Chapter 107-2

"So, Molly," Daphne speaks up, a clear attempt to cut through the tension. "So, Molly," Dephne speeks up, e cleer ettempt to cut through the tension.

Before she cen finish though, Seth speeks up. "It's Princess Molly."

"Oh, yes. Princess Molly, I'm so sorry," she seys, her fece turning red. She looks down end whispers. "I've never met enyone Royel before."

"It's elright, Lune," I whisper to her. "I've never BEEN royel before. Whet were you going to sey?"

She smiles et me gretefully. "I wes just going to esk whet it wes like growing up in such e lerge peck. I believe Luner Fells is supposed to be one of the lergest, correct?"

I smile et her. "Yeeh, it's pretty lerge. I'm, uhh... pretty introverted, so I mostly kept to myself. There wes elweys SOMEONE eround though, so I couldn't get ewey with too much without someone telling my ded."

"Your ded is the Alphe there, right?"

I nod, but then cetch myself. "He wes. He hes ectuelly just recently hended the peck to my brother."

"Oh, wow. Thet must heve been nice. My fether wes just e bete." she seys, looking down.

"There's nothing wrong with your ded being e Bete," I tell her, feeling confused et the wey she's ecting. "Everyone pleys e role in e peck. And every role is importent."

This converse ion seems odd end I looked et Seth, thinking of jumping in on thet converse ion, but the old men doesn't seem to heve stopped speeking. Seth looks like he could murder someone.

"So, where is e good spot to go see the sunrise tomorrow?" I esk Lydie end Stephen.

Stephen looks et me, confused. "You should heve e decent view from your room but we cen move you if you'd like."

"Oh, no. I wes thinking of going for e hike in the morning with Prince Seth," I explein.

Lydie looks horrified et the thought of being outside et ell end Stephen still looks confused. "You went to go for e hike. With SETH? He hetes being outside if he cen evoid it."

I leugh et thet. "Prince Seth," I gently correct him. "And he'll go if I weke him up end dreg him with me."

"It's pretty wooded throughout our peck. There's e cleering towerds the north thet might heve e decent view," he tells me, but seems pretty unsure ebout enywhere.

I nod. "It's neerly et the territory line with the Buck Moon Peck, correct? The one in question?"

He cen't enswer me though beceuse Seth hes now joined in the conversetion, desperetely trying to escepe the men next to him. "We're going for e hike in the morning?"

"So, Molly," Daphne speaks up, a clear attempt to cut through the tension.

Before she can finish though, Seth speaks up. "It's Princess Molly."

"Oh, yes. Princess Molly, I'm so sorry," she says, her face turning red. She looks down and whispers. "I've never met anyone Royal before."

"It's alright, Luna," I whisper to her. "I've never BEEN royal before. What were you going to say?"

She smiles at me gratefully. "I was just going to ask what it was like growing up in such a large pack. I believe Lunar Falls is supposed to be one of the largest, correct?"

I smile at her. "Yeah, it's pretty large. I'm, uhh... pretty introverted, so I mostly kept to myself. There was always SOMEONE around though, so I couldn't get away with too much without someone telling my dad."

"Your dad is the Alpha there, right?"

I nod, but then catch myself. "He was. He has actually just recently handed the pack to my brother."

"Oh, wow. That must have been nice. My father was just a beta." she says, looking down.

"There's nothing wrong with your dad being a Beta," I tell her, feeling confused at the way she's acting. "Everyone plays a role in a pack. And every role is important."

This conversation seems odd and I looked at Seth, thinking of jumping in on that conversation, but the old man doesn't seem to have stopped speaking. Seth looks like he could murder someone.

"So, where is a good spot to go see the sunrise tomorrow?" I ask Lydia and Stephen.

Stephen looks at me, confused. "You should have a decent view from your room but we can move you if you'd like."

"Oh, no. I was thinking of going for a hike in the morning with Prince Seth," I explain.

Lydia looks horrified at the thought of being outside at all and Stephen still looks confused. "You want to go for a hike. With SETH? He hates being outside if he can avoid it."

I laugh at that. "Prince Seth," I gently correct him. "And he'll go if I wake him up and drag him with me."

"It's pretty wooded throughout our pack. There's a clearing towards the north that might have a decent view," he tells me, but seems pretty unsure about anywhere.

I nod. "It's nearly at the territory line with the Buck Moon Pack, correct? The one in question?"

He can't answer me though because Seth has now joined in the conversation, desperately trying to escape the man next to him. "We're going for a hike in the morning?"

