

## Chapter 193 – Beauty and The Beta

“Is she meant to be this angry?” I muttered to one of the nurses, who looked at me with her eyebrows raised like I was some sort of monster. Okay, maybe I would just sit quietly. Now I seemed to have angered the nurse as well as my mate...

Zion once more was laughing. ‘Not so good at this are you?’ he teased. ‘Oh, big shot, Beta.’

‘You’re a Beta too, you freak.’ I snapped back, while my eyes met Bailey’s and, quite honestly, she looked like she was possessed.

‘Can childbirth turn a woman into a demon?’ Zion asked me. ‘Because right about now she looks pretty freaky, and I do not mean in a good way, like, we about to get freaky sort of a way...’

Wow. My wolf has officially lost it.

“Okay, Bailey, if you just try to slow your breathing a little.” the nurse calmly told my mate, and she turned the devil’s glare upon the nurse.

“What do you think I am trying to do?!” she snapped.

The nurse simply smiled. “I know, and you are doing really well, but if we can slow it a little more, and on the next contraction, I think you can push.” She told her, and I looked at Bailey with anticipation.

“Aww, did you hear that Bai, you can push soon?” I told her. I knew she was more than ready for that. It felt like we had been in here for a lifetime already...

The death stare was back on me now as she hissed. “I will push you, if you’re not careful.”

I swear the nurse chuckled. And these are the staff I helped interview! Yet here she is laughing at my mate all but eating my heart out because she is in pain. Pain, which apparently was all my fault, according to the recent insults...

“Arrrrggghhhhh!” Bailey squealed out once more, the grip around my hand tightened, so damn hard I think my hand was about to snap right off. Though I had already learned to stay quiet about that...

“Okay, Bailey, push...” the nurse said from her position at the end of the bed. “Beta, do you want to come and see your little one arrive?”

I looked at her in shock. Did I want to? Would Bailey want me to? No, I wanted to see our little one born... I released Bailey’s hand and moved toward the end of the bed, as she panted between contractions.

'I may check out now.' Zion told me, unhelpfully. 'Don't think I can cope with the...'

"Arrrgh... holy... mother of ... fucking... shitting hell!!!" Bailey cursed, interrupting Zion's words as she bore down hard. And a whole lot of stuff I was going to pretend I didn't see came out of her, but so did our baby's head... covered in beautiful dark curls, just like their mama...

'I think I agree. Holy, mother of fucking, shitting hell. What in the hell was that?' Zion asked.

'Shut up.' I snapped. 'That is our child being born.' I felt emotions rushing through my body as my eyes met Bailey's. I moved up the bed, to hold her hand again. I wanted to be there for her too. I wanted to hold her. Tell her how proud I was of her, and tell her I loved her.

"Come on, beautiful, you got this." I said softly into her ear, kissing her head. "You are doing amazing. I love you, Bai."

"One more push and I think baby should be out, Bailey." The nurse told her, just as I felt Bailey's hand tighten around mine.

She sobbed as she pushed once more, but this time there was a cry as the baby slid into the nurse's waiting hand. "Aww, congratulations. You have a little boy." She smiled up at us.

I looked at Bailey, tears in my eyes, and she looked at me like she was in shock. "I'm a Mama." She whispered as the nurse suddenly passed her a little bundle wrapped in a blanket. My eyes took in the beautiful sight of my amazing mate, with our gorgeous new baby in her arms. I have never felt so proud, as a rush of love and pride flooded my body. And, as I took him in, I could see he was indeed a gorgeous little fella. He had his mama's curly dark hair, and my big green eyes.

"You certainly are." I smiled at her, and I knew she would be a wonderful mother too. She treated every one of those children in her class like they were her own, and they thought the world of her, so I knew our own child or children, if we went on to have more, would be blessed having her as a mother. Just as I was blessed to call her my mate.

"He is perfect, isn't he?" She stroked back his curls, and I nodded. He most definitely was that. I could not believe I was finally a father. All those times over recent years, I saw friends settling down with their mates and having pups, I had long since resigned to the fact I would be alone. And then, this beauty came into my world, turning everything on its head. Making me fall for her without even trying. And here we were now, our own little one to complete my dreams... dreams I had never thought were possible. Yet Bailey had made them possible...

“I think he suits the name we picked, don’t you?” I asked, and Bailey nodded, as she offered my son to me. I took him from her without hesitating, sitting myself on the edge of the bed next to my mate. He felt tiny in my embrace, as he snuggled into my chest. My heart swelled with pride, as Zion purred in contentment, while Bailey rested her head upon my shoulder. I truly think my life was complete.