

The Alpha's Nanny

Chapter 2

Despite being heavily sedated, Lori woke up not well rested. And her whole body hurt. Like hell. She had nightmares too. A baby crying, a wrapped baby in a crib crying and crying. And whenever she tried to reach the baby, it felt like the baby strayed farther away from her. The next morning, she didn't feel better, just equally worse. No visitors still. Just a phone call and a text message from her co worker Birdie, who was asking her when she would get back to work. She had not given her proper notice to why she had missed work. She would text her boss later to inform him. Ugh.

She felt sick inside. Truly sick. Worse still, she had a new problem, her boobs. They were huge and rock hard. She touched them and winced. The pain she was feeling was unimaginable. The nurse walked in with her breakfast tray, weird, She couldn't remember eating the night before, had she gone to bed hungry? How long was she sedated?! "Good morning Lori. How do you feel?" Lori shrugged. "I feel even worse. My boobs ache so bad." She said as she reached for her tray. She was very hungry. There was chocolate pudding, green beans and scrambled eggs. "Oh it happens!

Sorry about that but they're going to be very sore for a few days." "What? Why?" She asked and the nurse sighed. "Well, your body has already prepared itself for a baby, so you're lactating." "But I don't have a baby. I lost mine." Lori said bitterly as she stabbed her plastic fork on the green beans, attacking it with ferocity. "Yes. I know you did. And it's a horrible thing really." Her voice was sympathetic but Lori was sure the woman would never be able to understand the magnitude of pain she was going through.

"I can offer you a better solution to your aching boobs if you want." The nurse said as she looked at her hopefully. "What is that?" "There is a baby on this floor, she was born the exact same time your baby was born, sadly, her mother didn't make it. She cried all through the night. We fed her formula but, she's not taking it very well. If you donate your milk it could help her." Lori sat there for a while, she remembered the cries in her dream. Had she dreamt about a baby crying or was there a baby truly crying? "Yes." Lori said without hesitation and the nurse widened her eyes. "Yes?

Are you sure?" Lori nodded. "I am sure." She said and the nurse smiled. "Thank you. I know how hard this is for you." She said and Lori scoffed as she looked away. Oh she had no idea. "I will come back with pumps then have a quick talk with the girl's family to inform them." The nurse left and Lori had her breakfast quietly. Twenty minutes later the nurse came back with pumps like she had said and talked about how the child's father had quickly agreed. The nurse left with her milk, murmuring something about the milk being screened first.

Lori went back to sleep, the doctor came back to do a checkup on her. Her c- section scar was healing quite nicely he had told her. Lori had murmured something about the

hospital bill and her doctor had told her the Fullers had cleared the hospital bill. Good. Because there was no way she would have paid for it herself, she didn't have a dime to her name. Besides it was in the agreement that they would settle all hospital bills. She only wished they had let her see him before taking him away.

Gabriel didn't leave the hospital, even though he didn't sleep a wink, he didn't leave, he couldn't just bear the thought of leaving his daughter alone. He had not picked out a name yet, partially because he and Suzie had not come up with one. He wanted her name to be perfect, whatever it is he came up with had to be perfect. After the baby was born and the doctor told him Suzie didn't make it, he had quietly made her funeral arrangements. Suzie didn't have any family, at least none that he knew of. Her only family was her daughter.

He remembered when he first held her in his arms, she had immediately stopped crying as he stroked her head gently. She was so tiny. So so tiny, but when she looked at him, when she really looked at him, the world stopped. Nothing else mattered at that point, Gabriel knew at that moment he would fight tooth and nail to protect her. By all tests and count, baby Caine was a healthy child. She was fine, totally fine, the doctor reassured him many times while begging him to go home and get some rest. But why was she still crying!

He heard enough of her crying to now recognise the sound of her voice. The nurse said she was hungry. Just hungry, she was taking the formula, but it didn't seem to be enough for her. She was ravenous. Gabriel knew the reason. She wasn't only a baby, she was a pup, a werewolf pup, she would be insatiable. Pups were usually like that while growing up. Unfortunately, Suzie's milk that would have sustained her was now gone. Gone. He would be there for her. always. "Good news Mr Caine." A nurse walked in the private waiting room where he stayed when his daughter took her naps in the nursery.

The nurse had come in earlier to tell him they found a donor for her. A woman who was willing to donate her breast milk. The nurse assured him that after they had screened the breastmilk they would let his daughter have it. He was relieved, greatly relieved about that. It wouldn't be the same like her mother's but it would be something... He was so deep in thoughts that he didn't notice his beta and his housekeeper walk in. "Oh Gabriel! I heard the news! I am so sorry!" Mrs Grace said as she ran towards him and hugged him.

Gabriel sighed, settling into her hug for a few seconds before pulling away. "I am sorry Gabriel. Deeply sorry. Suzie didn't deserve this. She wanted to be a mother." Draco said. Gabriel nodded. "Thank you. Her presence would be missed. Her daughter is already missing her..." He said and Mrs Grace sat next to him. "And how is your little girl?" "She's good. She's very healthy." Mrs Grace seemed to sigh. "Oh thank the goddess. By the way, you look so tired, we've been waiting for you to come back to the house.

Why don't you go home and take a shower and get some rest." She asked and Gabriel shrugged. "I don't want to leave her alone here. Besides, it's only a few more hours and we'll leave. We just want to settle a few things, especially with Suzie's body." Suzie had no family that he knew. If she had family, she never mentioned them. He had no choice but to take charge of her funeral, and bury her in his family crypt. She deserved that honor. "I know. But you need some rest. And the full moon is in a few hours. Grace can stay and watch the baby." Gabriel sighed How could he forget?

It was a full moon, all the heightened emotions and stress he was going through was going to make the full moon a lot more worse. Draco was right. He nodded. "Fine. I'll leave you in charge Grace. I'll go talk to the doctor." He said as he stood up and walked out of the waiting room. Two days later. . She was cleared. She could leave, even though she was still sore. She had met a woman named Grace Miler, she seemed to be the caretaker of the little girl who lost her mother. They would come over to her place to pick up the milk every three days.

The woman was also kind enough to give her pumps, bags to store milk, breast covers and all kinds of things that would make it easier for her to pump. The arrangement was pretty flexible too, Lori could break it off at any time without any explanation. She liked that. Then the woman had asked her if she would like to see the little girl and Lori had flat out refused. It would be too much. It was already was too much, giving so much. She only did it because she knew that the baby genuinely needed her help. And she wanted to help, but no, she would not get attached.

She tried to call the Fullers, they wouldn't pick her call. All she wanted from them was a damn explanation! And a location. Her baby's grave. She wanted to see her baby's grave. But no, they wouldn't even give her that right. She left the hospital different from how she came in, the only difference this time was that she was alone. And she was going back to her shitty life and her shitty job. She felt empty. She was empty. Her tummy had gone down drastically, the bump she had five days ago was nowhere to be found, just like the baby that was once in her womb. And she looked drained.

She remembered standing in front of the mirror in the bathroom on the day she was to be discharged and feeling hollow. She was pale, paler than her Mediterranean skin had ever looked and her lips were pale. As she applied make up to conceal her ghostly appearance, she quickly realised that nothing was strong enough to hide the heavy bags under her sunken eyes. It was of no use! There was nothing she could do that would work! Anyone who took one look at her would be able to see that she was hiding something. How would she ever recover from this?