

# Hera Love & Revenge by Jenny Fox

## Chapter 13

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## Chapter 13

I can't help but cover my mouth to not shout out. I can't believe it. It's really him. My heart just goes insane, beating like a drum and threatening to jump out of my chest. I have to be wrong, why the hell would Rick be in New York?

"Hera?"

I don't react. I'm just completely stunned, in shock. A wave of memories suddenly takes over my mind, driving me insane with melancholy and bitter, stinging feelings I had buried deep before they drowned me. Rick's gotten older by a few years, but there's no way I'd forget the face of the only man I ever loved. On the screen, he looks like any other cop standing perfectly calm in his NYPD uniform. Since when the fuck did he even become a New York City Cop?

"I was about to leave," Abe answers the question I already forgot.

Rick nods, and lets him walk away, while Charles still seems suspicious. My God, those two on the same screen is like a nightmare come true. What the hell is Rick doing at my funeral? Abe walks away, but then, he suddenly darts to the side, to stay behind and witness the scene. The camera goes dark, and we can't see the two men's actions nor faces, but we can hear them just fine.

"...Long time not see."

"Agent Rivera," Charles comments. "That's funny, I don't remember you being part of the NYPD?"

"I moved departments recently."

"New York is quite far from your hometown."

"I had personal interests here."

The shots are being fired and my heart's being cribbled with bullets. Someone amongst the female vampires chuckles, visibly excited by the tension, but I'm not quite the same. It's horrible for me to listen to this, and I'm just glad I can't see it. I want to scream, but instead, I just muffle it behind my palm.

"...My condolences," Charles mutters. "I know you had some feelings for her too."

"I did."

The answer's angry tone clearly means he held more than "some feelings" for me, but Charles pretends not to hear it. He clears his throat.

"I understand you'd want a minute," he calmly says. "After all, you didn't get to... see her again."

He tries to walk away, the brunette's heels right behind him, but before we hear more than three steps, Rick's voice echoes in the church.

"It's strange, isn't it?"

Charles stops.

"...Excuse me?"

"How she was alone, the night of her death?"

"I'm very sorry, Agent Rivera. I was attending a Charity Party on the other side of Manhattan. I should have had someone stay with her, but June barely accepted anyone but me by her side in the... last weeks."

That's not true. I just didn't have anyone else to turn to.

"So you left her on her own, in a hotel room?"

"She chose to stay there herself, she felt safe in the hotel. You can ask her manager, she'd picked it hers-"

"There were lots of blades in that room."

"...Excuse me?"

"There were razors, kitchen knives and many other dangerous things."

"She lived there, agent Rivera. June didn't get out, she needed the things that are used in an actual apartment for her everyday life."

"Your fiancé was diagnosed as being in an extremely depressive state, and you had no issue leaving her alone with all sorts of dangerous objects for several hours?" Daily Latest update

A heavy silence follows. We're all eyes riveted on the screen, despite it being completely dark. Wherever Abe hid, there isn't a hint of light, just a crazy good echo.

"...I'm not sure what you're hinting at, Agent Rivera. I recognize I may have underestimated June's state, I didn't think she'd actually go ahead and... commit such an atrocious thing. However, your colleagues from forensics confirmed it was a suicide, as you probably know. I'm not really sure what you're trying to do

here, but I'd suggest you deal with your grief in a better way than accusing me of neglect. I was her fiancé, you were her ex-boyfriend. For you to come into the picture now to accuse me of not caring enough for her is a bit out of line, isn't it?"

Bart lets out a whistle, and Cecily chuckles. I'm not the slightest bit happy about this. We hear steps of people walking out, Charles and that dark-haired woman. From what we hear, Rick stays behind, and the video suddenly stops. I let out the air I've been holding in all this time.

"...Well, that was interesting," says Rebecca, raising her thin eyebrows.

"So you traded Agent Cutie for the stuck-up dude?" Cecily frowns. "Is there something wrong with your eyesight?"

I ignore her, all of them, and stand up, turning around to face Richard and Grace. Daily Latest update

"What the fuck was that!" I shout. "Did you really have to put me through this? What was the point?! Show me how little people actually cared about my death? Or to show how stupid I'd been to commit suicide? I get it! I get it, alright? I'm a fucking failure and a selfish bitch!"

"No one called you that, Darling," says Cata, looking genuinely sorry.

"Then what! Why did you have to do this? Even if some people cared about me, it's too fucking late now! I can't just go back, June Starr is dead! She chose to kill herself and she didn't!"

"Hera, stop it."

I look at Richard, furious, crying and even madder that I can't just keep screaming my agonizing feelings out. His ice-blue eyes are just so calm, like a prison forcing me to stay under his control instead of just erupting.

"You didn't choose to kill yourself."

...Did I just mishear that? I glance around, but the other vampires are just about as confused as I am. My emotions at their wits' ends, I nervously laugh, hysteria knocking right behind that already wrecked door.

"What did you just say?" I hear myself asking.

"Your death was not a suicide."

I shake my head. Perhaps Richard's mad, or he didn't understand something.

"Richard, I committed suicide," I mutter. "I did. I'm... grateful, if you're trying to console me, but I remember very precisely what I did. I remember every bit of it, it wasn't a dream. I did it. Me."

"Do you remember your sensations?"

I'm left speechless, again. What is he playing at with this strange question? I hesitate, but glance around, and there's a whole room of vampires waiting for me to answer him as if his question made any sense. I close my mouth for a second, trying to find an answer.

"...Yeah. I remember that... void. That deep, overwhelming sadness that just kept me in that dark place. It... it was like I couldn't laugh or smile ever again. Like I'd never get out of it. I wanted to, but I always just wanted to cry, to disappear. It was like that every day, for weeks. Nothing could make me smile, I just felt completely... void. Like there was a heavy, heavy weight on my heart that just sucked all the happiness and joy away. Like I wasn't in tune with the rest of the world, as if... it could just go on and keep spinning without me."

I try to pretend like I don't know I've got tears running down my cheeks. The mere memory of that... horrible turmoil, the maze of sadness, loneliness and pain trapping me all over again. It's not just my actual death; I remember days and days going by without me seeing anything that could end my torture. The depression kept me stuck in bed, or on the floor, with just no idea what to do with my pathetic self, almost hoping that feeling would magically go away someday, and knowing there was no way it would.

"...That's depression if I know anything about it," mutters Benedict, crossing his arms. "And I do."

"We all do, Bene," sighs Lancelot.

