

Chapter Eleven

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My hands shook as I tried not to freak myself out. I knew it was going to be hard having a baby with an Alpha, but I kept forgetting that that Alpha was Quinn. Quinn was not like any Alpha I had met before – granted I hadn't experienced lots of them. But, his thoughtfulness and kindness made it harder and harder to resist him.

And as much as I liked Quinn, I couldn't be with him. Part of it was that I was scared to get hurt again, but the larger part of it was that I didn't want to hurt Quinn. Because I did like Quinn, but that was all it was – like I'd experienced love, I'd experienced having a soul mate and he hadn't. I would never be able to fill that void that his mate le, and it wasn't fair of me to try.

As much as he was over the death of his mate, it would still a ect any sort of relationship with him. Because he was still looking for that once in a life time, tingles in your stomach, type of love. Because he'd not ever had that. And, as much I may wish it was di erent, I'd already had that. And as good as he was, and as much as I liked him, he wouldn't compare to Drew.

It was cruel actually, how Drew could hurt me so much, yet I knew that I would still choose him over any other man. He was toxic and addictive, and I was an addict who couldn't get enough. It took the death of our son for me to realise how deep I hadn't gotten, and I le . But, as much as I didn't want to, I wasn't sure that I'd never go back.

If someone asked me tomorrow, if I would go back to Drew my answer would be; 'no, hell no. Absolutely no way in fucking hell!Yet, there was still a part of me – that Werewolf soul of mine – that would always reply with 'but what if?'

And it was that little 'but what if' that stopped me pursuing a relationship with Quinn, or any man in the future. Because it wouldn't be fair to let Quinn fall in love with me, think I was his future, while I kept thinking 'but what if' in the back of my mind. Drew was always going to be there, and it wasn't fair – not when I could potentially get in the way of Quinn meeting someone he could actually have a future with.

But, as set as I was on my decision, Quinn didn't make it easy.

"Stupid Alpha" I muttered to myself, under my breath – but I wasn't truly annoyed, just exasperated. While I had been out running my rounds, Quinn had dropped o a present at my house. A kind, thoughtful, sweet present. "Damn him to hell!" I grumbled.

The box was large and white, with a so purple ribbon wrapped around it. Inside was a selection of small gi s that made up the one large gi . It was like a 'thanks for forgetting to take your birth control pills' hamper. I looked through the presents with weird butterfly feeling in my stomach.

Inside the box was; two boxes of chocolate, a bottle of alcohol-free champagne, a scrap book for pregnant woman, two catalogues of baby items, a selection of gi cards to baby shops, a selection of maternity clothing and a book of baby names.

All the gi s were thoughtful and sweet, that was why I was so annoyed. It was hard enough to resist someone who openly told you he wanted to be with you, but it was even harder when that person was completely understanding and was thoughtful enough to buy me a hamper of gi s.

I didn't see Quinn until the next morning, he rang me twice but I slept in late and missed them. I sent him a text when I woke up and by the time I'd showered and changed, he was knocking on my door. "Morning" he grinned, as I let him in – my hair still wrapped up in a towel on the top of my head. He knelt down and kissed my stomach, completely taking me o guard, "and morning to you, little one".

"I was going to come see you later" I commented, shutting the front door behind him.

"I was up anyway" Quinn shrugged, pushing his dark hair back. He was wearing his workout clothes, so I assumed he had been for his normal morning run around the territory borders. A slight glisten of sweat was on his golden skin, but apart from that he didn't look like he'd just run the equivalent of a half marathon.

While I dried my hair, Quinn cooked breakfast in my kitchen – making a little more mess than scrambled eggs usually took. But, then, I couldn't imagine Quinn being much of a cook in his day-to-day life. The eggs tasted fine though.

"So, what do you want to do today?" he asked, as we piled the plates into my sink.

"Are we doing something together?" I asked coyly.

"Of course. I was thinking we should do a bit of baby shopping. And, I know what you're going to say, that it's too early to start shopping. But, I don't think there is anything wrong with being prepared. We'll just get the basic stu ; a crib, a stroller and maybe one of those diaper changing table things. Also--"

"I've got some errands I was going to run today, Quinn" I cut him o .

