

## Chapter 35 Who Are You

Peter shrunk under the Queen's stare. From the look on her face and the tone of her voice, he could tell that she was not pleased.

He stepped away from the door, allowing her entrance into the room. He closed the door behind her, bowing once more.

"Your Highness, I must apologize for the part I played in all of this. I should have advised his grace against it. We should never have brought her here."

Madeline looked down at him. As he stood with his head bowed in humility and submission, she could not find it in her to channel her anger towards him. Especially not after he had spoken so calmly and taken full responsibility for what Lancelot had done.

But his apology was not enough. This issue had to be handled, and they had to do so carefully. But first, she had to know who the woman that had thrown her whole family into turmoil was and why she was here.

Lancelot's betrothed, Ava Relish's father was a senior member of the council. If he found out that Lancelot had jumped on Albert to save this woman without thinking about the consequences, he would surely want to know who she was to him. Madeline had to know the answer to the question before then. She had to be able to defend her son to the council if the need should arise.

"Who is she?" she asked.

Peter looked up at her. He did not know if he should tell her the truth, or if she should lie. Lancelot had put him in a tight spot now.

His nostrils twitched, he was nervous. None of this would have happened if Roxanne had stayed at a place, like he had told her too. Now, she had thrown the whole royal family into pandemonium, and only the goddess knew what would become of her now.

Humans were never supposed to know that werewolves existed. To them, they ought to remain myths. Although Roxanne didn't know who...or what Lancelot was yet, it was only a matter of time until she did. What would happen after that?

"I believe I asked a question," Madeline said again. Peter glanced up at the creases on the Queen's forehead. Her face was now almost the same color as her flames of red hair.

"She is young master's secretary, Your Highness. She was supposed to assist me plan and map out the day to day activities of the young master..." Peter said out loud.

With this explanation, he was able to hide the truth without telling a lie. He silently prayed that the Luna would believe him and leave him out of the matter. He hated to be roped into all of this, but he had started it by bringing Lancelot and Roxanne back together, and so he had to fix it.

It was his job to do so.

"And so you thought it was best to keep her here?" Madeline asked. Her left brow arched up in annoyance as she frowned. Just as she had expected, Peter was in on this stupid plan of Lancelot's.

And his explanation was not adding up either. Lancelot had the resources to get the secretary any apartment in London, and yet he decided to keep her here, in this place with him. There was something Peter wasn't telling her, and she was going to discover it.

Whether by hook or by crook.

"It was not a permanent arrangement my queen, in all honesty. But I assure you, young master and I would take care of it. There would be no further problems, I promise you."

As Peter spoke, she looked over him one last time.

"You had better."

With that, she turned away, opened the door, and walked out of the room.

Now that the Luna queen had walked out, Peter struggled to steady his breathing. The Luna's presence had unnerved him, especially as he had not expected her sudden...visit.

Peter began to pace about in his room. He had to do something, he had to help Lancelot get out of this mess in one way or another.

But how? He continued to think.

He could not take Roxanne out of here now, that would raise more brows. After all, an innocent man who had no skeletons in his wardrobe had no reason to run. There had to be something else, something else that he could do to help. As he continued to ponder, an idea lit up in his head.

Peter stopped on his tracks to think. It was a great idea! If all parties involved agreed to it, it would help put out the fire in the palace. At least, it would save Lancelot from whatever trouble he had gotten into.

It would be hard, but Peter knew he had to find a way to convince him. He had to find a way to make Arthur help Lancelot.

And he had to take action as soon as possible. Forget Albert, right now, time was Lancelot's greatest enemy.

He hurried out of his Chambers after making sure he was well dressed to enter into the main palace. As he walked, he started to devise ways in which he could convince Arthur to do his bidding.

Peter was certain that Arthur was the only one with the power and ability to help Lancelot right now.

When he got to the palace, he headed straight for the youngest prince's chambers. The door was closed when he arrived, so he knocked gently, while praying that the prince was inside.

When he got no reply, he knocked again, and again. He was about to hit the door for the fourth time when it opened up, revealing Arthur's bright blue eyes and the tiny freckles that were scattered on his nose.

Peter had always thought the young boy was too lovely to come from such a family. He was like a sheep in the middle of wolves. Each of his brothers and even his parents had a deadly personalities and souls, but at first glance, it appeared as though there was not a bone in Arthur's body that could harm anyone.

He was like a rose in the midst of thorns.

