

Chapter 105 All Of It

"What?" Emily yelled out, she sprung up from her bed and rushed to meet Lancelot. Peter, who was seated beside her, rose up and rushed to his boss as well. "What's happening Your Grace?" he asked, scanning Lancelot's appearance. His boss was visibly shaking, while his facial features looked squeezed with rage. "The pasta, was poisoned...Roxanne."

Emily's eyes widened with horror as she held on to Lancelot's shirt, tears gathered in her eyelids immediately. She did not want to believe her ears. "What do you mean by Roxanne? What's going on?"

Peter sensed that something wasn't right. He drew Emily back from Lancelot's body and cuffed her in his arms. Lancelot stood straight before turning away from them, while Emily threw curses at him. If anything had happened to Roxanne, she would not hesitate to burn this entire palace to the ground, she swore it.

"She's alive, come on, let's go," Lancelot said as he walked briskly out of the room. Relief washed over Peter, and Emily managed to calm herself as she rushed behind Lancelot, Peter followed suit. They ran past the corridor, up the stairs and dashed into Lancelot's part of the house.

They watched as the guards lifted the maid's dead body in a stretcher and Emily pressed her hands to her mouth as she gasped in shock. The tears she had tried to hold back ran down her eyes freely. There was no doubt,

the lady in that stretcher would have been Roxanne, if not for whatever Miracle had presented itself.

Lancelot rushed into his room and met Arthur standing next to Roxanne. He held on to Roxanne's arms as he questioned her. Lancelot also took note of Butler Lee's presence behind Arthur.

When Emily found Roxanne seated up, awake and alive, her heart soared with joy. She had always been happy you see Roxanne, but this was a different type of joy. This was the type of joy that arose from seeing someone you thought you had lost forever.

She pushed past Lancelot and rushed to Roxanne, seizing her hand from Arthur's. Roxanne's eyes moved to her best friends and the world suddenly began to make sense again. As long as she had Emily by her side, she would be safe and secure, she knew it.

Lancelot walked to Arthur and stood by his side. Arthur's eyes left Roxanne and her friend and focused on his brother.

"What's the matter?" Lancelot asked. He knew something was wrong, with the way Arthur's legs shook on the ground, and the anger in his eyes.

Arthur didn't waste his time before he said it, there was no time to waste at all.

"Ava," he spoke out. Lancelot arched his left brow and narrowed his eyes at his brother. Everyone else turned to Arthur and stared at him with keen eyes.

"Ava is responsible for everything." As he spoke, he thought back to the horrific images he had seen, he still couldn't bring himself to believe it, but the truth had to be brought to light.

"How do you know?" Lancelot asked. This was a very serious accusation, he needed to know Arthur was sure. Granted, Roxanne's presence threatened Ava's stance in the palace, but Lancelot had never pegged Ava as the type to commit murder, he still couldn't.

Arthur turned swiftly to his brother.

"I touched her."

Both Emily and Roxanne were confused. What did Arthur touching her prove? But, Lancelot, Peter and Lee all knew exactly what Arthur meant. He had touched her and seen into her memories, therefore, seeing all her planning and scheming. Instantly, Lancelot's fury sprang to life and exploded at the surface of his skin, his veins were evident throughout his hands and forehead. Molten rage rolled through him and replaced the oxygen in his blood. The maid was dead, and it was clear as day that she was innocent. Else, she would have never tasted the meal if she knew it would bring about her death.

"Fuck this!" he screamed out loud and turned on his heels to stomp around the room, Peter called him back.

"Sir, where are you going?"

All eyes followed Lancelot as he left.

"I swear I'll tear her apart," he replied coldly. However, his path was blocked by Lee, who stood straight in front of him. Fuming with rage, Lancelot's cold eyes raked over Lee's body. "Get out of my way."

"I'm afraid I cannot do that, sir. We have to be very careful. We cannot just go out and accuse Ava, we must remember that Garrett is a very powerful man."

"I do not care who her father is..."

"But you should. Like it or not, he has more than half of the people of this kingdom under his grasp. If we accuse Ava of this in such a rash manner, he would immediately point it to the fact that you're looking for an excuse to take this human as a mate, and that would be the end sir. No matter what, the people would no longer listen to you."

Everyone was forced to pause and think carefully. Lee was indeed right. Lancelot managed to calm himself down and he slid his hands into his pocket.

"What do you suggest we do?"

Lee looked around the room carefully, before he spoke.

"I suggest we give them what they want. We take Miss Roxanne out of the palace, make everyone believe she is dead, at least for now. On the day of the ceremony, we can carefully expose her there, and with proof." When he saw the hesitation in Lancelot's eyes, he spoke up again.

