

## His Sunshine Baby Chapter 116 - Tips

A long silence follows.

There is always this strange numbness after a battle. As if what had happened was too much of a nightmare for anyone to process it. But no one is going to wake up, this wasn't a dream. There is no end to this, just that horrible feeling that, somehow, we need to move on.

Nora and I lay a long moment together. I'm too tired to move, but too shaken up to collapse. I feel horrible...

After the witch's death, the word must have spread around quite quickly. The remains of the battle, even from further away, die down. Either the vampires all died or some ran away, I don't know, I don't care. I just feel the fights stopping, and this strange silence spreads wider on the battlefield.

I feel Nora's aura, spreading like fresh snow around my injury, helping me heal. I hold on to that sensation, trying to not give in to the darkness that calls me. I feel so numb... I just want to lie there and sleep. But we can't...

Finally, Nora somehow manages to get up, and she walks away from me. I know exactly where she is going. My own mate is coming up to me. I feel Nate's fur against my skin, as he lies down next to me. This contact is what finally frees me.

I start crying. I release all of my feelings, my pain, this bottomless despair. Moon Goddess, what happened to us? I'm even too scared to mind-link anyone, find another one of my friends dead. I just curl up against my mate, looking for any bit of comfort I can grab. I can't believe it... Levi... The reality that one of my best friends died hits me brutally. Chris, William, and so many of my pack... Even Iris... I'm overwhelmed by the sadness. I know I need to pull myself together, but... I just need a minute. A minute to pour out the sadness filling my heart. I can't be a warrior right now. I'm just heartbroken.

Nate patiently waits for me to calm down, in silence.

His presence is the one thing I need right now. To know my mate is here, my mate is fine. I selfishly hold onto that one thought. I take a deep breath and struggle to get up. Even after this, there is so much to do...

It's a wreck around me. I spot Nora, a bit further, her hands on Damian's fur, looking concerned. Her white hair is glowing, but, to my surprise, the tips are starting to turn back to their black color. Moon Goddess, the sunrise...?

I can't believe it. It's really dawn. Far behind the trees, the sky is getting some dark purple tones, far away. It's just the beginning, but... I try to remember the whole fight, or how long Nora and I stayed lying down. It felt like an eternity went by without us knowing. We really pushed this fight until the last minute... No wonder we are all so exhausted, we fought for several hours straight...

Damn, I fvcking\*g love summer.

I chuckle nervously at Liam's words. He's standing, walking slowly to Damian's side. Nate and I walk up to them too.

Are you okay...?

He has several bones broken, sighs Nora. I'll do my best, but...

Nora, save it for other people. I'll heal this by myself.

I can tell she wants to save her mate first, but the King is right. There are a lot of people who need her healing aura more than Damian right now. I share some of my aura with Nora, giving her a bit more strength as she goes on to heal other people.

I walk up to Danny and Bobo, a bit further, both wolves resting together on one side of the battlefield. They are both drenched, and Daniel is whimpering.

My poor babe...

I'm okay...

Okay? Babe, you have half of your bones broken! It's gonna take ages to heal...

I'm okay.

I'm so glad they are fine... Those two were heroes tonight. Daniel is not a fighter at all, but he still stood with us, and jumped in to help Bobo. I'm proud of him. I sit next to Danny, caressing my best friend's fur. I can't help but cry a few more tears again, remembering Levi. My best friend sighs, putting his head on my lap.

Don't cry, if you cry... I'm gonna cry again too...

I nod, but I can't stop it. I don't even dare to go and see his body... I've rarely felt so helpless. I take deep breaths.

"Ahem... Excuse me."

I turn around, surprised to hear another voice. It's a human man, looking tired but standing, and handing me his shirt.

"It's just that, uh... I figured you might want to..."

Right, I'm still n\*\*\*d. I clumsily wipe my tears, get up and thank him, grabbing the large piece of clothing. That guy is pretty tall, his shirt actually covers me down to half my thighs, it's good enough.

"You're the... sort of voice we heard, right?" He asks.

"Yeah... Thank you for coming."

"It's... We should have come sooner. We knew something was coming up, but you know, we thought it was werewolf business again. Then the word spread that the vampires were really getting... Anyway, we all heard your voice at the right time. We picked up whatever we had and decided to come. If we have a choice, we'd much rather pick the werewolves' side than vampires..."

I chuckle nervously. No kidding. The vampires probably would have enjoyed a feast...

All around us, humans and werewolves are helping each other. Some rescue teams are still doing their best to take the victims to the nearby hospitals or give them first aid on the spot. I look around, feeling unsure.

There are so many victims... I start helping, like a robot. We decide to gather the dead together so everyone can find their loved ones, help identify them. I see so many people I know... I have to stop several times to cry, pull myself together, find new bodies, gather them, and cry again.

At some point, when I'm on the verge of tears again, someone pulls me away from the gathering of bodies.

"Hey, hey, come here."

Clark takes me away a bit, and takes me in his arms, soothing me a bit. I didn't even notice my godfather was near me until then. I don't know where everyone is. I've just been going back and forth, helping whoever needed and trying not to think...

"It's okay, it's okay..." he whispers.

I just let go and cry again, sobbing loudly. I've been collecting so many bodies from our pack, I can't hold it anymore. People I grew up with, and some young ones I trained... How do we keep going after that? All of the Clans have collapsed. Alphas, Betas, fighters... so many people have died. I mumble my worries to Clark, unsure if I make any sense with all the sobbing.

"Don't worry. We will take it one step at a time... The pack will be okay. We will decide with the King what happens from then on..."

"Clark, Chris is... I think he... sacrificed himself."

"I... I heard what had happened with Iris. I think so, too... That kid... He probably thought he wouldn't make it in this war. He also... He had some regrets about his sister. Chris was too good. He probably thought this would be the best way to help us. To help you..."

I cry again, thinking about my cousins. I can't believe they did this... Even Iris redeemed herself, in a way.

