

Blurb
Camelot's Enchantment

Cernunnos stopped abruptly, a few feet from the pool that was the portal to the human world. Beside him, Lancelot pulled his sword, ready to fight.

The blond man looked up, a twisted smile on his lips. "You'll hardly need that."

"Yes, put that away." Morgan glanced at Gwenhwyfar before looking at Cernunnos. "I don't know where you've been, but we'll speak of that when I return."

He could see the two, tiny red marks Lupiana's fangs had made on the incubus. "You're not going anywhere," he said to Morgan.

She raised an eyebrow even as the water began to stir in the pool. "May I remind you that I am queen here in Faerie? This young man is in need of my protection. There has been a misunderstanding at Camelot that I should be able to fix." She smiled at Melehan and then addressed Cernunnos. "*When I return*, we will talk."

"Listen to me, Morgan. This man is an incubus."

"Don't be ridiculous! He's a very gallant young man with excellent manners. Something you might take note of, Cernunnos."

"You've been ensorcelled."

Her eyes widened and then she began to laugh. "Ensorcelled? *Me?*"

"Step away from the pool, Morgan. Let us talk."

"No." She slanted a look at Melehan. "Are you ready?"

He bowed and gestured. "After you, my lady."

She giggled. "I do so like being at Court. This is going to be fun." Without looking at the others she stepped into the water and disappeared in its swirling depths.

"*No!*" Cernunnos shouted and leapt after her.

Melehan was about to follow when the point of a sword at his throat stopped him.

"*We* are going to talk," Lancelot said and pricked Melehan's neck just enough to draw blood. "Starting with, who in the Christian hell are you?"