

Chapter 82 Even Without Knowing

He took one short look at Hera, before fixing his eyes on his steering wheel and turning his key in the ignition. Peter's nerves were eating him up from inside. He did not know what to say, or even what to do around her. Hera did not make it any easier. She sat in her chair and nodded along to the faint sound of music from his stereo, with her eyes fixed on the mirror of her glass.

The air conditioner was turned on, and the temperature of the car was very low. Still, Peter's sweat did not dry on his face. As long as Hera was beside him, so close that he could stretch his hand out and place it on her thigh. He took the turn on the road that led to the hospital and tried his best to keep his eyes off Hera and her beautiful lashes.

Finally, he turned the car into the driveway of the hospital, and pulled over in a free parking space. He stayed quiet and watched as Hera's eyes danced around. As if she had not expected them to get to the hospital so quickly. "Wow," she said aloud, her eyes now fixed outside her window.

"Dankworth hospital huh?" Hera asked, an impressed smile formed on her lips. Peter chuckled and spoke.

"Here you have it." He turned away from her, ready to open his car door and jump out to fulfill his assignment for the night. A thought suddenly crossed his mind and he turned briskly to her. Hera moved backwards on reflex, after seeing the speed he used to face her.

Peter wanted to slap himself across the cheek, wondering why he had been so fierce.

"Your Highness, I would need you to remain in the car no matter what," Peter spoke, with a pleading tone in his voice. It was already dark, if Hera wandered about and got lost, it would be on him, and Peter had had enough trouble for one night.

"No matter what?" Hera asked, a brow raised in amusement.

Peter was forced to gulp down his breath. By the goddess, she was so beautiful it was almost painful to look at her. Realizing he had stared for seconds too long, he focused his eyes on top of her shoulders and feigned a frown. "Yes."

When he spoke, Hera's eyes sparkled. So far, the young man had done nothing but impress her. Even now that he gave her powers due credit, it pleased her all the more. She lay back into the chair and crossed both hands on top her legs. Quickly, he stepped out of the car, closed the door behind him and headed straight for the trunk. He picked out Roxanne's box after opening the trunk and continued to walk, past the reception and hallways, before getting to her ward. Lancelot was still seated by Roxanne's side. Peter would have smiled at the image if it had been under different circumstances. But, now, Lancelot's place on his throne was being threatened, and it was now he had decided to show affection towards Roxanne.

Peter didn't allow himself to think about it too much. He simply rolled the box to the free side of Roxanne's bed and dropped it there.

Lancelot only acknowledged his presence after he stopped hearing the sound of the box's tires roll on the ground.

"Did you get everything?" he asked, looking up at his assistant. Peter had been very distant since this morning, during the coronation.

"Yes," Peter replied curtly, and stole one look at the clock in the room again. There was barely an hour left until Lancelot's coronation ritual, and he was still here!

"Your Grace," Peter spoke up, his head still bowed.

"Yes?"

"Your coronation ritual is still by eleven pm..."

"Peter..." Lancelot cut in, but Peter's voice was faster.

"I need you to promise me, sir."

The look on Peter's face was unlike anything Lancelot had ever seen. His gleeful demeanor was gone, and 'ever cheerful' Peter was now the gloomier one of them both. He had seen a lot today, it must have been what made him so cold. Lancelot sighed.

"I promise."

For the first time since this morning, a smile crept up to Peter's face and caused his eyes to glitter once more. Within him, Lancelot was pleased to see him back to his usual self, even if it didn't last long.

Just then, Peter remembered the woman in his car. He had kept her waiting enough, it was time to leave.

"I must leave now sir."

"To where?" Lancelot's voice ordered.

Peter thought for a while, he would have to plan a well-crafted lie. Lancelot could not find out about Hera, his response would not be good.

"I have some personal errands to run. There are some things I need to get for myself." As he spoke, he did his best to look at Lancelot, so there would be no room to doubt him.

Of course, Lancelot was very skeptical, he watched Peter's eyes in scrutiny, but excused him anyway. The man had been through enough already.

Peter was dismissed with a nod, and he turned on his heels and hurried out of the door. He briskly walked past the corridor of rooms and hurried out of the reception.

When he finally got to his car, he pulled the door open and slipped in, falling into his chair with a loud sigh.

"Well, someone seems to be quite exhausted," he heard Hera speak. He had no doubt she referred to him, but he was even too tired to give her a matching witty reply.

All he could say was "you have no idea." And even that came out as a murmur.

"I am still getting the drinks you promised, aren't I?" Hera asked, cutting into his line of thoughts.

Her question caused him to sit up immediately.

"Of course, of course."

He started the engine of his car and drove out of the car park of the hospital. There was a bar nearby, Peter thought. He would take Hera there, he couldn't risk going too far from the hospital, just in case Lancelot needed him for an emergency, any kind at all.

