

## Chapter 7: Making A Plan

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Roxanne

I walked out of the healing room exhausted. I was so tired and sweaty. I had exhausted my strengths trying to use my powers to heal the Alpha's Father, but all to no avail. My powers were locked, so there was no way I could heal the king. I had only managed to use a little healing trick my father had taught me when I was much younger to stabilize him a little, and he was in a better condition when I left the room.

I took a deep breath, contemplating my next steps. I needed to act urgently if I wanted to get back to my kids and Kylian. I was already tired of being here. If I can remember correctly, the mating ball was just 2 days away, and I didn't want to be here for it; I just wanted to go home.

I took slow strides to my room and immediately fell on the bed once I got inside. I felt drowsy and just wanted to sleep immediately, but decided to just take my bath instead, as I was all sweaty. It was already midnight, so I just decided to go to sleep.

Agitated silence.

That was all that ran through the night. I stood in front of the mirror the next day, staring outside and not minding the reflection of the morning sun that glistened on my face.

Everywhere was unusually quiet and empty, unlike other mornings that were usually busy with different members of the pack who worked in the palace moving about, this particular morning was just so different.

I believe everyone was worried about the health of the Alpha's father. I mean, I was no different. I was also worried about his health because the faster he recovered, the faster my return home.

I stood there in silence, wondering how the whole of LA would be in turmoil by now and how worried my kids and Kylian would be. I was so sure my disappearance must have been reported to the police already. I sighed and silently cursed Damon under my breath.

The door opened shortly, and I turned to see that it was Whitney. Her eyes gushed with curiosity like she had been waiting to see me for so long.

There was this disquieted look on her face, which had me puzzled.

"How are you doing? How is the condition of the former Alpha?" She finally mumbled.

I was so tired, and it felt like my lips were too heavy to produce words. I mean, a lot was going on in my mind.

"He's stable for now," I said, heaving a sigh.

"What do you mean for now? You weren't able to heal him?" She asked with a questioning look on her face.

"The arrow was poisoned; the arrow that shot him during the war was poisoned—a rare poison to be precise," I further explained, trying to answer the unasked question in Whitney's heart.

"I know he was poisoned; I mean, at least that has been the news making the rounds in the community, but it's you, girl; your powers can heal any sickness; why were you unable to heal him?" Whitney asked, her eyes boring into my soul.

I felt a hard lump in my throat, and I quickly gulped it down. How was I going to answer this question?

"Can nothing be done at all?" Whitney asked again.

I had grown quite uncomfortable now. I was trying to protect myself from any unforeseen situation or danger, so I was not about to reveal that I was wolf bane and my powers were locked.

"There might be a cure," I blurted out with my eyes beaming. Why didn't I think of this earlier?"

Whitney arched her brows in confusion looking at me.

"What are you talking about? What cure?" She asked eagerly.

"The antidote—I know of an antidote that can work on difficult illnesses such as this. It can work on any illness or poison at all, but..." I hadn't finished my sentence before Whitney cut me short.

"Are you talking about the blue antidote?" Whitney asked, and I nodded my head in agreement."

We were the only ones who knew about it.

Whitney looked at me furiously, and I quickly lowered my head, afraid of the moment. How did I think Whitney would forget something like that?

"Have you gone crazy? You can't use the antidote on him; it'd kill him!" She said.

"I know, but it's more like a 50/50 thing. He might die, but there's also a possibility that he might live as well; if nothing is done sooner or later, he'll die anyway," I said, shrugging my shoulders.

"Either way, you can't risk it, Roxanne. How do you intend to get the antidote? You can't go to Moscow; he hates every member of this pack; he might kill you even," Whitney scolded.

"Look, you don't have to spell everything out for me, I know, but I'm willing to give this a shot. I am tired of being separated from my kids; you don't know how hard this is for me," I said.

This was a very big risk, but I was willing to take it after all. My heart squeezed as I remembered the past. We had tried to use this antidote on my brother after the wolf attack since he was the only one left alive, but he struggled to stay awake and ended up dying. That was one bitter memory to remember. But I needed to try this out; I was desperate.

"Damon wouldn't let you out of this building, Roxanne, and if he finds out you secretly left the building, you'll be punished. He's going to have you punished, Roxanne; you know how ruthless he can be." She continued

"But even if you don't get caught and succeed in getting the antidote to use on his father, what if it doesn't work? What if it kills him immediately? He'll blame you, Roxanne; he'll kill you," she said, looking at me seriously.

"If it works, it works, but if he dies, let's just keep it a secret, please," I said, gulping down nothing.

"Okay," Whitney said and scoffed.

"So are you willing to help me get out of this building later?" I asked her.

"We'll see; I have something to return to now; I'll inform you later," she said and I nodded my head watching her as she left.

I was already tired and hungry; why hadn't they sent anyone to bring me a meal? I scoffed and decided to go take a shower before stepping out.

I stepped into the shower and let the water fall on my body as I washed myself properly.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped out of the shower only to meet Damon in my room, lying on the bed. I wasn't expecting to see him in my room, so I dropped my towel down in shock. My hands quickly flew to my breasts, covering them up.

"What... What are you doing here?" I asked, forgetting I was naked.

**Bibi Writes**

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