

Chapter 154-1

I step out of the shower to find my mate dressed in jeans and a long sleeved shirt with... boots?

“Really?!” I exclaim.

“Yeah,” he says with a laugh. “You need to eat breakfast first, though.”

“I will,” I beam at him and dry off. I put on my one pair of maternity jeans that still fits and grab one of Seth’s t-shirts, knowing my own won’t fit over my belly.

After drying my hair, I sit on the bed and try to bend down, but Seth beats me to it. I’m sure he knows I can’t reach my own feet at this point. Gently, he helps me get my socks and hiking boots on and tosses one of his sweatshirts to me, knowing that my own jackets won’t fit over these pups, either.

“Ready?!” I ask with a bright smile, grabbing a knit hat and waddling to the door.

Seth laughs, but he doesn’t say a word as he joins me, carrying his own jacket and hat. He opens the door and I’m surprised to find Gus there instead of my own guard. A few weeks back, Seth had finally relaxed and decided they can stay outside the door

“Good morning!” I tell him brightly.

“Good morning, Princess,” he says with a chuckle and bow. “I see you’re excited for your hike today.”

“Will you be joining us?” I ask, but Seth doesn’t give him a chance to answer.

“I asked Michael to join us,” he says with a mischievous smile. “I thought I’d give Gus a bit of a break since he traveled with me yesterday.”

I smile, realizing exactly what his plan was. “How thoughtful of you.”

We head to the dining room and eat quickly, meeting Michael and Oliver outside who were, conveniently, already there together.

“What are you wearing?” Oliver says with a laugh.

“It’s Seth’s,” I say with a frown. “Nothing really fits anymore.”

“How did you even get your shoes on?” he asks, continuing to laugh.

Seth steps in front of me and glares at Oliver. “I put them on her. She’s growing the heir to the throne, in case you forgot.”

“Sorry, Molls,” Oliver says, looking past my protective mate, a look of slight embarrassment on his face. “It’s just so odd to see you like this.”

I smile at my friend and nod. “And I still have a few weeks to go. Imagine how I’ll look then.”

Oliver leads us down a path, but steps back to let Seth and me in front of him. I assume it’s so he can be closer to Michael and it makes me smile. He hasn’t told me anything about it, but he doesn’t know that I overheard their conversation before, either. We’re headed down a path to the west that’s close to the northern border that eventually leads to the cave. To his credit, it is fairly flat. Now that I’m walking it, I’m quite thankful that Seth didn’t let me choose.

We walk for quite some time and while I feel tired, I would never say that to Seth for fear of him picking me up and carrying me straight back to bed. I hear Oliver laugh from behind me and stop, turning around to look at him.

“What?” I ask and he just smiles at me.

“That’s the tree that you climbed and fell out of,” he says, still laughing a bit.

I look over at the old tree, remembering that day.

“Robbie was with us for some reason,” he says, looking at the tree with a smile. “He didn’t come into the woods with us very often. He was so upset when Molly decided to climb the tree,”

“To the top!” I add proudly.

“To the top,” he agrees. “She was almost there, but then slipped and fell. She caught herself, but Robbie was terrified and he started to climb the tree.”

Seth looks at us with confusion. “How is this funny? Were you hurt?”

“She was fine,” he tells him, waving off his concern.

“Where was your father?” Michael asks me, clearly concerned.

I look at Oliver and shrug. “Who knows? Probably in his office doing Alpha stuff.”

“Anyways,” Oliver says, back to his story. “Robbie climbed up as Molly was climbing down. They met somewhere in the middle and when he looked down, he was suddenly terrified.”

I laugh, remembering the look on my brother’s face as he realized how high he was. “He didn’t know he was afraid of heights until then.”

“Molly had to all but drag him down the tree,” he finishes, wiping a tear from laughing so hard. “I thought I was going to have to go get the Alpha.”

“I’m sure he would have been displeased,” Michael says, still concerned with our childhood adventures.

“Nah,” I say, waving off his concern. “He probably would have just laughed.”

Michael seems very unsure about that, but he doesn’t say a word about it as we continue walking. The pups are wiggling, but it feels different, almost like they’ve completely run out of space. I stop for a moment, rubbing a place on my stomach where one of them has been exceptionally brutal in their assault today.

“Are you alright?” Seth asks quickly when he notices, gently placing his hands on my arms.