

Chapter 215 Dreams of hell

The darkness was now familiar. Doris wasn't afraid when it swallowed her whole, she embraced the fear that she knew would greet her soon enough. Double the dose of blood from two strong alpha wolves was enough to send her into coma—she prayed she would wake up soon.

"This is the queen?" A voice hissed near her ear. She turned and nothing was there. "She doesn't look to be worthy." It laughed. "I had hoped she would have looked a lot stronger by now."

The sound reminded her of a snake. She turned and looked in every direction, but there was nothing around her at all. She wished she could see the thing that called itself her nightmares. Just once she wanted to visualize what actually haunted her.

"Who are you?" Doris asked. She raised her chin slightly. "What is it you have in store for me this time?"

The creature laughed. "I am everything you fear, little one."

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"I try not to fear things anymore." Doris swallowed. "It never did good things for me when I did."

"You have changed since I saw you last. I remember you cowering away from me as if that would save you. Still, I imagined you stronger by now. A shame you haven't come into your power yet, you might have been a match for me."

Doris was suddenly shoved across the black room and into a much lighter one. It looked like a run down version of the throne room. Dirty water coated the floors and all the benches were broken in half. Off in the distance, a child was crying.

Doris got up slowly. "What is this?" She asked as she looked around. Trash was all over the floors and the area looked as if it hadn't been used in years. She didn't know why it made her skin crawl. Just yesterday she had walked through the real one and it was in pristine condition.

"Your future." The creature said with a smirk in its voice.

Doris looked around her and saw parts of the ceiling had fallen off and other areas were burnt to a crisp. It looked as if it was about to collapse on her at any moment. How did it get this way?

Doris quickly left the room when she heard a loud rumble, but the halls were even worse. Death was in the air and she wasn't sure how she could smell it. Blood smeared across the walls and floors as if someone was dragged out. "I don't understand any of this."

When no response came, Doris hurried forward. The sound of a child crying had grown louder the more she moved. The hallways were black as if a fire had exploded where she was. When she entered her room she shared with William, her heart cracked in half.

Doris screamed when she saw a baby playing in William's blood. A baby with his same blue eyes and her brown hair. She covered her mouth and backed away, until she realized her hands were coated in blood as well. Somehow she just knew it was William's, the nightmare wanted her to believe it was William's.

"No!" Doris screamed. Her entire body was suddenly caked in blood as if she had bathed in it.

William's head was completely torn from his body and he looked as he had been ripped apart by sharp claws. His eyes stared right through her as if all the storms and clouds had been extinguished.

"Who did this to him?"

"You did." The voice said next to her ear. It was deep and demonic, no hint of a snake like hiss from before. Doris stumbled back and fell through the ground and ended up in the grass outside the palace.

A dark figure watched her from afar. Doris quickly stood and looked down to find her clothes were clean, but blood still coated her hands. "Who are you?!" She shouted at the figure.

It looked like a man in dark clothing—tall and mysterious. He watched her for a moment before he turned and went through the trees, as if he knew she would follow him no matter what he did. Doris hurried after him but she never got close enough. The path stretched on and on and it felt as if she would never reach him.

When she entered a clearing, her clothes melted into a black gown and a crown of thorns wrapped around her forehead until it pierced her skin. Blood poured down her face slowly, she looked like a

queen of the underworld, not for her palace.

"You have no idea what you could become." The voice said from all around her. The ground was now crusted with snow and bright red stained the ground. The ground cracked open and Doris felt rooted to the spot as it separated before her eyes. "You could be everything. You could rule everything if you let your power free."

"I don't know what this means!" Doris cried. She tried to move back away from the split ground, but she couldn't. Hands gripped the edges and faceless figures pulled themselves up out of the ground. Blood poured from the top of their heads and they crawled towards Doris, reaching for her as if they wanted help.

"You may not know yet, but you will." The dark voice laughed. The ground started to shake and pull her down towards the dead bodies that reached for her. She didn't know how it was possible to smell their rot, she didn't know how to wake up from any of it.

They pulled at her dress, ripping fabric off her. The moment it touched their skin, it burned their hands to a crisp but they only wanted more. They wanted all of her, they wanted to pull her down with them

as if she deserved to be dead too.

Did she do this to them? Is that what all of this meant?

"I want to see my baby! Let me see my baby!" Doris screamed. Laughter turned robotic and sickening as it was breaking over. Fire erupted all around her, she felt as if it was in her lungs every time she breathed.

Once again, Doris was shoved back harshly just before a creature could get their claws around her legs and drag her with them. She fell down through the ground and woke up gasping in the real world again. She gripped the clean white sheets around her and tried to calm her breaths before it made her lungs burst open. 2

It was all... familiar again. This was the real world—it smelled like William and roses. It smelled like sweet vanilla. It felt safe. She was safe, none of that was real—was it? 1

What was that? What did any of it mean? Doris felt as if she shouldn't analyze a fever dream too closely, but it was hard not to. That couldn't be her future—she wouldn't let it be.

"Doris—" William appeared by her side. He held a

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small bundle in his arms and for the first time,
Doris saw her baby. 1

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