

Chapter 50 You Most Certainly Would

The next three days seemed to pass by quickly for Roxanne. The coronation of the soon to be Alpha King was only few days away, so preparations had begun in full swing. There was never a dull or free moment for Roxanne. She was always dressed in black suit pants and white sleeves, her hair held up in a tight bun like the rest of the palace staff; even though she was particularly here for Lancelot. Peter had asked her to play along anyway, she did not want to get on the nerves of anyone here.

So, she was always at Lancelot's side. And when she wasn't, she was running errands for him. Roxanne found it very stressful, especially as she wasn't really given a warm welcome from the other staff. Apart from Peter, it looked like no one else was interested in speaking to her. She was not welcomed into any conversation and whenever she happened to walk in on one, they would stop talking and glare at her with stony eyes.

It seemed as though no one else besides Peter and Lancelot wanted her to be here. And that made complete sense because they were the ones who brought her here in the first place. Deep down, she just really wished she got a warmer reception from her fellow workers. It would have made her working life easier.

However, all her worries were washed away on the afternoon she got her first salary. Roxanne had never been happier in a long while. The thought

of being hundreds of thousands of dollars richer was more than enough to refuel her zeal. So, she carried on with her duties. Nothing mattered to her; not the side remarks from her co-workers, not the stony glare and uncomfortable silence that followed her presence. And not Lancelot completely ignoring her after the night they had together.

Okay, that was a lie. Lancelot's cold silence and nonchalant dismissals were slowly driving her crazy. Roxanne was finding it very hard to understand anything.

HE HAD KISSED HER! And held on to her body until he fell soundly asleep. She still remembered tucking him into bed, planting a kiss on his forehead and walking out of the room with hopes that something had finally changed between them. Lancelot had asked her to stay with him! Perhaps, he wanted her just like she wanted him. Maybe, just maybe he felt something for her as well. However, when she arrived at his room the next morning, his icy demeanor and stone cold silence was back again. Whenever he wasn't giving her orders, he was ignoring her.

No. Not even ignoring her. For you to ignore someone, you would have to acknowledge the person's presence. But to Lancelot it was as though Roxanne wasn't even there. She was as invisible as the wind.

It infuriated Roxanne anytime she tried to think about it. More than once, she wanted to remind him about the night they had together.

Roxanne was enraged. She wanted to scream at the top of her lungs more than anything. What was wrong with him? If he didn't want to be with her, why did he bother kissing her in the first place? If she irritated him, why did he gently plead with her to stay? If she was infuriating to him, why did he seem to calm down when she touched him that night?

There were so many "whys" and "ifs" and it was driving Roxanne crazy. She wished she could call Emily and talk about it, but it had been days since she last spoke to her best friend. Between being Lancelot's secretary,

per time personal assistant and full time coffee maker, Roxanne didn't have time for herself.

Frankly, even her nights were torture these days. For a very long time, she had been having nightmares. In all of them, a black wolf was always trying to attack her and going for different parts of her body. On one occasion, she had almost thought that she would lose her limbs, until she woke up.

She had become very terrified of sleeping. And whenever she caught a glance of any of the numerous wolf statues in the palace, frightening flashes of her dreams always returned.

What scared Roxanne more was how real the dreams always seemed to be. They always left her with a deep sense of danger in her gut. They were like memories.

All in all, working with Lancelot was not so pleasant, but every dollar she had earned from it, was completely worth the stress.

It was just three months after all, she thought. Three months until she was back home again, in a country that was actually hers. With enough money that would change her life forever. Two weeks had already gone, it was just ten weeks more. Ten weeks until she no longer had anything to do with Lancelot anymore. As she thought about it, pain clutched her chest with sharp claws. Roxanne was confused; while she did not want to leave him just yet, she felt like it was the best thing for her.

Within her, Roxanne couldn't wait.

And she was sure Emily could not wait to see her again.

Roxanne heaved a sad and long sigh whenever she thought about her best friend. She missed Emily so much.

So, whenever she could, Roxanne found her way to the palace's art gallery to admire the exquisite and grand artworks from the best artists around the world.

Whenever she stood in there, in the midst of so many beautiful paintings and sculptures, she felt as though Emily was there, also imagining what her friend would have to say about the place. Although, Roxanne was aware typical Emily would have A LOT to say.

It was for this same reason that she rushed to the gallery immediately it was time for her lunch break.

She had two choices; sit and wait on Lancelot as he completely ignores her. Or head over to the gallery and admire some new pieces.

For the season of the coronation, the palace gallery had undergone some renovation and new pieces which were handpicked by Lancelot's cousin, Reuben, were now present. Roxanne had been dying to take a look at them. Who knows? Maybe this time, Emily's works would be a part of the selection.

