

Chapter 9 – Justice For Juniper Novel Free

“One and the same. The other two guys with him, one has black rimmed glasses, suit, tie and the other looks like he just rolled out of bed but is still too sexy to be human? He’s wearing jeans with holes in them?”

The nurse vigorously nodded.

“What do they want?” Even she heard the whine in her tone.

“They said they were worried about you and wanted to make sure you didn’t need to go to the hospital since you took an uber.”

Definitely Maxine. “Maxine,” she sighed and grunted, “my direct supervisor probably told him I was having a miscarriage,” the word stuck in her throat, “because she was the one who ordered my uber to bring me here.”

“Hey, is this the room she’s in?” Phineas barged in despite the sound of two other men hissing at him.

“Sir you cannot just barge into my patient’s room!” her doctor was on her feet and shoving the man back out past her nurse. “This is a violation of her privacy and I will call the police!”

“I just need to know she’s okay. This is my fault. It’s all my fault. I’m so sorry, Juniper.” Phineas was trying to get past the doctor to reach her. “Are you okay? Does it hurt? What can I do?”

“Oh fuck, let him in,” she wiped her eyes aware her lids felt like sandpaper. Her doctor looked at her curiously. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah,” she’d been ugly crying even before she’d gotten here so she could imagine how bad she looked. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and sat up, hating how vulnerable she felt in his presence.

Phineas gave the doctor and nurse a smug grin and she wanted to smack it off his face.

“Uh,” Benicio popped his head in.

“You two as well,” she huffed as the men came in both seemingly ecstatic she let them in. She looked at her doctor, “I know you need this room. I’ll be right out. Just let me sort out what they need.”

“You,” Doctor Pendergast pointed at her, “take all the time you need.”

“Thanks,” she gave her a sad smile. The door closed behind her physician, and she immediately felt dwarfed by the three men. “What are you doing here?” she hissed furiously at them. “This is inappropriate!”

“I called down to Maxine to ask her to make sure you were okay, and she told me you were suffering a miscarriage and were coming to see your specialist. Are you okay?” Phineas pulled a chair closer and sat in front of her and grabbed her hands nervously.

“No. I’m not okay. I’m having a miscarriage. My third one in a year. I’m fucking over it.”

“I feel so awful.”

She frowned at him in disbelief. “You think you feel awful? Imagine how I feel given the doctor just gave me a dose of medication to help clear the rest of this out of me.”

“I mean, it’s my fault. If I hadn’t pressured you, none of this would have happened.”

“We, we pressured you,” Adil spoke up. “It’s our fault. We’re so sorry, Juniper.”

“Okay, look, here’s the thing.” She sighed loudly, “yes, stress and shock can do terrible things to a woman who is pregnant, including miscarriage. However, there are women who get shot and the baby survives. Every woman is different. Every womb is different. Every fetus is different. This isn’t because of some shock or trauma, though it didn’t help. I mentioned to the doctor on Friday when she told me my urine tests confirmed my pregnancy I was cramping. Her recommendation was to take it easy and not panic but I felt it somehow it wasn’t going to work. I rested as much as I could over the weekend, but it didn’t get better. I didn’t even tell Kyst I was pregnant because I felt this terrible foreboding feeling this was going to happen.”

“You didn’t tell him you were pregnant?” Phineas asked softly, his fingers playing with hers as if they were longtime best friends.

She admitted she liked the comfort and didn’t pull away.

“Every time I get pregnant he celebrates like he’s won the lottery. I felt sick on Friday knowing it was another failure. I noticed some spotting on Sunday. I didn’t want to disappoint him yet again so I kept it to myself until I knew for sure what was happening. He wants a family as much as I do. Did,” she corrected, “as much as I did. He’s not the person I want to be the father of my children.”

“I still feel guilty. If this hadn’t happened,” Phineas trailed off sadly his eyes flicking to her belly. “Is there anything at all we can do to help? You name it and we’ll make it happen.”

“Truthfully, I would love to go home, crawl into bed and forget this day happened but someone else is in my bed right now.”

“We can get you to bed,” Benicio spoke seriously. “If you need rest, we can take you to your new condo and you can get some rest.”

“Do you like snacks? We can get you snacks,” Adil offered earnestly. “What do you like for snacks? Snacks always make me feel better.”

She couldn’t help herself, “really, I don’t need anything except to go home. Maybe my mama.”

“You want your mom?” Phineas nodded, “I’ll call my mom right now. Do you want me to tell my mom what happened, and she can talk to your mom, and you can get your mom to come stay with you? I know she stays in her own little apartment at their house, but I can tell mom to be discrete. I know my mom gives the best hugs. Does yours?”

She felt tears threatening again. “The guilt is really hitting you, huh.”

“Yeah,” he made a face. “I’m definitely feeling guilty.”

“It was inevitable, Phineas.”

“I still think we should get you back to your new place, get your feet up and make you comfortable.” Benicio said quietly. “It’s the very least we can do. Let us drive you.”

“Sure.” She nodded. “That would be fine.”

The three men stood there, and she gave an annoyed glare, “can the three of you get out so I can put my clothes back on? I’m in a johnny shirt!”

“Right,” Phineas was pushing the men out, “we’ll be right out here.”

As she watched them frantically shoving each other out the door, she wondered if this day could get any bloody worse.