

The Unwanted Wolf

Chapter 14

Mark was gentle as he finished cleaning my wound and put a bandage on top of it. He kissed the skin around it and looked up at me with big, concerned eyes.

I stroked his hair and smiled at him. "I promise I'm okay. It's a small cut."

Mark sighed and stood up. "I know. I just can't stand the possibility of losing you. I wish I had been there."

"I'm okay. I was able to help myself, and Scythe definitely helped too. I'm glad he was there." I was still shaken up, but I felt the urge to calm Mark.

"I'm going to have to apologize to him. I may have been a little harsh." Mark ran his fingers through his hair.

"You can apologize at any point!" Scythe shouted from the other room.

I smiled. Of course Scythe was listening to the conversation. There wasn't exactly much space in my apartment to get away and give me privacy.

"We should get out of here. I don't like you being at your apartment anymore. They know where you live, and you are much too vulnerable here." Mark grabbed my hand and started pulling me out of the bathroom. "Doctor Zayla will take a look at that cut when we get back too, just in case."

"Okay, I need to pack first though." I let go of Mark's hand and stopped.

"Scythe can do that for you. I don't want you here any longer than you need to be." Mark tried to grab my hand again, but I pulled it back.

"No, I want to pack my own things. I understand you are worried, but you and Scythe are here. Plus, I can handle myself. I doubt they would try another attack so soon." I grabbed my suitcase and started packing my stuff.

Scythe smirked, raising his eyebrows. "You got a spunky one there."

Mark grumbled something under his breath, but I just ignored him. I understood he was just trying to be protective, but it felt like too much at the same time. Also, I didn't feel comfortable with Scythe going through my unmentionables. I didn't trust him to grab my essentials either.

When I was finished packing, Mark insisted on taking my stuff to his car. I didn't argue with him either, since my side was still throbbing. It would heal pretty fast due to my wolf nature, but I didn't want to irritate it unnecessarily. I turned to lock up my apartment, but I paused, staring into my apartment one last time. It had been my place of comfort for so long, but looking back in it now, I didn't feel that way at all. Looking at the mismatched furniture, I just saw rejection and harm. I felt exposed and unwanted. After one last look, I shut the door and locked it, not knowing the next time I would be here again.

It wasn't long before we were at the packhouse, and I instantly felt safer being there. I wasn't sure if my attacker knew I had been staying here, but knowing there were more people around was a comfort. Mark led me through the front door with Scythe trailing behind us.

"Well lookie here," a sweet voice rang out the moment I was through the door. I looked around and saw a tall blonde woman with green eyes and a curvy figure. "I can't believe you have been hiding this little gem from me for so long."

"Rie, now's not the best time. Adira was just attacked." Mark stopped at the bottom of the stairs.

"Oh, you poor baby!" Rie ran forward and wrapped me into a hug.

I winced as she squeezed me tight. "Hi."

"Rie," Mark scolded gently. "She's hurt. Be careful."

Rie let go of me and cupped my face in her hands. She smushed my face a little bit. "I can't believe anyone would try and hurt this beauty."

I laughed awkwardly, not sure how to feel about how touchy Rie was. She seemed nice though. "It's nice to finally meet you. Thank you for all of the clothes you have let me borrow. I can wash them and get them back to you soon."

Mark gave me a stern look. "We'll have plenty of time to talk on the trip tomorrow."

"You're coming with?" I made a note to ask Mark more about what was happening tomorrow. I didn't realize I was so out of the loop with what was happening.

"Of course! Mark needs his number two as back up tomorrow." Rie winked at us.

"And that's why I'll be there," Scythe said. He narrowed his eyes at Rie.

"That's why you both will be there," Mark quickly said. "And I'm grateful for that."

"Aww, such a sweet man you have there," Rie said, looking directly at me.

“Come on, Adira. Let’s go see the doctor,” Mark said.

Doctor Zayla took my blood while I sat on the patient’s table. Mark was still putting my stuff in his room, so it was just me and Doctor Zayla in the room.

“Your wound was pretty clean, so it should heal nicely. I want to put a couple of stitches in it just in case. I’m also going to run your blood for any toxins, just in case that knife was laced with something.”

Doctor Zayla finished taking my blood and put a bandaid on the spot where she drew it. “Are you feeling any residual side effects?”

