

## Chapter 75

Benjamin arrived shortly after I got to talk with Lily and, to my surprise, takes a seat at the table directly across from Seth. They don't seem to be speaking much.

Lily comes up behind me and hands me two cups of coffee. "Why don't you take this to Benjamin and join them?"

"Thanks," I tell her, taking the offered mugs from her and walking over to them. I walk over and sit beside my mate, handing one of the mugs across the old, wooden picnic table to Benjamin.

He looks up at me with a small, unsure smile. "Thank you, Molly," he tells me, taking a sip. "So, you decided to camp out here last night?"

"Yeah," I say, staring down into the cup of black liquid warming my hands.

Seth squeezes my thigh under the table and, thankfully, speaks up for me. "Molly realized that there's quite a bit of room for us to help out here, so we'll be evaluating the situation and looking for ways that we can help."

"It's about time," Benjamin mutters.

His comment makes me uneasy and Seth sighs deeply, speaking up for both of us. "Molly isn't responsible for any of this," he tells Benjamin sternly. "She's doing her very best. She only stepped into this just a week ago and is already making important and lasting changes. You should be very proud of her."

I hear Benjamin sigh, but he doesn't say anything. I look up at him and see that he's holding his coffee in both hands, staring into it... just like I have been. Seeing him absentmindedly doing the same things I have been makes me giggle a little and he looks up at me, meeting my eyes.

"What's so funny?" he asks me.

I smile a little and look down at my hands, then his. "I think we're more alike than either of us realizes".

He smiles a little and looks down at our hands as well. "Perhaps, but you certainly have my temper".

"At Molly's request... maybe demand," Seth begins to tell him. "My father has been working with her to develop a law that will make it illegal to murder a wolf before they shift."

Benjamin looks up to me, then back to his coffee. "I'm sure it won't be enforced for the king, though."

I can feel Seth become irritated through our bond. "It will be, because within the next year, I will be king. Making Molly the queen. I will answer only to her regarding my actions, but I think we can both agree there's no one better to have to answer to."

Benjamin freezes and looks up at us, concern on his face. "You'll be taking the throne without an heir? That's a dangerous choice."

Seth takes my hand in his and looks at me with a smile. "It's something we hope won't be an issue. Once Molly shifts."

"You'll leave for the palace and we won't see you, or those pups ever again," he says, a sad look on his face, and I can see the hurt that is there at what he thinks will be losing me again.

"We'll be back to visit," I tell him quietly. "And you're welcome to visit us, too."

"Your mate's father," Benjamin spits out with hatred, "banished me out here."

"I'm sure arrangements can be made for you to see your daughter, whenever you'd like," Seth tells him firmly, leaving no room for discussion on the matter.

I sigh deeply and look up at Benjamin. "We're going to have to tell the kingdom of my parentage. My looks changed, and I have your eyes. There's no way to not tell the truth, or at least some form of it."

"Peter won't let you tell the truth," he tells us, letting out a loud laugh.

"King Peter," I correct him. "And he's letting me decide how much, or how little, I'd like to tell everyone."

"What we tell the people is solely Molly's choice," Seth tells him, backing me up.

Thankfully, we're interrupted by two older people who come and sit next to Benjamin, but not before bowing to Seth and Me.

"It's lovely to meet you both and have you join us," the older woman says to us, the man nodding in agreement.

"Thank you," I begin to say but before I can continue, sweet Jenny comes running up and squishes her way between us, pushing me down the bench a bit.

"Good morning, Prince Seth," She says, looking up at him with her wide blue eyes, a giant smile on her face.

Seth chuckles a bit. "Good morning, Jenny."

Jenny makes no move to acknowledge me at all as she sits there, just smiling at Seth. He looks over her and gives me a smile that I can't help returning as I feel Eleanor take a seat on my other side.

"Hi, Princess Molly!" she says brightly. "This is my Grandma and Grandpa!"

"We actually just met," I tell her as Lily and Della approach the table with skillets full of food. Della calls out and everyone else joins us, except Alex.

Della must notice my confusion. "He got called out to the border. I'm not sure what happened, but he didn't seem too concerned."

Lily places another large pot of coffee on the table and it occurs to me that even if they are growing everything they eat out here, there's no way that they could be growing coffee. It's not the climate for it. Before I can ask, though, I'm distracted by the delicious-looking food and Della passing plates around. I take them, helping the younger girls with theirs and note that they're all mismatched, but no one seems to even take note of that. Some of them appear to be well worn, fine china, and others look like something you'd find at an old diner. The silverware all seems to be different as well, but all loved and well used.

I look over and notice that Seth is helping Jenny put food on her plate and he helps her cut it as well. I can't help the little leap I feel in my heart while watching my mate help a sweet child like that. He looks up and catches my eyes, but makes a face. I tell him, and smile again.

What?

You and Jenny. She's quite smitten with you, but I think you may be pretty fond of her as well.

She's a sweet kid. I tell him, and smile again.

She is.

"It's delicious as always, ladies," Benjamin says and Della smiles at his compliment.

"Thanks! Princess Molly helped us today," she says and Benjamin looks at me, confused.

"I never thought I'd see the day that the Princess of Werewolves is cooking for a bunch of rogues," he says, seemingly a little disgruntled.

I can hear Seth growl lowly under his breath. Jenny seems unphased by Seth, probably used to her older brothers, but Benjamin looks up at him, clearly upset.

"The Princess of Werewolves is a chef," Della says, trying to alleviate the tension. "And she's also your daughter. Of course she's here with us. She just had to find her way back here."