"Xavier is..."

"I know."

I don't know when my uncle died. I didn't realize until I saw him among the victims...

Clark hugs me until I can calm down.

"Have you seen a doctor yet? Your back..."

"I'm okay," I sigh.

I know my back probably looks ugly at the moment. It's been stinging for a while, and I feel the fabric sticky with the blood. At least Nora healed my biggest injury, for now. It's probably going to take a while before it stops being so painful every time I move my abdomen...

“You’re really pale. Maybe you should... Hey, hey! Elena!”

I don’t know what happened. I feel the earth move under me, and my legs become numb. Someone catches me before I fall on the ground. Voices gather around me.

“Okay, time out for you babe.”

I wake up on a couch.

It takes me a moment to recognize Clark’s house. It’s full daylight too, I probably slept a while... I’m feeling very weird, a bit... numb. Did they give me some drugs? I push away the blanket that was covering me and struggle to sit up.

“Oh!”

In front of me, in the kitchen, Liam noticed me, and almost drops his sandwich to run to my side. He has a medical eye-patch and a lot of bandages covering half of his head, but at least he looks fine...

“Selena? How are you feeling? Nate, she’s awake!”

Liam gives up his spot, and my mate, coming down from upstairs, back to his human form with his jeans on, replaces him, crouching down next to me. I frown, seeing his bare shoulder... And no arm attached to it. Nate holds my hand, looking worried.

“Are you okay? Clark said you collapsed...”

“Nate, your arm...”

He shakes his head.

“Who cares about my arm. How are you feeling?”

“Like crap. I wish I’d forgotten... Do you have any news on Estelle? And... everyone? How long did I pass out?”

“She’s okay, all the kids are. They’re still at Nora’s house with William and Neal’s wives. You just slept for a few hours, Sunshine, you can rest more... Nora is resting upstairs too, she tried to help everyone as much as she could, she’s exhausted.”

“Nate, what about the others? Your brother, Danny, Boyan?”

“Damian and Boyan were taken to the hospital, they needed some x rays, but they’ll b fine. Daniel and Tonia went with them to help the medical staff, the Emergency Room was overwhelmed. Clark lent us his house for you to rest...”

I nod.

“What about Sylviana?”

“She went to her house, she said she needed to be alone for a while,” replies Liam.

“We agreed to gather at Nora’s house in a couple of hours.”

“...Okay.”

Nate sighs and sits next to me on the couch. I’m only too happy to be able to cuddle with him a bit. All of the events from last night feel so... I don’t know, impossible. Even as I’m resting like this, I can’t get those images out of my head. Nate only has one arm to hug me with... Liam looks tired to joke around, and I hear many people outside, doing whatever needs to be done...

I can’t believe it’s over. I’m still on edge as if something was about to happen. My body is tired, but my mind won’t relax. I thought I was a fighter, but after the fight is over, what am I supposed to be?

I miss Reagan... I know she would have found a way to get me back on my feet, whip me into finding the willpower to do something. It was already hard to have lost my mentor, but now... A part of me died with Levi. Losing my cousins, my uncle, too, it’s like I barely have any roots anymore. Somehow, learning the truth about our parents’ death didn’t close any wounds, it just made the scars more meaningful for Nora and me. So, where do we move from now on...?

“...I love you”, I whisper to Nate.

His fingers stroke my hair lovingly, and I feel his lips against my temple.

“I love you too, my Sunshine.”

I close my eyes, enjoying those words like the best medicine in the world. I'll be okay... I still have my family. I have my mate, my baby... I have Nora, Danny, Boyan. I still have a family, in my heart.

"Nate... I want to see Estelle."

"Okay. We can go now."

"Can I come with you?"

We both turn heads. Nora just got down the stairs, her hair all over the place. My cousin got to take a shower and change into some new clothes. Somehow, seeing Nora as tired as me makes me chuckle.

"Hi, Black Luna."

"Hi, White Luna," she replies with a pout. "How are you?"

"Right now, I'm jealous of your clothes... I'll go and take a shower before we go."

"I'll see if I can get us a car," says Nate.

Good, because I'm sure neither Nora or I are in a state to get there with our feet.

I take a welcomed shower, putting the dirty shirt away, and freeing myself from all the dried blood and mud. I guess they just transported me on Clark's couch as I wasn't a priority, but I'm still one hell of a mess. My shoulder's scar looks worse than before, and I have some new ones on my abdomen and back. I guess Nora couldn't use too much of her power on me alone... My skin is dry as hell, and as I wash myself, I discover numerous bruises and little cuts underneath all the dirt.

As I get off the shower and look at myself in the mirror, I don't recognize the woman staring at me. I have a bruise on my lower jaw, and some cuts above my eye... Looks like I went through hell and came back. I did. Somehow, I feel like I'm not the same woman I used to be. I've been through too much, and there's this feeling that I've lost something I'll never get back.

Once again, Levi's face comes to my mind. It fvcking\*g hurts... A few tears escape me, again. It's terrible to say, but his death hurts me more than any of

the others. Levi literally died for me. He shouldn't have done that, but he died for me, and that thought his haunting me. I... I don't want to keep holding on to that.

I look at myself again in the mirror. I can't take it... I hurriedly look into all of the drawers and cupboards until I find what I need. I take a deep breath, and one last look at my reflection.

When I come down the stairs, refreshed and with some clean clothes I borrowed from Isa, I'm feeling much better. Nathaniel and Nora give me surprised looks.

"Selena, your hair..."

I reply with a faint smile. My blonde hair is now freshly cut into a short bob, the rest of it is into the trash bin upstairs.

I walk to my mate, and he gives me a little kiss, brushing my blonde hair.

"I like it."

"Thanks."

No one asks anything else, and we leave Clark's place.

Somehow, driving to the south makes me feel a lot better. Like getting away from the battlefield clears a few my emotions. It's still way too fresh to forget the craziness we went through last night, but at last, it does finally feels like it's over...