"...What about when you woke up here, in London?" Daily Latest update

Richard's question throws me right back into the rollercoaster. I shrug, utterly confused.

"I was fine, I suppose. It was all gone."

"...That doesn't make any sense."

I turn my head to Anna, who's staring at me as if I'm some confusing problem. She tilts her head, and turns to Benedict.

"There's no way, right?"

"What are you talking about?" I ask.

"Depression doesn't magically disappear," Cecily rolls her eyes, as if it was obvious. "You don't just get rid of it within two days, certainly not because you're transformed. Most of us took days, if not weeks, to get over whatever trauma caused our deaths, Baby. You getting up depression-free makes no sense."

...Does it? I turn to Richard, but he's also staring at me, although undecipherable as always.

"But I'm... better," I mutter. "Because my troubles are gone, I guess?"

"Nobody gets better about dying, Baby," says Rebecca. "It just doesn't make sense. Clinical Depression isn't just a state of mind, it's an actual, diagnosticable illness, Hera. Someone diagnosed you, right?"

"Yeah, the Agency sent a psychiatrist, and that's how they... got me out of the upcoming projects."

"Did you have a regular therapist?"

"No, just meds. ...I'm sorry but I still don't get it. Where are we going with this?"

"You had the means to get someone who could have helped you, a therapist or a psychiatrist, and you didn't?"

"Unless you didn't hear my ex-fiancé just now, no, I didn't. I literally saw no one but him and perhaps a couple of staff for weeks, so now, can you tell me what the hell that has to do with my death?" Daily Latest update

"Everything."

While I'm still confused, Richard suddenly takes out a piece of paper, and hands it to Rebecca. She raises both eyebrows, but stares at it, quickly reading the lines with her eyebrows slowly tilting from upwards to downwards. I barely saw anything, but it looked like a lot of numbers and words.

"Rebecca, what is this?" Bart asks, glancing over her shoulder and for once, about as confused as I am.

"...One very dirty proof that our Baby didn't commit suicide of her own volition."

It just gets more and more confusing by the minute. While most of us are still confused, she reads out loud.

"There's an interesting mix of Beta-blockers, Corticosteroids, isotretinoin, carbidopa, ropinirole... and opioids."

"Opioids?" I mutter, recognizing only that word. "Like drugs? What is that paper?"

"That's an extract of the blood and tissue analysis Ethan conducted on you," Richard says. "He only highlighted the most... irregular results."

"That's already a fucking lot," scoffs Rebecca. "Richard, I've never seen someone's body this fucked up by an impossible cocktail. This makes the poisons

of my time look like child's play. They even messed with her food. She has vitamin D, Magnesium, Iron and Zinc deficiency."Daily Latest update

She grimaces, and passes it over to Benedict, for some reason, while she turns to me, suddenly looking nicer than before.

"Hera, someone's been messing with your food and the drugs you took. All the things that I listed are known to be depression inducers."

"...Depression can be induced?" I utter, shocked.

"Yes," Rebecca nods. "They've only just begun to work it out, but after all, depression is another biochemical reaction of your body, everything can be explained by science. I've been an apothecary, pharmacologist and even a doctor for decades, and I can tell you for certain, someone literally programmed you to be depressed. Did you have any heart conditions, blood pressure issues?"

"Not that I know of?"

"Then why the fuck would you have been prescribed beta-blockers? ...Did you ever get out at all? Get some sunlight?"

"...No, but there were big windows in the hotel room."

"Did you get direct sunlight?"

"N-no, they were facing another building..."

"Hera, humans need vitamin D, which comes from sunlight. Not just to look a bit tanned, but vitamin D is literally a happiness provider. Magnesium, Iron and Zinc are essential too, if you're in deficiency, it can mess you up a bit, but you're missing all of them big time. Plus, they were giving you drugs that are not for depression, but known to have depression as a side effect. It is not that easy to simply get someone to be very depressed. But they did it to you."Daily Latest update

She sighs and starts counting on her fingers.

"Baby, you had no support system, no friends or family to talk to. You didn't have any kind of fresh air that would have done you some good, you were locked up in one room all alone. Someone had to be providing you your food and your medicine, and they made sure you got anything but what you actually needed to get better."

I try to calm down, but there's no fucking way. They are all staring at me, some looking angry, others looking sorry for me, and I just don't get it. It can't possibly be, right? I clearly remember what I did, although I wish I didn't. It wasn't just... a nightmare, it was real, every single bit of it. I just don't get what they are trying to tell me, or, more accurately, I don't want to. It feels unreal, and fucking sickening.

"...So she was... Like, drugged?" Asks Bart.

"Yes," nods Rebecca. "In small, subtle doses, but since it had been going on for a long time, it's really bad. Someone was bent on getting you more and more depressed, Hera."

"I knew there was something off," mutters Cata, visibly shocked. "Nobody's ever that sick upon transformation... She was so ill for hours..."Daily Latest update

"That was her new body rejecting all the crap," nods Benedict. "Our system gets rid of all the impurities. Usually it's things like alcohol, drugs, tobacco or just junk food, but for Hera, it must have been fighting to cleanse her system of everything that was administered to her for so long."

"Stop it!" I suddenly shout. "Just stop with all... All those conspiracies. There's no way, alright? I... I chose to die. I chose to do this."

"Hera," Rebecca shakes her head. "That's what we are telling you, Baby. No one who got what they fed you would have been responsible for their own acts. You were forced into depression, and if you'd been in your normal state, or at least treated like you should have been, none of this would have happened to you."

"...Rebecca," I mutter. "Do you even... You're saying someone could have coerced me into killing myself?"

"It's not could, Baby. I'm thinking that's exactly what happened. Someone wanted you dead, and they made you sure you'd do the deed yourself."

"...Looks like the ex-boyfriend was onto something," chuckles Cecily.Daily Latest update

I glare at her, furious. She takes her smirk right back, but that's not enough. I glare at Rebecca, I glare at all of them behind my tears.

"You're all mad," I mutter. "You're all insane!"

I run out, past Richard and Grace, past Cata's sorry expression, away from all of their gazes. I run to the main door, and jump outside, in the darkness of night, my bare feet on the asphalt. I stop right there, with no idea where to go. Nowhere to go.

I suddenly burst into loud, ugly tears.

It's too violent, it's too much. All those scary vampires that just became my family, the tension, the sight of my funeral, my father's cold heart, my brother's anger, and... And Rick. Rick, who my damaged, broken heart wasn't prepared to see again. And now, this. It's just too fucking much. I need a minute to cry and wash my emotions out, otherwise I'll just explode.

