

Chapter 96

I walk out the door and down the hall, walking in our home and slamming the door behind me. How dare he. How can he not realize that the problem isn't that he was with other women, but that he tried to replace me!

I storm through the house and land in the closet and look at the enormity of it, full of clothes fit for a Queen. I didn't want this. I didn't ask for any of this. I just wanted a mate that wouldn't reject me. I pick up a long, silk evening gown. It's beautiful, truly. It's just not me, though. None of this is.

I hear the bedroom door crack and close again, Seth slowly walking across the room. I feel trapped, not wanting to talk to him yet, but unable to walk away from him now that I'm in the closet with no way out.

"I'm sorry," he says softly from the doorway. "I shouldn't have said that."

I look around, giving up and sitting on the floor, surrounded by rows of beautiful clothes, beautiful dress still in my hands. "I never wanted this, Seth." I tell him, pulling my knees to my chest and hugging my legs. "Do you think that I don't know that male wolves f**k around? My brother has f***d half the pack by now, but the second he caught smell of his mate he stopped. He only wants her. YOU found me, and tried to find better. You searched for a replacement. You just didn't want me."

He slowly, timidly, steps across the room and moves to sit down next to me on the floor next to my feet so that he's looking at me. "I'm sorry," he whispers and reaches up to wipe the tears from my cheek. "I'm sorry for everything. I didn't fully realize what was hurting you, but I never should have said that. You're right. I did try to replace you, and there's nothing I can ever do to make up for that."

"I just wanted a mate who would want me, not one who is just stuck with me," I say, sniffing as tears flow down my cheeks.

"I do want you, Molly. I didn't realize then, but I did," he whispers, placing his hand on my knee. "I made so many bad choices, but they only hurt you in the end."

"Do you still love her?" I ask, afraid of his answer.

He looks pained as he tilts my head up to meet his eyes. "I never did, not really. I thought I did, but as I fell in love with you, I realized that it was never what I had felt for her."

"I'm just playing dress up," I whisper, looking around at everything. "I don't belong here."

Seth looks around and then back to me. "Is it the clothes?" he asks, pushing my hair behind my ear. "I'll get you new clothes. Whatever you want."

"No," I tell him. "Maybe? I just don't know how to do this? And you found women that could. I shouldn't be here."

"No, Molly. No." he says, moving to wrap his arms around me and kisses my head. "You are the most perfect wolf for this. You weren't even princess for a week when you met with a man you had seen murder your brother and demanded better from him. You expect and demand better from me, and you'll do the same with our children."

I sniffle, and he releases me, putting his finger under my chin and pulling my face up to look at him again. "I thought that you working in the kitchen was ridiculous, and you were hiding, but the truth is that you, an Alpha's daughter with no wolf still found a way to help your pack and did it, with no complaints. You could have hidden and let your dad and brother always protect you, but you jumped in and found a way to contribute. That's more than most Alpha's daughters who DO have a wolf can say. I have no doubt that when it comes time you will jump in and find ways for you to help the kingdom, because that is who you are."

"You deserve better than me," he tells me with a sad smile. "I listened to things about you that I decided were weaknesses and it turns out, it's what makes you perfect for this. You've always held your head high and never let it show. You only let it show when you talked to your brother, which is all that I ever heard. I'm so sorry that I listened to your conversations with a person you considered safe to complain to, and judged who you were based on that. Maybe it's because I don't have siblings, but he was your safe place, and I didn't understand that."

I nod, finally realizing why he was so hesitant to find me. The only thing he ever heard from me was what I was saying to my brother, who was the only person I've ever complained about pretty much anything to- just him and Oliver. I lean my head on his shoulder and he kisses the top of my head again.

"I'm sorry that I got upset when I made you tell me everything," I say to him and he wraps his arms around me.

"You wouldn't have been upset if I hadn't said that. I'm sorry that I didn't understand. Are we OK?" He asks me and I nod.

"I think so," I whisper, but make no effort to move. We stay like that for quite some time, just huddled awkwardly in the floor of the closet, Seth holding me with my head leaned on his shoulder.

"I love you," I whisper to him.

He releases me and I lift my head to look at him. "I love you, Molly. So much," he says, gently cupping my face and kissing me.

