

## Chapter 13 Back To Hell

His mother had asked him to come on Tuesday, so Tuesday it was.

After two unsuccessful days of searching for Roxanne, Lancelot resigned to fate with anger and vengeance in his heart.

He was going to go back to London, but he swore that whenever he came back, he would find her and make her pay for humiliating him. No matter the cost or time it took.

It was exactly 7 am when Lancelot and Peter boarded the first-class flight from New York, America, to London, England. All through the flight, Lancelot could think of nothing besides the violet-eyed American woman and all the drama waiting for him at home.

"...with all that's going on here..." his mother had said.

Just what was she up to again?

At exactly 2:15pm, Lancelot's plane touched down London. There was a car waiting for them at the airport.

Lancelot recognized his father's limousine by the Dankworth name engraved in silver above the plate number. He scoffed, his father had always been one to announce himself. Perhaps, it was because of his mother's pride. Anywhere Madeline Dankworth stepped into, she made sure people knew and recognized her presence. Just like a hurricane, she was one to leave a lasting effect-whether good or bad depending on how she saw you wherever she went.

The ride through London to the Dankworth Palace was a long and silent one-hour journey. One that Lancelot stared out of the window all through.

Beside him, Peter continued to answer his calls and discuss with people over the phone. Arranging meetings and canceling meetings, adjusting Lancelot's schedules, and approving appointments.

Lancelot would have glanced over to the man and acknowledged his good work, but he was lost in thoughts.

There was a whole lot waiting for him at the palace, a lot that he would give anything to be away from.

The limo stopped in front of magnificent steel gates. Lancelot knew he had finally arrived home, he could see his mother's favorite flowers; Ixora, Lillies, and Alamanda planted on opposite sides of the tarred road.

As they drove past the gates into the large compound, Lancelot took note of the wandering horses, the garden and the water fountain. His eyes drifted to the 8-foot sculpture of his grandfather, Edward Dankworth the Second. Lancelot wanted to smile on memories of the man, he was still an icon and would remain so in Lancelot's mind.

The car came to a halt in front of the mahogany doors of the entrance to the Dankworth house. Lancelot took a look at it and sighed, before opening the car door and stepping out of it.

Behind him, Peter and the driver sought to put their luggage into place, sorting out Peter's from Lancelot's.

As Lancelot approached the door, he loosened the silver cuffs on the sleeves of his red shirt and adjusted his collar, removing the first two buttons as well. It was a deliberate effort to infuriate his mother. He knew she would flip on seeing how "improperly" he had walked into her fortress.

The doors slid open, revealing the figure and face of a very familiar older man.

Lancelot felt his heart rise with joy. If Butler Lee was the first person he saw on arrival, he was certain today wasn't going to be as bad as he was expecting.

The older man smiled at Lancelot. The boy he had known all those years ago had grown to be a handsome man, he just wished life had been a bit kinder to the boy. Lee had served the Dankworth house for thirty years. As a young boy, he had come into the family with his father, who served Lancelot's great grandfather and grandfather. When Lee lost his father, he decided to take over and cater to the family that had shown him so much love.

Perhaps, that was the reason he was so drawn to Edward Dankworth's second son, Lancelot Dankworth.

"Your royal handsomeness," the older man teased with a bow of courtesy after he had come close to Lancelot.

Lancelot allowed his chuckle to escape his lips as he smiled. Butler Lee had always been so much fun to be with.

"Oh, come off it Lee! You and I know you're less than happy to see me."

"Perhaps you are right. Your room has always been the hardest to put in order..." He paused and looked over Lancelot's shoulder with a smile on his face. Lee had always been grateful he had grown to be a tall lean man, or else, Lancelot would have towered above him.

"...God only knows the atrocities you have packed in all those boxes!" he cried out, dramatically.

Lancelot smiled, a wicked grin on his face.

"You and I know I have a knack for atrocities."

"It is no wonder you spent so much time in the city of atrocities. Wining and dining with all the beautiful daughters of Eve..."

"Say no more, please..." Lancelot cut in, fighting back the urge to laugh until his stomach hurt.

"I am so glad you're back young master. But! I'm very sure the Luna is happier than I am."

Lancelot's smile dissolved at the mention of his mother. Lee saw it but chose to ignore it. Luna Madeline and her son's relationship had become strained after...

The thought caused Lee to shake his head, he forced his smile back on his face again. It was an event he did not intend to remember, one that changed the Dankworth family for life.

"I was hoping I wouldn't see her till dinner time," Lancelot said.

