

## Chapter 58

Violet

"Have you talked to Sophia?"

Mom, Dad, Jasper, Grandpa, Ben and King and Ashwell were in Jaspers new office. I guessed the old office downstairs had been converted into another bedroom. The four rooms on our floor were our bedroom, the babies' room, and two offices, one for me and one for Jasper. It worked conveniently well, especially at times like this. I was seated on the sofa Jasper had requested, whilst everyone else either sat in chairs or stood. Mom rubbed my shoulder.

"I talked with her parents this morning." She said.

"How is she?" Jasper's face was concerned.

Mom sighed. "Not well, to put it mildly. Her Mother allowed me to check on her; She wouldn't speak, wouldn't look at me. She's essentially comatose, and I don't know when she will get better. If she will at all."

"They'd already accepted and marked each other." Dad rubbed a hand through his hair. "The pain must have been.... excruciating. If she wasn't a born Luna, she might have died."

I cringed at the word. Sophia may not have been my favorite person in the whole world, but she wasn't a bad person. I didn't want her to die.

"This has Jennine written all over it." I spat.

"It's the only answer. Nobody could have undone my spell. Not even Clara. No, this was Dark Magic. That bitch undid my spell, and then tweaked the original memory. Goddess knows what else she planted in

Garretts brain." Grandpa slammed his fist against the wall. I'd never seen him so angry before.

"She was so close." Mom hissed beside me. Her hand clenched, nails digging into my skin. "She was in the pack! She got to my son..."

"Mom?" I nodded at her hand, now starting to become painful. She immediately let go of me.

"Sorry!"

"So, what are we going to do now?" King asked.

Everyone started talking at once, throwing out different ideas, theories. I paid no attention, knowing exactly what had to be done, but also knowing nobody in this room would go for it. Especially because I was pregnant. Still, I tried.

"Uhm, guys?" I raised my hand a little, getting everyone's attention. "I think we're all thinking the same thing. Just nobody wants to say it." I looked around the room.

"What are you saying?" Ashwell asked.

"Well, it's obvious what her game is, isn't it? She went after Garrett to get to you two." I nodded at Mom and Dad. "I think it's obvious who her next target is." My tone was obvious, if it my words weren't.

Mom's eyes widened. "No, not necessarily. It could be Sophia." She quickly argued.

"I think she's done with Sophia Mom. And Sofia isn't going to be of any use to anyone; We all know how being rejected takes a physical toll."

"So, we put extra security on you." Jasper stated. He narrowed his eyes when I shook my head.

"I don't think we should."

"I know what you're thinking, Vie, and the answer is no." He hissed. I caught him in a steely glare.

"Do you want to hear my plan, or not?" I argued.

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A few weeks had gone by since the meeting in the office. To say that Jasper wasn't happy about my plan was an understatement. I knew why. So many things could go wrong, but taking down Jennine was priority number one. In order to stop Phoebus, we had to stop her first. My parents had taken Garrett back to Blood Moon, under confinement until this problem was resolved. Grandpa didn't feel right using magic on him again, as he didn't know exactly what Jennine had done with her Dark Magic, and didn't want to risk hurting him. Which was fair, in my opinion.

To distract myself from my mate's moodiness, and worrying about my brother, I gathered Tracy and a few other girls to help me prepare the nursery. It took us a week to finish, but it was worth it.

I'd chosen elephants and giraffes for the theme, finding really cute wall sticks online. We'd painted the walls a neutral green instead of blue, and Tracy surprised me again with her artist abilities. By the time we were done, she'd painted what looked like a realistic version of the Savannah, with trees, tall grass, a watering hole and the setting sun. It reminded me a lot of the Lion King, and I loved it.

The crib had been placed to the side of her mural, with a large, wide dresser against the wall. Toys and clothes had been put away, and the closet was filled with unopened gifts from the pack that I would go through later with Jasper. I wouldn't have minded a baby shower, but this felt just right too. All in all, the room turned out better than I'd hoped, and I was excited to show Jasper. So, after a hearty lunch, I went in search of him, finding him in his office.

