

Chapter 73 Everything Is Alright

It seemed like hours, so many unbearable hours since she was last able to breathe, or see, or even feel anything. Now, as her eyelids parted slowly, to reveal nothing but darkness, it almost felt as though her head would split into several tiny pieces and scatter all over the floor.

It was only when her eyelids had fully opened-despite how bad it stung-that she realized her head was covered. And in a dusty sackcloth.

Her nostrils began to itch. She sought to sneeze but it just wasn't coming out. Then, she thought of bringing her hand to her face and ridding herself of the dusty sackcloth and to clean her nose from all the dirt and filth in it. But, when she tried to find her hands, she suddenly realized something. Her eyelids expanded in fear, and her body resumed its instant shaking again.

Her hands were tied to her back! Her face was covered. And few minutes, or hours ago-Roxanne wasn't even sure how long it was- she had been kidnapped. Roxanne could remember being snatched from the road and forced into a black van. She tried to protest, kick, and cry, but it was of no use. All it took was a weird paper towel to cover her nose and she was knocked down cold, until now.

Instantly, she began to shake violently in her chair. She was wriggling so hard, that the thin rope used to tie her hands and her body to the chair seemed to cut deeper into her skin with every movement she made.

Roxanne squealed and yelled in pain, but she wouldn't stop shaking. Maybe, if she moved hard and quick enough, the rope would snap and she would be free from here.

It didn't happen.

No matter how she moved, shook and kicked, all she got were rope cuts and injuries; nothing but severe pain.

Roxanne was finding it hard to breathe. Anxiety, anger, confusion and fear enveloped her all at once. And Roxanne was not good at feeling so many things at once. It drained her of everything; both physical and mental strength. Accepting defeat, she finally stopped herself from shaking. Roxanne steadied herself and settled into the most comfortable posture she could find herself; her back pressed against the chair, head up, and her feet lying forward. That way, she was able to feel and hear her heartbeat, and was able to convince herself that she was not yet in hell.

But hell was waiting for her.

Just when she thought she had finally found relief and strength to think about her next move, she heard voices; two male ones approach the room. From the sounds, the two men seemed to be in high spirits, and cruel ones too. "What's all the fucking noise about?" the first one yelled, in a strong Irish accent, Roxanne noted.

Her heartbeat quickened immediately, blood drained from her face, leaving her pale white with fear. Oh no! They had heard her move. She had unwillingly attracted attention to herself.

"Our golden girl has awakened. Think she can give us the answers we want now?" It was the second man's turn to speak.

Roxanne was trying her best to keep breathing, but even the air seemed to have deserted her.

"Of course. We don't have all day," the Irish man spoke again.

She continued to sit there, anxious to see or know their next move. She felt a hand at the top of her head, before the sackcloth was forcefully yanked off her head, sending bits of dust into her nose, mouth and eyes. Roxanne blinked rapidly, coughed and sneezed at the same time. The men only laughed.

Roxanne waited until her eyes stopped itching before she looked up at the men. She could not recognize them as they were still on black ski masks that revealed nothing but their eyes. The room was dimly lit, and smelt of damp wood. And the second man was holding on to a wooden stick as though it were his most treasured possession. There was a tripod beside him, with a camera resting on top of it.

She was being recorded.

The thought of being kidnapped had never crossed her mind for once. Why would anyone have wanted to kidnap her? She had no money, no political ambition, absolutely nothing.

Still shaking she managed to bring herself to speak.

"I'm sorry, you must have gotten the wrong person. I am not who you want, I haven't got anything! I..."

Her sentence hung midair when a resounding slap landed on her right cheek, with force that caused her head to tilt to the left. She screamed in pain, the right side of her jaw throbbed, and when she spat on the floor, she saw blood. Tears of pain and fear gathered up in her eyelids.

"Now you don't get to insult our skillset, do you understand me, young lady?" the second man asked, clutching her neck with his bare hands and snapping her head to the side, so that she faced him.

"Look at you. With them disgusting eyes. So, you thought that you could just stroll into our land and have our prince and soon to be king for yourself aye?"

Her eyes and throat burned at the same time, while she struggled to speak.

"I..." She coughed. "I really do not understand what you're talking about. You have to believe me, please."

"Liar!" the Irish man screamed and the one holding her neck spat on her face. Her toes curled in irritation and Roxanne felt her stomach revolt against her.

"What is the relationship you share with prince Lancelot?" the English man spoke.

Roxanne was beginning to feel dizzy, but she managed to squeeze her brows in confusion.

"There is nothing going. He is my boss and I am his..."

The feeling of hard wood slamming across her stomach was another thing she had not anticipated. The hard wood crashed on her abdomen, and pierced in deep, trying to cut through her flesh and cause her to bleed.

"Now you better start telling the truth! Silly human!"

