand on his neck, signaling a bite.

In wolf training, this would be the end of the exercise but from what I have seen, lycans are more brutal than that. The opponent has to either be physically incapable of continuing or in enough pain to verbally submit.

I keep my hand on his neck, but he won't submit. He's thrashing around trying to escape my hold so I tighten my legs around his arms, drawing them painfully closer.

He grunts, powerless. I know there is no way he's getting off my grip so I stretch his arms further back while simultaneously stretching his neck. This move is extremely painful as it causes terrible muscle spasms.

"Ok! Ok! I submit! Get off of me!"

I let go and he's quick to get on his feet. There is utter silence from his friends as they all stare at me and then back at him. After a few seconds, two of them actually begin mocking him for losing to a girl. I can tell these three are the oldest of the bunch, maybe sixteen or seventeen years old.

"Mica, you're next," Eli says.

Mica, who was just now mocking his friend, steps on the mat with a grin on his face. Clearly, this one also underestimates my ability and more importantly, my mood.

He positions himself defensively, obviously preparing for an attack. Good boy, at least he learned from his friend. I run towards him directly and he takes out an arm to try and punch me, but he mistook my intentions.

I grab the arm with both hands and rather use it as leverage to wrap my legs around his neck, strangle with force, and tumble him to the ground. He makes a choking noise as he falls to the ground and I tighten my hold on his neck with my thighs. As he's choking and turning blue, he pats my thigh with his arm and I let go, him crawling away and gasping for air.

Again, there is silence in the room. This time, not even his friends will make a joke, they're all staring at me looking horrified.

I grin at this and turn to Eli, "Who's next?"

For the rest of the morning. I kept beating up every recruit Eli had to offer. They were at the beginning of their training which is why they had only learned to rely on their brute force; which of course, I used to my advantage. They were easy targets, but still entertaining

After we were done, Eli and I headed to the dining hall for some lunch and encountered some of Noah's friends; Liam, Mason, and Eva. We sat together and had some lunch, despite the odd looks some other lycans were throwing my way.

I hadn't realized how hungry I was until I first tasted the food; it tasted amazing. But then again, I had essentially been starving myself these past few days.

Once we were done, we all headed to Charlotte's garden. Apparently, the Moon Peonies are going to bloom any moment now and it only happens for a few hours. Charlotte has been going on about these flowers for so long that now everybody was anxiously waiting for them to bloom.

When we near the garden doors, something is wrong; they are wide open and Charlotte is sitting at the entrance, tears streaking her face. Eva makes her way quickly to her, while the rest of us go inside to see what's wrong.

It is all destroyed.

Everything.

The pergola with the beautiful hanging flowers is on the ground; all of the colorful flowers smashed on the floor. The planters have been destroyed along with the flowers inside, including Charlotte's Moon Peonies.

I hear voices coming from the back of the garden, making their way to us. It's three lycan females I don't know, and Harriet, laughing their way through the garden. They're carrying metal poles; it is clear they are the ones behind all of the destruction.

Before I can begin to rationalize why Harriet would do this; I react on impulse before anyone else does, a small growl escapes my lips. I feel my eyes dilate, focusing on the group of women.

The last thing I hear is Eli shouting my name behind me as I launch towards my target.

Harriet's throat.