

Chapter 75 So Be It

He burst through the gate, with no regards for either the gate, or what it did to the front of the car. Lancelot pushed his feet harder against the accelerator, charging up the speed of his car as he drove past the fence of bushes in the palace. A part of his gaze focused on the piece of clothing that would help him find her, while the rest of his gaze was focused on the road. He knew he had to be quick, there was barely anytime left. His heart continued to thunder against the surface of his chest, threatening to pop out of it. He was almost breathless with rage, and pressed the automatic button on his door that took the windows down. The artificial air of the air conditioner was not soothing enough for him. Within him, Ziko was even more restless. His wolf had been growling and pacing about since he found out about Roxanne. The thought of her being tortured sent him spiraling towards the edge, all strings holding his temper back had been severed. When Ziko finally got a hold on the men who had tortured her, he would take great pleasure in licking their blood from the tip of his claws.

Lancelot continued to drive straight ahead, until he was completely out of palace grounds, he took a sharp turn to the right, based on Ziko's orders, after he had approached a T junction.

"Do you really think she is still in this city?" Lancelot asked his wolf. He was trying to be hopeful, but he couldn't shake off the feeling that they might have taken her away from London, or worse still, England. "Focus

on the journey Lance, she's still here," Ziko growled, sniffing the air around him.

"If I were the one who took her, I would have taken her faraway from this city."

"Then it's a good thing her captors are not as smart."

Lancelot was going to say something, when Ziko jumped within him. Lancelot pressed his feet to the floor of his car, and tightened his grip on his steering to stop himself from jumping out of the driver's seat. Ziko's hyperactive senses in times of despair could be both an advantage and a disadvantage.

"The bridge!" Ziko snarled.

Lancelot scoffed.

"What?"

"Head towards the bridge! I can feel her, very close."

Lancelot did not need any further instruction. Now that he has been given a direction, he was able to increase his focus and keep his mind on the road. He navigated past a number of slow cars and sped past a traffic light showing "red." Traffic rules and regulations were the last thing on his mind. He drove straight ahead, towards the bridge.

"They're coming," Ziko whispered.

Lancelot's lips thinned in a frown.

"Who's coming?"

"The palace hunters, I can sense them. Five cars, all behind you, a total of ten wolves."

On reflex, Lancelot's brow arched and he scoffed in annoyance. Really? Five cars and a total of ten men? Madeline had really outdone herself this

time. And if she was the one responsible for Roxanne's capture... Lancelot did not want to think about it.

"They're closing in on you Lance!"

Lancelot risked a glance at his side mirror, he caught sight of two cars by his right, with the Dankworth name on their plate numbers. They were definitely from the palace. He sighed and hit the accelerator would full force, sending him meters away from them. He maintained his speed for a total of seven minutes, awaiting Ziko's voice again. He could feel Roxanne's presence getting stronger.

"Turn left, head towards the narrow road!" Ziko growled within him, and Lancelot listened without any complaints. He tilted his steering wheel to the left, and the car followed suit as he dashed into the narrow road. It was deserted, even though it was the time of the day where cars flocked the road. It was obvious this route was either unknown, or dangerous. Those were the only two reasons people would stay clear of it.

"Straight ahead! I can smell her Lance. Just three kilometers away. The hunters are getting closer every second. Three of them are two cars behind you."

Three kilometers, Lancelot noted to himself, and kept his eyes fixed on the narrow road in front of him. As he drove, his eyes caught sight of a tall warehouse in front of him. The walls looked aged, and the building seemed like it would fall down at any time. Iron barrels, probably empty, surrounded it. Lancelot's eyes couldn't leave the building, neither could he shake off the feeling that Roxanne was in there. Her presence hovered around him, her scent was stronger now, almost as if he could reach out and touch her.

This definitely had to be the place.

"The warehouse!" Ziko snapped, confirming Lancelot's earlier suspicion. "She's in the warehouse..." Ziko paused abruptly, causing Lancelot's eyes

to narrow. Ziko only stopped talking when he sensed something strange, or dangerous. "What is it?"

"Diesel," Ziko's voice was a dangerously low tune, it confused Lancelot all the more.

"Diesel, what are you talking about?"

"Can't you smell it? God damn it! There's the pungent and familiar smell of petroleum all over her! I think..."

"They're going to burn her." It was both a statement and a question. On that thought, panic seized both man and wolf. Lancelot was overcome with wrath, he continued to speed towards the warehouse, and did not stop, not even when he was barely ten meters away from smashing the front of his car against the barricade of barrels.

"Lancelot, what are you doing?" Ziko scolded his recklessness.

Lancelot clenched his teeth, beads of sweat formed on his forehead as heat emanated from within him. He was smoldered with resentment.

"I'm going to kill them, every one of them."

"The barrels, they may be filled with petroleum! You could burn!"

His left hand found the gear lever, while his right hand remained fixed on the steering wheel.

He clutched the lever, his face contorted with rage as he starred at the warehouse; the barricade of barrels was the only thing separating Roxanne from him. And he was going to tear it down, no matter what.

Lancelot set the gear, and dashed his feet against the accelerator once more.

"So be it."

Without a second thought, he dashed into the barricade.