

Chapter Twelve

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Ruth Eden Glass

I looked around the room, my stomach turning out of nervousness. The room was beautiful; with a large king size bed in the middle, an old-fashioned chest of draws and matching closet and an en-suite bathroom. But, the best part of the room was the large bay style windows that streamed light into the room – with the most beautiful view of the territory and the forest. My stomach turned again as I pictured myself living here, raising my baby here, having everything I wanted.

My stomach groaned for a third time – making me realise it was not to do with nerves and everything to do with the pregnancy. I dashed to the bathroom, bile rising up my throat as I dived towards the toilet. I wasn't quick enough and partially missed the toilet bowl – but I was too busy throwing up to care.

"Shit, Ruth?" Quinn said, rushing into my room before following the sounds of my retching to the bathroom. At seeing me knelt in front of the toilet, heaving my guts up, he quickly whisked in and pulled my hair out the way. "That's it" he encouraged, rubbing my back so , "get it all out".

When my breakfast, lunch and dinner had successfully exited my body, I slumped back against Quinn with a shuddered breath. "Why do they call it morning sickness when it hits you all times of the fucking day?" I grumbled, closing my eyes as I took deep breaths to calm my still whirling stomach.

"It's due to the hormones in your body. It can be a good sign that the placenta is developing well and--"

"Quinn, quit reading those pregnancy books. Please, I beg of you" I groaned, as he helped me back to my feet.

He chuckled, "sorry. I liked to be prepared. Plus, I want to help you through all of this". I moved away from his hold and glared down at the vomit that had missed the toilet – my stomach turned just at the sight of it. "I'll clean this up, you go grab yourself a glass of water".

"I need to brush my teeth again".

"You should wait at least thirty minutes before brushing your teeth after being sick. The acid from your stomach will just get rubbed into your teeth otherwise. It'll dissolve the enamel and turn your teeth yellow". He pulled a bottle of mouthwash out from under the sink. "I brought this for you".

"Stop reading those damn pregnancy books". I pushed past him and to the basin, grabbing my toothbrush from the side and raising it. I paused for a moment, before sighing heavily and putting the toothbrush down again. Quinn silently handed me the mouthwash, before he began to clean the bathroom floor for me.

I then got ready for bed, showering and putting on my pyjamas – by then enough time had passed that Quinn told me it was fine to brush my teeth. I always gave him a glare for his efforts, but always following his pregnancy tips none the less.

My eighteen week scan was approaching fast, most of the weeks had been spent with me moving into Quinn's house. And, finally, after all the back and forth from my side of things, we were officially living together.

"You think you're going to be comfortable in this room?" Quinn asked, as I braided my hair. In the past weeks, Quinn and I had been spending a lot of time together – to the point that we were passed friend but nowhere near lovers. We had the kind of relationship where Quinn would clean up my vomit and tuck me into bed at night, but he still was nervous about sitting too close to me on the couch or giving me hugs. I had no idea what we were – more than friends but less than lovers.

"The room is really nice" I nodded, as I perched on the end of the bed. He sat on the window seat, watching me with a soft smile. "The view is beautiful".

"Yeah, I always loved these windows".

"Why isn't this your bedroom then? Surely you could have chosen any room in the house to live in?" I finished braiding my hair and glanced over to Quinn who blushed sheepishly. I groaned loudly. "This was your bedroom wasn't it?"

"Part of the agreement you had in moving in was that you wanted your own bathroom. Which, is fair enough, you're pregnant. This room is the only one with an en-suite, the others just have bathrooms near them".

"Quinn" I groaned, shaking my head at him. "I told you that as nice it is that you want to make me comfortable, I don't want you sacrificing your life for me".

"For you and the baby" he corrected, standing up and walking over to the bed. "All new parents have to make changes in their lives to accommodate a new baby. And, honestly, I want to make these changes. I can't wait to be a father and I am happy to start with little changes first. If it makes you more comfortable to have this room then I want you to have it".

I sighed heavily, shaking my head at him. "Goodnight, Quinn".

"Night!". He pressed a sweet kiss to my forehead, before leaving me in the bedroom alone.

Quinn and I quickly fell into a routine of living together – both of us working during the days before spending nights together. A few times a week Quinn ate with Diana and Ken, which was fine because usually it was on the nights I had pack rounds to do.

The pack knew we were living together but we were still keeping the pregnancy quiet. I hid the growing pregnancy bump with baggy clothing and avoiding the busy pack areas. The pack assumed we were romantically involved, understandably, but no one dared asked us – they were waiting until Quinn and I openly spoke about, which we hadn't done yet.

When the day of the eighteen week scan came along, I couldn't believe it. The first scan I had had when I was only a month pregnant and now that I was almost five months ago, it seemed this pregnancy was steaming along. With how busy work was, getting my squad ready for nationals, and how busy living with Quinn seemed, the days were flying by.

"Are you excited?" Quinn beamed, as I looked through my clothing choices. He sat on the edge of my bed – no doubt he'd been up hours because he was so excited. Most of my symptoms, such as morning sickness, were gone but I was still exhausted all the time. Any time I had a moment to myself, I was asleep. I'd even got into the habit of sleeping in my office at work before practice.

