

Chapter 61

There was a crash, a turbulence like a rushing wind, and then darkness. After the darkness came blinding light.

I woke up in a hospital room with someone clutching my hands. The room was stifling. The hand holding mine was unwelcome and the light hurt my eyes. I pulled my hand from the ones holding me but they held me tighter.

“You are awake.” I’d never seen Valens look as relieved as he did then. “Oh goddess –“ He paused and changed the direction of the conversation. “I’ll get the doctor.” He pressed a button on a strange looking device, still holding me.

A man came in wearing a white coat, a woman in blue scrubs following behind him. They gave me water that wasn’t plain water and the doctor checked my vitals.

“How do you feel?” He asked as he wrote something down on his file.

“Like I got hit by a truck,” I answered and I suppose I was right. I did get hit by a truck.

Before the darkness, I’d been trying to get out of a car because I suspected the driver and then from nowhere, a truck rammed into the vehicle. I’d already taken off my seatbelt and was about to step out of the car. I fell out of it instead when the car flipped midair.

I saw b***d. I felt pain. I saw Bethel and then I felt rage but they were all short lived. Darkness welcomed me with open arms and I embraced it like a child seeking comfort.

“What is your name?” The doctor asked as if we were friends and merely having a chit-chat. He had a sign-song voice that irritated my ears.

“Denise,” I said, managing to pull my hand from Valens’ hard grip. The look of horror on their faces would make me laugh if I wasn’t in so much pain.

“Ah, and –“ The doctor masked his shock and tried to act neutral but I interrupted him.

“My memory isn’t faulty. I’m Aysel. My parents are dead. My best friend is Celeste. I am twenty years old and from the Redville pack. My mate left my pack vulnerable to an attack and the former Alpha tried to kill me.

“Aysel –“

“You are Doctor Conrad. You’ve worked at this hospital for as long as I’ve been alive,” I continued but the doctor waved me off with a strained chuckle.

“Yes, I see you have your memories intact but we will have to monitor you further. “ He wrote in his note pad again. “Can you feel your whole body?” I nodded. “Can you feel this?” He poked and prodded each part of my body until Valens yelled at him. “Lift your right hand for me.” I complied with his request, doing the same for my left hand and then my legs.

It was hard to move my body because I was in so much pain but the doctor had to make sure I was totally fine before he let me be.

“We still need to conduct a CT scan to make sure everything is okay internally. Although I’m sure your wolf has worked really hard and done her job.” He gave me a friendly smile that bordered on patronizing.

“Wouldn’t the scan affect the baby, though? I’m pregnant,” I told the doctor in case no one had told him yet.

The silence that followed my words had me reaching for my stomach as if I could feel my baby reassure me that they were still there. My stomach hurt but every part of my body hurt at that point. It was as flat as ever but my little bean still had to be in there. Five weeks was too early to show, after all.

“The first trimester is usually the most dangerous during pregnancy. The baby, still an embryo –“

“Give us a minute, Doctor.” Valens’ cold voice cut through the doctor’s rambling. The doctor and his nurse excused us and I just – I just stared straight ahead.

“Little moon, will you look at me?” He brushed invisible hair strands off my forehead.

I felt cold suddenly. Cold and tired and miserable. I touched my stomach again. It felt knotted but I didn’t want to believe I didn’t have a child in there anymore.

“I’ve been cursed with bad luck.” I turned to him. “My parents died, my pack turned against me and for a long time, I wanted to die too.”

“Aysel.” His voice was stern but I ignored him.

“I was supposed to find my mate and be happy. It was the only way I hoped to find happiness but first I got Lucien and then I got you.” I laughed. I laughed loud and long while tears spilt from the corners of my eyes.

“I failed to protect you.”

“Is it just that? Did you only fail to protect me?” I asked, turning away with a tear stained face.

“And our child.” He looked away.

“Valens, look at me.” He turned to me. My tears fell faster when I saw his reddened eyes. “Let me tell you how I felt when I took the pregnancy test in our bathroom.”

My mind went back to the day Celeste unexpectedly arrived with the tests. How many days had passed since then?

I recalled how I had reacted and an overwhelming sense of guilt made my heart freeze. Had I reacted wrongly? Did my baby leave because I wasn't as excited as I should have been when I discovered the pregnancy?

“I was scared, shocked and confused. I was happy too, but not as much as I was scared. I've never been around children before. I wouldn't know how to raise one.”

Maybe if I'd been happier, if the child felt my joy, they would have stayed. Maybe they left because they didn't think I had any love to give them. Memories of my mother were a blur but I remembered she believed everything had a consciousness. She'd tell me not to be mean to my dolls because it would hurt them. What if my child who the doctor called just an embryo already had a consciousness of it's own and decided I wasn't worth it?

“We only had a few hours but – but they were good hours.” I tried to gather my thoughts. They were flying around the place, haywire and confusing. The vices gripping my heart and squeezing it made me rub my chest. It felt constricted and it had me gasping for breath.

“You're okay, love,” he said, taking my hand in his. “I'm here now.”

“I am not okay!” I screamed, pulling my hand from his. “Where were you in the first place!?” I took a stuttered breath, wiping tears off my face in a hurry.

I shouldn't do this. It wasn't his fault that we lost our child. If I'd been a little smarter and realized on time that I was being taken to a different location than the pack house, if I had enough presence of mind to realize we were being followed, if I had kept my seat belt on, maybe I wouldn't be in this position. Maybe I wouldn't have lost my little bean.

Then again, if he trusted me, if he had just asked, if he hadn't left me and my pack to fend for ourselves against outside attacks, if he'd been a good Alpha, we wouldn't be sitting here.

My mate, the person that was supposed to be in my corner all the time, didn't trust me. My Alpha left me vulnerable, opened me and my pack to attacks without thinking.

“I am sorry,” he apologized, wiping my tears.

“I was so sick and everybody thought it was because of the wolf's bane. I was scared and I thought – I started to entertain bad thoughts because I was just so tired. You left. You shut me out and I had to deal with everything alone. Then I took the test. I was scared. I wasn't sure how to feel and maybe the child knew and they hated me for it but then I listened to you ramble about the baby and I felt better. I felt I could do it. I hadn't planned for a child but I was determined to be a good mother.”

And I failed.

I poured out my heart. Everything that I'd bottled up. I poured it all out until all I had left was the bone crushing and heart wrenching pain that accompanied the loss of something I didn't know I treasured so much.

I wanted to be nicer. He'd lost a child too. The little bean was ours and we never got to name them. It wasn't the time to remind him of how badly he'd failed me. I should talk about how awful he'd been to me

another time but my mouth would not stop moving and the words that came from them were like daggers aimed at him.

I should grieve my little bean and pray for the goddess' comfort but I couldn't even bear to utter her name. She too had failed me. She and Valens.

He abandoned me. He abandoned us. He was the Alpha that deserted his pack and the little bean was pack. Or would have been.