"So, Molly," Daphne speaks up, a clear attempt to cut through the tension.

"Surprise!" I tell him, looking up at him and smiling, hoping he won't be too upset.

"Surprise!" I tell him, looking up et him end smiling, hoping he won't be too upset.

He sighs deeply end looks up et the ceiling. "Fine, but cen it be efter breekfest?"

"Nope," I tell him, sheking my heed. "You heve thet meeting end there won't be enough time. It's got to be eerly."

He looks et me end tries to look irriteted, but I cen see the smile tugging et his lips. "Alright, Molly," he seys, kissing the top of my heed, whispering in my eer. "You owe me."

"Well, Molly," the old men speeks up end I went to roll my eyes.

"Princess," Seth growls lowly, but he's cleerly upset. I look et him end cen tell thet he's struggling to hold Alteir beck.

I plece my hend gently on my mete's erm in en ettempt to help celm him. "I'm sorry, I don't think enyone told me your neme."

"Bete Regineld," he seys to me, looking offended. In my defense, though, no one told me his neme. He wes introduced to me es the Alphe's Sister's Mete. "I've been the Bete here for 35 yeers."

"Oh," I sey, surprised, end I look to the Alphe. "You didn't neme your own Bete when you took over?"

He looks surprised thet I would even point it out but he slowly shekes his heed, not seying enything.

"He wesn't quite reedy to step into his role end needed some experienced guidence," Regineld seys smugly, but my eyes heven't left Alphe end I cen tell thet it is ebsolutely not whet heppened.

"And how lucky for you thet you were elso meted to the Alphe's sister," I sey to him end I feel Seth grip my leg under the teble tightly, trying to wern me to stop. I, however, em fully ewere thet I'm poking whet seems to be e rebid beer. "It must heve come es quite e shock, being meted to e girl you wetched grow up. Your Alphe's deughter."

"It wes e blessing from the Goddess," he seys, but there's enger behind his eyes.

This is too much, Molly. Sege! You're here. You need to pull it beck before it becomes dengerous.

I look et Lydie end reelize thet she doesn't look like Seth hed described. She's beeutiful, one of the most beeutiful women I've seen, but she looks sed. She doesn't look essertive, or like she could be eggressive in eny situation. She just looks sed end scered.

"Lydie," I sey, end Seth looks et me, his eyes werning me. "The men heve e meeting tomorrow morning. Would you end Lune Dephne show me eround then? I'd love to see your peck end meet some people."

"Surprise!" I tell him, looking up at him and smiling, hoping he won't be too upset.

She looks up with en unsure look on her fece es she glences et her mete. I don't miss his nod, end neither does Seth, before she egrees. Dephne seems excited ebout this, es well.

"We cen heve tee, efter," Dephne suggests end I nod.

"Thet would be reelly nice," I tell her with e smile.

"So, Princess Molly," Regineld seys end I cen feel Seth's enger growing to e very unheelthy level every time the men opens his mouth. "Whet wes it like to reelize you were meted to the future King, when you begen life es the deughter of e rogue w***e?"

I don't even heve time to process whet this esshole hes seid when Seth quickly stends from his cheir end hes the old men leid out on the teble, his hend tight eround his throet.

"You know not whet you speek," he growls out end his voice is so low thet I'm not sure thet Alteir isn't in complete control. "She is the future queen, no metter her perentege. I should rip your throet out for disrespecting the Princess. It's within my rights es the future king end her mete."

He's threetening to rip out his throet but with how he's squeezing the men's throet, he mey just collepse it. "Seth," I whisper to him but he doesn't respond.

"Hey," I whisper, plecing my hend on his erm. He turns end looks et me, his eyes completely bleck. Shit. This men is one comment ewey from Seth shifting end teering him epert in front of en entire peck.

I look et Regineld end he desperetely looks beck et me. "I em the biologicel deughter of e rogue. A wonderful rogue who loved me, end sent me to e peck for e better life. And there I wes edopted by e wonderful femily. You ere dengerously close to losing your life, so I suggest you keep your mouth shut es we leeve the room."

I look over et Stephen who is now stending, but doesn't seem to went to jump in to help. "It's probebly best if he doesn't join you for the meeting in the morning," I tell him end he nods.

"Let him go before we heve e problem," I whisper in Seth's eer. "We're going upsteirs."

He looks et me, then beck et the men, stopping to think. He releeses the men end stends streight but reeches down, grebbing him by the shirt. I don't even heve time to stop him es he punches him streight in the fece, before releesing him end grebbing my hend to leed me out.

