

## **Chapter 122 Baby Blues**

Serena

I didn't know how long I stared at the adorable babies past the viewing glass, but I was sure it took time. I couldn't help it. I got too caught up mixing and matching mine and Aero's physical features in my head just to get a preview of our children. Plus, I played with boy names, trying my luck on what would best suit them as Aero and I hadn't decided on their names yet. My reverie broke when someone behind me touched my shoulder.

"I knew I'd find you here," Aunt Margaret's voice filled the hallway before I could turn and face her.

"Auntie," my smile reached from ear to ear. She stretched her hands up and embraced me. I reciprocated the gesture.

"Serena, I'm glad to see you again."

"Great to see you too, auntie," I answered.

She withdrew a few inches back and directed her eyes downward.

"Here, let me take a quick look at you."

Acting like an obedient patient, I paused and allowed myself to a brief examination.

Minutes later, her brow arched.

“Your belly still looks small but at least rounder now,” she declared.

“I know,” I sighed. “Actually, that’s why I’m here. I want to talk to you about this.”

She patted my shoulder and awarded me a smile.

“Let’s go to my office and talk over tea.”

Nodding, we left the hallway, passed by Theya who was already preparing refreshments, and entered the office next to the front desk.

I claimed the one-seater sofa next to the coffee table and my aunt sat opposite me. She remained silent, so I took this opportunity to start the conversation.

“Aero and I visited Queen Adna yesterday. It was an abrupt decision while we were on our way to the castle, but it was a fruitful one.”

“Did you tell her you’re expecting?” was her curious question.

“Yes, I did,” I nodded. “She was happy at first, but then, she became worried.”

“Worried?” Aunt Margaret’s voice heightened with confusion. “For what?”

“My pregnancy. The twins,” I trailed off, casting my eyes on the floor. “She worried about their growth. That the rate might triple any time.”

“And in turn your health would be affected,” Aunt Margaret finished, her intuition hitting me spot

on.

“Yes,” I awarded her a ghost of a smile. “You know I’m a hybrid, auntie. With that fact alone, I think Queen Adna was right to worry.” This reminded me of what I experienced during the cruise.

The spotting. Was it a clue for something serious? I did feel exhausted that time as if my energy was all sucked up.

Aunt Margaret took a lungful of sigh. She stared at me before standing up and pointing to the examining bed installed against the wall.

“Go there and lie down,” she stated. “I’ll check you up.”

I didn’t waste time. Rising to my feet, I neared the bed and climbed up to its mattress. Knowing what was to come, I raised my blouse and exposed my belly.

Aunt Margaret rubbed her hands first before placing it against my skin. Her palm was warm and comfortable when it contacted. As she silently felt my growing babies, she looked serious and into her work. Her greenish-brown eyes glowed a bit. I figured she was using her werewolf ability this time.

I closed my own hazel ones and waited for her to finish, but at the back of my head, I was praying and hoping my babies were alright.

“Serena, I’m done,” she informed after a few minutes later.

She was already sitting on a nearby stool when I peeled my eyes open. I straightened and dangled my feet at the edge of the bed whilst facing her.

“From what I could gather, your babies appear fine. They are healthy. I don’t sense any impending growth spurt too,” she revealed, and those words alone plucked a lot of thorns on my head.

“Based on my experience, expecting werewolf mothers in your age of gestation right now have larger bellies. Their babies would be formed and they would mostly fill the entire placenta. But since you’re half-fae, I doubt this is what’s happening to you. I’m sorry my knowledge is limited.”

She lowered her head and appeared apologetic. In haste, I hopped down the bed and grabbed her hands.

“It’s okay, auntie. At least I know they are fine,” I flashed her a thankful smile.

That lightened her mood.

“Look, if you want to be consoled through science, I won’t prohibit you to seek Earth technology.

In fact, I advice it. Do you already have an obstetrics doctor there?”

“I have one in mind,” I answered, thinking about Dr. Gillis, my mother’s friend doctor who first

checked me.

“Then you should go,” she agreed. “Update me once you return.”

I dipped my chin down in affirmation, “Yes, auntie. I will. Thank you so much for the advice.”

After that serious talk, we moved to lighter topics, and it tackled about the twins’ names, clothes and nursery room.

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Aero

The clock hanging on the wall opposite where I sat registered ten-thirty in the morning. It had been thirty minutes since I arrived expecting I’d get Elijah’s attention right away, but that wasn’t the case.

The moment I poofed inside the living space of his penthouse suite at a high-rise building in Dubai, I saw not the beautiful views outside the glass walls but Elijah’s ass, all rounded and fresh from a boner.

Mentally, I was happy Rhea was already inside their room when I arrived. If it happened the other way around, not only would I get a beating from Elijah, but from my wife too.

Heck, it gave me the shivers just thinking about Serena beating me.

To make matters worse, he turned to face me and flaunted his half-mast cock. Scowling, I diverted

my attention away, but I could feel the gravity of his grin, proving just how much he enjoyed my discomfort.

“I’ll be back, brother,” he stated before walking to a hallway where his room was.

Now, back to the present, my scowl still stayed. I folded my arms over my chest and sucked a breath to gather more patience into my system.

“Good, that you’re dressed now,” I growled when Elijah finally waltzed inside the living room with jeans and a simple t-shirt. Back when we used to visit our island in Greece, this was always his favored get-up and it suited him fine.

“Well, it was not my fault you visited me in the middle of my honeymoon, brother,” he chuckled before claiming his leather seat near mine. “Is Phanteon alright? I know you won’t bother me unless it’s urgent.”

