

5.Turquoise eyes

Blake's POV

The next day I was woken up by a soft hand running through my hair. The touch was familiar and soothing. Her scent made me feel relaxed immediately, although all of my muscles were aching from the uncomfortable chair I slept in.

"Hi Honey, you should eat something. I brought you breakfast." My mother's voice made me feel like a little boy again. I stretched as much as the deadly chair could allow me and groaned when all the bones in my neck made a snapping sound. Through foggy eyes I looked at her and sighed. She was rushed to the hospital yesterday and I didn't even check on her. I felt like the worst son on the planet.

"How are you feeling, Mom?" I nally asked, watching her vigorously placing the food at the table.

"I'm ne, as much as old people can be. But it's not about me. How are you feeling?" She approached me and touched my cheek but her eyes were switching curiously from me to the person on the bed.

"I honestly don't know. I was waiting for this moment and now... I just don't know what to do. I am happy that I found her, but I wasn't expecting these circumstances." I pointed at all the tubes attached to my mate's body.

She smiled after leaving my cheek and rounded the bed, focused on my unconscious mate. She watched her closely before grabbing her hand and kissing her right cheek. I followed after her and took my mate's other hand and kissed it.

"Be here with her, be here for her. And be patient. That's all you can do right now. Give her support while healing and don't rush her to anything, we don't know the state she will wake up in. She's beautiful, by the way." She said, brushing my mate's hair. I smiled at her compliment.

"Our ight is scheduled for a few hours from now, but I arranged your stay for as long as it takes. Bring her home, Blake." She looked at me with her gray eyes lled with love. Her brown hair had a touch of gray after all these years but she looked as beautiful as the day I met her.

I smiled at her in response. I knew she would help me with anything. I hugged her and kissed her cheek before she walked away, promising to come back with Dad and Brody before they leave.

"Oh, and Blake?" She turned around before leaving the ward. I looked at her expectantly. "Take a shower, you stink." She winked at me and left closing the door, softly giggling to herself.

I chuckled at her words but looking down, I noticed my clothes from yesterday. I could denitely use a shower. Looking inside the suitcase left near the door, I found all my clothes and a few new ones. Denitely Mom arranged it, she was always at least two steps ahead with everything, not knowing how long I'd be here before my mate woke up, she had packed me for at least a week.

The door opened again minutes later and Dr. Logan came back, accompanied by two nurses. By their scent, they were humans and were shamelessly ogling me like some kind of meat to devour with eagerness. I noticed how their scrubs were molding their bodies, showing all the curves. They swayed their hips in a seductive way but it didn't do anything to me this time. All my body, heart and soul craved was the Beauty lying in the hospital bed. I let the doctor to check her and made sure he didn't touch her inappropriately or cause her more pain.

"How is she?" I couldn't wait for him to nish the examination.

"Still the same, but I see some improvement in her healing. I need to take some scans to check her brain. So I scheduled an EEG in two hours." He answered while writing some notes on her chart.

"You need to take some rest and relax, she'll be ne." One of the nurses said and placed her small hand at my shoulder.

Her eyes were lled with lust roaming over my body, and the scent of her arousal hit my nostrils. She was pretty with her big amber eyes and blonde hair braided at one side, but my wolf was ready to bite her hand for touching us. She was crossing the line in front of our mate. I only looked at her with a blank expression but she didn't take the hint and smiled seductively.

"Rose, Trina, leave me alone with Mr. Jones and his ancée." Dr. Logan reprimanded the nurses and unsatised, they obeyed his order, but I did notice their angry and disappointed faces before they left the room swaying their hips more than necessary.

"I'm sorry Alpha, for their behavior. I'll schedule other nurses to attend to your mate." He apologized and I only nodded at him in response. It was not a surprise to be eye raped by them. It was a known fact that we, the werewolves, had better genes than humans and our looks attracted people with our physiques.

"I think your presence makes her heal faster. Her vitals improved when you showed up. The mate bond has a magical effect for us. She looks better but I'm concerned about her head injury. The shift during driving could have killed her. And honestly I'm surprised she survived. Let's pray the outcome will be nothing serious." He added and after bowing his head, he left.

I sighed and ran my hands through my hair, intertwining them at my neck. I watched her like a creep memorizing her facial features, thinking about what to do next. It was a miracle she survived, what if I reached the limit of miracles in my life?

"What will we do, if she won't wake up?" I asked my wolf in desperation. I needed some good vibes and assurance.

"She will. Her wolf is weak but present, helping her to heal before she wakes up. I feel her. Don't lose hope." He sounded more condent but I felt his anxiety through our bond. I just decided to believe in his words. After another hour of no signs of her waking up, I nally decided to take that shower.

Taking the necessary items from my bag I left her ward for the rst time and rushed to the nearest shower room. I double checked the door, making sure it was locked to not encounter any unnecessary company, especially after those two nurses from before who happily showed me this shower room. Taking off my shirt, I sniffed it and I had to admit it was bad.

Fresh and clean after the quick shower, I sent mom the updates and waited for Doctor Logan to take my mate for the exam. When the exam time came I went with her. I kissed her forehead before they disappeared into the exam room. To distract myself from pacing around, I went to the nurse's station and arranged the VIP room for us. I didn't give any information about my mate, pretending her identity must stay hidden because of her being a popular person. Reluctantly they agreed, but paying extra money did the trick.

