

Chapter 64 His Special Assistant

She threw her head back in laughter at something Alphonsus had said. His laughter roared above hers, and it felt so good to be genuinely happy in such a long time. Roxanne could really not remember the last time she felt so elated to talk to someone.

However, it was cut short the moment she sensed a familiar and unpleasant set of eyes on her. Roxanne's laughter disappeared immediately, and she looked ahead of them.

Her lips thinned involuntarily on the sight of him. Of course! It had to be him! Who else would pop up from nowhere and steal her joy from right under her feet, turn around and act as though he had done nothing? Lancelot Dankworth! Who else didn't want to see her happy and made no attempt to hide it? Lancelot Dankworth!

It was always Lancelot Dankworth. All.The.Fucking.Time!

Nevertheless, she rose up from the bench and bowed to them when they stood in front of her.

"Your Grace." She turned to the bright-eyed queen from earlier this evening.

"Your Highness."

Isabelle ignored her greeting and steadied her gaze on her younger brother. Who had risen from his seat to stand closely beside Roxanne. She flashed him a smile, and spoke.

"I can see you're enjoying the company of the Prince's special assistant."

Alphonsus glared at her. He recognized the dangerous smile on his sister's lips. And the words "special assistant" were not just words. There were accusations, and a resounding warning. A faint reminder of the significance of Roxanne's kind and what their reception ought to be.

Still, he ignored it all and turned to the wolf prince. The male was as tall and handsome as the gossips said he'll be. It was no wonder his sister delighted in his company, so much so that she had asked his personal assistant out of the room, to give them enough...privacy.

"Is anyone ready for dinner? Because I know I am," he said as he looked ahead of his sister and fixed his eyes on the palace building, silently dismissing his sister.

Isabelle caught the hint and decided to play along, but that was after she made a mental note to have a very in-depth and heartfelt discussion with her brother on what the fuck he was actually doing. But for now, she would smile and be a good host. And that was exactly what she did.

"I am too! Come on now, dinner must be ready." She turned to Lancelot.

"You must join us for tonight's feast, Your Highness. I made sure every member of the royal family, which just included myself, my brother and my children would be present. And we would be honored by yours."

Lancelot was going to refuse, but he felt the dire need to get to know exactly what the Queen's brother was playing at.

According to Isabelle's story, Alphonsus was supposed to avoid Roxanne at all cost, not make her laugh and feel comfortable. He didn't trust him, he didn't trust any of them.

"Of course, we would." He peeked at Roxanne as he spoke, she was staring up at Alphonsus. He could taste the bile in his stomach, on his tongue. He turned around and walked beside Isabelle while fighting the urge to turn back and look at Roxanne, just to make sure she was not staring at the Faye prince anymore.

"Miss Roxanne, I would really love to take you on a night tour around the palace," Alphonsus spoke, and Roxanne's eyes beamed at him. From the corner of her iris, she peeked at Lancelot to see if he'll turn to her, but he didn't.

So, she sounded as happy as she really was.

"It would be my pleasure, Your Grace."

She did not see Lancelot's eyes darken, or him bite his lower lip with spite. She allowed herself to bask in Alphonsus's adoration. And she also genuinely liked his name, it sounded as pleasant as he was, unlike...Lancelot. What kind of name was that anyway?

However, Lancelot was not the only one concerned by this sudden bond between the Faye prince and the human woman. Isabelle was perturbed, if not troubled. Her brother seemed genuinely pleased, and she couldn't help but wonder if he was just happy to be close to the woman, was ignorant of what she was - which wasn't possible - or scheming something in his thick head. Whatever it was, Isabelle just had to know.

Together, they walked back into the palace. Isabelle and Lancelot maintained silence, while Alphonsus threw in one or two jokes, which only Roxanne laughed at. By the time they stepped into the palace, Peter rose up from the chair he was seated in, waiting for Lancelot to return.

The look Lancelot gave to him was far from friendly. Peter recognized it as the look Lancelot had when Roxanne had wandered into the forest and interrupted the hunt, under Peter's watch. Confused, he looked behind

Lancelot and saw Roxanne blushing while a strange man whom he later recognized as the Faye prince-spoke in hushed tones.

Oh, no. Once again, Roxanne had managed to draw unwanted attention to herself. And Lancelot was far from pleased.

Peter hurried and joined Lancelot by his side, as they walked to a far end of the throne room where a fancy banquet table stood. Eight chairs were arranged around the round glass table and delicious meals of all kinds, exotic desserts of cakes and pies, and expensive wine decorated the table top.

"We do hope you enjoy the traditional Spanish meal. Spanish wines aren't the best in the world for no reason. That, I can assure you."

Isabelle spoke, she turned to the maid standing by the table and flashed a smile.

"Are my daughters coming down for dinner?"

The lady bowed her head as she spoke.

"No, my queen. They had theirs some minutes ago, in their Chambers."

"Together?" Isabelle asked again, fixing her eyes on a piece of blueberry pie in one of the plates.

"Yes, my queen."

"I see."

The maid walked to her front and drew out the chair she was currently looking at.

