

Chapter 55 I Want Her

Lancelot walked through a short and dimly lit corridor behind the butler. He could only hope that Roxanne would adhere to his instructions and stay at a place this time. He did not need her wandering into places she wasn't supposed to be, as she had done at his palace.

Though he did not know the vampires well, he knew for a fact that he was not ready to make a scene while trying to rescue Roxanne from whatever trouble she might get into.

As he continued in his line of thoughts, a black curtain was parted revealing the magnificence of the throne room of the vampire king.

Two maidens mounted the sides of the curtains, dressed in transparent black linen that allowed Lancelot see beyond the veil, to their bare bodies.

He turned away sharply. His father had told him that the vampire king was a man whore, but he had not expected to be ushered in by half naked women. Lancelot was grateful for his expressionless face, it was how he was able to mask his disgust.

Everything about the palace was dark, even down to the black marble floor.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't the greatest king of all time."

Lancelot stood still. In front of him, the vampire king took slow steps down the stairs that connected the floor to the podium where his royal seat

was mounted. The vampire king was one who liked to tower above people, it showed even in his throne room.

Amidst all the many things he had to watch out for, Lancelot could not miss out on the king's sarcastic tone.

"Aztec," Lancelot finally growled, when the vampire king did a mock bow in front of him.

Aztec Rold was the vampire king, who took after his father, Sergio Rold. He stood tall, a total of six feet and three inches tall, about three inches shorter than Lancelot. Still, he had a grave domineering presence about him. And grey eyes that seemed to pierce through your eye sockets and stare into your soul whenever he looked at you.

"To what do I owe the presence of one of the greatest kings in history?" Aztec asked once again, teasing and smiling at Lancelot.

But his guest wasn't one to play. The wolf prince still remained stoic, despite his numerous jokes. Aztec had expected this anyway, he was more than happy to continue to slip under Lancelot's skin until he was satisfied.

Lancelot did not force a smile as he focused on Aztec, instead, he spoke up. He wanted to get this over with as soon as possible.

"I do not come alone, I come bearing gifts."

Aztec's eyes sparkled at the mention of gifts. His smile broadened, exposing his beautiful and charming dentition.

"Gifts! Boy, am I glad!" he spoke, giving Lancelot a mock applause.

With every second he stood in Aztec's presence, Lancelot's irritation built up. He was not sure how long it would be until he could not take it anymore. One thing was certain, Lancelot would do all he could to make sure that he was out of here as soon as possible.

As Lancelot turned around and clapped twice, four beautiful maidens, clad in red body con dresses walked through the dark curtains, into the throne room.

Aztec's grey orbs darkened with pleasure. His lips thinned into a grin as he cast a glance at Lancelot. He stood still as the maidens approached him, waltzing seductively to his side, with all their eyes focused on him.

The wolf king surely has tricks, Aztec thought to himself. And Lancelot's tricks worked, because the maidens won Lancelot Aztec's full attention.

Lancelot continued to watch as the maidens surrounded Aztec and touched him gently. While murmuring things into his ear. He saw his eyes glitter with excitement, lust and dire hunger. If he didn't believe his parents and aunt before, he did so now.

"Oh Your Grace! I am totally flattered by your gift. How did you know what my heart so desired? I was beginning to get bored of the ladies of this land." He paused to moan softly when one of the girls softly licked his right ear lobe. Lancelot's stomach turned in disgust, but his face remained straight.

He cast his eyes on Lancelot, his smug smile was still present on his face.

"Perhaps I should find myself a new hobby, don't you think so?"

Lancelot thought a lot of things, none of it was about Aztec's present hobby. Still, he was going to make a soft, yet witty and equally sarcastic remark, before something stopped him.

Aztec rose his head up to sniff the air. Lancelot watched him carefully, eager to know what he was trying to pick up. However, immediately the scent hit his nose as well, Lancelot turned his eyes to the entrance. His heart hammered against his chest with a deep sense of urgency. His body grew limb and his stare froze at the sight.

He knew what Aztec sensed, and he knew why the man's eyes radiated a scary sense of lust once more.

He was looking at Roxanne.

Like a witch, she summoned all his senses immediately she walked into the room. His nostrils grew restless, his blood boiled with anticipation. And, when he set his eyes on her, Aztec was not disappointed. In front of him, stood the most delicate and beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Her eyes were the color of lavender petals, her skin glowed and her face radiated. She was the kind of beauty you wanted to lock in a cage and stare at for hours. She was the kind of beauty you could not get enough of, and Aztec was trapped already.

"Speaking of hobbies. Perhaps, I have found myself one," he spoke when he finally stopped drooling over her.

Both Aztec and Lancelot watched as Roxanne strolled in beside Peter.

With every step she took, she saw more reasons to be scared of this place. So, she did not need anyone to tell her to cower beside Peter. If only she could hide in his shadow, she would have done so without second thought.

Roxanne sighed with relief when she finally saw Lancelot in front of her. Beside him, stood an equally tall man with four maidens dressed in erotic red dresses surrounding him. These ladies were not just seductive, they were beautiful as well. Much unlike the half-naked women in black veils that had ushered them in.

Roxanne's eyes shifted to take a closer look at the strange man who she now figured was the king of this place.

