

Chapter 32

Demetri Contreras POV:

My smile seemed to unnerve her.

She looked away, clearing her throat, and turned her attention to the packages she'd brought back. "Phoebe, take these mineral catalysts and the glassware to the lab."

Her tone was all business again, the brief moment of warmth gone.

Phoebe nodded and started moving the supplies. The strange, delicate tension in the room broke.

I leaned back against the pillows, watching her as I took small bites of the bread she'd brought. It was still warm. It was the first time in months I had truly tasted food.

She didn't start her work immediately. She sat at the table, writing on a piece of parchment, her profile focused in the candlelight.

Just having her in the room, I realized, brought a sense of peace I had never known.

When she finished writing, she brought the parchment to my bed. "Demetri, I've hit a bottleneck with the antidote."

I stopped chewing and looked at her. "What kind of bottleneck?"

"I've analyzed most of the poison's components, but I'm missing the key—that unknown energy catalyst. I need a... purer sample for the separation experiments."

She paused, seeming to choose her words carefully. Her green eyes held a purely scientific curiosity. "To get the most active toxin sample, I need some of your 'fluid'."

"Fluid?" I repeated the word. My mind felt slow.

She nodded, her expression serious. "Yes. Not blood or tissue fluid, those are contaminated by your immune system. I need something more... concentrated. A fluid produced by your body's core during a state of stress."

My brain went blank.

Fluid. Core. Produced under stress.

An absurd, outrageous, but unstoppable thought slammed into my mind. She... was she asking for my... semen?

A roar of heat flooded my entire body. My face, my neck, even my ears felt like they were on fire.

"What... did you say?" My voice was a strangled, hoarse sound that didn't feel like my own.

She seemed completely unaware of my reaction, still explaining earnestly. "The toxin has formed a dynamic equilibrium in your system. But during certain physiological activities, like... intense... ah, emotional fluctuations or physical reactions, your body expels the highest concentration of toxins into specific secretions to protect your core life force."

It was over. Every word she said confirmed my horrifying guess. Intense physical reactions... specific secretions...

My heart began to hammer against my ribs, a wild drumbeat trying to escape my throat.

I couldn't process it. This woman, who a moment ago had made me feel safe and warm, could now ask for something so... so outrageous, with such a calm, academic tone.

She looked at my flushed face and finally frowned. "What's wrong with you? Your face is so red. Are you running a fever?"

She actually reached out, her hand moving toward my forehead to check my temperature.

I flinched back as if I'd been stung by a scorpion, dodging her touch. "Don't touch me!"

My violent reaction startled her. Her hand froze in mid-air, her face a mask of innocent confusion. "I just wanted to see if you were unwell."

Unwell? I was losing my mind. My body, my traitorous Alpha body, was having a shameful reaction to her clinical words and my own ridiculous imagination.

I gripped the bedsheets, using every ounce of my willpower to suppress the primal urge.

"I'm... fine," I gritted out, turning my face away, unable to look at her.

"Alright," she said, her voice laced with weary resignation. She seemed to dismiss it as another one of my mood swings. She withdrew her hand.

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 +120 Points at most

"Well, think about it. This is crucial for your treatment."

Think about it? How was I supposed to think about it? Was I supposed to tell her that I, a paralyzed cripple, was physically incapable of... completing the "task" she was "requesting"?

Shame and a strange, new heat warred inside me.

She looked at my rigid back, seemed to want to say more, but then just sighed and turned to leave.

I heard her say to Phoebe, "His mood is very unstable today. Phoebe, go prepare some calming herbs."

I closed my eyes, wishing the floor would swallow me whole. Did she have any idea what she had just said?



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