

## Chapter 63 I Can Imagine

Forget all he said about finding this place strange. Now, it was plainly unpleasant. Lancelot was never one to judge, but he found it incredibly appalling the way the queen shoved their promiscuity down his throat. He now understood why werewolves were superior above all supernatural creatures; they had discipline. A very important tool for success.

However, this was a test he had to pass, a sacrifice to the great cause. And so, he focused on the cactus plant, fighting hard to hide his irritation behind a hard jaw and bored eyes.

"I will take your offer," he replied. Isabelle's eyes brightened in an instant. She brought her hands together to clap, while she continued to beam with smiles.

"I knew you would..."

"But not with any of your daughters," Lancelot cut in sharply, interrupting both her applause and her sentence. She stopped and stared plainly at him for a fleeting second, before lighting up her smile again, she waved a hand of dismissal while chuckling.

"Oh! That's fine. It's no problem at all. There are more than enough maidens to go around. How many would you want? Two? Three? A dozen? A..."

"Just one would be fine," he replied curtly. Even though, deep down, Lancelot wanted to scream and ask her if she was really serious.

She moved closer to him and placed both hands on his rigid and broad shoulder blades.

"Tonight, you would have the best of maidens in all of La Gomera! I can assure you..." She released his left shoulder blade from her hold and ran her soft fingers down his chest. It lingered somewhere between his breasts.

Her eyes never left his. It was like a battle of wits, Isabelle was seeking subtle and tricky ways to bend him to her grasp, and he was resisting it and rendering all her efforts futile without even blinking - he was fighting internally, and he wouldn't let her see it.

"She is the best of the best."

Their staring contest lasted for another six seconds, before Isabelle tore her gaze away from him and clapped softly.

"Boy! Am I glad that's over? All the tension was making me sick."

As she went on and on, Lancelot tried to fix his mind on other things, besides the overbearing female close to him.

He took a swift sweep around the room with his eyes, until they rested on Peter standing not quite far from the Queen's daughters. He had an inquisitive look in his eyes; ones that showed he was pondering on something, thinking hard to make sense of something.

Lancelot was right, Peter was indeed trying to make sense of something: He couldn't help but wonder what Lancelot's plan was. Lancelot already had a mate, whom he had marked.

Going to bed with another female was going to cause Roxanne unbearable pain; a pain that she would not be able to explain or trace; a pain that she might probably pass out from. Then again, it was Lancelot. And Lancelot

would do anything for duty. He would always be the one to pay the price, no matter what or who it costs.

Lancelot wondered where Roxanne might be, and why Peter was not with her. He cast Peter a questioning glare, but his assistant did not seem to understand what was being said.

Lancelot clenched his teeth in frustration and turned to Isabelle. If Roxanne had wandered about aimlessly again, he had to find her before she...caused any more problems or drew any form of unwanted attention to herself.

"Yes. Now that we're past that, I would really love to be shown around," Lancelot spoke, although making no effort to feign enthusiasm. He had always found it unnecessary to pretend or fake anything.

"Why, of course! Come, come." She turned her back to him, obviously either oblivious or nonchalant of the absence of enthusiasm in his voice. Lancelot had a feeling it was the latter.

"You really need to see our most important natural treasures over the years."

As she talked, Isabelle led him past all her bright and colorful flower pots, with even more colorful plants. Lancelot appeared as though he was listening to all that was being said, nodding in approvals and giving short replies like: "yes", "sure", "I see", "I can imagine." And nothing more.

Until she led him out of the palace door, down the steps of the front porch and to the side of the great fountain. Even under the dark evening sky, the water glittered with a magical sparkle. Isabelle gave him a faint history of the fountain as she led him around it, to the garden as she told him a brief history of the first flowers planted and what they signified.

However, it was the body of water surrounded by numerous colorful fireflies just ahead of them that caught Lancelot's attention. Isabelle noticed the keen look in his eyes and traced the direction of his gaze to

the lake in front of them. If he thought the water from the fountain glittered, this one was made of glitters itself.

"I see you're already mesmerized by the Elixir lake," she spoke aloud, a proud and pleased smile on her face.

"The what?"

Isabelle chuckled and turned her back to him, while slowly approaching the body of water. The sound of waves could be heard, even though the water was not moving at all. It seemed to call out to everyone who stood at the edge. "The elixir lake has been a part of the kingdom of Feyes for thousands of years. Capable of so many things. Water from the elixir lake has the power to heal and kill, all depends on the thoughts and wishes of the one who uses it."

