

Chapter 84 That She's Human

Peter, who had been watching the exchange of the two men carefully, said nothing. He feared that if he spoke, his earlier activities would be realized. Alphonsus was a royal fairy, who had just magically figured out Roxanne was pregnant. The goddess alone knew the other things he could see.

Once again, he was forced to peep the antique clock hanging on the wall, just above Roxanne's bed. What he saw caused his mouth to drop. Barely thirty-five minutes to Lancelot's coronation!

Peter looked down at Lancelot, who had his hand on Roxanne's head, wiping her face gently.

Now's not the time to show her you love her, Peter thought. He cleared his throat and spoke up.

"I hate to be the one to spoil this beautiful moment sir, but if we don't leave now..." Peter paused, he was certain he did not need to continue the rest of the sentence.

Lancelot glanced at Peter and shifted to Alphonsus, before pulling his hand away from Roxanne. He would leave now, but he had to make sure her room would be safe and secured first. So, as he walked out of the room beside Alphonsus, he contacted Doctor Martin and made him promise to mount two guards at Roxanne's door who would watch her all night. If anything went wrong, Martin would pay for it with his life; Lancelot made sure he knew this.

The three men walked side by side to the car park. Alphonsus and Peter got in Peter's car, while Lancelot found his and entered into it. Peter waited for Lancelot's car to lead the way, more to watch and guard him from behind, than anything else. There were people who wanted to make sure Lancelot didn't make it today, and those people would use any opportunity to strike. Lancelot could not be too careful.

Lancelot drove in silence until he arrived at the gate of the palace, and it was opened to him immediately. He drove all the way to the car park, and walked to the back door of the palace. He got into the palace building from there. There were too many visitors and guests lurking at the front door while awaiting the 11 pm rituals. He couldn't risk being seen by anyone and being bombarded with questions. Speaking of being seen by anyone....

Few meters away from the foot of his door, Lancelot sighted his mother, Madeline. She stood in front of his door with arms crossed, in her royal regalia, very prepared for tonight's ceremony. There was no way he could dodge her. Lancelot let out a disgruntled sigh before walking towards her, as though he did not see her, or he did not see that she was angry.

Madeline could tell the sound of her son's footsteps, just like she could tell the scent of his skin, and the Arabian scented cologne on it. So, she knew that he was very close, and prayed to the goddess for the strength and self-control she needed not to give him a resounding slap across the cheek. She had refused to believe what Ava had told her earlier, but what was there not to? When it came to that human girl, Lancelot seemed to lose his senses.

But, all that would end tonight, she thought, as her eyes narrowed at him when he stood in front of her without remorse in his eyes. Madeline had a plan, one that would keep Lancelot in check, FOREVER.

"Mother," he blurted out, with the same tone a gardener would use to speak of a thorn amongst his roses; without regard, with faint irritation. It

would have hurt her, but Madeline was too used to her son's coldness already. It only felt like being forced to swallow blocks of ice; it didn't hurt anymore once it was in your stomach.

"You are late," she snapped.

Lancelot placed his hand on the door knob and opened it, without looking at her.

"I promised father I'll be here before 11pm."

"You promised you'll be here just in time to get ready! What is wrong with you Lance?" As he entered into his room, she followed him behind.

Lancelot clenched his teeth and forced himself to turn to her.

"Would I get ready mother? Or would you scold me with the fifteen minutes we have?"

She was trying to keep her temper beneath the surface. Glaring at him, she wondered why it was always like this between them. Lancelot always forced her to do the worst of things to keep him in check, caused her to make unnecessary sacrifices for his sake. Madeline drew in deep breaths to calm her nerves, trying to remind herself that it was her duty as his mother.

If she didn't do it, no one would.

Madeline shook her head, scrutinizing his appearance.

"You have to be washed thoroughly, you reek of bleach." It was the truth, but it carried a thick air of accusation that forced Lancelot to cough. Madeline did not speak to him anymore, she stepped out of the room to send orders to the maids to get him ready.

Lancelot watched as Madeline walked out of the room. When she closed the door behind her, he took off his clothes to get dressed for the ritual. It wasn't up to three minutes later, that he heard the knock on his door. He

stood in nothing but boxer briefs as he called on the visitor to enter. It must be Peter wanting to convey a message to him, he thought.

And he thought wrong. Two maids stepped into his room, with black silk in their hands. He took it from their majestic strides, that they were sent in to prepare him, so he didn't complain.

Alas, the night of the full moon had come once more, the night that signified a new dawn, a brand new era.

Lancelot stepped out of his room in his royal silk robe, ready for his precession into the courtyard where the ritual would take place. He walked down the deserted stairs since everyone was outside waiting to the door of the palace. Six guards stood there, when they saw him, they all went down on one knee and bowed to him, just like they always did to his father. Lancelot was taken aback for a moment. Their gesture was a quick and sudden reminder that he was about to take his father's place and be at the forefront of all activities from now on.

He nodded and ordered them to rise up. When they did, he stepped forward and two stood side by side in front of him, while the remaining four lined up at his back. Lancelot stood still, in anticipation, waiting for the sound of drums and the howling and chants of the warrior wolves to usher him in.

