Chapter 106 Stuck With Me

Hera touched down at London's airport at exactly 3:00pm that day. She took a deep breath in before shading her eyes with her huge sunglasses. She was away from Greece, granted, but she didn't know how long it would be until Ahab sent spies into London to look for her. That was the same reason why she couldn't go to the palace, at least not until she was sure of what to do.

She couldn't risk endangering Peter's life, or the life of anyone else in the palace. Yes, werewolves were strong, but Ahab - no matter how old he might be was the grand master of witches. That meant, he was the most treacherous, sneaky, evil and wisest of them all except her mother of course.

Then again, even Athaliah had a lot to say about her leaving.

As she pulled her luggage towards the entrance of the airport, where cabs waited for passengers, she couldn't help but replay her last conversation with her mother, before she took off.

"You do not know what you're playing with. Do you think Ahab would sit still and watch you humiliate him. He would come for your head! Yours and that silly wolf's," Athaliah had said, while pleading with her to change her mind. However, Hera was far past caring, even Athaliah could see that.

"King Ahab can do as he pleases, mother. I really do not care," was the last thing she said before she entered into the car and drove out of the

palace. She didn't look back to see the look in Athaliah's eyes, she knew it would break her heart. "Where would you be going, madam?" the voice of a cab man seeped into her thoughts, and forced her out of it. Hera sighed and lowered her sunglasses.

"Intercontinental Hotel please," she said out loud, and entered into the car. Once she was in, she picked out her phone from her black purse and tried to dial Peter's number. She tried over five times, it rang all those five times, but he answered none.

She must have really pissed him off, she thought to herself. She didn't stop trying though. Even as she checked into the hotel, located her room, and arranged her things in it.

She had made a total of forty unanswered calls, before she decided to take a break.

When it was time, Peter would answer her if he really wanted to speak to her. If not, she would go out of her way and find him. She wanted him, and Hera always went after what she wanted, no matter what...or who that was.

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"This is absolutely ridiculous," Roxanne protested, after Lancelot had stepped out of the room, still, it didn't stop her from doing all that she had been asked to do.

She shut her eyes and lay numb, while she allowed herself to be lifted into a stretcher and rolled off into an ambulance. The ambulance driver, however, turned out to be Lee himself. He had thought it wise to hire one, instead of calling from the hospital, he was certain taking her out of a hospital's ambulance would raise brows.

Roxanne didn't know exactly where they were when the ambulance pulled over and Lee rushed to the back and told her it was time to stop pretending.

"You cannot open the door, not even if Lancelot texts you to. You must hear his voice and no other voice but his. He would not send any messenger, he would come himself, do you understand?" Roxanne wondered why the butler was being so cautious, wasn't she supposed to be the one scared for her life?

Still, she nodded and assured him she would obey his instruction. It was only then that Lee left, and Roxanne was all by herself, not even Emily was allowed to follow her.

However, her loneliness didn't seem to last for long. After about forty five minutes of imagining all the horrible things that would have happened to her if she took the poison, she heard a knock on her door. But she didn't move to answer it, until she heard an ever familiar voice speak.

"Roxanne, it's me, Lancelot."

There he was, the only voice she had been instructed to answer to. But, was she really ready to see him?

"It's me, Lancelot. Please open up."

She rose up from the bed, rolled her eyes, before she moved towards the door. She turned the keys briefly, before opening it.

Her heart squeezed in her chest as she opened the door. Roxanne wasn't sure what she would say or do when the door was finally opened. However, when Lancelot caught a full view of her face, and her whole body standing on the ground, her feet firm and her eyes bright, he knew exactly what he wanted to do. And he wasted no time in doing it.

He rushed past the door, and didn't give her time to express her shock before he engulfed her in a tight embrace. As he held her in his arms, all his anger, fear and worries disappeared. Once again, the world made sense. The world always made sense when Roxanne was around him.

It was only when he hugged her that Roxanne realized what she had been missing all this while; it was him. When he embraced her, all her fear, worry, anger, every negative feeling she had washed away, and slipped out of her body through the tears that gathered in her eyes. His touch had always been comforting, how could she even deny it? Her heart had always reached out to him, and now, for the first time, he was taking her hand in.

"I was so scared. I thought for a moment that I would lose you. You've been away from me for too long Roxanne. Far too long. I...I need you..." he spoke as he held her, Roxanne cut in by shushing him and he gently released her from his grip. She cupped his cheeks firmly and stared into his eyes without blinking, she was afraid that if she took her eyes away from him, or blinked even once, he would disappear, and she would realize he had only been a dream. If having him here with her, away from the palace and everything and everyone that had tried to set them apart was a dream, then she never wanted to wake up.