"Yes, but not as excited as you obviously" I muttered.

"It just means that we can finally decorate the nursery and start buying things" Quinn chatted, as I looked at my clothing choices. I drowned him out as I looked at all the choices I had – which were limited. I had yet to buy proper maternity clothing, still hoping I could squeeze into my baggy clothing. But, even those were getting tight now.

No one in the pack had outright asked if I was pregnant, but I'd caught a few glances at my growing stomach and wishful whispers about the chance of an heir. Nothing had been confirmed from either Quinn or myself, not that Quinn didn't want to tell the whole damn world.

"Ruth?" he called out, pulling me from my pouting. "Are you alright?" He moved over to me, brushing some wild curls from my face as he smiled down at me.

"I've just woken up in a bad mood" I admitted.

His hands rubbed my ever-growing stomach, "are you not excited about finding out the sex?"

"No, of course I am" I sighed, feeling like a complete bitch. "I'm just tired, my back hurts and practically none of my clothes fit anymore. I'm just..." I trailed off, my eyes going misty due to unshed tears.

"Hey, don't cry". Quinn quickly wrapped me up in his arms – giving me the warmest, most homily, hug I could ever ask for. His kindness and familiarity wrapped around me, soothing me from my soul outwards. A few tears dropped before I blinked the rest back again. He pulled back and wiped my cheeks with his thumbs, his hands cupping my face.

"I'm sorry, I'm a hormonal wreck this morning" I muttered, offering him a sad smile.

"Don't apologise, Darlin". Light shone in his beautiful eyes and for a moment my heart did a small little skip. Recently, as my hormones were increasing, I was beginning to find myself sinfully attracted to Quinn, in a way that had me lusting after him like a teenager. But, I knew that sex would just complicated everything again – especially since Quinn would likely read more into it than just sex. So, as much I felt myself pinning for him, I knew that I couldn't let my physical needs get in the way of the amazing relationship we were making for our child.

I looked away from his eyes, trying to calm my hormones, before turning back to the closet. "Can I borrow a shirt? None of mine fit anymore, so I've been wearing dresses but that won't work for the scan" I said, changing the subject.

"Sure thing" he grinned at me, before disappearing out the room. That damn smile that had my hormones spinning and dipping.

"Get a grip of yourself, Eden" I snapped at myself, before heading into the bathroom for a cold shower.

After I was changed, and ready for the day, Quinn and I headed out. As we walked through the village, everyone could see Quinn's good mood radiating. He stopped to talk to everyone we passed, his hand on my back like a silent claim – one that confirmed to everyone that we were more than friends. I didn't care enough to tell anyone that we weren't actually in a relationship – we were living together and having a baby together, not even I would believe that we weren't dating.

I felt like everyone was looking at me that day, well looking at the baby bump. I was wearing one of Quinn's shirts – which I was hoping would have hidden the bump, but no, if anything it just made me look bigger because it was so baggy. I had been avoiding large pack areas for the past few weeks, due to that very reason.

"Everyone is staring at me" I whispered to Quinn, as I saw the pack hospital in the distance.

"I didn't want to tell you this, but um..." Quinn rubbed a hand over his face, trying not to smile.

I narrowed my eyes at him, "what?"

"Darlin', you're waddling" he laughed. I pouted, glancing down at my feet.

"I'm not even five months, I am not waddling" I frowned.

"It's probably because you're so tiny normally. But, yeah, I'm sorry but you're waddling. I think it's pretty obvious that your pregnant to everyone now". He glanced down at me as we reached the hospital, his eyes glistening with amusement and happiness.

"I guess this means that we have to tell the pack now then" I sighed. Quinn was well aware that I was dreading telling the pack. The Red Knox Pack had been waiting for an heir for years and I might be giving them one – they were going to be excited and happy, which was great, but I was only just getting used to the idea of being a mother again, I didn't need the pressure of the pack on me as well.

"Yes, I have to tell them soon, Darlin" Quinn admitted, stopping me outside the hospital. "I know it's scary but if I don't tell them they'll think I'm trying to deceive them. As an Alpha, I have to be transparent with my pack".

"I know" I nodded, and I did. Quinn had held off telling the pack for me and he'd done that as long as he could. I wouldn't make him do it any longer, that would make the pack question him as a leader. And he was a great leader, I didn't want that being questioned because of me.

Inside the hospital, we didn't have to wait long until the doctor came out and took us in. I waddled – apparently – after him, with Quinn close behind. The ultrasound was already set up and ready for us. And before long we were both eagerly waiting for the doctor to say anything, as he ran the reader of my stomach.

"Odd" the doctor said suddenly.

My stomach sunk, "what? What happened? Is there something wrong with the baby?"

"Sorry" he apologised instantly, turning to me with a sheepish look. "There is nothing wrong...I just...I don't know how to tell you both this..."

"Doc, please" Quinn prompted as the doctor trailed off.

"Well, it seems I have made an oversight with the previous scans" he said, before turning the screen to face us. Silence reigned in the room as we looked at the screen, my blood pumping so loud I could hear it.

"Is that..." I trailed off in shock.

"There are two" Quinn whispered so lowly, as shocked as I was.

"It seems you're having twins, Eden".