When she came back from the exam room, we were taken to the second oor where my suitcase was already waiting. I looked around, pleased that there was a huge couch that should t my body perfectly and the adjoining bathroom was equipped with necessary amenities. When my mate was placed in the ward and attached to all the monitors, the personnel left and I could nally feel more comfortable while staying here. I sent a message to Bella and Cam updating them on my mate's condition.

The next ve days were all the same. Her wounds healed almost totally, the doctor removed the tubes when her lungs were able to breathe on their own. He left her attached only to the heart monitor and an IV with uids. She started to breathe without any help on the third day after I found her and the swelling on her brain was slowly disappearing.

I was so excited that she'd be ne that I called my parents and told them the good news right away. They were happy to hear it but still concerned about the unknown date I could come back home with my mate. The whole pack was informed about the reason for my disappearance and all wished us well. Cam called a few times to talk about everything and anything. Just to take my mind out of the situation for a few hours.

He arranged a laptop delivery so I could work from the hospital. And I was able to answer tons of emails from our clients and send my requests to the project managers of every department. It was a good distraction from constantly worrying about my girl.

I was answering the emails from our nancial department, when I heard a small groan from my left followed by a small grunt. Immediately I looked at the bed, my heart pounding in my chest at seeing her face scrunching in pain or discomfort. I threw the laptop aside and was at her side in seconds, reaching for her hand, kissing it.

"Hey Baby. Do you hear me? Can you open your eyes?" I whispered while brushing my ngers over her cheek. The sparks ew through my body more intensely than before when she was sleeping.

Smiling with joy, I hit the button to call the doctor. She still hadn't opened her eyes but she leaned to my touch and released a little moan. That made me hard as a rock and I fought the urge to claim her on the spot. It wasn't a time for my primal needs to claim my girl so I tried to focus on her eyelids, seeing she was trying to open them.

The doctor came in with a few nurses, asking why I called but when he saw the movement on the bed, he checked all the vitals and asked her to open her eyes while instructing the nurses to prepare to run a few exams.

When my waking up mate did not follow the doctor's instructions, I asked her a few more times to open her eyes and when she nally did it, I was frozen in place. My wolf repeated one word in my head while dancing in joy.

"Mate." I whispered his thoughts out while looking into mesmerizing turquoise eyes that made me feel all the range of emotions. From joy, pride and gratitude to fulfillment, contentment and love. She was shyly looking at me, not responding to the doctor beside us asking her questions. Her gaze was fully focused on me and lled with curiosity, confusion and conict. I smiled at her and her lips formed a small smile of her own.

I forced myself to look at the doctor to prevent myself from kissing my mate's luscious lips and scare her with my actions. She looked at the doctor with puzzled eyes. He asked her a few standard questions but she didn't respond. Her eyes were looking at me more than the doctor but no words left her lips.

"Is she deaf or mute? Has the brain injury caused her to lose the ability to communicate or hearing loss?" I asked the doctor, afraid she wouldn't be able to communicate with us. But she reached for my hand and squeezed it lightly making me focus on her face again. She was breathtaking.

"What is it, baby? Do you hear me? What do you need?" I was so concerned about her health that I almost shouted my questions. In response she closed her eyes and winced in pain. I was terried I hurt her and immediately loosened my grip on her hand. The feeling of sparks disappeared and I felt incomplete. She opened her eyes and with a scared face looked at her hand.

"Do you hear us?" Dr. Logan stepped in his doctor's role and asked her all the questions. She looked at me with a questioning look and nodded her head in response.

"How do you feel? Does anything hurt?" He continued the procedure while I stood there aching to touch her but restrained myself. Once again she nodded and pointed at her throat.

Led by instinct, I grabbed a bottle of water and opened it. Not nding any straw, I barked at the nurse to bring me one, which she did, scared of my voice. When she came back and handed me the straw with a shaking hand, I placed it inside the bottle and held it in front of my mate's lips. She slowly opened her lips and started to drink.

"Slow sips, your throat is swollen and exhausted." Dr. Logan instructed and she did what she was told. After a few seconds she released the straw, closed her eyes and cleared her throat.

"Who-oo.." she tried to speak but her voice was hoarse and fatigued. Inhaling and exhaling for a few times she took another try.

"Who-oo a-aare yo-uuu?" Her voice was louder but still she stuttered.

"I'm Doctor Felix Logan, this is Blake Jones and you're in the hospital. Do you remember anything?" Felix introduced us and I was more than happy for his professional approach. I might lose my s**t if I was left alone to answer her question.

"N-noo." She answered with tears in her eyes. I wiped the big one that escaped her eye. And she looked at me again.

"What's your name, baby girl?" I asked the most important question.

She took her time answering it. Waiting to know it, I was on edge shifting from one foot to another. The suspense was killing me with every passing second. She looked at the ceiling to think about it and cried even more.

"I-I do-on't kno-ow." She sobbed her response and my heart sank in my stomach.

Reality came to me like a tsunami. She didn't remember anything. It was going to be harder than I thought to make her mine.