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Willow

"Congratulations, you're pregnant with twins," the female doctor smiled at me.

"Twins?" Lying on the hospital bed, I looked at the doctor in shock. Was I hearing things? How could I be pregnant with twins?

After leaving the Emerald Bright Pack's territory, I had started feeling sick. I had vomited on the side of the road and felt increasingly dizzy. My emotional turmoil had taken a toll on my health, and my wolf refused to communicate with me. I had come to the doctor for a check-up, but I never expected to receive the biggest surprise of my life.

"Yes, twins," she affirmed, pointing at the monitor to show me the two innocent lives growing healthily in my belly. Tears welled up in my eyes. They were really twins.

The doctor prescribed some medicine, and I left the hospital feeling dazed. Subconsciously, I placed my hands over my belly and whispered, "Don't worry, my babies. Even if daddy doesn't want you, mommy loves you very much. I will raise the two of you with everything I have," I sniffled.

With my luggage in hand, I headed to the bus station, but I didn't know where to go. The Emerald Bright Pack had been my only home, and I had no family or relatives to rely on. I was alone in this vast world. Once again, thoughts of Reuben



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crossed my mind, causing my heart to ache, and tears gathered in my eyes. Just as I was lost in my thoughts, a car crashed into a nearby tree with a deafening impact on the deserted street.

Startled, I looked at the accident in front of me with wide eyes and raced closer to the car to check. The car's front end was badly crushed, and there was only a middle-aged man in the driver's seat, his head bleeding profusely.

"Oh, my goddess!" I gasped, pulling out my phone to call an ambulance. But before I could do anything, a man crawled out of the car on his own and collapsed at my feet. I quickly tried to grab and support him, asking, "Sir, are you okay?" I helped him lean against the car. His strong aura and scent confirmed that he was a werewolf, an Alpha.

"Wait, I'll call an ambulance," I began dialing the number, but he grabbed my hand.

"You're Willow Rathbone, right?" he asked, his voice heavy with shock.

"How... how do you know?" My eyes widened at him mentioning my last name, a name that had always been hidden from the world.

Six years later, Britain.

The coffee on the table remained untouched and eventually turned cold once again. I carefully pinned a lace dress on a



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mannequin, ensuring it draped perfectly over its form, accentuating the curves and contours of the gown. It was the finishing touch to my creation. I finally removed the curtain parting my room into two.

"Wow..." Lola, who had just entered the room, gasped while standing at the door. She stared at the long red gown with wide eyes and an open mouth. "So this is the masterpiece you created in just two sleepless nights," she marveled, stepping into the room slowly. "You are really blessed!" she exclaimed.

I was the most famous fashion designer in the country. My designs graced the bodies of models, celebrities, and adorned the runways of countless fashion shows. With my extraordinary ability to understand people's desires when it came to clothing, I had become the youngest fashion designer to claim the top spot in the industry, amassing awards and accolades in my name.

"I wish I could wear it. I'm so jealous of your talent!" Lola exclaimed.

I chuckled in response. Lola was a human and my helper.

"Did you come here for something?" I asked as I walked over to the basin to wash my face. After staying up the entire night, my back was sore, and my eyes felt heavy. All I wanted was to shut them for a while.

"Oh yes! I almost forgot about it. The kindergarten teacher just called!" she informed impatiently.

I stopped in my tracks, my fatigue momentarily forgotten.



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"Don't tell me Wyatt and Lori did something in kindergarten again."

Lola gave me a nervous smile. "You should see for yourself. They've already returned from kindergarten."

I pinched my forehead wearily. They had returned after only one hour? What had my little devils done this time?

Six years ago, the moon goddess blessed me with twins, a son and a daughter, Wyatt and Lori. With them in my life, I had found my whole world. To raise them and provide them with a bright future, I began working and decided to pursue my dream. With a three-month belly, I left America and came to Britain, where I continued my studies and worked towards my dream of fashion designing.

During these years, I had been living among humans, with no contact with the werewolf world. I blended in seamlessly with the human population and focused on raising my children. However, my children were werewolves, and not just any werewolves – they were Alphas, which posed its own unique set of challenges.

Taking a deep breath, I left my room to find my two children sitting at the dining table, enjoying cupcakes. Seeing them like that melted my heart.

"Mommy!" As soon as they spotted me, they both jumped down from their chairs and raced to hug my legs. "Are you done with your work finally?" They chirped in their cute, childish voices.



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"Yes, and now I'm free until this weekend," I knelt down in front of them, kissing their cheeks.

"Yay!" Lori hugged me tightly. "Mommy, you had promised that we would be good until you finished your work and then you'd take us for ice cream, right?" She reminded me with excitement.

"Yes, but..." I paused and narrowed my eyes at them. "It was only one hour since you two went to the kindergarten and you came back? I couldn't pick up your teacher's call earlier. So you tell me, what trouble have you two caused this time?" I crossed my arm over my chest and looked at Wyatt suspiciously specially.

"I did nothing," Wyatt pouted. "Teacher just gave us this note to give you and told us to go home. We followed her instructions," he explained, and Lori nodded in agreement.

Frowning, I took the letter from Wyatt's hand, stood up, and looked suspiciously between the two of them while opening the letter. Their cuteness and innocent eyes might have fooled others, but I knew their mischievousness could challenge anyone. Shaking my head slightly, I began to read the letter.

'Miss Willow, this is a letter to inform you that you do not need to send Wyatt and Lori to the kindergarten. In the past five days since they started attending, three teachers have resigned from their positions. I'm afraid we are not equipped to handle your children.'

"Teachers left their jobs?" I gasped and looked at Wyatt and



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Lori. "What exactly happened? Lori you did not pull pranks on teachers right?" I inquired.

