

Chapter 43

“Alright,” he tells me with a wicked grin on his face. “The sun is almost completely gone. Time to get you across the creek” he says, picking me up and throwing me over his shoulder with a laugh.

I can't help but laugh with him as Seth crosses the creek with me over his shoulder. I can feel his joy through the bond. It's absolutely infectious, and I realize that his joy comes from the thought of marking me, from making me his.

He takes a few steps through the grass on the other side when he sets me down, grabbing my arms to make sure I'm steady. “Is there a certain spot we should be?”

I look around, completely unsure if we're being honest. The wolf was at multiple spots in different dreams, so I don't know if it matters at all. I close my eyes and just listen when I feel like there's a spot towards the trees, though not that close, and walk that way. When I reach the spot, I don't know why, but it just feels right. “Here. I don't know why, but I'm sure this is the spot.”

“Whatever you want, Love,” he says and leans down to kiss me. “Molly Kenneally” he murmurs against my lips with a smile.

“Not quite yet,” I joke with him and he growls.

“Mine,” he says.

“Yours,” I whisper in response.

Seth releases me and takes the backpack off his back. He pulls out two blankets and a battery powered lantern. “I didn't want you to get cold,” he shrugs, explaining the blankets.

“Thanks,” I tell him with a smile. It was really thoughtful of him.

Seth sits on the ground, legs in front of him and bent up so his arms comfortably rest on his knees. I sit down next to him, placing my legs in front of me and leaning back on my arms so I can look up at the sky. I can't get over the fact that this place is real, and it's mine.

“Thank you,” I tell him and he looks over his shoulder at me.

“For what, Love?” he asks me with confusion.

I look at him and our eyes meet. His beautiful blue and my light green. “I've not been an easy person to be mated to. It's been difficult, I know. So much has happened. Once you mark me, my looks may change! That's not normal, but you've been so kind about it all. Just, thank you. For all of it.”

“Molly, there's nothing in this world that I wouldn't do for you,” he says and I can feel how much he truly means that through the bond. “You deserve better than me, but I thank the Goddess that you're mine.”

Seth leans over and gently cups my face with his rough hand, leaning in to kiss me. His kiss is so gentle this time, almost like he thinks I could break. It's not fevered, or rushed like it often is between us. It's like I'm the most special thing, and he's afraid of hurting me. I lift my hand up and place it on his chest- the chest that I love. It's strong and muscular, but it's where my head fits when he holds me and I can hear the steady beat of his heart.

Seth moves to his knees, never breaking our connection, and gently lays me back in the grass. He's laying next to me, half his weight on top of me and it's so comforting. He breaks our lips apart and looks me in the eyes. “You're sure?”

I nod to him excitedly. “Yes. I'm sure,” I tell him with a smile and it's like that reassurance was all that he needed as his lips meet mine, but with much more hunger, as if he will never get enough. His tongue brushes across my bottom lip and they part immediately for him, wanting more of him. I feel him searching for the zipper of my jacket and I lift my hand to help him find it, pulling it open. He immediately places his hand on my hip, inside my shirt, burning the feel of his warm hand on my skin. I hope that this feeling never leaves, even after I'm marked. I hope my skin always reacts to his touch this way.

“Mine,” he growls out against my lips as his hand travels higher up inside my shirt. He helps me to sit up and slide my jacket off and pulls my shirt over my head quickly, guiding me to lie back down in the cool grass. His hand leaves me but just long enough to pull a blanket over towards me, covering my exposed skin from the chilly, fall air.

Seth's hand finds my chest and tugs the cup of my bra down to free it, gently rolling one of my n****s in his fingers, making me gasp. “You like that?” he asks and the only response I can muster is a nod. He smirks against my lips and gently tugs, causing me to moan this time. He slowly kisses his way down my neck, to my chest and he arrives at his destination, taking me into his mouth. It feels absolutely amazing.

