

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 76 - Tips

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Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 78: The End - Tips

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{Rylee's P.O.V.}

Time stood still as I listened to Dylan take his last breath, hot tears blurring my vision and weighing down my head as I wept. Seeing him lying lifeless on the ground seemed like a bad dream. It was a grim reminder that being the most powerful werewolf to ever exist didn't mean I could save everyone or exclude me from heartache, as my life has taught me time and again. Hoping that the Pattersons and Morgan would be the only casualties tonight was foolish on my part. What I still couldn't wrap my head around was that I didn't see Dylan die in my premonition. I didn't get one of him at all. It was how I knew that I was never meant to save him. Dylan was supposed to die tonight, as horrible as that may sound. It didn't mean that it hurt any less. Dylan sacrificed himself to save Ronan.

"Kendrick, Keaton, I'm so sorry," I whispered to them as I stood up. Keaton didn't even spare me a glance, but Kendrick broke away from Wyatt and hugged me while sobbing into my hair. "I wish I could have saved them both. I am so sorry, Ken," I broke down again.

"It's not your fault. I know you would have if you could." He pulled away, and I couldn't help but shed more tears when I saw the pain in his eyes of losing his father. It was grief that I understood all too well. Melody was right there waiting for him, and they tearfully embraced each other.

"Rylee?" I looked behind me and saw Svetlana approaching with the group of unknown men and women. She conjured up some clothes for Wyatt and me, and we walked over to meet her.

"Thanks for the clothes," I said and wiped my tears.

"Of course. It is nothing. Rylee, Wyatt, I want to introduce you to the coven mothers of dark witches and coven fathers of dark wizards," she announced as she directed our attention to the group behind her.

"Why are they here?" Wyatt asked curiously.

“Good evening, my name is Sonya. I am Morgan’s coven mother, and I sincerely apologize for her actions. Svetlana informed us of what Morgan had done. Morgan was a young dark witch and was misguided regarding the terms of owing a debt. What is more, she was manipulated by Ash.”

“Is that supposed to make us feel bad for her?” I scoffed, a little annoyed.

“No, of course not. What Morgan did to you and the others is unforgivable. It was why I reached out to the other covens of dark witches and wizards. Because Morgan died before the shrinking spell was reversed on your friends and the others, we had to work together to create enough power to counteract it,” Sonya replied.

“Even though we are dark supernatural, like you werewolves, we live by a code. Just as light witches, we cannot use magic for personal vendettas. Our Wiccan goddess forbids it. It’s the one absolute law we all share as users of dark craft,” one of the dark wizards added.

“And you are?” Wyatt asked.

“Oh, where are my manners? My name is Judas.”

“Judas, Sonya, thank you for reversing the spell on the hostages,” I said genuinely.

“Think nothing of it. The last thing we need is for the dark Wiccan goddess to come and punish us for allowing Morgan to get away with her misdeeds,” Sonya replied.

“So, there is a separate goddess for dark witches and wizards?” Wyatt asked.

“Yes. Miranda is the goddess of light craft, and then there’s Melinda, the goddess of dark craft.” Wyatt and I just nodded at the information. “We’re sorry that we couldn’t be of more help,” Sonya added as she looked in the direction of Dylan. We both gave her a curt smile, and they all took their leave.

“Well, that answers that,” Wyatt concluded. I nodded my head and looked up at him.

“Hey, Wyatt?”

“Yeah?”

“How did you get here so fast?”

“Huh? Oh, um, well, truth be told, I’m not exactly sure. At first, Blade was going his normal werewolf speed. But the next thing I knew, we were getting faster and faster. It was crazy because it took the phrase out of body experience to the next level. I seriously felt like we were almost flying. Blade mentioned that we must have picked up on your energy.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. He said it may have happened because I finally unconditionally accepted you for who you are. I guess that’s what the ancient texts meant when they said that we would be powerful—together.”

“Why didn’t you tell me the truth in the beginning when I first asked you if you were okay with me being a Primordial?”

