

Chapter 88-2

“Who is that?” I ask him. He looks at me, slightly confused. “The girl that was just in here? She was standing over there.”

He shrugs and sniffs the air. “Smells like the maid. I didn’t see her.”

“How could you not see her? She was 10 feet away!” I say to him, shocked. “She bowed to us.”

“Good. She’s supposed to,” he says, completely unconcerned with her being here.

“Seth!” I say but before I can say more, he cuts me off.

“We employ many wolves here, Molly,” he tells me. “I pass people in the hall all day. I can’t stop and talk to all of them.”

Thankfully, the girl returns, saving Seth and I from an argument. She’s carrying a large tray in her hand and sets it on a stand. I turn to look at her and she bows again.

“Princess Molly,” she tells me, bringing over a mug of tea. “This is the tea that was sent for you.”

It looks fine, but I catch the smell of it and almost gag. “That’s terrible!” I exclaim and notice the girl stifles a laugh. I look to Seth. “Did she say what it’s for?”

“She said that many wolves have taken it and recovered from their first shift in a day,” he says, a terrible look on his face. “They probably tossed it out and lied so she wouldn’t give them more.”

I dip my finger in to check the temperature.

“I can warm it up if you’d like, Princess,” the girl quickly offers.

“No! I think it’s best if I toss it back in one go while it’s not hot,” I say and bring it to my lips, trying not to gag from the smell.

“I can get you something to wash it down,” the girl offers and I nod at her graciously. “What would you like? I have coffee for you as Queen Audrey told us you liked it. I can get whatever you’d like, though.”

“Maybe some apple juice,” I tell her, sniffing it again. “And some orange. I don’t even know what will help with this.”

She smiles at me and nods as she exits the room and returns quickly with a glass of each. She places them on the table and bows... again.

“I can do this. I can do hard things,” I say, lifting the tea again.

Seth shakes his head. “You can just dump it and tell her you drank it.”

“I’d feel really bad,” I tell him. “I’m sure she didn’t bring this with her. She was probably out in the woods foraging for whatever is in it. It was a lot of thought and effort.”

“Then drink it so we don’t have to keep smelling it,” he says with a smile.

I lift the cup to my lips and quickly tip it back, chugging the entire contents as quickly as I can. Thankfully, and surprisingly, it doesn’t really taste like anything.

Seth hands me a glass of juice but I shake my head. “It actually wasn’t bad. Surprisingly.”

The young girl sets plates on the table in front of us and places two mugs and a carafe of coffee for us. “I’m so sorry, Your Highness. I forgot the cream and sugar. Please forgive me, I’ll be back shortly.” The poor girl sounds panicked and I can hear her heart beating faster.

“There’s no need,” I tell her with a smile that I hope is comforting and she looks unsure. “We don’t need any. It’s just fine. Thank you for bringing this for us,” I tell her and she bows deeply.

“Please let me know if you need anything else,” she says and exits the room.

Just before the door closes I speak up. “Oh, hold on! What’s your name?”

“Anna, your majesty,” she says, bowing again.

“It was nice to meet you, Anna,” I tell her as she leaves.

I dig into breakfast and while it’s not as good as Oliver’s, it’s still really good.

“So, want to tell me why that poor girl is terrified of you?” I ask Seth between bites.

I can see his hand quit moving for a moment as he looks up at me for a split second, and then back to his food, unwilling to look at me again. “It’s not me. There may have been a girl... before I met you that was... less than kind.”

“Why would you allow that to happen?” I ask him, feeling a bit mad about that, unsure if I’m mad he’s mentioning another girl or because he let her treat this girl badly.

“I’m an ass, Molly,” he says with a sigh. “We’ve discussed this.”

“I don’t like how many times she bowed to us,” I tell him, moving food around my plate, feeling uncomfortable.

“I know, Love,” he tells me and I can feel his hand land on my knee under the table, gently squeezing it. “I don’t know what to tell you other than you just have to get used to it. You’re the princess.”

“I don’t want to be the princess, though,” I whisper. “I just want to be your mate.”

“You’re my mate first, and a princess second,” he says and pulls my chair close to him, gently placing his arms around me and kissing my head. “Hopefully, soon you’ll be a princess third.”

“Third?” I question him, confused. “What would be more important?”

“Well, hopefully soon you can add mother in,” he says and it makes me smile.

I look up at him and meet his eyes. “Would being a mother really come before being the princess? Or the queen?”

“Absolutely, Love. I think it’s what we both want,” he says, looking me into the eyes. “I have no doubt that you’d set everything else aside to be a mother, and be the best one.”