

Chapter 156-2

“I’ve got you,” he says softly in my ear and I nod against him as the pain intensifies.

The contraction passes and I reach down, pulling off Seth’s shirt that I’m still wearing. It just feels constricting and like it’s holding me down, which I recognize seems absurd, but I don’t feel emotionally stable at the moment. I lean back against the side of the bed, taking a few deep breaths.

“Can I have my water?” I ask, tears falling down my cheeks.

Seth doesn’t move, but Michael does, grabbing it from the night stand and bringing it to me. “Here, Princess.”

“Thank you,” I tell him, surprised at his actions, but thankful for them.

Another contraction comes upon me, and another, and another. I become so frustrated that I can’t safely deliver my babies as a literal battle is raging outside the house.

The noises outside have slowly returned, causing Michael to become more and more alert to the outside again. He’s returned to the window and I have noticed that he’s peeking less, and now just watching outside it.

Seth gently reaches up and cups my cheek, directing my face to look at him. “We can’t do anything about what is happening outside, Love. It’s you, me and the pups. That’s all we can control right now.”

“I can’t control that,” I say, frustrated. “I can’t get them out.”

“Molly, you’re doing well,” Sofia says across the phone. “It’s only been twenty-five minutes since you started pushing. I’ve delivered babies where it takes over an hour. You’re doing great, it just feels overwhelming.”

“Just a few more pushes,” Seth whispers in my ear. “Then we’ll be parents. You can hold your daughter and son. I wonder who they will look like.”

I nod, leaning back up as another contraction comes and I push with all the strength I can.

“Baby Andrew is going to be obsessed with you,” He says softly to me and I lean against him, taking a breath. “The kingdom will expect so much from him from so early, but you’ll hold him close and take the weight from him. You’re going to be the best mother.”

Suddenly, the noise outside comes back at an almost deafening volume. There’s growling and thuds outside and I look at Michael, who looks so very tense as he watches out the window.

“You can do it, Love,” Seth tells me again as I push and feel like I’m on fire, but I push through the excruciating pain. Instinctively, I reach down and feel a tiny little head finally on the outside of my body.

“The head is out,” Seth says and I realize he’s talking to Sofia, not me.

“Do NOT push,” she says sternly. “Seth, you’ve got to check the neck, just like we talked about.”

He nods, and moves his hands to my hips, gently tilting me as he’s looking. “I can’t see.”

“Molly, next contraction you need to push, but if Seth tells you to stop, you must. Do you understand?” she asks.

I look at Seth and nod at him. “Now,” I tell him and push again. I try to move my hands over for him to see.

“It’s clear,” he says, a huge smile on his face as he moves back up. I lean into him once more and can feel a shoulder come out.

“There’s a shoulder,” I tell Sofia.

“That’s great,” she exclaims and I can hear her smile. “One more push. Once the other shoulder is out she should be good.”

“One more,” Seth tells me with a smile, placing a kiss on my forehead as I lean into him, pushing again. I put every emotion I’ve felt today into this push- all the anger over being safe, over having to deliver without a doctor, the pain I’ve endured- all of it as I attempt to remove it, and my daughter, from my body.

I feel her other shoulder and continue to push as she comes right out, now. Seth’s hands are right there, helping guide her out and into my hands. Once she’s safely in my arms, I pull her up and cradle her against my chest as I hear a loud cry. I feel energy wash over us quickly, going out into the world as, finally, I have a baby here.

I look at the beautiful baby girl, as she cries loudly, looking up at me with her matching green eyes. I sit back, sagging into the side of the bed, exhausted. “Hi,” I tell her, sobbing as I look up at Seth who is reaching a hand out. Gently, he runs his large finger down her chubby little cheek as she calms..

“Molly,” he says, tears falling down his cheek. “She’s so beautiful. She looks just like you.”

There’s a knock at the door and I can smell that it’s Oliver. Michael must, as well, as he crosses the room, cracking the door and whispering something that I don’t even try to hear, too enamored by my sweet Cora.

Oliver pushes his way in and I look up. He’s got a huge smile on his face that, somehow, grows even bigger as his eyes land on the sweet girl in my arms. “Oh, Molly,” he says to me. “I don’t know what you did, but you knocked so many out and the rest just fled. The warriors are chasing them out and restraining the others.”

“What?!” I say, shocked. “It was Lily, not me.”

He shakes his head and walks over, taking a seat on the floor next to me. “Lily is fine, but she is unconscious from holding the spell so long. It happened and a few seconds later, I heard this little lady yelling. It was you.”