



Chapter 7

Sienna's Point of View

The hospital smells like antiseptic and lavender soap, my usual comfort. But today, though, it does nothing to calm the storm raging inside of me. I have been feeling restless all morning. I have barely been able to focus on charts and my rounds.

Ava keeps giving me side-eye glances, but she hasn't pressed me. Not yet, at least.

I am double-checking supplies in one of the exam rooms when the door creaks open.

"Sienna."

My heart stutters at the sound of his voice.

I look up, and there he is.

Asher.

For a moment, I forget how to breathe.

He is standing in the doorway, his shoulders tense, his eyes unreadable.

I can't stop my gaze from skimming over him. He is broader, harder than I remember. Six years of training have carved every line of him sharper, but those dark brown eyes are still the same.

My wolf leaps inside me, howling with recognition, but I force her back, hard.



"Asher. What are you doing here?"

I ask. My voice sounding steadier than I feel.

He clears his throat and glances behind him, then back at me.

"One of the warriors was injured during drills. I brought him in."

I nod me head, busying myself with the clipboard in my hands though I don't really need it. Anything to keep my hands from shaking. 1

"You could have taken him straight to triage. You didn't need to come find me."

I say, my voice cold and his jaw tightens.

"I know... I just... I wanted to make sure that he would be in good hands."

"He will be. Every patient is in good hands here. It is our job. You don't need to worry about that."

A shadow flickers across his face, but he only nods his head. The silence stretches between us, taut as a wire.

I clear my throat.

"How bad is it?"

I ask finally, just to fill the space.

"Dislocated shoulder. Nothing that you can't handle."



His lips twitch, almost like he is fighting a smile, but it never fully forms.

"You always were good at fixing what is broken."

He says quietly. The words land heavily in the space between us, and for a few seconds, neither one of us breathes.

My chest tightens as memories start rushing up, but I shove them back down as hard as I can.

"That is my job. I fix what I can."

I say flatly as I shrug.

He shifts on his feet and clears his throat.

"How have you been, Sienna?"

I blink, startled by his question. After six years, that is what he asks me? Seriously?

I fold my arms in front of my chest.

"Busy. The hospital doesn't exactly leave me much free time."

I say, keeping my tone neutral.

He nods his head, his gaze dropping to the floor for a few seconds before lifting back up to mine.

"And... your boy? He looked... healthy."

He says hesitantly. My breath catches in my throat as the mention of



Aiden, and my arms tighten against my chest.

My wolf snarls inside of me, protectively, but I force her back and myself to keep my voice calm before answering him

"He is perfect."

I say simply, nodding my head.

The way he swallows, the way his eyes soften for just a fraction of a second, nearly undoes me. But then he straightens, his jaw hardening.

"Good... That is good."

He says and the silence between us stretches again, only heavier now.

His lips press together, but his eyes stay on me.

"You have changed."

He says and I arch a brow before I lift my chin, and shrug. 

"So have you, but I guess six years will do that to a person."

I say coldly, and I see something flicker in his eyes. Pain? Regret? Longing? I can't tell, and I don't want to. He clears his throat and his gaze flickers down to the stethoscope hanging around my neck, then back up to my face.

"You are a doctor now."

He says and I nod my head. 



"Yes... Well, almost. I am still a few months away from finishing. "

I correct him softly and he nods his head slowly.

"I'm not surprised."

Something in his voice makes my throat tighten slightly and I clear it.

"So how is Bianca doing?"

The question slips out before I can stop it.

Asher's shoulders stiffen slightly before he answers.

"She is fine. Tired, but fine, thank you for asking. The baby is due soon."

There is a heaviness in the way he says it, but I don't dare to dig deeper. Instead I hug the clipboard closer to my chest and nod my head looking down at the floor.

"That's good. I'm glad for you."

The words taste like ash in my mouth, but I manage to get them out.

Silence stretches between us again, thick and heavy.

I can feel his eyes on me, studying me.

I force myself to look back up, and to meet his gaze head-on.

"Is that all, Alpha?"

I ask after a few more seconds, and again he stiffens slightly.



The title hangs sharp in the air between us.

He swallows hard, something flickering in his eyes but before I can figure out what it is, it is gone, shuttered away just as quickly as it appeared.

His lips press into a thin line again and he nods his head.

"Yes."

His voice sounds stiff and he clears his throat. He shifts his weight before speaking again.

"Of course. That is all."

He says, his voice cold now and just like that, the distance between us feels even wider than ever.

I swallow and nod my head again, pressing the clipboard tightly against my chest like armor.

"Then I would like to get back to work, if you don't mind. And you should probably go back as well. The warriors will need their Alpha."

For a moment, his lips part, like he wants to say something else. But then he closes his mouth again, gives me a short nod, and steps back.

He leaves without another word and the door closes softly behind him.

Only when I'm sure that he is gone do I let out the breath that I have been holding, and lean back against the counter.



My wolf whines in my chest, furious that I let him walk away from us again.

But what else could I do?

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