

Chapter 4: No Sedation

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Yara

I'm not sure if Alpha Warren brought me here because he recognized me as his mate and he didn't have the strength to reject me in the woods, or if he knew that his pack doctor was well past his retirement years. Either way, I'm here and since I am, I'll help this Alpha. This is the reason I chose medicine. He doesn't have to lose his leg. It will take a lot of effort on my part, but I'm excited to finally get to work on a werewolf, an Alpha no less.

"I'm assuming you want to do this now, Alpha?" I ask him.

"Yes, the sooner the better."

"Okay." I give him the list of items that I'll need to get his bones put back together properly. "Oh, and we'll need to sedate you," I say, looking around the room to see how they have their hospital rooms set up. "Is this where..."

"No," Alpha Warren says. I turn to look at him.

"No?"

"No sedation."

"Okay then, a nerve block, I'll just need..."

"No," he says again.

"Alpha, please, I'm going to have to wash the area, scrub it clean, I'm going to cut your leg open, pin your skin and muscle back so that I can get to the bones and then slowly put them back where they belong. The pain will be excruciating. You need the nerve block."

"No," he says again, holding my gaze. I finally look away, mumbling about stupid, stubborn Alphas.

When I turn back, he's watching me with a raised eyebrow as if he heard me. I wasn't that loud, was I? Crap, I've been hanging around humans who can't hear anything for too long. How much can he hear of my mumbling.

The irritable Dr. Stevens comes in, throwing the things I asked for on the table. I jump when I hear a warning growl, looking up to see Alpha Warren glaring at him.

"Will there be anything else, doctor?" Dr. Stevens asks. He somehow makes my title, which is the same as his, sound like a dirty word.

"No, thank you, doctor. I'll take it from here."

I go to the sink and begin scrubbing my hands. I'm nervous for a lot of reasons. First, I'm in an unknown pack with an Alpha who is my mate. I have no idea what to expect from him, or really why I'm here. And almost worse than that, he wants me to operate on him while he's awake! What the hell kind of crazy Alpha is he?

"You're thinking so hard that there's steam coming out of your ears, Yara. What are so worried about?" he asks me.

I turn and look at him over my shoulder. How does he even know I'm worried? Why is he paying so much attention to me? Is this the mate bond? I've only had exposure to two Alphas in my life, Alpha Solomon and Alpha Simon. Alpha Solomon is a good Alpha, but he was never this in tune with what I was doing or thinking. And Simon...a shiver of revulsion rolls through me. He was in tune for a whole other reason. The man gave me the creeps.

When I finish scrubbing my hands, I turn back to Alpha Warren. I see he's waiting for a response to his question. "This is going to be very painful. Can I at least give you a local anesthetic?"

"No, I need to be alert so I can protect my pack," he says.

"You can't exactly protect your pack with only one leg, Alpha," I snap, my nerves making me bold.

"Warren. Call me Warren, and you said you could save my leg."

"I can, IF you are under sedation and I'm not worried about you flinching or yanking your leg away while I'm operating."

"I have a very high tolerance to pain."

That doesn't surprise me. He wasn't even whimpering when Annika and I found him. He also has multiple, very faint scars all over his body. The man has been fighting in the pack wars for a long time. He must have a very strong wolf that is able to heal him, over and over.

"How strong is your wolf right now?" I ask, getting his leg prepped to wash.

"I am very strong, little one," a deep voice says, and my eyes snap up as Annika begins purring in my head. Warren's wolf is forward, answering for himself.

Warren smiles, once again looking as if he knows the effect his wolf is having on mine. Can he hear Annika purring?

I shake my head, trying to clear it. I need to focus my attention and NOT on Warren's incredible teakwood scent.

"If I hold the bones in place, one at a time, how long will it take for you to set them?" I ask.

"Not long, little one," he says but it's practically a purr. "I am a very strong, powerful Alpha wolf." The way he says it isn't bragging, but more like preening. My brain flashes an image of a peacock strutting around flaunting his feathers for his chosen mate.

"Right," I say, feeling my body responding to the deep tenor of his voice. It feels like his voice is caressing the nerves in my body, making them all light up with a need I'm unused to feeling, especially when I'm about to do surgery.

I look up into the intense, jade green eyes of Alpha Warren. "Are you ready, Alpha?"

