Chapter 92 He Had Just Three Days

"Another one? You have got to be kidding me," Madeline spoke up, when she heard the raging woman blab out something about all humans being equal. She forced back the urge to spit. Of course they were all equal. All equally disgusting and incredibly uncultured. Why else would this...swine be making a lot of noise in a residential building.

Emily turned away from the rude man to focus on the elegant woman behind her. The lady who must have been royalty - stood tall in royal blue block heels and a matching body con dress. Emily only knew she was about twenty years older from the aged look underneath her eyes and the thin strands of grey hair in front of her head. Other than that, everything, ranging from her makeup, to her bright blue eyes radiated with a form of goddess like beauty.

The resemblance between the rude man and this woman was so striking, Emily immediately recognized her as his relation... probably even his mother-whom she had just accused of raising a poorly trained child. Well, she wasn't taking her words back, until the woman proved otherwise.

The driver rushed to the woman and knelt at her feet, he placed his head on the ground and cried out for mercy. Emily stared at him in shock.

What was wrong with English people? She asked herself. These people had clearly trampled on his rights, they should have been the ones apologizing! Yet, there he was, on the ground.

"Forgive me, Your Highness, she is my passenger. Please do forgive her as well, she is a foreigner, she has no idea how things are ran here."

Hell no, Emily snapped. He could go on his knees and apologize for himself, but there was no way in hades she was letting him apologize on her behalf, especially when she did not do anything wrong.

She wasn't going to allow her rights to be trampled upon, no matter who the person was.

"Forgive me? They should forgive me? I should be the one forgiving them! We should be the ones forgiving them for bashing your car, not the other way around."

James had had it to his throat with this woman. Did she ever just shut up? Or did all humans have it in them to talk too much, and without control?

"You might want to keep your mouth shut now," James spoke up, and Emily turned to him, her glare glistering with fury and annoyance. If he uttered one more word, she might just have to sleep in an English cell tonight, since she'll be charged with assault.

So, she ignored him and turned to someone she felt would be more reasonable; an elderly woman, his mother.

"Listen ma'am. I must apologize for what I said earlier, about your son's upbringing. But you must understand that he was in the wrong! He bashed this man's car and would not apologize for it." When she was done speaking, she noticed Madeline's left brow arch in mockery, as she stared down at her.

The woman looked Emily from her head to her toe, as though she were nothing but a filthy rag, fit for disposal. She noticed this, and her jaw hardened, anger thrummed through her veins.

It was true what the English proverb said after all; an apple really didn't fall too far from its tree. Mother and son were exactly alike. That is, if mother wasn't even worse.

After deciding the girl was not worth her reply, Madeline ignored her and moved forward, gently kicking the nose of the man who knelt before her. All humans might be equal, but in her world, there was hierarchy, and Madeline made this clear by trampling over the elderly man, as though he were not even there.

Emily's heart broke as she watched. The man seemed very grateful that all she did was step on him, he had expected a worse fate for standing up to himself. Emily was forced to scoff, just how much more pathetic could this place get? Madeline completely ignored Emily's presence and walked to the passenger's seat by the right. She held out her hand to her door and focused her eyes on her son.

"Somebody please find where these pathetic creatures are sneaking into our land from. It's almost like a portal opened for them, or something," she muttered, loud enough for Emily to hear, even though she did not understand what was being said.

James stifled a laugh and turned his back to Emily, in order to enter the car with his mother. However, Emily would have none of it. She was already beyond irritated, she was annoyed, pissed, aggravated, so there was no way either of them was leaving here without doing what was proper first.

With that thought, she stomped towards James, gripped the collar of his suit from behind, and yanked him with force, away from the car. The prince lost his grip on the top of the car and staggered back, trying hard to stop himself from crashing to the ground.

Madeline's eyes flew open at Emily's audacity, and Emily tried to take deep breaths, to calm her anger. When James managed to stand still, without falling, he shot Emily a warning glare. The driver behind them continued to cry for mercy on behalf of Emily, and it was really making her sick.

By the goddess, James was going to take hold of this woman and tear her into shreds. He charged towards her, a dead look in his eyes, but Madeline's voice stopped him halfway.

"James. Go call your brother, he's the human expert between us all."

Emily watched as the James instantly calmed down at his mother's order. He did not spare Emily another glance as he brushed past her. She turned her back to steal a glance at him, before locking eyes with his mother. Madeline simply shook her head, with a bored look on her face.

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James was halfway into the hospital, when the one man who had walked in here to search for, stepped out of a corridor.

Lancelot's eyes locked with his brother's. He frowned and moved towards him. He had been going downstairs to speak to his mother, before leaving for the palace with her, he had no idea that James was here too. What was his brother up to this time?