“At first, I was perfectly fine with it. I was excited to have a powerful mate. I thought I knew what to expect, but when I started to realize just how powerful you were going to be, I couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy. I mean, I’m a pure-blooded Alpha too, but my mom didn’t come from Alpha blood. So, in a way, I kind of felt like I was given the short end of the stick while you were given the big end. And as an Alpha male, that kind of hurt my pride in ways I never anticipated. I know that I shouldn’t have let it affect me that way, but deep down, it stung a bit. I didn’t know how to process it, and I never learned how to sit in that discomfort. Mom thinks that’s why I was susceptible to Layla’s bullshit.” I didn’t know how to reply to that. In a way, it made sense because the male ego is pretty big.

“Well, I mean, not much we can do about it now,” I finally told him. “Every pack in the region just watched me impale Eric with the root of a tree.”

“Yeahhhh…” I looked up at him, and he looked down at me. We both chuckled at the same time. “So, what was it like being a real-life Tinkerbell?” I scowled at him and punched him in the gut. “Oof!”

“That’s not funny! It was horrible! I never want to be that small ever again!”

“Guys.” We turned around to see Chad and the others. I looked at Lanie and Lexie and smiled. I opened my arms, and they came and hugged me.

"Thanks for coming to my rescue. I will be forever grateful to have you two in my life," I told them. They hugged me tighter, and I just felt their smiles glowing.

"So, what happens now?" Lanie asked as they pulled away.

"Well, first we have to dispose of the trash, and then we will have to plan a service for Dylan. He's the former Beta, and he died protecting Ronan, the former Alpha," I answered.

"Dylan will be buried with the highest honor a werewolf can be given. Even though those honors are typically for Alphas who pass, Dylan sacrificed himself to save an Alpha. It's the least we can do," Richard announced.

"Thank you, Richard. That would mean a lot to Kendrick and Keaton," Wyatt replied and shook Richard's hand.

"So, I guess this means you guys can finally have your ceremonies to pass on the title. And Richard can finally become an Elder," I subtly mentioned. As they all smiled and nodded their heads, I spotted Ryker with an unknown female. A very pretty female, to be exact. "Ryker, who do you have there with you?" I coyly asked. Ryker didn't miss the tone in my voice and grinned at me.

"I'd like for everyone to meet my mate, Rain," Ryker introduced. "She's obviously a weretiger." We all said our introductions, and Rain was very excited to meet everyone. It turned out that Rain was on the run from tiger poachers. She just so happened to run through the Golden Moon pack territory not long after Chad and the others set out to join Wyatt in rescuing the hostages. While running through the pack lands, she literally collided with Ryker, who was doing patrols around Golden Moon to keep an eye out for Eric in case he happened to show up. The rest, they say, is history.

"Please let us know when the memorial service will be held. I'm assuming it will take a while to plan," Chad said to us.

"Of course," Wyatt replied. "Richard, please keep us in the loop about the honors for Dylan."

"I will." With that, Chad and the Golden Moon pack left and went home. One by one, the other Alphas and their pack members came over and paid their respects to us as well as Kendrick and Keaton. About an hour later, the only people left were the pack members of Blue Lake. Victor and the others got to

work cleaning up the body parts and disposing of them by lighting them on fire. They offered to do the cleanup because they wanted closure and were finally able to put an end to their chapters with the Pattersons. Wyatt instructed Owen and Angelo to return to the Halfmoon territory to find Ash and Morgan's bodies and dispose of them as well.

Ronan, Felix, Kendrick, and Keaton worked together to lift Dylan's body and took him to the pack hospital, where Dr. Andrews would clean him up and prepare him for his burial. Watching them take him away had me in tears again, but I knew that he was in a better place now and that he was happy to finally be with Lizzy again. Grace, Zoe, Melody, and Irene went with them. Jason carried Milan to the pack hospital as well since she was still unconscious.

"Come on, let's go inside," Wyatt said as he interlocked our fingers.

"Umm, you go on ahead. There's something that I need to do first."

"Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, everything's fine. There's just something I need to do. One final thing to put to rest."

"Do you need me to go with you?" he asked, visibly worried.

"No. This is something that I have to do on my own. It's the only way that I will officially be able to let go of everything." Wyatt stared at me hesitantly but eventually nodded when he saw that I was adamant about doing this alone.

"Okay. Be careful, baby. I love you."

"I love you too, Wyatt." He gave me a quick kiss and went inside along with everyone else. When I was finally alone, I stripped myself of the clothes Svetlana had conjured and shifted into Kaleigh. She picked up the clothes in her mouth, and we went on our way.

