

## Chapter 64 Embryo

### Moana

Swallowing my anger over Edrick's sudden choice to leave me at the hospital overnight and chalking it up to him simply wanting to protect his daughter, I took a deep breath and opened the car door before stepping out.

I walked into the spacious lobby, where a secretary was sitting at a small desk. She shot me a confused look as I entered.

"Ma'am, this is a werewolf hospital," she said, her tone of voice sounding flat and annoyed.

This angered me even more than what Edrick had said in the car.

"I know," I replied, walking up to her desk. "I have an appointment."

The secretary stared at me for a moment, looking me up and down briefly, before she returned to slowly chewing her gum and clicking around on her computer. "Name?"

"Moana Fowler," I replied.

She clicked around some more, muttering under her breath, before she seemed to find my appointment. She then wrote my name down on a name tag sticker and handed it to me. "You're on the second floor. The elevator is over there." She pointed behind herself without even turning, then

promptly returned to clicking at her computer. I swallowed as I walked past her and pressed the button on the elevator.

The elevator doors slid open. I stepped on, then pressed the button for the second floor. As I waited for the doors to open again at my destination, I realized that I was touching my stomach nervously, and quickly pulled my hand away as a tear came to my eye.

“You can still turn around,” Mina said. “You can go home. There’s no need to go through with this.”

I ignored her.

The elevator doors slid open on the second floor. I stepped out and followed the signs down the hall to the gynecology department, then walked through a set of large glass double doors. The inside of the gynecology department, to no surprise, was extremely nice with large windows that looked out over a courtyard below and rows of plush chairs in the waiting area. Soft classical music played. Scattered around the room were various other patients waiting for their appointments; there were a few couples and some single women. All of them, of course, looked up at me when I entered, immediately noticing from my lack of a scent that I was a human. One of the women turned and whispered something to her husband as I passed. I overheard her say something about how I didn’t belong here, but I chose to ignore her and instead calmly walked up to the reception desk.

“Hello,” I said to the young nurse working at the desk, who thankfully smiled warmly at me. “I have an appointment. Last name is Fowler.”

The nurse nodded and looked at her computer, then looked back up at me and smiled again. “You’re all set, Miss Fowler. You can take a seat and the nurse will be right out.”

I nodded and walked past the gossipy couple again before I found a seat by the window.

As I sat, I only began to grow more and more nervous. Each time the nurse came out, I would feel my heart leap, only for it to relax again as she would call another patient's name.

Eventually, however, it was my turn.

The nurse led me to my private room. There was a comfortable bed and a couch inside with a nice, big window and even a small kitchenette. The medical equipment, however, ruined the otherwise pleasant atmosphere.

"The doctor will be right in," the nurse said, giving me a hospital gown before leaving me again.

Once I was alone, I put on the hospital gown. It made me feel even more exposed and I couldn't bear my racing heart anymore. I wished, even though we weren't romantically involved, that Edrick had come here with me. It was terrifying to be doing this alone.

Soon enough, the doctor came in with a soft knock on the door. He was a short older man with a bit of a hunch in his back as he walked, but his eyes were bright and youthful.

"Hello, Miss Fowler," he said with a warm smile that helped me relax. "I hear you're coming in for an abortion."

I nodded.

"We will have to perform an ultrasound to check to see exactly how far along the pregnancy is," he said then. "Go ahead and lay back."

I nodded again. Lately, it felt as though nodding was the only thing I could do, as words didn't seem to be capable of coming out of my mouth because of the enormous lump in my throat. I laid back and put my feet up in the stirrups as the doctor asked. My heart raced as he began the internal ultrasound, and I closed my eyes against the feeling of the probe moving around inside of me.

Thankfully, the ultrasound was over quickly; I had always hated those internal ultrasounds. The doctor helped me sit up again, then reached out and patted my hands comfortingly as they sat clenched together in my lap.

“There,” he said. “Now that that’s done, it is protocol for me to ask... Would you like to see the ultrasound before you make your final decision?”

I gulped, freezing for a moment. Of course I wanted to see the ultrasound, but I also worried that seeing the embryo would change my mind. I didn’t know what to do, but finally, my curiosity got the best of me. “I’d like to see it,” I said.

The doctor nodded. He grabbed the side of the ultrasound monitor and turned it so I could see. My heart practically jumped out of my chest as he pointed at the small embryo that had begun to form inside of me.

“There it is,” he said. “Just seven weeks along. If you decide to go through with it, you’ll be eligible for the pill abortion — and, as I understand it, you’ll be spending the night here, so we can make sure you’re comfortable. It’ll be just like a heavy period, with some cramping.”

I wanted to respond, but it felt as though my tongue had been cut out. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the screen. The thought of removing this little life from my body swirled around in my head... I had no qualms with abortion, and always supported women who wanted to go through with it, but now I didn’t know if it was something that I could personally go through with.

Needless to say, I was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

The doctor must have noticed this, because he smiled again. “Seeing the ultrasound can bring up a lot of confusing feelings,” he said. “You can take a few minutes to decide, if you’d like. I can step out.”

“I-I think I’d like to take a few minutes, thank you,” I said, nodding vigorously.

“Of course.” The doctor patted my hand again and gave it a small squeeze. “I’ll be back in five minutes to check on you.”

I watched as he walked out of the room, biting my lip the entire time. Once he was gone, I slowly turned back to look at the screen, and without thinking, I reached out to touch the spot on the image where the little embryo was. It hardly had a shape yet, but already I was beginning to imagine whether it would be a boy or a girl, whether the child would have my eyes or Edrick’s eyes, whether it would have red hair...

I couldn’t help but cry at that point.

It felt as if no time passed at all before the doctor came back. I hardly had any time to stop my crying, and he saw my red and puffy face as soon as he came in. A look of concern spread across his face and he hobbled over to me, reaching out and squeezing my shoulder.

“Did you decide?” he asked.

His question only made me cry even harder. I felt utterly helpless.