

## Chapter 10: Discussion

Warren

Damn that woman! She's incredible. I can't remember the last time I've had this much fun instigating someone. Probably never.

When Charlie follows Yara out of the room, I look down at myself. I realize that I'm still covered in dried blood and gore from the battles earlier today, or maybe it's yesterday now. I'm pretty sure it's morning now.

While they're gone, I carefully get out of bed and wrap the sheet around my waist. I couldn't care less about walking around the pack naked, but I have a mate now. I don't want her thinking that I'm flaunting myself in front of other she-wolves.

I realize quickly that while my leg is mending, I can't put my full weight on it yet.

'Those missing slivers that our mate mentioned have to be regrown, Warren. That takes time, but I'm working as fast as I can,' Arric says.

'It's okay, Buddy. You're healing me and because of that, we'll be able to remain Alpha of our pack.'

'And claim Yara as our Luna,' he says and I can feel his respect and admiration for her, just as I am. As usual, my wolf and I are on the same page. She's perfect for us.

'Yes, she is. And Charlie is right. She provides some much needed humor to this pack.'



I chuckle. 'Yeah she does.' Normally I'd have been offended by someone speaking their mind so frankly to me, but not her. I adore it and Charlie and Arric are right. It's funny to listen to her mumblings because there is very little, if anything, that is ever funny in our lives any more.

'How long do you think it will be before I'm healed?' I ask Arric.

'Another day, at least. I'll do the best I can,' he says, knowing that the longer it takes, the more likely it is that I will be challenged, especially if we're attacked while I'm recovering.

'Just do you best,' I say, as the door opens again. 1

"Oh for crying out loud! I let Beta Charlie chaperone me. Why are you out of bed?" Yara asks, obviously perturbed.

"I'm going back to the packhouse. I need a shower. I stink and I'm starting to itch with all this blood on me. And then, I want to eat. I'm famished. You're coming with me though."

"I don't think so," she says and I stop.

"Why is that?" I ask her.

"I'm leaving."

"We had this discussion. You're not leaving."

"No, YOU said I wasn't leaving. There was no discussion, and I never agreed to stay."

I look at her as if I'm trying to remember, tapping my finger on my chin.

"Charlie help me out here. Didn't Dr. Yara agree to take on my pack hospital and move here indefinitely?" Okay, the indefinitely is a stretch, but I need Yara here to help with my warriors and I'm pretty sure she can't walk away from that. Besides that, I'm not letting my Luna walk out of my life.

"She definitely agreed to take over the pack hospital since we all know Dr. Stevens is past his prime. I mean, if she backed out now, she'd basically be condemning our pack to failure and utter destitution while we wallow in Dr. Stevens poor medical care," he says, laying it thick.

I smile at Yara as she glares at Charlie. When he looks at her, she points her finger at him. "You better hope that you never end up in this hospital under my care or you will regret every word that has come out of your mouth this morning!"

"See, there you go again, claiming that this hospital is yours and you are the lead doctor. I'm glad we got that settled. Now, let's get going," I say, hobbling to the door.

"What are you doing?" she asks me.

I turn and give her an exasperated look. I have no intention of staying in the pack hospital. "I thought we'd already discussed this."

"First of all, you need to look up the definition of what a 'discussion' is, because it's not what you think it is. Second, you can't walk. Let

me get you some crutches."

"No," I say, not wanting to show weakness in front of the pack.

Unlike last night when I told Yara no, today she steps up to me, getting in my face.

"Now you listen to me, Alpha," she says, poking me in the chest. I growl softly, not liking her dominance. I mean I kind of like it...okay I like it, but not when I'm not capable of giving it back to her.

"You walk into that packhouse, hobbling around like you are right now, and you're an easy target. If someone decides to test your strength, your ability to stay on your feet..." she says, shoving my arm and knocking me off balance, "you're going down."

I growl, angry that I'm so vulnerable right now.

She sticks her finger in my face. "Don't you dare growl at me. I'm trying to protect your status in this pack. The least you can do is help me as I try to help you. Now, don't move," she says and strides from the room.

"Damn. I noticed it before, but she's a whole lot more confident as a doctor than she is as a woman," Charlie says. I couldn't agree more.

A moment later, she walks back in with a crutch. She helps me to get it set to a height that is comfortable for me.

"Now, let's try this again," she says, reaching out to shove me like she did before. This time, the crutch holds me in place.

She looks up at me, those dark green eyes flashing with her

frustration. "See the difference?"

"I do, thank you," I say, surprising her. She obviously doesn't know how to respond so she gestures vaguely with her hand. "And the crutch can be used as a weapon if needed too."

I stand up straight, swinging the crutch around by my side, over my head, and behind my back, expertly showing off to my mate.

"Oh, well...I guess you've got that down," she says, before turning toward the door.

"Where are you going?" I ask her.

She sighs and turns back to me. "You can't possibly bathe yourself. I was going to go see if one of the nurses..."

"No. You can help me."

"I'm not helping you," she says, but the blush on her cheeks lets me know this is more about her attraction to me than her unwillingness to help me.

"You just made a point of showing me that I'm vulnerable. Now, you're going to put me in a shower with a pack member who may or may not exploit that opportunity to have either themselves, their family member, or their mate try to get the upper hand on me and take over my pack? Where's the logic in that doctor?"

She looks from me to Charlie. "He can help you."

"Sorry, Luna. I've got work to do," Charlie says

"I'm not your Luna," she grumbles.

"You're my mate. I'm the Alpha. That makes you his Luna," I tell her. "So, little mate, how about that sponge bath?" I ask, waggling my eyebrows at her.

"So arrogant," she says, beginning to walk toward the exit of the hospital.

"I thought we'd discussed that it's not arrogance, it's confidence," I say following behind her. I feel like a stray puppy, following the nice lady who brought food, but I don't care. Maybe I'll get rewarded if I'm a good boy. 2

She turns and looks at me. "And I thought you were going to look up the definition of 'discussion'," she says, turning on her heel and walking out of the hospital.

"How long before she realizes she has no idea where she's going?" Charlie asks me quietly.

"I don't know. With her, I think she'll find the packhouse by sheer force of will," I say quietly, watching Yara lift her nose in the air, trying to figure out where she's going. The she turns to me.

"Are you coming?"

"Oh I certainly do hope I will be soon," I murmur as I begin to follow her. 4