

Chapter 75

Anaiah's POV

Our ride home from the countryside was delightful, my mate had his hand up my inner thigh the whole way as he drives, and since I was in a playful, I kept arousing him purposely. He had a huge bulge in his pants and he cussed

'Fuck baby,' He mutters as I caress his chest. I smile sheepishly at him,

'What, I'm just touching my mate, since when is it a crime,'

'Can you do more than touch then?'

I laugh and skillfully get over to the driver's seat, straddling him. Leondre didn't stop driving as I rocked my hips against him. I successfully pulled his pants down my took his hard dick. I moved up and down sensually, erotically just to drive him crazy, he was driving so he wanted a quickie but not on my watch. My hips were rotating slowly and he growled and cussed at how good it was. I was nibbling his neck and bouncing on him when the car came to an abrupt stop with a screeching sound.

He gripped my waist tightly

'Faster,' He murmurs, kissing my throat.

I smiled and nodded, moving faster and wildly, he was going crazy as I was. I've never had sex in the car before and it felt exhilaratingly good.

Our voices of pleasure filled up the car and I came undone, I moved more frantically and he did with a long grunt. We were looking into each other's eyes when we heard a knock at the window. It was a traffic cop.

'Are we in trouble?' I asked. worriedly.

'We kinda aren't supposed to park here,' He answers, the officer knocked again and I got off his lap. Taking my seat back and fixing my disheveled hair. Leon rolled the window down.

'Good evening sir,'

'Good evening,'

'Do you know why I pulled you over?' He asked, looking between us.

'Wrong parking spot?' He answered as I question and the cop nodded,

'Yes and speeding, can you show me your license and registration please?' Leon got some documents from the dashboard to show him, the man gasp as he read out my mate's name and bowed

'King... King Leondre Lavista. Sir, I'm sorry,'

'Why are you apologizing?' My mate asked, his brows creasing.

'For approaching you, sir,'

'Don't apologize for doing your job and sorry for my reckless driving, my wife here was ...' He searched for words, glancing at me. The young cop was flustered and scratched the back of his neck.

'Good evening, Luna,' He didn't look at me.

'Good evening, officer,' I waved

'We are sorry for this,' I said. He nodded and let us go with a warning.

We laughed and played music the whole way to the castle.

Reaching home, he opened the car door for me and I got out, thanking him for an amazing day with a kiss. He held my hand and went inside, our fingers interlocked.

'Good evening, Alpha, Luna,' An omega greeted us with glee.

'Hello, Jane,'

'Luna this envelope is addressed to you.'

I shared a glance with Leon as I received it from her hands, it said general hospital, fuck. There was a time when my mate took me there for physical tests but it was three weeks ago before I learned I was pregnant.

'It must be from the tests you took,' He says, guiding me upstairs. Does it show that I'm pregnant? I innocently put the brown envelope on the bedstand table and started to undress, my mate watched me intently.

'Aren't you opening that?'

'No, it was a long time and I'm honestly feeling better,' I shrugged, going to the closet and he followed

'Better? Baby, your skin is pale, your eyes are sunken and just yesterday, you were barfing,' He says, concern laced in his words, goddess he does notice all those details. I've been trying to keep my morning sickness from him for so long. He was holding the envelope towards me. I smiled tightly and nervously.

'Okay, can I just change?'

I wear a big sweater and leggings. I follow him into the bedroom and open the envelope with shaking hands, this is not how I wanted him to find out. I throw the envelope on the floor.

'Leon I want to talk to you,' I inhale, he looks at the envelope I threw then nods. He motions me to sit on his lap and I do.

'What is it, Ana,' He is stroking my hair

'Please don't get mad at me,'

'Tell me, baby,'

'Leon I'm pregnant, I'm sorry, I know we didn't plan this,' I say, he's frozen. I stand up from his lap and watch him. He puts an index finger under his chin.

'You're what?'

'I'm pregnant, three weeks,'