

Chapter 99 Another Chance

Dinner was a lot more than exhausting for Lancelot. He had never been the type to talk too much, but everything that happened at dinner, required too much talking. When he was back into his room, and in the comfort of his bed, he managed to allow his thoughts drift to more happy things; such as the life he intended to build with Roxanne.

While he was still swirling in his thoughts, he got a call from Doctor Flinn.

"Your Grace, you have done a lot and been through so much stress already. Do get some sleep please," she had said, and Lancelot had promised her he would go to bed. Shortly after, butler Lee came in as well. Lee on the other hand, was not very lenient on making Lancelot rest; he was very strict and told the Alpha King that he would not step out of his room, until Lancelot gave him his "gentleman's word" that he would put his phone off and go to sleep; at least for this night. Defeated, Lancelot gave him and did as he had said he would.

His eyes opened slowly, much to his dismay, he was not aware that he had not switched off the phone. He sat up quickly and picked up from the top of his bedside drawer. His eyes looked at the time first, 5:10am, before he took a close look at the caller ID.

"Spy guard," he read aloud. Instantly, he sat up. His brows furrowed as he wondered why the guards he had placed in Roxanne's room would be calling by this time of the morning.

He answered the call and pressed the phone to his right ear. Subconsciously, he swallowed hard on his saliva, while his heart continued to race. "Hello..."

"Your Grace, we have been trying to reach you." The voice at the other end of the phone sounded too urgent, as though something had happened that required his immediate attention.

Had something happened to Roxanne? No. Lancelot shook his head vehemently. He did not even want to think of it.

"What is the matter? Did something happen?"

"She was attacked, the human friend. And Miss Roxanne...she's..."

Lancelot's heart pounded in anticipation, beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

"She's awake."

Lancelot did not need him to speak anymore, he had heard all that he wanted to hear already. He ended the call immediately, jumped from his bed and proceeded to put some clothes on, while he did, he called Peter and instructed his assistant to get ready, they had to leave for the hospital immediately.

After Lancelot was prepared, he hurried down out of his room, down the stairs, out of the palace. The sun had not come out yet, but it didn't matter to Lancelot. Peter had already gotten the car ready which pleased Lancelot and he climbed into the car.

Neither man said a word to each other, until they arrived at the hospital. Peter parked the car in the reserved parking space and Lancelot jumped out of it, the moment the ignition was turned off. Peter, who was scared

and worried by his boss's urgency, found it hard to meet up with Lancelot's quick strides. Lancelot seemed to be walking and running at the same time, with the guard's words running through his mind.

"She's awake," he repeated to himself, over and over, until he was in the lobby that led to her room. Lancelot and Peter could see nurses troop in and out of Roxanne's room. Peter's fear tripled, something must have definitely happened for the nurses to have the kind of look they wore on their faces.

Lancelot approached the door quickly. When he stood in front of the door, the first thing he saw nearly brought tears of joy to his eyes, while his heart and mind leaped for joy. Roxanne's violet eyes- though dim and sunken - rose up to meet his. Her face was dried up, and her eyes were filled with worry, but at least, she was awake, and she was seated in a wheel chair, right beside a second bed that held...Lancelot took two steps in and peeped at the face in the bed. He couldn't have missed that dark skin and full blonde nappy curls no matter what. Emily lay in the bed, with her eyes closed. As he looked at her, Lancelot could not help but wonder what could have happened to her. But, he was overwhelmed with joy that Roxanne was awake, and out of harm.

So, he didn't know when he picked up pace and rushed to her side. He lowered himself to her immediately and held her hands. When his skin touched hers, Lancelot felt the spark in his chest, and heat rise up in his stomach. It was just like the first day their hands had touched, his whole body lit up and he could barely ignore what he was feeling.

"Roxanne," he said, breathing out with relief.

"How are you? How's your head? Do you feel any pain? Do you..."

"Stop!" Roxanne thundered, with her gritted teeth. Lancelot felt her stiffen at his touch. Roxanne could not stand to look at him, she could not stand to have him so close to her. She should have been angry, and irritated, yet she felt safe and secure now that he was here. And she hated it, she hated

the fact that he made her feel so many conflicting emotions. All it took was another glance at Emily's unconscious body, for tears to flow down her eyes again. She could remember waking up to the sound of Emily's cry, and having to watch as her friend crashed on the hard brick wall and fell to the ground with a loud thud. Roxanne had struggled to get up, tried to reach out to her, to help her, but she was drowsy and her head felt heavy; there was little or nothing she could do. Until the guards stepped in and helped Emily.

Looking at the reason she was here in the first place, the reason she had been put in so much danger and the reason Emily had to fight for her life, made her furious.

