

Chapter 94 Last Night Was a Lie

Ava did not say another word to either of her parents, and neither one walked her to the door, or ensured that she got into her car. Her father only whispered something her mother's left ear, and Theresa's eyes glowed, before she stared in pity at her daughter.

Even if Theresa wanted to hold Ava and assure her that all will be well, she knew she couldn't. It was their tough upbringing that had caused them to be one of the most successful couples in the Relish line, neither Garrett nor Theresa needed their daughter to be soft.

She put her sunshades back on and cat walked out of the mansion; the one she had called her home. She headed straight for her car, opened the door and flung herself into it. When she was safely seated, she banged her fists against the car horn ferociously, while screaming in anger at the top of her voice, where she was sure nobody would see or hear her; not from the tinted glasses of her car.

Ava inserted her car keys into the keyhole and set the engine to ignition. Her mind wandered back to her father's expression. Garrett had been dangerously calm about everything, which told Ava that she could not flop, Garrett's calmness was more dangerous than his rage.

She drove back to the palace in silence, pondering on her father's words. He had given her permission to "eliminate" her threat. That meant, doing whatever was needed to get Roxanne out of her way; for good. But, what

would she do? "Desperate times call for desperate measures. You're a Relish, a daughter of evil mastermind himself, surely you can think of sweet and subtle ways to end this puny human," her wolf teased her from within, and Ava rolled her eyes. Ava needed to plan, and to plan, she needed silence and a clear head. All of which she was going to get once she was back in the palace.

Alas, she arrived at the palace gate, and it was opened for her. She nodded to the greeting of the security guards and drove past them, past the courtyard and into the car park. She alighted from the car and took swift steps - even in her heels towards the palace.

When she got to the door, she threw a smile at butler Lee who stood by the door and walked inside the palace. She headed straight for the stairs, climbed the flight of stairs in a frenzy and walked briskly, through the corridor, heading straight to her room.

However, a voice stole her attention as she approached the king's father's study; Edward Dankworth's personal library.

Ava tiptoed in her heels, until her body was flat against the wall, to make sure not even the sound of her breathing could be heard. Her ears stood at attention as she listened intently to the voice that had captured her attention.

"I understand your point, Your Highness. However, this is a very crucial matter, and I would not speak of things that I have not seen." Ava fought back the urge to roll her eyes when she heard the voice clearly. She could recall where she heard it; yesterday, both at the afternoon coronation and at the night ritual. She was the witch's sage, Athaliah, the one who had managed to keep the elders from revolting against Lancelot twice.

What was she trying to tell Edward - of course, it had to be Edward inside there, no one else had the right to step in there without his presence or permission, not even Madeline, the Queen.

"Your Highness, I know that of all the supernatural creatures, no one abhors the humans more than the werewolves do, but this is not just a matter of cause, it's a matter of destiny, of fate. If the goddess has mated Lancelot with the human, then it is certain that he should be with the human. We witches joined in the war, we had our share of the suffering as well..."

"And yet, you have not opened your arms to their kind," Edward cut in, Ava smiled in satisfaction at his reply. Athaliah didn't have the power to control everyone after all.

"I am advocating for their union, am I not?"

Edward looked over Athaliah, sighed and leaned into the chair he was seated on.

"It is beyond me, far beyond me. Even if I wanted to, I could not speak for them. What would we tell members of my pack, neighboring packs, the regional and provincial elders? They would revolt against my household. What the humans did to us..."

"Cannot be forgiven. But, we must not forget that it was a long time ago, this human we speak might not even be aware of all that's going on," Athaliah spoke up again, refusing to relent. It took Ava great strength and self-control not to walk into the study and pull that witch out of the room. But, she also needed to hear what was being said. As a she-wolf, she had always known that her kind and humans did not mix, but it was not only a case of superiority complex now, there was something else, something else she was pinning to hear.

"The scars from what they did are still all over us, sage. Look at us, we fear to send our pups out of this continent because the humans have proven they cannot be trusted. The one time our kind put faith in their kind, they captured us, sold us, figured out our weakness was silver, and used their wisdom and technology advancement to steal our powers. You

were there, many lost their lives to redeem our cause. They were fathers, mothers, you cannot expect their children to easily forget that."

The bitterness and anger in Edward's voice was eminent, and Athaliah found it hard to think of what next to say. She knew that everything the former king had said was true. There were some sins that were not easily forgotten, some parts of history that could neither be erased from the mind, or from the heart.

