

Chapter 61 Welcome To La Gomera

Lancelot was almost halfway across the room when Ahab called out to him. It felt strange for the king of witches to allow the crowned prince of the greatest pack in the werewolf kingdom, leave in such a manner. He did not know what Athaliah was up to, but he wanted to make it up to Lancelot in one way or another; tradition demanded he did so.

"Prince Lancelot."

The seemingly cheerful voice of the king caused Lancelot to stop on his tracks. While his blood was still boiling with rage, he turned back to the king, only because he was not out of their presence yet, and whatever he did now would alter the result of his test; positively or negatively. Lancelot couldn't afford the latter.

"Your Highness," Lancelot replied, placing both his hands behind his back. He did not want Athaliah to see them curved into fists, incase Ahab said anything to anger him further.

"I would make sure I send representatives of my kingdom to grace your coronation. It is the least I can do to honor your presence here."

It didn't flatter him, not a single bit, but Lancelot was more than willing to play the part.

He bowed in courtesy.

"Thank you..."

"I can volunteer!"

Lancelot slowly rose his head to peep the face of the female who interrupted him with so much glee.

Hera sat beside her husband with her right hand up, and a beautiful smile plastered on her face. Diana looked over to her younger wife and scoffed in irritation, before rolling her eyes. She had always found Hera unfit for her position. Well, there was nothing a pretty face couldn't get you.

Peter stood behind Lancelot and watched her silently. He wished that he could lock eyes with her just one last time well, it wouldn't be the last time if she was really going to attend Lancelot's coronation - just so he could feel the intensity of her stunning gaze. However, she didn't look at him.

Hera's smile extended to her husband. She gave him her most charming chuckle before speaking.

"Your Highness, I have always wanted to see the great landscape of England. Imagine it! It can also be added to my list of one the many places I have been to...as your queen," she said the last three words with a definite and cajoling tone. Telling Ahab that her success would also be attributed to him. As usual, Ahab was very pleased with the thought.

"Oh dear! It really would."

Within her, Hera's lips thinned in a wide spread grin, but she did not allow it take the place of the charming smile on her face.

"I suppose I should escort the Alpha Prince to his car. I'm sure he has other places to be..." She tilted her head and stared down at Lancelot.

"Am I not right?"

Lancelot, on the other hand, was not faintly interested in whatever was happening. So, he simply nodded to her and acknowledged the king once more.

"Thank you, Your Highness. I must be on my way now." It took every iota of strength and self-control within him to be as calm as he was. Lancelot wasn't sure when he'll snap, so he tucked both hands into his pockets and made a bee line for the door. Peter hurried to walk beside him, while Hera rose from her throne seat and walked out of the throne room with three seated council members.

Roxanne was relieved to see the door open, and Lancelot's frame come into her full view. Her ecstasy dwindled immediately she saw the look on his face. The creases on his forehead were evident, and his eyes were dark with glazing fury. When he walked towards her, she moved away from him and turned her attention to Peter.

But he wasn't in the mood to talk either. Roxanne watched as the strange lady she had met earlier hurried to Lancelot's side, she could not make out the words of what was being said. So, she focused on walking by Peter's side, wishing he would at least give her a hint of what had happened.

They continued to walk until they stepped outside the palace. On the front porch, Hera paused and Lancelot was forced to stop beside her.

"I'm afraid this is where I draw the line. Do have a safe trip Prince Lancelot, I hope to see you at your coronation soon," she said. Lancelot nodded politely. Did this people want to keep him here long enough for him to tear the whole palace to shreds? What other reason would they have for their painful familiarity, even after crossing the line with him earlier?

"I look forward to it as well," he managed to mutter, while trying to stop himself from shivering with anger.

With that, Hera looked away from Lancelot and focused on Peter. When his brown eyes met with her blue ones again, she threw him a wink, a casual one, but it meant a million and one things to Peter, and sky rocketed his interest in her. Wait. Hold on a second. Was she going planning to attend the coronation on his account? Peter's eyes lightened up at the thought. He turned his head to take another look at Hera, but he was faced

with her back view, and those of the three council members that walked beside her.

He would have been disappointed if he didn't feel a sudden surge of hope and pleasure.

Lancelot quickly head towards the car, parked and waiting for them, Roxanne followed behind, still curious as to what could have angered Lancelot so much and Peter follows Roxanne's trail.

"We leave for the airport immediately." Lancelot's voice came out like a low tuned roar, Roxanne's eyes danced between him and Peter, trying to use her sixth sense to figure out the problem. Peter nodded firmly. When his phone began to ring, he reached out for the gadget in his pocket and answered it.

Lancelot climbed into the limousine, and Roxanne followed him behind, wondering whether to ask him herself, or keep her mouth shut.

