

Chapter 146-2

“Here,” mom says, handing me some water and I happily take a few sips. “Take some breaths, lay down. Keep yourself as calm as you can.”

I nod, following her instructions, trying my best to feel calm. It’s nearly impossible, though, as the emotions coming across our bond are just too strong. I can vaguely hear my mom demand that my dad call Seth immediately as I continue to take deep breaths.

“Prince Seth, umm, is everything alright?” I hear my dad say.

“Yes, Molly is alright.

Celeste and I are with her in the safe room.

Yes, yes, we’ll remain here. But, your highness, there is an issue.

I don’t pretend to understand the bond you share with my daughter, but I do understand you both can feel each other’s emotions. Celeste was worried about the stress it could be placing on the pups. I wasn’t concerned at first but whatever just happened, well, it really seems to be affecting my daughter.”

I feel my dad gently place his hand on my arm and he places his phone in my hand. “Here. He would like to speak with you.”

“Hi,” I whisper, completely mortified that my dad called him. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine, Love,” he says softly. “I’m sorry. I’ll try to remain more calm. I wasn’t thinking about the bond, or if the pups could feel it.”

I smile meekly at him, glad to hear his voice. “You are alright, though, right? You’re not hurt?”

“No, Love, I’m not hurt,” he tells me, his voice filled with both kindness and frustration. “I’ve f****d up, Molly. I made a mistake. Physically, I’m fine, but I’ve got to figure out how to fix this.”

I frown at that, knowing it would have to have been something monumental to make him feel this terrible. “What happened?”

“It... I...” he begins, but he stops himself. “I don’t want you to worry about it, Love. I’ll tell you about it when I come back. I love you.”

“I love you,” I tell him before hanging up.

Talking to him did help. I can manage my own emotions as well as what I can feel from him a bit better now, though I can still feel that something is going very wrong at Blood Moon.

“I’m alright now,” I tell my parents and I can tell how relieved my dad is. I don’t even bother looking at my mom as I’m sure she was more worried than he was. “Something went wrong at Blood Moon. He wouldn’t tell me what, though.”

“Better that you don’t worry about it, anyways, Kiddo,” dad tells me with a smile. He offers me his hand and I happily accept it as he helps me sit up. “You should eat some more.”

I nod and reach forward, taking a few more bites of various items. I find it a little difficult to eat right now, but I manage a little bit more as I read the book, hoping to pass the time. It’s actually pretty good, and I lose myself in the pages. I’m shocked when Dad tells me that the guards have arrived and we can go upstairs, finally. There’s nothing to do upstairs, though, so I shake my head, walking back across the hall to the kitchen.

I’ve barely walked in when Robbie walks in with a large wolf with dark hair and eyes. I know I’ve seen him at the palace in passing, but we’ve not been introduced. “Molls, Michael is going to stay with you the rest of the day. I’ll be sleeping upstairs on your couch tonight so he can leave then.”

“You don’t have to do that,” I tell him but he doesn’t let me continue.

Robbie quickly waves his hand, cutting me off. “I absolutely do. It’s not negotiable. You’ll also be staying inside the packhouse until Seth returns,”

“Prince Seth,” Michael corrects him and I can’t help but snicker at him being corrected.

“Prince Seth,” he repeats, dragging out the first word with no respect. “You’ll also not be eating in the dining room. Oliver will be bringing all your food to you directly.”

I roll my eyes at that. “This is a bit much,” I whine at him, walking through the pantry, pulling items down.

“I’m not the one making the rules on this, kid,” he tells me apologetically as he turns and leaves.

Michael doesn’t say a word. He just stands there, with his hands clasped behind his back, watching me like a hawk, looking away only to check the surroundings.

“Well,” I say, looking at the items I’m holding and then back to the man, “want some pie?”