

Chapter 129

I go downstairs and directly into Seth's office, looking around, but he's not there. I walk through the door and into the hall to find Mary seated at her desk.

"Hello, Princess," She says and her smile falters when her eyes land on me. "Are you alright, dear?"

I shake my head at her. "I need to speak with Seth. Do you know where he went?"

"He's with his father," she says, pointing down a hallway.

I quickly walk in the direction she indicated, following his comforting scent, when I come upon a woman sitting at a desk, who I assume is his assistant.

"You'll need to wait," she tells me.

I look at her and I know I should say SOMETHING, but I really can't find the words to explain, so I continue on, opening the door and walking right in.

Seth is leaning on the desk on the side where Peter is sitting, his back to the door. The office is enormous, with dark burgundy colors and plush leather furniture about. There are more books than I think I've ever seen in one room lining the walls and a fire is roaring in the fireplace.

I feel a hand on my arm as Peter looks up, his eyes meeting mine.

"I'm so sorry, your majesty," the woman says. "I told this woman to wait but she walked in!"

"Let the princess go!" Seth growls, stalking over to us. She quickly releases me, realizing her mistake and scampers out, closing the door behind her.

"I assume you're here for Seth," Peter says with a small chuckle.

"Umm," I say, looking up at Seth as he continues towards me. "I think I may need to speak with both of you."

"What's going on, Love," Seth says, taking my arm and leading me over to a couch near the fire. He sits down next to me and Peter walks over, joining us in a chair across from us.

"I think we may have a problem with the therapist," I say quietly, feeling really uneasy about it all.

"What's wrong with her?" Peter asks, tilting his head in question.

"It started alright today," I start to tell them. "She realized I was uncomfortable and reminded me that everything I said was just between us. But her questions started getting weird. And they were all over the place. It felt more like I was being interviewed."

Seth looks up to Peter, their eyes meeting, both of them clearly concerned.

"You're not in trouble," Peter says to me quickly. "She was supposed to be someone you could trust. I do need to know if you said anything that could be damaging to us."

"I did," Seth tells him. "We met her together the first time, before we left for the challenge. We explained everything that Molly has been through recently- about her parents, her wolf, you."

"s*t," Peter says quietly and takes a deep breath.

"What was she asking you today, Molly? What started to make you uncomfortable?" he asks me, clasping his hands together and leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

"She asked me if I thought Seth would actually be faithful," I say quietly, not wanting to look at my mate. "Then she asked if I thought I was good enough, and what I could bring to the table as a queen."

"She what?" Seth roars, standing quickly, clearly furious.

"I mean, I told her you would never," I say, trying to reassure him.

Peter stands and walks to his desk, grabbing some paper and a pen and returns, crossing his legs, ready to write.

"I need to know everything," he says and looks between us. "Albert and Gus are trying to track her down now, but I need to know everything that you both told her, no matter how bad about me."

"I told her about the babies," I whisper, realizing my mistake. I close my eyes, trying not to become too upset, but what if I put them in danger?!

Seth sits back down next to me, pulling me to him as he gently rubs my back.

"We'll take care of it, Love," he whispers. "No one will get near them. They're safe."

I think back and tell Peter what I can remember. Not everything seemed odd at first, and I'm worried I maybe missed something that may have been important.

I stop, realizing something now that should have set off an alarm. "She asked me if Benjamin would choose to protect Lily or me," I say, more to myself than either of them. "Why would that be important? Or something a normal person would ask?"

"Did you tell her we're going to Lunar Falls tomorrow?" Seth asks gently.

I shake my head. "I don't think so. I'm pretty sure I didn't."

"Good," he says, kissing my head. "If she's getting information for anyone that's planning something, then they won't know we're leaving."

The two of them are trying to play it cool so I don't panic, but I can feel Seth's worry though the bond. I also haven't missed the looks shared between the two of them.

"I need to let Benjamin know," I say, but Seth puts his hand on my knee to stop me.

"You shouldn't link him at this distance," he says with a small smile. "Not now, anyway. I'll contact him, but I'm sure they're fine."

I nod, knowing he's right, but feeling so terrible about the entire situation. I shouldn't have said anything the second I felt something was off.

"Dad, I'm going to get Molly upstairs," Seth says, standing and holding his hand out to me. "She won't admit it, but she's really tired."

"Yes, Molly," Peter tells me with a smile. "You need to rest as much as you can. Take care of my grandkids, OK?"

"Yes, sir," I whisper, taking Seth's hand and walking out. He leads me through the hall and up the elevator without a word. The moment we're in our home, I stop and begin to crumble, knowing that I've created a terrible situation.

"It's not your fault, Love," he says gently, pulling me to his chest. I sob into his chest, unable to calm myself.

"I've made such a mess," I cry, grabbing his jacket in my fists, feeling absolutely wrecked.

He reaches down and lifts me, carrying me down the hall and to the empty rooms, and sits me in a rocking chair.

"This was the chair that mom rocked me in when I was a pup," he says softly with a smile. "And the chair that Cora rocked my dad in. Her dad made it for her. I don't know if you're that far into her journal yet." I nod in response, knowing that I'd read something about him sending a chair for her.

"Dad sent it up when he got back last night," he tells me, kneeling down in front of me and lifting my face gently to look at him. "He knew it would mean a lot to you to have it to rock the babies in, but especially Cora. He loves you, Molly. I know the whole situation is f***d up, and you deserve something better, but he really does."

I nod, knowing he's right. "I know you were just trying to give me an out," I tell him softly. "I really am tired."

"I know, Love. I just wanted you to see this," he says and leans forward, placing a gentle kiss on my lips. "Whatever comes of it, it will be fine. The worst thing that happens is the kingdom knows the truth, and that's really not that bad."

He offers me his hand and leads me to the bedroom, helping me out of my clothes and pulls one of his tshirts over my head, tucking me in bed.

"Whatever comes, I'll be here to protect you. Always," he says, kissing me again. "I do think it's best to leave tonight instead of the morning, though. Just to be safe. I'll link Sofia and as long as she agrees, we'll leave after you wake and eat lunch. Sleep. I'm going to go pack for us."

He walks off and I pull the blanket up to my face, close my eyes and wiggle around, trying to get comfortable. "Seth," I call and he sticks his head back in the room. "Make sure you grab my hiking boots. Please."