

## Chapter 7

It has been one whole month since I found out that I was pregnant. In that time, I wasn't allowed out of bed, not once, unless I had to wash myself or go to the toilet. I was eating and gaining weight, and finally I was the right weight for my height and age. The bump on my tummy was clearly visible, because even though I had only been pregnant for a month and a couple of weeks, werewolf pregnancy only lasts 5 months altogether, but Chase having Alpha's blood would mean that mine would last 4 months. After I'd told Emma, she didn't stop squealing and jumping up and down her bed for hours. To be honest, I wanted to do just that after the initial shock. My wolf was ecstatic that she was having a pup and she wasn't howling for her mate anymore. After I'd received that pain for nearly every day, I finally told Alpha and Claire. They confirmed, after a lot of hesitation because they knew that I would be heartbroken, that it was him mating with someone. As time went by, it became less painful, but I could still feel it. And it wasn't like it happened one a week kind of thing; it happened almost every single day.

And this was the main reason why my wolf stopped howling and whining for her mate and instead became very quiet, and only giving her suggestions and advice when needed, but she was super protective of her pup.

I'd got to know the pack better in that time. I thought they would all think of me as sluts, but in fact, they were all over-protective of the baby and me, because they thought I couldn't handle defending myself being pregnant.

They didn't judge me, but accepted me with open-arms, without questions, and already I'd made a few friends already. I was very close to Amy and Connor, the Beta, they were mates and 2 years older than me. They loved each other more than anything and sometimes, I found myself wishing that my relationship was like that with my ex-mate.

Today, I was going to the doctors to get my pup checked to make sure he or she was healthy. Emma had already bought few things already, but she got unisex clothes because we weren't too sure of the gender.

I was excited to have my pup, I just wanted it to come out already! I had a new reason to live, and although he or she wouldn't have his or her daddy with them, they would have all my attention and love, but right after birth, I had to get a job. I couldn't keep on sponging off on the pack's money. Not now, not ever.

I was pulled out of my reverie when Claire shouted, "Hurry up baby, you have an appointment."

I sighed, then nodded and pushed the covers away. I took a quick shower and dressed in a white tank top to stretch over my stomach and a satin flower skirt. I looked like as pregnant as five months. I was bigger than what she-wolves would be, but I thought it was just because of the Alpha blood.

I brushed my hair and left it in a messy high bun before slipping on my bright blue converses and staring at that girl in the mirror, who looked completely different to what she looked like months ago.

She had bright blue-greyish eyes- that gleamed with happiness, unlike the dull blue they had been. Her hair was light brown, shining with volume, unlike what the ugly, thin, limp pink hair it used to be. Her skin was tanner with her cheeks slightly pink, unlike the pale, bluish color it was before. And my dimples more visible more than ever.

She was beautiful. And she was me.

I ran my hand through my fringe and climbed down the stairs and outside, where Claire was patiently waiting with her arms crossed.

"Bye guys," I shouted before shutting the door. I heard a whole lot of 'good lucks' and 'byes' before I shut it fully.

"There you are. Finally. Dan and Emma are in the car, and Dan is getting very frustrated," she said.

"I know, I'm sorry. I was so nervous!" I sighed.

"Don't worry, you'll be the best mom in the world, after me of course, but now, let's get there and see your baby," she laughed.

I chuckled and followed her to Alpha's BMW X5, which he hardly used, but he had to since there was quite four of us going. Everyone was so excited to finally have a pup in the house, because there wasn't one child in the whole pack. Most of them were teenagers, older than me and into their twenties. There were so older people, but not that many and a few parents here and there.

This was because, years ago, they had a massive war with the rogues, where most were killed, including Claire's mate and Alpha's father. The title of the Alpha went to the old Beta until Alpha was old enough to handle the pack.

When the war ended, there were only about twenty people left in the pack, and they were extremely vulnerable. The old Beta, Conor's dad helped rebuild the pack and taught them how to fight as he was an ex-fighter of another pack before he moved here. Most of the current pack members were rogues, who have run away or didn't have anywhere to go and this pack took them in. They helped them get on their own two feet and now they were a strong pack with all the members, because they all knew how to fight and kill ruthlessly.

I got into the car and buckled my seatbelt. Throughout the whole journey, Emma was squealing about how excited she was to be an auntie

and Alpha continued sighing and rolling his eyes at her, while I just laughed and shrugged.

When my baby was born, I wanted them to have my surname, never Chase's surname, Carter. They were going to be a proud Campbell.

Finally, after the car stopped outside the hospital; it was a werewolf one since most all the people living in this town were werewolf apart from one or two because they were the mates of a werewolf and knew about us. I started growing very anxious and Emma must've noticed this because she took my hand in hers and squeezed it.

Although it was a very small gesture, I made better and more confident. I was ready for this; I chanted in my head.

Even though my baby was unexpected, I was never going to stop loving it or caring for it, because I knew how it felt. And I wasn't prepared to let my baby go through what I went through.

We walked up the steps and went to the maternity section where we had already booked an appointment. We all took a seat in the waiting room, where I saw a very pregnant woman with her mate on the side holding her hand with one and rubbing her stomach with the other. I wish my life was like that...it would've been so much easier if it was. Because, right now, I was a 16-year-old, single mom without a job or her own home.

Finally, my name was called out and we walked straight to the doctor's room, without everyone around bowing at Alpha while he kindly smiled at them.

We took a seat, myself and Claire, while Alpha and Emma stayed standing up. My new doctor, Dr. Christine Wilson, was only about 24 years old and beautiful with brownish, reddish hair and blue eyes with a lightly tanned skin toned. She had a perfect hourglass shaped body and was quite tall. I aspired to be like her.

After asking me plenty of questions, which I obviously answered, she led me (along with Claire, Alpha and Emma) into another room painted in a light cream color, with photos of babies developing as they grew, decorating the walls. There was a bed in the middle of the average-sized room, with an ultrasound machine on the right of it.

I laid down and lifted my top just under my bra. She touched my stomach in different places and asked me some more questions. I started growing a little irritated and impatient because I wanted to see my baby's first ultrasound scan already!

"I think your stomach is too big for someone who's only been pregnant for 6 weeks, even with the Alpha blood," she said looking down at my stomach with confusion.

My heart stopped for a second. "There's nothing with my baby, is there?" I asked quietly.

"I'm not sure," she gave a sympathetic glance, "but we'll see after the scan." She got out some of her things and turned to me to say, "It's going to be a little cold."

I nodded and she squeezed some blue gel onto my stomach, which made me flinch because of how cold it was. Using the transducer, she spread the gel. I looked up at the screen expectedly, but I was met with a black fuzzy screen. I was growing worried with each second. Emma and Claire both grabbed one of my hand and Alpha stayed back, looking at the screen as well. Dr. Wilson moved the transducer around and finally, I caught a glimpse of what looked like a head.

"Ah, there it is. They're quite naughty, hiding like that!" she laughed. I chuckled a bit, but kept my eyes on the screen. She continued gliding it on my stomach before she stopped.

I looked at her as she stared at the screen, with wide eyes.

"What's wrong doc?" I asked.

She turned to me with a bright smile before practically screaming,  
"You're having twins!"