

Chapter 86 Anything Was Possible

"...That she's human..." Three words, one phrase, but it was more than enough to send the whole courtyard into pandemonium.

The elders yelled, swore, and cursed at each other. Ava was extremely embarrassed, as she knelt there on the ground, watching Lancelot's secret openly humiliate her in open. In front of her family, and most of her friends. Madeline was petrified, she could not bring herself to close her eyes which were widened in horror. Lancelot stood, stoic, unsure of what to say, or what to do. He knew his secret would come out one day, but he had never imagined it would be on the day of the one thing he had kept his secret to protect; his coronation.

"Is it true?" Lancelot heard Edward whisper. There was no point in lying or trying to cover anything up anymore. His secret had been revealed, and he just had to tell the truth. "It is father."

Edward's heart squeezed in his chest. He pressed his hand to his chest to ease the pain as his facial expression rumbled as well. Lancelot moved to his father to ensure that he wasn't having a heart attack. In the crowd, the Dankworth family stood stupefied, none of them, except Eloise, had seen it coming. Not even Elizabeth. How could they have guessed, that the human "secretary" Lancelot presented to them, was indeed his mate, the one that the goddess had blessed him with. "The moon would go down soon and the goddess's flame shall rise. If that happens, it would only mean that he would not be crowned until the next full moon," the priest

spoke, and his voice roared above the commotion. Madeline didn't imagine the day she would have to stand and watch everything she had worked very hard fall crumble into pieces, right in front of her eyes. They had worked so hard, gone this far, she had thought Lancelot everything she could, gave him the freedom he needed to explore the world, just so that he could use his knowledge to effect prosperity on their pack. If she had known that it would result in him finding the human, she would have done everything within her power to avoid it.

Lancelot stood still and didn't speak. Wondering if the people would reject his crowning and opt for a new king. The crowd was growing apprehensive, and the elders were furious. The priest's question had only thrown the crowd into more chaos.

"He would be crowned tonight!" Athaliah cried out, at the top of her voice, while stepping out of the crowd.

"I am Athaliah, eye of the seven realms and summoner of spirits. I came as a humble guest to witness the crowning of London Pride Pack's greatest Alpha King yet. Alpha Lancelot has shown his capability in strength, wisdom and wits. You cannot let such great potential pass because of a small...mishap."

"His mate is a human!" someone from within the crowd yelled, and the crowd cheered.

"And she is insignificant to my cause," Lancelot finally spoke, his voice carried a strong aura of authority, one that could not be contented with. Madeline's surprised stare met with her son's.

Yes, Lancelot knew what he had just said. If this coronation was going to take place, he was going to have to tell the people what they wanted to hear. And that, would be that Roxanne was an insignificant addition to his life, one that he would take the necessary measures to get rid off, once he had the chance. Lancelot wanted to be with Roxanne, more than anything, but he was no fool. He knew the land he had been raised, he knew the

customs and the traditions. The only way he was going to get a chance at being with Roxanne, and keeping her safe, was if he became the Alpha King by blood. Until he was able to do that, he would put whatever he needed to put, on the line.

"Do you speak the truth?" one of the kingmakers, who stood at the front line of the crowd asked, and Lancelot raised his head to speak firmly.

"What kind of a king would I be, if I lied to my subjects in their faces?"

The audience stilled, and Ava rose to her feet immediately, scurrying away from the center and disappearing into the crowd.

"Very well then, he would be crowned king!" another kingmaker spoke, and just like magic, the crowd which had threatened to turn against him, cheered for him once more.

The drums of celebration and chants of praises began again as the kingmakers - exactly four of them-stepped forward and surrounded Lancelot and Edward; who was still trying to recover from the shock of the vampire king's revelation. He knew that even if Lancelot had managed to salvage the situation out here, there was a hotter flame waiting for him to quench after now.

Lancelot was asked to kneel beside his father. Edward was presented with the sacred blade and he pierced the blade into the flesh in his palm, allowing the blood to flow freely. He passed the blade to Lancelot, who did the same. With blood trickling down their palms, they locked their hands together in a handshake. All the wolves around began to howl immediately, and the chants and drums intensified.

