

# Awakening Following Fate by L. T. Marshall Chapter 151

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"I believe destined mates started as one being, a long time ago, before nature split us apart for whatever reason. That there is something inside of you that craves and searches for it until the two are ready to be united. Vampires believe in kindreds, or twin flames; it's a similar idea. We don't imprint but we can find the other half to our soul, although it's very rare. We call it Sacrorum, which means coming together as one. I wanted your mother to be that for me, but she sadly never was. Her destined one was a Lychan, despite her bloodline."

The sadness in his voice and the still evident pain of losing my mother in love and life makes me instantly somber. Until this moment I truly never believed vampires could really love the way we do, but it's written all over him and I feel sorry that my mother left him in that way. My empathy kicking up for what ifeel was true devotion on his side of things.

"Have you never found another after her? Do you have a mate back where you are from now?" I query, intrigued by the differences yet similarities between our species. Wanting so badly for the answer to be yes as I feed from the loneliness of his soul and pick up on subtle hints that he truly craves what I have with Colton. I want him not to still be tortured by her absence. It makes me look at him in a whole other light and suddenly understand why he raged wars with the loss of his love and child.

"I have lovers, but never have I found the other half to my soul. Not all vampires are blessed to ever find them, yet we are physical creatures and will pass the time with many playthings instead of yearning for it." He smirks, the hints of that sadness wiping away instantly and are pushed behind a dark wall away from plain sight. Something I guess he has perfected all these years. Hiding away his true feelings.

I hold onto the fragments though, in my heart, and swallow them down to nurture in a place where real affection may be able to grow for this bizarre creature. He seemed human for a moment and the glimpses of a heart capable of true feeling give me hope that one day I will love him as a father.

"Maybe your other half isn't a Vampire, or a Lychan. Maybe she's something else and only geography has kept you apart." I try for comfort and get a strange smile thrown my way

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"It's not really my priority anymore. I have two grandchildren coming my way, a daughter to get to know, and a throne to slide into. My future is going to be busy and fulfilling as we work into a time of peace between our two kinds. Finally. We have a lot of ground to cover." He pats my hand that's tucked into his elbow and leads the way slowly, watching the ground for debris that might trip me and guiding me around small rocks carefully.

"Surely you can have all that and a person to love?" I nudge him, brave with the way our conversation has turned warm and almost intimate, and I marvel at how quickly I am at ease with him. As though somehow the bond in our DNA is a potent magic that is breaking down the barriers quicker than I could have imagined. This conversation is deeper than I expected to have the first time we were alone.

"I'm going to have three demanding women to spoil in my life soon enough. I don't need anymore to split my attentions." He looks up towards the sky at the bright sun and my brain grabs at his calculation with inquisitiveness.

"Three?" I query.

"Hmmm..... yes, you, and my granddaughters!" He absentmindedly responds and reaches out to brush away low hanging branches that are in line of where I am walking. Oblivious to my startled expression. I am too shocked to pay attention to how attentive and considerate he is being.

"Wait, what? How do you know they are girls?" I stop abruptly, tugging his arm so he's forced to bring his attention back to me and gawp at him, with a hammering heart pounding in my ribcage. I mean, I had slight gut feelings about what I was carrying but if he knows for certain, then I don't know how to feel. How could he know? Can vampires tell?

"Well, the witch told me of course..... Two very precious little girls who will have something of an interesting future. Dawn of something bigger than us." He winks and then lightly pats my abdomen in a paternal way, his face breaking with a genuine smile.

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I can't formulate words as it sinks down that if it came from Leyanne then possibility it's certain. That I just had it confirmed that I will be a mother to two daughters.

"I'm having girls!" I utter mostly to myself and then break into a heartfelt smile as the feeling of warmth overtakes me. The knowledge that I might have what I did with my own mother, but in duplicate. Suddenly filled to bursting with this effervescent joy that springs up from deep down.

"Yes, it seems the future of our combined worlds lies in the hands of femmes.... I wonder if they will also be white wolves?" His words stop me in my gleeful grinning as though being splashed with icy water and the smile slips from my face. His words hitting me in the heart like a stabbing spike.

A strange feeling comes over me as the prophecy that ended my mother's life swirls around my brain and Leyanne's words of long ago come at me. That I was never the prophesized wolf. Neither was my mother.

My purpose was to use love to nurture a change. I wasn't the warrior, and neither was she.

I feel sick with the knowledge that maybe the white femme of the legend has yet to be born, and that by love, she meant my birthing the first tribrids of our time. The possibility that one of these innocent babes has yet to meet a destiny that was written long before my mother was born.

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I cover my belly with dread at what I don't know the future holds and the vast possibility of things to come that might need a prophecy fulfilment.

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"Baby, we should get up." Colton rolls over in bed and dr\*\*\*s his arm across my abdomen lightly. Snuggling up close after one of the best night's sleep I have had in a long time. I'm so relaxed it feels like I'm floating in a happy cloud.

It felt like it had been forever since we had real intimacy like this, time alone to relax and curl up without any need to get up. Now that early morning patrols for vampires are a thing of the past, Colton has been trying to get used to sleeping late with me and adopting lazy morning routines while I'm pregnant. We know they won't last after these babies arrive. A future of broken sleep and tiny demands, so we are making the most of the time we have left.

"Hmmm" I murmur sleepily and bury my face under his chin, pressing bodily to that chiseled torso as he wraps his arms around me. "Five more minutes", I revel in his warmth and close my eyes in a bid to doze back off.

The sun has been up a while and the daily noises of Lychan life outside has been getting louder for the past hour. I know Colton wants to start his day and go see what needs his attention, but I have other plans. The growth of our offspring is exhausting and the need for sleep has been steadily increasing with the pa\*\*ing days. No more stress about wars and invasions pulling my brain around, means I can focus on doing nothing.