“Seth,” I moan my mate's name and he gently bites down, causing every muscle below to tighten. I wiggle and reach behind my back to unhook my bra and struggle to remove it with him on top of me. He smiles against my skin and gently bites down again, but helps me remove it and tosses it to the side. His hand finds my other n****e while his mouth remains, never missing a beat from the pleasure he's providing. Finally, he releases me and I whimper slightly. He smiles a wicked smile as he moves his face to the other side, bringing the same pleasure to me again.

He's on top of me, touching, but I don't feel close enough to him so I reach behind him and tug his shirt up and he helps me guide it off of him and immediately returns to my chest. The feel of his skin pressed against mine adds a new level to my desire, causing me to arch my back and press myself up into him, squeezing my thighs together for some sort of relief.

Seth smirks a knowing smirk against my skin and, with one last bite, he releases me and sits up, moving to untie and remove his shoes and socks, and then mine. He's on his knees looking down at me and gently shakes his head in disbelief.

“You're so perfect, Molly,” he says and reaches down to unbutton my jeans. I lift my hips as he slides them down, moving them so slowly I'm not sure I can handle it.

“Seth... I...” I need something, but I don't exactly know what. I just know I need him closer.

“I know, Love. You're not ready yet, though,” he tells me, gently caressing the outside of my thighs slowly. “Soon.” He lays back down over top of me, supporting himself on his strong arms and holding me close. He brings his lips back to mine and I kiss him hungrily, gently pulling at his bottom lip with my teeth.

“Molly,” he gently moans and it sends that pulsating feeling below again, hearing him moan my name in pleasure. He kisses my neck, lingering on the spot where his mark will go, before moving down. Slowly covering every inch of my skin with his lips on his way down, sometimes licking and nipping, driving me mad with want. He's clearly reveling in the sound of my moans as he's moving so slowly I don't know if I can handle it. Finally, he reaches the top of my black, lacy underwear and all previous thoughts of who selected them are gone when he hooks his fingers in the sides and ever so slowly inches them down my body, tossing them to the side when he finally removes them.

He bends down and starts to slowly kiss his way back up my left leg, causing me to clench my thighs and he smirks against my skin again. When he reaches my hip, my hand makes its way to his hair and I gently tug. I hear him moan, but he moves back down to slowly kiss his way back up the other leg. He places his hands on my hips as he moves to kiss my belly button as he slowly, tortuously kisses his way down. His lips never leave my skin as he gently nudges my legs apart and places himself in between, moving one leg up and wrapping his arm underneath and back to my hip. I feel his tongue descending upon me when he finally hits that spot that causes me to gasp loudly.

My hand finds its way back into my mate's hair and I gently tug at the feeling of this new sensation. His eyes look up at me and I feel him smile against me as he gently moves his tongue again, causing me to gasp in satisfaction again. “Seth,” I hear myself moan his name, not even realizing that I was. He continues his movements as they become faster and with more tenacity once he's sure that I'm alright. My back arches and I throw my head back in pleasure, almost panting from the feelings he's providing me.

Just when I think it can't feel better, I feel Seth lazily slide a finger inside of me. The feeling is new, but it feels incredible as he moves it out a bit, and back in. He continues his incursion, speeding up as he goes when the feeling changes and he slides a second finger inside, pausing to allow me time to adjust.

He looks up at me and when our eyes meet I know he's checking to make sure I'm OK. I nod at him and slightly wiggle my hips. He just smiles at me in response and continues his movements, slowly, tortuously moving his fingers in and out, causing my muscles to tighten in response when he lifts his fingers gently inside, hitting a spot that causes me to tighten even more as I become even more breathless, my chest heaving. It feels marvelous and I don't know how much more I can take when I tighten just a little bit more, and feel like I explode, causing me to moan loudly, arching my back and curling my toes.

Holy shit. Seth stills his movements and lifts his head, placing a gentle kiss on my stomach before slowly and carefully pulling his fingers out of me. I just lay there, breathing heavily but feeling completely sated and content. He pulls the blanket over me and lays next to me, pulling me into his chest.

“I love you,” I hear him whisper into my head, causing me to smile.

“I love you,” I tell him in return, bringing my hand to rest on his chest, above his heart.

