

## Chapter 90

I wake up feeling hot, so hot. I try to move, but I can't. Cracking an eye open, I realize that Seth is asleep next to me, an arm and a leg thrown over top of me. I try to move away, but he's too heavy to move out from under. I try pushing him off me, but that's not going well either.

"Seth," I whisper, trying to wake him but all he does is nuzzle his face into the top of my head. "Seth," I whisper a little louder, this time trying to shake him.

"What?" he whines, sounding like a small child.

"I need to get up," I tell him with a giggle.

He tightens his hold on me. "No. Mine."

I can't help but laugh at him. "Please," I say between giggles. "I need to use the bathroom."

"Fine," he mutters. "But you'll come back, right?"

"Yes, but I'm going to shower again, first. It was a little... pointless, before," I say with a smile as he finally releases me with a smirk on his face, clearly unbothered at my need for a second shower.

I walk into the restroom and after using the toilet, I step into the shower and attempt to turn it on. There's a lot of buttons and knobs and not one single label on them. I attempt to turn one knob when, all of a sudden, I am blasted with cold water shooting out of the jets in the wall. I can't help the shriek that escapes me as I jump to the side, trying to get out of the freezing cold spray that's coming from multiple directions and push another button, hoping that it warms the water, but not daring to stick myself in front of it to find out.

Seth quickly throws open the bathroom door and looks around but when he sees me, and what's going on, he begins to laugh. The man has the audacity to laugh, loudly, at me trying to work his ridiculous shower, but thankfully, he takes also pity on me and opens the door, stepping in and reaching over me to push another button.

He's attempting, but failing, to sifle his laughter. "Are you OK, Love?"

"No," I pout, crossing my arms. "I'm cold. There are too many damn buttons in here. There's just too much shower," I tell him as I wave my hand about the entirety of it.

"I'm sorry," he says, pulling me to him, still smirking. "I should have showed you. We we're just a little busy the last time, though." He kisses me gently and runs his hand along his neck, letting it stop to linger over the spot where my mark is.

As irritated as I am at him laughing at me, I can't help but smile to see the mark. "You're finally mine," I say, feeling overcome with emotion.

He gently pulls me into the now warm water, holding me close. He reaches up and pushes a very messy curl out of my face. "I already was, from the first moment I saw you, I knew I was yours."

"I know, but now everyone will know. I was so worried about that, before I had my wolf," I tell him with a smile as I reach up and run my fingers down my mark on him. "Does it hurt?"

"Not at all," he says and leans in to capture my lips with his. "You did so well, Molly. Your wolf knew exactly what to do when it was time. Now, let's get you clean so we can have lunch. You won't be skipping any meals for a while. The staff has been instructed to hunt you down for lunch daily."

"Thanks," I tell him with a smile. "I just sometimes get so busy that I forget to eat and then when I remember, it's not worth the trouble because it's almost time for dinner."

He kisses my cheek and I step around him, grabbing my shampoo and begin to wash my hair... again. I rinse it out and work in the conditioner, combing it through my very messy hair before I rinse it.

"You need all the healthy food and sleep you can get," he says, washing his own, beautiful hair. "You were out for a week, and then you shifted the day you woke up. You have to take care of yourself."

"I will," I tell him with a smile and the intention of actually doing what I'm told this time. I am feeling better than I had, but I know I'm still not quite one hundred percent there.

While I think his... well, I guess OUR shower now is excessive and ridiculous, I do enjoy the fact that we can both be in the warm water at the same time. I'll likely never mention that to him though.. Before we get out of the shower, he shows me how to actually turn it on without freezing myself and I'm eternally grateful for that.

As we dry off, he walks over to his sink, a towel slung low across his hips, and picks up an electric shaver. My heart sinks a little.

"You know, you don't HAVE to shave," I say. "I really like it."

He chuckles a little. "My mother would have my head removed and served on a platter if I showed up to the Royal Office with any amount of hair on my face. There are certain things that the queen requires, and a clean shaven face is one of them."

"But you're a wolf..." I say, confused as to why it's an issue when we shift in to hair-covered beasts. "And you're the future king. Are you afraid of your mommy?"

"Yes," he says with a smile, and I see him place a small guard over the shaver. I decide to walk out and leave him alone while he shaves off the hair I've quickly grown so fond of. I don't want to watch it.

I walk to the closet and grab one of Seth's t-shirts, throwing it on myself as a dress as I go to sit at my new vanity and tackle my messy, curly hair. I comb through it and grab a diffuser out from a drawer, plugging it in and slowly and carefully drying my hair. I use some of the new products that I assume Audrey placed there and they really do seem to help as my hair is less frizzy now and the curls look better than the last time I tried.

Seth walks in and comes behind me, kissing me on the cheek gently. His cheek is still scratchy though, and I look at him in the mirror, realizing he had trimmed it down, but left some there.

I smile at him brightly. "Not that scared of your mom then, huh?"

"Oh, no. I'm terrified of her," he says with a chuckle, standing and leaning on the chest next to me. "But I think she'll take it easy on me if I tell her that you requested that it stay. Your hair looks really nice."

"Thanks," I say and put some moisturizer on my face, grabbing my makeup out of a drawer. I still look like I'd been asleep for a week, so I apply just enough makeup to make me look like a living being. I look up to see how Seth is dressed and, of course, he's wearing slacks and a dress shirt. My heart sinks a little as he puts on a tie and I can spot a matching jacket behind him.

I sigh and stand up, looking through all the clothes Audrey had purchased for me. His suit is navy, so I look for something that will complement that and land on a tan, belted shift dress and a navy blue cardigan. I slip on a pair of brown flats, thinking that heels the day after my first shift may be a terrible choice.

Seth comes behind me and slips a necklace around my neck, clasping it behind me. I look down at it and see a small gold leaf- a sage leaf.

"Thank you," I whisper and turn around, pulling on his tie gently so he leans down for me to kiss him.

"I thought a wolf would be too cliche," he says with an unsure smile. It's so unlike him to seem unsure of anything.

I smile at him brightly, holding my hand over the small leaf on my chest. "It's perfect."