"How about I energize you with some exercise? Wake you up a little." Colton nudges me suggestively and snakes a hand down my back smoothly, to cup my b\*\*\*, and pulls me groin to groin. A little bump that startles a small laugh from me. s\*\*y time has been off the table for a while given how fragile he deems me and it's a nice surprise to find him willing to bring it back.

My hormones have most definitely missed that kind of contact with my normally overs\*\*ed mate. Hating that his protective nature trumped his hornier side. A smile breaks across my face and I tilt my head back, instantly wide awake and raring to go. I wouldn't say no to that kind of exercise with my hunky boy.

"I'm game if you aren't going to get all weird and cool off two minutes into foreplay." Like every time I initiated s\*\* before thoughts of babies hit his brain.

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"Doc assured me that as long as we're not overly wild that it's perfectly safe. Just don't expect acrobatics or crazy antics. Slow and gentle is what I can deal with." He kisses me on the forehead with a soft grazing of lips.

"Shouldn't I be the one saying that?" I laugh at him, amused by his cuteness, but our moment of progress is short lived. I don't get to inch closer or return the kiss.

Alora, get your b\*\*\* down here. Carmen and Jasper are about to kill one another. She is in making all kinds of noise and attracting viewers.

Meadow's urgent tone of despair hits us both in the pack link and Colton groans, letting me go and rolls onto his back once more. That change of atmosphere and the buzz between us dies an instant death when duty calls.

I'm deflated and know that I won't get that moment back anytime soon, especially not with world war three about to break downstairs. All it takes is Carmen's super shriek and we have to reglaze the entire homestead again

"Your brother..... your adopted sister..... why am I not surprised?" Colton exhales, his tone unamused. Over the last few days since what seemed like progress between them, has seen Carmen putting Jasper through his paces and refusing to relent in any kind of way. Bickering, standoffs, and even outright verbal fights over the dumbest things.,

She's punishing him for his rejection of her, even though he's made it clear he has changed his mind on that front now he's living here and seeing her every day. Carmen just can't back down.

"Maybe this is the tipping point and she finally gives in!" I shrug and troll off the bed, grabbing the nearest robe so we can go stop mayhem. I have been waiting for the eruption that might finally break the ice.

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"Or maybe Jasper will up and leave because let's face it, Carmen is hard work."

I glare at Colton with a 'don't even say it, or bring up the past' and make it clear his next sentences better not be in reference to the fact he used to date her. I may love the girl, but I don't like any kind of reminder that Colton knows her in ways that I don't. I'm not the jealous type normally but these baby hormones have made it a touchy subject lately.

"Carmen is someone I love. Don't utter another word, Santo. I'm pregnant and prone to tears and rage." I warn and haul on my robe and slippers before marching ahead of him to get out first. Ignoring the looks he throws my way and sticking my chin in the air to highlight my slightly annoyed temperament.

Colton has the sense to silently follow at speed and we make our way down the stairs and to the main hall, where we hear the arguing and smashing of what might be a vase.

“Stop! Carmen, please.... You’re being a complete psy.....” Jasper’s pleading tone leads us to their location.

“Don’t even!!! I dare you...finish that word and you’ll see exactly how bad I can be!” Carmen screeches at my brother and it’s almost to the level that her gift kicks in but not quite. Everyone watching the show still winces though and I cover my ears and throw my mate a look of despair. I hope she doesn’t kick off because I already have the start of a headache.

“What’s going on. Jesus Christ, you two.” Colton rubs his forehead, clearly, it’s too early in our day for this and the glare from alpha sends all the watchers crowding the hall running off to get back to what they are supposed to be doing. They know better than to stick around when drama erupts.

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“Carmen, what’s going on?” I interject while pushing past him to stand between the sparring duo.

“I’m rejecting him BUT he just won’t listen or accept it. He can’t understand why on earth I would refuse the mate bond....like is he really that dense?” She throws her hands up in the air, waving them around and turns to pace off. My own mood frizzles, and this brings on the fatigue with extra oomph.

“I didn’t say I don’t understand. I get it. I rejected you and made life hell for both of us. I know you’re still hurt and mad and trying to punish me. Do you forget that imprinting tells me everything I need to know about you and how you deal with things? I know why you’re being like this.”

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“Oh my god. I’m going back to bed.” Colton turns and shakes his head, looking like he really intends to take off and leave me to deal with this alone. Pa\*\*ing Jasper with a ‘you’re on your own’ grimace and pats him on the shoulder in a show of bro like solidarity. Lately these two have bonded and started to become friends.

“One step and you’ll be mateless for the foreseeable future.” I warn sternly. There’s no way he’s escaping this.

“Babe?” Colton relents, giving me the puppy dog eyes but I thrust my hands on my hips and head nod towards my brother. Colton obediently walks back to his

side and slumps down on the bottom step beside him with a groan. He knows when not to test me and this is one of those moments.

“Carmen, stop tantruming. Come here and talk to me, like an adult. I have no idea what kicked this off but aren’t you tired of this already?” I know I am. She gets the same no-nonsense tone and for once it actually works on her, maybe because I really am fed up with it. She sighs heavily, turns back towards me and wanders back with resignation. Avoiding Jaspers eye.

“I’m not going to forgive him. I’m done being someone everyone throws away. I’m no one’s forced choice.” She glares his way, pouting like a child even though her eyes are misty and that flex of her jaw hints at tears being close, and I have to stop the smile that tugs at my face as her emotions hit me with close proximity. Carmen is bluffing and trying her hardest to convince herself that Jasper should go away. Inside she’s begging him to come give her a hug and I have to stop myself from tugging her into my own arms for one.

