

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 54

Vera

I jolt awake.

The fire from the fireplace has died down and the room is cold; it must have been out for a long time now. The snow has stopped and I hear someone trying to open the door with some difficulty, no doubt wrestling with the snow. Taking advantage of the darkness of the night, I silently get up leaving the quilt behind.

I go up the stairs, towards the hatch I had seen on the ceiling earlier. Carefully, I start to push on it, making as little noise as I can. If this is one of the guards, or any other lycan for that matter, they'll hear the faintest of noises.

Just as the hatch opens and I'm ready to lift myself up to the roof, something stops me in my tracks. A scent.

It smells like the forest.

It smells like home.

Noah.

"Ver-" he begins calling to me, but I'm already leaping from the second floor to him, crashing into his cold body.

He immediately hugs me back tightly.

“Thank the Goddess you’re alright,” he whispers into my ear.

I’m hanging onto him like my life depended on it. Eleanor had been right; he was alive all along. The relief I feel, the happiness I feel, is indescribable.

“I thought they had killed you,” I whisper into his neck where I have buried my face.

He chuckles lightly, without humor.

“Oh, they tried.”

After a few minutes, I break the embrace to take a good look at him. His face has several cuts that are all but healed, his arms have many bruises and cuts that are also healing perfectly; meaning this happened a few days ago. I also notice he’s shivering.

“Come, I’ll light up the fire, we’ll freeze to death if we stay like this.”

I take his hand and sit him in front of the fireplace, where I had just been sleeping a few minutes ago, wrapping the quilt around him and starting the fire.

Once the fire is in full blaze, I turn to him and he opens up the quilt for me. We snuggle, watching the wood crack and burn under the heat of the flames. When I lean on his shoulder, though, he flinches.

Concern crosses my face and forces me to separate from him.

“Take your shirt off,” I tell him.

“It’s really nothing, Vera. It’ll heal on its own.”

“Take it off, Noah.”

I'm already going to my herbal emergency kit to see if there is anything I have to help heal him. When I turn back to him, I almost drop the little bag.

The wound is gigantic and deep; it stretches from his torso all the way to his back. This was a lycan bite; and as I am examining it, I'm shocked it didn't lacerate his arm off completely.

Trying not to show the shock in my expression, I go to him and fall on my knees beside him, realizing these stupid herbs won't do anything to fix this. The wound is too deep, and too old, for this to have any effect. Noah heals incredibly fast, but this wound still has red spots where the skin is still open.

"I'm guessing the fact that I can move my fingers is a good sign, isn't it?" He says as he clenches and releases his fist over and over, with a gentle smile on his face.

His brothers betrayed him. His brothers had tried to kill him in the most cowardly manner, his King, his leader, had this all arranged. He's potentially lost his home and the men he considered family, and yet here he is, smiling.

Tears start rimming my eyes; he doesn't deserve this. He doesn't deserve any of this.

I straddle him on impulse, crashing my lips to his. He responds without hesitation, caressing my back with one hand and fisting my hair with the other, holding me in place. His tongue caresses mine gently, but I want more. I deepen the kiss, feeling his member stir awake between my legs.

He breaks the kiss and we're both panting.

"Vera, are you s-"

I don't let him finish. I remove my shirt and crash my lips to his again, and this time, he responds in like.

He thrusts his tongue into my mouth with intention, playing with my tongue and gently biting my lips. We're both breathing heavily and I can feel him

growing even more between my legs. I instinctively start grinding against him, making us both more aroused. I feel my cheeks flush as one of his hands moves to remove my bra.

My top is completely bare to him now, and he breaks the kiss to take in the image of me like this.

“I don’t want this to be something you regret, V,” he says, his voice strained.

“I’ll never regret you, Noah,” I whisper, looking straight into his eyes.

Wasting no more time, he flips me on my back onto the carpet and comes over me, using his arms to hold himself up and we start kissing again. This time, however, he doesn’t stay on my lips too long as he continues down, kissing my neck, collar bone, and eventually my breasts.

He takes one of my breasts into his hand, gently teasing my nipple with his tongue, drawing it into a stiff peak. My back arches, silently begging him to continue. He gently grazes both of my nipples with his teeth and tongue, back and forth, slowly and torturously.

I can feel myself becoming more and more wet to the point where I know I’m ready; but it’s not enough for him.

He leaves my breasts and ventures further down, kissing and nibbling my skin as he goes. My entire body is on fire from need.

He reaches my most sensitive spot and starts teasing me with his hand; I know he can feel my wetness even through my pants. I need him inside me, now

“Noah...” I’m panting.

“I know baby, I know,” he coos.

He removes my pants and panties without much effort and he takes a look at me, completely naked and panting for him. But instead of taking off his pants, he lowers his mouth to my bundle of nerves and starts kissing it gently.

Shivers start coursing through my body, all of my nerve endings reacting to him.

Then, he closes his lips on my bundle of nerves and start sucking ever so gently. It isn't long before I'm on the verge of one of the best orgasms of my life. He puts a finger inside my slick entrance and that is my undoing. I moan out my orgasm, spasming uncontrollably through the experience,

A few moments later when I come down from my high, I notice he has removed his pants and his member is free and fully erect.

I gasp, taking it in.

I don't think I realized they could get so big.

He chuckles, amused at my reaction as I gape at him.

"When were you going to tell me, you have a bat for a penis?!" I ask, feigning indignation.

How he's pouring with laughter.

"And ruin the surprise?" He shrugs his shoulders and I shake my head incredulously.

He lets it fall between my legs, onto my swollen clit and all laughter is over, because that's enough to get me started again.

He lowers himself to kiss me on my lips, while also rubbing his member against my entrance. I'm panting once again at the sensation that it gives me. I'm already climbing, and he isn't even inside me yet.

Instead of waiting any longer, I continue kissing him but lower my hand to him, guiding his erection to my entrance; it's so slick that there isn't much coaxing needed. His head is sitting just inside me and the sensation is driving me crazy.

"Impatient little thing," he's breathing heavily too, his voice husky.

Without warning, he pushes himself inside me with one quick thrust. It hurts somewhat, but I quickly adjust to it as he starts moving, in and out, slowly.

"How is that?" He asks concerned.

"Amazing," I'm moaning, "don't stop."

He begins moving faster, clashing into me. The feeling of fullness and the sound of my own wetness as he moves is almost enough to drive me to the precipice.

I'm climbing further and further, but I know there is something missing.

"Noah..." I turn my head, exposing the part of my neck where he is to place his mark.

He starts kissing the spot gently and lightly nibbling on the sensitive skin. Sparks start under my skin; this is exactly what I need. He waits until I am on the verge of the precipice and when I reach that point and I'm moaning wildly, he sinks his canines into my neck, unleashing an earth-shattering orgasm.

Everything else happens in a blur as I spasm around him. I feel Noah finish inside me, hotness pouring into me, and I feel him gently lapping up the blood that is surely oozing from the mark.

As my heart beat calms down, I feel Noah pull the quilt over us as he pulls me into him, my back to his chest. Then, cocooned into him, we finally drift off to sleep feeling utterly complete.