

Chapter 30 Exploring London

While Roxanne knew that she would not be resuming work until the next week - according to what Peter had said - and that the two days after she arrived London would be free for both she and her boss, she had not expected to be left with nothing.

Nothing apart from files Peter had compiled for her, the files were supposed to enlighten her on Lancelot's schedule, daily routine, the differences between the calls she had to answer for him, and the ones she directed straight to him, his personal clients, a call log containing numbers of members of his board of directors, family members, his likes, his dislikes, their working relationship and what was expected of her as his interim personal assistant. That, and Lancelot's black card, it was supposed to be a sure pass in purchasing whatever it is she wanted, wherever she wanted. And by God, Roxanne swore to make the best of it in these two days.

But first, it was Friday morning already and she had to study the files Peter had compiled for her. Roxanne knew he would not always be there to answer her numerous questions, and Lancelot wasn't one to talk too much either. Therefore, she was left with the responsibility of putting as much contents of the file she could into her memory before she began working for Lancelot. This job had come on a platter of silver, she could not afford to make a mess of it.

As she sat on the bed, a cup of coffee in her left hand, she read through the file and put down important notes in the tiny journal beside her leg.

Roxanne nearly choked on her coffee when she read out his likes.

"You should know that while at work, Mister Lancelot likes the following things; hot chocolate. You are to serve him a cup of this after every six hours. If you forget to, he would not question you, but that just means you're in big trouble. There is a jar by the side of his laptop, where he keeps his peppermints. That jar should always be filled up..."

Roxanne chuckled. She tried to picture his tall frame and his hard face with a cup of hot steaming chocolate in his hands, or tearing a peppermint out of a cute little wrap.

It had her holding her stomach from laughing so hard. It didn't suit him at all.

"You have got to be kidding me! Who could have thought Mister Stuck Up Nose enjoyed things like this? Hot chocolates, pepper mints? Wow! Every time I think I've got him figured out, he finds new ways to surprise me," she said aloud, to herself.

It was 2:00 pm on the dot when she finally decided she had read enough.

Just then, she heard a knock on her door. She presumed it was one of the maids, and so she called for the person to come in.

When the door opened, Peter stepped into the room. Roxanne's eyes brightened on seeing him, he smiled.

"You seem to have enjoyed studying Mister Lancelot a lot." His sentence carried two meanings, but Roxanne hadn't caught it.

"You were just the man I wanted to see!" Roxanne called out.

Her enthusiasm caused Peter to arch his right brow.

"I really do hope I'm safe."

"Of course you are! I was just going to tell you that I wanted to go sightseeing today. I mean, seeing as Lancelot..."

Peter's eyes fell on the paper in front of her. Roxanne sighed and corrected herself. She had learned just today that she couldn't address him by his name here. It had to be 'Your Grace' or 'your Majesty's. She still couldn't get used to it just yet. It felt and sounded too awkward in her ears.

"... Mister Lancelot wouldn't be needing much of my assistance today. And I have been in this room since yesterday, I deserve a tour, don't I?" When she finished, she pouted sweetly. Peter couldn't help but laugh.

His boss was surely going to have his hands full with this woman.

"Fine. But I am busy right now so I cannot chaperone you. However, I would..."

"Is that really necessary?"

Peter stopped, his smile thinned.

"What?"

"The chaperone?"

Peter chuckled as he looked at her.

"Do you want to leave this palace?"

"Like hell I do!"

Peter flinched as she cursed. This American was certainly going to have a problem with Lancelot's family if she continued to speak so...carelessly. But that was not his problem to worry about.

So, he looked over her and smiled.

"Then, you definitely need a chaperone."

Roxanne tried to whine and complain, but Peter would have none of it. Finally, when she agreed to be chaperoned, Peter escorted her to one of the numerous cars parked in the drive way. He told her to cross-check her bag to see if she was with the card Lancelot had given her. When she nodded affirmatively, he turned to the driver.

"The park, the restaurant, a shopping mall and back home. Mister Lancelot wants her back no later than 6 pm. You would be in trouble if she isn't."

Roxanne watched him carefully. She had always noticed how he was very peculiar about things that had to do with Lancelot. If there was anything she knew about Peter, it was that he was loyal to his boss, and his type was rare. As the car drove out of the Dankworth abode, she took out her phone from her bag and proceeded to FaceTime Emily.

When her friend's face came on camera, Roxanne's heart melted.

"Took you long enough!" Emily screamed from the other side of the phone. Roxanne laughed, it had been hours since she last saw Emily's face.

"I'm sorry. I've just been studying a lot of things," Roxanne replied.

"How's London been so far?" Emily asked, a smirk on her face.

Roxanne giggled at her friend's expression.

"I feel like Cinderella and Rapunzel at the same time. Like, it's been one...no, two big fairytales! He lives in a big castle, and I have maids and I'm locked in this room where I can't leave without chaperone..." "All shades of Beauty and the Beast." Emily laughed from the other end of the phone.

"So, when are you taking on a British accent?"

Roxanne feigned a frown.

"Bitch, I've only been here for two days"

"But it don't matter..."

Roxanne heard a voice call out from Emily's end of the phone. It was a masculine voice, Roxanne's lips spread out in a thin smirk.

"So, you've replaced me with a juicy roommate already, huh?"

Emily rolled her eyes while laughing.

"You got your dick, now let me get mine."

Roxanne's eyes widened, Emily's vulgarity was just out of this world.

"Bye love!" Emily called out, before ending the call.

"Bye..." Roxanne muttered. A faint wave of sadness washed over her. It had only been a day, yet she was already feeling so homesick.

She looked outside the window of the Tesla. Perhaps, it was cause she had been indoors for hours, she had no doubt that she would enjoy herself today.

After all, she had the company of Lancelot's black card.

She smiled at the thought. Today, she was going to explore.

It was tomorrow. One of the days he had been training for all his life was close by, just few hours away.

With the dumbbell in his hands and his back against the bench, his eyes drifted to the digital wall clock, it was already 3 pm. He had been in here since morning.

He hung the dumbbell on the iron rod above his head and sat up.

"I was beginning to think you'll be there for the rest of the day. I didn't think you were so nervous about the hunt," his personal instructor, Tim, called out from where he stood. Lancelot shrugged.

"Why would I be nervous?"

The man's eyes rested on Lancelot.

"Albert?" It was a question and a faint warning.

Lancelot fought the urge to roll his eyes. He could never be anxious about Albert. Albert had never been a match for him, he never was and he never will.

"You insult me Tim," he said, rising up from the bench.

Lancelot's black vest stuck to his abs and chest with sweat. He sighed as he moved towards the punching bags.

"So why are you so hard on yourself today?"

On hearing his question, her face flashed through his mind. Lancelot frowned and punched the first bag hard.

"A totally different reason," he replied, throwing another punch to the bag again.