

Letters Sent To Eternity

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Chapter 291

My wolf paid no mind to Janelle's frantic rambling. "You should've thought twice before attacking again," he growled, his voice low and dangerous.

I tightened my grip around his neck one last time, tasting the metallic tang of blood as it mixed with the adrenaline coursing through me. Beneath me, he writhed and twisted, desperate to break free, but I had him firmly pinned on his side. His claws swiped through the air, but they never connected with my skin. Janelle's agonized cries pierced the tense air once more, only fueling my wolf's fury. With a final snap of his powerful jaws and a sharp twist of the neck, he silenced her screams. Janelle let out a scream of pain, then turned her fury toward me.

This time, I shifted back into my human form, needing to face her and speak directly.

"How could you?" she spat, her voice trembling with rage and disbelief. "You know what a mate means to us—how vital that bond is to everyone who's ever been alone, without family or a place to call home. You should understand that better than anyone."

She lay draped across her mate's chest, his form shifting back to human as the transformation completed fully.

"I do understand what a mate means," I replied, my voice steady but laced with bitterness. "My first mate was selfish—a woman who cared for no one but herself. If she truly valued me and the mate bond, none of this would have happened. But she made her choice, and she paid for it with her life. The goddess deemed me worthy of a second mate. My second mate takes that bond seriously. She fights by my side for our pack. So spare me the sentimental crap about your mate being so great. If he was really that amazing, he would have taken you away from this place or at least tried to be part of this pack. He would have given you a home and cared for you instead of going along with whatever ridiculous scheme this was. Claude isn't even here anymore—so why carry on his plan?"

I barely cared about her response; my words were a distraction while I searched desperately for my mate in my mind.

"How dare you speak of my mate that way! He was better than you'll ever be," Janelle shouted, her fury boiling over. "He fought for what he believed in, even if it meant staying outside a normal pack."

She was so close, her face inches from mine, yelling wildly. I grabbed her wrist firmly and threw her to the ground. I wasn't in the mood to tolerate her nonsense any longer. My priority was finding my mate. Though it seemed like she wasn't hurt anymore, the fact that I couldn't see her filled me with unease.

Janelle pushed herself up, glaring at me. “You could’ve been great. You could’ve been one of us. You could’ve led your own pack, held the power of an alpha! But no—you chose to be a lowly servant. You were never good enough for Amy. That’s why she never mated with you, never marked you. She knew you were weak and unworthy!”

I opened my mouth to respond, but before I could speak, a fist connected with Janelle’s face. She spun and crashed to the ground.

“If you ever so much as speak to my mate again, I will kill you!” Greta stood over Janelle, her eyes blazing with a fierce, murderous light.

Despite the chaos, I couldn’t help but feel a rush of heat at the sight. It was completely inappropriate—wrong time, wrong place—but I couldn’t turn off the feeling. For the first time since we met, Greta had stood up for me. She had called me her mate, right in front of someone else.

I stepped forward, grabbing her hand to pull her up. I pressed her body close against mine, wrapping an arm around her waist. My other hand tangled in her hair as I crushed my lips to hers. None of it mattered—the forest around us, the fact that we were naked, or the unknown number of eyes watching. I needed her close, needed to feel every inch of her.

When I finally pulled back, I looked deep into Greta’s eyes. “Don’t listen to her. We need to get home and clean up. We have a pup waiting for us.”

Greta’s eyes sparkled with warmth.

“You already have a pup?” Janelle shrieked from the ground, breaking the moment. “That was fast! You didn’t even give Amy a chance to rest or mourn her before you went off and got another she-wolf pregnant!”

Greta moved to pull away from me, ready to tear into Janelle again, but I held her firmly, drawing her face back to mine. “Don’t. She’s not worth your anger, your time, or your energy. Let’s go check on Grant and Jensen and see if we can head home.”

We stood there, the tension thick in the air, but for the first time in a long while, I felt a flicker of hope.

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Chapter 292

36 – Greta

My emotions are a storm raging inside me, a confusing mix of anger, frustration, and something darker. Part of me aches to confront Janelle, to make her pay for everything she’s done. Honestly, I never cared for her much—she and Amy always acted like they were too important to get their hands dirty with real work. Their focus was always on climbing the ladder, grabbing power, and now I understand the reason behind it. But knowing that doesn’t lessen how much they irritate me. Even if Janelle isn’t the mastermind

behind this whole mess, she will bear the brunt of the blame. Everyone in this pack will pin the worst of it on her, and I'm certain it's personal. This isn't just business; it's deeply, painfully personal.

A sudden kiss on my neck pulls me out of my swirling thoughts, and I catch my breath at the electric sensation. "They've got this handled. Grant said we should leave before he throws up," Finn murmurs quietly near my ear, his warm breath sending a shiver of goosebumps across my skin. It dawns on me that Janelle and her team aren't alone with us, which makes Finn's distraction even more dangerous. I realize I'll have to be careful around him; his charm is a weapon all its own.

