

Chapter 45 Lone Wolf

Moana

After a visit to the obstetrics and gynecology department, during which they gave me another pregnancy test and performed a comprehensive gynecological exam, the results were in: I was pregnant, and I was five weeks along. That timing lined up perfectly with my one night stand, solidifying the fact that Edrick was the father.

I took a cab home, my heart racing the entire way. Thankfully, the doctor's anti-nausea medication worked, otherwise I would have been retching nonstop from the stress alone.

The cab driver pulled up to the curb. I handed him the cash from the back seat, then took a deep breath before getting out and looking up at the tall, looming building where the penthouse sat.

As I took the elevator up, my heart started pounding ever faster. I wasn't certain whether or not I should tell Edrick; what would he say if he found out? Would I lose my job? Was it better to just go to a clinic and have the baby aborted before it was too late? I couldn't have been more than six weeks along; I knew I could end the pregnancy with a simple pill, like a heavy period.

I had always loved children, though. The thought of bringing my own baby into the world always excited me, but not like this. I always imagined that I would marry a man who truly loved and cared for me, and we would

make the decision to have a baby when we were ready. Up until a couple of months ago when I found him cheating on me, I thought it would be my boyfriend, Sam. But now...

Could I bring a baby into a world in which its own father might not even want anything to do with it?

The elevator seemed to carry me up to the penthouse so slowly. When it finally opened with a ding, I stepped out into the foyer with my heart in my throat.

I heard the sound of giggling.

“Where’s Ella?” Edrick’s voice said. It didn’t sound like its usual cold and distant tone, but rather warm and playful. “Oh, I sure hope Ella isn’t hiding behind the curtains!”

I slowly stepped toward the living room to see Edrick stalking around like a cartoon villain while Ella’s tiny feet poked out from beneath the living room curtains, her little giggles floating through the air like the sound of wind chimes.

“Hm...” Edrick sniffed the air theatrically. He didn’t see me. “I think I can smell a little girl hiding around here somewhere, and I’m so hungry... Maybe I’ll find her and have a nice feast!”

As he said ‘feast,’ Edrick whipped the curtains open to reveal Ella, who squealed and tried to run away. Edrick caught her and threw her up into the air, blowing raspberries on her belly and making her giggles turn into full-blown laughter. I couldn’t help but smile as I watched the cold Alpha billionaire play so lovingly with his daughter. If we had our own child, would he treat him or her just as lovingly? After all, as far as Edrick was aware, I was still a human. I still wasn’t even sure if Mina would ever fully appear, which would mean that I would always appear human, and so would my children. It wasn’t until a werewolf’s wolf appeared that one could truly be considered a werewolf to begin with. How could I be certain

that he would be even remotely open to the concept of having a half-human child?

“Moana’s home!” Ella suddenly said, pointing over Edrick’s shoulder.

Edrick froze. He set Ella down so she could run to me, and when he turned around to face me, the smile was gone from his face. Once again, he was the bitter Alpha CEO that I had come to know. It was shocking to me how quickly his demeanor changed once he knew that someone else was watching him.

“Moana!” Ella shouted as she ran up to me. She threw her arms around my legs and held me tightly as she looked up at me with her head tilted back, her cheeks rosy from playing. “Are you all better now?”

Part of me wanted to cry at how sweet Ella and her father were together, and how quickly his love faded when I was in the room. I knew at that moment that he would never willingly be that loving to our own child.

“Yes,” I lied, forcing a smile and ruffling Ella’s hair. “I’m all better.”

I heard a door click shut and looked up to see that Edrick was already gone, locked in his study. I didn’t see him for the remainder of the day.

That night, after dinner, I began to feel sick again. It felt as though my stomach was rejecting any sort of food that I put in it, as if the very act of eating was also an act of poisoning myself.

“Ah,” Ella sighed, leaning back in her chair and patting her tummy, “that was so tasty. I love spaghetti.”

I smiled and stood to clear the dishes away, but as I did, a wave of dizziness came over me. My ears filled with the sound of my own pulse, and suddenly I found myself sitting back in my chair.

“Moana?” Ella asked as she jumped up and ran around the table to come to my side. “Are you still sick?”

I swallowed and managed a weak nod. “Yes, love,” I said. “I’m okay. Just a little sick to my tummy, that’s all.”

Ella didn’t seem satisfied with my excuse. Without a word, she scampered off into the kitchen before I could stop her. My ears were still ringing from the wave of nausea, but I could hear her say something to Selina in the kitchen, followed by the sound of pots banging around and the kitchen stove clicking to life.

“Ella, what are you doing?” I called. I tried to stand again, but felt the nausea worsen and promptly sat back down. I leaned my forehead on my hand and rubbed the space between my eyebrows as I took several deep breaths, praying that I could just keep my dinner down. I always knew that morning sickness was awful, but no one ever explained to me that morning sickness wasn’t just limited to the morning.

A few moments later, I opened my eyes to see Ella standing in front of me with a grin on her face. She was holding a glass of steaming milk in her hands and set it down on the table.

“Warm milk,” she said. “It always makes my tummy feel better.”

I felt a tear come to my eye at the little girl’s sweet nature despite her father’s cold demeanor. I took a sip of the milk, which was warm and soothing as it went down my throat, but it didn’t stop the tears.

“Why are you crying, Moana?” Ella asked, c*****g her head.

I shook my head and wiped the tear off of my cheek with the back of my hand. “It’s nothing,” I lied. “Sometimes adults just cry for no reason.”

“Oh,” Ella replied, furrowing her brow. “I’ve never seen my daddy cry for no reason.”

I glanced up, then, to see Selina standing in the kitchen doorway looking at me with a concerned expression on her face as she dried her hands on her apron.

“Adults are just good at hiding it usually,” Selina suddenly interjected before Ella could ask any more questions, which I was grateful for. “Go off to bed, Ella. Let Moana rest early tonight.”

“Okay.” Ella planted a kiss on my damp cheek before scurrying off to her bedroom. When I heard the door click shut, I looked up again to see Selina still standing there. Although the old woman was often distant herself, I could tell that she was worried about me.

“I’m alright,” I lied. “It’s just food poisoning.”

Selina didn’t seem to believe me, but before she had the chance to inquire further, I stood and took the glass of milk. “Thank you for this,” I said. “Goodnight.”

Selina nodded. “Goodnight.”

I held my emotions together until I was alone in my room, but as soon as the door clicked shut, the tears started to flow again. Surely I was experiencing heightened emotions from the pregnancy hormones, but it didn’t make them feel any less real. I set the glass down and walked over to the balcony, closing my eyes as I felt the fresh breeze blow across my face.

“It is Edrick’s baby,” Mina’s voice suddenly echoed in my head, taking me by surprise. Where had she been earlier when I needed to talk to her?

“Yes,” I replied in my mind. “But I don’t know if I should keep it.”

As I said that, Mina seemed to react extremely negatively. I could tell that she wanted the baby just as much as I did... but was bringing a baby into a situation like this really fair?