

Chapter 41 She Was Confused

Roxanne still found it hard to recover from her heart break...could she really call it that? Heartbreak only occurred after someone failed to do what it was that they were supposed to do, or just refused to do what was expected of them, therefore, hurting the other party.

But, could she really say Lancelot's reaction had broken her heart? Did she expect anything from him? Was he obliged to give her anything? Roxanne did not understand why so many questions continued to run through her mind. The splitting headache she still felt did not help matters either.

Peter moved closer to her, examining her delicate facial features for any sign of stress. Despite the many hours she had slept, there were bags under her eyes, and she looked visibly pale.

"You need to have breakfast," he noted. Roxanne looked at him, a sad smile on her face.

"And you need to shower too."

"I can't do that here," she replied, forcing a witty smile on her face.

Peter noticed, he wanted to tell her that she did not ever have to fake emotions, especially not around him. Seeing Lancelot continually lie to himself and fake emotions for people all day was tiring and triggering enough for Peter, he really did not need another Lancelot in his life.

He wondered why people found it hard to show how they really felt. But then again, he also realized that in the times he was genuinely pissed at Lancelot, he had never said a word about it. And when Lancelot required his help, he gave it with a smile plastered on his face. So, he too, was a hypocrite. Peter flinched, it wasn't a very nice thing to discover about yourself.

"Understandable," he finally muttered, under his breath. He took one long look at Arthur, who had his eyes outside the window.

"His majesty and I shall escort you back to your chambers Miss Roxanne. Just to make sure that you do not fall again," Peter spoke, sending a wink to Roxanne.

She giggled. This time, it was a genuine sound. Peter had the ability to bring light to the darkest of situations. Perhaps, that was how he was able to work for Lancelot for so long. He often heard people at work talk about how he was the longest lasting PA Lancelot had ever had.

On hearing his statement, Arthur turned to him. His eyes ran over Roxanne's pale frame once more, when their eyes locked, he looked away again.

Roxanne looked away from the young man, who she now knew as Lancelot's brother, and focused her gaze on Peter.

"Please do. The smell of antiseptic is very sickening."

"Not to talk of the methylated spirit. I have not been able to breathe properly since I stepped into this room," Peter added, feigning a frown. The sight caused Roxanne to laugh out loud. "Neither have I. I really need to get out of here."

Peter bowed in courtesy and stretched out a hand to her.

"Then, by all means Miss Harvey, be my guest."

Roxanne's smile broadened. She loved the way Peter was always active. He seemed to always have the right joke for every situation, he seemed to always know what to say.

Roxanne placed her hand in Peter's, she placed her feet on the ground and clutched his hands for support as she stood up. When she felt her knees buckle slowly, she gripped his hand firmly. Peter's eyes flew to hers.

"Easy now, take it easy. Step by step, slow strides."

Despite the pain killers she had taken earlier, the banging in her head had not yet reduced. In fact, as she placed her bare feet on the cold marble floor, it seemed to worsen. Roxanne felt like her head was going to split into two uneven parts. She closed her eyes firmly as she struggled to stand still. When she finally got the proper grip on the floor, she eased her hand from Peter's hold.

"Are you certain you are okay, Miss Harvey?" he asked as his eyes rummaged over her pale body with concern.

Roxanne nodded, with a smile on her face.

"Of course Peter. Thank you very much for looking after me."

'Unlike some people.' she wanted to add. The thought almost caused her to frown, but she kept her wide smile plastered on her face.

"The pleasure is all mine, Miss. Now, if I may, we shall now proceed to your chambers. I'm sure His Grace has a lot to do, as do I." When he said "his grace" Peter's eyes traveled to Arthur's again. And Roxanne could not fight back the urge to look at him as well. She was confused.

Why did she constantly find herself turning towards him and locking eyes with him? Why did it feel as though she had seen those eyes before? And why was he always so swift to turn his eyes away from hers? Most importantly, why was he do quiet?

It was creeping Roxanne out. He had not said a single word since he arrived here, or since she opened her eyes.

She found this very unsettling. Roxanne also felt a very odd feeling at the pit of her stomach. It was as though something was bothering her, but she could not place a finger on what it was. Even the dream she had, suddenly disappeared from her mind the second she opened her eyes. And Roxanne knew she was never one to forget dreams, especially when it gave her the uncomfortable feeling in her stomach, the one she was currently experiencing.

Roxanne felt like something was missing from her. And no matter how hard she tried to think about what it was, she just could not imagine or think of anything.

As they walked out of the infirmary, she turned to Peter.

She knew she could trust him to understand what was wrong with her.

"You said you found me sprawled on my room floor."

Peter seemed to be taken aback by her question, but he immediately recovered. The shock on his vanished before Roxanne could pick it and think about it.

"Yes. I did," he replied, flatly.

"Do you know what I was doing before then?" she asked again, looking carefully at him. She needed to remember the last thing she was doing before she collapsed, maybe then, she could find out what it was that was making her so uneasy. Peter spoke, without sparing her a glance.

"We do not keep cameras in bedrooms, Miss Harvey."

For some reason, he sounded slightly annoyed, different from his usual cheerful and witty composure.

She might have annoyed him with her persistent questions, she thought.

"I'm really sorry. It's just that I feel like something is really bothering me, but I do not know what it is. I've been feeling extremely uncomfortable since I woke up. I just don't know." Still, Peter did not turn to her.

When they got to the door of her room, Peter opened it wide for her. It was now that he turned to look at her face.

"You should get some rest. I would send the maids to prepare a tea for you. It would help you sleep. By the time you wake up, I'm sure you would be better."

As he spoke, Roxanne stepped into the room with a sad smile on her face. She could not help it, the feeling was very odd.

When Peter closed the door, Roxanne's eyes turned back to her room. Everywhere was arranged. Her bed was neatly dressed, her laptop and her papers were properly put away.

For the first time in her life, Roxanne was unhappy to see her room in order. If the maids had left it the way it was before she was carried away, she could have been able to try and recall the last thing she did before she passed out. Now, her mind was blank, and that made her more uncomfortable.

However, she decided to take Peter's advice. She headed for a cold shower in the bathroom. When she was done, she came out to meet a cup of coffee and two sandwiches in a tray, on top of her bed.

She would eat and go to sleep.

Maybe if she woke up later, less stressed and more refreshed, she would be able to know what was going on with her.

With that, Roxanne settled into the bed and took one huge bite of the sandwich.

In twenty minutes, she was done with the meal, tucked up in her duvet and sound asleep.