I shook my head. “No. I feel fine, other than the little bit of pain in my wound.”

“That is promising. If the wound hasn’t healed by tomorrow, then let me know immediately. Do you normally heal faster?” She

started numbing my wound in preparation for the stitches. “Lie down.”

“I have never had any issues healing quickly.” I looked up at the ceiling, not wanting to watch Doctor Zayla put in the stitches.

“Good.”

The door opened, and when I looked over, I was relieved to see Mark. Doctor Zayla was nice enough, but she was a little formal, and I didn’t fully know how to talk to her.

“How’s the patient doing?” Mark walked over to us to see what was happening.

“She appears to be in excellent health. I am running some blood tests to be safe. She also appears to have excellent birthing hips, which will be good for continuing your blood line.”

“Zay!” Mark scolded. His face turned bright red at the comment. “That’s a little inappropriate to say.”

“All done. My apologies, Alpha. I was just stating my observations of your mate.” Doctor Zayla started cleaning up everything.

“There’s a time and a place for things like that.” Mark was avoiding eye contact with me, which was cute. I was glad he felt embarrassed by that comment as well.

Doctor Zayla shrugged. “Just make sure to keep an eye on that wound until her blood tests come back, and we know there is nothing in her system.”

“I will be keeping a close eye on her, don’t worry about that.” Mark held out his hand to me. “Come on. We should let you get some rest.”

I took Mark’s hand and hopped off the patient’s table. “Thank you, Doctor Zayla.” She nodded in response, and then I let Mark lead

me to his bedroom. My suitcase was sitting in a corner of the room, waiting for me to unpack it. I let go of Mark's hand and went over to my stuff. I started rifling through it, but I didn't really have a place to put my stuff. I might have to ask for a separate room if I was going to have to stay here for a little bit.

After looking at my stuff and deciding there was no point in unpacking at the moment, I stood up. Before I could turn to Mark, I felt his hands wrap around my waist from behind me. He was careful to make sure his arms were above my wound. He let his head fall and rest on my shoulder. He felt tense around my body.

"Mark?" I could tell he was upset. "What's wrong?"

Mark squeezed a little tighter, not saying anything. His breath was hot against my neck, and it made my heart flutter. I couldn't tell what was going on in his head, and it made me jittery with anticipation.

"Mark?" I said again.

This time he let a sigh escape his lips, and he loosened his grip on me. I took the opportunity to turn around in his arms and look him in his eyes. He almost looked sad. I brushed the hair out of his eyes. He pulled his lips tight. "When I first saw you, no, smelled you, I thought it was too good to be true. Did I actually find my mate? I questioned myself. But looking at you, I couldn't deny the unbelievably strong pull towards you. Then when you collapsed in that alley, my heart nearly stopped. I hadn't even been able to talk to you, and I was worried I was going to lose you. But then you ran away, and I realized I didn't know if you were going to reject me. I prepared myself for the possibility of you rejecting me. I convinced myself I was going to be okay with that.

"But then you didn't reject me and gave me a real chance. Adira, when you were cut earlier today, I felt your fear, and then I felt my own fear. If you chose to not accept me, that would be one thing, but if someone takes you from me, I don't think I could handle that. I just found you, and I don't want to lose you. I've lost too much."

My heart ached at his words. I had no idea how much he had lost, but I wanted to know so I could share the burden. I wanted to ease his pain. I lifted up on my tippy toes and kissed his lips softly. "I have lost more than my share of people. That's why I have been so afraid of even giving you a shot. When werewolves are around me for long enough, they realize that there's something wrong with me, and they leave me before giving me a chance. Part of me knew that if I let you in and lost it, I didn't know if I could survive that on top of

everything else.”

I reached up and cupped Mark’s face. “I’m scared too, and I’m terrified that someone is trying to kill me. I don’t want to die before I’ve had a chance to experience true happiness.” Tears threatened my eyes. I had done well with keeping a strong face so far, but in this moment, I felt my walls crumbling. I was so scared that I didn’t even know what to do.

Mark wiped the tears off my cheek. “I won’t let that happen. I’m going to stop whoever is trying to do this to you. No matter what happens, I promise you that, Adira.” He leaned down and pressed his lips into my mind. For that moment, I believed Mark. I believed that we would stop my attacker, and I could live happily ever after, but the funny thing about moments is they are fleeting.