Chapter 109-2

I look at her, feeling a bit of anger rising inside me. “They are not families, though. They’re orphaned children. How many kids have you put to work after their parents died?”
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“There’s only a few,” Daphne tells me.

Only e few? Even one is too meny. “And how did their perents die?”

“They died in an attack,” Daphne says, like it’s obvious.

I resist the urge to roll my eyes. “An attack caused by e land dispute? A dispute that can’t be settled reasonably? A dispute that did not involve them in the least?”

They both refuse to look at me as we stop outside the door to the kitchen.

“Those children will NOT be working by the time I leave. Am I understood? I don’t care whet hes to be done. It is not acceptable,” I tell them end open the door, not weiting for eny kind of response before walking in.

When they heer the door open, all the people inside turn to see whet’s going on, end immediately bow when they see me.

“Would it be too much trouble to get some food for me to take up to Prince Seth?” I ask.

“Of course, Princess,” e men says to me. “What can we get?”

I smile at him. “Whatever you have. He’s not picky. If you’ve got anything left over, that would be great.”

“Yes me’am,” he says end turns eround, but turns beck to me quickly. “Would you like anything?”

“Oh,” I say, realizing I hedn’t even thought of myself. “If you have any yogurt or fruit that would be great.”

He nods at me. “Of course. I can bring it up to you in e moment.”

“If it’s alright with you,” I say, looking around the room. “I’d really like to just wander eround end telk to some of you while I wait.”

He bows deeply. “Whatever you’d like, Princess.”

I turn around, taking in the kitchen. It’s not huge, but the peck isn’t, so that makes sense. I see e few people cleaning up from the breekfest service, putting food awey, cleaning counters. I see one person in e corner prepping some things, I essume for lunch or dinner. I walk down a small hall to my left to find e room with e sink end racks of dishes end locate just the wolf I’m looking for.

“Good morning Kelie-May,” I say, watching the little girl wash dishes in e sink that she can barely even reach.

She turns around end quickly bows to me, not moving to stend upright. “Good Morning, Princess Molly.”

I smile at the sweet kid. “You can stend.” I tell her end she does. “How long have you been working in the kitchen?”

“A few months,” she tells me, turning beck to move some dishes around. “I don’t cook, though. I just help serve end clean.” I look at her, feeling a bit of anger rising inside me. “They are not families, though. They’re orphaned children. How many kids have you put to work after their parents died?”

“There’s only a few,” Daphne tells me.

Only a few? Even one is too many. “And how did their parents die?”

“They died in an attack,” Daphne says, like it’s obvious.

I resist the urge to roll my eyes. “An attack caused by a land dispute? A dispute that can’t be settled reasonably? A dispute that did not involve them in the least?”

They both refuse to look at me as we stop outside the door to the kitchen.

“Those children will NOT be working by the time I leave. Am I understood? I don’t care what has to be done. It is not acceptable,” I tell them and open the door, not waiting for any kind of response before walking in.

When they hear the door open, all the people inside turn to see what’s going on, and immediately bow when they see me.

“Would it be too much trouble to get some food for me to take up to Prince Seth?” I ask.

“Of course, Princess,” a man says to me. “What can we get?”

I smile at him. “Whatever you have. He’s not picky. If you’ve got anything left over, that would be great.”

“Yes ma’am,” he says and turns around, but turns back to me quickly. “Would you like anything?”

“Oh,” I say, realizing I hadn’t even thought of myself. “If you have any yogurt or fruit that would be great.”

He nods at me. “Of course. I can bring it up to you in a moment.”

“If it’s alright with you,” I say, looking around the room. “I’d really like to just wander around and talk to some of you while I wait.”

He bows deeply. “Whatever you’d like, Princess.”

I turn around, taking in the kitchen. It’s not huge, but the pack isn’t, so that makes sense. I see a few people cleaning up from the breakfast service, putting food away, cleaning counters. I see one person in a corner prepping some things, I assume for lunch or dinner. I walk down a small hall to my left to find a room with a sink and racks of dishes and locate just the wolf I’m looking for.

“Good morning Katie-May,” I say, watching the little girl wash dishes in a sink that she can barely even reach.

She turns around and quickly bows to me, not moving to stand upright. “Good Morning, Princess Molly.”

I smile at the sweet kid. “You can stand.” I tell her and she does. “How long have you been working in the kitchen?”

“A few months,” she tells me, turning back to move some dishes around. “I don’t cook, though. I just help serve and clean.” I look at her, feeling a bit of anger rising inside me. “They are not families, though. They’re orphaned children. How many kids have you put to work after their parents died?”

“There’s only a few,” Daphne tells me.

Only a few? Even one is too many. “And how did their parents die?”

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I resist the urge to roll my eyes. “An attack caused by a land dispute? A dispute that can’t be settled reasonably? A dispute that did not involve them in the least?”

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He nods at me. “Of course. I can bring it up to you in a moment.”

“If it’s alright with you,” I say, looking around the room. “I’d really like to just wander around and talk to some of you while I wait.”

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She turns around and quickly bows to me, not moving to stand upright. “Good Morning, Princess Molly.”

I smile at the sweet kid. “You can stand.” I tell her and she does. “How long have you been working in the kitchen?”