When we park in front of Nora and Damian's house, the children in the garden. To our surprise, Sylviana was with them. James and Estelle drop the flowers they were playing with to run to us.

"Mama!"

I get on my knees to welcome my baby with wide-open arms. My little star runs into me and, the second I can hug her, I let out nervous laughter of relief. Moon Goddess... She's alright. My baby is alright. It makes it all worth it.

"Mommy, your hair... It's like Rapunzel!"



I chuckle, and let her play with my hair, while Nate caresses her face, and kisses her. She frowns when she sees her dad's arm. Nate put on a long-sleeved shirt to hide his bare shoulder, afraid she'd be scared.

"Daddy... What happened to your arm? And mommy, too, you look all hurt..."

"Daddy and mommy had to fight last night, little star."

"You beat the villains?"

I exchange a glance with Sylviana, standing a few steps away. She has some very faint smile on, looking at us. Her eyes aren't smiling at all. While Nate is talking to Estelle, she turns to Nora, and hands her the newborn baby. Oh my gosh, Nora's baby...

We walk up to them, and James is already making a fuss, while her mother's attention is all on her newborn. He's so small...

"Nora?"

Behind us, Tiffany Pearl-Blue just came out of the house, her daughter Rose right behind her. Moon Goddess, William's wife... From her expression, she already knows. Her eyes are red, but she's looking very graceful. Nora turns to her with a sorry look, almost as if she's about to cry, but the young woman gives her a smile.

"It's okay, Nora. My husband is a hero. I'm already very thoughtful about how you are honoring him..."

I don't know how she can hold her emotions like that, when William passed only a few hours ago, but my admiration for that woman is endless. Maybe she just doesn't want to show her sadness in front of her daughter, but even I have a hard time not tearing up, thinking about our cousin...

Nora turns to us, with her baby in her arms. The little boy looks already just like his older brother. His eyes are deep blue, and he has hints of black hair. He's awake, looking at Nora with big curious eyes. He's not even a day old...

"His name is William Black," whispers Nora, looking at him lovingly.

I chuckle. It's perfect...

She then turns to Sylviana, who is standing on the side, looking at the baby with a faint smile on.

“Sylviana, do you want to be his godmother? He wouldn’t be there if it wasn’t for you...”

However, the witch’s expression changes into something sour. She shakes her head.

“Thank you Nora, but... I can’t.”

“Why?”

“I’m... dying,” she whispers.

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 117 - Tips**

It has to be a nightmare...

We are all gathered in Nora’s salon, trying to understand what the heck is going on. Liam is walking in circles like a lion trapped in a cage, while Sylviana is sitting, perfectly calm. I still don’t understand.

“It... can’t be right,” says Nora, translating my thoughts exactly.

Nothing makes sense about this. Damian and Nate, standing on the side, exchange looks. The King is carrying his newborn son, and he hasn’t let go of baby William since he came back from the hospital. Next to me, Danny keeps shaking his head, unwilling to believe it.

“Sylviana, there has to be something...”

“You can’t do anything, Daniel. It’s alright...”

“It’s not fvcking\*g alright!” Yells Liam.

The baby starts crying, and Damian glares at him, but the youngest Black brother obviously doesn’t care much at this moment. He’s the most agitated, legitimately. He walks towards Sylviana, crazy.

“You’re not going to fvcking\*g tell me to watch you die, Sylviana!”

“I’m sorry,” replies the witch.

Moon Goddess... This situation makes no sense. We put the kids upstairs with Tiffany, Tonia, and Damian’s Beta and his wife for now, but the situation here is unbelievable. I take a deep breath and turn to Sylviana.

“Sylviana, if we take you to the hospital...”

“It won’t do anything, Selena. At best, it will buy me a few minutes. I don’t want to die in a cold hospital room with machines keeping me alive until they can’t. I’m fine as long as I can be with you all.”

“You look fine,” whispers Nora. “How can you say you’re...”

“My organs are failing, Nora. You can’t see it, but I’m... like a flower running out of sunshine and water. I’ve exhausted my magic way past what I could in that fight with Nephera. I... Even you can’t save me, Nora. I condemned myself already.”

“There has to be something we can do...”

Sylviana shakes her head. How can she be so fvcking\*g calm? She doesn’t even look sick! Her skin is barely a bit whiter than usual! If it was anyone but her, I wouldn’t even be willing to believe it. Announcing that she’s dying as we’re talking with her...

I take a deep breath, I can’t handle any more crying today. Next to me, Daniel stands up too, and walks to the kitchen, followed by Bobo...

“H...How long?” I ask.

“I...”

But before she finishes her sentence, Sylviana suddenly coughs up bl00d. Holy sh!t, this just got very real. Liam runs to her, completely shocked, but she calmly wipes it off, shaking her head.

“Not that long, apparently...”

Her eyes lose focus for a moment, and she needs to hold on to Liam and Nora not to fall. We jump out from the couch, letting her lay down. Moon Goddess, she’s really dying. Her face is going whiter, and... I can feel she’s fading away from us.

Sylviana is lying on the couch now, and Nora and I have given up, we are both sobbing, choked. I feel Nate's hand on my shoulder. I'm trembling, and I step back, holding on to him. Nora is on her knees next to Sylviana, looking desperate. We all are. Liam is standing next to her, unable to say a word.

Moon Goddess, none of this can't be real. It doesn't feel real. A few minutes ago, everything was fine... Sylviana looks at us with that gentle smile she has, and for a second, she has the eyes of someone very, very old. Nora takes her hand, my cousin's eyes filled with tears.

"It's fine, Nora. I had to do this. It had to be this way..."

"I don't get it... What do you mean?"

Sylviana shakes her head.

"I wanted to save her... To allow my sister to finally have the peace she needed. She had been suffering for so long, and I couldn't do anything about it. I didn't want her to hurt anyone... Silver City... I'm sorry..."

