

The Last Spirit Wolf by Elena Norwood

Chapter 7

-Vera

"I suggest you compose yourself before going to see your mate, Doctor Blackwood."

I can't even speak right now; I turn to look at her as I'm taking my leave and her devilish grin has me blushing even more. 2

As soon as I walk into my room, I check my cellphone. I asked Violet to text me when my patient woke up. Still no text. I head into the

shower and take a long look in the mirror.

My normally light green eyes appear darker because of the dark circles under them and my skin is evidence of how little I've taken care of

myself these past few weeks. I put up my black hair in a ponytail; It's short and straight, a little above my shoulders, but it's thick and I don't

want to deal with washing it right now.

I get dressed in my scrubs and as I'm reaching for my phone, it beeps. I don't even have to unlock it to know what it is.

I gulp and steel myself for the rest of the day; my heart wants to hammer its way out of my chest. I want to believe it's because of the

uncertainty of everything that happened in the forest, but I know better.

I make my way to the clinic, expecting the staff to be on edge because of the lycans present, but instead all the nurses seem to be in the best of moods. Violet and two others are giggling and gossiping near the medicine cabinet as I approach. "Are you kidding? He's even more handsome than Jason!" "That's because Jason is a boy, and this one right here is a man." They all giggle again. I can't help but overhear what they're talking about, but I'm not interested enough to ask. I pick up all my patient's charts, and notice something odd in that one's chart. Despite the instructions to update the chart every two hours, they've been going in there every half an hour. I'm about to ask them about it but Dr. Owens signals me into his office. I drop the charts but overhear one last comment from the nurses, "If only I could show him some real wolf hospitality," and with that, I have to suppress the need to cut the nurse's throat. I don't even know where that urge came from, but I do know I'm now in a bad mood. (7)

"Good day, Dr. Owens," I greet him with a genuine smile. His soft brown eyes crinkle with mischief as I sit on the couch opposite him. I love this man, but I swear nothing good ever happens when he looks like that.

"So, have you gone in to meet your mate?" I look at him wide-eyed. What did he just say? "Don't give me that look, Sam overheard him as

well. Don't worry, she only told me." Thankfully, Sam isn't much for gossip or else the entire pack would already know.

"I haven't gone in to see him and if I'm honest with you, doc, I'm all but panicking right now."

"Understandably so. Lycan's are very mysterious creatures to us wolves. I didn't even know they also got fated mates." He looks at me with concern this time. "They're not the horrible creatures our history books portray them as, Vera. Remember there are always two sides to every story. We have only been taught the wolf side." I'm still curious why Dr. Owens is so partial to lycans, and why he knows so much

about them. "You can hide out here until you calm down, even I can hear your heart flipping like a bird's." (?)

I'm embarrassed he noticed but gracefully accept his offer. I often come in here to help him out anyway and with luck, it will take me all day

to organize his files. (1)

Six o'clock comes along and Dr. Owens is getting ready to leave. I close his laptop, having finished updating all patient files and all nurse schedules for the next week.

"Good luck, Vera." Dr. Owens smiles kindly at me and squeezes my shoulder. I smile back but let out the biggest sigh as he steps out.

Working with him all day has given me some peace of mind, though. I gather my things and head to the nurse's station to give everything a final revision before I leave.

As I approach, I notice the clinic is deserted. Only Violet and Sam are in the nurse's station as I approach.

"Hey you two! Are you guys the only ones left?" They both smile at me, knowingly. Violet hands me a chart but I already know who's it is

without looking. They both exchange a look.

"I cleared the floor for you, doc." Sam winks at me.

"He has one final checkup for the day, and per Dr. Owens, you should do it." These three thought everything through, didn't they? Of

course, I shouldn't be surprised Violet knows, she's the eyes, ears and heart of this place.

I take the chart and look it over, the last x-rays look fine except for a bone on his leg that will be re-adjusted tomorrow. His lung seems to

be doing great, considering all the trauma, and his blood tests don't show anything concerning.

Dr. Owens wasn't lying when he said they're resilient creatures. I take a deep breath and smile warmly at the two nurses who are giving me

two thumbs up. I step into the corridor, leading me directly to him.

The room is dimly lit once again as I step in. Instead of turning the lights on, I approach his bed silently and notice his two other friends are

gone. We're alone in the room and I take a moment to look at him.

The man really is incredibly handsome. He has olive skin and wavy brown, disheveled hair that covers most of his forehead; a beard has

started cover his perfectly chiseled jaw and his lips are lusciously full and lightly parted, breathing peacefully. Most important of all though, even if they're closed, I remember his beautiful hazel eyes so clearly. The pull I feel to this man is undeniable. 2 I focus on getting my notes down as quickly as possible. He's asleep and I intend on keeping it that way; he has to get very good rest to heal.

A few minutes pass and I check all the machines and his meds and scribble them down on the chart. To my relief, he's been stable throughout the day; I was panicked I could have nicked something unknowingly during surgery.

The heart monitor suddenly increases its beeping and I turn to it with a frown. As I look over, the man I was just musing over is looking at me with a lazy smile on his face, no doubt an effect of the painkillers. 1

He tries to speak but winces; I reach for the glass of water and bring it to his lips. I sit on his bed as he drinks, his eyes never leaving mine.

My own heart has started to accelerate.

Once he's done and I place the glass back on the nightstand, he reaches for my hand and puts it over his chest. His hand on mine has me blushing uncontrollably but I still manage to look at him directly. His eyes are indeed hazel, but I realize now they're even more stunning

than I remembered. The light green of his irises isn't surrounded by brown, but by countless specs of gold I could swear resemble stars; I could spend the rest of my life trying to count them all. A few moments pass but the sparks on the back of my hand don't subside. On instinct, I lift my hand from his chest to his cheek and smile warmly at him.

"I knew I couldn't have dreamt someone as perfect as you..." He says, almost a whisper. 20

I open my mouth to tell him something, anything, but was interrupted, the room lights suddenly switch on...