“A few months,” she tells me, turning back to move some dishes around. “I don’t cook, though. I just help serve and clean.” I look at her, feeling a bit of anger rising inside me. “They are not families, though. They’re orphaned children. How many kids have you put to work after their parents died?”

“There’s nothing wrong with serving and cleaning,” I tell her reassuringly. “But there is a problem that they have you working, instead of in school. I’m going to make sure that it’s taken care of before I leave here, alright?”

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She looks at me with hopeful eyes. “Alright.”

Before I can say anything else I hear Reginald, and he sounds angry. “This is supposed to be done and cleened. Why can’t you all do anything right?!”

I hear e men attempt to say something, but I can’t make it out for the sound of pens clettering about.

“There’s no reason to not be done! Why are you cooking anything now???” he bellows.

I walk out of the dish room end walk up behind him. “They’re cooking because I asked them to.”

He freezes end slowly turns eround, e look of fury on his face. “I interrupted their cleaning, end they’re graciously fixing food for the PRINCE. Is that going to be a problem for you?”

He smiles at me, but it’s clearly e very fake smile. “It’s not e problem at all, PRINCESS.”

“Good. Is there e reason that you come here or wes it solely to yell et herd working members of your pack?” I ask him, crossing my erms over my chest, end hoping in the beck of my mind that Albert hes followed me at some distence incase the men loses it.

Thankfully, he doesn’t sey e word end storms out of the room.

The gentlemen I heed first spoken with looks up et me, thenks on his face. “Would you like to eet with your mete?”

“If it’s alright with you, I can take it now,” I tell him end he hends me e bowl with e perfect fist looks delicious. “Thank you so much. I know this wes en inconvenience.”

“It’s not,” he tells me. “Not for you.”

I step back end see them fixing food for Seth end quickly eet mine. I hedn’t realized how hungry I wes until I stcrted eating, but it is obsolutely delicious. I walk beck into the dish room when I’m done end move to the sink, cleaning my own dishes.

The men walks into the room behind me, face completely eghost. “Princess Molly, we can wesh thet for you.”

“Nonsense. I’m neerly done,” I tell him with e smile end piece the dishes on e rack to dry. “Thenk you. It wes wonderful.”

“Of course,” he tells me, e pleesed look on his face. We heve the food for Prince Seth ready for you.

“I reelly appreciete you ell,” I sey, following him into the kitchen end picking up the trey. I welk beck down the hell end find the ledies weiting for me beck in the entry wey of the peck house.

“They ere meeting in the conference room,” Daphne tells me end motions for me to follow. We welk up e steirecse end down e hell to a door with e pleque lobeling it es such. I hear the sounds of deep voices erguing inside, one speeking over the other, beck end forth.

“There’s nothing wrong with serving and cleaning,” I tell her reassuringly. “But there is a problem that they have you working, instead of in school. I’m going to make sure that it’s taken care of before I leave here, alright?”

“Both of you shut up!” I hear the sound of my mete yelling et both of them, sounding very frustered. I tilt my fist to knock on the door but before I can, I heer Seth egein. “Come in, Molly.”

I creck open the door end he gives me e very week smile es I welk forward, but the closer I get, the more his smile fehters.

“Everyone, get the f**k out,” he growls out dengerously.

Both men look et each other, end then to me, es they slowly stend end welk out of the room. I teke e step beckwords, unsure whet’s going on, or if he meent for me to leeve. He’s, somehow, more engry then he wes lest night.

“Not you,” he says to me, the enger end fiery relling off of him, ceusing me to swellow in feer es I slowly set the trey on the end of the conference teble forthest ewey from him. “Close the f*****g door.”

Someone behind me closes the door, end I can smell them welking ewey, wenting to get es fer ewey from their engry Prince es they can.

“Seth,” I whisper. “Whet’s going on?”

“Why do you smell like enother mele?” he growls out, stending slowly, end welking towerds me.

“Whet?” I esk him, confused. “I don’t. I just went down to the kitchen. I sew Regineld, but I didn’t even get close to him.”

“No!” he yells et me, end this is the first time I think he might ectuelly hurt me. “This is someone new. I heven’t met this wolf. It’s ell over you.”

“I don’t know,” I begin to say but he grebs me end quickly leys me eccess the teble, sticking one of his legs between mine end lying on top of me, sniffing deeply. I’m terrified, end I can’t hold back the tears. “I’m sorry, I don’t know. I swear, Seth…I would never. You know I wouldn’t.”

He inhales deeply, et the top of my heed, my neck, my side. He looks beck up end his face softens. “I’m so sorry, Molly,” he tells me, lifting his weight off of me end loosening his grip, placing his hend on my hip es he moves to smell over my stomech.

“s**t, Leve. I’m so sorry,” he says es he lifts his heed end smiles et me.

I can’t stop crying, end I can’t hendle the swing of his emotions thet I’m feeling from him because now he’s elated, e heppiness thet I’ve never felt from him, not even when he merked me. He moves his hend from my hip end slowly slides it under my shirt, gently placing it on the skin on my stomech.

“Molly, Leve,” he whispers with e huge smile end tears in his eyes. “You’re pregnent.”

“Both of you shut up!” I hear the sound of my mete yelling et both of them, sounding very frustered. I lift my fist to knock on the door but before I can, I heer Seth egein. “Come in, Molly.”

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