

Chapter 11 Why The Rage

He was now awake. Still, he continued to toss and turn from one end of the bed to another, fighting to get his sleep back.

From the beam of the sun rays that escaped through the window and hit his face, Lancelot could tell that it was already day break. Yet, it felt to him as though he had just only slept.

His mind drifted off to the events of the previous night.

He thought of it all; getting ready for the strange woman's sister's wedding party. He saw himself sit next to her, he saw himself get swept off his mind and his feet by her skilled and free-spirited craftsmanship with the piano, and he saw himself rush to her, seize a bottle in her hands and put her in his car.

When he recalled himself being tangled in the sheets with her and Ziko marking her, his eyelids flew open immediately.

What had he done?!

His gaze greeted the chandelier hanging on the roof above him. If he hadn't been so tense, he would have taken time to appreciate its beauty, but it wasn't time to do so now.

Antsy, he turned his face to the other side of the bed, now hoping to see her small naked body sprawled in it, under or on top the duvet-he really didn't care. He just needed to see her.

His gaze greeted an empty bed side, the only proof that she had ever been there was her lingering scent of lavender his wolf, Ziko, picked from the bed sheet, duvet and the pillow case.

Had she relocated from the bed to the couch in the middle of the night? Lancelot wondered.

He could remember waking up at some point during the night. Yes. After his nightmare. He had stood up to switch on the lights and her hold on him had calmed him. It was how he had been able to get back to sleep.

He took deep breaths in and out, even with his right cheek still pressed on his pillow. Now that he was awake, he would take a good look at her and sniff out what it was about her that made him so...

His nostrils twitched in disgust at the thought... Weak.

He raised himself from the bed and sat up, his back against the luxurious headboard of the bed frame. His eyes fell on the empty couch. She was not there either.

Quickly, his eyes traveled around the room: the walls, the furniture, and the floor.

Besides her lingering scent that seemed to be stuck everywhere, there was not a single evidence that she had ever walked into this room.

No female clothes on the floor, no shoes, her underwear and whatever she might have worn to his room the previous night, were all gone.

First came the doubt. Lancelot placed his feet on the floor and rose up from the bed, struggling to regain his stance at first. He held on to the headboard until his feet stopped wobbling. When it did, he let go of it and made his way to the bathroom door.

Perhaps, she was in there. She might have been getting ready to leave, or doing whatever it is women spent hours in the bathroom doing after they rose in the morning.

As he approached the door, he realized that there was no sound coming out. Not a sound of running water, or an open shower or even someone using the toilet. Nothing! It was quiet.

But then, she had to be in there. She was nowhere in the room, so she just had to be in there.

His hand turned the knob of the bathroom door even as he flung it open.

His gaze fell on an empty toilet seat.

Disbelief shot through his veins like adrenaline, before anger began to boil and rise in the pit of his stomach.

He stared into the bathtub. There was no one there as well.

The doubt oozed out of his body, allowing his anger to take full control.

He stepped away from the bathroom and banged the door behind him. There was nothing to doubt, he had been swindled.

'Of what?' Lancelot heard his subconscious ask.

Instantly, he moved to his cupboard and rummaged through his belongings. Each and everything was intact. His documents, his clothes, shoes, jewelry, perfume collection and identity cards were all in place. Except his key card that now lay at the foot of his room door.

He still couldn't believe his eyes. For the first time in his life, a woman had dumped him. Lancelot wanted to convince himself that it was his ego. Frankly, he hoped it was. He tried to convince himself that he was so mad because no woman had ever crept out of his bed before. If anything, he had always been the one to show them the way out.

Every woman he had ever been with wanted the chance to have breakfast with him, wanted the chance to see him again, have lunch or even dinner. Every woman who had ever gotten into bed with him groveled at his feet for a chance to even end up naked with him again.

So, who the hell did she think she was sneaking out on him like that?!

The one time he felt he had met a woman worthy enough of having breakfast with him after sex, she decided to run away like a bloody coward!

Frustrated, he ran his lean and muscular fingers down his thick blonde strands of hair.

He caught sight of the telephone that sat on a small antique stool close to the door. If she had left, it wouldn't have been so long ago. Maybe, just maybe he could get appropriate information, one that was enough to chase after her from the front desk.

He would have to put a call across to them first.

He walked to the stool and picked up the receiver. By the side of the telephone, there was a fancy card that had the number of the front desk engraved in it.

His jaw tightened in annoyance. He had better find a way to locate her, and when he did, she would pay for humiliating him in such a manner.

"Is it really your ego hurting you?" he heard Ziko ask from within him.

What type of stupid question was that? Of course it was his ego!

She was just a pathetic American woman he found pity on and decided to help. How could she have been so ungrateful that she didn't think to stay back and say a simple thank you?!

