Healing The Rogue Alpha Chapter 2

Flora's P.O.V

I hurried behind the soldier as he led me to the healing room with haste.

I had never once heard about rogue attacks on any of the soldiers since I came here, and to be honest, I was a little worried. I had treated small wounds before, usually scars that the soldiers faced while training or a few sprains here and there. But I had never seen a soldier getting injured by a rogue before. So I had no idea what horrors I would come to.

"In here, healer." The soldier who had been accompanying me stopped suddenly, almost making me bump into him.

When I had regained my composure, I noticed that we were outside one of the healing chambers and there were drops of blood all over the floor. Swallowing my nervousness, I entered the room only to have my heart almost leap out of my chest.

The soldier was lying on the bed unconscious and there was blood all over him. However, the scariest part wasn't the blood but the three deep claw marks on his abdomen that had cut through skin right down to the bone.

I shook my head to get rid of the shock. The soldier must be in tremendous pain! Walking over to the chest of drawers at the back of the room, I took out a syringe filled with morphine and injected it directly into his blood stream. It would temporarily lessen the pain but it would give me time enough to heal his wounds.

Taking a cloth from another drawer, I sterilized it with alcohol and then walked over to the bed to clean the cuts. I had only just begun cleaning when there was a knock on the door.

"Flora."

The man who entered had long white hair was tied back at his neck and his handsome face could make any woman kneel before him. His eyes were a blue so pure that it hurt to look at them, but I didn't feel even the slightest bit of desire as I looked into the face of the godly man. He was wearing dark clothing today and it threw his porcelain white skin into stark focus, but his face was marred with lines of worry.

"Alpha Malachi?"

I stood up from beside the injured soldier and bowed to the Alpha as he came to stand beside me.

"How is he healing?" Malachi asked, his jaw clenched and eyes hard as he looked at the deep gashes on the soldier's stomach.

"He was just brought in, Alpha." I kept my head bowed as I answered him. "I haven't begun healing him yet."

"Then start immediately." He told me. "You have my power at your disposal."

"Yes, Alpha."

Once again, I used the cloth in my hands to wipe at the soldiers wounds before I started healing. It was necessary to sterilize in case any debris remained in the cuts and caused infections later on.

Once I was sure the cut was cleaned, I placed my hands over the wounds and began to heal him. Through the Alpha's bond, I felt Malachi's power flooding into my bloodstream, filling me with his energy. I used my powers to direct that energy towards my hands from where it transferred to the injured soldier.

Within seconds, the gashes began to patch up and the wounds shrunk in size until they were only angry red marks. In any other case, I would've left it at that and let the rest of it heal naturally, but this was an emergency, so I kept going until the marks almost completely disappeared. Only three fine lines remained on his skin after I was done and those lines would disappear in a few hours.

Malachi wasn't just powerful, he was a power. I don't think there were any other Alpha's like him in the world. If only I had my memories, I could've remembered something about the pack that I had come from or how my previous Alpha had been, but even after two years, I had no recollection.

"Thank you, Flora."

I turned to bow to Malachi once more. "His wounds are completely healed, Alpha. He should be waking up soon."

"Good." He nodded and took a seat on the empty chair next to the bed. "You can go rest now; I'll stay with him and find out what happened. I'll call for you in case I need further assistance."

"Of course, Alpha." I went straight to the door and closed it behind me once I was outside.

"Flora!"

I turned towards the eastern hallway where the resting quarters were and found Daphne, another one of the Lunar Maidens and one of my closest friends, waiting for me. She came forward as she saw me exit the healing room. Her short black hair was combed back neatly and the rays of the setting sun fell on her dark skin, making it glow. Her gown was pristine white, unlike mine that now had blood stains on it.

"How is the soldier doing?" She asked worriedly.

"His wounds are healed." I assured her. "Alpha Malachi is with him. He's probably going to question him once he wakes up."

"Poor thing." Daphne sighed. "We haven't had a rogue attack in ages. I thought things were quieting down."

"Rogues are unpredictable." I told her with a sad smile. "And this attack was isolated. Maybe the rouge found him alone and thought they could kill him easily. It's a good thing other guards heard his shouts."

"Yes." Daphne took my hand and began leading me to my quarter. "Let's get you some rest now, you look tired."

"I am, a bit." I told her truthfully, feeling exhausted all of a sudden.

"You'll be better after some rest. I'll ask the kitchen you send you a plate to replenish your energy." She gave me a small smile. "Being a healer must be exhausting."

"It is, but the fact that my energy can save someone's life...it's all worth it."

"I guess." Daphne sighed. "Why do wolves even turn rogue? It would be so much better if we didn't have rogues around."

"The moon Goddess gave us a gift and a curse. Once we start losing contact with our pack, our feral side takes over, exposing us to the risk

of becoming rogues, creatures who have lost all empathy and humanity." I told her before coming to a sudden halt.

The moon Goddess gave us a gift and a curse. Once we start losing contact with our pack, our feral side takes over, exposing us to the risk of becoming rogues, creatures who have lost all empathy and humanity.

The words rang in my ears over and over again.

They weren't mine. These words that I had just spoken weren't my own. Then who said it? Whose voice was I hearing in my head? A male voice…someone I knew?

I rubbed a hand over my chest as I felt uneasiness, like someone was squeezing my heart.

"Flora? Are you alright?" Daphne asked from beside me, her tone worried and it helped me snap out of my trance.

"Yeah…I'm alright." I reassured her. "I should get some rest."

"Let's go. I'll drop you off at your quarters."

With that, Daphne began escorting me to my room, but somehow, I couldn't shake this feeling that the voice I heard in my head…I knew that person very well and they had some connection to my lost memories.