

Chapter 98 A Clean Kill

Immediately the "dinner turned catastrophe" was over, Ava excused herself from the dining room, before any of the Dankworths did. There was no doubt they were going to have a long and brutally honest family discussion after what had happened. It would have been nice to stay back and listen, since she would soon be a part of the family as well. But, Ava knew she had more pressing issues to attend to.

Now that it was obvious she was not the only one who sought to send Roxanne to hell, she was certain that when she finally did, there would be no way Lancelot would be certain it was her. Except he had solid proof, but, with the method she had devised, no one would know what happened. It would be said that she died in her sleep, a slow and less painful death.

Lancelot would be devastated, no doubt, but he would be alright. And everything would be back to normal, as good as it had always been planned.

She was absolutely delighted and could not wait to share her good and smart news with her father. So, she hurried into her room, made sure that her door was closed firmly behind her, before walking towards her well-dressed bed, and settling into it, with a broad smile on her face. She picked up her phone from the top of her bedside drawer, where she had left it to charge. She continued to grin from ear to ear, eager to hear what her father had to say.

She opened her phone and searched for her father's number. Her smile widened when she found it, and with a glad heart, she clicked on it. It rang without an answer for about ten seconds, before Garrett's thick baritone could be heard at the other end of the phone.

"I believe you called because you have good news." He did not sound half as enthusiastic as she was to hear her voice, but Ava didn't mind. Once he heard what she had to say, his mood would change, she was sure of it.

"That, father, is because I do have both; good news and a very solid plan."

"Hmmm," she heard her father hum some muffled sounds, before he spoke up again.

"Go on child, let me hear what you have to say."

Ava did a small victory dance in her head, before she adjusted herself, held her head high and cleared her throat.

"Well, from what happened at the dinner table, it would appear that we are not the only ones in this palace who want the human woman out of the way, whatever the reason may be."

"And this is good news because?"

"Think of it father. When we finally have Roxanne out of the way, Lancelot would not be able to point fingers at us without proof, which he would definitely not have. And again, he would also have three prime suspects, if not four. And your daughter would not be one of them."

Ava couldn't see him, but she could feel her father smile.

"You don't say?"

"As a matter of fact father, I do. I have also devised an extremely apt plan. If everything goes accordingly, no one would know what happened. It would be as though she died in her sleep, like a baby."

"You intend to suffocate her with a pillow?" Her father's question nearly caused her to laugh, but she held it in, for fear of annoying him. Granted, the apple didn't fall to far from the tree, but this apple seemed to be smarter than the tree it fell from. Perhaps, that was why it fell in the first place.

"No father. Using physical means would be extremely dangerous, since there are spy guards mounted around her room. You can't see them, but they are there."

"Get on with the plan girl." Impatient, Ava noted, just as he had always been.

"You said you have connections in the hospital, didn't you father?" "I did."

"Good, so we would have to get a nurse, or a doctor to do something for us. We would have a poison injected into her blood, one that would take her out, even while she is unconscious. It's a good thing she's still in her coma now, she would just never wake up. And when the doctor returns to check her pulse tomorrow morning, he would see that she has passed away. Easy, simple and effortless. Nothing could go wrong dad, I'm sure of it!"

Ava was elated to hear the satisfaction in her father's growl. From the other end of the phone, she heard him give her a round of applause. Ava blushed, she was happy to know that her father was proud. "Bravo child! You are still my daughter after all."

"Always will be, father."

"I am glad. This your plan is excellent! Even I wouldn't have been able to think of it. I should begin to fear you, but then, you're only but my student. Very well, I would find one of my loyal sources and get someone to do the job, you just relax and wait for the good news."

Ava nodded. "Yes father."

"In the meantime, I would need you to lay low. Do not fling yourself at the Alpha King too much, in fact, you have to be scarce in these times. When the reality of the human's death hits him, he would come looking for you."

Ava's smile broadened at the thought. She could imagine Lancelot's head on her thighs, while he leaned into her for comfort. She could almost see him needing her, wanting her with every fiber of his being. The human woman would be gone, and she would be all he has left. Then, she would shower him with love that would consume him. And in a matter of months at most - the human woman would be nothing but a folktale in the palace. It would be as though she never existed, even though she would be talked about.

