Chapter 112 She Was All His

Later that night was the mating ritual; the ritual of bonding. The palace was in high spirits, and the chief priest was invited to perform the ritual. Eloise and Marion, the two elderly women in the palace stayed with the priest to get things ready, while Madeline and Edward, along with the rest of the Dankworth house got themselves ready to attend.

Peter was in Lancelot's chambers, putting all necessary things in order, while Emily stayed with her best friend, and finally had the guts - after her sloppy discussion with James - to take care of her "chief bridesmaid" duties.

At exactly 11 pm both bride and groom were ready for their precession. Lancelot was the first to be ushered down the stairs, out of the palace and into the courtyard, where the ritual was to take place under the full moon. The ground was set; royal woven stools placed side by side, in front of a large fireplace.

The members of the Dankworth family were behind him, while the musicians and dancers played and danced around to loud drums.

Roxanne arrived a few minutes later, dressed in a black linen dress with a crown made of onyx stones on her head. Emily held her hand as she walked on the aisle made for her, until she got to the fireplace. She was made to sit on the stool beside Lancelot.

The priest began the chants and the dance around the fire. Roxanne did not understand what was going on, but Lancelot held her hand in a very loving way all through.

"We will just do what he tells us," he whispered in her ear, before placing a soft kiss behind her neck.

Roxanne blushed and waited for instructions.

After the priest's dance, Lancelot and Roxanne were asked to kneel in front of the fire. While the people around were made to chant things Roxanne did not understand.

Lancelot was asked to lean into Roxanne and mark her with his bite. Lancelot held her closely to his arms, and leaned into her, tilted her neck slightly and dug his teeth into the exact spot he had marked her on their first night. Roxanne felt a strange jolt of electricity course through her veins.

For the second ritual, Lancelot was given a knife by the priest, which he pierced into the skin above his right wrist. Blood trickled out of his flesh and Roxanne - with all the love in her heart - lowered her head, took his hands in her hand and placed her lips on his blood, she licked it with her tongue.

The priest smiled in satisfaction and Lancelot drew her in and kissed her blood stained lips immediately she raised her head.

Everyone clapped and cheered. Both man and wife held each other happily. Finally, their mate bond had been sealed, there was nothing and no one who could tear them apart.

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One Week Later...

Their wedding was set to be held in a Catholic church on the outskirts of the city. Lancelot had insisted it would only be normal to have one, since Roxanne was human and must have dreamt about her wedding dress all her life as a little child. Roxanne blushed when he said it, because he was right. The wedding was scheduled to be held the Saturday after their engagement, and everyone was elated to hear about it. Including Roxanne's family members - who were absent at the ritual who had been treated to a luxurious week in the Dankworth guest palace.

Emily and Roxanne didn't need to go bridal shopping. Top notch designers were invited into the palace. Roxanne picked a design of her choice, was measured and it was delivered to her room door in less than three days. It hung on her room wall and she could not wait to put it on.

That was why she woke up so excited on the morning of the wedding. She had been kept away from Lancelot all week, even after their mating ritual. Emily said something about seeing the bride before the wedding being bad luck, and neither of them wanted bad luck to befall their wedding.

Roxanne got ready with Emily supervising the makeup artist and hair dressers that were assigned to her. While she also tried to get herself ready. Emily was going to be Roxanne's chief bridesmaid and she had to make sure that everything was in order.

Roxanne was dressed in a long white flowing dress, and covered with the most beautiful silk veil she had ever seen. Emily, on the other hand, wore a beige dress, and held her purple curls in a tight bun above her head.

"I can't believe I'm doing this, Em. I'm getting married to the man of my dreams!" Roxanne had squealed in excitement, the moment the dressers left them alone.

Emily jumped, did a small dance on her heels, which made Roxanne laugh, before engulfing her best friend in a tight embrace.

"Well, you better believe it. It is as real as it gets."

Roxanne blushed madly, while she held on to Emily.

"I love you Emily. Thanks for everything, always being by my side, always supporting me. You never let me down, not even for a single moment and I would never forget you for that."

"You couldn't, even if you tried," Emily said in a humorous tone that masked the tears in her voice. Roxanne had finally gotten her dream ending, but this wasn't an ending; it was a beginning, to more days of joy and happiness. Roxanne laughed out loud, and when she sniffed, Emily pulled away from her.

"You better not be trying to ruin this million dollar makeup," she said, feigning a scowl and Roxanne's eyes brightened, as she blinked rapidly, to fight back her tears.

"Of course not."

Emily chuckled and stretched her hand out to her best friend.

"Now come, let's go take that man's breathe away."

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Lancelot felt his breath being sucked out of him the moment Roxanne walked into the room, and the song at the background was the song he sang in his heart while she walked down the aisle, in her father's arms. He was so proud of her. She had come a long way from when they first met. Now, she was a bold and strong woman, who had found the courage to forgive her family for all the hurt they had caused her.

Emily stood at the far end of the altar, while Peter-Lancelot's best man-stood beside him. In the crowd, James found it difficult to take his eyes off Emily, who was all smiles as she watched her best friend come in.

"Wise men say, only fools rush in, but I can't help falling in love with you..." The sweet melody of the songstress continued to fill the room.

"So, take my hand, take my whole life too, 'cause I can't help falling in love with you."

Roxanne arrived in front of Lancelot and he took her hand and led her to the altar, where the reverend father waited for them.

Everything would forever remain fresh in Lancelot's mind, from every word he said in his wedding vow, to every word he listened to her say, their exchange of rings. In times when they fought, it would be his zeal to pull her back into his arms. "I will always love you, now and forever more," she had said, before placing her ring in his finger.

Lancelot held on to Roxanne's hands, not willing to ever let her go.

"Loving you, would always be my one and only choice," he spoke to her, staring deep into her violet eyes as he slipped his ring into her finger. "You may now kiss the bride."

Everyone rose up in cheers, and with loud applause as Lancelot drew Roxanne close to him, rid her of her veil, and crashed his lips into hers. "Mine," Ziko growled within him and Lancelot smiled.

Yes, she was all his.

Now and forever.