

## Chapter 100 A Weak Link

Peter drove steadily and quietly, but he had a lot of questions to ask. So, he decided to communicate with Lancelot through their mind link. His hands stayed fixed on the steering wheel, his eyes on the road, as his wolf reached out for communication with Lancelot's wolf.

"Your Grace, I am quite worried about this plan of yours. The palace is in a current state of pandemonium. I am really concerned about how you plan to bring her back, now that everyone knows who she truly is. This would cause an uproar sir, no one would let it pass."

Lancelot listened to Peter carefully. He knew that what Peter said was true, but it was the only solution. He had to make sure he stayed with Roxanne, it was the only way to guarantee her safety now.

"Just do as I instruct you, allow me to worry about the rest."

"But sir..."

"I said, allow me to worry about the rest."

Peter said nothing again, the mind link was disconnected, and no one said a word. Not even Roxanne who was boiling with rage in her seat, even though she was too weak to scream and jump out of the car; which she so desperately wanted to do.

As they approached the palace gate, Roxanne felt a sudden wave of fear wash over her. She was back here again, back to where her nightmare

started. Peter noticed her body stiffen in the seat and he glanced at Lancelot from the rearview mirror. Lancelot said nothing, he only turned his head towards Emily, when he heard her move.

They entered into palace and Peter drove past the car park, and headed straight towards the entrance of the palace. He stopped the car there, turned the ignition off, and got down to help assist Emily out of the car.

Lancelot, on the other hand, jumped out of the car almost immediately it stopped. He rushed to the front seat and pulled it open. Roxanne shot him another glare, just as she had been doing, but Lancelot paid her no mind. He lowered himself and scooped her into his arms once more, placing her against his broad and hard chest.

He was tall, and Roxanne wrapped her arms around his neck for fear that she would fall. She continued to stare at him; her eyes pleading with him to drop her. Lancelot didn't listen, he only held her firmly as they walked into the palace. The first step Lancelot took with Roxanne in his arms, told Roxanne that he had made a very big mistake. It seemed as though they had walked into the middle of a meeting. Everyone in the Dankworth family was present; from his parents, to his siblings, the only people Roxanne didn't see where the ones she failed to look at before pressing her forehead to Lancelot's chest, to shield her embarrassment. Knowing that all eyes were on her, Roxanne's whole body suddenly felt warm, even at that, goosebumps crept to the top of her skin.

Madeline, who was previously involved in a discussion with Garrett Relish, and his daughter, felt her jaw drop. Lancelot's newly found audacity was shocking and nerve wracking. She was absolutely dumbstruck, there were no words to describe what she felt. She could not even find it in her to speak.

And, she was not the only one in the room who was tongue-tied. Edward, his sons, Ava, Garrett - who had come with the sole aim of knowing

Lancelot's next move after knowing that their plan had failed - even the maids, including Marilyn, the head maid, stared at Lancelot in shock.

He saw this, and watched as they all bowed when he fully stepped in. Lancelot did not say a word to them, or mind their stares. He turned his back to Peter who held Emily as she limped in.

"Take her to a room in the guest chambers, make sure she is properly guarded and attended to. And stay by her side until I come to meet you," he ordered, and Peter nodded.

Peter could feel the intensity of everyone's gazes on him, so he quickly trotted behind Lancelot. With Roxanne in his arms, he walked past his dumbstruck family and headed straight to his room. The knot in Roxanne's stomach tightened more and more. She knew she shouldn't be here, even after everything that had happened to her, she wasn't still welcomed here. She knew that, because she saw Madeline shoot her a stony glare, after Lancelot walked past her.

Lancelot did not stop walking until he was at the front door of his room. Without saying a word, he moved towards his bed, which was now properly dressed and placed her in it. Roxanne stayed quiet, even though a million thoughts ran through her mind.

She allowed herself to be placed on Lancelot's bed, while her back rested against the head board. Lancelot covered her legs with the thick black duvet. She watched him keenly, the look of concern and dread in his eyes. He was scared of something, she thought. And she wanted to know what it was...or did she?

"You would find my bed more relaxing than the one in the hospital, it's softer," he spoke, when he stood straight and tucked his hands into his pocket, as he flashed her a wink.

Wait, a wink? When did he begin to do that? Roxanne asked herself. However, she still could not find it in her to speak. All that had happened

in the past half hour had not fully registered or made sense in her brain. Lancelot decided it was time to give her some space, to allow her piece her thoughts together. He would go to see how Peter had settled Emily in, before he came to her. He took one last look over her frail frame, before he turned on his heels and walked out of the room.

