

Chapter Sixteen

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Ruth Eden Glass

Quinn lay on his back, arm above his head as so snores came from his mouth. He looked so damn beautiful – perfect even. I shied in the bed, readjusting my stomach, before reaching up and pushing a loose dark hair out of his face. Quinn grumbled in his sleep but didn't wake. I admired him for a few minutes, wondering why the hell it took me so long to get to this point.

Leaning forward, I carefully dragged my lips over his chest – which was hard and bare, glistening in the morning light. Quinn groaned so loudly, waking up as I kissed my way up his chest and to his jaw.

"Damn darlin', now that's a wakeup" Quinn chuckled, eyes fluttering as I kissed his lips so loudly.

"I know you've got a big conference call later, so I was thinking we could have breakfast together first" I suggested. Quinn yawned dramatically, stretching massively before dropping his arm around my shoulders.

"Breakfast sounds great. Where do you want to go?"

I smirked at him, "oh I was thinking more breakfast in bed?"

His eyes glistened wickedly as he moved onto his side and pressed his naked body against my stomach. "Now, that sounds like my kind of breakfast" he purred. I giggled before leaning forward and kissing him – he tasted like love and felt like heaven. I hummed as I pulled away. "Oh yeah" he chuckled, voice heavy with lust, "that is definitely my kind of breakfast". Then he went in for the real kiss.

After a few rounds of loving, passionate, sex – Quinn needed to leave. "I don't want to go" he complained, running his hands over my stomach.

"You have to". I reached up and pushed hair out of his eyes. "I knew what I was getting into when I agreed to start something up with the Alpha. An Alpha has work to do and always will". I leant up and kissed him again. "Go".

"Alright, alright" he grumbled childishly. I pushed myself into a sitting position, feet dangling over the edge of the bed as Quinn headed into the bathroom. I needed to relieve myself, and couldn't wait until Quinn was finished in my bathroom – so I headed to the large family one.

After relieving myself, I ran myself a bath and climbed in with the hot water soaking my satisfied body. As I was relaxing into hot water, Quinn popped his head around the corner – sharply dressed and ready for the day. "I'll see you later, beautiful". He waved goodbye as I blew him a kiss, before he was gone and a few seconds later the front door closed.

After my shower, I made myself some actual breakfast as I flipped through TV channels. My phone rang, just as I started eating and I groaned in annoyance. Trudging up the stairs to get my phone, I quickly answered it without seeing who was calling – eager to get back to my food. You don't come between a pregnant lady and her first meal of the day.

"Yeah?" I answered dismissively.

There was a so pause, breathing sounding down the phone, before a familiar voice spoke. "...I didn't expect you to pick up. I was going to leave a message". Her voice cracked down the phone. I sat on the edge of the bed, no words came out of my mouth. Silence reigned for a few minutes. "Eden?" my mother prompted.

"Yeah...yeah I'm here" I replied.

I had always had a good relationship with my parents, and part of me was actually glad that my father had died before all the mess with Drew happened because he died thinking I was happy, healthy and in love. If my father had been alive to find out what Drew did to me, he would have killed him. And that was no exaggeration.

That was why I found it so hard to forgive my mother. After the death of Abel, and I made the decision to leave Drew, she begged me to give him another chance. I'd already given him two and he'd still cheated on me, causing the death of our son was too much to forgive. But, she pleaded with me to not walk out on him – that the depression of losing a mate, as she recently had, would be worse than staying with a cheating husband.

We'd had a blazing argument about it. I was still grieving for my lost son and took a lot of my anger out on her – saying spiteful words I was ashamed of. But, she gave me some choice words right back.

We'd never come back from that fight. I'd left the pack and disappeared without ever making things right with her.

"...I wasn't sure you'd want to talk to me".

"I didn't" I replied truthfully, "I answered without seeing your name".

"Oh". She was obviously hurt and part of me was desperate to apologise – but that would mean facing those horrible words she'd said to me all those years ago. And, yes, I was aware they came from her own place of grief and anguish, but I'd just buried my son and she'd kicked me when I was down.

"What do you want?" I asked coyly.

"I heard a rumour about you going around and I...I wanted to know if it was true".

"Go on".

She took a brief pause, "I heard that you've become the Luna of the Red Knox Pack".

I chose my next words very carefully. "Alpha Danvers and I are in a relationship but I'm not a Luna".

"They said you were having a baby too".

"Yes".

"Yes as in 'yes you're having a baby with an Alpha?'" she squealed.

"Yes, I'm pregnant and Quinn is the father". I wasn't letting her know it was twins. My mother getting involved would have brought too many feelings up about my first pregnancy that I didn't need right now.

"Oh my god! Eden!" She began to sob, violent and noisy sobs. My own eyes watered; I squeezed then shut, willing myself not to cry along with her.

"Mom. Stop. Mom, please stop crying".

"I can't. I'm sorry...I just thought after everything with Drew and Abel that it was all over for you. I didn't think you'd ever be happy again" she cried out.

"I wasn't sure I'd ever be happy again, either. But I am" I admitted candidly. My mother was crying again, and I just held the phone slightly away from my ear and let her. I stayed silent, and dry eyed, until she'd calmed down. "Now that you've confirmed your rumours and you have gossip for your next coffee morning, can I go?"

"What? No, Eden, please! I'm so sorry for how everything went down. You were right to leave Drew, I know that now and I knew that then. I was just so worried that I would lose you like I'd lost your father. What I said...I was wrong and it wasn't the truth".

I was silent – having no idea what to say in return. Part of me wanted to apologise too and clear the whole mess up, but some bitter part of me was still reeling over the words she said to me.

"I want to see you, Eden" she blurted out.

I puckered my lips, considering how best to word things. "I'm not returning to the Black Bloods Pack".

"No, I didn't mean it like that" she continued quickly, "I want to come and visit you at Red Knox. You're a Luna now, and your pregnant, you should be with you pack! I'll come to you".

"I'm not a Luna" I replied robotically.

"As good as". There was silence for a few beats, before she spoke again. "So can I come visit you?"

I bit my bottom lip, really considering everything, before sighing heavily. These girls deserved a grandparent and – with my father and both of Quinn's parents dead – she was the only one left. Plus, I wasn't wallowing in my own grief anymore. I needed to do this not just for my daughters but also for myself. It was time to move on.

"Okay. You can come visit the Pack".

When evening came, and Quinn returned home, I made dinner and we sat down at the dining table and domestically ate together. "I told my mother she could come to the Pack and visit" I informed him. "I'm sorry, I know I can't just invite people without asking your permission".

"It's fine. She should be here for you" he shrugged uncaringly. "Plus, it would be nice to meet your mother too".

"She's a handful" I warned him.

He chuckled darkly, "aren't mothers-in-law supposed to be?"

I leant over and kissed him. "Thank you".

"For?" he quipped, raising a dark eyebrow at me.

"Just for making everything so easy for me. First, coming into the Pack and then when I told you I was pregnant and dealing with all my worries and problems after Abel. I just...thank you".

His eyes twinkled at me, as he took my hand over the table and squeezed it. "You don't have to thank me Ruth. I did all those things because I wanted to, and I don't expect you to thank me. It's you, me and our girls now".

"I like the sound of that" I smiled. "You, me and our girls".