Their mixed blood ran down their hands and touched the floor. But the priest and kingmakers smiled. Where she stood, Madeline managed to smile as well...it was done after all. Whatever happened after this could happen, but her life's work wasn't ruined.

Perhaps, she had not given herself or Lancelot enough credit. Once again, he had rescued himself when she failed to rescue him. It assured her that even after she was gone, he would be able to get himself out of trouble, since it was impossible for him to stay away from it.

"On this night, the land of London Pride pack, the earth we walk on and the goddess of the moon bears witness, with the oath of your bloods, that you, Alpha Lancelot, has sworn to be the alpha of this pack. To protect, defend and lead it to prosperity for as long as you live. Long live the king!"

"Long live the king!" Everyone cheered, bowing.

"Long live the king!"

"Long live the king!"

Looking deep into his son's eyes, Edward managed to smile.

"Long live the king," he whispered to his son.

Once the ceremony was over, the council called for an emergency meeting in the throne room-just as Lancelot had expected.

After nodding to unending series of "congratulations" and good will messages, Lancelot finally managed to sneak away from the courtyard. His guards surrounded him on his command, to make sure that no one was able to approach him again. He had done enough socializing for the night, there were more important matters waiting for him to attend to.

When he stepped into the throne room, the atmosphere was tense and awkwardly silent. As though, an argument had ensued, and stopped on his account.

They all bowed on seeing him, and muffled greetings in displeased tones. Madeline and Edward stood together. Normally, they would sit side by side on the throne, but, it wasn't theirs anymore.

Lancelot stared down at the hand heal itself, before looking up at HIS royal court. These were his cabinet of elders, he thought. And he had angered them more times than he was supposed to, he knew that they would not let him off easily. Especially not their head, Garrett Relish, who Lancelot could tell, was still visibly fuming.

"My elders," he finally spoke, and all their heads rose up to meet him.

"You may speak," he started, opening the floor for all their chastisement.

"Your Highness, we would not even begin to ask you for an explanation for what we discovered outside tonight. We only wish to ask you, the way forward." As expected, Garrett was the one to speak first. And when he said "...the way forward..." Lancelot could tell, from the tone of his voice, that he was talking more about his daughter than anything else.

"Everything you heard outside was true..." Lancelot stared, but was quickly interrupted.

"Surely you do not expect us to allow you sit a human on the throne of the Luna! A human! Without a wolf Your Grace!"

"Certainly not," Madeline's sharp tone cut in. All heads turned to the new queen dowager.

"That is certainly not an option, he knows that," she continued, eyeing her son furiously. Lancelot tore his eyes away from his mother and focused it on the faces of the elders.

Yes, he knew that as werewolves, they considered all other creatures, including humans inferior to them. However, these were not just the looks of superiority, there was disdain, anger, terror and hate. In that moment, he thought back to Queen Isabelle's words, and wondered why it was that the wolves hated humans so much.

"There is nothing to be said about this situation, Your Highness," Garrett spoke again, staring deep into Lancelot's eyes, daring him, and warning him. Now, Garrett wasn't only speaking as an angered elder, he was speaking as a concerned father.

"We are your elders, and you have done as you wished countless times. We must learn to trust you if your leadership is going to work, Alpha Lancelot. For that to happen, you're going to have to prove to us, that you have only our best interest at heart," Garrett continued.

Lancelot watched as he turned towards another elder, who stepped forward and spoke.

"We, the elders, have come to a conclusion. You have been given three days and three nights, to reject the human, as you have promised your people, and take your chosen mate as your Luna queen. Three days, alpha Lancelot." Lancelot's jaw tightened, three days was a short time to settle the commotion, he thought.

However, since he had been given just three days, he would make sure he set things right within the three days. Ava would not be his queen, and Roxanne would be by his side.

He was Lancelot Dankworth after all, and with him, anything was possible.