

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 47

Vera

Satisfied with my work on Charlotte's garden, I make my way back to the entrance and close the door behind me as I leave. I'm all covered in dirt and I have a few cuts on my hands from the thorns, but I feel very content with what I have achieved.

When I'm halfway through the courtyard, I encounter Gabriel and Ezra, making their way to the training grounds. They both greet me politely, taking in my appearance discreetly. I'm sure I even have dirt on my face.

I greet them too, laughing at their expression of utter confusion.

"I was working on Charlotte's garden," I explain.

Realization crossing both of their faces

"Oh, yeah. Eva told us about what had happened. I still don't understand what could possess Harriet to do such a thing, Charlotte has been nothing but sweet to all of us," Ezra says.

"I'm on my way to the rooms, do you need me to accompany you to yours?" Gabriel volunteers.

I do a once over on his outfit. He's in training clothes, clearly not intending on going to the rooms any time soon.

“No, no, I’ll be fine on my own. But tell Ethan to bring Charlotte to the garden when he’s done with patrol.”

They both give me a questioning look but before they can ask anything, I take off towards the room. I could really use a shower.

After taking the time to wash off all of the dirt from my b*dy and thoroughly wash my hair, I get dressed and head out, closing the door behind me.

I pas s by Lucas’s room and before I can knock on the door, he’s swinging the door open. I’m temporarily startled but he gives me his widest smile and steps out.

“I was wondering when you were going to get hungry. Come on, I’ve been waiting for you.”

“Wait, you have?”

He’s a very dedicated baby sitter.

“Of course. Eli told me you stayed behind to clean up Charlotte’s garden. I would’ve helped but I was on duty.”

We begin walking towards the dining hall to get some dinner.

“It’s ok. Honestly, I had to throw most of it away anyway. There wasn’t much left to save.”

He nods,

“Eli also told me you almost kill Harriet and her posse,” he’s grinning at me as he takes in my reaction.

I roll my eyes and groan,

“They had it coming.”

He chuckles.

“Well, I would suggest you stay away from them for a while. Rumor has it Harriet has become tight with the King.

I stop mid step,

“Wait, what? The King? King Alistair?”

He turns his head upwards to look at me as he’s a few stairs down already, his expression serious

“Yes. So again, I suggest you stay away from her.”

He resumes walking but I’m still too stunned.

“How...why? In what world does that make sense? She has a mate! How does Liam feel about this? The King isn’t mated!”

Lucas climbs up a few stairs quickly, getting right on my face,

“Vera, please. Let it go, he’s whispering very low, “these walls have eyes and ears. Just keep your head down, for all of our sakes.”

I look him straight in his eyes. There is nothing but concern in his expression. I simply nod in response.

We continue walking, Lucas back to his big smile as he tells me that the new recruits are too embarrassed to admit that they lost to me, but also low key hoping I come back so that they can practice more.

I smile at this. They sure do need more training if they intend on taking me down.

We enter the dining hall, finding a few familiar faces and sitting with them. Ezra and Gabriel nod my way, and I do the same.

“Uh, we told Ethan what you told us earlier. He’s not sure if Charlotte will want to go but he’ll try,” Ezra tells me.

“I hope whatever you have planned helps brighten his mood. He was murderous during training today,” Gabriel chimes in, massaging the back of his neck.

I smile at them and say nothing, preferring to let them see for themselves when the time comes.

Eli, Levi, Mason and Eva have joined us and now the group is somewhat complete. Ethan will meet us later with Charlotte for the grand reveal; and then there’s Noah. His absence weighing heavily on my heart.

After a few more comments here and there, we are all done eating and head to the garden.

It’s about ten o’clock and from that the guys told me Ethan was off patrol duty at nine. Hopefully he’s had enough time to convince Charlotte to come to the garden.

When we arrive at the garden entrance, the doors are already open, making me quicken my step.

I swear on the Moon Goddess if this is Harriet again I will kill her.

To my surprise, standing in the center of the garden, right in front of the Moon Peonies is a teary Charlotte and a stunned Ethan.

I hang back and watch everyone else go inside to look at what has Charlotte and Ethan speechless; I hear an audible gasp.

When I touched the Moon Peonies earlier today, trying to figure out that weird electric thing in my fingers, I had concentrated... visualized them... in

full bloom. When I opened my eyes, the flower buds that had been stomped had not only opened up, but they had also multiplied. Now, there was an entire bush of Moon Peonies in full bloom.

I had also managed to steal a large concrete planter from courtyard to plant the flowers in. It's not much, but all of the ceramic planters had been destroyed and I had no other choice.

I step forward, joining the group in admiring the flowers.

I had been mistaken too; I thought the flowers were all going to be that beautiful blue I saw at first, but as they progress in their maturing, they change hues. It really is a spectacle.

"We just came over to try and clean this before you guys came, but..." Charlotte begins, but can't quite finish.

Ethan's eyes land on me, I smile at him,

"It's nothing, don't worry about it."

I'm just happy there was a small victory at the end of today, for all of us. I needed this, I needed to feel like I was doing something meaningful; even if it was as simple as cleaning up a garden.

"Vera! It's not nothing!" Charlotte practically jumps at me, tears in her eyes as she hugs me.

I hug her back, almost being able to feel her joy and relief.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" She says.

She lets go of me but keeps her arm on my shoulders, both of us admiring the flowers.

“You were right, they do smell amazing,” she whispers to me,

There is something almost hypnotic about these flowers; none of us can take our eyes off of them.

But then of course, nothing good lasts.

Through the door we hear a disdainful scoff.