

Chapter 25-1

I'm awakened by Seth gently rubbing my back, "Hey, we've got to get going."

I sigh, knowing this means he's definitely going to try to go into the Rogue lands. "Are you sure there's no other way?" I ask, stretching myself awake.

"Unfortunately, I think this is the quickest." He says with a quick kiss on my cheek. "Rob and Albert are going to come down here and have breakfast with us and we'll head out before everyone upstairs notices, hopefully. "

"OK. I'll get ready." I tell him, moving to get up. "Did you talk to Oliver about bringing breakfast over?"

"Your brother did." He tells me, getting up himself.

I go into the bathroom, using the restroom and then washing my face and brushing my teeth the best that I can with one hand. I attempt to figure out something to do with the mess that is my hair but there's not much I can do with one hand. And I don't think there's anything Seth can do, either. There's a gentle knock at the door. "Come in" I call out to my mate.

"What's wrong?" Seth asks me, seeing my frown.

"It's just my hair." I tell him, running my good hand through it, trying to tame it some. "It's just a mess. Mom will be here later, I'll have her help me. You'll just have to deal with looking at it like this." I say with a small smile. I've tried to act unbothered but the truth is that Seth's refusal to mark me very much bothered me. After he told me he wouldn't mark me last night I just rolled over, curled into a ball and went to sleep, completely ignoring what he was trying to say to me.

"Gladly." He says, wrapping his arm around me and kissing me on the cheek. "Breakfast is here, but can we talk before they get down here?" and I nod in agreement, terrified of what he has to say.

"I just want to make sure you're OK." He says gently. "You were pretty upset last night and I just want to make sure you're actually alright before I leave. I don't want to leave if things aren't fine between us."

I bite my lip, not sure where to begin explaining my feelings. "Altair wouldn't let you mark other women you were with before. What's wrong with me?"

"There's nothing wrong with you. He's worried it could hurt your wolf", he tells me gently, holding me tightly. I'll give it to him, the man understands that I run from my problems and he's holding me to be sure that I don't this time.

"If you don't want to mark me it's fine, I get it, but just tell me now." I tell him, trying hard to protect myself.

"It's your wolf, Molly. He's afraid it could hurt her." he growls at me in frustration.

"What if she is broken and there's no fix? I'll never be enough for you or your wolf."

"You are enough. I've told you over and over. Why can't you just trust me? If there's a chance we can help your wolf and then she can help you heal, then I'll do everything I can to make that happen." he tells me in frustration.

"And if she can't be helped?" I ask him, trying to hold back tears. "If I'm not marked then you still have a chance to get out of this."

I push out of his arms and walk out leaving Seth in the bathroom alone. I can sense that he's angry with me now, but his rejection really hurt. Especially since he blamed his rejection on his wolf.

I go to my closet to get dressed, grabbing some jeans, a black sweatshirt and knit hat. I move to the dresser and grab black underwear and put them on, but I'm having trouble getting the back of my sports bra properly in place. I debate whether or not I should ask Seth for help, but he walks out of the bathroom and immediately to me when he sees my struggle and helps me, saying nothing. Stepping away, I sit on the bed to put on my jeans, standing to button them, but Seth reaches forward and does them for me. I turn to put my shirt on but when I turn back I realize that he's left the room again. I grab my socks and hiking boots, sitting to put them on, unsure how I'll do so. I hear Robbie and Albert knock at the door and Seth lets them in. I hear them chatting and the scuff of the chairs against the floor, then silverware clanking on the plates. All the while, I stare helplessly at my shoes.

Eventually, I decide that I am strong and capable and can get them on myself, so I loosen the laces and get them on my feet, but I can't seem to get them tied.

"Molls, hurry up! It's getting cold." I hear my brother call from the other room, just like when we were kids.

Right. I can do this, but not with the splint. I unhook the velcro holding it on and slip my finger out. I slowly tighten the laces on my left shoe, being careful not to bend my finger. It takes a few minutes, but I do it! Now, to tie it. I try once, and fail. Twice. Another fail. I continue trying, and failing, accidentally bumping my finger a few times and bending it once, causing a substantial amount of pain. Tears of frustration begin to gather in my eyes and I finally decide that it's impossible and I go back to my closet to see if I can find shoes that will be ok for the walk, but that I can get on myself.