“And I told you that I’m sorry and I’m willing to do whatever it takes to mend things between us. You just have to stop telling me to go away when I get within ten feet. How can I fix us if I can’t get near you to even talk?” It’s obvious by Jasper’s despair and lack of energy that they have been quarrelling for a while. We just came down when it hit volcanic level.

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“Should have thought about that before then, shouldn’t you?” She snaps right back, venom hitching up again.

“Carmen, I wasn’t thinking straight. I was experiencing a lot that day, like my long-lost sister being Luna of my enemy. I have a lot of issues, Sierra is working through with me. One being my hang ups about this pack..... and my initial reaction to you being Santo. I’m sorry, okay. You know it’s not like it was. I’m really trying.”

“Oh boy. Carmen, you know I love you but sometimes your stubborn is your worst flaw. Can you not give a little and think of the happy future you can have with your destined mate if you just let him grovel and work it out?” I implore her, with a soft smile and head tilt to the side in hopes of appealing to that inner love she has for me. “We will be real sisters.” Technically not, but I see Jasper as my brother regardless to my DNA.

“I’m fine on my own. I don’t need a man to be fulfilled in life. I have my pack and you’re already my sister.”

“My kids want cousins... I’m an only child. Alora has only one brother. That’s an order from your alpha.” Colton smirks at her, not really being helpful in this situation and then stretches his legs out and stifles a yawn with his fist. It’s obvious he isn’t invested in this scene at all. I could kick him for his obvious disinterest.

"Look at how happy Sierra and Radar are, huh? They're planning pups already, and have a cozy little love nest picked out in the grounds. You're just delaying the inevitable." I try appealing in a different way and am rewarded with a scowl from my girl.

"Radar isn't an a\*\*hole. That's why they're happy!" Carmen throws her hair over her shoulder, sarcasm fluent this morning, and once again pointedly glares at Jasper, who runs a palm down his face and looks like he might scream. I can almost sympathize and feel his very real frustration.

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"See how impossible she is?" he gestures with open palms at me, looking for someone to side with him and I shrug.

I gesture a cutting throat, wild hand waving motion at my brother to tell him to shut up and am met with a blank stare. These two b\*\*\*ing heads is probably what I didn't need to start my day.

I honestly don't know if the fates were thinking clearly in pairing these two up like this. Both headstrong, stubborn, and feisty tempered on a good day. It's wall meeting wall, although Jasper is obviously trying more than Carmen is.

"I can't take this anymore. Move. It's like listening to toddlers fighting over a toy." Meadow's harsh tone comes from behind Jasper as he is shoved ungracefully aside to allow my sa\*\*y queen to march on over to me. She shakes her head and catches Carmen by the wrist before turning and tugging her back again where she came from. Full on aggressive mode that I expect from med's and she wastes no time in hauling Carmen around.

"Here, this belongs to you, don't leave your things lying around so carelessly or you won't get given them back."

I watch in silence as Meadow literally thrusts Carmen at Jasper, so he has no choice but to catch her before she falls and Meadow smacks Carmen on the back of the head. The hostile affection she has with Carmen has always been a mystery to me, and the fact she just reduced her to an object.

"Listen you, skanky puta. I know how you've been hurt. I know how scared you are, and this idiot did the absolute worst when you imprinted. Rejection is a big deal to you, and we all know you have scars. He's here now trying to fix that, and your pig-headed slow brain is too all up in your self to think it through. Alora was rejected by that thick brain over there and look at them now. You love each other, the fates made it so. Go have some crazy s\*\*, vent your anger and then talk things out. Trust me, with your personality I think the only way to get through to you is if he mans up and takes the crazy from you while being banged." Meadow again shoves Carmen into Jasper's arms when she tries to step away and her scowl his way seems to flick the b\*\*\*on in his head.

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"I'll let you do whatever you want to me, in any form." Jasper catches her around the waist and doesn't relent when she starts to struggle.

Meadow smirks, seemingly pleased with herself and walks off past them with a hand toss in the air as if to say 'laters'.

"Let me go." Carmen growls his way, eyes ambering and even I hesitate that Meadow has this right. I flinch and step forward to tell him to do as she says but Jasper spins her so he's nose to nose with her. Now she's in his grasp, he completely changes tact and the impatient boy is replaced with dominant Lychan mate.

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"I'm never letting you go. You can hate me, push me away, curse me out, fight me, and tell me you don't want me, but I'm not ever going to leave you. I'm always going to be a step away, making sure I'm here to take care of you. Forever..... I was wrong. You're not going to get rid of me, no matter what you say or do." Jasper's voice drops to a low intimate level, and it seems weird that we are staring at them like this. Tension sparking between them and little electrifying pulses signal through the air as the mate bond kicks up the s\*\*ual need between them.

I turn away and motion for Colton to come to me, to give them space and he sighs before getting up like an obedient puppy dog.

"I don't like you." Carmen pouts at my brother, but her venom has subsided quicker than the speed of light. Her voice is softer, her gaze no longer amber and her posture has deflated a lot.

"That's progress. It was 'I hate you' a week go. I see that as a positive step." Jasper leans in closer to bridge the difference in height and slides his arms around her properly, pulling her into him in a hug even though she doesn't return it. She struggles a little, but nowhere near the venom she had a few minutes ago and I can see her caving now he's touching her.

I remember how that went. When the bond was so strong that a mere touch can mess with your mood and your head and weaken the strongest resolve. Meadow was aiming for that when she tossed her over their like a wet rag.

Carmen doesn't really want to reject him. She's doing what she does and pushing people away, being fierce so they can't hurt her. There's a little vulnerable girl inside who just wants someone to stand up and fight for her, because no one has. She wants to be loved without conditions, and maybe my brother is exactly the person who will do it. He's stubborn for sure and realizing he wants her in his life, he won't give up at all. He's someone who sticks to what he feels.



