

## Chapter 177

The doctor had yet to come see me. All I wanted was to go home. To have my own things, my own clothes, to be in my own comfort. I wanted to wrap myself up in bed for a few days and shut the world out.

"I want to go home". I spoke.

Jake was still here. Refused to leave me on my own. The furthest he went was the toilet and that was in the room.

"I know babe, but you still have to see the doctor. Let me go see about breakfast"

"I'm not hungry".

"You promised you'd eat something".

"And I will when I'm hungry".

"Leah". He sighed.

"I'm fine".

"Let me get you some breakfast and then I'll chase up the doctor, okay?".

I nodded. "Could I have some coffee? And I really want my own clothes so I can shower". I glanced at the hospital gown they had put me in. What happened to the clothes I was wearing?

"Rest baby that's what you need to do. I'll sort everything out okay".

"I hate that I can't remember what happened. I was careful, driving to the speed limit. I don't understand how I ended up in an accident. It doesn't make sense".

He took my hand in his and squeezed gently. "I don't think it was an accident Leah".

"What do you mean?". I frowned.

"I think you were run off the road. When we found you, the tire marks on the road, the truck's back window smashed. The results of your accident don't add up to an accident".

"But who-...Jessica". I pushed the covers off. I wanted to get up so I

could pace the room. I couldn't sit still when I was angry but unfortunately, right now I wasn't able to do that. Chewing the inside of my cheek I groaned in pain, but it didn't stop me.

"Leah hey Leah". He grabbed hold of my wrist. "We don't know who or what yet so stop getting worked up over nothing. You need to rest so your body can heal".

"Nothing?". I made a face. "I lost our baby Jake and that is not nothing". Pulling my arm from his grasp, I turned my head away from him.

"That is not what I meant, and you know it. There's no point in getting worked up until we know for sure what happened".

"Who would want to run me off the road other than the girl that has been a pain in my ass since I got here. She can't handle the fact that I'm your mate and she's not".

I wanted him to go, to leave me on my own. If this were caused on purpose, if she had done this and I had lost my baby because she was jealous, I'd kill her. I was already filled with anger and rage.

Jessica was about to tip me over the edge.

"Leah, you need to calm down".

"No, what I need to do is hunt that bitch down and tear her apart with my teeth". I felt the presence of my wolf suddenly feeling the urge to shift.

"Please". His voice calm, he took hold of both my hands. "Please try and calm down. We both know your shifts are triggered by anger".

"No".

I was being difficult, a brat some might say, but I couldn't seem to calm down. I wanted blood, I wanted revenge. I wanted to make her hurt, I wanted her to hurt as much as I was hurting.

"You need to calm down, you can't shift in here". His grip tightened as he pulled me to him and held me tight, I broke.

The sob fell from my lips as I held onto him for dear life. My emotions hit, reality seeping in. I had never been sure if I was ready to be a mom,

but I never wished for anything like this to happen.

My head was a mess. I still couldn't understand how I could miss something I never had but I did. Our baby was part of me, part of us and now nothing.

"I just want to go home please". I cried.

"I'm so sorry baby". He whispered kissing the top of my head. "I'm so so sorry".

I wasn't sure how long he held me, but I didn't want him to let go. As much as I was angry, he always had a way of calming me down. He moved us making sure I was comfortable, my head resting against his chest.

"Is this okay for you, are you sore?".

I was but I didn't care. I didn't want to move.

He was my safe place and right now I needed him more than ever.

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I was ready to be discharged. Well, I was discharging myself. The doctor came and went. Explaining to me and preparing me for what happens after a miscarriage.

But that wasn't the reason they wanted me to stay another night. My injuries weren't serious, but they wanted to keep me for observations. I was not doing that. If anything were to happen, I would have the pack doctor.

I wasn't even sure why Jake hadn't taken me to him first. He hates hospitals, doesn't trust them and yet here we are.

"I don't think this is a good idea Leah".

Jake of course was against the idea of me discharging myself. One more night wasn't going to hurt me apparently.

