

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 117

Kylie POV

My body chose to go into labor when I **was** going to my bed after dinner. I **was** going to the balcony where I **saw** the moon hung low and full in the night sky, casting its beautiful glow over the forest behind our manor.

Logan was right after me when I squeaked, “My water’s broken!”

He froze behind me. “Baby, **we are** going to give birth!”

Goosebumps lined my skin. And then the first pangs of labor swept through me like the rising tide, relentless and powerful, leaving me breathless.

My Alpha husband’s usual calm and commanding presence faltered. The man who could silence the room with his single **growl** that would shake the doors and window, now found himself vulnerable. His nervous **eyes** darted at me, his expressions looking like he **was** lost in a blizzard. “Kylie!” **He** came to stand near me and swept me in his arms in one swift motion. Shouting at all the servants in the manor, he rushed with me to the car that was already standing on the porch. His nerves frayed with each agonized moan I made. “Baby, just two minutes. I’ll get you to the hospital!” Making me sit in the **car** on the passenger seat, he jumped in the driver’s seat and drove to the hospital **as** carefully as possible.

As the day of birth approached, Logan had asked me to get admitted in the hospital. However, I refused it. I wanted to stay at home with him. We had been relentlessly working on the nursery, and I wanted to see it all. Katy was seven months pregnant and **was** getting just as exasperated as me. Who knew that my best friend would become my sister-in-law and that both of us would have pups in the same year.

“The bloody months look like the shadow of a towering oak at dusk!” she cursed, making me laugh. “Don’t worry,” I said. “Soon you are going to miss these days.”

The doctor **was** waiting for me outside. He rushed us into the labor room. With Logan’s help, I lay on the bed. He held my hand and stood there, watching me with wide eyes.

Within an hour, my labor pain intensified. I cried and shouted, sweat beading on my forehead. My breaths came in ragged gasps as I endured the pain. Logan had left me to get coffee, but when he returned, he clenched his jaws. “Can’t you fucking reduce her pain?” he shouted at the doctor.

“I can give her an epidural,” the doctor suggested.

“What? No!” I protested through gritted teeth.

Logan placed the coffee cup on the side table and began pacing the room, his hands clenched into fists that trembled with helplessness. Through our bond, I could sense his emotions that were a whirlwind of fear.

“Can you not be so scared?” I rasped, looking at him through hooded eyes, panting crazily.

He closed the gap between us and held my hand in his. “Baby, I am sorry. It’s just that—” he swallowed his words when labor pain hit me and I squeezed his hands. “Goddess, where did you get that power from?”

“Fuck you!” I shouted through my pain. Outside the labor room, many of the pack members had already gathered. I would hear Andrew yelling at them to not crowd in front of my room. Through the pack bond, I could feel their excitement. After all, they were about to see their heir.

The head is forming!” The doctor announced. “Luna Kylie, please push hard this time, okay?”

“So soon?” I said, disbelief in my eyes. I had read that it took a long time for the first-time mothers to birth their pups.

“Yes!” He nodded with a smile.

So this time when the wave **of pain** rolled through me, I pushed with all my might with **a** scream ripping through my throat.

“Great!” the doctor grinned. “One more push Luna. You can do it!”

The pain was **too** much to bear. I started crying loudly and prayed to the Moon Goddess **to** give me strength. As soon as the next **wave** came, I used all my might and pushed my pup out. Next moment, I heard a loud cry.

The doctor held my pup in his hand, squealing in **joy**. “Congratulations! You got a boy **pup!**”

Logan’s face was a mixture of emotions when he saw his heir “Baby, we are parents My heir is here”

I nodded at him with tears in my eyes when all of a sudden, another wave of pain surged through me “Ahhhh!”

The doctor gave our pup to the nurse to clean him up and turned his attention to me, bewildered as hell. “Another head is forming, my Luna.”

“What?” I squeaked. When Logan had asked me whether I wanted to know the sex of my pup or how many I had in me, I refused. I only assumed that I had twins inside me because of my bloated belly.

“Yes, we got one more pup coming!” he announced and focused his attention on me.

“Logan...” I cried. He gave me his hand that was shaking like a leaf.

“We have twins, baby!”

I held his arm and shrieked in pain when the second pup decided to come out. We heard a soft cry. The doctor held her up in his arms. “You got a girl pup, **Luna**. Congratulations!”

I giggled through my **mess** as I looked at both of my pups. However, *my* joy lasted only one minute because another pain cruised through my body. “Nooooo!” I shouted.

This time the doctor watched me with wide eyes, shocked. “Th—there’s another head forming,” **he** said in a jittery voice, handing my pup to another nurse.

Logan went numb while I screamed in **pain** as the doctor turned his focus on me. I felt a third pup slipping out of my womb. Shocked, Logan sank on his knees to the ground as he stared at his third baby, a boy.

“OMG! Luna, you’ve got triplets!” the doctor said in a low voice as he held our third pup in **his** arms.

I sagged on the bed exhausted, *my* lips curling up. And then the world turned dark.

“Kylie... Kylie...” a voice sounded in the distance. I fluttered open my eyes and found myself looking at Logan, who was holding our triplets, our wriggling bundles of joy, in his arms. Swathed in pink and blue, they were sleeping, making soft sounds. He brought them closer to me, his eyes shimmering with pride and joy. “Thank you. Thank you!” he said in a hoarse voice, loaded with emotions. “You’ve given me three beautiful pups. I’m forever indebted to you.”

As he **gave** me our pups, vestiges of my anxiety melted away, replaced by an overwhelming sense of happiness. My eldest boy had dark hair and eyes, just like his father's, while the younger one had my hair and eyes. But their resemblance to him was uncanny. My little girl had hair like mine, thankfully, but even her eyes were like her father's.

He sat at the edge of the bed where my hand was attached to several tubes. The doctor said that he will discharge you after two days," Logan said, stroking the soft hair of his daughter, his heart swelling with love,

In this moment, I could feel the hushed reverence of the pack members, because they knew that the legacy of their Alpha and Luna would continue and their pack was safe.

Logan leaned over and kissed my forehead. "I love you so much, baby! And I am so proud of myself."

I rolled my eyes. "Why are you proud?"

"My boys did great work inside you! They swam to the right eggs!"

I smacked his arm, and he burst out laughing. Just then, Grandfather Hanks entered the room with a bouquet in his hand.

"Grandfather!" I tried to get up, but plopped back, feeling dizzy.

"Don't. Don't!" he insisted as he came to me. He gave me the bouquet and then all his attention went to his great grand-pups. "Dear goddess, they are the most beautiful pups I've ever seen in my life! After all, they got my genes."

And I blinked my eyes at grandfather, trying to find resemblance between my pups and his face. He beamed with happiness as he picked up our eldest. "What names have you decided?" he asked us.

Logan glanced at me and said, "Kael, Layla, and Toren."