

Chapter 112

“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. There’s 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?”

He sighs against my skin again. “I think we should go downstairs for dinner. I’m worried that staying in here longer will rise suspicions that something is going on.”

I nod and release his hair, wiggling so he’ll get off of me. “I’ll wash it now.”

Hesitantly, he releases me and I stand, walking to the bathroom and close the door behind me. Once in the shower, when I’m finally alone, I can’t help but let go of all the fear and tension from the day and collapse into a puddle of tears under the spray of the hot water, letting it relax my sore muscles with its warmth.

Seth must have felt it through the bond because the next thing I know, I find myself in the arms of my mate, in a shower that’s too small for both of us, while he lets me cry into his chest. I didn’t want to be a crying mess, truly, but this has been so much information in one day. I just want to be happy with my mate and keep my baby safe. That doesn’t seem like it should be so much to ask for.

“I’m so sorry, Love,” he whispers into the top of my head, holding me close to him as the warm water sprays down over us. “I’ll protect you, from anything. Protect you both.”

After a while, when the tears have run out and the water turns cold, I turn back and switch the water off. “I’m sorry,” I tell him. “I’m alright, I just needed to cry about it.”

“It’s OK, Love,” he says, wrapping a towel around me and kissing me on the forehead. “I wouldn’t ask you to go downstairs if I didn’t think it was necessary. I’ll put you between Daphne and myself. You won’t be next to him.”

I nod to him, walking out to put on underwear and coming back, staring at myself in the mirror to will myself to tackle my hair. I begin to brush it, and pull out the hairdryer, starting to dry it. I yawn a few times and wish my mom was here to do my hair for me. It always looks better when she does it.

I take the straightening iron, smoothing out the hair and then turning it to add some curl to the ends. I make it about halfway through before my arms become tired, and, well… myself. I sigh deeply, looking at my half done hair and decide to rest my head on the counter, for just a moment.

“Oh, Love,” I hear from behind me, pulling me from my nap.

I snap up, realizing where I am as I unceremoniously wipe drool from my cheek. “I’m sorry. I was just trying to rest for a second.”

Seth chuckles, walking up behind me. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“No. I’m so sorry. I’ll finish as quickly as I can,” I say, checking that the straightening iron is even still warm. Thankfully, it is. I must not have been asleep that long, thank goodness.

Seth kneels down beside me, pulling my hand into his. “I’m so sorry to ask so much from you. I just want to keep you as safe as I can. If we don’t go down for dinner, people may get suspicious.”

“I know,” I try to reassure him with a smile. “I’m just so tired, but I’ll be alright.” I pull my hand back from him and work to finish my hair. As soon as I’m done, I begin putting on makeup. It takes a little bit, because I’m so nervous about looking good enough, and hiding how tired I am. I manage though, and look at myself in the mirror to make sure I look like a picture perfect princess.

I walk to the dresses I brought and look over at Seth. He’s put on a Navy suit with a white shirt, and thankfully, no tie. I hold up a navy dress that matches his suit and step into it. He crosses the room and gently moves my hair around so he can zip my dress for me, pulling my hair back and when he does, he gently runs his fingers along my mark.

“Thank you,” he whispers, and leans forward, kissing my mark.

“What for?” I ask and lean back into him. He wraps his arms around me tightly, holding me to him.

“For today. For being as kind as you always are,” he says, kissing the top of my head. “To me, and to Lydia. I know it was hard for you. Thank you.”