

Chapter 3: Doctor

Author: Cooper © 2024-10-29 19:42:56

Warren

Charlie orders two wolves to flank my mate, keeping her safe, but also making sure she follows my order.

‘Alpha?’ Charlie asks in the mind link.

‘She’s my mate.’

‘Oh shit.’

‘Yeah.’

‘Does she know? She doesn’t act like she recognizes you as her mate.’

‘I’m not sure. She’s a lone wolf, but she’s going to school for human and veterinary medicine.’

He turns and looks at her. “Wow. A smart one.”

‘Apparently.’

‘What did she say about your leg?’

‘That I need surgery.’

‘Well, no offense but I could have told you that.’

‘Let’s see what she says when we get to the pack. And find her a shirt. I don’t like her walking around our warriors with no clothes on.’

He takes off, rushing toward our pack lands. When he returns, his wolf carries a shirt to her in his mouth. I watch while she looks up at me.

“We’re about to enter my pack. You’re an unmarked, unknown, young female. I thought you might like a shirt to put on to cover yourself,” I say.

If she says no, I’ll insist, but I’m hoping she’ll choose to put it on without me having to demand it. Thankfully she does, looking almost relieved. Good. She’s not the kind of woman who flaunts her beautiful body for all to see.

When we get back, I’m taken straight to the pack hospital, asking Charlie about other injuries the warriors sustained and what happened to Brady’s pack. He gives me the list of injuries as we walk in, shifting and continuing to talk to me out loud as Dr. Stevens rushes up.

“Alpha, let’s get you into a room so we can look at your leg. You’ll need x-rays,” he says.

“Yes, I will,” I say. “The girl comes too.”

“The girl has a name,” she mumbles. I stop and turn to look at her, her eyes going wide. She obviously hasn’t been around a lot of Alphas or it’s been a long time. She keeps mumbling to herself as if I can’t hear her. It’s kind of cute.

“If you’ll give me your name, I’ll be happy to use it,” I say to her.

“Yara.”

“Yara. I’m Alpha Warren. Come with me,” I say, turning back and letting the warriors help me into the x-ray room.

“Who are you? Get out!” Dr. Stevens barks at her as we walk into the room.

“She’s with me,” I say, ignoring his blustery attitude that a young woman is in the room with us.

She looks at him and I’m pleased when she instinctively moves closer to me.

I get settled onto the table and Dr. Stevens sets up the x-ray machine. While he does, I watch Yara. She has a very expressive face. Now that I can see her in the light, I can tell that she’s a pretty little thing. I’m sure I’d think so even if she weren’t my mate, but based on the glances my warriors keep giving her, she’s a natural beauty. Yep, good thing she’s got that shirt on, or I’d have to rip their eyes from their sockets.

Because I’m watching her, I see her frown, her head tilting to the side as she watches Dr. Stevens. I crook my finger at her beckoning her forward as Dr. Stevens leaves the room.

“What was that look?” I ask, realizing that my mate’s eyes are a grey-green color, almost sage. My eyes are green too, but not as dark as hers.

“What look?”

I just raise an eyebrow at her. Perhaps the pain in my leg is making me less amenable to small talk. I’m trying to ignore it, but it’s not easy and Arric can’t heal me until the bones are set properly. So, I’m not as patient as I might normally be in this situation.

She turns and looks behind her to see if the doctor is there, then leans in, her scent filling my nose.

“Why isn’t he taking side views? He only took a view from the top,” she whispers as Dr. Stevens walks back in. He glares at her but puts the x-ray up on the lightbox.

“Well, Alpha, your leg isn’t salvageable. I’m afraid we’re going to have to remove it,” he says dispassionately, as if he didn’t just tell me that my entire world was about to collapse around me. I feel my stomach clench and my heart skips a beat. At the same time, I hear Yara suck in air.

“Dr. Yara, what do you think?” I ask her. If she has any suggestions for me to save this leg, I’m doing it. I don’t care how much pain it’ll cause me, or how long it will take me to recover. I’ve been an Alpha for twelve years. Before that, I was an Alpha in training. Without my rank, without a pack to lead and protect, I have no idea who I am.

She looks at me, then at Dr. Stevens who is glaring at her again.

“Doctor?” he asks condescendingly. He’s of the old school mindset where women are nurses, meant to be at the beck and call of a male doctor. It’s another reason he has to go. My nurses are constantly complaining and threatening to leave.

“Studying to be, but I would suggest getting x-rays of the sides of the leg before determining if the leg has to be removed,” she says, more confidently than I was expecting. She may not be comfortable around me, or even in the pack, but here, in this hospital room, her confidence is clear.

“You heard her, Dr. Stevens. Side x-rays,” I say, seeing her glance at me appreciatively for supporting her. In truth, I’m thankful she’s giving me an option, any option to save my leg.

“Young lady, what are your credentials?” he demands.

“HER credentials are not in what’s in question, doctor. I gave you the order. Side x-rays! NOW!” I bark.

Yara jumps as I yell, but really, this asshole is going to tell me my leg needs to be removed and think that I’m not going to fight it?

He continues to glare at Yara while he does the x-rays, and when he comes back, he puts them on the lightbox and turns to her with a sneer on his face. I’m about ready to come off this table and rip that look off his smug face.

“What do you think now, doctor?” he asks, as if questioning the truth in her title.

Yara walks to the lightbox, looking closely at first one, then the other x-ray. “Do you have the original?” she asks, turning to Dr. Stevens. He huffs, but hands it to her and she sets it up on the lightbox beside the others.

She stands back, her head tilting from one side to the other.

“Yara?” I ask, unable to stop the flutter of hope in my chest.

“We can salvage the leg,” she says, turning to me and making me sigh in relief.

“You’ve got to be joking!” Dr. Stevens says. “His leg is shattered!”

“Yes, it is. And it will take a lot of time and patience. But Alpha Warren has time, and I have patience,” she says, looking at me.

“Do it,” I tell her, putting my future into this woman’s hands and hoping I won’t regret it.

Comments (2)