

## Chapter 89 She Never Knew

Flinn's eyes softened as she leaned closer to Lancelot's hard frame. "She should never have said that to you."

"But, is she wrong?" His tone reeked of pain and pent-up anger. Roxanne had never heard him sound like this, not even in the vampire kingdom after he had been beaten to stupor. She had first heard about Bran's death from Arthur, she had never imagined it would be a big deal to Lancelot.

"Your Highness, you shouldn't..."

"Please Doctor Flinn, drop that title, I do not need to hear it right now. My nightmares reoccurred after that night, I saw him once again, calling out to me to save him, and I could do nothing. Athaliah is not the only one, my entire family blames me for it, and even Bran blames me for it!" Lancelot spoke up, voicing out everything he wished he could speak out, but had failed to.

His voice was muffled, as his tone struggled to sound firm, despite the tears threatening to run down his cheeks and the fear and anger hooking his throat. He had tried not to think about it ever since it happened, he pushed it to the bottom of his mind, just the same way he always pushed everything he was not willing to confront.

Now that it was at the surface, Lancelot knew that he had to pour it all out.

"I should have been more careful that night. I should have looked out for him, I should have protected him..."

"You were twelve!" Flinn cried out, a part of her was mad at Lancelot for constantly blaming himself, while another part of her was worried and scared for him.

Flinn's revelation heightened Roxanne's interest in the discussion. There was so much pent up sadness hovering in the air, Roxanne was starting to feel it dwell upon her as well. Lancelot didn't seem so stuck up anymore. Something in her wished she could stand up and hug him, while another part was still furious at him.

"You couldn't have known anything Your Grace. You couldn't have seen it coming, because if you did, you would have stayed at home that night. And you would never have let Bran play on the ice. You know why? Because you loved your brother more than anything else in the world, and deep down, you still do. That's why all of this is hurting so much. You are angry Your Grace, and you have been for such a long time. Forgive yourself."

"Why didn't I see it coming for Goddess sake?!" Lancelot was growing apprehensively. All the questions that he had asked himself for years were gradually slipping out of his tongue. Maybe, just maybe someone else would have the answers for him.

"Because you are not some psychic or a witch! And that is exactly why Athaliah was able to manipulate your thoughts and test you with such an important subject matter. She knew, and she was able to see that your post-traumatic stress disorder from Bran's death and the events that followed it were your greatest weakness, and that was how she used it against you. That was why she said those words to you, to reel you up. And look! It didn't work, you passed." PTSD? Roxanne asked herself. Every word that came out of Lancelot's mouth, every feeling that followed his sentences, every bit of anger, hurt, pain, everything worked together to soften her

heart slowly. She had worked closed to him for weeks, and could never imagined that he had so much going on with him.

Lancelot scoffed and looked away from her.

"I am not doing this, not now," he spoke, with a tone of dismissal, but Flinn wouldn't give up. It was now, or never again.

"Not doing what? Facing the truth," she snapped, provoking Lancelot.

"You don't know anything about the truth," he replied, with an oddly calm tone. However, Doctor Flinn was not done yet. If everyone else pushed him to the edge for bad reasons, why did she always hesitate to do so, when she had his interest at heart?

"Maybe you're right. But, I do know that none of this is your fault. You lost such an important figure in your life at such a young age, yet, you were not even allowed to shed a tear, cry or grief. Your mother simply decided it was time to pick you up and mold you into her sick definition of a man, no disrespect to her. But, the one thing you needed, you never got. A shoulder to cry on when the nights got tough. And even when you tried to get into therapy, to have someone to talk to, your mother took you out, told you it was for WEAK men. She deprived you of a chance to feel anything." When she noticed Lancelot had calmed down, she continued to speak.

"You channeled all that anger and pain into becoming the man you are today, creating this tall alter ego of yourself. You need to allow yourself come down from that high horse, Your Grace. Walk on the ground, and you'll be surprised what treasures the Earth has for you."

Roxanne could not help it anymore. As she listened to Flinn's advice, a lot became clearer to her. All those times when Lancelot had pushed her away, ignored her, snapped at her, it was never because he hated her. It was all because those were the only things he knew how to do. How could

he understand the concept of love and affection when he had never experienced it?

Lancelot was never the problem, his mother was. Madeline was the sole proprietress of everything Lancelot had become.

Tears welled up in her eyes and ran down both side of her cheeks freely.

From where he sat, Lancelot noticed this and stood up to rush to her. He placed his hand on her face gently and wiped the tears off her eyes.

"Is she awake?" Flinn asked, her voice had taken a gentle tone. Lancelot was now soft and calm, like an abandoned puppy who had just been adopted by a caring family.

"Not yet, her eyes were just wet," he replied calmly. He admired her beautiful face as he caressed the top of her head gently. Roxanne's heart warmed up, the same way the feeling of his skin warmed her head.

"You care about her," Flinn spoke up.

"More than you can imagine," Lancelot replied.

Roxanne would have been happy, but she knew why. Now that she was pregnant, he would definitely care for her because she was with his child.

"You're going to be a father soon, you would need to forgive yourself, your parents and heal from your past. Else, you might end up doing the same thing you resent your parents for," Flinn said aloud again, making sure that it sunk into his ears.

Lancelot heaved a deep sigh.

"I just want to be happy with her, Doctor Flinn. With or without the baby. But, I've hurt her so much, lied to her, put her in so much danger. I don't know if she'll ever forgive me, I don't know if I deserve to be happy." His voice was calm and soft against her ears. A sad smile grew in her, but didn't make it to her face.

Did he really mean all that he had said?

"You deserve to be happy, Your Grace. You have made your mistakes, but you are willing to correct them. You deserve someone who you can be yourself around. You deserve someone who wouldn't think you weak for showing your happiness or joy, your anger or your pain. You deserve someone who would love you at your worst."

"She was there for me, even when I was always insensitive," Lancelot finally admitted to himself. He regretted that it took him almost losing her to accept the fact.

"You should talk to her, be honest with her about everything. Including the baby she's carrying. She's a human with an alpha wolf inside of her, make her understand that it comes with its own...baggage."

Lancelot sighed, and was going to speak, but the voice at the foot of the door was faster.

"By the goddess, I could have sworn it wasn't true!"

Lancelot turned his head sharply to the direction of the voice, and an immediate scowl formed on his face.

With a deep frown laddered with anger and disdain on her face, Madeline Dankworth stood at the foot of the door, boiling with rage at the sight of her son in the midst of the two women she had fought to keep him away from. Lying down, Roxanne's heartbeat quickened in terror at the sound of the voice.

What was she doing here? Roxanne asked herself.