

A Mother Before A Mate By Summer Richards Chapter 3

Chapter 3

I'm rocking Molly in the living room, and Grace just left. We spent the morning shopping, and putting together all of the baby stuff, and getting organized. I'm waiting on my brother to get back from his Gamma training. I am not looking forward to breaking the news to him, but it's very possible that Alpha or someone else already did.

I kind of hope they did so he's had time to process the information. We have always been close, but I know this seems crazy to basically everyone except me. Finally, I hear the door open, and I can feel my heart rate quicken. I hear him start to go upstairs, so I call him to the living room. When he walks into the living room, he gives me a look of confusion, and I know that no one told him.

"I thought she was leaving this morning?" He furrows his brows.

"Well, she was supposed to. Listen, don't freak out but... I'm keeping her!"

"What?" Lev asks. His eyes wide, and his mouth falls open.

"I'm keeping her. I have this connection with her. I can't drop her off with strangers, to a fate that I can't guarantee is good. I know being a single mother isn't ideal, especially at my age but I'm keeping her. I feel like this is my destiny. I feel it in my soul that I am meant to care for her," I confess.

“I named her Molly, and I know this is weird. It’s weird for me too. I can’t believe that I feel this way and that I’m taking this on, especially at 18, but I believe this is my destiny,” I add.

“Wow, this is a lot to take in. We don’t know if she’s? human though. What if she’s a human?”

He’s calmer than I thought he was going to be. “Then I will move into town, and raise her among humans. You could still visit anytime you wanted. It’s only a 15-minute drive.”

“You’re willing to give up being a wolf?” He asks, his brow raised and I nod.

“What about if you have a mate? Even if he was okay

with you being a mother, most wolves wouldn’t give up their pack and live among humans. You could risk losing

your mate.”

“Lev, I know that. I believe she is part of my destiny, and that everything will work out just as it’s supposed to, whether that be with or without my mate.”

“Ok, well it sounds like you’ve thought this through. I love you, and if this is what you want. I’ll support you... It’s nice to see you come alive again,” he smiles sadly at me. I’m so relieved, I wrap an arm around him. He gives me a hug, and then looks down into my other arm, and takes a good look at Molly.

“I guess I’m an uncle,” he says, as his lips start to curl into a smile. It feels so good to have his support in this.

6 months later.

“Lexi, she’ll be fine. You said you needed to get back to warrior training. Molly will be fine here,” Stella, from

the pack’s childcare centre, assures me.

“She’s just not used to being away from me,” I remind her.

“She’ll be fine. I think you’re having a harder time than she is. She’ll be fine, Mama. Plus you’re only leaving for 2

hours.”

I take one last look at Molly. My chubby blonde-haired blue-eyed baby. I hold her close to little fuzzy baby hair she has. I feel my eyes start to Water,

and I have a lump at the back of my throat.

I know it’s only 2 hours, but I hardly ever leave her, and if I do it’s only with Grace or Lev, and Stella is a

stranger to Molly.

“If she’s fussing for more than 5 minutes, will you promise to mind-link me?” I beg.

“Okay,” she agrees. I give Molly a few more kisses and

hand her over. Molly doesn’t cry. Thank Moon Goddess, because I don’t know if I would have been able to leave if

she was crying for me.

Training went well. I was out of shape, and not as quick and strong as I used to be but it feels good to get back to training, though. I know it won't take long to get back to where I used to be, and soon even better. I want to get as strong as I can, in case Molly and I have to leave the pack in 6 months.

I want to be able to protect us among humans and rogues.

I'm starting with 2 hours training every other day, and in 2 weeks moving up to training Monday-Friday 2 hours per day. Stella didn't mind-link me to tell me Molly was fussing, but I'm suddenly starting to worry that maybe she wouldn't mind-link me, even if Molly was fussing. She's used to babies crying, and especially when they're just starting.

I'm getting nervous at the thought of Molly crying this whole time, so I run to the childcare room in the packhouse. I swing open the door, and to my surprise I see Molly sitting on the floor with a rattle toy and she's wiggling it and laughing. I breathe a sigh of relief. Thank you Moon goddess! I walk up to her, and when she sees me, she smiles even bigger and reaches out her arms.

My heart melts, and I scoop her up. I hold her close, while Stella fills me in on how Molly did. Apparently, she cried for 2 minutes a few minutes after I left, but Stella was able to distract her with the little ball pit they have.

I'm glad she did so good. Molly is my whole world, and I can't stand the thought of her in distress.

She put the pieces of my heart back together after it was completely broken from the loss of my parents.

I miss my parents so much still, but Molly gave me a reason to live, and I'm so grateful to her, and the love we share. She was the best decision I ever made. Being a single Mom has been difficult at times, but it's worth it. Every time I look into those big blue eyes, I know we're both right where we're supposed to be.