

## Chapter 153

Happy tears, sad tears I wasn't sure, but I couldn't stop. I was full on sobbing my heart out. Jake tried to calm me down, but it didn't work. I was wrapped up in my own little bubble. Trapped inside my own head with the what ifs and the buts.

We were having a baby.

I was having a baby.

"Leah, baby, please talk to me".

My sobs grew quiet, my tears coming to a stop. I sat myself down on the couch and placed my head against the cushion. I just wanted to sleep. I wanted the buzzing in my head to stop and the churning in my stomach.

"Baby". He sat beside me placing his hand on my leg.

"Everything is going to be okay. It's me and you remember. We've got this".

I was eighteen and pregnant.

I wasn't sad about it; I was overwhelmed, and it hadn't sunk in yet. I was going to be a mom. We were going to be parents. Us, how were we going to look after a kid?

He grabbed the blanket from behind the couch and placed it over me. "Do you want me to make you some tea?". He asked.

I nodded.

My stomach was in knots. I was nervous, I felt sick. There was a baby growing inside of me. Our little baby. I swallowed the lump in my throat, my mouth dry I licked my lips.

It was big news and a lot to take in, but I was carrying the life that we created together inside of me.

"We can go to bed, get you more comfortable".

I shook my head and sat up taking the tea from him. "I'm okay sitting here". We had to talk about this but for now I wanted to sit in silence and gather my thoughts.

He sat back down beside me his hand resting against my leg. We both sat in silence not a word spoken between us. For how long I have no idea. A yawn escaped my mouth as he shifted beside me reaching for the tv remote.

I guess the silence was too much for him.

"Any preferences on what we watch?". He asked.

I shook my head and continued to drink my tea. He was scrolling through Netflix, but I know his head was elsewhere. It wasn't fair for me to only think about my feelings on this and how I felt.

He was part of this as well.

"I'm overwhelmed". I whispered. "And scared as hell". The lump appeared in the back of my throat as the tears welled in my eyes.

"I'm scared too baby". He took my hand in his.

"You are?".

"Terrified".

I smiled. "We're having a baby".

"Is this what you want?". He asked.

"I never thought it would happen so quickly, but it has. Right now, I'm not sure how I feel about it all. I don't think I believe it yet. It hasn't sunk in that I'm going to be a mom".

"But you're going to keep it?".

"I thought it was a boy?".

He gave me a soft smile before squeezing my hand gently. "I

didn't know what you were thinking, you wouldn't talk to me, so I wasn't sure what you were planning on doing".

Taking his hand, I placed it flat against my stomach. "I may not know how I feel right now but this little baby in here is ours". He had to know that I wanted this.

"We're going to be parents". He whispered.

Yeah, shit was about to get real and fast.

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I slept all night never waking up once.

I felt sick and the feeling of feeling sick without being sick was the worst. I would rather spew my guts up than feel like this all day. I flushed the toilet, washed my hands and brushed my teeth.

Maybe it would help.

Yeah, it didn't.

I boaked, I gagged.

"Babe?". He knocked on the bathroom door.

"I'm fine". I wiped my mouth and put my toothbrush back. Still in my towel I opened the door and walked back into our bedroom.

"Were you sick?". He asked.

I shook my head. "I feel sick though". I wasn't sure if it was my nerves or the pregnancy that was causing it, but it was horrible.

"Do you want some dry toast?".

"Dry toast?". I made a face.

He scratched the back of his head. "I read somewhere that it helps with the sickness".

Aww.

"I don't think I could stomach it". I sat on the bed leaning my back against the head rest. "But if you think it'll help, I'll have some". He was trying to help, and I was going to let him.

"Keep drinking your water. You need to stay hydrated".

I saluted him as he walked out the door. This was a new thing Jake had decided on last night. Everywhere I went I was to always have a bottle of water with me. If mama's happy then babies happy. His words not mine.

We had the doctor coming over this afternoon to take my blood and a urine sample to confirm that I was pregnant. I wasn't sure how I felt with it being the pack doctor and not an obgyn but Jake didn't trust anyone else.

Dreadful things happen in hospitals apparently and he wants me nowhere near them. I had a feeling my already overprotective boyfriend was going to become a lot worse.

"Docs coming over around 3. Is that okay for you?". He handed me my toast and the smell alone was enough to make me not want to eat it.

But I took a bite and surprisingly it stayed down.

"We don't tell anyone Jake".

I know he wanted to shout it from the rooftops that he was going to be a dad, but I wanted to keep it our little secret until we were at least 12 weeks. I probably shouldn't have but I read a lot of things online.

Anything could happen and I wanted to make sure everything was okay before we told anyone.

"It's our little secret babe. Now eat your toast I'm going to shower".

I ate my toast in small bites. It was the only way I could keep it down. I finished getting dried and dressed before heading

downstairs. Lana had already messaged about going for lunch, but I had yet to message her back.

I wasn't sure if I was up for it. I wanted to go but the way I was feeling was making me second guess. I was shattered, my stomach was dodgy. If I presented like this to the girls, then they would know straight away.

They already suspected but I wasn't going to tell them. Jake and I made a promise to keep it to ourselves for a little while longer.