Without warning, Finn lifts me effortlessly by my thighs, and I instinctively wrap my legs around his waist as he begins to walk. It feels almost silly, but for the first time in my life, I don't mind being so exposed and vulnerable. I crave every inch of contact with him, as if it's the only thing grounding me right now.

"So much for being thrown against the nearest tree," I tease, half-joking. The skin-to-skin sensation is intoxicating, and I can't deny the electric thrill of the steel pipe pressing against my clit as we move. I might actually come just from this alone. A soft whimper escapes me, though I try to hold it back—I'm not sure if I succeed.

"Oh, I'll still take you against a tree," Finn growls lowly, "but no one gets to see you when you come. That's for my eyes and ears only." His hands tighten on my hips, and I can feel the hunger radiating from him, stirring a fresh wave of heat inside me. I'm sure the air around us is thick with desire.

"Then you better get me the hell out of here... now, or I won't give you a choice," I whisper, pressing a kiss to his neck, matching his movements. A deep rumble vibrates through his chest, and I make a mental note to coax that sound out as often as possible. Despite the intensity, he doesn't falter or stumble; he's in complete control. Yet, the slight twitch in his jaw betrays how close he is to losing it. Part of me wants to push him over the edge, while the other half agrees—this moment should be ours alone, away from prying eyes.

"Fuck, baby. You've got to stop grinding on me like that," he growls.

"I'm not doing anything," I say, feigning innocence while tilting my hips against him. It feels too good to stop, and I'm soaking wet for him.

"Fuck it!" he snaps just before I feel the rough bite of bark against my back. "You wanna play, mate?" His hand slides between us, rubbing his hardness through my slick folds, and an involuntary moan slips out of me. "Do you like that?" he whispers, peppering my collarbone with kisses. I close my eyes, nodding, savoring the delicious sensation. "I need words, pretty girl," he demands, pressing against me again.

"Oh! Yes. I need more, please," I gasp. A small, feminist voice in my mind tells me I should play harder to get, make him work for it, but I can't even pretend right now. I need this too badly. I've kept us apart for far too long.

His breath brushes against my ear and neck as he whispers, “I love it when you beg me. Will you say it again?” His grip on my ass tightens, perhaps rough enough to leave bruises, as he continues to assault my clit with relentless thrusts.

“Please...” I gasp, struggling to steady my breathing enough to speak. “I need you inside me... now, Finn... please. OH FUCK!” I cry out as he plunges into me hard. I cling to him, digging my nails into his shoulders as he drives into me again and again. I never imagined I could surrender control so completely, but this—this is pure heaven.

His nose nudges mine, pulling me back to the present as he pounds into me. I open my eyes to see them flickering between his human gaze and his wolf’s fierce intensity. Without hesitation, I crash my lips against his in a bruising kiss that sends us both spiraling over the edge. He swallows my cry of pleasure as he fills me with his release, then continues to rock me gently until I am left trembling and spent, riding out two more waves of ecstasy.

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Chapter 293

He doesn’t pull away from me. Instead, he shifts, settling his back against the rough bark of the tree, and begins to pepper my chest and neck with a series of tender, fluttering kisses. “Are you tired, Finn?” I giggle softly, fully aware that he just carried me—then held me up for what felt like an eternity. I’m not exactly a fragile flower, but I’m no featherweight either.

Suddenly, he nips the top of my breast, and I let out a sharp shriek. “No, sassy! I can’t walk like this, and I have a feeling you’re far from finished.”

He grins mischievously. “I’m definitely not done with you yet. Let’s get to the car so we can continue.” I start to rise, but before I can move far, he grunts and pulls me back down against him.

“No way. This ride isn’t over. For now, we’re stuck together.” He raises an eyebrow, flashing a teasing smile. “So why not make the best of it?”

My eyes follow his hand as it slides between us, his thumb gently stroking my clit. A shiver runs through me, and I instinctively thrust my hips forward. We both groan in response. “That’s what I thought,” he murmurs. “Why don’t you show me how you like to take control and dominate?”

His hands glide down to my thighs, sending magical tingles through my body.

“You want me to be in control?” I ask, skeptical. No man has ever truly let me take the reins. It’s just not in their nature. Sure, I often ride on top—one of my favorite positions—but I’ve never been the one setting the pace or directing the movements.

“Absolutely,” he replies, his smile melting my resolve. “I want to know what you like. And it looks like we have some time to explore.”

I lean in closer, my voice barely above a whisper. "I like it when your mouth is on me." Saying it out loud feels strange—new—but liberating.

He nods, a satisfied smile spreading across his face as he leans forward again, pressing soft kisses to my chest. "Go on," he urges, his breath warm against my skin.

