

Chapter 51 I Knew You Wouldn't Let Me Down

As she walked ahead of him, Roxanne could not help but wonder what it was that had made him sound so aggressive towards her. She raised her left arm and took a short glance at her leather wristwatch. Her break had only stolen ten minutes of her working hours. Surely, those ten minutes could not be enough to make him mad.

But then, it was Lancelot, she thought. And everything made Lancelot Dankworth mad.

Behind her, Lancelot's facial features has still not relaxed from the effect of seeing Reuben gush over her. It was plain irritating to see her eyes sparkle at him. Reuben, of all people. With his coy charm and cunning confidence. His cousin had no right to speak to his secretary, especially during working hours.

"Go ahead Lancelot, convince yourself that that's the reason you're so pissed," Ziko whispered from within him.

The taunting voice of his wolf only infuriated him the more. He frowned and looked down at Roxanne.

"We're heading towards my study," he stated.

Roxanne turned her back towards him and nodded.

"Of course sir."

She said nothing again, until they walked into the palace, and headed towards the door of his study.

As they walked through the long corridor, Lancelot caught sight of his parents approaching them. His brows furrowed when they stopped at the door of their study. He immediately quickened his pace and walked ahead of Roxanne. From afar, he could tell that the look on Madeline's face was more than enough to tear Roxanne into shreds.

They walked quietly until they arrived in front of Lancelot's parents. His tall frame was not enough to shield Roxanne from the spite in Madeline's glare. Roxanne noticed this and cowered behind Lancelot all the more, after bowing and greeting them.

Edward looked away from Roxanne and focused his eyes on Lancelot.

"I am glad you're here now. We were beginning to wonder how many hours we would have to wait for..."

"What is it, father?" Lancelot cut in, in his usual calm and bored tone.

Edward sighed and his eyes fell on Roxanne again.

"We need to talk to you..."

"In person," Madeline snapped again. And Lancelot's eyes turned to Roxanne, she looked up at him, waiting on his instruction.

"Excuse us," he spoke again, calmly.

Roxanne nodded and turned her back towards them, she walked away briskly. Madeline's glare followed her until she was out of sight.

Without saying any word, Lancelot moved closer to the door, inserted the key and opened it. He ushered his parents into the room before walking in behind them. When he was inside, he turned his back and shut the door. Lancelot returned his gaze to them, saying nothing. Madeline and Edward exchanged looks; each pleading with the other to speak first. Finally, Madeline spoke up.

"Son, we have been thinking of how to tell you this, for a while now. But with all that's been going on, we did not know how." When she noticed the indifferent look in Lancelot's eyes, she turned to Edward, signaling for him to take over. "There is something we should have told you long ago. We spoke to Bran about it before he died..."

"Father..."

Edward sighed and cut in.

"Please, listen to me. It was weird to have to tell two sons about it, but I figured we do not have a choice. It is what must be done."

Within him, Lancelot was eager to know what it was his parents were talking about. It seemed to be a big deal, because Madeline was paying strict attention to all her husband had been saying. With that thought, he heaved a sigh and looked closely at both of them.

"I'm all ears."

Edward smiled, though it appeared to be a sad one. And Madeline spoke up again.

"There is a ritual you are to conduct before your coronation. The ritual of dominance."

She stopped when Lancelot raised a brow.

"Yes. The ritual requires you to journey to three kingdoms. The kingdom of the vampires, the kingdom of the witches, and the kingdom of the fairies."

When she finished her statement, Lancelot scoffed.

"What for, mother?"

"The three tests," Edward replied, when Lancelot turned to him, he continued.

"You would have to defeat the Vampire king to pass the test of strength. You would have to win the Grand Master of the witches to pass the test of wisdom. And the leader of the clan fairies for the test of wills." Lancelot stared at both of them in disbelief. So, he was supposed to battle with three kingdoms before his coronation, and they were just telling him now!

Madeline moved closer to him, her eyes searched his for any signs of anger or disappointment. When she saw none, she smiled and stepped back, before speaking.

"I know that it is a bit too soon, but it's a good thing you have the gift of strength. Unlike some people who just erase memories and read minds."

Edward glared at Madeline, but she only rolled her eyes without looking at him.

Lancelot was annoyed by his mother's remark about Arthur's and Aunt Eloise's gifts. Lancelot had been blessed with the gift of immense and immortal strength. A gift that was rare and was last given to Alpha Desmond, who was ten Alphas before his father.

While he was still trying to make sense of everything, Edward spoke again.

"It is not a bloody battle, just a friendly match you would have to play. They have to understand that as Alpha King, you are Superior to all of them. It would seize any thoughts of war or invasion they might be having."

"You would have to carry trusted people with you as well. To assist, not protect you. It is not a journey you can make on your own, but guards would only make you look weak. And you are not weak." Madeline added after her husband. As she stared into Lancelot's eyes, she knew he was planning to take the human female along with him.

Which was perfect, she thought. Neither of the kingdoms accepted the presence of humans. If everything went well, the human female might not

be alive to return with her son. The thought pleased her and so she stayed silent. Edward nodded in approval to his wife's addition. While Lancelot continued to look at the both of them. He still could not believe they had not bothered to properly inform him about this. They still had more to say.

"One very generous tip son," Edward spoke again, leaning into the wooden table in front of him.

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"The vampire king is an extremely promiscuous man. It would be good to take gifts to him. You know, pretty maidens who wouldn't mind spending time with him. He's an insatiable man, if you know what I mean." With that, he winked. And Lancelot felt himself cringe.

"Rumor has it, that he's gone to bed with almost all the maidens in his kingdom. You'll have to do this to impress him, to push him to calling the match," Madeline added again. She had always been one to stand firmly beside her husband, never behind.

Just when Lancelot thought they had said enough, Edward spoke again.

"The vampires are strong, you must know. The witches are scheming. But, the fairies are nice creatures, but, do not ever take them for granted. They are sharp and cunning."

'Maybe all of these would have made more sense if you had told me at least six months ago.' Lancelot thought to himself, but he stayed quiet and straight faced and listened to his parents go on and on.

"Yes, that's important. You have seven days to your coronation Lance, you have to leave in two days, so as to be back before the 5th day. There are other rituals we would have to carry out here." Madeline's excitement did nothing to hide itself in her tone. Finally, everything that they had worked for was so close to coming to life, she could almost touch it.

Lancelot blinked twice.

Two days?! Did they just say two days?!

However, he could neither express his shock, not his...bitterness. So, he nodded to his parents.

"I would begin packing immediately."

Madeline and Edward exchanged smiles. They knew Lancelot would not disappoint them, they had raised him too well for that.

Madeline hurried to him, placed a hand on his shoulder and tiptoed to plant a courtesy kiss on his cheek.

"I knew you wouldn't let me down. You never would."

With that, she brushed past him and walked out of the door. Edward had a proud smile on his face, one that remained until he walked past Lancelot as well.

Lancelot took one look over his shoulder to his parents. Indeed, he could never disappoint them.