

Chapter 58

Our mate loves us, I can faintly hear Sage say.

He does. He really does.

We're sitting on the couch in my living room. Well, Seth is sitting and I'm curled up in a ball with my head resting on his lap. He's been playing with my straightened hair for some time and while I know he would never say it, he seems to prefer it to the new curly hair.

Is Benjamin a bad man? I ask my wolf. I've no idea what to think of the memories, but none of them seem to make sense with hour he acted when I met him.

I thought so, until you met him this week. Maybe losing his strength changed him.

I thought he seemed genuine, but I don't know. Do you know how he can link the other rogues?

No, I don't. But I don't think he's supposed to be able to.

"Seth," I say, pulling his attention away from the awful movie we've been watching. He looks down at me with a small smile. "You saw Benjamin mind link other wolves, right?"

"Yeah, why?" he says, confused.

Maybe I've just misunderstood things. He doesn't seem concerned by it. "He's not supposed to be able to, right? As a rogue? Maybe I just misunderstood what your dad said."

"I'm honestly not sure," he says and I can see that he's starting to see the issue. "I can ask my dad."

"Don't bother him now," I tell him. "Whatever is going on has been for a while. It can wait a day or two."

Seth rubs my back, but when I look up at him I can see he's thinking about what I've said. It's late though. I'm having trouble keeping my eyes open and finally give up, falling asleep peacefully, enveloped in the scent of my mate.

I feel like I'm moving and quickly open my eyes from what I think is a weird dream where I'm floating to find Seth carrying me in his arms.

"What's going on?" I ask sleepily, looking around trying to find where I'm at.

"I'm just moving you to the bed, love," he says and places me on the bed. He pulls the covers over me and kisses me gently. "Go back to sleep," he tells me with a kind smile.

He climbs in his side of the bed and pulls me to him, letting me rest my head on his chest, and I quickly fall back asleep. This time, though, I find myself in the meadow with Sage.

"Will I always meet you here" I ask her and the little wolf nods.

"This was your favorite place when I was locked away, so I came here and stayed while we were apart," she tells me with sadness in her green eyes. "It was terrible then, when I was all alone, but everything is better now that you're here."

"Are you feeling better today?" I ask her, petting her head.

"I'm still tired, but a little better," she says, laying down next to my outstretched legs. "I think I'll feel like this until we shift."

I look at her, feeling nervous. I've not put a lot of thought into actually shifting, but now that I am, I'm unsure about it. "It's going to hurt, isn't it? Shifting?"

"Yes, it will," she tells me, looking up at me. "It hurts more the older you are when you first shift."

"And no one has ever shifted their first time when they're this old," I say, knowing there won't be any information to research.

"I'm sorry, Molly," she tells me, moving to sit up next to me. "You'll have Seth with you, though. Maybe the bond will help."

"Maybe," I tell her, hopeful that she's right about it. I remember my friends after their first shift and how bad they said it was, and they all shifted at a normal age. They'd take a day or two to recover, sometimes more than that, but they always said the first shift was the worst.

"We'll be OK, Molly," Sage tells me, reassuringly. "You're a werewolf, you're made for this. It just seems more scary because you spent most of your life thinking it wouldn't happen."

She's not wrong, though I guess she is actually still me.

"Just think," I hear her say, "We'll get to run with your parents and your mate this time. You won't be left inside all alone."

Upon hearing her words, I can feel my chest swell with happiness. I hadn't really thought about it, but she's right. I've spent so many full moons alone while my family was out together. I'll get to be with them this time. The thought is so amazing to me that I can barely contain my excitement.

"Seth is good to us," Sage says, curling up and laying down again. "I'm so happy to have our mate."

"Me, too." I tell her with a smile as she falls asleep and I follow along soon after.

I awake with my head on Seth's chest and listen to the steady sound of his heart beating and his breathing. He truly has been the most amazing and patient man. There's no real way to thank him for how wonderful he's been, but I hope I can, somehow.

I stretch, feeling less sore than the night before and try to slowly wiggle away from my mate's grasp, but it's nearly impossible. Every time I try to move even the slightest he tightens his grip on me. It's sweet, and it makes me giggle a little.

I gently rub my hand across my mate's firm chest, playing with the hair that's there, and let my hand wander lower, exploring his body. His well defined muscles have always been there, but I've never really felt them, not intentionally, anyways. So many she-wolves would, quite literally, kill for a mate that looks like him, but he's mine. My hand slowly explores ever lower as it meets a trail of hair, but I pause. I don't think he'd be upset, but he's asleep. I worry my lip, unsure of what to do.

"Don't stop," I hear Seth's sleepy rumble and tilt my head up to see him. His eyes are still closed. In fact, nothing looks different. If I hadn't heard him, I'd think he was still asleep.

"How long have you been awake?" I ask him, embarrassed to have been caught..

