

Unspoken Dreams

by Posse Gal Angie

Erica could barely conceal her elation as she left the hospital. Floated out the doors was more like it. She was so buoyantly blissful, she was sure her feet could not possibly have touched the ground. Her life was perfect. She was already so happy with Jack. Sometimes she could hardly believe they really finally were married. She had hoped for it, came so close so many times, and still it seemed to slip away. But this time they really had done it. And just when she thought she could not be any happier... well she had never been so happy to feel so sick in her life! All the years she had been with Jack, she had only one regret. She wished so much that they had a child together. He loved Bianca as his own, yes... and that meant the world to Erica. But still, she yearned to share a child with the man who owned her, heart and soul. And now she would. Her life could not be more perfect.

Erica glanced at her cell phone as she drove, contemplating calling Jack with her news. No, their news! She could not wait to tell him, to make him so very happy. Erica knew Jackson down to his very soul, the same as he did her. And she knew, although it had never really been spoken between them, that he wished to share a child with her just as much. Shaking her head, Erica instructed herself to be patient. She would tell him in person, and then she could see the joy in his face for herself. Smiling at the very thought, her smile froze, as terror ripped through her. She could not even scream as the other car plowed into her, the crunch of metal followed by the eerie sounds of silence.

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He raised his head from the steering wheel, dazed. Shaking his head back and forth vigorously, Jamie attempted to clear the cobwebs from his brain. It was at that moment he realized where he was, and then noticed the other car in front of him.

“Oh God!” he mumbled, stumbling from the car, “I am in big trouble now.” Even bigger trouble than he knew as the shriek of sirens sliced through the quiet of the aftermath. He watched in horror as the paramedics pulled the woman from the car, and had to reach out to the side of his car to steady himself at the sight of all the blood. He could barely nod when the police officer thrust the beer can in front of him, asking if it was his. The next moments were a blur, as Jamie’s mind strained to comprehend how a couple beers had led him into this nightmare. As he was led to the squad car, his heart sank even further at the officer’s question of whom they should call. Each possibility seemed worse than the next. He stared blankly back at him, before his gaze fell upon the mangled wreck. Closing his eyes against the scene, Jamie prayed he would wake up from this horror soon.

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Jack burst into the room, his flight halted as the words settled into his brain. “The baby is stable for the moment.” The baby. He looked at Erica’s sleeping form, as the words sunk in. The baby. Their baby. Indescribable joy and pride surged in him, only to be washed away by fear. His whole life lay in that bed. So tiny and so still. Sitting down next to her, Jack took Erica’s hand in one hand, and laid his other hand across her stomach.

“I love you,” Jack spoke in a hushed whisper, “I love you both.” Noticing the nurse leaving, Jack stopped her, “How far long....”

Smiling, she replied, “Six weeks, congratulations Mr. Montgomery.”

“Thanks,” Jack responded, absently, his mind already wandering. His face held a determination, the wheels turning. And then he broke into a smile.

“I know,” he whispered to Erica, “I know exactly when it was, sweetheart,” and laid his head down next to hers, holding them both close.

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“Jack! What are we doing here? We’ve already seen the house several times!” Erica questioned her husband. Her husband. She loved it so much when that thought passed through her brain. She had waited so long to be able to call him that. They had enjoyed an amazing honeymoon. Enjoyed each other, again and again. In Paris of course. As soon as they returned to Pine Valley, they had set out looking for a new home, for their whole family. A family that seemed to be growing all the time. When they had seen this house they both knew it was perfect for them. It was empty now, while they waited for all the new furniture they had picked out to arrive. It was a new life for all of them, so a new home with new everything felt right. Before Erica could protest any further, Jack swung her into his arms and pushed the door open.

Making his way through the house, with Erica snugly in his arms, Jack proclaimed, “There is something we need to check out, sweetheart.”

“But we have seen it all, Jackson...” Erica began to protest, stopping suddenly.

“Now you understand why it is so urgent?” Jack asked her, setting her down on the edge of their new bed, the only item in the room.

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Jack looked up into Bianca’s worried face. “You were dreaming,” she told him.

He seemed to barely hear her. Glancing down at Erica in the bed, and back to Bianca, he murmured, “Dreams really do come true, even when you don’t speak them out loud.”

Truer words had never been spoken, as the most beautiful sound found him then.
“Jackson” It was soft and unsure, but it was his Erica.

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“This is all your fault!” Erica railed at Brooke, “You have always wanted everything I have. You lost your child, and now you want me to lose mine!”

Brooke could not speak, her eyes burned with unshed tears, the crippling pain ripping through her anew. She did not dare breathe, the horror gripping her so fresh, as if for the first time all over again. She barely felt Edmund leading her out of the room, not even noticing him standing in front of her, concern etched into his features. Finally, his voice found his way through the fog, “She did not mean it, Brooke, she is just scared. You know that right?”

Brooke glanced at the closed door, and then over at her son, slumped into a chair, before looking back to Edmund. Brooke struggled to speak, the anguish visible in her eyes. Finally she managed, “I need to support him,” gesturing to her son’s form, “But Laura... I don’t know how!” The words spilled out, as did the tears down her cheeks, as Brooke sank against Edmund, emotionally drained. Edmund instinctively wrapped his arms around her, surrounding her with his strength.

They never saw the eyes on them, and luckily for Maria, they never saw the man embracing her.