"Mommy, my brother and I really didn't do anything this time," Lori blinked her big, innocent blue eyes. "It's just that the teacher was stupid!"

Stupid?

"..." I was speechless.

Lori explained the whole incident to me. "Today, some boys in the class were challenging my brother to a race. Brother didn't want to participate in those childish things and wanted to read a book. But then the gym teacher, who clearly favored some students, provoked brother by saying that he was afraid of the race because he knew he couldn't win. Brother didn't rise to his provocation, remembering your words about not causing trouble, but the gym teacher took brother's silence as a challenge to his ego. He forced brother to participate in the race. The gym teacher had also said some ugly things about mommy indirectly, which provoked my brother. Finally fed up with the bullying, brother challenged the gym teacher to a race, with a condition that if the teacher lost, he would have to apologize to brother and mommy. In the end, not only did the gym teacher lose the race to brother, but he also lost his dignity in front of the entire school and the other teachers. He became a laughingstock and resigned from his job in humiliation."

I listened to Lori's explanation with a mix of pride and concern, my children's boldness and resourcefulness leaving me both impressed and worried.



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I sighed deeply. It was the third kindergarten I had to change in the last five months due to similar incidents happening each time.

In reality, Wyatt and Lori had inherited a strong Alpha bloodline from Reuben, which set them apart from normal children their age. Lori's intellect was far sharper than that of typical kids her age, which had created tension and insecurity among their previous kindergarten teachers. Usually, werewolf children begin developing their abilities around the ages of eight to ten, but in the case of my twins, they had started manifesting their gifts much earlier, at around four to five years old. They were stronger and more astute than other children their age, or even some adults. In the race, Wyatt had outpaced the gym teacher, even though he was only five and had yet to get his wolf.

"Mommy, are you angry with us?" Lori asked and bit her lips lightly as she looked like a little snowy bunny.

"No, mommy can never be angry with her babies," I reassured them, offering a loving smile and rubbing both of their heads. It wasn't their fault that they were different from others; in fact, it was a blessing, a gift from the goddess. "We'll find a new kindergarten for both of you. But for now, let's go get some ice cream!" I grinned, trying to brighten their spirits.

"Yay!" Wyatt and Lori jumped up and down in excitement. I couldn't help but chuckle at my babies' smiling faces. Wyatt began telling me what flavor he wanted, and I nodded, listening to his cute, childish voice. He had forest green eyes just like Reuben, inheriting his father's handsomeness and



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sharp features. He was like a miniature version of Rueben.

"Mommy, I want chocolate and vanilla, both," Lori tugged at my sleeves, drawing my attention. Thankfully, my baby girl hadn't inherited everything from her father. She had sea-blue eyes and radiated cuteness. I couldn't resist pulling both of them into a warm hug.

"Mommy is so happy today, so you two can eat whatever you want," I smiled, and their eyes shone with excitement as they eagerly nodded.

Just as we were talking, Lola came in and said, "Willow, there's someone looking for you."

I turned to her, slightly puzzled. I couldn't recall having any appointments with anyone. "Who is it?"

"It's me," a deep male voice echoed through the dining room, along with the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Grandpa!" Wyatt and Lori exclaimed in unison and rushed over to the man. I turned to see the elderly wolf hugging and kissing my two little ones.

"We missed you so much, grandpa," Lori chimed in.

"I missed you two too," he picked them up in his arms. "Lori, my princess, how did you become even more beautiful and cute? What if some prince appears and steals you away from me?" He looked genuinely concerned.

"Grandpa, don't worry. Lori will always be grandpa's princess,"



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Lori reassured him, hugging him tightly and planting a kiss on his cheek.

"Yes, Lori is only grandpa's princess," he laughed and added, "My little angels have grown taller and stronger!" He exaggerated his words for dramatic effect.

Wyatt nodded seriously and said, "Yes, grandpa. By getting stronger, I can protect mommy from any bad guys who try to become my daddy."

"That's my boy!" he remarked seriously.

"Alpha Benjamin, please don't encourage them in this matter," I scolded with my arms crossed over my chest, displeased. Ever since Wyatt and Lori had started understanding the complexities of adult relationships and had noticed the attention from a few male models on me, they had been quite overzealous in their attempts to protect me from potential suitors.

"We just don't want some evil man to be our daddy, mommy," Wyatt stated, and Lori nodded in agreement. I rolled my eyes and turned to face them, accustomed to their protective nature.

"Me too," Alpha Benjamin stated.

Alpha Benjamin was the Alpha I had saved in a car accident six years ago. On that fateful day, he recognized me, even though I had no memory of him. It turned out he was my father's best friend. In gratitude for saving his life, he had asked me to join his pack, explaining that my father had once



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saved his life when Alpha Benjamin was a young Alpha. To repay my father's kindness, he took me in as his daughter. He was so kind that I accepted to be his daughter.

During my time in his pack, he had provided me with a home and fatherly love. With his help, I was able to leave the country and come to Britain to pursue my successful career. Alpha Benjamin was like a father to me, and I held a deep respect for him. He had raised my twins as his own grandkids and loved them over his life.

"Willow, how are you doing, my girl?" Alpha Benjamin walked closer to me and enveloped me in a warm hug.

"I'm fine, Alpha" I replied with a smile, hugging him back. We hadn't seen each other in half a year, "What brings you here today?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

Whenever he paid a visit, he always brought some kind of surprise, and I was curious to see what it was this time.

"Willow, it's time for you to return to America, my girl," he said with a smile.

"America? Why?" My smile faded. I hadn't been back there in six years.

Alpha Benjamin took my hand and placed an invitation in it. "You're going to attend an Alpha ball on my behalf."

