

Untouchable: The Alpha's Miracle Doctor

Chapter 6

Haven Kramer POV:

Phoebe, startled by the command in my voice, scurried away without a word. Fear of me had momentarily overcome her fear of this room.

I was alone with Demetri. I moved to the bedside and began my examination. I placed my hand on his forehead. His skin was cold, clammy.

No fever. That was a small mercy, but the lack of warmth was just as alarming. It spoke of a system shutting down-the body's microcirculation was failing, pulling all blood back to the core to protect the remaining vital organs.

I pressed two fingers against his carotid artery, counting the sluggish, thready rhythm against my internal clock.

Forty-five beats per minute. Critical.

His respiratory rate was shallow and irregular, his lips bearing the telltale bluish tint of severe hypoxia.

Charly hadn't been lying. He was dying.

The residual silver from the blades had entered his bloodstream, acting as a heavy metal neurotoxin that was systematically shutting down his multiple organ systems cell by cell.

This was worse than I had imagined.

The weight of the challenge settled on me, heavy and real. But with it came a familiar surge of adrenaline, the exact same sensation I used to feel before stepping into the main operating theater back in Astraea.

A stubborn refusal to accept defeat. I was a surgeon. I didn't give up on patients. Not ever.

Based on the necrotic progression of the tissue and the rate of systemic failure, I estimated he had less than thirty days left if the silver wasn't immediately sequestered and extracted.

Phoebe returned, panting, with a basin of steaming water, a stack of what looked like torn-up linen sheets, and several bottles of dark liquor.

"Put it there," I said, my eyes never leaving Demetri. "Take off his clothes."

Phoebe hesitated, her face flushing. "Miss, that's... that's not proper..."

I turned my head, and my gaze was as sharp as a scalpel. "Right now, I am what's proper," I said, my voice low and intense. "If you want him to live, you will do exactly as I say."

Awed into submission, she nodded. Together, we wrestled with the filthy, sweat-stiffened nightshirt, carefully peeling it away from his wounded body.

When he was finally bare, Phoebe let out a small, choked gasp. His body was a testament to a brutal fight. A tapestry of old, silvery scars and new, festering wounds.

But beneath the damage, the framework was there. Broad shoulders, a lean waist, the powerful musculature of a top predator.

My gaze remained purely clinical, mapping out the surgical pathways in my mind.

I dipped a cloth into the hot water, wrung it out, and began to clean his skin. My movements were efficient and gentle, working around the worst of the injuries.

When I reached his face, I paused. His face was heavily wrapped in linen bandages, the kind applied hastily in the field.

They were stained with old blood and yellowed drainage, obscuring nearly everything except the outline of his jaw and the faint shape of his nose beneath the layers of cloth.

Only a sliver of skin was visible at his temple and along his hairline-pale, almost translucent, with the sickly gray undertone of advanced silver poisoning.

I couldn't see his features. Not really. But what I could see suggested a strong bone structure beneath the wrappings. That was all I needed to know.

I moved on. My heart gave a strange, unwelcome flutter as my fingers brushed the edge of the bandages. I ruthlessly suppressed it.

He was a patient. He was a tool. Nothing more.

I finished cleaning the surface grime from his body. Now for the critical part. The wounds themselves.

I picked up one of the bottles of liquor-it looked like a harsh, unrefined whiskey-and twisted off the cork.

Phoebe saw my intention and her hands flew to her mouth. "Miss, what are you doing? The alcohol will burn him alive!"

"He can't feel it," I said coldly, noting the deep comatose state of his central nervous system. "But if I don't disinfect these wounds, sepsis will kill him before the sun sets."

Without another word, I tilted the bottle. The amber, acrid liquid splashed directly onto the largest, most grotesque wound on his abdomen.

