

Chapter 42-1

“Seth,” I whisper, breathlessly, completely in awe of what he was able to do. “You fixed it.”

I continue to bend my finger again and again. I look at Seth and beam at him. “You fixed it!” I tell him again, this time with a giggle.

“It’s really fixed?” he asks me cautiously and I nod rapidly.

I don’t say anything, I just hold my hand directly in front of his face and make a fist, then open my hand wide. I look again and the scar that was there is even lighter than a few seconds ago. I can’t help the giggles that come from me as they erupt into laughter.

Seth looks me in the eyes and smiles at me, stepping forward and wrapping me in a tight embrace. “How do you feel?”

“It feels fine. There’s no pain at all!” I tell him.

He moves so he can see me, still holding my arms. “That’s not what I asked. How are YOU feeling?”

“I’m so happy, Seth,” I tell him with a smile. “It’s fixed!”

“I want you, Molly,” he tells me seriously. “You’re my mate. I want to mark you because you’re the most perfect wolf, made for me. I don’t care if you have a wolf, or magic, or if you’re the perfect queen. I care how you make me feel. I care that you’re the only person not afraid of me when I’m angry and I care that you see me as your protector. I care that you fit perfectly in my arms and you snuggle into me when you’re asleep.

If you really want to wait for me to mark you, it’s OK. I will. But I want to mark you so that you are completely, wholly mine, and not because of anything else.”

His words and the conviction behind them take me aback slightly and I wrap my arms around him, holding him tightly. I don’t say any words. What can one even say after that? I just nod against his chest and he squeezes me tightly, kissing the top of my head.

After a moment, he pulls back and I let go. He bends down, grabbing his clothes and gets dressed, sitting next to me to put on his shoes.

“I’m going to go grab your shoes and socks. I want to go ahead and have you show me the spot. Is there anything else that you need?” he asks and I just shake my head. “I’ll be back in a moment,” he says and places a quick kiss on my lips before jogging off.

It’s pretty early to be going, but he’s probably trying to get me there before I have a chance to talk myself out of it. This is right though, I know it is. I sit on the log, waiting for Seth.

“This is it, little wolf. He’s a good man, he loves me.” I tell her, not sure if she can even hear me, or my thoughts. I start to feel nervous. What if I’m not good enough? What if he’s disappointed? I take a deep breath and look around, trying to find something to distract myself from these thoughts. I listen and hear a woodpecker and look around, trying to find it, trying to pay attention only to the bird.

I can’t find the bird, and it’s probably for the best, because my previous thoughts are now forgotten. I turn to look behind me, looking high and low when I hear a twig snap and it scares me. I turn back around quickly and see Seth holding my shoes, now with a backpack on his back. He walks forward to me, a giant smile plastered across his beautiful face and he kneels before me, but I shake my head and hold my hands out. He looks confused for a moment, and I just bend my fingers in his face and smile at him.

He hands me the shoes and socks and I put them on, tying each one and smiling as I do. “I did it,” I say quietly and he leans forward and kisses my head. He gently takes me by the hand, this time my no-longer-injured left hand, but waits for us to lead us. We start walking and after a few yards, Seth releases my hands and walks over to a tree, breaking a branch.

“What the hell are you doing?” I ask him, confused as to why he’s breaking trees.

“I’m marking the path to make sure we can get back later. It will be dark and I just want to be safe.” he says like it’s the most obvious thing ever.

“Seth, I can get us back. Please don’t hurt the trees.” I say with a roll of my eyes as I turn to continue walking.

Seth takes a few long steps and catches back up to me, but it doesn’t go unnoticed the times he gets left behind because he’s marking another tree. We make our way through the pines and cedars where the maple trees are and I can’t help but smile.

“What’s made you so happy?” he asks, wrapping his arm around my middle and pulling my backwards into him, leaning down to kiss my cheek.

I giggle at his actions and point at the trees. “They’re sugar maple trees. Benjamin said there are some rogues around that would teach me to make syrup!”

“Oh, Molly,” he says, kissing my cheek again. “I love you so much.”

It’s hard not to smile at him. He’s more happy and carefree than I think he’s been since we met and he makes me so happy to be around. “I love you, too,” I say to him, turning in his arms and wrapping my arms around his neck, pulling him down to kiss him.