Chapter 78 Everything Suddenly Made Sense

Elizabeth gasped when she saw Lancelot push open the doors of the throne room. She watched as he stepped inside with so much confidence and a carefree aura. He walked in as though he did not just keep hundreds of esteemed royalties waiting.

He walked in as if he did not know that his hands and face were stained with blood. Still, there was something extremely chivalrous about him. Despite the blood on his chiseled jaw, his blue eyes still sparkled in their dark and sexual allure. His dark blonde hair was disheveled, some strands falling to his forehead. The black and long winter jacket he had on accentuated the broadness of his shoulders. Walking into the room now, he was as handsome and seductive as he always ways, the blood only made him more dangerous.

And Elizabeth loved it! If only he wasn't her cousin, she thought, as she drooled over him. Even if he was her cousin, she would have definitely found a way for the both of them to be together, if his silly betrothed and chosen mate, Ava, was not in the way. She wished her mother would work on exterminating Ava, instead of preying on poor and weak Roxanne, the human who was hundred percent clueless about everything.

On seeing her son match into the room, just in time to fix the damage he had caused, Madeline's grip on her husband lessened. She felt herself become light with relief, so light that she could slip and fall. Beside

Edward, Ava sighed with relief. She was beginning to think Lancelot would be denied his position as Alpha King, if that happened, it meant she would lose everything she had trained all her life for. She was going to rush towards him and embrace him, but Edward drew her back.

Something was different about his son, he noted. Besides the blood and the roughness, there was another feeling in Lancelot's eyes that Edward could not get a hold of. He knew it would be dangerous for anyone to approach him in his current mood.

Lancelot did not look at anyone's face. He did not care, and he would not give anyone the impression that he did. He walked straight to the middle of the room, where he was to be crowned, and said nothing to anyone.

The trumpeters concluded their play and Edward signaled for the kingmakers to rise. The seven elderly men rose up, walked to the center, right beside Lancelot.

"My elders, esteemed guests and royalties all present. I cannot thank you enough for being patient with I and my family on this very auspicious celebration. I must apologize for the delay and the unconventional turn of events, but... We are now ready to do that which we gathered here for," Edward spoke up, walking into the circle, and standing beside Lancelot as he addressed the crowd.

"It is with great joy in my heart, that I hand my crown over to my son, Lancelot Dankworth. And to that, I would love to invite a special guest of my kingdom, Athaliah the second."

Athaliah's eyes met with Edward's and she nodded in approval.

"Would you please, do me the honors?"

With a proud smile on her face, Athaliah rose up from her seat, and walked in her flowing black robe, a perfect contrast to her flowing white hair.

She walked past the crowd until she was standing in front of Edward and his son. She bowed in courtesy to the Alpha King and Edward bowed as well.

Athaliah placed her hand on Edward's head, took off his crown, and showed it to the crowd.

"It is with great honor, that I, Athaliah the second, of the kingdom of witches, crowns Lancelot Dankworth of London Pride pack, Alpha King of London Pride pack," she proclaimed, before placing the crown on Lancelot's head.

The crowd erupted in cheers. Lancelot's eyes danced around shortly. Whoever had kidnapped Roxanne was presents here, and did not want him to be present. So, he had to watch faces, to note who was not pleased with his sudden arrival. Soon, everyone bowed to him as cheers filled the room.

"Long live the Alpha King!"

"Long live Alpha Lancelot!"

Athaliah looked up at Lancelot's blank face and smiled.

"Sometimes, the right choice isn't always what makes us happy. Most times, what makes us happy isn't a choice at all. But, it is always our choice to choose happiness."

Lancelot stayed quiet, he understood what she was talking about.

Alas, he had gone past this phase.

The coronation ceremony ended with Madeline announcing the after party in their garden, where his coronation ritual was going to take place as well.

Lancelot rushed to his chambers the second he was excused, without speaking to anybody. He stripped himself of his blood stained clothes and took a cold bath. With every moment, he thought about Roxanne and could not wait to get to her. After scrubbing himself in the shower, he stepped out and threw on a casual pair of trousers and plain shirt.

He picked up his car key and phone from his dressing table, and was ready to leave when his door flung open. To his dismay, his mother and father rushed into the room. Madeline was distressed, while Edward's face held no emotions. "Lancelot!" Madeline cried out, rushing to her son and gripping the hem of his shirt.

"Where were you? Where did you go? How could you be so irresponsible as to walk out of your coronation like that? You could have caused us everything! Everything!"

Lancelot looked down at his mother with disdain, and a tight jaw. Right now, she was the last person he wanted to speak to. One of her guards was present at the warehouse, it could only mean Madeline was connected to Roxanne's torture one way or another. And he wanted nothing to do with her.

"I do not have time for this mother, I have somewhere to be."