I return his kiss, placing my hands on his arms, parting my lips allowing his tongue entrance. His hands slowly move down my body, taking in my curves until one lands on my hip, and the other finds my thigh. He moves his hand up under the edge of my dress, slowly, gently caressing the skin of my thigh as he moves to his knees, moving his hand from my hip to my back and helps me to lay back, him over top of me.

I bring my leg up to his side and his hand finds its way farther up under my dress. His other hand finds my breast, pushing my cardigan out of his way. I wiggle, trying to free myself from the offending sweater. He seems unphased by my movements and continues his, as he reaches down and tries to untie the belt of my dress, helping me to wiggle it up and lifts me gently to remove it.

I lay back down as he sits back, looking down at me as he removes the jacket of his suit, tossing it to the side and undoes his cufflinks. I reach forward and pull his shirt to untuck it, causing him to smirk down at me. I unbutton the lower buttons and he starts from the top, meeting me in the middle. He pushes his shirt off, causing me to smile when I see my mark on him.

He leans forward once again, propping himself over top of me. "You're my everything, Molly," he says softly and I lean up to capture his lips with my own, pulling him towards me so our skin is finally touching. The bond ignites my desire even more then, when I thought it would calm some, causing me to moan.

"Your skin is so soft," Seth whispers in my ear, gently running his hand down my side. "I love you so much, Molly."

"I love you," I tell him, grabbing his shoulders and turning my head to kiss him again, feeling like I'll never get enough of him. Like I'll never be close enough.

He reaches down, grabbing the sides of my underwear and slowly sliding them down my legs, feeling every inch of skin along the way, his hands slowly lingering and setting my entire body on fire. Tossing them to the side, he then undoes his pants and removed them, pulling his boxers off as well. He leans over me, propping himself on one arm while the other grabs my hip firmly.

He pauses and looks at me, waiting for my confirmation that I'm OK, still worrying about my recovery from shifting. I nod to him, and he leans down, gently kissing me. I feel him slowly slide inside me, filling me completely, finally calming the bond and making me feel complete again. He gently kisses my forehead, making me smile, as he begins moving at a torturous rhythm.

His movements increase slowly as he leans down to kiss his mark on my neck, causing me to tighten around him that much more. I grip his biceps firmly and wrap my legs around him as he continues, causing me to moan loudly, calling his name as I fall over the edge of pleasure, bringing him with me.

We lie there on the floor of the closet for what feels like forever before he finally pulls out and rolls over, holding me close to him.

"Does it help to know that no one, NO ONE, has come close to you?" he asks me and kisses my forehead.

His words cause me to smile more than I'd like to admit. "Maybe a little."

Seth gets up and helps me to stand. He smirks as he sees the rug burn on my ass, already healing, thanks to my wolf.

"Are you happy with yourself?" I ask him, sarcastically as he admires his work.

He laughs at me as I lean over to grab pajamas out of the drawer. "I'd feel bad if you didn't have your wolf, but she's healing it already. Besides, I don't think she's too upset about it."

I smile at him as I walk to the restroom, Seth following closely behind me. "No," I say, turning to shut the door in his face. "I'm using the restroom. You can't come in."

"Molly, you can't be serious?" he asks, looking offended but I don't care.

"I am serious! You can't be in here while I pee!" I tell him and close the door in his face. I lock it to be safe because he really didn't seem to take me seriously. Once I'm done, I slip the pajamas on and open the door for him to come in now.

He walks over to the toilet, beginning to pee, with me still in the room.

"Seth!" I exclaim but he's completely unphased by me.

"If you don't like it you can leave, Love," he says, and I make a face at him, but I continue to wash my face and brush my teeth.

I rinse my mouth and spit in the sink as he walks up behind me, wrapping his arm around my waist and leaning down to kiss my mark, causing shivers to run up my spine.

"See, that wasn't so bad," he says in my ear, causing me to glare at him through the mirror as he laughs and releases me.

"I'm not taking a third shower today," I say to him, as he looks down at me.

He attempts to look down the deep v-neck of my shirt and shrugs. "It's probably for the best. I'll be sure you need one in the morning, too."