"Oh" his face fell. "Well maybe I can help you do them and then we can go shopping a erwards".

"I need a little time on my own to process everything" I admitted, honestly. "I've been so consumed with grief for Abel, a er his birthday has just passed, that I haven't been able to process a lot of this. I just think I need some time for me for a few days".

"Oh, well, alright". He looked heartbroken and I hated being the bitch that was doing this to him. But, we needed some space apart. We were going to co-parent, we were not in a relationship and that was going to be di icult. I had to have my head in the right space for that or I might just end up getting involved with him and then hurting him when I couldn't fully commit.

But, Quinn was a tenacious Alpha and my need for space didn't deter him. That night – a er I spent my day organising myself – he turned up on my doorstep, takeout in hand. If I weren't so hungry I might have turned him away, but I really couldn't resist the smell of satay that was coming from one of the boxes.

Domestically we sat down to diner in my lounge. I had been watching Dancing With The Stars, I tried to turn it over but he insisted we keep it on. He'd never watched the show before, nor knew any of the celebrities, so I spent most of the time explaining what was going on.

A er we'd eaten, Quinn suggested putting a movie on and since he'd sat through my show I let him pick. We settled on some action movie that bored us both a er the third unrealistic car chase, and we turned to chatting.

Quinn was respectful of the fact that I was still processing the baby topic, so we talked about anything and everything else. He told me about being an Alpha, his childhood and then, finally, his love live.

"She's your age though" I laughed, as he told me about one of the Pack she-wolves who was constantly pursuing him.

"Anna is almost ten years my senior" he laughed back.

"No way! She looks amazing. Why haven't you gone for it?"

"I didn't feel like that about her. Plus, she has teenage sons and I just don't want to be a step-father. I've always wanted to be a father". He glanced at me, his eyes shining, as he spoke. I quickly realised it was time to change subject.

"So, what about Alpha-diggers?" I asked quickly. He raised an eyebrow in confusion. "Like gold-diggers but not a er your money, a er the Luna title. Must be a fair few of those hanging around you".

"A few years back yes, but I think everyone has worked out by now that I am not just going to marry the first girl who throws themselves at me".

"You asked me to marry you yesterday" I deadpanned, giving him a teasing look.

He blushed, "that is di erent. I actually like you, not to mention you're pregnant with my child. I did actually get in engaged to one girl two years ago".

I blinked, "what happened?"

"She told me she was pregnant, and I did what I did with you. O ered her marriage, the Luna title and everything else she wanted". He paused, looking down at his hands as his mood darkened. "I think she knew that I was about to break up with her, so she lied about being pregnant. I quickly found out she wasn't pregnant – not through the lack of trying on her part. And that hurt me the most, that she would try and conceive a child in that way to get some stupid title. A child is something that should be loved, not used as a pawn to get things".

I o ered him a so smile, "I couldn't agree more".

We spoke a little more, before I began to get tired – and I couldn't stifle the yawns anymore. "I should get going" Quinn announced, noticing that I was fading.

"Alright" I nodded. I walked him to the door, pausing as he said he goodbye to me – and the foetus. I watched him walk into the darkness of the night towards his house. "Hey, Quinn" I called a er him – the words out of my mouth before I could stop them.

He came right back. "What's up?"

"I'll do it" I agreed, he gave me a look – willing me explain more. "I'll move in with you". He beamed a bright smile. "But only as co-parents" I continued before he could get too excited. "I want my own room, my own bathroom and we are going to do this as friends raising a baby. I need you to promise me that you won't try anything romantic. I've made my decision and I'd like you to respect that".

Quinn hugged me tightly. "Thank you. And I promise, I will not try anything. I respect that you don't want to be with me and I accept that. All I want now is for us to have a good relationship for our child".

"Then it's a plan".

He grinned brightly, "yes it is".

A/N - I'm sorry I have been a bit slow with the updates but I have been so busy lately! Please cut me some slack live is crazy right now and I am trying!