

#Chapter 1: Miracle

Amelia POV

"You're pregnant with the Alpha's child, Luna Amelia. It's a miracle!"

My heart gave one long hard thump of joy at Dr. Wyatt's words.

Finally, after my eighth ovulation injection, I got the life I had waited, hoped and prayed for.

Breathless, I pressed a hand to my stomach, as if I could already feel the life growing there.

I am a human Luna. My fated mate Damien is a powerful Alpha werewolf who took a big chance accepting a human as his mate.

Our union hasn't been easy for the pack to accept. Werewolves can rarely have children with humans. The whole pack keeps whispering and gossiping about how weak or useless I am. That I can't even give my Alpha an heir.

And not having an heir has kept Damien from being promoted to the Alpha Council, even though it was his leadership and skill that turned his pack into the strongest pack in hundreds of years.

I believe it was all my fault, but Damien never doubted we were meant to be, no matter what anyone else thought.

We've been trying to have a baby for two years. Last year I got desperate enough to try anything - tea made with special herbs picked by moonlight, a crazy special diet, taking my temperature every day to track my cycle. And I saw doctor after doctor after doctor.

All of them said the same thing: a werewolf and a human could not create a child.

Dr. Wyatt was different. As she stands in front of me, her dark eyes shining with excitement and happiness for me, I remember the first time I saw her, almost a year ago. She had those same kind eyes, and held my hand while I cried and told her my story.

"It's alright, Luna Amelia. I understand how hard it must be for you in the pack, and the pressure you're under. But, I believe I can help you."

I couldn't believe it at first. After so many doctors telling me it was impossible, maybe I was even afraid to believe Dr. Wyatt as she told me about the ovulation injections she'd been developing to make it easier for a pregnancy between human and werewolves.

I've been getting an injection of her serum every month. Her serum strengthens my uterus, creating a safer space for a werewolf baby, but to say that it hurts is a major understatement.

Still, the idea of nally - nally - being able to carry my mate's child has kept me coming back for another injection.

After a moment of shock, when all my mate and I have been through ashes through my mind, I feel my eyes begin to fill with happy tears.

"Are you sure? Is it nally happening? I have to tell Damien!"

I'm already dialing his number before I finish the sentence, and jump up to pace as it rings. I'm so excited I just can't sit still.

I imagine Damien laughing, seeing me pace. He calls me his little recracker, always on the move. He tells me it's a good thing he's an Alpha, since no one else would be able to keep up with me.

Our children, I promised him, would be just as vibrant and energetic.

I can't wait to tell him that the rest of those children is nally on the way. But the call goes to voicemail, so I hang up. Maybe it's better to tell him in person anyway, then I can watch his face as I give him the good news.

Dr. Wyatt crosses the room and puts her hand on my arm. "This is such good news, and I know you must be overjoyed. But let's run some more in-depth tests, just to make sure everything is coming along as it should."

She's right. One quick pee-in-a-cup test isn't enough. We need detailed, high level tests to make sure these results are accurate, and that my pregnancy may actually be a success. I should have waited to call Damien, I don't want to get his hopes up just yet.

Just as I think this my phone buzzes in my hand. It's Damien.

"Hello, darling. I'm sorry I missed your call. Is everything alright?"

Just hearing his voice, so deep and warm, soothes some of my jittery nerves, which are all tangled up with excitement and anxiety about what the new tests might show.

"Of course," I say, taking a breath so my voice sounds calm and even. "I was just checking in to, uh, see how your day is going, and when you'll be home tonight."

"My day is busier than I thought it was going to be, actually," he says. I can hear voices murmuring in the background, and my mate sounds distracted. "In fact, I'm not sure I'll be home in time for dinner."

Dr. Wyatt has her own phone to her ear, calling up to the obstetrics department of the hospital, and I'm a little distracted myself. I guess we're going to start doing those tests right now.

"That's okay, babe," I say, rubbing a hand in circles over my belly. "I hope the rest of the day isn't too stressful. I'll see you when you get home."

We say our goodbyes and then Dr. Wyatt is telling me all about the tests she's going to run today, and the other tests and monitoring that will be needed in the coming weeks and months.

"I'm not going to lie, Luna. This first pregnancy could be quite risky. There may be a high chance of having a miscarriage. We're going to take every precaution to keep both you and baby as safe as possible."

I take a deep, deep breath. I knew getting pregnant was just step one. Carrying a half-werewolf child to term was going to be a long, scary process. I knew I was up to it - I had to be - but...

"Dr. Wyatt? I'd like to keep this between us, for now. I really, really want to tell Damien. But until we know this could really be happening, I don't think we should say anything. To anyone."

"Luna, do you really think you should go through all of this alone?"

"I can handle it. And I don't want to break Damien's heart if it doesn't work out. Or give the rest of the pack more reason not to like me," I added ruefully.

Dr. Wyatt rubs her hand up and down my arm. Her simple kindness, and deep understanding of my situation, have been part of what's helped me be so strong these last few months. I was so grateful for her help, and for what has turned into an easy friendship between us.

"I understand, Amelia. I think, if I was in your place, I'd probably wait to tell anyone as well."

Feeling steadier, I followed her out of the exam room and up to another door of the hospital.

I hadn't been up here before. The waiting room and main hallways were hung with soothing landscape photographs, mixed in with pictures of babies that had been delivered by the doctors here. Seeing them, it was easier to feel excited again, imagining a picture of our own child up there someday soon.

"Just down here, Luna. We'll get you into a gown and then begin testing."

We turn a corner and head toward an exam room, when up ahead in the hallway I spot a couple standing with their backs to us. Tall and built, the way most werewolves seem to be, they looked lovely together.

The man was listening carefully to a doctor as they spoke to each other, and the woman stood at a slight angle to me, so I could see her belly gently curving outward.

That'll be us soon, I thought wistfully. I'll be the one with their belly poking out, and Damien will be listening carefully to Dr. Wyatt's instructions.

But the more I looked at the couple, the more uneasy I felt. Like there was something wrong with the picture, something disturbing.

And then my stomach clenched, and I stopped dead. That man...

Even from a distance, and with his back mostly turned.

That looks just like Damien.