I hear footsteps behind me, but I couldn't care less. I keep crying loudly, ruining my makeup, and I feel two arms gently hugging me from behind, a thumb rubbing against my shoulder.

"I'm sorry," mutters Bart. "I'm so sorry, Baby Vamp."

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### Chapter 14

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### Chapter 14

Before I can say anything, he suddenly calls someone, and starts speaking in a foreign language before stepping out onto the balcony to make his call.

"John is a lawyer," Cata explains gently.

Why do I have a feeling they are pulling favors from vampires all over the world for this?

"There really was nobody else?" Asks Grace. "People you were working with, jealous rivals, some extreme fans?"

"Of course," I shrug. "I was the rich daughter of a multi-million dollar conglomerate getting into the show business scene. I had dozens of people thinking I had asked my dad for favors to get into this or that movie."

"Did you?" Asks Bart. Daily Latest update

"This dear Father of mine wouldn't even return my calls," I roll my eyes. "I never just called to say hey Daddy, do you think you could do your daughter a favor for once and use your wallet to get me casted! ...Actually, I hated when people casted me because of my last name, hoping my dad would chip in with the production. Trust me, they were disappointed when they realized he wouldn't even pay for a coffee..."

"What a cheapskate," scoffs Cecily.

I couldn't have said it better. Daily Latest update

"What else happened to you?" Asks Grace. "Weird things like your phone number getting leaked, prank calls."

"...I had people following me everywhere I went," I mutter. "I'm guessing that was norm-"



"No, Hera," Anna interrupts me. "Darling, if we're leaning towards the fact that somebody tried to push you over the edge, nothing bad that happened to you can be considered normal, no matter how popular you are. Those people following you, were they fans? Reporters?" Daily Latest update

"I don't know, they never approached me directly, they just stayed at a distance, but followed me. Always two, three, sometimes up to five people."

"Fans would have tried to talk to her or take pictures," frowns Cecily. "Same for paparazzos."

"There might have been more people involved than we thought... What about the public events you attended?" Asks Rebecca. "Anything out of the ordinary?"

"No," I shake my head. "Nothing unusual I can recall." Daily Latest update

"I watched some of her movie premieres," nods Lancelot, who came back into the room god knows when. "She's telling the truth, her fans seem to be actually on the more considerate side. That fiancé was always stuck to her though."

"He's my fiancé," I groan. "Who else would accompany me? He actually always made sure he was available to accompany me."

"How surprising..." Muttered Anna. "The spotlight attracts people like moths to a flame."

"Let's move on," says Grace. "Hera, anything else?"

I sigh. I feel like I'm being scrutinized under a microscope, or more precisely, my life is...

"...My place was broken into. A couple of times."

"Seriously?" Grunts Bart. "What did they take?"

"Just a few valuables. My laptop both times, some headphones, and a few items I had been given by brands. The first time, the damage was evaluated to about twelve thousand, the second time nine thousand."

"How did they get in?"

"Faked their way into the building and forced the door."

"No security system was triggered?"

"Yes, but they were long gone when the police arrived, and there was nothing conclusive on the cameras."

They all do that general stare around again. I ignore it. I'm getting tired of this. I try to think of anything else that was out of the ordinary, or similar, and one thing does come to mind. I let out a groan, and bury my face in that pillow. Daily Latest update

"...Baby?" Bart prompts me.

"There was Princess."

"...Who's Princess?"

"My cat. Charles had bought her for me for my birthday. Somebody stole her from me, two months ago."

She was so pretty, a white Persian with blue eyes like mine. She was a bit of a handful, hence how I chose her name...

"Do you think it could have been a stalker, a fan who wanted it... I mean, her for themselves?"

"I don't think so," I mutter. "They sent her back a week later... In five different boxes."

Next to me, Cata gasps, horrified, but I can't really take another pitiful look at the moment. I just shake my head. I haven't thought about Princess in a while, and it just hurts. The walls around my heart are getting torn apart and I just hate it. I've talked more tonight about my whole life than I have in the twenty-five years of my existence, I think.

"...I have a feeling killing your pet was also a good way to make you depressed," finally mutters Anna.

"...Are we done yet?" I mutter.

"What about the cute Cop?" Asks Cecily.

I shot her a glare, but she just smirks, not impressed by my baby fangs.

"He seemed to know a lot about you, for someone you haven't mentioned."

"Rick is my ex, and he's got nothing to do with this," I hiss. "We lost contact years ago."

"Really? He's free for me to take, then?" She smiles like a vicious vixen.

I hiss, but Anna reacts first with an elbow bump. Daily Latest update

"Quit it, Cecily. You should know better than to interfere in someone else's love affairs."

"Why not? It's not like the rule applies to exes. Juliet here is a good example of that, isn't she?"

The room suddenly drops ten degrees, and everyone goes into silent mode. Vampires are already hella silent, but when they all stop breathing, typing and moving all at the same time, it's even more obvious. John comes back at the worst moment, to find everybody standing completely still. Immediately, he fires a glare at Grace, and walks back to Juliet's side, pretending his partner has not gone even whiter. I glance at Bart, a bit confused, but he just looks bored, and shrugs.

"...My contact in Berlin just confirmed. The phone numbers were all leaked by a single account, registered with a random email address, but the original signing IP was located at One World Trade Center. ...Do you know anybody who works there?"

"...Charles," I mutter. "His company is on the 73rd floor..."

"Groundbreaking," scoffs Cecily.

I need to figure out how old that bitch is, just to know how many centuries until I can slap that smirk off her face...

"Great," sighs Swithin. "I'm going to have to ask the Americans' help again..."

"Oh come on, you love pissing off Wall Street," chuckles Grace.

He shrugs, not agreeing nor denying that.

"That's one more point on the ex-fiancé," mutters Anna. "Are you sure there's no reason he would have killed you, darling?"

"None", I groan, getting tired of this.

"...Did you have an attorney?" Suddenly asks Swithin.

I nod.

"Through Charles' company. He had a legal department, and one of the attorneys was in charge of handling matters for me."

"When was the last time you saw that attorney?"

"About... Three months ago."

"What happened then?"

"We went to the judge. When there was that accident with the paparazzi, the trial kept being postponed. It was a huge mess. I was called to court several times to

testify on the events, but I wasn't doing well, so Charles and my attorney mostly spoke for me..."

