

Chapter Seven

Recovering for the next few weeks left Clara with a lot to think about. Mostly, her relationship with Nathaniel, and the growing love she had for the life growing inside of her. The attack had left their lives in a sort of chaotic jumble. Their business life was put on hold in favor of pacifying the police, the media and their coworkers with an explanation of what had happened and how Jeremy had wound up dead on the floor of Nathaniel's apartment.

Fortunately, the majority of the scandal had wound up pushed under the rug in favor of an investigation into Jeremy's motives. The police settled on some sort of crime of passion and determined that Jeremy was simply jealous of the relationship that Clara and Nate had. Clara honestly didn't care what they thought. She just wanted things to go back to normal.

By the time that the investigation was over and done with, Clara had just reached her nine-month mark. Just before their child entered the world, Clara decided to resign from her position within the company.

Of course, she didn't have any intention of stopping her career forever. She had every intention of returning back to the hustle of corporate life but decided she would rather spend the first year or two of their child's life at home. Nate had been reluctant to let her leave the business for so long but agreed that if he couldn't be at home with the baby, at least she could be.

"Riley, don't put that in your mouth, hun," Clara scolded, scooping her daughter off the ground with a frown when the baby snagged onto a stick she found on the grass of their back yard. At only six months old, the child was already completely mobile. Her father's genes allowed her to progress far more quickly than an average child.

This, of course, left Clara needing to give the child far more attention than the average baby required. She didn't mind, of course. The little growls and squeaks that the child let out were endearing, and she couldn't think of a single day that she didn't wake up happy to hold her little girl in her arms.

"How are my girls this morning?" Nate grinned, wrapping his arms around his lover's waist and kissing their daughter's face with a chuckle while she squealed and hid against her mother's shoulder.

"Just fine. We need to get her something a little sturdier than the baby teething rings, though. She keeps destroying them." Clara chuckled as Riley chewed on her

own fist with little razor-like teeth. “She takes more after you, I think.” Nate laughed at this, shaking his head.

“Wait until she starts randomly changing shape,” he grinned, winking at his flustered wife with a laugh. “Nonsense, she’s got your eyes, your hair. She is very much your little girl,” he insisted, kissing Clara’s cheek and scooping his daughter into his arms. “How bout we start lunch, huh?” he asked Riley, who let out a babble of excitement and clung onto her father’s fingers.

Smiling, Clara watched as her lover moved inside, her heart fluttering softly in her chest. She had never thought she’d be so happy living a life like this. She had insisted that she would never get married, let alone have kids, and yet there she was, watching her husband and daughter dance in the kitchen with a warm feeling in her chest.

Of course, her life was still far from traditional, she mused, laughing as her husband let out a squeak of pain when the child sank her newly grown teeth into his finger. Shaking her head, she moved inside. It looked like her husband needed her to rescue him, and she was more than happy to do so.

On her arm, she could feel the mark that combined her and her mate start to flood with warmth, her eyes sparkling as she moved up to her mate and scooped her child into her arms. Her world was a bit strange, but to her, it was perfect.

THE END