

Chapter 109 No Words

Peter had barely had time to check his phone in the course of the last few days. Everything that had happened in the palace, from the poisoning attempt, to the death of the maid, Lancelot's fake Luna crowning ceremony, Ava's arrest and Garrett's banishment, to the post effects of all those events, Peter had finally found a day of rest...

While Lancelot was preparing to tell his family the real truth about all that had happened to Roxanne, and what he intended to do next, Peter was given some free time to clear his head and get his issues sorted out. That was how he was able to sit on his bed in the guest chambers and go through his phone.

And, that was how he was able to see the countless missed calls and messages that had been sent in by an unknown number. He was perplexed, while wondering who the person was, and what he or she wanted from him. It wasn't until he opened the first message and read the first line aloud, that he knew who the messages were from.

Hera, he thought out loud. He had deleted her number immediately she got down from the car, after she had made it clear that she wanted nothing to do with him. Why then was she calling and texting him so frequently? Now, just when he thought he was making progress and finally learning to live his life as he did before she ever stepped into it, she emerged from the darkness again, eager to steal his joy and rub his pain in his face.

"Dear Peter...no, forget that. Peter, I want to say that I'm really sorry for all those things that I said to you that morning, but I'm sure my phone calls have already told you that. The truth is, I was scared and confused. I really didn't know what to do, what to say, I didn't want to raise your hopes until I was sure of..."

Peter stopped and scoffed in anger.

"Raise my hopes? You've got to be kidding me," he spat out, talking to no one in particular, before he continued.

"...however, I have made my decision and I am in London now. At Intercontinental Hotel. Please Peter, I really need to see you, even if it's the last time I get to do so. Please, do call me when you've made your decision."

Peter sighed and dropped the phone by the side of his left leg. It had been so long already, what was he going to say to her? What was she going to say to him? Or was she bored again and decided she needed his company, since he had allowed himself to be used by her before? Peter wasn't sure what his answer was, and there was only one way to find out.

Peter made a decision. He was going to see her, at least, to get closure. He was certain there was no way he could move on, until he knew that their end was definite.

So, he picked up the phone and texted the number.

"I would be there in an hour," was all he typed, before he pressed the send button, and slipped his phone into the back pocket of his black suit. He walked out of the room and closed the door behind him as he wondered if there was any need to tell Lancelot that he was leaving. After all, he was sure he wouldn't be out for too long.

With that thought, he walked out of the palace, to the car park and wasted no time in locating his car before opening the door and entering inside. When he was in, he took few seconds to suck in deep breaths, while trying

to assure himself that no matter the outcome of his meeting with Hera, he would be strong and leave her room like the man he was.

He was only in love, and even if that made people foolish, it did not mean that he had to be.

Peter arrived at the hotel in forty five minutes, and when he checked his phone again, Hera had texted him a room number, the wing and floor that the room was located. The receptionist pointed directions to him, and he was instructed to take the right elevator.

He proceeded until he found the room.

345.

He stood straight, with his head high as he knocked on it. The door opened immediately, almost as if she had been waiting for him. Immediately he saw her, his heart began to pound against his chest. He wasn't ready to look at her, not just yet.

Hera's dark blue eyes locked his in a stare, and Peter's heart melted immediately.

Hera had rehearsed their conversation a million times in the last few days, while hoping that one day, he would reply to her texts. She was ready to wait in this hotel for as long as it took. Once she received the text from him, she was overjoyed. She got up immediately and began to set the room in order.

Now, he was here, she was completely smitten, and at a loss of what to do or say.

"Am I just going to keep standing here?" Peter finally spoke, dragging Hera back to the present. Her eyes lit up as she moved away from the door and allowed him to step in. Peter glanced at her, before he took two steps inside. She closed the door behind him, before facing him.

"You said you wanted to see me," Peter spoke, and tucked his hand into his pocket while maintaining a cold look.

Hera was distraught. He didn't appear glad to see her, in fact, he looked as though he could not wait to leave her presence. It hurt her, a whole lot.

"Peter, I..."

"I left official duties for this, I don't have a lot of time," he cut in. Peter didn't need her to beat around the bush. He wanted her to go straight to the point, hit the dart pin on the bull's eye so he could go and continue with his life.

His words sent arrows into Hera's heart. She knew that she had hurt him, but she had never expected him to be so cold towards her. Perhaps, she had underestimated him.

Tears gathered in her eyes, and Peter looked away from her. If that was her plan to make him change his mind, he wouldn't let it work.

Hera moved closer to him and stood there.

"Look, Peter, I just really want you to know that I'm sorry..."

He rolled his eyes.

"I know you are, I guess that's goodbye," he said, before he took a step forward, but Hera caught his hand and pulled him back. Peter turned to her and threw her a stony glare. She swallowed nervously.

"And I know that's not enough. No number of times I apologize would be enough to make up for how I hurt you, how I took advantage of you. But, I just need one chance to make it right Peter. Just one chance, I swear on it." Even though Peter's eyes softened at her tears and how genuine she sounded, he had to keep his cold tone. He scoffed bitterly and looked down at her.

"How do you intend to do that? You are a king's wife remember? And I would be no woman's side piece."

"You don't have to be!" she cried out, and Peter only raised a brow at her, silently demanding an explanation.

Hera's tears continued to flow freely down her cheeks.

"I left him Peter, I abandoned the marriage and I came here...for you...for us. And I'm sorry I was so foolish as to leave in the first place, but I had to get my priorities straight, and..." She moved closer to him, and dared to hold his hands. Peter felt goosebumps crawl to the top of his skin. Luckily, the sleeves of his shirt didn't let her see that.

"I'm here Peter, and I'm never leaving again, whether or not you reject me. I would take as long as it takes to wait for you and get you back. I swear on it."

Peter looked down at her. He couldn't believe all that she was saying. She had really left her marriage, her royal status, everything and everyone she had ever known and all for him? He couldn't pretend anymore, her decision had moved him. Without saying a word, he stretched his arms out and pulled her closer to himself. He engulfed her in a gentle embrace and Hera's tears only poured out more. But they were no longer tears of sorrow, they were tears of joy. "Peter, I..." "Shhh, no words, don't say anything."