

Chapter 5 Found Him

"What's the problem, miss?" he asked her once again. When he asked the question the first time, she didn't answer him.

Lancelot thought it best to assume she did not hear him the first time. How could she? When all along she had been staring at his face. Her eyes subconsciously danced from his lips, to his jaw, then his eyes again.

It would have amazed him how fascinated she was with his physical being if he wasn't so used to it already. She wasn't the first and she certainly couldn't be the last.

As he watched her blink rapidly before stepping away from him, Lancelot tucked both his hands into the pocket of his blue trousers.

He just wished she would tell him how much she needed to get her car fixed so he could move on. He, on the other hand, would have to toll his car away until he could get it fixed.

His eyes traveled to the bonnet. With the damage the collision had done, it would take at least a day or two to get it completely fixed. He could only wonder what else had gone wrong inside the car.

When Peter had collided with the car in front of them, Lancelot's cup of coffee dropped from his hands. The contents spilled all over the floor, bits of it on his shoes. Irritated, he leaned down to wipe the coffee stains from them, only to look up and see this crazy woman holding Peter by the neck, literally.

Lancelot looked around and noticed cars pull over and spectators pull out their phones to take pictures and videos. His jaw tightened with irritation.

He had to do something before she embarrassed him any further.

"What is the problem?!" she cried out.

Lancelot almost scoffed in amusement as he tore his blue eyes away from her fierce violet ones. Looking over her swollen eyelids, almost ruined mascara, and bridal dress, Lancelot could pick out one very important thing; she was another crazy American woman.

Luckily, he had all the financial resources to get her the fuck out of his way.

"Your driver almost killed me! Just after wrecking the back of my car!" she yelled again, dramatically throwing her hands over her head.

Sighing, he looked around one last time. The cars beside them had reduced, but people continued to keep eyes on them. It was sickening, every second of it.

"Are you okay?" he managed to ask. More out of impatience than concern. Frankly, Lancelot couldn't care less. If hospital care, money for her car, and a small change for a cab were all she needed, he was ready and able to give her just that. "What?" she asked back, not believing the question he had just asked, or the manner he had asked it.

He frowned. Lancelot Dankworth was never one to repeat himself.

"You should hold on for a while. A cab would be here soon and I would take care of the bills as well as the bills needed to get your car fixed." With his tone, he made it very clear to her that it wasn't a suggestion, it wasn't a plea; it was an offer and an order as well-one she could either take and be happy, or leave and get the hell out of his sight.

His statement seemed to have insulted her. Now, she was looking up at him, her small arms folded under her breasts.

"My car is insured. I don't need your money," she stated. The previous beam of rage he had seen in her eyes had returned.

Lancelot wanted to scoff, but he just shrugged his shoulder instead.

'Then you should stop causing a scene and move away from here,' he wanted to say. Instead, he stayed quiet, allowing her the pleasure of stating exactly what she wanted without him having to ask her again.

Even as he watched her, he couldn't understand why, despite how repulsed he was by her overbearing presence, inside him, his wolf seemed to growl and gnarl with need. He ignored his wolf; if Ziko wanted to have fun with ladies, he could have more than enough of it later. Right now, he had a crazy woman to settle and a cozy hotel room to get to.

Suddenly, her eyes brightened. Her frown was gone, as well as the creases on her forehead. Now she was... smiling?

Lancelot had to step back a bit. She smiled at him like she had just won a lottery, or something bigger.

"But," she said, "there is something you can do for me." He noticed how she sounded too excited and his left brow raised in suspicion.

"So?"

"I want... Sorry, I need you to escort me to a wedding ceremony," she stated.

Just like that. Lancelot thought he had not heard her properly, so he looked over her again. It was a silent signal for her to repeat whatever she had just said.

She seemed to get it, because she let out a nervous chuckle.

Lancelot felt himself heave a sigh of relief. Good, she was joking.

"I promise you, I'm not crazy..." she said aloud after chuckling.

"You could have fooled me," he said to himself, now taking time to highlight the woman's features.

Violet eyes and brown hair; she was short, nothing more than five feet and six inches tall. The sky-blue gown she wore currently accentuated her curves, and her lush lips drew his eyes as she smiled nervously.

She seemed to notice the lack of interest and indifference in his eyes, because once his gaze returned to her face, she was pointing at her car.

"You owe me one noble and chivalrous deed, mister," she spoke out, pouting.

"You are not joking after all," he said aloud, mentally slapping himself. He had intended to say that in his head before rolling his eyes.

"I'm being very honest! If there's one thing I've ever been serious about, it's this. You don't have to do anything. All you have to do is escort me to the wedding and be by my side at all times." "And why would I want to do that?"

Fuck! Another question he had intended to ask himself. How was this woman managing to make words slip out of his mouth?

Now, she took one step closer to him. Her eyes danced around his face as she moved closer to him, Lancelot felt his heart pound against his chest. He heard Ziko's heavy breaths rise and fall ferociously. What was happening to him?

"You'll do it because you are a proper British man, and British men have a reputation for keeping to their word."

Lancelot was taking a back by her statement. Still, he made an excellent show at hiding it.

Lancelot Dankworth, Alpha prince and heir to the throne of the biggest, most prosperous and most feared werewolf pack was never one to show any emotions at all.

Still, she managed to see through it. Or maybe she thought he would want to know how she quickly figured it out.

"Your accent gave it away."

Lancelot fought the urge to roll his eyes. Of course it did.

