

The Elven Ambassador  
A Magiford Supernatural City Short Story  
By K. M. Shea

Noctus Mors rested his hands on the polished surface of the desk he'd been seated at and stared at the horse-shoe-shaped arrangement of tables that the Regional Committee of Magic members occupied.

He glanced down at the meeting agenda—printed out, stapled, and meticulously arranged next to the gold name plate that read *Elven Ambassador*—then looked back at the committee members. “Why am I here?”

“We’ve invited you to attend committee meetings as an elf ambassador, being that the elves don’t yet have a voice in the Curia Cloisters,” Queen Leila—monarch of the fae Night Court and the fae representative on the board—smiled. *Nicely*.

Noctus blinked. “The elves are not a part of the Curia Cloisters.”

“Yes, but you’re supernaturals,” Elite Bellus—the wizard representative—folded his hands and rested them on his belly. “Naturally, you’ll join.”

“What if we have no wish to join?” Noctus asked, casually lounging in his chair even though he watched for the smallest change in each committee member’s expression.

Elite Bellus choked. “Of course, you’ll wish to join,” he said. “The Curia Cloisters has better resources and a deep history. We provide many advantages to supernaturals that you’ll surely want to partake in.”

“You forget who I’m engaged to, Elite Bellus,” Noctus said, a cruel smile settling on his lips. “I know *all too well* how the Cloisters operates. And there is very little you could offer us when we elves have better immersed with human society than any other supernatural race.”

Adept Hazel Medeis—leader of the wizard House Medeis and the Elite’s protégé—cleared her throat as she scratched her jaw. “He’s not wrong,” she whispered.

Elite Bellus frowned at his protégé and refrained from replying.

“You’re here,” Killian Drake—Vampire Eminence of the Midwest—smirked as he leaned back in his cushioned chair, “because you’re too good of a ruler to miss out on what could possibly be an advantageous position for your people.”

“I don’t have any power or say in whatever you vote,” Noctus pointed out.

“True,” Killian agreed. “But you get to be here, in our presence. And that is gift enough.”

“Careful, Drake. I don’t think he’s someone you want to taunt.” This warning came from Alpha Greyson, who was officially the protégé of the werewolf Pre-Dominant Harka, but seeing as Alpha Harka hadn’t even bothered to attend the meeting, Noctus was willing to bet it was only a matter of time before she handed the title over.

The Alpha was sitting at his spot, tapping a pen on a notepad—an oddly old-fashioned choice considering every other member of the Committee used either their cellphones, a tablet, or a laptop for note taking.

Killian raised his expressive eyebrows as he peered from Noctus to Alpha Greyson. “Don’t taunt him because he’s an elf which means he’s likely a homicidal maniac if history is any indicator, or you think he might actually end up being useful?”

Alpha Greyson’s nose twitched. “He smells like a cat.”

Killian held up his hand as if blessing Alpha Greyson. “Thank you for so clearly answering my question. You gave great illumination on a cloudy topic.”

“You’re likely smelling my fiancée, Chloe Anderson, a shadow,” Noctus said.

“Hmmm,” Alpha Greyson said.

“But I’m afraid you all took my question too deeply,” Noctus continued. He picked up the meeting’s agenda and held it up. “What I meant to suggest was why do you see the need for an elf ambassador to attend a meeting in which the main subject will be...which contractors to hire for parking lot and sidewalk snow removal.”

“Hey!” Queen Leila looked up from her tablet long enough to scowl. “Selecting contractors means we’ll be talking about *money*, and *money*—and how one stewards their use of it—is a very important topic.”

Noctus waited for the committee members to speak up, but it seemed Charon’s warning to avoid discussing money with the fae queen was true, because they all pointedly looked away.

Well, everyone except for Killian Drake, the troll.

“Welcome, elven ambassador, to the Regional Committee of Magic,” Killian Drake said. “I *do* hope you enjoy pedantic discussions!”

\*\*\*

At the next meeting of the Regional Committee of Magic, a new face sat at the desk assigned to the Elven Ambassador.

Killian frowned. “You don’t look like an elf.”

“Hello.” Chloe Anderson awkwardly bobbed in her seat. “Yes. No. That is, I’m not an elf.”

Alpha Greyson tilted his head. “You’re the shadow.”

“Yes,” Chloe said. “Chloe Anderson, employee of Book Nookery. I’m also Noctus’s fiancée.”

“So you’re here...in his stead?” Elite Bellus asked, the wrinkles on his forehead rapidly multiplying.

Chloe tucked her hands under the desk. “Yes.”

“But you’re not an elf,” the Elite repeated.

“Correct,” Chloe said.

“If you’re not an elf, it doesn’t seem right that you’re the elven ambassador,” Elite Bellus said.

