

Chapter 94-2

I know I asked him for a little space, but now that I have it, I just feel so alone. I sigh deeply. I don't even know where to begin with my thoughts, so I ignore them and begin with my muffins.

They're my dad's favorites, and one of the first things I learned to make by myself. I begin to measure out the wheat flour and oats along with the other dry ingredients.

Why does it bother me so much? It's something that seems like it would be simple to answer, but it's not. I knew about his choices before, and I was OK with it. Well, not OK, but I was able to forgive it. I didn't have a wolf, so I can understand his hesitation with me. He didn't think I would make a good queen without a wolf. Now I have a wolf and I'm the one that thinks I won't be a good queen.

I peel and smash a banana, mixing in an egg and melted butter. My dad doesn't like cinnamon, but I do, and... well... I really don't know if Seth does. I add it in, because I want to. I mix in some dried fruit and sugar and then combine the dry ingredients to make my muffins. Once mixed well, I line my tins and fill them with the mixture and pop the pan into the oven.

I open a bottle of wine and pour a glass, sitting down at the bar while I wait for the muffins to bake. Seth didn't think I would be a good queen, and he looked for someone who he thought would. The only thing I know about any of these girls was that one of them was mean and scared the maid. Maybe all of them, since she seemed to think I would be as well.

"That's it," I mutter to myself. "It's because the only thing I know about them is they were mean, and that Seth thought they would make a better queen than me."

I sigh deeply. It's the unknown that bothers me. Why did he think any of them would be a good queen? Why did he eventually move on from one to the next? Was it just Altair keeping him from choosing any of them? He told me before that he tried to mark one of them. What made him want her?

Thankfully, my timer dings and I stand up, walking over and pulling the muffins out of the oven. I pull out a cooling rack and move them onto that and then turn and pour myself another glass of wine.

Do you want any wine?

No thank you, Love.

Picking up my glass that's now full again, I leave our home and walk down the hall, following the scent of my mate until I find the door to his office and knock.

"Come in," I hear and I crack the door, sticking my head in.

"Is it alright if I join you in here?" I ask him and he sits back in his chair behind a large desk, sitting down some papers and lifting a glass with some brown liquid in it.

"Of course," he says with a tired smile. "You never have to ask. You're always welcome in here."

I walk in, quietly closing the door behind me and I walk over, sitting on the desk beside where he's been working. "You tried to find someone who would be a better queen than me," I say to him and instantly his face is marred with regret. I reach out and he takes my hand. "I'm not mad. I get it. I didn't have a wolf and your mate has to be queen. But why did you think they would be better? What made you think any of them would be a good queen?"

"Molly," he says and rubs his thumb on the back of my hand. "I don't want to hurt you. They were all mistakes. Stupid, misguided, mistakes."

"You marked me, and I marked you," I tell him with a smile. "I just need to know, because the only thing that I do know is that one of them was mean to the maid."

Seth drains the rest of the liquid in his glass and stands, walking to a cabinet across the room and reaches for a bottle, refilling his glass before he turns back to me.