

Chapter 176

This is what I wanted. To be involved, to feel like I was part of the pack but to drive his truck while he ran at the side of me wasn't exactly what I had in mind.

First it was a perimeter search followed by a territory search which I thought was the same thing but apparently not. A sigh fell from my lips.

I was bored, the weather was miserable, and I missed Alanna dearly. I jumped with the tap at the window.

"I want you to go home. The weather is meant to get worse".

I wasn't going home. What would I learn if I went home?

I frowned and then I felt the heat creep up the back of my neck when I realised, he was butt naked. I caught sight of his smirk but dismissed it and started the engine.

"Straight home and be careful". He tapped the side of the truck before shifting and sprinting off into the wooded area.

I was careful, I kept to the speed limit if anything I was driving slower and yet I couldn't shake the truck behind me.

Flashing lights, the tooting of the horn. I slowed down further to let it past and yet it didn't. Something felt off. My stomach tightened. The weather was bad I could barely see out my windscreen. The wipers going at full speed.

I swallowed the lump that appeared in the back of my throat.

And then everything flashed before my eyes as the truck crashed into the back of me. My grip on the steering wheel tightened as a scream fell from my lips, the truck hitting me again.

Wait, was it trying to run me off the road?

Where we lived was full of backroads and country roads and for quickness, I took the shortness route home which included taking the back roads. Panicked I frantically searched for my phone as I tried my hardest to keep my eyes on the road.

Checking my rear-view mirror, I relaxed when I noticed the truck becoming smaller. It had stopped. Maybe it was an accident? Maybe I should have stopped? But crashing into me twice?

I know the road is wet and the weather is bad, but it didn't feel like an accident. Pulling into the side of the road I found my phone and dialled Jake's number.

Straight to voicemail. Of course, it's not as if he had his cell strapped to his leg. Dumping it on the passenger seat I took a deep breath before starting my engine again.

I wasn't far from home, and it shouldn't take me long to get there.

Checking my mirrors a scream fell from my lips as I was pushed forward my face bumping off the steering wheel. Screeching tyres, glass shattering, blood my blood.

I couldn't see, couldn't breathe, another smash. With my head against the steering wheel, I could feel my eyes slowly closing, everything in my head quiet.

My surroundings peaceful.

Black dots danced in my vision before darkness took over.

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I could hear whispering, hushed voices and some sort of beeping noise.

Where was I?

A groan fell from my lips at the pain in my throat as I swallowed. I needed water.

"Leah, Leah". He squeezed my hand.

"Jake she may not be conscious yet".

"She made a noise of course she's fucking conscious. Leah, can you hear me?".

I could hear him loud and clear. But why did he sound so worried?

"I'm getting the doctor".

I gripped his hand. "Doctor?". I croaked peeling my eyes open. Why

would I need a doctor?

"Babe?"

"Hi". I whispered.

"We'll give you two a moment". His mom gave me a soft smile as she led Jacob from the room.

"Fuck babe you scared us".

It was then that I realised I was indeed in the hospital. I lifted my hand to my face hissing when my fingers touched my nose.

"I...". I paused.

"Shh". He whispered his thumb stroking over my knuckles. "I thought the worst when I found you".

"You found me?". I frowned.

"I felt your pain". He paused before sitting on the bed next to me. "Your fear".

My heartbeat quickened as I swallowed the lump in my throat. I couldn't remember, my mind blank. All I knew was I was sore and tired.

I feared the question I wanted to ask but I had to know. Chewing the inside of my cheek I could already taste my tears.

"The baby?"

His face fell as he shook his head. "I'm so sorry Leah, I'm so sorry".

"No, no". I cried. "Why?"

"They couldn't find a heartbeat. I'm so sorry baby".

I broke my heart right there. I sobbed on his chest until I fell asleep.

When I woke Jake wasn't beside me. He was asleep on the chair in the corner of the room. I had to pee, but I was scared to move. I wasn't sure I'd be able to get to the bathroom on my own.

And I had an IV drip in my arm.

I sat for ages watching him sleep. It wasn't long before the nurse poked her head in to check my observations.

"Do you need anything sweetie?"

I shook my head.

"Your bp is a little high but that can sometimes be normal in girls your age. Do you feel okay?"

I shrugged. I was being unreasonable; this wasn't her fault, but I wasn't in the mood for talking.

"I'll be back soon. In the meantime, if you need anything press your button".

I felt lost. I didn't understand how I could grieve something I never had. Maybe this was how it was always going to end up. Maybe it just wasn't meant to be.

Brushing the tears from my cheeks, I muffled my sob with the bedsheets. I wanted to leave, I wanted to get out of here and go home. I wanted to be in the comfort of my own surrounding and sleep in my own bed.

But truthfully, I was in no state to leave this bed.

"Babe". His voice reached my ears, and I wiped my face clean and cleared my throat.

"I need to pee".

He helped me to the bathroom and against my protests he wouldn't leave.

"I just want to help".

"I can manage".

I couldn't, I needed all the help he was offering I was just being stubborn. I was looking for someone to blame other than myself and that wasn't fair. None of this was his fault.

I was uncomfortable, cramps in my stomach and a pressure down below. Was that normal? I had never lost a baby before, so I had no idea what to expect or what happens.

"I shouldn't have let you drive home on your own". He spoke.

I shrugged. The weather was bad and what happened to me could have happened to anyone. I finished up washing my hands and headed back into the room.

Jake's hand on the lower of my back.

I wanted sleep. I was exhausted and every part of my body hurt.

Helping me back into bed he pressed a kiss against my forehead. "I'm right here if you need anything".

"I just want to sleep".

"Okay baby okay". Again, he pressed his lips against my forehead.

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I woke with a throbbing headache. My mouth was dry, and I felt sick because I hadn't eaten anything. I couldn't seem to stomach food. The thought alone put me off.

Jake was snoring softly from the chair his jumper covering his eyes. That can't be comfortable.

As the door to my room opened the nurse from earlier smiled at me.

"I'm going to change your IV and once that's finished the doctor will come in and speak to you".

"Then can I go home?". I asked.

"I don't see why not. He'll come and speak to you shortly. Do you need anything?".

I shook my head.

Once she left and the door was closed Jake removed his jumper and wiped at his face.

"How are you feeling?". He asked.

"Sore, uncomfortable".

"Are you hungry?".

I shook my head. "I feel sick".

"If I get you breakfast, will you at least try and eat it?".

I nodded. "You should go home and shower. Maybe get some sleep". It wasn't fair that he had been sat here all night. I was fine and right now my own company wouldn't be a bad thing.

"I slept". As he got to his feet, he walked the short distance and sat on

the edge of the bed. "We're going to get through this you know that right?"

I nodded as he took my hand in his.

I couldn't already feel the lump forming in the back of my throat my tears threatening to fall. I couldn't seem to control my emotions.

"None of this was your fault".

Wasn't it? I couldn't help but blame myself. I was meant to keep our baby safe, and I didn't.

I swallowed back my tears.

"Talk to me". He whispered. "I have to know you're okay".

I didn't want to talk, I had nothing to say right now. I lost our baby, me, and regardless of what anyone said I would always blame myself.

"I'm okay".