We lay there for what feels like hours, watching the sliver of the new moon ascend higher into the sky. I thought I would be more nervous than I am now, but I'm not. I've resigned to the fact that whatever is going to happen will, and there's nothing we can do to change the outcome. Seth gently moves his hand to cup my face, tilting it to meet his eyes. He doesn't say anything, but I know his question and I nod my head to him in agreement. The moon is high, it's time. He leans forward and kisses my forehead, holding me tightly against him.

“Whatever happens, I'm in this with you. I love you, with or without a wolf, or magic, or your memories,” he tells me and all I can do in response is to nod, and hug him tightly.

His hands start to move, gently caressing my skin as our lips meet in a gentle kiss. His kisses become more urgent, demanding, as his tongue slides into my mouth, gently greeting my own. His hands feel like they're everywhere, leaving trails of passionate heat as they move across my body. He leaves my lips and finds his way to my neck, gingerly kissing the most sensitive spot where his mark will be and he runs his fingers along it, sending chills throughout my entire body.

“You're so perfect, mate,” I hear him whisper along my skin as he continues his kisses down my body. He takes one of my breasts in his massive, strong hand and pinches the bud gently, causing that feeling from earlier to awaken again. My hand finds its way to his hair and he looks up at me with an encouraging smile, and returns his attention to my chest.

He takes me into his mouth, gently teasing and engulfing it, causing my back to arch slightly as I moan. His hand slowly trails down my body, his fingers finding that most sensitive area, and he leisurely moves, driving me mad. He bites down gently as his hand continues and he slides one finger inside me as I hear him moan.

“You're so ready for me, Love,” he says with a smile and I nod to him, feeling like I may explode if he continues to touch me like this. He moves his finger slowly, in and back out before slowly trailing back up, hitting that spot that makes my back arch again. He moves over so he's on top of me and gently rubs his hands down my thighs on either side of him. He runs his hands up my body, holding me with one while leaning up to kiss me and holding himself up with the other. I feel so small under him like this, but also like this is where I belong- under my mate.

He reaches down and I feel him at my entrance, causing me to rapidly become nervous. “Hey,” he says to me, “I've got you” and I nod to him. I know he does, but I'm still nervous. He slowly pushes himself inside me, moving his hand to my hip, making me feel secure. He's in no rush and moves slowly, allowing me time to grow accustomed to this new feeling. To my surprise, it doesn't hurt, though it's definitely a new feeling. It's a good feeling though, especially as Seth kisses me.

He slowly begins his movement, not moving quickly to make sure that I'm alright. He groans in my ear and it helps to ease my nerves- he's enjoying this, too. As his movements speed up I can't help the moans I release in pleasure from being so connected to my mate, my gift from the goddess. That tightening feeling inside begins to build again and I arch my back, pressing myself into him, breathing heavily from the pleasure this man is giving me.

“Seth... I...” I attempt to say through shattered breaths and he moves his head to my neck, increasing his pace ever so slightly, and he licks his tongue across his spot and sucks on the skin gently. The tightening continues, causing me to moan loudly and he moves even more quickly when I feel a pulsating release. I throw my head back and scream in pleasure. I feel my mates' extended fangs on my neck as they gently pierce my skin, and it feels better than anything I have ever felt. He releases me and gently licks the spot and places a tender kiss on it.

He tenses over me, holding me tightly as he groans into my hair. He throws his head back and howls- the howl that signals to all wolves that their prince has found their mate.

Slowly, he pulls out of me when I suddenly feel cold, colder than I've ever felt before. My arms tense and my fingers bend in a way that I can't control.

“Seth,” I begin to say and he looks at me with a smile that quickly falters when he sees my fear. “I... think something is wrong. I. It...” I try to say but I can't form the words. Everything begins to spin and there's a ringing sound in my ears. I notice Seth quickly covering me with a blanket and he's holding my face in his hands, but I can't hear what he's saying. The last thing I see is the look of panic in my mate's eyes before my own close and I succumb to the darkness.