

Chapter 60-1

After dinner, I bring out dessert and Peter seems delighted at the sight of the chocolate cake I had made earlier.

“Molly, this is the best cake I have ever had,” he tells me with a giant smile across his face and I beam at his compliment.

“Thank you, sir,” I tell him with a smile.

“I’ve never had a dessert that Molly made that wasn’t amazing,” my dad says, pride evident in his voice. “I didn’t want her cooking for the pack, but I was wrong. We have Celeste to thank, though. She was the one who convinced me.”

My mom looks up at him and smiles, slightly. Things are still very weird between them, but he seems to really be trying.

“So tomorrow morning the ladies will head to the seamstress and then Molly will join Seth and Me to work on the law after. Does that sound good to everyone?” Peter asks and everyone agrees on the plan.

“Does 10:00 work for you, Molly?” mom asks and I nod.

We finish dinner and everyone leaves us. It does not go unnoticed that my dad takes my mom's hand and leads her out and up the stairs. The entire situation is so complicated, but I see my dad trying to understand why she did what she did, and I think that I can manage to do the same.

I start cleaning up, loading the dishwasher with dishes and cleaning up pots. Seth sits at the bar and looks at me, a little bit confused.

“Molly, I’d help, but I really don’t know what to do,” he tells me and it causes me to giggle a little.

I look up at him with a joking smile. “Can’t do the dishes. Can’t wash your laundry. What CAN you do?” I ask him with a laugh.

Seth stands up and stalks towards me, no smile on his face at all. His eyes burn into me and I begin to worry that he didn’t find my attempt at a joke funny at all.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper as he gets closer to me and slowly takes the pan out of my hand, placing it on the counter, and turning back to me. He places one hand on the counter on each side of me and leans down so he’s just inches from my face.

“If I recall,” he begins in a deep, quiet voice. “I am pretty good at making you scream my name.”

I just nod at him, intimidated by his close proximity. I can feel his breath on me, hear his heart beat, and I’d be lying if I said it didn’t turn me on a bit. I swallow hard and slowly nod at him. I very much remember how he made me scream his name this morning. I’m pretty sure the entire pack house remembers.

Seth moves one hand slowly up my arm, causing goose bumps across my entire body. He closes the inches between us as our lips meet and he gently cups my face with his hand. I feel his other hand make it’s way inside the bottom of my dress and gently caress my thigh. He breaks our kiss, leaving me breathless as he moves his hand to my neck.

“I like it when you have your hair up,” he says and kisses my neck, gently licking and nipping it. “I like that everyone can see my mark on you. That everyone knows your mine.”

“I do, too,” I whisper. “I can’t wait for you to wear my mark.”

“We’ll have to leave for the palace, then. Are you sure your ready for that?” he asks me and I stop. I’m not, I’m really, really not.

“I don’t want to talk about that right now,” I tell him. “I just want to be with you.”

He captures my lips in a bruising kiss. The way this man constantly makes me feel so safe and wanted never ceases to amaze me. His hands move to grip my hips and he lifts me up to sit on the counter as he pulls me tightly against his firm body.

“You look absolutely amazing tonight, Love,” he tells me through broken kisses as his lips make their way to my neck. “I know you’re frustrated with everything, but you look absolutely exquisite. And you’re all mine.”

His words, along with his actions cause me to moan, gripping his hair. “I’m yours,” I say breathlessly. “I love you, Seth.”

“I love you, My Love. So much,” he says, pulling me to the edge of the counter, completely flush against him as his hands travel slowly, carefully, up my legs, pulling my dress up with them.

I slowly reach my hands up and begin to unbutton his shirt, untucking it when I get towards the bottom. Seth reaches forward, pushes my underwear to the side and begins to stroke, causing me to arch my back and gasp.

“I love the sweet little sounds you make when I touch you,” he whispers wickedly in my ear, continuing his movements and making me moan. His movements are driving me absolutely mad with pleasure.

“Please,” I beg him through my jagged breathing. “Please. I need you.”

“I’m right here, Love,” he says to me, leaning down to kiss me deeply. He makes no move to remove his hand though, so I timidly reach down, unbutton his pants, and reach inside to take him in my hand. Seth hisses and leans his head down, whispering in my ear. “I love it when you touch me”.

I continue my movements, tightening my hand a little every so often, causing him to moan gently in my ear. “Molly,” he says, placing a tender kiss on my neck where his mark sits. Seth finally removes his hand from me and I follow his lead. Eagerly, he pulls himself out of his pants and pushes into me. I grab his shoulders as he begins to move, his arm going behind my back while the other grips my thigh. He continues his movements, speeding as he goes, and causing me to moan in ecstasy.