After driving in silence and tension for seven minutes, he parked in front of a jazz bar, with dim green lights shining around it. He watched Hera as she peeked from his window, at the small building.

"Looks like a place you come to hide," she finally commented. It took Peter every iota of self-control in him to stop him from throwing his head back in laughter. But, he had better cards up his sleeves.

"Isn't that what you're doing?" he asked, keeping his eyes on her. Hera took her focus off the building, and rested it on the young man beside her. Watching him stare at her now, Hera noticed how the delicate features of his face she had been the first time they met, had hardened. Now, he looked fiercer and more dangerous. And Hera adored danger. That was why she was out here in the first place.

"I don't hide from anybody," she snapped, causing Peter to chuckle.

"Your call. Shall we?" He smiled at her as he spoke.

Hera chuckled while she shook her head and opened her door, without answering him.

Peter did so as well, and stood by his side of the car, until she walked over to meet him.

Peter looked over her face, she snatched away his chance at admiring her by turning away. Without saying a word to him, she walked into the bar without even a second glance at him. Peter was left to stare at her as she catwalked. The black dress she wore clung to her skin, accentuating all her curves placed in the right places.

He quickly snapped out of his thoughts and followed her behind.

American R&B songs blasted from speakers all over the bar, and Hera slowly moved her waist to the intoxicating melody, as she approached the counter. Peter walked behind her, watching her sway her hips left and right.

When she got to the counter, Hera found a stool and settled into it, once again, Peter was right beside her; as he intended to be for the rest of the night.

"You know..." she called out, leaning into him gently. "I thought I would have to listen to classical music."

Peter did not say anything, he only laughed. Hera drew her face away from him and focused on the handsome dark-skinned bartender.

Peter stayed quiet and watched as she ordered a bottle of Cognac and a bottle of pure spirit vodka. His eyes widened with interest. She has picked up two powerful things, surely, she couldn't be planning to...

His thoughts were cut short when he watched her pour the cognac into a glass, then the vodka next. Awestruck, he watched her gulp the contents down her throat like it was water. What amazed him more, was when Hera dropped the glass and flashed him a smile. As though she had not just downed a content capable of setting his throat on fire!

"We should dance." she called out, trying to conquer the loud music with her voice.

Peter shook his head firmly. He couldn't possibly dance with her, no matter how much he wanted to.

"Very well then!" Hera called out and poured her mixture of drinks into the cup again. From the corner of his left eye, Peter could see the bartender narrow his eyes at Hera. He couldn't blame the man, he would have also thought Hera was crazy if he didn't...

Wait a minute. He actually thought she was crazy.

"You should take it easy with the drinks Your Grace," he spoke up, with concern, but Hera shot him a glare.

"Are you, my husband?"

Peter cowered underneath her stare.

"No."

She broke into a smile again.

"Then don't tell me what to do."

Peter made a dramatic show of sealing his lips and stayed quiet as she took down another glass of her strange mixture. With the empty glass in her hand, she rolled her waist and threw her head about while she danced. Peter kept his eyes on her, to make sure no one approached her and she didn't trip from the effect of the alcohol.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, Hera stopped dancing and started walking towards him. Peter sighed with relief. He hoped she had enough fun, and wanted to tell him to take her home.

But, when she started moving closer to him, Peter noticed her steps were wobbly and her eyes were dim. It set off an alarm in his head. Hera was drunk out of her mind. He rose up immediately, his keen eyes still watching her. He didn't want to make a scene and run to her just in case there were people who knew who she was here.

She still slowly moved to him, with a crooked smile on her face. Peter was growing nervous, he should never have brought her here. But, how could he have said no to her?

Just when she was barely two meters away from him, her knees finally surrendered to her weight and unsteadiness and her heels buckled. She lost balance and went crashing to the ground.

Horrified, Peter rushed to her and caught her right hand midair, in one swift swing, he pulled her to his body, without thinking. Instead of landing on the floor, Hera landed on Peter's chest. Peter was panting heavily, if he had been one second later, she would have fallen to the ground and only the goddess knows what could have happened to her.

Hera stared deep into her savior's frightened eyes. And without thinking, leaned in to the one thing she had wanted to do since she first set her eyes on him.

While Peter's heart was still pounding against his chest, the most unusual thing happened. In the blink of an eye, Hera leaned closer to him and pressed her lips against his.

Everything within him exploded into fiery flames that burned with hunger and desire. He had never wanted anyone as much as he wanted Hera. Still, he couldn't shake the feeling that he was treading on dangerous waters. Nevertheless, he closed his eyes and allowed her kiss him.

After all, it was a small gesture compared to the things she really did to him, even without knowing.