

Chapter 34 Do Spare Me Your Greetings

She staggered back.

This had to be one big joke...

Arthur rose his eyes to meet his mother. She stood fixed to a spot, vibrating with anger. She had a horrific look in her eyes, as though she was going to kill somebody. Perhaps, she was.

He made a move to hold her, but her furious glare warned him against it.

She turned away, without a word and stomped out of the room.

'I should have just kept my mouth shut,' Arthur thought to himself, as Madeline slammed his own door at his face.

Madeline couldn't believe her ears. Fourteen years, fourteen good years was how long it took her to raise Lancelot and groom him for this particular day. And after all these years, he still went ahead to make such a stupid mistake?! She walked briskly to Edward's study. She would go to her husband and Lancelot and demand an explanation for what he had done. There was surely no way that Lancelot would have been stupid enough to associate himself with a human female, and even if he did, he surely knew better than to bring her here! To this palace! To the home she had worked so hard to build for him, for all of them.

Surely, there was no way he would want to ruin all that she had worked so hard to build for him. Madeline refused to believe her ears, she would not listen to anything Arthur said, until she heard from the horse's mouth.

Her brows furrowed and the veins in her hands and forehead became evident. Madeline Dankworth barely ever showed her anger, but whenever she did, it was never a beautiful sight to see.

She was halfway through the corridor when a familiar female figure stomped out of a room in front of her. Their eyes met, and Madeline frowned all the more.

Hermione was the last person she wished to see this morning, or any time of the day at all.

Madeline continued to walk ahead, she made sure she did not look over to Hermione again. She would not allow Hermione cut the thin thread her sanity was hanging on.

However, the other woman had a totally different thing in mind. She planted herself in front of Madeline, making sure that she could not walk past her.

Madeline's eyes rested on Hermione's face, the woman appeared to have been crying. She stood up straight and cleared her throat in attempt to calm herself. She would not give Hermione the pleasure of seeing her infuriated.

If eyes could kill, Madeline would have dropped dead, because Hermione's pained eyes were shooting daggers into Madeline's head.

"Get out of my way Hermione," Madeline spoke, her tone was calm and very dangerous. She looked over the woman as though she were nothing. Hermione remained adamant. She refused to allow Madeline walk over her, not this time, especially not after what her son had done.

"You have a lot of nerve speaking to me like that Madeline, a whole lot of nerve," Hermione spoke, her voice choked with tears.

Madeline's eyes rested on her again with irritation. Within her, Madeline wanted to push this woman to the floor and walk over her, just to remind

Hermione that this was her palace, and she had no place in it, not to her. "I would not repeat myself again."

"And you would not speak to me like that!" Hermione yelled, Madeline drew her face back.

"Not after what your son did to my Albert! He is in the ER, fighting for his life and it is all Lancelot's fault! You should be on your knees, begging for my forgiveness, yet, here you are, looking at me as though I am nothing!"

Madeline scoffed. She rolled her eyes before looking at Hermione again.

"Albert is supposed to be a wolf, with royal blood running through his veins. If he is in the ER fighting for his life, perhaps, you and your son are nothing after all."

Hermione stared at her, puzzled. Madeline shrugged and walked past the woman, deliberately brushing her shoulder with force that caused Hermione to stagger. "Lancelot would pay for what he has done Madeline. I would not let this go."

Her statement struck a chord in Madeline's chest. Deep down, she knew that Hermione was right, she knew that she and Albert would make a mighty deal out of everything and would make sure they gained as much as they could. Her jaw tightened as she walked faster. She refused to turn to reply Hermione. She worried that her anxiety might betray itself through her eyes.

Finally, she approached the door of her husband's study. Madeline flung the door open, ready to claw Lancelot's eyes out. He was standing in front of a bookshelf, while Edward sat on table in front of him. "Lancelot!" Madeline yelled, charging towards him.

"You had better tell me that this rumor about a woman being here is nothing but a rumor, or I swear by the goddess that I'll..."

Her sentence stopped midair when Edward planted himself in front of her. Her husband stood tall, acting as a barricade between she had Lancelot.

"Madeline..." Edward opened his mouth to speak, but Madeline was faster.

She stood fixed to the spot, trying hard to steady her breathing, her thoughts, her body, but nothing was working.

