

Untouchable: The Alpha's Miracle Doctor

Chapter 8

Haven Kramer POV:

The sweet pastry settled the gnawing hunger in my stomach and cleared my head. But with clarity came the next pressing medical crisis.

Demetri was in a deep coma. He couldn't void his bladder. If urine backed up, it would lead to a urinary tract infection, which would quickly travel to his already-failing kidneys. It would be a fatal complication.

I needed a catheter.

"Phoebe, does this estate have anything like a thin, hollow, flexible tube?" I asked, knowing the answer was likely no.

She thought for a moment, her brow furrowed, then shook her head.

I sighed. Of course not. I would have to make one. My mind, a repository of two worlds' worth of knowledge, sifted through possibilities.

"Go to the kitchens," I instructed her. "I need animal intestines. The kind they use for sausage casings. And bring me some beeswax."

Phoebe looked at me as if I had grown a second head, but my tone brooked no argument. She scurried off, her trust in me now overriding her confusion.

She returned with a length of cleaned sheep's intestine. I selected the thinnest, most pliable section and disinfected it thoroughly with the remaining liquor. Then, I lit the candle again and heated a thin iron poker from the fireplace tools. Carefully, I coated the inside of the intestine with a thin, smooth layer of melted beeswax. The wax gave the flimsy tube just enough rigidity and a slick surface.

It was crude. It was improvised.

Phoebe watched my bizarre arts and crafts project with a look of pure awe. In her eyes, I was no longer just a mistress; I was some kind of miracle worker.

The next part was a true test of her composure.

"I need you to hold his legs," I said calmly.

Phoebe's face went from crimson to scarlet. She squeezed her eyes shut as she complied, turning her head away.

I, however, felt nothing but clinical detachment. This was a procedure, a necessary step to save a life. With the practiced, steady hand of a surgeon, I gently inserted the makeshift catheter.

Success. A stream of dark yellow urine flowed through the tube and into the wooden bucket I had placed beside the bed.

The immediate danger of renal failure was averted. I let out a breath I didn't realize I'd been holding. I rechecked his bandages, changing a few where blood had started to seep through.

By the time we were finished, the first gray light of dawn was filtering through the grimy windows. Phoebe was asleep on her feet. I sent her to the small antechamber to rest, while I settled into the hard wooden chair by the bed, intending to just close my eyes for a moment.

I looked at Demetri. His breathing was steadier now.

Cleaning the wounds was step one. The catheter was step two. But the real enemy was the silver still circulating in his blood. My Gift's database screamed for chelation therapy, for a drug like EDTA. A synthetic chemical compound I had no hope of finding here.

I would have to turn to this world's resources. Herbalism. As soon as I had rested, I would raid the estate's apothecary. Or its library.

As exhaustion pulled at me, my thoughts drifted, floating back to the main Contreras estate. Back to Charly.

I wondered how her rash was. A small, cruel smile played on my lips. That was just the appetizer.

The main course I had prepared for her should be arriving just about now.

Before I left, under the guise of a sisterly reconciliation, I had given her a gift. A small, expensive bottle of lavender and chamomile essential oil. "To soothe your nerves on your wedding night," I had told her, my eyes full of fake sincerity.

The oil itself was harmless. But I had added a little something extra. A colorless, odorless extract from a plant known as the "Ghost Flower." It had a peculiar property: it temporarily broke down the delicate membrane that this world's doctors used as proof of a she-wolf's virginity.

The effect was temporary. It would heal without a trace in a few days. No healer would ever find evidence of tampering.

But for a bride on her wedding night, desperate to prove her purity to a powerful, prideful Alpha... a few hours was all it would take.

I wondered, with a delicious, malicious curiosity, what expression Darren Contreras would wear when he discovered his "pure" bride was anything but.

The show would be spectacular.

On that satisfying thought, I finally let sleep claim me.

