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## Chapter 157

Sofia helped talk Seth through delivering the placenta and tying and cutting the cord. I'm sure Seth never imagined he would be in a position to deliver his own children, but he has been amazing. The look on his face as he lifted her and helped guide her to my chest, well, it's a memory that will forever be etched into my mind. It never ceases to amaze me just how gentle this giant man can be with me.

After cleaning her off the best I can at the moment, I wrap sweet Cora in a small soft blanket with frayed edges that I realize wasn't a blanket. It seems to be a soft flannel shirt that was probably Benjamin's that Lily cut into a blanket. Seth looks at us, carefully watching over us. Every so often he will reach forward, gently running a finger across her cheek and pushing hair behind my ear so lovingly.

"Here," I say, and he looks at me. "You hold her."

He's hesitant as he looks at me, bewildered. "She's so small. I don't want to hurt her."

"You won't," I tell him with a smile and move my hand to my stomach in pain as the contractions become stronger and more painful. Seth also seems to feel this one.

"Molly, what's wrong?" he asks me, clearly very worried.

I look up at him and giggle a little through the pain. "There's a whole second baby that wants to meet you, too."

He looks at me and smiles sheepishly as he takes baby Cora into his strong arms, looking down at her in a way that melts my heart. "We'll get you home soon," he whispers to her before placing a kiss on her sweet little face.

The contractions are speeding up again and I start to feel the now familiar pressure again. I breathe through the pain and look up to see my mate about to hand the baby to Oliver.

"No," I say through gritted teeth. "Robbie will never forgive me if Oliver holds her before him."

"Molly," Oli says through a laugh. "Someone has to. You can't hold her right now. He'll understand."

I shake my head and point at Michael. "He can."

Michael looks at me with wide, terrified eyes. "Ma'am, I can't do that."

"Yes, you can," I insist as the pain starts to subside. "Please. It's important to me."

He nods as Seth walks over to him, gently handing over the sleeping child. Michael reluctantly takes her, a terrified look on his face as he looks down at the sleeping child in his arms. The pressure starts again, followed by a contraction and a gush of fluid.

"Sofia, there's a lot of liquid," Seth says in a panic and I can hear her trying to stifle a giggle.

"They each have their own sac," she says. "Essentially, Molly's water broke again. It likely means the little prince is getting into position. Again, you will have to check his neck for the cord."

Seth takes a deep breath and looks at me with a small smile. "It's not as scary the second time, huh?"

His excitement is contagious and I smile at him. "The lack of war outside really helps. The pain feels different when you know how it feels to look at them, too."

"You tell me when you're ready, Love," he says, kneeling down in front of me as pain hits again. "I've got you. Always."

I nod against his chest, feeling so tired and ready to be done, but I look over at sweet Cora and it gives me the motivation needed to meet my son, too. After a few moments of this, Andrew moves into place and the need to push returns.

"It's time," I say softly and Seth moves around, ready to help guide our son into the world.

Another contraction comes and I push, feeling like I'm better equipped to do this now that I know what I'm doing and the immediate danger outside has passed. My doctor will come as soon as we hang up once he's out. My parents will come to meet them. My big brother will be here. It will be safe to return home. It's far less terrifying now in so many ways.

Another contraction, another push. Again. And again. And again. The burning starts and this time, I know what it means. I reach down and feel a tiny little head and what feels like a mess of hair. I look up at Seth and nod. He understands and he moves to check the pups neck.

"Careful when you push this time," he says. "I can't see, again."

I nod and, when it's time, I push. Seth moves back up, a huge smile on his face as he moves his hands down to take him. One more final push, and he's out. I lift him and place him on my chest, but he's not crying.

"Seth," I say, trying to hold back tears as I gently rub his chubby cheeks.

"Sofia," he says loudly, concern in his voice. "He's not crying."

"What does he look like?" she asks quickly.

I look at the baby, a perfect baby boy. He has a whole mess of curly hair, though the color of his father's and my green eyes are staring back at me.

"Are his lips blue? Or his skin?" she asks quickly.

Seth grabs the phone from the table, holding it tightly. "No," he says, inspecting the baby. "He looks just as Cora did when she came out. He's staring up at Molly like he knows what's happening."

"Flick him on the bottom of the foot until he cries," She says.

Seth makes a face, and blinks a few times, but he reaches over and does as instructed. After the second thump, he begins to cry, though not as loudly as his sister had to announce her arrival.

"Sounds good over the phone," Sofia says. "I'm going to hang up and George is bringing me straight there. I'll check his lungs as soon as I arrive. You guys did great," she says, and hangs up.

I shush and he calms quickly, staring at me still. "Maybe he's just the calm one," Seth says with a shrug and I can't help but smile. It's the exact opposite of what we had expected.

After cleaning Andrew, Seth helps deliver the placenta again and we wrap him in what seems to be another makeshift blanket.

"We need to get Benjamin some more shirts," I say to Seth with a laugh. "I hope these weren't favorites."

He chuckles at me before taking baby Andrew into his arms. "You need to get into bed. You're exhausted."

I nod and he offers me a hand to help me up as gently as he can, while still holding our son. Oliver jumps in, helping lift me up tp stand. He grabs a few towels and tries to lay them on the bed for me as I grab Seth's tshirt I had thrown off earlier and pull it back on.

Once I'm in bed, I move the pillows to prop myself off a bit and hold my arms out to Michael.

"I don't think I'll be able to sleep for a bit," I say, smiling down at our daughter. "I'm too happy."

"Alright," Seth says with a smile and turns to the two men still in the room. "You guys can leave. Send Sofia in as soon as she arrives."

"Yes, Sir," Michael says, bowing his head and walking to the door.

Oliver walks over and gives me a gentle side hug. "You did so well, Molls. I'm so glad I got to be with you, even for part of it."

"I'm so glad you were here, too," I tell him, leaning my head on his shoulder.

Once we're alone, Seth climbs into the bed next to me, careful not to jostle Baby Andrew. "Are you really alright, Love? That was... so much. I felt so much pain. I can't imagine what it felt like for you," he says, looking at me like I could break.

"I am," I tell him with a huge smile. "I'm just so happy. I'm tired, and sore, and disgusting... but I feel complete."

He places his free arm over my shoulders, pulling me slightly towards him. "It was so scary, and I was so worried I would do something wrong and it would hurt you. Now that they're here, though, I'm a little glad it was just us. It was so special, Love, watching you. You're amazing."