I begin to sway my hips, and his low moan sends a thrill through me. Making him lose control like that feels powerful. I thread my fingers through his hair, guiding his face toward one of my breasts. He looks up at me with those heavy-lidded eyes, daring me to say the word. I take a deep breath and manage just one: "Suck."

Without hesitation, he takes my nipple between his teeth, teasing it gently. The sting makes me hiss, but it's an exquisite sensation.

He alternates his attention between both breasts as I begin to rock my hips more insistently against him. The friction between his length and my clit sends me spiraling toward the edge faster than I expected.

"I'm so close," I pant, clutching his hair and shoulder tightly. His hand moves to my ass, pulling me harder against him.

"Oh, yeah. Just like that. I'm going to come... Finn... Now! Oh shit. Oh shit! Oh shit!" My mind blanks as I shatter around him. Stars explode behind my closed eyelids, and my vision narrows.

"Greta. Greta? Baby, are you okay?" His voice cuts through the haze, but I struggle to focus on his words. Blinking several times, I still can't see clearly. Then, warm hands cradle my cheeks, and I find myself gazing into the most stunning navy blue eyes.

"Hey, did I hurt you?" His worry is unmistakable.

I blink once more, fighting to get my mouth to cooperate. "That was... amazing," I manage to croak, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. His entire body relaxes, and he pulls me into a tight embrace.

"I've never felt anything like that before," I whisper against his neck.

"I'll make sure it becomes a regular thing," he promises, but then his tone shifts. "We need to get back. There's a little girl who's starting to think we might not come back."

I nod, knowing he's right. Until we figure out what happened to the pack and find any survivors, we have children depending on us.

I rise, my legs shaky beneath me, and he follows, leaning in to kiss me again. The kiss quickly deepens from gentle to heated. Suddenly, I understand why Kennedy and Ryker can't keep their hands off their mates. I used to think it was an Alpha thing, but now I realize it's a mate thing.

“I’m going to need to shift,” I laugh breathlessly. “It’s the only way I’ll be able to keep my hands to myself and focus.”

He chuckles in agreement.

We shift, the familiar sensation grounding me, and head out to check in with the warriors. They update us on the rogues we captured and killed during the fight.

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Chapter 294

37 – Finn

Greta guided me over to Ryker’s packhouse, where I was able to freshen up and change clothes. It still amazes me how fortunate I am to have access to all the essentials—clean clothes, supplies, everything right at my fingertips. Cindy, the petite kitchen omega with a heart of gold, packed us some meals to take along, and soon we were on the road.

“Uh... so how is this going to work?” I asked cautiously, breaking the silence. Physically, we had the whole mating thing sorted out. Greta had even allowed me to hold her hand for most of the drive, which was a small but significant comfort.

“What do you mean?” she replied, though her voice lacked conviction. I could tell she was wrestling with practical concerns, just like me.

“Well, now that we’re mated, there’s no way I’m sleeping apart from you. But my apartment? It’s tiny. It won’t fit you, me, and potentially up to four kids.” I watched her eyes widen in surprise. Maybe she hadn’t been considering the same logistics I was.

“What makes you think we’re going to have up to four kids with us?” Her voice cracked slightly, that husky tone making her sound even more adorable. I couldn’t help but smile at how nervous she was. Kids had never factored into her life plan before, and now I understood why. But we had this chance to help children who were lost and alone—and I refused to abandon them the way I had been left behind.

“I figure that until we figure out what happened to their pack, and we’re absolutely sure there’s no one else willing and able to take them in, it makes sense to keep them together. And since Trinity seems to have decided that we’re her people...”

“You...” Greta interrupted, a teasing laugh escaping her lips. “You’re her person. She must have been a daddy’s girl.” She chuckled at me.

“I think every girl should be a daddy’s girl. Weren’t you?” I teased, watching a fleeting smile cross her face so quickly I almost missed it. It was a subtle attempt to coax her into opening up about her past. Thanks to Ryker, I already knew some of the trauma she’d endured, but I wanted to hear the good parts too. She was silent for a moment, and I struggled to find a

way to keep the conversation flowing. Then, she took a deep breath and turned to look at me.

“As a matter of fact, I was. But that probably had a lot to do with the fact that we lost my mother when I was young. For a long time, it was just him and me.”

“And he’s not here now, so I’m guessing he didn’t make it out of your pack with you.”

A tear slipped down her cheek, but she didn’t avert her gaze. I had to remind myself to keep my eyes on the road and not get lost in the beauty of her face.

She inhaled deeply before continuing. “No, he didn’t make it out. I think he made the choice early on to stay behind until everyone else was safe. Then I was taken, and everything changed.”

“What do you mean?”

“The attack was sudden. The rogue pack that invaded didn’t kill everyone immediately. Most of us were captured and locked away in the dungeons beneath the packhouse. The rest fled into the surrounding forest.”

“Dungeons?” I asked, incredulous. Who even has dungeons these days?

