

Chapter 58 She Should Be

"Let's get out of here. Now." His voice continued to echo in her ears and blacked out every other sound in the Amphitheatre. Immediately his skin came in contact with hers, her senses stood at attention. The hairs on her skin stood alert, and Roxanne found it hard to breathe.

As he led her down the steps, through the crowd of people, Roxanne could only see him. Nothing else that happened in the room mattered, only his warm and sandy hold on her was important.

Roxanne thought back to how long she had waited for his touch. All those times she had secretly prayed that he looked at her, said a word to her. Finally, he had acknowledged her. Finally, he had seen her, and now he was holding her. What better thing could happen today?

Lancelot held her and led her through the crowd, into the hollow corridor beyond the iron bars, they led the way to a row of bathrooms. Peter was trotting behind them, while the guards behind him made sure that no one from the audience came close to them.

When they got to the bathroom stalls, Lancelot let go of Roxanne to get a change of clothes and get the sand out of his body.

He turned to Peter to say something, but the red color against her skin caught his eyes first.

The elegant red dress accentuated her curves placed in the right places, and fit her skin color perfectly. His icy blue orbs flickered down to her legs, and lingered on the flesh of her thighs that the dress exposed. His Adam's apple danced in his throat as he swallowed hard. The red on her lips was inviting, and so was the look in her violet eyes.

She was painfully and breathtakingly beautiful.

And it angered him to see her dressed like that. The vampire king's interest in her could have multiplied, things could have gotten more difficult. He could have even ordered her kidnap and Lancelot would be left defenseless.

His nostrils twitched in anger. The admiration in his eyes dissolved and what remained was a fiery glare.

"What is this?" Lancelot spat out.

Roxanne's confusion was evident in her gaze. She did not understand what was happening.

Three minutes ago, he had held her hand firmly, after days of not speaking to her. Few seconds ago, she had seen his eyes run over her with admiration, he looked at her the way she had hoped to be looked at. And now, he was snapping at her?

How was such quick change of mood even possible?

She took time to examine his face carefully. Besides his hard glare, she noticed something that piqued her interest.

Despite all the hits and kicks he took, the only sign of the fight were the blood stains all over his face and chest. There was not a scratch on the cheek he had been scarred, or even on his chest where he had taken several kicks. Roxanne's jaw dropped. How was that even possi...

"I believe I just asked a question?"

His roaring voice snapped her out of her rumbling thoughts. Still speechless, she turned to Peter and they exchanged short glances.

Peter understood her plea and decided to speak up.

"Sir, the vampire king ordered his maids to get her dressed like that. It was really not her intention."

Even though Peter was the one speaking to him, his focus never left Roxanne. After Peter blurted a silly and sorry excuse for Roxanne's disobedience - once again - he allowed his scowl deepen as he stared down at her. "Change your clothes immediately, and get rid of this dress."

Despite his command, Roxanne stood still; more out of fear and confusion, than stubbornness. Lancelot's face contorted with annoyance. Peter saw this and pinched her arm softly. She shivered and snapped out of her trance. When she turned to Peter, he gave her a glare that gestured for her to get a change of clothes.

Roxanne turned back to Lancelot and bowed in courtesy.

"Of course sir. I'm very sorry," she blurted, before taking off into the corridor.

The eyes of the two men followed her behind, before they locked stares.

Peter shuddered under Lancelot's annoyed glare. It was his responsibility to look after Roxanne, and he had failed again. He knew that Lancelot was pissed to the core, and it was only natural Peter took responsibility for everything and apologized. So that was what he did.

"I must apologize to you sir, it was all my fault."

Indignant, Lancelot leered at him, before shrugging his shoulders.

"Whatever. Get out luggage to the car waiting for us. We leave in seven minutes. I'll be at the car waiting for you. And make sure she sticks by your side."

By SHE, they both knew who he was referring to.

Peter took Lancelot's instructions with his head bowed. He muttered a "yes sir" before hurrying down the same path Roxanne had taken earlier.

In exactly ten minutes, Lancelot was standing beside a blue Tesla. He leaned on the passenger's door as he watched Peter and Roxanne - who was now dressed in a black suit and her make up gone - approach him.

