

Chapter 25 Confused As Ever

He did not know what to do when the words rolled out of her tongue and hit his ears with a loud bang.

"I refused to fuck him!" she screamed aloud.

He paused, stopped walking.

Every element of time froze for him. His jaw tightened, his teeth clenched, and he hid his fist inside his pockets so she wouldn't see them curve into balls.

Then, he turned to her.

He had thought her to be a coward, a lying coward for what she had done. But, now that she was standing there, visibly distraught and in pain that only she could comprehend.

In her eyes, he saw that everything she had spoken might have been true. There was pain, desperation, and beams of memories she wanted to erase.

He was angry. But within him, Ziko growled restlessly.

How dare him? Whoever it was that had dared to come close to her in such a manner would pay for it.

But, there was no way he could soften up now. Not when he was yet to feel the satisfaction of his vengeance.

And so, when he opened his mouth to speak, he did so while making sure he would hurt her.

"If that were true, I would have known it," he blurted out, turning his back to her immediately he did so. If he watched her breakdown in front of him, he wasn't sure he would be able to keep up with his...act.

With that, he walked away from her and never stopped to turn around. He had made up his mind to not look at her.

When he got to where his car was parked, Peter, sensing his boss's foul temper, thought it best to open the door for him.

Peter fell back after opening the door from within, he leaned his back into the leather seat, watching Lancelot quietly.

Lancelot entered into the car and shut the door firmly. Peter waited on him for an instruction, but it was clear from his facial expression that he was not willing to speak.

Peter sighed and sat up, leaning into the driver's seat.

"The master's hotel please. Romania Hotel and Suites," he called aloud before leaning back into his chair.

"All right sir," the driver spoke, starting the ignition.

Within him, Lancelot's mind continued to race. Now that he had turned his back, what was he going to do? He had flown across the Atlantic just to make sure she returned to London with him. He had only a few days to spare, yet, he had just dismissed her.

He pondered upon many things. What was he to do now? Should he perhaps contact her tomorrow and propose the London offer? No. That would be strange, he did not know what Roxanne would think of such a gesture. But he had to do something.

"I have made a dinner reservation at the hotel's restaurant for you sir. They were only going to host twenty-five people tonight, I had to make sure you were added to the list. I know how much you absolutely hate to eat hotel food." A forced laughter followed after his statement. The air in the car felt warm, despite the temperature of the air conditioner, with the heat oozing from Lancelot's body.

Peter had spoken up with hopes that Lancelot would give him one of his witty replies. His boss always knew the right things to say at the right occasions. He hoped that Lancelot would ease his lean frame into the leather seat of the car and relax, he needed to relax.

But Lancelot said nothing. He uttered not a single word, neither did he spare Peter one of his short glances.

All he did, was sit in his chair and mope. With his jaw clenched and his fists curled into balls on top of his lap. Whatever the outcome of his boss's meeting with the strange woman, Peter could tell it did not please Lancelot.

And that was the last thing Lancelot needed right now. There was enough on his plate already. He silently wished that his boss would forget all about this woman and focus on the more important things ahead of them. However, they had already flown all this way, it would not hurt to get what they had come for.

With that thought, Peter decided to address the elephant in the room.

"So, how did the interview go sir? What do you think of the new recruits? And the woman...uhmm. What was her name again...?"

It had been a rhetorical question, but it was one that got Lancelot's attention.

"Roxanne," Lancelot said her name, and nothing more.

Good, Peter thought. It was a sign that anger had not plunged him into an abyss so deep that he could no longer hear, or see.

"Yes. Roxanne. How did she particularly do?" With this question, Peter's gaze rested on Lancelot's face. He was planning to read every expression, both facial and otherwise, that his boss expressed. It was the only way to understand Lancelot Dankworth.

Lancelot fixed his gaze on the window and hissed.

"I do not think that is any of your business," he spoke, flatly.

"You're right sir, it's not. But, seeing as I had my part to play in making this meeting possible, I thought that I had...well, a chance to see it come to a good end as well."

Peter made sure to select his words carefully. The wrong phrase, whether or not it had the right meaning, could have him fired without even a lift of Lancelot's finger. When Lancelot did not reply him, he saw it as a chance to continue speaking. "I have worked for you for five years of my life sir. In these five years, I have come to know one thing, you have never been a man to give up. When you want something, you go after it, beat your competitors hands down and faces to the ground, and you seize what you want. If you came back to get this girl to leave with you, then I have no doubt that she would leave with you."

Peter spoke, smiling reassuringly. But again, Lancelot spared him only a short glance, before his gaze returned to the window.

"But, we do have a problem that needs immediate attention," Peter spoke aloud. He had done well to caress Lancelot's ego and troubled mind, now it was time for business.

"What might that be?" Lancelot asked now. His full attention in Peter's possession.

"Albert."

Lancelot's nose twitched. What had his scoundrel of a cousin done this time?

"If he has made another mess with his business, make sure to clear it. It would be mine soon after all," he replied, now looking away. Albert had never been a problem for him, he was too small to pose issues to Lancelot. Peter chuckled nervously. Lancelot turned to the smaller man again.

Something was definitely not right.

"Out with it," Lancelot commanded.

Peter sat up, leaning out of his seat.

"I got a call from James today. Albert has made sure he puts it to all the family members and anyone else who cares to listen, that you have absconded London for fear of what might happen to you after he beats you at the hunt. He said you've ran away because of the bet. And quite a good number of people he has told, have believed him. Your mother was not left out, the Luna is furious, and..."

Lancelot wanted to laugh and frown all at the same time.

He wanted to laugh at how ridiculous his cousin must have sounded, saying all those big words with his rather small mouth. And he wanted to frown because he had been insulted.

So, Albert thought himself to be a man worthy of Lancelot's rivalry? He would show his cousin that he was absolutely nothing.

"Arrange a flight for us to leave in two days," Lancelot cut in.

Peter's eyes widened.

"Sir...?"

"Some people need to be reminded of their place," Lancelot replied curtly.

Two days.

He would leave in two days.

And he would make sure he leaves with her.

She was his, and would remain so. Whether or not she wanted it.