Chapter 52

After dinner, Oliver went upstairs and put an air mattress in the attic nook for me, and apparently Seth, as he's following me up the stairs now.

"You're not going to fit well," I giggle at him.

Seth shrugs at me. "I'm not sleeping without you, Love."

I lay down on the mattress and scoot all the way to the side against the wall, Seth laying down next to me. He's heavier than me, though, and his weight causes the air mattress to be uneven. We both move around, trying to get comfortable, before Seth pulls me on top of him just as we were on the couch a few nights before and wraps his arms around me tightly.

"This alright?" he asks me, causing me to giggle.

"Of course," I tell him, laying my head down on his chest, gently playing with the hair there.

"Tell me the good," he tells me, and I look up at him in confusion. "Tell me the good things, not just the awful things you've remembered."

"I remember my brothers. I remembered swinging with Andrew. There was a tire swing on the tree that we sat under a few nights ago," I tell him with a smile. "And I remembered going camping with them and Benjamin. I was afraid of owls."

"That sounds wonderful, Molly," Seth tells me with a small chuckle, pushing a strand of hair behind my ear.

"And I have my wolf," I tell him with a giant smile on my face. "I can't believe I really have a wolf. After all this time."

Seth runs his hand up and down my back, gently. "You can mark me. Now that you have your wolf."

"Yeah," I say, looking up at him and meeting his eyes. "I can."

I lay my head back on his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his breathing.

"My dad is willing to take a blood oath in regards to your safety," I hear him say timidly and I immediately tense.

"A blood oath?" I ask him.

"Yes," He says seriously, placing his finger under my chin to tilt my head towards his. "A blood oath that he will not be

responsible for any harm to you. He's offered to have the high counsel oversee it."

"What happens if he breaks it?" I ask, intimidated by the sound of this.

"He'll be executed," he tells me flatly, no emotion in his voice at all.

"How can you be so calm about this?" I ask him.

"Because it's what needs to be done to keep you safe," he tells me, moving his hand to rub my back again. "Does it help to know that it was your dad's idea?"

I think about that for a moment. Does it make it better that it was his idea? I know both of them love me and want to keep me safe, so does it change how I feel about it based on whose idea it was?

"I don't know how I feel about it," I tell him honestly. "Does he know that I remembered? That I watched?"

Seth holds me tight to him, probably feeling my emotions again. "He does," he tells me with a nod. "Your dad told him, and about you, and about how he lied and saved you."

"Was he really mad?" I whisper to him, afraid of his answer.

"Molly, no!" he tells me. "He's upset about everything that happened. About the choices he made. He's upset at the thought that he would have killed his son's mate if he'd known you existed."

"I think I just need some time to think about this," I tell him, feeling uncomfortable about his offer.

"Take however long you need, Love," he says to me. "We just want you to be happy and feel safe. I won't let anyone hurt you. ANYONE."

"I know, Seth. I know," I tell him, unsure how to explain how this feels. "It's just. I... I don't know. A blood oath is serious, and I'm already responsible for one person's death."

Seth tenses my remark. "You're NOT responsible for your brother's death. And I know it's serious. That's the point, though. We all just want to keep you safe. Safe, and happy, and comfortable. You can take as much time as you need to decide."

"Thank you," I say to him, kissing his chest.

He smiles down at me, playing with my hair. "I don't want to leave Lunar Falls until after you shift, unless you want to. I know how much it means to you to be with your family for it."

"I don't know if it does anymore, though," I tell him, feeling tears prick my eyes at the thought of my mom lying to me.

"Molly, look at me," Seth says and I do as he says, meeting his beautiful, blue eyes with my new green ones, full of tears. He reaches down and gently cups my face. "She loves you. I know you're hurting from what you've learned today, but you need to remember that the only thing people cared about was keeping you safe."

"They didn't really want to adopt me," I whisper, tears escaping my eyes.

Seth wipes my tears away. "You can't know that."

"Even if they did, she knew I wouldn't shift. She knew I wouldn't find my mate because they changed my scent. She kept telling me I would though. She just kept lying to me." I say, sniffling from crying.

"I did find you, though," he tells me with a smile, "You smell different now, but still just as good to me. Maybe even better."

"I love you," I tell him, holding him tightly.

"I love you, Molly," he tells me, wrapping his arms around me tightly. "I don't know what I'd do if I hadn't found you."

I snuggle into my mate, content just being with him in this tiny attic, in my favorite place, letting the sound of his breathing lull me to sleep.

I awake in my meadow and sit up, looking around for Sage. I find that she's right next to me, curled up.

"I'm so tired, Molly."

"Is it from breaking the spell?" I ask her, reaching out to scratch her behind the ears.

She nods slightly. "Yes, and the memories coming through to you. They take a lot of energy from me. I'm sorry I wasn't with you more today."

"I'm just glad you're here, Sage," I tell her, feeling bad that she's upset. "I'm so glad you're here."

"When you wake up tomorrow you'll remember everything," she says to me, laying her head back down on her paws. "It won't be like today, it will just all be there."

"Good," I tell her, breathing a sigh of relief. "Today was really terrible."

"I know, but our mate took care of us," she tells me. "He'll always take care of us."

"He will," I say with a smile and feel a flutter in my chest. "He really does love me."

"We can mark him now," she says to me and I feel the flutter in my chest again.

"I know," I tell her, smiling. "I think he's excited about that. Are there going to be more memories that hurt like the ones today?" I ask her, afraid of the answer.

"Yes, there will be," she says to me quietly. "And there will be memories that seem confusing."

"Are there any more memories with Peter?"

"No, Molly," she tells me gently. "That was the only time we saw him until you met Seth."

"Do you think he's safe for me to be around?" I ask her with a sigh. "He's my mate's dad, but he killed my brothers. I don't know how to deal with this."

Sage lifts her head to look me in the eyes. "If he hurts you, he hurts Seth. Our bond is so strong and special that it will kill Seth if anything happens to you. He won't risk that."

"He doesn't know how strong the bond is, though," I tell her, trying to decide how to handle this situation.

"I think he knows more than you realize, Molly," she says with a yawn. "I'm so tired. Will you stay with me a while?"

"Of course, Sage," I tell her and pet her head with a smile. "I'm so glad I'm here with you."