

Chapter 83 Do What You Must

The sound of the clock ticking was not enough to deafen the sound of his thoughts from his mind. Even after Peter had left, Lancelot still found it extremely difficult to focus on or think about anything. He was becoming more and more apprehensive with every passing moment. The thought that Roxanne could have been killed today still failed to sit well with him.

Yes, he killed most if not all of the men who kidnapped her. But, the person who had sent them had to suffer an equally gruesome fate in his hands, even if it wasn't death. He looked at her frame on the bed, covered in bandages, she looked like a shadow of herself. Worse still, she had his baby in her. Anything could have happened to the child.

Lancelot's face turned a dark shade of red as his anger continued to grow within him. He had to find them, whoever it was.

He knew just where to start. Lancelot reached for side pocket and picked out his phone from it. He searched for the phone number of the chief of security in the palace. When he found it, he pressed the dial button and pressed the phone to his right ear.

He waited until he heard a deep growl from the other end of the line.

"Your Grace."

"Yes, lieutenant. I'm going to need you to do something for me...yes. Provide me with camera footages from all over the palace at every hour

of the day yesterday...yes. Wherever there are CCTV cameras in the palace, I want to see pictures and videos from all those places... No, do not speak to my brothers or my assistant. You would only talk to me about this. Are we clear?... yes?... good, thank you."

He ended the call, slipped the phone back into his pocket and heaved a long sigh. Once he saw all the camera recordings, he was very sure he would be able to spot the beginning of the problem and find those attached to Roxanne's kidnap. Everyone who came in contact with her would be questioned, regardless of who they were.

Lancelot took a swift glance at the door when he heard the door open slowly. The doctor stepped in, and two young nurses followed him behind, pushing a stretcher along with them. Lancelot rose up in defense, with a questioning glare fixed at the doctor.

The nurses seemed petrified by Lancelot's harsh reaction to their presence, and stalled behind. It was only the doctor, Martin, that had the guts to take further steps to where Lancelot stood.

"What is going on?" Lancelot queried audibly, when Doctor Martin was stood by his side.

"We are taking her in for further X-ray. We need to cross examine once more, for internal injuries and bleeding, just to be sure we do not miss something. Considering her critical state, any mistake made, could cost her life. And I'm a hundred percent certain neither of us want that," Doctor Martin spoke as subtly as he could, with the reassuring and trustworthy tone and smile of a professional doctor.

Lancelot looked over him and rested his gaze on the scrawny nurses. He said nothing, but took few steps back, surrendering Roxanne's welfare to the hand of the doctor and nurses.

Doctor Martin turned to his nurses and gestured for them to come forward. Together, they were able to move Roxanne from her hospital bed, to the stretcher.

"We would be taking her to the radiological laboratory, she would be back in no time," Martin spoke up again, after seeing the look of worry on Lancelot's face. They watched as the nurses moved her stretcher away from the room. Lancelot fought back the urge to follow them behind, especially as doctor Martin stood beside him.

He tore his eyes away from the painful sight of Roxanne being carted away and focused his eyes on the doctor, waiting for whatever it is he had to say.

"I'm sure you know I have something to say."

"Get on with it," Lancelot barked. Martin stood straight, cleared his throat and continued.

"Things are not looking very good, Your Highness. And her human physiology and anatomy would only make it harder. I have a proposition."

Lancelot's eyes darkened on Martin, with interest. There would nothing he would not do to make sure Roxanne was okay.

"I suggest we place her on the same treatment we would place one of her kind..."

"What?"

Martin grew nervous from Lancelot's outburst, but he knew he had to keep his head calm if he was going to convince him.

"With her human anatomy, there is no guarantee she would not be unconscious for weeks, even months to come. The injuries to her head were severe and it is a miracle she is not facing more severe threats than she is now. Your Grace, if we can put the skills of the supernaturals to play, like the fairies who have an amazing healing power, I am very sure

we would be able to save her faster. The longer she stays unconscious, the more danger the baby is in."

Lancelot appeared thoughtful for a while. The doctor was right, but he feared the side effects. Roxanne was human, they were supernatural beings, he wasn't sure that their methods would not have any bad effects on her. Doctor Martin understood the look in his eyes, and decided to answer his question.

"We would not be putting her in any particular danger by doing this, Your Highness, I can assure you."

Lancelot sighed in defeat and slipped his hands into his pockets. He said he would do anything to make sure Roxanne was healed right? There was no harm in trusting the doctor. If anything went south, Lancelot knew he could always find Doctor Martin here, to break all of his bones.

"Fine, just make sure it works," he growled reluctantly, and Martin smiled, before placing a hand on Lancelot's shoulder.

"You have my word. Very well then, I would contact a fairy that I'm very familiar with, I'm sure she would..."