To my surprise, Swithin walks up to the couch and me, and puts a knee down, looking at me very seriously while also making sure I can't see whatever's on his tablet right now.

"Hera, I need you to recall, it's important. Did you ever get in front of a Judge to have something called a Power of Attorney notarized?"

I try to recall. To be fair, the accident had shocked me so much, I had started taking more meds right after, and I kept at it as the trials dragged on. I try to recall.

"It does... feel like something like that happened. Charles said it was so he could act as my proxy, handle some legal matters for me so I could stay home and not have to attend everything. It did somehow get... better after I signed those papers."

"There were witnesses?" Daily Latest update

"Yeah. My manager at the time, and one of Charles' assistants. Swithin, I don't get it, what is this about? Is it bad?"

"Pretty bad," he groans.

He stands back up, staring at the document he's found, visibly lost deep in thoughts.

"Swithin, spit it out," mutters Grace, visibly bored with waiting.

"Power of Attorney gives somebody else the power to make decisions on your behalf," he explains to me. "Basically, it gives the other party the right to handle financial or legal matters in your stead, or represent you. It's usually used when you, the principal, cannot handle those matters yourself. In most cases, it's used for militaries deployed overseas, or people incapacitated in some way."

"Yes, but they had explained all that. I didn't want to attend all those trials, I was tired and having anxiety attacks, and Charles agreed not to touch anything of my personal assets, the one I got from my mothers'. So he didn't do it to get my money, did he?" Daily Latest update

"No," Swithin shakes his head. "It wouldn't have been possible for him to steal your money this way, it's far too regulated, especially regarding the sums at hand you had from your father's side. At best, he may have consolidated your fortune, but there was no way for him to touch it, or he would have been found out soon after your death. No, there is something else I think he used it for."

"Then what?"

Swithin glances at Richard.

"Hera, did you and your fiancé ever travel to different states?" He asks me again. "In Texas, Colorado...?"

"No," I shake my head.

"Nowhere else you can think of?"

"...Well, we have a house in Montana," I shrug. "Charles purchased it after we got engaged, as a... present."

I see his lip twitch. What the hell is wrong with our house in Montana?

"Did you ever live there?" He sighs.

"Yes, but it wasn't convenient for my work, so we haven't been there in a while... The last time was eight or nine months ago, but it's been getting renovated since then, so I couldn't go."

"...Fuck."

"Fuck what?" I ask, getting increasingly worried.

Swithin passes a hand over his shaved head.

"...Hera, Montana is one of few states that allows marriage by proxy."

"I... I never got married in Montana," I protest.

"You didn't need to be physically there, that's what I'm explaining to you."

He finally hands me the tablet, and what he was looking at. It's a... marriage certificate. My jaw drops, as I discover mine and Charles' names together.

"...What the actual fuck?" Grunts Bart, voicing my exact thoughts.

"...This has got to be a joke," I blurt out, my voice raspier than before. "Swithin, this can't be real."

"It is. This guy had access to absolutely every single piece of paperwork he needed. All he had to do was prove you were residents of Montana, show something to explain why you didn't do your ceremony in person, probably your mental health condition and peculiar profile as a celebrity, pay the fee and send the papers. He even had it notarized by the states of New York and California. It's a lot of money spent on paperwork and attorneys, but legally, you two were officially married."

"He got her married to him against her will?" Muttered Rebecca, shocked.

"...So much for progress," grumbles Anna.

"It's very complicated," sighs Swithin. "But this guy had the money and the means to do it. The circumstances are peculiar, if he found some greedy attorneys and made a bit of convincing using some green bills, then..."

I don't care about their opinions right now. I can't fucking believe it. I was married to Charles for... three months, according to this piece of paper, and I had no idea. I can't even begin to process. That's too much.

"My bet is," Swithin continues. "He's going to use this to inherit everything. June Starr had no next of kin aside from her Father, no children. This guy just took care of her money until he could get his hands on it."

"...I did not marry him," I hiss.

All eyes go back to me, but I turn to Swithin, furious.

"I never intended to marry that bastard," I continue. "I agreed to get engaged to him, but I did not have any intent to actually marry him. He tried asking me several times and I always said no. I only stayed with him because he was good to me, and the only person I had left. I had no idea he-..."

My voice gets lost in my throat. I just can't. I should probably get mad, cry or shout, but I'm like an emotional wreck right now, unable to decide which way to go. My heart just stopped, because otherwise, I'm worried it's going to actually explode. I close my eyes, unable to calm down, and hand the tablet back to Swithin.

"...Alright, stop," I mutter. "Just stop. I can't... I'm done for today. If I hear anymore of this, I won't be able to take it. You all can... investigate all you want, but I don't want to hear another word of this before I've had time to process this nightmare."

I open my eyes, just to glance at Richard, and he gives me a gentle nod. I want to be relieved, but I'm not. I've just won a bit of time before jumping off the bridge. I need to get out of this room, away from their stares.

"Well," says John. "I did what I could, so now if you'll excuse us, Juliet and I are going to go home. Hera, it was nice to meet you Love, but we have--"

"No."

Richard's imperious order gets everyone's attention again, and we all dart our eyes to the patriarch. He sits back, putting his long fingers on the armchair's leather. Some of them seem confused, but Bart and I exchange another glance, curious to see what's coming up next. I'm a bit glad the attention finally shifted away from me. John nervously chuckles.

"Richard? What do you mean?"

"You will all be staying here for now."

Immediately, most exchange confused or surprised looks, while John and Grace exchange a glare that clearly suggests they might butcher each other if that happens. I'm kind of surprised as well. Will the bedrooms all stay busy for a while, after all?

"Richard?" Asks Rebecca, tilting her head. "Why?"

"Hera is going to need your help. All of yours' help."

Scratch that not being about me... I get a few glances my way, but nobody's stupid. I'm just an excuse.

"Richard," chuckles Lancelot, uneasy. "You can't just ask everyone to stay here without warning. I was supposed to take a flight back to Amsterdam tomorrow!"

"You can't order us to just stay here," Cecily protests too, glancing around the house as if it had suddenly become some pigsty.

"This is ridiculous," mutters John.

He grabs Juliet's hand, and prepares to leave the room, but after a couple seconds, he brutally stops. He's just steps away from the door, nothing keeping him from crossing the threshold. ...Except that Beatrix is standing there, against the doorframe, her dark eyes on him. I had not seen her move there until John tried to walk out. She's completely still, like a silent shadow, an onyx gargoyle, but that's plenty enough. I can feel the incredible pressure too, and I'm just peeking from behind the back of the sofa with Bart. I can literally see John's expression melt down. He hesitates, and very slowly steps back. He's not walking out that door while Beatrix is standing there.