“Yes.” She let out a watery laugh. “Our packhouse was actually an old castle, complete with dungeons. My father moved back and forth, rescuing people a few at a time. I tried to help. Early on, the daughters of the ranked members were kept in the upper bedrooms for breeding. The rogue alpha was desperate to have the strongest pup, and he didn’t care how many girls he went through to get one.”

I struggled to focus on that disturbing detail without losing control of the truck. “So, how did you help your dad get people out?” I asked, shifting the conversation.

“At first, we were allowed to move around our floor, going from room to room. That ended once they realized fewer and fewer of us were around. A few of us girls knew secret ways to sneak out of the castle unseen—that’s the benefit of being reckless teenagers. But we could only free one person at a time, so the guards wouldn’t notice right away. Some girls never left their rooms out of fear, and after being forced to spend time with that monster, they came back broken—mentally and physically. We focused on rescuing the weaker and broken ones first. One night, after freeing a beta girl, I was heading back to my room when one of the rogue alpha’s guards caught me. That’s when I was thrown into the dungeons. None of them were allowed to... you know, but that didn’t stop them from doing whatever else they wanted.”

I swallowed hard, the weight of her words settling heavily between us as we drove on through the quiet night.

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My vision narrows sharply, and a wave of red floods my sight. Trembling with fury, I'm forced to pull the car over to avoid crashing. I'm painfully aware that my anger might be frightening her, especially now that she's finally opening up about her past on her own. But the rage I feel over how those men treated her is overwhelming and uncontrollable.

"Hey, Finn. Look at me," she says softly, her voice cutting through the storm of my thoughts. I'm lost in a dark spiral, imagining every way I'll make those who survived Ryker's attack pay for what they did to Greta's pack. Suddenly, I sense movement beside me. Before I realize it, she's sitting on my lap in the driver's seat, her rough hands cradling my face gently.

"Finn, look at me. They're all dead. Every single one of them. They were beaten, bloody, and burned. Please don't let this consume you," she pleads, her eyes searching mine for some sign of peace.

I blink, slowly wrapping my arms around her waist. She pulls me closer, and the calm that washes over me is anchored by her familiar scent and the warmth of her touch. I wonder if I'll ever be able to hear that chapter of her history without feeling this fierce need to protect her.

"I'm sorry," I whisper, pressing a kiss to the smooth skin at her clavicle. A different kind of heat spreads through me, one fueled by more than just anger.

"For what?" she asks, her voice tender. "You didn't do anything wrong."

"I want to know everything about you, about your past, but I can't listen to you being hurt without getting unbearably angry." I kiss her again and again, trailing soft kisses over every inch of exposed skin beneath her tank top.

"And apparently... horny," she giggles, the sound turning into a soft moan.

"Can you blame me?" I tease, my voice low and rough.

"Uh, no... not really," she stammers, as I draw her hips closer. Once I start, I have no intention of stopping until she's writhing above me.

No matter how much she tries to respond, I keep my focus solely on her. I want to replace every painful memory with a new one—something good, something filled with pleasure. She begins to move against me on her own, grinding slowly, which gives me the chance to explore with my hands. But I keep my touch outside her clothes, setting myself a personal challenge: can I bring her to the edge without ever slipping beneath her layers?

The answer is a clear yes. She wants this desperately, dry-humping against me so intensely that I can feel the imprint of her zipper on my skin. Her cheeks flush a delicate pink just before she reaches her peak, her body trembling and hips moving wildly. I take over the rhythm, steadying her so she can fully ride out the wave of her orgasm. When it's over, her forehead rests softly on my shoulder.

“I don’t want you to move, but we need to get back and report to Ryker. We have to find out if there’s any news about the kids so we can make a plan. But if there’s a kid-free bed tonight, I might not be able to resist,” she murmurs, her lips brushing the sensitive skin of my neck in a gentle kiss.

About half an hour later, we pull into the gravel parking lot, greeted by four excited children. Trinity’s eyes glisten with tears as I crouch down to scoop her into my arms.

“See? Greta told you we’d be back as soon as we could,” I say softly.

“Did you get them all this time?” she asks cautiously.

“What do you mean, ‘this time’?” Greta interjects, curious.

“Well, the rogues came before, and then when we were in the woods, and now they’re back again. Did you catch them all, or do you have to leave again?” Trinity’s sharp mind is clear as ever.

“We’re done with them for now, alright? Did you get to see the new baby yet?” I try to change the subject, hoping to lighten the mood.

“Oh yes! She’s so tiny. I can’t hold her yet, but Peyton got to because she’s bigger and helped out,” Trinity beams.

As we climb the long staircase, I listen to a detailed play-by-play of the new baby’s arrival, the children’s excitement filling the air around us.

Miss L Author

Thank you so much for reading. All constructive comments and kind words are truly appreciated. I can’t interact here, but if you want to join the conversation, you can find me on social media at Miss.L.Writes.

