

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 58

Vera

Noah and I stay seated at the table for a long time, each processing the information in our own way. Eventually though, we both get incredibly hungry.

“Sorry, I haven’t had time to hunt anything. We have to go out and find something to eat.”

“It’s ok. I’ll go get us something. You stay here,” He suggests.

“You do that a lot, you know?”

“Do what?”

“Try to keep me out of the fun stuff. I’m a great hunter, just so you know.”

He smirks,

“A competition then, whoever comes in with some lunch first gets a price.”

I raise my eyebrow at him.

“What kind of price?”

We’ll see when the time comes. I’ll tell you exactly what I want,” he winks at me.

I shake my head in disbelief at what I think he's implying, but still extend my hand to shake his in agreement.

"I have to warn you though," I say as I step onto the threshold of the door, wrapping my hair up in a messy ponytail, "not much is alive in this forest, so it might take you some time."

I hear something fall to the floor behind me; when I turn, Noah has changed into his Lycan form.

He comes closer to me, tail wagging.

"Speaking of unfair advantages," I say, narrowing my eyes at him.

He simply licks my entire face with one swift, wet tongue, and takes off.

I continue narrowing my eyes at him after he's gone. It's game on.

My go to move in these situations, and why I was always such a good scout, is that the forest told me everything I needed to know about my prey. This time, it would be a little more difficult than that. Not only was the forest very unwelcoming, but most of it was dead.

I crouch down to the ground, near one of the trees that has survived all this time and dig my hand into the soil.

Again, it takes me a few minutes to connect to the forest, but it tells me exactly what I need. Running in the direction of my prey, two small rabbits, it only takes me about twenty-five minutes to reach them, kill them, and bring them back to the cabin

Noah is nowhere in sight.

I smirk to myself. This might finally teach him not to underestimate me.

A little over an hour passes and Noah finally comes back, one rabbit in hand. His Lycan comes in through the door, tail wagging and looking triumphant; until he sees that not only had 1 brought a meal first, but also that they were already cooked.

“Change, so we can eat. I can prepare that rabbit too if you’d like,” I say a little too sweetly, smiling at him.

He hands me the rabbit to be skinned and peeled and quickly changes, putting on his clothes.

“Ok, I’m calling bullshit. You summoned those rabbits with some magic spell.”

“Noah, that’s now how it works.”

“What? You’re gonna tell me you didn’t use magic?”

“I mean, sure. But you turned into a Lycan and that’s technically magic too.”

“I want re-do.”

I laugh out loud.

“You’re such a sore loser! Just admit it, you underestimated me. You really thought you could beat me at this...”

“I was the best hunter in my class,” he says.

He’s fuming.

“So was I” 1 whip at him.

I take the cooked rabbits to the table and place them along with some plates and silverware. We are too hungry to keep arguing so we dig in. We eat in silence at first.

“Have you always had powers?” He asks.

“I guess so, in some degree. I’ve always been able to connect to the forest, but that’s about it. According to my aunt and grandmother, that’s because they blocked my powers.”

“Right. How does that work again? You talking to your aunt and grandma?”

“Well, from what I gather, they’re in a realm different from this one, and I can access it, apparently.”

“And they blocked your powers, why?”

“According to them, Victor Blackwood, my father asked them to do it so I could live a normal life.”

I stay silent for a minute.

“Actually, you know, when I was in that coma back in the pack house, I had a few dreams with him. In one of them, he was putting a spell on the underground gems in the Jade Waterfall. When he was done, he told John Allen that no witch would be able to trespass. He also told him that he would need a favor from his bloodline when the time came. I wonder if he did all of that for me.”

“It sounds like an act of love to me.” He smiles at me.

“I wasn’t even born at this point. John Allen is a very old ancestor to Sofia.”

“Well, didn’t your grandmother also say that he had been preparing for your arrival for one hundred years?”

“They also said he didn’t manage to make it safe enough. I wonder if that’s where the chimera witch comes into play.”

I remember something else, too. The vision I had when I first walked into the forest. I didn't stop to think about it too long at the time, but now that I can, I wonder who that woman was.

"Eli told me that King Alistair doesn't have a mate, but has that always been the case? When I first stepped into the forest, it showed me a vision. It was a much younger Alistair with a woman."

Noah finishes chewing a piece of meat as he thinks.

"I've never heard of anyone being close to him, much less a woman. Are you sure it was him?"

"I don't even know anymore, maybe it was someone else."

We finish eating and clean everything.

Then we sit by the fireplace and snuggle, admiring the flames. It didn't snow today, but it's still cold enough to need the fireplace.

"I'm sorry for dragging you into this, V, and for everything else."

"What's everything else?"

"The chimera, back in the pack house, then bringing you to this horrible place, and now this. I should've known better."

"Noah, how could you have known? You don't have to apologize for anything, anyway. Everything has been my choice; you haven't forced me to do anything."

"And yet here we are, expecting a war at any moment."

He sighs and I turn to look at him.

How are you feeling about being King? It's a lot of responsibility."

“You know, if that’s what it takes to get that asshole out of the throne, I’ll do it. Hopefully it won’t be a permanent position but rather just until we find someone else.”

“Oh, I think it’ll be pretty permanent, you heard Eli, you’re king material.”

I beam at him, remembering the way his friends and everyone else reacted to him, with such awe and admiration.

He stays silent, thinking about all of the implications of going to war and being King

“You’ll be a great King, Noah, and I’ll stand by you every step of the way,” I tell him, and I full-heartedly believe it too; he’s one of the most honorable and kind men I have ever met.

He looks at me as something I don’t recognize crosses his face.

Then, he kisses me.

It’s a passionate kiss. A kiss that demands to be responded to in like.

Soon, we are both half naked as he carries me up the stairs to the bed, ready to make me his again and again.