

Chapter Twenty

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Ruth Eden Glass

Ken glanced up as I walked in. He was sat at his desk, which was positioned outside Quinn's office. Despite the fact it was almost nine pm, he was working. He blinked in shock at seeing me. "Eden are you alright? Is Quinn okay?"

"He's fine...I need to see Drew" I admitted. Ken gave me a judgemental look but I ignored it. "Quinn knows about it. But I need to".

Ken ran a hand down his face, looking worried. "I don't know what happened between you and your mate, Eden, Quinn hasn't told me anything. But, I ain't stupid, it's not good. I get that you want to see him, and I'm not going to stop you, but you're almost seven months pregnant and I don't want you in there with him alone".

"I'll keep the door open" I agreed.

I glanced to the door to Quinn's office – knowing that Drew was so close, but if I wanted to I could still walk away. I wanted to walk away.

No, that was wrong, I wanted to run away. High tail it out of there and straight back into the safety of Quinn's arms.

Until Devon turned up to take Drew back to Black Bloods Pack – and keep him there – he was locked up in Quinn's office. I paused in front of door, hand holding out for the knob, took one last breath and pushed it open.

I expected Drew to be right in front of me, pleading to see his mate with whoever opened the door for him. But it was strangely silent inside the room. It unsettled me even more. I eased into the room – eyes looking over the couch before over to Quinn's desk.

Drew sat at Quinn's desk, holding a picture frame in his hands, his eyes misty with unshed tears. Drew looked different but the same as my memory. He looked like he did when we first started dating, a million miles away from the alcoholic mess of a man he was the last time we spoke.

"He was telling the truth" he said – voice hoarse and rough. I didn't reply and he finally looked up. Drew blinked, mouth gaping open, before he jumped up from the desk. He had thought I was Ken checking up on him.

I couldn't help but admire Drew. No matter how much he'd hurt me, he was still my mate and I would always be attracted to him. We were mates and – despite everything – I had loved him with all of my soul.

"Eden" he breathed out, dropping the picture frame and grabbing my hands. Electricity ran through my body as we touched; just like it did the first time we'd met and Drew had held his hand out to shake mine. "God, look at you" he breathed out, looking me up and down. As if they knew, the twins moved inside me – making the skin on my stomach bob slightly. Drew blew out a deep breath.

"I thought...I thought when Alpha Danvers said you were pregnant that he was lying. That he just wanted me to leave, that he was trying to hurt me. But...it's true...holy fuck it's true". I was rendered dumb as I looked up at him. Drew didn't seem to notice as he carried on monologuing.

"I know I fucked up, Eden, I know that I fucked up worse than anyone has ever fucked up ever. I can never undo what I did. I can never bring Abel back. But, I'm trying to make amends for everything. I'm sober, for a full year now, and I got a proper job in an office. The Commanders have even put me back onto Pack duties".

I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out.

"And I know things are different now, that you've changed as well. But I want to try again. I'll be better and I'll look after you and I'll never hurt you again. I know that it's going to be hard, getting over Abel, but I love you and we can do it again".

"I'm pregnant" I blurted out.

"I can see that. But, that's fine. I understand that you had to move on, but we can work this around. The kid can spend time between the two packs. Stay with us for a couple months, and then back here with Alpha Danvers and--"

"It's twins".

"Oh...well...okay that still doesn't change anything and--"

"Did you really think it would be that simple?" I snapped, snatching my hand out of his and taking a step backwards. All the way over here, I had rehearsed my speech in my head. But that had flown out my brain the moment I saw Drew again. But, none of that matter anymore. He was here, in front of me, and all my anger and grieve and scorn slammed into me like a bus. The words, unplanned and truthfully, spilled out of me like liquid.

"Did you really think it would be that simple?" I repeated. "You just turn up, out of the blue, after almost four years, say a little spiel about being sorry and moving on and, hey presto, we're back in business?"