"I am hurt. I did not even get a chance to know my mate better. I wanted to get to know her, to be with her," Ziko growled, letting out sad groans from within Lancelot.

Lancelot ignored him, and punched the numbers on the card in the telephone.

As he pressed the receiver to his ears, he could hear his heartbeat thunder against his chest.

"Hotel De' Royale, how may I be of help?" a feminine voice with a faint French accent answered from the other end of the phone.

"Room 207 calling. Lancelot Dankworth..."

"Hold on a bit please," the woman called out again. He heard her punch some keys as he stayed silent, the veins and creases on his forehead and arms showed just how annoyed he was.

"Yes sir. How may I be of help?" she finally answered.

"I would like to enquire just how long ago my..." He paused, what would he call her?

"...girlfriend left my room this morning."

"Oh." Whoever she was, she didn't seem to be able to mask her sudden annoyance. "Description please."

"Short and petite, brunette. She must have been putting on a white dress and uh..."

"A lot of women who match that description have stepped out of this hotel since 6 a.m. this morning. I'll leave a suggestion, you can call her sir."

Lancelot's eyes darkened as he dropped the receiver in anger.

Of course he could call her! Only if he had a bloody cell number!

Which, of course, he didn't.

Lancelot continued to pace about the room, there had to be something; some way he could use to get her.

Suddenly, it was as if a light bulb lit up in his head. He walked to his bedside drawer, picked up his phone and dialed his assistant, Peter's number.

"My room, this minute," was all he said, before ending the call.

Peter understood his assignment, he was knocking at the door less than five minutes later. When Lancelot opened the door for him, he stepped in, dressed up for his daily duties and with an uncertain look on his face. Who had gotten on the wrong side of his boss so early in the morning?

"Sir..."

"The car you ran into yesterday. I need you to call the mechanic. We need to know sure that car isn't picked up until we arrive," Lancelot spoke, his eyes burning with rage as he looked down at Peter.

The shorter man stood there, confused.

"Just do as I say!" Lancelot yelled.

Peter flinched before drawing out his phone from his pocket.

As he dialed the number, Lancelot sat at the edge of the bed; his eyes on Peter as he spoke.

When Peter ended the call with a disappointed look on his face, Lancelot's eyes narrowed at him.

"The car was just picked up this morning," Peter spoke, gravely.

"Can you believe this woman?!" Lancelot yelled, as he sprang up from the bed in anger.

"She just throws herself into my bed and sneaks right out the next morning! Can you imagine that? Just who does she think she is?!"

Peter stayed silent. Just why was his boss so pissed about a common woman when he could have so many?

"We have to find her Peter. Comb each and every acre of this goddamn city, find her and bring her to me." Lancelot fell on the bed again. He wondered what it was about her that was driving him nuts. He couldn't place a finger on the reason he was so angry, yet he couldn't help it.

"And when I find her?"

Peter's question caused Lancelot's gaze to rise to him.

"What did you say?"

"What happens when I find her sir?"

Lancelot's jaw tightened.

"I'll make her pay."

Peter shouldn't have asked the next question, but he couldn't help his curiosity and concern.

"For?"

At his question, Lancelot's eyes softened and he looked away from Peter.

He did not have an answer to that question, they both knew.

Sighing, Peter shook his head and continued to speak.

"On the other hand, sir, we have more pressing issues to attend to."

"Which are?" The anger in Lancelot's eyes made way for a bored expression.

Peter took deep breaths in and out.

"For starters, your mother has a message for you. She said and I quote, 'Lancelot Dankworth, son of Edward Dankworth the third, I expect to you to have your head back here in London in the next three days! I know that you're done with your business there. Just what do you think you're doing staying away from home for so long despite all that's going on here?! And you're ignoring all my calls and messages. Now I swear by my father's grave that if you're not in London on Tuesday, I'll come to that country myself and hell hath no fury like a mother disobeyed!'" Peter's impression of Madeline caused Lancelot to chuckle.

"Tuesday, she said," Lancelot spoke, rising from the bed.

"Your coronation as Alpha prince is in 27 days sir. You're soon-to-be Luna is at the palace already. Everyone is waiting for you back home. Alpha Edward called yesterday, said they've been thinking of taking the Luna Queen to a doctor for her hysterics, she's been going on and on about how you need to pick their calls or return home."

"I don't wish to speak to either of them." It was now that he stood in front of the large mirror, Lancelot realized he had been half-naked all morning.

"But..." he continued, running his hands through his hair again.

"Book a flight and get our tickets to London, we leave on Tuesday."

Peter was right, there were more pressing matters that needed his attention.

Two days. He had just two days to find her.