Before he could fully close his door behind him, he caught sight of his father and mother matching furiously towards him. Okay, Madeline was the one doing the furious matching, but Edward still casually walked behind her.

Lancelot rolled his eyes, abandoned the door and planted himself in front of it, just in case she tried to get entrance into the room. Whenever his mother matched like an angry bull, he knew there were no limits to what she could do. "You ungrateful son of a..." She stopped, realizing she was his mother and she was just about to call herself a bitch, as she stood in front of him, fuming with rage. Lancelot looked down at her, without saying a word. There was not even a hint of apology or explanation in his eyes.

"Please tell me, that I did not just see what I think I just saw!"

"Madeline..." Edward tried to speak, but Madeline snapped.

"Do not! Do not tell me to calm down," Madeline fired back at her husband, before facing Lancelot again. Her face contorted with rage, and her lips quivered, while she struggled to form words to say to him.

"Do you realize what you have just done?! You, yourself, have caused a big threat to your reign as Alpha King! In front of Garrett, the council elder, you just carried that human...your mate, in your arms, and brought her back into this palace, when you should be rejecting and kicking her out of it!" she screamed, as high as she could. Lancelot fought hard to keep his anger in check.

"Garrett Relish was here! The head of council and your father-in-law! What do you think he would think of us now? Of you?" She clenched her right fist and pointed the index finger of the left one to his face.

"We have worked so hard for you Lancelot, you cannot jeopardize everything we've fought so hard for! You cannot pay your father and I like this. You cannot!"

Edward, seeing that his wife was close to hyperventilating, tapped her shoulder gently, and pulled her back, towards him. He took a short look at her, as she struggled to breathe as a result of her outburst. Lancelot decided to speak when he saw his mother was quiet. Madeline was so furious, tears gathered in her eyes.

"Did you expect me to sit back and watch my mate...the one whom the goddess had fated me to, go through pain and stay in danger?" Even though his tone was low, his eyes shot daggers at his mother.

"I know what you did mother. Taking her to live amongst the maids, just so you could spite me. This is my response mother. You had it coming."

Edward heaved a sigh when Madeline's grip on his hand tightened, it was a sign that he had to speak up. So, he did just that.

"Your mother is right Lancelot. Bringing her here, is setting everything we...you, have ever worked for ablaze." Though his father was dissatisfied with Lancelot's choice, he spoke in a less aggressive and more understanding tone. So, Lancelot knew he could try to reason with his father.

"Father, you are mated to mother so you understand what I feel. Would you ever be able to stand back and watch her suffer?" he spoke gently, in the best way he could. His voice pleaded with his father to see reason. Edward shook his head and spoke.

"Of course not. I could never stand to see Madeline suffer, or sad. It would bruise me even more than it bruises her. I am to protect, love and stand by

her and I would always do that. But, she is my mate, a she-wolf. I can touch her, feel her wolf, communicate with her wolf. But...with you..." He sighed.

"She's human Lancelot. Whether you like it or not, she would always be a threat, a weak link. You cannot keep her here. You must reject her and send her back to her home." With every sentence, Edward's tone grew firmer. Though he tried to be understanding, Edward did not see a world where a human could be a Luna queen.

Lancelot was disappointed, both visibly and inwardly. So much for trying to be reasonable, he thought, as he switched his gaze from one parent to another.

"I'm sorry, father, mother. But, I can't... I can't let her go. You'll just have to deal with it."

Edward's temper sparked within him, he shot Lancelot daggers through his stare.

"Do you even know what you're talking about? Do you know what these people did to us?"

"No!" Lancelot snapped back.

"I do not know because you never told me. So, if there's something you need to say, say it now!" Lancelot had had it up to his neck with the unspoken folktale of what the humans did to them.

"Lancelot..."

"Edward," Madeline cut in, drawing her husband back. Both father and son turned to her. She had finally managed to calm herself, but her anger still shimmered in her stare.

"It's enough, there's no need speaking to him," she said to her husband, before focusing on her son. Madeline was disappointed, heartbroken and furious, all at once.

"Just know, that I would not take it...never, not while I'm in this palace." With that, she turned on her heels and walked away from him, her grip on her husband's hands were still firm. Lancelot watched them quietly.

Behind the door, Roxanne sat in bed, unsure of what to do. She had heard everything that was said, since Lancelot failed to close his door completely, and the walls weren't exactly soundproof.

These people didn't need her here, she thought. As long as she was here, the hate, fights and bickering would never end.

She had to find a way out of here, somehow. Even if not for herself, but for Lancelot.

If she was a threat to his destiny, then perhaps, she was really bad luck.