

Chapter 51

It takes me forever to brush out my hair before I can even shower. It's frizzy and knotted and a shade lighter than it was yesterday. I keep catching my reflection, unsure about how I feel about looking different.

I get into the shower and the instant my hair gets wet, I realize that it is, in fact, curly now. Robbie had grabbed everything for me- my shampoo, conditioner, my body wash, face wash. He must have had help because it certainly wasn't the work of my single brother who doesn't know what any of this even is.

It feels good to be in the shower, washing off the dried tears and letting the warm water help to soothe my aching muscles. I wonder if Seth can feel that, too. I wash my hair, my fingers getting tangled in the new curls that are there. I let the water spray my face, washing off all the tears from the day, promising myself to not have another repeat of this day again. As I begin to wash my body, I realize just how much I've changed. Not a ton, but there's definitely a muscle tone that wasn't there before. Maybe Seth was right and I'm taller, too. It would help explain why my body is aching so badly.

Getting out, I dry off and wrap a towel around my hair and body, walking to the sink and wiping the steam off the mirror. I can see Seth's mark on my neck and gently run my fingers over it, smiling. It feels like it was months ago, and not last night. So much has happened, though nothing actually has. It's all just memories, but they're new to me, though they're not new to anyone else. I brush my teeth, reveling in the feeling of finally being able to brush them and feeling so much better because of it.

I reach into my mind until I find the box that feels like my mate. I'd closed all of the boxes, every one, but I want to link him if I can figure out how. I mentally open the box and wonder if he can feel it, but he doesn't link me, so I don't think so... or I haven't done it correctly.

Seth?

Hey, Love.

I look different.

I know, you're as beautiful as you were before.

No, like, a lot different. I'm not the same person.

He doesn't say anything else. Instead, I hear a knock and the door slowly cracks open. Seth steps inside and closes it behind him.

"I'm not the same," I whisper, looking at myself in the mirror with a frown. I feel like a completely different person.

"You're beautiful, Molly," Seth says, coming up behind me and wrapping his arms around me. He reaches up and takes the towel out of my hair, tossing it to the ground, and pulls the towel from around my body. "You're still you, you're just a little bit different. Your hair and eyes changed, and I swear you're a little bit taller, but you still fit perfectly against me."

Seth turns me around and lifts me up, sitting me on the counter and moves to stand between my legs. "You still have the same perfect nose, and that one little dimple that shows up when you laugh. Both of your hands still fit perfectly in mine," he tells me with a smile, taking my hands in one of his. "You still have the most perfect hips I've ever seen, and your precious back dimples are still there."

"I hate those dimples," I tell him with a giggle.

"I love them," he says, leaning forward to kiss my forehead.

"I have more muscle now," I tell him, looking down. "I don't feel like myself, and I'm so sore."

"I doubt you'll be sore for very long," he says, rubbing my thighs and it honestly feels really good. "You have your wolf now. She'll heal you. She probably just needs time to get stronger."

I nod at him and smile. "Sage. Her name is Sage."

"Sage," he says and smiles at me. "I know there's been a lot of bad, but try to focus on the good. You have Sage now. And a few happy memories." he says, pushing a wet curl behind my ear.

"I like your hair," he tells me with a smile. "And your eyes, they're so green they sparkle. Your boobs are bigger, he says with a smile, gently cupping one in his hand. My favorite change though, is this" he says, rubbing his fingers over his mark on my neck.

"I'm pretty fond of that change, too," I tell him with a smile as he pulls me tightly against him, pushing his hand into my hair and kissing me deeply.

"I love you, Princess," he says against my mouth and his words cause me to smile.

"It's weird," I tell him with a small giggle as he presses his lips against mine again, gently parting mine with his tongue. His hands slowly move back down my body, leaving a trail that feels like fire as they move and I thank the goddess that the feeling didn't leave with his marking me. If anything, it's become more intense. He gently cups one of my breasts in his hand and pinches, rolling my n****e gently in between his fingers, causing me to gasp.

"Seth," I breathe out and he smirks against my mouth.

"I love how responsive you are to my touch, Love," he tells me as I place my arms around his neck. He moves his lips to my neck, kissing over his mark and causing me to moan.

Suddenly, we're interrupted by an aggressive knock at the door. "Guys, we're still here," Robbie says.

"I'm aware," Seth murmurs against my neck, kissing me gently again.

"That's my sister!" Robbie exclaims, hitting the door again.

Seth kisses me gently again and releases me, helping me off the counter with a mischievous smile on his face. It's breathtaking how handsome he truly is. He leans over to the bag and hands me the shorts and crop top that were packed. I take a towel and dry my hair off a little more, frowning at it in the mirror.

"I don't know what to do with this," I tell him, frustrated.

"You don't have to have all the answers to everything right now, Love," he says, kissing me on the head again. "You'll figure everything out with time. I really like it."

"Let's go eat," I say, looking up at him with a smile. "It's the same thing he made yesterday, but better."

"How is it better?" he asks me, opening the door for me.

"Because we're home, and with friends," I say, walking into the room and seeing Oliver and Robbie sitting at the dining room table, food out and waiting on us. Oliver smirks at me, a knowing look on his face and Robbie refuses to make eye contact with either of us. "Oliver's mom used to make it for us when we were little, and then taught us how to make it ourselves when we got older. We'd go play outside in the snow and come inside to this. It's the best."

"I made some of your sourdough bread, too," Oliver tells me, and I'm so excited to see it on the table.

"Molly makes the best bread," Robbie tells me, grabbing some and shoving it in his mouth.

Seth smiles at me and pulls a chair out for me to sit. "The best chocolate chip cookies, too."

"You never told me if you liked them," I say to him and he nods at me.

"I thought I'd be able to when you got back, but, well..." he says, not finishing the sentence though we all know what he meant. "They really were the best though. I ate most of them before you ran off."

We eat in relative silence, and it feels good to just be comfortable with people that truly care about me. Realistically, I know that my feelings towards everyone else just feel so extreme because of the new memories, but it just feels so heavy now.

"Seth, I didn't link my dad like you told them I would," I tell him, feeling terrible. "They must think something happened and I have everyone still blocked."

"I linked my dad when you and Oliver went upstairs," he says with a small shrug. "I mostly just said that to upset Benjamin. You do need to learn to use the links, but you have plenty of time for that."

Oliver looks at him confused. "The links aren't that difficult. I'm sure Molly will understand it quickly."

"Because Molly is royal now," Seth begins, "She has the ability to link anyone in the kingdom from wherever she is. She's not bound by territories, so it's a bit more. The hardest part is keeping everyone out, though."

"So you'll be able to link me when you leave for the palace?" Oliver asks me, a hopeful look on his face.

I want so badly to tell him yes, because of course I would! But I'm struggling with the thought of leaving for the palace, with the man who murdered my brother. The man who, if he had known of me, would have murdered me, too.

"She'll be able to," Seth speaks up. "And she'll have a phone, too, if she ever has everyone blocked." Seth reaches over and squeezes my hand in comfort. I'm sure he knows what I'm thinking, but he's kind enough to not bring it up. I don't know if there is even a good solution, other than just not going to the palace, and I'm pretty sure that isn't an option.