

Chapter 46-2

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“Hey, Love.” I hear Seth say and he’s kneeling at the bed now, next to my dad, looking at me. “Another memory?” he asks and I just nod, continuing to cry.

“Nothing good?” he asks and I just slowly shake my head, letting go of my dad’s hand and rolling away from them both. I pull the blanket all the way to my face, trying to hide away from the world, but this isn’t my home. I’m so uncomfortable here.

“I...I want... to go,” I say through sniffles and tears.

“Where do you want to go, Love?” Seth says, and I can feel how concerned he is for me. “I’ll take you anywhere you want.”

I sniffle and think. I know where I want to go, but so many people have been lying to me, and I don’t know what to do. Sage was right, this would hurt.

“Was Oliver’s mom in Benjamin’s pack?” I ask.

Dad places his hand on my shoulder. “I don’t know, kiddo. Want me to ask?”

“Will they actually tell the truth?” I ask.

“Who lied to you, Molly?” Seth asks.

I bury my face in the pillow. “Everyone”, I sob.

I feel my dad move from his place on the bed and hear the door open and shut. The bed dips back down behind me from the weight of Seth climbing in behind me. He lays down and pulls me tightly to him. “I’m not leaving. Whatever it is, I’m here.”

“It was my fault that my brother, Jason, died,” I say, my voice barely even a whisper.

Seth holds me tightly as I continue to sob. “My dad was determined to eliminate any threat to the throne. If he hadn’t killed him that day, for whatever reason you blame yourself for, he would have another. On another day, he could have killed you, too.”

“He almost did that day,” I say, and I slowly roll towards him, looking at him through my tears. I slowly tell him what I know now, through the memory I relived.

Seth just listens to me, holding me and letting me cry. “Thank the goddess for your Dad,” he says and kisses my forehead. “You woke up today with memories of brothers that you didn’t remember having yesterday. You were so young then, you didn’t understand what was happening. It’s OK to grieve for them. I can’t imagine how you must feel.”

Dad knocks on the door and comes in, my mom with him.

“No,” I say, looking her in the eyes. “Don’t come in.”

“Molly, OK. I’m just here to help,” she tells me and takes another step in.

“Get. Out.” I say through gritted teeth, so mad that my mom knew my whole life that I wouldn’t have a wolf.

My mom is taken aback. “Molly, what’s going on?”

“You can tell Lily that my wolf broke BOTH spells,” I say and I see my mom’s face turn ghostly white. “You knew. You told me I’d have a wolf some day, and a mate, and the whole time you knew I wouldn’t.”

I can hear my mom's heartbeat speed up from across the room and my dad turns to her cautiously. “Celeste? What is she talking about?”

“Molly, knowing didn’t change how much I love you,” she says to me.

“You wouldn’t have adopted me,” I spit at her.

“Celeste, why don’t you go back in the other room,” my dad suggests, feeling completely confused. “We’ll talk about it later.” and she leaves. Hopefully to tell Lily that I know, and I’m mad.

“They don’t know Oliver’s mom. I didn’t know his dad well, they weren’t with us long before he passed, but I don't think he was either.” Dad tells me and that’s all the confirmation I need.

“I want to go to Oliver’s house. I want to stay there.”