

Chapter 11: Shower

Yara

I refuse to ask where the packhouse is. I'm pretty sure that arrogant Alpha, and yes, he's very arrogant, is back there laughing at me, even after I painstakingly put his leg back together. I have half a mind to break all those bones again and leave him to his own devices.

'Oh, that's not what half your mind has been focusing on,' Annika says, sending me images of Warren naked in the forest.

'I was focused on his injury,' I insist.

She changes the focus, expanding the image of Warren's penis. It's quite large, even when it's not erect. 2

'Gotta love big Alphas,' Annika purrs.

'You are not helping.'

'Come on, Yara. You know you're enjoying yourself. When's the last time someone really challenged you mentally? I like him. He's.... confident,'" she smirks.

I roll my eyes at my wolf and continue walking.

'Tell me you know where this damn packhouse is,' I say to her.

She lifts her nose again and I catch multiple scents all in close proximity.

'There you go,' she says.

I get to the packhouse and stomp up the stairs, ready to walk in ahead of Warren and Charlie, who is no better than his annoying Alpha, when Annika stops me.

'Uh, Yara. You remember that you're only wearing a t-shirt, right?' she asks me. 1

I look down just as I hear a growl from behind me and Charlie comes rushing up to me. "Better to wait to enter the packhouse until Alpha catches up, Luna."

I give him a look. "I am NOT your Luna."

"Whatever you say, Luna," he says, and I swear his lips twitch.

"Incorrigible," I mutter, turning to look at Warren.

I suddenly realize that he has a sheet from the pack hospital wrapped around himself as he makes his way toward me. He looks aggravated as he tries to navigate the sheet and the crutch.

"Here, what are you doing?" I ask him, going up and taking the sheet, frowning as I wrap it around him and tie it in a knot so he doesn't have to hold it.

"I'm trying to walk," he growls.

"Is that better?" I ask him with mock patience. I'm annoyed that this man thinks that I'm going to bathe him. Just because I fixed him up and just because he smells friggin delicious, it doesn't mean that I'm

going to bathe him.

Annika, the little hussy, sends an image of Warren naked again, making my cheeks heat.

"Oh what I would give to know what's going on in that overactive mind of yours," Warren says softly. Because I'm so close, making sure the sheet was tied tight, I can feel his breath in my hair sending shivers up and down my spine.

I step back quickly, not wanting him to smell what I'm sure he can, my arousal. Why am I aroused by this man? He's infuriating.

'He's sexy. Look at that chest,' Annika purrs. I glance up and immediately regret it since he's watching me closely.

"I don't have an overactive mind," I say, just because I need to say something.

He chuckles at me. "If you say so. Come on, I want to introduce you to the pack."

I look at him like he's crazy. "But..." I gesture up and down his body.

"They've seen worse, believe me," he says, and there's no humor in his tone now. I need to remember that this pack, along with most of them, is in a constant state of war.

When we walk in, the packhouse which was buzzing with conversation goes quiet.

"Attention everyone, this is Dr. Yara. If you haven't met her yet, you most likely will in the near future. She is the new head doctor in our

hospital. When you go to see her, what she says, goes. No argument or you answer to me. Understood?" he says.

"Yes, Alpha," the pack replies, and I feel everyone's gaze on me. I try to look confident, but it's hard when literally everyone is staring at me.

"Oh, and she's my mate. Fuck with her and I'll kill you," he says seriously, making me jolt and look up at him.

"WARREN!"

"YARA!" he says in a sarcastic version of my tone. Then his lips twitch and I just know that I'm not going to like what comes out of his mouth next. 2

"If you'll excuse us, my mate is going to give me a sponge bath," he says to the pack, his eyes never leaving mine.

I would growl, I want to growl at him, but instead my cheeks get so hot I feel like I'm going to burst into flames.

"You are SO arrogant," I grit through my teeth as he begins to lead me away.

"Yara, Yara, Yara, what have we discussed about this?" he says, his tone mocking me.

I plaster an obviously fake smile on my face. "Does your packhouse have a library, Warren?" I ask in a sickeningly sweet tone.

"No," he drawls.

"Well, that explains a lot," I say, stomping up the stairs. 1

"Where are you going?" he asks me.

I turn around and frown at him. "You're the Alpha. Isn't your room on the top floor?"

"Yes, but aren't you going to help me up the stairs?"

I smile another fake smile at him. "I wouldn't want you to seem weak in front of your pack, Alpha. I'm sure you can figure out how to get up the stairs on your own," I say sweetly.

He growls low in his chest.

"Did you want me to go find one of those young, nubile she-wolves to help you instead?" I ask him, still keeping my tone much too sweet.

He narrows his eyes at me.

"Then I suggest that you stop growling at me. Next time, I might just pop your nose," I say, turning and walking up the stairs.

I hear him making his way up the stairs and while I probably should have helped him, the man is truly frustrating. Why in the world would he announce to his pack that I'm his mate?

I wait for him to join me at the top of the stairs. "What, you didn't go in and start my bath?" he asks and his tone is a bit more snarky than normal. I look at him more closely and realize that he's in pain.

"Here," I say, walking to him and wrapping his arm around my shoulders.



"Now she helps me," he grumbles.

We walk to his room and when he opens the door, I'm not prepared for the onslaught of his teakwood scent that flows out. I stop, my back arching of its own accord, my eyes falling closed, as I lift my chin, exposing my throat as my body begins to hum with desire.

"Interesting..." he murmurs, watching me. 1

Before I can snap my chin back down, Warren leans in and gently nips at my throat, accepting the submission that I didn't intend to give him.

When I start to pull away, he holds me to him. "You're my mate. Submission is part of our bond," he says gently.

"Really, are you planning to submit?" I ask him.

He tilts his head at me. "One day, when you accept your position here in this pack, yes, I will give you my submission." 2

I stare at him, shocked. His tone, his eyes, everything about him says he's perfectly serious.

"Surprised? You shouldn't be, but I know you don't know me well yet. You are an intelligent, strong woman, Yara, and I have no problem treating you as my equal, or in the instance of being in the hospital, submitting to your rules."

"Says the man who insisted on walking out of the hospital tonight," I grumble, still shocked at his words. I wouldn't have expected it of a man like him, someone who is very dominant and prides himself on

being a strong and powerful fighter.

"My pack needed to see me after I was carried in last night. It's important, even if I'm still not one hundred percent."

That I do understand. I know the hierarchy of a pack that is constantly at war is always at risk of a leadership change. The fact that Warren has been Alpha for twelve years and is still leading this pack says more about his strength than anything else.

I lead him to his bathroom and let him lean against the sink while I turn to start the shower.

"Where are your clothes and is there anything in particular you want to wear?" I ask him.

"Closet, and just shorts and a t-shirt is fine. Get some for yourself too," he says.

"Thank you."

"We'll get you some new clothes," he says.

"I have clothes. At school."

"Then I'll have someone go get your clothes for you," he says, and I can see he's fading.

"Do you want to have food brought up here? Eating might perk you up a bit."

"I need the pack to see me once I'm clean."

"You need your pack to see you strong. Order some food. Have Charlie bring it up if you want, and then after you're feeling a bit better, you can go down to face your pack."

He smirks down at me as I untie the sheet. "You know what they'll think if it takes us awhile to get back downstairs."

"I don't care if your pack thinks we had sex. I understand the importance of you showing a strong front to them. Come on, let's get you in the shower. You can let the water start to wash off all that blood while I go get both of us some clothes."

I get him under the water, making sure it's not too hot or cold and then go to get clothes. When I open the door to his closet, it's almost worse than it was when I walked into his room. His scent in the closet is making the pressure in my core nearly painful and the man hasn't done anything except smell fantastic!

'Well, he does have quite the package on him. I bet he'd ease that ache if you'd let him,' Annika purrs.

'No!'

'Spoilsport,' she says, still purring in my head. She begins stretching like she's a damn cat lying in the sun. I roll my eyes and get some clothes before going back into the bathroom.

The moment I do, I realize my dilemma. There's no way for me to wash Warren's hair and body without getting in the shower with him. But I don't have to take off my t-shirt. I just wish it wasn't white.