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Katrina is a Healer

2015 Words

Chapter 4

Katrina's POV

Blood Claw Pack

It is Wednesday, and it is my birthday. I am 20 years old today, and I felt different when I woke up this morning. My wrist which was broken just two days ago feels just fine. I made a mental note to go out to the pack hospital to have the temporary cast removed. My twisted ankle is just fine, and the hole in my hand that I received just two days ago is fine now too, with no scar from it.

I have pep in my step as I make my way to the kitchen to see where Abigail needs me at. I end up making pancakes and get about 300 of them done. We make full-sized pancakes here, and although we only usually cook for the unmated members of the packhouse, occasionally some of the school-age children, whose parents have to go to training come here before school. It is the second week of May, and the children are about to be out of school for summer. They are all happily eating and talking to each other in the dining room, and their being happy is contagious.

Abigail smiled over at me, and she knew it was my birthday, and she usually gave me either a cupcake or a muffin for me to take up to my room at the end of the day, for my birthday. She always sets one aside for me, and she is so thoughtful about doing that for me. I prefer the muffins, as the frosting rubs off of the cupcakes, and it doesn't look pretty after I finally get it upstairs. That makes me smile back at her, and I decide that I will not let anything bring me down today. So far Amanda had been right. Fallon had gone shopping for clothes yesterday and would be gone today to get some shoes and her nails painted. She was going to wait until Friday to go get her hair done, as she wanted to look perfect for Timothy, at least that is what I heard while passing their table heading to re-fill the bacon on the buffet line. I wish her well. As much as he has changed from when we were younger, to him deliberately trying to hurt me every time he sees me, I no longer care for him.

I still get butterflies in my stomach, but I think I have control of it now. If he were to ask me to go away with him, I would tell him "No". I know him for who he is; a weak man, who is controlled by his father. His father, who still blames an innocent person, for his wife being killed, but didn't care enough to investigate who was behind it. According to him, it was not necessary, as it was my fault, but he would smack me for doing an eye roll. He is not worthy of being an Alpha. I don't know how I would know who would make a good Alpha, but I know in my heart he is not one. I only hope that he answers for all that he has done to me. He is vicious and underhanded, picking on the weak, and taking advantage of what has happened.

I have wanted to leave since I turned 18, but he refused. I can still remember the spit landing on my face as he screamed at me, "You will never leave Blood Claw. This is your home, and you will never be leaving it". I can still remember Timothy standing down the hall from us and looking at me in shock. He then left to go and visit several places in Europe and took Fallon with him, flying her out a few weeks later. She came back tanned and happy. Ready to tackle her last year of high school with me and the rest of the seniors. She was 19 at the time because she had failed a grade, but if they had a class for tormenting or abuse, she would ace it.

The cook comes in at 10:30 to get the lunch started as we eat from 12:30 to 2:00, depending on when you can squeeze in the lunch break. Abigail told me I could head on out to take an hour-long break, and then help to set up lunch. I headed straight to the hospital, to have them check my wrist. I saw Amanda at the front desk again.

"Are you OK? What is hurt now?" She asks as she stands up from her chair and comes around the counter to see me.

"I am fine, I am not hurt. In fact, when I woke up this morning, my hand was fine, and I think my wrist is completely healed too", I told her.

"That is impossible, Katrina. Your wrist was broken in several places. It was fractured. You would need both your wolf and at least a whole week, if not two weeks, to completely heal. It is impossible" Amanda told me as she headed for the X-ray room again. She took an x-ray of my wrist and then went to get the doctor to check the slides.

I could hear them both speaking in low tones in the next room, and they finally came in with a little cast saw, to get the fiberglass cast off of my left wrist. They both stayed silent as they got the cast off of me. I watched as the doctor checked my wrist, moving my hand all around. He finally looked up at me and said, "How is this possible? It was fractured in several places just a few days ago. This should not be possible. You can't even phase yet, it would be impossible for you to have healed this quickly".

