

## Chapter 11

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH," I screamed from that horrible pain.

"Breathe in, breathe out," the nurse instructed.

"Hold on there hon, you're nearly there," Claire said softly. I relaxed slightly at the sound of her voice but with the last bit of energy I had left, I pushed harder.

"I am never having kids ever again!" I cried.

The sounds around me drowned but then, I heard the most beautiful cry. The cry of my first baby.

"One out, one more to go," Claire said with more excitement in her voice. And soon, I heard another beautiful cry.

I sighed and relaxed myself completely. I felt someone wiping away the beads of sweat which coated my forehead.

I was tired now. Too tired, so I closed my eyes and soon, and sleep caught up with me.

Hours later, I woke to the most beautiful sound, my babies crying softly. I pushed myself up on the bed and opened my eyes, which took a few seconds to adjust because of the bright lights.

"Oh look, mommy's finally awake!" Emma said.

"Where are my babies?" I asked almost immediately.

"Don't worry, here they are," someone said from my left. I turned to face then and saw Daniel looking at them with such love in his eyes.

He then handed me my babies, who were both so tiny. They looked so fragile, and I was almost scared to touch them. Scared that I would drop them or hurt them. There was one wearing a blue hat and one was wearing a pink one, and they were both wearing white long-sleeved onesies and wrapped in a bundle in their blankets. Once they were in my arms, they both stopped crying and closed their eyes.

It felt weird not having that huge bump on my stomach now that it was flat. I had grown use to bump and now it not being here felt very strange.

"Your son was born first at 3:30 and your daughter at 3:33," Daniel said, with his eyes still on them and a small smile on his face, with showed a little of his dimples.

"What are you going to name them?" Emma asked.

"I think I'm going to name my daughter Charis Raina Campbell and my son Kaden Blake Campbell," I said proudly. I couldn't still get over the fact that I was now a mother, but I was glad I was. Charis looked like me with her light brown hair and though she had the piercing blue eyes of her father. I snorted, some father he was!

Kaden though had my bluish-greyish eyes but his father's dark brown hair. Even though he was tiny, you could still tell that he had inherited some features of his father, like his nose and his lips.

I spent a few hours holding my babies but soon I fell asleep to a peaceful night after so long, with both my babies.

In the morning, I woke up to the sunlight streaming through the blinds. I took this opportunity to look around my private hospital room. It was painted in a light cream color with pictures of babies of the wall. There stood a table next to the bed, which held a vase with beautiful white and pink Calla Lilies in them, one of my favorite flowers. There was a black leather couch in front of the window. I knew that Daniel had arranged this room for me, being the Alpha and all.

I heard a low knock on the door before it opened. Emma and Claire entered the room looking as gorgeous as usual.

"You up, hon?" Claire asked.

"Yep, I'm still a little tired though," I whispered, not wanting to wake my babies up.

"Oh, that's normal. Anyways, you've been discharged. Daniel took care of all the paper work yesterday so it's fine now and, you're free to go," Claire said with a huge grin.

"Awesome," I grinned back, feeling very happy.

It had been six months since I gave birth and I was going back to work. Charis and Kaden had grown up so much now and they were way more mature than a normal human baby would be because of the Alpha genes they had in them. Charis looked like a mini me and sometimes, we even wore matching outfits sometimes, all three of us. Kaden though, looked like his father and even had his dimples, while Charis had mine.

I'd turned 17 soon after giving birth and the pack had thrown a massive party for it. It was amazing since I'd forgotten the last time someone even said 'Happy Birthday' to me on my birthday before I came here.

On the day I returned from hospital, they threw me a surprise party where the babies receive hundreds of gifts from the pack. They have been very helpful to me when I needed a little rest or when I needed to go out a little. They'd always look after the babies because they loved them.

The twins had been receiving the attention and love of all the pack members and to be honest they loved every single minute of being in the spotlight. They were both adorable and with one sad look from those beautiful eyes, they could make you do anything they wanted you to do, hence all those toys in their rooms.

Charis, though, was a lot timid than Kaden, who seemed like the typical over-protective brother. Even a blind person would be able to see how much those two loved each other, even if they were so young.

"Sophiaaaaaaaaaa!" exclaimed Sarah once I stepped through the door.

"I know! It's been too long," I huffed.

"Anyways, how are you? Those babies must be tiring you out, huh?"

I laughed, "A little, but they're worth it. I love them to bits."

"They are so cute though," she smiled, thinking of them.

"Yeah, they are..." I said.

"So, off you go to work then. D'you know how many regulars have been asking when you're coming back to work? I've made a massive loss this week, and I hope you can make up for it, ya know."

I didn't say anything as I made my way to the stage and took a seat in the middle. I put the guitar strap around my neck and began strumming my guitar- which was gifted to me by my father and mother.

Soon, my shift was over and I was free to go home. On my birthday, Daniel, Emma, Claire, Conor and Amy bought me a car by combining their money together, so that meant that I didn't have to wait for Daniel to pick me up every day and besides he had plenty on pack work to take care of and he didn't need to be bothering with me every single day.

During the songs, I didn't notice so many people coming in. I was engulfed by the sound of the guitar, which soothed me and calmed me down: and this made me feel to like teenager without a care in the world.

Again, my ears were met by the applause of a quite large audience. This felt so familiar, yet so different. I don't think I could ever get used to this, ever.

I stepped off the stage and many people came up to me and gushed about how good I was at singing or how they missed me. I politely smiled at them and thanked them and finally the crowd around me was lessening.

I was picking up my guitar when I heard a deep, manly voice say, "That was amazing."

I turned around to face him and was met by the most beautiful light brown eyes ever, which gleamed with amusement. I sniffed the air—definitely werewolf and he had power radiating from him, which made me think he was the next heir to the Alpha role, as he wasn't as powerful as a proper Alpha yet, but he had more power than a Beta would. It was just an instinct thing.

This man was sexy.

He had the sexy just rolled-out of bed dark brown, long-ish hair. His skin looked smooth and perfectly tanned. His white V-neck t-shirt clung perfectly onto his well-defined chest and stomach. He had a muscular yet slightly lean body and towered over me with an approximate height of about 6ft 2. He was wearing light brown chinos and white vans with a blue plaid shirt (which the sleeves were rolled up to his elbows) over his t-shirt.

"I'm Alex, and you are?" he asked, still looking at me with amusement in his eyes.

That snapped me out of my reverie as I shook my head and answered his question, "I'm Sophia."

I checked my phone to check the time as I was getting very restless and wanted to see my babies already. Having spent most of my time with them, I was feeling very lonely without them by my side giggling or crying. "Look, I need to get home, but it was nice meeting you," I said as

I gathered my belongings ready to leave. I started going to the door when I noticed he was following me.

"Why are you following me?" I asked as I stepped out the cafe and turned to him. "Because if you are, please don't rape, like seriously. I'll shout and I know Karate, so I'll be able to kick your a\*s if you try anything on me. Take a step closer and I swear to God, I scream so loud that the half the world will hear me." Okay, so I told a little white lie: I didn't know Karate.

His chuckle pulled me out my rant, which made me glare at him.

"Chillax, I'm not gonna rape you, I don't need to. Girls are attracted to me like bees are to honey, 'cause I'm so sexy."

I raised an eyebrow but said nothing. I waited for him to say something but he didn't so I asked, "Why are you following me?"

"Well, I think you're an amazing singer and I think my father would love to sign you. And my father is Mark Williams, you know the record producer? But anyways, I think you are celebrity performer material, so he would love you sign you, so what do you think?"