

"It's not confirmed yet, so don't give me that look," she said. "I've proposed going on a goodwill tour around the country. Meet with locals and small businesses, find out what's on their minds and what issues they're facing. I've gotten a lot of criticism for not being in touch with what's happening in Eldorra, and, well, they're right." "That's a great idea." I turned onto King's Drive. "You think so?" A note of relief tempered the uncertainty in Bridget's voice. "I'm no expert on politics, but it sounds right to me." Bridget may not want to be queen, but that didn't mean she wouldn't make a great one. Most people thought the most important quality in a leader was strength, but it was compassion. Strength meant jack shit when you didn't use it for the right reasons. Luckily for her and for Eldorra, she had both in spades. "The king still has to approve it," she said after we parked and walked to the palace entrance. "But I don't anticipate him saying no." "You mean your grandfather." Royals did things differently, but it weirded me out how formal they were with each other sometimes. Bridget flashed a quick smile as we entered the grand front hall. "In most cases, yes. But in matters like this, he's my king." "Speaking of the king..." We both stiffened at the new voice. "...He wants to see you." Andreas swaggered into view, and irritation curled through me. I didn't know what it was about him that bugged me so much, but Bridget didn't like him, and that was good enough for me. "How was the date? Did you get a marriage proposal yet?" "You need to find a new hobby if you're that invested in my love life," Bridget said evenly.