"Long enough," he tells me with a smirk, causing me to turn bright red.

"I'm sorry," I whisper.

Seth cracks one eye open and looks down at me. "Why are you apologizing? I want you to touch me. Please." I feel his hand gently over mine as he guides me lower. "You're my mate, Love."

I hear Seth gently hiss in pleasure as I take him in my hand. I begin to move it, unsure of my movements, but he keeps his hand over mine, guiding me. After a moment, he releases me, leaving me on my own. He must be able to feel my nervousness through the bond, this thoughtful man of mine.

"You're amazing, Love," he tells me, encouraging me to continue. I try squeezing just a little and he moans. "That's it. Just like that," he tells me through slightly broken breaths. His encouragement has helped ease my nerves and emboldens me. I WANT to make him feel good. I WANT him to feel the way he makes me feel. I sit up, moving down, pulling the blankets back and slowly lick him.

"Fuck. Molly." I hear him breathe as he becomes even harder in my hand. I take the tip into my mouth, continuing to move my hand as he'd shown me, and I feel his hand roughly motive to my hair, cradling the back of my head. I take just a little more of him with each movement, nervous about what I'm doing, but Seth's reaction encourages me to continue on.

I hear my mate moan in pleasure and he pulls my hair. It's painful, but it's a good kind of pain. He pushes my head down further, causing me to take more of him into my mouth than I think I am able to and I swat at his hand.

"Sorry, Love," I hear him say, and I see his hand move to grip the blankets instead. "Don't stop. Just. Like. That," he tells me through gritted teeth. I curiously chance a glance up at my mate and see him with his head tilted back, lips parted slightly, enjoying himself. I can't believe that I'm making my mate feel this way, and it encourages me to increase the pace.

"Molly. I'm going to c*m," he tells me, trying to pull away, but I continue my movements. "Molly," I hear him again, warning in his voice, but I don't move. He finds his release in my mouth, moaning and tightly gripping the blankets next to him. I still my movements, swallowing him and removing him from my mouth.

"Good morning," I say to him as I move to lay back down next to him.

Seth laughs loudly. "Yes, it was good," he says with a smirk. "You never cease to amaze me, Love. You're always so curious and brave." He pulls me into his arms and kisses the top of my head.

I move to get up but Seth tightens his hold on me. "No, we're not moving from here today," he says, causing me to giggle at him.

"I have to," I tell him. "I have to get the bread for dinner started soon."

He looks over at the clock on the bedside table. "It's 7. The sun is barely even up."

"I know," I tell him, wiggling out of his hold. "I'm usually up first but SOMEONE distracted me, today," I say standing up, but I feel his hands on my hips, quickly pulling me back into bed.

Before I can even register what's happened, he's on top of me, his nose running along the side of my neck as I lay underneath him. "I distracted you, huh?" he asks me and I nod silently. He smirks at this and I feel his tongue slowly move up my neck. "I don't think that I did anything. I was just a poor man, trying to sleep, when my mate started touching me."

I can't help but giggle. I guess that technically, he's right. But I also need to get up and bake bread. "Seth," I start to say but he quickly covers my lips with his, pressing his tongue into my mouth. He pulls away, smirking down at me. "If I were the distraction, it would have looked more like this," he says and kisses me again, quickly pushing two fingers inside of me, causing me to moan.

"F**k, Molly," he says to me, breathlessly. "You're always so wet for me. Always ready for me to take me inside of you," he tells me, pulling his fingers out. He moves and stands at the side of the bed, grabbing my legs and roughly pulling me to the edge. He quickly pushes himself inside me, causing me to moan in pleasure at the feeling of my mate filling me.

"You'll tell me if you're sore, right? Stop me if anything hurts?" he tells me and I nod quickly. I don't know why he's asking. He could feel it, but it's kind of him to ask. But as soon as he starts his rapid movements, I understand why he was concerned. We've only been together a few times and he's been so gentle each time. This time, however, he's more aggressive, more primal. And it feels absolutely amazing.

Seth's movements are causing me to moan, and scream as he continues at a pounding pace, never letting up. No doubt everyone in the kitchen can hear us, but it feels too good for me to be bothered with worrying about that at the moment. Every thrust leaves me wanting just a little bit more and as I finally reach the edge I can't help the scream that escapes me. Seth isn't exactly quiet either as he finds his release, slumping forward and on top of me.

"F**k, Molly," he says, pushing my hair behind my ear like that's helping how I look at the moment. "You're so tight, Love. So utterly perfect" he tells me, running his hand along any part of skin he can reach, though his shirt is almost completely up now, so there's plenty easily available to him. I must look an absolute disaster.

"When we don't have bread with dinner tonight I'll be sure to blame you," I tell him, sticking my tongue out at him.

"Oh, my Love," he tells me with a smirk. "The entire pack is well aware you weren't baking bread from the way you were screaming my name."