

Chapter 103 Revealing Hug

Shortly after she asked him to leave, Lancelot did just that. He did not want to let her out of his sight, but he didn't have a knack for staying in places he wasn't needed. He stepped out of his room, closed the door behind him, just to ensure that she was safe, before he walked out of the corridor, down the flight of stairs, to check on the room Peter had kept Emily, and to ensure she was okay.

Halfway across the stairs, he caught sight of a maid, dressed in the usual uniform of black gown and a white apron, waking up the stairs, towards him and with a tray of food in her hands. She appeared to be heading towards his room; seeing as that floor belonged to him—and consisted of his library, office, room and his private tea room.

The maid stood still and bowed in respect when she got to him. Lancelot looked over her, before looking into her hands. The tray had two small plates, a bottle of water, a clear glass and a small bowl of food, tightly covered with a lid, on it. "Is this the meal I called for?" he asked, and the maid bowed her head once again.

"Yes, Your Grace. It is."

Lancelot looked over her once more, before he nodded and took one step down the stairs. He stopped suddenly and turned back to the maid, who had her back facing him as she continued her journey into his room. He

needed to be sure Roxanne was going to eat it, he needed to make sure she ate, and he couldn't do that, if he wasn't there.

"Hold on," he called out. The maid stopped and turned to him, her cheeks were crimson red as she fought hard not to blush. It didn't have any effect on him, he was used to having women swoon over him. He walked up the stairs, and stood by her side.

"Let's go," he said aloud again, and she bowed her head to hide her giddy smile. Lancelot ignored her and walked ahead, while she followed him behind. When they got to the room, he pushed the door open and stepped in, while the maid followed him behind.

Roxanne looked up from the duvet she had been staring at. Her eyes brightened when she saw the maid with the tray of food. Lancelot had been right about one thing earlier; she had not had good food-seeing as the glucose drip that had been inserted in her throughout her stay in the hospital was not real food and she was really starving.

She kept her eyes away from him, and retained her stare at the maid. She watched as the woman and took note of her awfully red cheeks which Roxanne immediately attributed to the "Lancelot effect" - and watched as she dropped the tray of food on the bedside drawer. She opened the bowl of food, and the gracious aroma of creamy pasta and cheese hit her nose immediately. How did these people know her second favorite thing in the world?

The maid served a few spoons in a plate, and was about to hand it to Roxanne when Lancelot's voice made her pause.

"Wait. Taste it." It came out as an order, with a bit of warning. Roxanne arched a brow at him, while the maid looked at him as though she didn't hear what he had said. Roxanne had too much enemies in this palace, Lancelot knew that. He didn't care how archaic his instruction seemed to be, he had to make sure that Roxanne was safe, and it didn't matter to him

who he hurt, or might hurt in the process. The maid dropped the plate and blinked twice.

"But...Your Grace..."

Lancelot's eyes narrowed at her as he took one defensive step towards the maid. His eyes looked like he was ready to snap her neck if he found anything sketchy.

"What? Is there a problem?"

Horror flashed through the young woman's eyes as she took a spoon, with shaky hands.

"No, Your Highness. Not at all."

Lancelot said nothing more. He stood straight, his hands behind his back, as he watched the maid. Roxanne's eyes were on her too. She picked up a clean fork and dug it into the plate of pasta she had served. When she had scooped enough, she put the food into her mouth.

The maid chewed on the food for a while, with both Roxanne and Lancelot staring at her with anticipation. Her eyes brightened as she swallowed it, she did seem pleased. Roxanne's heartbeat stilled, the thought that someone in the palace would have tried to poison her, had numbed her for a moment. She knew that was the reason Lancelot had asked the maid to taste it.

"It actually does taste great, Your Grace," the maid spoke with bright eyes and Lancelot walked to her. He snatched the tray from the drawer and placed it on Roxanne's lap. He took a short glance at her, and Roxanne was able to capture the concerned look on his face.

He stood in front of her, as though he was waiting for her to take the first spoon. Roxanne shook her head, picked up a spoon, and dug it into the plate, before she dropped it suddenly, and cast Lancelot a stony glare. "What about Emily? Has she had something to eat? Is she well rested?"

Lancelot couldn't help the smile that crept to his lips before he answered her.

"You need not worry about her. Peter is taking good care of her, and is looking after her the same way I am looking after you. Once you're done eating, I would go check on her and bring word back to you." Roxanne heaved a sigh of relief before she picked up the spoon again. But, something stole her attention once more.

