

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 45

Vera-

I launch myself at Harriet, my eyes in tunnel vision straight to her throat. I had never felt such rage, such anger, at someone in my entire life. Charlotte is supposed to be her friend, hell, even their husbands are supposed to be best friends.

Suddenly, I feel something, or someone, grab me by the torso midair, stopping me. It's Eli.

"Doc, you better calm down before you cause a scene."

Me?! I'm the one who will cause a scene, when they have destroyed Charlotte's garden?!

I wiggle myself out of his grasp easily, sprinting towards the group of women, faster than their eyes can follow. They have stopped laughing, and two of them are looking rather pale.

Good.

To my surprise, just as I extend my arms towards them, inches from reaching them, Eva and Mason grab me by my arms and Eli quickly comes and grabs me by my legs lifting me off the ground, leaving me completely immobile.

They carry me like this, like a freaking toddler out of the garden and sit me next to Charlotte. I feel like a child who's just thrown a tantrum; only my intentions were rather dark. I cross my arms and start throwing daggers at them with my eyes.

"You better stay here, doc." Eli is stern and giving me the stink eye, but it also makes me realize how rash I had been.

What would've actually happened if I got my hands on those women? On Harriet? I'm sure it would've been a blood bath. I can take any of them any day. But then what?

Charlotte breaks me out of my train of thought by hugging me,

"Oh, Vera. Are you ok?! Did they hurt you?!"

My heart warms at her words. In the middle of all of this, she's thinking about other people's well-being. I hug her back and whisper,

"I'm so sorry Charlotte, I don't know why they would do this."

She begins crying again, this time on my shoulder, and I let her, hugging her tightly.

After a couple of minutes of comforting her, I hear yelling inside the garden. Liam is giving Harriet an earful; I can hear the disappointment in his voice. They walk out, Harriet stomping away and Liam following closely behind, clearly not done yelling.

The other three women hurry behind Harriet, throwing nervous glances at me. I narrow my eyes at them and lightly growl. They quicken their pace behind Harriet and soon they're out of sight.

A few more minutes later, Ethan comes running through the courtyard that leads to the entrance to the garden, kneeling and taking Charlotte from me as he picks her up in his arms. She buries her face in his neck, sniffing.

“What happened?”

He turns to look at me and I nod towards the garden as I get up from the ground. He takes a few steps with Charlotte still in his arms and takes a peek inside. He doesn't need to see much to realize what has happened.

“Who?” He asks lowly through gritted teeth.

Eli, Mason and Eva have come out of the garden with a few flowers they managed to salvage from the wreckage; still no one answers Ethan and he's getting impatient.

“Who?!” His lycan eyes begin to swirl in his pupils.

“You better ask Harriet,” I tell him, not understanding why anyone would cover for her sorry ass,

He looks at me, his lycan eyes fully showing now, and turns on his heels, taking Charlotte in his arms into the castle.

Mason and Eva look at me, something different in the way they regard me.

“We, uh...have to go on patrol in a few minutes, we have to.... get ready... we'll see you guys around,” Mason says, excusing Eva and himself from the situation. They leave rather quickly, also throwing nervous glances my way.

“What was that about?” I ask Eli, nodding in the direction Mason and Eva took.

“Don't worry about it. They just didn't believe Lucas when he told them about you.” Eli chuckles, “well, they believe him now.”

I enter the garden again, Eli behind me, taking a long look at the destruction. They really didn't leave a single planter, a single base or flower untouched. What would possess someone to do this? Let alone a “friend”? Harriet didn't rub me the right way anyway but this is too much.

“Come on, I’ll take you back to your room. Or if you want, you can keep beating my recruits asses so that I don’t have to.”

“I didn’t get to thank you for that earlier, Eli, but thank you. I really needed it.”

“Any time. Noah and the rest may not realize it, doc, but you’re a fighter, and fighters need to fight.”

I smile at this. He’s right, I enjoy it a lot.

“I’m actually going to stay and clean up; I don’t have the heart to have Charlotte return to this,” I tell him, eyeing the mess.

“Suit yourself, you can find your way back.”

And with that, Eli is gone. It feels nice to be trusted with my own security, for once.

I make my way to the small shed to the side of the garden where I saw Charlotte safeguard her tools last time.

Inside, I find everything I’ll need. Large plastic bags, a broom and a dustpan. I begin sweeping all of the soil into the dustpan and placing it in the bags, evaluating whether I should discard it or not.

Once I’m done with the general clean up and the rubble has been put aside, I can really see what is left of Charlotte’s garden, which isn’t much.

I sigh. It makes me so sad to see this, Charlotte worked so hard to make a small piece of this place her home and someone just comes in and destroys it.

As I’m flipping the remaining planters over to see what else can be salvaged, I come across her Moon Peonies; one of the buds that was just about to bloom, sadly stomped on the ground.

I pick up the broken planter where the Moon Peonies had sat and when I touch the root, some type of current runs through my fingers.

What the...?

Instinctively, I let go of the plant and it falls to the ground. I examine my fingertips closely; I had never felt anything like this before. Am I imagining things? It almost felt like when I touch Noah, but not quite.

I try once again to touch the root, picking it up from the floor. As I do, the flower pod that was about to bloom when the planter got destroyed blooms in all of its greatness.

It is the most beautiful flower I have ever seen; it has blue petals with a white, faded interior which almost seems to be shimmering with glittery light.

There is no mistaking this sensation; it feels like I have an electric current shooting up my hand when I touch these flowers; this emboldens me to try something else.

I close my eyes and concentrate on the electricity at my fingertips, as it expands up my arm and into my chest. I control my breathing through the intense experience.