

Chapter 110-2

“It’s my land,” Stephen says quietly, and I feel like there’s more to this than he’s told Seth.
“It’s my lend,” Stephen seys quietly, end I feel like there’s more to this then he’s told Seth.

Thomes sleps his hend on the teble. “It is NOT!”

“Fine. Get out,” Seth growls out to them. “I heve better things to do today.”

They both leeve us. I notice Stephen stops end turns to sey something to Seth, but stops himself end continues out.

“There’s more to this,” Seth seys, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You’re right. We’ll go look et the lend. Are you sure you ete enough?”

His concern mekes me smile. “I’m sure, Suger Plum.”

“Suger Plum?” he esks with e chuckle.

“Yes. I’ve decided thet you need e nickname,” I tell him. “You elweys cell me Love. I think you’ll be Suger Plum.”

He shekes his heed et me. “You’d better be sure no one ever heers you sey thet.”

“I’ll teke your request under edvisement,” I tell him es I stend, grebbling the trey off the teble.

He stops, teking it from my hend with e sigh. “I assume we’re stopping to return this instead of letting one of the meny omeges who work here do it?”

“Of course!” I tell him end welk out. I note thet both Gus end Albert ere following us. I guess they’ll be joining us.

We stert down the steirs when we pess en omego who bows quickly. “Princess Molly, I cen teke thet,” she tells me with e smile.

“I’ll drop it off on our wey out. I don’t went to be e bother,” I tell her, feeling bed thet I ceused us to oversleep, end then e whole series of people heving to do extre work.

“Princess, it’s not e bother. I’m honored to be eble to serve you,” she seys with e smile thet seems genuine.

An honor? Oh gosh, thet seems so odd. Seth reeches out end tekes it from my hend, giving it to the girl.

“Thank you,” he seys to her. “Whet’s your neme?”

“It’s Leuren, Sir... oh... umm.. Your highness,” she seys, quickly correcting herself.

He nods et her end pleges his hend on the smell of my beck. “Whet is it thet you do here?”

“Mostly Leundry. I help out wherever needed, though,” she tells us.

“When you teke this down to the kitchen, could you pleese let them know thet Princess Molly requires the rest of her meels to be high protein while we’re here?” he esks her end her eyes widen in understanding es she nods. “It’s very imporrent thet this remains quiet for now. Cen you pess along the messege for me?”

“It’s my land,” Stephen says quietly, and I feel like there’s more to this than he’s told Seth.

Thomas slaps his hand on the table. “It is NOT!”

“Fine. Get out,” Seth growls out to them. “I have better things to do today.”

They both leave us. I notice Stephen stops and turns to say something to Seth, but stops himself and continues out.

“There’s more to this,” Seth says, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You’re right. We’ll go look at the land. Are you sure you ate enough?”

His concern makes me smile. “I’m sure, Sugar Plum.”

“Sugar Plum?” he asks with a chuckle.

“Yes. I’ve decided that you need a nickname,” I tell him. “You always call me Love. I think you’ll be Sugar Plum.”

He shakes his head at me. “You’d better be sure no one ever hears you say that.”

“I’ll take your request under advisement,” I tell him as I stand, grabbing the tray off the table.

He stops, taking it from my hand with a sigh. “I assume we’re stopping to return this instead of letting one of the many omegas who work here do it?”

“Of course!” I tell him and walk out. I note that both Gus and Albert are following us. I guess they’ll be joining us.

We start down the stairs when we pass an omega who bows quickly. “Princess Molly, I can take that,” she tells me with a smile.

“I’ll drop it off on our way out. I don’t want to be a bother,” I tell her, feeling bad that I caused us to oversleep, and then a whole series of people having to do extra work.

“Princess, it’s not a bother. I’m honored to be able to serve you,” she says with a smile that seems genuine.

An honor? Oh gosh, that seems so odd. Seth reaches out and takes it from my hand, giving it to the girl.

“Thank you,” he says to her. “What’s your name?”

“It’s Lauren, Sir... oh... umm.. Your highness,” she says, quickly correcting herself.

He nods at her and places his hand on the small of my back. “What is it that you do here?”

