

Chapter 7

"But things are different now. With everything that's happened, there are some adjustments being made." Adam replied coolly, the sound of the refrigerator opening sifting through the phone.

"Adjustments?" I echoed, my frustration growing. "What does that even mean?"

"It means," Adam expressed, his tone hardening, "that my uncle is taking a more hands-on approach. Sebastian isn't ready to lead, and until someone is, my uncle will be making the decisions." He announced with a sigh.

"Someone?" I asked, my lips curling upwards as pride exploded within me. He meant Charlotte.

"Yes. Until he... or she is ready. Now, is that all?" He asked, goading me to ask about Charlotte, the reason we both knew I had called.

"Eat this." I heard Adam bark as the sound of china being placed on a table filtered through the phone.

"Do I look like a rabbit?" I heard Charlotte bark; the sound of the plate sliding across the table quickly made me smile.

"Veg?" I asked, my lips twisting into a smile.

"Broccoli. Her iron levels are low." Adam replied as the muffled sound of the phone being held to him cut off whatever he replied to my girl. My stomach ached to hear her again.

"If you try to feed me any more of this shit, Adam, I am going to shove this stalk so far down your throat you will shit enough trees to populate a forest of your own. Am I clear?" I heard my girl, sass.

"SHE is impossible," Adam snarled down the phone to me.

"Sweet potatoes. She likes them." I whispered, feeling my eyes prickle with hot, salty tears.

"How about sweet potatoes?" I heard Adam ask Charlotte.

"Yes, please, with mayo..." Her voice eased my heart, but when it vanished, it ached all over again.

"Me too." I heard Chase chime in.

"Me three," Liam added, and I fought the urge to laugh hearing Adam growl.

"You fuckers can make your own. Unless you're pregnant too..." I knew without seeing Charlotte that she would be smiling happily. Surrounded by the family she always craved.

"I will let you go." I sighed, wishing more than anything I was there with them.

"One second," Adam grunted before the sound of a door closing, indicating that he had left the room.

"She is ok, Kane. You are welcome to..."

"No, it's for the best. Doctors orders.. No stress.. And me... Well, I am stress." I acknowledged. "But I do miss her. If you get a chance, I would love a picture of her... I bet she is getting big."

"Takes up all the room on the cuddle chair; not sure how much longer Chase will be able to nest in with her in the evenings before she crushes him."

"I wouldn't let her hear you say that," I laughed. The image of the four of them playing happy families made me happy for her. But deep down, I resented that it wasn't me. Who I resented, I wasn't sure, but I did.

"You will see her for yourself at Connie's ball." My grip tightened on the phone, sure I had heard him wrong.

"What?" I asked, my mouth suddenly dry. "Why is she coming? She should be resting." I snapped, not sure how I felt about my precious Charlotte anywhere near Connie and her poison.

"She is adamant, and what she wants... Chase makes sure she gets. And I am not saying no to that fucker.. Sorry, Kane. She will be there." I closed my eyes and nodded, forgetting that he couldn't see me.

"Remember, you are always welcome here if it's to see her or speak with your pups. They respond to Chase every time. the fucker is like the baby whisperer." Adam replied when I couldn't find my words. I pursed my lips to thank him, but the phone was snatched from my hands before I could.