

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 46

Noah

As we make our way through one of the thickest parts of the woods, I think back on my conversation with Vera and how worried she was about my safety in this mission. Back in the pack house, I noticed how much Sofia, her Alpha, relied on Vera's intuition. It's kept me wondering if there is something to her worry.

I have trained with this group of guys since I first got into warrior training. They are all formidable fighters; intelligent, fast, and strong. But it is true that we aren't exactly friends.

I have heard of a time when lycans were not as cut throat and back stabbing as they are now. A time where you could really call everyone in the castle your brother and sister, and treat each other as such.

Now, the example set by King Alistair is that everyone is out to get each other. That's what happens when you have a weak, undeserving King in the throne; everyone takes their cues from the top.

To be honest, I have felt uneasy since leaving Vera. I know she will be fine, all the guys, even Eli, promised me they would look out for her, but she was so on edge that I can't take her voice, laced with worry, out of my head. 'Noah, I have a bad feeling about this,' is what she had told me. It had planted doubt in my mind; what if she was right?

These past few days on this mission I have been extra vigilant for any sign of a beast like the chimera we encountered before, or a witch for that matter. But everything seems to be in perfect order.

The guys and I have had half a mind to go back to the castle and report that everything is fine, but we know that if we don't do this job thoroughly, that King of ours will have our heads.

"Oi, Noah," one of the guys calls out, "take a look at this."

I walk towards where they have all stopped, surrounding something. I take a look down and dread seeps into my soul. It is a large paw imprint on the soil, and it is rather fresh. It looks exactly like the chimera beast we encountered back in the border.

I clear my throat before addressing them,

"This looks exactly like the beast Eli, Lucas and I encountered before. Stay alert, that thing was invisible back then and there is a chance it would be invisible this time around too."

I begin walking in the direction that the paw imprint appears to be going, but turn around to give them one last piece of advice,

"If you just as much as perceive the creature, I suggest you run. There are no possibilities of us making it out alive if we fight it, the best we can expect is that at least one of us makes it out to warn the King and everyone else."

They all nod, but there was something in their expressions, almost... boredom? Do they still not believe me?

As we make our way deeper into the woods, the hairs on my neck stand even further as Vera's voice once again resonates in my head. Every one of my senses is on high alert, making my lycan also be on high alert.

Strangely enough, my lycan has also been agitated since beginning this mission, I don't know if it's because he's away from his mate or because he is

sharing in her feeling of worry. In either case it's interesting because Vera and I aren't exactly connected yet, not until we have marked each other.

After hours and hours of walking and following what appears to be a trail of something big making its way through the woods, I suddenly feel the guys behind me shift into their lycan form. Have they sensed something?!

I look around searching for any indication that the beast is near, but before I can make sense of their shifting, two of them attack me in their lycan form.

What the fu ck?!

I quickly dodge them, allowing my lycan to surface. I don't understand what is happening, but I don't have time to rationalize this; I allow him to guide us through his instinct.

"You dumb piece of shit, you really should've listened to that wolf whore of yours," one of them says before shifting to his beast form.

I growl at him for the remark about Vera, anger seeping through my veins. My canines are bare and the hairs on my nape are standing. The last time this happened, the last time I was this angry, I lost control of my lycan.

Soon, I am surrounded by the five of them, in their lycan form.

Vera was right, after all, I had simply misinterpreted the source of her worry.

One of them attacks me first, taking advantage of the fact that I am surrounded and have nowhere to run, However, my intention has never been to run.

As he launches himself to me, I kick him with my hind leg, tumbling him to the ground, but I can't finish him off, as another one of them is coming at me from the right. I dodge him too, managing to burry my claws into his rib cage area.

Another one comes for me from behind, attempting to bite my neck; I crouch down, standing up just as he's above me, and crunch down on his torso, causing a large, gaping wound.

At least I have taken one of them down, leaving four to take care of.

I don't notice when one of the lycans disappears behind me and grabs my arm, painfully biting my shoulder. I hiss, reaching over my shoulder and burying my claws on his neck, drawing a whimper from him. I know I wounded him severely, but he has also done a number on my shoulder; I can no longer move my left arm.

Another one takes the opportunity to wound me further, burying his canines on my leg. I manage to get him off, kicking him with my other leg, but my two wounds have left me vulnerable to more attacks, and they know it.

As I look at the three remaining lycans, they are eyeing my wounds sadistically and licking their lips.

I know that beating them now will be difficult, if not impossible. I'm breathing heavily and losing a lot of blood.

The three of them launch themselves at me and I know there is only one thing left to do; something I thought I would never have to resort to.

I let my lycan take over completely, losing myself in the process.

The last thing I think about before everything goes black, is Vera and her beautiful green eyes.