Lancelot noticed the faint angered edge in her tone at the end of her sentence. Isabelle had now gotten his full attention, he was now going to listen carefully. Whatever could irk Isabelle, had to be very important.

"It is why we've guarded this lake, and our kingdom with everything that we had. It was why we gave our lives to keeping away from the hands that wanted to take it all away from us, from the greedy HUMAN hands who wanted what was ours, and stopped at nothing to take it away from us."

With every second that passed, every word that came out of her mouth, Lancelot could see Isabelle's face faintly tighten and her bright yellow glow was slowly dying. The wind around them became fiercer, and Lancelot could tell that even Mother Nature was annoyed at the humans for what they had done to her queen.

"We took them in with open arms, just as we take everyone else in. But instead of appreciation and friendliness, we got betrayal, lust...and death. The humans set out to make war. We sought for the help of other supernatural creatures. Your grandfather, joined us in the fight. And we were finally able to salvage all that we have now. We have managed to

build our land back, but what we haven't been able to build yet..." Isabelle stopped talking and turned to him. The darkness of her eyes rested on Lancelot's face. Isabelle was not angry, but her expression was far from joyous. There was now something deadly about her stare, something he did not imagine she had possessed. "Is our trust for human kind." Her glare was accusing him of something, and Lancelot knew exactly what it was - Roxanne. She was not pleased to have her here, whether as his personal assistant or anything at all. Before Lancelot could say anything, the bright yellow spark in Isabelle's eyes returned in an instant.

"Turns out we were not the only ones affected by their greed. The werewolves lost something too, something that shook them and altered the course of history. So, while we avoided the humans and kept them away from us, the werewolves on the other hand...despise them. But, I'm guessing you already know that...Alpha Lancelot Dankworth."

The accusation in her tone had reached the surface, she was doing nothing to mask it anymore.

Lancelot leered at her after she asked the question. As a matter of fact, he did not know what it was. But, he was certain it was the reason his mother was furious to have Roxanne under their roof. He was certain that it was the reason the council and even his father, who often remained calm no matter what, were thrown into turmoil at the mention of Roxanne. Yes, they hated humans, but now, he knew that there was a reason. And he was curious to know what could have warranted so much anger and hatred.

Nevertheless, Isabelle was still staring at him and Lancelot knew he had to say something.

"I can imagine."

She nodded curtly. "As can I."

There was a brief moment of silence between them, before Lancelot realized that he was alone with the Faye queen. He had expected Peter to follow him behind.

"I suppose I want to take another look at the fountain now," he said. Lancelot needed something to draw them back to the rest of the palace, where eyes could see them. He didn't trust Isabelle enough to be alone with her. There was nothing she could do to him, of course, but it never killed to be too careful. The only thing that killed, was being too careless. She also seemed pleased with the idea.

"Certainly! I'll show you to the children's favorite spot."

She saw Lancelot's brow raise, silently asking her if she had any "children." Isabelle smiled a knowing smile.

"I am queen of Fayes. Every child in this kingdom is my child."

With that, she led him away from the lake, back to the fountain, and they walk around it, side by side. However, as they draw close to the children's section of the palace, both of them heard voices and laughter very familiar to them. Isabelle heard her brother's. And Lancelot heard Roxanne's. They both stopped, side by side when they caught sight of the two seated together.

Isabelle was the first to feel her insides curl. Alphonsus's brown eyes glowed even brighter in the dark. The sound of his laughter echoed all around them and stung her ears. There was no way Alphonsus did not know she was a human, so why did he seem so close and comfortable with her. Of the both of them, Alphonsus was the one who was more vengeful to humans after what they did to their land...and to their parents. Yet, here he was.

She took one swift glance at Lancelot, that was how she saw his fists roll into balls, by his sides. She looked back at the laughing female and something struck a chord in her brain. Whoever this lady was, the

"assistant" tag Lancelot had given her did not justify the look of concern, envy and fury mixed in his eyes. There was definitely something more and it excited her. She had to find out what it was, she had to push him till he gave something up.

Lancelot did not know when he curved his fists, or when his veins popped up to the surface of his skin, threatening to pop out with force. He did not know when his eyes burned from staring at them, or when Isabelle started to try to piece things together. All he knew was that Roxanne was laughing wholeheartedly with this man, for this man. And she looked so happy, happier than she had ever looked around him in a long time.

"Alphonsus is my little brother. The one who would be taking over the kingdom after I am gone. He is a cheerful and free-spirited soul, but is not fond of females at all. It appears he has taken a liking to your.." She hesitated, just for good dramatic effect.

"Assistant."

Lancelot felt himself flinch, his eyes fixed on them.

"I can imagine."