

Chapter 123 A Triple Joy

Serena

Since I was out of commission that time, I didn't see what Dr. Rutherford looked like. I expected her to have a younger face like Dr. Gillis, but when we met and started some small talk; I found her to be older and wiser.

The woman had a classic beauty to her. I reckoned she was in her late fifties, almost sixties.

Actually, almost like my mother's age if she still lived.

As expected, she wore a doctor's coat, but her choice of dress underneath this garment proved to be sophisticated. She wore heels despite her age and she rocked strutting it.

She was soft-spoken, giving off a gentle vibe, and her words when she explained the procedure made me appreciate her more. Aero and I weren't medical-savvy people, so anything that would help us understand this daunting situation was appreciated.

Instantly, I bonded with her and have fully decided to make her my obstetrician for the rest of my pregnancy.

“Here, lie down gently,” she instructed, patting the examining table which looked the same as Aunt Margaret’s.

I did as told and positioned myself supine. Like before, I pulled my dress up and exposed my tummy to her. She draped my legs with a sheet and returned to sitting on the stool in front of the machine.

Aero was silent the entire time, choosing to give us space just standing a few feet away from the table. His arms were crossed. His expression was curious and stern.

“I’m going to run this probe all over your belly, so let me know if it feels uncomfortable,” Dr. Rutherford informed.

I answered her with a bob of my chin.

Once the probe moved, I watched the screen bolted against the ceiling. I saw my little ones’ in black-and-white detail, and once again, I felt teary-eyed.

Damn me, I had been too emotional lately.

“Hm... everything looks good,” Dr. Rutherford said, catching my attention. Her sight still trained at her monitor while the probe continued to move.

“They appear small for gestational age, but that’s okay. We are still in the first trimester, anyway.”

A smile broke my lips. That was very reassuring to hear.

“Fingers... toes... heart... head...oh, what’s this?” Dr. Rutherford’s forehead creased.

Aero, in reflex, neared us.

“Doctor?” I asked, tossing her a worried look.

“Do you have the previous scans with you?” she looked at me in the eye and asked. She was a picture of calm, but I knew something was off.

I quickly pulled the white envelope folded inside my handbag and gave her the scans.

“Yes, here.”

She took it and studied the pictures, then her forehead wrinkled even more.

“It says here live twin pregnancy, but upon checking the ultrasound now, you have three.”

My eyes flashed wide. “You mean triplets, Dr. Rutherford?”

“Yes, triplets,” she confirmed, bobbing her head up and down. “This is quite odd. I might have missed this when I first scanned you.”

“Is it a boy or a girl, Dr. Rutherford?” Aero now stepped in and asked.

Dr. Rutherford shifted slightly to face him and shook her head. “I can’t be sure. I couldn’t quite make out the fetus’s gender because it is blocked by its brothers.”

Aero and I looked at each other: part confusion, part shock, and part happiness filled us. I mean, who wouldn't be happy with getting more babies, right?

But Dr. Rutherford was right. This was unusual...

Then again, since I was half-fae, half-wolf, this was possible to occur.

Oh my goodness.

Picking up the probe again, she moved the stick as much as she could to capture the elusive third, but she just couldn't.

"I'm sorry, Serena. It could be that your third baby is too small, that's why I can't scan it yet. You will have to return for another check-up a month from now."

"Of course, Dr. Rutherford," I answered, feeling partly disappointed.

She picked up a pen and started writing in her prescription pad. I left the table with Aero assisting while this happened.

Thereafter, she turned to us and handed me the paper and three boxes of medicine.

"Here's my prescription. I need you to take two capsules a day for sixty days of this medicine. It's folic acid, to support your growing fetuses. Since I was given lots of it by the medical representative of Bishop Pharmaceuticals as samples, I'll give some to you instead."

Agreeing, I took the prescription, but before I could take the boxes too, Aero shot his hands in between us and took the boxes himself.

I stared at him, picking a sudden change in his mood. He was almost suspicious.

“This is from Bishop Pharmaceuticals, doctor?” he asked, giving the poor woman a low-powered glare.

“Yes.” Dr. Rutherford stood up. “This company is owned by the same person who owned the cruise ship, Viscount Daniel Bishop.”

“I thought so,” Aero replied. I scanned his thoughts and found the reason for his jumpy actions.

Viscount Daniel Bishop was the new representative of Earth.

What were the odds of us bumping into his name again here on Earth? And using his products, for that matter?

With a smile and a few exchanges of goodbyes, Aero and I left Dr. Rutherford’s clinic. On our way out of the building, he tugged my hand and mind-linked me.

‘You think you can wait for me at your parents’ house?’

I looked at him and knotted my brows, ‘Why? Where are you going?’

‘I want to visit the viscount,’ he answered.

‘You don’t even know where he is, right now.’

‘I’ll know. I have his scent,’ he corrected. ‘This is the same thing I used when I sent you back to Earth after our marriage. Your apartment has your scent.’

‘Oh, so that’s why.’ My mind flashed back to that eventful day. I never knew how he found my apartment in the first place when I didn’t even tell him where it was.

‘Okay, point taken,’ I resigned. ‘Take care on your journey. Make sure you’re careful teleporting to places. Remember, you’re still a viral sensation.’ He grinned at me and squeezed my hand.

‘I always like it when you turn into a worry-wart for me, my wife.’

I jabbed his ribs and hissed. ‘Oh, shut up.’

Once we arrived on the street, Aero hailed a cab. He dropped me in my family’s house, which was luckily a kilometer away from Dr. Rutherford’s clinic, and he went ahead to where Viscount Daniel was.