He turns to Richard, visibly confused and mad.

"Seriously?!"

"We've got a life out there," Cecily groans too.

"And Richard's our Overlord," Rebecca coldly retorts. "If he says we stay, we stay."

The two women exchange glares, but after a few more seconds, I realize Cecily is trying to resist Rebecca's domination. The stare-off just lasts a few seconds, and the indigo-haired one wins. Cecily has to look away, furious tears of frustration in her eyes.

"...Your rooms are all ready," gently says Cata, with a smile as if everyone had received the news happily.

"Why do you want us here?" Grace asks Richard.

She was one of the few who didn't seem bothered to be asked to stay, or perhaps she had already guessed.

"Hera needs answers," Richard says. "...She's going to need all of us."

## Hera Love & Revenge by Jenny Fox

### Chapter 15

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### Chapter 15

"You're holding up better than I thought," Bart says, leaning against my bedroom's door frame.

I sit on my bed, feeling a bit numb.

I had changed into my nightgown after going up to my room, while all the others either went to theirs, or decided to go and hunt. Apparently, Richard's order was for them all to reside here, but they are free to move around London City. I think Rebecca, Anna, Grace and Cecily went to party downtown, while the others decided to hunt on their own or ruminate in their rooms. I can hear Lancelot a floor below, probably on the phone with vampires on the other side of the Atlantic. I lie down in the middle of my bed. There's no way I'll be able to sleep though. My vampire heart is back to beating slowly, but if it was still a human one, I can tell it would be going crazy from everything that unfolded. I feel like everything that was said within the last couple of hours is just some crazy movie of somebody else's life...Daily Latest update

"...It doesn't feel real," I mutter. "All of this. It's as if I just... dreamt the two last days, and I'm going to wake up in that cold hotel room by myself."

"Well, sorry to disappoint you, Baby Vamp, but that just won't happen."

"I think I'm... hiding. Hiding behind a thin, thin wall before it all crashes down and the truth comes to hit me."

He closes the door and slowly walks over, taking a seat at the end of my bed, fingers interlaced on his lap.

"...Is it hard to believe?"

"It's insane," I scoff.

"You said you never loved that guy. But you loved your ex. So why do I feel like I'm missing the bigger picture there?"



"...Something happened," I mutter, unable to look him in the eye. "Rick and I had to... go our separate ways. We belonged to different worlds, and it became... harder and harder to just stick together. I made some mistakes... Things I did and I couldn't undo. ...And Charles was there for me. It's as simple as that."

"Sounds like a lot of regrets." Daily Latest update

"You have no idea."

Every single glance back on my life, I see regrets. Every time, someone I didn't hold back, something I didn't say, somewhere I didn't go. Perhaps Bart was right. Perhaps this whole new life is so easy to accept for me because I'm afraid, scared to look back on June Starr's pathetic life and for reality to hit me like a meteorite crash. I hate being questioned, because I can't even bear to question myself. I picked every bad road and the deeper I got into the woods, the harder it was to admit I wanted to run back.

"Why do you think Richard is so focused on looking into my death?" I whisper.

Bart frowns faintly, visibly deeply pondering as well. He glances at the door, and slowly shakes his head.

"It's hard to know what an Overlord thinks, Baby. My guess is, there's got to be something bigger around your death that Richard wants to look into. First, I'm curious as to why he bothered to go to New Amsterdam for you."

"You mean New York City." Daily Latest update

"Whatever. Richard never goes overseas, Hera. Never. The last time I ever saw him go anywhere was France, and that was in the eighteenth century. Overlords don't typically leave their territories, it's just... too dangerous. They usually stick to their own while all of us pray it stays that way. Vampire wars are ugly. Grace, Lance and the others have friends in every country, and we're free to go around, but Overlords stick to their own territories, and I'm pretty sure some of them still use good old-fashioned letters to stay in touch."

"Juliet mentioned something like I was Richard's... first vampire in a long while."

"You are. The human wars impacted us too, we lost... a lot of friends. I think that prompted Richard to not create more of us and wait to see what the humans were doing for a while. Some Heartgraves have never reappeared since World War II, Hera. Juliet was the last child transformed before you, and I thought Richard was done making new vampires, to be honest."

"Then, why...?" I mutter.

"I have no idea. But, if we look into your death, who did this and why, we might get more clues. To be honest, I think you should mind your own business for now. If Richard doesn't want to let you know, he won't."

Yeah, I had kind of already noticed that...

"...I'm terrified," I suddenly blurt out. Daily Latest update

Bart glances at me, without saying anything. I swallow down, trying to ignore the clutch around my throat, and that heavy feeling in my heart. I slowly sit back up, combing my now red hair back.

"It's just... too much. If... anything they found and said is true, that means I've been... manipulated until I killed myself. How much of a blind, deluded idiot could I have been to do that?"

"Baby, you're the victim here."

"That's what I'm terrified to find out!" I shout. "Bart, I lost my mom when I was four, and I loved her. I was young, but I remember I was happy with her. I lost her and I had to move into a cold, big house with complete strangers who couldn't bring me the smallest comfort. After that, I lost my only best friend, and I lost the one man I ever loved. I even... I even lost my cat! I lost... every single person who mattered to me. Every time I had a chance at happiness, it vanished. I thought I'd never get better, but I had Charles. Charles was always there, and I had been holding on to that, thinking perhaps I'd work something out, that maybe we'd be okay, until it wasn't enough anymore. Now, you're telling me he actually wanted me dead!"

"...First stage of grief, Baby," he sighs. "Denial."

My jaw almost drops, and I can't help but glare. Is he for real? He's giving me the psychoanalyst speech now? He shrugs.

"Don't give me that look," he chuckles. "That's just how it is. They're not... a hundred percent accurate for everybody, but you're definitely in denial right now." Daily Latest update

"Fuck you."

"You wish."

I roll my eyes, not amused at all. Bart tilts his head.

"...Why do I have a feeling your ex-fiancé being your potential murderer was not what shook you the most?"

I grant him another glare. He's annoyingly good at reading me already. I look away, but he hit the nail right on the head. I stare at the dark sky outside the window. I still get my heart doing crazy jumps whenever I dare to think about Rick... It's like Pandora's box and even scarier to open than the one with secrets around my death... or murder, whatever they call it, I guess.

