

Chapter 123

I'm nearly completely through my pregnancy, and I'm not sure I can make it any longer. My skin feels so stretched that it may rip should I grow any more. Prince Joseph seems excited about this baby, and he has been fairly kind to me, especially recently as I've been unable to leave the bed.

The doctors are concerned with the toll that the baby is placing on my body and I am on bed rest, allowed only to move to use the restroom. We discussed names and agreed on Peter, which was my grandfather's name. I was surprised he agreed to it, but he said it was a respectable name for a Royal. I had hoped to name him Seth, the name of a dear friend I had as a child who was killed in an attack, but he told me that wasn't proper. Maybe some day there will be a King Seth, but it won't be my son.

I am sure this will be my only child, as my body can not handle this another time. Especially my wolf. Growing such a strong child is taking all of my energy, and hers. I haven't heard her in weeks and I truly miss her. I know she's doing everything she can for this baby, but I need her, too.

-Cora

The baby is due any day now, thank the goddess. The pains of pregnancy seem to lessen when Prince Joseph is near, which is both nice and frustrating. I don't think we will ever have love between us, but I believe we are learning to tolerate each other.

A new slave brought my lunch to me today and I recognized her as a young girl from my former pack. My heart broke a bit as she looked terrified to be here, against her will. I feel the same sometimes. I'm here against my will and while I am not expected to serve anyone, I feel so very trapped.

Soon, though, I shall have a baby here to love. I have had some contractions here and there. The doctor assures me that they are not real and just my body getting ready to give birth. They also assure me that the pain is not as much as that of real contractions. Surely the pain of giving birth will take me out before Queen Judith even has the chance.

Sometimes, when they are exceptionally bad, Prince Joseph will gently rub my back. It does help ease the pain, though I think it's more from our mate bond and him being close than actually, physically helping. Still, it's nice to think he cares, even just a small amount.

-Cora

I gave birth to my baby last night. Prince Peter Kenneally, Prince of All Werewolves. But he's just my tiny baby. For as bad as the pain was, I was expecting a baby much larger than he is. He was 10 pounds- a big pup, but not as big as he felt while still inside.

Queen Judith was angry and said it wasn't proper, but to my surprise, Prince Joseph stayed with me through the birth, helping me through labor. He was kind, which I wasn't expecting, holding my hand and rubbing my back some. When it came time to push, he let me squeeze his hand and tried to say encouraging things, though they weren't. But he tried. Maybe we can make something of this relationship after all.

Labor lasted 30 hours and after Peter finally arrived, Prince Joseph helped me shower and held the baby so I could finally sleep. I really needed that. He woke me up after a while because the pup needed a new diaper and he didn't know how to do it, but he did watch while I changed him. I was able to nurse the pup successfully, which I had heard would not be easy, but he did so well.

Peter is so handsome. He's a perfect mix of the two of us with my eyes and Prince Joseph's hair. His aura is so strong, I have no doubt he will be a strong king some day, but for now, he's just a snuggly little pup.

-Cora

"Seth," I say, pulling his attention away from his work. "Your grandmother wanted to name your dad Seth?"

He nods at me with a smile. "She did. That's why my mom picked it. She had read that journal and knew it was important to her."

"I don't know what I want to name our babies?" I whisper, putting my hand over my stomach.

Seth smiles at me. "It's OK. We have plenty of time to decide, Love."

A nurse walks in with the ultrasound machine and begins to set things up. This time, the doctor comes in with her. He stands behind her and she looks more nervous the last time, but that makes sense with her hovering. She pulls out the wand and helps me move so she can have access, inserting it and turning on the screen. She looks at it intently, clicking a keyboard as her eyes never leave our babies.

"Hmm..." the doctor says, leaning forward and looking at the screen. The nurse points up at the screen and he looks, looking back at my chart and nodding.

I can feel a tremendous amount of anxiety from Seth, and coupled with my own, it's almost overwhelming. I look up at him, my eyes full of tears as he leans down and kisses my forehead, never letting my hand go for a second.

"Prince Seth, Princess Molly," the doctor says, looking up at us seriously as the nurse removes the wand and helps me to sit up. "Both babies' heart beats are slowing some. The second pup more so than the first."

"The girl," Seth says softly.

The doctor doesn't respond but goes to wash his hands. "I'm going to take a look at the bite. Your vitals are all stable, but you do still have a fever, which is not a great sign."

He walks over and pulls the gown off my shoulder, removing the bandages and looking at it. "This doesn't look good, Princess. I don't think it would be wise to stop the medicine now. I think you need to complete it."

"Is there NOTHING else you could give her??" Seth growls and I know he's mad at the situation and not the doctor, but he looks scared and takes a step back from us.

"Your Highness," he begins, but he looks at me instead. "If there was anything else I thought would have a chance, I would suggest it. Their heartbeats aren't in a dangerous zone, but they are slower and that is concerning. I'll check on them again in a few hours. Maybe they'll surprise us."

The doctor turns and leaves the room, leaving the two of us alone. Seth helps me lay back down in the bed and scoots me over, climbing in next to me and pulling me into his arms. He gently places a hand over my stomach and leaves it there, probably to help him feel like he's protecting our babies, even though there's nothing either of us can do.

"Their hearts are slowing, Seth," I whisper, trying to hold in my tears.

He kisses my temple, his hold around me not loosening in the slightest. "But they're still beating."

I shake my head, looking down at my hand where the IV was inserted. I reach over, pulling on the tape holding it in, trying to remove it. Seth places his hand over mine firmly.

"Stop, Molly," he says gently. "You can't do that. You need the medicine."

"But the babies, Seth. OUR babies," I sob, leaning my head over onto him..

He shakes his head and holds me tighter. "You're more important. If you stop the medicine, the infection will probably kill you, AND the babies."

He's right, I know he is, but it hurts. I'm supposed to keep my babies safe, and I can't. I shouldn't have shifted and jumped in, I should have just yelled at him to get his attention. There's so many things I could have done differently, but there's nothing we can do right now to help our babies. It's such a bad situation, and it hurts that I can't do anything to help them.

Seth lays in bed, holding me as I sob myself to sleep. I dream of two little pups, running through the woods near Benjamin and Lily's cabin. I dream of a tire swing with two little pups, fighting over the swing and giggling loudly. I dream of two little pups, named Cora and Andrew and my mate playing with them in the creek.

I have dreams of Seth, and when we first met, and the happy times that we spent together.

I wake with a start, looking down at my hand and pulling the IV out quickly.

"Molly, stop!" Seth exclaims, trying to stop me.

"No, Seth!" I tell him. "I have an idea."