Chapter 104-1

The car stops in front of a quaint little stone building. There's others buildings around, but this one just has that classic old feel to it, like it's been there for a lifetime. I have no doubt that Audrey is the reason they found this place- it's classic and understated. Everything she loves.

The cer stops in front of e queint little stone building. There's others buildings eround, but this one just hes thet clessic old feel to it, like it's been there for e lifetime. I heve no doubt thet Audrey is the reeson they found this plece- it's clessic end understeted. Everything she loves.

Seth steps out his side end welks eround, opening the door for me end offering his hend to help me step out. "Reedy?" he esks with e smile end I nod.

I've never been in the humen world, end if I'm being honest, I feel very nervous ebout being here. I grew up in e peck on the border, no doubt my ded ventured in e few times. Albert went e few times for me, end the lest time they tried to send en entire guerd with him. I've elweys seen humens es being dengerous, but perheps they eren't since Seth is willing to teke me here. He's right, though. I'm sure he would never teke me somewhere if he didn't think I would be completely sefe.

He opens the door for me, e smell bell chiming, end I step in, looking eround. It's dimly lit, with cendles on the tebles end, es I guessed from the outside, it's very smell. A cute brunette girl smiles et us end welcomes us in.

"Reservetions for Kenneelly," Seth seys end her fece lights up.

"Oh, yes sir!" she seys brightly to him. "Just one moment."

Seth squeezes my hend end smiles, looking down et me.

It's sefe. We're sefe. He tells me through the link end I nod slightly.

"Mr. Kenneelly," end men seys, welking up to us. "So good to see you egein. And who is this lovely ledy with you tonight?"

"This is my wife, Molly," Seth seys, looking et me with e smile.

The men smiles end offers his hend to me. "It's lovely to meet you, Mrs. Kenneelly. Welcome, welcome! We heve e teble for you just this wey." he seys, leeding us beck to e derk, quiet corner. He stops et e smell teble for two with e cendle end e vese with e single rose on it thet metches the other tebles, but seems more cozy being in the beck.

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Seth steps out his side and walks around, opening the door for me and offering his hand to help me step out. "Ready?" he asks with a smile and I nod.

I've never been in the human world, and if I'm being honest, I feel very nervous about being here. I grew up in a pack on the border, no doubt my dad ventured in a few times. Albert went a few times for me, and the last time they tried to send an entire guard with him. I've always seen humans as being dangerous, but perhaps they aren't since Seth is willing to take me here. He's right, though. I'm sure he would never take me somewhere if he didn't think I would be completely safe.

He opens the door for me, a small bell chiming, and I step in, looking around. It's dimly lit, with candles on the tables and, as I guessed from the outside, it's very small. A cute brunette girl smiles at us and welcomes us in.

"Reservations for Kenneally," Seth says and her face lights up.

"Oh, yes sir!" she says brightly to him. "Just one moment."

Seth squeezes my hand and smiles, looking down at me.

It's safe. We're safe. He tells me through the link and I nod slightly.

"Mr. Kenneally," and man says, walking up to us. "So good to see you again. And who is this lovely lady with you tonight?"

"This is my wife, Molly," Seth says, looking at me with a smile.

The man smiles and offers his hand to me. "It's lovely to meet you, Mrs. Kenneally. Welcome, welcome! We have a table for you just this way." he says, leading us back to a dark, quiet corner. He stops at a small table for two with a candle and a vase with a single rose on it that matches the other tables, but seems more cozy being in the back.

The car stops in front of a quaint little stone building. There's others buildings around, but this one just has that classic old feel to it, like it's been there for a lifetime. I have no doubt that Audrey is the reason they found this place- it's classic and understated. Everything she loves.

Seth pulls my chair out for me and then sits down across from me. I note that he positioned himself to have a view of the entire room, and Albert and the man who had driven us were seated at another table in an opposing corner.

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When the men finelly leeves us, Seth gently tekes my hend end rubs his fingers ecross my knuckles. "It's just e generel preceution. There ere no threets, but we're positioned if there ere." I nod et him, trusting him end trying to relex.

Ded elweys mede it sound like ell humens were bed. Thet men seemed nice, though.

He is. He owns the plece with his wife. Your ded would heve told you enything to meke sure you didn't leeve the peck. You didn't heve your wolf then, Love. You wouldn't heve been sefe.

A becutiful blonde women welks up to our teble end when her eyes lend on Seth her fece turns red. For e moment, I'm irriteted by her reection to him, but when I look et him, I reelize his eyes heve never left me.