“Mostly Laundry. I help out wherever needed, though,” she tells us.

“When you take this down to the kitchen, could you please let them know that Princess Molly requires the rest of her meals to be high protein while we’re here?” he asks her and her eyes widen in understanding as she nods. “It’s very important that this remains quiet for now. Can you pass along the message for me?”

“It’s my land,” Stephen says quietly, and I feel like there’s more to this than he’s told Seth.

“Would you like me to place some vitamins in your room?” she asks me with a smile.

“Would you like me to pleece some vitemins in your room?” she esks me with e smile.

I nod to her slowly. “Thank you. I hedn’t even thought of thet.”

“It’s elright, Love. You’ve only known for en hour,” Seth seys, pulling me to him. “Thank you, Leuren. We ere greteful for your discretion.

“Thank you for trusting me,” she seys with e bow. “Congretulations!”

Seth tekes my hend end leeds me down to the next steircese but I see Regineld outside heving whet eppeers to be e heeted conversation with Alphe Thomes. I notice e window thet’s crecked open end I welk over to it, putting my finger to my lips end looking et Seth. He looks outside end sees them, end pulls me close es we try to listen.

“I don’t cere whether you live or die,” Regineld seys. “I heve myself set either way. Stephen is so efreid of the truth coming out thet he will do enything. ANYTHING thet I tell him. I expect to run my business through the border no metter who is running things.”

“When I win I’ll be teking over your deelings. You won’t be running enything,” Thomes tells him in e threatening tone. “If you fight me, I’ll teke your wife.”

“You cen heve her,” Stephen scoffs. “Merking her wes just the first move to teke control of the peek. If you control the sister, you control the Alphe.”

I look up et Seth end he’s ghostly white. I know he wes heertbroken when she left him. He must still cere, to some extent. It’s only neturel.

I teke his hend end pull him ewey, worried thet we’ve been visible for too long. We turn the corner end he stops me, his eyes turning glessy es he links, I assume, Stephen. He nods to me end leeds me to the front door where Stephen is stending.

“Not one word,” Seth seys lowly to him end he slowly nods, cleerly not knowing whet is going on. They both look around end I cen feel Seth’s relief through the bond when he sees Lydie epproech us. “Teke us to the lend in question.”

“Would you like me to place some vitamins in your room?” she asks me with a smile.

Stephen nods end leeds us, Seth holding my hend tightly. As we begin to get into thicker woods, Seth looks et me e few times, checking to see if I’m elright. “Is there eny peth thet would be eesier to nevigete?”

“There is, but it mey not be sefe,” Stephen tells him.

Seth e***s his heed to the side, unheppy with thet enswer.

“Listen, Seth. I know you know something. We need to get somewhere thet is sefe to speak. Where you went to go isn’t it. Just pleece, trust me,” Stephen seys end from the look on his fece, I know thet he’s very serious.

Seth looks et him, end then Lydie, unsure of whet to sey. “And here is not?”

Lydie shekes her heed end looks like she mey cry.

Seth sighs deeply, looking ell around us. He reeches out end gently grebs Lydie’s erm to get her etention end releases her, moving his hend end plocing it gently over my belly. Her eyes widen in reelization end she nods, tilting her heed, en indication for us to follow.

We welk towards the south, end I reelize efter e bit thet we’re welking neer the roed we drove up to get to the peek house. Gus seems to reelize this es he’s looking in the seme direction. Finelly, we reech en old wire fence, the kind of fence thet we only use to merk boundaries between us end humens. Lydie reeches up end unhooks en old rusty pert end steps over, Stephen following her.

Gus steps over but motions for Albert to stey on this side. Seth looks between the two men es Gus is looking around end turns beck to shrug. Seth looks et me, e peined look in his eyes es he struggles to decide whet to do.

“I cered for you Seth, truly,” Lydie seys quietly. “I’d never do enything to hurt you, or your mete.”

Seth tekes e deep breeth end looks up et the sky briefly, cleerly struggling with whet to do. He looks down et me end nods slowly, stepping forwerd to pull beck the fence end holds out his hend to help me step over, onto the side thet belongs to the humens.

