Chapter 49 Please Stay A Little Longer

Roxanne flung herself into her bed after a very warm shower. Her bones were aching and she was trying to reduce her tension from the dinner. While it had ended on a fine note, with her piano performance, she still couldn't shake up the feeling that a major part of the royal family did not want her here.

The side remarks, the glares, everything was glaring and confusing to Roxanne. However, her warm shower and a glass of milkshake was more than enough to calm her nerves.

Her head rested on her pillow, she closed her eyes to sleep after letting out deep breaths. Just when she thought she had finally found her peace, her phone rang. Her pillow continued to vibrate. She groaned in frustration and raised the pillow up, revealing her phone and Peter's name on her screen as the Caller ID.

Roxanne looked around, wondering why Peter was calling her at such hour of the night?

Curious, she answered the call and pressed the speaker to her left ear.

"Peter?" The tone of her voice must have made it obvious she was sleepy, because Peter chuckle from the other end of the line.

"My apologies for waking you up, Miss Harvey."

She sighed. "It's no problem." She was lying, it was a big problem.

"I'm glad. Mister Lancelot needs you to get him cinnamon tea. Goat milk, no sugar."

Roxanne's brows furrowed. Was Peter really asking her to get Lancelot tea by this time of the night? Didn't they have maids and servants for that?

"Peter, I..."

"Everyone has retired to bed. The corridors are empty. I would have done it myself, but there are files I need to send to foreign clients, time zones and everything..."

"I understand," Roxanne cut in, while rolling her eyes.

"I'll just go out and..." she started speaking again, but Peter cut her short.

"Dress appropriately," she heard Peter call out. Roxanne paused and frowned.

"What?"

"Just dress officially. I know that everyone has gone to their various rooms, but you do not want to be caught slacking."

Roxanne rolled her eyes and groaned inaudibly. Why did everything about these people have to be so official and proper?

"Sure thing," she said, and Peter hung up the phone immediately.

After placing her phone beneath her pillow again, she rose up from her bed. Roxanne stomped her feet in anger, dramatically, as she made her way to the wardrobe. She picked out a black suit skirt and white sleeves.

It took her five minutes to replace her linen night dress with the corporate clothes. She threw on a pair of black flats, before leaving her room.

In thirty minutes, she was able to make her way to the palace kitchen, locate everything she needed to prepare Lancelot's tea the way Peter had asked her to do it. She placed the tea cup in a saucer, placed the saucer in

a small tray and walked past the empty halls, up the stairs, down the quiet and lonely corridor, before she found his room door.

It was slightly opened, and the bright light seeped into the corridor. Since it was opened, she did not bother to knock. She pushed the door gently, just enough for her to be able to pass through, before stepping into the room.

As her eyes drank in the sight, she gasped.

Roxanne had known his room would be large from when she saw it earlier, but she did not know that standing inside its elegance would feel like a dream.

The hexagonal room was large, with white and grey high walls. Two luxurious silver chandeliers hung on top of his double king-sized bed, with a rich grey exquisite bed frame. The bed was adorned with white sheets and a white duvet, and he was tucked under it.

There was a lonely feeling in the room. Perhaps, it was because the room was large and there was barely anything in it, besides his bed, ten feet wardrobe, large dressing mirror, book shelf, and working table.

She could not see his face from where she stood, so she walked closer to him. She got to the foot of his bed before she noticed that he was asleep. From his collar, she could tell that he had gone to bed in the shirt he wore for dinner. Something about his sleepy face caused her to smile. His eyes were closed, and his long lashes were now on full display. His red lips parted slightly, and the frown that was always on his face was gone. The creases on his forehead were clear. As he slept, she could hear the rhythm of his breathing. His arms were crossed on his stomach as he rested.

Roxanne did not believe Lancelot could look so peaceful. What she saw now was a sharp contrast to the Lancelot she saw every morning. Here, he looked as though he did not have a problem in the world. He was at peace with everything, including himself.

Roxanne sighed as she admired him with a smile on her face. The sound from his mobile phone on the table caused her to jolt. The tray in her hands shook and she quickly steadied her stance. Her cheeks turned an embarrassing shade of red when she noticed she had been staring at him.

Embarrassed, she lowered herself and dropped the tray on the top of the bedside drawer. Roxanne rose up and took one last look at him.

She had already turned her back to leave when the bookshelf caught her eyes. She paused and took a long look at it. A voice in her head was telling her to walk to the door and head out of the room without looking back. While another voice in her head was cajoling her to take a look around the room.

Lancelot barely said any words to her, so she had not gotten the chance to know him. But, right in front of her was a chance to dive into his thoughts. She could get to know the type of person he was and the things he liked from taking a look at his personal belongings. All she ever saw that belonged to him were his clothes, wristwatch and his phone.

This! This was a free ticket into the mind of Prince Lancelot Dankworth. And her curious mind would never forgive her if she did not accept it.

"Okay, just one short look and I'll be out," she said to herself. Roxanne turned her back to take a short glance at Lancelot, just to make sure he was still sound asleep. It would be disastrous for her if he woke up and found her rummaging through his books. She already knew how he would scowl and dismiss her without a word.