"Warren," he corrects. I nod.

"Are you ready, Warren?"

"Yes, Yara."

I grit my teeth, hating that I know this is going to hurt him, but if he won't let me at least numb his leg, I can't help it.

I begin washing the blood off his leg, laying a wet cloth over the bloody area, careful that I don't tug on the bones that are still jutting out. His body is covered with caked blood, guts, and bits of bone, just like I thought it would be. Under the teakwood scent, he smells like war and death. It's good practice for me, learning how to ignore the smell of battle while I work. I don't get this kind of training at the university.

"Talk to me," he says through gritted teeth.

"What do you want to talk about?" I ask, not looking up as I begin to scrub the blood from his leg.

"You know what you are to me?" he asks, although it's more of a statement than a question. My stomach feels like it's twisting into knots.

"Yes," I say without looking up. "After you have healed, you can reject me. If you do it before, it could impact your healing." I don't know why the thought of this man rejecting me feels so painful. I don't even know him. I have no intention of becoming his mate and returning to the packs, at least not until I'm done with school anyway. And this pack is much too close to Simon for my comfort.

"Who says I'm going to reject you?" he asks, sounding offended. Now I do look up at him.

"But I'm a lone wolf."

"What you are, is my future Luna."

"You don't even know me," I say going back to my work.

"I know that you're intelligent, you're compassionate, you're brave, and I know that you're lonely," he says.

The intelligent and compassionate parts I get. That could easily be discerned from me being a doctor and helping him, those two make sense. The brave part I'm not sure about, but the lonely part...

"Why do you say I'm lonely?" I ask him, wiping off the blood and turning to get the scalpel. I lift it up, showing him that I'm about to cut into his leg. He nods and continues.

"The closest university with a medical school is about an hour north of here. Between here and there, there are many areas where a lone wolf could run, if she wanted to. But instead," he stops, grunting as I carefully slice into his leg. "Instead, you chose to come to an area that is full of wolves."

He's partially right. Annika misses being in a pack, she misses the companionship of being with other wolves. Me, I'd be fine living alone the rest of my life, but my wolf likes the smell of the forest and it makes her feel more settled to smell the scent of other wolves.

Warren hisses and I glance up at him, watching him take deep breaths to control his pain.

"How do you do that?" I ask.

"Do what?"

"Manage this level of pain?"

"Mind over matter. Physical pain will break you mentally if you let it. That's why people get tortured for information. If you can break the body, you can usually break the mind. My mind is stronger than my body and my body is very strong."

I glance at the scars on his legs again. They're a testament to the accuracy of his words.

"You've been fighting for a long time?" I ask, cutting and pulling the muscles away from where his bones have snapped into pieces.

"Since I became an Alpha, nearly twelve years ago."

"Twelve years?" I exclaim, standing up and looking at him. He's older than I thought.

That eyebrow shoots up again. It's an arrogant look, but on Warren, it's oh so sexy.

"I took over the pack when I was eighteen, I'm now thirty, that's twelve years, little wolf."

"Annika's not that little," I say, returning my attention to his leg.

"She is compared to Arric."

"Well, Arric is an Alpha wolf. Only another Alpha would be larger than an Alpha wolf," I say, as I carefully pluck out the first bone. I look at it, checking to see where it goes and then I press it against the bone it snapped off of.

"Okay, Arric, let's see what you've got," I say, carefully holding the bone in place so Arric can begin to heal the fracture. I watch as the bone begins to connect and seal in front of my eyes.

"Cool!" I say, forgetting where I am and who I'm with. I've been working with humans for so long that I forgot how quickly wolves can heal, especially Alpha wolves.

"Is it that exciting?" Warren asks me drolly.

I shrug. I know not everyone finds medicine and surgery thrilling, but I do. "It is for me."

"Then it must be my lucky day," he says, just as there is a knock at the door.

I look at the door, then at Alpha Warren, wondering who could possibly be knocking.

"I told you I would protect you," he says smiling. His smile is so beautiful that it nearly takes my breath away. "Come in, Charlie," he says, not taking his eyes off of me.

"Alpha...what the fuck are you doing in here?" he asks angrily, striding quickly to the table and looking at Alpha Warren's leg, filleted and open on the table.

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