

Chapter 64

Lily

It had been one week since Gideon had shown up. I still hadn't talked to him, still hadn't seen him. After pouring my soul out to Dimitri, I felt even more anger towards him. I'll be honest here, I felt better, so much better, having Dimitri know everything. More so, finally letting everything out. I guess he'd been right about that part; my past had been destroying me from the inside, like a disease. But now I didn't have to carry the burden by myself. And that was something nobody could put a price on. I was extremely lucky to have Dimitri.

We'd discussed it the morning after, after I'd had my 'snack'. That had lasted a whole hour before Dimitri finally convinced me to eat breakfast. I'd finally agreed to talk to someone, other than him. But he assured me he'd always be there to talk to anyways. I still wasn't sure about meeting with a therapist, but I was willing to give it a try. Anything to make our relationship better, to make it work. I loved him enough to do this for us. So, he was reaching out to the very best people, and it would be my decision who I saw in the end.

Which brought my thoughts back to Gideon. I hadn't even started trying to sort out my feelings about him. I guess that was something I could try in therapy? I snickered to myself; the Luna who needed therapy. Goddess, help me. I was playing a game on my phone, thinking all this through when I knock sounded on the door.

"Come in."

To my surprise, Hazel opened the door. I sat up, chucking my phone to the side. She was wearing a yellow sundress that brought out her eyes and her hair was in a messy bun. She looked cute.

"Hey." I said.

"Hey."

She stood by the door, a white shopping bag in hand. I bit my lip, feeling a bit awkward. We hadn't spoken since my outburst, which I still felt like shit for.

"Are you busy?" She asked.

"Not at all. Come on in."

"Thanks." She shut the door made her way to the bed. Sitting on the edge, she looked around the room.

"How have you been?" I asked timidly.

"Good. You?"

"Fine."

Hazel glanced at me sideways. "Just fine?"

I shrugged. Silence fell. Awkward, again. I took a breath.

"Hazel, I'm sorry. So sorry. I didn't mean what I said. I just... No, nothing can justify that. You're going to be a great mother, you already are! I am sorry, please forgive me!" I begged.

A small smile spread on her lips. "I already forgave you Lily. I know you didn't mean it."

"Still. If I'm ever that way again, I give you full permission to slap some sense into me!"

She laughed. "I'll remember that."

"What's that?" I pointed to the shopping bag.

"Some anti-nausea medication. I've been having some morning sickness."

"Got extras? I'm tired of puking too."

Her eyes widened. "You're...?!"

"Oh, no! I've just been really stressed lately; it's taking a toll on me."

Her head cocked to the side. "You sure? I haven't seen you train in a while."

"I've been sleeping in a lot. Like I said, stress."

Her eyes landed on the plate of bacon on the table.

"Stress eating?"

"I guess. I like bacon." I was starting to get irritated. Why? I had no idea.

"Whatever you say." Hazel's tone held sarcasm, and I snapped.

"Look, I'd know if I was fucking pregnant, okay?"

Hey eyebrow raised, and I covered my mouth. Good Goddess, what was wrong with me?! I'd just apologized to the girl, and here I was biting her head off again! Over nothing!

"Hazel, I'm so sorry!" I blurted.

To my surprise, she burst out laughing. She laughed for a full minute, wiping tears before she stood up.

"Here." She reached into her bag, holding out a small pink bottle. "Come with me."

I followed her into the bathroom. She dug into the bag again, placing a rectangular box on the sink.

"Why do you have a pregnancy test? You already know you're pregnant?"

"I picked it up for one of Clint's friends. They're trying for a pup, but I'll get another one later. You are taking this one." She pointed to the box and I swallowed.

"But I don't have to pee." I blurted out stupidly.

"That's fine. We can wait."

"Hazel-"

"Look, no offense Lily, but you're moody and sleeping and puking. And I'm guessing that isn't your first plate of bacon. If I'm right, I want bragging rights that I was the first to know." She smirked.

I rolled my eyes. "Fine. But don't get your hopes up!"