"Why didn't you tell us?" Asks Liam, desperate. "You could have...!"

"It wasn't about you, Liam. That hatred Nephera was carrying was a curse. Someone had to pay the price to break it, and I did. If only death could calm my sister down, then... I'm glad I could do that for her, even if it costs me my own life..."

"But...!"

She shakes her head, and reaches out her hand. Liam falls on his knees, and she rubs his cheek gently.

"Liam, I had my mind set way before I even met you. You wouldn't have changed anything. I loved you, Liam, but my sister didn't deserve any of this. Silver City, our parents... Nephera was a victim too. She took the wrong path... Since I was born, I felt sorry for my older sister, for what she had gone through. For our mother parting with her, and later, when I discovered what she had endured... I was born to protect Eleanora and Selena, Liam."

"You can't sacrifice your life for this! You can't..."

“It’s not a sacrifice. Liam, I am so, so lucky. I got to meet you, to have the life I wanted here... I even chose when and where I would die, Love. If I die for the people I love, surrounded by my loved one, I’m already so blessed... Not everyone gets to pick, but I do.”

Hearing her last words, Liam suddenly breaks into tears. His head down against her hand, he completely loses it, sobbing loudly, his shoulders shaking from the utter pain. I can’t even begin to imagine the hell he’s going through...

“Eleanora, Selena?”

Nora and I step a bit closer. Sylviana gently smiles at us.

“I am so glad I got to see you both grow up and become Lunas... My mother was always too busy to take care of me, but Anthea and Lilyan would always be there. You look like them so much, in so many ways... You’re like little sisters to me. It was hard to watch you grow for afar.”

“Sylviana...”

I already cried so much today... How is this happening? How can she even be smiling...? I don’t get it...

She caresses Nora’s head with her other hand, while I’m standing there, helpless, sad beyond repair. I don’t want to go through this, lose someone again today...

“It’s okay... Everything will be okay...”

For the first time, Sylviana lets out a tear, and her smile breaks a little. She’s getting weaker... Her lips are losing their color, her cheeks too... Moon Goddess, no, no...

“Nora, you have to...”

“Liam, I can’t heal that,” sobs my cousin. “I... I’m sorry I can’t...”

Damian walks up to her to hold her and comfort her.

I don’t know if Sylviana doesn’t have the strength to, but she just looks at us without adding a word. For a long while, we stay there, sobbing silently, waiting. Waiting.

It's... I close my eyes, and take deep breaths. I know she wanted us with her, but... It's hard. I can even hear Danny crying from the kitchen. The house gets awfully quiet, and somehow, I know she's gone. Sylviana is gone.

Liam's crying gets even louder and more erratic, and Nora gently shifts her position to hug him. I can't deal with that. I turn and cry against Nate's shoulder, unable to hold back. Moon Goddess, why? Why Sylviana, of all people? She did nothing but protect us!

I can't take it. I can't stay here, with everyone crying around her body. I need some air. I run out of the house, in the garden, to take deep breaths. My head is spinning, but I'm just trying to calm down, calm down my frenetic sobs, and breathe. Breathe, just breathe...

"Sunshine..."

Nate comes and hugs me, trying to comfort me. I'm so fvcking\*g tired... Tired of crying, tired of losing people... If it wasn't for my mate, my daughter, my family being here, I know I'd be a fvcking\*g mess... I'd collapse and crumble. I hear him sigh against my ear.

"It's a fvcking\*g long day..."

I nod. When will this be behind us? I feel like the end of the world is just taking forever...

"Boyan?"

We turn around, and, standing at the entrance of Nora's house, Boyan is standing, carrying Sylviana's body... What the fvck is going on now? He just walks out, looking determined. Daniel and Nora come out from the house behind him, both as confused as I am.

"What's he doing?" I ask.

"I... I don't know..." sobs Danny. "He just said he had to do something, and he..."

Whatever it is, Boyan is walking away from us, and we need to get moving if we want to follow him wherever he's headed. Liam and Damian soon come out too, rushing behind us. It takes a while, but Boyan keeps walking, deaf to

all our questions. Daniel is freaking out, and Liam doesn't even say anything, Damian almost has to support him...

Boyan takes us to the border, another part of the City. Where the hell are we? This is such a desert part of our territory, why would he take Sylviana's body all the way here? He suddenly puts her down, on the ground. This makes no sense... We all stare at each other, confused, but Boyan retreats and opens his arms to push us to retreat too. What's going on...

Suddenly, something happens with Sylviana. Her butterfly! I had forgotten about her pet thing... It comes out of her chest, or maybe an inside pocket I didn't see. Is it supposed to survive its owner?

The butterfly flies above her, and I realize that thing is getting bigger. Much bigger. Under our shocked eyes, it grows until its wings are as wide as a human being. Some strange dust is coming out of it at each flap, too, almost shining. Is that some witchcraft... magic? I exchange a look with Nora, but we are both lost.

"Look."

Nate points to the ground, and I realize the butterfly's dust is not simply falling, it's... moving to some specific spots. The dust piling up is slowly starting to write some enigmatic scriptures on the ground. I have no idea what that writing is, but it's like gathering into shapes and circles around Sylviana's body, and lightening up. Something really strange is going on...

"Since when was that here..."

"Sylviana did it," suddenly says Boyan.

"And how the fuck do you know?" Growls Liam.

"I just... remembered."

Actually, Boyan looks confused, like he's half-awake. Did she do something to him? How did he forget she did that thing? I stare at the strange scene, and suddenly, the soil under Sylviana starts moving. It's trembling like there's something underneath. What the heck is that!

"Step back," orders Damian, pulling Nora and Liam away from it.

Nate has me retreat too, and Daniel pushes Boyan. Every part of the soil that was touched or inside the strange scriptures is moving, and suddenly, Sylviana's body starts being engulfed by it too.

"Sylviana!" Yells Liam.

"Liam, no!"

