

Chapter 108

Seth has been pacing. Just pacing. Back and forth, over and over. As soon as we stepped into the room, he slammed the door shut and quickly removed his jacket, balling it up and throwing it on the floor. He removed his shirt, not even bothering to undo the buttons. His fists are balled and his breathing is ragged. I had thought he was going to shift, but he hasn't, he just continues to pace.

I've been sitting on the edge of the bed, just watching my mate. I can feel his anger rolling off of him in waves, and it's honestly terrifying. I know he won't hurt me, but he's never made me truly feel scared before now.

"Seth," I say softly, trying to calm him, but he just holds his hand up to me and continues his pacing.

Suddenly, he looks up at me, then the door, and then to the window. "Don't open this door for anyone but me. No one," he spits, and I realize then that he's not only angry about Reginald, but he's mad at me, too.

I nod, looking at him with big, scared eyes that are filled with tears, but I don't say a word. For a second, I think I can see his face soften just a little. I was wrong though, as he sits down, removes his shoes and then stands to leave- slamming the door yet again.

I cross the room and lock it as soon as he's gone. If he changes his mind and turns around to find the door unlocked... well, I'm not sure he can handle that now.

I walk to the bathroom, take off the stuffy clothes, and begin to remove my makeup. Good thing, too, because the tears are now spilling over uncontrollably. I try to calm myself, tell myself it isn't that bad, but I know I messed up. I shouldn't have pushed him so far, but the entire situation here is just so uncomfortable. They're clearly hiding something. But this amount of anger isn't right.

I dry my face and put on moisturizer, before putting on pajamas and climbing into bed. I curl into a ball, crying into the pillow. It isn't fair for him to be this mad at me. I was drugged to the pack of his ex-girlfriend who he attempted to mark, introduced to her rude, old mate, and the Alpha continues to disrespect both of us. And that's leaving out the fact that they have orphaned children working instead of in school and being cared for. It's bullshit if he expects me to sit there and not say anything to them.

I'm sorry, Molly. It's not you. I just need to run. I'll be back in a while.

It's almost like he can read my thoughts, but I guess that he can feel my feelings as much as I can feel his. I realize though, that I'm not feeling the intense anger from him anymore. Maybe shifting really did help. Or maybe he's with Lydia.

I know he wouldn't do that, but the thought still comes and it overwhelms me. I realize that I can smell Albert on the other side of the door, but he never knocks. Seth probably told him to stay outside while he's gone, but I don't want to be alone.

I continue to cry until finally I give up and fall asleep.

I awake in the meadow, Sage sitting next to me.

"Sage!" I say, leaning over and hugging her tightly.

She leans her head over on me. "I'm still healing, Molly. Breaking the magic and finally shifting has been hard for me."

"But you'll be OK, right?" I ask, pulling back to look at her. She seems fine, nothing appears different on the outside. Before she can answer, though, I'm pulled from the meadow by a loud bang.

It scares me and I sit up quickly, seeing my mate, Albert, and now Stephen at the door. Both Stephen and Albert look away from me and Seth still looks angry.

"Out!" he yells at the men and they both turn, but Stephen turns back and looks me straight in the eyes.

"You're OK, Princess?" he asks and I nod, not entirely sure what's going on, but knowing that Seth won't hurt me. He nods once and turns, both of them leaving, pulling the door behind them.

Seth's face softens a little. "You wouldn't let me in," he says, motioning to the door.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to fall asleep," I explain, realizing exactly what had happened now.

He moves to sit on the edge of the bed and looks at me, a smirk forming on his face. "I don't think either of them were prepared to find you like that."

I'm confused and look down, realizing that I'm wearing a very low cut, lacy tank top that's basically see through. You can, in fact, see my n****s through it. "Oh goddess. I can never look at either of them again."

He chuckles a little, but clasps his hands together and leans forward, resting his arms on his legs. "Please don't push him any more. I don't know what's going on, but I'm sure they're hiding something, and I'm sure he's more dangerous than we realize."

"I'm sorry," I tell him, tears forming again.

"Hey," he says, taking his pants off and climbing into the bed, pulling me to his chest. "No more crying. I'm sorry for how I acted, you deserved better. I was so angry with that man and struggling to contain Altair, but I was afraid to leave you alone here."

"I'm sorry that I made things so difficult," I whisper into his chest. "But they basically have slaves here. I can't let that go."

He smiles down at me and gently grazes my cheek with his knuckles, wiping the tears from my cheek. "I don't expect you to, at all. You can handle that however you see fit, just don't push Reginald too hard until we get more information. Or maybe you should. He said plenty to you."

"So I should or I should not?" I ask him, completely confused.

"If we're in private, you probably should. I don't know why, but he seems to respond to your questions. But not in front of the pack. We don't know how they feel about him, but they seemed to like you," he tells me.

I shake my head. "I haven't even met them."

"Molly," he tells me, pushing my hair back. "They all saw you stand and help that little girl, and how you didn't correct her, and how you were kind. They all stopped and watched the second you stood up, and we're shocked at how kind you were. They're going to love you."

"And then you almost killed their Beta," I say with a small giggle.

"He disrespected my mate," he says, and I can feel his anger returning, but only mildly. "No one can speak about you that way."

I reach up and gently touch his cheek. "Seth, wolves have been talking about me like that my whole life. The assumption was always that I was born rogue and either left alone, or my parents died."

"But you weren't a rogue. You're from one of the strongest Alphas ever," he says defensively.

"Seth," I say, realizing that he hasn't quite grasped this. "I was never born to an Alpha, Benjamin OR Randall. I was born a rogue."

Seth sighs, but he doesn't say anything. I can feel how conflicted he is about this.

"Does it matter to you if I was the daughter of the most respected Alpha, or just the daughter of a Rogue?"

"No, Love," he says, placing a gentle kiss on my forehead. "You're both."

We lay there together for quite a while, Seth just gently running his fingers across any part of skin that he can reach.

"I went to the meadow," I tell him and he looks at me curiously. "When you were gone, and I fell asleep. I went to the meadow. She said that breaking from the magic and then shifting was just hard on her. She seemed alright, but you woke me before she could tell me she is."

"That's good though, that you could get there," he says. "I was really worried before."

"I was, too," I tell him. "She also told me to stop asking Reginald questions while we were at dinner."

Seth chuckles. "So you just don't listen to anyone, even your wolf?"

"In my defense, I DID," I tell him with a smile. "I mean, I would have. You didn't really give me the chance."