That afternoon, Roxanne let Lancelot know that she would be at the gallery for her lunch break. As usual, he said nothing. He only gave her a curt nod and turned his eyes away from her. Roxanne tried not to mind him, she simply turned on her heels and made a beeline for the door of his room.

She was out of his room, out of the royal building and headed for the palace gallery immediately. It was empty when she got there — as it was most of the time — and she was grateful for the silence. At least, she would get some time to think about what was really happening to her.

And Lancelot; her subconscious added. But she just simply hissed.

The fact that he was in her head despite how hard she tried to push him out was what annoyed her more than anything.

She was pissed at herself for being such an emotional idiot.

"I guess that's what love does to you." Her subconscious taunted. She flinched at the thought.

Was she really in love with Lancelot?

That would not be a good thing, because he didn't love her back. But she was not sure, she didn't want to draw conclusions for him. But he wasn't making things easier for her.

Fuck. She was here to think about Emily, not him. Still, he was all she could think about!

Roxanne's hands flew to her hair as she groaned in frustration.

"I take it you don't like the new selection."

The voice fell on her ears, and she gasped in shock. She had not realized someone else was in here with her. Was she so consumed by her thoughts of him?

Apparently flustered, she plastered a fake smile on her face and turned to the unknown speaker.

Once she saw his bright green eyes, her fake smile dissolved, and a genuine one appeared almost immediately.

It was him, Lancelot's cousin, Reuben. The man who could brighten the night sky with just his laughter, the man whose voice put smiles on the faces of those around him. The man whose presence illuminated the room. Roxanne shook her head and chuckled.

"Not at all, these are great!"

Reuben's brows furrowed in mock suspicion, she sounded too enthusiastic.

When she noticed it, Roxanne chuckled, her cheeks red with embarrassment.

"Don't mind me, I was yelling for something else." As she spoke, she watched him slowly approach her until he was standing beside her.

"It's fine. I come here to scream sometimes too," he said, turning to her.

Roxanne's eyes glittered.

"You do?"

She is so free, Reuben thought to himself. Seeing her smile so casually and laugh without caring how the laughter sounded.

"No. I was joking."

When her smile dissolved into a frown, Reuben couldn't help but laugh.

There was a short minute of silence between them, before Reuben looked at her again. Reuben felt the strange urge to get acquainted with this human female.

"You like art?"

Puzzled by his interest in her, she rose her eyes to meet his.

"Yeah. My best friend is an artist."

"Paintings or sculptures?" he asked again.

Roxanne did not know why he wanted to know these things, but it was nice to have someone who wanted to talk to her. Besides Peter, she had been really lonely these days.

"A little bit of both," she replied.

"Excellent..." He paused, corked his head to the left and broke out into another smile.

"She's American, I take it."

His next question plunged her to her slightly defensive side. Since she got to the palace, everyone seemed to have a problem with Americans.

"Yes. Is that a problem?" she blurted out.

Reuben noticed the defensive stance she had taken, by the creases on her forehead. He chuckled, the joyful sound echoed all over the room.

"Not for me, it isn't. I spent most of my teenage years in Washington. But! For the royals who haven't had the chance of dining with Americans, it is quite unheard of for them to have one under their roof. You're one special one." Roxanne sighed. She wasn't feeling very special.

Before she could say anything, Reuben spoke up again.

"I watched you play that night. It was amazing."

Roxanne's lips thinned in a smile.

"You didn't think it was too American?" she asked, her left brow raised in mock suspicion as she smiled.

Reuben laughed out loud.

"Really? Well, I thought it was free spirited. You should really make something out of it. That talent is too special to waste."

Roxanne listened with keen interest as he spoke, before shaking her head.

"I tried when I was younger," she spoke up.

Reuben's eyes darkened.

"What happened?"

She looked away from him, to the painting in front of them.

"Let's just say music scholars don't have a flair for free spirits."

Reuben focused on the same painting her eyes were on.

"Then they do not have a flair for real art."

Roxanne turned to look at him. In that moment, she felt some sort of connection to him.

It was broken before she had the chance to make sense of any of it.

"Lunch break is over, Roxanne."

She flinched as she turned back. Roxanne could tell who owned that voice at any time of the day.

Lancelot stood at the entrance, his fists rolled into balls by his side.

"Duty calls," Roxanne said, looking over her shoulder to an ever smiling Reuben.

He looked up to his cousin, Lancelot's eyes met his.

"Sorry Ben, she has work to do," Lancelot spoke, but Reuben could tell his cousin was more interested in getting out of here than speaking to him.

So he gave a simple reply.

"Oh, don't worry about it." His eyes rested on Roxanne.

"I hope to see you around soon!" he called out to her.

He was so easy to talk to, Roxanne didn't know when she turned back and winked.

"You most certainly would."

And with that, she was out of his sight, Lancelot following her closely behind.