

## Chapter 42 I Do Not Care

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

With that, Peter opened the door of her room and she walked inside. When she was in, he closed the door behind her. He did not say a word to Arthur as he turned away, walking towards the exit of the corridor. However, Arthur had a lot to say.

"Peter," he called out. The older man paused and turned to him. Arthur examined Peter's eyes carefully, it seemed that they both shared the same concerns.

"You're worried," Arthur said, he was going to keep his observations to himself for now.

"Hmm," Peter said, nodding.

"I worry about her, she's in danger," he added, looking away from Arthur.

"We should be more worried about her memory," Arthur chipped in. His statement earned him a hard glare from Peter. When the older man realized who it was he was glaring at, he cleared his throat and struggled to keep his composure. He was worried. What was Arthur trying to say?

Arthur looked around the corridor, before walking to where Peter stood.

"Walk with me." It came out as an order, but Peter did not complain. He walked beside the young prince, eager to hear what he had to say.

"The memory wipe I did, might be temporary..."

"Your Grace..." Peter cut in, but Arthur was quick to speak again.

"In my years of studying and practicing my power, I have come to realize that there are two types of subconscious. The first one belongs to the weak minds. When their memories are cleared, they are cleared for life. The second one belongs to the strong minds, these set of people tend to have the ability to recollect events, if being triggered by a similar feeling or situation," Arthur said as Peter watched him carefully.

"You are afraid she belongs to the second category, Your Grace?" Peter asked, while they were still walking.

Arthur stopped abruptly.

"I am not afraid. She does belong to the second category. She could feel the sense of something missing from within her. Any bit of stress can make her have flashes, worse still, recall the entire event." There was a seriousness in his eyes, one that Peter barely ever saw.

He sighed and bowed to Arthur.

"There is little or no reason to be worried about that, Your Grace. I would handle everything before that happens."

Arthur looked over his older brother's personal assistant. He appreciated the fact that he had Lancelot's best interest at heart, but he wished the man would just understand that some things were bigger than the both of them. But, he did not speak about it. Instead, he ran his eyes over the man again, before nodding his head gently.

"For Lancelot's sake, I hope you do. I must leave now, my Spanish tutor would be here in an hour."

Peter lowered his head again. "Of course, Your Grace."

When he raised his head up, Arthur was ahead of him. Peter sighed, straighten the body of his suit and adjusted his collar. He had to report to Lancelot, and he had to so immediately.

With his head held high, he walked to Lancelot's chambers at the top floor of the palace. His master's door was half open. He could tell Lancelot had forgotten to close it again. There was a lot of things on Lancelot's mind, so Peter could not hold the half closed door against him.

He knocked on the door gently, and Lancelot's loud voice called for him to come in. With that, he opened the door and walked into the room.

He saw Lancelot sitting at the edge of the bed, a cup of what smelt like cinnamon tea in his hands. Peter fought back the urge to laugh bitterly. Here he stood, thinking that Lancelot would have been pacing about the room, worried out of his mind. Instead, the man was seated in his casual manner, his usual aura of masculine sexiness and aloofness. Just how good could Lancelot get at hiding his feelings and expressions?

Peter bowed his head to greet Lancelot.

"Your Grace."

From where he sat, Lancelot's eyes rose up from the cup of tea in his hands. He needed some form of distraction before Peter came with news of Roxanne, tea had been perfect, and so he ordered for tea. Now that Peter was here, he lost his appetite for the greenish brown liquid.

He set the teacup on the saucer that rested on the stool beside him, and focused his eyes on Peter.

"Peter," Lancelot spoke. No matter how he thought he wanted to, he could not bring himself to ask about Roxanne.

Luckily, Peter seemed to sense this. He raised his head up to look at Lancelot.

"She has been escorted to her chambers. If my guess is accurate, she would be asleep..." He paused when he saw Lancelot's brow raise in query.

"...I made sure the maids gave her something to help her sleep. She seemed to be very stressed."

Lancelot's brow rested and he rose up from the bed.

"What do you intend to do now, sir?"

Lancelot's face hardened. He had been asked this question more than five times today, and after giving it serious thought, he finally made his decision - not like he had much of a choice anyway.

"There is only one thing to do..." Lancelot spoke, moving closer to Peter.

"There would be a family dinner tonight, I would have to introduce her to everyone. I need to make sure I silence all rumors about her tonight," he continued.

"You intend to say she is...?"

"Your assistant," Lancelot cut in. "I intend to say she would be here for a period of three months where she would assist you in taking care of most of my day-to-day activities seeing as a new title would be added to my name very soon. After all, you would not only be Lancelot Dankworth's personal assistant, you would soon be Alpha Lancelot Dankworth's personal assistant. I take it matters of the palace would be more than enough on your plate already."

