Chapter 13-3

“Oh, Molly! That’s wonderful! I’m so happy for you!” She says and I can feel her genuine happiness for me. “But back to your finger, this might be beyond me. Can you bend it?” she asks.

“I can bend it a little, but it really hurts and it started to bleed more when I tried.” I explain to her, avoiding Seth’s glare at me, realizing I’d not told him exactly how bad I thought it actually was.

“Ok. She says, reaching to grab a metal tool with a point. “Close your eyes and tell me when you feel something” and I dutifully close my eyes, waiting to feel something.

“I feel that“ I tell her when I feel something on the tip of my finger, and now on the opposite side “and that” and this continues 4 or 5 more times.

“Well, it seems you missed the nerves, but I believe you just barely did.” She says as I open my eyes.

I hear Seth growl deeply beside me at her words “Do I need to find a human doctor?” he asks her, with fear rolling off of him and onto me through the bond. I take his hand with my uninjured one and he calms just the slightest.

“No, I don’t believe so. Not yet anyways. Let me get some supplies” She says and leaves the room.

“You said it wasn’t that bad.” Seth snaps at me the moment the door latches closed.

“It’s not. You heard her, I missed the nerves.” I tell him.

“ Molly, you can SEE your bone in the cut.” he says.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t want you to think I’m even more weak than you already do.” I whisper out.

Seth's anger quickly dissipates and he wraps me in his arms and places his chin on my head. “I don’t think you’re weak. But I do think that you have to be honest with me when you’re hurt. Would you have even come if I hadn’t come downstairs when I felt it?”

“Yes, I would have.” I tell him honestly. “I knew it wasn’t good, I just needed to finish what I was doing.”

“The pack would have survived being a few onions short at dinner, Molly. Keeping your finger attached and blood inside your body is more important.” he tells me and I know he’s right. “You’re the future queen. You don’t have to prove anything.” he says, and it’s weird to hear.

There’s a knock at the door and Sofie enters with some supplies. “Ok. I’m going to stitch up your finger. You’re going to keep it dry, put ice on it to keep the swelling down tonight and then tomorrow you’ll come back and we’ll make sure you can bend it.” she says to me and to my surprise she looks up to Seth. “Don’t let her into the kitchen until the stitches are out. It’s important they stay dry for a few days.”

“Absolutely.” He tells her. “I won’t let her out of my sight.” he says and releases me slightly, but keeps a hold on me. “How bad will this hurt her?” he asks her and I giggle a little.

“Worried about how it’ll feel for you through the bond?” I joke.

“You can feel each other's pain through the bond?” Sofie looks at us shocked and I realize that maybe this isn’t a normal thing. I also realize though that only one of us has felt the others' pain.

“He could feel mine when it happened. But I didn’t feel anything when… whatever… happened to his face.” I say, confused as to why I didn’t if he did.

“Probably because I deserved it.” he says flatly and no one says anything else about it.

“I’m going to numb it. That part hurts for a moment, but she won’t feel any pain once it kicks in.” Sofie explains to Seth.

“You’ll wait for it to work before putting the stitches in?” he asks for confirmation.

“There’s no point to numbing it if she doesn’t wait for it to work.” I tell him dryly with a roll of my eyes. “I’ll be fine, really.” I tell him in an attempt to comfort him.

No one says anything for a moment and Sofie decides that's her sign she can begin. She pulls out a syringe she’s already filled and begins to inject it right next to the cut. It hurts, but I know it hurts less than getting the stitches completely unmedicated. She moves to inject it into the tip of my finger and this hurts terribly badly. I bite my lip and hold in tears when Seth wraps his arms around me tightly and kisses me on the cheek. She injects in a few more spots, Seth never moving, and says she’ll be back in 20 mins to make sure it’s numbed.

“Are you ok?” he says in my ear, still not releasing me from his hold.

“Yeah” I say meekly. “That's the worst of it.” I tell him, drying my eyes. We sit there in silence for a few minutes before I decide it’s too quiet. “A year or so after my dad found me I slipped on a rock and cut my knee pretty badly. That was probably the first sign I didn’t have a wolf, because I wasn’t healing. He carried me here and Sofie stitched my knee, but she didn’t have the stuff to numb it because it’s rare that wolves ever need it since you all heal yourselves. Dad didn’t handle it very well” I say with a small giggle. “He was hovering over Sofie, like you were today, until my mom made him leave the room.” At this, Seth chuckles a bit.

“I’m just worried about you. You’re mine to protect now.” He tells me.

“I know. Thank you.” I respond, and it feels good to hear him say I’m his. “A few months after that, I fell and cut my elbow open. When we got here we discovered that Sofie had learned a few things to help care for me better- the numbing medicine being one of them. She’s always taken the best care of me.” I tell him with a smile.

“I’ll be sure to get some to have at the palace with us, though I’m considering just bringing in a human doctor to be sure you’re properly cared for.” He says, and continues. “Something tells me you’ll be exploring in the forest the moment we get there.” I hadn't realized there was a forest around the palace, and I'm excited to learn of it. It was then that I realized that he’s absolutely correct.

“I’ll drag you out to watch the sunrise with me every morning.” I tell him, unsure if I’m joking, but he doesn’t seem to mind the thought.

“So you’ll be going back to the palace with me?” He asks, hopeful.

“Do I have a choice?” I ask him. “You can’t reject me.” I say, slightly bitter, remembering everything from this morning.

“I can’t reject you, but if you tell me not to mark you and leave, I will.” He says, and I think about that for a moment. I guess that’s the only loophole anyone has found in this situation.

“Seth, why were you with other women if you knew you couldn’t reject me?” I ask him and that’s the root of all my upset with this situation.

“I’m an i***t, Molly. And I’m sorry.” He says with a sigh, raking his hair with his hand. “You want the honest truth?” He asks me and I nod. “I had thought if I found someone who would be a good enough mate and queen that if I marked her, it would release the bond with you since I hadn’t actually met you. My wolf wouldn’t let me mark anyone though. Altair was furious with me. He wouldn’t let me shift for the past 6 months or so until the other night.” He says and I’m surprised at his honesty.

It hurts to hear, but I’m glad he’s telling me the complete truth. I knew he said before his wolf had been angry with him, but I didn’t realize it had been so bad. “I’m sorry, that must have been really difficult.” I say to him.

“Why are you apologizing? It was all my own fault. You didn’t have anything to do with any of it.” He says kissing me on the head. “You’re so kind and thoughtful. I wish I’d been willing to meet you 4 years ago. I could have saved us both so much pain.” He says.

“What about your girlfriend?” I ask, afraid of his answer.

“Gone.” He says and I feel relief wash over me. “After I saw you outside from the window, I stepped out and called her. I told her we were done, that I’d met my mate.” and he pulls me just the slightest bit closer to him. We sit like this for a few minutes before I decide to break the silence.

“Seth.” I begin, and I’m nervous to even say any of this. “I’m worried I won’t be good enough. For the Kingdom as a queen, but also for you.”

“You are good enough, though.” he says earnestly. “You’re too good for me.” he says, not releasing his hold.

“I’m not. I’ve never been with a man. You’re the first person I’ve ever even kissed” I say quietly, feeling embarrassed. That’s the problem though, isn’t it? What all my feelings come down to- the feeling that I won’t be good enough in any way for him. And that feeling increased when he admitted that he'd been with other she-wolves, trying to find someone better. He’d wanted to mark at least one of them. That’s why his wolf was mad. They must have been good enough in his eyes.

“You’re perfect, Molly. " He tells me and pulls impossibly closer to him and places a kiss on my head. “You won’t be my first, but I can promise that you will be my last.”