

#Chapter 2: An unexpected meeting

Amelia POV

Before I could blink Dr. Wyatt whisked me into a room that was part lab, part exam room.

"We're going to take some blood, run a few other tests. It won't take long, Luna Amelia."

I nodded as I sat, rolling up my shirt sleeve, thinking about the couple I had seen. The woman looked familiar, and the man had looked so much like Damien. True, I had only seen him from the back, but still...

Dr. Wyatt swabbed my arm with rubbing alcohol, then stuck the needle in with a smooth, experienced motion. I took out my phone and sent Damien a message one-handed.

Sorry your day is so busy. Are you with the Council?

The Alpha Council ran everything here in the werewolf realm, the equivalent of a human government. My mate was a skilled leader, and often worked closely with the Council. In fact, he deserved to be an actual member, everyone said so.

But politics among werewolves is always complicated by family ties. Because Damien didn't have an heir, he hadn't yet been given the position he deserved. Which was all my fault.

By the time Dr. Wyatt nished drawing the last tube of blood, my phone buzzed.

No, I'm stuck in the oce all day. Wish I was with you, sweetheart.

Then he sent a picture of himself at his desk. His hair was rued, like he'd been running his hand through it, something he did when he was stressed.

Relieved, I told myself to forget about that couple. My emotions were all over the place. It made sense that my anxiety would be high enough to think I saw something I didn't.

I sent back heart and kiss emojis, and decided to make him something special for dinner. Just because I couldn't share the good news - yet - didn't mean we couldn't start celebrating a little anyway.

I put my phone away and focused on the tests Dr. Wyatt wanted to run. By tomorrow we'd know for sure if I was carrying my mate's child.

A few hours later I turned off the main road, onto the wide driveway of Damien's estate. His pack is now one of the wealthiest, thanks to Damien's hard work and skill as a leader. Most of the pack lives in this area, and the estate is large enough to include over a dozen large homes on the property, including the pack house.

Our house sits close to the deep woods, and many in the pack gather here for meetings, special gatherings or just to hang out. Even though it's never felt like I've really been accepted by the pack I still love how social our home is, how much energy and life it holds. Our child will grow up surrounded by that community.

I stopped my car and got out to stand for a moment looking at the perfectly manicured lawn with its garden in full bloom, so many different kinds of owers glowing brilliantly in the sunlight. A breeze carried their smell, and the smell of the woods, and I took a deep breath.

We're going to raise our children here, I thought, hugging the feeling close to my heart. Our children.

I got back in the car and drove it into the garage. As the automatic door went up I saw Damien's car already parked in his spot. It was a sleek and fancy town car, a deep forest green.

I parked my own zippy little car next to it, excited that he hadn't had to stay late after all.

"Damien?" I called when I went inside. I dumped my shoes, purse and keys just inside the door.

When he didn't answer I went looking for him. Not in the kitchen, or the den, or the bedroom. Eventually I went down to the basement, where we had a home gym, a movie room and a storage area. A few small noises drew me to the storage room.

I found him there, among the snowboards and skis, the camping and shing gear, unpacking and stacking what I realized were baby things. Bottles, tiny clothes, a large box with a picture of a bassinet on the side.

My heart melted. My poor mate, he wants a child so badly. And I want so badly to give him one.

I sighed, touched, and the sound caught his attention.

"Amelia. You're home. I didn't realize... I'm sorry. I meant to be upstairs to say hello."

He stopped what he was doing, leaving the room and shutting the door, blocking my view of the supplies. There were a lot - he must have been stocking up for a while. But he never said anything about it to me, probably not wanting me to feel any more pressure than I was already putting on myself.

He was right, seeing that would have made me sad. Before. Now, I had hope things would be different, and soon. Full of that feeling of hope and excitement, I rushed into his arms.

"It's okay," I said. "I understand how much you want a child." I boosted up a little higher to whisper in his ear, "Why don't we try again?"

I've become so familiar with my mate and his body that I could tell the instant his wolf stirred inside him, when his breath quickened as he took in my scent. His hands began to explore my body as a low growl rumbled in his throat.

Knowing just where and how he liked to be touched, I playfully licked up the side of his neck. The growl erupted into a snarl, and he pinned me roughly to the wall, already pulling at my clothes.

Excitement leaped in my belly, as it did every time he put his hands on me. This time, however, that excitement was mixed with a quick stab of concern for the baby.

I took his face in my hands and kissed him slowly, softly. "Slow down," I said. "I want to take our time."

"Of course, my love," Damien said, and swept me up into his arms, carrying me all the way upstairs to our bed. He was slow and sweet and gentle, and we stayed there for hours.

The next morning I woke up excited. I kissed Damien goodbye as he headed off to work, then headed straight to the hospital.

I sat waiting in the exam room until my nerves started to stretch thin. Then Dr. Wyatt came in, and the good news was all over her face.

"Congratulations, my Luna. You are ocially pregnant!"

I was so excited I popped up out of my chair and hugged her. "Dr. Wyatt, I can't thank you enough! Your treatments are a miracle!"

Dr. Wyatt laughed and hugged me back, then we sat down. "Actually, Luna, according to the tests your baby is about two months old already - and likely wasn't conceived during one of the treatments. You two seem to have done it all on your own!"

"But - how is that possible?"

"I don't know, actually. Perhaps there's something unusual about your physiology. Either way, monitoring your pregnancy could help develop my treatment even further."

I agreed to the careful monitoring and regular exams Dr. Wyatt suggested, both for the baby and to develop the treatment, then took the report and hurried out, nearly in tears from being so happy.

I hugged the report to my chest. I couldn't wait to tell Damien!

On the way out of the hospital I ran into Claire.

Claire is the daughter of Kendrick, the retired Beta, and her brother Ethan is the current Beta. Claire is beautiful, a cool blonde with all the charm of an iceberg. To me, anyway. She's always sweet and friendly to Damien of course.

Claire grew up with Damien, and he treats her like a close childhood friend. I always wished she would let me in so we could be friends too, but her attitude toward me had never warmed.

I gured it was probably because she had feelings for Damien, since it was obvious that she did. Not that I cared. Damien loves me, we're fated mates. In the werewolf world that trumped any lingering childhood crush.

Claire was being shown out of the clinic by a few doctors, a medical report similar to mine in one of her hands. The other hand sat on her belly, which was slightly rounded. Suddenly I realized she was the woman I saw the day before.

I hadn't heard anything about her getting married, or even nding a mate. How was she pregnant?

Still riding the high of my own excitement, it wasn't hard to smile when Claire saw me and stopped.

"Oh my god, Claire, congratulations! You must be so excited. I'm sorry, I hadn't heard that you'd found a mate. I guess I owe you double congrats."

I expected Claire to give me one of her cool, not-actually-friendly smiles, maybe blow me off or whatever. Instead she got a look of panic on her face.

"Amelia! I - why are you - I was just..."

With a look of concern the doctor nearest to her put a hand on Claire's shoulder.

"Don't be NOVV. It's alright to tell her. You, a noble Beta's daughter, are carrying Damien's child, after all. You carry the future heir of our pack!"