Chapter 77 Long Live The King

"Lancelot," her faint voice called. Now in his human form, he turned towards the chair she sat on, and rushed towards her. The ropes around her were now loose, and she was going to fall to the ground. In a flash, Lancelot was there to hold her just in time.

He caught her midair and spooned her in his arms. He sat on the floor and looked over her battered body. His felt a painful squeeze in his heart, and his usual dark eyes softened at the sight of her. She had suffered so much, been through so much, and all because of him. He wished he could take all her pain away, bear all her bruises for her.

As she lay on his body, he held both her arms tightly, as if pleading with her not to go.

"Lancelot..." she continued to whisper in her dazed state. His grip on her hands tightened every time she mentioned his name. He needed her to know that he was with her, he wasn't going anywhere now. Not until she was completely fine. Lancelot heard five cars pull up outside the warehouse. They had to be from the palace, how did they take so long to find him? Lancelot didn't even know if he was grateful for the time they wasted, or not.

Outside the warehouse, Peter dashed out of the car he had drove in and rushed towards the entrance of the building. His hands flew to his mouth to stop him from throwing up right there, in front of all those palace

guards. The gory sight of two men whose faces and bodies had almost become unrecognizable-lying in their own pool of blood wasn't what Peter had expected to see.

Then again, Lancelot was incomprehensible and very unpredictable when he was angry. Peter focused on keeping his eyes above the ground, and dodging the blood on the floor at the same time, as he took slow steps into the place. Once again, his nose picked up the harsh smell of blood oozing out from an open door in front of him. He followed his sense of smell to the door.

He took two steps back when he saw a black wolf sprawled on the floor, obviously dead. In front of the wolf, Lancelot sat on the floor with a bruised and unconscious Roxanne in his arms.

"Sir Lancelot!" he called out, and rushed towards his boss. But, on the way, his left eye drifted to a human body on the floor. The man was gravely injured, and his face was oddly familiar.

Peter tried to think, he had definitely seen this man's face somewhere. The puzzle finally arranged itself in his head. He had seen that face in front of the Luna's door. He was the guard who mounted the Luna's door step. He was from the palace!

He froze in his steps, right beside the dead wolf. Could this mean that it was someone from the palace? The queen perhaps? He would just have to get his answers by himself, now that the man was still alive. With the state of his injury, Peter wasn't sure how much longer he would last.

He rushed to the guard and pulled him up by his neck, ignoring the fact that he was stark naked.

"Who put you up to this? Who sent you to kidnap her?" he asked, shaking him vigorously.

The man's eyes were as dead as the rest of the body, he opened his mouth to stutter, and Peter's eyes widened in anticipation. However, just as Peter thought he was about to get real answers, the man passed out in his hold.

Peter groaned in frustration and dropped his neck, allowing his back to fall freely to the ground. He turned to his boss, who still had Roxanne in his arms and rushed to him. There were more important things that they had to focus on right now.

He tapped Lancelot viciously. He was greeted by cold and angry eyes. Peter would have stepped back if he wasn't so determined to get Lancelot back to the palace. His life's work was at stake!

"Sir, we have to return to the palace now. I brought you extra clothes, we can..."

"I'm not leaving her here," Lancelot growled, even though Peter was visibly shaking with panic.

"I can take care of her, Your Grace. I would take her to the hospital, make sure she's properly treated, but you have to return to the palace immediately."

Take care of her? Lancelot asked himself. He couldn't find it in his heart to trust Peter anymore. If he hadn't seen the message earlier, Roxanne would be dead by now. No, he had to make sure she was fine. "No," he spoke, Peter's heart fell in disappointment.

"I will stay with her until she's safe in the hospital."

"Sir..."

"Call the company doctor immediately. Roxanne must be taken care of, and now."

Peter sighed in defeat and moved closer to Lancelot, in order to help him rise with Roxanne. As Lancelot stood up, he picked Roxanne and carried her in his arms, walking past the alley of dead bodies he had left behind.