"Why?" she asked, allowing her tears to choke her voice. Lancelot had to see and understand her pain; the pain of an innocent woman. His eyes danced around her face, as though he was searching for something.

"Why are they doing this to us? Why do they want to kill me Lancelot? I didn't ask to be here! I didn't want to be here! You brought me here and roped me into all this constant drama and mistreatment. Is this what you brought me here for Lancelot? Or did you forget to add this part in the contract that I signed? I was almost killed! And I could stand that, but Emily...?" Roxanne paused and stopped talking when a hiccup escaped her throat.

"...You had no right doing this to Emily. No right at all..." Roxanne's tears increased, so much so that she could not speak. She snatched her hands from Lancelot's hold and wrapped them around herself, while she stared blankly at Emily. Lancelot stayed quiet. Her words had pierced his heart, but there was nothing he could say. Her grief was in place, and so were her anger and hurt. Right now, there was nothing he could say to defend himself. So, he stood up and straightened his stance without taking his eyes off her.

"Are you alright?"

"Fuck off," Roxanne muttered, but it was loud enough for him to hear. He sighed and turned to Peter, who wore a pitiful look on his face. That was what Peter felt for Lancelot right now; pity.

The doctor stepped in, and his Peter was grateful for his presence. At least, it seemed to ease the tension a little bit.

"Your Grace," Doctor Martin said, when he took note of Lancelot's presence. The guards Lancelot had hired-two in number-followed the doctor closely behind. Lancelot looked away from Roxanne and focused his stare on Martin.

"I can see that you've seen her, Your Grace. She is out of danger, and only on a wheelchair for now, because her legs are still numb. But there is no need to worry, it would only be a matter of at most two days, until she can walk again, the Faye prince's powers were strong after all." Martin looked away from Lancelot and stared down at Roxanne.

"How do you feel this morning?" he asked, with his usual "doctor" tone. But Roxanne did not answer him. Martin traced her gaze to Emily, and so did Lancelot.

"Would she be okay?" Roxanne whispered, but it was loud enough for both men to hear.

"Yes, she would. She took a hit to the head and back, but she's been given pain killers and she would wake in less than an hour, there is no need to fear."

Doctor Martin sounded confident, and that was more than enough to reassure both Lancelot and Roxanne.

Lancelot decided to address the second reason he was here; to find out what had happened and who has tried to attack Roxanne. He turned to the guards and eyed both of them furiously. They bowed their heads in shame. "Start talking," he ordered, with a dangerously calm tone. The first man spoke up immediately.

"We were outside the room, just as you instructed when we heard the lady scream. We got here almost immediately, but we saw a nurse flee the room. When we got here, the human friend was sprawled on the floor, and so was the tray the nurse brought with her."

Before Lancelot could ask another question, the doctor spoke up.

"An injection was brought to me, from the tray the strange nurse had brought. It was an adrenaline injection." When he noticed Lancelot's face squeeze in confusion, he continued.

"Normally, it is not to be injected on the body, we apply it on the skin. If the nurse had been successful, Miss Roxanne would have had a heart attack, and would have been gone in less than a minute."

Lancelot's jaw hardened in anger. Despite how hard he had tried to keep her safe by mounting guards and calling Emily to be with her, someone somewhere had still managed to devise a plan to end her. He could no longer trust anyone, besides himself.

He returned his focus to the guards.

"Where you able to find the nurse? Identify her? By anything?"

They shook their heads as they looked at the ground.

"No sir."

Lancelot fought back the dire urge to punch the wall and scream. He folded his arms across his chest, still focused on the guards.

"You have to find her, one way or the other."

"Yes sir!"

He turned to Peter and spoke.

"Take Emily, we're going home now." Peter nodded and walked towards Emily's bed.

Roxanne shot Lancelot a glare. "Home," he had said. What did he mean by home?

Before she knew what was happening, Lancelot lowered himself and picked her up. He scooped her in his arms and held her there, she kicked, screamed, and punched his chest, but nothing moved him. He did not drop her until she was in the front seat of the car, beside Peter, while Lancelot stayed behind, with Emily, as they drove back to the palace.

Somewhere in the hospital, in the dark Janitor's closet, her hands continued to shake as she took out her phone and dialed the strange number.

"Hello?" she whimpered, her voice was as unstable as her body.

"Is the job done?" The deep voice growled, and she swallowed hard.

"No sir, there was another human in the room with her, so things got messy. But, give me another chance, I promise I'll do it..."

"Another chance?" The voice chuckled bitterly.

"That was the only chance you had." With that, the line went dead immediately. Her hands continued to quiver as she stuck the phone into her pocket. She turned to find the light switch when a hand emerged from the darkness and pulled her by her neck. It covered her mouth before she had any chance to scream.

The next thing she felt was the blade piercing into her back, before the throbbing pain in her head as she crumbled to the floor.