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Chapter 296

38 – Finn

The living room buzzed with warmth and chatter as we finally stepped inside. Though crowds usually made me uneasy, the joyous energy surrounding the arrival of Kennedy and Ryker’s baby was infectious, and I found myself smiling along with everyone else. Trinity wriggled free from my arms but promptly grabbed my hand with her tiny fingers, clearly asserting her little authority over the situation.

Glancing over my shoulder, I caught Greta’s eye. She gave me a gentle smile paired with a casual shrug before heading toward the kitchen. Meanwhile, I was gently pulled toward the crowded couch where I could just make out the top of Kennedy’s head peeking through the sea of well-wishers gathered around her.

“Come on, Finn, look! Look!” Trinity tugged at my hand with surprising strength, moving as if we were the same size and I could easily weave through the legs of the adults like she did. “Come on, Finn!” she repeated, her impatience clear. Some of the guests chuckled and stepped aside, amused by the determination of this tiny commander.

When I finally reached the front, the sight stopped me completely. Kennedy was radiant, cradling a small bundle wrapped in a soft pink blanket. I could only glimpse a pair of chubby cheeks and a tiny nose, but I knew without a doubt that she was perfect. If the baby resembled her mother in any way, Ryker was in serious trouble. He held them both protectively in his arms, while the room filled with soft coos and admiring whispers.

“She’s beautiful, everyone. Congratulations,” I said, my voice warm.

Kennedy’s face lit up with a proud smile. “At least I only had to push out one,” she joked, looking down at the little bundle. “Rayna did two at once. It was incredible, exhausting, terrifying, and absolutely perfect.”

“What’s her name?” Greta asked softly as she stepped up beside me, just behind Trinity.

“We named her Rosalie, after Ken’s mom,” Ryker said, glancing fondly at his mate and daughter. Rosalie let out a big yawn, scrunching her eyes and nose before releasing a healthy, rumbling cry. “Alright, our guest of honor has had enough attention for now. We’ll schedule another day soon so everyone can admire her some more,” Ryker declared, standing tall.

His protective instincts were already kicking in. That single cry was enough to clear the room, giving Kennedy the space she needed to soothe their daughter. I couldn’t help but smile at the tenderness Ryker showed. It was clear that beneath his fierce exterior was a softness reserved for his family — and if anyone ever threatened them, I was certain he would go to any lengths to protect them.

Greta turned to Kennedy. “We’ll take the rest of the kids upstairs and get them settled for bed. Do you want us to keep them out of your way tonight?”

Kennedy sounded a bit offended. “None of you are in our way.”

“I didn’t mean it like that, Ken. I know you’re up every couple of hours. We can keep these four with us so they get some rest too.”

“Maybe that’s a good idea. I’m going to feed her again... she eats just like her dad,” Kennedy said with a soft laugh.

We all chuckled, including Ryker. Watching him so gentle with his family made me realize just how fierce the other side of him must be. If anyone ever dared to threaten them, he’d likely burn the world down to keep them safe.

We guided our four young guests upstairs to our room and, one by one, helped them get ready for bed. Once they were all tucked in, I headed toward the door with Greta close behind. We paused to look back at the children sprawled across the bed, taking up every

inch of space. Despite their exhaustion, they looked so young and innocent — even Peyton and Landon, who had shown a maturity beyond their eight and ten years. No child should ever have to endure what they had been through, what I had been through, or what Greta had been through. I silently hoped we would find their pack, or at least their parents, for their sake.

Greta shuffled closer, resting her head on my shoulder. “What’s on your mind?” she asked softly, wrapping her arms around my waist.

I wasn’t sure I’d ever get used to her affectionate gestures, especially when they were so deliberate. But I didn’t mind. “I’m just hoping we find their pack. But I’m also grateful they’re here with us now, not lost in the woods anymore.”

She moved around to face me, still holding me close, and looked directly into my eyes. “What if we don’t find some of their parents?” Her question hung in the air, heavy with possibility. I knew it was a real chance that these four might be the only survivors. I knew what I wanted to do for them, but it wasn’t just my decision anymore. I wasn’t sure if she’d agree.

“I see your mind working,” she whispered with a soft giggle, careful not to disturb the sleeping children. “Tell me what you’re thinking.” Her voice was gentler than I’d ever heard it — maybe it was the mate bond working its magic.

“I want to keep her.” I didn’t have to explain further. She understood exactly who I meant.

“Would you keep them all? Keep them together if we find nothing?”

“If that’s what it takes,” I said, my gaze steady and determined. She studied me for a long moment, then glanced at the kids before returning her eyes to mine.

