

CHAPTER 107

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107 Lucas: Panic LUCAS “What the f@ck do you mean she’s unconscious?” My voice rises in the back of the cab, drawing Vester’s alarmed glance in the rearview mirror of the SUV. Kellan’s voice crackles through my phone. “Her vitals are stable, but she’s not waking up. Doctors can’t find anything physically wrong.” “Then why the hell is she in the hospital?” Fury pounds through my veins, my wolf snarling to hunt down whoever dared harm our mate. “What did Jericho do?” “It wasn’t him. She collapsed at home after training.” “Training?” The word comes out in a growl. “She’s still recovering! She shouldn’t be-” “Boss.” Vester’s gruff voice cuts in. “Nessa’s with her now. Should be able to tell us more soon.” I rake a hand through my hair, jaw clenched. “I want guards on her room. No one gets in besides pack and medical staff.” “Already done.” 15:25 1/7 107 Lucas: Panic “Good.” I glance out the window at the darkened streets whizzing by, leg bouncing with impatience. Vester’s watching cautiously, and the husky’s panting in the back, still crated. “The dog. Get her to Lisa’s place.” “Dog?” Kellan grunts. “Since when-”. “Don’t worry about it.” I end the call, pulse hammering in my throat. Ava. My Ava. Lying in a hospital bed. Again. No. I won’t let anything else happen to her. Whatever this is, whoever is responsible, I’ll destroy them. Rip them to shreds with my bare hands if I have to. The SUV screeches to a halt outside the hospital, but I’m already flinging open the door, barely registering Vester’s shout to wait. Selene whines from her crate, but I can’t think about the dog right now. All that matters is getting to Ava. I burst through the sliding doors, my boots thudding against the linoleum as I make a beeline for the front desk. The receptionist looks up, startled, but I’m already demanding Ava’s room number. 107 Lucas Panic “I’m Lucas Westwood,” I growl, slamming my hand on the counter. “Alpha of the Westwood Pack. Ava Grey is under my protection. Now tell me where she is.” The receptionist blanches, fingers flying over her keyboard. “R–room 305, Alpha. Third floor, to the left.” I don’t bother with thanks, just spin on my heel and head for the elevators. The ride up is agonizingly slow, the numbers crawling by as my mind races with worst–case scenarios. What if she’s hurt worse than Kellan let on? What if someone got past the guards? What if- The doors ding open and I’m moving, long strides eating up the distance to Ava’s room. Two of my enforcers stand guard outside, nodding respectfully as I approach. “Report,” I bark, not slowing down. “No change, Alpha,” one of them says. “Vanessa’s still in with her.” I push open the door, my heart in my throat. And there she is. Ava. Lying still and pale against the white sheets, an IV dripping into her arm. Vanessa looks up from her hodaïdo ovraccion crim Thoro’s a 15:25 317 < 107 Lucas Panic black–haired human girl on the other side of the bed. Must be Lisa. “Lucas,” Vanessa greets softly. “I wish I had better news.” I cross to Ava’s side in threwwWw.ñOvêLwOrm.cOm

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e strides, my hand finding hers, careful of the wires and tubes. Her skin is cool to the touch, and I have to swallow past the lump in my throat. “What’s wrong with her, Nessa?” I ask hoarsely. “Why won’t she wake up?” Vanessa sighs, running a hand through her hair. “Physically, she’s fine. Exhausted and a bit dehydrated, but nothing that would cause this level of unconsciousness.” “Then what-” “I think it’s her wolf,” Vanessa cuts in gently. “Or rather, the lack thereof.” I frown, not understanding. “What do you mean?” “Ava’s... unique,” Vanessa says carefully. “She hasn’t shifted, despite being of age. And now, with everything she’s been through... I think her wolf is trying to 15:25 A7 107 Lucas Panic emerge, but something’s blocking it. It’s the only theory I can come up with. Her healing has been at an exceptional rate recently, and there was the incident. during the escape where she had supernatural speed. These are not human traits. These are from our wolves.” I stare down at Ava’s still face, my mind reeling. Her wolf. Trying to break free. “But why now? What changed?” Vanessa spreads her hands helplessly. “I don’t know, Lucas. This is beyond anything I’ve seen before. We’re in uncharted territory here.” I nod, jaw tight. Uncharted or not, I refuse to lose Ava. Not like this. Not when I just got her back. “Keep monitoring her,” I order. “I want updates every hour. And double the guard on her room. No one gets in besides medical staff and pack.” “Of course,” Vanessa agrees. “But Lucas, you should prepare yourself. If Ava’s wolf can’t emerge, she might not wake up at all.” I close my eyes, the words hitting like a punch to the gut. No. I won’t accept that. I can’t. 15.25 107 Lucas Panic “She’ll wake up,” I say firmly, more to myself than Vanessa. “She has to.” I sink into the chair by Ava’s bed as Vanessa slips out, my hand still gripping hers. She looks so small, so fragile. Nothing like the fiery, stubborn woman I know her to be. “Fight, baby,” I whisper, bringing her hand to my lips. “Fight like I know you can. I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere.” Outside, the moon rises full and bright, casting silver light through the window. I watch it inch across the floor, my eyes growing heavy. But I won’t sleep. I’ll stay right here, keeping vigil. Lisa’s silent on the other side. It isn’t time for introductions or any of that paltry social bullshit. We’re just waiting. Waiting for my mate to come back to me. “I love you, Ava,” I breathe, the words sticking in my throat. “I love you so f@cking much. Don’t you dare leave me. You hear me? You stay with me. No matter what.” 6/7 107 Lucas Panic There’s no response, of course. Just the steady beep of the machines, the drip of the IV. But I swear I feel her fingers twitch in mine. The barest flutter. A sign of hope. Of fight. My Ava is still in there. And I’ll be damned if I let her slip away. So I settle in to wait, my eyes locked on her face. Praying to the Moon Goddess. To anyone who will listen. Bring her back to me. Please. I’ll do anything. But all I can do now is hold her hand. And hope. Comment \$ View All > Post your first comment! Vote

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