"I'm fine". I just wanted to be in the comfort of my own home.

"You're not fine you can barely fucking walk". He ran a hand through his hair. I knew he was holding onto his temper for my sake. "Stay for one more night and I'll take you home in the morning".

"You hate hospitals". I spoke.

"What?". He frowned.

"You hate hospitals so why are you trying to get me to stay?".

"Because you've been hurt, and I want you to get the best care. They recommend you stay another night so please just fucking listen to them".

I wasn't buying that bullshit excuse he was trying to hit me with. Was there something he wasn't telling me? Something he didn't want me to know? Him keeping things from me was nothing new.

"Fine". I gave up, I wasn't going to argue about it. "But if I'm staying another night I'm staying alone".

"What, no".

"Yes".

"You're being difficult Leah".

I shrugged. I knew I was, but I didn't care. I wanted to go home; I didn't understand why he wouldn't just take me home.

"I swear to god-...". He was cut off by a knock on the door before his mom poked her head inside.

"We're staying another night and that's final".

"No, you're not".

"Oh, I can come back". She spoke.

Probably felt the tension in the air or she heard our conversation. I wasn't in the mood for visitors, nor did I want them. Not to be rude but I wasn't up for talking to anyone.

What was there to talk about?

"It's fine mom. Can you sit with Leah until I make a call?".

"Of course, you go".

Great. Awkward silence because what was there to talk about? What do you say in this situation? I wasn't in the best of moods; I feared what would come out of my mouth.

"So, you want to go home?". She asked.

I nodded.

"Then go home".

"Try telling your son that"

"Jake doesn't get a say in the matter. You want to go home then go home".

Oh.

I frowned. I wasn't sure if this was one of those things where she was trying to trick me into doing the right thing, which was staying here.

"If you're ready I can take you".

Well, clearly, I wasn't ready, I had no clothes and none of my things. I didn't even know where my shoes were. Did I still have shoes?

"You can wear my jacket out and I'll get you a wheelchair". As she began to take it off, I stopped her.

"No, it's okay". She was doing exactly what I said she would. Charlotte had her ways, and they worked every time.

"You need to rest sweetheart". Fixing her jacket she sat on the chair next to my bed.

A sigh fell from my lips. I wasn't ready for the motherly chat; I didn't want to cry anymore, and I knew I would if she continued.

"I can't stay here".

"One more night isn't going to hurt, is it?".

"I don't want to stay here I want to go home".

"Do you want to talk about it?".

I shook my head already feeling the lump forming in the back of my throat. I would rather be angry than sit here crying. I was stubborn like that. Turning my head away from her, I stared at the clock on the wall.

"I can pack you a bag and bring it down?". She asked. "Your own pjs, get you out of that hospital gown?".

I nodded chewing the inside of my cheek.

I held back the sob as she took my hand in hers. "I'm here when you're ready. You're my family, my daughter and when you're ready to get it all out I'm here".

I nodded again afraid my voice would break if I spoke.

"Can I give you a bit of advice?". She asked.

I turned my head so I could look at her.

"Don't shut him out, lean on him as much as you need to because trust me sweetheart, you're going to need him".

When Jake came back into the room, he was carrying two cups of coffee and a brown paper bag. The smell alone was making my stomach growl. I never ate the breakfast from this morning. Couldn't stomach it but now, now I was hungry.

"Right". Charlotte got to her feet. "I'll be back soon sweetheart". She leaned in placing a kiss on my forehead. "Rest up and eat something".

Whatever she said to Jake on the way out I missed. I guess I was staying another night then.

"Bagels and coffee". He held up the bag.

I nodded.

"Why is my mom coming back?". He asked.

"Don't act like you don't already know". I made a face as I took the bag from him.

"You wouldn't listen to me, so I had to go for the next best thing".

I hated that he used his mom, but I shouldn't really be surprised by it. It was always hard saying no to Charlotte.

"I just want to go home Jake, but I guess staying one more night isn't going to hurt me".

"Good girl now eat". He ordered.