

Chapter 62 No One Can

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

The melody and harmony of the soft voices caused her to snap out of her thoughts. When she looked up at the girls standing in front of Lancelot, her jaw dropped in awe once again.

They were faintly inches below her, and smiled with beautiful dentitions. The first lady in front had a shirt purple dress on, with matching purple hair cut short in a bob, and violet eyes, just like her. The lady who stood beside her was in all green; from her hair, to her dress, even to her eyes.

She found it cute and funny, the way they made everything about them match. Roxanne stayed quiet and watched in awe as the girl continued to speak.

Lancelot managed to cool his temper down a bit. The flight and the cool breeze from the long drive seemed to help a lot. He tried to convince himself, as the wind hit his face, that he was running out in the fields, and Ziko had taken control over him. That way, he was able to calm but both himself and his gnarling wolf.

Alas, he was here, the land of the fairies. And the last hurdle he had to cross before returning home and being crowned Alpha King.

"You must come in now, Your Grace! The queen and princesses are all awaiting your arrival."

Lancelot stole a glance at Peter and signaled for him to follow behind. As Lancelot walked, Peter and Roxanne followed him behind.

Roxanne continued to look around, and something struck her interest. It wasn't just the ladies who had approached them, everyone in the palace followed the same pattern; the color of your hair was the same as the color of your dress and eyes.

She found it cute, but weird. For a brief moment, Roxanne tried to imagine what it would be like to be them; violet eyes, violet clothes all the time, and violet hair.

As she thought of it, her hands cupped her mouth to stiffen her laughter. It was just incredibly hilarious.

This time, there were no dark spooky corridors leading to rooms she could not enter. Or dark rooms with weird Kings who wanted to take her to bed. In this palace, the doors were opened to her and she was received with a smile; rather, Lancelot, Peter and herself were received with smiles.

They stepped into the room filled with flower pots placed at every edge of the room. The sun rays hit the green marble floors of the palace and made the large room even brighter.

Maidens dressed in different colors could be seen watering the flowers and tending to the little plants.

This place was a living and thriving eco system of its own. A far cry from the cold of London, or the busy suburbs of Manhattan. This place, was a beautiful and magical breath of fresh air, and everything in it sparkled with joy. Just then, Roxanne heard footsteps approach them. She looked away from a flower bed of roses and focused on the approaching bodies.

In front of her, was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. Clad in a long and bright yellow dress that flowed to the ground, with a matching dandelion shade of hair, and eyes as bright as the sun, with a smile that was even brighter. If she didn't know better, Roxanne would have assumed

this woman to be molded from the sun herself. She had never seen someone so astonishingly marvelous! And where on Earth did these people even find their contact lenses? Although, Lancelot had never seen her, he had heard and read so much about Queen Isabelle, the queen of fairies, often referred to as "Mother of all Fayes." Now that she was standing in front of him, with three young ladies behind her, Lancelot realized that the books and the lips of people told no lies. Isabelle was a sight to behold.

And so was he, Isabelle thought. Her bright eyes seemed to brighten even the more on the sight of him. His tall frame, recklessly handsome face, and carefully crafted muscles and veins. The tales she had heard of him did not do him justice at all. No one described how effortlessly he could send any woman to his bed with just his eyes, the sea blue ones that she could not help but stare at.

At that point, it did not matter to Isabelle that she could be thrice his age, she might just take him to her bed if he showed the faintest sign of interest in her. However, she found the bored look in his eyes more alluring. It would have been boring if he was so quickly entrapped by her, or her daughters. Now, she would have to chase, and Isabelle loved to chase.

That was why she flashed him her best smile when she stood in front of him.

"If it isn't the most talked about royalty in all of Europe. Prince Lancelot Dankworth." With that, she prostrated, with courtesy, and so did her daughters.

"Queen Isabelle," Lancelot spoke up, bowing to her. Beside him, Peter and Roxanne followed suit.

Isabelle's eyes danced from one body to another, until it landed on Roxanne. Subconsciously, her left brow arched in sudden interest. She could tell the lady was a human female.

What was a dignified werewolf prince, such as himself, doing with human woman, considering how much of infidels the werewolves considered humans to be?

However, it was not in her place, especially not now. There were more important things to discuss.

"I must say, I wasn't warned," she blurted out, and Lancelot stood there, without a singular idea what she was talking about.

"Your Highness?" Lancelot asked, narrowing his eyes on her.

Isabelle giggled and fanned herself with her right hand, casting Lancelot a flirtatious smile.

"That you would be so breathtakingly handsome. Your gossips do not do you any good, Your Highness."

Roxanne felt herself cringe at the sight of the woman openly fawning over Lancelot. Without even caring what he thought about her! The ladies at the back were not any different. Everyone who cast their eyes on Lancelot, seemed to be won over that instant.

Why wouldn't they? The man was a walking sculpture of Artemis, but not without a ticking time bomb that could explode at any time, regardless of the place, time or persons around him.

How did they not see that?

"Your words flatter me, Your Highness." But he did not look flattered in the least. His face remained straight, and his eyes remained distant and cold, while his palms took refuge in the pocket of his suit trouser.

"I heard that you did not spend the night at the witches' kingdom," Isabelle spoke again, still admiring his handsome face.

"Unforeseen circumstances," Lancelot retorted. Isabelle would have been offended by his cold demeanor, but she could not find it in her to do so. Fayes were after all, extremely gleeful creatures. And as queen of the

Fayes, she knew her temper could affect every and anything around her. So, she remained ecstatic.

"Why, why! You must spend the night with us though! We have beautiful maidens to keep you company tonight."

