

Fight B Alphas 62

Chapter 62

Three Months later

Lana POV

We haven't had a single attack in three months, everything has been peaceful. Waddling down the stairs to see who knocked on the front door. Drake beats me to the door as he swings it open.

Arial walking in a huge grin plastered on her face. As she all but bounced on the spot with excitement.

"You s**t the bed, why are you here this early?" Drake asks, letting her in. It was a little after 7am and I could smell the kids had just eaten porridge, the smell of honey hitting my nose.

"Close your eyes" she tells him before winking at me, oh no she was going to do something. Drake closes his eyes holding out his hand expectantly while she holds up and shows me what's in her other hand.

"Both hands Drake" she tells him. And he complies with a sigh. She pulls something from her back pocket dropping it one hand and placing what looks like a piece of paper in the other.

"Why can I smell urine?" Drake asks, opening his eyes.

"You're pregnant? What answering was too hard, instead you hand me your p**s stick?" He says shiver and handing it back.

"Look at the other one," she tells him excitedly.

He opens the piece of paper. "woohoo he f*****g did it, she is 6 weeks a long" Drake says holding the paper up.

"I'm gonna be an uncle" he says excitedly in a sing-song voice.

"And I don't have to listen anymore about ovaries, ovulation, periods or any of that other nasty s**t you've been telling me anymore," Drake says.

Drake wanders off into the kitchen and I hear the tap running and know he is washing his hands. I walk over giving her a hug.

"Congrats we can be fat together" I tell her

"Doc reckons I will start showing more next week" she says and I look down to see her tiny baby bump showing.

"I was wondering if Chase tossed all your clothes, now I know why have been wearing his shirts"

"He smells nice and I didn't want to get my hopes up, doc says I am safe to announce it now" she says.

"You told mum and dad yet?"

"Will later I wanted to tell you and Drake first since it wouldn't have been possible without him" she says.

"Hopefully you don't have to have a c-section like I have to again," I tell her, rubbing my significantly larger bump. I couldn't see my feet any more.

"When have they booked you in?"

"5 weeks and Emery will be here"

My sister rubs my belly, I can't wait till I am this big" she states rubbing her hand in circular motions around my ginormous bump.

We walked in the kitchen. Drake was making coffee and tea and setting them down on the counter. I frown wanting coffee.

"You already had one today no more, your nesting is driving me nuts" Drake says and my sister looks over at me.

"Nesting?"

"This freaky urge she gets to clean everything, she tried to get me to dust out the ducted AC last night, reckoned there was dust in it, made pull off every vent and stick my arm in with a dust brush," he says, shaking his head.

"Oh and made me clean under the house because we all know a newborn is going to be under there rummaging around and she has washed the babies clothes a million times" he says. I roll my eyes. He makes it sound like cleaning is a bad thing.

My sister laughs, shaking her head.

"Where is Tate?" She asks looking around.

"With Ryker, scouting around again"

"We haven't had an attack in three months. Does he think there will be another?" She asks worriedly.

"Just precaution," Drake says. Tate forbade us telling anyone the real reason. I was shocked to learn he found his second mate and has been searching for her since. Tate and Ryker go out nearly everyday looking for rogue camps. I don't think he wants to admit she is gone, how she is coping going into heat though is beyond me.

Ryker has practically become a piece of the furniture, for someone who reckons he doesn't want or need a mate, he has become obsessed with finding her.

Tate I know is worried because the longer it is taking the angrier Ryker is getting. Ryker had to replace Tate's car door the other day when they left because Ryker ripped it open pulling the door completely off.

Having four Alpha's under one roof though has been surprisingly not that bad, Ryker respects the fact this is our home and doesn't order us around, and Drake, Tate and Ryker get along great. Probably because Ryker doesn't feel the need to hide things from them, and can trust them not to blab to mum and dad. Ryker also loves the kids who are walking now and getting into everything. Baby proofing was a nightmare.

Mum and dad are still living with Arial though Tyson and Ace asked to return home so I know Ryker is taking them back with him when he does decide to go home, though dad and Ryker don't see eye to eye at all. Mum said they could go and we all know who wears the pants in their relationship.

Chase is excited they are leaving, keeps telling Arial he is going to lock them in cages if they keep cling wrapping the toilet bowl on him, or super gluing his stuff to his desk.

Mum and Arial have even clashed after Arial dished out the spanking mum wouldn't give them when Tyson shaved off Chase's eyebrows while he was asleep.

Sitting on the lounge with my cup of tea. Drake comes out with a load of laundry that needs folding.

"Can you fold these? I hung out another load, just need to help Elias with training" he says. I nod and he bends down giving me a kiss. Ashley and Titus sitting on the rug in front of the TV playing with their blocks.

Arial sits on the floor and grabs an article of clothing and starts helping me fold.

"Goddess, I hope Chase and I get along well after I have this baby like you three do, you guys make it look easy" she says. They still have been having issues but not as bad and once mum and dad are out of the pack house I am sure things will get better not having everyone living on top of each other.

"It will get better Arial and don't forget nothing was easy for us in the beginning"

"True but I love seeing you so happy" she says resting her head on my knee. I brushed her hair back, happy that not only everything was good with my mates but that our sisterly bond was now stronger than ever.