Damian and Boyan both hold him back. Aren't we supposed to do anything? I know Sylviana planted this, but... Slowly, the soil recovers her, digging under her and swallowing her in. Moon Goddess... Soon, her face is the last thing that we see, and she disappears underneath the ground. I can't believe what just happened, but it's not over. The soil is still moving. No, actually, it's shaking even more.

Something suddenly breaks out from the ground. A tree! A gigantic tree sprouts without warning, in accelerated motion, growing from a little twig into a majestic tree under our eyes. I... I'm speechless. The roots grow in all directions, while the tree keeps getting bigger, much bigger than a normal tree.

It suddenly stops, but for a long while, no one dares to say a word.

It's... beautiful. It's a giant white oak. Its trunk is very pale, and I recognize some of the earlier scripting imprinted into its bark. The leaves, thousands of them, are all of an eerie green, almost shining. Somehow, I feel like I'm watching Sylviana when I look at this tree... It has her print all over it, I don't even know how. Moreover, I feel its magic, so mighty, pure, and powerful... It's spread all through the branches and beyond. I look down, but even the roots are reeling of that magic, and I can feel it running underground, too, extended further than what we see.

I turn to Nora, knowing we both can feel the same thing.

"It's a..."

"...defensive barrier."

We nod along, convinced. So that's what Sylviana had been secretly preparing... Another barrier, for when she couldn't be here to hold on anymore.



She really knew all this time... She knew she wasn't going to make it. Maybe she had been lying all this time about being stronger than Nephra. I don't know. She really did her best until the end, only thinking of protecting us.

I keep staring at that tree, and for a while, I feel a bit calmer. That's what she wanted. She did this for us... I nod and sigh, taking a step back to get in Nate's embrace.

For a long, long while, all of us stay here. I close my eyes.

I listen to the wind in the leaves, the familiar sounds of the City, and Liam's crying...

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6 Months Later.

"Moon Goddess, why does this have to be so fvcking\*g tight..."

I try to adjust it, but no matter what I do, my dress is barely letting me breathe. Why did my b.reasts have to get so big already? Like, seriously! This dress is a nightmare. I hear a chuckle behind me, and Nora and Bonnie both come to my rescue, frowning and trying to adjust the white lace in my back.

"I think we can make it a bit looser, it should be fine. We can find a shawl to cover your cleavage..."

"Forget the shawl and enjoy it, babe, it's the only wedding where the bridesmaids can be se.xier than the bride!"

I roll my eyes and turn to Danny.

"Very funny, Daniel."

"Come on, I'm not the one who got pregnant two months before my wedding."

I sigh. I did not plan to be pregnant that fast! The Alphas compatibility is really scary, I need to be careful in the future... I hear Nora chuckle.

"Can't you at least be on my side?" I sigh.

"Sorry, Elena, but... It's so cute... I know you and Nate were trying, but still... Right away..."

Well, I did insist a bit on giving a younger sibling to Estelle. Nathaniel was the one who was against it. Not that he didn't want more kids, but my two previous pregnancies didn't turn out so great... Since he heard how much I struggled while I was pregnant with Estelle, he became so against it, we fought a lot on the matter. Thank Moon Goddess, Estelle actually started asking for a younger sibling too, and he still can't say no to our baby star.

"I can't wait for you to be tired with baby number two," says Danny. "This way I get to babysit Estelle all I want."

"You already see her twice a week!" I protest.

"You can babysit James if you want," says Nora. "Between all the work with the packs and Will who still doesn't sleep a full night, I feel like Boyan's been seeing my baby more than me..."

That's right, Silver City has changed a lot...

With Arthur Seaver and William Blue gone, and so many werewolves dead, all the packs were at a loss for a while. Damian, Nora, Nate, and I had to work like crazy to put everything back on track, even with the humans. Once the funerals were over, we had to re-organize the packs.

While Damian is still, of course, the werewolf King of Silver City, Nora and I have agreed to share the position of Silver City's Luna. After Clark gave me full control of the North and retired, Nora took over the South, including the now Alpha-less Saphir and Sea Moon Clans. The only two other Clans remaining are the Pearl Moon and Purple Moon Lysandra and Tiffany are still in charge of, and that's fine with us as it is.

"Thanks, but no thanks, Nora. Your baby is cute in pictures, but in the flesh? He's genetically linked with a chainsaw. Did you see the state of my rug? And Boyan's ear? His ear!"

Bonnie and I snort while Nora blushes, a bit embarrassed. James started shape-shifting last month, and pups chew everything, as we recently found out with poor Bobo...

"Sorry..."

"Alright, we'll talk about the little monsters later. Daniel, are you ready or not?"

He smiles, perfect in his black tuxedo. If I ever knew I'd see Daniel Lewis wear a tuxedo... I've never seen him so elegant. Bonnie looks proud of him, too, helping him adjust the bowtie. Tonia appears at the door with a big smile.

"I think you should get going now," she says.

"Babe?" He says, giving me his arm.

I grab the flowers, and we leave the room.

Somehow, holding a wedding now was a bit of a crazy thought at first, but after thinking about it twice, everyone agreed it was the best way to show a new sign of hope. It's been six months, and life has to go on in Silver City. We survived. We lost people, but for those who remain, life can go on...

We arrive in front of the entrance, and meet with the two groomsmen. Nora is all happy to find Damian. With a big smile, Ben takes his spot next to his twin sister, and all six of us wait for the music to start. I glance at my flowers. If only she could be here... And Levi...

"Hey."

Daniel caught my glance and frowns.

"Chin up, young lady. Don't you dare think about unhappy things today. It's okay, babe. They would be happy for us."

"...I know."

I take a deep breath. That's right. Today is a wedding, a happy day. I smile at Daniel, and he kisses my cheek. I chuckle.

"Are you sure you shouldn't be going up with... your mom? Or your dad?"

"Babe, I want my best friend with me. All the way. You're my family."

Oh sh!t, he's going to make me cry.