"Hey." I opened the door, smiling softly.

"Hey." He looked up, setting down his pen.

"I was wondering if you had time to come see the nursery?"

"Sure." He stood, pushing his chair back. I took his hand, pulling him to the door. Turning the knob slowly, I let the door swing open, watching his face. He blinked once, stepping into the room. "Wow." He breathed.

"Do you like it?"

"I love it." He walked up to Tracy's artwork. "Who did this?"

"Tracy. Apparently, she had a hidden talent."

"Apparently. It's amazing." He grinned at me. "The boys are going to love this."

"I think so too."

He wrapped me in a hug, and I could feel the tension coming into his body. Rubbing his back, I pulled back to look at him.

"Everything is going to be fine." I said quietly.

"You don't know that." He ground out.

"I do actually." I placed my hands on either side of his face. "Because I trust you, Jasper. And I trust that you would never let anything happen to us."

I pulled him down for a kiss. His shoulders relaxed as he sighed against my lips, drawing me in further. It was I who winced, pulling away. The next second, I had the strangest feeling that I'd wet myself. Jasper gasped, stepping back.

"Vie." He looked at the floor. I followed his gaze to see a puddle between my feet.

"Shit." I whispered.

"Was that...?"

I nodded. "Good thing I finished the nursery, huh?" I laughed anxiously. "I'll mind-link Kettler. Can you call my parents?"

"I will, when we get you settled at the hospital." His words were rushed. I watched in dazed amusement as he began to rush around the room, muttering about the diaper bag.

"Jasper, the bag is in our room." I told him.

"It is? Right, yeah. Okay." He dashed out the room. A minute later, I saw him rush past the door, bag in hand. Then I heard the elevator door sliding open. Had he really forgotten me? I shook my head, mind-linking him.

"I think you forgot something."

"Wha-? Oh fuck!"

I laughed. More liquid ran down my legs as I did, adding to the mess on the floor.

"Tracy? Can you do me a huge favor, and come mop the nursery floor?"

"Sure! Did you drop a glass?"

"Uh, no. My water broke."

"What?!"

"Yeah. Remember what all you have to do?"

"Absolutely! Don't worry about anything!"

Jasper appeared in the door; an apology written on his face. He quickly came to scoop me in his arms, bridal style.

"So." I started.

"Don't." He deadpanned. "Not a word."

I giggled. "Were you planning to have these babies while I stayed home?" I said anyway.

He groaned, rolling his eyes. "You're never going to let me forget this, are you?"

"Never."

We stopped only briefly to ask a warrior to notify my grandpa, and then we were outside, Jasper setting me down gently in the back of King's car. King was sitting in the driver's seat, his lips pressed into a firm line and laughter in his eyes. Jasper climbed in beside me, taking my hand.

"Ready to go now?" King glanced at us in the mirror. "Made sure you have everything?" He couldn't hold it in now, letting out a loud peel of laughter.

"Just drive!" Jasper said.

During the five-minute drive, I was hit with my first solid contraction. I breathed through it, as Mom had told me to do, and then it was over. But I knew it was going to get a lot worse. In no time at all, we were parked, and Jasper was helping me out. Kettler and team of nurses were waiting for us inside, one coaxing me into a wheelchair. Jasper rolled me to the delivery room while Kettler walked beside us, asking the basic questions.

"How long since your water broke?"

"About...half an hour, maybe?" I guessed.

"What took you so long to get here?"

My lip pulled up. "Jasper forgot me upstairs."

Kettler laughed. "I wish I could say that's a first, but it's not. The guy always tends to freak out more than the woman."

"That actually doesn't make me feel better." Jasper sighed.

"Funny story to tell the kids someday." Kettler patted him on the back once. "Anything unusual about the liquid? Smell, color?"

"Uh, no. It was clear."

"Good, good."

"Kettler, isn't this too soon?" I asked worriedly. "I'm not due for another three weeks!"

"Yes, but you're having twins. They come earlier generally. Trust me, they will be fine." He assured me. My chest loosened at his words and I nodded. Somewhere in my head, I knew this information, but my mind was understandably frazzled. We got to my room just as I heard my mom's voice.

