

Chapter Six | This isn't Real

---POV Benson---

It's been two days and now I'm anxious. Me. Anxious. My spirit scoffed at me, and I validly took the hit to my pride. How can I let some woman I don't even know consume my life like this. After Pops showed me that video, I had two of my men take up residence in the Red Moon Pack. The alpha literally laughed for ve minutes on the phone, but I guess he knows this woman and I was, in is words, in for a treat? Well...she was rather...sweet the last time I met her. "Sir, she just picked up her kids from school and she is heading to a café."

"Good. We just reached the square. I see her in my sights. The Prince will move in now." I heard Ken say and I nodded to him before climbing out of my SUV. I swiftly walked into the café and nodded to the hostess. She took longer than I'd like to give me a seat in the back, and I'd take that from her instinctual need to stare at me.

"I'm in." I called through the comms and leaned back on the booth to wait. The minute her tall curves walked into the room, the temperature rose at least ten degrees.

My spirit howled and everything stood still as I stared at her perfectly stained lips and subtle smile lines. As the hostess brought her to a table, the two children trailing behind her scooted into the booth and looked up at her eagerly. I wonder what she was telling them that was so important that she had to whisper. They both saluted and giggled with animated expressions on their faces before pulling out some paper and what looked to be schoolbooks.

I smirked, remembering my father's worry about their economic state. From what I could see, it looks like my father's men are getting a little rusty. Thankfully, mine are not. Feels good to be right, but I'll revel in my victory later. I need to stay focused.

She turned away from the children and walked to a table a few down from where her sons where sitting. She resituated herself and rested her hands on the plastic tabletop, but her eyes continued to glance back at their table just to make sure the boys were okay. I could sense her impatience. She was waiting for someone.

---POV Julie---

He was supposed to be here by now. He didn't want to meet at my oce and now I must take time out of my evening to talk to this man. If it wasn't for the massive pay day that came along with him, I would have ignored this outlandish request. If you need my services as a lawyer, come during my oce hours. "Hello, Miss.Bruen?" A middle-aged man announced himself. I turned to meet the man staring down at me and I could tell his eyes were not where they should be.

I stood to my feet and reached out my hand. "Hello Mr.Grutto." I called, startling him back into the reality of the pure minded. He nodded and shook my hand before taking a seat across from me. "Now, what can I do for you. It seems that this is a quite delicate situation if you needed to see me after hours."

He leered over my body, and I leaned away to attempt to hide myself from him. He didn't ask and I didn't say he could see. "My girlfriend just up and left. That b***h stole my money along with it! Almost half a million dollars, just gone." He growled.

How much?!

"Sir, do you have any idea where she might be? If you do, it will be much easier to send the documents over to her, declaring the court case as opened."

"Ha! Of course, I don't human. If I did, I would have dealt with her myself. However, by the looks of you...maybe I shouldn't waste my money looking for a tramp when I can get a whole lot more. For a whole lot less." His hand slipped over my intertwined ngers resting in front of me and my whole body shivered.

Ugh, not again! Do I have a target on my back that declares me as gullible?! I may be new to the whole private practice venture, but I am no fool. "No!" I jumped, hearing my son's voice, and ripping my hands away from the man. Duncan shoved his body into my side, and I immediately clasped my arms around his small frame.

"Sweetie, remember what I said, you must stay with your brother?"

"Yes mommy, but that man was making momma feel funny. I could tell." He whimpered again and I giggled lightly before plopping him on my lap. Once he was situated, I glared at the man and he inched back, shooting glares between Duncan and I.

"Mom...mommy?" Mr.Grutto asked in pure shock. "But...your and he's...."

Duncan nodded and reached up to kiss my cheek. "She's my mommy and I have a brother too, he's over there." Duncan turned his body and pointed to Ricky now staring daggers at my potential client. "We're twins." He declared before turning back to us.

"There's no way she's your mother. She's too young to have brats your size or brats at all!" Mr.Grutto laughed, and Duncan wrapped his arms around my neck. "Look toots, when your done babysitting, you are more than welcome to stop playing lawyer and enjoy a man that can take care of you. A life humans can only dream of."

