

Their Human, Her Mates Epilogue

6 weeks later....

"They're absolutely perfect," Carli gushes, Harper snuggled in her arms.
"Parker....." she whines.

"Nope. No ma'am. You had me get the snip snip, and I'm not reversing it."

"Don't you want another girl?" Carli pushes out her bottom lip.

"Don't do it, dad. It's a trap," Rosie, their 8-year-old daughter, whispers in his ear.

"Don't worry, princess. I'm the strongest, remember? Your mother can't win against me."

Carli growls hearing that. Parker blows her a kiss. I ended up being great friends with Carli and I really admire Parker. He has this laid-back authority about him that is comforting. Like, you know he can get s**t done, but he's humble about it. Mitchel and Mark could totally take him on if they wanted to with their magic, but they even have a healthy respect for the man.

Carli is a hot mess. She's so reckless and has a mouth on her with no filter, but she's real. You always know exactly where you stand with her. If she has an issue with you, you know it. If she doesn't like something, she doesn't moan and complain about it, she fixes it. It's reassuring to have a friend that you don't have to wonder what they're thinking about or if they're being passive aggressive. She is who she is and if you don't like it, she doesn't care.

Lilly is cooing at Harley over Matt's shoulder, Cole, their youngest, in her arms. Cole threw a huge fit when Lilly tried to hold the babies. He was the baby in the family before and doesn't like sharing any of his attention with anyone.

"Where are the guys?" Simone asked, looking around our suite.

"Mitchel is in bed taking a nap. He couldn't sleep last night, thinking the roof was going to cave in, or the walls were going to explode, and many other

crazy things while they were sleeping in their own room for the first time. Mark is-

“Right here,” he says, walking in through the front door, my latte in his hand. He hands it to me, I lean my head all the way back as he bends down, kissing me. “Cinnamon dolce latte with almond milk.”

“You’re the best,” I smiled.

“No, I am,” Mitchel yawns, walking in from the hallway, “Why didn’t you wake me? I didn’t know everyone was here.”

“You needed sleep,” I laughed at him. He comes and plops down beside me on the couch. He held his hands out to Carli, wanting Harper, but Carli just growled at him, turning so our baby was out of his reach.

“Uncle Mitch, why did you think the walls were going to explode?” Carl asked, Matt and Lilly’s oldest.

“Because you never know! I was watching the craziest accidents on YouTube and what if the pipes get clogged in the wall and burst, making the entire wall come down?”

“What pipes?” Carl tilts his head.

“I don’t know. Just, pipes! Buildings have pipes in the walls, right?”

Carl giggled, “You’re weird, Uncle Mitch.”

“The weirdest,” I laughed with the adorable little boy.

Simone’s daughter, Karina, and Carli’s son, Maurice, or Reese for short, are sitting together at the kitchen table, coloring in a book that Reese brought for Karina. Vincent is lingering in the doorway, going from glaring at Reese to smiling lovingly at his daughter. Carli and Simone both insist that they’re mates, which I get the feeling Vincent doesn’t approve of.

“Are you guys worried about them being seers?” Lilly asked us, gaping at Harley’s purple-hued eyes.

“Only Harley is. Harper has the same gray eyes as their daddies,” I told them.

“Does that mean Harper is going to be a were-witch too?” Carli asked.

“I thought we decided to go with the term ‘witch-wolves’,” Simone giggled.

“I liked snarl-itches,” Parker laughs.

“Sounds like a Pokemon!” Carl says excitedly.

“Yes,” I shook my head at their outrageous nicknames for my mates, “Harper will be a hybrid. She already has a strong supply from sharing a womb with her sister for 4 and a half months.”

Mark went around the couch, taking Harper from Carli, earning him a snarl. “My little were-witch princess,” he cooed at her, ignoring Carli.

“Uncle Mark, I like snarlitch,” Carl pulled on Mark’s pant leg.

“You can call Mitch that,” he smirked down at the little boy.

Mitchel ends up going back to sleep on the couch beside me. The poor man is dead on his feet. Having 2 daughters freaked both these men out. They thought the babies would be boys, since that’s all that their family ever seems to have. When we found out they were both girls, they went into overdrive trying to make the suite babyproof, doing multiple background checks on our employees, screening shady looking guests they thought could be a potential threat to their daughters.

Mark has recovered for the most part from his overprotective tendencies, but Mitchel is taking a bit longer. He will get there. He’s been through a lot, and had this irrational fear of boys doing to his daughters what he did to other men’s daughters his entire life. These poor girls are never going to have boyfriends. Mitchel is already talking about homeschooling, and the girls are just 5 days old.

Mama has moved into Amanda’s house, and comes to visit often. She is enjoying her first taste of freedom too. My father is still in Lady Delilah’s dungeon, awaiting a trial under the council that I am now a part of, along with Micah, representing the witch faction. We will not be a part of the trial due to our involvement, but they tried to tell me that the final say in what happens would be left to me.

After talking to my Mama, we decided to give the entire decision to Micah. Micah is planning on stripping him of his ability to use magic, then turning him over to the human authorities. Parker can make sure he stays in prison the

rest of his life, suffering like a normal human. He led a life full of horrible crimes. If Micah thinks it is the right punishment, I will back his decision.

Vivian and Micah have been helping tremendously with the babies. Vivian and Mama were with me while they were being born, Vivian keeping her sons in line during the ordeal, and Micah dotes on his granddaughters, always popping in to steal one or both of them. I don't mind. It gives me a chance to catch up on sleep.

Life is pretty much perfect. I won my independence, fought hard to achieve it, and in the process gained a lot of things I never expected. I learned who I was, the truth about where I came from. I gained two mates, who love me so much, willing to give me the entire world, along with our daughters. They are my entire world. I will never regret my hardships or my past, because they are what led me to them. My mates.