

# The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

## Chapter 9

-Noah-

The attack and everything we witnessed plays in my mind repeatedly; the ground crowded with my brothers' bodies, the funeral pyre Lucas, Eli and I built, the dread once I realized the beast was coming for us too. We fought with everything we had, but we couldn't even see our enemy; once it had me in its maw, I knew it was the end for me.

Strangely however, right now all I feel is peace; I feel weightless. Is this limbo? Am I dead? I must be because I have never felt so good in my life. Every worry I ever harbored, every insecurity and every ounce of pain, simply gone.

I feel like I'm floating but there is this strange warmth about the place where I'm at right now. I really hope I'm dead so I get to stay in this warmth forever.

Out of nowhere, though, I feel a tingling sensation on my forehead and it spreads throughout my b\*dy. It intensifies the warmth and I fight to open my eyes to see where this is coming from.

My eyelids feel heavy, like it's an impossible task to open them but I'm determined to find the source. As the fog of my mind clears even further, I realize it's not just tingling, its downright electricity coming from my forehead. It jolts me awake.

What I see and feel is even better than my limbo. It's an angel, my angel. Her beautiful face is looking at me with concern and I realize it's her hand on my forehead that caused my awakening. Her straight, black hair frames her face as she regards me, she has the most seductive full lips I have ever seen, and her eyes... her eyes are the most beautiful shade of green I have ever seen,

My beaten and dying lycan is also awake, and we're both staring at her. He doesn't need to tell me, I already know,

“Mate...” It is barely a whisper and she comes closer to me to make sense out of what I just said. Does she not feel it too?

“Mate...”

And then, the fog and darkness claims me again.

Once again I feel the fog lifting and I know she is close; I can feel her. I fight to open my eyes to find her; I need to see for myself that I didn't dream her. Before I can completely wake up, the first thing I perceive is her smell. So she's a wolf, and she smells like vanilla and honey, but... there's another smell to her I can't quite place.

My eyes finally open, and she's even more stunning than I remembered. I'm apparently at some sort of hospital and she's writing down notes while looking at the machines hooked to me.

The more I look at her, the faster my heart beats. She frowns and looks over to me as the machine starts beeping faster. Her eyes finally land on mine and I can feel myself smiling like an idiot. I don't know if it's because I'm high on my mate's smell or high on drugs.

I attempt to speak, I want to ask her name but my throat feels as if I've eaten sand. She brings a glass of water to my lips and I drink. My lycan stirs awake too, which surprises me because of how banged up we are. I guess he's also excited about meeting his mate but strangely, we can't fully sense her wolf; it's like she's hidden somewhere.

She's looking at me intently, her eyes unwavering and suddenly I forget what I was going to say in the first place. I take her hand to my chest and place my hand on top of hers. She lifts her hand to my cheek and all doubts dissipate; It's very clear to me that we both feel this.

“I knew I couldn't have dreamt someone as perfect as you.” I tell her, although this was more of an internal thought I unconsciously say out loud.

vaguely notice the lights turned on. She turns her head to the door, breaking our connection and I take the opportunity to keep admiring her. Her skin is fair and smooth and her eyes are of a color I have never seen before, so light they could look white under certain lighting. Her straight hair is cut to her shoulders and it looks thick, I can't wait to wrap my hand around it and –

“Is this a new way of checking his temperature, doc.” My train of thought is interrupted by none other than Eli's grumpy ass; I feel guilty I hadn't thought about asking about them. He called her 'doc' and I realize,

“So, you’re the one who saved me, huh?” I tell her. My hand instinctively goes up to hers, keeping her here.

“I merely operated on you, from what I hear, your friends here carried you all the way to the clinic from goddess knows where.” Now I turn to look at both Eli and Lucas and it grounds me to our reality. We were attacked and nearly killed, and we don’t even know by what.

“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.” Lucas tells her with a big smile; he’s like a little brother to me but if he smiles at her any longer, I’m breaking his other arm.

“I think it’s getting pretty late, isn’t there somewhere you have to be?” Eli clearly doesn’t like her and I’m not surprised, but if he continues to look at her like that, I’m also going to have to break his other arm. I’m about to growl at them to back off, but my angel speaks to me first,

“I’ll be back tomorrow morning, for now try to get some rest.” Rest?! How can I get any rest knowing she’s not in bed with me?!

“What? No! I’m coming with you!” I tell her, panic settles into me at the thought of her leaving, but also at the thought of whatever attacked us coming here and me not being able to protect her.

“You need to rest and I need to go to our Alpha, she’s called me into her office. I’ll be back tomorrow morning, I promise.” She steps out of the room and all I want to do is follow her.

“What the fuck, Noah?!” Eli is angry enough to dare yell at me.

“What do you mean ‘what the fuck’ she’s my mate.” I tell him very calmly, knowing damn well how much this is going to irritate him.

“WHAT!?” His scream could’ve awoken the entire place and his face was getting redder by the second, but any complaint he might have would fall on deaf ears.

She was already mine.