

Chapter 161-2

“Which dress did you decide to wear tomorrow?” he asks me and I walk over to the closet, lifting the black velvet dress.

“I had wanted to wear an emerald green one, but decided that black would be the safer choice,” I tell him, holding the dress up against me. “Well, that and two of the options were really tight across my stomach.”

Seth laughs, placing a hand on my hip and leans down to kiss me. “You’ll look amazing, Love. Black tie for me, then.”

“What are you wearing tonight?” I ask him, looking through a rack of dresses that are nice, but not too formal.

“I don’t know, Molly,” he says, waving off my concern. “Just lay out whatever you want me to wear.”

I lift out a pale blue dress that I’ve loved, but haven’t had the occasion to wear it. With the cut, I think it should fit alright still. I walk across to Seth’s side and lift out a navy blue suit and white shirt and place it next to mine for the evening. I’ve been picking his clothes most of the time now so we complement each other and it’s become a nightly occurrence.

Thankfully, Lucy got the kids dressed for us and she meets us in the living room as everyone starts to arrive upstairs. She opens the door to leave and finds Benjamin and Lily walking up, and I can’t help but smile at the sight of them. Lily had been in rough shape magically after she held the spell so long to protect us. Thankfully, things started to change for her a few weeks ago and she’s been regaining her strength, finally.

Mom and Dad show up next, my mom slightly overdressed as she always is for most things. I don’t recall her looking happier than she does with one of the twins in her arms. The moment she walks in, she grabs both kids and lifts them to her hips, walking around with them. Dad walks in, still using his cane and smiles as my mom lifts the kids.

“You’ve made her so happy,” he tells me and I nod. She really, truly is.

Peter and Audrey arrive, Audrey apparently in a competition with my mom as to who could be more overdressed. She walks right in and goes to my mom, taking Andrew from her. Peter sits on the couch and he almost looks sad. I take a seat next to him, offering him a glass of his favorite bourbon.

“Are you alright?” I ask him as he takes the glass from my hand.

He nods slowly, taking a sip of the liquid before looking at me. “I am,” he tells me with a sad smile. “All things have to end, but I have to say that I am a bit sad about it. You and Seth will do amazing things, though.”

Robbie and a very large Stella arrive and as they walk in, Lucas, Allison and baby Liam are behind them. They all enter and Seth walks up, shaking his uncle's hand and making introductions. I imagine that this is terribly hard for Lucas. It’s my understanding that he hasn’t been back to the palace since his father’s death except for our meeting, and now for our coronation.

“Thank you for coming,” I say brightly to Allison as she adjusts her son on her hip. The kid looks like he could be Seth’s twin and I can’t help but stare a little at him.

“Thank you for the invitation,” she says kindly with a smile, glancing at her husband who is talking to his brother. “I wasn’t sure he would agree to it, but I’m glad we’re here.”

“As am I,” I tell her honestly. I lead her over to all my moms who are around the chair that Lily had sat in, babies in hand.

“My goodness,” Audrey says as we walk up. “He looks just like Seth!”

I nod in agreement as Seth opens the door for an older woman that I have not yet met. She walks in and Seth leans down to hug her, a rarity for him, indeed. She reaches up and pats his cheek and he leads her in and over towards me.

“Finally,” she says, reaching her hand out to me. “It’s taken us much too long to meet.”

“I agree,” I tell her, shaking her hand. I turn back and take the babies, facing them out for their great-grandmother to see. “This is baby Andrew. And this… this is baby Cora.”

She smiles at them, but her smile is a hair bigger at the sight of her namesake. “I can’t believe Seth talked you into that name.”

“It was Molly’s idea,” he tells he takes baby Cora who is wiggling and reaching for him. “I love it, but it was all her.”

“Have you met Allison?” I ask and she shakes her head. “This is Lucas’ mate, and their son, Liam.”

Cora smiles and reaches her hand out to the baby who grabs her finger. “It’s not every day you come to dinner and meet all of your great-grandchildren.”

We stand around and talk for a bit before moving to the dining room where Oliver serves an exceptional meal as always. The room is filled with the sound of babies and chatting. There is laughter and the sound of happiness and family. I look down to the table that once seemed so large and empty that I had made jokes about having to have enough kids to fill and smile at the sight of it filled.

I had spent so much of my life thinking I was so unloved when, truly, that was never the case. My parents hadn’t abandoned me, they hid me. My adopted parents didn’t adopt me because of sympathy, they loved me. I found a mate, and his family, who embraced me. We’ve grown our own little family that won’t be so little in a few more months. Truly, I have had an exceptional life so far. It’s just a shame that it took me so long to learn that I was never, really a broken wolf.