

Chapter 90 He Was Wrong

"Please tell me I am seeing things, and that my son isn't standing next to the one thing he should be avoiding!" Madeline spoke, dramatically flinging her hands into the air as she took elegant strides into the room, charging towards her son. Madeline had watched Lancelot slip out of the palace in the earlier hours of this morning; just immediately after his meeting with Edward. Deep down, she had prayed and hoped, even forced herself to believe that Lancelot was attending official duties. However, after she sent trusted men after him, she realized the reverse was the case.

Lancelot was reported to be in the hospital. Her son was no doctor or salutary wolf, so, he would have been in the hospital for one reason only; to see someone.

Throughout the drive to the hospital, even with her second son by her side, Madeline found it hard to set her thoughts straight. She continued to hope for Lancelot's sake more than hers-that he was not at the hospital to see that...disgusting human woman.

However, what she saw in the room had only confirmed her biggest fear.

Flinn frowned on seeing her. Though she was the queen dowager of their pack, Flinn wasn't Madeline's biggest fan.

Lancelot noticed the frown on Flinn's face, and stepped forward. If there was going to be any altercation which was very predictable from the

tension in the room-it was going to be between him and his mother. Not his mother and Doctor Flinn.

"Mother, you didn't have to be here," Lancelot spoke calmly, even though he took a defensive stance in front of Doctor Flinn and Roxanne. It was a silent warning to Madeline; before she went for the two women, she would have to go through him.

Madeline frowned when she noticed this, and stepped back. Lancelot never seemed to learn his lesson.

"You're right about that. I wouldn't have had to if you had done what was expected of you."

As Madeline spoke through her clenched teeth, she heard Flinn scoff in annoyance. And that was enough to cut the thin thread her self-control had been hanging on. Now, she was going to go for the woman with full force and nothing would be able to stop her.

She pushed past Lancelot and charged towards the doctor, who rose from her seat on seeing how furious Madeline stomped towards her. Of course, it would be treason to insult the queen dowager, but that did not mean that Flinn could not give her an honest word; or two, or multiple.

"You," Madeline muttered in anger, when she finally stood, face to face with Doctor Flinn. Lancelot turned his back and focused on the two women. From the look on Madeline's face, Lancelot knew it would be a waste of his time if he tried to calm his mother down. So, he decided it was best to allow her say what she wanted to say. Knowing fully well, that Doctor Flinn was his mother's perfect match.

"You are the one instigating my son, are you not? Making him think all these silly things and harbor all these treacherous ideas. You are the one feeding my son with garbage." As she spoke, she leered at Flinn, and the doctor rolled her eyes while maintaining eye contact with the queen dowager.

"I am made to believe that with his stance, stature and age, that the Alpha is capable of making decisions for himself," Flinn retorted, with an annoying bluntness in her tone.

"Decisions that you bloody put in his head!" Madeline's aggravation was growing with every second she spent standing in front of her son's... psychic.

"I warned you to stop seeing him, did I not? Do you have a knack for going against the monarchy, or is this a new habit I need to curb?" Madeline sought to intimidate Flinn, reminding her of her position in the monarchy, and in the royal house. Her tone reminded Flinn - just in case she forgot that one word could have her thrown into prison without the privilege of a trial.

"With all due respect, my queen..." Flinn paused, an amused smile on her face.

"My bad, I mean queen dowager, since your son is Alpha King now. Once Lancelot turned eighteen, he could visit me as he wished. Neither he nor I was answerable to you from then on. Lancelot is my patient, and I am his doctor." Flinn's tone was firm, adamant, unmoving.

And Madeline was growing indignant. She scoffed bitterly, and stole a glance at Lancelot, before focusing on Flinn once more.

"Lancelot is your patient? So, my son is sick now?"

"Your Highness..."

"Do you have any idea how hard I've worked for him? How hard I toiled day and night endlessly to make sure that he sat on the seat he is seated now, you know? The one you're so desperately trying to throw him off? I guess not. His father and I broke protocol, fought wars and conquered lands, we spilled blood, just to make sure that when it was time for him to be crowned Alpha King, no brows would be raised!"

She paused, to catch her breath, then continued.

"So, if you think that I would sit down, fold my hands and watch you make him send everything I have worked for to ashes, then, you have certainly thought the worst of me." There was an unspoken threat in her voice, and everyone in the room; including Roxanne, took note of it.

Lancelot stared in shock at his mother's revelation of anger. He had always heard her say she sacrificed a lot, but never knew or cared to ask - exactly what she meant. Madeline stood fixed at her spot, trembling with anger as she shot daggers in form of stares at the silly doctor.

Flinn, on the other hand, would not be moved.

"That is and has always been the problem. You did what you thought was best for him, you never cared about what he wanted. Lancelot never asked for any of those things you did. All he ever needed was a mother...and that was the one thing you failed to..."

Flinn's sentence hung midair when Madeline's right hand gripped her throat firmly. Flinn's eyes widened in horror as she tried to punch Madeline's hand away. Lancelot saw this and rushed to them, finally deciding that his mother had said, and done enough.

He had never seen Madeline lose her temper so quickly.

Lancelot rushed to his mother and snatched her hand away from the doctor's throat. Flinn staggered back as she coughed, gasping for air. Lancelot shot Madeline a glare, but she paid him no mind.

Her gaze and anger were still fixed on Doctor Flinn.

"You would not be the one to tell me if I was a good mother to my son or not. You are not even worthy to stand on the same ground as I do..."

"That's enough mother," Lancelot snapped, gripping Madeline's right shoulder. His mother turned to him with a stony glare.

"You should go home now mother. I would meet you at home," Lancelot spoke, fighting hard to be as calm as he could. Everything Doctor Flinn

had said was true, yet, Madeline refused to listen to the voice of reason; she refused to see her mistake.

Roxanne remained quiet, while she boiled in rage within her. In a way, her mother and Madeline were similar. They always did or said what they thought was best, without caring how it made the children feel. Her mother had accepted Rayla's marriage to Jonah, while Madeline thought it was best to fling her son into leadership.

Madeline flung her son's hand off her shoulder and turned to face him.

"I am not going anywhere until you come with me." "Mother..."

"You should be celebrating with your family, with your kinsmen. The party is about to start, and yet, here you are by the side of the one person you swore in front of your whole pack to stay away from!" "Mother please!" Lancelot was already growing extremely impatient.

"You need to leave now. I would be behind you in less than ten minutes."

On hearing his last statement, Madeline cleared her throat in satisfaction and straightened her stance. She tilted her head backwards, to peep at Roxanne, before returning her focus to her son. "Let it be known to you, my dear son..." She paused, and placed her both palms on his cheeks.

"That I would die, before this peasant human becomes anything more than what she already is. And I would not be dying anytime soon."

Before Lancelot could manage a retort, Madeline brushed past him and walked, with her ever calculative steps, out of Roxanne's room.

He cast one long and apologetic look at Doctor Flinn, who smiled with understanding, before shaking his head and focusing on Roxanne, who still lay unconscious in front of him. Deep down, he was glad she wasn't awake to hear all that was being said.

Only, he was wrong.