

Chapter 12: Pack Hospital

Kennedy

When I get downstairs, I don't miss the looks from the pack members. Even in jeans, I stand out with my bright yellow top. Oh well, this is who I am.

"Hello," I say, as I pass the pack members.

"Hello, Luna," they murmur.

I don't see Quirin, but I'm sure he's got a lot going on. Yesterday was a very busy day for him, between the attack on his pack and finding his mate. He said he'd find me and since he hasn't, I know he's busy.

When I walk into the kitchen, I see one of the pack members talking to an omega. I can smell her fear as he towers over her.

"Hello," I say, making my presence known. "Is there a problem?" I ask, walking to stand next to the omega. The man is obviously a warrior, strong and tall. He has multiple scars on his face and neck, and what I can see of his arms, reminding me that my new pack is made up entirely of rogues who have had to scrape and fight to get what they want.

The man looks me over, sneering at my attire.

"No problem, Luna," he says, stepping back. "I'll see you later, Christy," he says, before turning on his heel and walking out.

I wait until he's gone before turning to the woman. "Are you okay?"

"Yes. Thank you, Luna. I appreciate you standing up for me."

"Of course. I won't tolerate any aggression in this pack, especially against omegas."

"Thanks, Luna. Is there something I get you?" she asks me.

"I missed breakfast. I was hoping to get something to eat. Is there anything readily available?" I ask her.

"I can make you something," she says, looking past me and thinking about what she might be able to make me. She unconsciously lifts her hand to push her hair out of her face and I can see that she's shaking.

I reach out and take her hands in mine. "If you're ever afraid, find me. I won't let anyone hurt you. I can talk to Quirin..."

"No! No, please don't Luna. It's fine. Arlo can just be overbearing from time to time. All of us rogues had a hard time of it, but some are more rough around the edges than others. I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it."

"Whether he did or didn't, I don't want my pack members to fear each other. If he continues to bother you, please let me know."

"Okay, Luna," she says, finally making eye contact before looking away.

"Okay. Now, what's easy since we're in between meals?"

I stay long enough to eat the quick sandwich she made for me and to make sure that Arlo doesn't return. Once I feel comfortable that he's not coming back and I start getting in the way of lunch preparations, I step out of the kitchen before turning back.

"Hey, Christy? Where's the pack hospital?" I ask her.

She gives me directions and I head over to the hospital, wanting to see how they run things in this pack.

When I step in, the place looks dark and deserted.

"Hello?" I call out and a woman comes out of a back room.

"Oh, Luna. Are you alright. Do you need medical treatment?" she asks me.

"No. I just wanted to see how this hospital runs compared to how my mother runs hers," I say.

"Well, I've heard of your mother and how she runs her hospital. I can tell you that we don't have anything like that here. We don't even have a real doctor. We're all rogues. We learned to provide field dressings a long time ago."

"What about injuries from sparring, dislocations, things like that?" I ask, appalled.

"Well, we just sort of yank the arm back into place and let our wolves do the rest. Same with broken bones. We set them as best we can and let our wolves heal us. We're a pretty strong pack and our wolves are used to healing us."

I'm just about to ask if I can look around to see what supplies they have when I feel Quirin open the mind link.

'KENNEDY!'

I physically jump at the urgency in his tone.

'What Quirin?'

'Where are you? You're not in our room,' he barks.

'I'm in the pack hospital. Why, what's wrong?'

'The hospital? Oh my goddess, are you still bleeding? Are you injured? I shouldn't have left you alone this morning.'

'Quirin...' I begin just as he rushes into the hospital.

He rushes up to me, taking me by the arms and looking me over as if I have some terrible injury that he didn't know about.

"Quirin!"

When he doesn't look at me, I take his face in my hands.

"I'm fine. I just wanted to see the hospital."

"You're...." he huffs out a breath and pulls me to him, wrapping his arms tightly around me.

"I'm fine," I say, feeling the relief inside of him as he holds me to him.

"I was worried when I couldn't find you," he says. "I went to our bedroom and everything was gone. I thought..."

"I put everything away, Quirin. I thought you'd like to return to a clean room and not have all my things lying around. Did you even look in the closet?"

He shakes his head, taking a deep breath. "No, but I guess I should have."

He steps back looking me over.

"I'm not injured, Quirin," I say to him.

"You were still bleeding this morning when I left you. I can still smell the hint of blood on you now, Little Pup."

Ugh! I hate that name.

"What are you doing here if you aren't injured?" he asks.

"I wanted to see how you run your hospital compared to Mom's."

"Well, there is no comparison. You're looking at it."

"Do you mind if I do some work over here? You know I've helped my Mom..."

He shrugs. "Do what you want. If you need anything, let me know."

"Thanks, Quirin."

He looks at me with a hint of a smile before it fades away. "Have you eaten?"

"I did, just before I came over here."

"Okay, I need to get back to work. Deborah can help you with anything that you need," he says, looking over at the woman I was talking to before he came in. I notice that she's stepped away, giving us some privacy.



"I'll come get you for dinner and then, if you'd like, I'll take you on a tour of the pack lands."

"I'd love that," I say, smiling up at him.


He looks at me a moment before leaning down and pressing his lips to mine. "I'll see you later."

“Yes, you will,” I say, watching him walk away. When he’s gone, I turn back to Deborah.

“Alright Deborah, why don’t you give me a tour of the pack hospital.”

 **Cooper**  Author

“Well, Kennedy has her work cut out for her in more ways than one.”

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