

Chapter 113

Unfortunately, my nap put us behind and we're running a few minutes late for dinner. Albert escorts us downstairs for dinner, opening the door for us to enter before him. Everyone is already seated and the food had been brought out, but no one is eating. Everyone turns to look at us as we enter and bows. Seth squeezes my hand and leads me up to the table.

"Sorry," he says to everyone with a wave. "I had a conference call that ran over. Please, go ahead and eat."

Thankfully, everyone at the head table is seated as they were last night. Seth pulls out the chair next to Daphne for me to take a seat, and places himself between Reginald and me.

"It didn't look like you were accessing our internet," Reginald says casually, and I can feel Seth instantly on high alert. The man actually checked?

I look past Seth and smile at him. "He was just being kind. I had a bit of a wardrobe mishap."

"If you need anything, just let me know," Daphne offers, loudly enough for us all to hear. "I broke a heel last week and had to hobble back upstairs. It's the price we pay to look good."

The food had already been placed on the table for all of us. To my surprise, Gus walks up and grabs my fork and knife straight out of my hand without a word, tasting my food for me, and then Seths. He stands before us for a moment, and then walks away to the table where Albert is sitting.

"Is there something we should be aware of?" Reginald asks, fork suspended in mid air from what he had just seen.

Seth shakes his head, not bothering to look at him. "No. There was a small threat, nothing we believe to be serious, but I'd never take a chance with my mate."

"If there is a threat I should know about it," he tells him, clearly upset. "I'm the Beta of this pack."

"The matter is confidential and has been discussed with the Alpha," Seth states, taking a bite. "There's no need for anyone else to be provided any information."

"And you would let that poor man die?" Reginald asks, a sly smile on his face.

Seth turns to look at him, I'm sure he looks angry. "That man is the head of my guard. It was his idea to taste the Princess' food. If he wasn't with us, I'd do it myself. Again, I'd never take a chance with my mate's safety, as I believe any mate would. I'm sure you'd never take a chance with Lydia's safety."

"Of course, of course," the old man stutters out, clearly not interested in doing anything for his forced mate.

"Prince Seth," Daphne interrupts. "Do you think you could help Stephen train some tonight before the challenge tomorrow?" She looks so worried and I can't say that I blame her. I'd be a wreck if Seth was going into a fight to the death.

Seth looks at me, and then back to her. "I'd like to see that, if I can!" I say to him and look at Daphne. "My dad never let me go to any of the training sessions. He said it 'wasn't fit for the Alpha's daughter'. My brother snuck me in a time or two, though."

"So you never learned to fight?" Reginald asks.

Shit. I was trying to help Stephen out, but accidentally gave away more information than I meant to.

Reginald smiles a sickening grin at me. "I'd always heard that you didn't even have a wolf."

"I do have a wolf," I say to him, trying to appear unbothered. "My dad didn't let me in with the warriors in the pack, but he and my brother both made sure I was well trained to defend myself. I'm sure you've heard of them, my dad being one of the strongest wolves around."

"Not your biological dad, though," he quips and I can feel Seth having to restrain Altair. "You don't have the strength that he has."

"No, he's not," I say. "My biological dad isn't one to be messed with either, though."

"Your Rogue father."

"Let's not be coy," Seth growls out at him. "You know who her father is. You knew the second you saw her eyes. I didn't know until today the history the two of you had, but I'm sure you remember him well."

The history? Seth didn't tell me anything about that. I'm sure he was just trying to protect me, but he can't keep leaving important things out, especially if he's going to bring them up at dinners.

I take another bite of my dinner but it suddenly makes my stomach feel very uneasy. I guess it's starting already, far sooner than I had hoped it would.

"I don't know what you're referring to," Reginald says indignantly, but his eyes definitely look worried. I wonder what could have possibly happened between the two of them. This man hasn't been concerned by much, but when I look in his eyes, he looks deeply terrified at the thought of Benjamin.

"Stephen," Seth says. "We can head to your training room after dinner if you'd like. Apparently, my mate requires a tour."

Thankfully, we finish dinner without Reginald saying much else. Well, everyone else finishes dinner and I push my food around my plate and try not to vomit the bit that I manage to eat. Seth looks over at me a few times, concerned as his eyes land on the food on my plate. I just shake my head and, thankfully, he understands.

Once we're back in our room, I'm hit with an enormous wave of nausea and quickly move to the restroom, but thankfully, it passes before I ever actually become sick. Seth walks into the bathroom behind me, but he looks helpless as he watches me.

"What do you need, Love?" he asks.

I shake my head, walking to the sink and grabbing a rag, running it under the cold water and putting it on the back of my neck. "I don't know. I'm hungry, but the thought of food is repulsive. Maybe just some ice water. But, like, with lots of ice."

He chuckles at me. "Alright, Love. I'll link the maid that we met earlier."

I nod at him, looking at myself in the mirror. I think I covered the exhaustion and nausea well. I should probably leave the makeup on while we go to the training room in case we pass someone in the hall on the way there.

"Can you unzip my dress?" I ask my mate as I walk out of the bathroom.

He set the glass of water on a table and walks over to me, unzipping my dress as requested, placing his hands on my hips. "I wish you hadn't said we would go."

"He needs to be ready, Seth," I say to him quietly. "I knew you wouldn't leave me up here without you, so I'll go with you guys and watch."

"You need to rest, Molly," he says, kissing my shoulder. "You're so tired. I can feel it. And you're hungry."

I nod at him, leaning back into him. "I'm starving, but even the thought of food makes me feel sick. I can sleep while you help Stephen. I am changing out of these clothes first, though."

Seth chuckles, but releases me and lets me walk to my clothes, putting on a pair of yoga pants and a bra top. He looks at me and I know he's not happy with how much skin is showing. I roll my eyes and reach in my bag, pulling out an oversized sweatshirt and shrugging it on. Seth has changed into a pair of athletic shorts and tennis shoes and is ready to walk out.

I sit down and pull on my tennis shoes, raising an eyebrow at him. "So I can't have my mid section showing but your whole chest is alright?"

"It's different," he says with a shrug.

"It absolutely is not," I say, crossing my arms across my chest. "That's mine."

Seth smiles at me, but he walks over and grabs a shirt and pulls it on. "Happy?"

"Yes, thank you," I tell him with a smile, uncrossing my arms. I reach up and pull my hair back, containing it in a ponytail. I yawn, yet again. "We're going. It's even more important now that he wins tomorrow."