

Chapter 3

Seth

“And my mom is good to come with Della to help take care of our kids while we’re at Pink Moon?” Molly asks, always making sure the kids are cared for.

“She is,” I reassure her, not wanting to tell her how hesitant Celeste sounded when I spoke with her, though she still agreed.

“Good!” she says, a giant smile spreading across her face. “I’ve missed her.”

I pull her close, kissing the top of her head. “I know, Love. Get some sleep. It’s going to be a long day tomorrow.”

I wake to light shining in through the window and the sounds of my mate moving about. I love the girl, but she’s like an elephant in the morning getting ready.

“How the hell was I mated to such a morning person?” I grumble, pulling the blanket over my head and rolling onto my stomach.

I hear her sweet giggle behind me just before her hand sharply connects with my blanket-covered ass. “Perhaps it’s because YOU need someone to get you up in the mornings.”

I roll over and toss the blanket back, giving up on her letting me get back to sleep. She’s wrapped in a towel, scurrying about the room and I can’t help but smile. She bought bigger towels this pregnancy, but my favorite times last time were watching her try to wrap a towel around herself and her belly, so big with our twins, and failing every time.

“You really do need to get up,” she tells me, though her voice is kind. “We need to get there early to talk to your uncle.” She’s right, she always is, but I don’t want to move. I stay in bed and am just about asleep when I feel a damp towel land on me. I’m about to yell at her when I lean up and see her bare ass walking back into the bathroom.

Fine. I get up and follow her, watching as she makes her way into the closet and pulls clothes out.

“Seth. What are you doing?” she asks me with a giggle, but continues to pull clothes down, holding them up to her to make sure they’ll fit and then tossing them onto a shelf next to her suitcase.

“I’m watching you,” I say, a smile tugging at my lips. “Can’t I just watch my gorgeous, gorgeous girl?”

She turns to me, unintentionally, I realize, but I’m not mad about it. She’s absolutely the most beautiful shewolf I’ve seen, but she’s, somehow, even more stunning while she’s pregnant. I walk over to her, stalking her like she’s some kind of prey, but she’s mine. She smiles up at me as I reach her, placing my hand on her hips and pulling her tiny frame against me.

“We can’t,” she tells me sadly. “I don’t have the energy and a nap will make us late.”

“Fine,” I tell her with a sigh, breathing in the scent of her still damp hair. “Fine. I’m going to shower and then get packed.”

“It’s already done,” she says, placing a kiss on my chest. “And I’ve laid out clothes for you today.”

I don’t know how I got this lucky, but I definitely don’t deserve her after everything that I did before. She’s too good to me, but she’s too good to everyone. It’s what makes her perfect.

We pull up to a packhouse that seems smaller than I remember. I haven’t been here since I was a small kid, some kind of drama having happened between my uncle and parents, but my uncle told me then that no matter what, he’d be here for me. Even as a kid, something about the way he said it made me know it was true, that he was someone I could trust.

The car stops and I stare out the window, seeing Uncle Austin coming down the stairs, tugging at a poorly fitting suit jacket.

“You look so much like him,” Molly says to me softly, placing her hand on my leg. She’s right, I note. Everyone says that Lucas’ son looks just like I did as a kid but right now, I can see just how strong the genes in my mom’s side of the family are.

I open the door and climb out, walking over and offering my arm to Molly.

“Hey, what’s going on?” she says, looking up at me with those big green eyes. “I can feel it through the bond, but I don’t understand it.”

“We look so much alike and I didn’t even know it,” I say softly. “I don’t know what happened, but I hate that I haven’t made more of an effort to see him.”

“Now’s as good of a time to start as any,” she says, gently placing her hand on my cheek. Her other hand tugs on my tie, pulling me towards her. She gently kisses me and smiles. “Whatever happened between them wasn’t because of you. Your mom is bringing the twins in a bit. Whatever it was couldn’t be THAT bad.”

I nod to her and stand back straight. She’s right. Mom was willing to come and be here a few days. Celeste didn’t sound thrilled, but she’s also coming. I’m sure they’ll keep their secrets, but I truly wish that I knew what happened between them all.

I turn and walk towards the house, Molly’s hand on my arm. “Alpha Austin,” I say as we approach and he smiles at me.

“Uncle Austin is here,” he says, holding his hand out to me. I release my mate and shake his hand, but he grasps it firmly and pulls me into a giant hug. “It’s so good to see you, Seth. You’ve got to be 4 feet taller than the last time I saw you. And you’re the king now! Oh, I’ve lost my manners.”

He releases me and I can’t help but laugh a little at him. He turns to my mate and bows, baring his neck in submission to her, but absolutely nothing to me. “Queen Molly. It’s so nice to have you here. Have you both here.”

“The pleasure is mine,” she tells him kindly. “Thank you so much for everything you’re doing for us.”

“Of course,” he says, standing back up and smiling at us. “Come on up. Mom will be so glad to see you. I just can’t get over how much you look like Dad.”

“Mom?” I ask, confused. I had grown up being told that my maternal grandmother was dead.

“Of course!” he says. “She’s right up here.”

I walk up the stairs and find an older, frail woman standing next to the doors to the packhouse. Molly must be able to feel my confusion through the mate bond because she slips her hand inside mine and squeezes it tightly. She’s beautiful, really, but it looks like she’s had some health issues.

“Hello, Seth,” she says, stepping forward and looking me up and down. “Goddess. You look just like your grandfather did. I’m so glad you’ve come back to us.”