

Chapter 15

****Seth****

"I don't want to leave," I tell Molly, placing a kiss on Cora's head as she smiles and claps happily. I'm not even sure what she's clapping about. She's just always so serious. Andrew, however, is always so serious. He's curious like his mother, and always thinking quietly.

"We have to," she reminds me with a sad smile. "We can come visit once this new pup is here, but if I don't get back to the Palace soon the doctor is going to come get me herself. She wasn't happy we were leaving for this trip."

"You've got six more weeks," I say, not really understanding the issue.

She nods, zipping Andrew into his footed pajamas. "It's likely that a second will come sooner than the first and if anything is wrong, well... it doesn't seem that Pink Moon has a terribly advanced medical team here."

I smile at her sadly. I hadn't put any thought into it, but she's right. They're really struggling here. I highly doubt they have any kind of doctor who knows what to do if my magical werewolf mate has issues in childbirth.

She must be able to see what I'm thinking because she reaches up and gently places her hand on my cheek. "I'm going to be just fine. There's no reason to think that anything will go wrong. But just in case, I need to be at home."

"I know," I tell her, reaching out to touch her growing stomach. Cora sees this and lies across my arm, making sure that she has all my attention once again. I can't help but laugh as I lift her up and gently toss her into the air. "What are we going to name this one?"

She smiles up at me, her eyes lit with mischief. "I have an idea, but I'm not sure how you're going to feel about it."

"Go on," I say with a smirk, knowing that it's probably something to do with family. Perhaps her brother Robert since they are so close.

She wrinkles her nose at me. "Why are you smiling like that?"

"Because I know what you're going to say," I say with a small laugh.

"No you don't," she tells me, shaking her head. "Fine. You'll find out his name when he's born."

"Molly," I say, reaching out but she pulls her hand away.

"Nope. You'll find out with the rest of the world."

It takes some convincing, but she finally lets the nanny put the kids to bed tonight and I gently lead her back to our room. Things are settled with Della and that weight has lifted off of her, letting her finally relax.

I open the door and let her in before me, gently closing it behind us. She crosses over and lifts her pajamas out of a drawer. As she pulls her shirt over her head, I quickly grab her, wrapping my arms around her and placing a kiss on her neck.

"Seth," she says softly, leaning back into my embrace with a sigh and the sweetest smile on her face.

"Yeah, love," I say, kissing her again and inhaling her scent. Goddess, she always smells so intoxicating, and I'm instantly hard. I press myself into her, and she smiles, lifting her arm up and hooking it behind my neck.

"I'm so big," she says softly, but I tighten my hold, not letting her get away from me.

"You're perfect," I tell her, slowly leading her to the bed. "If you're that worried, you can be on top."

She giggles a little, but she doesn't decline, so I pull my remaining clothes off and sit on the bed, pulling her to me and kissing her deeply. She wraps her arms around me, hooking them behind my neck and returns each kiss with a sweetness that she always has. It's one of my favorite things about her, no matter how heated a moment is, her kiss is always just pure sweetness. SHE is pure sweetness.

"It's been such a long week," she murmurs against my lips. "I need this. Need you."

She always says the right things, letting me know just how much she wants me. I know this week has been hard for her, especially with everything about her mom, but she already felt so bad about moving Della and the kids. If she had been more cooperative about moving it would have been easier, but she wasn't happy about it and those feelings grew when Molly told her that her parents couldn't join them. I think the only reason she convinced her to come was because she had Alex on the phone telling her that it was what needed to happen.

I push all thoughts of Alex and his family from my mind, focusing only on my girl. Every curve, every soft part of her body is enhanced now, and I love it all so much. Don't get me wrong, I adore her body while she's not pregnant, too, but there's something about her now that speaks to that feral place in me that wants to worship every bit of her body while she's growing the life we've created. It's primal, and she's perfection.

She gently pushes me back, sliding her skirt and underwear off, and she starts to climb on top of me, but she stops. "I'm too big," she mutters, moving back, reevaluating how she's planning to move next.

"Stop that," I tell her, moving back some and taking her hand, pulling her to me. She straddles me and I grab her hips, holding her in place.

Slowly, she eases herself onto me, leaning her head back and biting her lip. "See," I tell her with a smile. "Not too big at all."

"For now," she says with a smirk as she rocks and moans a little. She leans forward slightly, placing her hands on my chest as she continues. Truly, the woman doesn't realize what she does to me.

She grinds down on me, leaning her head back, chewing on that lip again to stifle her moans. It's the sexiest thing I've ever seen, short of hearing her actual moans. She's so warm and inviting as she moves atop me, driving me absolutely mad. I love to see her like this, using me, taking exactly what she wants from me to make her feel like the goddess she is.

I feel her clench around me as she continues moving, trying her best to bring me over the edge with her. She finds her release, raking her nails down my chest and that is all that I need to join her, spilling deep inside her.

She lifts herself off me and lays next to me on her side, so I pull her tightly to me and gently run my fingers along her silken skin, enjoying every inch of every curve. She's perfect, truly. She lays her head on my chest, fingers playing with the hair as she always does. I'm not sure she ever even realizes that she's doing it, but I do. Her fingers in the hair on my chest mean so much to me, like some kind of emotional support, like I'm the one who needs it. She's my home, my everything.