

## Chapter 15-2

“Umm...” I start, but I feel nervous with the way he’s looking at me and I nod slowly. “Only if you want to.” I manage to whisper.

“Of course I want to. I never want to be away from you again.” he tells me and places the medicine on the bedside table. “Don’t take it unless it gets too bad. But if it does, tell me. We’ll figure something out.” he says and walks out of the room, this time returning with an ice pack and a black suit case. He sits back down beside me again and takes my hand, gently removing the wrapping around it and places it on my lap with the ice pack on top. “Does that feel OK?” he asks.

“Yeah, it’s fine.” I tell him and he stands, taking the suitcase across the room to place it in a chair. He loosens and then unties his tie and slowly unbuttons his shirt, turning to me. “Is there anything else that you need right now?” he asks me and I shake my head no. “I’m going to shower now. Try to drink some more water, ok?” he tells me, taking his shirt off.

“I will.” I tell him, and as he turns to head to the bathroom, I decide to go get the book I’ve been reading from the living room. As I’m getting up he rushes over to me. “What are you doing?” he asks, clearly irritated. “You just said you don’t need anything.”

“I just realized I want my book. I can get it.” I tell him, waving him off.

“Why won’t you just let me take care of you?” he asks, becoming annoyed. “You’re offending my wolf.”

“I’m sorry, I wasn’t trying to. It’s just hard for me.” I apologize. “I’m not sure exactly where it is either. But I think maybe on the coffee table.” I say, trying to cooperate. Seth walks out and comes back with the book in hand.

“Is this the right one?” He asks and I nod and take it from him.

“Thank you.” I respond and he walks into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. He re-emerges from the bathroom a few minutes later wearing just sweatpants, his hair still quite damp, water dripping from it and down his muscular chest, and I’m reminded yet again that I’ve somehow been given the gift of the most beautiful mate possible. He crosses over and climbs onto the other side of the bed under the covers and sits up next to me while we remain silent for a while.

“I have difficulty accepting help when it’s something that I’m capable of doing myself. There’s so much that I’m NOT able to do, and I don’t want to be an inconvenience any more than I already am.” I say, breaking the silence between us.

“You’re not an inconvenience to me,” he begins, placing his hand on top of my thigh. “I want to take care of you, Altair wants to take care of you. You’re my mate, that’s what I’m supposed to do.”

“I know. I’ll try harder,” I tell him and he gently squeezes my leg.

“Is the ice helping it feel any better?” He asks me and lifts the ice pack to look at my injured finger.

“It’s feeling a little better. Not amazing, but better than it was.” I tell him honestly. “I’m not sure it’s really taking away the pain, just numbing it, really.”

“But you’ll tell me if it’s hurting more, right?”

“Yes. I will.” I tell him and begin to get up.

“Where are you going?” He asks, also getting up now and rushing to my side of the bed.

“I’m just going to change clothes and get ready for bed. I’m OK.” I try to reassure him.

“I’ll gladly help you out of these clothes” he tells me with a smirk as he moves closer and stands between my legs, holding my hips and leans down to kiss me. This time, he doesn’t stop with just a simple kiss and he’s less gentle than he had been previously. I feel him lick my bottom lip, asking for entrance, and I part my lips, allowing him access. He’s more aggressive now, but he’s still so gentle and it surprises me coming from this giant man. I feel his hand start to move up my body to my breast as he squeezes, gently, still over my top and I hear him growl as he stops and continues moving his hand up until it rests on the side of my face.

I place my hands on his side to steady myself as he’s leaning down over top of me and the angle is making me a bit dizzy. As soon as my hands meet his skin, I can hear him gently moan as his kisses become slightly more aggressive and he guides me back onto my back as he lays across the top of me, moving his hand back down from my jaw to my breast. “You’re so beautiful, Mate” he murmurs between kisses and slips his hand inside my bra top so that he’s now in contact with my skin. Everywhere he touches feels like my skin is on fire, but in the best way, as he moves to trail kisses down my neck, and then my chest. He pulls me to sit up and he pulls the top over my head and throws it off the bed, gently laying me back down and taking one of my n\*\*\*\*\*s into his mouth. “Seth.” I gasp at the new sensation and let out a moan.

“Is this ok?” he asks, looking up at me. I can’t find the words and just nod, causing him to smirk and go back to what he was doing. It feels so good and I go to grab his hair, but as I do, I realize, too late, that I’d used my injured hand and it hurts incredibly badly to bend it as I just did. Seth notices my pain and immediately stops and stands up in front of me, taking a full assessment of me in confusion. His eyes then make it to my hand and he realizes what happened and he takes my hand gently in his and brings it to his mouth and he kisses it gently.

“Come on, we’ll get you changed and put some ice back on it, OK?” He asks me and I nod at him, attempting to hide my pain as he releases my hand, his hands going to my side. He hooks his fingers into the top of my yoga pants and he begins to tug at them, so I lift my hips to help him out as he slowly moves them down my body, his fingers trailing down every inch of my hips and legs as he removes them. Once they’re off, he just stands there staring at me for a moment, completely naked before him, making me feel nervous. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, reopening his eyes that are full of lust, and asks me “Where are your clothes?”

“They’re in the 2nd drawer, on the left”, I tell him and he walks over to the dresser, opening the correct drawer and shuffling through. He comes back holding a pair of shorts and a thin crop top and moves back to where he was, but this time he kneels between my legs as he reaches and gently caresses the outside of my thighs. “I thought about telling you that you’d just have to sleep next to me naked so I can feel your perfect skin all night, but I’m pretty sure if I did that, I’d end up marking you.” he says and helps me put on my clothes.