

## Chapter 53 That Was Weird

Lancelot could not have seen himself doing this, but he had made a promise to Butler Lee that he would see Doctor Flinn before embarking on his expedition. The man was the closest thing he had to a friend, he could not afford to break his heart.

So, like a thief in the night or not - Lancelot left the palace and drove himself to Flinn's clinic. There was a lot that he needed her for. He needed to make sense of so many things and he was sure she could help him. His black Mercedes pulled up in his usual spot. Over the years, Flinn had always made sure to leave a parking space for her favorite client whenever he booked an appointment. He was part of her top ten priorities after all. Lancelot alighted the car and took swift steps into the white building.

When he got to the door of her office, he pressed his finger on the switch of the electric doorbell by the side. When he stopped, he heard her call out for him to come in. With a breathless sigh, he turned the knob and pushed the door open. In front of him, Flinn was seated behind her desk. She placed her spectacles on the wooden table in front of her. She still looked as homely as always with her grey hair and sunken brown eyes. It was one of the things Lancelot liked about her. There was something in Doctor Flinn that made him feel like he was speaking to a mother - although she wasn't his.

Flinn broke out in a smile on seeing him. Lancelot did not return the smile, instead, he made himself comfortable on the sea blue couch close to the door. It had always been his favorite chair in the office, right from when he first stepped feet into the office as a teenager. Flinn liked to tell him she had not changed it like she did the rest of her furniture, because of him.

"Doctor Flinn," he finally said, when he was in the couch, his back resting against it and his legs stretched out in front of him. Flinn chuckled and rose up from her seat. She walked to the grey couch in front of the one Lancelot was seated in, and made herself comfortable as well.

She took one long look over him before speaking.

"I wasn't thinking you'll be here so early. It must really be an emergency," she said as she leaned out of her couch, as though it would help her take a more proper look at him.

Lancelot still had his usual demeanor. His smug look that told her he would rather be anywhere else in the world rather than her office. If Flinn had not grown to know him all these years, she would have thought it was true. However, she knew that the man had become so used to trying to look like he didn't care, to the extent that he always looked like he didn't care, even without trying.

"I had to talk to you, before I left," Lancelot spoke, in his usual calm tone.

"HMMMMMMMM." Flinn leaned into her couch. "Speak," she continued.

His blue orbs shifted from the ceramic sculpture of an elephant on the round table between them, and rested on his age long therapist.

"I had the nightmare again."

Flinn noticed his eyes soften as he spoke. Something about his nightmares seemed to bring out the teenager in him again. Indeed, growing older did not make one outgrow some kind of traumas. "Someone sparked the

memories of him again, is it not?" She was concerned, it showed on her face.

Lancelot sighed. Did he really want to admit that seeing Reuben had triggered his nightmares? Once again, as he thought of Reuben's bright eyes, a familiar face flashed through his mind. For that split second, Lancelot felt unable to breathe. Bran's face caused him to freeze.

"Prince Lancelot?"

Flinn's voice helped him snap out of his trance. He took in deep and sporadic breaths as his eyes danced around the room. He had to be sure this was not another nightmare as real as the last one he had. "I don't know," he said, quickly. Flinn arched a questioning brow.

"I mean, I guess so. But..." His breathing steadied. "The thought of someone seemed to make the bad parts go away. Suddenly, and for the first time in a long while, my dream ended happily." He thought back to her. Her chestnut colored hair, indigo colored eyes, and lush lips.

"The dream felt so real Doc. Like it was all happening in front of me, it was different in this aspect too."

When he focused his gaze on her again, Flinn had a knowing smile on her face. She nodded affirmatively. Indeed, this dream was different, so was he. And for some reason, she could feel it. Lancelot narrowed his eyes when she was silent for too long, little did he know that Flinn was lost in her own thoughts.

When she noticed she had been thinking for too long, she cleared her throat and sat up.

"Well, one thing is clear. You have not yet made so much progress emotionally and mentally, and I honestly fear for you."

He frowned.

"You don't think I'm ready?"

Flinn's homely brown eyes looked upon him with a sense of motherly love. She took in one long and deep breath, before leaning back into her chair.