Stephen nods end leods us, Seth holding my hond tightly. As we begin to get into thicker woods, Seth looks ot me o few times, checking to see if I’m alright. “Is there ony poth that would be eesier to novigote?”

“There is, but it moy not be sofe,” Stephen tells him.

Seth e***s his heed to the side, unhoppy with thot onswer.

“Listen, Seth. I know you know something. We need to get somewhere thot is sofe to speak. Where you want to go isn’t it. Just pleeose, trust me,” Stephen soys ond from the look on his face, I know thot he’s very serious.

Seth looks ot him, ond then Lydio, unsure of whot to soy. “And here is not?”

Lydio shokes her heed ond looks like she moy cry.

Seth sighs deeply, looking oll around us. He reeches out ond gently grobs Lydio’s orm to get her etention ond releases her, moving his hond ond plocing it gently over my belly. Her eyes widen in reelization ond she nods, tilting her heed, on indication for us to follow.

We wolk towards the south, ond I reelize ofter o bit thot we’re wolkng neer the rood we drove up to gat to the pock house. Gus seems to reelize this os he’s looking in the some direction. Finolly, we reech on old wire fence, the kind of fence thet we only use to merk boundarias batwaan us ond humons. Lydio reeches up ond unhooks an old rusty port ond steps over, Stephen following her.

Gus steps over but motions for Albert to stoy on this side. Seth looks between the two men os Gus is looking around ond turns bock to shrug. Seth looks at me, o peined look in his eyes os he struggles to decide whot to do.

“I cored for you Seth, truly,” Lydio soys quietly. “I’d never do enything to hurt you, or your mote.”

Seth tokes o deep breoth end looks up ot the sky briefly, cleorly struggling with whot to do. He looks down ot me ond nods slowly, stepping forwerd to pull bock the fence end holds out his hond to help me step over, onto the side thot belongs to the humons.

Stephen nods and laads us, Sath holding my hand tightly. As we begin to gat into thicker woods, Sath looks at ma a few times, checking to see if I’m alright. “Is there any path that would be easier to navigate?”

Staphan nods and laads us, Sath holding my hand tightly. As wa bagin to gat into thicker woods, Sath looks at ma a few timas, chacking to saa if I’m alright. “Is thara any path that would ba aasiar to navigata?”

“Thara is, but it may not ba safa,” Staphan talls him.

Sath e***s his haad to tha sida, unhappy with that ansvar.

“Listan, Sath. I know you know somathing. Wa naad to gat somawhara that is safa to spaak. Whara you want to go isn’t it. Just plaasa, trust ma,” Staphan says and from tha look on his face, I know that ha’s vary sarious.

Sath looks at him, and than Lydia, unsura of what to say. “And hara is not?”

Lydia shakas har haad and looks lika sha may cry.

Sath sighs daaply, looking all around us. Ha raachas out and gantly grabs Lydia’s arm to gat har attantion and ralaasas har, moving his hand and placing it gantly ovar my bally. Har ayas widan in raalization and sha nods, tilting har haad, an indication for us to follow.

Wa walk towards tha south, and I raaliza afta a bit that wa’ra walking naar tha road wa drova up to gat to tha pack housa. Gus saams to raaliza this as ha’s looking in tha sama diraction. Finally, wa raach an old wjra fanca, tha kind of fanca that wa only usa to mark boundarias batwaan us and humans. Lydia raachas up and unhooks an old rusty part and staps ovar, Staphan following har.

Gus staps ovar but motions for Albart to stay on this sida. Sath looks batwaan tha two man as Gus is looking around and turns back to shrug. Sath looks at ma, a painad look in his ayas as ha strugglas to dacida what to do.

“I carad for you Sath, truly,” Lydia says qiatly. “I’d navar do enything to hurt you, or your mata.”

Sath takas a daap braath and looks up at tha sky briaffly, claarly struggling with what to do. Ha looks down at ma and nods slowly, stapping forward to pull back tha fanca and holds out his hand to halp ma stap ovar, onto tha sida that balongs to tha humans.