"I'm here. I'm right here and I'm never going anywhere," she whispered in tears. Lancelot's hard heart melted as he watched her cry. He wanted nothing more than to kiss her tears away, and he didn't hesitate to tell her.

As he stared into her violet eyes, he spoke gently.

"I want to kiss your tears away."

Both his voice and his statement aroused everything she had been trying so hard to bury. Her longing for him, her wanting for him, her need for him, everything rose up to the surface and Roxanne wasn't going to hide it anymore. "What is stopping you?" she whispered, as she blushed.

Lancelot's eyes brightened immediately. He did not need to ask twice, her smile and her words had said it all. A grin crept up to his face as he lowered his lips to her eyes.

Just like he promised, he placed his hand gently on her chin, and tilted it upwards, before placing soft kisses beneath both eyes, using his lips to wipe the tears away. Roxanne smiled, even while she felt her knees weaken beneath her. Lancelot lowered his lips to her nose and kissed there too, he planted trails of kisses all over her face, until he got to her lips. Their noses brushed and danced with each other shortly, before their lips attacked the other.

Soft and passionate, with fire exploding out of their bodies, and heat flowing from one person to the other. The air conditioner in the room was no match for the heat of their passion. The slow kiss grew fast paced, hungry, and wild. Lancelot bit her lower lip gently, sucked, teased, and Roxanne was enjoying every minute of it.

Their need for each other was like wild fire, spreading through a forest. There was nothing to tame them, except themselves.

Lancelot lowered his lips to her neck and kissed her gently, she felt a tickling sensation beneath one of her ears, but she ignored it. She needed him now, more than she had ever needed anyone else before. Roxanne's hands found the buttons of his shirt, and she unfastened every one of them. She broke their kiss when his bare chest came to view, her eyes raked all over his body and she tiptoed to his shoulder to pull the shirt away from his body, until it landed on the floor beneath them.

Impatient, Lancelot pulled her back into his arms and sealed her lips with his kiss again. This time, his hands explored every bit of her body as he undressed her. He reached for the hem of her gown and pulled it over her head. Roxanne complied and lifted her hands, so that the gown was able to leave her body, Lancelot threw it to the ground and laughed.

She was naked in front of him now, except for the purple lace panties she had on. His eyes ravaged her skin. Her round breasts and hard nipples called out to him, before his eyes rested on his stomach, where his pup was growing every day. No matter how much he wanted to fuck her hard,

he couldn't, not when his baby was in her. So, he had no choice than to take it easy on her.

He swept her up from the ground and walked to the bed, Roxanne pressed his lips to hers as they covered the small distance from the door to the bed. Lancelot placed her carefully on the bed, before planting kisses from the top of her head, to her nose, to her lips, the both sides of her neck.

He groaned with pleasure every time Roxanne arched her back and moaned his name from her sweet lips. She was getting him harder and harder and he wasn't sure how much longer he could take it.

He lowered his lips to her waist, as he took off her panties gently. He slid them down her legs, and spread her legs apart in impatience. His aggressiveness excited Roxanne, she had longed to have him for so long.

Lancelot placed his warm lips on her pussy, and Roxanne felt a shockwave of pleasure sweep throughout her entire body. Her moan grew frantic and animalistic as he teased, kissed and adored her clitoris. Today, he would please her, just as he had always wanted to. She moaned and screamed, pressing his head to deepen his mouth action, until she reached her climax and released herself.

When Lancelot raised his head to look at her, Roxanne found her juices all over his face. She turned away shyly as he laughed and crawled up to meet her.

"Did that change your mind about staying?" he asked, as he kissed her neck softly.

Roxanne blushed madly, without responding.

Lancelot's arm came around her naked body as he drew her closer.

"You can't leave anyway. I marked you..." He drew invisible strokes on her neck until he touched a part.

"Here."

Roxanne's eyes widened as she looked up at him.

"So that's why that spot has been itching a lot."

Lancelot wore a proud smile on his face.

"It has huh? I see. Well, it just means that you're mine now, and I am yours. If you ever get close to any male, I'll feel extreme pain, and if I do get close to any female, you'll feel unbearable pain as well, you're stuck with me." He chuckled and planted kisses all over her face.

Roxanne appeared thoughtful, before she spoke.

"If that's so, then why didn't I feel anything that night at the last kingdom, when you were with the woman the queen sent to you." Lancelot smiled before he spoke.

"That's because I didn't do anything with her. If I did, you would have passed out from the pain. It's not something you'll want to experience." "Hmmm." Roxanne touched his cheek.

"So, I guess you're stuck with me then," she said, Lancelot laughed.

"No. You're stuck with me."