"I might dislike you for years yet. You'll get fed up and leave." She murmurs and I tug Colton's hand and try to pull him towards the breakfast room to give them some more space. Meadow is nowhere to be seen anymore and I mentally high five her for throwing Carmen into his arms and kickstarting a real conversation between them when overpowered by the feel of one another.

"I'm going nowhere. I swear. I'll follow you for an eternity, even if you keep me at arm's length and never say a nice word to me. I'm hopeless when it comes to you and we both know this isn't curable. You're mine, Carmen, and I'm yours."

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"Let me go, I have things to do." Carmen turns away from him, wavering and getting scared of it, but his hold never loosens, and Jasper follows her face with his. He can see through it and I relax knowing that he knows her better than anyone now and he will find a way to break through that wall.

"She's caving." Colton nods their way and wraps his arm around me, tugging me into his chest so I end up cuddling him as he leans against the door frame. Watching from a distance yet not leaving until we see where this goes.

"She was doing that before we even got here. I could feel it. She just needs that little extra push."

"I'll let you go and get back to work on one condition." Jasper pushes his forehead against hers and even though she's refusing to move her arms from her side or hug him back, I see the way she slumps into him with that intimate touch.

"What is that?" she plays along, no longer fueled by anger.

"You let me give you a goodbye kiss. Being this close is making me crazy and I miss that first kiss we had way back when we imprinted. I want to feel that again." He breaks into a devilish smile, all good looks from our father, dimples, and a t\*\*\*le in his eye. Mr Confident comes from nowhere and slides right in. Jasper knows he isn't on the losing side anymore. I bet every sense he has is tuned into her emotions and he knows she's already his. The joy of the bond.

Carmen doesn't respond. Her silence is unusual, and she turns her face to the side to avoid his eyes again. Her fingers twitch as though she's contemplating a response, or maybe trying to find the will to say no. Jasper takes that as encouragement, and without hesitation, let's go with one arm, to catch her chin between his fingers and tugs her mouth to his before she can refuse.

I stiffen and wait for the chaos to ensue because she can be a volatile wolf on a good day and pouncing on her with a kiss could end in violence, but nothing erupts. Instead, a sweet and gentle kiss on her lips leaves her completely still and as we pause and wait with bated breath, Carmen leans back towards him and kisses him back. A fluid, unhesitant response pulled out of her by experiencing the intimacy from him again. She's lost in the bond.

I almost leap out of Colton's arms with joy, but he hauls me back and yanks me backwards with him into the adjoining room. Pulling us out of sight and giving them privacy.

"We know what happens next. We don't have to watch it." He shrugs at me and continues pulling when I try to strain back to see. I want to know they are taking it further, for sure.

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"You know how prickly she can be. I have to make sure she doesn't still send him off with a sarcastic brush off and ...."

Colton silences my words with a kiss of our own, catching me in his arms and yanks me into him, so I am fully under his control. Lip to lip as he plants the most seductive kiss on me, he has in a while, and I become Jell-o in his arms. Using his own gifts of prowess to bring me back under his control.

We kiss for what feels like long minutes, tongues intertwined, hormones hitching and then a link breaks into my mind and kills the moment dead. Using the pack link so we both get the message loud and clear. I swear, there are times I really do not appreciate Meadow.

Chica, those two just hightailed past me on the way to Jasper's room, looking like they're in the haze. Mission finally accomplished. We can celebrate a new mateship by dawn. Carmen finally broke.

I gasp in surprise, suddenly filled with warm enthusiasm and do a little jump and yay, before planting another kiss on Colton's mouth.

"Thank god. Can we now go back upstairs and get back to what we were doing? The haze sounds appealing." Colton picks me up princess style without waiting for a response and elicits a giggle from me at his impulsiveness. Bouncing my palm on top of his head and kissing him lightly on the nose while shaking my head at his naughty antics.

"Lead the way, lover." I giggle as I am hoisted higher, and he doesn't wait around for a change of mood. Or more interruptions.

Meds, take Carmen and Jasper off any duties for a few days and leave them to get everything out of their system.

Colton's reply makes me snort laugh, knowing fine well this is not for their benefit but his. I think the one who needs to get a lack of something out of his system is the mate of mine who's hauling my a\*\* upstairs faster than a rocket.

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I wake up to the gnawing and strange aching sensation travelling across my belly and try to turn over to relieve whatever it is. Struggling now my bump is fully formed and weighing me down while Colton's arm across me isn't helping any. The room is completely dark and silent, so it must still be the middle of the night and his even, peaceful breathing signals he's out cold.

I maneuver his forearm up over my b\*\*\*s and manage to roll sideways away from him, so my b\*\*\* is juttied against his groin to stop my stomach hanging over the edge of the mattress and get frustrated at my inability to move around like a normal human anymore.

I have reached that stage where I'm just begging them to come out quickly because I can't take much more of this endless beached whale sensation. It has limited any kind of movement and being independent. I feel like my days consist of peeing multiple times, being eternally hungry, cranky and uncomfortable and burst into tears over the most insane things.

I still haven't quite settled into sleeping in our new room over here in the valley either. New surroundings, new atmosphere and new bearings to get used to once again. It's been three weeks after the renovations were done and yet, I still don't feel like it's home. I miss the homestead, where Sierra and Radar decided to stay and govern in our absence, now they are planning to produce pups and live happily ever after. In their coc\*\*\* bubble of love where life is rosy, and they want to raise siblings for Colton under the shadow of the now vampire free mountain.

