

The Hunted Wolf – Epilogue 3

MARK

Adira's screams had my chest aching. She squeezed my hand, practically breaking my bones, but I didn't care. It felt like it was the only thing I could do while she was in so much pain. It broke my heart that I couldn't take more of her pain.

Another scream echoed throughout the room, and Adira's face was flushed and sweaty.

"You're doing great. You can do this," I said, trying to encourage her. I didn't know what else to say to her.

She shook her head, fresh tears pouring out. "Mark, I can't. You do it. It hurts too much."

I kissed her sweaty forehead, trying to provide her with some comfort. "I know, baby. I would do it if I could."

"The babies are almost ready," Doctor Zayla said. "Just a couple more pushes, and then you'll officially be a mother."

"I can't. It's too much." Adira was out of it from the pain, and I didn't know what to do. Her labor had been going on for longer than normal. The babies didn't want to leave her body.

"Hey, look at me. You've got this. You have been through so much, and you're one of the strongest people I know. Just a little more, and our babies will be here. Just think about that."

She squeezed my hand harder, flinging forward as another contraction hit her.

Zayla looked at me. "Mark, you need to touch her more. Your mate bond will help the pain. It'll make the delivery easier, too."

I nodded and quickly climbed into the bed behind her. I put my arms on either side of Adira, and she interlaced her fingers with mine. "You can do this. Just a little more, and we can meet our babies."

"Just one more push, and the first baby is ready," Doctor Zayla said.

Adira slumped against my body and looked up at me. I hated seeing her this way, but she was also absolutely incredible. “Come on baby. You can do this.”

Adira took a deep breath and she pushed into me, screaming out as she pushed. Soon, I saw a figure in Zayla’s arms, and then I heard it. The baby cried, filling the room with the most amazing sound. That was my child.

“Looks like you have a boy,” Zayla announced, wrapping the baby and handing him to Adira.

She took him in her arms and started weeping even more. Tears filled my own eyes as I looked down at my son. He was a little funny looking, still bright red and wrinkled from the womb, but it was the most amazing sight ever. I felt completely enraptured, finally meeting my son.

Much too soon, a nurse came over to take the baby away, but Adira hesitated, not ready to let go.

“The other baby is ready, Adira,” Zayla cautioned. “You’ll have time to hold your son later, but now we need to get the other baby out.”

Adira sniffled and then reluctantly handed over our son. “I’m so tired.”

I kissed the back of her head. “I know. Just a little more and we’ll meet baby number two. Then you’ll be done and can rest.”

Adira nodded, and I could tell she was pushing herself past a breaking point, but she knew she needed to. A few more pushes, and then a second set of crying lungs joined the room.

Zayla wrapped this baby up and announced, “You also have a baby girl.”

Adira held our daughter in her arms, more tears streaming down her face. “Hi,” she whispered to our baby. Adira looked back at me, love filling her eyes. I saw that all of the pain she went through was worth it and didn’t matter anymore. “We have a boy and a girl.”

I kissed Adira’s forehead, feeling overwhelmed with how happy I was. One of each. This couldn’t have worked out better, and I was beyond excited that I was a daddy. Everything felt perfect in this moment.

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ADIRA

I woke up, my body feeling heavy with exhaustion. The room was dark, and my brain was foggy, but I heard Mark whispering in the corner of the room. I sat up and saw him holding both of the babies in a chair. He was filled with joy as he spoke.

"You two have the most wonderful mother ever. She is so loving and caring, and she is going to make sure you live the best life you can. We both will. I can't wait to teach you two everything I can. You will be the best little warriors you can. And your mother will teach you all about magic."

"Sounds like we are going to have some kickass children," I laughed as Mark described everything these babies would come to know.

Mark looked up and smiled at me. He was absolutely glowing. He stood up and brought the babies over, handing one of them to me. "Of course. I just know they will turn out like their mother. They are going to be so loved."

I smiled, knowing I would do whatever I could to make sure my children never felt unwanted the way I had for several years. "Of course they will. They are absolutely perfect." I looked up at Mark, a thought suddenly crossing my mind. "They still need names."

"That they do. Any thoughts?"

I thought about this for a moment. I had a few names thought of before this, but in the moment, none of them seemed to fit. My eyes widened as it hit me. "What about Remoria and Caulder? We could call them Remy and Cauldy."

Mark smiled, sitting on the bed. "I say those are perfect names."