

## Chapter 112-1

“She’s pregnant! It isn’t f\*\*\*\*\*g safe,” are the only words that I’ve heard from Seth in nearly two hours, and those were to Lydia as he nearly drug me back to the pack house. Gus and Albert followed us closely, both with concerned faces, though they did all try to hide their concern whenever we were near others. They’ve both been outside our door, opening it only to hand in our lunch. Albert took bites out of our food before he would allow us to eat.

I don’t fully understand. The level of danger is the same today as it was when we arrived yesterday, but I suppose it just feels worse since we didn’t know about it then. Seth has been sitting on the small couch in our room with his head in his hands since we returned. I know he’s linking his dad to discuss the situation, but I’m concerned about how long he’s had a link opened at this distance.

I move to sit next to him and gently place my hand on his thigh, wanting him to know I’m here, but not wanting to disturb him too much.

Seth looks up at me, finally, his eyes red with tears. “I shouldn’t have brought you here, Molly,” he says so quietly, his voice barely a whisper. “I’m so sorry that I dragged you, and our baby, into danger. I shouldn’t have told that maid- a few more days wouldn’t have hurt. The kitchen knows…” he sighs, putting his head back into his hands. “I only hope that you won them all over and they’ll keep silent until we can leave. I’d send you home, but I don’t want you only guarded by Albert on the drive.”

“The kitchen staff does not like Reginald,” I tell him, laying my head on his arm. “I’m sure of that. With the way he spoke to them, I assume he’s like that with everyone. It will be alright.”

He completely surprises me and lifts me up, carrying me across the room and lays me on the bed. He reaches down and takes my shoes off for me and moves back up, laying so that his head is gently resting on my stomach.

“Molly, I’m so excited,” he says looking up at me with a smile as I tangle my fingers in his dark hair. “But I’m so scared. I need to get you out of here as soon as I can.”

“Are you canceling the challenge tomorrow?” I ask him, massaging his scalp, hoping it helps him relax.

He shakes his head, laying it back on me as he gently rubs my stomach. “I can’t. Theres no way to cancel it without some of the information getting out,” he says with a sigh. “Dad’s formed a plan, but I don’t want to tell you anything and risk putting you in danger, but they’ll be here in the morning.”

“Your parents?” I ask and he slowly nods.

“They’ll be bringing their very enhanced guard with them and if things get questionable, you and mom will leave immediately with a substantial number of men,” he says, placing a kiss on my stomach, making my heart melt. “I don’t want to be without you. I don’t want to have to trust anyone else to protect you. It should be me, always.”

“Everything will be alright,” I tell him, truly believing that, in the end, it will. “Had your dad heard of the prophecy?”

He shakes his head. “No, but when I told him he was able to look into it and find record of it. It was from the same person who foretold that Benjamin’s descendant would take the throne.”

I sigh, holding back tears. “Wolves will turn on him if he’s magic and not a wolf.”

“No,” he says sternly. “He’s a wolf. I can smell it already. He’s strong, I can smell that. His aura is immense, and you’ve not even had any symptoms yet. He’s a strong wolf, Love.”

“And what if he’s magic, too?” I whisper. “I don’t even know if men can have magic. You only ever really hear of witches.”

“I think you’ll have to talk to Lily about that,” he says with a lopsided smile, still gently running his fingers across my skin. “Please don’t call her from here, though. We can’t risk someone overhearing. I also have something very big to ask of you, and I hate to do it.”

I look at him, his face looks pained to even be asking it of me, so I nod, encouraging him to continue. “Mom suggested that it could possibly be safer for you to no longer leave your hair curly.”

I smile at him and run my hand down his cheek. As I do, he leans into it for comfort. “Is that all?” I ask and he nods. “Done. I had considered it already.”

“I don’t want you to have to change who you are,” he begins to tell me, but is no longer willing to look at me. “People will assume that your brother’s mother was also your mother and having straighter hair will make that more believable. It’s probably for the best, and will keep you safer, but I hate that you have to.”

“She won’t be upset,” I say, reassuring him. “She was more worried than anyone else that having magic could make me a target.”

“How long will it take you to fix your hair?” he asks.

“It will take an hour and a half, maybe,” I tell him. “I’ll have to wash it. Why?”