

Chapter 66 His Mother's Idea

Once again, sleeping had become an impossibility for Roxanne. Within her, she could not wait to be done with this journey and her job in total. Meanwhile, she continued to toss and turn in her bed, restless from the thought of how far his lips would have gone around her body, at the same time, furious about his audacity.

No matter how much she tried to stay away from him, he had always ended up pulling her closer to himself, and dumping her without even saying a word. Yes, silent rejection was more hurtful than verbal one; at least for her. Finally, he would come to understand that she was not a joke. Roxanne was a real woman, with feelings; and he always played with them. But, she would not give him that power anymore. Whatever hold he had on her, had to be severed, and as soon as possible.

Alas, after six hours of turning in her sleep, Roxanne was awakened by the sound of a knock on her door. Once again, she pulled herself up with a frustrated groan, digging her fingers into her thick brown mass of hair.

She rose up reluctantly, and dragged her feet to her door.

Gently, Roxanne scrubbed both her eyes with the back of her palms and opened her eyes slowly. When her eyes were fully opened, she took one swift sweep over the lady standing in front of her door. The maid hand's were stretched out towards Roxanne. And in them, Roxanne could see a white envelope.

"A message from the queen," the maid stated, after seeing Roxanne's confused gaze, extending an envelope to her.

Curious, Roxanne tore the envelope open and drew out a white piece of paper from it, neatly folded. She stole a quick and scrutinizing look to the maid one last time, before unwrapping the paper to reveal its content to her curious eyes. "You have been invited to the royal table for breakfast, Miss Harvey," Roxanne read aloud. She was still confused when the maid spoke up.

"The queen insisted the prince had breakfast with her household before leaving. So, you have been invited."

Roxanne sighed with relief and folded the paper, tucking it safely under her arms.

"Thank you, I would get ready and come downstairs immediately."

"Breakfast is in twenty minutes."

She fought back the urge to roll her eyes and slam the door at the maid's face.

However, she did nothing of that sort.

Roxanne simply cast the maid a polite nod, and waited till she had her back to the door before closing it. After that, she quickly had her bath, threw on a white silk suit, black heels, no makeup and wrapped her hair in a loose bun above her head.

She got her things ready and rushed downstairs.

From a small distance, Roxanne could see Lancelot seated between the queen and one lady who Roxanne figured was her daughter from the resemblance between them—and Peter sitting by his side, eyes firmly fixed on the plate of sandwich in front of him.

Quietly, she continued to walk to the table until the sound of the wheels of her box rolling on the floor could be heard. Lancelot was the first to

look up at her. Their gazes locked for merely three seconds before she frowned and turned away from him.

Luckily, the next person she set her eyes on, was a beaming Alphonsus. A man who was happy to see her, and who she was happy to see.

"Miss Harvey," he said aloud, rising from his chair. His chivalrous gesture caused every eye who had previously ignored her, to look up at her.

"Your Grace," she replied, chuckling nervously. Alphonsus moved away from his chair and was slowly approaching her, but Roxanne didn't want that. His call had drawn enough attention to her already, she honestly wasn't looking for more. "Your Grace, don't you worry, I can..."

"Nonsense!" Alphonsus cut in, waving his right hand and dismissed her sentence with a charming smile on his face.

She stood there, with shaky limbs as Alphonsus moved to her, and planted courtesy kisses on both her cheeks, before drawing her luggage to the side of a pillar. As Roxanne's eyes followed him, she noted the presence of Peter's and Lancelot's luggage.

"You can come join us now, dear." It was the Queen's time to speak. Even though her words were friendly, her tone and the sarcastic smile on her face screamed otherwise.

She bowed and said her greetings to the queen, the three princesses, Lancelot and Peter, before settling into the seat between Alphonsus and Peter.

From the corner of her eye, Roxanne noticed Peter send her a keen stare, she ignored it and began to munch on her breakfast, while doing her best to keep her eyes off Lancelot.

Their eyes met twice. And on those two occasions, Roxanne noticed the heavy bags under his icy blue stare. His tired and disheveled look told her that she was not the only one who had a bad night. It pleased her, just a little bit. Meanwhile, he was offhandedly answering questions the queen

threw at him and Roxanne tried her best to filter his voice from her ears. When she reached out for the butter jar, Peter stopped her by taking it first. Roxanne turned to him, and silently requested for the butter. His eyes danced over her face, before sliding it to the front of her plate, while still looking at her.

Finally, he spoke.

"Are you alright?"

Roxanne scoffed, with a smile.

"I should be asking you that. You're the one who's being super creepy this morning."

It was supposed to be a joke, but Peter was far from laughing. So, Roxanne's giggle disappeared and she looked away from him.

"I'm alright, just had a rough night," she said again.

"Did something happen?"

This time, Roxanne leered at him, and he turned away when he saw the confusion in her eyes. "You said you had a bad night, I was just worried," Peter continued, without looking at her. "I'm fine."

And she said nothing again. She only turned to Alphonsus and watched him talk, as he always loved to.

Peter looked away from her and turned to Lancelot. From the looks of it, he was physically there, but his mind wasn't. Peter was confused. If Lancelot really slept with the maiden, Roxanne was supposed to be in so much pain. And if he didn't, the Faye queen would not let them leave. So, what was really happening? But Lancelot was quiet.

He could barely get any sleep after Roxanne blatantly refused him. And now, it was clear she was ignoring him. He stayed quiet to hear Alphonsus talk and Roxanne's laughter fill the room. Lancelot continued to chew

quietly, while thinking of ways to shut the prince's mouth for good. He was very certain Alphonsus was the reason Roxanne was ignoring him.

After breakfast, Lancelot saluted the queen and her family for their hospitality, before the guards helped them roll their luggage to the car waiting for them. As they stood outside, Alphonsus finally left Roxanne's side and walked over to Lancelot. The Faye queen and her daughters bade them farewell at the door of their palace.

"Prince Lancelot," he called out.

With a frown, Lancelot turned away from Peter and looked at Alphonsus. Now that the prince was standing in front of him, he was more irritated than he had been before. What more did he want?

"It was very nice having you here," Alphonsus called out, extending his hand for a handshake. Lancelot reluctantly took it, but his expression didn't soften.

"The pleasure is all mine."

"I would be coming to your coronation as a representative for my people. It would be an honor to be in Miss Harvey's presence one last time." As he spoke, he flashed Roxanne a smile. Lancelot peeped at her long enough to see her blush. His jaw hardened before he returned his focus to the Faye prince.

"Of course."

"Very well then, it is time I bid you goodbye."

"Indeed, it is," Lancelot snapped.

Alphonsus embraced Roxanne one last time before they entered into the Mercedes car and drove off.

The drive to the airport was silent, and so was their flight. After they got down, they were welcomed by Lancelot's driver and car, which they entered and rode all the way to the palace. Peter was more than glad.

Alas, they were home, he thought. And the drama of the past four days would be put behind them.

The car came to a stop by the side of the fountain in the middle of the palace compound. Two guards opened the door for them, and saluted Lancelot after he stepped out. Lancelot couldn't say he was happy to be back home, not that he was ever happy about anything. Still, it was a pleasant feeling to be back to where he belonged.

Lancelot had not known what to expect on his return, but the first thing he saw left him standing at a spot with a stunned gaze.

His parents and the rest of his family, stood in the midst of elders of his council. They all broke into a round of applause after seeing him. Cheering aloud with smiles on their faces.

When Lancelot saw Madeline hurry over to him with a proud smile on her face, he could only tell one thing; this was all his mother's idea...