

## Chapter 6

I was what?!

"E-excuse me?" I coughed, looking at Claire with a confused face. I glance down at my tummy- it was slightly bigger than normal.

"You're pregnant," she repeated slowly like I was a five-year-old child.

I froze. Shit. I was pregnant. I was pregnant. I was pregnant. I took in deep breath so that I calmed down from my inner rant. And it was his baby. Chase's.

I couldn't tell him, no. He wouldn't want anything to do with the baby. He'd just leave the baby like he left me. I couldn't let my baby go through that pain that I went through.

If he couldn't leave his lifestyle for me, his own mate, who loved him more than anything, what made me think he'd leave it for his child? Hell, I still love him, and I hate that I love him, but I know that in a few years' time, the bond would be broken if he marked and mate someone else and if I got marked by someone else as well. Even though that thought did break my heart, I knew that there would never be a 'Chase and I', because he made that decision when he left me alone in there and started sucking off Nicole's face. I had three options now; I thought with a cool mind. Abortion, adoption or keep the child. I could never kill any child of mine; never. It was an innocent being and I wouldn't end his or her life for anything. And I knew that I would never forgive myself if my child ended up with a family who treated him or her like mine treated me. So, I had only one option left.

Keep the child.

"Are you silent because you're thinking about abortion? Please don't! I know you're so young but we'll help you and especially Emma. She loves babies, she'll help you!" Claire blurted, with her eyes wide.

I smiled at her, amused by her rant. "No Claire, I'm not pregnant, I'm keeping my baby," I stated, rubbing my tummy softly.

"Oh, thank God!" she sighed in relief. "You know your baby was so weak, and he or she nearly died when you were shifting, but they managed to pull through, they are really strong, you know?" she whispered looking down at my tummy.

"I know," I whispered and stroked my tummy.

I knew I was scared shit out of my mind about being a mum. I didn't know the first thing about being one, but I also knew that I now had a family to help me. To care for me and my baby.

"Good, now you need to tell Emma and Daniel about the baby," she told me.

"What? They don't know?" I asked.

"Nope, no one knows apart from me and the doctor. I didn't tell them because I thought you weren't ready to tell them that's why you didn't tell us, but that's obviously not the case," she said, standing up already.

She walked to the door, but before she left my she turned around and said, "I think you need to tell Daniel, I'll send him up."

I closed my eyes for a moment and thought about everything. My mate had s\*x with me and then ditched me. Then it turns out I got pregnant by him! I was barely 16 for goodness' sake! How was I supposed to look after my child? What if I wasn't a good mum? No, I would be. I was determined to be a good momma to my baby and give them everything I never had. I would work my a\*s off if I had to, to make sure that my child got everything they wanted or needed.

A light knock pulled me out of my reverie. "Come in," I said loud enough for them to hear.

The door opened and Alpha walked in with a tray of food. "Mum said you wanted to talk to me," he said.

I nodded as he took a seat on my right of the king-sized bed. "Well...you see, I'm sort of pregnant?" It sounded more like a question.

"Well, that's amazing! Congratulations! We have to have a part when you get better, oh my! There's so much to plan!" he exclaimed. He truly looked like his mom right now.

I was shocked and slightly amused at his reaction. He wasn't disappointed that I was pregnant, thinking that I was a whore.

This was someone who I could trust. He stuck there with me when I went into coma or sleep or whatever. He looked after me. Even though I didn't know him that well, I knew I could trust him.

"Daniel, I want to tell you about my past, but you can't tell anyone, because I'm not ready to share that part of my life yet," I said carefully, to see if he understood.

He nodded and motioned for me to continue. So, I told him. I told him about everything. My parents, my brother, school, Chase and Nicole and finally the janitor's closet.

When I finished, he was shaking! His wolf had surfaced. He looked ready to murder.

"Calm down Alpha," I said softly, placing my hand on his arm and rubbing up and down.

"How could they do that to you!" he growled. "One were to another- to their own people! How could they? How could your mate do that?!"

"Please, please, calm down. For me?" I whispered, blinking the tears away.

Taking in deep breaths, he relaxed. "I won't tell anything to anyone else, until you're ready. You have my word," he vowed.

"Thank you for this. For everything," I said. I was truly grateful to him and the rest of the pack.

"You deserve this. You deserve so much better. Especially after what you've been through," he said honestly.

I smiled and nodded.

"Well, you better eat your food, before it gets cold," he ordered.

He helped me sit up with my back against the head board, with me wincing once or twice when I hit a really sore spot. We sat quietly as he fed me my soup- which was so delicious, I could literally gulp it down- and my garlic bread, followed by fruits and ice-cream and finally helped me with my orange juice.

He had to force me to finish it when I said I couldn't eat anymore. But he said it was for the better of my child and I had to. For my baby.

"You are going be an amazing mum," he said looking me in the eyes, "I can see it already."

I smiled and nodded, nervously playing with my fingers, "Thank you."

He nodded and left the room. After watching the T.V for about an hour, tiredness washed over me and I closed my eyes, and fell asleep.