Bart suddenly pushes me down on the bed.

“Go to bed before you think too much, Baby Vamp.”

“I don’t think I can sleep,” I groan, feeling like a reluctant teen.

“Oh, you’re going to be a pain in the butt... Then what do you want to do? You’re not thirsty again, are you?”

I shake my head.

“...Can we play games?” I ask.

“Seriously?” He raises an eyebrow.

“First, it’s going to take my mind off that humongous pile of shit you guys threw at me all evening. Plus, I never really got to play video games in my previous life...” Daily Latest update

He seems a bit surprised by my request, but he still goes to grab a couple of consoles, and we lay down side by side on my bed, while he explains how to play this co-op game.

To be honest, I don’t really care about the game. I start playing mindlessly, it’s a pretty simple one. It also leaves plenty of room for my troubled mind to wander in. I just can’t stop thinking about it. How could I? It’s too much, it’s too big. I keep replaying all the memories of Charles and I. He always said he loved me, but no matter what, I couldn’t force my heart to shift in that direction. I re-analyze every moment we had together, trying to find the cracks, the little things I should perhaps have picked up on. Perhaps that was my own delusion. Perhaps I was so desperate for a chance at a stable, good enough life, that I refused to see all the little things that didn’t make sense. How patient he was. How caring he was towards someone who didn’t love him back...

Did he really... kill me? I had noticed something was off, in the last weeks, but I thought that was my head playing games again. No one was coming to clean my room. Charles was the only person I saw. The TV was cut off, I had no phone, nothing left behind to entertain me, as he thought that would only upset me if I got access to the media. I had horrible headaches, dizziness, and felt hungry yet couldn’t eat. Charles had recommended I stay inside, to ignore the bad press, but there were always gossip magazines left around. I couldn’t go out without telling him... At the time, he always reassured me those were for the better, for me. Then, how come there was absolutely nothing that made me feel better, in all this time? I had asked him to go to Montana, but the house was being renovated, it was a no. I wanted to go back to California, but every time, he canceled at the last minute, telling me some fans had found out about our trip, or he had something come up at work. I literally had nobody else to turn to. Everytime I tried to work again, the answer was that the agency didn’t have any offers for me. My previous manager had quit, so I couldn’t even try to call them using the hotel’s phone.

The more I think about it, the more the Heartgraves’ words make sense. The more I replay our memories together, the more I realize just how much it doesn’t

add up. ...And the angrier I get. I try to focus on the monster to beat up, my fingers furiously smashing the console's buttons. Bart gives me a glance. I don't see that stupid monster on the screen, I see all the times Charles smiled to my face and told me it was going to be okay. All the times I heard "It's for your own good. It's better you don't. Trust me. You will get better." And I fucking never did. Daily Latest update

"Baby."

Bart suddenly takes the console out of my hands, and I punch the mattress as plan B. I sit up, and I slam my fists into the bed, again and again, letting my frustrations out. I'm crying, grunting, raging against the mattress who didn't ask for so much, while Bart just stares and waits. It's like all my anger, my pain and my rage are finally surging, in big waves that I just can't stop. I jump off the bed, take a few steps around the bedroom, and I suddenly let out a loud cry, half a shout, half a groan, just because I need to let the monster out before it eats me raw.

"The bastard.... The bloody, fucking, piece of shit! The fucking asshole! Son of a bitch!"

"...All of that indeed," sighs Bart, putting the consoles aside.

"The rat! That piece of shit! Asshole!" I swear every single insult I can think of, until I run out of ideas, and end up repeating the same ones over and over.

After a few more minutes of profanities coming out of my mouth, I stop, and put my hands on my head.

"I can't... I can't believe it," I mutter. "That greedy bastard just got me married without my consent! He fucking got me to kill myself, and he fucking shows up at my funeral to cry his crocodile tears in front of my coffin! In front of the whole world! The bloody piece of shit! ...My God, I'm dead! I'm dead and I let that fucking bastard win already!"

"Yeah... Looks like it's finally sinking in."

I turn back to him, still with tears in my eyes, and out of breath because I've been shouting like a mad woman for the last few minutes. I'm sure the whole house is well-aware of my sudden outburst. I climb back on the bed to face him.

"I can't let him get away with that," I mutter. "...Bart, that bastard took my whole life. He took every single thing I had, and destroyed it. My friends, my freedom, everything that ever made me happy, he lied and he took it all away. And worse, I let him do it. ...But I can't. I can't let him get away with that." Daily Latest update

He stares at me for a few seconds, and a smile appears, his fangs showing up with a hint of malice.

"...What do you want to do, Baby Vamp? You're already dead, and we can't change that."

"First, I want to be absolutely sure," I nod, trying to calm down a bit. "I want absolute, definitive proof that this asshole planned my death and pushed me over the edge. I... Now, I do have a feeling this is true, but I need more. I want to be absolutely sure of what this asshole did to me, to what extent."

"We're working on that," Bart shrugs. "Swithin's probably going to spend the night peeling the details of your assets and what that bastard did, legally. But you saw the marriage certificate. There isn't much doubt left, is there?"

"That's why I need to know every single bit of it... I want to take him down," I mutter. "He doesn't deserve any of what I left behind. He's not getting anything, and I'm going to make him lose everything, like he did to me."

Suddenly, a thought hits me. I grab my bathrobe, and leave my bedroom, a confused Bart right behind me. I walk downstairs, pretty sure of where to find him. Cata is busy making more food in the kitchen, but I don't leave her any time to say whatever she was about to; I just walk straight into the living room.

There, Swithin is busy, a laptop on his knees and a document in his hand. He barely glances up at me, neither does Benedict next to him who had his eyes on a tablet. I walk in the midst of the room, to face Richard. Our Overlord is still in the armchair, he has barely moved, his hands joined over his cane. I stand there, barefoot, cheeks wet, fists clenched.

"...I want to get revenge," I blurt out.

He doesn't flinch. He expected it, of course. I force myself to take a breath, and I don't blink, looking deep into his ice-blue eyes, trying to decipher the wall of silence he presents me.

"I can't let it go like that," I continue. "I know I'm dead, I know it's already over, but I just can't let it go. I don't care about the money, I don't care about what you wanted with me becoming Hera Heartgraves, but I need to avenge June Starr's death. I need... I need to do what nobody else could have done for me."

