

## Chapter 16

**\*\*Seth\*\***

“Oh, my love, I know. It’s been such a long few days,” Molly coos at Andrew as he fusses slightly in his carseat. “We’ll be home soon and then you can get out. It’s been a long drive.”

I chuckle at her. She’s such a good mother, but I can’t help but laugh at her telling the future King of all Werewolves that it’s OK to cry because the drive was long. I never had a moment where it seemed odd with Cora, but any time she nursed Andrew, it just struck me as so strange that she was feeding the future king from her chest.

“What?” she asks, tilting her head in confusion.

“Nothing, Love,” I tell her with a small smile. “Just anxious to get these kids home.”

She nods, but she doesn’t seem excited. “Hey, talk to me.”

“I just don’t want to deal with this situation with Mom and the Alpha,” she says softly. “I don’t even want to talk about it.”

I sigh and squeeze her knee. “We have to, though,” I remind her. This is the first difficult matter she’s encountered as Queen. “We can wait until we’re home and the kids are settled back in. They’ve both stayed awake, so we need to put them down for a nap.”

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“You want to name him the Alpha,” Molly says softly, sitting on my desk looking at me with so much fear in her eyes. I look up from my chair and nod.

“I think it’s the best idea,” I tell her cautiously. “What he did to your mother was terrible, but I don’t know any Alphas that didn’t make some mistakes, especially at his age when it happened.”

Molly chews on her lip and looks away from me. “My dad didn’t.”

I sigh and push my hair back with my hand. Part of me wishes that she hadn’t been raised by Randall. I’m not sure the man has ever even made a slightly questionable decision, much less a mistake. I know that I’ll always have to strive to be as good of a wolf as he is for her. He’s the man she will compare every Alpha to, and it’s a hard comparison. “Molly, we have to make the decision that is best for the kingdom.”

“But if the bond comes back,” she says, but I cut her off.

“That’s a problem for your mother, but not the kingdom.” It’s rough, I know, but she needs to understand.

“Seth, please,” she says. “We’ve not even visited there. What if we get there and it’s a bad idea?”

I can see from the marred expression on her face that she’s truly, deeply worried about all of this.

“You said yourself that you shouldn’t travel anymore,” I remind her. “We have to make a decision before you’ll be able to.”

“Go without me,” she offers quickly and when our eyes meet, I can see just how desperate she is for me to not chance a bond returning between this Alpha and her mother.

I sigh. The thought of leaving her here alone, this close to her due date, is terrifying. “What happens if you go into labor early?”

“I’ll link you immediately,” she says quickly, but smirks. “You’ll feel it, though.”

I groan, not even trying to hide it. We both know the pain I felt was just a fraction of what she felt, but it was absolutely terrible. “Maybe I’ll just be sedated while you’re in labor with this one,” I joke with her.

“Do that and I’ll be sure to let the entire kingdom know their fearless King couldn’t handle a few labor pains,” she quips right back at me with a giggle. “Really, though. It’s not THAT far. If anything happens, you can be back in time.”

I know she’s right, but I still feel so uncomfortable with her request. “I’ll talk to Lucas in the morning. Or maybe I should reach out to David as a sign of respect to the pack. I’ll get it worked out to leave after the twins birthday party.”

“Thank you,” she says softly. “We just... we can’t do that to my mom.”

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A cry pulls me from my sleep and somehow, not Molly. I groan, but roll over to turn off the monitor quickly so she can continue to sleep. I creep out of the bedroom, running into the nanny in the hall.

“Don’t worry about it,” I tell her, waving her off. “I’ve got them.”

I walk into the room, looking around to see which one it is this time, to find Cora standing in her crib.

“Hey baby girl,” I tell her, walking over and lifting her up.

“Dada! Dada!” she screams excitedly, causing me to chuckle. It was her first word, and still her favorite. I think it hurt Molly’s feelings a little, but I don’t honestly care about that one. She’s my special girl, and she knows exactly who will always be here to protect her.

“Shhh,” I say, holding a finger to her lips. “You’ve got to be quiet or you’re going to wake Andrew up. It’s not time for a party, even if it IS your birthday, now.”

Like she understands, she curls into herself and snuggles into my bare chest. “Dada,” she says, but more quietly this time. “Dada.”

I cross the room and sit in the gliding chair that Molly had insisted on. She loved it so much that I didn’t have the heart to tell her I was way too big for it and it’s like sitting in a chair made for a child. I slowly rock the chair as sweet little Cora puts a thumb in her mouth and places her other hand on my chest, playing with the hair there just like her mother does absentmindedly as she falls asleep.

I reach over and grab a blanket, covering her up and kick the ottoman over so I can reach it better. “You’re one now, baby girl,” I tell her softly, gently smoothing down her hair. “I’ll stay and hold you until the morning.”