

Chapter 27 It Was An Order

Lancelot had decided after a brief meeting with Peter to have dinner outside the hotel. He decided he was going to drive to a Michelin restaurant, where he would enjoy good wine alone and think. He really needed to think.

So, at exactly 5:45pm, Lancelot was dressed to leave. He let Peter know he would like to have a personal and private tour of the city. It was a lie; he needed the breeze, the buzz of New York night time to clear his head. There was a lot going on in it.

As he drove, Lancelot remained calm-or at least he tried to. He would find a way to piece everything together and...

"Mate!" Ziko's cry interrupted his line of thoughts. Lancelot frowned.

He was going to continue driving, but Ziko's next cry was more pressing, more urgent.

"She's here! Stop!"

With that, Lancelot brought the car to a halt after swerving to the left side of the road. He parked beside a side walk. He was visibly annoyed as he looked around him. There was no sight of Roxanne.

Just then, the scent passed his nose gently-the sweet scent of lavender. This time, there was a more feminine touch to it. His wolf had sensed it, and so did he.

She was really here.

And that was strange. Tudor city, where she lived could have been nothing less than a forty-five minutes' drive. He knew that from the day he had seen her on the side walk with her friend. So, what was she doing in this part of the city?

That was a stupid question to ask, he knew. But he could not fight back the urge to find out.

Lancelot's eyes darted to the right side of the road, there was a restaurant there. His heart began to beat faster.

"She's there!" Ziko growled.

With no second thoughts, Lancelot drifted back into the road, turned over to the right side, and parked the car in the driveway.

Her scent was stronger now. Almost as though he were sitting next to her. He got out of the car, locked it, and walked briskly to the restaurant.

Before he walked in, his eyes caught sight of her from the glass walls of the restaurant. She was seated in a black dress, and in front of her was a...

Lancelot's jaw tightened. A man.

He was laughing, leaning into her, and slightly brushing his hands on hers as he spoke. When his eyes returned to Roxanne, she seemed lost. Her eyes had a sadness in them, it was as though she was sinking, deeper and deeper into the chair as he spoke.

He hated to see her like that. And the only thing he despised more than seeing her so distraught was seeing the person who caused it to smile and laugh as though nothing was happening.

Just as her sister and husband had done on the day of the wedding.

Now, she seemed broken, like an abandoned puppy who had been left in the rain.

He could not bear that. So, he walked into the restaurant and took a seat behind them.

The man continued to talk, and every time he opened his mouth to speak, there was a mention of Roxanne's sister, followed by a rude and demeaning comparison.

By God, Lancelot wanted to walk over to their table, pick him up, and fling him across the room. Making sure to break his spinal cord, so that he would be paralyzed and unable to speak for the rest of his life.

But he sat still. His temper rising by the minute. He wondered how much more blows to Roxanne's face he could endure.

Finally, when he could no longer take it, he rose to meet them.

Someone had to shut the man up before Ziko rendered him permanently mute.

She tore her gaze away from him even as she sank deeper into the chair, shivering slightly.

What was Lancelot doing here? Had he not put her through enough already? It was bad enough that he had insulted her earlier today. Now he was here to do what? Add salt to her injury? Jeremy was visibly annoyed by Lancelot's intrusion. His brows furrowed at Lancelot as he frowned.

"And you are supposed to be?"

Lancelot tore his gaze away from Roxanne. His ice-blue eyes rested on the man.

"Lancelot Dankworth," he spoke calmly, even though he was far from calm. He reached into the pocket of his suit pants, took out his card and placed it on the table, right in front of Jeremy's eyes.

The other man's eyes inspected the complimentary card. Next to the font, quality and design of the black platinum card in front of him, his was a big joke. The card alone screamed thousands of dollars. Jeremy's eyes rose to Lancelot's again.

"...Roxanne's boss," he continued.

With that statement, Roxanne's eyes rose to meet his hard face. She would have said something to him if she wasn't so numb. She could feel nothing now, nothing except a deep sense of nothingness and lack of purpose. Jeremy grew more furious. He watched the eye contact between the two of them. The tension between them and the intensity of their stares was enough to send Jeremy to the end of his seat.

There was definitely something more between these two than what any of them seemed to let on. In his presence, she had melted into the chair. And the man looked as though he could squeeze the life out of him for just sitting there. "That does not give you the right to interrupt our meeting!" Jeremy finally spoke, his eyes resting on Roxanne this time. She would pay for allowing the man insult her.

"Roxanne..."

When he opened his mouth to utter her name, Lancelot saw red. This man did not deserve her audience, let alone utter her name.

"You are not to utter another word to her or try to contact her again. If you do so..."

He leaned into the table, placing both hands on the table as he met the man's glare with a colder and more dangerous stare.

"Nowhere in the world would be safe enough to hide from me."

Jeremy's eyes danced between Roxanne and the strange man. From the look on Lancelot's face, Jeremy could tell that he was not bluffing. This man was dangerous, more dangerous than he had even showed.

With that, Jeremy rose up and walked away from them. And he did not turn back.

Now that it was just them, Lancelot looked over to Roxanne.

She sat there frozen and dejected. He moved closer to her, took off his suit and wrapped it around her.

She let out a soft sigh when he placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Let's go. I'm taking you home."

It was an order. One that Roxanne was too lost to even rebel against. Lancelot helped her rise, watching as she wrapped her arms around herself.

She walked behind him until they got to his car.

THE OFFER.

After the long and silent drive to her house, Lancelot's car came to a halt in front of a small building.

He turned off the ignition and looked at her again.

"Here?" he asked, just to be sure.

Roxanne did nothing but nod. He sighed and relaxed into his chair.

She had not said a word since his arrival. Neither had she shown any emotions; not gratitude, not anger, not annoyance. She just continued to stare into blank space.

