Chapter 101 Coming All Out

Roxanne's mind was made up. The next time she saw Lancelot, she was going to tell him that she was leaving. She had to leave. Her presence was doing them both more harm than good. Though, she did not understand what it was about this "mate" bond he spoke off, she understood that her leaving would hurt him, but, staying would hurt him more.

So, when the door opened fully and Lancelot stepped in, she sat up and stared blankly at him, waiting for the perfect moment to speak.

He stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. He leaned against the door and closed his eyes, while trying to do the breathing exercise Flinn had thought him when he was a teenager, to calm his nerves. Lancelot caught Roxanne staring at him, and made a mental note to order food for her.

He took slow steps towards his bedside drawer to take off his wristwatch and place a call to the maids to bring food for her. He felt her eyes follow him with every step he took. When he placed his wristwatch down and picked up the telephone in his room, he caught sight of her leering at him, their eyes met, and she still didn't take hers away.

"What would you like to eat?" he asked, calmly, while trying very hard to smile. However, Roxanne did not acknowledge his chivalry, neither did she smile back at him.

Frustrated, he sighed and banged the receiver against the machine. Roxanne rolled her eyes, he still had not changed. He still took his anger out on unsuspecting things and people who did nothing to deserve it.

She scoffed. "Some habits never die," she muttered underneath her breath, but his sharp wolf senses picked it up. Lancelot ignored it.

"You need to eat something Roxanne."

"Food is the least of my problems," she bit back, without looking at him. He tucked his hands into his pocket.

"You haven't had good food in days..."

"And why is that your business?!" she retorted, casting him a stony glare as she did so. She had rehearsed this conversation in her head, time and time again. While she lay unconscious in the hospital, while she pretended to be asleep, while she listened to his conversation with Doctor Flinn, yet, none of those rehearsals had prepared her for this moment; the moment he would be standing in front of her, talking to her, and she would have to say everything she had ever thought and felt to his face.

Lancelot's jaw hardened as he stared down at her. Why was she making everything more difficult than it was supposed to be?

"I am responsible for you, Roxanne," he fired back, even as his heart pounded against his chest. He did not know what else to say, or do. It was his business because he cared about her, because he couldn't stand to see her look pale, because he only wanted to see her happy.

Responsible for her? Roxanne chuckled bitterly. So, all this while she had sat, thinking that his worry was for a deeper reason, a more affectionate and intimate reason other than the fact that he was her boss, she had been a fool. Lancelot's words never matched with his actions. He said he needed her, yet acted like he didn't. Said he wanted her to stay, yet his actions screamed at her to go. Said he wanted to be with her, yet all he did was devise new means to push her away and she was tired.

"I quit," she spoke, firmly.

Lancelot's eyes narrowed at her.

"Quit what?"

"This!" she screamed, pointing at the space between the both of them. Lancelot's face contorted with what appeared to be rage, yet deeper and more affectionate.

"Whatever this is. This job, I resign from whatever it is that made you to bring me here. I am terminating my contract...Your Grace!"

Before Lancelot could speak, she pushed the duvet away from her legs in anger. She hated the fact that she couldn't move yet. If she could, she would have sprung up and dashed out of the room.

"And don't you worry about your advance, I would pay back every penny I've taken from you, with interest and I don't care how long it takes me to do that, as long as I never...ever, get to be in your presence again!"

Her words fell on his ears and exploded like a bomb, while still shooting arrows that pierced deep into his chest, and hit his heart. In her eyes, were raw and fresh anger, unlike anything he had ever seen before. Never, he had never imagined that bubbly, sweet, and clumsy Roxanne had the ability to fire up. The woman he was looking at now, was a far cry from the crazy American woman whose car Peter had ran into, and it was all his fault.

Lancelot needed a chance to make things right. And he wouldn't be able to get that chance if she left, he just had to make her stay.

"You don't mean that Roxanne." He didn't mean to sound desperate, but he did. He was finding it hard to hide his emotions, or separate them from his tone.

Her eyes didn't soften, instead, they darkened on him.

"Unlike you, I don't say things that I don't mean."

His hands fell out of his pocket as he staggered back. Why was he suddenly feeling weak? There was a gut-wrenching feeling in his chest that he could not shake off, it clutched his throat, and threatened to steal his ability to speak. Roxanne arched her right brow in confusion. Why was he acting like he was about to have a convulsion?

"That's not true...it's...it's not."

Tears gathered in her eyes as she looked at him, she chuckled bitterly and bit her lower lip, to stop it from quivering.

"Look at you," she said aloud. "You've spent every waking moment lying to everyone around you, so much so that you've started to lie to your own self."

"I have never lied to you!"

