

Chapter 30-2

“You understand why I have to go, right?” I ask him and he nods his head once at me. “Do you know where she went?” I ask him, looking around but not finding my wolf. We walk a bit, looking around, Altair sniffing and looking along the way, but there’s no sign of her.

I sit on a rock, sticking my feet in the crisp water, and Altair comes to sit next to me. “I hope she’s ok” I tell him, finally accepting that she isn’t here this time. I go to lay back but Altair stands quickly and moves behind me before I do, so that I can lay against him. He’s warm and his fur is soft, but not as soft as my little wolf. We sit there like this for a long time before I feel myself drift off to sleep.

I wake up trying to roll over but find I can’t. I crack my eyes open and realize that Seth’s arm is across me and the reason I can’t move. I look over and see that it’s 5:00, that awkward time when it’s too early to be up but late enough it’s impossible to fall back asleep. I finally decide to get up, wiggling until I’m free from Seth’s hold, careful not to wake him. I use the restroom and tiptoe through the bedroom, carefully closing the door behind me. I turn and realize that I’d forgotten about my dad and he had, in fact, slept on my couch.

I stand there, hand still on the doorknob, unsure what I should do. I don’t want to wake either of them and I feel a little trapped, but my dad cracks an eye open. “Morning, Kiddo” he says gruffly.

“You really slept on the couch?” I ask him, a small smile on my face.

My dad sits up and looks at me very seriously. “Of course I did. I was unhappy with how he spoke to you and acted. I’m not leaving until I decide he’s paid his penance.”

“He apologized, dad. We’re OK.” I tell him, walking to the coffee maker and moving around to start brewing it.

“He’s your mate. The bond is helping you to forgive him.” He says to me and walks into the kitchen, sitting at the bar and grasping his hands together. “You’re my only daughter. I will not be forgiving him so easily.”

“OK, Dad.” I tell him, knowing that there’s nothing I can say to help him feel better about it- it will all have to come from Seth. “He wouldn’t hurt me, though. He got mad because he was afraid I would get hurt.”

“I didn’t think he would, not on purpose.” He says calmly, “But what if a piece of the door had hit you?”

He has a point. I hadn’t really considered that being a possibility. I chew my lip a little, contemplating what he’s said while pouring two cups of coffee for us, and passing the sugar to my dad.

“He’s a nice guy, I know he cares about you. But he’s never going to speak to you or lose his temper like that again.”

“Yes, sir.” I say to him. He’s given me a lot to think about and he’s right. The feelings through the bond really complicate my actual feelings.

“Let’s talk about him refusing to mark you.” Dad says, taking a sip of his coffee. “Are you OK?”

“Yeah, I am.” I begin to tell him, feeling the shame of letting that information slip again. “He said his wolf was worried it could hurt me. Well, hurt my wolf, and being able to fix her.”

My dad just nods at me, contemplating my words for a moment. “It was probably a wise choice, Molly.”

“I know, it just hurts.” I tell him, honestly. “I just don’t feel good enough, sometimes. Most of the time, really.”

“Stop. You’re more than good enough.” Dad says, standing up and walking to me, wrapping me in a hug. “You’re mate isn’t good enough, that’s for damn sure.”

We’re both startled as we hear a voice from the bedroom doorway. “You’re right, sir.” Seth begins. “I am absolutely not good enough for your daughter.”