



Chapter 5: Surprising News

Warren

As much pain as I'm in, I'm enjoying watching and talking to my mate. She's unlike any woman or she-wolf I've ever met. Besides the crazy notion that I would reject her, she's funny. I love how she's constantly murmuring to herself, talking to herself as if no one else can hear her. I can hear every word and without being marked, it's a good second option to knowing what's going on inside that interesting mind of hers.

Her face is nearly as expressive as her murmurs. She hasn't learned or doesn't care about hiding her facial expressions. Once again, I find it refreshing. She isn't trying to be coy or impress me because I'm an Alpha. On the contrary, it's almost as if she's trying to get away from me BECAUSE I'm an Alpha. It's not going to happen. I've searched for this little doctor too long to let her go now.

"To answer your question, Charlie, Dr. Yara here is piecing me back together, slowly and painstakingly, which is preferable to Dr. Stevens plan which was to remove my leg," I say and my Beta's eyes flash up to mine. He understands the ramifications of what I've said. And as my Beta, he's in line to take over the pack. Thankfully, I trust my Beta and I know that he has no desire to be an Alpha. It's not an easy job and he makes it easier by being an incredible Beta.

"Are you at least numb?" he asks, his lip curling as he looks at what Yara is doing.

"Utterly ridiculous Alpha," Yara murmurs, obviously listening in to our

conversation and giving her own opinions of me that she thinks we can't hear.

Charlie looks at me frowning. 'She knows we can hear her, right?' he asks in the mind link.

'Apparently not,' I say, smiling.

"No, no numbing," I tell him out loud.

'I might agree with her,' he says, scowling at me.

"Give me the run down on Brady. Did you kill him?" I ask, watching my mate.

"Arric, you ready?" she asks softly, all her concentration on her work.

"Yes, mate," Arric answers and Charlie turns to look at her again, leaning over to watch as Arric heals my bone.

"Oh shit! That's fucking awesome!" he says.

"I know right," my mate says, smiling a huge fucking smile at my Beta. Without thinking, I snarl jealously.

Both of them jolt and while it fucking hurts that she tugs on my newly healed bone, it doesn't break again.

"Sorry, Alpha," Charlie says, showing his neck.

She looks at Charlie submitting and then at me and her lips press tightly together. She doesn't approve. I lean forward so she's sure that I'm talking to her.

"You're MY mate."

"What I am is your DOCTOR. Temporarily. And if you don't want me walking out of here and letting Dr. Stevens take your leg, I'd suggest that you not pull that shit while my hands are in your shattered leg again," she snaps.

I sit back, having to fight hard not to smile. Damn, I like her spunk.

I turn my head to my Beta, not looking away from Yara. "So what happened with Brady?"

"When you couldn't cut him off, he made it back to his pack. Since we know it's booby-trapped, we didn't pass his borders."

"Booby-trapped how? Arric, again," Yara says, still not looking up at us. I tilt my head. Does she think that she's part of this conversation? I don't care if she is, I just know that most doctors would pretend to ignore the conversation going on around them. Not my mate, though. She's not pretending anything. And somehow, she's multi-tasking, listening to us and still working on my leg, letting Arric know when he needs to start healing a bone.

"Spring-loaded wooden stakes buried in the ground," Charlie answers her, careful now in the way he interacts with her so he doesn't piss me off.

"Stupid pack wars, killing for no good reason," she mumbles to herself.

Charlie's eyes snap back to mine and I smile.

"Anywho," he says, refocusing on me. "We did get one disturbing piece of information."

"What's that?" I ask.

"Alpha Solomon is dead. Simon is Alpha now." If I hadn't been so focused on her, I'd have missed it. Her very steady hand slipped. I lift my hand, telling Charlie to stop. I frown as her hand begins to shake.

"I'm sorry, Alpha. I need a break," she says, stepping away and not waiting for me to release her. She pulls off her gloves and rushes from the room.

"Follow her. Don't approach, but make sure she doesn't leave," I tell Charlie.

"Yes, Alpha."

When they're gone, I sit back, thinking, which is hard because my leg is throbbing and laying open on the table in front of me.

The door opens and Dr. Stevens walks in. "I knew she wouldn't make it Alpha. I mean..." he stops staring at my leg. "Just look at this mess! I'll get ready to remove the leg."

"The fuck you will. She's taking a break and for your information, she's getting my bones back together. So, get the fuck out of my surgery room, doctor," I snarl.

"Alpha, I must insist..."

"What you must do is listen to your fucking Alpha. GET OUT!" I shout.

The door opens and Yara rushes back in, seeing Dr. Stevens.

"What the hell is wrong with you? You don't leave a patient in the middle of surgery!"

"CHARLIE!" I bark.

"Dr. Stevens," he says much more calmly than I am, holding the door open and gesturing for Dr. Stevens to leave.

Dr. Stevens huffs, but walks out.

"My apologies, Alpha. Dr. Stevens is right. I shouldn't leave in the middle of surgery." She's not looking at me and I look at Charlie who shrugs.

"What did you call me?" I ask, my irritation with Dr. Stevens tainting my tone.

Her head snaps up to mine. "Alpha?"

I crook my finger at her and she walks over to me. "And what did I tell you to call me?" I ask her, forcing my tone to be gentler as I take her chin between my thumb and forefinger, forcing her to hold my gaze.

"Warren," she says, her dark green eyes nearly making me forget that I'm in a surgical room.

"Warren," I confirm, reluctantly releasing her. "Continue, Dr. Yara."

She nods and returns to my leg. I watch her take a deep breath before picking out several more bones until she finds the one she

wants.

"Arric?"

"Ready, my mate," he says, beginning to purr which helps her to steady her hand and her nerves. When she does, I gesture for Charlie to return.

"Any other serious injuries that Dr. Stevens is threatening to do something ridiculously over the top with?" I ask.

"Yours is the worst, Alpha. There are a couple with deep wounds that he's washing out with alcohol."

Yara sucks in air again and stands up straight looking at us.

"Not the right course of treatment?" I ask her, raising my eyebrow. I'm starting to trust her medical knowledge much more than my current doctor.

"Why wouldn't he just stitch them up?" she asks.

"He said it would take too long and there are too many injured," Charlie says, watching her closely. I like my Beta, a lot. But until my mate is wearing my mark, I don't like all the interest he's showing in her.

Yara, however, turns to me. "Don't you have omegas in your packhouse who sew your clothing?"

"Yes," I say, frowning at her.

"It's basically the same. Yes, skin feels a bit different, it's a bit

tougher than fabrics, but they could do it and not cause the pain that pouring alcohol into their wounds is causing," she says.

I look at Charlie. "Call the omegas, get them over here. Tell Dr. Stevens that he can go."

"But who is going to assess the warriors?" he asks me.

"Have the nurses give a diagnosis and recommended treatment, then bring it in here to ask Dr. Yara's opinion."

"My opinion?" she asks me, obviously surprised.

"Yes, Yara. Your opinion. I'm beginning to think that you are the perfect replacement for Dr. Stevens."



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