

Chapter 14-2

"I don't like having things done for me. I'm already so useless." I whisper to him.

He helps me walk back and once we reach the bathroom he moves to help me lift my shirt, but I'm nervous and step back shyly. "Please, let me help you. You're covered in blood and you can't get your nger wet." he says to me. I know he's right, but I'm so nervous. He can tell, so he takes his jacket off and walks out to place it on my bed, and then his tie. He sits to remove his shoes and socks and when he goes to unbutton his shirt I become even more nervous and look at the ground. I hear him place his shirt and pants on my bed and he walks back over to me. He gently places his hands on my shoulders. "I'll never do anything you're not ready for. But you CAN'T get your nger wet. Would you rather have your mom help you?" he asks and I shake my head.

"I just... I haven't done this..." I stop, not wanting to admit this.

"I know. And it's OK." he tells me gently as he moves his hands down to the hem of my shirt and lifts it, but this time I don't resist and he lifts it up and over my head. He holds it out to me, a silent question of what to do with it. "Trash. There's no saving that." I tell him and he tosses it in the waste basket. He places his hands on my bare hips and slowly moves them down, moving them forward to the front of my jeans. He places his hands to unbutton them but stops.

"Is this OK?" he asks me and I nod, granting him permission. He starts to move them down my hips and kneels down again to continue removing them, his ngers brushing against my skin the whole way, leaving a trail of what feels like re on my skin, until he helps me step out of them. He stands up and just looks down at me before putting a hand on my hip and helping me turn around towards the mirror, wrapping his strong arms around me. "You are so incredibly beautiful, mate" he tells me in the mirror and places a kiss on my neck where his mark will eventually go.

I look at him, nally, in the mirror standing behind me. He really is handsome. I knew he was muscular, but he's far more than I expected him to be. He's tall, too, towering over me. Yesterday, it was intimidating when he was standing over me, but now, it feels comforting, like he was made to protect me. We stand there a moment together before he moves his hands to my back and unhooks my bra, helping to slide it down my arms while kissing the tops of my shoulders gently, eventually tossing it to the oor and putting his hands on my hips where they linger before he places his ngers in the band of my underwear, slowly sliding them down and making every effort to graze his hands along my bare skin to remove them, sending warmth through my entire body.

He wraps his arms back around me and kisses my neck again, his face lingering as he murmurs "so damn perfect" against my skin. His eyes glaze over and he sighs deeply. "They have no patience." he tells me as he releases me and reaches to remove his boxer briefs and takes my hand in his, leading me to the shower. He smirks at me as he realizes that I'm trying not to look at him as he reaches up and takes my hair down, then leads me into the shower. Seth grabs my left hand and places it on his shoulder, safe out of the water. "Keep it there," he says to me sternly and he takes my head and gently leans it back to wet my hair.

I thought I would feel more awkward, but everything about being in this moment with Seth, a moment that is so intimate, feels completely right. He washes my hair for me, water running over me, washing my blood away. I still feel a little unsteady, but feeling Seth's hands on me, with my hand awkwardly on his shoulder, is so comforting. My head being back is knocking me off balance a little though, and I reach my arm out to his chest to steady me. I feel him tense and his hands stop moving on my scalp for a second. "Are you OK?" he asks me.

"Yeah, I just got a little dizzy. I'm OK though." I tell him and he moves one of his hands to my hips to help steady me and nishes my hair with the other before gently tilting my head back up.

"Better?" he asks, moving his hand to cover mine on his chest.

"Yeah. I'm sorry." I tell him, embarrassed that I can't do any of this myself.

"You have nothing to be sorry for, Molly. I just want to take care of you." He tells me and then grabs my loufa, pouring a bit of body wash on it and then begins washing me off, starting at my shoulders. Seth takes his time making sure to get all the blood off my arm while keeping my bandage dry and gently places my hand back on his shoulder and washes down my right arm and moves to wash my chest, his ngers brushing over my n****s. I bite my bottom lip, slightly embarrassed, but loving how it feels.

"Is that OK, Molly?" he asks me and I nod. "Do you like that?" he asks, and I nod again as he gently pulls me completely against him. "It's OK to like it. You're my mate. I enjoy touching you, too." he whispers in my ear, pressing his erection against me slightly more, moving his hand to wash down my back and stopping his hand on my backside to rest there for a moment. "Soon, you'll be begging me to touch you." he says in my ear and then moves his hands back to my hips, guiding me to take a step back so he can clean my front before kneeling down to wash my legs. He stops and his hand is just centimeters away from my most private area as he looks up to me for permission and I quickly shake my head no. He smirks and stands, leaning into my ear to whisper "soon enough".

Seth makes sure I'm rinsed off and I go to take the sponge from him. "Not today." He tells me and quickly washes himself before guiding me to switch places so he can rinse off, still so careful to keep my hand dry. "I don't have enough time. Or self-control." he says, and turns off the water. I go to reach for a towel and he quietly growls at me, grabbing it before I can and wrapping it around me before grabbing one and wrapping it around his waist and stepping out, guiding me to follow before he takes the towel to dry me off. "I don't know where your clothes are." He says to me.

"It's ok. I've got it." I tell him and walk off to my closet, grabbing my favorite yoga pants and a sports bra top. As I select my clothes, Seth is drying himself and makes his way over to me to help. "I think I can get dressed." I tell him because I know he needs to go. He nods and walks back out to redress. I manage to get my pants on with minimal struggle and I get the top on and over my head, but I can't quite get it pulled all the way down on my left side. I hear Seth chuckle as he walks over and helps straighten the top out and pulls it down, his hand lingering on the bare skin of my hip that's now showing as he leans down and kisses my shoulder.

"I really do need to go." he tells me, but doesn't make a move to release me.

"I know, my mom will be down here soon." I tell him and he smirks.

"She's been in the other room for a while." he tells me. "Why do you think I was whispering?" and I'm slightly uneasy that my mom may have heard our conversation, though there wasn't anything inappropriate. "It's OK, Molly. We're mates. I'm supposed to take care of you." he says and kisses me gently before releasing me. "Are you OK if your mom helps you with your hair? I think that may be outside of my ability, anyways" and I nod.

"Yeah. It's perfectly ne." I tell him with a smile.

"Try to take a nap. It will probably help you feel better." He says, kissing my cheek. "I'll be back before dinner." he tells me standing straight and heading to the bedroom door, opening it. "Luna. I think Molly needs help drying her hair. Her hand is NOT to get wet." I hear him tell my mother and I roll my eyes at how he's bossing her around.

"I can handle that," she tells him and as I hear him open the front door to leave, she calls out to him "Leave the jacket if you want her to be able to sleep."

"What?" I hear him say in confusion.

"She won't be able to sleep well without you because of the bond. Your jacket smells like you, it will help", she explains to him. I don't hear either of them say anything else, but after the door closes, my mother appears in my bedroom, suit jacket in hand.