

Chapter 50

“I’m not leaving,” Seth growls at Oliver.

“Neither am I,” my brother says, clearly unhappy, but less terrifying than my mate.

“Fine,” I say, taking my shoes off and standing with the blanket in one hand and my hot chocolate in the other. “We’ll be upstairs” I declare, heading towards the little stairway that leads to the attic.

Oliver follows me, bringing pillows and more blankets and tosses them on the floor, making a comfortable spot in my favorite place. It’s a cramped area, not really made for people, but there’s a window that looks out over the woods and the stars are always so beautiful up here. It’s so peaceful.

I sit down and pull the blanket over us and Oliver puts his arm around me. “Tell me everything.”

“He marked me,” I tell him and move the collar of my shirt so he can see.

“Molly, I know. I felt it. The whole kingdom felt it,” he tells me, rolling his eyes. “Was he amazing? He has to be. Just look at him!”

I giggle at him. He always knows how to make me feel better. “It would have been more amazing if I hadn’t passed out and nearly died after.”

“Oh, wow,” Oliver says, clearly surprised. “So he’s THAT good.”

“Oli,” I admonish him, and start to tell him everything. Like, everything, everything. How I met my biological parents, what they said, my parents showing up and Altair healing my finger. I tell him about my wolf, and the memories. I cry, and I yell. I tell him about how Benjamin blamed me when it happened, and how I blame myself now. The entire time, Oliver does what he does best, and is just there for me, holding me, drying my tears. He even wiped my nose a time or two.

“You were a little girl, Molly,” he tells me. “Hell, you were basically a baby. It wasn’t your fault.”

“It was my fault though,” I tell him, sadly. “I didn’t know what I was doing, and I didn’t really understand what had happened, but it WAS my fault.”

I hear the stairs creak and look over to the door to see Seth standing there with a plate with a sandwich on it.

“You really need to eat something, Molly,” Seth says, handing the plate to me.

“I’m not very hungry,” I tell him, looking at the turkey sandwich sitting there. “Did you make this?”

“I can’t cook, but I can make a sandwich, Molly,” he says to me, slightly irritated. “Your wolf is changing your body. You’ve got to eat.”

“I’ll try,” I tell him with a weak smile and he returns it with an unsure smile of his own.

“Things are awkward between you,” Oliver points out to me.

“It’s the bond,” I tell him and take a small bite. “He can feel my emotions, but there’s not much he can do to help me.”

“We can bring the air mattress up here and you guys can sleep here,” he tells me and I nod. It’s a nice idea. “It’s your favorite place, maybe it will help calm you if he’s here with you.”

“Oliver, it’s just all so complicated,” I whine to him, still taking small bites of the sandwich Seth thoughtfully made for me. “I watched his dad murder my brother. How am I supposed to move into their home with them?”

“I haven’t been around you guys much, but from what I’ve seen,” he says with a lopsided grin, “King Peter seems to really like you.”

“I really didn’t think he’d do anything when he found out,” I tell him, looking down at the almost empty plate in my lap. “But that was before I remembered.”

“It hurts more because it’s new to you, but it’s not. Do you get what I’m saying?”

“Yeah, I haven’t remembered any of it for a long, long time. It all feels so fresh, like it just happened.”

“It was a long time ago, Molly. People change, and their feelings change. Maybe you just need to talk to the King, explain how you feel.”

“I don’t know if I can handle that.”

“You can. He’s your mate’s father, and he’s marked you. There’s not much he can do now without risking his son’s life.”

I nod to him in agreement and stifle a yawn.

“Go to sleep, Molly. You’re going through so much. Just nap and take care of yourself,” Oliver tells me, covering me up and leaving me alone in the nook.

“Move over, Molly,” Jason says and shoves me a little, pushing my head off my pillow.

“I’m scared. It sounds so spooky outside of the tent.” I tell him, disregarding his shove and moving back to hold on to his arm for safety.

“We’re in nature, Mowee. It’s fun outside!” Andrew tells me and I wish I was brave like him.

I hear the scariest sound I’ve ever heard come from outside the tent and I pull the covers over my head quickly.

Calvin giggles at me. “It’s just an owl. Why are you hiding?”

“I’ve never seed an owl before.” I say, unwilling to come out from under the safety of my blanket.

“Boys, be kind to your sister,” Benjamin tells them. “This is her first camping trip. You all had a first trip and you all were afraid of something.”

“It’s ok, Mowee,” Andrew tells me. “Nofing can hurt us when Daddy is wif us.”

I wake and find myself still in the attic. Oliver is gone, but my mate is sitting down by my feet, bent awkwardly in a space that’s far too small for him to be in.

“You remembered something good?” he asks me with a cautious smile.

“Yeah, I did,” I tell him, feeling completely calm for the first time since I was marked and the spell was broken. “Benjamim took me camping with the boys. It was nice.”

Seth moves to lay down next to me, giving himself more space. “Why is THIS your favorite spot?” he asks me, a bit disgusted at being in a tiny old attic, but once he lays next to me and is able to see out the window, I can see his face change. “Oh! It’s beautiful.”

“I know,” I tell him and snuggle into his side. He moves so his arm is around me now and I can lay my head on his chest. I inhale deeply, really taking in the feeling of the bond and the comfort it brings.

Seth moves and kisses the top of my head. “I’m sorry, Molly. You deserved to be marked and just wake up in my arms with no horrible memories, nothing making you hurt.”

“My wolf made me choose. She told me it would hurt,” I tell him, inhaling deeply again for comfort. “I just didn’t know how badly it would. I’m sorry that you can feel it.”

“I’m not, Molly,” he tells me quietly. “We’re in this together. I need to know if you’re alright, and right now, you’re not.”

Oliver yells up the stairs at us, “Dinner will be ready soon”.

“Do you want to take a shower alone, or do you want help?” Seth asks me and I chew on my lip, looking down at my no longer injured hand.

“I.. uhh...” I start to say, not wanting to hurt his feelings. “Can I shower alone?”

“Of course, Molly,” he tells me, his eyebrows furrowed. “You can do whatever you want. You don’t have to worry about my feelings. Whatever you want, you get., he tells me and kisses my head. “Robbie went to the pack house and got some things for you while you were napping. There’s a bag outside the bathroom for you.”

“Thank you,” I tell him, leaning over to get up. I stop though and look at him, my beautiful mate, and reach out for his hand.

“Thank you for taking care of me. You deserved for me to wake up without all the bad memories, too.”

“I’m just glad you woke up,” he tells me, pulling me down to kiss me deeply. “I was so worried I’d lost you. I don’t think I could have survived it if you had.”