

Chapter 35

Zander's POV

Nicola had barely made it though the first night and it took nearly 3 days before the doctor could safely say she was no longer in danger of dying. It's been two weeks since we brought her to the hospital and she's yet to wake up. I've been spending every night and all of my free time by her bedside, holding her hand and talking to her. I haven't completely abandoned my alpha duties but Kane has stepped up to help out with a lot of it, and for that I'm grateful.

Every once in a while Nicola's eyes will flutter and my heart soars thinking this will be the time she'll wake up, but she doesn't. My eyes have dark bags under them and between the stress and complete loss of appetite, I've lost a considerable amount of weight. I pretty much look like shit.

"I need you love" I reach over to her and gently grasp her hand. "Please wake up, come back to me." My throat is dry and cracking.

I walk over to a table in the corner of the room and grab the bottle of water sitting on it. There's also a plate of food that's been sitting for a few hours that was supposed to be my dinner, but I slide it to the side. After taking a long drink, I turn back and look at my beautiful mate. Color has returned to her face and her wound appears to have completely healed. She looks like she's just taking a nap, like she should wake up at any moment, but she hasn't.

A war is coming in less than two weeks and I really should be training but it's the last thing on my mind. If Nicola doesn't wake up, I could care less if I live or die. Thankfully, Rivers has been working with all the warriors so we won't be going into battle completely unprepared. I'm close to giving him the reins on the whole operation but my men need me to step up. They trust me to lead them through this war like I did in the last one and I can't let them down. This is bigger than just me.

"I hate to admit this, but I'm scared." I walk over to her again. "For the first time I'm actually scared. I'm so afraid to lose you I can't even think straight. I need you beside me Nicola, I can't do this alone." I hang my head and scrub my face with my palms as I sit back down beside her.

I continue to stare at her, hoping she'll hear my pleas and open her eyes, but nothing happens. I sigh, grab my phone, deciding to catch up on some work and look through emails I'm days behind on.

The door cracks open and I turn so see Kane walk in the room. He holds out a Styrofoam box, which I can only assume is more food that I'm not going to eat and I give him a look.

"You better eat the damn thing, my mate made this." He says as he shoves the box out towards me.

I walk over him and shake my head. "Sorry Kane, I'm just not hungry."

"Sarah made this specially for you, it's your favorite." He narrows his eyes, daring me to reject the food his mate went out of her way to make for me.

"Can I have it?" A cracked voice breaks our stare down and I turn my head around so fast, I think I gave myself whiplash. Honestly her voice sounded terrible and broken but it's still the most beautiful thing I've ever heard.

"Nicola." I say breathlessly as I rush over to her.

"Hey sleeping beauty" Kane says and places the box of food gently in her lap.

"I'm not sure if you should-" I go to grab the box but she snatches it away from me.

"Don't you dare. You said you didn't want it." She shoots me a death glare. I turn to Kane who's giving me an amused grin and he throws his hands up to say he wants no part of it.

"Oh this is so good." She moans and I see she's already inhaled half of the sandwich.

Kane walks out, leaving us alone, and I sit in silence as I watch my mate. My very alive mate. She wipes her face with a napkin as she finishes the food before turning to me.

"You won't have to do it alone." She says so matter of factly I start to wonder if I asked her a question and didn't realize it.

"Um- What?" God please tell me I haven't already lost my sanity.

"You said you were scared and couldn't do it alone. You don't have to." She looks at me slightly confused as if I didn't say this 30 mins ago but 30 seconds ago.

"You heard me?" I ask, shocked.

"I heard a lot." She gives me a sly grin. "I really was trying to wake up but it just felt like I was trapped in a maze and couldn't get out." She bites her lip and looks down.

I stare at her mouth hungrily before my eyes move back up to stare into hers. Walking over to her, I cup her cheek and lean down to press my lips to hers. The kiss is slow and long overdue but I pull back before I get too carried away, I mean she literally just woke up for a coma not even an hour ago.

"I'm going to go get the doctor and see if we can get you home." I say to her before heading out of the door.

A few hours later she was sitting up in my bed back at the pack house. I had to carry her to the car since she was barely able to walk and the doctor informed us that the sliver really did a number to her nervous system. It was going to be awhile before she would be able to build her strength back up and function normally again.

It broke my heart to see the tears rolling down her face at the news. She was always so independent and I know it's hard for her not to have the freedom of performing basic tasks like walking to the kitchen for coffee. Most of the damage seems to be from the waist down but she thankfully still has all her feeling. It's like the signals coming from the brain are lagging and between that and the muscle she's lost, each step for her is a great challenge.

I've begun training for the upcoming war and helping Nicola with her physical therapy in between. The warriors have been absolutely thrilled about the new armor and have gotten comfortable wearing and fighting in it over the last few weeks. I have started to wear mine as well and I have to admit that it's much more comfortable than I ever thought it would be.

After training and finishing up some paperwork in my office, I head back to the room so see my mate. When I open the door she's sitting on the edge of the bed looking out the window that overlooks the pack lands. Her face reveals pain and sadness and her eyes glisten with unshed tears.

"What's wrong babe?" I walk over to her and cup her face with my hands so she's looking at me.

"I hate this Zander." She whispers.

"Hate what?" My heart rate starts to increase as different scenarios go through my head.

We never discussed the fight we had before the incident but I was hoping it wouldn't be brought up like this. She has a lot of time to sit here and think and I don't want her to be unhappy with me. Am I spending enough time with her? Am I being too overbearing? I want to grab her and beg her to give me a chance, get down on my knees if I have to. Anything to keep her with me.

"I don't like being stuck in this room. I want to be out there. With you." She points out the window.

I feel the tension leave my body from her words, and even though she shouldn't be out of bed, the task she's asking of me isn't impossible. This. This I can handle.

Chapter Comments



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