Still, if she could strike her next point, maybe Edward would see reason with her.

"I do understand you, Your Highness, but we..."

"Please, sage," Edward spoke, raising his hand in dismissal. He had heard enough already, and his temper was beginning to spark within him. Athaliah had done wonderful things for his son, he would hate to appear ungrateful. "We cannot speak about this any further. There might be a world where humans and wolves would mate and be with themselves, but I'm afraid that the world my son is, would not be that world. I must excuse you now, you do have a long journey to embark on, after all."

Athaliah stayed quiet and watched as Edward lowered his head into a stack of papers. It was a sign that he would no longer listen to anything that was being said by her, and she understood this. So, she excused herself.

"You are right, I must prepare to be on my way now. I also have to check on Queen Hera. I appreciate you listening to me, Your Highness."

Edward did not look up at her, he simply nodded.

Hearing that the witch was leaving, Ava hurriedly tiptoed past the study, and walked briskly, so that she was far ahead of the door by the time Athaliah stepped out.

She had just been impacted with knowledge, and she was still unsure of what to do with it.

However, she was now sure of one thing; the monarchy would never support Lancelot's choice of a mate. Still, she knew that did not give her the opportunity to relax, there was still so much she could do to make sure that Lancelot's union with his human secretary, turned out to be IMPOSSIBLE.

It was past 10am when Peter woke up to sound of Hera's heels clicking on the floor. He was surprised to see the Queen up and ready to go, especially after how much she had had to drink last night, and all that had happened between them. He was more surprised when Hera met his eyes with indifference, and asked him to rise up.

Bold Hera was home, flirty Hera was gone, daring Hera was also gone. All that remained now, was Hera who seemed like she would rather be anywhere but close to him.

Peter nearly slapped himself when he glanced at the clock in the room. He had to drive Hera back to the palace, and now that it was daylight, it would be hard to do so, without anyone knowing.

However, Hera's silence gave him space to think. At first, Peter did not realize that the woman he had fallen head over heels with was quiet during the drive back to the palace. How could he? When his mind was racing faster than the speed of light.

If anyone caught him driving into the palace, or stepping out with Hera, he would have questions to answer. And Peter wasn't sure he had the strength to lie under the detective gaze of anybody.

Finally, he decided to take a less risky turn and enter the palace through the back gate. It was then he managed to clear his mind and steal a glance at the beautiful woman, who had somehow managed to steal his heart,

beside him. His countenance changed when he saw a worried look on her face, he had never thought Hera to be one to worry.

"Are you alright my queen?" he asked, and she turned to him, before flashing him a smile. Peter should have been relieved, but he couldn't. Not when he knew the smile was fake.

A lot of thoughts ran through his mind at once, most of them were questions he knew he couldn't get answers to; was she worried about today? Was she thinking about last night? What did she think about his love making? Did she regret it? He continued to ask himself a million questions, even while his eyes were focused on the road.

Hera noticed when he took a different turn and turned to him.

"I thought we were going to the palace."

"We are. It's a different route I'm taking, we're going through the back," he replied, even while his voice was shaky.

Hera scoffed and turned away from him.

"I see."

"My queen, it's not because I am ashamed of what happened last night. If anything, I am glad it happened and I can only imagine ..."

"Nothing happened," Hera spat out, Peter almost pressed his brakes in the middle of the road, while he glared at Hera in confusion. "My queen?"

"You must walk around now, and for the rest of your life, with the mindset that you and I never had a conversation," she spoke so calmly, without looking at him, as though she did not know her words were peeling his heart off, bit by bit. Peter could not bring himself to understand what Hera was saying. She had been the one to initiate whatever happened between them in the first place, and now she was denying it? Did she think he did not have feelings? "So, you mean everything that happened last night was a lie?"

"What part of last night? The part where I attended the king's coronation ritual, or the part where I lay my bed to sleep?"

Peter stifled a bitter chuckle. Of course, nothing had happened. What was he even thinking giving his heart out to her, knowing that she would return to the arms and BED of her husband the next day? This one was on him, no one else but him.

So, he said nothing. Until he drove in through the back gate of the palace, and stopped the car beside the infirmary.

"You should get down here, Your Highness. It would appear as though you only went for a walk," he said, without looking up at her.

Hera did not speak to him, she simply opened the door and walked out of the car.

Peter watched her leave, even as his heart tore into a million pieces and crumbled at his feet. He had never felt like this before; the numbing ache and shattering effect of heartbreak.