

Chapter 85 She Would Never Forgive Them

"...we're to check for signs of consciousness, not gush over her..."

"Gush over her? You're joking, I can't possibly be..."

Voices, those were the first things her ears picked up all of sudden. After those, the beeping sound from what might have been an alarm followed next. She tried to suck in air, before she realized that she had an oxygen mask on, and was unable to smell anything.

Panic, that was the first and immediate thing she felt when she tried to open her eyes, but it wouldn't open. Her whole body was stiff, and her brain seemed to lack the ability to control the rest of her body.

Roxanne's mind did an involuntary flashback to the previous events. She wondered where she was; it was definitely a hospital, from the mask on her nose. What had happened to her? Why did she feel a headache that threatened to split her head into two? Why was she unable to move? Was she paralyzed?!

Her many "whys" were answered by her own mind. Gory images flashed through her mind; she saw and felt herself being beaten, stripped to her bra. She could see it in front of her- even though her eyes were closed - how the grey wolf who often appeared in her dreams came out once more. This time, Roxanne was not quite certain it was a dream.

She could recall being overwhelmed by the sight, and falling to the ground, before breeze gently blew the scent of Lancelot's famous Arabian cologne into her nostrils. She could remember calling out his name, before losing control of herself. "She's a VVIP patient, Rohannah, don't touch her like that!" a female voice snapped, Roxanne recognized it from earlier.

The panic subsided and Roxanne felt oddly relieved. She was in the safety of a hospital, it only meant that she would get better. But first, she needed to alert the nurses, to let them know somehow that she was awake and was finding it hard to move or do anything. They would rush to her and help her, she thought.

So, Roxanne shut her eyes firmly, since she could not open them, and prepared to gather even the last of her energy to call out to them.

"Can you believe it? I never for once dreamt that a human would be in our hospital!"

Roxanne paused, hesitating by a brief second. What did they mean by "a human"? Weren't they all humans as well? She settled into her bed and tried to calm herself down. She had to listen carefully to know exactly what was going on. "Do you think she knows where she is Bella?" the voice sounded concerned.

"Well, rumor has it that the alpha shifted when he tried to save her. So, she must have definitely seen him."

Alpha? Shifted?

"You think you can just come in here and have your way with our Alpha King..." One of her captor's words rung in her ears.

The image of a wolf flashed in front of her; in the woods behind the Dankworth mansion, in the warehouse. No, she thought, trying hard to fight the thoughts to the back of her head. It wasn't possible, there was no way they meant what she thought they meant.

"Who is she anyway? How did she even get here?"

"She's the Alpha King's secretary."

A strange voice, which she had not heard before, laughed out loud. It was a long and hearty laugh, as if someone had said something really funny. Roxanne listened intently, she needed to make sense of what was going on. "Why are you laughing Vicky?"

"Why wouldn't I? The both of you make me laugh. Did you see the way he rushed her in here? Ha! Secretary my foot. They are lovers!"

Within her, Roxanne flinched at the strange woman's description of her relationship with Lancelot. How exactly could you be lovers with someone who didn't love you?

"You don't say."

"Vicky has a point. I mean, you saw the way he rushed in here and barked out orders at everybody. You saw the way he stood by her and wouldn't let anyone come close to her. He snapped at everyone, including Doctor Martin!" "That's serious!"

"It is, Rohannah. I had never been given the chance to see the Alpha King before. And he was very scary..."

"And extremely handsome." Roxanne knew it was Vicky who spoke because her pitch was deeper than the others.

Roxanne found the nurses amusing. She was very familiar with Lancelot's barking and snarling, he was like that all the time; gloomy, quiet, and full of himself. It was only natural he displayed it in a public setting. "She's such a lucky woman, but why her? What about his chosen mate? I heard she attended the best schools abroad. And she's a wolf, just like us. Why would he pick a lowlife human over her?"

