

Forged In The Flames Chapter 103

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Chapter 103 Our Time In The Sun (Nikolas's POV)

A few months later.

The Unity Law was finally abolished. Every Alpha voted in favour of abolishing the law. It no longer stood since I could prove my father did not sign the decree, to begin with, but it was necessary to still carry out the vote for formal purposes.

In addition, we decided to make the rights and opportunities of everyone equal. There will no longer be segregation between species and people anymore. Hunting werewolves, halfbreeds, and Lycans was illegal and punishable by death.

Slave traders were asked to pursue another line of business. Miles was doing wonderful work in Snow, and Aleksander had put Piotr in charge even though he was still the King of Hill, but Piotr did most of the things.

Unknown to us, Natasha was pregnant when she and Piotr visited Snow for the first time. So their babies came before ours.

They married and welcomed their Triplets,

Ellis, Rebecca and Godwin, into the world. Their arrival had made Piotr remain in Hill until further notice. We hoped they would visit soon so we could celebrate together.

Qusack and Ania were married, and they were happy. I never knew Qusack was a romantic, but I had caught glimpses of Ania and could see how he was a better man for her.

Lisa and Abraham were going steady, and their wedding was approaching. Regardless of what was happening in their lives, the three women still found time to spend together. Their friendship was indeed genuine and had survived a lot.

Now that Fredrick was dead, my mother was a completely different person. She seemed happy and content. She troubled no one and lived in peace with everyone. She had completely turned around, and her hateful self was gone. She and Gwendolyn were very close, and she helped out a lot in any way she could. Aliana gave her a chance, and my mother took it, proving to us that we had nothing to worry about where she was concerned. She helped with the nursery and preparations for our babies. She couldn't wait to meet them, nor could any of us. My mother also took a big step and embraced Miles. He reminded her of my father, and she was glad he survived her brother. She even visited Snow from time to time to help out. She was slowly becoming everyone's favourite.

Miles always visited Forest, and Aliana and I went to Snow, but now that she was almost due, we remained in Forest while Miles and Lena did most of the visiting.

Miles gave nothing but good reports, and when he visited with Lena, he would often tell of how my mother had helped him organise many things. It was clear now that she acted out of fear.

Aliana went into labour in the middle of the night. I was with Miles, Qusack, Garnet, Ingam and Abraham at the garden party when she linked me the baby was coming.

I left the garden like a madman and started barking orders. I hurried to the room, and Aliana was in labour pains. Carrying her in my arms, we rushed down the stairs into the car. Both werewolves and Lycans now shared the same medical facility, so I asked her which facilities she would like to visit.

She said she would like Nurse Alison to be with her so I did not need to think twice before taking her to the former Werewolf Hospital, which was now a state-of-the-art hospital; and a choice place to go even for outsiders.

The medical staff received her at the entrance and rushed to prepare her for delivery. Once they were done. I was given the necessary gear to join my wife in the delivery room.

As I stepped into the hospital room, a surge of emotions flooded over me. This was it—the day we had been eagerly anticipating for months. The reason I dared to go to war.

Aliana lay on the bed, her face mixed with excitement and nervousness. We were about to embark on a journey together, welcoming our child into the world.

I took a deep breath, reminding myself to stay calm and be the pillar of strength that Aliana needed. The room was filled with the soft hum of medical equipment and the soothing voices of the nurses, providing a comforting ambience amidst the anticipation.

Aliana gripped my hand tightly, her eyes searching for reassurance. I smiled back at her, my heart swelling with love and admiration for her courage. She had carried our children for nine months, nurturing them with unwavering dedication, and now it was time for her to bring them into this world.

The doctor entered the room, wearing a calm and confident expression. She briefed us on the delivery process and the steps we would be taking. I listened attentively, making mental notes, determined to be the best support I could be for Aliana.

As the contractions intensified, Aliana's grip tightened around my hand. I encouraged her with gentle words, reminding her of her incredible strength. I wiped beads of sweat from her forehead, silently offering her comfort and love.

Together, we navigated each stage of labour, Aliana breathing through the contractions. At the same time, I stood by her side, offering a steady presence. The medical team worked diligently, monitoring her progress and ensuring the safety of both Aliana and our precious babies.

As the moment of delivery drew near, a mixture of anticipation and excitement filled the room. Aliana's determination shone through as she pushed with all her might, her face etched with concentration and resolve. I cheered her on, praising her for the incredible feat she was accomplishing.

And then, in a rush of emotions, cries filled the room. Our twins had arrived, tiny bundles of life and love. The doctor carefully placed them on Aliana's chest, and I marvelled at the miracle we had created together.

Tears welled in my eyes as I looked at Aliana, her face glowing with exhaustion and sheer joy. I leaned in to kiss her forehead, whispering words of love and gratitude for the incredible strength she had shown.

At that moment, as I held Aliana's hand, our fingers interlaced with the tiny hands of our newborns, I knew that our lives had forever changed. We had become parents, entrusted with the immense responsibility and privilege of raising these beautiful souls.

As I watched Aliana bask in the bliss of motherhood, I couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of pride. We faced this incredible journey together, supporting each other every step of the way. And as I looked into the eyes of our twins, I knew that our love would guide us through all the challenges and joys that lay ahead. I named the boy Mathias after my father, whom I wished was still with us, and I named our daughter Jasmine another scent that reminded me of Aliana, my mate.

Although things had been tough and seemed hopeless initially, everything eventually came together for our good. Our world was a better place for it, and our future was brighter for it. All my dreams and aspirations were realised. I was grateful to the goddess for making it all possible and granting me the grace to see the fruit of our labour.

I promised to maintain peace in my world for as long as possible, and I knew I would have no limits with Aliana by my side. We looked into the future with optimism, knowing we should prevail.

THE END