"It won't take much of your time, I promise you."

He shrugged.

"It had better not."

The lady broke out another smile again, stretching a hand towards him for a handshake.

Lancelot wanted to roll his eyes and look away from her, but he had to be polite. After all...

His eyes traveled to her car again.

He did owe her.

He took her hand in his, and that was when he felt his heart stop for few seconds.

Fire. That was what he felt when her skin clashed with his. Heat rose in his stomach and threatened to burn his cheeks.

What was happening to him?

"Mate!" he heard Ziko call the first time. Lancelot was going to ignore it, he had to.

"I'm Roxanne Harvey," the lady said again, smiling as she shook his hand.

"Mine!" he heard Ziko growl again.

Lancelot's eyes fell to the spot she held his hand in hers. He looked over the crazy American woman again.

'You've got to be kidding me,' he thought to himself.

In defense, he pulled his hand away from Roxanne's grip immediately.

"Sir," he heard Peter's voice call out.

Both their heads turned to the speaker. There was a brown Tesla parked by their side. Tolling vans and road safety officials were scattered all around them.

How had he not taken note of all of it earlier? Did she manage to steal his attention so well that all he could see was her?

Lancelot looked back at Roxanne again.

"The ride is ours. I believe we have a wedding to attend."

Roxanne was beaming with smiles; smiles of gratitude and relief.

Peter stared up at him, visibly perplexed.

"Just get my things to the hotel. I'll call you when I need you."

"Yes...sir," the young man muttered.

Before he could do anything, Roxanne opened the car door and moved inside.

Lancelot stood behind her for some seconds; she was certainly a crazy American woman. Ziko must have had his head messed up.

Sitting side by side in the tight cab as they rode to the church, Roxanne was able to smell his scent.

He smelled of mint flavored after shave cream with a mix of the best Arabian fragrances. She knew, she had worked with a lot of big shot Arabian clients back at Lex Corp to know how they scented. Her heart froze. LexCorp.

Lavender. That was what she scented like. And just as ordinarily beautiful as the purple flower, she sat by his side, hands folded on top of her lap as she stared outside the window absentmindedly.

Lancelot had a weird urge to talk to her. For the first time, a woman seemed aloof around him. Not at all interested in crawling into his bed at the first chance she got, taking a picture or even getting his number. All she wanted, was a date to this wedding of hers. Which he was now curious about.

"Trying to make an ex-jealous?" he asked. He thought of tapping her thigh to get her attention, but decided against it, the seat was hot enough for him already.

Roxanne turned to him and sighed.

"Story, story," she began.

Lancelot wanted to chuckle. After deciding against it, he simply nodded.

"So, there is an ex?" he asked again, turning away from her briefly.

"Hell yes! And he's getting married to my twin sister."

When she saw his brow raised in query, she laughed.

"Yeah, I'm talking some biblical Rachel and Leah type of shit," she continued.

Lancelot was amused by her case study, he was certain she had been told the story a long time ago and she had forgotten the sisters weren't twins.

"Rachel and Leah were not twins," he noted. Turning back to her and seeing the look on her face, Lancelot wished for a brief second, that he could find it in him to laugh.

Roxanne appeared thoughtful. She had, as a matter of fact, thought they were twin sisters.

"Really?"

"Absolutely."

She continued to doubt him, he could see it in the way her eyes narrowed at him.

This act reminded him of his mother, Madeline Dankworth.

He could see her in the way Roxanne stared at him. Madeline's eyes were able to sniff lies from anyone, both man and wolf.

It was one of the things that kept their pack strong, feared, and resourceful. While his father stood as the physical strength and the pillar of the pack, his mother stood beside him as the brain box and powerhouse of the pack. Madeline Dankworth made the decisions, Edward Dankworth enforced them.

"Doesn't it hurt you? The betrayal?" Lancelot pushed on.

For a brief second, there was a flash of pain in her eyes. Once she blinked, it was gone and replaced by a smile so bright and genuine.

Lancelot wondered if he had imagined the flash in her eyes.

Either that, or she was a hell of a good actress. Either way, Lancelot was interested in her story.

Roxanne sighed. She had dwelt too much on the hurt that she felt nothing now. Though she feared that if she watched Jonah say the words she had been waiting to hear him say for more than half of her life, to his sister, she might not be able to take it.

It was for this sole reason, she had insisted on reaching the wedding a lot later.

She could survive the wedding party later at night, but certainly not the exchange of vows and rings.

"Does it hurt? Boy, I've cried so much, my tear glands cried out one morning. I can't continue to do that. I mean, it's life. Ozone layer depletion

is there to be worried about, I can't keep thinking about what I can't change."

Simple. Brave. Forgiving. Lancelot took note. Three things that he was light years away from being. He saw the way she quickly turned away from him.

'Hold her hand, she needs you,' he heard Ziko cry. Slowly, he stretched his hand out to cover hers. Midair, he drew it back.

"This is happening too fast," he muttered.

She turned to him and asked, "Did you say something?"

As he opened his mouth to speak, the driver spoke instead.

"The cathedral madam."

"Took us long enough," Roxanne said.

Lancelot caught sight of the way her fists clenched themselves tightly on her thighs.

He looked over her once again. The veins on her arms, creases on her forehead, beads of sweat that gathered but wouldn't drop down.

She was hurt. No matter how hard she tried to hide it, she was torn inside.

And he knew, he knew, because he was a victim of the world as well.