

Chapter 84

Emily's pov

Feeling anxious and nervous, I waddled my way over to dad's little room. I knocked on the door and waited for him to open it.

He wheeled out on his own, wishing me a good morning until he saw my face and stopped. He hand signed. "What's wrong?"

I held my belly, my heart rate spiking a beat. " I can't find Lucy. She didn't come back last night after her run."

It was very unusual of Lucy to not be back at this time. The sun was already out!

My heart raced, anxiety gnawing at my insides. Lucy's absence was indeed unusual, and the longer she stayed gone the more my worry intensified.

"I'm sure she's fine Emily," Dad signed but his gaze drifted low to the old wooden floor. My brows furrowed in confusion. He was acting strange.

"Dad,"

His eyes lift and I could swear I saw a slight wince. His reaction was making me even more anxious about Lucy's disappearance.

" She's fine, I promise," He signed, his eyes flickering to the door.

I tried to take comfort in his words, but my worry still clawed at me. "Dad, something doesn't feel right. We need to find her. I'm going out to look for her, I can't just stay here and do nothing."

Just as I turned around to make my way to the door, Lucy steps through, a huge bag in her hand. Relief washed over me, my earlier fear and anxiety gave way to a mix of emotions swirling within me.

Relief, confusion, and anger.

"Lucy! Where the hell have you been!?"I exclaimed, my voice trembling with a mix of worry and frustration.

She dropped the bag at my sudden outburst and the contents spill out. Baby clothes. New baby clothes.

Lucy's eyes widened as the baby clothes spilled out of the bag and onto the floor. She quickly knelt down to gather them, her expression a mix of surprise and guilt. I watched as she carefully collected the tiny onesies and booties, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"I'm so sorry, Emily," Lucy said, her voice filled with regret as she stacked the baby clothes back into the bag. "I had to go into town to get these. I know I should have told you, but I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Lucy," I whispered, fear knitting it's ugly claws in my body. We had no money, so where did she get the money to buy the clothes?

" Please tell me you didn't steal those clothes Lucy," I didn't want to sound accusing but it came out as such.

Lucy's eyes met mine, and I could see the hurt in her gaze." Of course not Emily. How can you think that?"

She finished packing the baby clothes into the bag and slowly rose to her feet, her voice trembling as she responded. " I got a good catch last night and traded the meat for money. I got a good sum for it and it managed to buy some of these for the baby."

Guilt washed over me as I realized the accusation in my tone had hurt her deeply. I didn't mean to sound so accusing. " I'm sorry," I apologize.

Lucy's eyes softened and she walked over to me. As she embrace me, I relaxed instantly. " It's fine." She whispered.

I turn to dad, my eyes narrowing. " You knew her plans all along didn't you?"

He gave a sheepish smile and wheeled away from us. I glared at his back playfully.

Dad turned back to us, chuckling at my playful glare. He signed, "I might have known, but I promised Lucy not to reveal her surprise. It was her idea to make it special for you."

My heart warmed and my vision blurred as I struggled to hold in my emotions.

"Thank you guys," I sniffled, lifting my hands to my face to wipe away my tears. Those pregnancy hormones do a number on me and I have grown to realise they make me emotional a lot. I'd cry by just touching some flowers in the garden.

Lucy laughed heartily, hugging me once more and making sure to be careful of my belly. " Don't cry on us now Em. We'd do anything for you."

And I have come to realise that. I honestly didn't know where I'd be without them. If I hadn't found them that day, I might've not made it.

They saved me. And I will always be grateful.

After a few teases here and there we began sorting through the baby clothes. Each tiny outfit brought a new wave of excitement and anticipation for the arrival of the baby.

Lucy's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as she held up a soft, nude-colored onesie. "Look at this one, Emily. It's so cute!"

It really was and I could just imagine a little Bryce in them. I will admit, I have been wishing for a little boy. One that resembles his dad.

I smiled at the thought. " It is, he'll look so cute in those."

Lucy's eyes twinkled and she joked. " So you finally give into dad's prediction about the baby being a boy?"

I shrugged, smiling faintly. " A little boy will be nice." I said while strolling over to the wooden shelf. I pick up the photo frame of Bryce and I, and smiled sadly. " A little boy who looks exactly like him."