

Chapter 54 Eloise's Words Of Wisdom

Alas! The D-day finally arrived. Although, Doctor Flinn's revelation had sparked up something new inside of him, Lancelot wasn't sure he was ready to let his feelings come out yet not until he understood exactly what these feelings of turmoil within him were.

He would make sense of everything when he is back from his expedition, he thought. Or before his coronation. In fact, whenever he got the chance, he would try to come face-to-face with these feelings and confront them, whatever it is they may be.

Lancelot stood in front of his large dressing mirror, he watched a servant draw his suitcase out of the room. Peter had already called him to let him know that he was ready, alongside Roxanne. Now, all Lancelot had to do was go down to meet them.

He took one last look at his black suit trousers, before the sound of his door opening stole his attention. Lancelot tore his gaze away from himself and rested it on the face by his door.

His grandaunt, Eloise, stood there. Her arms folded across her chest, with a proud smile on her face. She was as elegant as ever, even in her night dress. It was the common thing amongst Dankworth women; beauty and effortless elegance. "I didn't know grandmother allowed people to walk around the palace in their nightwear," he spoke up first. His tone took a surprising and friendly turn.

It pleased Eloise. So, she returned the gesture with a smile.

"I would take any risk to speak to my favorite grandnephew on one of the biggest days of his life," she said as she moved closer to him.

Lancelot shrugged, even with the amusement in his eyes.

"You and I know your favorite grandnephew is Arthur and the biggest day of his life would be his wedding, don't flatter me aunty."

To this, Eloise threw her head back as she laughed out loud.

"Somebody has jokes this morning, does he not? Well, I just couldn't help but feel like there are important things you need to know that Madeline and Edward could have failed to tell you."

'They have failed to tell me a lot of things,' Lancelot wanted to say. But he simply stared at Eloise's caring gaze with keen eyes. He moved to lean on the top of his dressing table.

"I'm listening."

When she was sure he was indeed listening, Eloise drew in deep breaths before talking.

"This is very important. I would need you to not only listen to me, but remember and adhere to everything I have to say. You are expected to journey to three kingdoms; the vampires, the witches and the fairies. I'll assume you already know how to have your way with the vampire king. But you must remember that he is a sly fox."

She was warning him, Lancelot knew this, and so he nodded. Eloise appeared relieved, but the look was gone before Lancelot had a chance to make sense of it.

"As for the witches, you would have to keep your fiery temper IN CHECK. The witches are simply infuriating, they would feed on the knowledge that you are a werewolf and dominant by nature. Hence, blessed with a temper as hot and widespread as raging fire and so they

would push you over the edge, just to sizzle the fire in you. You must not give in to them, Lancelot. You must remain calm and wise at all times. No matter what they say, you have to think first and ask yourself what Edward would have done."

As she spoke sternly, Lancelot arched a brow.

"Why my father?" He seemed nonchalant, but he was genuinely curious as to why she would use Edward as a reference.

"Your father has been such a great Alpha King because he knows how to keep his anger in check. Fierce temper has caused the gradual downfall of many Alpha Kings before him. Edward's skill has done him a lot of good." 'That's cause my mother does enough raging for both of them,' he wanted to add again, but he stayed quiet.

"For the vampires and the fairies, always keep your guard up. Match their wits, and be skilled with your replies. Learn to say no, without using the word no. Seems trivial, but it would come in handy, you must believe me."

And he did. Lancelot was indeed very grateful for the information. He felt more ready and prepared now. Eloise saw this, and was happy in her heart, that she had listened to her wolf and decided to tell Lancelot about this. Where he stood, Lancelot leaned out of his dressing table and walked to Eloise. He lowered himself and planted a courtesy kiss on her cheek. Eloise smiled and shook her head.

"You are quite a brooding charmer," she commented, looking up at him.

Lancelot's eyes sparkled, but he did not smile.

"I am flattered aunty. However, I just got down now..."

"Of course!"

With that, Lancelot proceeded to the entrance of the palace, with Eloise walking beside him.

When he got to the front door, Roxanne and Peter were there. Dressed and ready to go, as expected.

And so were more than half of his family members.

Madeline and Edward stood together, pride and certainty beamed in their eyes. Arthur was beside them, the soft look on his face was a stark contrast to the bored one on James' face as he stood beside Arthur.

As he walked past his parents, he did nothing but give them swift nods. His eyes were focused on Roxanne and Peter. He walked past Hermione and a teary eyed Elizabeth. But he said nothing to them.

Finally, he arrived in front of Peter and Roxanne. They both bowed to him, and he was going to say something when he heard Ava's familiar soprano, call from behind him.

"Your Grace!"

Standing in front of him, Roxanne felt herself cringe on hearing the female voice. How did one manage to sound so flirtatious, thirsty and irritating all at the same time? Her eyes narrowed on Lancelot's supposed "bride-to-be" as she ran towards him. It angered Roxanne that the girl had to be so beautiful. Why would Lancelot not ignore her when someone as beautiful and polished as Ava was fawning over him?

Roxanne's scowl deepened at the thought. She tried to keep her face straight, but it was very difficult to do.

When Ava tiptoed and placed a soft kiss on Lancelot's left cheek, Roxanne felt a dagger dive into her chest with brute force and dig her heart out from within it. The knot in her stomach tightened in irritation, and she wanted to turn away from them and vomit. As Ava's eyes danced over Lancelot with so much love, Roxanne could not help but envy her. Her eyelids stung with hot tears that she could not shed, and it hurt her a lot.