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“I think it’s time we go talk to Ryker,” she says firmly, not waiting for my response. Without hesitation, she grabs my hand and starts pulling me along. Despite the urgency in her grip, I hesitate for a moment, feeling a pang of reluctance as I glance back at the four kids who have been relying on us over the past few days. They’re safe inside the Alpha’s house, tucked away in a secure corner where nothing and no one can harm them. Still, it’s hard to leave them behind so abruptly. But Greta doesn’t give me a chance to second-guess; she leads me down the stairs with purpose.

When we reach the kitchen, we find Ryker standing there, staring into the distance with a glass of water in his hand. His posture is relaxed but there’s a tiredness in his eyes that speaks volumes.

“You alright there, boss man?” Greta’s voice breaks the silence, causing him to startle slightly before turning his full attention to us.

He lets out a weary sigh. "I know babies are a lot of work, and Kennedy has been a trooper through all of this, but if I don't get a full night's sleep soon, I'm afraid I'll lose my mind." There's no frustration in his tone, just pure exhaustion etched across his face. I feel a quiet relief that he's comfortable enough to show this vulnerability around me. After blinking a few times, he focuses intently on us. "Looks like we're going to have to make you a full-time pack member after all, since Greta took that decision out of my hands."

Greta laughs, a light, teasing sound, and I wince inwardly. It really was the quickest way to keep us both safe and sane during a conflict that threatened to tear us apart.

"Well, I finally got my head out of my ass," she retorts with a smirk. "Took me slightly less time than you!" I'm amazed at how easily she can banter with her alpha without him batting an eye or scolding her. The more time I spend here, the more I want to be part of this dynamic.

"We have something important to discuss with you, Alpha. Do you have a moment?" Greta's tone shifts—she rarely calls him 'Alpha' without formal company, which signals the seriousness of what's to come.

Ryker straightens up, clearly registering the change in address. "Of course. I always have time for you. What's on your mind, Greta?"

She takes a deep breath, glances at me, then back at him, squeezing my hand for reassurance before speaking. "Have you found any information about the kids' pack yet? Because if nothing's changed, we'd like to keep them. Is that something possible?"

Ryker studies us thoughtfully, the silence stretching out, making my heart pound with anxiety. The longer he takes, the more I tense, fearing his answer might be no.

"I was actually about to ask you both the same question," he finally says. "The experiences you've had as children make you uniquely qualified to care for these kids like no one else could. We're still searching, and it will take more time, but the longer we look, the less hopeful I am about finding any survivors. We did trace the cause of the fire, and it was truly an accident—not foul play. Our trackers are following leads and expect to find someone with answers in the next few days. I hope to learn if any of the kids' parents survived. Of course, we'll offer aid to any survivors we find, but the children are our priority. If the adults want to leave but the children wish to stay, I will allow that as well. Would you both be interested in helping me with a project?"

His serious gaze shifts between us, and I struggle to keep up with the rapid change in topics. I nod eagerly, and Greta replies with a firm, "Of course."

"I'm painfully aware of the hardships that have affected Greta, then you, Finn, and now these kids," Ryker continues. "Unfortunately, war is inevitable, and casualties are a harsh reality. But many forget the innocence left behind. We have apartments for our traveling warriors and teenagers training with us, which work fairly well for those refugees. However, there are far too many young children left homeless, and I don't believe the apartments at the warrior camp are suitable for them. What these kids need is a home—a place with

guidance and stability. I want to provide that for any young pups who might need our help.” He pauses, looking at us expectantly.

“What exactly are you asking?” I finally manage to ask.

“I know about Greta’s infertility—probably the only person besides you who does. You two are a newly mated couple, and the one thing most newly mated couples want is something that you can’t have in the traditional way.” I feel Greta tense beside me, so I pull her close, hoping to offer some comfort. Ryker’s eyes soften, the same way they do when he looks at his daughter.

“I believe you can have children of your own, just in an unconventional way. Would you be interested?”

I don’t even need to glance at Greta to know her answer. “Yes!” we say in unison.

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Chapter 298

Hello everyone. I want to start by apologizing for my absence over the past week. Life pulled me away from the screen, demanding a much-needed pause from all things digital—something beyond my control, really. But now, I’m back, fully immersed in wrapping up *The Warrior’s Mate*, while also brainstorming ideas for new stories that will follow once this journey concludes.

I’m truly grateful to every reader who has stuck with me from the very beginning, as well as those who have just recently discovered the story and decided to join along. Your support means the world to me.

Thank you all once again.

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Chapter 299

39 – Finn

Greta and I found ourselves too exhilarated to focus on anything else, so we nestled together on the couch, talking softly as the night stretched into the early morning hours. Ryker had mentioned he had some ideas to help speed things along for us, but he needed to catch a few hours of sleep before Rosie stirred from her latest nap. I admired how devoted he was to supporting his mate during these early, uncertain days—something I both respected and envied quietly.

Greta let out a heavy sigh but remained silent. Through the bond, I sensed a wave of sadness washing over her, yet she was curled up close against my side, her head tucked beneath my chin, shielding her face from my view.