He did not take his eyes away from them until they were standing in front of him. Roxanne moved away from the duo and organized their luggage into the trunk of the car. While Peter stood in front of Lancelot, beaming with a proud smile. Lancelot corked his head to the side, with a bored expression on his face. If Peter didn't know better, he would have thought the man standing in front of him now, and the one who had beaten the vampire king to a pulp were not the same person, but he knew better. And so, he continued to smile.

"Out with it," Lancelot spoke up, and Peter was more than glad to do so.

"Your mother just called, Your Grace, and she was more than happy to tell you that she is extremely proud of you! The fight was livestreamed! Can you imagine?"

Yes. He could imagine. He would not even have been surprised if Madeline sent spies to Rome because of him. His mother was capable of anything and everything.

So, he just shrugged.

"She should be."

Peter had not expected any form of enthusiasm from Lancelot. So, he did not know why the man's lack of excitement seemed to bother him. Nevertheless, they had to move forward. There was much more ahead for all of them. Once again, Lancelot and Roxanne ended up at the back seat, while Peter sat at the front.

"I was unable to make reservations at any hotel here. Every single one in this city seemed to be occupied. Rome is indeed a busy city. But, I have found an exquisite hotel online that had vacant rooms, so we'll be heading there," Peter spoke from the front seat, and Lancelot only murmured something, but it was in approval.

Peter smiled curtly and turned to the driver.

"Hall of Athena, please," he said aloud, and the dark haired driver nodded in understanding.

Throughout the ride, Roxanne made sure that she did not glance at Lancelot. She had decided it was time to abolish thoughts of ever being with him from her mind. She was tired of being constantly tossed about by him. His mixed signals, his indecisiveness, she was tired of everything.

This moment, she was the only thing in his world, and the next, she was treated as the last person he wanted to see. She was tired of it, all of it.

The car pulled up at the front of the grand hotel, Hall of Athena. They alighted from the car and Peter watched the hotel doormen take their luggage to the reception of the room.

It was his duty to book the rooms, so he headed to the reception table, leaving Roxanne and Lancelot standing beside each other. He was grateful to be away from the choking and awkward tension between the both of them; even if it was just for two minutes.

From where she stood beside Lancelot, Roxanne watched Peter carefully. She was trying to distract her mind from the man standing beside her. She was trying to block out his scent, and the way her heart raced when he was standing close to her. So, she paid very close attention to Peter. She would be in her hotel room soon, on her bed and she would sleep thoughts of him away. He would no longer be close enough to hunt her thoughts and spark her greatest desires. She watched in silence as Peter walked back to

them, a look of displeasure on his face. When he stood in front of Lancelot, he looked worried.

"There are only two rooms left. And our driver is gone. But I can call another ride and..."

"Take it," Lancelot cut in, with his definite tone.

Peter blinked twice in confusion.

"Sir, I don't think you heard me. I said there are only two rooms left and we..."

"It's no bother, we can stay together. His grace would have his own room," Roxanne cut in with a rather very enthusiastic tone. If she was going to stay here, she was definitely not going to be with Lancelot. Hell! She would rather be given a couch in this reception than end up in the same room with Lancelot...again.

But when she was done talking, Peter shot her a warning glare and from the corner of her eyes, she saw Lancelot's face harden.

Peter did not even have the guts to ask for Lancelot's permission to go ahead. So, he was grateful when Lancelot spoke instead. "Miss Harvey and I would stay in my room. You would have yours."

While his words registered in her ears, her heart skipped about eight beats. She could feel her knees buckle and her body temperature shoot up.

Did he just say they would be sharing a room together? The both of them? What was even wrong with this man?

Roxanne was going to protest, but Peter did not give her a chance to. When he noticed she was going to speak, he talked first.

"Of course sir. I would do that right away."

He placed the final seal on Roxanne's doom and walked away like nothing happened. Peter could not blame Lancelot. His boss must have been

terrified that Aztec would come back for Roxanne, and needed to have her as close to him as possible.

He just wondered when Lancelot would be bold enough to confront his feelings for her and admit it to himself, her and the rest of his family. It might never happen, but Peter honestly wished it would.