"Selena Whitewood, I swear if you cry, I'll s.u.ck you right here."

I chuckle and manage to hold it in. The music finally starts, and we walk in. It's a little, private wedding. Only close family and friends, not even thirty people inside. Daniel and I slowly walk up to the aisle, all eyes on us.

I see Boyan, absolutely gorgeous in his white tuxedo, waiting nervously for us, his brother gives him a little pat on the shoulder. I hear Daniel gasp. Yes, our Bobo is that handsome. We finally reach the aisle, and Bobo gives me a hug, before I go to the side, as the maid of honor, listening to the vows.

I love how they kept it simple... It's touching, very sweet and with a hint of humor. They mention their first meeting in that club, Bobo's smooth dancing moves, and even their love spats... I can't resist shedding a little tear, and I see Abigail in the same state on the front bench.

Finally, Estelle walks up, holding the ring, and Danny gives his goddaughter a little kiss. My daughter walks up to her dad and uncle, on the other side. I wasn't sure Liam would show up, but apparently, they convinced him...

A lot of chuckles and a kiss later, they are pronounced husband and husband, and exchange a wild kiss that definitely wouldn't have been possible in church! A lot of cheers and a wave of applause take over the room, and, after a few more hugs, I step to the side to let Danny and Boyan's families come and congratulate them.

That's right... We can be happy again. The nightmare is finally over, new dawn as come. No more threat, no more fear of the next day. Silver City is living anew, with a new, fresh heart beating. Werewolves and Humans are at peace. A real, long-lasting peace. As long as Nora and I are here, with our mates, our families, this peace will remain. We can finally breathe freely. No more fear. We're free to focus on love, on our families, in the future.

There's still this sadness, in our hearts, this scar that will remain. But we can heal from it. Accept it, not hold on to the pain and move on. I've buried Levi, in my heart, somewhere where he'll remain. Somewhere I can see him if I close my eyes and remember. It's okay... I'll cherish those memories. The memory of my friends, my family, my loved ones. I'll accept them, I'll grow with them and get stronger. I'll carry this bittersweet pain with me, and when it becomes too hard, I'll breathe. I will take a deep breath, until my lungs are painful. Until I remember. A breath to remind myself I'm there. I'm alive. It's okay to hurt, it's okay as long as I remember I'm there. I'm okay. We're okay...

A familiar arm surrounds me, and Nate gives my shoulder a tender kiss.

"Damn, Daniel managed to make me jealous again..." He growls.

"Yeah, I think Boyan is definitely taken now... Damn. Are you that sad?"

“Very funny... I was talking about our wedding, miss Whitewood. When will I finally get to call you my wife?”

I chuckle and turn around to kiss him. My man, my mate... I don't think I'll ever get tired of his lips, his taste, his sexy body... Of course, Nate answers my wild kiss, but I can tell my little distraction doesn't work long. He frowns and steps back, staring at me with his gorgeous blue eyes.

“Seriously, why won't you say yes?”

“Maybe because if I said yes, I wouldn't get to hear you ask anymore...”

He smiles.

“Alright, I guess I can keep asking a bit longer... I'll only be patient until my new Sunshine comes.”

It's my turn to frown.

“Your new Sunshine?”

Nate chuckles and puts a hand on my tummy.

“Yes. My Sunshine Baby...”

...The End.

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 118 - Tips**

His lips feel so good... I want to keep kissing him forever. He's so hot, too... His skin is so hot from the sunlight reflecting on his skin, it's my favorite kind of mattress. I'm never, ever going out of that bed again. His hands gently rub my butt, playing with my white undies... His large hand...

“Should I get up and make breakfast?” He whispers.

“No, let's stay in bed a bit longer,” I frown, putting my arms around his neck.

“Our princess is going to be hungry...”

I pout a bit. Can I just have my man for five more little minutes? He can't go back to being a daddy in five minutes, for now, I want him to be my daddy...

My hands go down on his abs, caressing him. I know exactly how to trigger him. Moreover, those gorgeous chocolate tabs aren't just made for the pleasure of the eyes... He chuckles against my hips, and his fingers gently undress my only piece of clothing, rubbing my butt and legs some more on the way. I get seated on top of him, rubbing our privates together, a bit excited. Gosh, I'm so, so hot. I kiss him deeper, trying to get more of his tongue. I grab his hair, holding on tight, and keeping moving my waist.

Suddenly, his hands go for my front, and I let out a little surprised cry, embarrassed.

"You could warn me before..." I growl.

"Sorry," he whispers, kissing my neck.

Oh, well. I don't really care, my man is so hot I can't even be mad at him. He nibs on my skin, and keeps touching me, rubbing me with his hand. Oh, that's so good... I start moving my hips, playing along, feeling it. Shit, it feels so naughty to be doing this so early in the morning. After enjoying this one-sidedly a few more seconds, I grab his privates too, rubbing him along. He's big, but I don't want to lag behind.

I'm breathing loudly, barely retaining my moans. I know we can't get too wild and go all the way at this hour, but still, I'm crazy excited. Plus, he knows what he's doing... One hand on my butt, the other rubbing my front, I just can't...

"Daddy!"

We both freeze. By the great Moon Goddess. I hope we did lock that fucking\*g door. As she just knocks timidly, I let out a sigh of relief.

"Dada...?"

"We're coming, baby!"

My man laughs under me, but I pout. Damn, I really really wanted to finish that... I sigh, and we both get up, grabbing a pair of jeans for him, my favorite pajamas for me. He goes to open the door, and our adorable daughter smiles wildly.

"Good Morning Daddy," she says.

“Good Morning.”

He grabs her and, effortlessly, takes our seven-years-old in his arms, both of them turning to me.

“Good Morning Dada,” she says.

“Good Morning Princess. What are we having for breakfast today?”

She turns to Bobo, with a smile.

“Can we have crepes?”

“Let’s make crepes!”

