

Untouchable: The Alpha's Miracle Doctor

Chapter 9

Haven Kramer POV:

Exhaustion finally claimed me, forcing my body into a heavy, restless sleep in the hard wooden chair.

When I woke with a start, my neck was stiff, and the room had grown dim-the sun had set hours ago.

I sat up, rubbing my aching temples as my mind automatically recalibrated, sharp and clinical. Calculations naturally ran through my head.

Nightfall. The initial allergic reaction from the flower extract on Charly's shawl would have faded by now, lulling her and Darren into a false sense of security.

With her skin restored, Charly would undoubtedly reach for that bottle of lavender and chamomile essential oil I had so generously gifted her for her wedding night.

A cold, thin smile touched my lips in the dark room.

She would massage those delicate drops into her skin, believing it to be a soothing gesture of sisterly reconciliation.

She had no idea that the Ghost Flower compound mixed inside was already reacting with her body, temporary dissolving the delicate biological markers used by healers to verify a female wolf's purity.

Darren-a arrogant, possessive Alpha who demanded absolute perfection and unblemished honor-was about to enter her chambers for their delayed union.

And when he tried to claim her, he would be met with what appeared to be undeniable proof of betrayal.

A sharp sense of dark satisfaction hummed through my veins, washing away the last lingering traces of sleep.

But my personal vendetta could wait. My patient needed me.

I was instantly on my feet, moving silently to the bedside. I reached out and placed my hand against Demetri's forehead. The skin beneath my palm was scorching hot.

"Fever," I breathed, my heart clenching with dread.

It was the one thing I had been afraid of. A sign that the infection was winning, spreading through his bloodstream. A sign of sepsis.

Panic, cold and sharp, tried to claw its way up my throat. I forced it down. I was a doctor. Panic was a luxury I couldn't afford.

I scrambled into action, soaking cloths in the basin of cool water, laying them on his forehead, his neck, his chest. Physical cooling. It was a primitive, desperate measure.

Phoebe was still asleep in the other room. I was alone, fighting a losing battle against an invisible enemy.

A feeling of helplessness, more terrifying than any physical threat, began to creep in.

As I turned to get fresh water, my back to the bed for only a second, a faint, almost imperceptible rustle of the rough linen sheet brushed against the quiet of the room.

I returned to the bedside, the basin of cool water sloshing in my trembling hands.

I looked down at him. And I froze. The water basin slipped from my grasp, crashing to the stone floor with a deafening clang.

In the dim, flickering candlelight, Demetri's eyes were open. They were a startling, icy blue, and they were fixed on me.

He was awake. And he was watching me.