

Chapter 100

After getting cleaned up and eating lunch in bed, Seth tosses me a pair of yoga pants and a bra top as he slides into a pair of sweat pants and then leads me down the hall to the offices.

“So, there’s a little bit of a surprise,” he says, grinning like a small boy and I can’t help but smile back at him. “This was actually my office before, but I moved because I want you to have it. I’m just sorry it’s in your office and not our home.”

He opens the door and leads me in, walking over and turning on the light. I look around the now illuminated room, taking in the sparse furnishings, making the nearly empty room look even bigger than it is. It’s absolutely huge, with a high ceiling and a crystal chandelier shimmering in the light high above the center of the room.

“Seth,” I say, looking up breathlessly. “It’s beautiful.”

He laughs and pulls me back close against him, whispering in my ear. “Really? That’s not even the surprise.”

“It’s not?” I say, turning my head back to look at him and he smiles, shaking his head. He releases me, taking my hand in his and leads me to a set of French doors behind the desk. He opens them, leading me out onto a huge balcony overlooking a beautiful, lush garden.

“Holy s**t,” I whisper, looking around at the beauty of it all. “It’s amazing. I can’t take this from you, though.”

“You absolutely can,” he tells me with a smile and kisses my forehead. “I never came out here, and I’m sure this will be your favorite place in the whole kingdom.”

“Thank you,” I tell him, wrapping my arms around him tightly, looking up at him as he looks at me, a giant smile on his face. “You know, the kingdom would like to see you like this.”

“Like what?” he asks, c*****g an eyebrow at me.

I wrap my arms around him, relaxed and smiling. “Happy. Giving. Smiling. Relaxed.”

“That’s what you’re for, Love,” he says, leaning down and placing a kiss on the tip of my nose. “I left some books in here, and I’ll probably need them to stay. My new office doesn’t have as many shelves.”

“I barely even have books to put on them,” I tell him with a small giggle, reaching up and wrapping my hands behind his neck, pulling him down so I can kiss him.

He places a hand on the small of my back, pulling me to him as he deepens the kiss. I pull away, taking his hand and leading him back inside, gently pushing him down into the chair behind the empty desk.

“What are you doing, Love?” he asks with a chuckle, but complies with my weak attempts to push him into the chair.

“I’m saying thank you. Properly,” I tell him, straddling his lap and kissing him as he grips my hips tightly, holding me in place against him. I place my hand on his scruffy cheek as we kiss, loving the feel of the hair on his face and wiggle against him, feeling him harden beneath me.

I stand in front of him and kneel down, unzipping his pants and taking him in my hand, pulling him from his pants and moving his hand. “Molly, you don’t have to do this to thank me,” he says, but with no conviction to his words and making no move to stop me.

“But I want to,” I tell him with a smile and lean forward, running my tongue from the base to the tip, and hear him hiss as I take him into my mouth.

Seth puts his hand on the back of my head, twisting his fingers into my curls, gently guiding my movements, pushing himself a little deeper each time as he moans.

“Love,” he says breathlessly. “You’ve got to stop.”

“Why?” I ask him, concerned that I did something wrong, but he doesn’t answer me, he just reaches down and picks me up quickly, tossing me gently onto the top of the desk, pulling my pants off.

“Because I want to be inside you, Molly,” he says, leaning over to kiss me, hard.

He pushes himself inside me and I wrap my legs around him, his hands finding their way to my thighs to hold me as he moves quickly, beginning a punishing pace that makes my toes curl in pleasure.

“Seth,” I say, moaning as he brings me higher and higher. He reaches down and begins to rub, helping me get to the edge more quickly and as I tumble over, screaming his name, he joins me, holding me tightly. He releases me and leans forward, almost collapsing on me.

“f**k,” he breathes into my ear. “I didn’t think you’d be THAT excited over a balcony.”

“It was very thoughtful of you,” I giggle and place a kiss on his cheek. “Thank you. I really do love it.”

He slowly pulls out of me, bending down to grab both of our pants and he tosses mine at me and points me towards the restroom... I guess it’s mine, though.

I come back out to join him and look around, just taking in the entire room. I feel the strong arms of my mate wrap around me from behind as he breathes my scent in deeply.

“Any idea what you want to do to the office? This one or downstairs?” he asks me.

I smile, looking up at the beautiful chandelier again. “I really like the green. It reminds me of home,” I say, trying to hold in my emotions.

“You miss them already, huh?” he asks, tightening his arms around me.

I nod, a single tear escaping. “Yeah. I didn’t think I would miss them this much, but I really do.”

“They can visit whenever they like,” he says. “Oliver, too.”

“I know,” I say, turning in his arms so I can face him and placing my hands on his chest. “It’s just another change I have to get used to. I’ll be alright. I just need a little time.”

He kisses my nose and releases me, leading me back to the desk chair and motioning for me to sit. He leans down and opens a drawer, pulling out a leather bound book, similar to the ones that I had seen in his office.

“Every member of the Royal Family that is in line for the throne keeps a journal of important information. This is yours,” he tells me with a smile, placing the book in front of me on the desk. “You’ll have all the ones from princesses and queens for hundreds of years to read through and learn from, and you can access the ones of the kings if you ever want.”

“They were in your office, weren’t they?” I ask and he nods.

“Dad made me read them all growing up,” he tells me with a nod. “He told me it was the best way to prepare and I hated it, but he was right. The women’s journals are always more interesting, because they weren’t born into this, you mated into it. I think some of them may help you, and may bring some comfort. You aren’t the first wolf who didn’t really want this, and you can read what they had to say.”

“Can we get a giant, comfy chair to put by the fireplace?” I ask him, hopeful.

“Absolutely!” he tells me with a smile. “I’m so glad you’re finally making something your own. What color would you like?”

“Brown, I think,” I tell him, looking around. “Not too dark.”

“I’ll make it happen,” he tells me and I can’t help but smile at him. He looks so happy in this moment. “I have some work to do in my office. You can join me if you want, or whatever you’d like. It’s MY office, but you never have to ask to come in. It’s always open to you, Love. Especially until we get your furniture in here.”

“I’d like that,” I tell him, standing up and holding my hand out, like I’m going to help him stand. He humors me and takes my hand, but he quickly pulls me to him and kisses me deeply before releasing me and standing with me.

“You want a journal to r*****w, don’t you?” he asks with a smirk.

“I do!” I tell him with a huge smile. “I don’t want to bother your mom though.”

“Sarah can grab it. Whose do you want?” he asks and I stop to think. His mom’s would make the most sense to start with, but when I think about it, it feels too personal.

“Maybe your grandmothers?” I ask him and he nods, his eyes glassing over as he links her and then leads me down to the next door, opening it for me.

I walk in and go to sit on the large chair in the corner. I note that there’s no chandelier or fireplace in here and it’s a bit smaller. It’s a hard to believe that he willingly gave me the bigger, nicer office. He really is a good mate, I tell myself as he sits at his desk, pulling a computer out of a drawer and opening it with a sigh.

I can’t help but watch him. Just watch him as he works, looking a little disgruntled and frowning at the screen, scratching something down on a sheet of paper. He looks so handsome as he works. He looks up from the screen and at me, a peaceful smile coming to his face before he looks back down, completely serious once again.

There’s a knock at the door and I can smell Sarah as Seth welcomes her into the office.

“I have the journal you requested,” she says, looking around the room. It appears that even she is not welcome in his sanctuary very often, if at all.

“Thanks,” he says, never looking up. “It’s for Molly.”

She looks at me, surprise clearly evident on her face as she walks over and hands it to me. “Here you go, Molly. Enjoy.”