

Chapter 58-1

Our mate loves us, I can faintly hear Sage say.

He does. He really does.

We’re sitting on the couch in my living room. Well, Seth is sitting and I’m curled up in a ball with my head resting on his lap. He’s been playing with my straightened hair for some time and while I know he would never say it, he seems to prefer it to the new curly hair.

Is Benjamin a bad man? I ask my wolf. I’ve no idea what to think of the memories, but none of them seem to make sense with how he acted when I met him.

I thought so, until you met him this week. Maybe losing his strength changed him.

I thought he seemed genuine, but I don’t know. Do you know how he can link the other rogues?

No, I don’t. But I don’t think he’s supposed to be able to.

“Seth,” I say, pulling his attention away from the awful movie we’ve been watching. He looks down at me with a small smile. “You saw Benjamin mind link other wolves, right?”

“Yeah, why?” he says, confused.

Maybe I’ve just misunderstood things. He doesn’t seem concerned by it. “He’s not supposed to be able to, right? As a rogue? Maybe I just misunderstood what your dad said.”

“I’m honestly not sure,” he says and I can see that he’s starting to see the issue. “I can ask my dad.”

“Don’t bother him now,” I tell him. “Whatever is going on has been for a while. It can wait a day or two.”

Seth rubs my back, but when I look up at him I can see he’s thinking about what I’ve said. It’s late though. I’m having trouble keeping my eyes open and finally give up, falling asleep peacefully, enveloped in the scent of my mate.

I feel like I’m moving and quickly open my eyes from what I think is a weird dream where I’m floating to find Seth carrying me in his arms.

“What’s going on?” I ask sleepily, looking around trying to find where I’m at.

“I’m just moving you to the bed, love,” he says and places me on the bed. He pulls the covers over me and kisses me gently. “Go back to sleep,” he tells me with a kind smile.

He climbs in his side of the bed and pulls me to him, letting me rest my head on his chest, and I quickly fall back asleep. This time, though, I find myself in the meadow with Sage.

“Will I always meet you here” I ask her and the little wolf nods.

“This was your favorite place when I was locked away, so I came here and stayed while we were apart,” she tells me with sadness in her green eyes. “It was terrible then, when I was all alone, but everything is better now that you’re here.”

“Are you feeling better today?” I ask her, petting her head.

“I’m still tired, but a little better,” she says, laying down next to my outstretched legs. “I think I’ll feel like this until we shift.”

I look at her, feeling nervous. I’ve not put a lot of thought into actually shifting, but now that I am, I’m unsure about it. “It’s going to hurt, isn’t it? Shifting?”

“Yes, it will,” she tells me, looking up at me. “It hurts more the older you are when you first shift.”

“And no one has ever shifted their first time when they’re this old,” I say, knowing there won’t be any information to research.

“I’m sorry, Molly,” she tells me, moving to sit up next to me. “You’ll have Seth with you, though. Maybe the bond will help.”

“Maybe,” I tell her, hopeful that she’s right about it. I remember my friends after their first shift and how bad they said it was, and they all shifted at a normal age. They’d take a day or two to recover, sometimes more than that, but they always said the first shift was the worst.

“We’ll be OK, Molly,” Sage tells me, reassuringly. “You’re a werewolf, you’re made for this. It just seems more scary because you spent most of your life thinking it wouldn’t happen.”

She’s not wrong, though I guess she is actually still me.

“Just think,” I hear her say, “We’ll get to run with your parents and your mate this time. You won’t be left inside all alone.”

Upon hearing her words, I can feel my chest swell with happiness. I hadn’t really thought about it, but she’s right. I’ve spent so many full moons alone while my family was out together. I’ll get to be with them this time. The thought is so amazing to me that I can barely contain my excitement.

“Seth is good to us,” Sage says, curling up and laying down again. “I’m so happy to have our mate.”

“Me, too.” I tell her with a smile as she falls asleep and I follow along soon after.

I awake with my head on Seth’s chest and listen to the steady sound of his heart beating and his breathing. He truly has been the most amazing and patient man. There’s no real way to thank him for how wonderful he’s been, but I hope I can, somehow.

I stretch, feeling less sore than the night before and try to slowly wiggle away from my mate’s grasp, but it’s nearly impossible. Every time I try to move even the slightest he tightens his grip on me. It’s sweet, and it makes me giggle a little.

I gently rub my hand across my mate’s firm chest, playing with the hair that’s there, and let my hand wander lower, exploring his body. His well defined muscles have always been there, but I’ve never really felt them, not intentionally, anyways. So many she-wolves would, quite literally, kill for a mate that looks like him, but he’s mine. My hand slowly explores ever lower as it meets a trail of hair, but I pause. I don’t think he’d be upset, but he’s asleep. I worry my lip, unsure of what to do.

“Don’t stop,” I hear Seth’s sleepy rumble and tilt my head up to see him. His eyes are still closed. In fact, nothing looks different. If I hadn’t heard him, I’d think he was still asleep.