It didn't take long to arrive at our destination, and when we made it to the start of my final journey, Kaleigh gave me control, and I shifted back. I got dressed and took the first step forward. I walked as slow as a snail while I took everything in. As I did, little by little, tears threatened to fall, but I kept them from doing so. That is until I made it to the wreckage of what used to be the Silver Lake packhouse. Now that Morgan was dead, the mirage of a gaping

hole the others had mentioned was gone, and all that remained was debris amongst the land of my birthplace. I stepped over broken glass, bricks, and wood that had long ago begun to decay with weeds growing around them.

I finally found the spot I was searching for—the hiding place where my mother had put me in to keep me safe. The place where Eric first found me and where my entire life had changed. As I stood there and images of that horrible night flooded my mind, I buried my face in my hands, fell to my knees, and allowed myself to grieve. I burst into tears and let it all out. I cried the tears I was never able to release, bawling until I became a whimpering mess. I don't even know how long I had cried for. It must have been a while because, by the time I was done, my legs were asleep, and I couldn't breathe from the amount of snot dripping from my nose. It was a long time coming, but I was finally able to release the pain. I stood up and let out one final breath of contentment before walking away. But I wasn't ready to go just yet. There was one more thing that I needed to do.

I walked away from the packhouse ruins and traveled to the one place on the land that I swore to return to once I avenged my parents. I stood over this sacred place and knew deep in my heart that this was where they were. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and slowly started to lift my hands. I knew when I had them. I opened my eyes and stared at the ground, not wanting to face reality, but I knew that I had to. I raised my head slowly, and tears automatically fell when I saw my parents' remains in front of me. I kept them levitated in the air and walked them over towards the back of the pack territory where our lake used to be.

I made it to the embankment, even though there was no water left. I kept my parents' remains levitated with one hand while I dug fresh new graves with the other. When the hole was deep enough, I gently placed them in and covered them with as much love and adoration as I could. When I was finished, I got down on my knees and cried with a sense of relief now that I could give my parents a proper burial. And at the very spot that my mom told my dad that she was pregnant with me. It was truly a cathartic moment.

As I kneeled next to them, finally able to put their souls to rest, I sensed someone behind me. I lifted my head and looked behind me, but no one was there. I stood up and turned around, keeping my guard up. No one was supposed to be here. It didn't smell like a rogue. It didn't smell like anything at all. As I stood there frozen, I could feel something warm next to me. Actually, something warm on both sides of me. The next thing I knew, a warmth, unlike anything I've felt before, consumed my entire being. It was like I was being

hugged by fire, but it wasn't burning me. It was comforting and felt like ...
Love.

As fast as the warmth came, it was gone, and I knew exactly what it was. I lost all sense of self-control and began sobbing. I never thought I would ever feel the warmth of my parents' embrace again, but somehow, somehow, they were both able to hug me and tell me that they were near. I turned back around to face their final resting place.

I love you, too. Don't worry about me. I'm going to be okay now. Everything is going to be okay from now on.

One year Later

{Wyatt's P.O.V.}

"RIGHT THERE! A LITTLE MORE TO THE RIGHT! LITTLE MORE! NO! DAMMIT, WYATT, THAT'S TOO FAR!!" Rylee screamed at me. It's been a year since that fateful night where everything in our lives finally came full circle. A week after that night, we buried Dylan with the highest honors bestowed to a werewolf, as promised by Richard, and we were able to send him off to be with Aunt Lizzy. Kendrick and Keaton had to see a therapist to deal with the loss, but it didn't take them long to recuperate. Milan, unfortunately, didn't recover as fast—emotionally, that is.

After she woke up from the effects of the poison, Jason explained everything that had happened, and she ended up with a severe case of survivor's guilt. Even though Ken and Keaton held no qualms against her, she held them against herself, and it ate her alive for several months. She's gotten better since, and it helped that her twins were now running around driving her insane, so she had something else to focus on. It also helped that they're running in their wolf forms, allowing Ivory to take over and bond with them as well. Shifting has been good for Milan.

