

Chapter 65 Would You Stay With Me

"The queen has asked me to show you to your chambers, Your Grace."

The voice and manner of speech were seductive. Lancelot paused his stance and his raging thoughts to take one swift look at her, before he turned his face away and urged her forward. The female beamed with smiles and walked ahead of him, extremely pleased that he had not refused her. Lancelot walked behind her. Up a flight of stairs, to a bright colorful corridor, and then to the first room by the right.

When she opened the room, the scent of fresh incense and scented candles hit his nose with brute force that caused him to sneeze gently. The lady turned to him, before spreading the door open in front of him. "Welcome to the beauty of La Gomera, Your Grace," she said as she took one step into the room first, and bowed to him, stretching her right hand to the direction of the bed; a gesture that was meant to usher him in.

Lancelot's eyes danced around the room. He had no doubt they had prepared it for him. The king-sized bed dressed in all white was built on top of a large circular brick structure. On the circular block were small stairs leading to the top of the bed. To the right was a huge wardrobe, and a very large window that offered exquisite view of the outside world.

Isabelle really knew how to treat her guests to the finest of rooms, Lancelot thought. For the second time since he entered into this palace, he was pleased.

The maiden closed the door behind him, and pressed herself on it, before smiling very seductively.

Lancelot moved to where the bed stood, climbed up the steps and settled down into the edge of the bed. He rose his eyes from the ground, to meet the maiden. She had taken a seductive pose with her hips bent to the side, her chest out and her hands crossed above her head, as if beckoning on him to pin her to the door and have his way with her.

Lancelot had something in mind for the beautiful girl though.

He took one swift glance at her body, pushed himself forward and placed his elbows on the thighs.

"Come."

Her black eyes roamed his face as she took slow steps forward. Catwalking and swaying her hips to the left, and to the right. She was calculating each step, doing her best to build hunger and anticipation in him.

She didn't stop until she was standing in front of him, just below the four steps that led to the surface of his bed.

"I am here, for you to do with as you please," her voice came out as a low and seductive sigh. Before she bowed her head slowly, and flung it up again to lock eyes with him.

She was trying to elude a submissive aura, while still telling him that she could be as wild as he wanted her to be.

As tempting as she was, Lancelot still saw being with her as a chore, an unbearable test that he would just have to pass through and he couldn't wait to be done with it.

He leaned into his bed once more, allowing her to catch a glimpse of his bare chest from the loosened buttons on his shirt, and the broadness of his

shoulder blades. There was a hungry look in the maiden's eyes. She was obviously looking forward to having him, more than he was to having her.

"What would you want me to do, Your Grace?"

'I would like you to leave.' He wanted to say, but he knew he couldn't. Instead, he threw his head back once more and muttered underneath his breath.

"Do what you want."

Roxanne was shocked to see Peter standing at the foot of the palace door when she and Alphonsus made their way back into the palace. He was saying a joke about how he thought dandelions were crafted from the mane of lions because of the "lion" suffix in them. And, for some reason, Roxanne found it genuinely amusing.

When she stood in front of him, Peter looked down at her, before roaming over to Alphonsus.

"Is everything alright?" Alphonsus asked, but his question was not directed at Peter, it was for Roxanne.

She smiled sweetly and nodded.

"Yes, everything is fine. I want to thank you for the tour, Your Grace. I really enjoyed myself."

Alphonsus was satisfied by her smile. He had seen it a thousand times this night, but had still not gotten tired of it.

"I'm glad you are. I'm guessing it's goodnight then?"

Roxanne blushed lightly.

"Indeed, it is."

On that note, he held on to Roxanne's right hand, rose it up to his face and placed a soft kiss on her knuckles.

"Goodnight, Miss Harvey."

"Do have a good rest, Your Grace."

Alphonsus gave her a smile that said "I definitely would" before looking away from her and gave Peter a curt nod-one Peter reluctantly returned. When Alphonsus was out of their sight, Peter turned to Roxanne. "I can see you're having fun."

"Does that bother you?" she asked, winking playfully. But Peter was far past the mood to play. He looked over her, from head to toe, before clearing his throat and speaking.

"Sir Lancelot has asked you to prepare his cinnamon tea and send it to his room."

Roxanne fought back the urge to roll her eyes. Cinnamon tea? Really? Was that the only trick Lancelot had in his sleeve? Instead, she nodded, her face now devoid of any form of smile and stood straight. "Where is his room?"

"You should ask the maidens at the top of the stairs, they'll know where he is."

Roxanne nodded.

She was about to walk past him when Peter called her back.

"Miss Harvey."

She stopped on her tracks and focused on him with keen eyes.

"Be careful," he said aloud, with a genuinely concerned look on his face.

Roxanne thought that he was talking about Alphonsus and this palace, but in reality, he was telling her to be careful of Lancelot. He knew she liked him, and Lancelot felt something for her, but as long as Lancelot could not bring himself to confront his feelings and act on them, he would continue to hurt Roxanne.

And she did not deserve it, at least, not to Peter.

Roxanne's cheeks puffed up and her lips widened in a smile.

"I will. Thanks Peter."

He simply nodded and watched her walk away from him.

As she entered into the palace, Roxanne found a maiden and asked her for directions to the kitchen. After being led there, she requested for cinnamon tea, boiling water and sugar. When she had gotten all of it, she mixed his tea and asked to be shown to Lancelot's room.