An alarm went off in Roxanne's head immediately. No matter how hard she tried, she could not bring herself to silence it. The more she forced herself to not believe the things she heard, the more she heard them. The

nurses just called themselves wolves! Wolves! Like the animals who wandered in the forest and belonged in packs?

"She doesn't know her place yet. She would be out of our pack in due time, I know it."

"She journeyed to the three great kingdoms with him, certainly she knows what's going on."

Roxanne's headache tripled in intensity. All the thinking she was doing while trying to make sense of her situation was driving her crazy. She couldn't feel the rest of her body, but she could feel her head throb immensely. "I doubt he would be leaving her. Didn't you see what happened? His coronation ritual was barely thirty minutes away when he left! He wouldn't have risked such an important event if he didn't love her. Especially when he knew the importance, after his older brother had die..."

The lady's sentence was cut short by the sound of the other nurses tapping her loudly.

"Shush. Don't talk about that," Vicky, who Roxanne presumed to be the most authoritative amongst all the nurses, spoke up.

What was even going on here? Roxanne screamed in her head. She wanted to jump out of the bed and run, run so fast that no one would ever see or catch her. They were werewolves? Werewolves even existed? Like the type of creatures that existed in the TV series "Twilight", "Teen wolf", "Originals"?

No, it couldn't be possible. Those were only figment of a writer's imagination. There was no way that werewolves were real, and she was currently hallucinating.

If werewolves were real, what else was real? Witches? Fairies? Vampires?

"I even heard the vampire king was present at his coronation! Oh! I've heard wonderful tales about him."

Fear washed over her already frozen spine. Vampires?! Vampire?!

"Even the witches and the fairies. This is the first coronation where all three great kingdoms came together. The new alpha must be very important and famous." The nurse sounded very excited.

"With looks like that, who wouldn't be very important?"

"He literally set my ovaries on fire."

Wait until you get close to him, Roxanne thought to herself on hearing the nurse's remark. He would lie to your face, trick you and set your heart on fire as well.

Nothing was making sense to her. Lancelot was a wolf! Not just Lancelot, but everyone else here? Peter, Arthur, Lancelot's whole family, Reuben? Even the nurses present in her room! It all made sense now, why it seemed as if everyone around hated her. Why it seemed as though everyone has ganged up to despise her.

She understood now. They all had one thing in common, which she didn't. They were werewolves, animals, and she was... the only human.

Suddenly, when someone walked into the room, the room became silent and Roxanne heard their feet shuffle on the ground.

"Doctor Martin," Vicky spoke up.

Doctor, Roxanne thought.

"Has she woken up yet?" a man, who Roxanne figured was the doctor, asked the nurses.

"No sir. She hasn't yet," Rohannah answered.

"Hmm, as expected. The Faye prince said it would take 24 hours for the healing process to be complete, considering the complexities of her injury. Let's just hope his healing powers are what we hear them to be." Another bombshell fell on her ears again, and her heart pounded furiously against

her chest. Faye prince? Healing powers? What more was missing? What other "magical" secrets had Lancelot and Peter kept from her? "Any pattern of movement? Brain activity?"

"None at all, sir," the three nurses chorused.

"Very well then, let her be. There are guards at the door to watch her sleep. We must attend to other patients. Okay, let's go, come on."

With that, Roxanne heard the heels of their shoes hit the ground, until her door closed and the sound became distant.

She was still unable to move a muscle, even as her mind continued to race. She was with monsters, she thought. All of them, every single one of them were monsters. By God, she would have to leave here the second she got the chance. Once she was well enough to stand, she would take the first ticket she could take out of this place.

Lancelot, his palace, his position, his money, everything, could kiss her American ass goodbye. She would be up and out of this place and make sure that he or anyone else from this horrible place, never sees her again.

They had lied to her, tricked her, and kept her in the dark. She felt a stinging sense of betrayal and hurt as she closed her eyes firmly, listening to the beeping sound of her life support machine.

They could have just killed her, because now, now she would never forgive them.