Behind them, Eloise's eyes rolled from Roxanne to Lancelot and Ava. There was undoubtedly something brewing between the three... She

caught sight of Reuben steadily approaching Roxanne. Her wolf's eyes narrowed at him. Oops! Did she say three? Make that four of them.

A love square! How exciting.

The sound of someone clearing his throat beside her, caused Roxanne to sniff in her tears and mentally smack all those thoughts out of her head. She turned slightly to the left, only to see a smiling Reuben in front of her.

As usual, his smile filled with sunshine and everything warm and happy, caused her to smile as well. She was more than grateful for his very pleasant distraction. This way, she could take her eyes away from the very painful sight of Lancelot and Ava standing in the same space and breathing the same air.

"Sir Reuben," Roxanne called out loud. His eyes sparkled as he looked at her.

She looked down at the red shawl in his hands. She looked up at him, slightly shocked and confused.

Reuben noticed her confusion. So, he laughed and rolled the shawl around her neck, covering her shoulders and half of her arms.

The chivalrous gesture shocked Roxanne all the more. They had only spoken once, why was he being so sweet and nice to her? She knew he was a sweet person, but she did not know why his sweetness was being directed towards her. She continued to allow her eyes dance around his face, until he gave her a valid explanation.

"For the weather, in case it gets cold," Reuben finally spoke up. His charming voice fell on her ears with a soft melodious tone.

"Poor choice of clothing for the weather, don't you think Reuben?" a harsh voice spoke beside them.

Roxanne did not realize she had been holding her breath, until she risked a glance at Lancelot's hard jaw. She let out a sigh, to steady her breathing pattern.

Reuben's gaze flickered to his cousin's cold one. Once again, Lancelot was being very protective of Roxanne, it intrigued him.

"Well, it's never a harm to be well prepared, don't you think so Roxanne?"

As she heard her name, she forced a smile and nodded quickly.

"Of course, Your Grace. It certainly is."

Reuben focused on Roxanne's delicate face again. His hands brushed her shoulders gently while he smiled sweetly.

"I really want you to be safe out there, Roxanne."

She watched as the words rolled out of his tongue. He said every word as though he meant it, maybe he did. Roxanne would not think about any of it. In that moment, she allowed herself to float in his loving gaze, she allowed herself to feel what it was like to be looked upon with so much admiration. She allowed herself pride in the moment.

But it didn't last long. Lancelot's voice cut it short once again. For few seconds, Roxanne was displeased that he did.

"We must be on our way now."

Reuben and Roxanne jolted on hearing his voice. Reuben threw Roxanne a wink before walking away from them. Lancelot's burning eyes followed him behind, until he was out of sight.

"If we don't move now sir, we might just miss our flight." It was Peter who spoke this time.

Roxanne was surprised to hear his voice. She had almost forgotten he was standing next to her.

Lancelot did not say anything. Instead, he looked ahead and walked towards the Tesla parked in front of them.

Roxanne followed Peter closely behind.

They all entered into the car, and Roxanne remained quiet as they drove out of the palace.

Peter sat at the front seat, while Roxanne and Lancelot shared the back.

Throughout the drive, neither said a word to each other. The only thing that was shared between them was the heat building up in both their bodies, and the occasional glances Roxanne threw to Lancelot, none of which were reciprocated.

He was sitting so close to her, her body knew this. They had been in close space more than once before, but something about this time felt different. Her left hand was beside his right hand. Roxanne could not help but wonder what it would feel like to reach out and graze him with her touch.

As if reading her thoughts, Lancelot drew his hand back and placed it on his thigh.

Roxanne gulped her saliva, with whatever remained of her pride down and turned away from him. Even his subconscious had rejected her. Good! Very good!

For the rest of the journey, even while inside the plane, Roxanne made sure she stayed at least ten feet away from Lancelot. It was necessary for her if she wasn't going to lose her mind.

After what seemed like ten hours, their plane finally touched down in Rome.

Peter walked ahead of Lancelot, while Roxanne dragged her feet beside him. She did not want to get too close to draw in his scent, she wasn't sure she could do that without breaking into tears.

They were ushered into a red limousine. As they rode through the city, Roxanne was stunned to see that there were barely any people outside. She wanted to ask if there was a "stay in" public holiday, but decided against it. Roxanne's heart began to race once the car came to a halt. The side doors opened and they stepped out.

She allowed herself take in the magnificence of the palace in front of her. Unlike Dankworth palace, it had a dark and possessive presence. There were no flowers around the palace, no fountains outside either. The only thing that passed for beautification was the sculpture of a huge and scary looking bat in the middle of the vast land. The ground was interlocked, not even grass was present.

Once again, there was not a single soul outside. The driver who drove them hurried into the palace as well.

What was wrong with this place? She thought to herself.

They ushered themselves into the huge palace doors, but were met with stewards bowing and greeting Lancelot as they walked in.

Roxanne made sure she stuck to Peter's side, as she had been told, while Lancelot walked ahead of them.

She saw when a lanky man in butler's uniform approached Lancelot.

The strange man bowed and Lancelot nodded with lack of interest.

"Your Grace. His majesty is in the throne room, he awaits your presence."

When the man raised his head up, Lancelot turned back to Roxanne and Peter.

"Stay here, only come in when I signal you to." His eyes drifted to Peter.

"Peter, make sure Roxanne sticks to your side at all times, am I understood?"

Roxanne turned to Peter and watched as he nodded, she was slightly annoyed. Why didn't he just talk to her instead? What was the need of going through Peter?

But she said nothing. Instead, she watched his back with keen eyes as he disappeared through a door in front of them, while walking behind the lanky man.