

Chapter Two

Beth's POV

My first few weeks were pretty uneventful. I had a few people ask me questions about myself and met a girl who I hit it off with. Her name was Jessica. She was pretty upbeat but didn't seem like she conformed to any specific group. She seemed friendly with everyone. Not everyone was nice though. There were a few girls who were just not nice people. I tended to stay out of their way. Jessica and I named them the A-hole group because all their names started with A and they all hung out together. Ashley, Amber, Anna, and Avery. They were your classic preppy girl, snobby b***h.

"Hey Beth, are you OK honey? You don't look so good." Mom asked after dinner. It wasn't sitting well with my stomach. I rushed to the bathroom and emptied my stomach's contents into the toilet and then dry heaved a few more times. As I was washing my mouth out, my mom came in with a worried look on her face.

"Beth, honey no more. We are going to the doctor's first thing in the morning. You've been getting sick now for the last week, and don't try to lie and say you haven't because I've been paying attention." Mom said sternly. I couldn't argue with her about it because I was starting to get worried too. It wasn't like me to be sick like this, so she just nodded and went to her room to lay down.

The next morning, Beth and her mom were waiting in the room at the local clinic for the doctor to come in with the results of her blood test. The nurse had kept giving her a stink eye when she was drawing the blood. Beth couldn't figure out why but she just brushed it off. She wasn't feeling good at all this morning and the nurse's perfume was making her stomach rumble with unease.

The doctor finally came in, followed by the nurse with the same stink eye as she pushed in an ultrasound machine. Beth looked at her mom with worry and she grabbed her hand. "Doctor Bryant, what's going on?" Her mother asked.

"Ms. Carter, Beth's tests came back and they showed that her symptoms are because she is pregnant." My mother and I both gasped at the same time and the doctor continued, "We're going to do an ultrasound to check to make sure everything is ok and to determine how far along Beth is."

"I can tell you exactly how far along she is." My mother said with tears in her eyes which mirrored my own.

"I'm sure all parents think they know their children, Ms. Carter, but we need to do this to make sure." The nurse responded with derision.

"I'm not sure what your problem is, ma'am with my daughter, but this is not the time for you to have judgmental preconceptions. I don't appreciate the attitude you have had towards my daughter since we got here." My mother told the nurse. Go mom, I thought.

"I apologize, Ms. Carter. Nancy will control herself or she will be finding herself another job." Dr. Bryant looked pointedly at Nancy the nurse when he finished his statement.

"I'm sorry ma'am." The nurse said after a moment, but she didn't sound very sorry to me.

Dr. Bryant cleared his throat and asked, "Do you want to continue this pregnancy, Beth? No one would judge you if you didn't."

I looked up horrified at the doctor's question. I didn't care that my baby was made because of what happened to me. I wasn't getting rid of it. It was mine and the one person in this world I knew wouldn't leave me. "I'm keeping my baby." I said.

"Ok. Well then, let's take a peek at your baby then and make sure they are healthy. This is going to be a little cold." Dr. Bryant said with a smile.

He squeezed a blue goo type of substance on my stomach and used the wand to spread it around. He was looking at the screen intently making hmm sounds every so often. Finally, he said "Well, they look healthy. Here is one heart and here is the other. Congratulations Beth, you are having twins." Dr. Bryant said with a smile.

I couldn't hold the tears in and started to cry. Not only was I going to have one baby, I was going to have two. I finally had something to be happy about again. Yes, it is definitely a shock. Yeah, I'm not out of school yet, but I will be 18 in a couple of days, so I at least have that going for me, and I did have my mom to support me. "Can we hear them, doctor? The heartbeats, I mean." My mother asked. Dr. Bryant nodded and turned a dial on the monitor and we heard a whoosh whoosh whoosh sound and another that wasn't quite in time with the previous one.

"It looks like you are just about 11 weeks along. Does that sound about right to you, Beth?" Dr. Bryant asked me.

We left the doctor's office shortly after with an appointment for a month out and a prescription for a prenatal vitamin. On the way home, mom and I stopped for some lunch. We both decided to take a sick day to fully grasp the news, which I was thankful for. I wasn't so sure about going back to school today. I placed my hand on my stomach over where I felt my children should be and sent up a silent prayer asking that my children would be OK.

Later that evening, my friend Jessica showed up with my work that I had missed and to check up on me to make sure I was doing OK. She and I went up to my room to talk and I told her about what happened to me almost three months ago, and then told her about my pregnancy. She cried and then laughed and cheered when she heard about the twins. "I will be here for you for whatever you need. You know that, don't you?" Jessica said.

I couldn't help the tears in my eyes because we had just met and she was already closer to being a sister to me than a friend. I nodded and then she jumped up and said, "Oh my god. I'm going to be an Aunt. Aunt Jessie has an awesome ring to it, doesn't it? Ohhh we need to plan a baby shower, set up a nursery, and most importantly go shopping for clothes. Baby and maternity." Jessica kept rambling on and on and I couldn't help but laugh at her.

"Calm down there, killer. We have until March until the babies are here for clothes for them. I don't even know what I'm having yet. It's too soon. As for maternity clothes, I'm not even showing yet. I have time." I said. Jessica sat back down with a huff.

"Killjoy." She said with a laugh.

We continued to talk for a while longer until she got a phone call from her mom saying she needed to get home. Her brother Ethan was supposed to be coming home today from being away for a few years for Alpha training. It must be cool to be a wolf shifter. From what Jessica said, they don't have to worry about getting sick, they don't have to worry about getting fat, or if the guy they are marrying is the right one for them, because they all have a soul mate and they know who they are right away when they meet them after they turn 18. That would be awesome. I hugged Jessica goodbye and told her I would see her on Monday at school.