"I am losing my mind," she muttered, underneath her breath. But it was loud enough for Edward to hear.

When she tried to look past him to Lancelot, Edward moved to block her view. She threw her husband a stony glare.

"He has to answer to me."

"And he will," Edward spoke softly. Although he too was enraged, he knew that it was nothing compared to his wife's anger. In her state of mind, there was no telling what she would do if she got close to Lancelot. "He has to tell me why he tried to ruin everything we built together! For him!" Her voice was louder this time, her anger was evident.

"Madeline..."

"What did we not teach him?! What did we not do for him? We were so close, so close to finally succeeding and he throws it all away!"

"Madeline..."

But she was far past listening.

"Do you think Hermione and Albert would let this slide? They would milk out as much as they can from this situation. You brought a human woman to this palace Lancelot! A human! What were you thinking?!" Madeline began to shiver in anger as she screamed over her husband's shoulder. Edward proceeded to hold her.

Slowly, she melted into her husband's arms.

"Go to your room and rest Madeline. I'll speak to Lancelot myself."

Madeline looked up at him. She wondered how he could be calm at a time like this. In his time, his father's time and even all the fathers before then, none had been foolish enough to do what Lancelot had done. How could Edward be so visibly calm at a time like this?

"Edward..."

"I said, I'll speak to him myself."

The definite tone in his voice caused Madeline to cast a stony glare towards Lancelot, before she turned on her heels and walked away.

There was no way she could do what Edward had asked of her. Go to her room and rest? When Lancelot had started a fire none of them could quench? No. She could not do that.

Madeline had to get to the beginning of this matter. She had to know the truth, and she knew just who would be able to tell her. Peter.

Edward turned away from the door after Madeline had left, his eyes rested on his son. Lancelot stood straight, with his hands behind his back.

"Your mother is enraged."

"She doesn't have any reason to be," Lancelot spoke, flatly.

To this, Edward fought back the urge to laugh bitterly. Did Lancelot really not understand the gravity of what he had done?

"Son. I don't think you understand what you did by bringing that woman into this palace."

Lancelot looked down, he knew how angry his father was and he would not annoy him any further.

"It is a taboo, humans and werewolves do not ever coexist!" Slowly, Edward's anger was crawling to the surface. He too could not believe that Lancelot had made such a mistake. He did not care about what Hermione and Albert did or said, unlike Madeline. What he cared about, was what the elders of the council would say if this got to their ears.

Edward knew they would enquire about the hunt, and Edward would not be quiet about it. The council members would not be pleased.

"If this gets to the council Lancelot, we could lose everything, everything that you have worked so hard for! By bringing that woman into this place, you posed a threat to our entire race!"

Lancelot's eyes shot up. Edward noticed the dread in his son's gaze and sought to calm himself.

"Father. I assure you that she is of no threat to us whatsoever. She is only my secretary father. I only brought her here because I had not found a place for her to stay. She is nothing father, she cannot harm us in anyway." Lancelot spoke, trying to reassure his father. If Edward was going to be calm, Lancelot had to make him understand that Roxanne was nothing, absolutely nothing.

"And yet you attacked Albert because of her! What has never been done before, not by males in our family."

"She is my employee father. If you think fighting Albert to keep him from killing her would cause a scandal, think of what having her blood on our hands would have done."

Edward leaned into his chair and settled in it. His eyes were still focused on Lancelot's face.

There was no need yelling and screaming at the top of his voice. The deed had been done, now, they just had to find a way to calm the raging storm.

"Your coronation is to be in fourteen days Lancelot. Let your paws stand firm on the ground, be on all ten of your toes from now on, because you cannot..." He paused, his eyes laid emphasis on the last two words. "You cannot fail."

Lancelot leaned against the shelf once more.

"Yes, father."

Madeline found her way to the servant's quarters, where Peter had a room in. He was to stay there whenever he was on duty. And with all that was happening, Madeline was sure that he would be there.

She walked in, straight to the door of his room. Madeline knocked on it, her fists pounding hard against the iron door.

When she did it twice, the door opened and Peter stood before her. He blinked twice in shock, before bowing. "Your Grace..."

Madeline frowned, her scowl deepened as she cut him short.

"Do spare me your greetings."

Peter looked back up at her, his eyes held confusion in them.

"My queen..."

"You are going to tell me who that woman is, and you're going to do that now."