

Chapter Thirteen

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Alpha Quinn Danvers

Twins. Holy fuck. Ruth was pregnant with two of my children. I was going to be a father to two babies, not just one. "How...!" I paused, clearing my throat, before turning back to the doctor. "How was this missed before now?"

"The first scan the babies were too undeveloped to notice there were two separate fetuses. And, during the second, it was likely that one baby was in front of the other" he explained.

Excitement bubbled in my stomach as I turned to Ruth – who looked completely shell shocked. "Ruth, darlin', are you alright?" I perched on the side of the hospital bed and took one of her hands in mine. She looked at me, her green eyes glistening with tears.

"I don't know what to say. We're having twins? Two babies?" she stumbled out, a single tear slipped down her cheek. I swiped it away quickly, not letting it stain her beautiful porcelain skin. She turned to the doctor. "Can we tell the genders?"

"Yes, they're both little girls" he told us.

I swore, in that moment, my heart exploded with happiness. I was going to have two little girls all to myself – my own little girls. Secretly I had hoped for a daughter, despite the fact that I needed a male heir, because the idea of having a daughter to take to school dances, to see her blossom and protector her was exactly what I pictured.

Ruth closed her eyes and began to sob. I turned to the doctor and nodded him out the door – he obliged instantly. "Hey, darlin', it's alright" I soothed her. She tried to catch her breath as her entire body rocked with the hardness of her cries. I put my arms around her and pulled her into my embrace – she rested her head against my chest as she cried.

I was silent for a while, holding her close, as my hand moved down and rested on her stomach. My daughters – plural – were inside there. I sat there, Ruth pressed against me and my hand on her stomach.

"I'm sorry" Ruth sniffed, when her cries quietened down. She pulled away and ran a hand over her face. Her red-rimmed eyes looked up and me, and my heart sped up. It was so hard not to have feelings for her. Ruth was so sweet and loving, with such an innocent heart, that it was hard to spend time with her and not catch feelings. Not to mention that she was beautiful and carrying my daughters.

"When the doctor paused like that...I was so scared. Everything with Abel came flooding back. When I realised it was because there were two babies – two healthybabies – I was so relieved".

I kissed the top of her head, "we're having twin girls".

She hiccupped through her tears, "yes, we're having twin girls".

I took Ruth for lunch before we went shopping. Her mood had drastically improved as we looked through clothing – I think finding out we were having girls was a relief for her. She would have really struggled finding out she was having a boy as everything with Abel, so she was obviously glad to be browsing through girl's clothing and toys.

"So, I was thinking that maybe we think a little bit out the box" she said, as we looked through paint for the nursery.

"You don't think pink?"

"Pink has been done to death. Everyone paints their girl's rooms pink. We should go for like a purple or some pastel colours".

"I like the idea of purple. Maybe a lilac shade?" I suggested. She nodded, and we found the pastel section and found the shade of purple we wanted. Ruth then found some wall stencils of two wolves howling at a crescent moon. So, we picked up a black paint for the stencil.

We then brought two flat-pack cribs before heading to the baby store. Ruth went on to finally buy some maternity clothes, as I browsed through the baby clothes. I smiled as I saw adorable pink dresses with the words 'daddy's little girl' written on them. A shiver of excitement went through me as I picked two up.

"Can I help you with anything?" a voice asked me. I turned to see a sales assistant smiling at me. She was my age, give or take a few years, with short blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She was pretty and a few months ago would have been my type.

"No, I'm fine thank you" I replied so ly.

"Are these for your daughter or for a friend's baby?" she asked, eyelashes flashes as she smiled at me – obviously flirting.

"I'm expecting twins soon" I replied proudly, admiring the dresses.

"Oh, congratulations" she said, eyes slightly dimmed as she realised I wasn't available. And, technically, I was available – Ruth had made it very obvious that she didn't want to date me. The sales assistant was my usual type and part of me thought I should have flirted back. But the thought was fleeting, because if there even an inkling that Ruth wanted to be with me I was going to take it. I wanted to be with her, heck I was pretty sure I was in love with her, and I just hoped one day she'd give me a chance.

"Thank you" I smiled at the sale's assistant, "I've always wanted to be a father".

She smiled at me, "it's really nice to hear a guy admit it. Usually most of the fathers we see in here always talk about how much a baby is going to ruin their lives. They always act like being excited about a baby is a feminine thing. It's really refreshing to meet someone who isn't like that".

She was nice and her smile was pretty, I couldn't deny that I was attracted to her. I glanced at her employee name tag – Tessa. She asked me about my daughters and parenthood, before coyly asking me about my relationship status.

"Oh we're not together togetherWe live together, as friends, but it's not romantic" I answered. Wondering why the hell I admitted the truth – I should have lied and said that I was married or at least with Ruth.

"Oh, well maybe you'd like to go and get a drink together sometime?" Tessa asked, blue eyes fluttering up at me. Before I could answer – and I really wasn't sure what I was going to say – Ruth rushed over to us.

"I just peed a little in my panties, so we gotta go" she insisted instantly. Her beautiful eyes widen when she realised I was not alone, she blushed in embarrassment as her mouth dropped. "Oh my god!"

Tessa laughed, "don't worry. I spend my life around pregnant women".

Ruth blinked up at me, confused and embarrassed. "It's alright, darlin', let's go".

She looked between Tessa and I in understanding, "no don't worry. I can drive myself home". Ruth took the dresses from my hands and added it to her basket. "I can pick you up later or I can get a cab back. And I--".

"No, don't worry, darlin'. You head back to the car and I'll pay for all this. I'll be as quick as possible". I took the basket of clothing from her. She looked between Tessa and I, blushed a little more, before waddling out the shop. I turned to Tessa, "sorry, I have to go".

"So, I heard" she smiled sweetly. "Maybe we can reschedule that drink?"

No my gut said instantly. But, the rational part of my brain told me that as much as I may care for Ruth, she wasn't my wife or my mate. I wanted to find love and if that wasn't with Ruth, then I couldn't cut myself from the dating scene.

"Sure" I grinned, "I'll give you my number".

After I paid for all the clothing, and said goodbye to Tessa, I headed back to the car. Ruth was sat in the passenger seat, bouncing up and down in her seat. "Oh, thank god. We have to get back home. My bladder can't talk it anymore" she gushed, as I climbed into the car.

I laughed so ly, patting her thigh, as I started the car. "I promise to break every speed limit on the way home" I teased.

"Um, no you won't. Pregnant lady on board" she snorted, playfully swatting my arm. We drove for a few minutes in silence, before Ruth spoke up again. "So, that sales assistant...she was pretty".

"She seemed very nice" I admitted coyly.

"Did you get her number?"

I was silent for a few moments, considering my answer, before speaking the truth. "Yeah. But I didn't promise her anything. So, if you don't want me to go out with her, I won't".

"What?" she squealed, almost laughing at the absurdity. "No, if you like her go for it. She was cute and you're an Alpha. You're going to need a Luna at some point, even if she is human. Plus, you've never been married and--"

"And it is just a drink, Ruth".

"Yeah, I know that". She spoke so ly, controlled, and a small part of me hoped that she was jealous. Which was stupid and childish – Ruth and I were adults, I wasn't trying to make her jealous, but at least it would given me some insight into whether she actually liked me in a capacity that went beyond friendship.

"But, like I said Ruth, I won't do anything that makes you uncomfortable".

"Uncomfortable?" she laughed. "I'm just the baby mama, nothing else and nothing more".

"Um" I muttered, "just the baby mama".