

## Chapter 44 Morning Sickness

Moana

I woke up the next morning with a strange feeling in my stomach. My head hurt after being kept up all night from having too many dreams, but as I tried to get out of bed and suddenly felt a wave of unmistakable nausea come over me, I knew that that feeling couldn't have just been from the nightmares.

Groaning and holding my tender stomach, I scrambled out of bed and over to the bathroom just before vomiting.

When I was finished, I took a deep breath and grabbed the edge of the sink, pulling myself up from where I had been kneeling on the floor in front of the toilet. My face looked pale and I had dark circles under my eyes.

“Are you okay, Moana?” a tiny voice suddenly said from the doorway, making me jump. I looked over to see Ella standing there, still in her pajamas.

“Yes, love,” I said gently as I squeezed some toothpaste onto my toothbrush so I could scrub away the sour taste of vomit in my mouth. “I think I just ate something bad yesterday.”

Ella stayed there while I brushed my teeth, gripping the hem of her shirt with a concerned look on her face. “Are you gonna go to the doctor?” she asked.

I spit out the foamy toothpaste in my mouth and shook my head as I watched it go down the drain. “No. I’ll be fine.”

Ella, however, didn’t sound convinced. “Whenever I throw up, daddy and Selina make me go to the doctor’s for a checkup,” she insisted. “I think you should go, too.” The concern in the little girl’s voice was sweet, but it also made me sigh deeply. I had already upset Edrick by faking sickness on the night of Ethan’s exhibit; I highly doubted that he would believe me if I suddenly went to him again and asked for sick time off after that. He would probably accuse me of lying, especially now that our professional relationship was so distant and strained.

But as the feeling of nausea started to bubble up in my stomach again and my head started to spin, I knew that it would be the wisest decision to have a doctor look at me.

“Okay,” I said, gently guiding Ella away from the bathroom before I inevitably vomited again. “I’ll go to the doctor. Go see if Selina has breakfast for you, okay?”

“Okay.” Ella sounded uncertain about leaving me, but she complied and skittered off to the kitchen before I hurled into the toilet for the second time that morning.

Once that was over, I was certain that there was nothing left in my stomach to throw up. I shakily slipped on a comfortable dress and did my best to fix up my appearance before shuffling out to the living room with my purse in my hand. Edrick was sitting at the small round table with his cup of coffee when I entered the room, and Ella was sitting across from him with her plate of toast and bacon. Edrick didn’t look up when I entered, as though I was another one of the maids.

“See, daddy?” Ella said, her mouth full of toast as she pointed at me. “Moana is sick.”

Edrick glanced up at me over his newspaper and briefly took in my appearance before looking back down. “Mhm.”

“She’s right,” I said, my hands shaking as I clutched my purse. “I need to go to the doctor. I hope you don’t mind if I take some more sick time today.”

“Go ahead.” Once again, Edrick did not look at me.

“Thank you,” I said. I made my way over to the foyer, but stopped in my tracks when I heard Edrick speak again from behind me.

“I hope it’s real this time.” His voice was cold and bitter with a hint of sarcasm behind it. I had already been feeling more emotional than usual lately, and his nasty attitude only made it worse.

Without thinking, I spun around to glare at him. “Do you need to be so sarcastic?” I asked, my voice shaking.

Edrick didn’t reply.

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I had been waiting in the examination room for nearly an hour when the doctor finally came in. He was unapologetic about the long wait, but it was something I was used to at this point as a human in this world dominated by werewolves.

“Moana Fowler?” he asked, to which I nodded. “What brings you in today?”

“I woke up this morning with a terrible migraine and nausea,” I said. “I threw up twice already and have been shaky since then.”

“Hm...” He typed my symptoms into his laptop, his brow furrowed. “Have you eaten anything bad, do you think?”

“I assume it’s food poisoning, but I don’t recall eating anything suspicious. All of my food is prepared in a very clean environment by people who know what they’re doing, and I haven’t gone out to eat in a long time.”

Just then, as I spoke, I felt another wave of nausea come over me. The doctor, seeing this, quickly grabbed a small blue bag specifically meant for situations like this and handed it to me. I threw up into it, although it was mostly bile now that there was nothing in my stomach. When I was finished, he nodded to himself and stood.

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“Lay down on the table,” he said. I did as I was told, then felt him lift my shirt and begin to palpate around my stomach with his hands.

“Did the nurse have you give us a urine sample?” he asked as he pushed gently into various parts of my stomach, each time making me feel even more nauseous.

I couldn’t speak, so I only nodded.

“Is there a chance you could be pregnant?” he asked.

I frowned, shaking my head. “No,” I replied. “There’s no way.”

“You can sit up now.” He pulled my shirt back down over my stomach and slid a hand under my arm to help me sit up, then he spoke again. “Are you sure? Have you had unprotected s\*x recently?”

“Well, I had s\*x about a month ago, but—”

“Just to be safe, I’m going to test your urine for pregnancy,” he said, making my eyes go wide. “I’ll be back in a minute. I’ll get you some medication for the nausea, too.”

Before I could protest, the doctor left. I couldn’t be pregnant! I’d only had s\*x once in the past month, and it was with... Edrick. As I came to this realization, my heart rate shot up, making my head spin. No. There was no way I was actually pregnant with Edrick Morgan’s baby. It was impossible! I hardly remembered our one night stand from the drugs in my system, but I was certain that both of us were careful. It was highly unlikely that the Alpha CEO was having unprotected s\*x and risking pregnancy with women he had just met.

The doctor returned a few minutes later with a serious look on his face. “Well, Miss Fowler,” the doctor said, sitting back down at his desk, “it looks like you are indeed pregnant. The test came back positive.”

My eyes widened. I shook my head vehemently, not wanting to believe it. “No,” I said, “I can’t be pregnant. Are you sure? Can I take another test?”

The doctor splayed out his hands, his palms facing up, then spoke. “If you want another test, we can send you over to the obstetrics and gynecology department,” he said. “Your test came back positive, but false positives aren’t unheard of.”

I nodded vehemently. “Yes, please,” I said. There was no way I was pregnant. I didn’t want to believe it; perhaps a second opinion was necessary.