

Chapter Ten

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Alpha Quinn Danvers

I tapped my pen against the desk, humming happily, as AC/DC came over the radio in my office. My eyes glanced over the paperwork in front of me, but I couldn't focus on. I was in a good mood. No, I was in a great mood.

The pen – which previously was being used for writing – instantly turned into a mini drum stick and my desk the drum kit. "Yes I'm loose, from the noose" I sang along to the radio, as I drummed along, "that's keep me hanging about, I've been looking at the sky".

I leant over and wacked the radio louder. "Forget the hearse 'cause I never die. I got nine lives, cat's eyes, abasin' every one of them and running wild" I yelled. My drumming intensified as the chorus hit. "Cause I'm back, Yes, I'm back. Well, I'm back. Yes, I'm back. Well, I'm back, back. Well, I'm back in black".

The door to my office flew open with a bang. Ken stormed in. "Yes, I'm back in black" he screamed. He began to rock the air guitar, his blonde bangs sweeping into his face. I dived up, the pens forgotten as I went for the classic air drums.

"Back in the back, of a Cadillac. Number one with a bullet, I'm a power pack" Ken sang to me. I sang back.

"Yes, I'm a bang".

"In a gang".

"They've got to catch me if they want to hang" we sang together. We laughed like we were school boys again, as we rocked out. After a few minutes, we dissolved into laughs as the song came to an end. Ken looked at me, as I turned the radio down and grinned like an idiot.

"What?" I laughed, as he continued to look at me weird.

"Nothing, I just ain't heard you laugh like that in a long time" he replied sincerely. "It's good to see you so happy".

I shrugged, still smiling, as I made my way back over to the desk. I straightened the papers as Ken spoke. "I'm assuming this happiness is all about a certain red-head who you took out for lunch earlier?"

"Might do" I muttered, looking away but still not being able to hide my smile.

"Holy shit did you hit that?" he demanded, slamming his hands on my desk and giving me a look I didn't dare interpret.

"Did I hit that? What are you twelve?" I replied, rolling my eyes at him.

"So you did. No wonder you can't keep that damn smile of your face". He punched my shoulder. "Sex during the lunch hour. What do you think you're twenty one again?" he teased.

"I didn't have sex with Ruth today" I said calmly.

"Today? But you have had sex with her?" he laughed. "Don't try your bullshit Alpha techniques on me. I know how you lie without lying. Alpha loop holes. You dog". He laughed warmly, before raising his hand. "High five".

"No. I'm not high fiving you".

"Come on...you know you want to". He jiggled his hand in the air.

"No".

"Go on".

"No".

"Just one little high five?"

I sighed heavily, "idiot". I high fived him begrudgingly as he practically vibrated with happiness. "So what was lunch today then? Your first date as a couple?"

"No" I said firmly. I looked up at his and shook my head, "Ruth and I are not a couple. As much as I would love for her to be my girlfriend, she is not interested in having a relationship with me".

Ken perched on the side of my desk, arms crossed as he narrowed his eyes at me. "So why the hell are you in such a good mood? There is no way you'd be dancing around and laughing if you'd just been blown off. So something else with Eden must have happened. But what? That is the question".

"Elementary, my dear Watson".

He gave me a glare for teasing at him, before he carried on his detective act. "So, you've slept together but she doesn't want to be your girlfriend. Yet, you seem very happy with yourself". He paused and blinked.

"You worked it out yet, Nancy Drew?" I grumbled, raising an eyebrow. I knew that Ruth had said that she didn't want to tell anyone about the baby yet – but I wanted Ken to know. Technically, if I never told Ken and he guessed, then I hadn't gone against Ruth's wishes. Alpha loop holes, as Ken called them.

"Well there is only two reasons why a girl would contact you after a one night stand. And if doesn't hurt when you pee, then it must be..." he trailed off. His bright eyes widened as he searched my face. "Holy shit? Really?"

