

Chapter 131-1

“Did you even try to fight him back?” I ask Seth as I clean off his cut that almost completely healed, but it makes me feel better.

He looks at me, clearly annoyed to be having a conversation about it. “I deserved it. I treated you poorly before I ever even met you.”

“That’s not any of his business, though,” I mutter, mad about the situation. When Seth showed up in my old office looking beaten up, I immediately dragged him upstairs and straight to the bathroom.

“Molly, it is, though,” he tells me, taking the rag from my hand. “You were adopted through a blood adoption. The scar you had on your hand indicated that. They never cut your brother, but he still had a scar.”

I stop and think back. He’s right. I don’t remember them cutting Robbie's hand, or even my mom's. It was just my dad and me. “My mom had a scar, too.”

He nods slowly. “Your parents were mate bonded, and then your brother obviously was obviously bonded to them. Your dad accepted the responsibility to keep you safe, and it extended to the rest of your family. Technically, you’re my obligation now,” he says with a smirk and I swat at his shoulder. “But they still feel the same way about you because they love you.”

“The way I acted, the s**t I did... it was the biggest regret of my life. Your brother is right to feel the way he does. You deserved to be treated better than I treated you. Honestly, you should have rejected me,” he tells me with a chuckle.

I think about what he says and it makes sense. Robbie has found his mate but he can’t have her yet. Seth found his mate, but he didn’t want me. That’s the key difference. I bite my lip, worrying about it again. I know I wasn’t what he really wanted at first.

“Hey,” he says, lifting my face to meet my eyes. “I was wrong. You’re everything to me now. Well, you and those babies.”

I smile at his reassurance and tug him down towards me, kissing him gently on his split lip. He pulls me close to him, deepening the kiss, but he pulls away and rests his forehead on mine.

“I can’t wait to see Sofia tomorrow,” he says quietly. “I just need to know that the babies are actually alright.”

“They are,” I tell him with a smile, reaching up to cup his face with my hand. “I’m sure of it.” I lean forward and try to kiss him again, but he pulls back.

“Once we know the babies are alright,” he says again and my shoulders slump.

“Fine,” I say, pouting leaving the room with a slight stomp and my arms crossed. I can hear him chuckle behind me and it makes me even more mad.

I go to my suitcase and pull out some pajamas, taking off my dirty clothes and put them on. I promptly climb into bed, on the opposite side, just to annoy him and pull the covers up. Seth hasn’t even left the bathroom and I realize the shower is running. I try to lie here, pouting until he comes into the room and tells me to move, but I’m too tired and quickly fall fast asleep.

I wake to the sound of my alarm and roll over to turn it off, but I slap Seth right in the face instead.

“What the f**k?” he asks, clearly irritated but not actually hurt.

“Sorry,” I mutter, climbing over him to reach it since he’s making no effort to move.

I finally reach the button and I feel his arms wrap around me tightly as he pulls me down towards him, burying his face in my chest.

“Seth!” I say with a laugh. “Let me go.”

I can hear him saying something against my boobs, but it’s muffled and he’s not letting me move. I wiggle, trying to get away when he suddenly flips us over, his face still buried in my chest.

“I can do without the alarm, but the view is a nice way to wake up,” he mutters against my skin, making me giggle.

“We need to get up. I’m hungry,” I tell him, feeling my stomach grumble. We ate early last night before we left and I hadn’t realized how hungry I would be this morning after sleeping in a little.

Seth finally lifts his face from me and smiles. “I’m glad you’re hungry. Oliver is sending breakfast up here for us and then we’re going straight to see Sofia.”

“OK,” I say, excited to have her verify that everything really is alright. I hop out of bed and go to the restroom, getting ready for the day. I’m finally bruising my teeth when Seth lumbers in, using the restroom while I'm in there like he always does, though I’ve become used to it and it makes me smile that he’s so comfortable with me. Begin to fix my hair, remembering that my mother was concerned and making sure that it appears absolutely perfect for her. I put some makeup on and walk back into the bedroom, finding Seth sitting on a chair on his phone, wearing jeans and a tshirt with boots. Thank goodness!

“No suit?” I ask with a smile.

He chuckles but doesn’t look up. “I thought you’d want to go for a hike, assuming everything is alright and Sofia approves.”

I smirk at him. “I thought you’d want to come right back up here.”

He stops and looks up at me, a stunned look on his face. “Oh, we can.”