So, she tiptoed to the book shelf and stood in front of it. All she saw were books on economics, international relations, and business. Roxanne could not be surprised, he was a business man after all. However, the side of a black book caught her eyes. Roxanne tilted her head as she read the title aloud.

"The Psychology of grief and healing."

Her eye brows furrowed at it. She reached out for the book and took it out. As she looked over it, she turned her back to steal a glance at Lancelot.

Something in her wondered why he had a book about grief in his bookshelf. She returned her gaze to the book and was about to open the first page when she heard his voice.

Roxanne froze in fear. She did a 360 degree turn towards him with her eyes wide open. She should have listened to the voice that told her to flee. Now, she was in trouble.

However, when her frightened eyes fell on him, his eyes were still closed. Confused, she corked her head to the side to examine his frame closely.

Lancelot's eyes were closed, and he was muttering inaudibly. She watched as he turned restlessly, his eyes were tightly shut and the serene look in his face was gone. Now, he appeared troubled, frowning in his sleep.

That should have been her sign to drop the book and leave his room immediately. But, something in Roxanne's heart seemed to call out to him. He was troubled, and she wanted to be with him, to be there for him.

So, she silenced the voice of warning in her head, and walked to the side of his bed. Lancelot grew even more restless, his blabbing grew louder. He was turning in bed and saying words out loud, but she couldn't make out what was being said. Her eyes softened as she sat by his side. Despite the air conditioner in his room, beads of sweat formed and ran down his forehead. The heat emanating from his body seemed to warm her heart as well.

As she settled into the bed, by his side, her eyes softened. She stretched out her hand and placed it on his forehead gently.

He was having a nightmare, and Roxanne was worried about him.

"Shhh, it's okay," she whispered, leaning into him and wiping his sweat off his forehead.

"It's okay, everything is fine."

She was relieved to see him slowly calm down. She did not want him to wake up and see her here, but she could not fight back the urge to make sure that he was okay. She decided to stay back a little bit longer, until he was fully at peace. In that moment, as she smiled at him, something unexpected happened.

Roxanne's heart threatened to leap from her chest. In front of her, Lancelot's eyes opened slowly. And his gaze was resting on HER.

A wave of nausea rolled over her. She wanted to run, but her limbs had failed her. She stood by his side, waiting for him to shoot her one of his famous glares and send her out of his room.

Roxanne waited for the glare, but it never came. Instead, his eyes were hollow and sunken. The bright blue color in them was gone, and the only thing that remained was a gloomy shade of blue. His eyes were no longer cold, now, they were sad and hurt. There was a deep feeling of pain and bitterness in them, and Roxanne could sense it.

Her eyes softened as they danced all over his face.

In that moment, it dawned on her that she was not supposed to be here, not with him. She made a move to stand up quickly, but to her surprise, she felt a warm hand grab her right wrist, sending her back to the bed.

Roxanne felt heat course through her veins, a shocking wave of current washed over her. Her jaw dropped in shock. Her heart pounded furiously against her chest. She continued to stare at him in disbelief and fear. Why was he holding her? When their eyes locked, Lancelot's blue eyes were pleading with hers. There was a warmth in them that was strange, and she did not understand it.

"Please..." the word rolled out of his tongue with a calm and sensual tone. His thick baritone was husky. She felt the mythical butterflies in her stomach dance.

"I know this is a dream, but I need you to stay with me," he said again.

Her lips parted slightly to let out a small sigh. She was still very confused. What was going on? Roxanne watched quietly as he sat up. Their eyes never left each other's. As he sat up, Lancelot leaned into her, their faces were close. So close that she could inhale the air he exhaled.

Their hearts pounded as one, breaths rose and fell in synchrony. Her violet orbs danced around his effortlessly handsome face. She lowered her gaze to his lips. They were red and full, calling on her to just lean in and...

In that instant, her thoughts were cut short. With one swift move, Lancelot's hand cupped the back of her neck, his lips crashed on hers.

Fire. That was what she felt in her skin, and in her heart. Heat oozed out from his body and wrapped Roxanne in his warmth. Her lips parted slowly, allowing him free entry.

Once again, he claimed her lips, and seized control of her senses. Roxanne grew numb. When he deepened the kiss, her whole body melted under his hold.

A part of her neck felt the heat more than others. It burned with a bright color of red, but Roxanne was too lost in his kiss to notice it.

Finally, he broke the kiss, leaving her breathless. Roxanne still struggled to make sense of everything when Lancelot wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into his body.

He smelt of fresh lemons, and masculine sweat, but it was pleasing to her senses.

She shouldn't be here, she thought. What was she doing? Why was all of this happening?

It suddenly felt confusing. She tried to wriggle free of his hold, but he only tightened his grip around her.

"Please, stay a little longer. I don't want the dream to end just yet."

Dream? She asked herself.

However, when Lancelot placed his head on her right shoulder, all the questions seemed to disappear.

And for that moment, Roxanne allowed herself be with him. She allowed his scent consume her body and her senses, she allowed him touch her, because she wanted to be touched and consumed by him. Until he fell asleep again.