Their eyes locked. Roxanne's breath stilled. He was looking at her. No, not at her... through her. His grey orbs gave his eyes an erotic look. Her limbs seemed to freeze as he walked towards her.

This had to be the most beautiful man she had ever seen. He had a flowing white hair that fell to his shoulders, with loose strands dancing around his face as he walked. From the black robe he was wearing, Roxanne caught a glimpse of his chiseled abs. She gulped hard.

His beauty was raw and erotic. The type that could send any woman to her own downfall.

Now, he was standing in front of her beaming with smiles.

Aztec picked up her right hand and pressed her knuckles to his lips, he kissed them gently. Waves of current washed over his body immediately. His gaze flickered to her face slowly. He had known it, his hunger for her wasn't normal. She was a human, with red and fresh human blood running through her veins. Now, he understood why he suddenly wanted her so badly.

Roxanne watched his chivalrous act in awe. She managed to bow in courtesy when he dropped her hand.

"Your Grace," she greeted, fixing her eyes on the ground.

"You can call me Rold. Extremely beautiful women like yourself are allowed to call me by my first name."

As he spoke, Roxanne blushed lightly.

Behind him, Lancelot's jaw hardened and his teeth gritted themselves in anger. Rage began to stir in the pit of his stomach. Aztec had no business getting so close to Roxanne. And Roxanne had no business blushing at his compliments when she had no idea what he was.

"I have brought you four beautiful maidens, and she is not part of them," Lancelot called out.

The statement came out as a warning, and it excited Aztec all the more.

He turned to Lancelot, while standing beside Roxanne. Lancelot's annoyance did nothing but amuse him.

"You don't say? Well, I want her now."

Beside him, Roxanne's breathing seemed to come to a standstill.

What did this strange man mean by he wanted her?! Her frightened eyes found Lancelot's cold ones.

"Surely you should not have a problem with that. Or do you?" Aztec raised a taunting brow at Lancelot, waiting cunningly for his next reply.

Lancelot knew he had to be careful. This man was coy and scheming.

"I wouldn't. But she is my secretary, you cannot have her." It took every ounce of energy in him not to sound as furious as he really was.

How dare this man look upon Roxanne in such a manner?! Within him, Ziko's began to growl possessively. Lancelot was fighting hard to keep his wolf in check, just as Eloise had instructed.

"Really? Then who is this guy?" Aztec asked, pointing at Peter.

Lancelot gnarled within him.

"My assistant."

"So you have an assistant and a secretary, surely you won't mind me stealing her!"

Aztec sensed Lancelot's rising temper. He stepped back, a chuckle escaping his throat.

"Oh come on Lancelot. Take it easy, she's just your worker. Why do you act as though she is something special?"

Lancelot shrugged. Roxanne appeared to be frozen beside Aztec. She was probably wondering why they were talking about her like she was a commodity about to be bought, or traded. Lancelot looked away from her and focused on Aztec's keen eyes.

"You are the one fawning over her as though she is something special. Your own words betray you, Aztec Rold."

Aztec threw his head back in laughter. Lancelot, Roxanne and Peter stared at him, each wondering what the man thought was funny.

"I guess you're right Lancelot, I guess you're right." He stopped laughing and stepped forward, closing the gap between him and the now furious Alpha prince.

"How about we draw a wager, you and me? So that you do not waste your time with me. I know that your coronation is in seven days."

Lancelot raised a brow. "What wager?"

Aztec met his glare with a charming smile.

"You give me the girl, and we call it done. I tell everyone that you won and you go back to your land and continue your business. We do not have to fight. Really! We can take an exception to that age long tradition, don't you think?" Lancelot's lips thinned in annoyance.

"It's tradition. I do not have to think," he retorted.

Aztec beamed with a taunting smirk.

"My bad, my bad, I was just giving you an easy way out."

"If I needed an easy way out, I would not be here."

Within him, Aztec was slightly annoyed. But it did not show through his broad smile. He was determined to have the female, no matter what it would cost.

"Very well then!" he spoke up, with much enthusiasm.

"I suppose you've had a long flight. You should head to your rooms now, we would talk about this later..." He cast Roxanne a wink, before turning back to Lancelot.

"I really need your secretary, even if it's just for a night."

Lancelot's eyes darkened and fell on Roxanne. He could see that she was now very uneasy, and fighting hard to hide her nerves. He had to get her out of here as soon as possible.

He also could not wait to have his fists sloughing deep into Aztec's face. He would make sure that he took out his teeth so he would never be able to smile at Roxanne or any other woman again. Worse still, he would beat him so bad he would be rendered impotent.

Aztec turned to the ladies by the entrance door and clapped to get their attention.

They hurried over to him.

"Do show out guests their rooms," Aztec commanded. The women bowed and smiled at Lancelot and Peter. Roxanne was still dumbstruck so Peter brushed her arm slightly, jerking her back to life.

Roxanne could feel Aztec's eyes burn through her back as she walked away. They were led through another corridor again. Peter was given the first room by the left and Roxanne was to be by his right. However, before he was shown his special suite, Lancelot insisted Roxanne stayed in a room close to his.

Roxanne was uncomfortable, and he didn't trust Aztec a single bit. Lancelot knew he had to keep his eyes on Roxanne at all times.

And he was determined to do so, no matter what it took.