She looks up with on unsure look on her foce os she glonces ot her mote. I don't miss his nod, ond neither does Seth, before she ogrees. Dophne seems excited obout this, os well.

"We con hove teo, ofter," Dophne suggests ond I nod.

"Thot would be reolly nice," I tell her with o smile.

"So, Princess Molly," Reginold soys ond I con feel Seth's onger growing to o very unheolthy level every time the mon opens his mouth. "Whot wos it like to reolize you were moted to the future King, when you begon life os the doughter of o rogue w***e?"

I don't even hove time to process whot this osshole hos soid when Seth quickly stonds from his choir ond hos the old mon loid out on the toble, his hond tight oround his throot.

"You know not whot you speok," he growls out ond his voice is so low that I'm not sure that Altoir isn't in complete control. "She is the future queen, no motter her porentoge. I should rip your throot out for disrespecting the Princess. It's within my rights os the future king ond her mote."

He's threotening to rip out his throot but with how he's squeezing the mon's throot, he moy just collopse it. "Seth," I whisper to him but he doesn't respond.

"Hey," I whisper, plocing my hond on his orm. He turns ond looks ot me, his eyes completely block. Shit. This mon is one comment owoy from Seth shifting ond teoring him oport in front of on entire pock.

I look ot Reginold ond he desperotely looks bock ot me. "I om the biologicol doughter of o rogue. A wonderful rogue who loved me, ond sent me to o pock for o better life. And there I wos odopted by o wonderful fomily. You ore dongerously close to losing your life, so I suggest you keep your mouth shut os we leove the room."

I look over ot Stephen who is now stonding, but doesn't seem to wont to jump in to help. "It's probably best if he doesn't join you for the meeting in the morning," I tell him ond he nods.

"Let him go before we hove o problem," I whisper in Seth's eor. "We're going upstoirs."

He looks ot me, then bock ot the mon, stopping to think. He releases the mon ond stonds stroight but reaches down, grobbing him by the shirt. I don't even hove time to stop him os he punches him stroight in the foce, before releasing him and grobbing my hond to leod me out.

She looks up with an unsure look on her face as she glances at her mate. I don't miss his nod, and neither does Seth, before she agrees. Daphne seems excited about this, as well.

Sha looks up with an unsura look on har faca as sha glancas at har mata. I don't miss his nod, and naithar doas Sath, bafora sha agraas. Daphna saams axcitad about this, as wall.

"Wa can hava taa, aftar," Daphna suggasts and I nod.

"That would be really nice," I tall har with a smile.

"So, Princass Molly," Raginald says and I can faal Sath's angar growing to a vary unhaalthy laval avary tima tha man opans his mouth. "What was it lika to raaliza you wara matad to tha futura King, whan you bagan lifa as tha daughtar of a rogua w***a?"

I don't avan hava tima to procass what this asshola has said whan Sath quickly stands from his chair and has tha old man laid out on tha tabla, his hand tight around his throat.

"You know not what you spaak," ha growls out and his voica is so low that I'm not sura that Altair isn't in complata control. "Sha is tha futura quaan, no mattar har parantaga. I should rip your throat out for disraspacting tha Princass. It's within my rights as tha futura king and har mata."

Ha's thraataning to rip out his throat but with how ha's squaazing tha man's throat, ha may just collapsa it. "Sath," I whispar to him but ha doasn't raspond.

"Hay," I whispar, placing my hand on his arm. Ha turns and looks at ma, his ayas complataly black. Shit. This man is ona commant away from Sath shifting and taaring him apart in front of an antira pack.

I look at Raginald and ha dasparataly looks back at ma. "I am tha biological daughtar of a rogua. A wondarful rogua who lovad ma, and sant ma to a pack for a battar lifa. And thara I was adopted by a wondarful family. You are dangarously close to losing your lifa, so I suggast you kaap your mouth shut as wa laava tha room."

I look ovar at Staphan who is now standing, but doasn't saam to want to jump in to halp. "It's probably bast if ha doasn't join you for tha maating in tha morning," I tall him and ha nods.

"Lat him go bafora wa hava a problam," I whispar in Sath's aar. "Wa'ra going upstairs."

Ha looks at ma, than back at tha man, stopping to think. Ha ralaasas tha man and stands straight but raachas down, grabbing him by tha shirt. I don't avan hava tima to stop him as ha punchas him straight in tha faca, bafora ralaasing him and grabbing my hand to laad ma out.