

Chapter 43-1

“Alright,” he tells me with a wicked grin on his face. “The sun is almost completely gone. Time to get you across the creek” he says, picking me up and throwing me over his shoulder with a laugh.

I can't help but laugh with him as Seth crosses the creek with me over his shoulder. I can feel his joy through the bond. It's absolutely infectious, and I realize that his joy comes from the thought of marking me, from making me his.

He takes a few steps through the grass on the other side when he sets me down, grabbing my arms to make sure I'm steady. “Is there a certain spot we should be?”

I look around, completely unsure if we're being honest. The wolf was at multiple spots in different dreams, so I don't know if it matters at all. I close my eyes and just listen when I feel like there's a spot towards the trees, though not that close, and walk that way. When I reach the spot, I don't know why, but it just feels right. “Here. I don't know why, but I'm sure this is the spot.”

“Whatever you want, Love,” he says and leans down to kiss me. “Molly Kenneally” he murmurs against my lips with a smile.

“Not quite yet,” I joke with him and he growls.

“Mine.” he says.

“Yours.” I whisper in response.

Seth releases me and takes the backpack off his back. He pulls out two blankets and a battery powered lantern. “I didn't want you to get cold,” he shrugs, explaining the blankets.

“Thanks,” I tell him with a smile. It was really thoughtful of him.

Seth sits on the ground, legs in front of him and bent up so his arms comfortably rest on his knees. I sit down next to him, placing my legs in front of me and leaning back on my arms so I can look up at the sky. I can't get over the fact that this place is real, and it's mine.

“Thank you,” I tell him and he looks over his shoulder at me.

“For what, Love?” he asks me with confusion.

I look at him and our eyes meet. His beautiful blue and my light green. “I've not been an easy person to be mated to. It's been difficult, I know. So much has happened. Once you mark me, my looks may change! That's not normal, but you've been so kind about it all. Just, thank you. For all of it.”

“Molly, there's nothing in this world that I wouldn't do for you,” he says and I can feel how much he truly means that through the bond. “You deserve better than me, but I thank the Goddess that you're mine.”

Seth leans over and gently cups my face with his rough hand, leaning in to kiss me. His kiss is so gentle this time, almost like he thinks I could break. It's not fevered, or rushed like it often is between us. It's like I'm the most special thing, and he's afraid of hurting me. I lift my hand up and place it on his chest- the chest that I love. It's strong and muscular, but it's where my head fits when he holds me and I can hear the steady beat of his heart.

Seth moves to his knees, never breaking our connection, and gently lays me back in the grass. He's laying next to me, half his weight on top of me and it's so comforting. He breaks our lips apart and looks me in the eyes. “You're sure?”

I nod to him excitedly. “Yes. I'm sure,” I tell him with a smile and it's like that reassurance was all that he needed as his lips meet mine, but with much more hunger, as if he will never get enough. His tongue brushes across my bottom lip and they part immediately for him, wanting more of him. I feel him searching for the zipper of my jacket and I lift my hand to help him find it, pulling it open. He immediately places his hand on my hip, inside my shirt, burning the feel of his warm hand on my skin. I hope that this feeling never leaves, even after I'm marked. I hope my skin always reacts to his touch this way.

“Mine,” he growls out against my lips as his hand travels higher up inside my shirt. He helps me to sit up and slide my jacket off and pulls my shirt over my head quickly, guiding me to lie back down in the cool grass. His hand leaves me but just long enough to pull a blanket over towards me, covering my exposed skin from the chilly, fall air.

Seth's hand finds my chest and tugs the cup of my bra down to free it, gently rolling one of my n****s in his fingers, making me gasp. “You like that?” he asks and the only response I can muster is a nod. He smirks against my lips and gently tugs, causing me to moan this time. He slowly kisses his way down my neck, to my chest and he arrives at his destination, taking me into his mouth. It feels absolutely amazing.

“Seth,” I moan my mate's name and he gently bites down, causing every muscle below to tighten. I wiggle and reach behind my back to unhook my bra and struggle to remove it with him on top of me. He smiles against my skin and gently bites down again, but helps me remove it and tosses it to the side. His hand finds my other n****e while his mouth remains, never missing a beat from the pleasure he's providing. Finally, he releases me and I whimper slightly. He smiles a wicked smile as he moves his face to the other side, bringing the same pleasure to me again.