"Well, I guess my daughters won't be joining us after all. I am terribly sorry, Your Highness." She bowed to Lancelot as she pulled out a chair and sat beside him.

She shouldn't have been sorry, there was no reason to be. If anything, Lancelot was glad they weren't going to be here. He couldn't stand Isabelle trying to set him up with one, or even all her daughters again.

Peter sat in silence and ate quietly, while his keen orbs continued to dance from Roxanne to the Faye prince and to Lancelot, who had his normal cold, aloof and very distant demeanor. There was something odd about the way the Faye prince paid attention to Roxanne. Whenever he spoke, he addressed his sentence to her and watched in adoration as she replied or acknowledged his statement. Throughout the dinner, he was quick to pass her salt, a piece of pie, a champagne flute, a bottle of wine. Whatever she asked for, or her eyes seemed to indicate interest in, Alphonsus gave it to her in a heartbeat.

Alphonsus was also the one whose voice dominated the dinner table. He spoke about the origin of all the wine brands on the table and spoke of the best way to prepare steak, before making it clear that he was, in his words, "the most vegetarian male he had ever met". Roxanne had found this funny, and chuckled.

Dinner ended in forty-five minutes, and Roxanne was visibly stretched out. Frankly, so was everyone else. Well, besides the ever energetic Alphonsus.

When Roxanne's laughter started to dwindle, Alphonsus looked at her with caring eyes.

"Are you alright, Miss Harvey? You don't seem to be in the state of mind for our walk anymore."

How truly considerate, Roxanne thought. Alphonsus was not only good looking, but he was attentive, funny and kind hearted. He actually cared about the people around him, and from what she had seen, that was a rare trait to see in European men.

Her tired eyes did not seem to meet his vibrant ones in energy. She was visibly worn out, and was hoping she would be able to do what she had not done soundly since she left London; sleep soundly tonight.

"You're right Your Grace. I feel extremely exhausted." It was evident in her voice as well.

He sighed and fell into his chair.

"Perhaps we should move our tour to tomorrow morning, after you are well rested?"

Oh! Sweet baby Jesus! Yes! Yes and yes! She wanted to scream. But, the snarl she heard was faster.

"We would be leaving first thing tomorrow morning," Lancelot gnarled, underneath his breath, but loud enough for everyone else that hear.

Her eyes narrowed at him. They had just gotten here? Why was he in a hurry to leave when she had finally found someone to keep her company?! Yes, this man was a total joy killer!

But Alphonsus would not be discouraged, he thought of another idea.

"How sad. How about you freshen up? Have a bath and brighten up before we take the walk. I would really not mind if you are not up for it, but I am really hoping you are."

He was so sweet, Roxanne thought. Alphonsus was smiling at her, with a gentleman's smile and he had a genuine look of concern in his eyes. She turned to Lancelot, waiting for him to say something, but he didn't. What was she expecting? The man didn't give a shit about her anyway.

Alphonsus waited for thirty seconds before speaking up.

"So, I'm guessing it's a yes?"

Isabelle who had watched quietly ever since glared at Alphonsus now. It had been a joke before. But now? What was actually wrong with her

brother? Although, it was undeniable fact that the human woman had a heart of gold, and a laughter as light and cheerful as the sunny sky on a bright summer morning. She was almost like them, but that did not change the fact that she wasn't. Or that Alphonsus had no business trying to spend time with her.

So, she stayed quiet and excused herself from the table. She turned to Lancelot and gave him a curt nod, sent a glare to her brother's direction before breaking out in a smile and telling everyone goodnight.

Alphonsus followed next, stepping away from them to the direction of the palace door, and Roxanne changed her mind, decided she would take the walk first, and followed him behind.

Leaving Peter and Lancelot on the dining table, watching them walk beside each other and laugh in hushed tones.

Peter seized his gaze from them, and turned to Lancelot. He was still looking at them, and even when they stepped out of the palace, his eyes were still on their trail.

"Wait here and make sure she doesn't last up to an hour outside."

"Sir, I..."

Lancelot shot him a glare, and Peter gulped his saliva hard, falling into silence.

"Once she is back, tell her to make tea for me and bring it to my room."

Peter did not want to do that. He did not want Lancelot to toy with Roxanne again. He had been silently watching the both of them. It was true that Lancelot cared about Roxanne, but he had a strange way of showing it, which hurt her all the time. Peter was loyal to his boss, but the man needed to get his head straight.

"Another maid can serve you tea, Your Grace. She won't be back in at least an hour, and..."

"I want Roxanne to serve me my tea," Lancelot snapped.

"Whatever time she returns, she has to report to me first before anything else," Lancelot spoke as he rose up from his seat.

"Make sure you tell her that, when she returns."

Peter watched his boss walk away, a maiden hurried towards him and muttered something within the lines of "the queen has asked me to show you to your room."

But with the look on the maiden's face, and her seductive dressing, Peter knew exactly what the queen had sent her to do. Lancelot spared her only but one glance, before allowing her lead him away.

Peter feared for his boss, but he feared for Roxanne the more. He only wished she knew what she had gotten herself into.