I give her a little wink, she knows it’s my favorite as well. Boyan lets her down to go to the kitchen, and Mary runs behind him, opening our fridge to take out some fruits and eggs. I need some coffee... I start brewing as per our usual routine and check my texts. Selena sent me a new picture, and I show it to Boyan.

“They had waffles this morning!”

“Looks like they are using their Christmas present well,” chuckles Boyan.

“Dada, do you like waffles or crepes better?” Asks Mary, helping Boyan break the eggs.

“As long as Bobo makes them, I like them both!”

“Me to!”

Oh, Moon Goddess, she’s so cute I want to eat all of her up! I always thought Estelle was so cute, but Mary is just as adorable. I’m going nuts. I text my best friend back, with a picture to brag about my amazing little family, Mary making a V sign while her dad has his natural, ladykiller smile on.

She calls right away.

“Morning, Babe! Bobo is making crepes? Estelle and I were craving for waffles this morning, Nate made them so quickly!”

“Well he’s got two baby dinosaurs to feed now,” I tease her.

“Oh, shut up, I’m starting to look like a whale... Nora barely got a round belly from her two pregnancy, why do I have to be the one to look like freaking moby d!ck? ...Nate, shut up, I’m talking to Danny! I swear, if he calls me se.xy one more time while I’m looking like this, I’m going to think he has something to get forgiven about...”

I laugh hard. Selena is handling her second pregnancy rather well, the weight gain should be the least of her worries.

“You regained the right shape after Estelle, didn’t you? Stop fussing, you just need to get on the boxing ring a couple of times and you’ll be just as se.xy as before. We can go partying afterward if you need to make sure.”

“Oh, I wish, I miss drinking so much, I could use a nice vodka...”

I miss them, too. Where have our wild young years gone? We’re happy homemakers now! When I think I used to be up until two am, and then go to university at seven, I have no idea how I did it. I’m a total old geezer now. Well, I’m not going to complain, I’m a happy dad and husband.

“How is the family doing?” She asks.

“Awesome, but I really understand why you said we needed locks on the bedroom doors.”

“Oh, especially you. You’re in rut ten months of the year since you’ve been with Boyan...”

“Hey!”

“What? I’m the one who knows best! The number of times I had to listen to you two...”

“Okay, okay, I get it, I’m sorry about my... Our noisiness.”

“Now that I think about it, Boyan made crepes on your first time, too. Gosh, that is so cute...”

I blush. Oh crap, that was one hell of a day... I still remember seeing the empty bed after our wild, wild night of hot se.x. There’s nothing worse than waking up to an empty bed after sweating of pleasure all night. But when I got



up, and saw that fine piece of man, cooking in my kitchen... Oh sh!t, that's when I was so done for.

I tried to resist, I really did. The age difference, and everything. Plus, I was his first man! How many dudes go back to girl after having tried taking the gay route for fun? Plenty, and I've had my share of d!ckbags. No, sir. I was so done with that.

Except, I did not expect that fine piece of man to stick around. Not only that, but he was so sweet, selfless, gentle, and so, so fvcking\*g patient with me. I swear. Oh, and the se.x, and the chocolate tabs, too. That may have helped a bit too.

"Danny? Hello..."

"Sorry, Babe."

"Anyway, are you coming to the family brunch this weekend? Estelle really wants to play with Mary again, and Nora said the boys are dying to see her, too. Everyone loves the new addition to the family."

I smile.

"Of course. I'm almost done with the paperwork, and I'm sure Mary wants to see them too."

"Cool! See you there, then. Tell Bobo to make some crepes!"

"When are you going to learn to cook at all?" I chuckle.

"Me, cook? Danny, I'm engaged to a Chef, and even Nate gave up on me. I freaking grilled our microwave and ruined two of his favorite pans. I'm fvcking\*\*\*n from entering the kitchen, here."

"Why is he with you, again?"

"My se.xiness, I guess? Anyway, see you soon! Oh, and we're definitely going for a drink at the club the minute I pop this baby out!"

"Your crazy momma. See you, Babe!"

I hung up with a big smile. Moon Goddess, I love that woman.

“Dada, look!”

My daughter runs to me, showing me the first crepe, full of strawberry and chocolate.

“That looks awesome, Baby! Shall we eat in front of the TV?”

“Yes! I want to watch a music show! Can I?”

“Sure, baby.”

She smiles and runs to the couch. Meanwhile, I sneak into the kitchen to go and hug my big man from behind. Oh, gosh, he smells even better with the crepes cooking.

“You hungry?” He asks with his deep voice.

“Yep. I want lots of my favorite chocolate...”

He turns around a big smile on his lips, and kisses me longly. Oh, yum... He's definitely been tasting. It's sweet and chocolatey, even better than I imagined. Oh shit, I want some food play tonight. I need to make sure he saves some of that melted chocolate for later. He chuckles.

“What are you thinking about?”

“I'm... hungry.”

He gently s\*\*\*\*s my butt, knowing what I'm talking about. I blush. Mary is right next door! I know she's got the tv on, but still! He hands me a plate with my crepe ready and gives me a quick kiss on the lip.

“Go eat that before I eat you right there,” he whispers.

Oh, crap...

I blush all the way to my ears and exit the kitchen for my own safety. My plan was to eat that chocolate, not the other way around!

“...Dada, you're a bit red.”

“It's nothing, Baby, I got a bit... heated up. Let's eat those crepes so we can ask for more, okay?”

“Okay!”

I watch my gorgeous daughter eat her crepe, her eyes watching our favorite show on the TV from time to time. I seat next to her, legs crossed. Oh, this is so good.

Moon Goddess, I love chocolate.

## **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 119 - The End - Tips**

### **His Sunshine Baby Chapter 119 – The End**

“I’m telling you”, I growl. “If you pull that kind of sh!t behind my brother’s back again, I’ll send your...”

“Daddy?”

