

Chapter 7: Car

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Charlie

I can see why our Alpha is intrigued with his mate. She's a feisty little thing. I am, however, surprised that he's not putting her in line for all of the things she's muttering under her breath. On the contrary, he seems to find it amusing.

Before Dr. Yara came out and told me that Alpha Warren needed guards on his room, he had mind linked me telling me that I needed to send some people to get her clothes and her car.

'Make sure you scan it for trackers,' he'd said.

When she walks out of Alpha's room, she looks like she was made to be the head doctor of a pack hospital. She may lack confidence in certain things, but medical knowledge and concern for her patients isn't one of them.

"Dr. Yara, Alpha Warren asked me to get your clothes and your car. If you'd tell me where they are, I'll be happy to go get them and bring them here."

"That's not necessary. As soon as I have Warren's leg put back together, I'll be leaving."

"I'm afraid I can't allow that, doctor."

"Excuse me?" she says, turning to look at me, putting her hands on her hips.

Okay, maybe I see the attraction to her spunk. Not that I would ever do anything with my future Luna. Warren would kill me, or worse, rip off my balls and leave me alive as a eunuch. But that doesn't mean that I don't appreciate her spirit. She's a lone wolf who isn't worried about standing up to my Alpha or me. He and I have always had similar taste in women.

Because I'm enjoying myself, I lean over her, getting in her face. "I said, no, you're not leaving. Alpha says you stay, so you stay, even if he is unconscious."

"And here I thought I was going to like you," she mutters, turning away and stomping off. I smile, following behind her as she goes into the first room with a warrior who has deep gashes on his leg.

"What is the meaning of this?" Dr. Stevens says, scowling from the side of the room.

"Your services are no longer needed, Dr. Stevens," I say. The man is on my last nerve. If he hadn't kept so many of us alive over the years, I'd have tossed him out already.

"I beg your pardon!" he huffs, glaring at my future Luna.

I give him a warning growl. I may not be willing to toss him out because of his attitude in general, but if he keeps glaring at Yara, he's out.

"You can leave, or I can have a warrior escort you, Doctor. The choice is yours."

I notice that Yara stands silently, waiting for him to make his decision. "Fine, when she kills off the pack, don't come crying to me!" he snarls before exiting the room.

When he's gone, she takes a deep breath and looks at the warrior.

"Right, so, let's have a look, shall we?" she asks him. He looks at me over her shoulder and I nod.

"Don't know why you're looking at him. He's not a doctor," she mumbles. The warrior frowns at her, then looks at me again. I shake my head, starting to see why Warren doesn't say anything. Her inner monologue that is spoken out loud provides some much needed comedic relief. The pack is in such a heightened state of chaos and war all the time that having someone who is snarky, yet funny, is a welcome change.

She looks over his leg, assessing the injuries. "Why are these gashes so deep?" she asks him.

"What do you mean?" he asks her.

"You're a warrior. Based on what I've heard, your pack fights all the time, so you must have more than adequate training. I'd think that you would have avoided this serious of an injury. So why are these scratch marks so deep? How did another wolf get this serious of a swipe on you? Were you fighting more than one wolf at a time? Were you comered?" she asks him.

It's a good question, one I hadn't considered. It is a serious injury for one of our warriors.

"No, doctor," he says, looking away.

"Carson?" I ask.

"I haven't slept in four days, Beta. I was dragging and didn't get out of the way in time," he says, obviously embarrassed that he wasn't fighting up to his usual standards.

She nods and looks at him. "Well, you're about to get twenty-four hours off to catch up on sleep."

"Can't do it, Doctor. We're fighting a war on multiple fronts. The pack needs me," he says.

"What the pack needs is to not lose a warrior because he's so exhausted that he can't protect himself. You'll be better for a day's worth of sleep and so will the pack."

"No," he insists, and she turns and looks at me.

I consider for a moment, not sure what Alpha would want, but so far, he's followed her guidance, so I will too.

"Doctor's orders are to be followed," I tell him, making him press his lips together tightly.

"Now," she says, gesturing for the omegas to come over. "Here's what you need to do."

I watch as she explains the procedure for sewing up deep gashes and then watch as the omegas carefully follow her instructions. She praises them highly and they bask under praise, even though they

don't yet know that she's their future Luna.

I follow her to the next warrior, to find out that he'd had three wolves on him a once and that's how he'd sustained so many deep gashes. She doesn't pull him off of warrior duty, just says he needs to stay overnight. 1

When she's done, I pull her aside. "Dr. Yara, I need to know where your car is if you want me to retrieve it. If not, it will stay wherever you left it until such time as you tell Alpha where it is."

"Arrogant Alpha," she mutters to herself, then tells me where her car is.

"I'll have it back later. You shouldn't have any more problems with the warriors, but if you do, let me know when I return and I'll handle it."

"Thank you, Beta Charlie."

"You're welcome, Luna," I say, making her hiss.

"I really thought I might be starting to like you," she mutters, turning to go back into Alpha's room.

"Keep watch on both of them. She doesn't leave the pack. I'll be back soon."

"Yes, Beta."

I take a couple of warriors with me, just in case we run into problems. When we arrive, I see her car, tucked near the forest on the side of a dirt road. We get out of the car, sniffing the air around us.

"Whose scent is that?" one of my warriors asks me.

"I'm not sure," I say, not able to connect the scent of the wolves with their Alpha.

We carefully approach the car, finding that it looks untouched.

"Scan it," I tell them. Since we're constantly in pack wars, nothing comes onto our pack lands that hasn't been scanned for tracking devices and bombs. I lean down feeling around in the wheel well, finding the key that Yara said I'd find. I toss it to my warriors.

"Scan the inside when you're done on the outside. Give the motor an extra check," I tell them, moving to the trees. I can smell where Yara said I'd find her clothes. Her scent still lingers, but I know before I pull myself up to the tree limb that her clothes are gone. I check anyway, and then return to the car.

"Anything?" I ask, looking around. When my warriors don't respond, I turn back. They're holding out five different tracking devices.

"Son of a bitch!" I say.

"Beta, who is she?"

"I have no idea, but I'm sure our Alpha will find out."