"Brother," James called, his voice reeked of lack of enthusiasm. Lancelot on the other hand, didn't seem to care less.

"What are you doing here?" he growled, and James rolled his eyes, stuffing his hands into his pocket.

"I escorted our mother to the hospital."

"I can see that. What are you doing here, inside?"

James looked over his older brother and kissed his teeth in a short hiss.

"I came looking for you. There's a sticky situation outside. And since you're the human expert, mother decided I come to get you."

Lancelot leered at his brother.

"Human expert?"

"Just follow me."

Lancelot did not say another word as he followed James behind, past the reception hall, out of the door of the hospital, past a fleet of cars and into the car park. Lancelot caught sight of a very familiar dark female figure first, before he saw anything else.

Emily was here, and had somehow managed to get into an argument with his mother. Lancelot let out a long and tired sigh.

Great, just great.

When he approached them, Emily caught sight of him and her frown suddenly dissolved into a smile. Finally, a face she wanted to see had arrived.

"Lancelot!" she called out loud, when he finally stood in front of her. Madeline cringed on hearing the lowlife human call her son, Alpha King of London Pride pack, by his name! She looked to Lancelot to watch his facial reaction. There was nothing there to show the type of rage she wanted him to feel.

He seemed calm, even relieved to see her! Madeline's blood began to boil with rage.

What had become of her son?

Before she could say any more words, Emily watched as everyone around them, including the elegant woman, bow to Lancelot. He waved them all a nod, before they raised their head. Okay, that was weird.

"Emily, right?" Lancelot finally spoke aloud. And Emily nodded eagerly.

"We weren't expecting you this early," he said again, and Madeline rolled her eyes. Of course he would know her. After all, he was mated to one of her kind.

"I arrived hours early," she muttered, frowning when she remembered the annoying official.

"I apologize for the inconveniences, Roxanne is resting now. You can come and see her."

Emily's eyes brightened. From what he said, Roxanne was out of danger and she was resting. Finally, her fears had been covered, her friend was out of harm's way.

"Come, I'll show you to her room," Lancelot spoke, while he took a long look at James, and then his mother.

Elated and anxious, Emily took two steps before him, and Lancelot was going to follow her behind when Madeline called him back.

"I want to get to the palace no later than ten minutes before you."

Before Lancelot could reply, Madeline entered into the car and closed the door. James shook his head at his brother, then slid into the car, right beside his mother. Lancelot watched as their car made a slight turn and drove past the battered one behind them.

When they were out of his sight, he turned back to the hospital and walked briskly behind Emily. He led her up the stairs, into Roxanne's room.

As she stood by the door, Emily caught sight of her best friend wrapped in bandages, like a figurine from a tomb of ancient Egypt. Pain slashed through her heart as she staggered back. She had seen Roxanne in many forms before, but nothing like this. This was too much for her to bear.

She almost fell to the ground when Lancelot caught her from behind, and helped her back to her feet.

"Roxy!" she cried out, breathless and rushed to the side of her best friend. Roxanne's eyes were closed, so she didn't see Emily's face get flooded with tears.

Lancelot could not deny that the scene touched a chord in his heart, even Doctor Flinn could see it. He was going to walk into the room, when he heard his phone beep in his pocket. For a brief moment, he tore his eyes away from the emotional reunion in front of him, and dipped his hand into his pocket, taking out his phone.

Lancelot's keen eyes rummaged the screen as he touched his home button. It was a message from the chief security guard; with a video attachment.

His eyes narrowed on the screen and his grip on the phone tightened as he clicked on the message.

The video popped up on the screen, it was a CCTV footage from the courtyard of the palace. The date and time above the screen showed it was less than ten hours from the morning of his coronation.

Roxanne could be seen, walking out of the palace with...

Lancelot frowned when he took note of the face; Elizabeth!

His jaw hardened as he looked up from the phone to Roxanne's body on the bed.

He had been right all along. Someone from the palace was indeed responsible for Roxanne's kidnap, but who could it be?

His mother? Hermione? Lancelot frowned as he slipped the phone back into his pocket. He would just have to find out.

His eyes found Doctor Flinn, who had been watching him carefully, he beckoned on her to step out of the room, and she obeyed.

When they were in front of the room, Lancelot closed the door, before speaking.

"I have to return to the palace now. You can leave when you need to, I cannot thank you enough, Doctor Flinn."

She smiled and placed a hand on his left shoulder.

"You do not need to. When would you be back?"

Lancelot heaved a long sigh. He did not know the answer to that question "I am not certain. But I know I would need you to help me look after her. I'm counting on you."

Flinn flashed him another smile.

"You know you can."

With that, Lancelot nodded, turned on his heels and walked away.

Three days, he thought. He had just three days to make everything right.