Arthur looked up at him, before opening the door wide.

"Peter," he spoke. His statement was both a question and an exclamation.

Peter wasted no time in explaining why he was there.

"Your Grace, I need to speak to you."

Arthur's soft eyes danced all over Peter's face. He stepped away from the door, allowing Peter entrance into the room.

Peter's eyes raked the room with white polished walls. Of all the Dankworth sons, Arthur's room was the brightest. It radiated the pureness of his heart and the light in his soul.

"Today isn't a very good day," Arthur said, moving to his bed.

Peter nodded in agreement.

"Especially not for Lancelot. The repercussion of what happened at the hunt is greater than any of us ever imagined," Peter added.

He noticed the sadness in Arthur's eyes as he spoke of his brother.

Good. It was a good sign.

"I fear for him, my brother."

With the tone of his voice, Peter could tell it was true.

"I fear for him too, and that is why I am here, Your Grace. I have come to ask for your help."

Arthur's worried eyes became clouded with confusion.

What could Peter possibly want from him?

"The lady that was caught in the forest, she is a very special person to your brother..." Peter began, but Arthur cut in.

"I know that. He would never have attacked Albert and abandoned something as important as the hunt if it were not so."

Peter nodded, a faint smile on his face.

"I am glad that you think so. However, we cannot allow her to wake up with memories of what she saw. We are not sure she'll be able to handle it, yet alone what she can do with such information."

Arthur tilted his head to the side. His young brain was trying to make sense of what Peter was saying. He knew that there would be problems when the girl finally woke up.

But he did not understand what Peter was asking of him. Or rather, he refused to understand.

Peter sensed this, and continued.

"Your Grace, it would be beneficial to his majesty, and every member of your family if you can use your power to his advantage."

Arthur straightened his gaze. Peter was asking him to use his powers to erase Roxanne's memory of the night before.

He frowned slightly.

It was the gift the goddess had blessed him with. Just like every other member of the Dankworth family, he was blessed with a special gift; the power to erase people's memories. But he had never really liked it, and so seldom used it. He considered his gift a greater evil than good. He did not like that he was able to get into people's heads and take away something as precious as a memory, from them.

But now, he was left with little or not much of a choice.

He rested his gaze on Peter, whose eyes had never left his.

"What you're asking of me, it is..."

"Absolutely necessary, Your Grace. I am only after what is best for his majesty and the royal household. Please, you are Lancelot's only hope."

Only hope. The phrase scared Arthur, but it made him realize that he had to do this, for his brother.

He sighed, rising up from his bed where he previously sat.

Peter's eyes brightened.

"Very well then, let us do this."

As Arthur walked to him, Peter thought he would do a celebratory dance in his head.

"Your Grace," Peter called out, when he remembered something very important.

Arthur stopped to look at him.

"This must remain between the both of us. At least, until things settle down."

Arthur looked thoughtful for a while, then nodded in agreement.

But, he also had questions of his own. He looked over Peter, and asked.

"You said this woman was important to my brother. What about Ava?"

That question was not his to answer, and Peter knew. So he shook his head and smiled.

"Your Grace, I'm afraid that is a topic for another time."

Arthur looked away from Peter, nodding in agreement.

With that, he and Peter walked out of the room, heading to the infirmary.

When they got there, Peter ushered him into the room Roxanne lay, after making sure that there was no one around besides them.

Arthur was nervous. It had been so long since he practiced this, he was not even sure if he would still be able to do it with ease. But Peter's eyes were on him, filled with hope. He had to do this, he had to try.

He walked towards her. Even in her sleep, she was beautiful and radiated so much peace. He had not bothered to look at her last night, now that he was here, he was able to drink in her delicate qualities. Arthur stood by her side, and placed his hand on her forehead. He raised his head up and closed his eyes.

Peter watched quietly. Within him, he prayed that his plan would work.

As he touched her head with his eyes closed, he conjured her memories of the night into his mind, taking it away from her.

Arthur removed his hand from her head immediately he was done. If he stayed one second longer, it would be dangerous to her.

When he stepped back, he continued to look at her.

Her chestnut brown hair was sprawled all over the pillow and her lips parted.

Arthur was going to turn away from her when he saw her eyelids open and close. It caught his attention, he could not turn away anymore. When her eyelids parted, violet colored orbs stared at his blue ones.

Arthur immediately felt caught in a trance.

'Who are you?' he thought to himself.