"Your majesty," Peter called out, holding his hand to the phone speaker, as if blocking it so the person at the other end wouldn't hear what he was about to say.

"Your mother, the queen."

Lancelot shot him a stony glare and looked away from him. Of course! His mother would call him to "congratulate" him and tell him how proud she was. She would not care about the horrors he had faced, she would not care that the walls he had managed to build around himself for so long were threatened, she would not care that he almost broke down in there. All that mattered to Madeline Dankworth, was that he won. And Lancelot was not ready to converse with her energy. "I would not be speaking to her," he growled.

Roxanne gulped her saliva with force, beside him. She had gotten her answer already; she would keep her mouth shut.

"I'm sorry Your Highness, his majesty is currently unavailable...yes, I would see to it that he calls you immediately he is. I'm sure he would appreciate it...Thank you, my queen." Peter hung up the phone before turning to the driver who stood by his side.

"The airport," Peter ordered, and the strange man nodded.

Peter climbed into the vehicle and found and settled into a comfortable spot beside a window. As usual, his eyes were fixed on his mobile phone as he tried to book flights, buy tickets online and make arrangements for Lancelot's next move. Roxanne continued to watch him in silence. Her thoughts began to race within her, she wasn't sure if she could ever be like Peter. She wasn't sure she had the grace or the professionalism she needed to be very efficient to Lancelot even at his worst moments; moments like these when he was extremely angry. She wondered if Peter did not feel the least bit of discomfort around his sometimes. How was he still able to work so hard and be so attentive and sharp when she could barely breathe beside Lancelot?

Roxanne continued in her line of thoughts until the limousine dropped them at the airport. According to Peter, their flight to Spain was leaving in the next twenty minutes.

They quickly navigated through the airport's processes, and Lancelot's temper had not still settled. Roxanne made it her point of duty to stay clear off him, until he returned to his normal self, which was still gloomy and brooding, but nothing like what he was now.

And for the rest of the three hour flight, she did just that. Only staring outside the window and allowing herself fall asleep, since she wasn't sure she would be able to get sleep wherever they were going.

After the four hour flight, their plane touched down at Canary Islands, Spain.

One step out of the plane, and Roxanne's heart was immediately stolen by the warm climate. She closed her eyes and drew in one deep breath, savoring the warmth and ease of the land. This place was going to be different! More comfortable, more accommodating! She could feel it in her spirit.

Her short breathing exercise was cut short when Peter brushed her left shoulder as he walked past. She opened her eyes to shoot him daggers with it.

"Hey!"

"You're on official duty, not on vacation," Peter called out over his shoulder, without so much as turning to her.

Roxanne frowned. Maybe, just maybe nature had replaced the warmth in Peter's heart with the weather and taken the cold of the weather and placed it in Peter's heart, because that was the only thing that could explain why he was being so...annoying.

Either that, or Lancelot's anger and cold demeanor was very contagious.

Roxanne did not know which to pick, and she didn't even want to think about it. She just continued to trot behind Peter and Lancelot.

Another car was waiting for them at the airport. Roxanne felt sick just looking at it. After now, she wasn't sure she could hop on another plane, if it wasn't back to London, or even America. She had not expected their travelling to take such a toll on her, but it did anyway.

From plane to car, from car back to plane, for two straight days. She was really tired.

She didn't have any choice but to enter the car though. But this time, she made sure she stayed at the front seat. She had had enough of being close to Lancelot for one day; or a lifetime, really.

As the car drove, she allowed herself to be stolen by the sight of the tropical trees, colorful singing birds and green grasses. The windows of the car were down, allowing the cool breeze to sweep past her face and calm her raging nerves. Everything about this place was colorful. From the people, to the buildings, the flowers and the trees. This was literally the "greenest" and most colorful country she had been to in a long while. Above them, were billboards that continuously read "Welcome to La Gomera, where the grass is truly green."

Roxanne chuckled when she understood the pun.

Finally, the car drove past huge gates, into what Roxanne could describe as "A greenhouse among gardens." The building in front of them stood high, but the roof was nothing but glass. Around the palace building, different species and colors of flowers were planted; from roses, to lilies, to almandas, to the famous pride of Barbados.

They alighted from the car, and Roxanne continued to admire everything within the palace walls.

This place was breathtakingly beautiful with the water fountains with water that appeared to sparkle, laughing children running about and maidens dressed in bright and beautiful colors. There was something magical about this place, and it was the good kind of magic.

Roxanne was so lost in her surroundings that she did not notice the women who walked towards them, until she heard soft female voices call out to Lancelot.

"Welcome to La Gomera, Your Grace. We have been expecting you."