Chapter 151

"WAS?" I ask, feeling my own anxiety creep in now.

"I don't know," he says, taking a deep breath and reaching a hand up to push it into his hair. "She didn't tell us until after I had given it to her. I let her go immediately. I walked her to the border myself."

No wonder he's been so worried. This is really, really bad.

"He wasn't with them when they attacked on the road," he says, looking down at me. "He came here, after you. If their baby doesn't make it, he won't stop until he gets to you."

"We need to go back to the palace," I whisper and he stiffens. "We can't ask the people here to die, just to protect me."

"Absolutely not," he says sternly. "I can, and I will ask that of them. Michael told me about your friend. He was worried about you."

"I know," I say, tears springing to my eyes again. "He had a pup. That child will grow up without a father."

He doesn't say anything else. He just holds me close to him and lets me cry until I eventually fall asleep.

I wake to find Seth sound asleep next to me, his lips barely parted and a small amount of droop seeping out. He looks adorable lying there, and I know he must be exhausted after everything. I move the blanket back slowly so I can see his arm to inspect the bruise on it and find that it appears to nearly be gone.

Climbing out of bed, I make my way to the bathroom and go to try to sneak out of the bedroom, but I hear hushed voices in the main room causing me to stop.

"I'm sorry," I hear Oliver say. "I didn't expect you to be here since Prince Seth is back."

"Given the danger, someone will be with them at all times for the foreseeable future," Michael tells him.

I hear something being placed on a table. Probably breakfast. I place my ear on the door in an attempt to hear everything better.

"Are you alright after yesterday?" Michael asks and I'm fairly sure this is the most casual I've heard him speak to anyone.

"Yes," Oliver says. "I was in the kitchen when Alpha Robert felt the breach. He instructed me to stay there with the staff."

"Oh, it's good that he cares enough about the kitchen staff to lock you all in."

"Nah," I hear Oliver say with a small chuckle. "He just had us stay in case anyone got in and got close to Molly."

"Really? Would your staff have actually fought?"

"Absolutely. Molly used to be the head chef, until she met her mate. We all worked for her for years, and we all love her. I didn't even tell them why we were staying there. They just knew what they would need to do."

There's a bit of silence and I hear the door open. "Michael, I know things are dangerous right now, but if you find some time away from guarding Molls, I'd love to make you dinner."

"I'd like that. I will be rotating with the others, so I will let you know when it's someone else's watch."

"Cool. I'll have someone bring you something for breakfast in just a bit."

Oh, Oliver. I know they aren't mates, but that doesn't mean they can't find some happiness together. I hear the door close and I turn, a huge smile on my face, to find Seth lying on his side looking at me quizzically. Quickly, I lift my finger to my lips and he furrows his brow in confusion.

I walk back over to him, climbing back into bed next to him as he reaches out, wrapping his arms around me. He places his hand over my stomach and smiles at me.

"Oliver asked Michael to dinner," I say as quietly as I can with a smile.

"You like him?" he asks me, trailing his fingers along my skin.

I nod in response. "I really do. I wasn't sure, at first, but he's grown on me. He told me last night that he thinks I should write my own article in response to what was published."

Seth lifts his head so he can look at me, tilting it to the side. "Honestly, that's really not a bad idea. How do you feel about that?"

"I've been thinking about it," I say as I feel one of the pups start to move around. "I think I like the idea, but I'm worried it won't be well received."

"It will go over as well as having someone else write it," he tells me, kissing my cheek as a pup makes a hard thump against his hand, stopping him in his track. "Was that…?" he asks, a look of absolute wonder on his face.

I can't help the smile that grows on my face as I nod at him. He presses his hand just a little bit harder against me as he's gifted another little thump against his hand.

"Molly," he says quietly, tears in his eyes. "It hasn't felt that real for me until now."

I reach up and push his hair back from his face. "I know, but they want you to know they're there. Let's go eat. With everything happening, I didn't eat dinner and I'm starving."

Seth helps me up, leading me to the other room.

"Good morning, Michael," Seth says, causing him to stand and bow.

"Good morning, Prince Seth, Princess Molly," he says, back to his stuffy, formal self.

I sigh, tilting my head. "Michael, have you met Seth's assistant back at the palace?" I ask and he shakes his head. "She's amazing, but she has so much work to do that, as long as no one else is there, she doesn't bow and call us by our titles. I would greatly appreciate if we could have the same arrangement with you."

"But you're the princess, ma'am," he says, and he looks very concerned.

