

## Chapter 84

I had probably the best dinner of my life. The food was good, but I was absolutely starving, and it was suddenly the best thing I had ever eaten. The burger was juicy and the fries- so crisp. The only thing that would have made it better was a beer, but Seth wasn't going to budge on that request.

"Do I have to stay in the hospital ward all night again? They unhooked me from everything," I ask him, trying my best to look sad so he will let me stay anywhere but here.

Seth smiles at me and pushes a stray curl behind my ear. "The doctor is going to come and check you again and if all is good, we'll go to my room. Our room."

I smile as he corrects himself. With everything going on, I'd forgotten about the fact that I was at Seth's home now, not just the palace.

"You can change whatever you like. Mom decorated it. And redecorated it. A few times, honestly. I want you to make it yours," he tells me with a squeeze of my hand.

"You mean make it ours," I remind him.

Seth just shakes his head at me. "No, it's whatever makes you happy. I truly don't care what it looks like, as long as you're there smiling in it."

There's a knock on the door and an older gentleman with completely white hair enters the room and bows. "Prince. Princess. Let's check your vitals. As long as nothing has changed, you can go upstairs for tonight."

"Thank you," I say excitedly and immediately stick my arm out for him.

He chuckles a little and places a blood pressure cuff on my arm, checking that it's ok. He seems pleased with the read and after that, he slips a clamp on my finger and takes my temperature. He moves to put his stethoscope on to listen to my lungs.

"How are you feeling now?" he asks me, and immediately sticks the cold circle on my chest.

I remain quiet until he removes it, unsure if that's what I'm supposed to do. "I'm OK."

"Headache? Body Aches?" he asks, putting the stethoscope back around his neck and looking through my chart.

"My headache is gone now, and I'm much less sore. I think it's just from Seth not letting me move from the bed."

The doctor smiles at that. He reaches in his coat pocket and hands a bottle of medicine to Seth. "Every four hours as needed. "

"Will it make me sleepy?" I ask him and they both look at me curiously. I shrug. "I just don't like how some medicines make me feel."

"Ahh, yes," the doctor says. "I heard about your escapades with human medication. Since you have your wolf now, it shouldn't make you sick."

"Thank you, sir," I say to him with a smile.

"You're good to head upstairs, Princess. I'll be down here all night if there's any change and I expect to see you at 8:00 tomorrow to check again," the doctor tells me sternly.

Seth squeezes my hand with a smile. "Ready to go home?"

"Ready!" I tell him with a smile.

The doctor leaves us and Seth releases my hand, walking over to the small table and placing his phone and a charging cord in his pocket. I move to stand up but he rushes back, lifting me into his arms.

"Please don't argue with me," he says and I want to, but I stop myself. I'm sure he was very worried while I was unconscious, because I know I would be if it were him.

"I won't," I whisper, leaning my head against his chest.

He walks out and starts down a long hallway. People stop to bow as we pass, but Seth doesn't bother to acknowledge them. I feel so awkward just walking by, so I wave a little, which was probably more awkward. As we approach an elevator, I can hear whispers from the people we had just passed who thought we were out of earshot.

"Was that her? She's beautiful."

"The prince was carrying her? I wonder if this will change him."

"I hope he's nice to her. I've heard she's very kind. He needs that."

Seth steps onto the elevator and awkwardly leans over to push a button. Once the doors close, I chance looking up at him.

"What were they talking about?" I ask, curious why they were speaking about him that way.

"I told you before," he says, looking down at me. "You get Seth, but they get the Prince, and I'm just not very nice most of the time."

"But you're so kind to me," I say to him, confused.

He leans his head forward and kissed my forehead. "You're the most precious thing to me. I will never treat you the way that I treat everyone else."

"You didn't act like that with my family," I counter, sure that he's not as bad as he says he is.

Seth laughs. "Your father would have fought me. Your brother DID fight me. They're your family, Molly. I'll always be reasonable with them. But for the rest of the kingdom, I have to be authoritative. They need to know that I'm above them, even their Alphas."

I frown. I know he told me, but I really didn't think he was like that with EVERYONE. I sigh, feeling a little overwhelmed. If I'm going to be queen, do they expect that from me, too?

"That's how I know the kingdom will love you," he says, realizing what I'm thinking. "You'll be kind to them, and I'll continue to be an asshole."

"You could just be kind, too, you know," I say with a giggle.

He just looks ahead as the bell dings and the doors begin to open. "No thanks."

He carries me down a long hallway and stops in front of an arched entryway with dark wooden double doors. The door was already cracked so he gently nudges it open and carries me in, kicking the door closed behind him. There's low light from a lamp farther back, but it's pretty dark and difficult to see.

"Welcome home," he says quietly in my ear as he sits me down on a couch and walks away. The room is illuminated by more light and it is enormous. I look around, taking it all in. I find I'm sitting on a large, brown leather sofa and it seems tiny in this huge room. There's a matching love seat and a chair around a dark coffee table, with a few end tables with gold lamps on them. The walls are a cream color and the trim is all a deep brown. There's long brown drapes covering what I assume are windows at the end of the room.

"We can get some plants to put down there," he tells me, motioning towards the window. "I asked mom to have some furniture removed from there so you can pick something to put there with your plants. I thought you might like to have that space to read."

I smile at him and how thoughtful he's being. "That would be wonderful. Thank you."

"The hall down to the right," he tells me, motioning, "is where our bedroom is. The door towards the front door here is a restroom."

"What's that way?" I ask, pointing at another hall down the opposing hall.

He smiles at me- a genuine, heart-stopping smile. He leans forward and kisses my lips gently. "Your kitchen."