

Chapter 55

We're back in my suite now and Seth is sitting on the bed watching me as I unpack my things from the bags that have accumulated over the past few days. I pick up the dirty clothes and walk out to the laundry closet, tossing everything in the washer.

"You do your own laundry?" Seth asks me with a horrified look on his face.

"Of course," I tell him, laughing at his face.

He looks at me like I'm about to jump off a cliff as I add detergent. "You won't be doing this at the palace. We have people to do this for us."

"OK," I tell him, not really sure what he's expecting for now. "Do you need me to do laundry for you until then?"

"Isn't there an omega that can?" he says, still looking at me completely horrified. "I don't want you to have to do that. You're a princess now."

"Seth!" I exclaim, upset about his remark. "I'm the same person I was before you marked me."

"Actually," he says with a smirk, "You very much look like a different person."

He's not wrong, but he knows what I meant. I grab a dirty sock and throw it at him. "You can let me do your laundry or not, I don't care. But you have to find someone to do it yourself. I'm not helping."

I walk back to the bedroom and flop down on my bed, Seth following me and flopping down next to me just after. It's been a rough few days, and I'm glad to just be here with him, alone.

"You invited your mom over for dinner," Seth says, leaving it open-ended, but it was very much a question.

"I know," I tell him, unsure how I really feel about the entire situation. "I want to get past it, but it's so hard. She's my mom."

"She's linked me a few times," he says quietly, reaching out to take my hand. "She's worried about you. She hasn't asked me once to tell you anything, or how to fix the problem between you. She just wants to know that you're OK through all of this."

I snifle and try to fight back tears. "I just don't understand why she would keep lying to me. Why would she pretend that I'd ever be able to ever shift?"

Seth reaches over, putting his arm behind me and pulling me close to him. "I don't have the answers. But I do know that she loves you."

I nod, knowing he's right. I have never had any doubt that my mom loved me, I'm just really hurt from the things said in the memory. This, also, is partly to blame on Lily, as well. I think back upon the memory. My mom was furious with Lily. Maybe she did what was asked because she said she would never come back if she did. I take a deep sigh, this isn't at all what I want to be doing today.

I pack away the bad thoughts and run my hand down my mate's chest. My mate, I think to myself with a smile. I gently run my hand back up his chest, and begin to undo the buttons of his shirt. He doesn't say anything, but he doesn't stop me, as I continue with the buttons until I reach the last one. I can hear his heart beat become quicker, so I chance pushing his shirt open, running my fingers along his strong, well defined chest. He really is beautiful.

Feeling brave from where he has not stopped me yet, I move from my place in his arms and straddle his hips, leaning down to kiss him. He leans up and returns my kiss excitedly, gently running a hand inside my shirt so he can touch my skin, as he does so often. I feel his hands move and he begins to undo the buttons on my shirt and slowly pushes it down my arms. I sit up to completely remove the shirt and gently bite my lip in nervousness. I didn't think this through all the way and I'm just not sure what to do next. Thankfully, he realizes this, or probably feels it through the bond, and gently flips us so that he's on top and in control of things now.

To my surprise though, he gently cups my face and looks at me very seriously. "I don't want to hurt you. I was so scared I was losing you, and that it was my fault."

"It was just from the magic, Seth. It's gone now," I tell him, placing my hand on his wrist.

"You were so cold, Molly. I shifted and you laid on Altair to help warm you. I've never been more scared," he tells me and I'm surprised to hear that he had shifted to help keep me warm.

"The magic is gone now," I tell him, pulling my hand up to push the dark hair from his face. "I swear, I'm fine."

He must accept that because he leans down and gently kisses me. "I love you, Molly. More than I ever thought was possible," he tells me, and he kisses me again.

"I love you," I tell him with a smile and he kisses me again. This kiss though, this kiss is something different. This kiss contains every emotion he felt after he marked me and leaves me feeling weak. He leaves my lips, trailing kisses down- my jaw, my neck. He stops over the spot where he had left his mark and I can feel him smile against my skin. "Mine," he whispers over the spot, like I'm the most precious thing to him and I feel my heart flutter.

Seth's hand slowly moves down my body from my face, cupping one of my breasts as I hear him chuckle slightly. "Definitely bigger."

