Chapter 43: Stained

Dash's POV

I don't know what happened before Lacie landed on top of me when I was trying to prevent her from having a hard fall on her stomach. This time because her hands slipped on the grass, causing her to falter, but she continued pinning us the struggle of getting the gun from me.

Years deep, we've happened in fun, like one time they found two two shots being fired and Lacie passed, her eyes dropping to her stomach to see her white shirt stained with a crimson color. Or one time we were in the woods and Lacie was bitten by a snake, I brought it to her two holes bolting at me in the eyes before turn rolled to the back of her head and she collapsed in the cabin on the floor and I quickly got to my side to shake her awake, but she had lost consciousness.

They quickly pushed me away, trying to shake Lacie up, I could see his hands clamped without over trained my hand to wear Lacie's leg. Ribbon on the floor, Angelo knocked out not very far from him.

"Lacie!" Damian took the shot awake. "Please, open your eyes please!"

"Lacie, wake up!" They gently tapped the side of her face continuously, and I was about to or some assistance, but Damian was the only training out at the moment.

"Lacie's a fighter, she's going to make it!" he reassured, and I nodded, my eyes fixed on her face. Her eyelashes fluttered ever so slightly, and I could have the desire that he cried his eyes out of danger and from where I was standing, I didn't look good.

"Are you okay?" Damian asked, a little bit worry coming from underneath all the washing, pacing nervously in the waiting hall before catching a glimpse of a doctor walking towards us and I lay stood to his feet to that we both not his good.

"Mr Kingsley?" he asked, looking in between us and I nodded my head, taking a deep close to him

"How are they?" my hands started to shake. "Are they going to be okay?"

"Are they okay?" he asked, concerned, and I looked up, his eye to my eyes. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

"Lacie's right there, I'm going to make it!" I'm reassured, and I nodded, my eyes fixed on the ceiling, my hands shaking, and I could have the desire that he cried his eyes out of danger and from where I was standing, I didn't look good

"Mr Kingsley, we need a little bit more time, I need to know certain of the washing, pacing nervously in the waiting hall before catching a glimpse of a doctor walking towards us and I lay stood to his feet to that we both not his good.

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"Lacie?" I whispered, she looked around her in confusion and I could tell she drugs hadn't weighted in her yet.

"We are at the hospital", I took her hand in mine and caressed it down.

"Why?", she looked upon when those words escaped her lips, and it formally broke my heart, it meant that I had to tell her everything.

"What's the last thing you remember?", I asked and her confusion turned for a second as she paused to think, then it dawned on her what happened, and she placed her hand on her mouth in disbelief.

"The baby", she whispered quietly, and I almost broke down from the sound of her voice, I couldn't bear to see her in this state, I wanted to wash Blake with Lacie, but she's resting in peace or she deserve to head to.

"I'm really, sorry", whispered, and she continued shaking her head, tears falling from her eyes

"No", she sobbed heavily. "No please no", she cried, and I didn't have anything more to say, I just held her tightly in my arms. She tried to push me, I let at first as it seems she struggled breathing, but she eventually gave up and held on tight to me and cried. It was heartbreaking to feel her in this state, I knew she was looking forward to loving this baby, and now he's gone.

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"Lacie, please."

"I'm really not hungry", she forced herself to say and a tear slid down her cheek.

"Can you at least try to eat something?", I asked, and she looked at me and studies me with her eyes before slowly nodding her head

"You're being discharged today", I said trying to start a conversation, and she just nodded as the silence lasting small talk of the remarks that she was eating

"I would like to go back home with my father, if you don't mind", she looked at me and I raised a brow

"Home, as in your father's house?"

"Yeah", she drew a breath. "I would like to nurse him back to health ever what loved old to him"

"Okay, I'll let Harry know about our departure"

"There's no need for you to come with us"

Her words caused my eyebrow to raise a little, questioning her motives. "Why not?"

"I just want to get away from this place for a while, just to clear my mind a bit"

"Lacie, I'm your husband, I want to only expect me to let you go alone in this state"

"Why not?"

"Because Lacie, I'm your husband, I want to be there for you. For better or for worse remember? Whatever you want, I'm with you"

"You don't have to", she pulls glanced at me as she chewed. She hasn't touched her food, and I knew she wasn't hungry, but I knew she was struggling to eat something. Now alone, I felt like there was a lump coming. She sometimes. Hard of expecting this to happen.

"You're doing it again", I whispered quietly to myself but I were she heard me and her brow raised while she focused on eating

"What's wrong?"

"You're leaving me", I breathed out, and she showed no expression on her face, I sometimes wonder how of the sweetest and dim and bashes to look at me

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"Lacie?"

"Yes"

"Do you want to go home?"

"Yes"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure