



76 HEALING THE MEN

Early the following day, I was woken up by Loren. 1

"Is everything alright?" I asked him.

I was scared that simply handing the horns over to the priestess was insufficient or that they had found the elk.

Or the strange man who had spoken to me.

So much was going through my mind.

"Help me tend to the men that are still alive." He informed me. "You know the order of using the potions and what to use to treat them, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Good." He said that, and I rose from my bed and followed him to where the vast space in the quarters was for treating the sick.

There were so many men there.

There are about twenty of them.



Some had lost their limbs, legs, and eyes; they had been mauled. There were so many different casualties.

There were groans of pain.

Loren turned to me. "Just deal with the ones. I would handle the dead."

"Okay."

I started to leave when he held me back. "This is your first time working with me. You said you always helped Urma get back in your pack, right?"

"Yes, I did," I replied. "I know how to treat their wounds and what to use."

He seemed skeptical at first, but then he said, "Alright. You can take the large black book, see through their injuries, and know what is for who."

His book? I didn't know how to read. But he did not know that. 3

"Don't worry," I said. "I might not need to use it. I remember them."

"Fine. But use it in case. If you have any issues, I'll be downstairs with the dead bodies." He said.

And I wondered how many people had died.

I nodded, and then I watched him leave, leaving me with significantly injured, grown men.

It made me wonder why Loren was the only healer.

With a pack as large as this one, he would need assistants.

What happened in cases of an attack on the pack? And war?

Did he handle it all alone?

I was not getting the answer anytime soon, so I continued.

I grabbed the supplies, went to the men, and treated them.

The first one was a man with a broken arm.

"Let me, please." I said, asking for his hand.

He let me take it, which surprised me.



I had expected some reluctance from the men, especially since I was considered their enemy.

But then he was friendly with me.

I began to clean the wound where there was bleeding. When I was done and it was well-cleaned, I turned to face the broken arm.

Fortunately enough, the bones were not sticking out of the arm.

I picked out the already-made splints from Loren's box of supplies and wrapped them around the arm.

"This might hurt," I said.

And then I hoisted them together, and he cried in pain.

I heard the bones align, and then I used the elastic bands to wrap and hold the splints secure.

When I was done, I examined his arm and handed him a potion.

"Take this." I said as he received it. "Twice a day. You will take one early this morning with your



meal and then take the other late at night. Just a teaspoon. It will reduce the pain. And make sure you don't apply pressure to the arm."

He nodded and began to rise from where he was seated.

I quickly assisted him up, and the members of his pack—about three of them—helped him out.

Then it dawned on me.

I was not treating members of this pack, but of various packs.

The different alphas.

There was only one Alpha in our pack, and that was Xaden.

These Alphas were the ones who attended the hunting ritual.

No wonder they weren't being cold to me as usual.

They didn't know who I was.

Then, I went to the next Alpha and treated them.

I was the only one with no one assisting me, so it



took me a while.

By now, I had treated almost eleven alphas and reached the twelfth.

"Would you please let me examine you?" I asked.

"Of course, I will let you examine me." A familiar masculine voice said. "You could even examine more parts of me."

The man looked up at me, and I saw it was Alexander.

I was so terrified that I jumped, spilling the items in my box of supplies.

He was not smiling.

Instead, he seemed angry. Angry at me.

I quickly bent down to pick up the items and put them back in the box.

My heart was racing. I didn't want to even stand up and look at him.

But he was there.

I tucked my hair behind my ear.

And I looked around him to find where he was injured.

I didn't want to have to ask him which part of his body was injured.

There were slight cuts around him, but nothing serious.

It was like he came unscathed.

Like he hadn't been injured in the fight.

Regardless, I went on to clean up the little cuts.

I could feel his eyes boring into me.

But he didn't say a word, and then I thanked the goddess.

I put the spirits over his wounds, but he didn't even flinch.

Not even when I used the needle and thread to stitch a deep slice.

It was like he was indifferent to pain.

He was already used to it, and nothing could ever hurt him.

I began to fear him.

Once I was done, I rose.

"Here are the potions for your treatment." I informed him personally, avoiding his gaze. "You can take them once a day since your injuries aren't severe."

I turned to leave hurriedly, and then he caught my arm and pulled me back.

"Where do you think you're going?" He asked me as he licked his lips.

"But I'm done already." I said.

That anger streak was still written on his face.

"I have another injury." He said. "I was cut on my thigh. Right beside my dickens and balls. Fix it."