

Mated To Four: Pregnant For The Alpha Brothers. - Chapter-5*Giving Birth To A Sin*

Zelene Sallow:

A Few Months Later:

"Arghhh!" I groaned internally, gazing up at the sky and grumbling as the sun beat down on our heads. I was heavily pregnant to the point where my health had declined—an inexplicable condition, according to the doctor. It felt as though I was not merely giving birth to one child.

Unfortunately, the rest remained elusive. None of the prisoners were willing to assist me with my tasks, and they even went so far as to complain that I had been intentionally made pregnant by one of the guards to secure extra rations. Consequently, they drafted a petition demanding that I continue working without any additional benefits for my pregnancy.

Day after day, we toiled diligently under the scorching sun.

Raising the axe into the air to chop the wood, I soon realized that continuing to work was impossible. The axe slipped from my grasp, falling to the ground.

"Ah!" I grunted, biting my lip as I slowly knelt down.

"She's at it again," one of the prisoners complained, secretly delivering a kick to my back.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!" This time, I screamed louder, causing everyone to cease their movements and direct their attention toward me.

"Keep working!" a prison officer yelled, grabbing my arm and summoning another guard to carry me. As I was lifted to my feet, I gasped, my water breaking.

"She's going into labor," the prison officer announced, and the weary sighs that followed clearly conveyed their disdain for my interruption of work, as one of them would now need to take over my duties.

They escorted me to a small room with brick walls located in a secluded corner of the grounds, where a doctor had been summoned to assist with the delivery.

"Arrrrghhhh! It hurts!" I screamed in pain, feeling my back arch.

"Stop screaming! You are not the first woman in history to give birth," a nurse admonished, striding closer and delivering a sharp slap across my cheek to silence me.

"Spread your legs, bitch, just like you did for the guard!" she screamed, gripping my anklets roughly.

"Auuuughhhh!" I continued crying in excruciating pain, the intensity overwhelming. I had heard that delivery could be painful, but it felt as though my bones were shattering, a sensation that seemed different from the norm.

I clenched my lips tightly for the remainder of the process as the two nurses and the doctor grew increasingly impatient with me. The warden even threatened to harm my baby if I didn't stop my supposed overreaction.

During those agonizing hours, all I could do was stare at the ceiling and silently shed tears. I longed for a loving mate by my side, holding my hand, and my mother praying for me at my feet. I yearned for someone to offer comfort instead of yelling at me.

At one point, I grew so weak that I couldn't push any longer. However, the thought of soon cradling my child in my arms pushed me to keep going.

I never knew the gender, and I hadn't made any preparations or purchases. But I eagerly anticipated my baby's arrival, and a small cry alerted me to their presence.

The doctor lifted the baby up, but her expression instantly changed.

"Can I-- hold my baby?" I asked, not receiving any congratulations as her wide-eyed gaze remained fixed on the infant.

The other nurses and the warden approached, their horrified gasps adding to my growing anxiety. "What's wrong? Is my baby alright?" I inquired, unable to rise from the bed.

"This girl is---" the doctor murmured, revealing that I had given birth to a daughter.

"Can I---" I began to request once more, but before I could finish, the warden lunged at me, slapping my face forcefully.

"What the fuck is this?" she screamed, gripping my head tightly and forcing it down onto the pillow.

I couldn't comprehend what was happening as the nurses gasped and struggled to catch their breaths.

"I want to hold my daughter!" I screamed at the warden, but she shook her head angrily.

"You didn't give birth to a daughter. This is a monster--- you've given birth to a freakish creature--- a white wolf!" She yelled, causing my heart to skip a beat in my chest.

"The baby is completely white and... and so... peculiar," the doctor gagged, dropping the uncovered baby onto a nearby bed.

Turning my face to the side, I gazed at my baby girl. She didn't appear ugly to me. What were they talking about? My little baby looked different, but different is beautiful and unique.

"This is a white wolf. Don't you know the prophecy?" The warden obstructed my view of my daughter, bending over me. "A born white wolf is a creature that will bring chaos. These babies aren't werewolves; they're weresins!" She cupped my face in her hand, digging her nails into my skin as she muttered.

I had knowledge of the prophecy, but it had slipped from my mind. It revolved around the Night of the Cursed Moon Eclipse, during which a she-wolf could become pregnant and carry the DNA of every Alpha she slept with. The child born from such an encounter was called a weresin—a monstrous being believed to require execution as an apology to the Moon Goddess.

I had heard that such incidents hadn't occurred in many years, as no she-wolf could have more than one Alpha as a mate.

"Please, don't say that. She is just a child. Just give her to me, and I'll make sure—" I murmured, but the warden pushed my head back onto the pillow and straightened her posture.

"What are we going to do now?" the doctor asked, uncertainty evident in her voice.

I felt restlessness consume me as they continued to obstruct my view.

"We must inform the Alphas and let them know that one of the prisoners has committed a sin by giving birth to a monstrous she-wolf," the warden mentioned the brothers, causing me to gasp in response.

Turning my gaze to the side, I noticed the blessed marks on my daughter's ankles. Not just one, but four marks, forming an anklet. It could only mean one thing—they were all the fathers of my child. The child who would be sentenced to death by their command.

"Don't do this. She is all I have left. How can you label an innocent infant a monster? Let her live and prove everyone wrong," I begged, tears streaming down my face. I attempted to rise from the bed, but my weakness held me back.

No wonder my pregnancy has been so difficult. I carried the baby of the powerful Alphas while they roamed freely, living their lives. But I had no grievances against that fact. All I wanted was to be with my daughter.

"The fate of this baby lies in the hands of the Alphas, and I am certain they will make the right decision by eliminating this child and safeguarding the werewolf kind," the warden announced, gesturing to the doctor to cover me up and summon the guards while she snatched my baby from my arms.

I was consumed by terror over my daughter's fate. How could I have given birth to a weresin? No! I had to find a way to stop the Alphas.