

A. Nocturne's 245

Chapter 245 Congratulations

Ann stiffened and froze as Maeve's words sank in. "What do you mean 'confirm our pups'?"

She breathed, practically holding her breath as the realization of what Maeve had said began to sink in.

'You heard me.' Maeve grumbled, 'Now hurry up and finish getting dressed, I don't want to miss this just because you're too dense to see what everyone has been telling you for the past few days and the mere possibility of baking these little buns after all the pounding you've received is somehow shocking to you.' she finished snarkily as she paced restlessly inside Ann's head, stretching the phantom aches out of her muscles that remained from sitting for too long.

Ann dressed in a numb silence before mumbling her thanks and swiftly leaving the room with hasty excuses.

By the look that Bartholomew had on his face, he knew something was troubling her, but he didn't press for information