

## Chapter 106

“You should probably speak with better people?” Seth asks me with a smile, pulling me into his arms after the door clicks closed.

I shrug. “I didn’t like how they were speaking. Something just doesn’t feel right.”

“I agree, something feels off.”

“Am I misremembering? Because I thought you said Lydia had met her mate,” I ask him and he frowns.

“That’s what I was told. She stayed away when I came for the initial questioning before. I didn’t see him then,” he tells me, seeming to be confused as well.

I shake my head. “There’s no way the goddess mated her to that wrinkly old man. He’s got to be older than my dad!”

Seth chuckles and leans down to kiss my forehead. “Thank you for taking the lead. I was so thrown off when I saw her with him.”

“I know. It’s OK,” I tell him and lean my head on his chest. “Can we just skip dinner?”

“Unfortunately, no,” he says, releasing me. “You don’t have to change though.”

“You mean I get to keep on the four inch heels all night? Golly, thanks,” I say sarcastically, making a face at him as I slip the shoes off for a moment and sit on the bed, laying back with a yawn.

“Why are you so tired?” he asks, laying down beside me and pulling the edge of my shirt out so his hand can sneak in, placing it on my hip.

I shrug at him. “Probably from traveling. Or the stress of figuring out what to pack. Maybe it’s something to do with Sage…”

“Early bed time for you. Be sure to yawn downstairs so we can excuse ourselves more quickly,” he tells me with a grin.

I smile reaching up and placing my hand gently on his scruffy face, causing him to lean into it. “Gladly,” I whisper and lean up to kiss him.

He pulls me tightly to him, returning my kiss with passion. He breaks away, but only to trail kisses down my neck and reaches up to undo the buttons of my shirt.

“Seth,” I say, trying to catch my breath. “We can’t. We have to go downstairs soon and we’ll smell. It’s a room full of wolves. They’ll know.”

“Good,” he says, smiling against my skin, making me giggle.. He’s right, though. I’m not sure how much I truly care, either.

He looks up at me with a wicked grin and I nod, causing him to immediately sit up and pull his suite jacket off, carefully placing it over a chair, dress shirt and pants following just as neatly. I unbutton my top and take it off, placing it over another chair and the skirt as well. I don’t even have it all the way off before he’s there, helping me to step out of it and he neatly places it for me before grabbing me and pulling my back to him.

He leans down and places a gentle kiss on my mark, sending shivers through my body. He snakes his arms around me, holding me close as he continues his attentions on my neck, moving to my shoulders, and then down my back.

I gasp and try to move away as he reaches the base of my spine, but he grabs my hips and holds me still.

“You alright, Love?” he asks me and I nod. I feel his hands move to my front, as he licks from the bottom of my spine up, causing me to moan loudly.

I can hear him chuckle from behind me. “They’re going to hear you if you don’t keep quiet.”

“Sorry,” I whisper, chewing on my lip, worried that people already have heard.

“Oh, I don’t care if they hear,” he says, moving to unhook my bra and guiding it down my arms. “I must say, your lingerie is always impeccable.”

“Thanks,” I smirk. “Your mom picked most of them.”

“Molly,” he admonishes me and turns me around. “Why?”

I just simply smile at him and walk over to the bed, slipping the underwear off and lying down, propping myself up on my arm. “Better?” I ask.

Seth nods at me and follows me over, climbing on top of me and cupping my face in his hand. “I love you, Molly,” he tells me with a smile. “Even when you bring up my mother while I’m taking your clothes off.”

I can’t help but throw my head back, laughing. I feel his lips find my neck again, gently nipping and sucking. “Seth,” I breathe, but this time remembering to keep quiet.

He moves lower down my body, his hand cupping my breast as he teases me with his tongue. I try to contain my moans, but it feels impossible and I reach over, grabbing a pillow and holding it over my face as I moan into it. He continues his movements, causing me to tighten in pleasure until, suddenly, I find my release, moaning and screaming his name into the pillow.

“Really, Love?” he says, smiling against my skin. “I’ve barely even touched you.” With that, he moves his hand lower, causing my back to arch immediately because of how sensitive I am now and he smirks.

Thankfully, he decides not to tease me any longer, moving over top of me and slowly entering me, causing me to gently gasp in pleasure. He begins to move but the faster he moves, the more the bed creaks.

“Seth,” I whisper, eyes wide, worried that the entire pack house can hear us.

“I don’t care,” he says, not stopping.

“Seth!” I hiss, beginning to feel mortified.

“Fine,” he groans, sitting back and lifting me. I wrap my legs around him as he carries me over to a wall and pins me against it. “Happy?” he asks, moving his hands around until he’s secure with how he’s holding me and begins to pound into me relentlessly.

The bed isn’t making noise now, but he’s taken my pillow and I lean into his chest, attempting to muffle my moans the slightest bit. The tension inside builds and builds, bringing me higher and higher and when I fall off the edge, and I bite down on his shoulder to avoid screaming.

Seth looks absolutely shocked as he looks down at me, but to his credit, he never stops and joins me just a moment later. I move my head, realizing I broke the skin a little and he starts to laugh.

“I did not expect that,” he says, smiling at me as he tosses me on the bed gently.

“I’m so sorry,” I say, hiding my face in my hands, completely embarrassed with my behavior.

I feel his weight on the bed as he reaches up and gently tries to move my hands from my face. “Why are you hiding?”

“I’m sorry, Seth,” I say again.

I hear him laugh quietly. “Look at me,” he gently demands and I crack my eyes open to see him. He seems completely calm and I note that I don’t feel any anger from him at all through the bond. “I’m fine. I’m already healing.”

I look over and realize that he’s right. His wolf is strong, which means that he’ll heal from anything very quickly. I reach up and gently touch the spot, realizing that it has already completely stopped bleeding.

“I’m sorry. I was just trying to be quiet. I wasn’t thinking,” I tell him quietly, looking up at him apologetically.

He leans down kisses me gently. “Don’t apologize. I liked it, Love.”

“Is it going to leave a scar?” I ask and the man has the audacity to laugh, loudly.

“I hope so,” he says, still laughing. “Probably not, though. It wasn’t that bad.”

And with that, he stands up and walks to the restroom, and returns, walking over to his suit.

“How long do we have until we have to be downstairs?”

He looks down at his watch. “About twenty minutes”.

“Thanks,” I say, walking to the restroom and turning on the shower. I grab my items and tie my hair back, quickly jumping in the shower to rinse off.

I return to the bedroom, wrapped in a towel and Seth is sitting in a chair, looking down at his phone.

I smile at him, just sitting there. He looks beautiful, and he almost looks relaxed. “You’re really not going to shower?”

“Absolutely not,” he tells me with a wicked grin.