

Chapter 59-1

The smell from my kitchen is absolutely amazing, and it feels so nice to be cooking again. I realize as I'm removing the prime rib out of the oven that my finger hasn't hurt at all today. I glance at it, noticing that there's not even a hint of a scar left on it from the accident. Seth was able to heal it completely. Additionally, though, the scar from my blood adoption has become even more faint and I frown at it. It's always been something that connected me to my mom and dad and it hurts that it's fading so quickly now, especially with everything going on.

Seth comes up behind me and wraps his arms around me, pulling me out of my thoughts. "It's nice you were able to make bread for dinner, even though you were so rudely distracted this morning," he says with a smirk and I swat at his hand playfully.

"That's the flattest bread I've ever made," I tell him with a small laugh. "It didn't have enough time to rise properly."

"I don't know what that means," he says, smiling against my neck. "It smells wonderful, though. I'm sure it's fine, and was definitely worth it."

I turn around in his arms, wrapping my arms behind his neck, pulling him down to kiss him. "I've never cooked for a King and Queen before," I tell him honestly. "I'm nervous."

"They're not the king and queen, Love," he tells me reassuringly. "They're just your mate's parents."

I giggle at him. He's trying so sweetly to make me feel less nervous. "I've never cooked for my mate's parents before, either."

"You made dad's favorite dessert. He won't care about anything once you give him that."

"So, dessert first, then?" I say and he just laughs, releasing me and moving across the kitchen to inspect the bottles of wine.

"Your pack seems to have a decent wine collection," he says absentmindedly as he looks at what I've brought for the evening.

"It's not the packs," I tell him simply and he turns to look at me quizzically. "They've all just been mine. Everything you saw in the office is mine, not the packs."

"Really?" he asks me, surprise evident on his face.

"Of course," I tell him, slightly offended. "I'm not going to spend my life making amazing meals and drink s**t wine with them."

He laughs at me, opening a bottle and reaching to get the glasses down from the cabinet. I look around and inspect my work. Everything is ready, the table is set and Seth is handling the wine.

"I'm going to go get ready," I tell him and he just nods. I close the bedroom door and walk to my closet, looking at the dresses hanging. Seth is wearing black slacks and a white button-down shirt, thankfully he decided not to wear a tie, so I don't have to be formal, but I need to look nice. I grab a dress that's black with lace sleeves and is low cut and short, but when I put it on, I find that it doesn't fit my new body. It's too short now and my chest is nearly exploding out of the top.

I try on a couple more black dresses and run into an issue with each of them. I look at other colors hanging in the closet but unless I wear a sundress, I don't think anything is going to fit well. All my jeans and shirts have been more snug, but I didn't realize the dresses that all fit so perfectly would be such an issue. I pull out a long black dress. It's nice, probably too nice for dinner, but if it fits, it will have to work.

Thankfully, the dress seems like it will fit as I slip it on. It comes to just above my ankles now and is tight at the waist with a split halter top- a line of detailed lace going down the chest. It's definitely too much for dinner, but it's going to have to work. I take it back off and sit at the vanity to fix my hair, curling the ends loosely and pulling it up into a ponytail. I throw on a little makeup. Honestly, it's not much, but it's more than I typically wear and decide to put on a nude lipstick with it. I go back, pulling on a black lace thong and slide into the dress.

I crack the bedroom door. "Seth," I ask nervously. "Could you zip my dress, maybe?"

"Of course," he says and walks over, coming inside the bedroom. "Molly, you look absolutely stunning," he tells me, staring at me like he's meeting me for the first time.

"None of my dresses fit anymore," I tell him, looking down at my bare feet. "It's too much, but it's all that would zip- and I'm not even sure it will."

Seth steps over and I turn my back to him. He slowly zips it up and while tight, it's closed and I'm not spilling out of the top. I'm about to turn around but he leans forward and gently kisses my shoulder, his hand moving down to my hip and pulling me against him. He wraps his arm tightly around my front and I can feel him hard behind me.

"I'll buy you all the dresses you could possibly imagine," he tells me. He's about to say something else when we're interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Can you get it?" I ask him quietly. "I still need to put my shoes on."

He doesn't say anything else as he turns and walks out, closing the door to give me time to put my strappy black heels on. I take a look in the mirror and nod. It's still weird that I look so different now, but I think I look pretty nice, and Seth definitely did.