

## Chapter 46 Sleepless Nights

### Moana

I woke up in the middle of the night that night with an even greater pain in my stomach than before. The doctor had warned me that the anti-nausea medication might wear off after twelve hours. Somehow, I had managed to fall asleep without needing to take it again. It seemed that Ella's decision to get me a glass of warm milk actually worked as she intended, but not for long; when I woke up, I ran straight to the bathroom to vomit again.

When I was finished throwing up, I popped another one of the anti-nausea pills in my mouth and climbed back into bed. My body felt restless, though, so I decided to go to the kitchen to stretch my legs and get a cold glass of water.

The penthouse was dark and quiet when I came out of my room. I figured that everyone was soundly asleep, so I tiptoed over to the kitchen and quietly grabbed a glass out of the cabinet before filling it with ice cold water and beginning to make my way back to my room.

It seemed, however, that I was wrong about everyone else being asleep. I heard a sound of an angry voice that made me jump, and when I looked over in the direction of Edrick's study where it came from, I realized that I could see light coming from underneath the door.

“I’m not going to give you any more than that!” his muffled voice shouted from the other side of the door. “No! That’s enough! How much more could you possibly need?”

Maybe it was my pregnancy hormones getting the best of me again, but I was incredibly curious about what was going on. Without thinking, I slowly padded over to the door so I could hear what he was saying more clearly. I didn’t hear another voice; he must have been on the phone.

“Yes, I’ll send it in the morning,” he said. His voice sounded irritated and hoarse. He paused, listening to whatever the other person was saying, then groaned loudly. I heard the sound of what sounded like him slamming his hand down on his desk. “This is even more than we agreed on. The deal was that you would get a nice sum of money and I’d buy you an apartment. How have you blown through all of that, already?”

I furrowed my brow. Was he talking about Ella? Who was on the other end of the phone?

“That’s a pathetic excuse, and you know it. You and I both know that you’re still squandering it. Christ, Olivia! Grow up already.”

Just then, I heard the sound of the phone hanging up, followed by footsteps stomping toward the door. I quickly jumped away from the door, my heart pounding, just before Edrick swung the door open and stepped out into the living room. The light from the study poured out and illuminated the spot where I was standing.

“What are you doing up?” Edrick asked bluntly. His eyes looked tired, and his hair was a bit disheveled. He was still wearing his business clothes, although his tie was loosened around his neck and his shirt had the first few buttons undone. Seeing the Alpha CEO like this had an attractive quality to it, and I couldn’t stop my mind from flickering back to the last time we almost had s\*x. Part of me still wanted him now, even after everything.

I held up my glass of water. “Just thirsty,” I said. It wasn’t a complete lie, although I knew that he knew that I was eavesdropping when I shouldn’t have been.

“Hmph.” Edrick looked me up and down, which made me even more nervous. “How much did you hear?”

I swallowed. “What do you mean?”

Edrick rolled his eyes. “I know you were listening, whether it was intentional or not. How much did you hear?” He crossed over to the bar and solemnly grabbed a glass from underneath. I watched as he filled it a third of the way with whiskey.

“I heard something about when Ella was born,” I admitted. “And something about squandering money, I assume. And the name... Olivia.”

“Well, forget about all of it,” he said, swirling the whiskey around in his glass before drinking it all in one gulp. When he was finished, he slammed the glass back down on the bar and seemed to hide a wince on his face from the burn of the alcohol. “It’s nothing, and you shouldn’t have been snooping. So just pretend you never heard any of it; I don’t need you gossiping with the maids like you did when Kelly came to visit.”

I frowned. “I don’t gossip with anyone,” I said. “I only asked who Kelly was that day that she came to visit. I can’t control what the maids say.”

Edrick merely rolled his eyes and filled his glass again, this time halfway, before walking over to the big armchair and plopping down in it with a sigh. There were several long moments of silence, leaving me standing still in the middle of the living room, unsure of whether he was finished talking to me or not. I watched Edrick quietly for these few moments, noticing that he truly did look like he hadn’t slept at all.

He noticed me looking. “What are you still doing here?” he asked. “I thought you were just thirsty.”

I shrugged. “You don’t look like you’ve slept,” I admitted. “Do you need me to get you anything?”

Edrick froze as he raised his glass of whiskey to his lips once more. He lowered the glass and pressed his lips into a thin, straight line. His jaw began to clench and unclench, just like it always did when he was thinking heavily.

“I only ask out of concern for you,” I said. I felt my voice falter as he slowly turned to look at me.

“My health is none of your concern. And actually, I was in fact cured of my sleep disorder, so I’ve been having no trouble sleeping anymore.” His voice was sharp. “I thought I already told you this.”

His words stung. I felt a knot form in my stomach, which triggered another wave of nausea. Without thinking of the implications, I touched my hand to my stomach to soothe myself. Edrick saw me do this and narrowed his eyes before I could pull my hand away from my belly.

“What are you doing?” he asked, nodding his head toward my hand.

I quickly dropped my hand back to my side and turned back toward my room. “It’s nothing,” I lied. “Just still a little nauseous, that’s all. From the food poisoning.”

Before Edrick could say anything — not that he likely would have said anything comforting, if even anything at all — I turned on my heel and stormed off to my room without a second glance over my shoulder.

Once I was back in my room, I closed the door behind me and leaned on it, tilting my face up toward the ceiling as I took several deep breaths in an attempt to both calm my nerves and my stomach.

My nausea passed, but the pain in my chest didn’t. As I crawled back into bed, Edrick’s harsh words echoed in my mind.

I fell asleep that night with a puddle of tears on my pillow.

