

## Chapter 100-2

“You miss them already, huh?” he asks, tightening his arms around me.

I nod, a single tear escaping. “Yeah. I didn’t think I would miss them this much, but I really do.”

“They can visit whenever they like,” he says. “Oliver, too.”

“I know,” I say, turning in his arms so I can face him and placing my hands on his chest. “It’s just another change I have to get used to. I’ll be alright. I just need a little time.”

He kisses my nose and releases me, leading me back to the desk chair and motioning for me to sit. He leans down and opens a drawer, pulling out a leather bound book, similar to the ones that I had seen in his office.

“Every member of the Royal Family that is in line for the throne keeps a journal of important information. This is yours,” he tells me with a smile, placing the book in front of me on the desk. “You’ll have all the ones from princesses and queens for hundreds of years to read through and learn from, and you can access the ones of the kings if you ever want.”

“They were in your office, weren’t they?” I ask and he nods.

“Dad made me read them all growing up,” he tells me with a nod. “He told me it was the best way to prepare and I hated it, but he was right. The women’s journals are always more interesting, because they weren’t born into this, you mated into it. I think some of them may help you, and may bring some comfort. You aren’t the first wolf who didn’t really want this, and you can read what they had to say.”

“Can we get a giant, comfy chair to put by the fireplace?” I ask him, hopeful.

“Absolutely!” he tells me with a smile. “I’m so glad you’re finally making something your own. What color would you like?”

“Brown, I think,” I tell him, looking around. “Not too dark.”

“I’ll make it happen,” he tells me and I can’t help but smile at him. He looks so happy in this moment. “I have some work to do in my office. You can join me if you want, or whatever you’d like. It’s MY office, but you never have to ask to come in. It’s always open to you, Love. Especially until we get your furniture in here.”

“I’d like that,” I tell him, standing up and holding my hand out, like I’m going to help him stand. He humors me and takes my hand, but he quickly pulls me to him and kisses me deeply before releasing me and standing with me.

“You want a journal to r\*\*\*\*\*w, don’t you?” he asks with a smirk.

“I do!” I tell him with a huge smile. “I don’t want to bother your mom though.”

“Sarah can grab it. Whose do you want?” he asks and I stop to think. His mom’s would make the most sense to start with, but when I think about it, it feels too personal.

“Maybe your grandmothers?” I ask him and he nods, his eyes glassing over as he links her and then leads me down to the next door, opening it for me.

I walk in and go to sit on the large chair in the corner. I note that there’s no chandelier or fireplace in here and it’s a bit smaller. It’s a hard to believe that he willingly gave me the bigger, nicer office. He really is a good mate, I tell myself as he sits at his desk, pulling a computer out of a drawer and opening it with a sigh.

I can’t help but watch him. Just watch him as he works, looking a little disgruntled and frowning at the screen, scratching something down on a sheet of paper. He looks so handsome as he works. He looks up from the screen and at me, a peaceful smile coming to his face before he looks back down, completely serious once again.

There’s a knock at the door and I can smell Sarah as Seth welcomes her into the office.

“I have the journal you requested,” she says, looking around the room. It appears that even she is not welcome in his sanctuary very often, if at all.

“Thanks,” he says, never looking up. “It’s for Molly.”

She looks at me, surprise clearly evident on her face as she walks over and hands it to me. “Here you go, Molly. Enjoy.”