

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 150 Precious Souls

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Serena

A sound of a cry and a huff escaped my mouth when I realized who just materialized inside the cave. My husband, who looked so good, so handsome, but also so worried, stood before me. My heart instantly leaped in joy.

Finally, he came and right on time.

"You never called me," he said as he stepped forward toward me.

"I was about to," I answered, half wincing, half smiling.

His warm hand contacted my cheek, and I reveled in the feel that it brought.

"How are you feeling?" His gentle eyes landed on mine. His other hand touched my contracting belly and moved it up and down the roundness.

"Tired," I replied. "I'm in labor, Aero."

"I know," he simply answered. He looked so calm on the exterior, but I knew deep inside his many emotions were swirling like a tornado. "Let's get you out of here and into a more comfortable place, Serena."

I huffed and huffed. "No," I huffed again. "There's no time." I grabbed his shoulder and sharply

stared at him. "Our babies need to go out, Aero. Now!"

I understood the seriousness of my request. It meant I would give birth to our children in a cave, instead of a cozy bed. It meant I would give birth to our children with Aero assisting me instead of Alpha Margaret.

But this cave had sheltered me from harm. It may not be the kind of set-up I wanted to, but this was perfect. And my assistant in giving birth was my husband. He may not be the most skilled midwife in all of Phanteon and Ehnrelil—even one that's a newbie, for that matter—but he was the best fit for the job.

Everything that I have right now was perfect, and Aero knew it too.

"I'll help you," he calmly stated, showing no objection.

"Please," I pleaded and huffed again.

In less than a minute, he positioned in front of me, in between my legs, and took off his coat. He used the velvet part of it to line the area below my swollen womanhood, on top of my wet gown to ensure that our babies' skin won't touch a cold, hard surface. Then he tore his white shirt and lined it on top of the velvet part.

"Ready, Serena. Push!" he cried out.

He didn't need to say it at all. My body did the action before he could even command it.

"Arrgghh!"

My body spasmed. My belly turned rigid and reshaped. Sweat after sweat collected on my temple and forehead. I felt warm and then cold and then warm again. My mind turning blank, foggy, dark and then full of memories, of experiences and emotions again.

I recalled that memory when I witnessed Theya give birth to her daughter. The process was the same as human mothers. Maybe I would be the same. But then I recalled Lady Hanhenna's words. Fae women don't give birth through the birth canal. They give birth through a series of spasms until the babies leave the womb simply floating past the maternal wall and get surrounded in a glowing orb.

I was a half-fae and half-wolf, and with this, I anticipated my process of giving birth to be different. Totally different.

"Arhgghh!" I squeezed my eyes shut as I felt an even mind-numbing spasm all over my body.

A sort of switch turned on inside me, like a zap of electricity, a flash of lightning or an electriccharged hiccup, and then I felt my firstborn pass through my birth canal with ease.

"Serena..." Aero's pleased, near-crying face greeted me. He then held our son up and displayed it against his chest like a priceless trophy. I choked up a laugh. Our Little One wasn't covered in an orb or blood or any fluid at all. He was surrounded by a red glow. He wasn't crying too. He was just peacefully sleeping.

"Oh god, Aero," I sobbed.

He leaned forward, kissed my forehead, and placed our firstborn on my chest.

"We still have two more, Serena, are you ready?" he reminded, subtly telling me that gushing over our first could be done later.

I nodded just as I felt a new wave of spasm fill me.

"Arghhh!" I cried out.

My belly contracted again. The pain returned in full force. I grabbed onto my legs and pushed and pushed until our second son appeared glowing too, but this time in a bluish shade.

Aero did the same to our second, displaying it in between us like Simba. I couldn't help but laugh.

"Last one," he stated as he placed our second next to the first; my breasts becoming a pillow for their fragile heads.

"Hmnggh!" I pushed once again. My belly had considerably decreased in size, but I could still feel it very full. When our third came out, I finally got my reprieve. The pain and spasm subsided

just as the little feet came out from my birth canal. Aero pulled a wide smile on his face as he delicately handled our third. "I believe this Little One is our later comer." His face was already full of pride. Full of love. Full of happiness.

I agreed with his words. Our third—still a he—had a light golden glow around him. He was smaller than his brothers and to my surprise, he was already sucking his thumb. Babies shouldn't do this reflex until they hit a certain age, so I could only imagine how advanced this boy had become while inside me.

"Oh, Aero, look at them! They are so precious!" I expressed as I watched them one by one. Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks then. They were our children. Our life. The proof of my love for Aero and Aero for me. Finally, our family was complete and I couldn't be happier.

"They are beautiful!" I added.

"Handsome," he corrected, and this made me giggle. Somehow I found it a miracle to have delivered them naturally. Pregnancy with over one baby was advised to do a C-section. I actually prepared myself for it just in case, but Lady Hanhenna said that my fae blood would likely act up and help me with the birth process.

I guess this was it. And to think that Aero helped me bring them to the world. It made this

milestone of our lives more special.

"And their names?" I reminded him. "You should name them."

Aero pondered for a moment and then placed a hand on the first's back—the one with a black-colored hair like his.

"You will be Raziel," he said. He then looked at me, searching for my approval. I gave him a quick nod.

Aero smiled and went on to the second, a brown-haired Little One like me, and placed his hand again on his back.

"You will be Ryland," he stated. I bobbed my head up and down, loving the name instantly.

Then Aero held the third one with a messy patch of brown-blond hair and said, "And you, my sneaky Little One, will be Rule."

I giggled. "They have the best names in the land, Aero."

"They deserve the best, Serena." He leaned forward and kissed me on the mouth, wetting my dried lips with his tongue. "Thank you for giving me a family."

"And thank you too for creating one with me," I answered.

He kissed my forehead, our triplets forehead, and said, "Together."

Slowly, I mimicked his sweet gesture. I kissed his forehead and our triplets' heads, and answered, "Together."

As if the Universe blessed us, a single ray of light from the moon passed through a tiny hole and lit our spot. Our children's glowy appearance evaporated into shimmers, and what was left was their soft skin against ours.

Aero sat beside me. With his closeness, his werewolf warmth radiated and drove the coldness of the cave away. We shared a peaceful moment together, basking in this newfound family we had created until a screechy roar reminded us we still had a problem to face.

I didn't know how long I would recover post-delivery, but under the sound of threat, my nerve endings lit up and all my tiredness and all my ache vanished that instant.

I straightened my back, shifted to face my husband, and handed him Little Raziel and Ryland.

"Here, take them while I attend to these monsters. I have a score to settle with these stupid ass pets of Hadon."

Aero didn't complain. He simply scooped our babies and looked up at me as I stood. "Be careful," he said.

"I will," I answered as I took a mental picture of my husband and our children—cozy and secure

in his bulging, strong arms. "This will be over in a jiff."

I walked with my head held high as if I hadn't just given birth to three precious souls. I expected my legs to feel sticky with all the blood and fluid I expelled during delivery, but it was the opposite. I felt dry and clean as a newly bathed babe.

Once I exited the cave, I was immediately greeted by my opponents. About twelve sacrishas surrounded me, some flying, some on their spindly legs. I watched the darkened horizon and spotted more coming my way. I scowled at them. "You will not eat my children!" I shouted just as I released beams of light from my hands.