

Chapter 60

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.

I move my arms to wrap them around his neck and gently pull him towards me, kissing him deeply. He gently moans into my mouth and returns my kisses as his hand trails up my back and to the back of my neck. His movements are causing me to tighten with a need for relief, causing me to arch my back and throw my head back, moaning my mate’s name in pleasure. I vaguely realize it may have been loud, but I’m too consumed with the pleasure my mate is giving me to care how loud I am.

Seth suddenly pulls out, but he quickly helps me to stand and turns me around, lifting the end of my dress back up. He attempts to enter me from behind, but I’m too short. “Brace yourself on the counter,” I hear him say as he lifts me by my hips and pushes into me, but his attempts to move like this aren’t going as I think he’d hoped for, or maybe I’m just not doing a very good job.

He pulls out and places me on my feet again, turning me around and tossing me over his shoulder.

“Seth!” I exclaim but he isn’t deterred and just swats me on the butt as he makes his way to the bedroom, gently tossing me onto the bed with a grin.

“Get on your hands and knees, Love,” he tells me and I do as I’m told. “Wait, you have too many clothes on.”

I feel his hands on the zipper of my dress and once it’s down, I wiggle out of it, throwing it to the side. He guides me back down, pulling me to the edge of the bed where he’s standing and he quickly pushes back into me with a sigh.

“That’s better,” he says, contentedly. “Are you good?” he asks and I look over my shoulder to him and nod. “You feel so good, Molly,” he tells me, with a gentle caress of my ass before he pulls back, and then slams into me, gripping my hips tightly.

He continues his movements, causing a tightening inside of me that I don’t know if I can handle. He leans over and throws a pillow at me, and I realize that I may have been a little loud, but I can’t be bothered to care too much as I slam my face into the pillow to muffle the sounds. I reach a peak of pleasure and as it explodes, waves of satisfaction course through my body as Seth grips me tightly, slamming into me one last time before he stills and wraps his arms around me.

Seth pulls out of me and I collapse on the bed, completely exhausted, as I feel him lay down next to me and pull me to him. He places sweet, gentle kisses across my shoulder and down my back. We lay there, both slowing our breathing as he continues to gently run his hand along my exposed skin. Finally, after I’ve come down from the most amazing physical high, I turn so I’m facing him and he wraps me in his arms, pulling me to him.

“Was I THAT loud?” I ask him, feeling embarrassed. I didn’t care in the moment, but I can’t help the blush that forms across my face now.

He smirks at me and reaches to push a stray hair that had come loose behind my ear. “Yeah, you were.”

I feel my face become even more red as I throw my hands over it, mortified. I can hear and feel Seth laugh as he tightens his hold on me. “I’m sure rumors will spread through your pack about how I’m just a s*x God now.”

“What if my parents heard?” I ask, somehow more mortified than just a moment ago.

I hear Seth laugh again. Honestly, it’s pretty annoying that he finds this so funny. “Oh, Molly. I’m sure they did.”

I sit up, pushing my way out of his arms with the plans to storm off, but I still have my shoes on. I quickly sit back down and reach down, undoing the straps.

“Molly,” he tells me, timidly placing his hand on my hip. “We’re mates. It’s ok.”

“It’s embarrassing,” I whisper, feeling really vulnerable and uncomfortable that I feel that way. Seth wraps his arms around me and pulls me into his lap.

“You’re my mate, Molly,” he says and gently kisses my cheek. “Don’t be embarrassed that we love each other. IF people heard, they won’t say anything. You’re their Princess.”

I nod at his words. I’m not completely convinced of that, because I’m sure my brother will have plenty to say, but it does make me feel a little bit better. Seth kisses my head and releases me, shrugging out of his shirt and reaching down to remove his shoes. I leave him there and make my way to the bathroom and turn on the shower. I look at myself in the mirror and laugh a little. I thought I’d look much worse after that, but my makeup is only smeared just a little and my hair is only falling down slightly. I take it down from the ponytail it’s been in and throw it up into a messy bun and begin to wipe off my makeup.

Seth walks into the bathroom and I can see him behind me in the mirror, smiling.

“What?” I ask, unsure why he’s smiling like that.

He walks up to me and wraps arm around my waist. “You’re just so beautiful, Molly. I don’t deserve you, but I thank the Goddess that I have you.”

“You’re not too bad, yourself?” I say to him with a small smile and he chuckles slightly.

“I’ll have you know that your mother thinks I’m gorgeous,” he says to me, feigning offense.

I can’t help the giggle that escapes me. “Yes, she very much does.”