I just hope it was within the country.

Jessica opened the door after I knocked. She squealed when she saw me and hugged me tight. I received the same treatment when my mother and father found us in the vestibule.

When we all settled down in the living area, I broke the news of my triplets. They were all

pumped up, not really bothered by the fact that this was a sudden info to digest. Apparently, they connect it all to my magical qualities. Such a simple reason. I didn't mind. In fact, it was better they thought this way. I didn't want them to worry about me, of course.

I stayed with them, talking and sharing baby ideas, until lunch came when Aero mind-linked me.

'What? You're in Budapest?' I exclaimed when he told me his whereabouts. Over the table, Jessica asked me a question, but I raised my hand up to tell her I was in an internal conversation.

'Is the viscount there?'

'Yes. I tracked his scent in a state close to Phoenix,' he answered. 'It was in the pharmaceutical company, but when I got there, the front desk told me he was in Budapest for an annual convention.'

'That man is everywhere,' I remarked whilst staying on my seat and staring at my full plate.

Around me, my family were understandably lowering their voices.

'It seems so,' Aero continued. 'I'm yet to find him. His scent is still clear, so don't worry about me losing my way in this place.'

I chuckled. 'It is your first time there if I'm not mistaken. Do you want me to follow you?'

‘No, Serena.’ His voice hardened. ‘This place is freezing. I don’t want you and our babies having colds afterwards.’

The way he said it warmed my heart, but then again, he had always shown intense care for me and our little ones.

‘You’re an overprotective daddy,’ I teased.

From the background, I heard him snort proudly, then a slow exhale.

‘You can go back to Phanteon if you like. Have Alpha Margaret check you again.’

‘Hm, that sounds good. I think I’ll do that, Aero.’ My lips curved upward slowly. Having Aunt Margaret check on me again would surely ease my concerns.

‘Be safe,’ he stated, his voice roped with love and love and nothing but love.

I was a lucky gal.

‘Yes, you too,’ I answered, feeling in heaven.

After we conversed, I continued with my lunch. I informed my family I wouldn’t be staying longer with them and they understood. Once we said our goodbyes, I teleported to Palmeeya.

Theya greeted me again and told me Aunt Margaret was inside her office.

“You’re back already?” was her first comment the moment I entered. “I thought you’d want to stay on Earth longer?”

“I figured to meet you again, auntie,” I sighed and claimed the seat next to her office desk. “I have some news for you.”

I fished the recent scans from my shoulder bag and handed it to her.

“Are these the new scans?” She awarded me a curious glance.

“Yes.”

She checked the pictures first and then read the report. Just like I expected, her eyes widened thereafter.

“Triplets?” Her attention landed on me, showing disbelief.

“Yes,” I nodded slowly and flashed her an unsure smile.

“How come? I never felt it when I checked you this morning.”

“Please auntie, check me again,” I offered. “I’m still ambivalent here. Having triplets is great, but to absorb this newfound information is hard.”

She puffed some air and glanced at the examination bed.

“Climb up,” she urged, and I couldn’t do it any faster. The same procedure happened. Her palms felt my stomach. Her eyes glowed. Her lips twitched and her forehead creased.

“Oh, goodness...” she muttered minutes later.

I held my breath, anxious with what she was about to say.

Then her lips stretched into a small smile.

“Cheeky little pup. It is playing hide-and-seek already, even though its still inside you.”

“So the scans are correct?”

She looked at me, really looked at me whilst still feeling my belly.

“Confirmed. They are triplets,” she finally said.

I was beyond relieved. Knowing this from a family member sure made it more genuine. Aero and I have talked little about this change, but I was sure he was happy about having triplets.

“Can you tell if my third baby is a he or a she, auntie?”

Her lips pressed into a thin line and she concentrated on her task again; eyes glowing and fingers pressing harder onto my skin.

“I can’t for now,” was her eventual reply. “On a normal werewolf pregnancy, I usually sense their genders at four months. Couldn’t you sense it yourself? You are a special case after all.”

“I thought the same too, but no, I couldn’t sense its gender yet,” I answered, feeling a little glum. I would have loved to know if our third was a girl. That would be a surprise, and I was sure Queen Adna would be over the moon about it.

“That’s a surprise worth preparing for,” Auntie Margaret remarked. “Imagine if you get three little Aeros running down the castle halls. That would be chaos for sure.”

That got me giggling for a couple of seconds. Then, my mood changed and solemnly stared at her when she straightened up and finished her work.

“Do you have any answers why this came to be, auntie? I mean, shouldn’t we know already I had triplets in our first scans?”

She cupped my face and brushed my cheek with her thumb.

“You forget, you’re a half-fae, Serena. From what I know, pregnancy for a fae is a mysterious and magical thing.”

She had a point and this, I could vouch. I encountered some pregnant faes during my training as a priestess and all of them had different and yes, magical experiences forming a new life in their wombs.

But despite this, I still needed to learn more.

“I guess this means I need to go to Ehnrelil’s library,” I muttered, sitting up.

“Yes, that’s a wise path to take,” Aunt Margaret agreed. “And don’t forget about your half-wolf side. Again, you can never know what’s normal on your pregnancy because you’re a hybrid.”

Hybrid the word lingered in my head. I never thought about my status as a curse. Some Elders and my fae friends did but me, oh no, never. This was my father's and mother's gift to me, and I would treasure my being a hybrid for the rest of my life.

“Thank you for easing my concerns, auntie.”

I left the examining bed and gave her a hug, cherishing her presence in my life.

[Table of Contents](#)

[+ Add to Library](#)

[Previous](#)

[Next](#)