After Peter did as instructed, Lancelot was given the key to the room he would share with Roxanne and Peter was given the key to his. With that, the trio parted ways.

As they walked into the room, Roxanne could not bring herself to admire the furniture. Nothing could compare to the way her heart thundered against her chest. It felt as though it was going to burst out anytime soon. Her breath hitched, being so close to him was affecting all her six senses.

Why did he insist on constantly playing games with her? He had insisted they shared the same room. Still, he had not so much as looked at her since they walked in.

He only left her pack their boxes to the side, before he head into the bathroom.

While Lancelot was in the bathroom, Roxanne thought back to the first night they had spent together. That was also the first day she ever saw him. Her mind wandered back to their hot and intense love making...wait. Could she call it that? Love making was the act of making love and she wasn't sure that the word, love, defined what was between them. Shit! She didn't even know if there was anything between them. While she continued to think, she felt her skin by the side of her neck burn.

Roxanne groaned lightly and pressed her hand on it. Just then, the bathroom door opened and Lancelot strolled out of it. A white towel tied firmly around his waist.

Her violet iris swept across his bare chest. For a brief second, Roxanne was envious of the drops of water on them. Why did they get to be so close to him, and she didn't?

Lancelot still did not say a word to her. And when he stood in front of the mirror and held his towel, that was Roxanne's cue to run into the bathroom.

She stayed in the bathroom long enough to put on a pair of pajamas and hurry out of the bathroom.

When she came out, slightly wet and with her pajamas on, her gaze flickered to Lancelot.

He was tucked into bed, at the extreme right and safely hidden in the red duvet.

Was she expected to sleep on the floor? Was she expected to get into bed beside him?

She continued to wander. However, when she saw how he had pushed himself to the edge of the bed, she figured he had done so to give her enough space to lie close to him without touching him.

"Here comes nothing," she whispered to herself. She turned off the lights and climbed into bed.

But she was nowhere near falling asleep. The more she tried to bring herself to have a good night's rest, the more she got flashes and reminisced about their first night together. The way he had touched her, pleased her... She groaned in annoyance and looked up at the ceiling.

Why wouldn't her mind just let her be?!

Roxanne heard Lancelot's breathing pattern grow quicker. She turned her face towards him and saw how firmly his eyes were shut.

There was a frown on his face, his lips quivered even as he muttered inaudibly, throwing his head to the sides.

Roxanne's eyes softened as she watched him, her heart warmed within her. She thought of reaching out to him, but the last time she did that, he kissed her and completely ignored her since then.

She wasn't going to make that mistake again. So, she turned away from him and pressed her pillow over her ears to muffle the sound of his whimpers.

But it didn't work. Lancelot's voice grew louder, more frightened, more pained. And when he began to call for help in his sleep, she couldn't take it anymore.

Roxanne flung herself up, and rested her back on the headboard as she leaned into him. He was sweating profusely and he was visibly shaking.

Her heart bled for him.

She could only wonder what it was that caused him these nightmares.

She leaned closer to him and wiped the sweat off his face with her bare palm.

"It's okay, you're okay. Don't be scared anymore," she whispered against his ear.

She felt connected to him, so much that she could not ignore his pain, because it felt like her pain too.

Roxanne was more than relieved when his breathing steadied, and his quivering stopped.

"You're okay. You're okay," she whispered again.

Slowly, he relaxed against her touch. A sad smile spread across her cheeks, she moved away from him and slipped into bed once more, and turning to her left side so her back was facing him. But, immediately she closed her eyes to sleep, she felt warm and thick arms wrap her body.

Roxanne's eyes flew open in astonishment. Once again, she felt heat rise up from the pit of her stomach. Her whole body seemed to light up.

She had to move away. She had to go to the floor, if that was what it took to make things right.

Roxanne took in deep breaths and tried to wriggle free of his hold, but he pulled her closer to him, her back came in contact with his body. Flames of pleasure exploded through her, and it frightened her. She felt his nose nuzzle against her ear lobe and she swallowed hard.

As his breath fanned her neck, she allowed herself relax against his warm skin. She allowed herself to feel loved, to be wrapped in his world.

It did not matter that she would regret it the next morning. It did not matter at all.

With that, she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.