

Chapter 151-1

“WAS?” I ask, feeling my own anxiety creep in now.

“I don’t know,” he says, taking a deep breath and reaching a hand up to push it into his hair. “She didn’t tell us until after I had given it to her. I let her go immediately. I walked her to the border myself.”

No wonder he’s been so worried. This is really, really bad.

“He wasn’t with them when they attacked on the road,” he says, looking down at me. “He came here, after you. If their baby doesn’t make it, he won’t stop until he gets to you.”

“We need to go back to the palace,” I whisper and he stiffens. “We can’t ask the people here to die, just to protect me.”

“Absolutely not,” he says sternly. “I can, and I will ask that of them. Michael told me about your friend. He was worried about you.”

“I know,” I say, tears springing to my eyes again. “He had a pup. That child will grow up without a father.”

He doesn’t say anything else. He just holds me close to him and lets me cry until I eventually fall asleep.

I wake to find Seth sound asleep next to me, his lips barely parted and a small amount of droop seeping out. He looks adorable lying there, and I know he must be exhausted after everything. I move the blanket back slowly so I can see his arm to inspect the bruise on it and find that it appears to nearly be gone.

Climbing out of bed, I make my way to the bathroom and go to try to sneak out of the bedroom, but I hear hushed voices in the main room causing me to stop.

“I’m sorry,” I hear Oliver say. “I didn’t expect you to be here since Prince Seth is back.”

“Given the danger, someone will be with them at all times for the foreseeable future,” Michael tells him.

I hear something being placed on a table. Probably breakfast. I place my ear on the door in an attempt to hear everything better.

“Are you alright after yesterday?” Michael asks and I’m fairly sure this is the most casual I’ve heard him speak to anyone.

“Yes,” Oliver says. “I was in the kitchen when Alpha Robert felt the breach. He instructed me to stay there with the staff.”

“Oh, it’s good that he cares enough about the kitchen staff to lock you all in.”

“Nah,” I hear Oliver say with a small chuckle. “He just had us stay in case anyone got in and got close to Molly.”

“Really? Would your staff have actually fought?”

“Absolutely. Molly used to be the head chef, until she met her mate. We all worked for her for years, and we all love her. I didn’t even tell them why we were staying there. They just knew what they would need to do.”

There’s a bit of silence and I hear the door open. “Michael, I know things are dangerous right now, but if you find some time away from guarding Molls, I’d love to make you dinner.”

“I’d like that. I will be rotating with the others, so I will let you know when it’s someone else’s watch.”

“Cool. I’ll have someone bring you something for breakfast in just a bit.”

Oh, Oliver. I know they aren’t mates, but that doesn’t mean they can’t find some happiness together. I hear the door close and I turn, a huge smile on my face, to find Seth lying on his side looking at me quizzically. Quickly, I lift my finger to my lips and he furrows his brow in confusion.

I walk back over to him, climbing back into bed next to him as he reaches out, wrapping his arms around me. He places his hand over my stomach and smiles at me.

“Oliver asked Michael to dinner,” I say as quietly as I can with a smile.

“You like him?” he asks me, trailing his fingers along my skin.

I nod in response. “I really do. I wasn’t sure, at first, but he’s grown on me. He told me last night that he thinks I should write my own article in response to what was published.”

Seth lifts his head so he can look at me, tilting it to the side. “Honestly, that’s really not a bad idea. How do you feel about that?”

“I’ve been thinking about it,” I say as I feel one of the pups start to move around. “I think I like the idea, but I’m worried it won’t be well received.”

“It will go over as well as having someone else write it,” he tells me, kissing my cheek as a pup makes a hard thump against his hand, stopping him in his track. “Was that...?” he asks, a look of absolute wonder on his face.

I can’t help the smile that grows on my face as I nod at him. He presses his hand just a little bit harder against me as he’s gifted another little thump against his hand.

“Molly,” he says quietly, tears in his eyes. “It hasn’t felt that real for me until now.”

I reach up and push his hair back from his face. “I know, but they want you to know they’re there. Let’s go eat. With everything happening, I didn’t eat dinner and I’m starving.”

Seth helps me up, leading me to the other room.