Peter ordered the guards who accompanied him to clear up the dead bodies, and helped Lancelot get dressed, despite his blood stained body.

They all got into the car, Peter at the driver's seat, and Lancelot behind, holding on to Roxanne firmly.

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The Dankworth palace was in a state of pandemonium. The trumpets sounded almost an hour ago, still, Lancelot was nowhere to be found. Madeline had excused herself to find her son, but had returned without him, leaving her husband distraught.

Everyone present in the gathering was confused, except Elizabeth. She knew exactly what had happened. She could still recall running to her mother on the night of Roxanne's kidnap, to cry about it. However, Hermione did not seem so shocked. Confused and scared, Elizabeth had suspected that her mother had something to do with it, and made sure to confront her.

To her greatest surprise, Hermione admitted to being responsible for Roxanne's kidnap, and Elizabeth was everything besides pleased.

"You want to kill her?" she had screamed, stupefied and distraught over her mother's action. However, Hermione had assured her that she was not going to lay a finger on Roxanne's head.

"It's only to distract him from the ceremony, so that Albert, your brother, takes his place," Hermione had said. Although, she detested the idea, Elizabeth was forced to keep her mouth shut. Speaking against her mother and brother would also put her in trouble.

From where she sat, she looked over to her mother and brother. While Albert sat still, just like James, Hermione continued to pace about dramatically. Feigning concern for Madeline and Edward.

She looked around the room once more. The elders were growing impatient. Some of them complained out loud to Edward, while some of them murmured in their seats. Even the delegates of other supernatural realms did not seem pleased by the delay. The Alpha King was in dismay, lines of his old age were once again evident on his forehead.

"Please my elders, just wait for a few more minutes. He would be back in no time."

"A few minutes? With all due respect Alpha Edward, it has been almost an hour! And no one has said anything! If he is not interested in being crowned, then he should have just told us!" an elder cried out.

"Yes!"

"Exactly!"

Edward already felt weak, his Luna held on to his arms for support, but he did not know what else to do.

"We have to leave now, Alpha. This was all a waste of time," another elder spoke up. Garrett himself did not look pleased at all.

Elizabeth watched everyone with keen interest. Had her mother's plan to disrupt Lancelot's coronation really worked? Tension was building up in the room, everyone seemed restless.

A majority of the elders stood up to leave, when a female voice thundered all over the room.

"You would all be silent and sit down immediately."

The whole room fell into grave silence, if a pin dropped on the floor at that moment, it could be heard. All eyes turned to the direction of the speaker.

An elderly woman, with white flowing hair and bright eyes sat still in a chair. Though she did not scream, her voice was heard around every corner of the room and seemed to freeze everyone. Edward was in awe of her ability to command men so subtly.

Those who knew her, recognized her as Athaliah, the famous prophetess of the witch kingdom.

When Athaliah was certain she had stolen the eyes and ears of everyone in the room, she spoke up.

"But, if you must leave. You must know that your presence, or absence would not change what would happen here today. Lancelot was born to be Alpha King, and nothing would change that. Not even if this coronation is not held today."

Her revelation sent shock into the spines of everyone present. How could she say Lancelot was born to be Alpha King, when he wasn't the first pup? However, no one dared to speak up, or question her. Athaliah leaned into her chair, without a care in the world.

"He has gone to fulfill a promise, and he would be back. Relax, your Alpha King is coming."

Heads turned and mouths opened to murmur, but they were all silenced by the sound of the trumpets, signifying Lancelot's precession once more.

Puzzled and surprised, all eyes turned to the direction of the entrance to the throne room, wondering what the trumpeters had seen, that had caused them to blow.

Just in time, the doors flung open, and he took two bold steps into the room.

Gasps, murmurs and chatters filled the room instantly.

From where she sat, Athaliah's lips spread out in a thin smile.

"Long live the king," she thought to herself.