"They wouldn't rest and Miss Roxanne would not be safe anywhere in this country until they believe she's dead. And without proof, it would be dangerous to point fingers at Ava." Lancelot's tense body relaxed, Lee was right.

Peter was the next to speak, while Emily paid attention to calming Roxanne.

"How do we get proof?"

Arthur remembered how he had seen Ava pay Marilyn. It definitely had something, if not everything, to do with what had happened. So, he answered.

"The head maid, she'll have the answers we seek."

Again, anger stirred at the bottom of Lancelot's stomach. He was livid and swore to threaten the life out of Marilyn when he finally found her.

"We must find her immediately," he spoke, before he turned to Lee.

"And in the meantime, organize an ambulance from the hospital to carry Roxanne from here. Everyone must think she is dead, and no one here would say a word about this. Arrange for her to be kept in a hotel, until I'm ready to find her. You must take her to the hotel yourself, I do not trust

the officials at the hospital either," he dishes out instructions and Roxanne glared at him as he did so.

Did they really expect her to pretend to be dead?

"Yes, Your Grace," Lee said, bowing his head.

Roxanne's eyes widened as she turned to Emily. They really expected her to play dead Lancelot, Arthur and Peter rushed out of the room, while Lee was left to handle their entire charade. They stomped to the kitchen together, with Lancelot leading the trio. He did not nod or respond to any of the maid's greetings. Only the goddess knew how many of them were involved in this scheme.

He headed straight for the kitchen, and the maids stood still, fear flashed in all their eyes as they stared at him. From the looks of things, he was in no mood to smile at any of them, neither were the men at his back. They all wondered what it might have been that got the Alpha King so mad, neither of them had heard about what had happened.

"Where is the head maid?" Lancelot thundered, from where he stood. No one replied, and his patience was running thin.

"I would not repeat myself a third time. Where is the head maid?"

Marilyn, who had heard him call on her, froze with fear. Could it be that everything had been traced to her quickly? If that was the case, she would do as Ava had said and blame it on the queen, nothing would happen to her after that. So, she stepped out of the kitchen store, where she had been hiding and walked into the kitchen. All eyes turned to her immediately she came out, and a maid pointed towards her direction. Lancelot followed the maid's hand to where Marilyn stood.

Fury clouded his eyes as he saw patches of red all over. He wanted nothing more than to rush to her and grab her by the throat. Peter saw this, and stepped forward. There was no telling what would happen if Lancelot was the first person to get his hands on her.

Marilyn stood in front of Lancelot as she bowed. Peter moved forward to meet her.

"Come with us," he said, as calmly as possible. Since the king and the prince were already in fumes, Peter took it upon himself to be the clear headed one.

Marilyn stared at all of them in fear, a million and one thoughts raced through her mind. Marilyn was led to the back of the palace, where Lancelot was sure no one would see them. As they walked, he already began to hear the siren from the ambulance and the commotion that their fake news had caused in the palace. Ava must be rejoicing by now, he thought.

Marilyn would have been rejoicing by now too. The success of her mission would mean more money, her son's health and a drastic promotion. But, she couldn't, not when she was in the Alpha King's shackles.

Lancelot found a very good spot for them, before Peter pushed her to the ground. She fell to the sand on her knees, quivering and whimpering with fear.

Lancelot wasted no time in speaking.

"You would tell us everything you know about the death of Roxanne, and you would tell us now!"

Marilyn bowed her head to the ground as she cried. Now, she was confused, she didn't know if lying about the queen would bring her more punishment, or telling the truth would spare her. She was at a loss.

"You have only one chance to make a statement. If you lie, I would make sure I end your life, and that of your son and everyone else you have ever loved this second! All it would take is..." He lowered himself to her, and flung her face up with his palm, so that he was able to look her in the eye and preview her dread.

"One phone call."

That was it, the decision was already made for her. There was no way she could lie against the queen and get away with it. Her best chances were with the truth, so she confessed.

Tears ran down her eyes freely as she pressed both palms together, pleading for her life.

"Forgive me, Your Highness. She promised...she promised to take care of my son, she promised me a better life...I had to...my son..." "Who promised you?!" Lancelot thundered, shooting her bullets through his stare. Marilyn shuddered before she coughed it out. "Ava...Ava..."

Lancelot let go of her with a force that sent her back against the ground.

"She made me do it...forgive me, please..."

Lancelot stood straight, while fighting the urge to press the sole of his feet hard against her stomach until she died, just like the innocent maid. But, he had a use for her. "You would go about your business like this discussion never happened, and you would repeat this statement whenever I tell you too, do you understand!" Marilyn crawled back in fear as she answered.

"Yes...yes, Your Highness."

Lancelot hissed, spat on the ground close to her and walked away, Arthur followed him behind, while Peter stayed back to make sure Marilyn got back into character. It was over, all of it.