

## Chapter 38 We Have A Life To Ruin

She rushed into the room where her son lay, slightly startling him. She continued to pace about. Madeline's words continued to echo in her head even after all she had tried to get rid of it.

"If he is fighting for his life, perhaps he is nothing after all." She could not get it out of her head, no matter how hard she tried.

"The nerve of that woman," she muttered, underneath her breath.

Hermione continued to pace about, Albert rested his gaze on her. He wondered what it could have been that made his mother so nervous.

She turned to him and frowned, her eyes danced all over his frame. He was seated, up straight, on his hospital bed. His shoulders and under his arms were wrapped with bandages, to prevent infections from entering into his wounds, at least until they healed.

Looking at him, she did feel sorry for him. But she could not shake off the anger at the pit of her stomach.

"Where is your sister?" Hermione asked, Albert scoffed.

"You know how she is. She left to pick a call from ...ahh!" he screamed, holding on to his right shoulder. Hermione wanted to rush to him, but Albert held out a hand to stop her from doing so.

She stood in her spot and watched her son struggle to keep his arms straight.

Hermione's teeth clenched in annoyance.

Lancelot, Madeline's son, had done this to him. It was Lancelot who put him in a hospital bed and made him appear weak, it was Lancelot who gave Madeline the guts to insult her, every bad thing that had ever happened to her son, was because of Lancelot.

Albert was four months older than him, but Lancelot seemed to attract all the good things of life. From business partners, to properties, to awards, Lancelot just always seemed to get everything he wanted, while leaving the barest minimum for everyone else around him.

To Hermione, Lancelot and his mother were selfish and self-centered people. Madeline did not give a damn about anyone or anything else, except Lancelot taking her husband's place as Alpha King.

But she would not let that happen, Hermione thought. All these years, she had been waiting for good and perfect Lancelot to make one mistake, just one mistake that could not be easily covered up by Madeline.

Alas! The goddess had answered her prayers. Lancelot was in big trouble and Hermione was determined to make sure the trouble became so big that Madeline would not be able to use her resources or her brain to pull him out of it.

This was her fish net, and Lancelot was already caught in it. Now, she just needed the perfect plan. She tried to think of the best way to make good use of the atrocity Lancelot had committed, but she could not find any.

Hermione also wondered whether to take Albert back to the palace, or return without him and table her complaint to the council of elders.

But, if she tried to get their pity, they would sense Albert as weak. And that would ruin his chances of ever getting their support for Albert. Hermione shook her head.

No. She had to come up with a better idea, something that would make Lancelot appear incapable while presenting Albert as the best option for them.

She smiled. Hermione returned her eyes to her son, Albert had a brow raised as he looked at her.

"What?" Hermione asked, rushing to her son's side.

"Why are you smiling like that mother?" Albert asked, his gaze continued to follow his mother, until she grabbed the stool beside his bed and settled into it. "Our prayers are about to be answered..."

Albert shrugged and looked away. "Mother..."

"Albert, wait. Listen to what I have to say," Hermione said aloud, placing a hand on her son's lap.

His eyes fell on his mother's pleading ones again. Albert loved his mother, but he had never understood her obsession with wanting to make him the Alpha King, instead of a son of her brother, Alpha Edward.

All these years, he had carried along with her plan. Albert could not deny it, at a point, the idea of becoming the Alpha King pleased him. The idea of having more power and more influence than Lancelot excited him the most. Soon, he grew to desire the position.

"I'm listening mother."

Hermione's eyes brightened at her son's approval. She drew the stool closer and leaned into him.

"We have to find a way to turn the elders of the council against him. We have to give them reasons why he is unfit to rule this kingdom."

Albert's eyes narrowed on his mother. To the rest of the world, Lancelot was close to perfect. How did she intend to make Lancelot seem unfit for anything at all?

"Lancelot is perfection itself mother. The elders of the council adore him. So much so that Garret Relish allowed his daughter who was betrothed before to become Lancelot's. How can you turn such a man against Lancelot?"

On hearing his question, Hermione appeared thoughtful for a while.

"You're right," she said out loud.

"I always am," Albert replied. There was a mocking edge to his tone, but Hermione ignored it.

"But! There is a way," as she spoke, her eyes brightened and Albert was curious to know his mother's grand plan.

When she saw that she had Albert's full attention, she began.

"The human woman that he almost killed you for. She is the answer to all our problems! Think about it. Whoever she was, she was certainly important to him. Knowing how important the hunt was, he would never have sacrificed it for anybody. He would have killed you Albert! And for what? A being as weak and frivolous as humans? How dare he?" Hermione spoke, as the anger in her stomach began to rise to the surface.

Albert sighed and looked away from his mother. What she said was true. Mentioning to the council that Lancelot had introduced a human into their palace was going to get him sanctioned. But he was not sure it was enough to keep Lancelot away from being crowned Alpha King.

He wondered if he should tell his mother about what had almost happened in the forest. When he thought for a while, he decided to do it.

"To be honest mother, I am the one who would have killed Lancelot at the hunt that day," Albert spoke up, keeping his gaze away from his mother.

Hermione thought that she did not hear her son well at first. Her eyes widened as she looked up at him.

"What did you say?" she asked again. Her eyes and her tone were both laced with disbelief. When Albert did not reply her, she repeated the question again. But her tone was far from friendly this time. .  
."What.Did.You.Say?"

Albert turned to his mother's surprised face. He did not understand why she looked so shocked. Was it because he had almost killed Lancelot? Or because she did not imagine him ever doing such a thing.

"He would have been dead mother. The human just had to get in the way," Albert replied. He continued to look at his mother, anticipating her response.

She appeared very shocked, but she did not say anything about it. Instead, she blinked twice, cleared her throat and sat up straight.

"That was not a very smart move to make Albert," she finally said. Her tone was calm, as she looked away from him.

Albert was surprised to hear his mother speak in such a manner. He had always thought she wanted him to be Alpha King at all costs, so why did she suddenly sound displeased?

"Mother, I thought..."

"You would not make such decisions without informing me first. What if something were to happen to you in the process? What would I have done?" As she scolded him, Hermione's eyes softened. Albert noticed this, and smiled sadly. "Forgive me mother. I would make sure I do so, next time."

Hermione shot him a glare.

"If anyone was watching you..."

"There's no reason to fear. Besides from the woman who blindly walked into me, I was a..." Albert's words hung midair.

Worried, Hermione tapped him urgently.

"Albert?"

He smiled and looked down at her.

"I just thought of something mother," he spoke. Truly, a brilliant theory and idea had just crossed his mind. If they executed it properly, they were sure to get their results. "What is that?"

Albert's evil grin widened, and he chuckled.

"Imagine that Lancelot planted that human female on purpose to destroy the hunt. He knew that one of us would surely find her, she would raise an alarm, and he would be the gallant knight who would come to her rescue. We can say..." "That he sabotaged the ritual on purpose..." Hermione added, her eyes glittered, and her lips were spread into a thin smile.

"Excellent, mother, just excellent."

Hermione giggled as she rose up from her chair.

"Albert, you can walk, can't you?"

His brows furrowed.

"Of course mother, why?"

Hermione lips thinned into a smirk.

"We're heading back to the palace my boy. We have a life to ruin."