

Chapter 2

-Vera-

It takes me a couple of seconds to react. Did I hear him correctly? Did he say mate?! One of the lycans who carried this man is regarding me with surprise. Did he hear him too?

“Crash cart!” I yell. Fortunately, my doctor brain kicks in and I can stop thinking about what I did or didn’t hear. Sam comes rushing in with a crash cart and we get ready to bring this man back.

“Clear!”

First shock. No heartbeat.

“Clear!”

Second shock. Still no heartbeat.

“Clear!”

The young lyan who was staring at me has come closer to stand by his friend.

“Come on, Noah... come on, man.” He seems to be tearing up when suddenly,

Beep. Beep. Beep.

It’s faint, but it’s there. This is good enough.

“Let’s roll him up to an O.R!”

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Now, this is one of those moments where I re-evaluate my entire life so far. Here I am scrubbed in to operate on a lyan. Did I mention I know nothing of lyan anatomy? I’m going off on the assumption that it is essentially werewolf anatomy, but different. How different? We’re about to find out.

I make the first incision and as I suspected, one of his lungs has collapsed. I insert a chest tube to stabilize the lung and head for the next injury. Dr. Owens enters the OR, scrubbed in to help me. He smiles gently and comes to stand in front of me, assessing my work so far.

“What are we working with?”

“Collapsed lung, internal bleeding, more broken bones than I care to count right now, and half of his ribs are broken. I’m honestly surprised he’s still alive.”

“Well, lycans are very resilient creatures. I’ll start on the bones, if we let them heal incorrectly, we’ll just have to break them later to correct them, let’s take advantage now that he’s under. Did you put him on blood thinners?”

I didn’t even think to do that. Normally we don’t have to use blood thinners when operating on werewolves. He notices my frown.

“Lycans heal much faster than wolves, if we don’t put them on blood thinners, the incisions you make will heal before you can properly fix him.” It’s hard to believe he can heal at all considering the state he’s in, but we proceed as instructed.

We continue the rest of the surgery with ease and we are relieved to learn that Jason, Dr. Owens's patient, will make a full recovery. He was the wolf in by far the worst condition. With my mentor here, everyone seems more confident. He starts humming quietly to himself as he works on the fractures.

Dr. Owens knows more about lycans than I imagined, it is evident as he works on the patient’s bones. He explains in detail how to treat every fracture and how lycans have some different bone structures to wolves. It seems logical considering how different our beast forms are.

As we finish the surgery, his vitals are stable and I’m quite happy with how everything turned out. Dr. Owens will run additional x-rays to see any further damage to his bones that will require fixing, but overall, he’s doing a lot better.

He’s rolled out of surgery and I head into the changing rooms for a well-deserved shower. I put on my black leggings, a bralette and my favorite baggy sweater. It’s almost ten o’clock and I am more than ready for the comfort of my bed. I am wiped out from not sleeping properly these past few weeks, but first I have to check on my patients. Particularly the one I just spent hours on.

I enter the room and a nurse, Katie, is updating his chart. The room is dimly lit by one of the bedside lamps and my hand instinctively moves to turn the main lights on.

“He likes it dark,” comes an almost growl from a figure in the corner of the room. He’s sitting down but I can smell him, he’s one of the lycans.

Katie gives me an annoyed look, letting me know she tried it too. Well, I am not Katie. I turn it on with a flick of the wrist. This inspires a growl from the friend in the corner but Katie is relieved that she can actually do her job now. She hurries and finishes her notes, checks his meds and leaves.

The room the lycans are in has four beds; one of them has been left empty as I imagine no wolf wanted to be in here with them; in the one next to my patient is the young lycan from earlier, apparently sedated. The one in the corner starts moving when I approach the bed of his friend. He looks noticeably older than the other two. I proceed to check my patient with him looming over us; it's incredibly annoying.

Once I'm done, I turn to him. One of his arms is on an arm sling and the other is heavily and incorrectly bandaged; I frown at this, did someone from our staff do this? It seems like negligent care. I also notice he has a deep cut across his forehead that is nearly healed and a scratch mark on his neck that is still a vivid red color. It is no wonder he collapsed when they came in. He has deep grey eyes, whiting hair, and a muscular build that betrays his likely age. His face is stern and his eyes are distant. Much like the staff, I assume he is wary of us, and even warier of being on our territory. In any other case, they would've been killed immediately for trespassing, but an exception has been made by our Alpha.

"How long until he wakes up?" He asks.

"The surgery went very well and he's stable, depending on how fast lycans heal, he should wake up tomorrow without a problem." I smile out of pure professionalism, but his stance is getting on my nerves.

"Will he be able to travel?"

"We will run more x-rays tomorrow to make sure his bones are healing in place. Depending on the results, he could travel perhaps in a week's time."

"Perhaps? Our healers would've had him walking in a day's time. You mutts can't even do your jobs right." He almost spits as he speaks these words, but I am unfazed, we all know what to expect from these creatures.

"We will cure you, feed you, and clothe you for as long as our Alpha sees fit. Until then, try to not to offend my staff. Remember, you're on wolf territory now." I give him a tight smile and leave, he managed to irritate the tired out of me; how is that even possible?