

Epilogue 1: Teaching Hospital

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Five Years Later

Yara

If you had asked me six years ago what my life would look like now, I'm not sure I would have ever imagined this. My life is filled with love, happiness, work, school, the pack, and most importantly, family.

My mate is as perfect a father as I knew he would be. He LOVES being a father and I love watching him with our pups. I never thought I could love that man more than I did, but seeing him being the incredible father that he is with our pups, I've just kept falling more deeply in love with him and wanting to give him more pups. After the twins, we decided to wait a bit. Our original plan was to wait a few years while we adjusted to being parents to two babies. Warren wanted to focus on getting the pack financially stable and increasing the pack's income and I wanted to focus on going back to school and turning our hospital into a teaching hospital.

It took about six months of negotiation with the closest werewolf university and a lot of conversations with their board of directors on my knowledge and experience versus what they can teach in the university. In the end, they agreed to send five students to us for a month. At the end of the month, those students began excelling in their classes and begging to return, saying they'd learned more in that month than they had in two years at the university.

I'd let Warren take the lead on negotiating the fee that each student would have to pay to attend our teaching school. The university set

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up computers with video conference capability so that the students could continue to attend classes while in our pack. The pack hospital extended to add in an entire section for student housing, their own cafeteria, classrooms, and study areas. That part of the hospital is separated from the rest with a door that can be accessed easily so students can watch or participate in surgeries and other evaluations as they become available. Each semester, we've had more and more students attending our teaching school. We had to put a cap on the number of students that we could allow at one time and now there's a waitlist to participate in our hospital.

As part of the changes to the hospital set up, we created two rooms with windows, so students can watch during the surgeries or evaluations if they aren't participating. Since we still have sparring twice a day, we still have an indefinite number of injuries that need to be attended to, so there's never a shortage of patients coming through the door.

In addition, the pack has had a baby boom. I know, for myself, my mate and I couldn't wait three years. I wanted to give that man another child so desperately, that we started trying again after only a year and a half. My mate, always wanting to give me what I want, got me pregnant right away and our second son, Yorick, was born almost two years after the twins. The next time, we didn't wait as long and our second daughter, Wendy, was born a year after that.

I smile, looking down at my stomach that is once again large with my mate's pup. This one will be another girl. We've been back and forth with names. Since our boys look like Warren, and our girls look like me, he's positive that this one will look like me as well, so he wants to give her a name close to mine. It's the first time we've chosen a name

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before our baby was born.

"Daddy's just positive that you're going to look like me though, isn't he, Yana?" I say, speaking to my stomach. I've just stepped out of the shower to get ready to go to the hospital.

I hear the low, possessive growl of my mate behind me. I look up into the mirror in our bathroom and see Warren's dark eyes looking at me and my belly. He comes up behind me, sliding his hands over my large stomach.

"You look so fucking sexy with my pup in your belly," he says. And this is just one more reason why I love giving my mate pups. He can barely keep his hands off of me when I'm pregnant, especially when I'm pregnant with a little girl.

"Where are your other pups," I breathe as he pushes me forward and slides inside me. The intense pleasure of having my mate inside me has never gone away. If anything, I've become more desperate for him with time.

"Arric purred them back to sleep when we heard you getting out of the shower. Daddy needed some Mommy time."

"Daddy sure knows how to start Mommy's day off right," I say, watching my mate in the mirror as he brings me up and over into bliss and then once more before finding his release deep inside me.

When he slides out of me and I stand up, he kisses my neck, sending shivers through my body.

"Are you sure you're done after this one?" he asks.

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"I'm rethinking that," I say, making him chuckle.

"Let me know if and when you change your mind. I'm always happy to put another pup in you."

"Do we have room in the nursery for more?" I ask him.

"I'll build another one if I have to," he growls, nipping at my ear and making hot desire pool in my core again.

When our pack members started having pups, they ALL started having pups. Before the twins were born, Warren had to create a space for a nursery in the packhouse. He'd had to add on to that, extending the space when those pups started to get older and younger pups started being born. Now we have a full-fledged nursery going every day.

Katie, who went to school to get her nursing degree along with Erica and Anna, decided she wanted to be closer to her pups, so she began working in the nursery full-time. It works because she's able to treat them for minor injuries or colds when needed, rather than their parents having to bring them into the hospital.

That doesn't mean that my hospital isn't still as busy as it always was. In some ways it's busier. I may not have as many warriors coming into the hospital now, but I do have pups coming in every day for one reason or another. Thankfully, Noelle has been going to school to become doctor and Piper is going to school to be a physician's assistant, so they can help handle a lot of the needs that our pups have, especially things like annual physicals and minor injuries.

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When Warren and I finish getting ready for the day, I see that the twins are up again. Warren swings Connor onto his shoulders before lifting Kennedy and Yorick into his arms.

"Ready for school?" he asks them excitedly.