His forehead was completely lined as he frowned down at my wrist, and I felt Amanda's eyes on me. I was starting to get uncomfortable with her stare when the doctor looked up at me and asked, "What do you know about your parents?"

"Nothing, I still cannot remember anything about my past before I arrived here with my Aunt. I cannot remember what they looked like, or anything about them. It is really upsetting. I wish I could remember them. I feel so alone. I wish more than anything that I could see them again", I told them with tears in my eyes. I would be safe with my family. I knew it in my heart like I knew I needed to take my next breath.

Amanda walked to the door of the room and shut it quietly. She then came back to the table and said in a low tone, "I think that Katrina here is a healer, she is stronger than she looks. It makes sense, she has been injured, badly, on too many occasions. Her chart is the size of four people's charts, and we just had to start a new one. But she keeps getting healed to where the previous damage done to her is gone. Anyone breaking bones, especially the same ones, would get weakened over time, and not heal properly, but Katrina heals every time. Her bones regenerate. They restore back to their original perfectly straight bone, Doc. She should need pins and screws in her bones for all she has been through, and yet she doesn't need them. I have been watching this happen for the last three years, and at first, I didn't know why. But I have been researching it, and some wolves have this gift. It is a blessing from the Goddess herself".

"Keep your voice down, Amanda. She would be in even more danger if someone heard us talking. People always want to have a healer in their pack. It is very rare, I believe that our Luna Queen has that capability. She is known for her healing power. I believe if Katrina could be taken there, she may be able to get the help she needs and protection from Alpha James. She needs to leave here before the Alpha ends up killing her", the doctor said. I am always informal with him, but Doctor Williams has always been a kind man, who has always tried to help me.

"OK, Katrina, we need to make plans for leaving this Friday night. Alpha James is having a party with several Alphas coming to watch as he welcomes Timothy back to the pack and announces that Timothy and Fallon will be chosen mates. We will have a small window of time while they are all busy on stage to leave, and I think that we need to take it", Amanda said to me.

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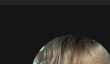
"OK, I am ready to leave this pack. I know that he will kill me if I stay. I am 20 today, and I feel stronger than I ever have. Something happened today, and I am willing to leave this place. I am just scared that we will get caught. I think if he finds out, he will beat me to death", I told them in a whisper.

"I will help you. I can make sure no one catches you. Amanda can leave her car next to the hospital, and she can put you in the trunk until you both can be clear of the pack. You will need to reject the pack when you get off the property, Amanda. I don't believe that Katrina was ever made a member of the pack", Doctor Williams said.

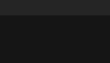
"I was, right after I first got here. They swore both me and my Aunt in. After they died, the Alpha took away my pack member status, because he wanted me not to be able to fully connect with the pack, like by using the link. It kept me kind of frozen between being a rogue, and a member of the pack. I was here, and it kept me from being a rogue, but as soon as I leave, I will be one.

"OK, we need to make plans. I will figure it out and let you know Friday morning when you take your break. It just needs to be us knowing all of the in's and out's of it, but we will let the Doc in on the time frame, as we need to plan for it, while they are on the stage. We are only going to get one shot at this, and we need to make it count", Amanda said to me and smiled. I was too scared to be excited. When we get out of here, I will get excited until then, I will just curb my excitement. I just needed to lay low and not get hurt again. I will make sure all of my work is done so that won't happen. I pray that Amanda won't get caught helping me to escape. I would not be able to bear the guilt of her being hurt trying to help me.

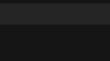
I headed back to the kitchen and started setting the tables in the dining room. I get that done and the food has been put in the trays and the heat lamps turned on. The rest of the trays were covered in foil and placed the pans in the warmers with the name of the contents written on the top of the foil. I start doing the dishes and get that done quickly. I start sweeping and mopping the mudroom and the kitchen and get that done in a quick manner, as well. Not having Fallon here to mess with me or stop me from doing my work was Goddess sent to me. This week has gone smoothly, and I am really looking forward to Friday night. I would get my freedom, and I wouldn't be looking back.



Writer



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