A man that can.... What?! I opened my mouth to rip this guy a new one when a shadow fell from behind me. I turned to see what it could be and to my surprise, a man in a steel grey suit, black button up, and silver tie glared down at the man that assumed I was interested in him. "It is true! Stop calling my mom names!" Ricky called standing right in front of the stranger and clutching onto their backpacks. We were starting to make a scene...again.

Mr.Grutto looked up at the man and back down at Ricky once...twice...three times before a dejected look fell across his face. "Y-You know...I just remembered. I think an assassin is the better route." He stood to his feet and raced out of the café. By the way he approached me, I'm not surprised his girlfriend left. Maybe I should be helping her instead.

I held back another shiver as he disappeared from view. Good riddance.

I stood to my feet and Duncan's legs wrapped around my torso tightly while I fumbled with my purse. I'm sure the boys ordered some food, but I wasn't hungry anymore and yet again all eyes were on us. I can't continue to sit here like that uncomfortable altercation didn't just occur. Once I nally got a twenty out of my purse, I looked up at the man who intervened and knew immediately why Mr.Grutto raced out of here so fast.

The man was stunning. Not just his outt, but his strong bone structure, sleeked back brown hair and piercing green eyes. Just like...I looked down at Ricky and my breath hitched. Just like my sons. "Who...who are you?" I asked, immediately on the defensive.

He looked down at me and nodded. "My name is Benson White. Prince of the Wolves."

"Prince of the what?" I asked in shock. There is no way a prince of anything would be at a small diner in Red Moon's town square. No way. Before I could think I pulled Ricky in front of me and placed the bill on the table. "Beth, I left the money on the table!" I called to the kitchen staff. They know me and they know I'm good for it.

Out of the corner of my eye, she nodded, and I raced out of there. However, before I could get far, two guards were standing in front of me and three behind. What the heck is going on? I felt my breathing accelerate while I put Duncan down and tilted my body to ght our way out. I needed to protect them, but these men will not go down without a ght. Oh, how I wished I brought the car from the oce instead of walking today. "Miss.Bruen, I am not deceiving you. I won't cause you or your sons any harm, but I do need to have a word with you." The man from the café walked between the three guarding me to my right. He stood in front of me again, overpowering me with his sheer size, before folding his arms and glaring down at me.

I decided the next best course of action and that was to stand my ground. "What could you possibly want from me, your highness?"

He wrinkled his brow just like Ricky does when he's annoyed before sighing heavily and waving his hand towards the boys. "I'm not necessarily excited about how we are going about this either, especially given the circumstances...." Circumstances? "However, my father is convinced that these boys are my own. That I am their father. Therefore, as I am not king yet, I am required to entertain his whims and decide if his accusations are correct."

"No." I warned.

"No?"

"I'm sure it's something you don't hear often, so let me sound it out for you a little slower. No." I spat back again.

He scoffed and stepped away, giving room to his guards. "All I need is a sample to prove his accusation or debunk it. If you won't go willingly, I have no problem arranging a more aggressive tactic." He nodded to his guards, and I didn't hesitate to defend myself and my pups.

The audacity that some man just shows up, claiming to be the twins' father and attack me on the street. Apparently, he hasn't done his homework. One after the other, I slammed the hunk of men into the ground, making sure not one of them made it even close to snatching a hair off my children's heads. Once the last one laid out, nursing his wounds, I huffed and looked back at the main problem. Ricky and Duncan laughed at the men sprawled on the oor. "Who's next?!" I called out to him, and he smirked before tossing his jacket on the jet-black luxury SUV behind him. He rolled up his sleeves and raised his arms.

"I had a feeling this would be fun. If I am to have a mate, I was hoping she would be a spunky as you." A what?! Was he testing me?! Wait...a what?!

"What are you talking about?!" I shouted.

"You asked who's next."

I stared at his stance and smirked. "I'm assuming it's you?" I asked impatiently.

"It is and...to make this more interesting, I have a deal I'd like to make before we begin."