

Chapter 59 One Down

Wrapped in his arms, their heartbeats syncing, and his nose buried in her chest, Roxanne felt like she would finally be able to get some sleep.

Ever since they embarked on this weird business trip, it had been impossible to even get a minute of rest, and she was grateful for the opportunity to close her eyes in peace. Until it wasn't so peaceful anymore.

It was dark from the moment she closed her eyes, but something about the darkness she saw now was strange. It was thick and heavy, like she could stretch her hand into the empty void and hold the blackness. Roxanne shifted in her sleep, her eyelids pressed themselves together.

Her heartbeat suddenly picked up a racing pace. Something about the darkness seemed to suck life away from her, she was finding it difficult to breathe.

Animalistic growls emanated from everywhere around her. It felt like four wolves were around her, but she could not see them. She could only hear their howling and growling, all in anger. She was not welcomed there, but she couldn't see anything within the thick blanket of darkness.

Run. Her instincts screamed at her, but she was too numb to move. Roxanne's lips quivered in fear, and her body shivered tremendously.

In that moment, she felt herself being lifted from the ground and cupped in someone's arms. Whoever it was smelt of fresh cinnamon and aloe vera after shave. But the body was hairy, and the hairs were prickly and thick; like furs. She could hear distant cries from all around her. She didn't know where she was, or why the place was so dark, she didn't even know where she was being carried to.

The air around her reeked with the stench of blood and dirt. Panic seized Roxanne's chest, but she was incapable of moving.

Until she heard someone mumble words in her left ear, and warm breath fanned her neck. Instantly, her eyes opened slowly.

Her eyelids parted to reveal a dimly lit room, but it was nothing like what she had just seen in her dream or rather, nightmares. She looked down at the hand wrapped around her body, and it sent her heart racing once more. She had thought it was all a dream, but the way he held her now felt very familiar. Just like the way she was being carried in her nightmare. His scent was the same, and even the faint sounds of his snore was very peculiar to the howling of the wolves.

Roxanne could recall her previous nightmares. Though they all had a faint sense of reality and seemed more like fading memories than actual dreams, this particular one was too real to brush away. When she closed her eyes, she had really felt terror, so much that even when she opened her eyes slowly, the hammering of her heart against her chest did not stop.

Lancelot murmured something in his sleep again, and Roxanne eased herself into his body. She realized she had been holding her breath ever since and went on to release it.

Still, she wasn't at ease yet, and no amount of breathing exercise was enough to calm her nerves. Roxanne was still shaking, both mentally and physically. She wanted to sit up and clear her head, but she was too scared

to do so. What if this was another nightmare? And another series of dreadful events were waiting for her if she sat up?

No, she would lay in bed. She would lie down right here until she was sure that it wasn't a nightmare. Something would have to convince her that she was really awake and out of harm before rose from the bed.

Roxanne's eyes were wide open when she heard Lancelot's phone make a beeping sound. She could tell it was from the top of the bedside drawer beside him. She still lay quietly, it could be her mind playing tricks on her. Lancelot's arm pulled away from her, and she felt his nose leave her neck. Roxanne shut her eyes immediately. If he was awake, he did not want her to know she was awake as well. She was still trying to make sense of everything. It was all awfully confusing.

As she lay still, pretending to be asleep, she heard and felt him rise from the bed. Roxanne did not open her eyes until she heard the bathroom door open and close.

The warmth of Lancelot's arms had left her, and the cold from the air conditioner suddenly took over.

Roxanne groaned in frustration and sat up. She wanted to do a lot of things; get back into bed and force herself to sleep without any nightmares, press her face into the pillow and scream with frustration at her lack of sleep, go back home to America and put all this stress behind her. Sadly, she knew she could do neither. So, she placed her head against the headboard, with her arms folded across her chest.

Once again, her mind drifted back to the dream she had. Questions could not stop running through her mind.

Why did she continually see and hear wolves in her dream? Why did every dream leave her shaking in fear when she woke up? And why did every dream - especially last night's own feel like she was living it, instead of dreaming it? As she continued to ask herself the questions, the bathroom

door opened and Lancelot stepped out. He had a black towel tied around his waist this time, and his wet hair slipped to the back of his head, allowing the blue in his eyes to shine brightly.

She looked at him more closely, his lashes were straight and long, and his beards were beginning to show. She figured that with all that was going on, he had not found enough time to shave his chiseled jaw.

Roxanne stole another peek at him as he turned his back to her, and focused on his image in the dressing mirror. She watched as the muscles in his shoulders and back, move with every movement he made. Every bone was perfectly cut, every muscle was the right shape, and in the right position.

Lancelot did not look like he was born, he looked like he was fucking sculpted. No natural human being could look as perfect as this.

However, as Roxanne glanced over at his reflection in the mirror, something else stole her attention.

She rose from the bed and walked slowly towards him. She had to get a closer view to be sure that her eyes weren't deceiving her. When she stood by his side, Lancelot turned and looked down at her.

Roxanne continued to study his face carefully. Yesterday, she had told herself that she might have missed the scars on his face because she was too tired and fatigued to see straight. But now that she was standing so close to him and paying apt attention to his face, and his chest, she realized that her eyes were not deceiving her at all.

There was really no mark of yesterday's fight on his body, not even a single scar!

How? How was it possible? She was present live, it wasn't a match that was edited for ESPN wrestling, and it wasn't even a show. It was a real freaking blood bath! She saw Lancelot's skin being stolen from his face, she saw that odd man drill holes into Lancelot's chest with his heels.

And yet, there was not a single scratch on his body.

"What are you drooling at?" Lancelot's voice echoed in her ears, sending her out of her range of thoughts and back to the present.

She shook her head and smiled nervously.

How would she even tell him what she was thinking about? How would she ask him all the questions running through her mind?

"Nothing, nothing at all."

Lancelot's gaze swept over her one last time, before he stole it away and focused on his image again.

"You must get ready immediately. Our flight to Greece leaves in two hours."

Roxanne's lips twitched. No one had told her that the business trip involved getting into planes every day, visiting weird places and fearing for Lancelot's life. If she was told, she would have graciously offered to remain in the palace and wait for Lancelot and Peter to return.

But it was too late. She was here now, so, she might as well get on with it to the very end.

So, she stayed silent, headed to her suitcase, picked out her clothes and disappeared into the bathroom in her pajamas.

Lancelot's eyes followed her behind.

She had not been staring at nothing, he thought. She was looking at him for a reason, probably even wondering about his face.

Lancelot heaved a long sigh. He knew that it was unfair of him to drag her into a world she had no idea existed before, a world that was only present in the fairy tales her kind told. It was unfair of him to expose her to so much danger, while leaving her ignorant.

But he would make things right, he thought.

Once he is crowned Alpha King, he would be able to set things straight, tell her everything. And that was why he needed to be Alpha King.

It was why he had embarked on this silly journey in the first place.

The sound of running water from the bathroom seeped into his thoughts. He shook his head and turned to his reflection in the mirror. "One down, two to go," he muttered to himself.