

## Chapter 89-2

“I don’t know how I’m supposed to feel about everything,” I whisper, afraid to even say it. It makes me feel terrible to admit that I know what he and Lily gave up for me, but that I still feel hurt.

“You don’t have to know, Love,” he tells me, releasing me to grab a bottle of conditioner and working it through my hair. “You’ll figure it out as you go. I think Benjamin finally understands how much you were hurt, and I think he just feels bad about it. There was no good answer, though. He did the best he could.”

I nod, knowing that he’s right. “I think sometimes it just feels overwhelming to try to figure it all out.”

“You don’t have to figure anything out, Love,” he tells me, gently rinsing the conditioner from my hair. “I think you guys are finally in a place where you can just get to know each other.”

“Do you know when they plan to go back?” I ask.

“No,” he says, beginning to wash my body for me. “You’ll have to ask them. He’s doing really well, though.”

I nod as he helps me turn and rinses me off, kissing my ear as he stands behind me.

“I’ve missed this,” I whisper.

“You missed showering with me?” he asks and I shake my head, turning back around and reach up, pulling him down gently and kissing his cheek.

I smile at him, running my hands down his chest slowly. “No. I’ve just missed being with you. Alone with you, doing something... normal,” I tell him as I slowly move my hands down, taking him in one of them.

Seth hisses in pleasure, but quickly places a hand over mine firmly and stops me. “No. You JUST woke up. You just shifted last night. Not yet.”

“I’m OK, really,” I tell him, almost pleading with him. “I think that tea was some kind of magic because I feel better than I did before everything happened. I swear.”

He reaches his free hand up and pushes my wet curls back from my face. “I don’t want to hurt you. You’ve been through so much in such a short time.”

“I’m fine,” I tell him and lift myself on my tiptoes. Thankfully, he lowers his head so our lips meet. I pull back slightly, and whisper, “I promise, I’ll tell you if anything is wrong. Please. I’ve missed you.”

He leans forward and kisses me again, passionately, causing every nerve in my body to wake up. He walks me back, our lips never breaking contact until my back is flush against the wall of the shower as he reaches down and grabs my ass, lifting me up, still pinning me against the wall.

“I’ve missed this so much, Molly,” he whispers in my ear. “So much.” he catches my lips again, never letting up on the intensity of his kiss as one of his hands moves and cups one of my breasts, teasing me, making me moan into his mouth.

“Please, Seth,” I say breathlessly as his lips move down to my neck, driving me wild. “I need you.”

He reaches off to the side and the water stops running. I look at him confused and he kisses my cheek, lifting me with both his hands and walking out of the shower.

“I don’t want to chance dropping you,” he says and I can’t help but smile at how sweet he’s being and just nod at him.

He walks out, still carrying me and tosses me on the bed gently, still soaking wet, and he climbs on top of me, capturing my lips with his again. His hands wander, gently caressing every inch of my skin that he can when I feel him hard against my entrance, slowly pushing in.

“You’re OK?” he asks and I smile at him.

“Yes, I’m fine,” I say, trying not to roll my eyes at how cautious he’s being, though I truly do love it. “Keep going,” I whine and he smirks down at me, kissing my forehead as he quickly pushes himself inside.

“You were made for me, Molly,” he whispers in my ear with a moan before nipping at my ear lobe. “You’re perfect.”

He continues his movements, quickening his pace, causing me to moan beneath him.

Mate. Mark him.

I bite my lip, nervous, but I tighten my legs to his sides and try to push him over. Thankfully, he complies with a smile and rolls over, bringing me with him. He takes my hands in his and pushes me back so that I sit up as I attempt to continue his movements, but I feel so shy suddenly and I look away.

“You’re so beautiful, Love,” he tells me. “I just want to see you.”

I look at him, still chewing on my lip. “I... I want to mark you,” I whisper nervously.

“I’d love that. As long as you have the energy,” he says and cups my face gently. “Don’t exhaust yourself. We have forever for that.”

I nod in understanding, but my heart flutters at the thought of finally being able to mark my mate. I never, ever thought it was something I’d be able to do, but this man is mine.

I rock back and forth, Seth gently guiding me and helping me set the pace. I feel the tension building, building when, finally, everything releases in a moment of pleasure that I hadn’t realized just how much I had missed as I bring my nails down Seth’s firm chest, yelling his name. He continues to hold my hips, helping me to move as his breathing becomes even quicker and he nods at me and bares his neck to me.

I lean up, trusting Sage to take over as his fingers dig into my hips almost painfully. I vaguely hear him moan my name as I feel my wolf fangs move out and I bite down on his neck, his neck that he exposed to me in complete love and trust. I feel his arms tighten around me, holding me close. My fangs sink into his skin and I can feel the taste of his blood as I release him and lick over the wound to seal it closed.

My fangs retract and I look down, seeing my mark- MY mark- on my mate’s neck. I can’t help it as tears come to my eyes and I sniffle, trying to hold them in, but I fail miserably and sob.

“Hey,” Seth says, concerned. He quickly rolls over and pulls out, looking at me for any sign of an injury. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” I say with staggered breath. “I just... I never thought I’d get to mark my mate. I never thought I even had a mate. But I do, and you’re amazing. I’m just so happy.”

“Molly,” he says, kissing me gently.

“You don’t understand,” I whisper, trying to pull my emotions down to some kind of reasonable level. “I just... I had a broken wolf. I didn’t think I would have a mate, or if I did, that he’d reject me. Hell, you would have if it weren’t for not being allowed to...”

“No, I wouldn’t have,” he says and kisses me again. “The second I caught your scent on your dad, Altair took control. There’s no chance I’d have been able to reject you even if I had wanted to. I know I thought I wanted to before but the second I smelled you in person, I knew you were mine.”

“I love you,” I whisper, kissing his cheek.

“I love you.”