

Chapter 8 – Healing the Broken Alpha

Having Lenora in my room was going to complicate matters, at least until the day that I let the world know that my body was fully recovered. It would be hard to hide it from her if she was always in close proximity. I should definitely exile the woman to the guest room.

But instead I had given instructions to the staff to move my old bed back into the bedroom. The suite I occupied was plenty big enough to accommodate the other bed, and it would be much more comfortable than sharing the hospital bed with her.

There was a rather urgent knock on my door, a pounding almost. With a frown I covered my legs with the blanket, just before I used the remote to unlock the door.

Lenora hastily stumbled inside and quickly turned the lock once she had closed it behind her. Her eyes were wide and her face was pale as she backed away from the door, like she feared at any moment it would open again.

“Lenora?”

She jumped when I spoke her name, and quickly turned to face me. Her eyes went to the floor and she clasped her hands at her waist in a weirdly subservient posture. It was inappropriate for an Alpha’s daughter.

It was inappropriate for my Luna.

“Come here!”

I had no wolf, and therefore I had also lost the ability to give an alpha command. But she still flinched and stepped forward, until she was standing next to the bed.

I examined her carefully, looking for any sign of injury, any evidence of what had made her so jumpy. I cursed the fact that I had no real sense of smell. I couldn’t determine who she had been with last. But I didn’t need wolf senses to hear her rapidly beating heart or smell the fear in her chemistry.

“What happened?”

She glanced over her shoulder, and caught her lip between her teeth. I could see the uncertainty wavering in her eyes. Then she shook her head and denied it. “Nothing, Alpha.”

Her dishonesty angered me. My own ineptitude angered me even more. It was just another daily reminder that I was not a werewolf anymore. I was just an ordinary man.

“Fine,” I snapped. “I need my medication. And then I would like you to wash my body. My massage therapist is coming this afternoon.”

I have no idea what prompted me to demand that she bathe me again. Was I punishing her or torturing myself? I watched her face closely, waiting for the look of disgust which must surely follow such a demand. Instead a little color flooded her cheeks.

“Where is your medication?”

I indicated the side table drawer, and she stepped over and opened the drawer. On the way she glanced at my almost untouched breakfast tray.

“You did not eat well, Alpha.” There was a tiny note of scolding in her voice.

“The eggs were cold,” I said flatly. “And I had no appetite.”

“Won’t the medicine irritate your stomach, if you take it without food?”

Her concern was...unexpected.

“I’ve eaten a little, it will be fine.” I assured her.

She opened the drawer and pulled out the amber colored plastic bottles. I watched her scrutinize the labels before she shook the appropriate number of pills out onto a paper napkin. It looked like I was taking an entire fistfull of medicine, but in reality they were only health supplements and vitamins.

She handed me the napkin and the bottle of water from my tray. Her face was smooth and there was no trace of judgment in her dark eyes.

Lenora pushed the side table out of the way and found the purple package of disposable wipes. This time she did not hesitate to reach for the buttons on my pajamas. If I didn’t know better, I would say she was almost eager to divest me of my clothing.

Her small hands went to work, with more confidence this time, but the same amount of determined concentration. Where she had been very careful not to touch me with anything but the cloth the first time, this time she let the fingers of her free hand touch my skin. She used it to lift my arm, to turn my hand, to brace against my chest as she carefully cleaned around my neck. Her touch excited me, invigorated me, and I couldn’t help the way my body reacted.

“Your skin is so cool,” she commented absently. She had probably never touched a human before, never encountered their lower basal temperature.

She then began to pull the bottoms of my silk pajamas down over my hips and off my legs. I hadn’t expected her to be so bold. I lifted my head to see her reaction to my fully erect

member. But she had moved to my feet and was giving my toes her full and undivided attention.

“Does it hurt?” She asked quietly.

At first I assumed she was talking about my cock, which was indeed throbbing almost painfully. But then I realized she was asking about my legs, which she thought were still paralyzed from the stroke.

“Not anymore,” I said truthfully. At first they had been mostly numb, but with occasions of painful spasm, burning sensation, and pins-and-needles on my skin. Those pains had subsided as I regained sensation and began to stretch and exercise my muscles again.

“That’s good, at least,” she mumbled as she left my feet and advanced to my calves. “But...how have you maintained such muscle tone?” Her fingers lightly skimmed over the muscles of my calf, up to the sensitive part behind my knee.

I felt a little prickle in my consciousness, a slight discomfort for lying to Lenora. “I follow a very strict and rigorous physical therapy regimen,” I said. And then I gritted my teeth as her soft fingers grazed my inner thigh and began to work higher.

I held my breath, thinking she would be too shy, too fearful to continue her work. But I was wrong. She advanced to the apex of my legs, and carefully wrapped the bathing cloth around my shaft. I caught her wrist. “You dare to touch me there?”

She blanked at me, so innocently, so beguiling. “Sure, why not? You are my husband now.” She said, like it was a perfectly reasonable thing to do. But while she was trying to act cool and calm, like a professional nurse, her cheeks were growing hot, and there was something shifting in her dark eyes.

I released her wrist and she continued, wiping gently under my balls. She then wadded up the cloth and threw it away. But her eyes kept returning to my body. I was gratified to see that there was frank appreciation in her gaze, and even desire, if I was not mistaken. It felt good to know that my new little mate found me attractive, even if she believed my body was broken.

She started dressing me again, her brow furrowed with concentration as she tried to wrestle my pajama bottoms back over my heavy, stiff, unyielding legs. I could have made it easier on her, I could have bent my knees and lifted my hips off the mattress. Instead I lay there like a doll and allowed her to struggle to dress me.

When she had my clothes back in place, she pulled the blanket back over my legs. She said nothing about the tentpole she’d left in my pajamas. She turned away from me, and then took my untouched breakfast tray and went to the door.

As I suspected, she couldn't wait to get away from me. The realization was like a cold, wet slap in my face.

She paused at the door and looked up and down the hallway, like she was checking for oncoming traffic, before she stepped out and closed the door.