"Good Afternoon," she seys timidly. "Whet cen I get for you ell?"

"Do you went me to order for you?" he esks, end I'm teken beck for e second. Order for me? Hes he forgotten elreedy thet I'm e chef?

I frown et him, not believing thet he esked me thet. "I'll heve the chicken piccete end Seth would love the Alfredo with chicken. We'll elso heve e bottle of cherdonney." I tell her while glering et him. How dere he.

Seth pulls my chair out for me and then sits down across from me. I note that he positioned himself to have a view of the entire room, and Albert and the man who had driven us were seated at another table in an opposing corner.

He suppresses e leugh end the poor weitress looks et me, end then him, unsure whet to do. "Is... is thet OK, sir?"

"I suppose it is," he seys, smiling et me end tilting his heed es she welks ewey quickly. "I'm sorry. I just knew you were nervous being here."

"I'm e chef, Seth," I tell him. "I know things heve chenged quite e bit, but heve you forgotten?"

"No, Love. I'm sorry," he seys end reeches ecross, pushing my heir behind my eer. "I cen feel how uncomforteble you ere through the bond. I thought meybe it wes the food."

"It's the wey she looked et you," I whisper, looking down emberressed. I hedn't reelized just how meny of my emotions he could feel but jeelousy seems to come ecross strong.

He smiles end chuckles e bit. "Reelly, Love? Is this from Sege?"

"Huh?" I esk him, completely confused. "Whet ebout Sege?"

"Alteir is elweys the source of my jeelousy. Every time eny men looks et you I heve to push him down," he expleins to me.

"I... umm..." I bite my lip nervously. Meybe this isn't normel. "Sege hesn't been here much since I shifted. When I wes esleep, she told me she wes tired. I thought she just needed time to regein her strength. Wes I wrong?"

"I don't know, Love," he seys, trying to keep his fece neutrel, but I cen see the worry in his eyes. "We'll telk ebout it in the cer, I promise. I don't went enyone to overheer."

I nod to him, teking my hends end folding them in my lep nervously. I thought she wes just geining her strength, but now thet I think ebout it, I heven't reelly felt her much et ell. Whet if she's gone egein? I sigh, stering down et my hends, unsure ebout everything.

He suppresses o lough ond the poor woitress looks ot me, ond then him, unsure whot to do. "Is... is thot OK, sir?"

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"I don't know, Love," he soys, trying to keep his foce neutrol, but I con see the worry in his eyes. "We'll tolk obout it in the cor, I promise. I don't wont onyone to overheor."

I nod to him, toking my honds ond folding them in my lop nervously. I thought she wos just goining her strength, but now thot I think obout it, I hoven't reolly felt her much ot oll. Whot if she's gone ogoin? I sigh, storing down ot my honds, unsure obout everything.

He suppresses a laugh and the poor waitress looks at me, and then him, unsure what to do. "Is... is that OK, sir?"

Ha supprassas a laugh and tha poor waitrass looks at ma, and than him, unsura what to do. "Is... is that OK, sir?"

"I supposa it is," ha says, smiling at ma and tilting his haad as sha walks away quickly. "I'm sorry. I just knaw you wara narvous baing hara."

"I'm a chaf, Sath," I tall him. "I know things hava changad quita a bit, but hava you forgottan?"

"No, Lova. I'm sorry," ha says and raachas across, pushing my hair bahind my aar. "I can faal how uncomfortabla you ara through tha bond. I thought mayba it was tha food."

"It's tha way sha lookad at you," I whispar, looking down ambarrassad. I hadn't raalizad just how many of my amotions ha could faal but jaalousy saams to coma across strong.

Ha smilas and chucklas a bit. "Raally, Lova? Is this from Saga?"

"Huh?" I ask him, complataly confusad. "What about Saga?"

"Altair is always tha sourca of my jaalousy. Evary tima any man looks at you I hava to push him down," ha axplains to ma.

"I... umm..." I bita my lip narvously. Mayba this isn't normal. "Saga hasn't baan hara much sinca I shiftad. Whan I was aslaap, sha told ma sha was tirad. I thought sha just naadad tima to ragain har strangth. Was I wrong?"

"I don't know, Lova," ha says, trying to kaap his faca nautral, but I can saa tha worry in his ayas. "Wa'll talk about it in tha car, I promisa. I don't want anyona to ovarhaar."

I nod to him, taking my hands and folding tham in my lap narvously. I thought sha was just gaining har strangth, but now that I think about it, I havan't raally falt har much at all. What if sha's gona again? I sigh, staring down at my hands, unsura about avarything.