

The Last Spirit Wolf

by Elena Norwood

Chapter 11

-Vera-

My rounds at the clinic started at 7:00 a.m. but the idea of staring at the ceiling of my room any longer was giving me anxiety. I tossed the sheets and got in the shower.

I took my time in the hot bath to clear my thoughts about everything going on. My heart felt like it wanted to thump out of my chest at the idea of looking into those hazel eyes again, but I could not ignore how heavy it also felt.

I entered the clinic a full hour before I had to be there and started prepping for the day. I head to the cafeteria and find Sam who offers me a warm cup of tea.

I gracefully accept and make small talk until it is a decent time to go find my patient.

As I make my way to his room, it's odd, but for some reason, I can't *feel* him. This fact unsettles me enough to walk a little faster; I didnt think he had any procedure scheduled for today, and he sure as hell shouldn't be walking around in his condition

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As I push the room door open, the only one there is Eli, and he is already looking my way before my eyes land on him.

"He's not here."

I look at Noah's neatly done bed; clearly he's been gone for a while. "I can see that."

Moving closer to the old man, I gauge his reaction with every step. This time, I don't perceive any hostility from him at all. How odd.

I take a few supplies from the tray by one of the beds and approach him. He watches me silently. On my other hand, I take one of the visitor's chair and place it to sit at his side, facing him. I asses all of his incorrectly dressed wounds and assume he did this

to himself; I refuse to believe any one of our staff members could do such a poor job, albeit intentionally.

I reach for the scissors and he growls, threatening me, but I don't give a damn. I take his arm and start shredding all his dressings, careful not to pick his skin. I can feel him tense, but he doesn't stop me.

I take a look at all the half-healed wounds all over his arms. The other two lycans have been healing steadily; this one should be further along in his healing.

"You heal slower." I say. It isn't a question, it's a statement.

"I'm old," he states flatly, his eyes not meeting mine, rather, staying focus on my hands.

I get to work on all his wounds, cleaning them and dressing them correctly. When I get to the arm, as I remove his makeshift sling, he slightly flinches; the gesture doesn't escape me.

I probe around with my hands and it's clear this arm had been dislocated, had he tried fixing this on his own? It was incorrectly done and probably incredibly painful. His fracture had not been addressed and it had been healing incorrectly. I'd have to talk to Dr. Owens about fixing it.

"I need to pop this in correctly, would you like something to bite down on?" He clenches his jaw, I'll take that as a no. I also assume he doesn't want any pain killers either.

I extend his arm, placing one hand on his shoulder, minding his fracture, feeling my way through the process. I begin shaking his extended arm very slowly and lightly.

After a couple of seconds of this, I feel the tell-tell 'clack' of his shoulder under my fingers and snap it into place. This is normally an extremely painful process, Eli didn't even flinch this time. He's probably too proud to show any weakness to a wolf like myself; I sigh and shake my head.

"Keep it on the sling for a couple more days, it should heal properly now. I'll have to talk to Dr. Owens about fixing your fracture, it's been healing incorrectly." He nods and I turn my attention to his face, there is one wound that appears to need some cleaning.

"Don't even think about it," He's giving me an icy look, looking straight into my eyes. I sit back down on the chair and recline back, crossing my arms and legs.

“It looks like shit, though.” I tell him:

He snorts, I don’t know if out of amusement or annoyance. We stay like that for a while, me scowling at the wounds he won’t let me touch, and him scowling at my general self.

“So you really are his mate.”

“So I’ve been told.”

“But you don’t feel it?” His question sounds so hopeful, it’s a little comical.

“Oh no, I feel it, he’s definitely my mate.” His hope flattens as he pinches the bridge of his nose with his fingers, eyes closed.

We stay silent

for a while. Whatever he’s thinking about, he’s not sharing with me; he’s merely staring out the window at the forest with a pensive look. I get up to get some water and as I’m holding up the pitcher, I feel a painful pinch at the back of the neck. I turn, my hand instinctively going to the base of my neck. I assume Eli has done something to me, but he’s still sitting in his chair looking out the window, not even paying attention to me.

“What the f...” and then, I see red. I drop the pitcher, glass scattering everywhere although I barely notice.

My skin feels like it’s on fire and its spreading too all of my nerve endings. I don’t even have time to cry out; my vision getting blurry.

I drop to the floor with a thump.

The last thing I remember is Eli coming to me and calling for help.