

Chapter 32-1

After a pretty quiet breakfast, everyone leaves Seth and I to spend the day together while they make their plan for the evening.

“Albert will meet you at 6 pm in your suite,” Dad tells me. “I’m not sure he knows how to get to the furthest cave, but I’m sure you do.”

“Yes, I do.” I tell my dad with a giggle and he just rolls his eyes. “I’ll be ready at 6.”

Seth and I find ourselves alone and we head outside to the garden. “What do you like to do when you’re not working?” he asks me.

“Honestly, I very rarely find myself not working.” I tell him with a shrug. “I’m either cooking, planning, working in the garden, or researching. What about you?”

“I can’t tell you the last time I’ve had time to myself,” he says with a laugh. “My dad has been unusually generous with how much he’s let me slack off since I met you. It’s honestly been nice to just be with you and not have to worry about everything for a bit.”

I nod at him in understanding. “I like to read, but I don’t have a ton of time so it takes me forever to finish a book. The book usually ends up being about cooking, too.”

“Things turned bad so quickly last night that I didn’t get to tell you how good the dinner was. It truly was delicious, though.” he says and it makes me happy to know that he liked it.

“Thanks,” I tell him with a smile. “It wasn’t much, I was worried about my finger. But it made me feel good to be able to do something myself.”

“You got dressed on your own this morning.” He says to me, “I was waiting to see if I could feel you struggling through the bond but you didn’t, and you look amazing.”

“Thank you,” I tell him, a blush spreading across my cheeks from his compliment. “I am starting to feel less helpless, and that makes me feel better.”

Seth chuckles, “I wasn’t prepared for just how independent you are. It still surprises me, and how fearless you are. You’re the only person, other than my dad, who hasn’t backed down from me when I’m angry. Honestly, it was very sexy.”

“I knew you wouldn't hurt me, so it was easy to yell at you." I tell him with a sly smile.

We sit in the garden talking for a few hours, just getting to know each other better. It was honestly needed as we’ve been moving so quickly because of the bond, we haven’t really gotten to actually know each other. It’s nice, just being with each other outside, and not just lying in bed. We’re close enough to calm the effects of the bond, but far enough we are able to think more clearly.

“Can I make you dinner again tonight?” I ask him.

“I’d love that, but I don’t want you to hurt your hand,” he says, gently taking my injured hand in his.

“The medicine has been helping a lot.” I tell him, trying to reassure him and thankful that he cares enough to consider that. “It makes me happy to be able to cook for you.”

Seth smiles at me, a genuine smile on his beautiful face that makes my heart skip a beat. “That would be wonderful. I’ll be there if you need any help.”

“You cook?” I ask him, thinking I’ve learned something new about him.

“Oh, no. Absolutely not.” He says with a chuckle. “I can follow directions, though.”

I shake my head at him. He has no clue how to cook, but he cares enough about me to offer to help. “What’s your favorite dessert?”

“Chocolate chip cookies” he informs me, without missing a beat.

I’m surprised at how quickly he answered me. “Really?”

“Yes, really. It’s my absolute favorite food.” He says, so seriously.

I smile brightly at him, and the thought that the fancy pants future king likes something so simple. “I just happen to make the best chocolate chip cookies in the whole wolf kingdom.”

“Is that so?” he asks with a playful smile, pulling me into his lap.

“Oh yes, it is.” I tell him, laying my head on his shoulder. “If we head to the kitchen now, I’ll have time to make some and prove it.”

Seth quickly stands, dumping me out of his lap, but also catching me and pulling me close to him. “I can’t wait to be the judge.”

We head back to the pack house and I go to the kitchen, grabbing things I need and loading up Seth’s arms and my own and taking them across the hall. I get to work on a marinade for the salmon and get that into the fridge. I turn to start on the cookies for Seth and glance over at him to find him sitting on the couch reading a book he found on a shelf. He looks so content right now and relaxed, he almost looks younger.

I start making the dough, whisking and mixing. It’s taking me much longer than it usually would, but I’m being hindered by my hand a bit. I get the dough rolled out and place it in the refrigerator to chill. I turn around to ask Seth if he wants a drink but when I see him I realize he’s sound asleep on the couch, feet still propped up on the coffee table, book now laying on his chest. I take a moment to admire just how absolutely, breathtakingly beautiful he really is. Maybe this was the goddess's way of making it up to me for my broken wolf.