

Chapter 29 Exactly How Wealthy Was He

That night, Roxanne and Emily binge watched four seasons of their favorite TV series of all time, "Friends."

After that, Emily made sure that Roxanne had a good night rest by seizing her phone and laptop. It made Roxanne sad, but it worked. She had fallen asleep two hours earlier than she normally did.

Emily made sure her best friend was awake by 6:30 pm, since her flight was to leave by 9:00am. Emily singlehandedly crosschecked all of Roxanne's important papers, a gesture that made Roxanne laugh all the way. Everything was properly packed. Her clothes, toiletries, shoes, cosmetics, everything she could possibly need. If there was anything, Roxanne assured Emily she would be able to get it when she arrived London.

After getting ready and putting all her luggage into the trunk of Emily's car, Roxanne was set to go as she entered into the front seat, beside the driver's seat.

She looked down at her phone, it was 8:15 already. They had forty five minutes more to beat the Manhattan traffic and arrive at the airport before her flight.

Emily got into the car shortly after her. As they drove to the airport, they listened to the morning radio and laughed as though it would be their last time laughing together, in the same car.

It took them thirty minutes to arrive at the airport, Roxanne went through all the necessary procedures before meeting Lancelot and Peter. After introducing Emily to Peter, since she had already met Lancelot, Roxanne made sure she spent the little time she had left saying her goodbyes.

She embraced Emily in front of Lancelot and Peter, fighting back the urge to shed tears.

"I'm going to miss you so much Em."

Emily, on the other hand, did not give a damn about her appearance. In front of everyone, she cried aloud as she held on to Roxanne.

"I'll miss you more, Roxy!"

"I'll call you every evening, no matter what."

At this statement, Lancelot rolled his eyes. Why did they cry as though they would never see each other again? Emily was welcome to visit her whenever she wanted. He did not understand the reason for the soap opera the two were displaying in front of him, at all.

Alas! Their flight was announced. Lancelot watched as Roxanne tore herself away from Emily.

Peter leaned into him and whispered.

"You're robbing the poor girl of her best friend, that's rather unfair." Peter chuckled, earning him a glare from Lancelot.

"She'll have me. That'll be more than enough."

"And Ziko," Peter added intentionally.

His statement sent a message to Lancelot, one that informed him that he soon had to make a very important decision; tell Roxanne what he really was.

Lancelot's jaw hardened. His gaze fell on Roxanne's teary and still smiling face.

"And Ziko..." he muttered under his breath.

Peter nodded and moved away from him, to where Roxanne and Emily stood.

"I apologize ladies, but I would have to put asunder to your union." The three of them laughed at his joke.

Peter focused his eyes on Roxanne.

"Miss Harvey, we have to take our leave now."

Roxanne dabbed her eyes with the back of her palm.

"Of course, of course."

With that, she turned her back to Emily and walked ahead with Peter and Lancelot. She wanted to turn back, but she was afraid that if she did so, she would not have the guts to continue with this journey anymore.

"I love you Roxy!" Emily called from behind.

When Roxanne mustered the courage to turn her back to reply, Emily was gone. Her back was turned to Roxanne as she walked away.

Roxanne smiled sadly. Perhaps, it was for the best.

As usual, they boarded a first class flight to London. But, such gesture was new to Roxanne. She continued to admire the luxury of the plane every minute.

Lancelot on the other hand, had a bigger problem. He had left London in such a haste that he had not bothered to find an apartment for Roxanne to stay. So, for some days, until he was able to put that in place, she would have to stay at the Dankworth mansion.

How was he supposed to keep her there with all his extended family present? He partly blamed Peter for his forgetfulness. Had he reminded him, they would have been able to make arrangements while in New York.

Lancelot sighed. Perhaps, the man needed a break indeed. Peter seemed to be thinking the same thoughts, because he was quiet for most of the flight. Only when Roxanne asked a few questions did he turn to answer her. All his years working for Lancelot had taught him that his boss seldom talked during a flight. That was why he took it upon himself to keep Roxanne company.

Roxanne wondered why Lancelot was so quiet, but said nothing about it.

After the five-hour flight, they finally arrived in London. Roxanne was taken aback by the structure of the building, the roads and everything about the city.

It seemed so...orderly. A strong contrast to the traffic in Manhattan. She also took note of the Dankworth name on the number plate of the car. At that moment, she stole a glance at Lancelot who was nodding to something Peter had said. Exactly how wealthy was he?

THE WARM WELCOME.

As they drove to the palace, Lancelot continued to think of ways he could keep Roxanne away from the prying eyes of his family; especially his grandaunt; Eloise, the white wolf of the pack.

If she was to ever see Roxanne, she would be able to sniff out the secret Lancelot was doing his best to keep away from them, at least for now; the secret that he had found his mate.

He would have to keep her in the guest chambers and hire separate maids for her. It was quite separate from the rest of the palace, even though it was in the same building. However, the chances of Roxanne running into

any members of his family, before he had the chance to introduce her will be slim.

Lancelot smiled in satisfaction. That was exactly what he would do.

As they sat in the limo, he turned to Roxanne. Her eyes were fixed outside the window, she was in absolute awe of the beauty of his city.