I saw Ken lingering at the doorway behind me – no doubt my sudden increase in volume worried him enough to check in. When he realised I was fine, he backed away, but I was sure he was still just standing outside the doorsightline, just in case. I paid him little mind as I continued in my rant.

"Abel is dead because of you. Nothing you can do, or ever say, will change that. Our son died because of you. You can blame it on the drink all you like, but you made that choice. It's a conscious decision every time you put a bottle to your lips. It's a conscious decision every time you took a different girl to bed. Alcohol may have speared you on, but you had the willpower to stop it if you really wanted to. But, you never did".

"Eden, I get that you're angry but--"

"I'm not angry, Drew. I'm done being angry. I was angry for such a long time. Angry and depressed and empty. But, finally, after everything...I am over that. No, Drew, I'm not angry. I'm happy, finally and truthfully, happy. I love Quinn and he loves me, and we're having twins as we're going to raise them here. In this pack. Together".

Drew's eyes searched my face frantically – some indication that he could change my mind. But he couldn't. I always thought that confronting Drew again would be the hardest thing I ever had to do. But, I was wrong. This...this was easy. Because I had been wrong. I had moved on.

Without even realising it, my feelings for Drew had dimmed and dimmed until they were now just a small candle flicker in my memories. Quinn and been everything I had needed and wanted, and somewhere along the rollercoaster of the past nine months with the Red Knox Pack, my broken heart had healed.

I was right, a part of me would always love Drew. But that part was my memory.

"I gave you chance after chance, Andrew" I sighed, lowering my voice again. "If you had wanted to be with me, you would have made the effort back then. It's too little too late now. You don't get to pick and choose when you're ready to be a mate to me anymore. Because I'm no longer your mate, just like I am no longer your wife".

"Eden, please, let me explain. I am--"

"I. I. I. That is all you have said today and all you've ever said. You haven't even asked how I dealt with the death of our son or how I got through it. No, you only care about what you're doing and your life. Well, I'm not part of your life anymore Drew. You spent too long worrying about you, when some of that time should have been spent worrying about me. Now I have someone who does look after me...and I'm not giving him up for anything".

His face tightened in anger. "So that's it's now? You're just going to trade me in for an Alpha? I never thought you were the kind of girl to sleep her way to the top".

I shook my head slowly at you, "I actually feel sorry for you Drew. You had something that most people only dream about having, and you threw it all away. For what? Alcohol? Other woman? All pointless shallow things. You have a wife who loved you and a son on the way. But you lost all that, and that is something you have to deal with now. Because I've dealt with it and I've moved on. If any part of you ever loved me, Andrew, then you'd let me live my life with the man I chose to be with".

I knelt down and picked up the picture frame that Drew had dropped on the floor. It was a picture that I hated but Quinn loved. He'd sneakily took it on his phone a couple of days after announcing to the Pack about the babies. I was sat on some grassy steps, in Ken and Diana's backyard, a bottle of water in my hands. I was taking to someone off to the side – the wind had caught me at a bad time, and half of my red curls were covering my face. I was laughing as I tried to push them away from my face.

I hated the photo, because I thought the angle made me look chubby. Quinn had rolled his eyes at me and told me it was his favourite picture of me – because it captured me unaware and happy. I had no idea he'd even framed it and put it on his desk.

I walked around to his desk, the picture in my hands. I'd never seen Quinn's desk from his side before. He had two computer screens set up in the middle, with pictures lined up on either side of it. One picture of his parents, another of teenage versions of him, Ken and Diana at a high school football game, the one of me and, finally, a picture of the sonogram of the twins.

I smiled to myself as I put the picture frame back in position. I then glanced up at Drew who was watching me silently. "Don't move any of his stuff again, Quinn is very particular about where his things are".

I walked away and over to the door. Ken was – like I predicted – hovering outside awkwardly. He gave me a bashful smile as he sat back down at his desk. I gave him a small nod, before glancing back at Drew. "Goodbye Drew. Devon will be here in the morning to take you back home. Please don't return to the Red Knox Pack, because you're not welcome".

I shut the office door on him and on that chapter of my life.