

Chapter 70 Whatever The Circumstances

Lancelot did nothing to stop himself from fuming with anger. He would no longer pretend and allow his mother do as she pleased. He was tired, genuinely tired of allowing her kick everybody around for her own pleasure. Today, he would set her straight and remind her of all the lines she could not cross; each and every one of them.

With a sturdy gaze and irritation stirring and boiling his temper, he dashed out the door of the banquet hall, and did nothing to stop himself from crashing into an incoming servant. The man fell to the ground, flat on his back, but Lancelot did not spare him a second glance, talk more of an apology.

Peter, who hurried behind his boss, was left with the responsibility of helping the man up and apologizing to him. By the time Peter had his head up, Lancelot was far down the corridor, several meters ahead of him. He stood still, his hands lay helpless by his sides, with a gleaming sadness in his eyes as he watched Lancelot stomp off to confront the queen.

He did not stop, not even to catch his breath, until he was standing in front of the Luna queen's door.

He placed his hand on the door knob and turned it. When it clicked, he flung the wooden door open, allowing it to crash with the wall, and stomped into the room.

Madeline was stunned by the sudden noise. She jolted up from her bed and turned her eyes to the door, to behold the sight of the rude intruder. Hell! Even her husband knew better than to push her door open with such ill manner, so who did this intruder think he or she was to...?

She paused her line of thoughts when her eyes rested on her son's tall and lean frame. Lancelot stood there, few inches away from the foot of her door, panting heavily and his fists rolled to form small balls by his side. In his eyes, was a look she could not recognize. Almost as if her son had unlocked a new level of rage.

Confused, she took few steps closer to him. The frown on her face from his rude entry had not yet disappeared, but she was going to be merciful to him; she was his mother after all.

With every step his mother took closer to him, Lancelot felt himself unlock new stages of anger and resentment. He seemed to be spiraling so fast, faster than he himself could control. Madeline's eyes softened when she caught a glimpse of the redness of his cheeks and forehead. If she had ignored it before, it was too obvious to ignore now; Lancelot was furious. Her eyes danced around him as she spoke.

"Lancelot dear..."

"Why did you do it mother?" Lancelot cut in. Even in the mildness of his tone, Madeline could sense the anger oozing out of him.

She stopped in her tracks and crossed both arms in front of her chest. Her brows squinted in confusion, even as her eyes still carried care.

"Do what, Lance?"

Lancelot narrowed his eyes at her. Did she really not understand what she had done?

"Oh for the goddess's sake! Do not play dumb with me, mother!" As he yelled, he subconsciously charged towards her and Madeline was forced to take few steps backwards.

She stared at him with anger, barely half of his, but her temper had risen by his disrespect.

"By the goddess Lancelot, you had better tell me what it is that's warranted such unruly behavior towards me, or I swear that I'll..."

"You had no right sending her to the kitchen." His teeth were clenched together, and so was his jaw.

Madeline blinked two times faster, while staggering back in disbelief. A bitter scoff escaped her throat and she corked her head to the left side, looking over Lancelot once more. It was unbelievable. Never would she have imagined that one day, her son would charge into her room and yell at her for putting a common human, a nobody, in the place she rightfully belonged; below them.

To think she had been very merciful with the human by telling her to join the maids. Here, the human woman belonged below her servants.

When she finally found her stance, Madeline stood up straight, took in deep breaths and sent daggers in form of glares to her son.

"I am the Luna Queen of this pack, and until that changes, I have the right to do whatever I please, with whoever I please."

Looking at her, it was obvious to Lancelot that there was not a single bone of remorse in Madeline's body.

"You would do whatever you please. But there are certain lines that you must not cross mother!"

"Oh! I would cross every line I have to, to keep my family safe!" Madeline allowed herself to scream back. This time, she was the one who took three furious steps forwards, closing the distance between she and her son.

Lancelot stood few inches away from her, towering above her. The rage emanating from the both of them filled the air, the tension was so thick, and it could be felt as heat.

The look in Madeline's eyes was familiar. Lancelot had only seen it once in his life; on the day Bran died. The thought weakened him, causing him to step backwards.

However, Madeline was far past reasoning. There was no way she would allow anyone ruin what she had worked so hard for.

"You do not understand what is at stake, do you? It is just one day to your coronation Lancelot. If you think that I would be stupid enough to allow the only weak link your enemies have against you dance around the palace freely, then you must have mistaken me for an idiot."

His blue orbs danced around her face, oblivious of what she meant. The intensity of his temper seemed to die down.

"Mother, what are you..."

"The elders were present Lancelot! You were there! You saw how the girl's presence almost took everything right from under our noses. There was no way I could allow that happen again! She needed to be checked!"

"I had it under control..."

He was cut off by Madeline's bitter and sarcastic chuckle, while she threw her hands into the air.

"Just the way you did, on the night of the hunt."

Lancelot's gaze darkened, but he said nothing.

As she stood, Madeline sought to calm herself. She managed to take in deep breaths to calm her nerves and soothe her anger. When she felt calm enough to speak, she continued.

"You would be Alpha King barely 36 hours away from now, Lancelot." She closed the gap between them as she spoke, and took her son's left hand in her hands. The anger in her eyes dissolved, and her stare turned into a loving one. "And then, the pack would be yours, you can do

anything you want. But, until then..." She let go of his hand and straightened her stance, turning rigid.

"I would determine what goes on around here, because I do everything I do for your own good. Am I understood?"

Lancelot hesitated to answer. His mother's reason made sense. Indeed, once he was Alpha King, he could set a lot of things right, he would have no reason to fear. "Lancelot, am I understood?"

His eyes swept over her once more. Until he was crowned, he would just have to do as she says.

He bowed and lowered his head, in defeat.

"Yes mother."

Within her, she smiled in satisfaction.

This was exactly how it was supposed to be. Lancelot was supposed to listen to her, whatever the circumstances.