

## Chapter 99-2

Seth sits on the couch in our bedroom and loosens his tie, leaning his head back and looking up at the ceiling.

“Are we up here for the rest of the day?” I ask him, biting my lip.

He sits up and looks at me. “Is it ok if we are?”

“Yes!” I tell him enthusiastically, taking my heels off with a soft moan.

He chuckles and stands up, quickly pulling me to him before I have a chance to run off and change out of the confining clothes. “You look so good today, Love. I really like the shoes,” he whispers in my ear with a smirk.

“Your mom really, really wants us to have a baby,” I tell him with a small smile. “And soon.”

“So do I,” he whispers and gently takes my ear lobe in his teeth, teasing me.

“Right now, this is the only thing I’m sure about,” I whisper and he pulls me against him, completely flush as he captures my lips in his. He slowly walks me back towards the bed, careful that I don’t fall, and he gently lays me down, climbing over me. “You’re not too sore from this morning?”

I shake my head at him. “I’m fine. I just need you,” I say breathlessly, leaning up and capturing his lips. He returns my kiss with fervor and I can feel him trying to untuck my shirt, becoming frustrated. “I just want to feel you,” he tells me, sitting up and looking at my shirt as he pulls it.

I reach to the side of my skirt and unhook and zip it for him and he smiles slightly. “Better?” I ask as his hand finds his way to the skin on my hip.

“Much,” he tells me as his tongue gently plays at my lips, begging for entrance. I part my lips, granting him access, and I feel his hand grip my hip, pulling me to him even more closely.

It always makes me feel so good how much he wants me, truly. When you grow up feeling like no one wanted you- well, every time that he holds me close, or kisses me deeply, it sends shivers through me knowing that this gorgeous man really, truly wants me.

His lips move to my neck and a moan escapes me. I can feel him smirk against my skin, the stubble on his face tickling my sensitive skin. “Seth,” I whisper, unable to form more words.

He slowly, torturously unbuttons my shirt, dragging his fingers slowly along my skin as I pull his shirt from his pants and try to undo the buttons on his, nowhere near as carefully as he has. He releases me and removes his cufflinks, shrugging his shirt off, his lips never leaving my skin.

I reach forward, trying to undo his pants, but I become frustrated with his belt and he pulls away, chuckling as he does it for me. “You in a rush, Love?” he asks, looking down at me with a smirk.

“I just need you,” I tell him and his eyes soften and he pulls his pants off, reaching forward and pulling my skirt off as I lift my hips for him, eager to help.

“You are so beautiful, Molly,” he says, his eyes following every curve of my body, “So absolutely, completely perfect.”

He pulls his boxers down and lays down on top of me, holding himself just barely above me. “You’re my everything,” he whispers in my ear as his hand gently caresses my side. “I know becoming queen is new and scary for you, but I’ve always known I’ll be king, and I’m so excited to have you with me.”

I turn my head and capture his lips again, not wanting to talk about this right now. I know, for him, it’s just another day. But for me, it’s not, and I don’t want to ruin this precious moment with my mate. Thankfully, he gets the idea and doesn’t bring it up again, moving his lips down my body, and pulling one of the cups of my bra down to free me and taking my n\*\*\*\*e in his mouth, gently sucking and causing me to arch my back into him.

As his mouth continues its movements, I can feel his hand slide lower, and into my lacy underwear, slowly moving until he finds the spot he wants, eliciting a moan.

“Seth,” I say, but he doesn’t let up from his movements, and instead slowly inserts a finger inside me.

“You’re so ready for me,” he says, his voice sounding husky and full of emotion. I nod, scratching my nails gently across his shoulders in pleasure.

He pulls his finger out of me, leaving me wanting more. “Please,” I whisper, almost a whine.

Seth smiles at me and moves himself back on top of me, reaching down to move my underwear to the side and slowly thrusts inside. “I love you, Molly.”

“I love you,” I tell him, finally feeling some relief, content to feel him inside of me.

Every movement he makes feels better than the last yet, somehow, leaves me wanting more. The tightening grows evermore inside me as he holds me close, like a most treasured gift.

He continues his movements, but there’s something different about this time. Something about how slowly he moves, like he doesn’t want it to ever end, and how he touches me, and kisses me on the top of the head. I know that he loves me, but I don’t think I’ve ever felt it more than now, with him, and his physical display of how much he cares.

The tightening becomes more than I can bare when, finally, it explodes in a release, causing me to call his name in pleasure as he, also, finds his release, holding me impossibly tight to him.

To my surprise, he doesn’t pull out of me, but instead rolls us over so that I’m lying on top of him as he wraps his arms around me tightly, kissing the top of my head.

“Sometimes I can barely believe that you’re still here. I’m an ass, and I made mistakes, but you still love me, despite it all,” he says, playing with my curls that are everywhere.

“I’m the lucky one,” I whisper, running my fingers across the hair on his strong, defined chest. “Thank you,” I whisper, continuing my movements.

“For what?”

“For deciding to love me,” I whisper into his chest. “You could have figured something out, you’re the prince. But you decided to love me anyway.”

He wraps his arms tightly around me. “I didn’t have a choice,” he says, smiling down at me. “I was completely yours when I first smelled you. I just didn’t realize it then.”