The pack split and some stayed over there for the peaceful rural life they have nurtured, although a vast amount came home to be reunited with the valley wolves, and things have been slowly becoming normal. Rebuilding, fixing, bonding once more.

"Ahhhhh" I let out an involuntary groan as shooting stabbing pain rips across my lower pelvis and grip Colton's arm so tight I almost pierce him with my nails. It's bone achingly awful as pain goes and try as I might to bear down and grit my teeth I can't hold it in.

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"What is it? I'm up, I'm awake.... What's going on?" Colton's frantic scramble to upright, his eyes instantly amber as he scans the room for danger and realizes I am the one a\*\*aulting him as he relaxes back down. Pulling me to him in a protective hold.

"Pain." I murmur, pushing the words out in a strangled breath, screwing my eyes shut and release his forearm from my grip to point downwards at my stomach with a jerky motion. It's about all I am capable of doing.

"As in..... are you? Tonight?" Colton's tone swiftly shifts from sleep addled and confused to panic ridden. His brain shifting into alert as he realizes what this could be.

"Hmmm" is the only reply I can give as I try to deal with this cramping. It's like having my periods, only amped up by fifty times the pain. And everywhere, not just my abdomen.

"Okay, okay... do you want to get up, lay different. Shall I go get the midwife? Do you need a ma\*\*age, a hug, or something to grip?" Colton goes into nervous overdrive, spewing out every instruction he memorized from our birth lessons with the midwife the past couple of months. Suddenly awake and buzzing and ready for action.

"Shhhh" I raise my finger to my lips, screwing my eyes tighter and try and quieten him down while I bear this internal agony. Every single sense and urge in me is crying to turn wolf to help ease it but I know I can't. I'm fighting that inner need to protect myself from something excruciating. Even though I'm in labor and the danger to them is probably no longer an issue now they are fully formed, I can't risk it. I have to birth my pups in human form.

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"I'll link her. I'll get her here fast." He whispers it gently and starts patting my shoulder as I breathe through what feels like my insides twisting into knots, and then slowly subside very gradually until I can bear it again, before fading to a low ache. It goes from storm to gentle waves in minutes but for the one suffering, it felt like hours.

"It's pa\*\*ing" I exhale heavily and my whole body begins to relax again, away from the tense wooden posture I was holding without realizing. Colton moves away from me and starts arranging the bed covers and places a cushion under my feet to get me into a comfortable position.

"If this is the start, then it's going to be a long night, baby. They're coming. I asked Meds and Carmen to come too as I know you want them both here. Tell me what you need." Colton seems like he's in control and on form as bossy Alpha, but I can feel his angsty tension radiating at epic levels and the slight tremor in his voice gives him away.

"It might come to nothing. They said we could have false starts."

"Let's just play this as if it's real. No one will care about losing some sleep if it's a false alarm. I'd rather be prepared and disappointed, than something going wrong." He moves around the bed and tucks me in, feeling my forehead and pours me a gla\*\* of water on the bedside before turning the lamps on to dim. He creates a low cozy glow which barely casts away the shadows and I blink towards our wall of curtains.

"I want them open. I want to see the moon and stars while we wait." I have no idea why, but I feel like it will keep me calm while waiting to see if this pain returns. There's a myth of our kind that pups should be born under the moon to ensure a healthy start and whether a fable or not I am hoping seeing it will keep me calm.

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Colton does as I ask, wanders to pull the expanse of dark velvet away from the rows of windows and exposes the blackest night. Stars twinkling high in the sky and a full moon to set the mood. The air is crystal clear, no clouds in the sky and it's almost a perfect night for stargazing. The sky is as close to purest onyx as I have ever seen.

"Are we going to do this here? Or do you want to go to the infirmary?" Colton walks back to me and sits on the bed to stroke my hair.

"Here. If we can. If anything happens then make the decisions to ensure the safety of our babies." We have had this conversation before and Colton looks away, frowning because it's a topic he doesn't like. I have told him multiple times that should anything go wrong, the babies come first. I won't die, I know this. I have Colton with healing abilities and as soon as the babies are out, I can turn wolf and heal myself. I'm willing to take whatever pain or complications and push myself to near death just to get them safely out. He knows this and he agrees but he still doesn't like it.

I don't get another word out as another pain sears across my body, with a much stronger intensity than before, so fast considering it's only been minutes since the last one. I gasp and crunch my body up to try and combat it but it's like being side swiped by a bus.

# Awakening Following Fate by L. T. Marshall Chapter 156

[/ Awakening- Following Fate \(Book 2\) By L. T. Marshall](#)

"Breathe through it, pant like Marda showed you." Colton's hands are on me, but I try and blot out the world by closing my eyes and focusing on the agony that's ripping me up inside. I didn't know what I expected childbirth to feel like, but this wasn't it. There's nothing to describe how much it hurts.

"Should I tell my mom to make their way to the valley? Do you want them here? What about your dad? I have the contact number to have him travel here tonight." Colton can only talk at me while stroking my hair, empathizing what he can see me experiencing. The pain of childbirth is one of the only pains that a mate doesn't share. Wolves in labor need protection, so their mates are spared the bonded agony so they can watch over and help them through it. Nature at its finest, I guess.

"Hmmmm, I don't know" I roll and squirm in a bid to relieve the building pain and pressure. Disinterested in thinking, feeling anything around me and not really caring about who is here and not when all I can focus on is getting through each second of this.

"Your dad will never forgive me if he isn't here for the birth. He has far to come." Colton changes from stroking to kneading my shoulders and back and yanks the duvet away when he feels my body heating up.

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"Do whatever you need to do, I just ...." I trail off unable to say anything else as the intensity ups and I hit the peak of the contraction. Murmuring and moaning as the worst pain I have ever felt in my life rips through me and I spasm involuntarily. All I can do is cling onto the edge of the mattress and grit my teeth, body rigid as I try to cope with it.

