

Talking to the Moon |

Epilogue

“Jason, it’s so good to see you.” I pull him into a tight hug.

“Olivia! You’re choking me,” Jason gasps out. “You’re stronger than you think, woman.”

We both break into laughter, thrilled to be reunited after months apart. Jason’s mate, Betty, has recently given birth to a gorgeous little girl, and I can see the joy radiating from him.

His brief moment of madness, when he proposed to make me his mate, faded quickly. I was more of an infatuation, not the deep love he shares with his mate.

“How are Leo and Amelia?” I already know the answer. Amelia keeps her brothers updated on her life every week. They’re doing well, and Amelia has finally forgiven Leo for the pain he caused her.

I forgave him a long time ago. I understand how difficult it is to resist the mate bond, even when it’s been shattered. The pull is too powerful to ignore, and in the end, I chose not to.

“They’re doing great. He wanted to come but wasn’t sure if you’d want to see him,” Jason confesses, wrapping an arm around Betty. He plants a kiss on her cheek and gently tickles his daughter’s chin.

“Alpha Jason, glad you could make it!” Jameson approaches us from behind and wraps his arms around me. My belly is so swollen it feels like it could burst any moment, and Jameson can’t resist rubbing it.

His eyes sparkle when he feels a kick. We’ve turned guessing which baby is kicking into a game, but unsurprisingly, we each always pick a different pup.

“I wanted to see if you needed any help with the rogues you’ve taken in,” Jason offers.

“Jason, there are no rogues here. All the wolves here are pack members,” I gently correct him, reminding him to be careful with his words.

Some of the former rogues are still a bit jumpy from years of mistreatment, and I worry that even small things like the wrong choice of words could hinder their progress.

“Right. My mistake.” Jason grins and gets a playful slap on the shoulder from Betty.

“Liam’s in the kitchen making dinner, so I grabbed some frozen pizza just in case,” Jameson teases. “Let’s go see how the meal’s coming along.”

Liam has whipped up pasta with alfredo sauce, trying to broaden his cooking skills in preparation for the pups.

Neither of the twins wants to depend on the pack to raise their pups like their father did. They’re determined to learn everything they need to be good fathers.

In addition to fighting and leading a pack, they’ve learned nursery rhymes, games, and activities, how to cook basic kid-friendly meals, and even how to change diapers, which is a story for another day.

I’m proud of their efforts and know deep down that my pups couldn’t ask for better dads.

“Alpha Jason, Luna Betty! Please, have a seat and enjoy.” Liam invites us all to sit around the farmer’s table Jameson built while I was at the Academy.

Liam dishes out the food, and it looks and smells incredible. Maybe it’s my hormones, but I’m practically drooling. We all dig in, eager to taste it. One bite and...we all spit it out.

“Goddess, did you dump the whole salt shaker in there?” Jameson exclaims, trying to clean his tongue with a napkin. “Good thing I picked up those pizzas.”

“Guys...” I try to get their attention. A sharp pain shoots through my abdomen, and I know what it means.

“I’m sorry, I guess I wasn’t paying attention to what I was doing.” Liam dramatically gestures toward the food.

“Guys!” I raise my voice, but they’re still not listening. “*Guys!*” I shout.

They all stop talking and look at me. “It’s time.”

“Time? Pup time?” the twins ask.

“Yes, pup time.”

—The End—