

Chapter 150 Epilogue

Emily's pov

* A few months later *

" I can't do this," Lucy whined as she held her huge round belly and tried to sit down on the sofa. " I think I have more than four pups in here and I'm about to burst!"

I giggled, amused as I watch my sister struggle to settle on the sofa. When I found I had enough of seeing her fail, I got up to help her sit. She sighed in relief.

After Everyone had healed up, we, the five of us, Lucy, Shawn, Raiden and Bryson and I went on our way. We didn't want to live the pack life anymore and Bryson stepped down. However, since I am the only Lycan and the strongest wolf, the alphas from each pack had bowed down to me and called me their queen.

Which set me in the leaders position so I suppose we had not entirely left the leading life. But it's better this way. It's easier to set rules when most feared you and wouldn't dare break them.

" Honestly I think you have about five in that belly," I joked with my sister and pass over the bowl of ice cream knowing she was craving it.

She scrunched her nose at my joke and let out a breath. " God I hope not. My poor vagina."

I giggled loudly and then squealed when little arms loop around my neck from behind and a little head rest on my shoulder. "Mom can we make some cookies?" Raiden squealed beside my ear. " I want cookies!"

I rolled my eyes playfully. " Cookies? Again? Are you sure it's you who want the cookies or your dad?"

Speaking of the devil, he pokes his head out from the kitchen. He's wearing an apron splattered with flour and I bit the inside of my cheek to not laugh. "Hey now, don't blame me for our son's sweet tooth," Bryson said with a grin, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

I rolled my eyes and ruffled Raiden's hair as I cave in. " Okay cookies it is then," I got off the couch and walked around the couch to grab my son's hand.

He beamed up at me. " I'm going to make some cookies Lucy. We'll watch Fast and the Furious a bit later."

She hummed with a spoonful of ice cream in her mouth, nodding while giving me a thumbs up.

With Raiden's hand in mine, we head for the kitchen where Bryson was already prepping the ingredients on the counter top. As I watched him move around the kitchen I couldn't help but fall even deeper in love with this man.

Turning to Raiden with a smile, I asked. "What kind of cookies do you want to make today?"

His eyes widened with excitement as he thought for a second. "Chocolate chip!" he yelled with excitement while bouncing on the balls of his feet.

Of course chocolate chip. He's always choosing chocolate chip and even though I have grown tired of it, I dare not tell him to choose something else. In this house, Raiden was the leader.

I chuckled, ruffling his hair, feeling my heart melt when I look at him. "Chocolate chip it is then."

As we began to measure out the flour, sugar, and chocolate chips, I couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment wash over me. There was something comforting about the simple act of baking together as a family that made me feel grateful that my Lycan had taken over that day.

Because if it hadn't I wouldn't be standing there with my family today.

My family.

Raiden eagerly helped us mix the ingredients, his laughter filling the kitchen as he got flour all over his face. Bryson and I laughed and soon we were basically having a food fight. Flour flew everywhere and our laughter rang around the room.

When we were done I couldn't help but have tearful smile on my face as I watch Bryson lift Raiden on his shoulders, both completely covered in flour and other baking ingredients.

My heart.

" Bryson?" I called out to get his attention that his son had stolen. He looked over at me, his eyes having that same gleam that showed how much he loved me. My heart skipped.

" You have a bun in the oven," I nudged my head to the oven, biting my lower lip to not giggle when his eyebrows furrowed in an adorable way.

" What?" he murmured with concern as he walked over to the oven to inspect it. Of course there is no bun in the oven. Well not that oven.

" There's no bun baby," he uttered, confusion very clear in his tone.

I grinned when he turned around. " Oh there is," my stomach does flips. " You have a bun in the oven baby." I rest my palm on my stomach to give him a hint.

Me being Lycan, my senses were stronger than his, so I knew when I was carrying before he could sense it.

When he did catch the hint, his lips part and his eyes widen in surprise. It's almost funny with his face being coated with so much flour. " Baby," he breathed out, coming over to me as though he was in a trance.

" Are we..." he drawled, looking between me and my stomach with a mixture of hope and joy. I nod, smiling giddily as I give him the good news. " We're pregnant."