"That's my parents."

"I'll go get them. You get comfortable." Kettler said.

I'd just gotten into the bed when Mom, Dad and Grandpa entered. I tried to smile, but another contraction made me wince instead. Mom came to stand on the other side of the bed that wasn't occupied by Jasper, taking my hand.

"Oh Vie. I'm going to be here the whole-time honey." She said.

"Thanks." I sighed as the contraction subsided.

The next couple hours were on and off. A nurse came in to give me ice chips, and check on the babies. She also attached a monitor to my stomach with some bands to keep an eye on the heart rates. At first, the contractions were fairly far apart, and not so bad. Mom was a little concerned with how slow my labor was progressing, her doctor side kicking in. She re-checked everything the nurses did, until they finally just let her take over. It might have been funny, if I wasn't in so much pain.

Just as she promised me, the contractions were now only minutes apart, and fucking horrendous. I almost preferred my first shift at this point.

Jasper was always right by my side, always touching some part of me. I had no idea when or how I got into a hospital gown, and I didn't care. I figured the dress I was wearing earlier would have sufficed but I guess someone else thought differently. I screamed, I cried, I cursed. The only definite sounds were Jasper in my ear and Mom on the other side.

"She's ready." Through blurry eyes, I saw Kettler at the end of the bed. Bringing up the stir-ups, he positioned my feet. Mom ran to get pads and towels, arranging them near my butt. "Violet. On my say, I want you to start pushing, as hard as you can. Ready? And... push!"

I held my breath, my eyes squeezing shut. I pushed down as hard as I possibly could, but nothing seemed to change.

"Good. Good! Okay, stop. Breath."

"You can do this Vie. You're doing so good love." Jasper said beside me.

"You really are sweetheart. Take a deep breath, and on the next contraction, push again, hard." Mom ran a damp cloth over my forehead.

When I felt the pressure coming, I repeated my actions, bearing down. A slice of pain so intense made me gasp, tears running down my face.

"I can't!" I sobbed. "He's not coming!"

"He is!" Jasper said. "He's almost here Violet. Just a little more baby, you can do this!"

"I need you to push Violet. One. Two. Three-Push, now!" Kettler's voice left no room for argument, so I did what he said on instinct. I felt a huge pressure in my lower region, and then-nothing. I blinked my tears away, raising my head to see a blood-covered arm. Mom left me to take him from Kettler, wrapping him in a blanket and working to clean him up. I wanted to see him so badly, but I could feel the urge to push again, knowing our second son was coming.

"K-Kettler." I breathed heavily. "I-I need to p-push again."



"Alright. On the next contraction-"

I started before he was done, the feeling overwhelming. The second baby came a lot easier, and a lot louder. He was barely out when he started wailing. Wrapping him up, Kettler joined Mom a few feet away, cleaning him and weighing him. Jasper kissed me lovingly while I caught my breath.

"I love you so much." He whispered.

"I love you too." I closed my eyes, utterly and completely exhausted.

Until another contraction hit.

My eyes flew open, panic filling me. Automatically, I started to push again, crying out.

"What is happening?!" Mom rushed to my side, one of my sons wrapped up in her arms.

Kettler was back in position in seconds, his face filled with worry. He examined me quickly before looking at her.

"There's another baby." He said.

"What?!"

"You missed that?!" I shrieked.

"He must have been hidden behind the other two!"

I screamed again, my body now running on its own. Two minutes later, the room was filled with another loud cry. I sank back, done. Mom and Kettler were checking the baby, Jasper seemed to still be in shock. And my eyes were closing no matter how hard I tried to keep them open. I felt something warm placed on my chest. Peeking through my lashes, I stared into the face of one of my children- He was beautiful. Beside him, someone placed my other son. Jasper helped me hold them, talking quietly to them. I cooed at them, smiling when they stirred.

"Violet."

My head lolled to the side. Mom held our mystery baby, gently rocking him. Jasper took on of our sons so Mom could set him on my chest.

"It's a girl." She whispered to me.