"YEAH!" they all say.

I get Wendy and we all head down to the nursery. Connor and Kennedy have started Kindergarten, but the other two go to the nursery. Since my belly is huge, Warren carries Yorick to the nursery for me and we drop him and Wendy off. I give them both kisses and hugs then turn to my mate and twins.

"Say goodbye to Mommy," he says.

"Bye, Mommy," Kennedy says and I take her in my arms and give her a hug and kiss before looking up at Connor.

"Bye, Mommy," he says, leaning over to give me a kiss.

"Bye, Mommy," Warren growls, making the kids squeal as he kisses me.

Damn my man is sexy.

"I'm glad you think so," he says smiling at me. I never did stop mumbling out loud. It's a good thing my mate likes that little quirk.

I shake my head and hand Kennedy back to him before waving and turning to head to the hospital.

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"What do we do when we're at school?" I hear Warren ask, just like he does every day.

"Listen to our teachers," Connor says, before I step outside of the packhouse.

Yeah, my life is pretty perfect.

I get to the hospital and begin looking over our schedule for the day. Noelle, Piper, and Anna join me. All of them have their own pups. Noelle has three and Piper and Anna have two, although I'm pretty sure Anna is pregnant with her third one. They all tease me that I have so many pups. It's not my fault that I can't keep my hands off my sexy mate.

Our first warrior injury comes in soon after I arrive and our day begins. It's late morning when I howl of alarm goes up.

"LUNA! INCOMING! Alpha Henry has Alpha Quirin. He's in bad shape!" the patrols say, just as I hear a horn honking and tires screeching to a stop outside.

"PREPARE FOR SURGERY!" I say to Noelle and Piper as Anna comes rushing up with a gurney. We push it outside as Henry opens the passenger door. The smell of blood is so strong that it makes my stomach turn. I swallow the bile in my throat and force myself to focus.

Henry picks up Quirin and lays him on the gurney. There's blood everywhere.

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"What happened?" I ask as Anna pushes the gurney inside while I begin looking over Quirin.

"We were clearing out his pack lands. He turned eighteen and he wants to retake his father's old lands. We were busy clearing the brush and it was so tall. We were talking and not paying attention and we flushed a mother bear out of her den. She came at me and Quirin pushed me out of the way and took the brunt of her attack. I was able to get her away from him, but..."

But the bear left huge, gaping gashes all over Quirin's body.

"Why isn't he healing?" I ask Henry.

"He has healed some. That bear nearly mauled him to death. He's only alive because of his wolf but I think his wolf is fading," Henry says.

As we roll him into the room, I take his face in my hands. "Alpha Quirin! Alpha Quirin, can you hear me?" I say to him.

His eyes turn to look at me, but he doesn't respond. While Noelle and Piper get him hooked up and ready for surgery, I put my face close to his.

"I have one rule, Alpha. No one dies in my hospital. If you come in with a heartbeat, you walk out of here. Do you hear me Alpha Quirin?" I ask him.

When he doesn't answer, I growl at him. I've never ever lost anyone in my hospital, and I don't intend to lose someone now.

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"Do not think that I won't follow you into the Moon Goddess' realm and drag your sorry Alpha ass back down here, Quirin. Do you understand me? You do not die in my hospital! Tell me you hear me and you understand," I growl.

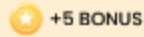
"Yes, Luna," he says, his voice is barely a whisper, but he answered, and I'll take it.

I have no idea how long I'm in surgery. Quirin's body looked like it had been shredded. If his wolf healed him, I can't imagine what he looked like before Henry got him to me. Noelle and I had traded off, with me stitching up his organs that had been ripped apart while she closed up the large gashes in his arms and legs. When we finally put in the last stitch, I drop my head, exhausted, but pleased that Quirin's heart is still beating, and his pulse is steady, if weak.

I hear clapping nearby and I look up. In the observation room, every student that is in our teaching hospital is watching. But I also see Warren, Harold, Farrah, Henry, Savannah, Franklin and many others from their pack. Harold and Farrah had become something like surrogate parents to Quirin, especially after his mother passed away. I can see the concern on their faces, the same concern that I know would be on mine if this were my child.

I step out into the hallway, pulling off my gloves and scrubs as I go. My mate, always there when I need him, walks up to me and scoops me into his arms.

"I've got you, beautiful. You did a great job today. You saved that kid's life."



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Harold, Farrah, and Henry all walk out of the observation room, thanking me and asking if they can stay with Quirin so he's not alone. I nod, knowing that having family nearby will help him and his wolf to heal.

"He'll need to stay for several days," I tell them.

"I'll make sure he doesn't fight you on that," Harold says, before following Henry and Farrah into the room.


"Time for you to get some sleep, my love," Warren says, carrying me out of the hospital.

I'm asleep before we get to the packhouse.



Cooper  Author

“One epilogue to go.”

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