“I agree,” Chloe said.

Charon—seated with Aristide and Kerberos in the front row of seats arranged just behind Chloe—stood. “The elves of Calor feel strongly that Chloe Anderson will be able to accurately represent our interests and needs to the Regional Committee of Magic.”

“She isn’t a member of your government,” Elite Bellus said.

“She is soon to be our queen,” Charon said. “She will have equal power with King Noctus.”

Chloe turned in her seat to give Charon, Aristide, and Kerberos a shaky smile.

Charon bowed his head to her, but Ker gave her a thumbs up and then mouthed the words *You’re doing great!*

Ker then stood with Charon and added, “King Noctus really wanted to be here tonight since Chloe decided to come, but an emergency made it impossible.”

Killian furrowed his eyebrows. “Do you mean to say the only reason King Noctus was interested in coming tonight was because his fiancée would be here?”

“I would never say such a rude thing, Your Eminence,” Ker said.

“Forget that.” Aristide impatiently tapped his white cane on the floor. “What I don’t understand is why the lot of you won’t allow food or beverages in here. This is going to be the most painfully boring way to spend an hour. The least you could do is liven it up with drinks.”

Killian narrowed his eyes as he studied the trio. “Why do the three of you seem oddly familiar?”

“You’re a vampire,” Aristide blithely said. “It’s probably just that your old age is getting the best of you.”

“That’s interesting,” Killian said. “Because I’m starting to suspect I’m younger than you are.”

Aristide sniffed. “I am not here to compare youth, but to support my future monarch.”

“You’re a vampire.” Alpha Greyson tilted his head like a wolf observing a dangerous creature. “How could she be *your* queen?”

“Because I’m adopted,” Aristide snidely said. “Now get on with this colossal waste of a meeting!”

Alpha Greyson shrugged, then reached for his printed-out agenda, as did Queen Leila.

“We mean to continue, then?” Elite Bellus asked. “Even though the ambassador is...not an elf, or their direct ruler?”

“Sorry,” Chloe said.

“Do not apologize,” Charon instructed. “You are elven royalty.”

Elite Bellus rubbed his head as he hopefully peered around the U of tables.

Queen Leila shrugged. “If the elves don’t mind I don’t see why we should.”

Hazel patted a sagging Elite Bellus on the shoulder. “Cheer up, boss. We should be happy that she seems like she’ll be more pleasant to deal with than King Noctus.”

“Perhaps,” Elite Bellus agreed.

Queen Leila turned a page in the agenda. “Hey, Chloe. You balance the books and handle the accounting work for Book Nookery, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Chloe said. “I have a background in finances.”

Queen Leila’s purple-y-blue eyes nearly glowed with her glee. “*Really?* In that case I look forward to hearing what you have to say about any budget items we discuss tonight!”

Phillipa Sabre—the white-haired hunter sitting halfway back in the rows of chairs arranged for the audience—whistled. “I’d say the elves just got themselves a powerful ally, wouldn’t you?” She glanced at King Rigel, who was sitting next to her as was their usual formation.

“A powerful ally,” the taciturn fae said as he watched his gleeful wife. “Or a great nuisance.”

Pip laughed, until a phone rang and there was the crack of what she recognized as a breaking screen. “Excuse me for a moment.” She stood up and bowed to the fae king before she started up the aisle. “Use my phone, Greyson. Just let me text Aeris first so he’ll have a phone ready for you when we get back...”

\*\*\*

“This is a joke...isn’t it?” Elite Bellus weakly asked as he stared at the new elven ambassador seated behind the desk for the day’s Regional Committee of Magic meeting.

Charon—a cut out of Noctus’s head held to his face with an elastic band—meticulously adjusted the elven ambassador nameplate. “I’m afraid I don’t know what you’re referring to, Elite Bellus.”

“You’re wearing a mask of your king’s face,” Elite Bellus said.

“Yes,” Charon agreed. “Because today I am acting as his representative.”

“*Why?*” Elite Bellus asked.

“Because neither King Noctus nor Chloe Anderson were available to attend today’s meeting,” Charon said.

Ker cupped her hands around her mouth. “It’s because you were mean to Chloe! She didn’t want to come.”

Aristide, sitting next to the werewolf, frowned as he scented the air. “Why do I smell popcorn?”

“Because I smuggled some in,” Pip said—she and Rigel had changed their seating formation so instead of sitting halfway back, they occupied the row behind Kerberos and Aristide. “Want some?” She invitingly shook her paper bag full of popcorn.

Aristide scowled. “How did you get food in here?”

Pip rested her hands on the back of the empty chair in front of her. “I told the guards it was for Greyson. No one’s going to confiscate food if they think it’s for a hungry werewolf.”

