

The Alpha King'S Second Chance - Free Novel by Skylar Greene

Epilogue

Three months later

A sharp pain wakes me from my sleep. I open my eyes and clutch my stomach. Ezra immediately sits up. "Is it time? You were having contractions before we went to sleep," he says. "I know. The doctor said that it was fine though since they weren't strong or coming fast," I remind him. He nods his head but doesn't look convinced.

A gush of water leaves me, and it takes a moment for me to realize my water has broken. "Yes, it's time," I say. Ezra helps me up and then grabs the bag that I have prepared for the baby and me. "Where are you going," he asks when he sees me heading toward the bathroom. "To take a shower," I say as I head to the bathroom.

Ezra is patiently waiting for me when I get out of the shower. He helps me slip on my maxi dress and slippers. "We should go now," I wince. My contractions are coming faster than before and the pain is becoming too much. Ezra picks me up bridal style and we rush to the pack hospital.

The doctor is already waiting for me once I enter the room. "How far along are your contractions?" Another one hits as soon as the question is asked. "About five minutes apart," I wince. It doesn't take long before I'm screaming out in pain. Ezra holds my hand and mimics my breathing exercises, which are not helping.

He's nervous, and I can feel it through the bond. "Our pup will be fine. We just saw the pup on the screen yesterday. Both of us are healthy," I remind him. He kisses my forehead. "I know, princess. I know," he whispers. Hours have passed and my labor gets worse and worse as the time passes.

"Ezra, it's time to push." I can feel it and this baby is not waiting for the staff to come back. The doctor rushes in and settles in between my legs. "I can see the head, Queen Freya. Give me one good push," he commands. I do what the doctor says, and it doesn't take long for us to hear the cry of our baby.

"The little guy has a set of lungs on him," the doctor announces. "A boy," Ezra and I say at the same time. We didn't want to know the gender until I gave

birth. The nursery is done in neutral colors of grey and white. I saw Ezra sneak some blue items in the nursery, though.

The nurse lays our little pup on my chest and warmth spreads through me. Ezra smiles down at us both before kissing both of our foreheads. "You did great, princess," he whispers. Our baby stares wide-eyed at his dad. They both have those vibrant green eyes. The little blonde bush of hair on my baby's head lets me know he will have the same hair as his dad, too.

After the baby and I have been cleaned up, we move to the king's suite. It has a bigger space for people to come and visit us. My dad is the first person to visit. He had been waiting in the waiting room since Ezra called him and told him I was going into labor. He rushed right over here.

"How's my little girl doing," Dad asks. "I'm fine, dad. A little tired but fine," I say. He nods his head, but he's not even looking at me. He has my son in his arms and is walking around with him. He keeps mumbling, "Grandad's little boy," to the baby. The baby is hanging on to every word my dad says too, as if he can understand him.

My brothers will come to visit tomorrow. They said my dad left them when Ezra called him in the middle of the night. I believe them too because he got here fast after Ezra called him. Greta was the next person to visit. She, too, spent all her time talking to the baby. Bryan visited soon after but only held him for a short time. "He's too small for me to hold," Bryan said, while giving him back to Ezra.

After everyone had left the room and Ezra and I were alone with our pup, we got one final knock. Ezra and I could smell him before he pushed open the door. He looked better than he had these past few months. He was mostly healed, but still moved around slowly. "Hi. I was hoping I could see my nephew," he nervously said.

It took some time, but Ezra and Jasper finally talked everything through. Jasper apologized for his behavior and admitted that he went out of his mind because of everything that had happened to him. Ezra was hesitant to listen to him at first, but I could tell some days he missed his brother. I encouraged him to still be there for his brother. Ezra was all Jasper had and before everything happened, they were always close.

Jasper apologized to me as well, and I accepted his apology. He didn't know I was pregnant when he drugged me, and he wasn't in his right mind when

everything happened. He regrets his actions and still seems nervous when around me. The only good thing that came from it was that he connected with the nurse who helped him recover. She was rejected by her mate some years ago and thought she would never find someone. She stood by him right now with a longing look as he held his nephew. They were taking things slow because Jasper was afraid to rush anything.

Once we were alone again, Ezra settled on the bed next to me. Our little one was on my chest feeding. "Eli Maxwell is going to be a big boy. I can feel it," I say. Ezra stares at me for a minute. "You like the name?" We had gone over names a few times but couldn't agree. Eli is the name Ezra had chosen and after looking at our little one, that name was fitting.

"Do I like it? Of course, I do. I chose the name," he answered with pride. Once Eli was done eating, Ezra burped him and then laid him down in his bassinet. Ezra sneaks a kiss that is long and passionate, sending me into a tailspin. "Thank you, princess, for everything."

Did you enjoy my story? Please let me know what you think.