

Chapter 140

The blaring sound of my alarm wakes me up and I roll over, fumbling for the clock to turn it off. I roll onto my back, trying to wake up and stretch.

“It’s too early,” Seth mutters, his face smashed onto his pillow, unwilling to open his eyes.

I giggle at him, lying there with his hair a mess, but still somehow the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen. I smile at him and gently reach over, pushing his hair back. “I hope our kids look like you.”

He opens his eyes at that, looking at me with a smile. “No,” he tells me, reaching his arm across my body and pulling me to him. “They’re going to have your eyes. I’m sure of that.”

“Probably, but maybe not” I tell him with a small sigh. “We need to get up soon since you decided we need to see Sofia earlier.”

“I need to go North tomorrow and I don’t want to chance anything happening,” he says, releasing me and stretching. “I need to know everything is OK before I leave.”

I nod in agreement, thrilled to get to check on the pups earlier than we had planned. We get up and get ready. Seth grabs some jeans for me and hiking boots and I raise an eyebrow at him.

“As long as everything is alright this time,” he tells me, drying his hair off with a towel. “We’re going for a hike after. Just please don’t take me anywhere crazy, and don’t do too much.”

“OK!” I say excitedly, tucking the hair dryer away and pulling out a straightener. “Is my hair still an issue while we’re here? It’s so much work to get the curls out.”

“I haven’t thought about it, really…” he says, pulling on a pair of jeans. “I’ll talk to my parents and get their opinion. I assume you’d like to just leave it curly?”

I nod, pulling part of it back and getting to work.

After breakfast in the packhouse, Seth and I make our way to Sofia’s where we find ourselves waiting for her in the room. Seth is pacing slightly, touching everything he can find in the room.

“Seth,” I say with a giggle. “Just sit down. She’ll be here when she can.”

He looks up at me confused, and then he realizes what he’s doing and places something that I’m not even sure what it is back on a counter. He takes a seat against the wall and takes a deep breath.

“They’re fine,” I tell him with a smile. “I’m sure of it.”

“What if she tells us you’re measuring at like 8 weeks now? Or 10?” he asks and he looks so scared. It’s unusual for him to look scared and vulnerable like this.

I smile at him as reassuringly as I can. “I’d be bigger if they were that big.”

Finally, there’s a knock at the door and Sofia walks in with a quick bow and apology. “Let’s take a look.”

Seth is on his feet immediately and helps me lie back, gently lifting my shirt. Sofia first measures my stomach with a small smile before pulling over the ultrasound machine and getting started. She moves the wand around, clicking a keyboard and mouse with a smile on her face.

“Alright, here you go,” she finally says and turns the screen towards us. There are two small babies on the screen, though this time they look more like babies than blobs. Seth clearly notices this as well as he leans forward to get a better look.

“And they’re all three alright?” he asks her, squeezing my hand.

Sofia smiles at him. “I still need to take Molly’s blood pressure, but yes, they’re all just fine. The babies are measuring just a day or two ahead of schedule, which is expected for both of your lines.”

Seth nods at her, finally dragging his eyes from the screen. “Molly will be staying here at Lunar Falls until after the babies are born. It’s the safest place for her right now.”

“Good,” Sofia says with a smile. “I agree, it’s the safest. And if I’m being selfish, I really want to deliver these babies. Twins are just so rare.”

She hands me a tissue but Seth quickly takes it from her and wipes my stomach for me. I can’t help but smile at how this man takes care of me.

Once Sofia is done, Seth helps me up and into my jacket. We walk outside, but he stops, turning to look at me.

“You lead the way,” he tells me. “Nothing too crazy, and we have to be back in time for lunch with Albert and Benjamin.”

“OK,” I tell him with a giggle and take his hand, pulling him towards the woods.

He releases my hand but follows me down the hill as I lead him down to the falls. I decide to stay off the rocks as they can be slippery and the path I’ve decided to take isn’t as steep as others.

