

Chapter 104-2

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“What? Why?” I ask him, confused, but thankful for the distraction.

He smiles at me and reaches out his hand to me again. “Neither of you have ever told me about it. I’m curious.”

“He hated me,” I say with a small giggle. “I remember mom introducing us the first time, the morning after dad found me. She told him that I was going to stay with them for a bit. He told me he wouldn’t share his room or his toys.”

Seth laughs at this. “Really? That’s what he said?”

I nod and smile. “He wasn’t happy about it. Mom and Dad always made sure to get me one of whatever it was that he was playing with, so it wouldn’t seem like I was taking his stuff. We’d play together, but not very often. I thought he hated me.”

The waitress returns with the bottle of wine and glasses, having Seth taste it for his approval. She pours the glasses and leaves us.

“You thought he hated you?” he asks, squeezing my hand.

I smile at him and nod. “Yeah. When we started school some kids were mean to me because I wasn’t as strong. Gym class was the WORST,” I say, rolling my eyes as he smiles at me. “Some boys were picking on me at recess one day and Rob punched one of the boys in the face. I realized then that maybe he didn’t hate me, but he still didn’t want to share his toys, either.”

“He told me at training one time how glad he was that they adopted you,” he informs me and it surprises me. “It’s lonely being the future King, or for him, Alpha. People either want to know you for your power, or they’re afraid of you. He told me it was nice to have a sibling who he knew didn’t want anything, that you were just there because you love him. It made me want multiple children, so they always have that.”

I feel a small pang in my heart. I never knew he felt like that. “I should probably call him,” I whisper. “I’ve been so caught up in my own stuff that I kind of just forgot that he became Alpha through all of this.”

“Tell me about when you met your Rob,” he says with an encouraging smile.

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“Tell me about when you met your Rob,” he says with an encouraging smile.

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“I miss him,” I say, tears forming in my eyes. I blink hard to try to clear them. “Tell me about your friends. Other than my brother.”

“I don’t have a lot of friends, Molly,” he says to me. “I was pretty close with Stephen for a while but when things happened with Lydie... well, she’s his sister. He wanted to protect her.”

“Protect her?” I ask, very confused.

He sighs and rubs the back of his neck. “I may not have told you the entire story. Part of it is confidential.”

“Confidential? That only happens with matters concerning humans and assassinations,” I say and he nods.

“I shouldn’t have kept it from you but you probably need to know more before we get there,” he says, pausing to take a deep breath. “I believe now that Lydie’s dad was using her to get close to me. I didn’t know it, and I don’t believe the younger Stephen knew either. I truly can’t confirm or deny. When I started to suspect Stephen, I stopped the investigation into it so we’ll never know, but it seemed that he killed his father. Right after it happened, Lydie dumped me. I realized once I had put it all together, and at that point, I had already met you.”

“She told me a few times about how he wasn’t a nice man, or a great Alpha,” he continues, shaking his head. “The signs were there. I think she had been trying to tell me, but I just couldn’t see it then. He died and she immediately left for her pack, then when she arrived she called me and ended it.”

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“Poor girl,” I whisper. “And you’ve not talked to Stephen?”

He shakes his head. “No, not really. I had to question him about his father’s murder and he seemed pretty upset that I was looking into it. Honestly, if I had been paying attention to what wasn’t being said I would have worked it all out, but I just didn’t see it when it happened. I was too close to the situation. What I DO know, though, is that he wouldn’t have taken his Father out without good reason. I closed the investigation early and marked it confidential so it wouldn’t be looked into by anyone else.”

Just then, the waitress comes out with our food, placing the plates on the table. “Please let me know if you need anything else. Enjoy!”

“Are you going to be OK seeing them?” I ask and he nods, taking a bit of his food.

“Yeah. I think I owe both of them an apology. When everything first happened I said some pretty terrible things to her,” he says, not willing to meet my eyes. “I’ve never really apologized to anyone, though. Not until you came into my life.”

I look at him, feeling through the bond how uncomfortable it was for him to admit that. “I’m sure she understood why. It will all be fine.”

“I decided to stay at their pack because the other was a worse option, but I can’t say I’m thrilled to be around any of it,” he tells me.

I smile at him. Seeing how difficult this is for him is a bit heartbreaking. My mother always seems so strong, and it’s difficult to see him struggle with something like needing to apologize to someone. “It will be alright, Seth. I’m here with you.”

We continue to eat, the conversation falling to something lighter, thankfully. “You know,” he begins. “This wine really pairs well with the food.”

I roll my eyes at him and smile. “I know.”

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