

The Pack's Nemesis

– Chapter 92

The Pack's Nemesis (Quirin's Story)

Kennedy

Raif continues to purr as we walk to the hospital, and I lean my head on Quirin's shoulder.

"Are you scared?" I ask him quietly.

"Terrified. As excited as I am to meet our daughters, I've only felt fear like this once before in my life and that's when you were taken."

I chuckle, but the movement sends a jolt of pain through my stomach so I stop.

Quirin presses a kiss to the side of my head as we walk into the hospital and straight to what he calls the 'Kennedy Suite'. I will say, Mom is absolutely prepared for my babies to arrive. There are four bassinets, waiting to be filled, a larger than normal counter with multiple areas to bathe, measure, and weigh my little ones and all the equipment mom thinks we might need in case any of our pups or I go into distress during delivery.

Quirin and I are very familiar with the procedure of me getting checked, so he hooks up the heart monitors over my stomach while mom prepares to check me. This might be my favorite part of the day, watching Quirin as he sets the heart monitors and smiles wider and wider as each of his pup's heart beats begin echoing in the room.

Mom comes over and looks at the heart monitor, then turns to look at where the monitors are on my stomach before turning back.

"I think today's the day," she murmurs.

/ still.

"What's that, Mom?" I ask as Quirin goes very

"This little one

starting to show signs of distress. I think it's time to induce you,

Kennedy," she says.

I look at Quirin. "No fainting."

He shakes his head rapidly. "Is that definite, Yara?" he asks her.

"Yep, I've already got what I need to induce Kennedy's labor right here," she says.

Quirin opens the pack link. 'Attention everyone! Today is delivery day! Follow the protocol we've discussed.'

I hear lots of excitement and 'good lucks' before he shuts the link down.

"What type of protocol?" I ask him.

"Just making sure the pack runs smoothly in my absence, and that your family gets notified," he says.

"I already notified them," Mom says.

It's hours and lots of contractions later before my mother finally tells me that I can begin to push. She's been watching the heart monitor as closely as we have. One of my baby's heart beats has fluctuated between strong and weak and I've been getting progressively nervous about it.

When it's finally time, Farrah and Deborah join my mom to help manage so many babies. I can tell that Quirin is stressed. He's trying to block it out, but I've learned the signs with him fainting on me twice.noveldrama

"So help me goddess if you faint on me Quirin ...," I growl as I push.

"I'm right here. I'm right here," he says, but he's talking in that rapid fire way that he has before he passes out.

"Breathe, son," Farrah says, coming over to put her hand on his shoulder.

I glare at him. "You do realize that I'm the one delivering these babies, right? All you have to fucking do is stay upright!" I snap at him.

"There's the head. Look at all that hair. I'm guessing this one will look like you, Quirin," my mother says calmly. "One more hard push, Kennedy, and your first little girl will be here," she says.

I, however, watch the blood drain from my mate's face as he looks down at my mother. Since I can feel the pressure of my baby between my legs, I'm guessing he's seeing our daughter partially in and partially out of my body.

I growl at him again, snapping his attention to me.

"One more hard push," he says, but his eyes are wide and he's not blinking. His throat, however, is working overtime, like there's something stuck in it that he can't quite swallow.

When the next contraction hits, I go back to focusing on pushing. I feel the swish of a small body slide out of me and I lie back, panting.

"You're doing great, Kennedy," Farrah says as Deborah comes to take our daughter.

"Why isn't she crying?" I ask, already feeling exhausted.

Quirin looks at me and I feel his fear ratchet up at my question.

"Give it a minute," my mother says calmly. My contractions don't stop and just as I hear my baby start to cry, I push again. It's only a couple of minutes and a few hard pushes

before the next baby pushes

"That's the first set of twins," my mother says.

"Before your contractions start again, Luna, wanted to show you your baby girl," Deborah says, walking over with girl number one. Quirin and I have all four names, but we wanted to see them first. I'm hoping one set of twins looks like me and the other looks like him. Looking at my first-born daughter, I know my mother was right and this set will look just like Quirin. I wonder if she's been the rib-cracker in my stomach.

Deborah turns to Quirin. "Want to hold your daughter, Alpha?" she asks him.

His eyes go wide, but there's a softness there too and tears.

He nods his head and puts out his arms. "I don't know what to do."

Deborah helps him get our daughter into his arms. I narrow my eyes as I watch him sway.

"Quirin, so help me goddess, if you pass out with our daughter in your arms, as soon as Echo is back, I'll have to rip you limb from limb," I growl as my contractions start again.

"How about sitting down, Alpha," Deborah says, bringing over the chair that Mom made sure was in here for Quirin.

It's about twenty minutes later

before my third daughter is delivered and by then; Quirin is holding our

first two daughters, looking like meto

deer i headlights as Raif purrs at them, keeping them calm until I can nurse them or they can get a bottle.

Only one daughter left. The one with the erratic heartbeat. I'm exhausted but seeing her little heartbeat bumping up and down makes me focus. Deborah comes to take our first two pups from Quirin, as she and Farrah give them bottles while Quirin holds our third pup.

"Why isn't her heartbeat stabilizing?" he asks quietly.

"Delivery is stressful for the mother and the babies and she's been dealing with Kennedy's contractions for hours," my mother says as I begin to push again.

"And there's our problem?" she says.

"What? What problem?" I ask.

Quirin stands and his eyes go wide again.

"Farrah, come take this baby," he says.

"What's wrong? What is it?" I ask.

"The cord is wrapped around her neck," my mother says. "Don't push until I tell you too."

"Quirin?" I say, and he clasps my hand, watching as my mother removes the cord from around my daughter's neck.

"Alright, Kennedy, push," she says.

I do, feeling Raif pushing his strength and energy into me to help me through my fatigue.

When she finally slides out, it's my mother who takes her over to the area that was set up to bathe and check them.

"Why isn't she crying?" I ask.

No one answers.

"Mother, why isn't she crying?" I say, my voice becoming nearly hysterical.

"There she is," my mother mumbles a moment before I hear the sweet sounds of my fourth daughter's very powerful lungs.

"You did it," Quirin says, and I burst into tears as he holds me.