Immediately she picked up the spoon to eat, she saw the maid place a hand on her head, from the corner of her eyes. Roxanne stopped to watch her, and Lancelot did as well.

Despite the air conditioned room, the maid was sweating profusely. She staggered backwards, staggered forwards, and swayed left and right. Her movements were sloppy and without direction. Perturbed, Lancelot rushed to her side, but the maid fell to the ground, clutching her throat and coughing terribly, before Lancelot could get to her. She groaned in pain as she coughed again, blood splattered on the floor close to her. She continued to cough, and every time she did, blood accompanied it. Lancelot fell to the ground beside the maid and shook her furiously.

"What is it? Are you okay?"

The maid's eyes rested on him, with pure fear in them. She had the look in her eyes, like she knew she was going to die.

"Your....your..." Those were her last words, before she tilted her head to the side, in death.

Panic, that was the first thing that seized her chest, before fear. The fear was accompanied by a loud scream, and subconsciously, she pushed the tray to the ground. The food flying to the floor and the ceramics shattered into pieces. Roxanne couldn't believe her eyes, they had really tried to poison her, and if... if she had taken the food into her mouth one second earlier, she would have been lying on the floor, coughing blood right now.

Roxanne's scream alerted guards who were stationed around the room. They rushed into the room immediately and caught sight of the woman on the floor.

Lancelot grew livid. It was right in front of his eyes, but he was refusing to believe it. Even in his palace, under his watch, Roxanne was still not safe. Someone had tried to poison her, and if he had not done everything he had just done, Roxanne would have been the one lying down on the floor, DEAD!

He couldn't take it. He staggered up and glanced at her, her eyes were wide with shock, and whole body shook ferociously.

It was then a thought ran through his mind; Emily!

With that, Lancelot dashed out of the room and headed straight to the guest chambers, while praying in her heart that Emily had not taken anything from this palace. He couldn't trust anyone or anything in this palace, not anymore. When he walked into the guest chambers, he found a door open and ran towards it. He was relieved and hopeful to see Emily seated up, her back against the headboard of the bed. But, there was a plate in her hand, and it had the same content the one given to Roxanne had; the pasta.

Peter rose up immediately he saw Lancelot rush into the room, but before he could say anything, Lancelot yelled out.

"Don't touch that food Emily!"

The plate slipped from her hand in shock, and landed on the bed, spilling the contents into the sheets. Emily looked away from the disaster she had caused, to the panicking man in front of her. What?

Ava walked back into the palace, after the small stroll she decided to take when she had ended her meeting with Marilyn. From the text she had received, the poison had been delivered and the job was already halfway done. That, was music to Ava's ears.

With a joyful heart, she strolled into the palace, ready to hear Lancelot's cry, which would be her sound of victory. However, she met another familiar face on the way to the stairs that led to her room; Arthur, the youngest Dankworth son, and her soon to be brother-in-law. It wouldn't hurt her to stop by and give him a hug, would it?

Of course not, Ava answered the question in her head as she walked towards him.

Arthur stopped halfway across the room, on his journey to stroll outside the palace when he met Ava, beaming with smiles as she hurried to him.

"By the goddess, Arthur!" she called out in pure glee as she stood in front of him. The young prince looked over her, confused. She had never been so excited to see him before.

"It's been so long since we were in the same space alone. I know that things have been crazy around here, but you don't even stop by to say hi anymore."

Arthur found it strange that she was this excited, especially after the show Lancelot had put up for all of them earlier. Was she pretending? If so, why?

"Come on now..." She held his both hands up, and trapped them in hers.

Just then, Arthur felt a weird and sudden shockwave wash over him, leaving him with a slight electric shock. He stared down at Ava, and she spread her arms to embrace him. Arthur would have refused it, but he had to know the reason for what he had just felt.

So, he wrapped his arms around her, and held it tight. It would be so, until he found out what his gift had reacted to, in Ava.

As he hugged her, he buried his nose into her neck, and closed his eyes. As he sniffed her scent, her memories came like flashes in his mind.

At first, he could see a hospital setting. She was not present in the room, but Peter, Lancelot, Butler Lee, a strange woman, and Roxanne were. Then, he heard Peter's voice from a distance.

"Of course, he will. She's his mate." Arthur's hands stiffened against her waist. Ava had seen that? And before everyone else. From the looks of it, she had been spying on them. "Arthur! I didn't know you missed me so much," Ava said, chuckling as Arthur held her.

However, Arthur was too far gone to hear her. Something wasn't right, and he had to find out what it was.