"You don't know where it is you are, or what you're dealing with, do you? A human female, with the guts to frolic with no other wolf in this pack! But our very own alpha prince. The nerve of you!" As he screamed, he pushed the plank deeper into her stomach and she groaned in pain. Tears ran down her eyes and touched the bruises on her face, and blood continued to trickle out of her mouth. She could not completely close it anymore, the slap had shocked her jaw bones to paralysis.

Human female? Wolf? Alpha Prince? What were these people even talking about? This wasn't some spin off from teen wolf or bloody twilight! This was real life!

"I do not understand what you're talking about!" she cried out, even though her speech was now sloppy.

"I do not know any wolves, or alpha whatever...I swear on it!"

The two men burst into hysterical laughter simultaneously. Roxanne felt her head spin, and with every passing second, it became more difficult to breathe.

"You do not know any wolves? But you have been in the palace for over a month and you do not know the Alpha Prince or Luna queen Madeline?"

Madeline. Roxanne's dull eyes sprung open. She knew Queen Madeline! But Luna queen, as in queen of wolves? Roxanne didn't know about that. Did this mean...

"Answer me!" the Irish man screamed again, seemingly annoyed by her previous silence. He pulled the plank away from her stomach, and sent it crashing on top of her head. Roxanne screamed out loud, and cried in pain, she felt her head split open from the force of the hit.

"I don't understand what you're talking about! I do not understand anything!" Hot tears ran down her cheek, just as fast as blood trickled down the top of her head to the left side of her face.

"Perhaps, we should enlighten you. Go get me my whip!" the Irish man yelled, and the English one finally let go of her neck and left.

"You've got some nerve coming in here human woman. Now I promise you, that I'll show you exactly why humans stay away from us."

Alas! It was the dawn of a new day, and a new era. The sun itself seemed to be in high spirits with the rest of the Dankworth house. It rose to its full glory as early as the seventh hour of the day, and spread its light on anyone who cared to walk under it.

The heat of the sun was welcoming, embracing, and it shone just enough light in his room for Lancelot to look over his black tunic once more.

"I still do not understand why I cannot just wear my usual suit," he grumbled, staring down at the medieval England fashioned tunic and black cape.

"You cannot sir, because it is not just any normal day," Peter, his assistant spoke, gently taking hold of Lancelot's hand and testing a pair of diamond cufflinks, the diamond stone wrapped in a small gold casing; it must have cost a fortune. Lancelot sighed. Indeed, it was the day his parents had been waiting for, for twelve good years. It was the day he had dedicated his whole life to seeing, it was the day he would finally have the power to set things straight, with everyone. And Lancelot couldn't help but feel like Peter was even more excited than he was. The man had been smiling since he walked into the room this morning, and Lancelot wanted to share in his joy, or know the reason why.

"You seem to be in high spirits this morning. If I didn't know better, I would have thought you were the one getting crowned."

Peter chuckled, but did not look up at Lancelot.

"Today, would change a lot of things for you sir. I'm just very happy to be opportune to see it."

Lancelot looked away from Peter into the image of himself in his mirror. He knew what Peter meant, but he rather not dwell on it. First things first, he had to have the crown of his father on his head.

Just then, Peter heard Lancelot's phone beep. He paused and turned to table where the phone lay.

"I should see what's in it," Peter spoke up and Lancelot gave him a curt nod of approval. It was the phone Peter normally answered and replied to Lancelot's business messages with, not his personal line, so Peter could do whatever he wanted. He dropped the cufflinks on the seat beside the bed and walked to the office table where the phone lay. He picked it up, pressed the home button and skimmed through the notification.

It was a video attachment from an unknown number.

Peter's eyes narrowed in suspicion. He clicked the notification, and the message popped up to his screen.

The video was captioned "SOS (save our soul)" Peter's brows squinted in confusion. He clicked on the video.

His jaw dropped on the sight of the first four seconds. Blood drained from his face, while his eyes drank in the most gruesome sight he had ever had to see.

A woman tied to the chair, blood running down the side of her face, accompanied by several bruises on her cheeks and a broken nose. She was being hit continuously, but Peter could not hear a word of what was said because the video was muted. Neither could he see the woman's face, because her brown strands of hair blocked her eyes from view.

Just when he was about to walk to Lancelot and show him the message, because he did not understand what he was to do, the woman was slapped on the face again and her head fell to the side without effort. The strands of hair exited her face, and her eyes came to view.

Peter's breath seized for split seconds.

Roxanne!

"Do you intend to stare at the phone all day?"

Lancelot's voice hovered above him, and Peter jolted in shock and fear.

"Everything alright?" Lancelot asked, when Peter had turned to him.

No, nothing was alright. Peter wanted to say, but decided against it.

Instead, he feigned a smile and slipped the phone into the pocket of his suit trouser. "Of course, sir. Everything is."