

Chapter 153-2

Seth pulls on a pair of joggers and climbs into bed, pulling me to him and rubbing his hand against my large bump. “Everyone loves Cora. It’s hard to believe that people are forgetting about Andrew as he’s the heir to the throne.”

I giggle at him, and place my hand right next to his, feeling one of the pups roll against it. “No one is forgetting him. There just hasn’t been a girl born first in either of our families in... well... I think ever. They’re just excited. Everyone will be just as happy to see him once they’re out.”

“It’s crazy to think that in just a few weeks I’ll be able to hold them,” Seth says wistfully, but he looks nervous.

“Hey,” I say gently, cupping his face with my hand. “What’s wrong?”

He looks at me and shakes his head. “I’m just nervous. I’ve never been around a baby. I’ve never held a baby. I don’t know what to do.”

Oh, this poor, sweet man. “Seth, you’ll know exactly what to do when the time comes. You’ve always been so kind and gentle with me. I have no doubt you’ll be the same with them. Maybe a little too much with Cora.”

“I’ll spoil her,” he agrees, a smile across his face. “I’ll spoil both of them, honestly. You’ll have to help control me.”

When we wake, he gets up and gets ready for the day, putting on a very nice, black suit with a black shirt. He looks amazing, as he always does, but I can tell that he’s expecting this trip to go poorly. I slip into a flowy dress, because that’s just about all that will fit me now, and we head to the dining room for breakfast.

It’s been nice having George back and I go sit in my normal seat next to him, Seth sitting on my other side. The two men spend the morning discussing their plan as George will accompany him, leaving my brother to watch over his pack.

After they leave, my mom suggests that I go back upstairs and get off my feet, something she has been suggesting every chance she can for a few months now. I let her lead me back upstairs and sit on the couch as she grabs some pillows to prop my feet on.

“I don’t know how you’ve managed it,” she says, a little frustrated. “My ankles were so swollen just halfway through. That tea truly is amazing.”

I can’t help but giggle at the jealous look on her face. “It really is. I feel completely fine, except for the pups constantly moving and always needing to pee.”

“I know you don’t want a baby shower,” she says and I can’t help but roll my eyes. It’s been a constant argument between us. “Pack members have been bringing gifts for them, but we’ve also been receiving gifts from around the kingdom.”

I sigh, realizing that I’m not going to win this. “I just don’t want anyone to spend money, especially if they don’t have it.”

“I know, but people are excited,” she tells me, sitting in a chair next to the couch. “We don’t have a shower, but we need to open them and send thank you notes. I’m sure Stella would be happy to help.”

I know she’s right, but it just feels wrong when we can afford everything we could ever want. It’s not like pups will actually need anything. I guess everyone loves a baby, though, and I should be happy that the overall consensus of the kingdom is that there isn’t an issue with Cora having magic. I nod to my mom in agreement and she pops up, disappearing outside the door, but reappearing shortly after with people carrying arms and arms worth of packages, Stella bringing up the rear with an apologetic look on her face.

We get to work opening things and, goddess... there are so many things. There are blankets and clothes, shoes and bows. Some people even sent matching outfits for them which, even I can admit, are adorable. Stella takes note of everything, including packs and names so that I can thank them appropriately for each and every gift.

I move to open a particularly well wrapped gift when I stop, a feeling washes over me that makes me take a breath.

“Are you alright?” mom asks, clearly very concerned.

“I’m fine,” I tell her with a sad smile. “Seth just named the new Alpha.”

Stella looks at me with wide eyes. “You can feel that?”

“It would seem so,” I tell her with a nod. “He’s only named a new Alpha once so far and I was there. I felt it then, but I was right next to him so that made sense. I hadn’t really thought about it after.”

“That’s so weird,” she tells me, completely in awe. “What does it feel like?”

“I can just feel, like,” I begin, not really knowing how to put it into words. “You know the feeling you get when there’s a new Alpha?” I ask and she nods. “It’s like that, but instead of feeling like there’s someone new above me, it feels like they’re in front of me.”

“Below you,” my mom corrects with a small chuckle. “We’re all high ranking shewolves here. It feels like that, but below you. Because they are.”

“I didn’t want to be rude,” I tell her, sticking my tongue out as I lift a set of silver rattles out of the box.

We had lunch together, continuing to sort through the sea of items. It was a few hours late when Seth finally arrived home to find me in the nursery, trying to find a place to put things.

“Hey, Love,” he says softly. “What’s all this?”

I turn to him with a sigh. “Gifts from the kingdom. Mom finally convinced me to open them.”

“How much can two tiny babies possibly need?” he asks with a bewildered look on his face as he looks around.

“Apparently, quite a bit,” I say with a giggle. “How did it go?”

Seth sighs and flops down into one of the rocking chairs in the room. “It was terrible. Gus had to handle him. I decided at the last minute to bring him to the dungeon here. I just wasn’t comfortable with the security there, especially with him being their Alpha.”

I nod to him and walk over. He reaches up and pulls me into his lap, burying his face into my neck. “That was probably a wise choice.”

He nods, not lifting his head and speaking against my skin. “Can we just eat up here tonight? I don’t want to see anyone else. I just want you, naked in bed.”

I can’t help but laugh at him. “We can stay here, but I’m basically a whale now.”

“No, not at all,” Seth says, lifting his head and gently guiding my face to look at him. “You’re absolutely perfect.”