"I think you're strong, physically. But your brute strength doesn't guarantee a sound mind. You might be ready physically, but emotionally and mentally, you really aren't."

"There you are, reminding me of my problems again."

"I would be a bad therapist if I didn't. Why do you really need to go on this journey anyway?"

When she asked the question, Flinn focused on him. She needed to be sure she was not missing anything, not a facial expression, not a body movement, nothing at all.

But, good old Lancelot did not give her anything to work with. His blue eyes only seemed to darken on her.

"I have something to protect," was all he said.

Flinn's gaze swept over him one last time. She fought back the strong urge to break out in a knowing smile. She was right, something had changed in Lancelot. And that change was influenced by someone. Although, she did not know whether to be happy for him, or fear for him.

She let out a breathless sigh and spoke.

"Indeed you do. Well, if you must go then I must wish you good luck."

Lancelot shrugged. He was never a believer of luck, but he was going to thank her for this one.

"Thank you."

A smile crept into her face, she said nothing again.

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With Lancelot gone to only the good goddess knows where, Roxanne was more than relieved to be left alone to arrange files and documents he left on his study table into his briefcase - the one she now carried around for him.

She was still engrossed in the assignment when she heard the door of the study open and close. Thinking it was Lancelot who had returned, she looked up. Roxanne was rather relieved to see a straight faced Peter standing in front of the door, instead of Lancelot.

She ignored the look on his face and smiled warmly.

"Peter!" Roxanne called out. Even though her hands did not leave the papers on the table, her bright eyes were fixed on his.

Her enthusiasm brightened his countenance. He shook his head, fighting back the urge to laugh as he looked at her.

"What's up? I haven't seen you in a minute," she said as she placed the files gently into the opened briefcase that lay on the table. Peter sighed and tucked both his hands into his pockets.

"I am supposed to be on a vacation."

Without looking at him, her lips spread as she said an inaudible "oh." Before she continued her work.

"Well, you would be on that soon. But you don't have much work here anyway, I'm handling things good." Roxanne had not intended to, but she did sound a tad too proud of herself. Peter rolled his eyes and Roxanne caught him with a glare.

"You don't think I am?" There was a hurt in her tone, Peter wasn't sure if she was being usual dramatic Roxanne, or she really meant it. Either way, he plastered a smile on his face.

"I am sure you are."

Roxanne noticed his serious stance, but she said nothing about it. If there was anything she needed to know, Peter would tell her.

"You must pack your things immediately. We have a business meeting to escort Sir Lancelot to, tomorrow."

And there it was! The moment of truth Roxanne had been waiting for.

Her eyes squinched in confusion.

"Meeting? Sir Lancelot didn't tell me about it. And we spoke this morning." The words "this morning" rolled out of her tongue with a slightly dramatic effect.

Peter took two steps closer to her.

"On the bright side, Sir Lancelot doesn't tell you anything, does he?"

Roxanne's scowl deepened. She hated that Peter was telling the truth.

"There are other royal families he needs to meet and discuss with before his coronation. We would be escorting and assisting him while he makes these journeys. You are to pack official dresses, speak only when you're instructed to and be by my side at all times."

Peter spoke with an unusual air of strictness. He was not smiling or inserting jokes in the middle of his sentences. He was straight faced and dishing out instructions.

As she stared at him in silence, she wondered what it was about this journey that brought out this side of him. Still, she thought maybe a little humor would bring him back to his normal self.

"Straight faces are for the boss, Peter, not you. Hell! You look like a more odd and shorter version of Sir Lancelot," she said, laughing out loud.

Peter didn't join in the laughter. Instead, he wore a thin scowl on his boyishly handsome face.

"This is not a joke Roxanne. I am serious. I have left your passport and all documents you would need on your work desk. Do make sure you pick them up."

She stopped laughing immediately. Roxanne shuddered under his scowl and focused on her work.

"I've heard you," she muttered, loud enough for him to hear.

Peter did not say anything else. He simply turned away from her and walked out of the study, closing the door behind him.

"That was weird," she said to herself, before looking up at the door he had just walked out from.