I tried to hide my smile but failed miserably. "She doesn't want to tell anyone until after the fourteen-week scan. But, yes, we're having a baby".

"Holy shit! I mean, seriously, holy fucking shit". Ken jumped from my desk and tackled me into an aggressive hug. "Ah, man, I am so fucking happy for you". He pulled back, holding me at arms length as he grinned like a maniac. "You're going to be a father".

"Yeah" I smiled to myself, "I'm going to be a father".

After that there was a lot of man hugging, back slapping and general gushing of happiness. And it felt good. Man, did it feel good.

Ken's reaction was exactly the reaction I gave when Diana first got pregnant. I remembered it so well. I was only twenty-one, had only been an Alpha for a few years, and was still untainted by a failed mating. I was young and happy and hopeful. And, when Ken had told me that Diana was pregnant, I was happier than when I saw my two best friends marry. And that had been my reaction when we were young and naive.

Ken had been there through my darkest days, not sure if I'd ever pull back and be the friend he'd grown up beside. And now, to know that he was as happy for me as I was for him all those years ago – possible even more so – made me relax in knowing that good things were coming. Yes, perhaps Ruth and I wouldn't work out, but I'd have a child. I had always wanted to be a father, and that was about to finally happen for me.

I explained to Ken that Ruth didn't want anyone knowing until after the fourteen week scan, and he respected that. He would tell Diana, of course, but he promised that they'd both keep mum about the entire situation. And I knew they would, but it was nice to share my good news with someone.

"Ah, man, I am so fucking happy for you" Ken shook his head, clasping his hand on my arm. "And you and Eden will make some good looking babies". He gave a low whistle of appreciation. I laughed and pushed him away.

"Anyway, that is enough talking, I have work I need to do for the council".

Ken glanced at his watch, "well I promised Diana I'd pick the twins up from school, so I'd better get going anyway". He stood up and moved towards the door, "you're coming for dinner tonight? I'll get Diana to make her cheesy fried chicken to celebrate".

"Sounds great. I was going to run out and grab some things for Ruth anyway, so I'll pick up some wine".

"Awesome. Text me when you're on your way" he nodded, before exiting my office.

After I finished my work, I picked my car up from my house and headed back into the city. It was barely five o'clock, but the shops were busy and it took me longer than I would have liked to get everything I wanted. Just before leaving, I swung by a liquor store and picked up a bottle of wine.

By the time I arrived back to the pack – after getting caught in rush hour traffic – the sun was setting. I stopped by Ruth's cabin and cursed the traffic as I was too late, and she'd already left to her rounds. Luckily, she'd left her front door open. I left the present on her kitchen counter, with a small note, before heading over to Ken and Diana's house.

"Hey, I brought wine" I hollered, as I walked through their front door. These people were more my family than anyone blood ever had been – I didn't knock and they'd never ask me too. I headed into the kitchen and placed the bottle of wine on the table, before a blonde bombshell tackled me.

I grunted as Diana threw herself to me, her feet practically leaving the ground as she wrapped herself around me. She sobbed heavily into me, incoherent noises, as I braced myself with her weight. I glanced up at Ken who shrugged and grabbed the wine, before heading over to get some glasses.

"Diana, you're getting mascara on my shirt" I commented, detaching her from me. She sobbed out a laugh, as she snuggled and wiped her cheeks. Her short blonde hair was sticking up in every direction and her eyes were bright with moisture. "You alright?" I asked, pushing her hair down.

"I'm so happy for you, Quinn. I've always wanted this for you" she cried, "you're such a loving father and now you're going to have people to give that love to. It's been so hard seeing you so hurt, for so long, and some days I'd see you and I'd fear the worst...I was terrified that we were going to lose you, Q". She pressed a kiss to my cheek. "I love you".

"I love you too, loser" I smiled, hugging her tightly. I held her at arms length and shared a soft smile with her. "Now, how about you stop crying and we can start celebrating this?"

Diana grinned at me, "celebrating sounds like a perfect idea".