

Chapter 104

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 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.

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.

When the man finally leaves us, Seth gently takes my hand and rubs his fingers across my knuckles. "It's just a general precaution. There are no threats, but we're positioned if there are." I nod at him, trusting him and trying to relax.

Dad always made it sound like all humans were bad. That man seemed nice, though.

He is. He owns the place with his wife. Your dad would have told you anything to make sure you didn't leave the pack. You didn't have your wolf then, Love. You wouldn't have been safe.

A beautiful blonde woman walks up to our table and when her eyes land on Seth her face turns red. For a moment, I'm irritated by her reaction to him, but when I look at him, I realize his eyes have never left me.

"Good Afternoon," she says timidly. "What can I get for you all?"

"Do you want me to order for you?" he asks, and I'm taken back for a second. Order for me? Has he forgotten already that I'm a chef?

I frown at him, not believing that he asked me that. "I'll have the chicken piccata and Seth would love the Alfredo with chicken. We'll also have a bottle of chardonnay." I tell her while glaring at him. How dare he.

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

"I suppose it is," he says, smiling at me and tilting his head as she walks away quickly. "I'm sorry. I just knew you were nervous being here."

"I'm a chef, Seth," I tell him. "I know things have changed quite a bit, but have you forgotten?"

"No, Love. I'm sorry," he says and reaches across, pushing my hair behind my ear. "I can feel how uncomfortable you are through the bond. I thought maybe it was the food."

"It's the way she looked at you," I whisper, looking down embarrassed. I hadn't realized just how many of my emotions he could feel but jealousy seems to come across strong.

He smiles and chuckles a bit. "Really, Love? Is this from Sage?"

"Huh?" I ask him, completely confused. "What about Sage?"

"Altair is always the source of my jealousy. Every time any man looks at you I have to push him down," he explains to me.

"I... umm..." I bite my lip nervously. Maybe this isn't normal. "Sage hasn't been here much since I shifted. When I was asleep, she told me she was tired. I thought she just needed time to regain her strength. Was I wrong?"

"I don't know, Love," he says, trying to keep his face neutral, but I can see the worry in his eyes. "We'll talk about it in the car, I promise. I don't want anyone to overhear."

I nod to him, taking my hands and folding them in my lap nervously. I thought she was just gaining her strength, but now that I think about it, I haven't really felt her much at all. What if she's gone again? I sigh, staring down at my hands, unsure about everything.

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

"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."

"I had an email from him this morning, Molly," he tells me with a comforting smile. "He's just fine. The pack has accepted him with no issues, and things are going pretty smoothly for him. He misses you, though."

"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 Lydia... 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 Lydia'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, Lydia 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."

"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 mate 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 far lighter, thankfully. "You know," he begins. "This wine really pairs well with the food."

I roll my eyes at him and smile. "I know."