

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 66

Vera

“I just don’t understand where he could’ve gone,” Eva says, “It’s like he disappeared, I swear we were keeping an eye on him.”

“It doesn’t matter now, we have to find him,” Eli says, angry that the plan didn’t work out the way we planned it.

“Elden, is there any way he escaped through the tunnels?” Noah asks.

“Well, it’s a possibility he went into the tunnels, but I closed off all of the exits; he’ll die within these castle walls before he makes it out,” he says with complete confidence.

“Vera, do you think you could help us out?” Eli asks.

“Sorry,” I shrug, “my abilities only work in the forest so far. I can’t track him within the castle walls.”

He disappeared. He just vanished.

I was keeping an eye on him the entire time we were fighting Lycans off, especially when I saw Noah was up against dumb and dumber who are huge in human form, but as Lycans? Complete monsters.

And then he was just gone. I lost sight of him for a few seconds as I was getting punched, and when I looked up, he was simply gone. I couldn't ever trace his smell anymore. It really seemed like... magic.

Otherwise, the battle was a complete success. We had Lycans loyal to the crown, who despised Alistair for what he did, come in last minute and help just as Eli had planned. We also had many of the guards who weren't on the loop, come to our side when they realized what we were doing. Everything was working out better than expected, until the King disappeared.

We have been dealing with the aftermath of the battle for hours now, treating the wounded and placing the bodies of the dead in a pyre that will be part of tonight's ceremony. Lycans, in likeness to wolves, also cremate their dead.

As we have kept busy preparing everything, Noah and Eli are planning the next steps. It's clear the castle is ours now, and everyone here knows it. Now, the real problem is finding the King. He still possibly has access to the mercenaries he had hired initially, and if he manages to get them to the castle, we will be in huge trouble.

"Do we have the numbers to make front to an army? Our casualties were very low," Task Eli, making sure he's the only one who can hear me.

He stays silent, grinding his teeth.

"I don't think so," he says.

We are all done with the pyre, and most of our friends have retreated to their rooms to clean up and rest. I stay behind, treating the last Lycans that were injured. Some just have minor injuries, others require stitches and even casts which I have to improvise.

Once I'm done, I turn in the direction of the staircase that would lead me to our room. When I round up the corner, I'm surprised to find Noah waiting for

me at the base of the stairs; I thought he would be with Eli and the rest to keep discussing the plan.

He puts his arm on my shoulders and hugs me gently, being mindful that we both are pretty banged up right now; he kisses the top of my forehead.

“I knew you’d be perfect.”

I smile at this; little does he know how absolutely terrified I was that I would miss the guard and get his neck instead.

We climb the stairs and make our way to the room.

“I’ll get a bath going, I can’t stand smelling Eli’s blood on you.”

“You and me both.”

We both undress and head into the shower before the bath is ready. I take in a small rag so that I can scrub all the blood and crust off of him first. When we are all done, we soak in the warm water of the bathtub.

I sit on his lap, facing him, so I can tend to the wounds on his face. As I’m cleaning some wounds on his neck, he touches my forehead lightly, where I have a cut of my own.

“You know, I didn’t think you’d fare so well against Lycans in their beast form,” he says.

“You know,” I mimic him, “I was about to come help you out with those two monsters, you seemed to be struggling.”

He laughs, a real belly laugh that makes my heart flutter. Not to mention what the vibration does to me considering I’m straddling him... completely naked.

“You’re healing faster now,” he points out.

I also noticed that. The healing abilities extended beyond his mark; the wound on my forehead was gushing blood only a few hours ago and now it was almost completely healed.

“I have you to thank for that,” I say, smiling at him.

He looks at me with a confused frown.

“Charlotte told me a while ago that when Ethan marked her, some of his healing abilities were transferred to her, I touch my mark, “I guess that works for us too.”

He smiles at me, but there’s something else dancing in his eyes.

He grabs my neck and crushes his lips to mine, surprising me.

The kiss is passionate, demanding. He slips his tongue deep into my mouth and I can taste all of him as he holds me in place by my neck. The gentle pressure of his hand on his mark is driving me crazy and, in no time, I’m ready for him.

He slips his free hand down to my sensitive spot, slipping a finger effortless inside me, in and out, in and out. I moan into his mouth, but his tongue doesn’t let up, taking the opportunity to venture further, biting my lips as he goes.

My hands instinctively go to his already erect member, stroking him firmly under the water.

“Goddess,” he says, as he throws his head back.

I don’t know if he planned on taking his time with me, but I’m too impatient. I remove his hand from inside me and position myself so that his member is at my opening. I tease him, rubbing it at my entrance but not letting him in yet.

He looks at me, his Lycan eyes swirling in his irises, He’s breathing heavily and gripping the tub fiercely with his hands.

“Payback,” I say under my breath, referring to all the times he’s teased me just like this.

He chuckles, but his hands go to my hips, gripping them tightly and lowering me as he sinks into me; we both groan at the sensation. I grab the lips of the bathtub to steady myself, his head coming forward to catch one of my nipples between his lips.

I start moving, up and down, slowly, still teasing him. He groans with my breast in his mouth, nibbling at it.

After a few moments of this, he looks back up at me and it’s clear that playtime is over. He leans back, grabbing my hips once again, lifting and lowering me on him at his pleasure, essentially using me as a sex doll. I loll my head back as he increases the tempo, water splashing outside of the tub all around us. The sting from where he’s holding my hips adding a new, delicious sensation to the experience. We’re both sweating despite being in the tub.

Just as I’m about to climax, he comes forward and stands, lifting my legs so that they’re around him, and carries me to the bed; never mind that we are both soaking wet, in more ways than one.

He throws me on the bed and flips me on my stomach in one swift movement; then he grabs my hips and raises them towards him, angling me just the way he wants. As he’s standing, he grabs his member and positions it at my entrance, rubbing my clit and all my wetness, causing me to begin climbing again; with his other hand placed on my back, he lowers my chest onto the bed.

He enters me in one quick, deliberate move, grabbing my hips with both hands to keep me in place. This new angle is hitting all the right spots inside me and in only a couple of strokes, I’m already inching closer to my release. I arch my back more, lifting my hips further to meet his strokes. The sound of him thrusting into me is driving me crazy; without warning. I’m moaning loudly into the bed, spasming as I orgasm.

In three more powerful strokes, Noah moans, throwing his head back as he releases himself inside me; I feel the hot, thick liquid pouring into me.

We're both left panting and sweaty as we recover from our orgasms. Noah flops on the bed, grabbing my waist and hugging me to him. He's kissing my head, forehead, nose, lips, and cheeks, until we both fall into an incredibly well deserved nap.