

Chapter 66-2

“What’s wrong?” he asks me.

I frown, not exactly sure how to explain my concerns without hurting his feelings. “We can’t,” I whisper. He continues to frown, but he doesn’t say anything. “I… I can’t get pregnant.”

“What?” he asks me, clearly confused. “I don’t understand.”

“My mom pointed out that I HAVE to shift next week,” I tell him and he nods. “I can’t shift if I’m pregnant.” I say, my voice barely a whisper, laced with concern that I’ve already messed up.

“Oh,” he says, and I can see that he’s thinking. “What if we already messed up?”

“I don’t know,” I tell him and shake my head. “Your mom said she shifted when she was pregnant with you. That if it’s early, it’s not as much of a concern, but…” I say, not wanting to voice my concern.

“I’m sure it will be OK, Love,” he tells me, leaning down to kiss my forehead.

“I’m sorry,” I tell him. “I didn’t even think of it. I hope I haven’t messed anything up,” I say, placing my hand on my stomach. I haven’t felt any different, and he hasn’t noticed a change in my scent, but still.

“Molly, it’s going to be fine,” he tells me, but I can feel his worry through the bond.

“But what if it’s not?” I say.

Seth pulls me to his chest and rubs his hand up and down my back. “It will. I’m sure of it. Even if you already are and have to shift, it will be fine.”

I don’t say anything else. Seth reaches for my sponge and starts to wash me, being so gentle with me, like he always is. The man is always so considerate of me and my feelings.

After he finishes washing me he helps me to step out and goes back to clean himself. I walk into the bedroom and pull out a pair of blue, lacy underwear and search for the matching bra. I put them on but decide to wait for my mate to come out of the bathroom, noticing that both are a bit too small for my changed body. I sit on the bed and wait for him, when he finally appears, a towel wrapped around his waist.

He looks at me sitting on the bed and smirks at me. “What are you doing, gorgeous?”

“Just waiting for you,” I tell him and crawl to the end of the bed where he’s standing. I reach into the towel, taking him in my hand.

“Molly,” he says, but makes no effort to move from me.

I take his hand with my free one and pull him towards me on the bed and he complies, lying on his back. I continue my movements, moving myself to kneel between his legs.

“Molly,” he moans lightly, his breathing becoming a bit labored at my efforts. I lean forward, taking him in my mouth and hear him hiss in pleasure. He gently places his hand on my head, his fingers wrapped in my wet hair and he tugs slightly. “Love, you feel so good,” I hear him groan as I continue my movements.

“I’m close,” I hear him warn me but I no effort to move, instead, increasing the speed of my movements. His hand in my hair closes into a fist as he releases himself into my mouth. I swallow and look up at him, his head tilted back, breathing heavily.

“Seth,” I say and he looks down at me. “Can you let go of my hair.”

“Oh, s**t,” he says, immediately releasing me. “I’m sorry. Are you ok?”

I smile at how thoughtful he can be. “I’m fine.” I say with a soft smile. “I just couldn’t move”. I stand up, and walk to the closet. I only make it about 3 steps before I feel his hands on me and find myself laying on my back on the bed.

“It’s your turn,” he says, hooking his fingers into my underwear.

I shake my head quickly and grab his hands. “No.”

“Are you OK?” he asks me, concerned and looking me over for any signs of what wrong.

“I’m fine,” I tell him and try to sit up and move away. “I just. No.”

“Please, tell me what’s wrong?” he asks me, but he lets me move away from him.

“I’m just worried,” I tell him honestly, and he moves to pull me to him.

He kisses the top of my head and pushes a curl behind my ear. “You can’t punish yourself, Love. Neither of us thought of it.”

“I know,” I tell him, nodding. “I just. I just can’t right now.”

“That’s fine,” he tells me, letting me go again. “We’ll be careful now, I’ll be sure of it. But you’re not going to deny yourself because we made a mistake in the beginning.”

“I won’t” I tell him in a whisper, not convincing him, muchless myself.

Thankfully, though, he lets me go.

Seth gets dressed, putting on a black button down shirt and black slacks. Unfortunately, he puts on a black jacket, making his outfit entirely too nice for me to wear jeans today. Thankfully, he walks into the living room without putting on a tie.

I’m standing in the closet, looking for something that will fit when I hear a knock at the door. I hear Seth announce that he’ll get it, and I give up, deciding to worry about clothes after I dry my hair.

I walk to the vanity and pull out the hair dryer, deciding to try to diffuse my curls to see what happens. I’m drying my hair when Seth walks into the bedroom holding boxes and bags, looking at me with moderate concern.

“Did you get enough clothes?” he said with a small laugh.

“I didn’t actually pick anything,” I tell him with a smile. “Our moms did.”

“This isn’t all. I’ll bring the rest from the living room, but she said she would bring more tomorrow, and have the rest ready at the full moon.” he tells me with a pointed look and I laugh.

I finish my hair and I don’t hate how the curls look today. I think I’m starting to accept it, and associating it less with Lily and more as myself. I turn to find Seth looking through everything.

“I like this,” he says, holding up a black lace bra. He holds up the matching underwear and c**s an eyebrow at me.

“What?” I ask him, taking them from his hand. “They know I like to match,” I tell him with a shrug and immediately take off what I’m wearing to put them on. “Thank goodness, that feels so much better,” I say at the feeling of relief of having a bra that fits right again.

I look through the bags of dresses and find a flared and pleated black satin skirt and search through the rest to find a top that matches. There’s a blue chambray button down shirt and I put them on, tucking in the shirt.

“It fits,” I tell Seth with a smile.

He comes up behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist. “You look wonderful,” he tells me and kisses my neck.

“Why do you always have to dress so nice?” I ask him with a smile. “Can’t you just wear sweat pants and look terrible so I look better?”

“Do you want me to go change?” he asks. “I could shave my head?”

“NO!” I exclaim, turning in his arms as he smiles at me. “Don’t do anything to your beautiful hair. I like it.”

He laughs at me, a genuine laugh. “Hurry up and finish getting ready. I’m hungry.”

“You’re the one that distracted me,” I tell him and walk back, putting on a little moisturizer and some light makeup. I turn and see him sitting on the bed, looking at his phone. “I guess I’ll have to wear heels today since you’re dressed so fancy.”

“You should,” he says with a grin. “You’re too short, anyways.”