“It is urgent,” I grumbled just as I tossed a folder on his way. With quick reflex, he captured it mid air. “Check that out,” I continued. “Everything written there covers what I learned about the crescent moon marks and the treason of our father.”

“Treason?” was the word he immediately picked up. His brows knotted hard towards me before redirecting his attention to the folder.

He took his time reading the information and every time he flipped a page, his forehead creased

harder.

“No shit... this is big, Aero,” were his first words after reading the last page, “and very controversial too. Who would have known that the Goddess Selene was just a creation of our father’s mind?”

“He is very imaginative, Elijah, but at the cost of his people,” I huffed.

He placed the folder on the table near us, brushed his hair with both of his hands, and took a deep this-is-fucked-up sigh.

“Elijah, I’m sorry to say this, but I need you to return to Phanteon now. I need your help to fix this mess our father created.” This wasn’t the best way to break the news, but I told him anyway.

Since we’re family, it was also his responsibility to apply damage -control.

He lifted his head again and cast me a determined look. “What do you want me to do, brother?”

“Find as many couples with crescent moon marks as you could get,” I answered, coating the happiness I felt knowing he was willing to help me.

“They will serve as our evidence should we encounter resistance in changing Phanteon’s current rules.”

“I doubt there will be, but I will do it, brother. I’ll help you,” he finalized.

“Good.” I nodded in satisfaction. “Apologize to Rhea for me, Elijah. I promise to give you another cycle of vacation once this is over.”

Returning to his playful facade, he smiled and said, “Aw, brother, you’re very generous. I’ll be sure to collect it in due time.”

He stood up and left me, knowing already I had nothing more to say.

I wanted to teleport out of his suite and return to Phanteon, but right on cue, Serena’s voice popped in my head.

‘Hey, you’re still on Earth?’

A gentle smile appeared on my face.

‘Yes. Do you want me to buy something for you?’

‘No. That’s unnecessary. I’m following you, anyway.’

‘You’ll come here on Earth too?’ I was taken aback.

This wasn’t our plan last night at all.

‘Yeah, I don’t know. I must be just paranoid, but I want to get another scan of our little princes,’ was her reply.

Stretching my legs, I neared the glass wall of the room and watched the sand dunes in the distance.

‘Queen Adna’s words really affected you, huh?’ I asked, sensing her worry despite the distance of Earth and Phanteon.

The power of the bond. This was exactly what the scrolls said. And what a convenient thing it



was.

‘Yes,’ was her simple, but concise reply.

‘I’ll wait for you in Dr. Gillis clinic?’

‘Yes, please.’

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Just as discussed, I teleported to Phoenix, behind the building of the doctor’s clinic where no one could see me. After fixing my trench coat, I rounded the garden and entered the lobby.

The front desk staff greeted me thereafter. I waved a hand at her before asking, “Is Dr. Gillis around?”

She shook her head and replied, “No, Mr. Blackwolfe, Dr. Gillis is out-of-town. Did your wife make an appointment with her today?”

“No, it’s a last-minute decision to visit the doctor,” I answered, holding my disappointment at bay.

Seconds later, my wife arrived. She looked one with the humans with her ankle boots and printed dress, not a clue at all to tell she was a powerful fae and werewolf.

“Serena.”

Shifting to face her, I opened my arms for an embrace.

She accepted it and indulged on it for a few good seconds before withdrawing.

“Are you ready?” she stated, smiling to me and to the front desk officer.

“No,” I answered, “Dr. Gillis is out of town.”

Her eyelids fluttered in surprise. “Oh.”

“We could set you up with Dr. Gillis’s partner in Hope Allegiance Hospital, if you want, Mrs.

Blackwolfe,” the officer offered. She pulled her record book and placed it on top of the front desk, but Serena raised a palm up.

“No, it’s okay. We know another obstetrician who we can approach.”

“Oh, if that’s the case, let me call that doctor’s clinic to set an appointment with you before you leave, Mrs. Blackwolfe.”

Serena turned to me and asked, “Do you have the card of Dr. Rutherford?”

I raised a brow. “You mean that doctor on the cruise ship?”

“Yeah, that’s her name, right? Where’s her calling card?” She patted my trench coat’s pockets as if it was there. I inwardly hissed. Oh no, I messed up.

“I left it in our cabin.” I decided not to lie.

“Oh, Aero.” Serena simply rolled her eyes and sighed in defeat.

“Dr. Nancy Rutherford, Mrs. Blackwolfe?” the officer butted in, sounding confident.

Serena and I shuffled to face her.

“Do you know her?” I asked.

“Yes, we do, and I also have her contact number and work schedule. She sometimes fills in Dr.

Gillis's schedule when she's vacant."

"How convenient," Serena beamed.

"Give me a second." The officer scanned through the pages of her record book and then dialed her cellphone.

Serena and I waited whilst exchanging silent glances. I had no complain about that doctor in the cruise. In fact, I couldn't agree more with this abrupt change. The convenient it was to find another doctor to check her, the better.

Finally, the officer placed her cellphone down and rerouted her attention to us. "The good news is she's in her clinic now, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwolfe. She can meet with you there."

"Oh great!" Serena exclaimed without hesitation.

"Here's the clinic's address." The officer handed a piece of paper written with her handwriting and I took it.

"Thank you, Shiela," Serena flashed a thankful smile, somehow remembering the officer's name, unlike me, who cared none of that insignificant detail.

[Table of Contents](#)

[+ Add to Library](#)

[Previous](#)

[Next](#)