

Chapter 55-1

We’re back in my suite now and Seth is sitting on the bed watching me as I unpack my things from the bags that have accumulated over the past few days. I pick up the dirty clothes and walk out to the laundry closet, tossing everything in the washer.

“You do your own laundry?” Seth asks me with a horrified look on his face.

“Of course,” I tell him, laughing at his face.

He looks at me like I’m about to jump off a cliff as I add detergent. “You won’t be doing this at the palace. We have people to do this for us.”

“OK,” I tell him, not really sure what he’s expecting for now. “Do you need me to do laundry for you until then?”

“Isn’t there an omega that can?” he says, still looking at me completely horrified. “I don’t want you to have to do that. You’re a princess now.”

“Seth!” I exclaim, upset about his remark. “I’m the same person I was before you marked me.”

“Actually,” he says with a smirk, “You very much look like a different person.”

He’s not wrong, but he knows what I meant. I grab a dirty sock and throw it at him. “You can let me do your laundry or not, I don’t care. But you have to find someone to do it yourself. I’m not helping.”

I walk back to the bedroom and flop down on my bed, Seth following me and flopping down next to me just after. It’s been a rough few days, and I’m glad to just be here with him, alone.

“You invited your mom over for dinner,” Seth says, leaving it open-ended, but it was very much a question.

“I know,” I tell him, unsure how I really feel about the entire situation. “I want to get past it, but it’s so hard. She’s my mom.”

“She’s linked me a few times,” he says quietly, reaching out to take my hand. “She’s worried about you. She hasn’t asked me once to tell you anything, or how to fix the problem between you. She just wants to know that you’re OK through all of this.”

I sniffle and try to fight back tears. “I just don’t understand why she would keep lying to me. Why would she pretend that I’d ever be able to ever shift?”

Seth reaches over, putting his arm behind me and pulling me close to him. “I don’t have the answers. But I do know that she loves you.”

I nod, knowing he’s right. I have never had any doubt that my mom loved me, I’m just really hurt from the things said in the memory. This, also, is partly to blame on Lily, as well. I think back upon the memory. My mom was furious with Lily. Maybe she did what was asked because she said she would never come back if she did. I take a deep sigh, this isn’t at all what I want to be doing today.

I pack away the bad thoughts and run my hand down my mate's chest. My mate, I think to myself with a smile. I gently run my hand back up his chest, and begin to undo the buttons of his shirt. He doesn’t say anything, but he doesn’t stop me, as I continue with the buttons until I reach the last one. I can hear his heart beat become quicker, so I chance pushing his shirt open, running my fingers along his strong, well defined chest. He really is beautiful.

Feeling brave from where he has not stopped me yet, I move from my place in his arms and straddle his hips, leaning down to kiss him. He leans up and returns my kiss excitedly, gently running a hand inside my shirt so he can touch my skin, as he does so often. I feel his hands move and he begins to undo the buttons on my shirt and slowly pushes it down my arms. I sit up to completely remove the shirt and gently bite my lip in nervousness. I didn’t think this through all the way and I’m just not sure what to do next. Thankfully, he realizes this, or probably feels it through the bond, and gently flips us so that he’s on top and in control of things now.

To my surprise though, he gently cups my face and looks at me very seriously. “I don’t want to hurt you. I was so scared I was losing you, and that it was my fault.”

“It was just from the magic, Seth. It’s gone now,” I tell him, placing my hand on his wrist.

“You were so cold, Molly. I shifted and you laid on Altair to help warm you. I’ve never been more scared,” he tells me and I’m surprised to hear that he had shifted to help keep me warm.

“The magic is gone now,” I tell him, pulling my hand up to push the dark hair from his face. “I swear, I’m fine.”

He must accept that because he leans down and gently kisses me. “I love you, Molly. More than I ever thought was possible,” he tells me, and he kisses me again.

“I love you,” I tell him with a smile and he kisses me again. This kiss though, this kiss is something different. This kiss contains every emotion he felt after he marked me and leaves me feeling weak. He leaves my lips, trailing kisses down- my jaw, my neck. He stops over the spot where he had left his mark and I can feel him smile against my skin. “Mine,” he whispers over the spot, like I’m the most precious thing to him and I feel my heart flutter.