

Chapter 120-2

“Hmmm...” I groan, rolling over to look at him, but wincing as I roll over onto the bite on my shoulder.

“I’m going to help you into the shower and then we’re going to clean that really well,” Seth says, kissing my forehead. “We’re going back to the palace in a bit. It’s not safe to keep you two here,” he tells me, gently placing his hand over our pup... pups.

“The wolves with your uncle were strong,” I say quietly and he nods slowly.

He kisses my head gently. “Dad’s going to stay here to help the packs. Lucas really ruined our secret, but it does help me be able to leave with you. I’m so sorry, Molly. We should have known.”

“You couldn’t have,” I tell him gently. “We’ll get through this.”

He sighs and sits up, walking around to my side of the bed and offers his arm to help me up. I follow him to the bathroom where he gently helps me remove the shirt.

“I need you to be honest,” he says, turning to look me in the eyes. “How painful is it?”

“It doesn’t feel good,” I tell him. “Really, it wasn’t bad until I woke up. It’s really sore now, though. I have my wolf now. Why isn’t it healing?”

“Sage is overworked. Shifting so soon, and then staying in wolf form so long to get you back, growing a baby,” he says, intently inspecting the injury. “She did so well, Love. She got you here safely, and she saved me. But she probably doesn’t have the strength to heal you, too. It’s alright, though. I’m going to help clean it really well and the medical staff will be waiting for us.”

“Call Sofia,” I tell him and he looks a little surprised. “She always took care of me when I didn’t have a wolf. She’ll know what to do.”

He nods, pulling his clothes off and tries to help me into the shower but I stop him. “I need to pull my hair up. Can’t get it wet, yet.” I tell him with a small smile, moving to grab a hair tie and pull the hair in the ponytail completely up to keep it dry. It hurts, raising my arm up, but I manage and get the hair secured and turn back to him.

Seth helps me in and gently guides me into the water. I wince as the warm water hits the injury, causing it to burn. “I’m so sorry, Love. This is all my fault.”

“It’s not your fault, Seth. It’s just something shitty that happened,” I tell him with a small smile, trying my best to hide just how badly it is hurting now that it’s in the water.

He takes a clean rag and wets it, working in some antibacterial soap and looks down at me. “I’m so sorry, Love. I have to clean it to try and keep it from getting infected.”

“I know,” I whisper, biting my lip, knowing that it’s going to hurt. He gently brings the rag to my skin trying his best to not hurt me, but it does... bad. I lean my head into his chest, trying so hard not to make any noise, but I fail as I sob into his chest from the pain.

“I’m sorry,” he says again, helping me stand upright so that he can clean the spots on the front of my shoulder as well.

I try to take a deep breath to calm myself, trying to will the pain away. “It’s ok. It’s almost done.”

He gently guides me back into the water, letting it wash over the punctures, letting the water push any bacteria and debris out. He takes my sponge and moves to clean the rest of my skin, being very careful near the injury. He helps me rinse the soap off and then hands me a rag and my face wash.

“I don’t know how to help with that,” he says with a lopsided grin and I can’t help but return it.

“I’m sure it looks awful,” I say with a chuckle, getting my face wet and attempting to wipe away the stuff all around my eyes first.

“You looked perfect today, Love,” he says, his hand resting on my hip. “You should know that mom found your tiara and has it. I know you liked it, even if you won’t admit it.”

I smile at him, knowing he’s right. “Well, it is very pretty.”

He turns the water off and holds his hand up, indicating for me to wait. He reaches out and brings his hand back holding a bottle of something that Sofia used to put on my cuts.

I sigh, looking at the bottle, disappointed it wasn't a towel like I was expecting. “That’s going to burn,” I say sadly.

“I know,” he says, taking the lid off. “I hate to do it, but I can’t let you get sick.”

“OK,” I say as he lifts it. “Don’t you need a rag or something?”

“No, I’m just going to pour it on. I’m not taking a chance of not cleaning it well enough while your wolf is healing,” he says apologetically, kissing me on the forehead with care.

“Alright,” I say with a nod, bracing myself for the pain. It’s cold as it hits my skin, and then the burning begins. It’s not as bad as I was expecting, but still, it hurts. After a moment, I feel Seth take a towel and try to dry the excess off my skin, ever so careful not to touch any injured spots.

He wraps me into a towel and kisses my forehead, covering himself with another. I dry myself and walk into the bedroom where I find clothes laid out for me. There’s a pair of yoga pants, my running shoes and one of Seth’s shirts and a sweatshirt of his.

“I thought a bigger shirt may feel better for the ride,” Seth says behind me and I nod.

“Thanks,” I say, turning around with a smile. “Can I sleep in the car?”

“Of course, Love.”