Cemetery’s Flowers

by Lost_In_Translation (Liarian)

Summary

Steve was sitting in the waiting room, playing with what used to be a plastic cup. His coffee was long finished but he needed to have his hands occupied while waiting for Dr. Cho’s news. Steve checked his phone as soon as it vibrated. At last, a new message.

He had already lost an alpha and an omega that night. He wasn’t losing anybody else, even less that alpha.

- A translation of Las flores del cementerio by Liarian

In last night’s incursion they freed three alphas: two males and a female. The female was by far the most aggressive of them all. They had to sedate her before inspecting them. The youngest male’s condition was worrisome.

Steve was sitting in the waiting room, playing with what used to be a plastic cup. His coffee was long finished but he needed to have his hands occupied while waiting for Dr. Cho’s news. Steve checked his phone as soon as it vibrated. At last, a new message. He threw the cup away and dried his hands on his pants before get going. He took a deep breath and tried to put himself together. His heart was bursting out of his chest. He had already lost an alpha and an omega that night. He wasn’t losing anybody else, even less that alpha.
He kind of knocked the door, only once. It was a sharp knock that slammed the medical area doors open. The blinking beep of the monitors blended with the ambiental music. Steve located the doc immediately, sitting behind the reception counter with her dark hair in a bun.

“Helen?” he closed the door behind him. “How has it been?”

“They’ll survive” the doctor smiled tiredly. It had been a very long night for all of them “We've done what we could for the youngest's arm but I can't ensure that it'll be back to full mobility”.

“Can I see them?”

“Five minutes, Captain”

Steve nodded and went in, trying to hide his hurry. He had walked up and down those corridors countless times. He knew what was at stake and he was always been prepared to pay the price. The medical ward never seemed so big and that green apple walls seemed to have no end.

All beds were free except for the ones where the three alphas slept. Sharon, he thought, had left white and yellow daisies bouquets next to the beds. Steve sat next to the small redhead. She didn’t seem dangerous while she was unconscious but she had had no problem to dislocate an arm to a guy that was two times bigger than her.

“What do you intend to do with us?” someone talked behind his back.

Steve didn’t know that one of the alphas was already awake. He turned back to look him in the eye. People believed alphas were beasts controlled by their ruts. Idiots. Sam was a funny and loyal guy. Wanda could be very sweet. Pietro was a brat.

The man was sitting on the bed and was observing his wrist. He had graying dark hair and dark eyes. The other male alpha also was darkhaired.

“I still don’t know” Steve sat by his bed “It yet to be decided. What’s your name?”

“You smell like an Omega” the man frowned.

As a first reaction, it was promising. Pietro had broken his arm to keep him away from his sister. Sam had broken him three ribs. Given the situation, silence counted as a victory.

“I’d be preoccupied if i smelled of different, to be honest.” he offered his hand in greeting. “Steve Rogers”.

The man seemed to think for a second before returning the greeting. “Bruce Banner. How’s her?”

“She’s ok. Him, not so well” Steve pointed with his head the younger alpha’s bed.

From where he was sitting, he could see the bandages fully covering his left arm. The alpha’s face had an ill coloured shade, probably because of the bleeding. Some locks of hair were glued to his sweaty forehead. Sharon stepped inside with her sky blue Crocs.

“Steve, your five minutes finished five minutes ago” She said. “Oh” she realized Bruce presence “You’re awake. How are you feeling?”

“It could be worse, I suppose” Bruce shrugged.
Steve went near the unconscious male’s bed before leaving. He had a childish face even with the stubble. Without touching him, Steve could feel the warm body. The child’s body was soaked because of the fever. His breathing seemed to speed up and his monitor’s beep wasn’t following the rhythm of the other two.

“Sharon” Steve growled.

“Shit” her smile suddenly disappeared. “Steve, I need the crash cart and Doctor Cho!” She put a pair of latex gloves out of her pocket and shouted “Steve. The Doctor. Now”.

Steve felt useless. Helen was there with the white gown opened and the stethoscope hanging on her neck. She pulled along with her the red crash cart. On the screen, the numbers were going up quickly.

“Come on, boy” Sharon grabbed a mask with something like an air pump. “You’re a fighter”.

From the other side of the bed, Doctor Cho was observing how the transparent liquid was going through the syringe. They were working efficiently. Steve was still and he couldn’t look away from the oxygen mask. The alpha’s face had lost any remaining color. The saline was dripping like a sand clock.

“Steve, you’re a hassle” Sharon put him away herself and closed the curtain around the bed.

It was a thin cloth and Steve could see the two woman working through it.

“It’s not fair” Bruce was sitting on his bed. His hands grabbed the bed sheet forcefully. He was staring at the white curtain and was making an effort to maintain his breathing relaxed. “They’re only children”.

“It’s going to be alright.” Steve wished.

The minutes passed and the young alpha’s pulse rate seemed to be normal again. Steve never had found a more comforting beep. Bruce remained silent. His gaze traveled between the unconscious redhead woman and the white curtain. Steve was sitting on a chair and kept himself occupied counting the tiles. They were gray-mottled ones.

Steve looked up when the curtain’s rings jingled. Doctor Cho seemed tired, with eye bags. Sharon clearly wasn’t in better shape.

“He’s stable at the moment. I’ve given him more antibiotics. Hopefully the fever will subside” Doctor Cho took the latex gloves off and threw them in a metallic bin. “The results won’t be released before at least half an hour. Until then, there’s nothing more we can do.”

Steve crumbled on a chair. For the last 48 hours he’s been running on adrenaline. He felt his eyelids closing. His hands tickled.

“Helen, if you want”

“Nope” Sharon cut him off “I’ll stay on call if his condition worsens. Steve, make yourself a favour. Get some rest”.

Steve preferred to swallow his pride. He was too tired. Lately, they only talked to argue. It wasn’t surprising that it didn’t work. Steve shrugged and only asked “Are you sure that you’ll be ok?”
“Good night, Steve” She dared him without saying anything else.

Steve sighed. His phone was vibrating. On the screen popped a new message. “Mission Report Meeting: Tomorrow. 7.30h A.M.” If he was lucky, he could catch almost five hours of sleep.

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