

Chapter 63 The Decision

Moana

A few more days passed after I told Edrick about the pregnancy. Not much about our relationship changed, aside from an increase in the amount of side glances he would give me throughout the day.

I kept puzzling over what he had said the night I told him.

He had told me, plain and simply, that he would ensure that the child had a good life here and that I could stay since Ella was already attached to me — but he would never publicly accept the child as his own, and he would certainly never marry me.

I knew from the beginning that these two things would be true, but when he said it out loud, it felt so much worse. All I wanted for this baby was for him or her to experience growing up in a loving home with two parents who also loved each other. Yes, the child would have a wealthy father who would provide everything, but money could never replace this lack of love between Edrick and I. Furthermore, I knew that this child would never truly be accepted by the Morgan family. Ella was one hundred percent werewolf, but even Edrick's father didn't treat her the same because she was born before Edrick and Ella's mother got married. As the days ticked on, all I could think about was how much worse Edrick's father would treat my child. I was nothing but a human servant in his eyes. For all

intents and purposes, there was a good chance that Mina would never emerge and I would always technically be a human.

Finally, after four days of this passed, I knew what I had to do.

I simply couldn't go through with this pregnancy. If I was ever going to have a child of my own, it would be a product of love — not the product of a one night stand with a cold Alpha billionaire who would never see the mother of his child as a true equal.

So, on the fourth day, I told Edrick my decision.

“I've decided what I'm going to do,” I said as I stood in the middle of his study.

He looked up at me from his desk. His face was mostly indifferent, but I could sense a bit of worry behind his gray eyes that it seemed as though he was trying to hide.

“And that decision is...?” he asked, leaning forward on his elbows.

I took a deep breath, then swallowed the lump in my throat. “I'm going to abort the baby.”

Edrick was silent. Whenever Mina was awake in the past few days, she begged inside of me to not go through with the abortion, but I kept ignoring her. She didn't understand the full weight of the situation, whereas I did.

“Are you sure about this? You know you still have time to make your decision,” Edrick finally said. “There's no rush. I'd prefer it if you took your time to really think about making such a momentous decision.”

I couldn't believe my ears. Was Edrick actually concerned about the baby?

But even then, I couldn't listen to him. I had spent the past four days spending every waking moment thinking about this. For the past four days, even my dreams had been filled with it, and I knew what I needed to do. I had to go with my head, not my heart; while my heart wanted to

keep the baby, my head was telling me that going through with the pregnancy wouldn't be the right thing to do for the baby, myself, Ella, and even Edrick.

“I know,” I replied, averting my gaze to the floor to hide the tears that began to well up in my eyes. “But I’ve made up my mind already. The sooner it’s over with, the better.”

Edrick nodded despite the grim look on his face. “Alright,” he said. His voice was low and sounded a little strained, but he agreed nonetheless. “It’s your decision. I’ll be supportive of it.”

“Thank you.”

There was another silence. I didn’t know if I should leave or stay, until Edrick finally spoke again. “I’ll take you to the hospital tomorrow,” he said.

The tears in my eyes welled up to the point where he was just an indiscriminate blob in front of me, but I blinked them away and choked out the only response I could muster.

“Thank you.”

I woke up early the next morning. Selina promised to care for Ella for the day, and would tell her that I was out visiting a friend so as not to raise any suspicions. I slowly dressed myself, feeling as though I was moving through a thick sludge as I went through the motions. I brushed my teeth, washed my face, and pulled my hair back. I could feel the suffocating summer heat coming in through the open window of my bedroom — or maybe I was just feeling hot and suffocated anyway.

When I emerged into the foyer, Edrick was waiting for me. He avoided my eyes and didn't speak as we took the elevator downstairs. The driver brought the car around, but Edrick dismissed him and drove me himself so as not to expose my secret. Even throughout the whole car ride to the hospital, we stayed silent. I tried not to look at him as I sat in the passenger seat, but at one point I couldn't resist. When I looked over at him, I saw that his knuckles were white on the steering wheel, and he was clenching and unclenching his jaw.

The full reality of the situation didn't hit me until I saw the hospital come into view. Suddenly, as we pulled into the parking lot, I felt my chest get tight and I lost my breath

"Please don't do this," Mina begged. "Please don't. I want to keep the baby."

"I know," I replied internally. "But the decision has been made. I have to do what's best."

"How is this what's best? You know you want the child. Edrick wants the child, too. You don't have to do this."

After that, I didn't respond.

Edrick pulled up to the front doors and finally turned to look at me for the first time that morning. When I looked at him, I could see a secret pain hiding behind his gray eyes, but he didn't show it fully.

"I'm aware that you're still eligible for the pill abortion and could do it at home," he said, "but I've arranged for you to have a private room until the process is over. I'll be back to pick you up tomorrow."

My eyes widened. I knew that he was just trying to protect Ella from finding out about what was going on and that he was trying to ensure my comfort since there would be a lot of heavy bleeding, but he hadn't mentioned this earlier, and I had been expecting to at least go through with the process in the comfort of my own home.

Part of me wanted to scream at him for being so concerned about his public image that he couldn't even consider coming in with me for the procedure, but I controlled myself and quietly opened the car door.

"Good luck," was all he said.

I didn't respond. Instead, I simply got out of the car and closed the door behind me with a pain in my heart.