

Chapter 21-1

Seth gently places his hands on either side of my face. “Molly, are you OK?” I finally hear him speaking to me and I just slowly shake my head. “OK, let’s go home. Do you want me to carry you?” and I just shake my head again, not trusting myself to speak, but I do stand and start to walk out. Seth goes to grab my arm but I just continue walking with my arms crossed, almost hugging myself, as I make my way back to the pack house quickly. He doesn’t say anything else, just follows me closely, stepping in front of me to open the door for me. I can see concern on his face as he does, but I can’t bring myself to say anything yet and just continue on, down the stairs and into the safety and comfort of my home.

Seth follows me in, quietly closing the door behind us as I walk to my couch, grab a pillow and throw it across the room. Feeling slightly better, I throw another, and another. I grab the wooden coasters off the table and throw them across the room one by one, yelling as I do. Seth doesn’t move, he just stands by the door and lets me release the anger I feel. All books and pens in my living room are now across the room and I’m out of things to throw in here, so I head to the kitchen looking for more. I grab a glass and throw it into the sink watching it shatter and feel somewhat better, but Seth quickly makes his way to me and grabs my arms at the wrist.

“I can’t let you do that, Molly. I can’t let you get hurt.” he says, looking down at me concerned. I look up at him, breathing heavily from my outburst of anger and my eyes well with tears. “It’s going to be ok, love. I’m going to make sure of it.”

“I know you will.” I whisper to him and he looks at me confused.

“Why all the throwing?” he says and releases my arms, reaching up to brush my hair behind my ear, gently running his hand along my cheek. “What’s going on in that mind of yours?”

“I…” I begin, but I’m too afraid to say the words. “I’m not sure I’m ready to talk about it.” I tell him.

“That’s ok, Love. But I’m right here when you are.” He says and leans down and places a gentle kiss on my lips. “Will you come take a bath with me?” he asks me and I nod. “Good. Go and start the water while I clean this glass. I don’t want any more accidental cuts.” he says and I do as I’m told. I’d like to tell him I’m perfectly capable of cleaning the mess, but he’s concerned about me, so I just walk away to the bathroom and begin to run the water.

A moment later, Seth walks in behind me and starts opening and closing drawers. “What are you looking for?” I ask but he ignores me and continues his search. Not finding what he’s looking for he walks out and I can hear him opening drawers and doors in my bedroom when he returns with a few candles and a lighter. He places them around the bathroom, lights them and turns off the overhead light. Walking over to the bath, he adds some of the lavender-scented bubble bath and turns, grabbing 2 clean towels out of the closet.

“I’m surprised there’s such a big bath tub in the service quarters,” he says and I can’t help but giggle a little.

“There wasn’t before I moved in,” I tell him with a smile. “Dad renovated it before he would agree to let me move down here.”

“That man really, truly loves you, you know?” he tells me and I’m taken aback by his words. “Adoptions aren’t common among wolves. Most that I’ve encountered have had ulterior motives behind them. I always knew Rob considered you to truly be his sister, but I always just assumed your parents had other motives somewhere hidden from him.” he says, walking up to me and gently placing his hands on my shoulders. “They love you, though. Like, really, truly love you. More than some love the children they’ve given birth to.”

“I know,” I whisper to him, trying to contain my emotions. “I’m really lucky. They’ve loved me from the moment dad found me. I always knew I was safe.”

Seth doesn’t say anything else. He turns off the water and walks back over to me, reaching up to help me take off my cardigan and tossing it to the floor. He reaches the hem of my shirt but stops to look at me for permission. “I’m ok with this.” I tell him quietly and he leans down to kiss me, pulling my shirt above my head and gently freeing my injured hand. I step out of my shoes and he reaches down to unbutton my pants. Slipping them down my hips and then legs, trailing his hands along my skin the whole way until I step out of them.

This beautiful man is standing in front of me now just looking at me and I feel so self-conscious. He’s so beautiful, too beautiful for me. He reaches out to touch my hips, pulling me towards him. “I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of looking at you”, he tells me and I blush deeply. I don’t know what to say so I just reach forward to grab the hem of his shirt and lift it over his head, but I’m not tall enough to reach, especially with my finger in a splint. Thankfully, he realizes and leans down enough for me to pull the shirt over his head, messing up his hair. “Sorry,” I murmur. “I’m short”.

Seth chuckles and cups my face with his hand. “You’re perfect,” he says, calming my nerves. I reach for the waist band of his jeans but I’m suddenly nervous all over again and don’t unbutton them, I just stand there touching him. “It’s OK, love. You don’t have to.” and I bite my lip, unsure of myself.