

Chapter 28

The doctor had been in here and told me about the internal bleeding, broken rib, and the various wounds I had spread out across my body. He told me to be careful like it was my fault and I had fallen from a cliff or something.

Maybe that was the lie he was told but I doubted it. They knew what had happened. If Miss Elaine knew, the doctor surely did too. Was this behavior normal in the palace? Beating girls and lying about it. Was that why Elaine was so afraid all the time? I wish I could ask her but I doubt she'd tell me the truth.

He left and told me to rest. They wanted to keep me until my wolf was strong enough to heal us both but they weren't giving me anything that would get Trixy's strength back.

We still hadn't eaten and the IV wasn't doing much but keeping me awake. Trixy was still dormant; I could feel her but we couldn't talk or connect.

The idea of staying in here for two days made my skin crawl and there was no way in hell that I was going back to my room and sent off to practice with that monster again.

I ripped the IV from my arm and removed all of the tubes that were attached to me. When the machine started screaming I pulled the plugs to shut it up and looked at the door in panic to make sure that nobody came in.

My heart was racing and my legs were trembling as they fought to keep me upright but I knew that if I wanted to leave it had to be now.



The dress that Miss Elaine had brought hung on the closet door but it would be an unnecessary time waist to change.

I turned the handle and opened the door. The hallway was dark and the doors to all of the rooms were closed.

The doctors and healers were nowhere to be seen and I didn't hear any footsteps either.

This was the palace's infirmary. The Lycan Pack's general hospital was hours away and it was for the people.

"Okay, let's do this," I whispered to myself to gather some strength but I had never been more afraid in my life.

I bit back the tears and ignored the pains that shot through my body and I ran.

The next hall was also empty with only two smaller lamps to light the way.

I walked with my back pressed against the wall and stopped when I heard footsteps coming at me from behind the double slide doors. I held my breath and closed my eyes, hoping that whoever it was stayed on that side of the door.

Given the fact that this was my first day here and I had already acquainted myself with the doctors, I didn't want to find out what Darian would do if he caught me running away.

The steps disappeared and I decided to make a run for it.

I made it out of the infirmary and not a soul in sight.



Many of the buildings on the palace grounds were dark and I prayed that they were all asleep. The lamps around the castle wall and the doors of the adjoining buildings were enough to shed some light on my path and I ran down the road I had come from in the car earlier.

I can't believe everything that has happened in twenty-four hours...

Everything was blurry in my path, I ran but I knew it wasn't in a straight line and my breaths were growing more shallow with each step.

I clutched my chest when it felt like my heart was about to stop and slowed down right before the forest line.

An eerie feeling was creeping up my pain-stricken body at the quiet that I was running in.

This was the Lycan pack and I wasn't too far from the palace so where were all the guards? These grounds were said to have more protection than the Council.

I shook my head free from the worries, this was my only shot of getting out and I needed to take it.

I continued walking as fast as I could without passing out. I made it past the forest line when the hairs on the back of my neck rose and I knew I was being watched. The sound of a snapping branch made my heart sink and I knew then that I was done for.

I stopped, pressed my hand against a tree to keep myself steady, and drew a deep breath as I turned around.

There stood a man, with the kindest eyes I had ever seen and a uniform that struck more fear into my veins than I thought possible in the state I was in.



He was a royal guard.

"Going somewhere?" He asked with a hint of a threat in his voice but his eyes didn't quite meet with their gentle gaze.

He narrowed his gaze and stepped closer.

"What happened to your face?"

I stepped back, the air was stuck in my lungs and I felt the fight leaving my body. I saw the knife hanging on his hip and I knew that he had been trained since he was little to protect the kingdom and the royal family. He was strong, fearless, and knew how to take a life in less than a second.

"Kill me," I said in an exhale.

The guy's eyes shot up and his hand fell from where it rested on the head of his knife.

I saw the holster and knew that if I were to stab myself with it I would most likely bleed out. Trixy wasn't strong enough to heal me and even though we were strong, we weren't immortal.

"You're the king's chosen mate," he said quietly with a hint of panic in his tone. He looked around, his crystal blue eyes flickered in thought before his hand shot out and grabbed ahold of mine.

He pulled me behind him as we ran through the forest.

"No, I'm not going back!" I begged and tried to pull myself free.

"I'm not taking you back," he said and grabbed my shoulders as we stopped. His eyes flickered over my swollen lip and black eye. He lowered his voice as he whispered, "I'm helping you run,"