We chatted for a while, catching up. It was a little odd doing it in my bathroom, but whatever. Finally, I had the urge to pee. Hazel turned around while I tried to get the test out of the stupid packaging. Eventually, I just used my teeth to rip it open before I squatted over the toilet and tried my best to aim for the end of the stick. Putting the cap back on, I laid it on the sink while I cleaned up and flushed. Hazel rushed to my side, practically vibrating.

"Dude, would you calm down?"

"Nope. I have a feeling." She gushed. "Will you be excited if you are?"

"You have no idea."

My whole life I dreamed about having a baby. I promised myself I would shower them with love and attention, everything I'd never had. Or I hadn't remembered I'd had, anyways. The time I didn't believe I had a wolf, I still dreamt of running away, meeting a human and falling in love. Starting a family. It was the only thing I really wanted, to have the chance to give someone what I didn't. If I was ever lucky enough for that dream to become reality, I would give it my all and nothing less.

I waited anxiously, chewing on my thumbnail while I watched the test work. It was one of those digital ones, the ones that are supposed to say 'Pregnant' or 'Not-Pregnant'. The instructions said it would take around three minutes for the results to appear, but it felt like three hours. I couldn't take my eyes away from the small test laying on the huge sink. Finally, bold letters appeared on the screen and I felt like my world tilted on its axis.

Pregnant

Hazel shrieked in my ear. "Stress my ass! Congratulations!" She threw her arms around me as tears welled in my eyes.

I was pregnant. We were going to have a baby. Oh, my Goddess.

"Holy shit." I breathed. I picked up the test, analyzing it from every angle. But the result didn't change. I was pregnant!

"How are you going to do this?!"

"Huh?" I was caught up in my shock.

"How are you going to tell Dimitri?!"

Oh. "Uh... I don't know."

Hazel bounced around me, her grin wider than I'd ever seen it. The shock wore off, and I joined her, both of us bouncing around the bathroom like idiots.

"I can't believe it!" I squealed, hugging her tightly. "Okay, you're right, I need to plan. I want him to be surprised."

"Oh girl, trust me, he's going to be." Hazel chuckled.

I walked out of the bathroom, the test in my hand. Turning abruptly, Hazel almost ran into me. I thrust the test into her hand.

"Take this. I don't want him to see it. Just, I don't know, bury it in the woods or something."

"Seriously?"

"Just get rid of it so he doesn't find it!" I laughed. I sat on the bed, my hand going to my tummy. "Okay so, what about giving Dimitri a onesie?"

Hazel shook her head. "Too common. What about a basket of baby stuff?"

Now I shook my head. "Nah. How about...?"

We bounced ideas off each other for a while, neither of us coming up with anything good. I was starting to get frustrated when a knock sounded.

"What?" I yelled.

Ben poked his head in. "Hey. It's lunchtime, you hungry?"

I stared at him, an idea popping into my head. I mind-linked Hazel, and she grinned. Ben looked between us.

"Why are you staring at me like that? What's up with you two?"

"Ben, come in and close the door." I said.

He did as I said, looking at me suspiciously while Hazel snickered. Oh, he was going to hate me. I told him I was pregnant, and at first, he was super happy. Like, completely thrilled. Of course, that didn't last long when I told him what I had in mind. He gaped at me, mouth flapping.

"No! No way!"

"Come on Ben! Please?" I begged.

"Look, I love you like a sister Lily, but there is no fucking way I am doing that!" He crossed his arms.

"What if I gave you incentive to do it?"

"There is nothing you could possibly offer." He scoffed.

"How about a raise?"

"Nope."

"A new car?"

"Nope."

"There must be something you want!" I groaned.

"What if we talked to Clara?" Hazel suggested.

"Yes!" I nodded eagerly.

Ben simply stared at us, his eyes narrowing.

"We could butter you up. Take Isabelle more often so you guys can have alone time. Take her out on dates."

"I could take Isabelle every weekend!" I offered.

Ben groaned, even louder than me.

"I hate you." He sighed.

"Is that a yes?" I exclaimed hopefully.

"Yes! But you owe me! Big time! And you better hold up your end of the deal because you know I'll never live this down."

I squealed, rushing to envelope him in a huge hug. "Thank you, Ben!"

"I'm regretting this already." But he hugged me back.