

Chapter 112-2

He sighs against my skin again. “I think we should go downstairs for dinner. I’m worried that staying in here longer will rise suspicions that something is going on.”

I nod and release his hair, wiggling so he’ll get off of me. “I’ll wash it now.”

Hesitantly, he releases me and I stand, walking to the bathroom and close the door behind me. Once in the shower, when I’m finally alone, I can’t help but let go of all the fear and tension from the day and collapse into a puddle of tears under the spray of the hot water, letting it relax my sore muscles with its warmth.

Seth must have felt it through the bond because the next thing I know, I find myself in the arms of my mate, in a shower that’s too small for both of us, while he lets me cry into his chest. I didn’t want to be a crying mess, truly, but this has been so much information in one day. I just want to be happy with my mate and keep my baby safe. That doesn’t seem like it should be so much to ask for.

“I’m so sorry, Love,” he whispers into the top of my head, holding me close to him as the warm water sprays down over us. “I’ll protect you, from anything. Protect you both.”

After a while, when the tears have run out and the water turns cold, I turn back and switch the water off. “I’m sorry,” I tell him. “I’m alright, I just needed to cry about it.”

“It’s OK, Love,” he says, wrapping a towel around me and kissing me on the forehead. “I wouldn’t ask you to go downstairs if I didn’t think it was necessary. I’ll put you between Daphne and myself. You won’t be next to him.”

I nod to him, walking out to put on underwear and coming back, staring at myself in the mirror to will myself to tackle my hair. I begin to brush it, and pull out the hairdryer, starting to dry it. I yawn a few times and wish my mom was here to do my hair for me. It always looks better when she does it.

I take the straightening iron, smoothing out the hair and then turning it to add some curl to the ends. I make it about halfway through before my arms become tired, and, well... myself. I sigh deeply, looking at my half done hair and decide to rest my head on the counter, for just a moment.

“Oh, Love,” I hear from behind me, pulling me from my nap.

I snap up, realizing where I am as I unceremoniously wipe drool from my cheek. “I’m sorry. I was just trying to rest for a second.”

Seth chuckles, walking up behind me. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“No. I’m so sorry. I’ll finish as quickly as I can,” I say, checking that the straightening iron is even still warm. Thankfully, it is. I must not have been asleep that long, thank goodness.

Seth kneels down beside me, pulling my hand into his. “I’m so sorry to ask so much from you. I just want to keep you as safe as I can. If we don’t go down for dinner, people may get suspicious.”

“I know,” I try to reassure him with a smile. “I’m just so tired, but I’ll be alright.” I pull my hand back from him and work to finish my hair. As soon as I’m done, I begin putting on makeup. It takes a little bit, because I’m so nervous about looking good enough, and hiding how tired I am. I manage though, and look at myself in the mirror to make sure I look like a picture perfect princess.

I walk to the dresses I brought and look over at Seth. He’s put on a Navy suit with a white shirt, and thankfully, no tie. I hold up a navy dress that matches his suit and step into it. He crosses the room and gently moves my hair around so he can zip my dress for me, pulling my hair back and when he does, he gently runs his fingers along my mark.

“Thank you,” he whispers, and leans forward, kissing my mark.

“What for?” I ask and lean back into him. He wraps his arms around me tightly, holding me to him.

“For today. For being as kind as you always are,” he says, kissing the top of my head. “To me, and to Lydia. I know it was hard for you. Thank you.”