He didn't have to wait for long. The drums could be heard even though the courtyard was meters away. The chants followed, before the long howling. Lancelot took in deep breaths, it was time.

He took steady strides, head held high and shoulders up. Lancelot had learned to walk with authority as a child, even now, it was effortless.

However, he no longer held the authority of a prince, his power, was now that of a king.

As he drew closer to the courtyard, the sounds became louder, and he could see the crowd of people standing around, waiting to watch him take the place of his father. Some of them friends, and many others foes.

When they noticed his presence, the crowd parted to give way for him, a straight path was formed, to the middle of the courtyard, where the moon blessed with its light the most. His father, Edward, stood there, beside the royal priest, with a proud smile on his face.

"Alpha Lancelot Dankworth, the first!" a voice called out from amongst the warriors.

"Long live the king!" Everyone bowed and chorused.

Lancelot looked around with a blank expression on his face. He had worked for this day for more than ten years, still, everything felt so surreal, when he turned to Edward, he noticed his father bowed as well.

He was flushed and he reached out to his father, to stop him from doing so. Edward raised his head and whispered.

"You have to tell us to rise."

Lancelot blinked twice, he did not expect that. He stood straight and spoke.

"I greet you all, friends, family, and my loyal subjects." Just as Edward had said, no one raised their heads until after he finished his sentence.

This was power, Lancelot thought.

Looking at him now, Madeline was beyond proud, and excited. Finally, the power they had secured for him for so long, would be his, and no one else's. But first, there was something she had to do.

Ava was present in the crowd, and Madeline planned to make sure she was crowned Lancelot's Luna tonight. After all, she was crowned Luna the night Edward was crowned as Alpha King. Although, she and her husband were mates, and Lancelot and Ava weren't, she didn't want to risk a space of three days, like the tradition entailed, before Lancelot got any strange IDEAS.

So, when the priest was about to begin the blood oath between father and son, Madeline saw it as the perfect time to speak up.

"My people!" she called out, earning her the attention of the crowd as she stepped forward. Lancelot's eyes narrowed on his mother, he did not think she was expected to give a speech.

"We must, before anything, not forget the second most important highlight of tonight."

Lancelot glared at Madeline with confusion, what was she talking about?

"I present to you, one of our finest maidens, one of our KIND..."

Lancelot cringed on hearing this, Madeline was definitely up to no good.

"...who has been groomed to perfection, and Lancelot's chosen mate, Ava Relish."

His chosen mate? What was his mother doing bringing Ava out to the crowd tonight for...? Lancelot's eyes widened as he stared at his mother's back.

No, there was no way she could do that, not tonight. However, he knew Madeline too well, if there was a perfect time to do this, it would be tonight, in front of everyone, where he could not reject it without a very good reason to. "You have a good reason to," Ziko spoke up from within him, but Lancelot ignored the voice. The chaos in his head would not allow him form a proper response for his wolf.

Ava stepped out in a long red dress, Lancelot recognized it from pictures in the palace. It was the dress Madeline had worn to be crowned Luna queen, and most of the crowd seemed to know this as well. The moment she stood in front of them with a smile on her face, murmurs erupted from all over the audience.

Lancelot began to sweat where he stood. If this happened tonight, it would sever his bond with Roxanne forever.

Madeline held Ava's hand, to present her to the crowd.

"Tonight, Ava Relish would be crowned Luna queen, and would swear the same oath I swore on this sacred ground exactly twenty-nine years ago. And I would hand over my crown, as Luna queen to her."

The murmurs in the audience turned to cheers. Lancelot glanced at his father, pleading with him to stop Madeline's madness, but his father turned away.

A shock realization dawned on him, electrocuting his spine, Edward knew Madeline's plan!

"Kneel dear," Madeline spoke and Ava dropped to her knees before her. The priest left Edward's side and walked to Madeline, ready to perform the Luna's oath.

Lancelot suddenly began to feel dizzy, it was a mixture of anger and confusion. He didn't know what to do, what to say, he didn't know how to stop this from happening without creating a scene.

"How would you crown his chosen mate as Luna queen, when the Alpha King already has a mate?!" a male voice called out from the crowd.

All heads and eyes turned to the direction of the mysterious and malicious voice. Lancelot didn't need to look, he knew who it would be already; the vampire king.

Although, he had not expected him to be here.

Echoes of murmurs and whispers shook the ground, and Madeline scoffed.

"I'm sorry, that can't be. If there was a real mate, my son would have spoken..."

"There is, Queen Madeline," the witch prophetess, Athaliah, spoke up now as she stood steps forward, until she was in front of the crowd, staring at Ava who knelt on the ground.

Ava clutched her dress tightly. She had prayed that she would be crowned tonight, only for the stupid voice to ruin everything! The ground beneath her was hot with rage. "Alpha Lancelot has a mate! And she is not present today, so this woman cannot be crowned Luna queen."

The chattering grew louder, and Madeline scoffed bitterly. Edward stood transfixed to the ground, beside his son, he saw his wife's knees wobble but he was too frozen to approach her. "And what would a witch possibly know about a wolf's mate?" Madeline spat out, in spite.

"I do not know about the witch, but I do know ..." It was the vampire king's turn to speak again, he stood his stance beside Athaliah.

"That she's human."