“Hey, that’s misusing the system.” Killian eyed Pip from behind his table. “What an underhanded thing to do.”

“You’re right,” Queen Leila agreed. “We should dismiss this meeting to right this wrong.”

Hazel jumped to her feet. “The wizards second this motion!”

“No, we do *not*,” Elite Bellus said. “I’m still more concerned about the elven representative.”

“I assure you, I have the full confidence of my king,” Charon said, his voice slightly muffled by the cutout. “He has instructed me how to answer any of your inquiries.”

“Let me guess,” Killian said. “The answer is always *no*?”

“Not always,” Charon said. “Just mostly.”

“Question.” Queen Leila pointed in Charon’s general direction. “Can I do that—use a representative for these meetings, I mean?”

“*No*,” Elite Bellus emphatically said. “Forget it. I regret raising questions about the matter. Let us proceed with the meeting!”

\*\*\*

“I will not accept this,” Elite Bellus said. “This *cannot* be allowed.”

Killian drolly rolled his eyes. “What now, Elite Bellus?”

“What now?” the Elite echoed. “Do you not *see* the elven ambassador?” He pointed to the small tripod set up on the table set aside for the elven ambassador, which had a photograph of Noctus and Chloe taped to its stand.

Charon—back to sitting with Aristide and Kerberos in the audience seating—stood up. “You complained so deeply of my presence as a substitute last time, my King decided this was the best course of action.”

“And where *is* your king?” Alpha Greyson asked.

“Making preparations for his wedding, which is to occur in mere days,” Charon reported.

“And Chloe Anderson?” Hazel asked.

“She was deemed too precious to have her time wasted by the committee,” Charon blandly said.

“No, no.” Ker immediately stood, a professional smile in place. “What Charon *meant* to say is that as our future queen, Chloe Anderson regrets that she can’t be here, but she is being interviewed by human news stations as part of the lead up to the royal wedding.”

Elite Bellus drooped in his seat. “It seems the elves don’t understand how important cooperation is to the survival of supernatural society,” he sadly said.

“Sure they do,” Aristide said. “That’s why we’re still here. We just don’t feel like answering silly questions like ‘should the Cloisters hire one additional security specialist, or two?’”

Queen Leila slammed her tablet down on her table. “Any questions that have to do with finances and budgeting are *never* silly,” she said. “If you start to get an attitude towards questions like that you grow lax, and the next thing you know you’re up to your eyeballs in debt with more vacation homes than you could possibly visit and a bunch of constituents expecting you to keep up a *wasteful* lifestyle, leaving you to sell off a garage full of vehicles that all have loans you’re upside down on!”

All the committee members looked vaguely uncomfortable, except for Hazel, who leaned past Elite Bellus so she could look at Leila. “Did you try seeing a stress therapist like I recommended?”

“Not yet,” Leila said.

“You should.”

“I agree,” Alpha Greyson unexpectedly said. “You seem to be carrying a mental burden that was never your fault to begin with, as you inherited the debt that has plagued you rather than causing it.”

Queen Leila planted a hand on her heart. “Thanks, Alpha Greyson. It means a lot to hear that from you considering all the Northern Lakes’ successful businesses.”

“Can we begin this meeting?” Killian Drake drawled. “Because I’m growing positively *nauseated* from this discussion.”

“Very well.” Elite Bellus began to gather his papers. “After a roll call, we can call this meeting to order.”

Charon rapidly filled pages in his notebook detailing the committee member’s reaction to the increasingly ridiculous “elven ambassador”, already planning to make tabulations to the individual reports he had on the members.

Next to him, Ker folded her arms across her chest as she considered the committee. “Huh.”

Aristide leaned into her side. “What is it?”

“Nothing. Elite Bellus is very good at what he does,” Ker said.

“And that is?”

“He’s similar to you in that he’s frequently the voice of reason, but that’s mostly what everyone thinks and notices about him.”

Charon leaned in on Ker’s other side, ready to make more notes. “You mean to infer he plays an additional role?”

“I think so?” Ker said. “I’m not sure, but he seems like he uses his long-suffering mentor role as a way to unite the committee.”

“That sounds dangerous,” Aristide said.

“It’s not,” Ker assured him. “It just means that we’ll have to make sure we continue to take these meetings seriously.”

Charon made a few notes in his notepad and nodded.

“As long as we can make ourselves the biggest pain possible in the process, I suppose I have no objections.” Aristide turned around in his chair. “Speaking of which, Hunter Sabre: you have popcorn, I can smell it. Are you going to share?”

“Sure,” Pip said. “I brought a bag for Rigel, but he doesn’t want it. You can have it.”

“Thank you.”

*The End*