“Slower, Love,” I hear Seth say behind me and I can’t help but roll my eyes a little. “I don’t want you to fall.”

“I know,” I tell him with a smile, turning around to him. “I just don’t want to be late for lunch.”

I let him catch up the few steps to me before turning back around and leading him down the barely there path through the trees. We start up the incline and I can feel Seth’s irritation through the bond, causing me to giggle. One would think that the future King of All Werewolves would enjoy being outside in nature, but his spoiled self really, really does not.

Finally, we reach the top of the incline that comes out near the edge of the falls. I climb over a railing and start walking towards the water, but my mate is not amused with it.

“Molly,” Seth says sternly and I turn back to find him standing at the railing with his arms crossed. “The barrier is here for a reason. It’s not safe.”

I laugh at him, lecturing me about something he knows nothing about. “Actually, Dad had the rail installed when he found out the younger, unmated wolves were going behind the falls to drink and have sex.”

Seth raises an eyebrow at me but his entire demeanor loosens up as a smile tugs at his lips. “I do vaguely remember Rob mentioning a blonde and a waterfall.”

“That sounds like his type,” I say, turning back around and walking off. I can hear Seth moving behind me and I smirk.

“So your brother is into blondes?” Seth says, moving faster to catch up to me.

I giggle at him. “No. His type was quite literally anyone willing. Not anymore though.”

I lead him to the small path that goes behind the waterfall, obscuring us from sight. There’s a few old logs that have been pulled back into the area, and I take a seat on one, pulling my scarf from around my neck. Seth looks out beneath the water and turns back at me with a smile.

“It really is beautiful back here,” he tells me, taking a seat on the log next to me. “I can see why you love it here.”

I smile and lean over, placing my head against his arm.

“You look much better than you did,” he tells me cautiously. “You looked beautiful, always, but I could tell how exhausted you were, especially when you couldn’t keep any food down. I was really getting worried.”

“I feel better,” I tell him, lifting my head and looking up at him. “Really. I think I feel better than I did before I got pregnant.”

He smiles and reaches a large hand up, cupping my face gently. “Good,” he says with a small smile as he leans forward and captures my lips with his.

I kiss him back with enthusiasm, tangling my fingers into his hair, ruining how he has it tied back. He smiles against me but never breaks our contact as he reaches his hand up and pulls the tie out.

“Sorry,” I whisper against his mouth but he just pulls me up so that I’m now straddling his lap.

“Don’t be,” he tells me, slipping his hand inside my shirt and cupping my breast, pinching my n****e gently.

I arch my back and gasp at the feeling. Everything feels so much more sensitive now that I’m pregnant, and I just can’t help my reaction to him. His lips find my neck and he reaches to unzip my jacket completely, allowing me to shrug it off, throwing it to the side.

I reach down and fumble trying to untie my shoes. I’m clumsy and unbalanced, but I manage to get them undone as his hands steady me.

Seth chuckles at me and releases me, helping me stand and sit next to him as he reaches down and pulls the shoes off. I stand and unbutton my pants, slipping them off and stepping out of them as Seth undoes his own, pulling himself out and leaning back.

He offers me his hand and helps guide me back on top, holding himself and helping me as I slowly lower myself onto him. It feels amazing as he slowly fills me and I throw my head back, reveling in the feeling of it. His strong hands move to my hips as he tries to help me rock against him, but with his height, and sitting on the log, it isn’t easy and it’s not going very well.

“Stand up,” he says quietly in my ear and offers me his hand to help me balance as I stand. He follows and helps me move over, helping me bend over and placing my hands on the rock wall as he slams inside of me, causing me to moan.

He begins a punishing pace and almost immediately, I begin to tighten around him. “Can I pull your hair?” I hear him ask and I nod, unable to find my voice.

He grabs my hip in one hand and pulls my hair, holding me in place as he pounds into me. The way he’s holding me makes it nearly impossible to move and, if I’m being honest, there is something that I really like about him being completely in control. I tighten around him, screaming as I find my release.