

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 67

Vera

I wake up after a few hours feeling rested and realize I fell asleep on Noah's chest. He's caressing my hair as I stretch out, feeling inevitably sore. I turn my face up to look at him and he kisses my forehead.

"You know, I would've killed last night for this, a bed with you in it," he says.

"I was wondering how you managed to sleep last night, that thing smelled disgusting."

"I'm guessing you didn't sleep so well yourself," he says.

I blush.

I in fact didn't sleep at all worrying about him and missing him in bed. He continues Stroking my hair as he speaks,

"You know, it was better than I thought, and Chirp entertained me for a while – Oh Goddess, I forgot about Chirp"

"Chirp?"

"This old prisoner next to my cell. He looks like he's been there a long time, he's gone mad."

"Poor man."

“I’ll tell the guards to set him free before the pyre ceremony, I can’t let him stay down there any longer.”

There’s a hesitant knock on the door,

“Uh, hey, boss?”

I arch my brow and look at Noah,

“Boss, huh? I like that, I might start calling you that in bed.”

He laughs and gets up,

“Please do.”

He wraps a towel around his waist and cracks the door open, just enough to see who it is. Noah begins talking to whomever is at the door but I can’t make out what they’re saying; instead, I make my way to the bathroom in my tiptoes to wash up. After a few minutes, Noah joins me, dropping the towel on the floor.

He slaps my butt as he makes his way in and I giggle,

“If you keep this up, I don’t think we’ll make it to the ceremony,” I tease.

He comes up behind me, caressing my breasts with both hands and kissing my neck.

“Is that a threat?” He says against my neck.

the contrary, it’s a challenge,” I tell him, letting my head fall back on his chest.

He continues nibbling at my neck and caressing my breasts, as one hand slowly makes its way down, right where I want it.

And then, to my annoyance, there's a loud, intrusive knock on the door. Noah stops and turns towards the direction of the door.

"It's Ezra, I have to go."

"Noo!" I protest, grunting as his hand makes its way back up, towards my chin; he lifts it up gently to k*ss me and he leaves the bathroom.

I was practically panting already and now he's leaving

Noah is getting dressed outside the bathroom but pops his head in,

"Come find me in the courtyard as soon as you're done, the ceremony will start in about an hour."

"Tell Ezra I'm gonna kill him," I say through gritted teeth.

Noah laughs and I hear the main door shut, meaning I'm alone now,

I take my time to wash my hair this time; It's been so long since I've tended to it. I also intended on cleaning up the wound on my forehead but it's completely healed; amazing.

Once I'm done, I get dressed in regular jeans and a black t-shirt. There is no protocol as to what to wear for these ceremonies, at least not one that I'm aware of

When I enter the courtyard, most of the Lycans are already there, including our friends, I find Noah in the middle of a crowd and instead of disturbing him, I find something else to do.

I walk around for a bit, noting how there's an overall feeling of relief and calmness, one that I had never experienced here before. It really is something considering Alistair has been gone for less than 24 hours and already people feel better here. I smile to myself; this is all thanks to Eli and Noah.

As the crowd around the pyre continues to grow, I stay in a corner, observing everyone walking around as if a weight had been lifted off of their shoulders. Then, it's time to start the ceremony.

Eli steps in front of the pyre, looking solemn as he speaks,

"Brothers and sisters, it is with a heavy heart that we stand here, mourning the death of our comrades to such a noble cause," the entire crowd is silent, "as some of you may know, this has been a long time coming. For many more than two decades we have been serving an undeserving King, a coward King, and a treacherous King, but now, all of our prayers have been answered! From now on we will serve with purpose! With pride! We will finally have a worthy King, a true King! All hail, King Noah!"

Eli gestures to Noah and he steps forward; the crowd goes wild, cheering for him and chanting his name. I have goosebumps all over my arms from the emotion in the room.

Noah steps forward, carrying a live flame on one of his hands.

"Brothers and sisters," everyone goes silent again, "I have always fought for you and alongside you, and I will continue to do so for as long as I shall live. Tonight, however, we don't celebrate this new era for Lycans, tonight, we honor those who fought bravely and helped us trace this new path, a path worthy for us and our children. Tonight, we mourn and tomorrow we celebrate when we have Alistair's head!"

The crowd again goes wild, roaring like maniacs and chanting Noah's name once again. He nears the flame to the pyre, starting it as the crowd chants in a battle cry manner, it's their way of mourning the warriors they lost.

Coming from such a different culture, it really is fascinating to observe Lycans from up close. They have a completely different perception of death. While wolves mourn the fact that we won't again see our loved ones in this lifetime, Lycans celebrate their deaths as the highest honor.

When the pyre is fully ignited, the crowd has broken down into groups. Some are drinking heavily, others are less boisterous, talking and laughing amongst themselves. I walk towards Noah now that there aren't as many people around him. I notice as I make my way to him that Elden is actually here, off to a corner on his own. I think of going to him first but Noah spots me and calls me over. He has a beer on his hand and I'm pretty sure he's tipsy.

"There she is." I go to his side and he hugs me.

"Our hero!" Ezra says and I narrow my eyes at him,

"You and I need to have a little talk about something," I point at him accusingly and he and Noah burst out laughing, tears in their eyes. They're definitely drunk.

We keep chatting and laughing about Noah's childhood, how he was always pranking Bi and the other teachers but nobody ever dared give him away because he'd kick their asses; everyone else would get blamed but Noah. Judging from Eli's reaction, this is the first time he's hearing about it and he's not happy, causing even me to laugh.

"Hey, boss!" One of the younger guards approaches as, "we did as you asked, here's the prison- I'm sorry, Chirp

An old man comes up behind the guard, looking extremely fragile and malnourished. He can't really walk right; he's being aided by the other guard. Instinctively, I go to him, my doctor brain kicking in and assessing his condition, hoping to come up with a treatment plan if possible.

"I told you I'd see you again, Chirp," Noah says, smiling at him.

When I get close to him, I take on holding his hand as support, and something happens. It's as if something clicks as he looks at me. His eyes maddingly don't look lost, he looks focused. He turns his attention to Noah, and walks towards him without letting go of my arm.

He approaches Nosh, maybe a little too close, and reaches for him with his free hand. He's inspecting his hair, his eyes, he even lifts Noah's lips to inspect his teeth. The entire thing is incredibly bizarre and now everyone still in the courtyard is staring at the scene.

"Ok, ok" Noah says, taking Chirp's hand and placing it to his side, "I missed you took"

") knew it," Chirp says, his expression completely serious.

Elden has come but of his corner and is now behind Noah, looking extremely shocked.

"It can't be, no this can't be." Elden says, sniffing the air and approaching us tentatively.

He comes up and touches Chirp's face lightly, unsure, examining his features.

"It's good to see you again, my friend"

"Beta Caleb," Elden says, "It's been too long, old friend."