"I can ease it with magic...do you want me to try?" Colton's tone is tight and forced, he sounds desperate at seeing me suffer.

"No, I don't know if that will slow it down and hinder progress."

"This is hell to watch and it's only the beginning. Tell me what to do. How can I ease this? A bath... walking around? What about some kind of pain med from the midwife?" Colton's stress levels grow and yet I honestly cannot do anything about it. I am so hyper focused on being trapped inside my own body with this horrible cramping and twisting. All I can do is breathe in short pants and try and remember everything they told me when preparing for birth. I have to remind myself that this is normal and I'm okay. I can do this.

"In through the nose, nice and slow, and out through the mouth. It can help reduce the pain."

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"No...just go notify my dad." I blurt out in a snappish tone, irritation rising and it's all I can do to keep myself together. I am instantly wracked with guilt at being that way towards him, but this is excruciating.

"I already linked Meds and told her to do it. Try and stay calm. I know your sore baby, and I'm probably annoying you but I'm a bit out of my depth here."

"I just want it over...get them out. It hurts." Tears fall rapidly as the throws of what seems like the longest contraction ever grows into minutes. I don't know how it's supposed to go in early labor, but this feels huge, like there isn't much time. It seems fast.

"I know, baby. They're coming. I won't leave you alone I swear."

"I'm here! I'm here!" Meadow bursts into the room without knocking, in a frenzy of chaos as someone falls in behind her and a yelp of more bodies outside our bedroom door alerts us to the fact we have a group audience.

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"Move, your a\*\* is bigger than ever. Doorways can barely contain it anymore." Carmen shoves Meadow in further and falls over her for a second time, missing face planking the floor by an inch as her beloved mate catches the back of her

clothes and stops her midair. Jasper pulls her into his arms and rights her on her feet.

“Can you do things at normal speed, and I wouldn’t forever be stopping you from injuring yourself.” Jasper croons at her, hooks his arm around her waist as he guides her past the glaring Meadow.

## Awakening Following Fate by L. T. Marshall Chapter 157

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“Did you just tell me I have a fat a\*\*, Puta?” Meadow spins on her and is met with Jaspers raised palm, a sign of defeat and apology. The buffer between these two these past weeks.

“She means you look amazing, and the new baby weight is starting to show.” He smiles with that charming smooth way of his, the calm to the trouble Carmen creates and shrugs as Meadow scowls his way.

“She’s lucky she has you. And for the record, my a\*\* is not that much bigger.” Meadow spits sarcastically and throws her hair over one shoulder in a defiant maneuver.

“Pftttt, at only a month gone I’m sure that a lot of excess baggage you’re already hauling in the trunk, if your head was on backwards then you would see what I do. I guess you’re one of those femmes that grow out everywhere but the belly.” Carmen mumbles with a sly side eye and smirk and Jasper clamps a hand over her mouth with a sigh of defeat.

“Hey, My queen is as s\*\*y as ever and she’s just keeping our baby fed. More to cuddle and she suits the curves.” Cesar appears amid them and motions for them all to back out as he catches Colton’s glare and my wide-eyed look of panic from our position on the bed. Their invasion is loud and not exactly welcome mid contraction.

“Sorry, couldn’t stop these two freight trains fighting to get in.” Cesar apologizes in his usual calm and dad tone, and Jasper releases Carmen to walk past her as he comes to my side.

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“Hey sis. You look like it hurts a lot. We’ll be outside and close if you need us, we just all wanted to see you. We’re excited and worried and I’m sorry about those two. You know how they are.” He brushes a gentle finger over my face and gives Colton’s a quick smile that translates to ‘you’re doing good’.

These two are firm brothers nowadays. So much so that Matteo has been a little jealous with the bromance and Radar’s new position as Colton’s father figure. He feels left out.

"It does. It's worse than I thought it would be."

"Hang in there. Midwife is on her way, she was delaing with some early pains from a half term femme. The pack is all waking up and eagerly pacing their homes for the arrival of their Princessa's."

"I'm scared." I whisper back at him, a tear collecting in the corner of my eye, and we sigh in unison. Once again more bearable and able to communicate in between the highs of this labor.

"You'll be fine. We wolves very rarely lose pups in childbirth, and you are strong. Stronger than most. Colton is right here, and your two crazy femme sisters won't leave the room. Varro will hightail it here to see his prized girl producing his much-awaited grandkids. You have nothing to worry about except how to be a mom very soon."

"I know. That's when I'll really be scared." I smile weakly, trying for humor, the pain once again subsiding to a bearable ache of nothing and relaxing my body.

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In the past weeks Varro has come here every single week without fail. Showering me with affection and gifts and getting to know all those around me like a real father would. It was hard at first to see past what he is, and how terrifying he looks, but now even some of the pack children have started to come out to meet him upon arrival, calling him Uncle Varro. The enemy who became family and our world is completely different to what it was some months ago.

I can admit that I have love for him, and our relationship grows with every meeting. I never thought I would ever see the day I willingly called him father or dad, but I do, and I miss him when I don't see him.

"Won't be long before it's you." I prod him in the cheek knowing fine well he has convinced Carmen to start trying for a family already. Since they marked, they have been an inseparable smitten couple and he seems to know how to handle the fire that is Carmen so well. She's healing and growing as a person. Letting love in warmed her up and made her less defensive around some of us. Although Jasper is the only one who gets to experience all her softness and she can still be bristly with Meadow, even though they love one another on some level.

Now the war is over a lot of Lychan have decided to try for pups and settle into our new peaceful life with real hope for a bright future. I feel like the twins are the beginning of the Santo pack stepping into a new life.

