

Chapter 13-2

“No” I tell him sadly. “I didn’t get that part of the wolf.” and he nods at me while grabbing a gauze out of the kit.

“Do you all have a healer that can help you?” and I know he means help humans, because I heal like one, but at least he had enough sense to not say it.

“Yeah. Sofia has been stitching me up for years” I say with a smile. Dad took me to her the first time I cut my knee badly and needed stitches. She didn’t have anything to numb it because wolves don’t typically need it. She was a nervous wreck while she stitched me up and Mom had to send Dad out of the room. The second time I fell and cut my elbow, we discovered that she had been studying healing humans and had many more things on hand for me. She was able to numb me that time and the handful of other times since.

“How many times have you been hurt this badly?” He asks, concern evident in his voice.

“It’s really not THAT bad. But when normal wolves get hurt your wolf starts to heal you immediately. That doesn’t happen for me, so I have to have someone take care of it.” I tell him, embarrassed that I have to explain yet another way that I’m not good enough.

Seth steps towards me and before I have the chance to figure out what he’s doing, he grabs me and lifts me to carry me. “Which way?” he asks.

“Seth!” I say sternly, hoping no one sees us. “I’m perfectly capable of walking!”

“No” he says so sternly I know not to mess with him. “You’ve lost a lot of blood. Which way?”

Resigning to my embarrassing fate, I tell him “Out the door, down the street to the west.” and he begins carrying me there, for everyone to see.

He’s walking quickly with me in his arms, like I’ve had an entire limb severed off and am bleeding out. Honestly, this feels very dramatic. People are outside and looking at us curiously as we pass. I doubt anyone will assume we’re mates- he’s the future king and I have a broken wolf, after all, but I am still slightly worried about that.

We reach the medic building in what I’m sure is record time and someone who was walking out holds the door open for us, clearly looking me over for the reason I’m being carried and not finding any significant damage. The receptionist’s head pops up at the sound of someone entering and she immediately bows her head and bares her neck at the sight of Seth. “Your Highness, Molly.” She says.

“Hey Claire” I tell her. “I cut my finger today. Is Sofie available? I’m pretty sure it needs stitches.”

“Absolutely, Molly. She’s with someone now, but come into a room and I’ll let her know.”

“Is the patient she’s currently with in danger of dying within the hour?” Seth growls out lowly.

“Umm, uhh, no sir, Prince Seth. It’s a check up” She stutters out with fear. “I’ll get her now.”

“Seth, she can’t just stop what she’s doing.” I tell him. “I’m also not in danger of dying within the hour. Claire,” I turn to her “don’t interrupt, I’m OK to wait. Which room should I go to.” I say, as if I have a chance of getting down and walking there myself.

“This way.” She says and leads us to the room. She closes the door as she leaves and I hear her knock on the door next to us. I guess she’s going with Seth’s plan then.

“Honestly, Seth. It’s not as bad as you think it is. You’re just used to your wolf healing you quickly.” I try to calm him as he places me on the exam table and I can feel the anxiety he has rolling off of him in waves.

“We’ll see what the doc says” he tells me, absentmindedly rubbing my arm for comfort, and I’m not sure if it’s to calm him or me, but it’s nice. Sofie comes in and immediately bows her head and bares her neck to Seth.

“She’s hurt.” Seth says plainly to her, and I’m not sure why he even bothered saying anything at all, because I’m sure she’s worked out that part.

“I cut my finger. It’s not great, but it’s not amputated.” I tell her, rolling my eyes at Seth.

“Let’s have a look” she says, walking up to me, placing my hand on the tray she’s pulled over as Seth steps closer to me so he can see as well. He’s almost hovering over her when she looks up at him and tells him “Prince Seth, I need you to step back a bit. I need as much light as I can get.” and I’m sure it’s a practiced lie from years of my dad acting similar to this, though not quite as bad.

Seth takes a step back and is right next to me as Sofie starts to take off the bloodied bandage he’d applied. “Molly.” She says sternly “This is to the bone.”

“Yeah, I mean, I told you it wasn’t great.” I tell her shyly, wishing Seth wasn’t in here with me. “Could we have a moment alone?” I say, looking up to him.

“Absolutely not.” He says, and we both know he’s not to be messed with right now.

“Your mate?” Sofie asks me questioningly with a smile.

“Yeah. We met yesterday.” I tell her, realizing this is the first time I’ve said it aloud to someone other than family.