What. The. Actual. Hell? Roxanne asked herself after the woman had spoken. She was wrong when she thought there was nothing strange about this place, the words coming out of this woman's mouth, were the definition of strange! Roxanne could not help the cough that escaped her throat. It caused all eyes to turn to her immediately. She lowered her gaze to the floor.

"Prince Lancelot, I do not suppose your...assistant would be able to give us a brief moment?"

Roxanne's eyes flung up when she realized the woman was talking about her. She cast Lancelot a pleading look, but he ignored her as usual. His eyes beckoned on Peter to take Roxanne outside.

As usual, Peter obeyed Lancelot's orders as he should have and gripped Roxanne's right hand, she frowned at him, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Why do I need to go outside?" she whispered between clenched teeth as they walked away from the queen and Lancelot.

"Because, issues that do not need your hearing are about to be discussed."

Roxanne rolled her eyes in annoyance.

"Why did he bring me here then?"

She had meant it as a rhetorical question, but now that he thought about it, Peter realized he didn't actually know why she was here; besides the fact that Lancelot had a dire urge to keep her by his side at all times. But of course, he couldn't tell her that.

So, he just flashed her a smile, which Roxanne found weird, and gestured to a bench crafted with bamboo and adorned with crawling and climbing flowering plants.

"You're here now, so just wait on that chair for us."

She fought back the urge to stomp her feet. Peter was out of her sight before she had the chance to say anything. Defeated, she turned to the chair and moved towards it. Forget about Lancelot! Forget about the strange and beautiful queen! And forget about Peter. She would sit down on that bench and admire nature in the finest she had ever seen it.

Roxanne settled into the bench and allowed herself enjoy the sight of the children playing with the sparkling water and splashing themselves with it.

When a little baby almost fell into the fountain, Roxanne did nothing to stop her loud giggles.

That was how she caught the attention of Prince Alphonsus, who was watching the children play in the fountain from a distance. When he saw the strange human-obviously human from the aura around her throw her head back in laughter, he moved to her out of curiosity.

Alphonsus strolled over to her, and settled in by her side, ten inches away from her.

Roxanne turned sharply, in shock and confusion. But Alphonsus gave her a warm smile, as if saying "relax, I am not trying to kill you." She let out a nervous chuckle before looking over his face carefully.

From up close, he actually looked like he could not hurt a fly. With bright brown eyes and brown hair, with brown cargo pants and an equally brown vintage shirt. Yes, he was also a member of the "same color for everything" committee. She must be here with Prince Lancelot, Alphonsus thought. But he wondered why she was out here, while Lancelot was inside with his very... gleeful sister.

"Do you believe in fairies?" he asked, when she had looked away from him.

Roxanne was faintly puzzled by the question, but he had been sweetly polite to her, the least she could do was chuckle lightly.

"Sure, if you're Peter Pan," she replied, flashing him a wink.

Alphonsus threw his head back in laughter, as if he had understood what she had just said; he didn't. What was even a Peter Pan? "That sounds like you don't believe. But I wonder what you're doing here, if you don't."

Roxanne peeked at him in faint amusement and very slight confusion.

"What is this? Some fairy kingdom?"

Alphonsus glared at her shortly, before allowing a bush of dandelions to catch his attention. He found the human woman interesting, but he now knew that she was terribly ignorant, which was a good thing. In the past years, humans had posed a threat to the stability of their land, he would have hated to take precautionary measures against her.

Ignorance was indeed a bliss, sometimes.

"You look as beautiful as a fairy though," he spoke, distracting himself from his thoughts.

Roxanne was flattered. Her cheeks reddened on their own accord.

"Thank you for the pleasant pick up lines. American men could surely learn one or two tricks from you." Truthfully, she found him truly pleasant and charming.

Once again, Alphonsus laughed without having a faint idea what she was talking about. But, he knew he found her company pleasant.

Back in the palace, Lancelot walked around the throne room beside Isabelle who had insisted on introducing him to every single one of her

plants. When they stood in front of the cactus, she paused and turned to him.

"It's a pity you're already betrothed to your chosen Luna."

Lancelot corked a brow at her, and it seemed to excite her the more, this woman was indeed strange.

"But, that shouldn't change anything, because, my daughter here..." She turned back and pulled one of the ladies behind her, to the front.

The blue eyed girl peeped at Lancelot, before sending her gaze to the floor.

"Veronica would not mind being one of your mistresses. Would you, darling?"

He watched as the girl shook her head in ecstasy, as a sign for no.

He shrugged, of course she wouldn't.

"I appreciate your kind gesture, but I'm afraid..."

"You'll have to decline? You might want to think about it first. You never found your mate, and you might never be truly satisfied by your chosen Luna, if you know what I mean. But, we faces have a way of..." She winked at him. "Pleasing our own."

Once again, Lancelot tried to politely decline.

"I am flattered by your concern, but I am afraid there is no need for that."

Isabelle feigned a sad pout and placed her hand on Veronica's shoulder, before sending her back to where her sisters stood.

"You've hurt my poor Vero's feelings. But! Not to worry, we have other beautiful maidens for you, if none matches your taste, you can pick from any two of my other daughters."

Lancelot thought he would dig his hands into the cactus plant with annoyance! Why was this female hell bent on making him take one of her own child to bed? Of course, he couldn't blame her, he knew that she did

not know he had a mate, and he had already marked her which meant sexual relations with anyone that wasn't her would hurt her deeply. She did not need to know it either, he would just turn her down again. "Once again, I appreciate your generosity. But I'll be fine by myself."

He was going to look away from her, before he saw her face squeeze into a frown. However, it was disappeared so quickly that Lancelot found himself doubting it was every there. Isabelle's lips thinned into a sarcastic smile.

"You would just have to bed one of our maidens. It is tradition and you cannot leave without it."

She narrowed her eyes at him.

"No one can."

Lancelot felt himself flinch.