

Chapter 97-2

I take a seat across from the desk in one of the two chairs and look at him. He doesn't look nearly as at peace here as he does at home, but I guess I've never really seen him at work.

"It's really nice in here," I tell him and he looks at me, and I can't really tell what he's thinking. I can feel something through the bond that I've not really felt from him before, but I have no clue what that is.

"Thanks, it's... it's just a lot," he says and sighs deeply. "I hate it down here. Once Sarah smells us in here, it won't seem nice. It will just be chaos."

"Who is Sarah?" I ask, confused as to what he meant.

"She's my secretary. Well, assistant, really," he says, looking up at the door. "Her desk is just outside. She's there. I doubt she hasn't smelled us, too. She probably just realized you're here and is giving us a moment."

I didn't realize he had an assistant. For some reason, the information makes me uncomfortable. I try not to let it show, because it makes sense that he has someone helping him, and honestly, he really should.

"Relax, Love," he tells me and smiles at me. "She's no one that you need to worry about. She's like 60 and could kick my ass."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I whisper, feeling ridiculous.

"I don't want you to feel this way every time there's a woman near me," he says, but he doesn't seem upset with me. "I've never been with anyone, ANYONE, that you'll run into in the palace or the offices without knowing beforehand. You never need to worry about that. You're the only one I care about, Molly."

I look down at my feet, embarrassed. "I'm sorry," I whisper, ashamed of how I felt.

"Molly, you're allowed to feel that way. I never should have tried to find someone else," he tells me and stands up, walking around his desk to me and squats down next to me so we're on the same level. "I never, ever, should have been with anyone else, much less brought them here to the palace. I don't want you to worry, and I want you to know that you don't have to when you're in our home."

Before I can respond, the door to the office swings open. "Good morning, Seth. You must be Molly," an older woman says, walking in the room holding a mountain of files and papers. "You're more beautiful than Audrey said!"

She places them on the desk and bows before me. "That's the one that you get. We're doing work here and I don't have time to bow every time I walk in a room if we don't have guests."

I can't help the giant smile that spreads across my face as she tells me this. "Good! I hate formalities," I tell her and I take her offered hand. "I'm Molly. You must be Sarah."

"That I am. When you're ready, I'll help you find the best assistant out there," she tells me with a smile and I think I may love her. It's so nice to have someone not afraid of me, and not bowing to me, truly.

"I'm sure Molly will have Mom's assistant," Seth tells her, standing and leaning back on his desk.

Sarah looks at her, confused. "Has she hired someone new?"

I look up at Seth, not really sure what to say, and how much of it is even allowed. Peter was trying to protect his reputation as much as possible, which is understandable.

"You should go talk to the big man. There's going to be some changes, and soon," Seth tells her and her eyes go wide. "I'll take a look at this but we have to be out by lunch, and probably will work from upstairs all of tomorrow."

"Alright," she says and turns to leave. "I'll go talk to him. Everything is OK, though, right? You two kids are fine?"

"We're just fine, Sarah," Seth tells her with a genuine smile and glances down at me.

She leaves us with a nod, closing the door behind her.

"What's all that?" I ask him as he looks at it with a sigh.

"Shit. It's just a bunch of s**t," he tells me, walking around to sit back at his desk and pulling the top file folder off and opens it. "These just need my signature and a seal. Everything else though... requests, complaints, it's always Alphas wanting something. They want something, usually money. Or they want to complain and be heard."

"That makes sense, I guess," I say to him, still a bit surprised by how much there is as I watch him sign the first page and drip wax onto the parchment and push his seal down onto it. He moves it over and leaves it to cool as he moves on to the next.

"Your work will be worse. Mom's secretary is great at dealing with the Lunas and if it's too much once a pup arrives, we'll hire a second. You can't have Sarah, though," he says with a small smile, never looking up from his work. "She's coming with me. I don't know how to do this job without her. She'd probably make a better king than me."

That sounds a little terrifying. "Are the Lunas worse than the Alphas?"

"Yes," he says, completely sure of that answer. "But like the Alphas, there's really good ones mixed in. They tend to whine more, and the more wealthy packs have some Lunas who feel very.... entitled. You'll do well telling them to f**k off, politely."

I can't help but giggle a little. He's right. I won't have any trouble telling the wealthier packs no. Maybe that's what Peter meant when we talked those week ago. He seemed so sure that I would be a good queen, though I'm still not sure I understand it completely.

I wander over to a bookshelf and look at what's there. There's shelves and shelves and shelves of books on war strategy and defenses, and some look fairly new but there are many that seem very old. The top shelves are lined with leather bound books that don't seem to have any writing on the spine, almost like a journal. There are many history books about the history of werewolves and I note a shelf of books written by humans about us. The bottom shelf, closest to Seth's desk though, contain books all about witches and witchcraft.

I slowly run my finger along the spines of the books there and smile at my mate, who hasn't even noticed that I've moved from my seat. There's a bowl of a few different items on the same shelf. I note a crusty old muffin wrapper and a coffee mug that was once at my pack.

"Did you steal the mug from my pack?" I ask him, with a small giggle.

He looks up at me, confusion on his face and looks at where I am. His cheeks redden a little as he sees what I'm looking at and he stands and walks over to me. He gently wraps his arms around me, pulling my back against his front and puts his chin on my shoulder.

"It's the first thing you ever made me," he says softly in my ear. "That's the muffin wrapper, too. I'll send the mug back if you really want me to."

"No," I tell him, a smile tugging at my lips. "It was mine, anyway. I didn't realize you were so sentimental."

"I didn't either, until you came along," he tells me and kisses my cheek, releasing me and going back to the papers he was working his way through.