"Where else could be more important than your own coronation Lancelot? The moon ritual would be upon us soon, and you know what would happen if you're not present! I cannot let you leave here Lancelot, I cannot!" Madeline cried out in with a stern look on her face.

Lancelot looked down at the spot where she held his shirt and pulled her hands away from him with force. Madeline was forced to take few steps backwards, she could not believe Lancelot had pushed her away like that. Something was definitely not right.

He did not look at her again, he simply matched forward and was about to walk past his father, but Edward caught his left wrist, stopping him from moving further.

Lancelot groaned, not sparing his father a glance.

"Father, you have to let me go."

"I would let you do as you wish, I always have. But you must understand that your mother and I deserve nothing but the truth. Your coronation

ritual starts by 11pm, and Albert takes your place if you are absent. We do not want that to happen, and you must remember it."

Lancelot spared his father a short glance, knowing that he wasn't joking.

"I promise to be back before eleven, father."

"Don't listen to him Edward!" Madeline cried out. But Edward let go of Lancelot's hand, and freed him.

Lancelot dashed into the corridor, down the flight of stairs, out of the palace and into the car park. He texted Peter to meet him at the hospital Roxanne was in and drove madly out of the palace. He had to get there as soon as possible. When he did, he rushed out of his car and dashed into the reception, asking to be taken to Roxanne's room. The nurses recognized him and attended to him immediately, he was shown to Roxanne's room.

Pain clutched his chest the second he saw her sprawled on her bed, with bandages from her head to her toe. Only her eyes and nose were free of bandages. Her body had been terribly bruised, and it only hurt him more to see her like this. As he sat by her side, a doctor walked in.

"Your Grace," the doctor greeted with a bow, but Lancelot didn't reply.

The doctor sighed heavily.

"We would do our best for her sir."

"I do not want even a scratch to remain on her skin, do you understand me?" His tone caused the doctor to grovel in fear.

"Yes sir, I do understand. However, she is not a werewolf, and her healing process would take much more time since she is human. There's a lot you must know sir."

Lancelot looked away from Roxanne and stared up at the doctor. He really didn't need any more bad news.

"What is it?"

Nervous, the doctor took one last look at Roxanne, before focusing on Lancelot. He, himself, did not understand how to break the news to the Alpha King.

"Besides her bruises, we have checked for internal injuries, and have found some. Certain bones in her body have been dilapidated, but it's nothing physiotherapy can't fix...but, I was surprised to find out that the baby..."

Lancelot picked up the sound of heels walking towards him. Defensively, he rose up, cutting the doctor's sentence short and turned to the door, ready to punch whoever it was that walked through the door, if it was to hurt Roxanne.

He was taken by surprise. When the door opened, his therapist Doctor Flinn, was standing in front of the door. She took one short look at Lancelot, then at Roxanne, then ran towards him. Before Lancelot could move, Doctor Flinn engulfed him in the tightest embrace he had ever been in.

"I'm so glad you're okay Lance."

Stunned, he could not find it in him to embrace her as well.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Your mother called me this morning. She sounded distressed, and asked me if I had seen you. I told her I had not, but she didn't believe me. Anxious, I tried to reach Peter several times, until he finally answered me this evening and told me where you were."

"Why did my mother call you when she asked me to stop seeing you?" Lancelot asked, when Flinn released him from her embrace.

She sighed and placed her hand on her waist.

"Same question I asked her. But, it seemed she was more concerned about having you go back to collect your crown than answering my questions."

Lancelot scoffed, it was very typical of his mother.

"I'm just glad you're alright," Flinn spoke up again, deep care and concern laddered in her gaze.

Lancelot opened his mouth to say something, but a pleasant familiar voice was faster.

"Your Grace!"

Lancelot turned swiftly on hearing the voice. Beside Peter, Butler Lee stood lean and tall, his eyes teary, even though the tears didn't drop.

Lancelot's gaze softened.

"Lee," he called out, breathless.

Lee rushed towards him, pushed past Flinn and embraced Lancelot once more. Lancelot couldn't help but smile, and let out a chuckle.

"I'm so glad you're alright boy. I was extremely worried about you."

"You bother yourself too much," Lancelot replied, and Lee smacked him hard against his back.

Lancelot winced and chuckled once more.

"She's in a bad place," Flinn spoke up, looking down at Roxanne.

Lancelot's eyes returned to Roxanne's body, and fury sparked up in him once more. His eyes darkened as he looked down at her.

"I have to find whoever did this to her, I have to make them pay," Lancelot spoke, his words slipped out through his clenched teeth, the veins on his forehead protruded.

"You're so worried about her," Lee cut in, looking over Lancelot's expression. He could tell there was something more to what Lancelot had told any of them, there had to be. There was no way he could be this worked up for his secretary. "He has to be, she's his mate," Peter spoke up, from the foot of the door.

Lee's eyes locked with Lancelot's and Doctor Flinn stared at Peter in disbelief.

Everything suddenly made sense.