"Yeah. Hopefully soon, it's not like we aren't trying. Meadow beat us to it and Carmen just can't forgive her for that." Jasper laughs at the ongoing rivalry between the two, that's so obviously skin deep.

Pain hits again, severe and knocks my breath away, clutching at the bed covers and rocketed back to that place of misery. Colton shoos Jasper out of the way so



he can come and take my hands and this time tries to breathe with me to guide me through it.

"These are fast, I don't think we have long to wait to meet our daughters. Midwife just got here. Try and stay calm baby." He croons and softly kisses my forehead, grazing lips gently over my head and then my lips.

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"I just want it to be over." I exhale in a breathless whoosh, clinging to him and close my eyes once more to try and find the way through what I know is only going to get worse.

"I'm here, everyone except Mom and Daddy, out. You don't need to be in here unless I call you. We have babies to deliver." Marda the most experienced midwife of the Santo back sweeps in with authority and reassurance and despite not being able to respond to her, my heart calms a little knowing she is here.

She has delivered hundreds of pups over the years, she ever delivered me. I can relax into her care and know that I'm in safe hands and she will help me through this whatever way it needs to be done.

"I know these babies are a little different, but don't worry. Whatever they throw at us we can handle it. You're not our first mix breed birth under my watch.

## Awakening Following Fate by L. T. Marshall Chapter 158

[/ Awakening- Following Fate \(Book 2\) By L. T. Marshall](#)

"You did it, baby. Look at our girls!" Colton's excited tone pulls me out of my fatigue as he mops my brow and tries to dry up the sweat that's cascading like a waterfall. The cries of newborns ringing in my ears after what seems like the longest and most hellish night of my life. I can barely stay awake. A new day is peeking at us from outside the curtains which he drew at some point when the light got too intense. Everything feels surreal and it's hard now to imagine I just spent so many hours going through the trauma of childbirth while the world is still. The memory of the pain is already subsiding.

My emotions are fried and the eagerness to lay eyes on them is the only thing keeping me conscious while my limbs cry to give out. My body is tender and heavy like a deadweight, but I am so glad it's finally over. I should turn to self heal but I can't muster the energy and would rather sleep after holding my babies.

"Here you are, momma. Two healthy girls and beautiful, just like you." Marda leans down over me and places one from each arm on my chest. Instinctively I nurse them against me as they look to be fed and Colton helps pull open my nightdress shirt and assists. He's a natural and been so good these past hours,

keeping me sane, anticipating my needs and watching over me. I don't think I could have done this without him.

My eyes mist with tears as this insane overwhelming love and adoration fills my heart to br\*\*\*\*\* at the mere presence of these two tiny lives. An all-encompa\*\*ing emotion that I have never experienced before until I laid eyes on the beauty of our girls. It's that knowledge that from here on in I will do anything to protect and love them, even die to ensure their safety. Perfect in every way and my priority now. Small and delicate but completely formed in miniature.

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Each has a spattering of fine light hair, downy soft, much like mine, even if they are still covered in the mess from birth. The sallower skin of Colton and his Columbian genes, but the features are a combination of both of us as children in one face. I watch in fascination at one and then the other as they try to latch on to nurse. Finding their own way instinctively to source my milk and without hesitation. Little tiny eyelashes flickering open as I lock eyes for the first time on the new creations that have been growing within me for months. It doesn't feel real and I can't believe that we made these precious little beings.

I stop mid breath as first one flickers bright glowing blue my way, blinking and sleepy eyed, a sign of Colton's magic within and the other glows red. As clear as switching ion a light in the pitch dark. Both stare at me for a moment, somehow focusing on the body they seem to recognize as mother and Colton sees it too before they drift closed and focus on s\*\*\*ling. My heart leaps into my throat and my mind slides into frantic overtime at what this might mean. We always knew the genetics might mean the girls would not be as Lychan as we hoped, or that they might have obvious gifts like Colton and I now do, but I didn't expect it to be prominent from the get go.

We exchange concerned glances, that inner fear of their differences to normal pups, and Marda pats me atop my head with a motherly smile. Seeing our worry and sensing the sudden change in atmosphere between us.

"Gifts are present at birth only fleetingly; it doesn't mean anything right now. As they grow what they can do will become more prominent and sometimes things fade away. It's just an eye color, they all change quickly into the daytime human shade soon enough. Lychan babies are born with glowing amber. It doesn't mean anything."

I eye her dubiously trying to think back to my childhood and the lack of my abilities until my awakening ceremony. I'm not sure that Colton's magical gifts would have been so concealed if Sierra hadn't bound us so I can't be a\*\*ured that our babies won't have something in infancy that shows up.

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"It doesn't matter what is more prominent. They're our girls and the pack know they might be different to them. If Lychan isn't the dominant gene, then we won't care, and we'll love them regardless. We'll deal with whatever gifts are

thrown at us." Colton scoops my hand in his and soothes me with his words. That tone of dominant alpha on show because he's stubborn and he means every word.

"I don't want them to feel different and unwanted. I want them to grow up feeling they fit in." Something I never did, and it worries me now that they will be noticeably different to Lychan pups. Pups don't have gifts in childhood at all, not until their own awakening. I never knew they were born with amber eyes so maybe I am worrying about nothing, and my babies won't display any difference to other children for a long time. I might be overthinking.

I pull them closer and snuggle my face nearer, inhaling that baby scent that's unique and now part of them. A smell I know I will become addicted to in time and will eventually pine for when it fades as they age. Colton leans in and strokes them both gently over their tiny skulls before kissing both on the forehead. Immersed in his own overflowing love for his daughters. I can feel it in him, and we share the emotions while smiling down at two gorgeous little heads.

