

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 8

-Vera-

His two friends are back, the young one looking much better and throwing me a beaming smile, and the old one from earlier, looking as if he just stepped on poop.

“What is the meaning of this? Why are you here?!” He’s stomping to us in an almost comical manner, and yet I feel like a kid who’s been caught doing something she shouldn’t.

“I’m his doctor, why wouldn’t I be here?” Is all I can manage, and it isn’t a lie, despite my ulterior motives.

“Is this a new way of checking his temperature, doc.” I glance at what he’s staring at and sure enough, it’s my hand on his cheek.

When I attempt to remove it however, Noah places his hand on mine, keeping it where it is. He hasn’t taken his eyes off me throughout this entire exchange. He seems to be completely unfazed by his friend’s fury.

“So you’re the one who saved me, huh?” His goofy smile makes me return one of my own,

“I merely operated on you, from what I hear, your friends here carried you all the way to the clinic from Goddess knows where.”

“Don’t be so humble, doc! We might have carried him but when we got here, he was basically dead. You brought him back to us. Literally.” Said the young one and I grimace at the memory of having to shock him to bring him back. I’m happy to see at least the young one seems partial to me.

“I think it’s getting pretty late, isn’t there somewhere you have to be?” The old man asks me, but just as I’m about to retort something sarcastic to this, Sofia mind links

me, summoning me to her office. He notices my distant eyes and smirks. I merely scowl at him. Something about this man makes my blood boil. I turn to my patient,

“I’ll be back tomorrow morning, for now try to get some rest.” I smile at him again but he’s frowning.

“What? No! I’m coming with you!” He tries to unhook himself from everything but I stop him.

“You need to rest and I need to go to my Alpha, she’s called me into her office. I’ll be back tomorrow morning, I promise.”

With this, I get up from his bed and make my way to the door, ignoring the terrible feeling that is settling in my stomach from putting distance between us. As I’m about to close the door behind me, I hear the old man yell,

“What the fuck, Noah?!”

“What do you mean ‘what the fuck,’ she’s my mate,” He tells him very calmly, much to my satisfaction.

“WHAT!?” The old man yells, making Violet look over the nurse’s station with a frown. I have to keep myself from laughing out loud. I wave at Violet, and head to Sofia’s office; a warmth I hadn’t known before expands throughout my chest.

“Tell me everything!” Sofia squeals when she sees me come in. She’s sitting on the couch reading some reports and gestures for me to come sit beside her. The dark circles under her eyes don’t go unnoticed,

“Our suspicions were right; he is my mate.”

“I knew it! I freaking knew it! Did he wake up? Did you guys talk? Did something else happen?” She wiggles her eyebrows at me and I roll my eyes.

“Sof, he’s on a hospital bed under heavy sedatives, I doubt we’d be able to even if we had the chance. His friend isn’t all too happy about this.”

“Who? Eli? The old one? I noticed you two didn’t like each other this morning. He’s apparently very traditional *and* doesn’t believe in breeding wolves and Lycans.”

“Oh, because we’re mortal enemies?” I roll my eyes; how old can this man be?

“He believes wolves make Lycan blood impure.”

She’s giving me a very serious look so I reciprocate it, but we both crack and explode in a fit of laughter.

“Alex had to pinch me under the table to keep me from laughing in his face. I swear he looks and talks like he came straight out of a medieval movie set.”

Realization dawns on me that I hadn’t really thought this through. It’s uncharacteristic of me to not think things through, I’m extremely calculating, but that’s just how strong the mate bond is.

I’ve heard and seen this before, with Sofia and Alex. Alex is not an Alpha, and the Allen family nearly disowned Sofia for picking her mate over an arranged marriage. She could have lost everything, her name, her identity and her rank within the pack, but she didn’t care about any of that.

What does it actually mean to be mated to a lycan? What does it mean for my future in the clinic? In my pack?

“I can feel you panicking, Vera. Talk to me”

“I just...what does this even look like, Sof? Being mated to a lycan? I...”

“I wish I had answers for you, Vera. I even consulted with the Elders about this but their knowledge of lycans is extremely limited. They had only ever heard of such mating from legends, nothing proven real. But I suggest you stop panicking, knowing you, you’ve already planned your escape,” I can feel her considering her words carefully, “there is a lot we don’t know about you, V. I... don’t ask me why, but I have a feeling the Moon Goddess knows exactly what she’s doing. There’s a reason for this. Trust it.”

“I would probably have to leave the pack, Sof. Everything I’ve worked for. This is the only place I have ever called home.. you guys are my family.”

We are both close to tears as we talk, knowing well what this would mean for me, for us and for the pack.

“We have done everything we can for you, V. But we both know you have a journey that transcends this pack. You have to find yourself, and this might be your only chance.”

I gulp but nod at her.

As nervous as I am for the prospect of leaving my home and everyone I have come to consider my family; Sofia is right.

This is probably my only chance to find out who I am, and more importantly, *what* I am.