I shake my head at him. "Honestly, I'm barely a princess, and we're just at home. I hope that as you continue to work with us, you'll feel like a friend, even family, more than an employee."

"I will try," he says and takes his seat on the couch again after Seth and I have sat down.

After breakfast, Michael left us with Brian and we made our way to Robbie's office. When we enter, Seth immediately sits down next to my dad at the conference table and pulls out his computer. I move to the other side of my dad who pulls a chair out for me with a smile as I approach.

"How are you doing, kiddo?" he asks me, as I sit down and pulls the chair right next to him so he can give me a hug.

"I'm alright," I say, trying to fake a smile. "I'm pretty scared."

He nods at me and kisses my head. "We aren't going to let anything happen to you."

"I brought your cookies down with me," Robbie says and I turn, surprised to see a box with the cookies that I had forgotten all about.

"Thank you!" I exclaim. "I made them for Seth."

Robbie laughs as he reaches in and takes a bite of one. "I assumed."

"Prince Seth," I hear the voice of my brother's beta coming from his computer. Robbie walks over and stands behind Seth. "With the information you provided, we've been able to come up with, what I think are, two possible paths that they took."

"Do we have a list of the packs who are not being cooperative?" Seth asks, his jaw tense.

"I do, sir," George tells him. "I just emailed it over to you."

There's a knock at the door and I smile at the scent of my biological father. Robbie opens it, welcoming him in, as well as Gus, Michael and Toby.

"Take a seat," Seth says, clicking on his computer and not bothering to look up.

Benjamin walks over and sits next to me, a sympathetic look on his face. "Good morning, sweetheart."

Seth doesn't give me a chance to tell him hello as he speaks up, addressing everyone in the room. "We have knows for a bit now that the Princess and I share an… unusual mate bond. This week, though, we realized just how complicated it is. I was injured in the attack, but whenever I was, Molly felt it."

Benjamin looks at me quickly, his eyes wide. "Are the pups alright?"

"Yes, as far as we can tell, we believe they were not affected. To be safe, I attempted to stay out of the fight on our way home, only defending to try and make sure I did not take any hits to a place that would potentially hurt them. Small injuries don't seem to be felt, but things that are not, well… it leaves Molly in pain."

"It's not terrible, really," I speak up, not wanting my dads to worry about me too much. "It's just a pain for a moment, and then it just feels… weird."

"So, we need to not only keep Molly away from any potential harm," Robbie says, placing his hand on my shoulder and squeezing it gently. "But, we need to keep YOU away as well."

"Essentially, yes," he says with a sigh. "Traditionally, the highest ranking member of the Royal Family in the area would lead a fight. The King is remaining in the Palace to make sure that my Uncle does not try to overtake it while we are here, where we can keep Molly and the pups safer. It is, however, going to mean that I will not be able to lead an army."

"This information will need to be kept completely confidential," Gus speaks up. "Only those of us here should know."

"Both of her mothers know," dad speaks up and Gus nods once as if that is an acceptable answer.

"Sofia and Oliver also know," I say.

"Sofia is the doctor, correct?" Gus asks and I nod. "What about this Oliver?"

To my surprise, it is Michael that speaks up first. "I believe he can be trusted. He cares for the Princess."

"Gus will be leading things in a fight," Seth states and looks at me, his eyes filled with emotion. "Once the babies are born, we will re-evaluate. For now, I will accompany Molly to the safe room with Michael should need arise again."

They continue talking, working out the path they believe they took through the kingdom to get to Lunar Falls, evaluating the danger from packs that are not being truthful about their involvement. Seth tasks my dad with researching those packs and Robbie volunteers to help him.

"Last item," Seth states and looks to me. I nod, giving him permission. "After a conversation she had with Michael, Molly has decided to write an article herself in response to what was published. No interviews with the family will be necessary."

"What will you write?" Benjamin asks me, clearly concerned.

I smile at him and squeeze his hand. "The truth. I will let you both read it before we sent it to print. Mom and Lily as well. So much was written, but so much was also left out."

"I think your mother would appreciate that it is coming directly from you," he tells me, a sad smile on his face. I know how much it is hurting him that the information is now public. It was always their greatest fear, not wanting to put her in any danger, but the article has unfortunately made her a target.

"When can we expect this to run?" Gus asks and I look over at Seth.

He shrugs, and indicates for me to answer. "I'm not sure. I started this morning, but I need to make sure it is perfect and let all my parents approve first."

"Please let me know beforehand," he asks. "I will make a plan to have in place should it cause issues for Lily. Hopefully, though, we won't need it."