"When we arrive, Roxanne would stay in the guest chambers." When she turned to him, eyes widened, he fought the urge to smile at how amused she looked.

"You would be very comfortable. Until we can find a suitable home where you can work from, you'll be in my guest chambers."

Peter, seeing that Lancelot's tone wasn't at all friendly or comforting, decided to speak.

"What Mister Lancelot means to say, is that you would be staying with us, until we make arrangements for your own home," Peter added, with a smile on his face.

It was the same thing Lancelot had said, but Roxanne seemed to understand more now that Peter had said it.

She smiled and looked away.

Why was Lancelot so cold all of a sudden?

Roxanne watched as the car stopped in front of large iron gates. At the sight of the car, the gates opened on their own and ushered them into the large compound.

Magnificent. That was the first word that crossed Roxanne's mind when she looked around. From the garden flowers, to the sculptures, to the water fountain, everything was extremely Beautiful and exquisite.

The building in front of them could not be anything less than four floors high, Roxanne noted. It was white and stood tall and strong, like the

castles in fairy tales. In front of the palace stood two wolves sculptures, one by the two pillars.

Roxanne was in absolute wonder of the place. She had only read about this in fairy tales as a child, never had she seen such beauty for herself.

Lancelot and Peter could see this.

Security guards approached them, bowed to Lancelot and made their way to carry the luggage out of the car.

Holding Roxanne's luggage, Peter leaned into her.

"Allow me take you to where you'll rest."

Roxanne turned to him and smiled. She made a mental note to call Emily and tell her all about this place once she had settled down. It was extremely amazing.

She followed Peter behind as they parted from Lancelot, who stood back to talk to a tall man in Black and White, he appeared to be the butler. Roxanne tore her eyes away from Lancelot and focused it on Peter. They walked into a corridor, a long one with high red walls. On it were portraits of different people that must have been his family. She examined every picture carefully as they walked through the long corridor. Next came the staircase. It seemed to be almost a hundred steps as they walked. The house smelt of roses and fresh lilies. She closed her eyes to take in the scent, it was absolutely wonderful.

Peter looked back at her and smiled.

"I can tell your eyes are pleased."

"His home is really beautiful," Roxanne noted. How did such a grumpy man grow up in such a beautiful place? She had imagined his home to be many things, but not this.

This palace had a warm feeling to it. Like love and family. Lancelot never acted as though he had either of these things. He only ever opened his mouth to order people around.

Finally, they entered into a room. Peter entered into the room, holding the door to usher her in.

As Roxanne entered, her eyes danced around the room. White polished walls and a big window, the bed sat in the middle of the room, extremely large and held six pillows. Beside it where two lampstands. She appreciated the floor to ceiling wardrobe and the luxurious dressing mirror. Although, she wondered how she ought to get to the top of it.

"This is where you'll be staying until we find you a place. Which would be soon, I assure you."

Roxanne laughed, she found Peter to be extremely pleasing.

"I have no doubt that would." She walked further into the room, taking note of the plain white marble floor and the sky blue draperies made of rich linen, by the window. "Although, I have to ask..."

"Why does he live in somewhere like this?" Peter cut in, a knowing smile plastered on his face.

Roxanne laughed again.

"Yes, exactly."

"Well," Peter began, dropping her luggage by the side of the big bed.

"It is a long story, I must tell you. But, the summary is that the Dankworth's are royalties. And Lancelot is a crowned prince, who would become crowned king in a few days." Roxanne watched as Peter spoke.

Crowned prince? Her heart hammered against her chest.

No wonder he was used to giving people orders around.

She found herself wanting to laugh.

"He's a prince?"

Peter nodded.

"Exactly."

Roxanne giggled. "That explains a lot."

"It does actually."

When she sat on the bed, Peter tucked his hand into his briefcase and pulled out a piece of paper. Roxanne raised a query brow as he approached her with it.

"I wanted to wait until you were done settling in, but I think you have to see this now."

When she took it from his hand, her eyes skimmed through it.

"Lancelot's daily schedule," Peter said.

Amused and amazed, her eyes danced around the paper.

"He seems to have a lot to do this week. But the next two days are empty," she said, when she found out that Friday and Saturday were equally blank. Peter looked at it and nodded.

"Family errands to run, I presume. However, you must note that you would not be seeing much of mister Lancelot, unless he needs you. If you need to leave here for any reason at all, be sure to let him know." As Peter spoke, two ladies dressed in uniforms stood by the door.

"My lady," one called out, as she knocked, drawing Roxanne's attention.

Shocked, her eyes moved back to Peter.

"Are they referring to me?" she asked, looking back at them again.

With every minute she spent here, new discoveries were made. Now, she had just realized she had two maids! Two!

Peter gestured for the ladies to come in, before turning to Roxanne.

"They would be responsible for looking after your every needs. Don't worry, you'll be well taken care of."

She was going to say that it was not necessary, that she didn't need any of this. But, he did not give her a chance to.

He bowed with a smile.

"Do enjoy the rest of your day, Miss Harvey"

With that, he turned on his heels and left the room.

Behind him, Roxanne sat on her bed and stared at the two ladies.

London had just gotten a lot more...interesting.