

## Chapter 122-1

Seth returned to the room when the nurse came in, rolling in an ultrasound machine. “It’s so early I’ll have to do a vaginal ultrasound, alright?”

I frown at the thought, but I nod. “I understand.”

I lean back as instructed, slightly hindered by the tight grip Seth has on my hand. She inserts the wand and, after a moment, I can see her smile as she turns the screen towards us.

“There’s the little prince here,” she says, pointing at a little blip on the screen. “It looks like you’re around three weeks.”

“And he’s OK?” Seth asks.

She nods to him. “He’s perfectly fine.”

“Is there a second?” he asks, squeezing my hand even more tight.

She smiles at him as she nods. “There is, Sir. They’re not as cooperative. Hold on and I’ll let you listen to their heart beats.”

She clicks a button and the wooshing sound plays with two tiny little heartbeats. Two tiny little heartbeats that sound so strong.

Seth kisses my temple, a few tears escaping his eyes as I wipe my own away.

The kind nurse finishes and leaves us for a moment, letting us know that we’ll move to a room and I’ll start the antibiotics in just a moment. She prints off a few photos for us and as excited as I am, it's nothing compared to how Seth is beaming with pride looking at them.

“Twins,” he whispers, running his finger gently over the picture.

I smile at him, leaning my head on his arm. “Twins. And a girl.”

He looks at me, tears escaping his eyes. “I shouldn’t have turned my back to the fighting. I should have trusted that Benjamin would keep you safe. I’m so sorry, Molly.”

“It’s fine, Seth. I can feel it,” I tell him. “It’s going to be just fine.”

A nurse comes in and tells us to follow her down the hall. Seth scowls and lifts me into his arms, refusing to let me walk. He places me gently on the bed and moves to cover me with blankets as the nurse walks over to start my IV. The doctor comes in and hooks a bag of medicine to the tubes.

“You’ll have to be hooked up for 48 hours, and I’d like to keep you at least 24 after that to monitor,” the doctor tells me and I nod. “We’ll check in on the babies a few times as well.”

“Thank you,” I whisper and he nods and leaves us. “You can go upstairs so you can sleep in an actual bed,” I tell Seth as he stretches out awkwardly in the chair next to the bed.

“Not a chance, Love,” he says with a smile, pulling a blanket over him and dimming the lamp on the table. “It’s been the longest day. Get some sleep.”

I fall asleep easily. He’s right, it has been the longest day that I’ve ever lived, though I guess it’s technically the next morning. Still, as tired as I am, I know he’s worse as he’s been awake, worrying about me.

I awaken in the morning, but unfortunately it’s from an intense feeling of nausea. I try to get out of the bed, but with the cord, I’m not able to easily. Seth realizes the problem, probably from the bond, and grabs a tray from nearby, holding it as I vomit into it.

“I’m so sorry,” I say, my voice hoarse and eyes full of tears.

“There’s nothing to be sorry for,” he says, pushing a button to call a nurse in. “Is there anything she can take to help?”

“We don’t want to overload her system,” she tells him apologetically.

Seth sighs deeply, helping me stand and walk to the restroom. I make it to the sink and wipe my face off, Seth right next to me, ready to help with anything I need.

“I’m OK,” I tell him shyly. “You can leave.”

“No,” he says simply, not making any move to leave.

“I need to pee,” I tell him, embarrassed.

He shrugs and just stands there staring at me.

“Seth, please,” I whine, unhappy that he thinks he should stay.

He turns around, but doesn’t move. “This is as good as you’re going to get. I’m not leaving you alone.”

I sigh, realizing that there’s no reasoning with this man. Slowly, I walk over to the toilet. In all reality, I feel rough and could really use help walking, but I can’t tell him that or he won’t even turn around for me. When I’m done, I walk back to the sink and wash my hands, my shoulder raging in pain every time I move.

Seth steadies me as I walk back to bed and helps me in, tucking me in tightly like a small child. “Are you hungry? Do you need anything?”

I shake my head. “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to eat again. I feel so sick.”

The doctor eventually comes in to check on me and Seth steps back to allow him to get near me, but he hovers over him.

“Seth,” I say to him, giving him a look. “Let the man breathe. I’m fine.”

He smiles at me as he removes the blood pressure cuff and writes some things in my chart. “You still have a fever, but it hasn’t gotten worse. That’s a good sign. We’re going to bring you some food and then we’ll check on those babies. Eating will get them moving, and they’ll be easier to check on.”

I nod in understanding. I don’t know if I can handle anything to eat, but I’ll try so I can see the babies again. “Some plain oatmeal might be alright”