I clench my fists a bit tighter, my new, sharp nails piercing my skin. I try hard not to resume crying, but the anger is building up like a horrible knot in my tight throat. Daily Latest update

"...I won't bring you back," he calmly retorts.

"I know. I'm not looking to go back. I know June Starr's dead, and... and I can't do anything to change that. What I want is justice for her. She... I didn't deserve to die like this. I can't let it go, not now that I know the truth. I can't let this bastard get away with it, Richard. Nobody is going to stand up and get to the truth for me. I need justice for my death. ...I want revenge for everything he did to me."

# Hera Love & Revenge by Jenny Fox

## Chapter 16

[/ Hera, Love & Revenge by Jenny Fox](#)

## Chapter 16

He remains quiet for a long while, simply staring at me. As always, his thoughts remain a complete mystery to me behind those icy eyes of his. I can barely keep looking him in the eye, and I'm well aware that's only because he tolerates it. I can feel the stares of the others, Benedict and Swithin behind me, Cata and Bart on the doorstep.

"...Alright."

Alright? That's it? I don't know what I expected, but certainly not for him to agree to my madness so casually. I feel like a child with her parent agreeing to her tantrum. As usual, he's not displaying any emotion that could cue me in either. I exchange a quick glance with Bart and Cata behind him, but they seem just as confused. Daily Latest update

"You can get your revenge," he resumes. "I have no compassion for those who harmed my daughter. My only request is that you do not go back overseas."

I can't fly back to the US? How am I supposed to rip that bastard's throat out with my bare hands then? I want to protest, but before I open my mouth, Swithin subtly clears his throat.

"If you do want to investigate this," he says. "You will need to do it under your new identity, Hera Heartgraves. No one can know what you are, of course, nor that you once were June Starr. I'm already working on building your new identity, you will have all your papers ready within the week. The essential ones, I mean."

"You mean official documents?"

"Of course. Passport, birth certificate and so on. It's our usual procedure. If you're going to live as Hera Heartgraves, especially in this day and age and if you're planning to go after your ex, you'll need to have a rock-solid new identity. I can provide anything else you'll need if you let me know." Daily Latest update

Wow, they can even give me fake identity papers? Or are they real ones, somehow? I can't imagine that vampires get arrested while traveling for possessing fake papers, so I do want to believe him on the rock-solid part...

"She still can't just go ahead like that," frowns Bart. "We just saw the bastard's still in the US, and Hera can't go. How do we get to him, then?"

A smirk appears on Swithin's lips.

"Her non-existent will. Technically, June Starr is a British citizen, she was born on this continent. I can pull a few strings and make sure they think she had more assets here. If he's in this for the money, it should be enough to have him come here and see what's to win. Since she didn't leave a will, and she was quite wealthy, her inheritance will take a little while for the lawyers and all to get it sorted anyway."

"So we can lure him with the money, then what?" Frowns Bart. "Hera, what's your goal?"

My goal?

I take a second to think about it. If they do manage to bring Charles here, what could I do? Of course, there's the easy solution. Isolate him in some deserted alley, and rip him apart. For sure, that would bring me some satisfaction. Just thinking about it, my thirst for blood sparks up like a flame in the dark. However, it would be far too easy, far too lenient for that bastard. I want to make him pay for all of it. Just a second of pain before a quick death will not make up for the weeks, the months of torture he put me through. I want more.

So, what would hurt him like he hurt me? I don't care about that chick he brought with him to my funeral. Even if he slept around with her, he probably doesn't care anymore about her than he did about me anyway. That's of no good to me...

"...Let's start with his company," I mutter. Daily Latest update

"His company?" Benedict frowns.

I nod.

"Charles' very proud of it. He came from a humble background, and he worked hard until he became his own CEO. He never fails to mention how working hard under my father was such a huge opportunity for him, but now he's branched out and he owns a wealthy enterprise."

Benedict frowns, and grabs the tablet from Swithin's hands to pull up a quick search. After a few seconds, he raises his eyebrows.

"...Indeed. If he started like you said he did, he got surprisingly successful at it."

"A bit too successful, even," I nod. "He convinced me to break my contract with my former agency, and opened his own to manage me and a handful of other upcoming actors and actresses."

"That's not all," Swithin frowns. "Seems like he got his management agency to represent all sorts of celebrities. Actors, Models, Athletes, Musicians and Singers, Entertainers, all sorts of them. He used your and your father's name to make a name for himself, and then they all ran to him..."

"I know," I sigh. "I hate to admit it now, but I helped him promote his agency when he launched it. My... previous agency went down in flames after that."

"No wonder, this guy has an impressive army of lawyers. With just the size of his company and your father's name, it's easy to get rid of pretty much any small upcoming rival... How do you want to take him down, then?"

It only takes me a few seconds to think about it, but if I'm going to do this, I want to do it myself. I don't want to use Richard's money, or my other new vampire siblings to do this for me. Daily Latest update

"...From the inside," I mutter. "I want to uncover all of his misdeeds. I'm sure there's a lot more, my death is only the tip of the iceberg. I had... heard things, while I was still under his agency. He kept a lot from me but I know there were some things going on that just can't be normal. I want to expose him. If we just try to crush him from the outside, he'll put on a show again and just start over. I want to dig up every single bit of dirt I can find and throw it out there. I want the whole world to see what he's done to me, how horrible of a human being he is, so there's nowhere for him to run. I want him to lose everything. ...I want to make it so he is the one trapped, the one who can't take a single step outside."

"What if there isn't that much though?" Sighs Bart, crossing his arms. "You seem pretty unaware of all that was going on, perhaps there won't be that much dirt to dig, Baby Vamp."

"Actually," says Benedict. "I think Hera might be holding something there. The business model just doesn't match the numbers year after year. There are far too many benefits for someone who began with a handful of actors to represent, and none of them more successful than June was. His company grew really fast, even while receiving some external support, there's something fishy in there. If I were to guess, I'd think there's been some dirty money going around."

"From her Father?" Bart asks.

"Who knows?"

Benedict glances at me, but I genuinely don't care. My father never cared enough that I would be bothered to spare him. Even if his empire crumbled tomorrow, I wouldn't care a single bit. In fact, if there's even the slightest chance he could have taken any part in my death, I do want it to crumble.

"...Are you sure, Baby?" Cata asks, visibly worried for me. "...What if you're wrong about your fiancé? What if this is all a mistake, he wasn't the one who... did this to you?" Daily Latest update

To be fair, it took a while to get to me too, but now, I have little doubt left. I try to replay the scenes in my mind, but the more I think about it, the more obvious it is to me that Charles was the one responsible for my death. I don't know how to answer her, though. How do I get definite proof? I glance back at Benedict and Swithin, hoping either one of them could have an answer for me.