He stepped into the huge corridor with Lee by his side. The house looked the same, nothing seemed to have changed in the one week he had been away; not that he expected anything to.

Lancelot took one look around the corridor. It was a long and narrow link to the rest of the house. The walls were covered with red wallpapers and had portraits of Dankworth's ancestry all over it.

It had always been so. Whenever anyone stepped into the mansion, the magnificence and power of the most powerful lineage and royalty of the most powerful werewolf pack, greeted them first. With it, they began to harbor second thoughts if their intention was to harm any member of this family.

None of the Dankworth's were ones to be played with. Each of them, no matter how peaceful and quiet they appeared to be, had a demon of their own hidden in them.

As Lancelot and Lee walked through the corridor to the foot of the stairs that led to the major rooms in the house, Lancelot looked around one last time.

While his gaze lingered on the door to his father's throne room that stood at the right side of the staircase, Lee tugged at his arm.

"I guess the goddess failed to grant your wishes after all," Lee spoke in a hushed tone.

Lancelot failed to understand what the man was talking about until he looked up at the staircase and found his mother there.

"Nice of you to finally decide to join us again Lance."

Lancelot felt himself shrink at the sound of her voice. Right from childhood, it had always amazed him how his mother could look so small and feminine and still have such a deep and authoritative voice. Madeline Dankworth stood and watched her son approach her.

As Lancelot climbed the steps, his eyes drank in his mother's ever elegant appearance. Even in her sleep, Madeline never failed to radiate riches, aristocracy, and power. It was almost as if elegance ran through her veins instead of blood. Apart from the thin grey strands of hair that threatened to overshadow the blonde ones on her hair, and the thin bags under her eyes that showed that she had seen a lot in her years on Earth, nothing else about her told the world that she was a woman going to sixty.

If Lancelot hadn't been her son, he would have thought she was only ten years older.

Standing in front of her now, his eyes darkened when he finally recognized the presence of the lady beside his mother.

Black suit trousers and a pink loose chiffon long-sleeved shirt. Her hair was styled in a neat French plait and her eyes bright and blue. Her both hands were intertwined in front of her and she had a smile on her face. Prim and proper. Lancelot thought. Just the way his mother liked them.

He recognized the lady though; Ava Relish. His chosen mate.

"Mother," Lancelot said, after tearing his gaze away from the younger woman.

He leaned into his mother and placed a courtesy kiss on her cheek. To Ava, he gave a curt nod of recognition.

"While I am extremely angry with you, I do know you need some rest before dinner so I would allow you to rest," Madeline said, looking up at her son who now towered above her.

Lancelot's eyes narrowed at her. For his mother to postpone her nagging to dinner or after dinner, it meant something big was about to happen.

"What is happening during dinner Mother?"

Madeline's brows furrowed in a scowl. She stayed quiet as Butler Lee and Peter passed by them with Lancelot's luggage in their hands. When she was sure they had passed, she narrowed her eyes at Lancelot.

"A dinner to welcome you back home. Plus, we need to start preparing for your coronation."

"Mother..."

"It's never too early to be ready, your grandfather used to say that to your father a lot. So, I called and invited everyone to the house. Your wedding is to come soon after your coronation, there is a lot to prepare for, the earlier we gather everyone together, the better for us all. Your cousins, aunties, and uncles would be here by 7 pm latest. I suggest you get all the rest you can before then..." She ran her eyes from his face down to his legs and up again.

Her jaw tightened on seeing his unruly appearance.

Wedding. On hearing the word, Lancelot's gaze shifted from his mother to the smiling Ava beside her.

Why did she just stand and smile in silence? Couldn't she see how weird she was being?

When their eyes locked, Lancelot shrugged and looked away from her. There was no way in hell he was allowing their union happen.

"Your father isn't in, but James and Arthur are, just in case you want to say hello before you retire to your room. And make sure you come down to dinner properly dressed. Lady Marion would have your head if you don't, and I would gladly be a part of it."

'Even though you hate her,' Lancelot said to himself. But he wouldn't dare say it out.

With a shrug, his mother turned on her heels and dashed up the stairs. Leaving Lancelot and Ava in an awkward silence.

Finally, Ava broke the silence.

"Would you like something to eat before going to bed Lance?" she asked, batting her lashes at him.

If this was her attempt to be sweet, she could save it.

But he needed ice coffee though.

"Yes," he responded curtly.

"Iced coffee. Two sugars," he said, still staring down at her.

"Of course! I know just how you like it."

Lancelot said nothing, he watched as she walked past him, down the flight of stairs.

This was going to be a long day. He thought to himself.