

Chapter 85

Emily's pov

" I need to get some firewood." Lucy looked out the window, wincing when a gust of wind managed to shatter a branch.

It's been two days since she surprised me with the baby clothes but today we are now all surprised by a storm.

"You can't go out there! It's like a hurricane." I pointed out, holding my stomach. A loud gust of wind made the feeble roofing screech and creak. It howled, and rain lashed against the cabin's windows.

I held my belly more firmly a bit terrified. The cabin was old and I admit I had no faith in it holding up through the storm.

" If I don't go get it we won't have light tonight and you'll be cold." She grumble.

I knew she was right.

Her resolve was unwavering, and I knew that arguing further would be futile. So with a heavy sigh I uttered. "Alright, but please be careful."

She nods with a smile. "Will do sis!"

Lucy wrapped herself in a heavy coat, pulled on a pair of boots. Turning around to look at me, she reassured.

"Don't worry, Em. I'll be back in no time," she assured me.

With those words, Lucy opened the cabin door and stepped out into the raging storm. The wind immediately whipped at her, causing her to stumble slightly, but she pressed on, not giving up. Her figure quickly disappeared into the grey storm, leaving me with a sense of unease.

Time seemed to crawl as we waited for her return. Every gust of wind and howl of the storm made my heart race with worry. I knew Lucy was strong, especially when determined, but that didn't ease my worries.

As my worry grew so did the sudden pain my lower stomach.

"You okay?" Dad motioned with his hands. He was by the fire, trying to get warm. That's where I should be too, but I was so worried about Lucy I stuck by the small chair facing the door.

The fire would soon die out too.

I nod. He must've caught my slight wince.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, we heard the familiar sound of footsteps approaching the cabin. Relief washed over me as Lucy burst through the door, soaked to the bone but with a grin on her face. In her hands was firewood we desperately needed.

"See I told you I'd be able to do it!"

I would've celebrated with her if I didn't feel the sudden sharp pain in my belly followed by the warm gush of water spilling on the floor.

My mouth gaped as I stared down below. Did my water just break?

My eyes widened as I realised that my water had indeed broken, and I could feel the onset of contractions, each one stronger than the last. Panic welled up inside me, and I struggled to find my voice.

"Dad!" I finally managed to call out, my voice trembling with fear.

He turned towards me, concern etched on his face. When he saw the pool of water on the floor and the look of pain on my face, his eyes widened, and he immediately wheeled himself over to my side.

"It's time," he signed urgently, his hands moving with precision. "We need to get you prepared."

Lucy, hearing the urgency in my voice, rushed over as well, her joy at successfully gathering firewood replaced with concern for me.

Dad signed. "We need to get her in a comfortable position. You have to help her give birth Lucianda."

Though Lucy's face turned ashen at dad's words she quickly helped prepare a makeshift birthing area near the fire, laying down blankets and sterilized rags.

Contractions gripped me, making it difficult to focus on anything else. Lucy help me to the blankets and had me lay down while reassuring me. "It's going to be okay, Em."

I tried to take in lung fulls of air, trying to ease the discomfort and pain as I do as she says.

As seconds tick by the storm outside continued to rage on, but inside the cabin, a different kind of storm was underway.

" I can't believe he's deciding to make a grand entrance during a storm." I tried to laugh it winced through the pain.

" Told you he was a warrior," Dad signed with a gentle proud smile.

The storm showed no signs of relenting, and the cabin creaked and groaned under its assault. But none of that mattered in this moment. All my focus was on getting through each contraction

Lucy gently wiped my forehead with a damp cloth and offered me sips of water as the contractions intensified. Every wave of pain brought me closer to meeting my blessing.

Contractions came in relentless waves, each one more powerful than the last. I clung to Lucy's reassuring presence, squeezing her hand tightly with every surge of pain.

She offered soothing words and encouragement, her calming voice cutting through the chaos of the storm. Dad, too, did his best to provide support in his own way, signing words of encouragement and pride, his eyes filled with unwavering belief in me.

With each contraction, I pushed through the pain, my focus solely on bringing my baby into the world.

When the time came for me to push, Lucy left my side to help bring my blessing into this world.

I gripped the blankets beneath me, drawing strength from the presence of my sister and the encouraging signs from my dad. With each push, I felt a mixture of pain and determination.

" I can't do it," I shook my head after ten pushes yet nothing.

"Yes you can. He's almost out, his head is showing. You got this Em," She looked at me between my thighs. " Push with all your might."

I nodded, gathering every ounce of strength within me. The seconds felt like hours as I pushed, but finally, I felt him move out and the pain I felt prior suddenly seize.

"Oh my God, he's really a boy!" Lucy squealed as she quickly cleaned him off.

"Why is he not crying Lucy?" I asked with panic. Just as she was about to respond a loud wail came from my little bundle and I could no longer hold it in and cried out in pure joy. It was a beautiful sound.

Lucy quickly wrapped him in a soft, warm blanket, and I reached out to hold him, cradling my precious son against my chest.

"He's perfect," I whispered, my heart overflowing with love. His tiny fingers curled around mine, and I marveled at how much love I can have for such a tiny being.

Lucy beamed with joy. "He's absolutely perfect, Em. You did it."

Dad, who had been watching the entire process with awe, signed his congratulations. "Well done, Emily. You're a mother now."

I smiled gratefully. " You were right dad. A boy. I have a son," My grin widened the more I looked down at my son, his reminding me of his dad's.

"My son. Raiden. I will name him Raiden."