

## Chapter 29

“You. Are. Not. Going.” Seth growls at me, his eyes darkening, a sure sign he’s trying to hold back his wolf.

“You are not going to tell me what to do here.” I jump to my feet, yelling back at him as intimidatingly as I can, though it’s probably not much as he looks down upon me. “It’s not your decision to make.”

"I'm not letting you go!" he bellows, clearly becoming more angry. "What if you get hurt?!"

"I'm already hurt!" I screech, holding my injured hand mere centimeters from his face. "I'm just trying to fix it!"

“Molly.” Seth says lowly, his voice laced with danger. We’re standing facing each other now in the middle of my living room, his hands balled at his sides, mine on my hips. Honestly, I probably look absolutely ridiculous, at least a foot shorter than one of the strongest werewolves in the world and standing in front of him like I could possibly take him- me without a wolf. But I am not backing down. His breath is ragged, full of anger, when he all of a sudden lets out a roar, possibly the loudest I’ve heard, echoing through the pack house, and turns around, stomping out, slamming the door behind him.

I’d be lying if I said that he wasn’t absolutely terrifying just now, but he’s wrong, and I can’t just cave. I flop down unceremoniously on the couch, wondering how long he will be gone. Wondering if I’ve pushed too hard and if he’ll ever come back. He’s only been gone a few moments when my dad comes through the door that I now realize is broken from Seth’s outburst. King Peter follows just a few steps behind him.

“What the hell is going on?” My dad demands, looking around and taking note of the broken door, inspecting the rest of my home for any more damage.

“Where’s Seth?” I hear Peter ask.

“We had a bit of a disagreement.” I say simply, crossing my legs, not moving from my place on the couch. “He seemed to be struggling to contain his wolf and left.”

“We could hear you two all the way upstairs.” Peter says, appearing slightly less upset than my dad seems to be, but still very unhappy.

Dad crosses the room to come sit next to me on the couch. “You OK, Kiddo?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” I tell him.

Is this about their trip?

Yes. Have you talked to Robbie?

I was speaking with him when we heard you two arguing.

He doesn’t want me to meet her.

I know, kiddo. It doesn’t sound safe.

What if it’s my only chance, dad? I say, trying to hold back tears.

Dad places his arm around me and pulls me into his side.

“I gather this is about my son.” Peter says to me and I nod. “Would you like me to leave? I’d go after him but I believe your brother already has.”

He was with me and Robbie. He knows, just don’t let him know about your wolf.

“It’s OK, you don’t have to leave.” I tell him and he smiles at me kindly. I motion to him to take a seat and he does.

“It smells amazing in here.” Peter tells me.

I return his smile. “Thanks. I made Seth dinner before everything blew up.”

“Your hand?” My dad says, quickly moving to inspect it.

“It’s ok. I wore a glove to keep it dry.” I tell him. “It took a while, but I managed.”

My dad looks at me, pride on his face. “Good. I’m glad you were able to.”

We sit there in an awkward silence for a few minutes, no one daring to say anything about the situation when I finally decide to break the silence. “I told him it’s not his choice to make. That’s why he’s so mad.”

Peter chuckles a little bit. “He’s not used to being told no.”

“Clearly.” I tell him and smile at him, with him returning a smile just as big as my own. Honestly, I don’t understand why everyone is so worried about him finding out about my wolf. He’s been nothing but kind to me.

“I take it you want to meet with her?” Dad asks me and I nod at him.

“I have to, Dad. It’s my choice.” I say as Mom and Audrey enter the room. “Oh good, I’ve disturbed the entire family.”

“It was mostly my son that did the disturbing.” Audrey tells me, looking very upset.

“So we need to create a plan for you to meet with the witch and keep you safe?” Mom asks and I nod in agreement.

“Seth isn’t going to cooperate, but I have to do this,” I tell her.

“I know you do, and you will. He can help us or he can stay out of the way, but we’re going to make it happen.” She says, looking at everyone to make sure they understand that this is what I want, and she’s going to make it happen.

“Your brother has gone to find him. Hopefully he can talk some sense into him.” Audrey tells me. “Seth just wants to keep you safe, but he’s misguided about how to do that.”

“It doesn’t matter how he feels about it.” I tell her, annoyed. “It’s not his choice. And he doesn’t get to act like THIS” I say, motioning to my broken door.

“He does get to help make this choice, Molly.” Audrey says calmly. “He’s your mate.”

“He doesn’t get to have an opinion when he refuses to mark me.” I snap, leaving no room for discussion on the matter.

I feel terrible about how I’ve spoken to my mate’s mom, but it’s true. We may be mates, but he’s acting like I’m his property and I very much am not. No one dares to say anything after that, but I can sense my dad’s pretty angry about it, though I’m not sure if it’s about finding out my mate refuses to mark me, or just the whole situation, but he’s not doing a good job of hiding it. I’m not sure he’s even trying to hide it.

Suddenly, I can smell the faint smell of juniper and oranges- my mate. My stomach flips at the thought of him coming back, and I have to remind myself of how he acted. This damn bond. Seth and Robbie walk in, Seth sporting some new bruises and a few healing cuts on his face, thanks to my brother, I’m sure. He looks around and sees our parents all in here and sighs deeply.

“Could Molly and I have a moment alone, please?” he asks everyone. Audrey goes to move to the door, but no one else does.

“Son, I will NOT be leaving my daughter alone with you until she tells me to leave.” My dad says, tightening his hold on me.

“I’m sorry, I should not have acted the way that I did. Molly, I’m so sorry. Can we please talk?” Seth says and he seems genuinely sorry, but I’m still very angry.

I wiggle out of my dad’s arms and stand, walking to my bedroom. “We can talk after you fix my door that you broke.”