

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 53

Vera

I don't know how long I walked until I reached the cabin, only it doesn't look abandoned at all. It's clearly been looked after these past several years. There's been work done on the wood and stone.

Before entering the cabin though, I have to make sure it's not occupied. I hide behind a tree, losing the quilt and feeling the chill on my skin. I shiver, inching closer to the cabin making sure I don't make a sound.

I peer through the windows; the inside looks as kept as the outside, I can even see some furniture.

The cabin is quite small, enough to fit two people maybe, There are no rooms, it is completely open inside and it has a second floor where I can see a single mattress. There is a fireplace in the farthest wall and a couch. That's it. Maybe, just maybe, there's a bathroom too.

Once I've made sure I'm the only one here, I go back to the tree and gather my things, heading inside the cabin. The main door requires a little force to open, apparently some of the comers are frozen.

The temperature inside is just as it is outside; I really have no other option than to light up the fireplace or I'll get hypothermia before I can figure out how to get out of this mess. I light up the fire quickly, warming myself up; I can't feel my hands or feet at this point.

After a while besides the fire, I finally feel warm enough to think about my next moves. First, I have to survey my surroundings in case I have to make a quick exit. The cabin does indeed have a second floor that only holds a mattress, but directly above it, is an escape hatch that leads to the roof.

Checking every cupboard, nook, and cranny in this tiny place I come to the conclusion that someone has to live here; things don't even look dusty. There are full sets of silverware, dishes, and toiletries. Why would Elden send me here? Maybe this is where he runs off to when he isn't in the library. Maybe this is his home.

It starts snowing outside, which will perfectly hide the smoke creeping up the chimney, and yet, despite how cozy this all seems, I know I won't be able to rest here, not while there are people probably looking for me. This is only a safe place until I figure out what to do, or until they find me.

Should I go back to the castle and seek the guys out? I need to make it back to wolf territory, but I first have to make sure everyone is ok. I can't imagine what the King might do to Eli if he were to find out he helped me, or Elden for that matter.

I recall a map Noah once showed me of Lycan territory, the map was old, but the routes still held true; there had been no updates in infrastructure or territory in several decades. There was an unguarded portion of the western territory, which would lead me directly to my home.

A deep pain settles in my chest and my heart is beating fast. The image of Noah that day, looking out for me, being so warm and tender, is too much to bear

I had hoped this overwhelming feeling of loss would stay at bay until I could get back home, but it was too much to hope for.

I lay on the floor in front of the fire with the blanket covering my entire body. I'm breathing heavily and the tears won't stop coming. I want to scream, I want to kill the lycans who killed him, and most importantly, I want to kill the

King. I concentrate on his old, scruffy face and my eyes begin to blur out of anger.

I feel so much regret in my heart that we were never truly connected. Now, all of the reasons to not be marked I might have had mean nothing to me. If I had been honest with him, if I had been honest with myself, none of this would be happening. I would've shown up in this castle as a marked wolf, and nobody would have questioned it. Maybe, the King wouldn't even have attempted to become my mate if I had been marked. Maybe, Noah would still be with me.

I didn't want to drag him into being with me forever, without understanding what I was getting into and without knowing what he was getting into. I still have no answers as to what a spirit wolf is or what dangers that comes with, but now it is pointless. I will never have another mate again, I will never get Noah back.

I cry for what feels like hours, until I'm too exhausted to think about anything anymore.

Vera, darling

It's auntie Eleanor. Only this time, I can actually see her; I can see all of them.

There are about 12 women surrounding me, and I can see them all, and they're all crying?

I took around, all of them look back at me with tears in their eyes.

Noah Isn't dead. He hasn't crossed the threshold where we are, which is where all souls pass through.

Why are you all crying? What happened? I ask her.

Darling, you are our anchor to your world, we feel what you feel with just as much intensity. That's why we are here, we knew something had happened.

This time the person to answer me isn't Auntie Eleonor, it's another woman, her voice oddly familiar.

She lightly laughs.

I understand your confusion, we didn't have time to explain last time. My name is Margaret, sweetheart, and I'm your grandmother.

My... my grandmother?

You are right, Vera. You are what we call a spirit wolf. Your father, my son, was Victor Blackwood, and your mother was a werewolf.

I stare at all of them. I understand what they're saying, but it doesn't make sense.

Victor Blackwood, I saw him in my visions before, didn't I? What was that all about?

Your father was a very powerful warlock, child, Auntie Eleanor speaks, when he saw your birth, he started preparing for your arrival. It took him one hundred years, but he finally made the world safe for you, her expression turns grim, but not safe enough.

My son had the gift of Sight, Vera, and so do you. That's why you have visions of the past and with practice, you might be able to have visions of the future as well, just like your father did.

But you have to be careful, there are still powerful witches and warlocks that managed to remain alive, and they will need powers like yours to remain in your realm; you cannot let this happen.

Why wasn't I aware of this before?! Why did they leave me alone?! I feel my chest rumble with my words and the other women take a step back.

It's ok, it's ok. You have to be careful in this realm, emotions and magical powers are intensified. Breathe, darling, breathe.

I do as I'm told and close my eyes, taking in deep breathes. I open them once I feel calm enough.

Margaret smiles at me.

There we go. Good girl. There is a lot of explaining to do, but we don't have much time. Your father asked your aunt and I to lock your powers, so that you'd live a normal life with the Allen clan. This really must feel familiar to you, does it not?

I nod, dumbfounded.

We didn't think you would actually have powers at first, but when you were very little you started visiting us every night. As witches grow up we lose the ability to travel into this realm, but you never did, we knew then the true power you held. That is why you recognize me, Vera, I was the one to lock your powers. Auntie Eleonor chimes in

That's why I know your name, isn't it? That's why I recognized your voice! I tell her.

Yes she smiles, you and I used to meet every night in your dreams.

But now that we have unlocked your powers, Vera, you have to be careful, there are people who will not stop until they have you...

I hear a noise, and all of us turn to look to our right which is where we perceive it. It's a noise in the real world, any world.

And they might already be here...