“Hey,” I whispered gently, pressing a soft squeeze to her hip. “Talk to me.”

Another sigh, then a slight sniffle. The tension was unbearable, and I couldn’t stand the silence any longer. I lifted her into my lap, forcing her to meet my gaze even though she kept her eyes tightly shut, as if that could hide the redness beneath.

“Greta, love, you have to open up to me,” I urged softly. “What’s going on in that stubborn mind of yours?”

Her breath came uneven, shaky as she tried to steady herself. “It just feels too good to be true.” Her eyes stayed closed, but a single tear slipped free. This time, she didn’t wipe it away or try to hide how deeply she was feeling.

When she seemed reluctant to say more, I slid my hands up her thighs, resting them gently on her lower back to pull her closer. “What feels too good to be true?”

A shaky sob escaped her lips. “All of this—us, the kids, the life I thought was lost forever. I spent ten years shutting that part of me away because I believed I was broken beyond repair. I told myself I’d be a warrior and nothing else. So I threw myself into being the best warrior in Ryker’s pack. But now, you’ve come into my life, and no matter what, I couldn’t push you away.” A small laugh bubbled up, but she still wouldn’t meet my eyes. “Now we’re even talking about taking in stray kids, giving them what we never had. It’s only been a few days, and I’m already too attached. What if we find Trinity’s pack, and her real family wants her back? I don’t know if I’ll be able to handle losing her.”

The dam broke, and she cried with a rawness I never expected from my usually steady, strong mate.

I pulled her close, holding her tight. “We don’t know what the future holds,” I murmured into her hair. “You might be right—we could lose her.” Her sobs grew louder. “But she might also be facing even greater loss. She might need us when all the other families come back, except hers. Gabriel, Peyton, Landon—they all need us too. You had Ryker, and I had Nan. Right now, they need someone they can trust. No matter what happens, we have to be that for them.” I cupped her face, lifting her chin so she couldn’t look away. “Whether we have to say goodbye or survive the teenage years, we’ll face it all together, okay?” I waited for her to really look at me.

Her chocolate brown eyes, rimmed with tears, met mine. Her face was blotchy from crying, but in that moment, she looked more beautiful to me than ever before. Vulnerable, hands clenched in my shirt, she had let down every barrier between us. After a long silence, she nodded.

“You’re going to need words, mate,” I said, my voice deepening with the growl of my wolf. Her eyes widened, pupils dilating in response. She bit her lower lip as I slid my hands down to her waist, pulling her impossibly closer. We were still too far apart.

She released her lip and, instead of yielding quietly, surprised me by pressing her mouth to mine. The kiss was full of passion—not hurried or frantic, but a quiet promise without words. She wanted me, she was with me, and she trusted me completely.

“Oh, for f*ck’s sake! Get a room! It’s bad enough I keep walking in on Ryker and Kennedy every five minutes,” Bennet grumbled from somewhere behind us.

I had no intention of obeying, but I whimpered softly when Greta pulled away just enough to call back, “Our room’s occupied by guests. If you don’t like it, there’s a very comfy, empty room waiting for you.” To drive her point home, she ground against me again, capturing my mouth with hers and moaning softly into the kiss. I was utterly helpless, completely at her mercy, with zero concern for who might hear.

“Fine, have it your way. But when an adorable four-year-old comes looking for you, don’t say I didn’t warn you.” Bennet’s tone tried to sound lighthearted, but there was an edge to it.

Before I could dwell on that, Greta stood and tugged my hand. I was puzzled when she bypassed the staircase and headed for the back door, but I wasn’t about to question her lead. She pulled me outside onto the patio, down a short flight of stairs to a small covered alcove tucked beneath the main house. Whoever designed the packhouse was a genius, making use of every natural level and crevice of the hillside. If I ever tried to describe the Oak Lake packhouse, I doubt I could make sense of it. There was even a waterfall on the opposite side of the rock face we were approaching, as if it appeared from nowhere.

I spotted Greta’s destination—a wide hammock swing nestled as far back against the rock wall as possible. She wordlessly pulled me in front of her, a mischievous smile playing on her lips.

I knew right then that I was going to enjoy this swing far more than I expected.

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Chapter 300

40 – Finn

After several joyful hours, we made our way back inside to check on the kids and search for a place to rest. Unfortunately for Bennet, the only option was the couch in the living room. He couldn’t really be upset with us, though; this packhouse wasn’t designed like Ryker’s sprawling estate in Dark Moon—a mansion built to accommodate a hundred people. Honestly, I find something comforting about this place. Every inch of space is thoughtfully used, with nothing wasted or superfluous. I settled down, Greta nestled comfortably between me and the back of the couch, my mind swirling with all her worries about the kids. Truth be told, those worries are mine as well. The connections we share with all the children—especially with Trinity—are unlike anything I’ve ever felt before. Even back when I was a pup, when Nan took me in, I never experienced such a powerful pull toward someone like I do with that little girl. As I drifted off to sleep, I found myself pondering what I truly want next in life, now that I’ve finally attained the one thing I’ve always longed for: a home.