"They're perfect. The pack will welcome them with open arms and love them as much as we do." Marda wanders away, folding muslin cloths and fills a bowl with fresh water before strolling back and offering it to Colton to keep tending to my face and neck. I've stopped sweating but my skin is damp and clammy, and she nods as he takes it to administer some care to me.

"Have you decided on names? I know you didn't want to reveal them until they were born."

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"We have." Colton is the one to reply. "Eve and Eden. It somehow seems fitting for the first tribrids to ever grace our lands. I think they look like an Eve ..." he points to the smaller of the two girls, the one with the blue eyes, "And an Eden" he strokes my hand over our red eyed girl's back, reading my mind in how we are to name them even though both are practically mirror images of one another. Somehow their names seem to fit. Identical twins with similar names but completely different meanings. Eden means 'delight' and Eve means 'full of life'. We spent so long tossing names back and forth before settling on those.

"Pretty names for pretty girls. Girls that I am sure will go on to achieve great things for the Santo pack." Marda pats Colton on the shoulder and wanders off to leave us to our feeding session.

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"We can announce it to that lot out there. I'll tell them you need time to feed them and pull yourself together and then I'll take the babies out for them to see and let you rest. I won't let any visitors in until you've slept, and I'll make sure our parents are the first. Both are waiting downstairs." Colton brushes a kiss across

my temple, back in nurturing carer mode. "I'm really proud of you. They're healthy and perfect and you did so well."

"Not doing it again in a hurry." I smile weakly and settle my head back into my pillows to relax and dose while they continue to s\*\*\*le. I'm exhausted and not all that sad about his no visitor rule for a few hours. I feel bad knowing I am keeping my father waiting, but I really am in no fit state just yet.

Marda starts to tend to the bed clothes which are all pushed way down below my feet. Switching out the blood soaked messy for clean fresh linen, and Colton lifts my legs to help her change them.

"I'll be back soon." Colton stops fussing over me and goes to do what he said while Marda takes the time to my body and helps me to maneuver without disturbing the girls as she dresses me in my pajamas on the lower half and tucks me into a fresh bed.

"Enjoy the quiet before the storm, Luna. After this the visitors and well wishers and resting time will be harder to find. Don't let them overwhelm you. Take your time to recover, to bond with your girls. The pack can wait. Tradition is that we used to wait fourteen days before the Luna brought out the newborns to show them to the pack and I wish that was still the norm. Mother's need respite as most like you, want to recover naturally without turning. They somehow feel the achievement means more when they allow a slower healing process and the bond to their children is stronger."

"I understand that. After going through all of this, I don't want to wipe it away as if the last hours were nothing. I want to linger in my exhaustion and relief that pain is over. Maybe in a day or two I'll turn and get back to fit but it's been so long staying human that I'm in no hurry."

I can't explain it, but I understand what she means. The experience is t\*\*\*\*\* in the agony and the exhaustion. I want to hold onto every precious moment and memory of birth.

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"What now, Luna?" Marda comes to sit on the edge of the bed and checks the feeding position, stroking little skulls and smiling with a warmth of a woman who has mothered her own little ones with her full heart.

"We take each day as it comes, and we see what happens. My father, Sierra, all will come up soon enough to welcome our next generation and life will move on. I don't know what the future holds but I know that Colton and I will do everything in our power from here on in to always protect them."

And we will. No matter what it takes or what life throws at us. We survived wars and so much worse. We will always do everything in our power to protect our family.

"My gut tells me these two will be important to our species one day. We've never had anything quite like them and it will be a wonderful thing to watch as they develop their natural abilities." Marda admires them and reaches out to stroke the hair from my damp face with the gentlest of touches.

"Doc has requested that he be allowed to monitor them as they do. To record their progress and document changes. He thinks it will be an amazing addition to his research of non-human species. His eternal fascination of Lychans and immortals." I smile warmly at that as I say it. Conjuring up our eccentric adopted Uncle who sometimes visits from his research lab to keep Sierra up to date, and generally because he misses us. He's become a part of the Santo family and the pack adore him as much as we do. A never-ending source of knowledge for our kind in matters we never understood before.

"Juan Santo really should regret everything he lost. His own grandchildren, how amazing his son is. The rebuild of the pack." Marda's face crumbles a little at the thought of the Alpha who ruled for most of her life, and I'm sobered by the sound of his name. Many older Lychan like her still hold him in a place in their hearts for the years before he changed and led us all into misery.

A few months ago, my father informed us Juan passed away not long after he was taken prisoner. With vengeance and hate replaced with a desire to bond with me, he no longer had the stomach for torture and allowed Juan to leave this world once and for all. It was quick, as painless a death as could be at the hands of vampires mauling you to death, and Colton never mentioned it again. He's gone, the evil that started everything and yet there's a part of me that aches for Colton because I know deep down, he wishes his father had been different in the end. I'm sad that my girls lack a grandfather because he was so caught up in his own madness he forgot what love and family was.

"Only sunny skies and happier days from here on in, right?" Marda pats me once more and gets up from the bed as the door clicks open and Colton slides back in, beaming from ear to ear. Obvious happiness and glee etched from head to foot, and I know it's from the excitement of our friends, family, and pack outside waiting patiently.

"I love my life. What more could I ask for but all my girls." He beams enthusiastically and scoots back to my side, hopping on the bed and slides an arm under my head to cuddle up close and watch our children sleep.

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"You say that now, but you haven't met night feeds or tantrums yet." I giggle and nuzzle against him, closing my eyes to sleep because I know he will stand guard and move our kids when they are done feeding. When I am out cold he'll take them to meet their family.

"Bring it on. There's nothing in this life that you can throw at me that I won't handle like a boss." He kisses me on the temple with passion, squeezes me tight and I relax, rest assured that he means it because I know it's true.