

Chapter 81 I Assure You

Put everything in order? That would take a while, he thought. But, he knew better than to voice such thoughts. So, he bowed in adherence once more.

"I would do all that you've asked sir."

"Good, leave now."

Peter didn't ask any more questions, not even how or when Lancelot would return to the palace. If Lancelot didn't care about his crown, why should he be the one to beat himself up about it?

As he walked down the corridor of hospital rooms, soaked with the smell of bleach and antiseptic and painted with a very pale shade of sky-blue, he tucked his hand into his back pocket and drew out his phone.

Luckily, he had saved Emily's number as one of Roxanne's next-of-kin, should anything happen to her. He searched for her number in her phone and dialed it. It rung for about twenty seconds, before he heard a seemingly breathless voice at the end of the phone.

"Hello?"

"Am I on to Emily?" he asked, still walking swiftly.

"Yes, you are. And you are?"

"Peter Robertson, from Dankworth group of Companies..."

"Where Roxy works!" he heard her cut in once more. Already exhausted from the day's activities, Peter sighed.

"Yes, exactly."

"Is everything okay? Is Roxanne fine? We haven't spoken in a while and..."

"She was involved in an accident, a severe one." At that point, he was too tired to think of better ways to tell Emily about what had happened, she would just have to make do with his explanation, until she arrived and got the truth. "What?" It was both a question and an exclamation, but Peter treated it as only the former.

"She was involved in an accident, but she is out of serious danger. We would need you here in London first thing tomorrow morning. All costs for your flight would be covered by us, and we apologize for the inconvenience this news might have caused." Even Peter found it faintly amusing how he could be so formal in a time like this. He did not have the strength to be anything else.

"We would make sure that..." he continued, but Emily's hurt and urgent voice cut in.

"I don't care what you do, but make sure you are at London airport to pick me up by 11 am sharp."

Before Peter could reply, he heard the call end. He signed and slipped it back into his pocket before heading for his car. Butler Lee must have taken a ride from Doctor Flinn back to the palace, he thought.

He entered into his car, took one long look at the hospital building, before starting his engine and driving off. He maintained a certain speed until he arrived at the palace. He parked his car in the car park and hurried into the servant's quarters, located Roxanne's room with slight ease.

Peter wasn't sure exactly what to pack, so he carried her box and walked out of the room. The maids around stared at him with questions in their

eyes, even the head maid, Marilyn, tried to stop him at the entrance door, but one furious stare from Peter made her rethink her decision, and she moved past, allowing him to walk freely.

He pulled the box along, until he got back to the car park. When he located his blue Venza, he opened the trunk of the car and safely tucked Roxanne's luggage inside. When he was done, he closed it and made his way to the driver's seat.

However, it seemed like he was not the only one present in the car park, as he thought. As soon as Peter closed his driver's seat door, the door beside him opened, and a very familiar figure crawled into the seat beside him. She casually flashed him a smile, her gorgeous and charming smile that had his heart tumbling the first time he saw it.

His heartbeat quickened, and suddenly, his tension and anger seemed to dissolve into a puddle of sweat on his face.

Peter stared at her, confused and unsure of what to think, or what to do next. What was she doing in his car? What was he to say to her? He did not even realize that his mouth was ajar until Queen Hera, second wife of King Ahab, king of the witches, spoke to him.

"Why stare at me as though you've seen a ghost?" she asked, still smiling. Peter shook his head in excitement and managed to close his mouth.

Perhaps, he had seen a ghost after all.

"Listen, I didn't come here for this boring coronation, alright? I just need you to take me to a bar, where I can have good drinks and listen to good jazz. I have absolutely missed brandy," she spoke to him as though she had more in mind than drinks and dance, and Peter was carried away in the thought for a brief second, before he snapped himself out of it.

"I would really love to, Your Highness, but with the situation on ground..."

"Does this situation have anything to do with Alpha Lancelot's human mate?" she asked again, with her subtle voice.

Peter froze in shock as he stared at her. He did not know that she knew about Roxanne. Just how many people knew and kept it to themselves?

However, Hera wasn't sure, she had only made a wild guess after piecing bits and pieces of Athaliah's conversation with Lancelot in their courtroom. But, the look on Peter's face had just confirmed it was true. How very...interesting, she thought.

Perhaps, this coronation festivities wouldn't be as boring as she had earlier presumed.

"Look," she finally spoke, placing a hand on Peter's thigh, in order to unfreeze him. And it worked, because in split seconds, Peter's senses were wide awake, and very responsive to her touch.

"I do not really care or mind whatever is going on. I just want a drink. So, would you grant a poor alcohol starved queen's wish?"

Like hell! If she continued to speak to him like that, or touch him like that, he would grant whatever wish she made.

He couldn't let her see that, even though it was very obvious to Hera. He cleared his throat and sat up, to regain his posture and stance.

"Very well then, but would have to wait in the car until I'm done with my assignment."

Hera flashed him a cornered smile and withdrew her hand from his thigh, settling into her seat.

"I assure you that would not be a problem."