"Everything you've ever said to me, was a lie!" Roxanne screamed back, her hands flew to her head as she clutched her hair in frustration. Her fingers tangled up in the brown strands, as tears ran freely down her eyes.

"What you were, all those business meetings. When you held me that night and told me you wanted me to stay, you lied. When you said the night was better with me in it, you lied. Hell! You even went to bed with a woman, and told me, barely seconds after that you'll only be able to sleep if I stayed with you!"

Lancelot stood straight and took all the daggers her words shot at him straight to his heart. She was calling him a liar, but he had never lied to her.

He sniffed hard, his eyes had begun to sting. The ache in his heart was severe, and Lancelot didn't know what to make of it. All he knew, was that it caused water to gather up in his eyes.

"Everything I have ever said to you, was true. And whatever I kept away from you...was to protect you..."

"Oh please."

"Roxanne!" He took slow steps towards her, and he watched her wet eyes dance all over his body. He hated to be the reason for her tears. If it were anyone else, he would have torn them to pieces, now that it was him, he didn't know what to

do.

"I have always cared for you Roxanne." He stood in front of her, inches away from the bed and stood there, towering above her. He thought back to what Doctor Flinn said, if he was going to get her to stay, he was going to have to tell her truth.

"From the moment we stepped into that cathedral, to this very second, I have wanted nothing more than to protect you."

Molten rage washed through Roxanne. Lies, lies, and more lies. This man was truly pathetic! He still stood there and lied through his teeth! How dangerous could a man be?

"You do not lie to the people you care about..."

Lancelot groaned in frustration, this was hard enough for him already.

"For goddess sake Roxanne! What was I supposed to do?"

"You were supposed to be sincere with me!" she fired back. "You should never have pushed me away! You should never have acted like I did not exist or like you didn't give two fucks about me if you really did care!"

"That was all I knew how to do!" There it was, the confession that they had both been waiting for. The moment Lancelot admitted to all his faults.

His eyes softened, while he tried to hold back his tears. He lowered himself until he was squatting in front of her.

"Every time I pushed you away, every time I acted like I didn't see you, or I didn't care, it was all because it was all I knew how to do. For the

goddess's sake, you were never part of the plan. Meeting you, wanting you, I didn't know what to do with all those feelings because I wasn't supposed to have them. But I did, and it scared me. I didn't know what else to do. I was going to tell you everything Roxanne, I swear on it." He reached out to her hand and took it. This time, Roxanne did not protest. He was telling the truth, she could see it in his eyes. The sincerity of his pain, everything showed in it.

"Listen, I know that this is hard for you to take in. My family, who I am, what I stand for, the baby in you, everything. But..." Lancelot couldn't believe he was about to do what he was going to do next.

"I want...I need to make it right Roxanne. I need a chance."

Her tears continued to run down her cheeks. She was very sure that she wanted to leave, few minutes ago, but now...she didn't know anymore.

"I don't know what you want me to do," she muttered, her tears had caused her to be inaudible.

Lancelot's grip on her hand tightened as he stared straight into her eyes. He needed her, and he was not going to pretend he didn't, because he couldn't bear to lose her.

"I need you...I need you to stay with me."

There it was! The sentence she had waited a long time to hear. But, it was coming too late, there was nothing he could do or say to change her mind. She wasn't safe here, she would never be. America wasn't exactly great, but at least, no one wanted to kill her or kidnap her.

Lancelot, seeing the look in her eyes, rose his body up and sat on the bed beside her. Her lips parted to protest, but no words could come out, not when Lancelot leaned into her and cupped the back of her neck with his right palm. As they stared into each other's eyes, and their hearts rose and fell in synchrony, Lancelot leaned deeper into her.

In that moment, when their lips touched, she felt her whole body quiver in shock. She leaned into him, surrendering, to deepen the kiss. Their lips moved in synchrony, each lost in the taste of the other. His grip on her neck tightened, and she let out a breathless moan. He slipped his wet tongue into her mouth and intertwined it with hers. She was losing herself in him, in the passion that erupted from his kiss, until it happened...

Horrid flashes of the hunt rushed through her mind, and she pulled away from him immediately. Lancelot's heart shattered in his chest as he stared at her. She turned away from him, afraid that if she looked at him, her resolve would be weakened.

"Leave. I can't bear to stay in the same space with you."

Defeated, Lancelot knew it was futile to press on. He rose up from the bed and tucked his hand into his pocket.

"Neither of us has a choice, I'm the only one who can keep you safe."

"You wouldn't have to bother about me when I'm back home," she bit back, and Lancelot did not reply.

He took what was left of his pride and sanity, and turned away from her, taking swift steps out of the room.