The maidens looked at her in a way that she could not explain. It was almost as if they were warning her not to go to the room, but Roxanne did not know what to make of it. She simply wanted to serve Lancelot his tea and go to bed. With that resolve, she held the two sides of the tray where his tea sat and walked up the stairs.

"The first door to the right," they had said, and she could already see it.

As she walked slowly, she forced herself to take deep breaths in and out, she would need a lot of strength to see him again; mostly mental strength.

When she stood in front of his door, she closed her eyes shut and counted to ten, while praying and telling herself that she would drop his tea for him and leave. She would not say anything, and she would only answer questions in a dismissing tone. It was high time she began to look after herself.

With these thoughts, balanced the tray on the palm of her right hand and stretched her left to knock on the door.

However, the door opened right in front of her instead. Roxanne staggered back in shock, she wasn't ready to come face to face with him yet, she needed to breathe properly once more, she needed to...

She stopped panicking when she realized Lancelot wasn't the one at the foot of the door. Instead, it was the face of a blushing female, one who

was too busy arranging her breasts so it fit into the cleavage part of her dress properly, to acknowledge Roxanne with even a smile.

Roxanne stood there, stupefied. A dull ache in her chest, accompanied by a crushing sensation in her stomach and chest as well. The face of the lady was the face of a woman who had just had three orgasmic rounds of sex, and she was walking, out...of... Lancelot's...room.

She did not know she had stood in front of the door for more than five minutes, until she heard another door close from a distance.

Roxanne bit her lips to stop them from quivering. So, there was really nothing between them after all, because if there was, he wouldn't have...

She gulped her saliva and shook her head violently. There was no need to ruin her mood because of Lancelot, not after how sweetly Alphonsus had treated her. She would not bother herself with Lancelot's nonsense, not tonight. Roxanne steadied herself and straightened her composure before pushing the slightly opened door gently. She took two steps into the room in silence, the tray firmly clutched in her hands to prevent it from falling to the floor. The first thing her eyes caught sight of was the high bed, set in a very romantic way. Her eyes darkened. That was the bed he had laid with the maiden, a mere palace... Wait, why did she even care? No. She would not think about it anymore. Lancelot wasn't her concern, and he could do whatever the hell it was that he wanted to do.

She turned her eyes to the window and found Lancelot standing there, shirtless and with nothing but his grey suit pants on. Roxanne could not bring herself to admire him tonight, she frowned, walked straight and placed the tea on a stool beside his bed.

He turned to her after hearing the sound of the tray against the glass stool. Roxanne rose her head up to meet his keen eyes.

"You're to be asleep now, Your Grace."

Lancelot leaned away from the window and stood straight.

"I have not been able to bring myself to sleep." With his hands in his pockets, he took four steps towards her, and suddenly stopped. It was only when he stopped that Roxanne realized she had been holding her breath ever since, she relaxed herself and kept her eyes on him.

"Perhaps if you stayed with me, I would be able to."

Standing there, her brows rose in astonishment. Not only had he gone to bed with someone else, but now, he was standing in front of her and suggesting she warmed his bed too?! This! This had to be the height of it. This man had no respect for her whatsoever, and this would be the last time she'll let him...

She stopped thinking when Lancelot took seven more quick steps, covering the distance between them. He looked down into her eyes, boring holes into them as if searching her eyes for her deepest secrets, for her weaknesses. Roxanne wanted more than anything to bid him goodnight, turn around and leave, never to return. She tried to take one step backwards, but found it impossible to raise her legs up. His stare had melted her and turned her bones into jelly. There was something like desire in his eyes, but he couldn't desire her. Not after just getting out of bed with another woman.

"Would you stay with me..." he said. His voice sounded like silk against her ears as he lowered his lips down to her neck. Her lips parted to gasp for air.

He was so close, she could drink in his scent, and feel the erect hairs on his bare skin. Slowly, he leaned into her neck and his left hand cupped the back of her neck, pulling her closer to him. Her hormones were spiraling out of control, and she was trying to keep all her thoughts in check.

She couldn't let him do this to her, not again.

"Miss Harvey?" When he spoke, the left side of her neck burned and itched, like a hot iron rod was being pierced unto her skin to draw a permanent tattoo, or mark her.

Roxanne stood quiet, and shut her eyes firmly as he traced slow kisses up to the back of her right ear, and down to her shoulders.

She felt helpless against his touch, hopeless against his sensual aura, she was no match for the hold that he had on her. Until the horrific image of the girl leaving his room flashed through her mind again.

Her eyes flung open and she let out a long and deep breath.

"No," she gasped. It was as a result of the image in her head, but Lancelot saw it as her answer.

He stopped immediately, pulled himself away from her and stood straight. He looked at her with his head slightly tilted to the left and his left brow cocked up in query and disbelief.

Suddenly, she found the strength she needed to walk away from him. She would not let him have his way tonight and act as though she was nothing tomorrow. That madness, just had to stop.

"No," she said again, just in case he had to hear it clearly before. Lancelot stared back at her, his eyes laddered with disbelief.

Roxanne did not wait to see anything else. She turned on her heels and dashed out of his room, her heart pounding against her chest and her lower lip trapped in between her teeth. She would not cry, she would not regret her decision. It was all for the best, she finally said to herself, banging his door behind her.