"Thank you for dropping me home," she finally spoke. Lancelot only managed a nod, before he watched her step out of the car.

But there was no way he was going to let her be on her own, not with her current state of mind.

So, he opened the car door and came out as well.

Roxanne watched from her end of the car as he got down as well. He walked slowly towards her, her body, soul, and mind registered and took note of the sound of every step if took. His presence around her seemed to heighten her senses all the time, because she was always aware of everything; down to the pattern of his breathing.

Her left brow raised in a query. One that he answered to.

"I need to ensure you're okay."

"I am," she bit back, biting her lower lip to stop it from quivering.

Lancelot's eyes dropped to her lips. Her small gesture was more than enough to excite Ziko, and awaken his sexual senses. In other words, she had just turned him on...hard.

He tore his eyes away from her lips. This was not the time or place to think such thoughts.

"I don't think so. Let's go."

Roxanne frowned. He was doing it again, dishing out orders as though she were his maid. Before she had the chance to protest, Lancelot gripped her right arm and turned to her door.

She could do nothing besides follow him. She had to stay quiet. She could not risk opening her mouth and breaking down into tears.

When she opened her door and turned on the lights, Lancelot walked into the living room, behind her. It was a small space with four couches, a center table and a television. To the right was her kitchen, and to the left,

a row of staircases. Her whole house was not half the size of his bedroom, he noted before he looked over to her. She had settled down into one of the couches and still continued to stare blankly.

Lancelot was distraught to see her in such a foul mood. Silently, he walked into her kitchen, opened her fridge and fetched her a bottle of water. When he handed it over to her, he saw the surprise on her face.

Roxanne was taken aback. First, he cast her out of his presence. Then, he magically shows up to the restaurant and rescues her from Jeremy, then he drives her home, insists on being with her, and serves her water. Exactly what was going on?

She could not hold back anymore. Her curiosity had gotten the better of her. But when she opened her mouth to speak, there was a knock on the door.

Roxanne's gaze shifted from him to the door.

He turned on his heels to open it. Roxanne was going to protest, but once again, she could not find the will to.

Lancelot moved to the door and opened it slightly.

His gaze hardened at the masculine figure in front of him.

What was he doing here?

Roxanne wondered why Lancelot stood still by the door. Perhaps it was a neighbor.

With that thought, she rose up and walked to the door.

When Jonah's eyes rested on hers, Roxanne's heart fell.

Could today get any worse?

Jonah pushed past Lancelot and hurried over to Roxanne.

From the look on his face and the sturdiness of his steps, she knew he was not drunk. This was not another drunken mistake, he was here on purpose, but for what? "Jonah..."

"What is he doing here?!" Jonah thundered, pointing fingers at Lancelot who stood still by the door. Her eyes moved to him, and back to Jonah.

This was too much for her, just too much.

"What are you doing here? Leave now, or I'll call the police," Roxanne spoke calmly. No matter how she wanted to rage and scream, she seemed to lack the energy to do so. Jonah's eyes darkened on hers. He let out a bitter chuckle as he moved closer to her.

Lancelot stood by the door, watching silently. He would let Jonah speak, but if he dared to touch her, he would get rid of both his limbs.

Roxanne stepped back as Jonah approached her.

"Are you fucking him now?"

Roxanne's eyes widened with both shock and disgust. It was his audacity that angered her more than anything else.

"How dare you?"

"You can't trust this man! Roxanne believe me. We were not just lovers, you were my best friend. I know that I fucked up and I hurt you, but that has not changed the fact that I love and care about you. This man is a liar and he would hurt you, you have to believe me."

Behind him, Lancelot chuckled bitterly.

"That is one hell of an accusation, coming from an infidel."

It was loud enough for Jonah to hear. He turned away from Roxanne and focused his attention on Lancelot.

"What did you say?" Jonah asked, charging steadily towards Lancelot.

Lancelot did not move, he only stood still, a brow raised as he watched Jonah charge towards him. Oh! How he wished for Jonah to lay his hand on him. It would give him a good enough excuse to send the man's nose and jaw to the ground. Roxanne suddenly began to feel dizzy with anger. She could not take it anymore. Everybody needed to leave her alone.

"Get out!" she screamed. Charging towards Jonah. She gripped his right wrist, earning her a shocked stare.

With the last of her energy, she walked him to the front of her door and flung him outside.

Jonah was dumbstruck, never had he seen such animalistic form of anger from Roxanne before.

She said nothing as she banged the door in front of his face. She placed her back on the door after she had closed it. Finally, she let her tears out.

She hurried to the couch closest to the door and fell into it. She pressed her face to her palms and wept bitterly.

"I'm tired. I'm so tired," she continued to cry bitterly.

Lancelot moved to her. He lowered himself to hold her as she cried.

"If you want a way out of this, there's a job for you," he spoke aloud.

With teary eyes, Roxanne looked up at him. Was he really offering her a job?

When she looked up at him, Lancelot continued.

"In London."

London? Roxanne's eyes widened as she moved away from him.

Seeing her hesitation, Lancelot rose, straightening his posture and tucking his hands into his pockets.

"I would text you the address of my hotel if you're interested in the details." He took one last look around the house, he did not want to leave her like this, but he had to, for his sanity's sake.

He looked at her again.

"You can make up your mind before tomorrow."

With that, he turned away from her and headed to the door. She said nothing, only watched him in shock.

When he held the door knob, he turned to her.

"Roxanne, I would not ask you again."

With that, he was out of the house. She shifted back when the door closed behind him, scoffing in disbelief.

Had he just asked her to move halfway across the world? And walked out of the house like it was nothing?

She leaned back into her chair, finally grateful for the silence.

"What was wrong with that man?" she asked herself.