After a second, Swithin sighs, and takes out a different phone from the one he's been using.

"Do you remember his phone number?"

I nod, and dictate it to him. We all wait while Swithin dials it.

"...Hello?" A voice answers after a few seconds.

My blood immediately boils. Charles' voice. Swithin glares at me, basically to get me to shut up and wait.

"Hello," says Swithin, taking a very calm and polite voice. "May I speak to Mr. Charles Williams, please?"

"That would be me. Who is this?"

"Good evening Sir, I apologize for the impromptu call. I'm calling from the Law Firm Johnson & Browns regarding the late miss June Starr. First, on behalf of my associate and myself, we'd like to give you our deepest condolences, Sir. We were actually looking to get in touch with her next of kin regarding an asset of hers that was left under our supervision, but an associate of her Father's suggested we reach out to you first, as Mr. Starr is currently unavailable. Is that alright?"

"Yes," Charles answers immediately. "We have withheld the information from the general public, but I need to inform you that uh, June and I were actually married. That's probably why her f- I mean, my Father-in-law's secretary redirected you to me. I am her next-of-kin, so to speak." Daily Latest update

Thank God I am standing across the coffeetable right now, because I swear I would smash that stupid phone to the ground right now. How dare he so confidently claim we were married to a perfect stranger! That fucker! There's no way an associate of my Father would recommend him, he's just too happy to pull this to himself!

"Oh, then I'm even more sorry for your loss, Sir," says Swithin, his voice perfectly hiding the smirk he's got on. "It must have been terrible."

"Yes, yes indeed..." Sighs Charles, as if just remembering he's supposed to act sad. "There's uh... Quite a lot going on now, so may I ask what is this about?"

"Yes, it's regarding a flat that your fian- sorry, your wife had purchased, in London."

"An apartment in London? June did? ...Are you sure? When?"

"Yes, Sir. Our records show she bought this property a while ago, but since she hadn't come to England in a long while, it was left for us to manage."

Swithin suddenly grabs the tablet back, and quickly types something to show me- When? Oh, he meant when could I have purchased an apartment here without Charles knowing? ...I think quickly.

"...In 2015, Sir."

"Six years ago?" Charles mutters, visibly confused.

That's the most probable date. Right before we met, the year I had my first on-screen success. I had received quite a lot of money from the movie's success, and I had just reached an age where I could have purchased an apartment in Europe, with the help of a lawyer or two. This is going to annoy him even more that he'll think I hid this from him all along.

"Yes," Swithin keeps smirking. "According to Miss Starr's request, we were to let the flat be rented while she wasn't using it, but a recent audit has shown that the value of the property has risen quite significantly amongst the London Market. I was very saddened to hear of Miss Starr's passing while trying to reach her regarding this."

"That's... Uh, yes, June had mentioned something about an apartment in London... Who ordered the audit? I'm not sure I have time to take care of this at the moment. Daily Latest update

"I understand, Sir. We can just keep renting it, but with the increasing demand of the market, we were actually looking to ask Miss Starr if she wanted to consider selling her property. I understand this was an investment from your Wife, and quite an insightful one, I would say, the value of her property rose by 2.3 Million."

"T-two point three million?" I hear Charles almost choke.

I can imagine his stupid face. He was probably thinking I had just bought some tiny apartment for myself that he could just ignore, but Swithin got him hook, line and sinker with that one sentence...

"Yes, Sir," Swithin nods.

"What kind of property can rise this much?"

"Miss Starr had purchased a six-bedroom flat on South Bank, with a splendid view of the London Eye and Thames. We are talking about a 6,763 square feet penthouse Mr. Williams, currently valued at twenty-six and a half million. I do realize this might be negligible considering your current issues and the loss of your wife, Mr. Williams. Do you want us to perhaps wait or discuss this with her Father instead? We have all the paperwork waiting here in London, but due to the circumstances, we can always wait after you've sorted the inheritance issues with Miss Starr's family."

Damn, Swithin is good. His innocent tone is just enough to keep Charles thinking he's the one leading the conversation, when he's literally getting himself into Swithin's lie. Charles must be panicking that he's going to lose a 26.5 million

pound penthouse to my father's army of lawyers, when he got a unique chance to get this call first...

"No, no," he quickly opposes. "I... I will see what I can do. Do you have a firm in New York City, by any chance?"

"I regret Sir, we are a tiny firm, and I have to fly back to London in an hour. I'm actually calling from the Airport Lounge. I was lucky one of Miss Starr's father's associates was kind enough to call back and give me your number."

"Yes, yes I understand... T-then I can fly to London. Please send me your availability next week and I will have my secretary schedule it."

"Thanks for your understanding Sir. They are calling for my flight I believe, but I hope to see you soon in London. Good evening, Sir."

Swithin hangs up, and I'm still in shock.

"...You're scary," I mutter after a second. "A 26.5 million pound penthouse in London? How in the world did you think of that so quickly?"

"Because we do have one," he scoffs. "And the firm is also real, it belongs to me. Since your ex-fiancé is so attracted to money, what else should we have hooked him with? Now, I got him to come here, and I'm going to try to make him run in circles for a bit so he sticks around thinking he can win a penthouse. Your turn to find how you're going to give him hell, Baby Vamp."

Sounds like my nickname's already adopted by everyone in this family...

"So we got the lad coming here," says Bart. "What next?"

"Hera can find a way to infiltrate his business and dig into it, but that won't be easy," nods Benedict. "First, we need to make sure he doesn't recognize her. Protecting our secret and identity as vampires is always our priority. The fact that she was famous and that modern times don't let people forget one's face will be inconvenient. You have already changed a lot physically, but many people have seen your pictures and movies. We need more than some physical changes; We need to make sure your ex meets a different person if you have to go and confront him."

"How can I do that? My appearance has already changed a lot, but what more could I do?"

"It's not just about the looks," says Swithin. "It's your attitude, your voice, your mannerisms, your way of speech... even your accent. We need to change everything, so that there is nothing more left of June Starr. And since we had to act before your husband dearest grabs everything that once was yours, we should start very soon. The sooner the better, in fact."

He turns to Benedict, who sighs quite theatrically, before looking at me.

“...How is your French, darling?”



**\*Author Note: Thanks for reading! Please do , a like and add to your library! ;p**