

Chapter 27-1

I'm awakened by the sound of my mom moving around my room, in my closet and messing with my makeup. "Morning! I tried to let you sleep in but you've got to get up. Your father and Peter have requested you in the Alpha office after breakfast. How did you sleep?"

"Mom, It's too early for this." I tell her, turning to see my clock says 8 AM, so it's very much not that early. "I didn't sleep very well. I was so restless and kept waking up."

"I expected as much. Go hop in the shower. Keep your finger and your hair dry." she demands, and I groan, but roll out of bed.

I try my best to keep my hair and finger dry in the shower, but my hair got a little damp in a few places. After drying off, I walk into my bedroom to see my mother immaculately dressed and waiting expectantly for me at the chair at my vanity, hairdryer in hand.

"Didn't trust me with my hair?" I say with a small giggle.

My mom smiles. "I thought you might have a little trouble, but this seemed better than me helping you in the shower. I'll leave that job for Seth", she tells me with a mischievous smile and gets to work on my hair. After a few minutes, my hair is perfect again and she starts to work with my makeup.

"I think I can handle my makeup, mom." I tell her, embarrassed that she has to help me so much.

"Nonsense," she begins, "I don't know how much longer we have until you leave. This is probably my last chance. Once your mate returns, do I'm sure he's not going to let anyone near you for a few days." She continues doing my makeup and I can't help the forlorn feeling I have thinking of leaving her. Whenever things were hard as a kid, my mom was always right there to encourage me and help.

Tears start to well in my eyes and I turn my head to look at my mom. "What am I going to do when I leave and things get difficult. You won't be there."

"I'll be just a phone call away, Molly." she tells me with a smile. "It's going to be difficult at first, yes. But the Goddess would not have mated you to that ruggedly gorgeous prince if you were not equipped with all the makings of an amazing queen."

"I think you may be more attracted to my mate than I am." I tell her with a giggle.

Mom just smiles back at me. "You may be right. But we can all be sure that I won't have any ugly grandchildren."

Mom helps me into the clothes she's picked out for me- a black pencil skirt and white blouse. I'm not sure what Dad and Peter need me for, but it seems to be some kind of actual business as my mom hands me a pair of black stilettos to finish my outfit. I look nice, but I just don't feel like myself. I suppose, though, that this is likely just the new me and I should start to get used to it.

We head upstairs and sit down for breakfast with Dad, Peter and Audrey.

"Good Morning, Kiddo. Dearest," my dad says in greeting, standing to pull the chair out for my mom. "I see your mother told you that your help is needed today. You look nice." He says to me with a smile.

"She told me I was needed, but not why." I say, hoping for more information.

"We'll save the business for after we eat," Peter tells us.

Breakfast is brought out but when I look up, I see Oliver bringing a plate towards us.

"Hey Molly. Luna, Alpha, Your Majesties." He says with a bow towards everyone but me. "I heard about your hand. I made your favorite." he tells me, placing the eggs benedict down in front of me, leaning down to hug me and kiss the top of my head. "I'm so sorry" he whispers in my ear and I can't help the tears that come to my eyes.

To my surprise, he reaches forward, grabbing the knife and fork and cuts my food for me, because my best friend has realized I can't do it myself. "Thanks, Oli" I whisper, not trusting my voice.

"Of course. Just promise me one more hike before you leave here, OK?" he asks and I nod in agreement before he leaves us.

"He seems like a nice fellow," Audrey says kindly.

I nod to her, still trying to hold back tears. "He is."

"What if he's who you hire as your assistant?" she asks and my mom enthusiastically agrees.

"No, that would never work" I tell them, ruining their plan. "He loves cooking too much. He'd do it if I asked him to, but he wouldn't be truly happy."

"You're a good friend, Molly." Audrey tells me, sympathy in her eyes, leaving me uncomfortable with all the emotions I'm feeling at the breakfast table with my future in-laws.

"So," I begin in an attempt to change the subject, "Have any of you heard from the guys?"

"No, we haven't." my dad speaks up. "They're too far away to mind link any of us."

I sigh, sadly. "I assumed, but I was still hopeful," I tell them.

"I'm sure they're fine, Molly." Audrey says, reassuringly. "The hardest part was getting them to let them on their land. I'm honestly shocked they let them."

I realize they know I went with them now and I feel a little uncomfortable with how they're seeking information. Maybe they're just genuinely curious, but I'm not sure that's the case. I decide quickly that I need to give them some kind of information, and I decide on the truth. Well, a version of the truth.