Peter was surprised Lancelot had talked this much. It was almost as if he was using him to prepare the speech about Roxanne he would give to his family tonight. However, Peter had a very important question to ask.

"If she would be present at the dinner, wouldn't that mean that she would remember what happened at the hunt?"

Lancelot's brows furrowed at Peter's statement. What did he mean by she would "remember" what happened at the hunt? When Peter noticed

Lancelot's expression, his eyes widened. He should not have blurted out in such a manner. "Sir, I..."

But it was too late to explain, Lancelot's gaze had already darkened on him.

"What do you mean?"

Peter swallowed hard. He hated to see this side of Lancelot; the dark, fierce and protective side. However, he had already started talking, it was too late to turn back.

"Your Grace, I pleaded with Arthur to erase her memory of the previous night."

Lancelot's frown deepened, he felt a new sense of annoyance.

"What?"

Peter took few steps back from Lancelot. It felt as though he could melt under his glare.

"We had to do it. If she woke up, it would not have been good. I had to do it for her own good...as well as yours."

While Lancelot wanted to pounce on Peter, he knew that the man was right. It was better Roxanne had no memory of the hunt. He would not know the explanation to give her.

His eyes softened and he turned away from Peter.

"Just make sure that she is prepared for the dinner, equip her with all she needs to know. I have spoken to my father to make sure that there is no mention of the hunt at dinner. She must understand that she cannot show any emotional weakness to my family, we are wolves for a reason." While his eyes had softened, there was still a hardness to his expression.

Peter nodded in understanding.

"Yes sir."

Lancelot looked over him one last time before dismissing him. When Peter left the room, Lancelot sighed.

He thought of Roxanne again. Now that she had been put to sleep, it was best to go and see her. No, he wasn't running away. He was just not ready to face her yet.

With that thought, he stepped out of his Chambers and began the short journey to hers. However, it came to an abrupt halt when he caught sight of a very familiar female figure heading towards him.

Ava, he thought. He was not so pleased to see her.

When she planted herself in front of him, her eyes were filled with scrutiny, and something that looked like sadness. But, he paid it no heed.

"Your Grace," she said as she bowed. Lancelot felt himself cringe.

"Ava," he replied without paying attention to her.

"Can I speak with you...?"

"Not now Ava..."

As he moved to walk past her, she called him back.

"You're going to see her, aren't you? The human female."

He paused and turned his face to her.

"Yes."

"Why?" There was hurt in her eyes, but Lancelot did not mind it either.

"She is my employee," he spat out. With that, he walked away from her, focusing on the path to Roxanne's chambers.

The door was locked when he got there. With hopes that she would be asleep like Peter had said, he opened the door and walked in.

Luckily, she was. He closed the door quietly and moved over to a stool beside her bed. He settled into it. As he sat down and looked at her, he felt a wave of numerous emotions flood him.

He shifted in the stool, he did not want to think too much about anything, but he couldn't help it.

"You're worried about her," Ziko spoke up within him.

Lancelot sighed, his eyes took time to examine her delicate face.

"I am. The last thing I wanted to do was drag her into my family's drama. Yet, here she is, right in the middle of it." To his wolf, Lancelot could say anything he wanted to say except the things he did not want to tell himself.

"You could not have known she would be at the hunt."

"I shouldn't have brought her here either. I just wanted her to be safe and happy." He hated to admit it to himself, but he could not help but feel that he made a mistake.

He thought he saw Ziko grin.

"Really? And in America...?"

Lancelot knew the question Ziko was going to ask, so he answered it first.

"No," he spoke up, subconsciously defensive.

"Not with her family and that crazy ex of hers showing up in her life and reminding her of his betrayal all the time."

He did not know why, but he felt Ziko's eyes narrow at him.

"For someone who sees her as nothing, you care about her too much. I thought you told the elders that she was a nobody, what's all this care for?"

"I do not care..." He stopped when he noticed he had almost shouted.

"I am not happy that I had to use such a degrading pronoun on her, but it was necessary. However, I do not care for her, not in the way you think I do," he said as he tried to convince himself, to make himself believe he

was telling the truth. "Yet, here you are, by her bedside," Ziko mocked and Lancelot rolled his eyes.

"I do not understand the feelings I have, but I would not call them by any name," he spoke up again, finally silencing Ziko.

Just then, Roxanne began to turn and toss in her bed. Her once delicate face was squeezed, she began to mutter words as she tossed and turned.

She's having a nightmare, Lancelot thought. He wanted to stretch his hand to her body and comfort her, but he decided against it.

In that moment, he rose up to leave the room. It was now obvious that he couldn't stay here without thinking or worrying about her, so it was best he left.

There was already a woman he ought to worry about, and that woman wasn't Roxanne.

With that thought, he turned his back towards her and walked out of the room.