I frown, and raise my head from the wolf trembling and quivering at my feet. He’s lucky. If it wasn’t for my daughter mind-linking me, I wouldn’t let him go...

“Yes, my baby Star?”

“Daddy, I’m sorry because I know you are working, but...”

“It’s okay Stella, I told you you can mind-link me even if I’m at work. What is it?”

“Mommy is very sick again... She is puking a lot...”

I sigh. Again? Damn it, I feel like she’s already lost too much weight, is that normal? I hesitate to mind-link my brother or his wife to hara.ss them with my questions again, but I know it’s just going to reach Liam’s ears, and I don’t want him nagging and mocking me again. I nod, and give a kick in that damn wolf’s b.utt for him to fvck off.

“Okay. Don’t worry baby star, I’ll come home now.”

“Really? Is that okay?”

“Of course. Estelle, can you go to the fridge and tell me if mom put anything on the list?”

“Uh... no, nothing. But there isn't much left in the fridge.”

“Okay. I'll quickly get something then.”

“Daddy, can you get apples?”

Oh right, she did mention she wanted to eat apples the other day. It seems her friends went apple-picking and it gave her ideas. I wish she had told us she wanted to go too. Elena and I learned of this afterwards. Once again, Estelle didn't tell us because she didn't want to leave Elena... is that okay for a girl her age? She's too responsible. I love my baby girl being so mindful of others, but I don't want her to miss opportunities to have fun...

“Of course.”

I quickly run to my car, and start the engine, heading home. I explain to my brother quickly, but anyway, I was pretty much done here. Damn it... I really hoped Elena would start getting better soon, but that morning sickness thing is real. I stop by a little market near our apartment. It's an indoor one, and I'm sticking out like a sore thumb with my business suit... I should have taken my jacket off. Instead, I quickly grab some groceries to fill our fridge with, including a whole bunch of apples for Estelle. Should I buy something to make pizzas tonight? It seems like it's the only food her mom feeds on lately, although she has the weirdest combos coming up unexpectedly. What was it last time? Honey and pickles?

Once I'm done grabbing everything, I leave the place, many stares following. I just want to go home to my two... no, three loves, and relax. I feel like I am two different people, between the ruthless businessman M. Black, and Nate, Elena's man, Estelle's dad. Not that I mind. I feel like all the negativity I take on during work comes off as soon as I cross the door.

Indeed, as soon as I step in, Estelle runs up to me with a big smile, and her eyes fall on my bag of apples.

“Daddy! There's so much!”

“I took different varieties so you can tell me your favorites. Don't worry, we can freeze them and make smoothies for breakfast.”

“Yay! I want to try making bunny carvings too.”

“Of course. ...How is mom?”

Estelle nods.

“She’s better now that she puked a lot... She just went into the shower and uh, to brush her teeth I think.”

I nod.

“Good. Will you help me put the groceries in the fridge?”

“Okay! I want to put the apples in a big bowl too!”

She grabs the huge bag from my hands, and I realize how much I actually bought as she struggles to carry it across the room. For a little while, she and I put the groceries away, waiting for her mom to return.

“Should we try making an apple pie to show your friends?”

“Really?” She exclaims.

“Maybe mom will eat it too, so let’s make two of them, okay?”

“Okay!”

She turns around to go and get our baking utensils. I know I shouldn’t say this out loud, but I am glad our daughter takes after me when it comes to cooking... Her mom is only a pro of the microwave. Patiently waiting, we start cooking the pies, and Estelle wants to make some compote for her mom too. I really bought a lot of apples indeed...

“Oh, what are you making?”

I turn to see the love of my life come out, looking all fresh and smiling. She comes and wraps her arms around my waist from behind.

“Hi my love. I heard our little one is making her mom sick again?”

“Yes... And didn’t I say I’m sure it’s a boy!”

I chuckle. We’ve placed our bets since weeks, but neither of us wants to give in.

“Anyway,” she chuckles, going to the cupboards. “Did you buy groceries? Did you get me my spicy snacks?”

Estelle and I exchange a look.

“Mommy, these are bad for you and my baby sibling!”

Elena pouts, but then, jumps to capture Estelle in her embrace, making our daughter laugh and try to get out of her crazy mom-wolf h.ug. For a while, they have fun just play-wrestling with each other, and I just love watching them, hearing their warm laughs in our kitchen. I never thought this big apartment would feel so small with just one woman and a little girl living with me,

“My little daughter is too smart! What do I do without you?”

“Mommy, we are making apple pies! Look! You should eat fruits instead of bad snacks! Look, daddy got us all these apples.”

She chuckles, looking at our enormous bowl of apples, despite my attempts to cut some for our pie.

“My, Moon Goddess Nate, did you rob an orchard?”

“Well, I need to feed my wife and my daughter, and they both love apples, so...”

“Alright alright,” chuckles Elena, coming back to me and grabbing a spatula. “Let’s eat some pies, hoping baby number two lets me keep it down!”

I chuckle, but I do hope she can eat this and not throw up this time... We happily keep baking our pies, although Estelle and I do our best to keep her mom away from the knives and the oven. Still, Elena is just happy to hang around us and keeps stealing the little apple slices that I’ve cut. Which honestly makes me glad; just seeing her eat happily has been a real struggle recently. After a while, I finally put these pies in the oven, and she comes to give me a h.ug.

“I don’t know why I’m so clingy these days...”

“I absolutely don’t mind,” I chuckle.

“I just want that baby to be born fine and healthy. I’ll eat all the apples you want as long as we get that.”

I smile, and gently kiss her.

“Don’t worry. Even if I have to ban all snacks from this house for a few months, I promise I will make sure the baby gets to us safely.”

“Mh... Shall we start painting the room? In blue?”

“No, it’s going to be a girl. Let’s go with pink.”

“You should paint it apple-orange!” Says Estelle, grabbing one of the golden apples.

Her mother and I exchange a glance, and chuckle.

I guess we will have to find an apple-orange shade of paint...