

Chapter 88 More Unveiling

Clad in brown suit trouser and a black long-sleeved shirt, Doctor Flinn approached the room of her favorite patient's human mate.

Lancelot had called her in a frenzy, the night before- or rather, at exactly 1am this morning - pleading with her to oversee Roxanne's welfare in the hospital, at least, until her best friend, whom they were expecting later in the day, arrived. While she was shocked to receive such a call at such an odd hour of the day, especially when she knew his coronation had just taken place, she still couldn't afford to turn Lancelot down. From the sound of his voice, she could tell that he was extremely concerned about the woman. And Flinn would do anything to make sure Lancelot was at peace; she owed it to him as his therapist and friend.

So, here she was, walking down the lobby until she arrived at Roxanne's room. She knew because the door was opened, and nurses flocked in and out, holding files in their hands. Flinn stood in front of the room door and looked at them, wondering what the problem was. She tried to stop herself from panicking, while hoping that nothing had happened to the girl.

When one of the nurses walked out of the room, Flinn held her back to question her.

The nurse looked over her, eager to return to her duties.

"I'm sorry, but is everything alright with her?" Flinn asked, ignoring the nurse's glare.

"Yes. We are currently trying to run tests on her reaction to stimuli. We noticed a brain activity hours earlier, but her body is temporarily paralyzed," the nurse spoke in a hurry.

Flinn's heartbeat steadied, as she sighed in relief. Thankfully, Roxanne was alright. She walked into the room and watched as the doctor and nurses tested Roxanne's response to temperature and sound, with different hospital equipment. She took out her phone from her bag and sent Lancelot a text, informing him of the sudden and new development.

When the doctor was done, he turned to leave and fixed his eyes on Flinn's impressed face.

"Did she respond to any?" she asked, and watched the doctor's face carefully. He shook his head as a sign for no, but his stance and eyes were hopeful. "Not yet. She is still temporarily paralyzed and not yet awake. But, we are positive we would get a response from her soon."

From where she lay, Roxanne listened to the doctor's conversation with a strange feminine voice and an elderly one at that. She could not recognize the voice from the palace, or from the hospital either. So, who was here that cared about her enough to ask?

Roxanne was awake, and fully conscious. But, the doctor and nurses did not know that because her eyes had not been opened because she couldn't move them, along with the rest of her body. So, there was no way to prove otherwise. "Thank you very much doctor. He would be here anytime from now," the female voice spoke again. Roxanne had zoned out of the conversation, so she could not hear who the "he" they spoke of was. However, she was going to lie here and wait; not like she had much of a choice anyway.

She heard when the lady pulled out a chair and sat still beside her, saying absolutely nothing. In her head, Roxanne counted seconds, as she had done ever since she woke up, while the time passed slowly.

After what seemed like an hour, she heard the sound of urgent and quick footsteps walk into the room. She could not pick up a scent with the oxygen mask on her nose, but once she heard the familiar depth of the baritone voice that spoke, her mind became still and calm, his voice had always had its way of making her feel on edge, yet safe and protected. Of course, that was until she remembered that the man in the room was a liar, and a monster.

Flinn was delighted to see Lancelot rush into the room. She had been texting him for the past one hour, informing him of all that had been happening, including when she sat quietly beside Roxanne.

"I came out as soon as I could," Lancelot spoke, when Flinn rose up to embrace him.

"I bet you did," she replied, releasing him from her grip and allowing him to walk over to Roxanne.

"What else did they say?"

"Nothing besides what I told you Lance," Flinn replied to Lancelot's worried question. She examined him as he stood beside the girl, his shoulders had fallen and his head was down low; that was a stance Lancelot barely took, he must really care for this woman.

"Come have a seat Lance. She'll be fine, she's a fighter."

His eyes across her body once more. He had barely gotten any sleep, worried about her and their future together. How he would tell her everything about him and get her to accept who he was, and get his people to accept who she was. "She has to be Doc. She's carrying my baby,"

Roxanne would have screamed if she had the ability to; and not because of joy. What did he mean by she was pregnant?! What did that mean? That she was carrying a baby...whatever he was, inside her?! Once again, she had been plunged into another roller coaster of never ending nightmares.

Pregnant...pregnant...pregnant. The word continued to echo in her ears.

Lancelot fell back and settled into the seat Flinn had pulled out for him, right beside her. He took one deep breath in, before she spoke.

"I'm sorry I could not make it to your coronation. You know I am not one of your mother's favorite people. I did not want to disrespect her or the crown. But, I heard what happened and I must say, that I did not expect the vampire king to come out on you like that," she spoke softly, so as not to add to his worries.

Lancelot thought back to last night and chuckled.

"He had done it to spite me, for taking Roxanne away from his kingdom. Turns out he was of great help to me after all, at least, one truth is out in the open. I was helpless and clueless as to how to tell my pack that a human was my mate." "He took the words right out of your mouth, did he not?"

She spoke in a humorous tone, and Lancelot chuckled.

"You got that right, he did."

Roxanne could have sworn the man seated beside her wasn't Lancelot. Lancelot never said so many words at once, he never expressed fear, worry, or any form of emotion at all to anybody. And only opened his mouth to speak when he was giving out orders. So, who was this woman? And why was she able to bring out a part of Lancelot that she had never seen before?

For the first time, she could sense emotion in his voice. He had been truly worried, and he had let this woman know. But, why?

"That reminds me. I did want to call you in for a session after you returned, but I never got the chance. How did the journey of tests go?"

The tests... Lancelot thought. He was forced to lean out of his seat and place his elbows on his knees, staring into blank space.

"It wasn't easy, just as I had expected. However, something..." He paused, then took in a deep breath, before letting it out and speaking again.

"Something happened at the witch kingdom, something I did not expect."

Vampires, witches...She thought the nurses were crazy, but now that she heard it from his lips, she didn't know what to believe or make out of anything. All Roxanne could do was listen.

Flinn sat up, making eye contact with him.

"What happened?" she asked, deep concern etched in her voice and in her stare. She saw Lancelot's body stiffen after hearing her question and Flinn sighed, leaning back into her chair. She could tell he was contemplating telling her, or keeping it away from her.

"I need you to speak to me Lance, you would feel better when you do."

Lancelot leered at Doctor Flinn, before he shook his head gently and spoke.

"At the witches' kingdom, the sorceress, Athaliah accused me of having a hand in Bran's death. She said that I had killed him to move him out of the way. A hindrance in destiny, she had called him. I killed him to protect my own destiny." The pain in his voice was audible to Roxanne and Flinn, although only Flinn could see the tears gather in his eyes.

Flinn gasped with disbelief. That was a very disastrous thing to say, especially to Lancelot who had fought all these years to believe otherwise.

Looking over him, she could tell that he was still broken by the thoughts, haunted by the memories. Lancelot still needed fixing, a lot of work. And she prayed within her that someone...anyone, could give it to him.