

Chapter 28

Haven Kramer POV:

The next morning, as I was examining the ledgers I'd confiscated from Mrs. Villarreal, Phoebe burst into the room, her face glowing with excitement.

"My lady, the most wonderful news!" she whispered, unable to contain her glee.

"The main beam in the west storeroom collapsed! It fell right on Dr. Sullivan as he was fetching some herbs!"

Phoebe's eyes shone with a righteous, 'he got what he deserved' fire. "His leg is broken! He's trapped under the rubble and can't move!"

I put down the ledger and allowed myself a small, knowing smile. Of course, it wasn't an accident.

After getting the keys yesterday, I'd had Phoebe "casually" mention to Silas the butler that the beam in the west storeroom looked dangerously loose. Then, I had another kitchen maid-one who had long suffered under Mrs. Villarreal's thumb-"accidentally" let it slip to Dr. Sullivan that a fresh batch of the rare herbs I needed was stored directly beneath that very beam.

Dr. Sullivan, eager to impress me and wanting to claim the credit for procuring the herbs, would naturally have gone himself. A perfect "accident" with no one to blame.

Now, the only person in the manor who could officially interfere with my treatment was out of the picture.

A knock came at the door. It was Mrs. Villarreal herself, pushing a cart laden with the rarest herbs and supplies from my list. A servant

followed her, carrying a heavy cashbox.

She was more subservient than ever, her face sallow, her eyes filled with a permanent state of dread. She pushed the cart before me and bowed deeply. "Madam, everything you requested has been delivered. This is the estate's discretionary fund for the month. It is yours as well."

I inspected the herbs. They were of the highest quality. I opened the cashbox. It was filled with neat stacks of gold and silver coins.

"Good." I nodded, took a single white pill from my pocket, and handed it to her.

She accepted it with a gratitude that was almost worshipful, as if it were a divine gift, then bowed her way out of the room.

I watched her go, a cold smile on my lips. The "poison" was, in reality, a simple but potent mixture of a strong laxative and a plant-alkaloid that caused severe muscle spasms. The "inhibitor" was nothing more than a common pain reliever and a placebo. She would live forever in fear, my most loyal dog.

Phoebe watched the entire exchange, her admiration for me reaching new heights. "My lady, you are incredible!"

I ignored her praise, my mind already on the next step. "Phoebe, move all of this into the adjoining room. From now on, that is my laboratory."

With ample resources and a completely undisturbed environment, I could finally begin my real work.

My first task was to create a set of custom "medical pads" for Demetri. His paralysis meant he had no control over his bodily functions. For a proud Alpha, this was a humiliation worse than death. The simple cloths they were using were unhygienic and a breeding ground for infection.

I selected a highly absorbent wood-cotton fiber, mixed it with powdered, antimicrobial silver-leaf grass, and used a special weaving technique to

create a soft, breathable, and incredibly absorbent pad.

In my previous life, this was a standard nursing supply. In this world, it was a revolutionary invention.

I took the freshly made pad and walked to Demetri's bed. He was awake, watching me.

I could feel that he already knew everything that had happened outside this room. Dr. Sullivan's "accident." Mrs. Villarreal's submission.

He didn't ask. I didn't explain. A strange, unspoken understanding was forming between us.

I held up the new pad and gave him a small smile. "Look what I made. From now on, you can be a little more dignified."

He stared at the soft, white pad, and I saw a violent flicker of emotion in his eyes.

I knew that word, "dignified," had struck his most sensitive nerve.

I didn't give him time to react. "Alright, lie still. I'm going to change you."

His face instantly flushed a dark red, and his breathing hitched.

I knew this would be the ultimate test of his pride.

And for me, it would be our first time with absolutely no barrier of clothing between us while he was fully awake. It felt like the most intimate, conscious physical contact we had yet shared.



