

Chapter 111-2

“I was wrong to try to mark you, I’m sorry,” I hear Seth say to her softly. “I made a lot of mistakes, but we’re going to fix this situation, alright?”

She nods into his chest, her arms wrapped around his middle. Stephen looks a little uncomfortable and I realize it’s because he’s waiting for me to become upset about it.

“Why did he blackmail you to become Beta?” I ask him. “Why wouldn't he try to become the Alpha?”

“That isn’t what he wants,” he says, shaking his head and Seth looks at him, slowly releasing Lydia and stepping back, pulling me to his side. “He’s into some shady shit. That’s what the whole land dispute is over. The only reason he wanted to be Beta was so he'd have fewer people watching him.”

“So the land isn’t actually yours?” I ask and he shakes his head.

“No, it very much is,” he says with a sigh. “The top point of that land borders the pack just to the north. It’s a section that’s only a few feet wide, and we’re the only border they have with any other packs. Alpha Thomas wants it so he can get the fees to get through that Reginald has been pocketing. I'd love to just give it to him, but Reginald isn't letting me.”

“There’s no pack there,” Seth says, shaking his head in confusion. “This pack is the most northern in the kingdom.”

Stephen sighs deeply and somehow Lydia looks more uncomfortable than she’s looked so far. “I really thought you knew,” she says to Seth.

“Knew what?” he says cautiously, looking between them. The fear and worry that I can feel from him is nearly overwhelming.

“It’s the pack that your uncle has formed, Seth…” Stephen says, not finishing his statement, waiting for Seth's reaction.

I can feel the anger rising, rising. He feels like he could explode, but he’s not saying any more.

“Tell me everything you know,” I say to him, glancing up to Seth who very much does not look OK.

“Years ago, he started bringing males into his pack, the strongest he could find. A few years after, he realized that it wasn’t the short-term plan he had hoped for, and started bringing women in.” he says to us. “He doesn’t want their mates, though. He said that the mate bond would make them weaker. They were kidnapping rogue women, then started taking women who looked stronger from other packs if they could get them.”

"I heard Reginald talking about some kids crossing," Lydia says, looking deeply concerned. "I didn't hear him say why they we're moving kids, though."

Seth looks like he could murder us all and it’s terrifying. I slowly pull my hand from his, moving it to my stomach for comfort. He looks down at me and his beautiful eyes soften a little. I see him take a few deep breaths, trying desperately to tamp his anger.

“What does he want?” Seth growls out.

“There was a prophecy,” Lydia begins and I begin to grow uneasy. Nothing good has happened in my life because of a prophecy. “Of a king who would be mated to a witch. Their first born is to be born with magical powers. He wants to take over as the King to prevent our bloodlines from becoming watered down by magic.”

Fuck. Fuck. I can feel my heart begin to beat rapidly. Seth, to his credit, looks unbothered by this new information, but even Gus is looking at me sympathetically, knowing that this prophecy is about me, and the child I’m currently carrying. Maybe Seth was wrong and it is a girl, but he was so sure it will be a boy.

Suddenly, I’m thankful that I had already taken my hand from Seth and moved it to my stomach because I would have upon hearing this. “Seth,” I whisper, tears in my eyes.

“Hey,” he whispers, pulling me against him and holding me tightly. “Whatever happens, nothing will separate you and our baby, alright? I promise you- nothing. I’ll never ask that of you.”

"Are you a witch?" Lydia asks, concerned. "Is that why Reginald was asking about your parents? I'd heard before that you don't have a wolf."

"I have a wolf," I whisper. "She was... she was locked away until I met my mate. Once Seth marked me, she was free."

"Shift while you're here. Let everyone see it," she says encouragingly.

I look down to my hand placed protectively over my baby. "I can't. It just isn't safe."