"Never mind," Lancelot cut in sharply, waving a hand of dismissal at the doctor. When Martin's eyes narrowed on him, he spoke up.

"I know a fairy I can call too. He would be here in no time."

Alphonsus, Queen Isabelle's brother was present for his coronation after all, it was time he put his presence to good use. Besides, he had seemed really drawn to Roxanne the last time they met. Surely, he wouldn't mind doing a favor for an old friend.

Doctor Martin nodded and walked swiftly out of the room, to join his nurses. Lancelot was left in the room alone, he picked out his phone once more to call Peter.

He didn't speak until he heard his assistant's voice at the end of the phone.

"Your Grace!"

Lancelot cringed. Why did Peter suddenly sound so husky? But he didn't dwell on that. There was a more important assignment at hand.

"Peter, I need you to do something for me...yes, right now. Head over to the palace and inform the Faye queen's brother...yes, prince Alphonsus. Do tell him that Roxanne needs his help immediately and drive him to the hospital...yes, right now...aren't you done with your errand?...ten minutes tops. Exactly."

The line went dead, and Lancelot was left to pace about the room, counting seconds to stop himself from worrying too much. It never did him any good to sink himself in worry or dread. Finally just as he counted the fifteenth minute, the room door swung open again, and Roxanne was rolled back into the room.

Lancelot felt elated to see her, but pissed that Alphonsus wasn't there yet. Until the smug prince stepped into the room, with Peter behind him.

The nurses strapped Roxanne to her bed again, putting all the vitals, such as her oxygen mask, back on her body, before bowing to Lancelot and walking out of the room.

Lancelot's gaze landed on Alphonsus, who stared at Roxanne's body with pity. He walked further into the room, not taking his eyes off her. Even he could not recognize the woman he was looking at.

"It's bad," he finally spoke up, standing few inches away from Roxanne and on the opposite side of the bed, from Lancelot.

"That's why you're here, to fix it," Lancelot snapped. He disliked the fact that Alphonsus stood before him to point out the obvious, instead of doing something to fix it. What he hated more was needing his help to cure his own mate. "I would do that, but first..." He cast Lancelot an amused smile.

"What kind of subject would I be if I did not congratulate you on your coronation? When I, personally, know that there couldn't have been a better wolf, worthy of your father's seat."

Lancelot felt himself flinch, and his nostrils twitched with the quick surge of nerves. Alphonsus smiled as though he knew something. Alphonsus's smile broadened and Lancelot knew he was correct, Alphonsus knew he had not slept with the maiden the Faye queen had provided for him.

Yes, Alphonsus knew and he was indeed impressed. Lancelot's test was to withstand the woman's charm and seduction, and to the surprise of both the queen, her brother and the seductress, he had done so, and effortlessly at that. Alphonsus had to give him credit, even he knew how beautiful the lady was, she could be downfall of any male.

"Well, back to the reason I'm here!" Alphonsus called out loud, rolling his sleeves up his hairy arms, preparing himself to touch Roxanne.

He focused his gaze on Lancelot now.

"After this, she would remain unconscious for at least another twenty four hours. She is human, so the healing metabolism would take longer. I would need you to understand that."

Lancelot frowned, he was tired of hearing things he already knew. Could someone just keep quiet and do something for her?

"Do what you must," he replied curtly, watching Alphonsus with keen eyes.

Alphonsus closed his eyes and placed both palms on top each other, before laying them on Roxanne's head. He muttered some inaudible words Lancelot found it difficult to make sense of. Lancelot was forced to turn away when the green light beaming from Alphonsus's hands got too bright.

When the beam died, Lancelot blinked sporadically and turned to Alphonsus again.

His hands were still placed on Roxanne's head, and he stared at Lancelot in shock, because he was nothing but shocked. The moment he placed his hand on Roxanne's head, he felt the surge of an external energy, one that didn't come from him and couldn't be from Roxanne, because she was human. When he began to chant and heal her from inside, he saw it clearly! A fetus, forming inside her.

"She's pregnant," Alphonsus muttered, breathless, while watching Lancelot's reaction, but the Alpha King didn't even raise a brow. It only meant one thing; Lancelot knew.

Alphonsus shrugged, feigning a disappointed look.

"That's so sad. I was thinking of taking her with me after your coronation."

On hearing his statement, Lancelot shot daggers in form of a glare at him. And Alphonsus could see Lancelot's eyes redden, and his jaw harden. He took few steps backwards and raised his hand in mock surrender.

"Do not mind me, Your Highness, I am in no way a match for an Alpha King after all," Alphonsus said in a humorous tone, but he was the only one who laughed.

Lancelot did agree with him though, he was in no way a match for him.