FOUR | FEAR IS THE UNKNOWN

Morgan

"Morgan, I know you're hurting, but you have to calm down and think about this. Don't you trust him?" Taylor asked.

I'd been bawling my eyes out all night on Tyson's couch. I couldn't be under the same roof as Kade, not tonight. So, Taylor, being the incredible friend she is, left her husbands and her warm beds to sit with me and dry my tears.

"Yes, I trust him! I trust that he believes he's not the father, but he can't be 100% sure. He was drunk, Tay!"

"Babe, I love you to death, but please stop yelling. The twins are in the nursery asleep, and I really don't want to wake them up."

As if they heard their mom's desperate plea, one of the babies started crying, and then, because his brother was doing it, the other joined in. Taylor sighed as I wiped my face and sniled.

"I'm so sorry. I'll go get them and put them back to sleep," I offered.

"I've got them. Mo, just keep doing whatever it is you're doing so I can get my wife back at some point tonight." Tyson called from down the hall.

I heard the door to the nursery open, and the wailing increase before he walked into the kitchen carrying both the chunky little guys in his arms. Looking at them made me want to break down all over again. What if I never got the chance to have a child of my own?

"They're so beautiful, Tay. Kade and I were trying to start a family and now..." The waterworks started all over again; I couldn't help myself. I heard Tyson groan in the kitchen, and I wanted to punch him in his face. He was always an ass to everyone except Taylor, even when we were kids.

"Okay, take a deep breath and calm down. I'm going to get you a glass of water. Tyson, stop being a d**k. This is a big deal, and you're acting like she's crying over a broken nail."

"He said he's not the father, and I believe him. Morgan just needs to chill the hell out."

"I'yson, I swear to God, cousin or not, if you tell me to chill one more time, I'll cut your f****g d**k off." I yelled as I walked into the kitchen.

"If you want to keep making threats, you can take your ass back home. But if you want to stay in my house, you'll watch your damn mouth and cool it."

"That's enough! What is wrong with you two? This is my house too, and you're not throwing her out. Morgan, do not threaten him like that. None of this s**t is his fault," Taylor stated. She changed her mind about the water and got a bottle of our favorite wine down and handed me a glass, then took one of the babies and began to feed him.

"I'yson is right, you know. He needs to work on his delivery, but the message is still spot on. You trust Kade, so why are you so stressed? What good is it doing any of us?"

"It's the fear of the unknown Tay. It's real, and it's crippling."

"I get it, but you're going to make yourself sick, focusing on the 'what if's.' Focus on today, on how you feel about Kade. Why would you want to spend the night here in pain when you can be home with the man you love? Go home, Morgan."

"But what if it's one of our last nights together?"

"More 'what if's' huh? Okay, well, if it is, would you rather spend it with him or here with us?"

"If it were just you and the boys, maybe I'd stay, but your husband is an asshole, so I'm going home." I replied. I hated my wine around the same time the boys were rubbing their bottles. Tyson took them back to their room, and Taylor walked over and hugged me.

"Whatever happens, we'll get through it. Okay?"

"I know we will. Thanks."

***

Kade

I hadn't seen Morgan since our talk early that afternoon, and I missed her so much.

Even if she was yelling and cursing my name, I'd take it as long as I could be in her presence. I missed her more than my next breath. When she walked into the room, I breathed a sigh of relief, that was until I saw her swollen red eyes and tear-stained face.

"Sugar Bear, why have you been crying? Nothing is going to happen to us." I said as I took her hands.

"Tyson told us what happened at the meeting. If you leave, I won't be the Beta Female anymore, will I?"

"I'm not leaving baby, so it doesn't matter."

"It matters to me. what happens to me if you go?"

I pulled her to the bed and sat next to her.

"When Matt becomes Beta, Taylor then becomes the Beta Female. Since she's also Tyson's mate, there won't be a Gamma Female in place. You would still be a member of the pack, but you'll no longer hold a rank."

She took a breath and nodded.

"So, I get demoted. I'd be an omega?"

"No, baby. Xander would never make you an omega. You would be a regular pack member."

"Would I have to leave the house?"

"I don't know. maybe? But none of this is going to happen, so we don't have to talk about it."

