

## Chapter 6

Being pregnant was the worst thing that could have happened to me in that moment. I began to wonder if maybe the moon goddess had a vendetta against me. Did she hate me? Was there something that my ancestors had done to anger her? I couldn't tell what it could possibly be but I knew that it was impossible for one person to have so much bad luck.

After announcing my situation to me, Zade put me under constant watch. I had assumed that the guards would be outside my room but he had one female in my room at all times to ensure that I didn't do anything that would jeopardize the life of his child. It was annoying and embarrassing because it felt like I had no worth outside of being the carrier of his child. I had nothing against being a mother but this was not the way I wanted it to happen.

"Megan," Sally's voice snapped me out of my thoughts and I turned to her. She was standing next to the guard whose name I didn't bother to learn.

I hadn't spoken more than a few words to the female guard. I tried the first day she came but she made it perfectly clear that she was there for work and not to fraternize so I never tried again. She had short brown hair that was always slicked back and she was tall and intimidating. Sally had told me that she was one of the best female warriors in the pack.

"It is time for breakfast," Sally explained and I hummed and stood to my feet.





For the past two days, Zade made sure that I had breakfast in the dining room under the watchful eye of a nutritionist. He was overbearing and it only fueled my frustrations towards him. The first day, I tried to be stubborn and refused to eat. He had left his meeting to force feed me. It was embarrassing and I never tried it again.

When I got to the dining room, I saw Zade sitting there. My steps faltered and I glanced at Sally to ask why she didn't warn me but she looked just as confused as I was. Zade practically ignored me even as I made my way over to the table and took the seat next to him. It was when the maids returned with the food that he finally raised his head to look at me and he frowned.

I looked down at my outfit wondering if there was a stain or I had worn it the wrong way but I hadn't. After that incident with Emilia's clothes, I made sure to wear my own. I didn't have my own money to get new clothes and Zade had not offered.

"Don't you have decent clothes?" he asked and my brows scrunched in confusion. "As at right now, there is no difference between you and the servants in the pack."

I gritted my teeth as I responded. "I was an omega. My clothes are those of a servant. It is all that I have."

"You will have new clothes coming in soon. You cannot be carrying my child and be dressed like a slave. While you are at it, I want you to dye your hair."

"Excuse me?"





"A lighter darker blond perhaps, your hair is getting too light."

I knew what he was trying to do and I was horrified. After many hours of pressure, Sally had shown me a picture of Emilia and as much as I hated to admit it, we looked alike. The only difference we had was our hair- my hair was a lighter and more buttery blond. It was muted because of years of neglect but certain times, it sparkled that same color. Emilia on the other hand had a darker blond and she always kept it cropped close to her shoulders as opposed to my waist length hair.

My hands flew to my locks and I was shocked when the word no came out sounding firm. Zade turned to me in shock. I rarely spoke back against him especially after he had tried to choke me but my hair was not something I was willing to budge on.

"I gave you an order," Zade growled but I made sure to stand my ground as I stared him in the eye.

"I will not dye my hair," I told him without flinching.

His fingers twitched and I could tell he wanted to say or do something but at the last minute, he glanced at my stomach and I saw him exhale deeply. Instead of speaking, he stood to his feet and stormed out of the room. It was after he left that I finally had the courage to breathe. My lungs were on fire and my heart was threatening to beat out of its chest.

I glanced over at the door he had exited through for fear that he was going to come back but after a few minutes of silence, it settled on me that I had actually won this round. I let out a





sigh of relief and allowed my hand drop from my hair. Tears threatened to form at my eyes but I blinked them away. I was not going to cry over something as stupid as this. I was going to make the best out of my situation and do my best to remind Zade that I was not Emilia. I was my own person and I wasn't going to let him turn me into someone else.

I had my breakfast alone and by the time I was done, I was ushered back into my room to get dressed. Today was the first doctor's appointment and I was as excited as I was apprehensive. A naïve and hopeful part of me had thought that Zade would be present but I didn't even see him. I began to wonder why he even wanted the child in the first place if he was only going to dismiss it and have nothing to do with it. I wanted Sally to go with me to the doctor's but she wasn't allowed and I had to sit through a quiet and tense car ride with my guards.

The doctor attended to me immediately and I was led to a private room. I could hear whispers from the people in the waiting room as I walked in. A few of them already knew who I was and the ones who didn't caught up quick when they saw the guards. The doctor tried to be nice to ease some of my tension but I was barely paying attention to anything he was saying. I held my breath as he did what he explained to be a transvaginal ultrasound.

I couldn't bring myself to look at the screen. It would have felt too intimate and I was trying to detach myself from the child as much as possible. The doctor gave me a sad smile when he realized what I was doing but still printed it out and handed it to me. It was in an envelope and I tried to refuse but he grabbed my hand.





"You might regret not looking," he told me and I was about to refute but he stopped me. "You can throw it out if you want but let me do my part by giving it to you."

I reluctantly took it with the intention of trashing it but when we got out of the hospital and I stood over the trash can, I couldn't do it. My hand hovered over the bin but it was like something was stopping me and against my better judgement, I stuck the envelope into my pocket.

I was quiet the entire ride and it seemed to go by faster than the one going to the hospital. As soon as the car stopped, I rushed out leaving my guards to follow behind me. I tried to shut the door but the girl appeared with her foot stuck in the door way.

"I am not supposed to leave you alone as ordered by the Alpha," she reminded me and frustration bubbled up inside of me.

"I'm not going to off myself in five minutes," she frowned and I rolled my eyes. "Just give me two minutes before you come in, please."

I didn't wait for her to respond before I pushed her away from the doorframe and slammed the door shut. I made my way over to the bed and sat down gently. I stared at the envelope and hesitantly opened it up. I couldn't make out anything more than a tiny bean and I stared in fascination as I thought about that turning into a child. My fingers hesitantly lay on my stomach and I let out a heavy exhale.

Regardless of whatever, it was my child. A lone tear slipped





from my cheek and I sniffled. I let it fall as I tried to reconcile the fact that I was going to be a mother at such a young age. I was so lost in my own thoughts that I didn't notice the door open until the guard walked in. I quickly wiped my tears away and stashed the ultrasound pictures in my top drawer.

"I gave you five minutes," she said and for the first time, I saw a trace of expression on her face. She looked sheepish and I could tell she was considering stepping out again.

"It's fine," I cleared my throat and squared my shoulders. "I am done now."



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

