

CHAPTER 81

wW©.©vêŁworm.cOm

81 Ava: Wounded Consciousness is fleeting and unreliable. The gentle vibration of the car is a cadence that lulls me into a state of semi-awareness, reality blurring with dreams. I alternate between understanding that I'm safe to fearing that Phoenix has me in his grasp. Sometimes, I can hear Alpha Renard's cruel words. I even dream of Sister Miriam. Suddenly, a voice cuts through the haze, piercing my muddled thoughts with startling clarity. It's a voice I recognize, though I can't quite place it. My eyelids flutter open, and I find myself enveloped in a pair of strong arms, cradled against a broad chest. It feels wrong. So, not Lucas? As my vision adjusts, I make out the rugged features of Kellan Ashbourne, Lucas's beta. His eyes are fixed on me, a mixture of concern and relief etched onto his face. "Ava," he says, his voice gentle and soothing, like cool water after on a hot summer day. Ah, I'm poetic in my 15 81 Ava: Wounded delirium. "You're safe now. We're taking you to Westwood territory." I blink slowly, trying to make sense of his words. The events of the night are a jumbled mess in my mind. "Where are we?" "In a small city. We're still on Blackwood territory, and you aren't safe here. Just bear with me for a moment, okay? You're badly injured, did you know that?" I nod. Yes, I hurt. It hurts everywhere. Who wouldn't know when their body hurts? Oh. Maybe paraplegics. "Yes. I can move my body," I say, even as I lay like a limp fish in his arms. I can, though... I think. Shit, everything's hard to keep straight in my mind. I wish Selene was here. Or Lucas. Where's Lucas? Wasn't he here? Kellan seems to sense my confusion. "Alpha is leading 13 14 2/8 81 Ava: Wounded the mission, but he'll be back soon. For now, we need to get you to safety." I nod again. This time, I can feel the movement. I must not have nodded before, when I thought I did. My pain is a little more intense, too. Kellan shifts my weight carefully, and I realize we're no longer in the SUV from before. This vehicle is different, its interior stripped down to bare essentials. There are no chairs in the back. How odd. Kellan lowers me onto a makeshift bed of blankets where the backseat should be, his movements gentle yet purposeful. I wince as the motion aggravates my injuries. It really f@cking hurts. I'm definitely not paraplegic. "Try to rest," he murmurs, his hand lingering on my arm for a moment. "You've been through a lot, but you're going to be okay." I want to ask questions, to understand what's happening, but the words refuse to form on my lips. 13:14: 3/8 < 81 Ava: Wounded Instead, I nod again, my eyelids growing heavy with exhaustion. Someone climbs in beside me. "Hello, Luna. My name is Vanessa, and I'm a pack healer. I'm about to administer some medicine to help with your pain and give you a little rest. Can you understand me?" "Rest," I murmur, the word appealing to me. "Yes, some rest. I have to stabilize your injuries. You've lost a lot

lost a lot

Updates...

wWw.movelW(°)rm.©Om

of blood." There's a lot of movement around my arm, and something cold. Then a bunch of poking and prodding. "Big pinch," she warns, and I yelp at the sting that comes just as she warns me. It fades, though, and I sigh in relief, even as she continues doing something to my arm. "Going in," she murmurs. "You should start feeling it pretty soon." Dizziness attacks with a vengeance, and it feels like my head's about to detach to fly high into the sky, like a balloon that's escaped. *** The ceiling is white, and the distinct scent of 13:14 81 Ava Wounded. disinfectant makes my nose cringe. I can see every detail of the ceiling. A few dents, and a couple holes. Probably from something that had hung from it once before. Sliding my head to the left, I can see clear bags full of liquid hanging from an IV pole. There's an IV in my arm and a little monitor with squiggly lines in different colors. SpO2 99%. RR 12. PR bpm 61. 109/63. It takes a second for me to understand them, but my brain comes online after a short time. Oxygen, respiratory rate, heart rate, blood pressure. I'm in a hospital. For a second I think I'm back on Aspen lands, but as I blink away my grogginess, I realize it isn't the same. I'm in a smaller room, on a real bed. There are sheer curtains over my window, letting in soft daylight. 13:14 5/8 81 Ava: Wounded The world makes sense again. I must have been taken to Westwood. To Lucas' pack. Once my nose adjusts to the astringent scent of copious amounts of disinfectant, I can smell the faint scent of a campfire. It's a soothing aroma, one that triggers a sense of comfort and security deep within me. I'm wearing a shirt several sizes too large, and the scent comes from there. It must be his shirt. I guess they thought I'd need my mate's scent to stay calm as I heal. I attempt to sit up, but pain explodes across my body. I groan, grabbing my side, where I feel the rough texture of bandages beneath the soft cotton fabric of Lucas' shirt. Memories return, and I flinch. Todd. Of course. The excruciating pain of his claws tearing into my flesh, his fangs tearing at my shoulders. I shudder, remembered fear tingling in my veins. I'm not made to fight. < 81 Ava: Wounded The door opens quietly, and a woman steps into the room. She's dressed in scrubs, her dark hair pulled back into a neat ponytail. Her eyes widen slightly when she notices me awake, and a warm smile spreads across her face. "Good morning, Luna," she says, her voice soft and melodic. "How are you feeling?" I open my mouth to respond, but my throat feels parched, and the words catch in my chest. The woman seems to understand and quickly pours a glass of water from a nearby pitcher. "Here, drink this slowly," she instructs, helping me sit up just enough to sip from the glass. The cool liquid soothes my throat, and I manage a grateful nod. "Thank you," I rasp out. "You're very welcome," she replies, setting the glass back down. "My name is Vanessa. I'm one of the pack healers here at Westwood." Westwood. The name sparks a flicker of recognition, and I remember Kellan's words from earlier—that they were taking me to Westwood territory, to safety. Definitely I wong nook than 13:14 81 Ava: Wounded "I'm not your Luna," I tell her, uncomfortable with the title. 66 Don't forget to join my author discord! If you clicked on an old one that expired, I'm sorry. This is the new, permanent one: <https://discord.com/invite/ApNZDux8kj> Comment 2 R Lenaleia Creator's Thought Leave the first comment for this chapter.
www.NoVêŁwOr(m).cOm