Ava nodded once more, she would do as her father had said.

"Yes, father. I would do as you've said."

"You should," he replied curtly, before the line went dead. Ava smiled and relaxed, leaning her back against the headboard of her bed. "Bye bye, human."

Emily's eyes drifted to the clock in the room. After Roxanne had fallen asleep, from the heaviness of her last shot, Emily was left with no other form of company than the book in her hands and the ticking sound of the clock. From what she could see now, it was 10pm already. Still, she couldn't bring herself to fall asleep, even though the bench she currently sat on, was long enough to accommodate her.

How could she sleep? When she knew that she was in a land of wolves with people roaming around and waiting to kill Roxanne. She had to be extra careful, so, sleep decided on its own, to elude her. Emily could not tell if she was grateful for that or not.

She looked away from the clock, back to the book in her hands, when she heard the door knob turn. Defensively, she sat up and stared at the door. She watched it open slowly, a nurse, rather too short, walked in, with a metal tray in her hands. Emily called her attention once she was in the room.

"Who's there?" she called out. She noticed the nurse stand still for a moment as though she had not expected anyone to be here before she turned to face Emily. Emily couldn't make much out of her appearance.

Her nose and mouth in fact, half of her face was covered in a blue nose mask, her hair was wrapped in a surgical cap, and gloves were directly underneath the long sleeves of her blue scrubs. So, Emily could not even pick out a complexion since most of her body was covered. Which was weird, other nurses she had seen come in did not put so much effort into covering themselves up.

"Is there a problem?" Emily asked, when the nurse's eyes were on her.

"Not at all, I'm only here to give her medication."

Medication? Emily thought. It was 10pm, way too late for any sort of medication. Besides, some nurses were here barely two hours ago to give Roxanne her last dosage. The nurse must have made a mistake.

"I'm sorry, there seems to be some kind of mix up. She just had her last shot two hours ago, the nurses said so," Emily spoke up, before returning her eyes to the book after dismissing the strange nurse. "No, no. I haven't made a mistake at all," the nurse spoke, in a muffled tone. Emily raised her eyes from the book once more, and raised a brow in query.

"This is to hasten her waking up. The nurses forgot to add it to her medicine, so I was sent to do so."

Something about this nurse felt off, Emily noted. But, she was willing to give it a try. After all, Roxanne's room was well guarded, nothing and no one who wanted to harm Roxanne would be able to get through.

She dropped the book on the bench and rose up, to assist the nurse in adjusting Roxanne's gurney for the injection. However, as she walked past the nurse, fatigue caused her to brush her shoulder gently, and the nurse lost her grip on the tray, causing it and everything in it to fall to the ground.

Emily's eyes cleared instantly as she turned back to look at the damage she had caused. She was going to lower herself and help the nurse gather her things, but she couldn't. The strange nurse dived to the ground, with an urgency and speed Emily found totally unnecessary. She watched as the nurse knelt to the ground, and gathered the items with shaking hands.

Emily's eyes narrowed on her. Something didn't feel right at all, this lady was behaving far too strangely, and Emily couldn't ignore it anymore.

When the nurse was halfway up, Emily lowered herself and held the nurse's hands firmly. Even in her grip, they were still vibrating. Was she new here? Was she scared of given a patient a shot? Or was there something Emily wasn't seeing clearly?

The nurse's eyes stared back at her with a coldness Emily found disturbing.

"Are you new here?" Emily asked, when they were finally standing straight.

"I don't think I have seen you around before."

"I am a junior nurse, but if you want, I can go call my superiors."

No, there was definitely wrong with this nurse. Her voice was strained, and it wasn't only as a result of the nose mask that covered her mouth.

Emily also sensed that she was trying to change her voice. Buy, why would want to do that? Emily's eyes narrowed on her as she released her.

"Never mind, I'll go get the nurses myself." She made an attempt to walk past the nurse, but she was not allowed to go very far. She felt a strong grip on the hem of her T-shirt, before she felt herself being flung towards the bench. Emily could not stop herself from flying all the way to the wall, before her back hit the hard concrete and she collapsed to the floor, screaming in pain.

She saw the nurse dash out of the room in that instant, and she heard loud voices approach the door, before she seized to hear, or see anything at all.