

Chapter 18

Am I A Bad Girl?

I wake with Iris plastered to my chest and my arms around her. I start to panic because I didn't want her this close to me. I was about to gently push her away when her face catches me off guard.

She looks so peaceful. Like a beautiful, innocent angel sleeping. Her long lashes fan her face and she has a small cute pout. Looking at her right now, with her guard down, I want nothing but to protect her against all the evil of this world.

I try shaking off the sudden feeling. What the hell was happening? Where was my resolve to keep her at arm's length?

'You didn't have a nightmare at night' a small voice whispers in my mind.

I know it wasn't Raya's. She wouldn't be happy nor would she point out that I had a peaceful sleep even after the roller coast of events that happened to me.

'It's because she was by your side' the voice whispers again.

That's not possible, right? There was no way that my unwanted daughter was the reason why I didn't wake up drenched in my own sweat. It's just impossible. In fact, I would have expected the nightmare to be worse because she was near me.

"Grace said you're my mommy, are you?"

Her voice startles me. I look down to find that she was wide and was staring at me. Her eyes give nothing but given I'm used to hiding my thoughts and feelings, I see past her blank stare.

Behind those dangerous green eyes, is hope and longing.

I start to internally panic. What should I tell her? How should I answer her? Yes, I was her biological mother but in this case I was just an egg donor.

I wasn't sure I could be a mother to her given what her disgusting father did to me. I'm afraid that every time I look at her green eyes I will be reminded of him. That with time that will make me resent her.

Deep down I know it's not her fault. That none of the things that happened were her fault but it's hard to let go. It's hard to separate her from her monster of a father.

'Not all parts of her are Daniel's, half of her is you, and you're good' the voice reasons.

Is that enough really? To believe that the part of my DNA that lives in her will override the darkness she inherited from her father. What if she becomes just like him? A monster. What will I do then?

“It’s okay if you don’t want to be my mother. I understand. Nanny used to say that I’m no good. That I’m useless that’s why my daddy and mommy left me.”

My heart hurts at the sadness I hear in her voice. Why would a grown woman tell that to a child?

I find myself pulling her close to me. As soon as she is in my arms, she starts to silently cry. Her tears soaking my pajamas.

“Did your nanny ever hit you, Iris?” I asks, afraid of the answer.

“Sometimes but not always.” she answers in a small voice. “Am I a bad girl? Is that why she was mean to me? Is that why dad left me with her and you don’t want me?”

I feel for her. No matter how I try to run from it, the truth is that she is my daughter whether I like it or not. And just like me, it seems that she has been through her share of torture and pain.

“No, you’re not a bad girl. You could never be a bad girl because you’re part of me, do you understand?”

The words tumble out of my mouth before I can stop them. I want to take them back but I don’t. They just feel right.

She nods her head. I wipe her tears and help her get up.

“Now, come one, let’s go get breakfast. I’m starving and I’m sure you are too.”

She smiles, grasps my hand and we leave. A few minutes later we're in the kitchen where some of the Omegas are cooking up a storm.

“Why are they cooking so much food?” Iris asks curiously.

Shit. I forget she was raised by a human. Unlike Colton and other pups, she doesn’t know that we are werewolves or that she is half one.

Thinking about that makes me wonder if she’ll ever shift. Given she’s half human, there is a possibility that she’ll never shift. I guess we’ll have to wait till she’s thirteen to find out.

“Because we live like one big family here. There are a lot of us and most prefer eating food here.”

I try to explain as best as I can. She nods with an okay then keeps quiet.

Monica, one of the head omegas serves us with a smile before turning and continuing her duties.

“This is a lot, is all of it mine?” Iris asks in a small voice full of wonder.

I look at her plate of food. It wasn’t as much as she hinted. I wonder if that damn nanny was starving her. Because for her to think that was a lot then it meant that she was either given really small portions or none at all.

“Yes it is, sweetie, it's all yours.” I tell her, the name slipping out of my mouth.

“Eat as much as you can and if you feel you want more just let me know and I’ll add you some more.”

Monica adds, surprising her.

Iris looks shocked at the offer. Like she couldn’t believe what Monica said was true.

“Thank you,” she says after a while. She tries to hide it but I see the tears swimming in her eyes.

My heart breaks all over again at seeing her like this. Here I was hating her because of the sins of her father when she’s been through so much.

Fuck! I was such a bitch. She is a girl who has been through a lot in her short life. She hasn't said much but from what she's said she's had her share of pain.

Right there and then I promise to protect her. I may never be a mother to her but I can look after her and make sure no one hurts her again.

"Eat up Iris, then I'll take you for some shopping."

Her eyes light up at that. I guess she's never had such an invite.

A kind of peace settles over me when I see her dig into her breakfast.
Maybe just maybe she's what I need and vice versa. Maybe we can heal
each other.