

Chapter 65-1

We decided to adjourn for the day with a plan to check in on Benjamin, having not discussed the new law at all.

“I’m sorry we couldn’t get to it today, Molly,” Peter tells me as we walk down the stairs to head to the dining room for dinner.

“It’s OK,” I tell him. “I’m sure we’ll get to it eventually. Pack safety comes first.”

He puts his arm around me and squeezes my shoulder. “My son couldn’t have been mated to a better woman.” He releases me, walking a bit faster to catch up to my dad.

“He’s right, you know,” Seth tells me, grabbing my hand. “I couldn’t have been mated to anyone better. For me, or the job, or werewolves.”

“I really hope I’m as good at this as you and your dad seem to think that I will be,” I tell him quietly.

“You will be,” he says as he stops walking as we reach the dining room. He pulls me to his chest, holding me tightly. “Are you sure you want to go in? It’s OK if you’re not ready yet.”

I look up at him and smile at how sweet this man can be sometimes. “Yeah, it’s ok. After getting measured and fitted this morning it’ll be fine. They’re nice, but neither of them can keep their mouths shut. There’s rarely that many people here for dinner, anyways.”

“Whatever you want, Love,” he tells me and leans down to kiss me, leaving me breathless. “I missed you today. I’ve enjoyed having you to myself for a few days and I find that I don’t like you not being around, or sitting across from you in a meeting.”

His admission is sweet, but it makes me giggle. “I think you’ll find that you enjoy having time away from me soon. I’m a lot to live with,” I tell him with a small laugh, and he places his forehead on mine.

“I’ll never be tired of you, Love,” he tells me, kissing me again. “Never”.

Seth releases me and takes my hand in his, opening the door to the dining room for me with the other. When he opens the doors though, it’s not what I was expecting at all. Usually, there’s not a ton of people. Most wolves in our pack like to stay at home for dinner with their families. Typically, it’s just my family, the spouses and kids of the warriors who are on patrol. You’ll find a few of the single wolves hanging out at a table or two in the corner.

Tonight though, tonight the dining room is packed. Seth looks down at me, a worried look on his face.

It’s not too late to run downstairs.

It’s ok. I should have known they’d have already told everyone.

I think this is probably normal when the new princess comes from their pack.

I consider telling everyone not to bow, but I glance up and see Audrey already seated at the head table, so I know I’ll just get in trouble if I try it. I take a deep breath to steady myself and step inside. To my surprise though, few people move to bow. Actually, it’s just a handful. Instead, I hear sounds of happiness, and congratulations.

“Molly, you finally got your wolf!”

"Her eyes are so green now!"

“All you needed was your mate!”

“Will we get to see you when you shift?”

"They look so perfect together!"

It’s honestly one of the sweetest moments I’ve had with my pack and I struggle to keep my emotions at bay.

See, My Love. Everyone loves you just as much as I do. I hear my mate in my head as he squeezes my hand. Your family is going to bow to you to signal to the pack that it is how they should treat you now. Don’t be upset, just sit down when we get to your seat.

It makes me uncomfortable

You’ll have to get used to it. You’re their Princess. They need to show you the respect you deserve.

I don’t bother trying to argue the point. Now’s not the time and we’re at the table. My mom and dad both bow, and my brother stands up and does the same. It feels weird and I don’t like it, but thankfully my back is to everyone so they can’t see me frown as I sit in the chair that Seth has pulled out for me.

“See,” he says as he takes his seat. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“It honestly felt like a real tragedy,” I tell him with a small smile and he chuckles a little.

“Is this supposed to happen every time I see you now?” Robbie asks me.

I begin to tell him “never again” but it’s drowned out by Seth saying “only in public”.

My mom is sitting next to me and leans over to me, kissing my cheek. “You’ll get used to it”.

“I don’t know,” I tell her, doubting her words. “I think having my parents bow to me is something that I will never, NEVER get used to.”

Our dinner is served and I note that I have a very healthy looking salad with a large portion of salmon while everyone else is eating something else that appears more appetizing.

“I talked to Oliver. I’ll be planning your meals until after you shift,” my mom tells me and I roll my eyes at her. “I thought it’d be better to handle it myself instead of poor Seth having to do it and be on the receiving end of your wrath.”

“I’m not that bad,” I tell her.