

## Chapter 87 We Shouldn't Be Doing This

Peter knew he couldn't stay back for the coronation ritual, especially not after what he had done. When Lancelot called him, asking for his urgent help to drive the Faye prince, Alphonsus, to the hospital, Peter had no other choice than to lodge the drunken Hera in a hotel, where she would be until he returned.

He had contemplated driving her back to the palace, but considering how busy the palace was, with visitors and guests flocking about, Peter realized that the safest thing to do, was to keep Hera away from the palace for a while. At least, until the coronation was over and people had retired to their various guest quarters for the night. Then, he could return to the palace with the queen and prepare Hera for her journey back home, the next morning.

Peter continued to think about it, even while he drove Alphonsus back to the palace. It seemed impossible to think about anything else besides the kiss. Peter realized that the thought angered him, but he was not angry at the kiss, he was angry at himself.

And he was angry for two reasons; one, he had enjoyed the kiss when he wasn't supposed to. Two, if he had another chance, he would lean into her and kiss her over and over again. Peter did not like this new side of him, the side that tossed morals away and went against his head. Still, it was new to him, and very exciting.

When he arrived at the palace, he dropped Alphonsus in front of the guest palace like a hotel in the palace where guests stayed during occasions like this. He looked outside the window to ensure that the Faye prince had safely entered into the building, before reversing and driving out of the palace. He made a mental note to call Lancelot to cook up another lie, but decided against it. There was no reason to lie, since Lancelot would be so busy in the ritual he would barely notice Peter's absence. And if he did, Peter was sure to cook up an excuse for himself the next morning.

With that thought, he drove straight out of the palace gate, into London's night street and headed for the hotel. It was a twenty minutes' drive from the palace to the hotel, since the road was slowly becoming empty. He drove into the parking lot of the hotel, pulled his car over at a corner and stepped out of it. Peter tried to steady his breath as he took swift strides into the reception hall of the hotel.

He did not need to bother himself with speaking to the receptionist since he already had the key card of the room with him, safely tucked in his pocket. In Hera's drunken state, it would have been sheer madness to leave her alone with the key card and access in and out of the room. The lady was crazy already, there was no telling what she could do drunk.

He stepped into a free elevator and pressed the number that'll take him to the room Hera was.

"2-0-1-8," he said. And continued to walk ahead until he found the room door with a matching number. He stood still in front of the door, while trying his best to steady both his heartbeat and his breathing pattern. Peter did not understand why, this feeling was very new and strange to him. The woman lying behind the door made him nervous; the good kind of nervous. She awakened feelings in him Peter never knew existed.

She made him think and do the forbidden.

But, he still had an assignment to complete and a mistake to correct. He placed the key card on the slot on the door and it slid open. The room was

dimly lit with neon blue and purple lights, it was impossible to see anything clearly. He turned, placed the key card against the door again and watched it slide close.

When the door closed, he heard Hera yawn and stretch. She was asleep already, he thought. Well, it would make things easier for him. He looked around the wall until he found a switch he assumed to be the main light switch.

He walked briskly toward it as he had no time to waste. It was a good thing Hera was asleep, he was very sure carrying sleepy Hera would be easier than drunken Hera who wanted to kiss him every step of the way. Peter pressed the switch and the room was lit up by bright white lights immediately. He was now able to see the white walls of the room.

Now, all that was left was to take Hera and...

His breathing stilled and his jaw dropped when he turned to look at Hera. Only for his eyes to meet the most enticing naked body he had ever seen. Hera lay down, facing him, with her eyes shut gently, and her body void of any form of clothing.

For more than ten seconds, Peter fought to gasp for air, but couldn't. His heart hammered against his chest and he felt frozen and limb, unable to move or think. It was only until he caught himself drooling while staring at the curve of her hips, covered with delicious looking pale white skin, that he snapped himself out of his line of thoughts.

What was he doing looking at her like that? He mentally smacked himself and rushed towards her. Her naked body was sprawled amidst red and white sheets and Peter was forced to lean into her to pick up the duvet in order to cover her body with it.

However, the twins on her chest caught his eyes first. Round and firm breasts, with pink hard nipples, pleading to be touched, caressed, sucked. A yellow ring formed around his wolf's eyes. If only he could lean in and...

Peter's eyes widened immediately Hera gripped his tie and pulled him down. Peter fell down to the bed, barely inches away from Hera's naked body. She opened her eyes slowly and flashed him a smile. Peter's heart warmed up, and the bulging in his pants swelled.

She knew what she had been doing all this while.

Hera smiled at Peter's shocked face as she sat up, revealing the glory of her naked body to his naked eyes. She noticed the hunger in his eyes when he looked over her, and the troubled nerves when they settled on her face.

Hera decided to make things easier for him. It was obvious that between them, she was the one strong enough to act on what they felt between them.

Peter let out a breathless moan as Hera sat up and rested her blue eyes on his nervous ones.

"You came back," she spoke, with an effortless air of seduction. Peter swallowed hard and sought for words in his head, when he finally found, he muttered.

"I...I came back to take you back to the palace."

On hearing him, Hera pouted as she feigned a hurt expression. Peter bit his lower lip slightly, everything she did was incredibly sexy.

Hera took his right hand and raised it up, slowly placing it on her left breast. She threw her head back with a breathless moan when his skin grazed the bud of her nipple. Peter's hard on became even harder.

He was confused, impressed, pleased, and hungry for her and still scared, so many emotions to feel all at once.

Hera looked at him again, after bringing her head back to the front.

"We shouldn't be doing this," Peter spoke, his whole body vibrating from the effect of multiple emotions. Hera flashed him a reassuring smile as she leaned into him, cupping both his cheeks with both her hands.

"The forbidden fruit is always the sweetest, forbidden passions burn the fiercest. It is also why Lancelot cannot keep his eyes off the human woman."

He wanted so desperately to counter her statement, but deep down, he knew it was true. Perhaps, his hunger for her was because he knew she did not belong to him, that it would be a taboo to be with her. However, he wasn't given a chance to think about it. Hera crashed her lips on his without second thought and Peter's body stilled in shock first, before loosening up to her kiss and accepting her.

So, he didn't protest when she took off the buttons of his shirt, he didn't protest when she knelt in front of him and placed his hands on the curve of her bare ass. He did not protest when she pushed him down to the bed and climbed sensually on top of him.

He only knew one thing; that he was playing with fire, and when it decided to burst into flames, he would be consumed in it.