"I'm sorry," I whisper, still so nervous and self-conscious about the changes to my body.

"No, no," he says, looking at me. "This is not something to apologize for. I love it. I love everything about you, Molly. You're perfection."

"I'm not me anymore," I whisper.

"You are though," he tells me, gently placing a kiss on my cheek. "You are. You're still my Molly." He squeezes my breast gently, pinching, and making me moan in pleasure.

"Seth," I breathe out. He kisses me, pinching again, causing me to arch my back and push myself into his chest. He moves his head and kisses along my neck again, gently licking and nipping along the way when I feel him at my ear, his hot breath causing goose bumps along my entire body as he takes the lobe gently between his teeth. My back arches up into him again and he takes that opportunity to slide his arm under me, holding me tightly to him as he unhooks my bra and helps me to remove it.

He sits up on his knees and looks down at me. "You are perfection, Molly," he says and reaches forward to unbutton my jeans, slowly sliding them down my body. "Every inch of you is mine," he says with a wicked grin, causing my insides to tighten.

"I need you," I tell him, reaching out for his chest but he's just out of my reach.

"Tell me what you want, Love," he says to me, causing me to become terribly nervous. This is all so new to me, and I'm still unsure about everything. "It's OK, Love. Don't be nervous," he tells me with a reassuring smile.

"I just want you," I whisper, my voice sounds unsure but my body, however, is very sure.

"Do you want me inside of you?" he asks and I nod to him, not breaking eye contact. He stays right where he is, still looking down at me, gently rubbing his hands along my thighs. "You were made for me. You know that, right?" and I nod at him. He stands and removes his pants and boxers, reaching to slowly remove the black panties that remain on me. He leisurely moves his hands up my legs as he returns as he was, kneeling between my legs where he can see me clearly displayed before him.

He reaches down and slowly slips one finger inside me, causing me to gasp a little. "Seth," I call breathlessly and he smirks down at me, slipping a second finger inside, smiling as his work elicits my moans.

"Our bodies fit together perfectly, Love," he says as his fingers languidly continue their work, causing me to tighten around them. "Can you feel how much I want you through the bond?" he asks me and I realize that I can. I didn't know what it was at first, but now that he's said it, I realize that it's his want that's been making everything feel even better this time. I can feel how much he's wanted me as his hands have grazed my skin. I can feel how deeply he cares for me with each kiss. I can feel how badly he wants to be inside me with each stroke of his fingers and knowing that's what this feeling is turns me on impossibly more.

"I can feel how much you want me, too," he says, leaning down so he's on top of me, his face by my ear, but his fingers never stop their sensual assault upon me. "I can feel how much it turns you on when I tell you that you're mine," he whispers in my ear. "I can feel every good feeling I bring to you- from my breath on your delicate skin, to how you almost come undone when I do this" he says, tilting his fingers to hit a spot that, well... he was right. I am about to come undone when, suddenly, he removes his fingers, leaving me wanting more.

"No," I whine breathlessly but he just smirks against my cheek and kisses it gently.

He doesn't say anything as he grips my thigh and slowly, tortuously, slides inside of me, causing me to moan. "F*k," he breathes out in my ear. "I don't know how long I can last with the bond making me feel like this" he says, increasing his pace ever so slightly.

I can feel the tightening, and I feel like I could hurt him from the intensity of it, but I hope he never stops. He increases his pace, and his hold on me tightens as he speeds up even more. My back arches again, pushing my chest into him and the feeling from that causes even more tightening. I'm panting, breathless as Seth moans quietly in my ear.

"F*k, Molly" he says as I tighten my hold on him. I vaguely realize I'm pulling his hair as the tightening explodes into a combustion of pleasure like nothing I've ever felt as Seth pushes inside me one last time, stilling his movements as he also find his release.

His weight starts to become heavy on me as he rolls us over, me on top and him still buried deep inside me. "A lifetime of this," I hear him say as he gently tugs on one of my braids and I can't help the smile that spreads across my face from knowing that I'm loved so much.

"I love you," I whisper into his chest where I'm lying and he tightens his arms around me.

"I love you," he says to me as my eyes begin to feel heavy. I realize that this is truly the most comforting moment that I have ever had and I fall asleep, once again, to thoughts of my mate, and not the dreaded past.