

Chapter 65

Daisy

My period is late again, and even though I was against it, Lola has bought me a pregnancy test. “You need to try it,” she tells me.

I pout at her. “I’m not pregnant!”

“Dude, you specifically requested to have these weird cookies this morning, and you’ve been eating weird stuff like pickles with peanut butter for breakfast. I swear to god; those are normal werewolf cravings when our kind is pregnant!”

“How would you know?”

“I googled it,” she grins. “Anyway, just try it.”

I squint at her. “But I haven’t had sex in forever!”

“Well, it wasn’t that long ago since you had sex with Xavier almost every night.”

Being reminded of that, hurts. It feels like a lifetime has passed since I shared a hotel room with Xavier. I miss it. We would watch soap operas all night, and he would always complain about the characters being stupid while secretly being more hooked than me. I also remember how he would rub my feet while we lounged on the bed, his fingers expertly kneading away the tension. He had a way of making me feel cherished and cared for, even while he grumbled about the mindless dramas on TV.

“But it’s been months since Xavier and I...you know,” I protest weakly, not wanting to spell it out. “And if I’m pregnant with his baby, it wouldn’t end well. He is evil and I’m an Alpha-this is no time to be raising a pup.”

“Look at it this way,” Lola hands me the pregnancy test. “If you take the test and it’s negative, you can stop worrying about it. If it’s positive...well, we’ll cross that bridge when we come to it.”

“Fine!” I take the damn test and storm into the bathroom, locking the door behind me. The plastic of the test is cold and clinical in my hand, stoking the fire of fear that’s begun to smolder in my belly. I shrug off my jeans and tug down my underwear while trying to hold the stick just right to pee on it. Then I wait. It’s the longest minutes of my life, staring at the white test in my shaking hands. My heart is a drum, keeping time with my nerves. Lola’s voice, coming from behind the bathroom door, breaks the intensity of the silence.

“Are you done yet?”

“Give me a minute!” I snap back before my eyes widen at the result in front of my nose. The test is positive. I gasp, dropping the plastic stick onto the bathroom floor. The world seems to tilt beneath my feet, and for a moment, I clutch at the sink to keep from falling over.

All sorts of thoughts are running through my mind: Xavier, the baby, being an Alpha, motherhood... It’s all too much.

“Lola?” I choke.

“Yes, Daisy?”

“I think I’m going to be sick.”

Lola’s muffled voice pierces through the bathroom door. “Just breathe, Daisy. You’re going to be okay.”

But I’m not okay. Without warning. I lurch towards the toilet, my stomach purging its contents violently. My eyes sting with tears as the horrific reality of the situation continues to sink in: I’m pregnant with Xavier’s child, and he doesn’t even remember who the hell I am! A swift knock on the door brings me back to reality.

“Daisy” Lola calls out, “Can you open the door?”

I swallow hard, pushing myself off the cold bathroom floor. My legs feel like jelly, but I manage to cross the small distance to the door. I unlatch the lock and open it, revealing a worried Lola on the other side. She takes in my disheveled appearance, her chocolate-colored eyes scanning me from head to toe until she sees the tears in my eyes and sighs.

“Oh, Daisy...” She whispers, her voice laced with sympathy.

“No... just don’t say anything.” I interrupt her, raising a shaky hand to silence her. The room is spinning around me, making it hard for me to balance. Lola steps forward, her arm sliding around my waist.

“I’ve got you,” she says, leading me out of the bathroom and back to my bed. “It was positive, wasn’t it?”

I nod, not trusting myself to speak. My heart feels as if it’s going to break out of my chest as Lola gently settles me on my bed. She turns to leave, but I grip her hand suddenly, panic overwhelming me.

“Stay... please,” I whisper, my voice shaky. “I don’t want to be alone.”

“But I have to tell Caleb,” she says softly. “You’re supposed to do rounds later, but since you’re pregnant, you’re not leaving the mansion.”

“But I’m the Alpha-”

“App, app, app!” She holds up a finger. “You have no saying in this matter, Daisy. I’m going to be a godmother soon, and Caleb is going to be a godfather. And guess what? We want the kid to live. So, I’m going to go out there and order my vampire of a hubby, who doesn’t need any kind of sleep, that he is the only person on duty at night now. Okay?”

Her stern tone makes me laugh. “Are you always this bossy with Caleb, too?”

“Trust me, I’m way more bossy with him,” Lola retorts with a smirk.

I laugh at her. “I swear you both are freaks.”

She winks. “It’s hard not to be a freak when your mate can change his appearance. Yesterday, I asked Caleb to become a meek and shy librarian.”

“Oh my god, too much info.”

She cackles evilly and leaves the room. I chuckle at her words, but soon, it dies down as I’m left alone with my thoughts.

“Am really pregnant?” I whisper as I look up at the poster on my wall. It’s a male model in a sleeveless shirt with wild, wavy hair and piercing green eyes. It’s not the exact image of Xavier, but it holds a resemblance. I usually stare at it before I go to bed, but tonight is different. Tonight, the model’s piercing green eyes

seem cold and distant. Instead of soothing me with their resemblance, they are a sharp reminder of the reality that has just unfurled I'm pregnant, and Xavier isn't here.

Shit.

If this hybrid child survives-because I'm assuming it isn't a normal werewolf-will I have to raise it on my own? The thought of being a single mom weighs heavy on my mind as I curl into a ball on the bed. It's a question I can't answer. What would happen if I just blurted out the truth to Xavier? Would he believe me? Probably not. He didn't believe me when I told him we used to be mates either....