"I went to go look at the houses we have available tomorrow. I need to be prepared," Morgan said.

"No, you."

"I do! If you leave, I'm leaving too. I can't stay in this house; it reminds me too much of you. In all honesty, I don't even know if I can stay in the pack village either. Maybe I need to look for an apartment in the city. I think that's best."

"Why are you doing this? Why aren't you gitting for us? You've never let anyone take what belongs to you, and now you're just giving up on me?"

"I'm preparing. I don't want you to go, but I also can't grit this. What can I do? If anyone could grit this, it would be Xander. And he's not, because he knows that it's not good for the pack. I want to do what's best for everyone, and me being here unprepared will only cause extra drama and pain," she replied.

"Can we save all of that for tomorrow? I just want to hold you tonight."

"Let me go get a shower rot. All this crying has me feeling gross and more than a little dehydrated," she said with a small laugh.

"I'll be right here waiting."

She walked into the bathroom and shut the door, something she'd stopped doing after a few weeks of living here with me. It was like we were going back to the beginning, and I hated it. I began to scroll through my phone and got a message from an unknown number. When I opened it, I was surprised and pissed at the same time.

Marisol. How had she even gotten my f****g number in the rot place?

Hi Kaden. Sorry to message you out of the blue like this, but I really feel that we need to talk without hostility. And I wanted to send you a picture of Cameron. He's adorable. I can see the resemblance to you.

Who was hostile? I was honest, she hadn't even begun to see me get hostile. But if she kept pushing her son on me like this, she'd absolutely see it.

I took a breath to calm myself bi not come across as a total asshole.

I don't know how you got this number, but please don't message me anymore. I'm not trying to be rude or anything. I'm trying to protect the life I have built with my family. And to be honest, we don't have anything more to talk about. I've said all I needed to say.

I hoped she would get the picture and move on. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, but she was pushing me in that direction, and I was going to do whatever I had to do to keep Morgan happy and by my side.

I promise you that we will be good together. I'll take care of you and be a fantastic Luna for our pack. Just give us a chance to be great together. Please.

That was enough of that. I didn't want a f****g Luna! I didn't want to be great with anyone other than Morgan. What was this b****h's problem?

Stop. There is no "us" and never will be. I do not want you, or anything you think you have to offer me. Delete my number from your phone. we're done talking.

When no new message came through, I gured she'd softly gotten the picture and wised up. But I was going her too much credit. I heard the notication come through and didn't bother even to read it. I deleted the conversation and blocked the number. This chick was insane, I could feel it.

I didn't want any more interruptions, so I shut my phone off and threw it in the nightstand drawer. Anyone who needed me could just trek me, but I was tempted to put up a block on that as well. Lying down in bed, I inhaled Morgan's mouthwatering apple pie scent and used it to calm myself down. She was my lighthouse in this crazy storm we called life, and she didn't even have to be in the same room as me. How anyone could believe that I could ever care for or love another woman was beyond me. When she rally returned to the room, I was so thankful to see that she was smiling again. I'd missed that smile so much.

"You feel better now?"

"Much better. I almost boiled myself, but it helped clear my head. I trust you, and I'm going to trust that we're meant to be together. I love you."

I walked over and wrapped her in my arms. "Does this mean we can make a baby now?"

"Absolutely not. That's still on hold until those test results come back."

"Fine. But we can still practice, though, can't we?"

"We can. Or you can just hold me. I need that tonight."

"Anything. I'll even polish your toenails if you want me to," I replied.

She laughed and shook her head. "I'll let the professionals handle that, but thanks for the offer."

Once we were in bed, I pulled her close and ran my ngers along her cheeks, playing connect the dots with her freckles. I don't think there was one night since I'd found her that I hadn't done this. It was our ritual, and it soothed us both. Within minutes, I felt her body completely relax and knew she was asleep, but I couldn't follow along.

Why was it that the past just couldn't stay in its place? I'd ultimately left all the bullshit behind, all of the games and the lies. And now one drunken night was going to try and take all that I'd built away from me. Take Morgan away.

Everyone else may have their doubts, but I have none. The only woman who will ever be my wife and carry my last name, or carry my child is right here in my arms. I'd die before I let anyone else take that from her.