But if I didn't go then they would think something was wrong.

I texted Alanna and Lacey asking if they were free for lunch. Explained the whole Lana situation and waited for the reply.

Of course, Alanna called instead of replying.

"Hey". I answered.

"So, all is good with Lana then?". She asked.

"Are you driving?". She sounded far away, like I was on speaker.

"Heading home I'm going to drop in. Do you need anything?".

"A caramel Frappuccino". I chewed my bottom lip. I may feel sick, but I wanted one. No scratch that I needed one. Every time I thought about food or a specific food item, I had to have it.

A laugh fell from her lips. "Still refusing to believe that you're pregnant?".

"It's just coffee". I sighed.

"Whatever you say mama. I'll see you soon".

She ended the call.

A sigh fell from my lips as I sat at the table.

"What's with the face?". He asked walking into the kitchen.

"Alanna knows".

"You told her?". He shouted.

I turned to look at him my eyebrows furrowed; my arms folded over my chest. "Who do you think you're shouting at?". I huffed.

He smirked. "I'm sorry I can't, baby your cute little angry face". He paused, I glared.

Cute little angry face?

"I'm sorry". He kissed the top of my head. "So, Alanna knows?".

"I haven't told her anything, but she's convinced herself that I am, but I still don't want to say anything".

"Let her think what she wants. We'll break the news when you're ready. Now did you finish your toast?". He asked.

"I did. Alanna is bringing me a caramel Frappuccino". I couldn't hide my little grin.

"Coffee?". He frowned. "Are you allowed to drink coffee?".

I rolled my eyes. "One isn't going to hurt".

"But babe-...".

"One isn't going to hurt". I repeated.

I was all for him supporting me and being there for me but what I eat, or drink is my choice. If I want to drink coffee, then I'm going to drink coffee.

"Fine, whatever. I need to go to the training ground for a bit. Will you be, okay?".

I nodded.

"I won't be long".

I made a face as he slammed the door shut behind him.

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I fell asleep and almost had a heart attack when I woke, and

Alanna was stood staring at me.

"What are you doing?". I yawned.

"Nothing". She looked me over her eyes spending way too long on my stomach before sitting across from me.

"Did I miss lunch?".

"I invited them over here when I found you sleeping".

Found me sleeping?

"How long have you been here?". I asked.

"About forty minutes. Your snoring is so bad". She grinned.

"I don't snore". I sat up another yawn escaping my mouth. "And you could have woken me instead of staring at me for forty minutes. Where's my coffee?".

"They were out".

"Out?". I frowned. "Since when are Starbucks out of caramel Frappuccino's?".

"Queue was too long, so I went to McDonalds, and you know what they're like. Machines always broken".

"So, no coffee?".

"No coffee. Do you want me to make you tea?".

I shook my head. "I have no food made but there's lots of snacks in the pantry". For once I wasn't hungry.

"Lunch is taken care of. Mind if I grab a drink?".

"Help yourself". I took my phone from under the cushion and checked my messages. Nothing exciting, no messages. Scrolling through Facebook I stopped at the photo I was tagged in.

"When was that?". I asked turning my phone to her.

"Ah". She grinned. "That was the night you punched Jake in the face. It came up on my memories today".

I grinned. It seemed like such a long time ago. "And look at us now". We had been through so much together. Good times and bad and now we were going to start a family.

"I poured you a glass". She nodded to the glass of wine on the table.

Oh.

"It's 1 o'clock in the day Alanna". I could get away with saying that because it's something I would say anyway. She was trying to make me tell her. She knew but still I wasn't going to confirm anything. Not yet anyway.

She shrugged. "It's 5 o'clock somewhere".

"Did you text Lana as well?". I asked.

"Yeah, she's coming over".

"Just making sure". I sat up rubbing a hand over my face. "I know she's not your favourite person right now".

"I don't have an issue with Lana. I told you what I thought of her because of the way she was acting but if you are cool then I'm cool".

"She came over, we talked, and we've moved on". It wasn't something we had to talk about again. We put the situation to bed, and I'd like to keep it there.

"So, why'd she say all those horrible things?". She asked.

"It doesn't matter. It's done and I'm not going to talk about it anymore".

"Boo". She frowned. "Lacey is bringing tacos for lunch. Is that okay?".

I'm glad she didn't push for me to tell her. What sort of friend



would I be if I sat here bitching about Lana. Not that I would anyway. I had my friend back and that's all that mattered.

We were past it.

"Tacos are fine". I hope they're from the same place Jake took me to last night. I wasn't hungry but I would eat them just because. Getting to my feet I walked into the kitchen.

"I can make you tea". Alanna was hot on my tail.

A sigh fell from my lips. "I can make my own tea. Do you want some or are you sticking with the wine?"

She made a face. "I'll have some tea. This". She poured the wine down the sink. "Was a bad idea".

There was a knock at the door and Alanna took no time in answering it. They never used to knock. I found it strange that they had started.

"I've got tacos, enchiladas, nachos and a side portion of jalapeños. Lana has the soda". She placed the food on the table, but I could feel her staring.

"What?". I sighed.

"Well". She grinned. "Are you pregnant or not?"