

Chapter 31-2

I get myself dressed, only struggling with putting my bra on for a moment. Buttoning my pants is getting easier, though still not care free, but I managed. I decide on a pair of flat slip on shoes so I won't have to ask for help. I look at the clock and have time, so I sit at the vanity and undo the braid my mom put in my hair and it actually looks really good as is. I put on a little moisturizer and some light make-up. It feels good to be able to take care of myself today and I look at myself in the mirror pleased.

Stepping into the living room, I find Seth sitting on the couch, reading something on his phone. I pour myself some more coffee and move to sit next to him. He doesn't say anything, but he doesn't move. The silence is making me uncomfortable, and he feels so distant. I'm about to say something but Seth finally looks up to me.

"I'm really sorry, Molly." he tells me, and I can feel through the bond just how genuine he is.

"I know." I tell him. "I'm sorry, too."

Seth looks at me with confusion. "What do you have to be sorry about? You didn't do anything. I did."

"I yelled at you, too. We both did."

"No. This is on me." Seth says, shaking his head at me. "Your dad is right, the bond is making you want to forgive me too easily. I'm going to try my best, I swear. You don't deserve to be treated that way."

Seth holds out his hand and I place mine inside. "We'll figure things out. It's all so new."

"I'd never forgive myself if I had hurt you." He says, placing his arms around my shoulders and pulling me to him tightly. "The witch wants to meet you tonight. I'm so worried, but I won't stand in your way. Just please promise me that you'll be careful."

"Of course, Seth." I tell him, reaching up to place my hand on the side of his face. "I'll be back before you even know I'm gone."

Seth just holds me tightly to his chest, his chin resting on the top of my head. I'm not sure how long we sit there like this, but it's so comforting. I'm about to drift off to sleep when I hear my mate speak. "My Love, if she tells you that there's no magic that can help free your wolf, I'll mark you tonight."

"Really?" I ask him, trying and failing to hide my excitement.

"Really," He says and kisses my nose with a smile. "Altair's concern is that if there's magic involved, marking you could hurt being able to lift that. If there's no magic though, then there's no danger."

"You know I can't mark you, right?" I ask, feeling nervous as Seth nods, slowly. "Are you really OK with that?"

"I'm not going to lie to you, it hurts knowing I won't bear your mark," Seth begins and I feel my heart sink. "Hey," he says, pulling my face towards him, placing a tender kiss on my lips. "I'd rather have you and not have your mark than not have you in my life."

"It's just not fair to you." I say to him, letting a few tears slip out.

Seth gently wipes away the tears on my cheeks. "The goddess doesn't make mistakes. If your wolf can't get out to mark me, then there's a reason."

"I'm worried the kingdom won't take you seriously because of me," I whisper, admitting yet another fear.

"There will be some wolves that don't, but it's not because of you." he tells me, gently. "There will be wolves who disagree and think they can do things better. There always have been and it won't change, no matter who my mate is. But there will be so many who love you. Yes, some will have issues with your lack of wolf, but they will find a reason to be upset about anything."

I nod, knowing he's right, but still feeling inadequate. It's been an emotional roller coaster since I met Seth. People always talked about how amazing it was to find your mate, but they never talked about how difficult it was to navigate your emotions. Maybe the bond balances out once you're marked. We've waited far longer than most wolves do, but I can't help but feel wanted knowing that Seth will mark me tonight if my wolf is really, truly, broken.

There's a part of me, though, that is hoping that the witch can help and fix me. Maybe Peter was right and they didn't ask her the right questions. I know that, sensibly, if there was any magic that could be detected that she would have said something, but meeting my sweet little wolf has given me a glimmer of hope that maybe, someday, I'll be like everyone else. That would also mean that I wouldn't be able to pass it on to my kids, because it would be magic, and not genetic.

"We should head upstairs for breakfast soon," Seth says and I agree. He helps me stand and we leave the room, hand in hand, to go join our families before life changes tonight- in some way.