My dreams unfolded with vivid clarity. I saw Greta and me walking hand in hand through a sun-drenched field, Trinity darting playfully around our legs, her laughter ringing out as she smiled up at me. Then the scene shifted to the training grounds. Both my girls were there—

not watching from the sidelines, but standing shoulder to shoulder with me, moving as one. Trinity was older now, her eyes blazing with the same fierce fire Greta carries, her red-brown hair flowing wildly as she fended off opponent after opponent. I felt a surge of pride at the woman she was becoming. The dream took a darker turn next. The air grew thick and heavy, cloaked in a blue-black haze that blurred everything beyond the reach of my arm. Suddenly, a scream shattered the silence. It wasn't Greta—her distinct husky voice is always unmistakable. It was Trinity. She needed me. Needed us. Her panic coursed through my veins as if it were my own. Someone was trying to take her from us, but I couldn't see through the fog to reach her. I struggled blindly, my hands grasping at nothing but mist. My chest tightened, breaths coming shallow and fast, my feet sinking as if trapped in quicksand, my arms weighed down. Then, with a sudden force, something collided with me, knocking the air from my lungs. A warmth spread from my chest, radiating through every limb. My muscles relaxed instantly as heat surged through my body—I was literally on fire. My eyes snapped open. I was gasping for air, feeling heavy and restrained. I glanced down to find Greta exactly where she'd fallen asleep beside me. And the source of my sudden heat—a small head of red-brown hair resting gently over my heart, her face tilted so close to Greta's that their foreheads almost touched. I drew in a deep breath, savoring the scent of both girls. She was here. No one was going to take her away. No one could. I couldn't even bear the thought of her leaving, if my dream was any indication.

"Are you okay?" a soft voice whispered behind me, making me jump. "Sorry! I didn't realize you weren't fully awake. That must have been some nightmare. I'm surprised you didn't wake them with your growls." Kennedy shifted carefully so I could see her without disturbing the girls.

My girls. I had thought the same thing in my dream. I liked the sound of that.

"Yeah," I exhaled. "Just a nightmare. I really need to find out if there are any survivors from the kids' pack. I hate not knowing if they'll stay or not. I'm clearly attached." I gestured and then wrapped my arm around the tiny figure curled up on my chest, pulling her closer under my chin.

"I get it," Kennedy said, settling into the plush chair across the coffee table. "I started having nightmares about all the terrible things that could happen to Rosalie almost immediately. I guess it's a parent thing—worrying about everything and nothing all at once." She smiled gently. "So she's yours then?"

It wasn't the first time I'd been asked that, and my answer remained the same. "Yeah, I think so. But does that make me a bad person?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm hoping we're it for her." I took a deep breath, holding her tighter. "Which means I'm hoping no other family survived whatever happened to her pack. Does that make me a bad person?" I closed my eyes, bracing myself for her response.

"No! Finn, no." She whispered sharply, causing Rosalie to startle in her arms. I waited patiently for them both to calm down. When Kennedy looked back at me, her expression was serious in a way I'd never seen before. "You're not hoping her family didn't survive.

You're hoping you can be the family she never had—like no one stepped up for you. I think you and Greta are the best people to care for these kids and any others who might come. You won't just be doing a good deed for needy children. You both understand them in a way most of us never will. It's a unique position, and it comes with a lot of responsibility. The question is: are you ready for it?"

"I don't think it was ever really a choice," I admitted.

"Good," she smiled. "Because we have a house for the two of you, and it needs some work."

"Wait, what? Did you say a house?" I blinked, stunned.

Kennedy chuckled softly, adjusting Rosalie in her arms. "Yes, a house. You're going to need it, with all these kids around. We've got trackers out looking for survivors, but that might take a while. They need normalcy—a place to call home is part of that."

"You're just going to give us a house?" I could barely contain my disbelief. If I weren't lying down, I'd be pacing the room. Nobody just hands out houses for free.

"Of course!" she said, laughing. "You didn't think you'd be stuck in the warrior apartments forever, did you? Especially now that you're mated."

Finally, I cut to the chase. "What's the catch? No one just gives away houses."

"Well, I do. And you're doing the pack a huge favor. You're mated to one of our lead warriors, caring for abandoned pups who need us, and you saved us from an enemy who would have burned the whole pack to the ground to get her way. We owe you a debt. A house is the least we can do. And don't forget, I said it needs work." She gave me a playful wink.

"Care to explain?"

"How about Ryker shows you in the morning?" she suggested. "Get some sleep now—I'll try to do the same. Night, Finn."

"Goodnight, Luna."