

Chapter 14: Infection

Warren

While I had hoped that my invitation to come get her towel, and therefore me, would have worked, I didn't expect it to. My mate isn't the type of woman to jump on an Alpha just because she can. Actually, she's pretty much the opposite, more likely to run from me because I'm an Alpha. And while I wouldn't say no if she did offer herself to me, I'm kind of thankful that she isn't. I'm exhausted and when I say we're going to sleep when we get back, I truly mean it.

I watch her eyes go wide when I say we'll be sleeping in here, but I meant what I said about her sharing my bed. Besides wanting my mate, I also know that having her close will help me to heal and I need to heal fast.

I grab the crutch with one hand and Yara's hand with the other, before leading her back down the stairs. When we get to the dining hall, the room goes silent again. I can feel Yara getting nervous, the palm of her hand against mine gets sweaty. She doesn't like being the center of so much attention.

I know we just ate, but I'm going to get some more food. Charlie didn't bring enough to fill me up, which is good. I need to spend a little time with the pack and see how they are feeling about me and things in general. One important thing that I have to always do is keep my finger on the pulse of the pack. If they start to turn against me, worried that I'm not strong enough to lead them, I have to nip it in the bud quickly. It doesn't happen often, mostly when I'm injured, like

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I am now.

I've just turned to go get food, when Yara's nose goes up in the air. I watch as the skittish woman of a moment ago transforms in front of my eyes to the exceedingly confident and sexy woman from the hospital.

"Yara?" I ask, as she begins to move through the pack members, still sniffing the air. If I didn't already recognize this as her doctor mode, I'd be worried that she was sniffing someone that smelled good to her. Since she's my mate, it shouldn't happen, but she's not wearing my mark so I'm uncomfortable having her around so many unmarked males.

I watch her as she approaches one of my warriors. I follow her, wondering what she's doing, what she's smelling. She leans over him, sniffing him, and he pulls away from her, looking at her like she's crazy.

"What are you doing?" he asks her gruffly.

Without answering, she reaches out to put her hand on his face, but he slaps her hand away and that's all it takes for me to be in his face.

"Haynes, you lay a fucking hand on my mate again, and it will be the last thing you do," I tell him. One of the other warriors gets up as if to support Haynes, and I swing the crutch around jamming it into his throat and pressing him against the wall.

"Don't fuck with me," I snarl, staring the two of them down. "Yara, what is this about?"

"Haynes, is it?" she asks as Charlie moves into a position to fight if my warriors turn on me.

"Yeah," he says, not taking his eyes off of me.

"Where's your infection, Haynes?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" he growls. As quick as a viper, I have him by the throat and on his feet.

"Did you not hear me earlier say when I said that this is my mate and the new lead doctor at our pack hospital? Do you have wax in your ears, Haynes?" I snarl, getting his face. However, I realize that his body temperature is too hot. Yara's right, he's got an infection and now that I've pulled him closer, I can smell it too.

"Warren," Yara says softly, putting her hand on my arm and calming me instantly.

"Answer her question, Haynes."

He looks pissed that he's been caught. What the fuck, do my warriors really think they need to fight until they die?

"It's nothing," he says, but he looks away. I let go of his neck but growl a warning to him to behave himself.

"Your arm, right?" she asks him. "May I?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"No, you fucking don't," I growl.

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He holds still and Yara pushes his shirt up to his shoulder.

"What the fuck?" I say, seeing the festering wound on his arm that he's tried to hide by covering it with gauze and cloths.

"How long has this been infected?" Yara asks, much calmer than I am.

"A while," he grumbles.

"Why haven't you had it cleaned? Been to the pack hospital."

"No offense, doctor," he sneers at her, "but I've been a bit busy fighting a war."

I'm about to snarl at him again, but Yara snaps before I can.

"Now you listen to me, warrior," she says in the same sneering tone he used with her. "That infection, if not treated, will kill you. You aren't any good to this pack or your Alpha, much less your friends and fellow warriors if you're dead." 1

She surprises me by turning to warriors in the dining hall and addressing them. "None of you are. If you really want to help your pack, stay alive. The only way to do that is by staying healthy. Waiting until you get this bad, means I'm pulling you off active duty until the infection is gone," she says turning back to Haynes, putting her hands on her hips and getting in his face. "And since your wolf is so weak that he's not healing you, I'm guessing that's going to be a minimum of three days."

"You can't." Haynes exclaims.

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"Want to rethink that comment," I say. This time I keep my cool. He's sick. I'm sure his fever and probably his fear of not healing is impacting his interactions with Yara. If she's staying calm, I will follow her lead.

"Fine, I'll go in the morning," he says.

"Wrong. You'll go right now," she tells him. "I'll be there shortly and we'll clean that out and stitch up those wounds."

He looks up at me like there's no way I'm going to allow this.

"You heard your Luna. Go."

He growls, but stomps off. I look at Charlie and nod for him to follow Haynes, then I turn to the other warrior.

"You ever threaten me again, Gael, I'll take it out of your hide. You got me?"

"Yes, Alpha."

I nod, pulling the crutch from his throat.

"If anyone else has a concern about a wound that isn't healing or doesn't smell right, come see me. I have nose for infection. Believe me, I'll sniff you out. It would be better all around if you came to me before I find you. Understood?" she demands.

"Yes, Luna," they all say.

She turns, giving me a look and walking out of the room. I turn and

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follow her, already knowing what she's going to say. I can feel my lips twitching as I walk up to her and she turns on me, getting in my face this time. Damn she's sexy.

'Did you see how she faced our entire pack, not backing down?' Arric asks proudly.

'Yeah I did.'

"I am not their Luna," she whisper yells at me.

I lean down getting in her face, loving her ferocity. "Then you should stop acting like you are."

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