My parents went on a six-month-long vacation for just the two of them, along with Felix and Zoe doing their own thing as well. Losing Dylan and having both suffered near-death experiences, my parents decided that they wanted to concentrate on themselves and officially enjoy retirement. No kids or grandkids. Though, their timing had kind of sucked because they missed the birth of our daughter—Aurora. Who just happens to be the spitting image of Rylee, only she has my teal eyes. Thankfully, Sam was more accepting of

Aurora after she was born, and he actually tries to play with her, even though she's only seven months old.

After Rylee came home that night, she told me where she had gone and what she had done. I was happy that she was finally able to close that chapter of her life and continue moving forward. That didn't deter me from keeping my promise to build memorials for Mitch and Megan, though, which is what we're doing right now. The only problem was that Rylee refuses to use humans to handle the labor. So, here I was, using a crane to lower down the statues of Mitch and Megan we commissioned. She would use her powers to help me, but she currently had her hands full with Aurora, who kept trying to jump into the lake. Yes, we had the lake refilled and brought back to its former glory.

"WYATT!!!" Rylee screamed again.

"I told you we needed to use the guys at the company!"

"Wyatt, get out and let me do it!" Chad shouted at me.

"You know how to use these?!"

"My dad worked as a construction worker with humans before my sister was born! He taught me how to use these things when I was 16. NOW GET OUT!" I raised my hands in defeat, put the machine in park, and let Chad have the wheel. Just as he claimed, he knew how to use it, and he was able to get the statues in place in one go.

"Thank you, Chad! At least someone knows how to operate heavy machinery!" Rylee took a jab at me.

"Hey! Just because I run an architecture company does not mean I know how to use the machinery. I have employees and contractors for a reason," I defended.

"AURORA, NO!" Rylee shouted when she caught her trying to crawl into the lake again. She used powers to bring her to us and landed her in my arms.

"Princess, are you trying to give Mommy a heart attack?" I asked and kissed her chubby cheeks.

"Daddy, look!" Sam shouted as he showed me a cool-looking rock he found by the bank of the lake. Sam was better at listening since he knew making Rylee

mad would only end with him getting no dessert at dinner and the most boring bath time with no water show.

We've kept a very close relationship with Golden Moon, given that the Luna and Beta female are family. Lexie and Brent have their hands full with their own set of identical twins on the way, and Lanie and Chad have their hands full with an ever-growing Killian, who is now over three years old and starting to cause mayhem wherever he goes. He and Sam are two peas in a pod. It also helps that Killian just happens to be Aurora's mate. I was a little disturbed at first because, legally, Killian is Aurora's cousin, but I was reminded by Rylee, Lanie, and Chad that they have no blood relation whatsoever. I guess this was Selene's and William's way of reconciling with each other and with the girls.

"Finally! Their memorials are done!" Rylee squealed with delight, looking up at the life-size statues of Mitch and Megan.

"Mom was so pretty," Lanie said and leaned her head on Rylee's shoulder.

"Yeah, she was. That's why we're pretty too!" Lexie boasted as she rubbed her swelling stomach.

"I really hope those babies in there don't turn out as crazy and outspoken like you, Lexie. Otherwise, we're going to be in trouble," Rylee commented.

"Do you guys know what you're having?" I asked Brent.

"Nope. Well, I don't, at least. Lanie won't tell me."

"What do you mean Lanie won't ... Ohhhh ... She went to the future to see, didn't she?" I asked, and Brent nodded.

"WHAT!?" Lanie exclaimed and stuck her tongue at me.

"So, now that the memorials are done, when are we going to start on the packhouse?" Chad asked, coming up to me.

"Hold on, why are you guys so excited for the packhouse? This is going to be a vacation home for my family and me!" I griped.

"WE ARE FAMILY!!!" They all yelled in unison.

“Okay, geez!” I said and waved the white flag in surrender, making everyone laugh. Aurora giggled with delight in my arms while Sam and Killian ran around as little boys do. Rylee came up next to me, and I put my arm around her shoulder and kissed her forehead. Things between us have never been this good, and I knew that it would only get better from here. I looked over at Lanie and nodded my head at her. She took Aurora from me, and I turned to face Rylee. Without saying a word, I got down on one knee, making her gasp.

“Wyatt, what are you—”

“Ryan Lee Duquesne, will you marry me?”

THE END