

Chapter 96-2

“I love you,” I whisper to him.

He releases me and I lift my head to look at him. “I love you, Molly. So much,” he says, gently cupping my face and kissing me.

I return his kiss, placing my hands on his arms, parting my lips allowing his tongue entrance. His hands slowly move down my body, taking in my curves until one lands on my hip, and the other finds my thigh. He moves his hand up under the edge of my dress, slowly, gently caressing the skin of my thigh as he moves to his knees, moving his hand from my hip to my back and helps me to lay back, him over top of me.

I bring my leg up to his side and his hand finds its way farther up under my dress. His other hand finds my breast, pushing my cardigan out of his way. I wiggle, trying to free myself from the offending sweater. He seems unphased by my movements and continues his, as he reaches down and tries to untie the belt of my dress, helping me to wiggle it up and lifts me gently to remove it.

I lay back down as he sits back, looking down at me as he removes the jacket of his suit, tossing it to the side and undoes his cufflinks. I reach forward and pull his shirt to untuck it, causing him to smirk down at me. I unbutton the lower buttons and he starts from the top, meeting me in the middle. He pushes his shirt off, causing me to smile when I see my mark on him.

He leans forward once again, propping himself over top of me. “You’re my everything, Molly,” he says softly and I lean up to capture his lips with my own, pulling him towards me so our skin is finally touching. The bond ignites my desire even more then, when I thought it would calm some, causing me to moan.

“Your skin is so soft,” Seth whispers in my ear, gently running his hand down my side. “I love you so much, Molly.”

“I love you,” I tell him, grabbing his shoulders and turning my head to kiss him again, feeling like I’ll never get enough of him. Like I’ll never be close enough.

He reaches down, grabbing the sides of my underwear and slowly sliding them down my legs, feeling every inch of skin along the way, his hands slowly lingering and setting my entire body on fire. Tossing them to the side, he then undoes his pants and removed them, pulling his boxers off as well. He leans over me, propping himself on one arm while the other grabs my hip firmly.

He pauses and looks at me, waiting for my confirmation that I’m OK, still worrying about my recovery from shifting. I nod to him, and he leans down, gently kissing me. I feel him slowly slide inside me, filling me completely, finally calming the bond and making me feel complete again. He gently kisses my forehead, making me smile, as he begins moving at a torturous rhythm.

His movements increase slowly as he leans down to kiss his mark on my neck, causing me to tighten around him that much more. I grip his biceps firmly and wrap my legs around him as he continues, causing me to moan loudly, calling his name as I fall over the edge of pleasure, bringing him with me.

We lie there on the floor of the closet for what feels like forever before he finally pulls out and rolls over, holding me close to him.

“Does it help to know that no one, NO ONE, has come close to you?” he asks me and kisses my forehead.

His words cause me to smile more than I’d like to admit. “Maybe a little.”

Seth gets up and helps me to stand. He smirks as he sees the rug burn on my ass, already healing, thanks to my wolf.

“Are you happy with yourself?” I ask him, sarcastically as he admires his work.

He laughs at me as I lean over to grab pajamas out of the drawer. “I’d feel bad if you didn’t have your wolf, but she’s healing it already. Besides, I don’t think she’s too upset about it.”

I smile at him as I walk to the restroom, Seth following closely behind me. “No,” I say, turning to shut the door in his face. “I’m using the restroom. You can’t come in.”

“Molly, you can’t be serious?” he asks, looking offended but I don’t care.

“I am serious! You can’t be in here while I pee!” I tell him and close the door in his face. I lock it to be safe because he really didn’t seem to take me seriously. Once I’m done, I slip the pajamas on and open the door for him to come in now.

He walks over to the toilet, beginning to pee, with me still in the room.

“Seth!” I exclaim but he’s completely unphased by me.

“If you don’t like it you can leave, Love,” he says, and I make a face at him, but I continue to wash my face and brush my teeth.

I rinse my mouth and spit in the sink as he walks up behind me, wrapping his arm around my waist and leaning down to kiss my mark, causing shivers to run up my spine.

“See, that wasn’t so bad,” he says in my ear, causing me to glare at him through the mirror as he laughs and releases me.

“I’m not taking a third shower today,” I say to him, as he looks down at me.

He attempts to look down the deep v-neck of my shirt and shrugs. “It’s probably for the best. I’ll be sure you need one in the morning, too.”