

Epilogue

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Alpha Quinn Danvers

"Quinn" Ruth called, making me look up from my desk. If my wife called me, I'd better get my ass up and see what was going on. Harmony and Serenity looked up from their spots on the couch in my o ice at hearing their mother yell.

"Keep working on those files, I'll be back in a moment" I told them, heading out my home o ice and down to the kitchen where Ruth was. She stood in the kitchen, looking ridiculously sexy in a green summer dress and heels – she knew that seeing her in green did something to me.

I gave her a so whistle as she scooped things into her purse. "Damn my wife is fine" I muttered, looking her up and down. She gave me a mock look of annoyance, as I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her to me. She sighed heavily, pretending to be annoyed, but smiled so ly as I kissed her gently.

She then pulled away and looked down at my suit with a pout. "Why aren't you changed? We have to leave in like ten minutes".

"Leave?" I cocked an eyebrow.

"Lydia's dance recital?" She gave me a 'duh?' look as I cussed myself for forgetting.

"Crap, I forgot". I glanced at my watch, "it's fine I still have time to change. I'll be quick and grab the twins".

I rushed back into my o ice, the twins still were I le them. "I forgot Lydia has her dance recital thing tonight. You both have five minutes to change and be in the car. First one who gets there doesn't have to do graveyard pack rounds with me tonight".

The twins took o like a bat out of hell. Harmony gave Serenity a shove as they reached the bottom of the stairs and she got called a bitch for it. "Language" I warned them, but they were already gone. Keeping up with one sixteen year old girl was hard, keeping up with two was damn near impossible.

I could hear the competitive two racing and taunting each other, as I quickly lost the suit and pulled on my 'dad uniform'. Ruth always teased me that I had two uno icial uniforms – the Alpha and the dad. The Alpha; suit pants, tucked in shirt and polished shoes. The Dad; faded jeans, untucked usually chequered skirt and working boots. Both were sides I loved and were proud of, so I didn't mind she teased me about it.

I was pulling on my one of my tan suede 'dad' jackets, as the twins raced past me and to the car. I heard Ruth tell them to slow down, which they ignored, as I followed them out. The twins were playfully arguing as we followed them – at a much slower pace – to the car.

"I was here first" Serenity told me instantly.

"She's lying Dad, I was" Harmony quickly argued.

"I'm a lying? You're the liar. I was totally here first and--"

"You were not".

The two bickered with each other, making Ruth look over at me with a raised eyebrow. "I wish you'd stop encouraging them to compete" she grumbled.

I smirked, "their Alpha's and more than that they're strong, independent, women who both like to win. This is always going to happen". I turned to the twins and smiled proudly at my beautiful daughters. "I didn't see who won, and obviously neither of you can decide, so I guess it's a tie and you'll both have to come on the graveyard rounds with me".

"Ah man" Harmony groaned.

"Not cool, dad" Serenity agreed, as they both climbed into the car – now grumbling about how unfair Dad was. I was training both girls to take over from me as Alpha, joint ruling, so I had begun to take them on Pack rounds with me. That night I was going on the 'graveyard' shi s, which was midnight until four am; the quietest of shi s and the most boring usually. But they needed to see that being Alpha wasn't always telling people what to do and filling out paperwork. Sometimes it meant walking up and down a mile of Pack border for four hours, doing absolutely nothing.

I drove to Lydia's dance school as the twins continued to chat animatedly in the back. When we got there, lots of other parents were arriving as well – so Ruth zipped in and out of the crowd to get us front row seats. Not having a tiny pixie like stature, like my wife, I got stuck in the crowd and the twins stayed with me. By the time we got into the assembly hall, Ruth was sat in the second row holding down three other chairs next to her.

We sat down together, the twins in between us, as the other families filed into the school auditorium. I glanced over as the twins

whispered between them. I smiled at my twins. They had always been close; I was glad that with adolescence hadn't changed that.

The twins were both small like Ruth with her bright green eyes, but they had my dark hair. They weren't identical but it was obvious they were twins; the same sharp chin, slightly turned up noses and smooth creamy skin. Serenity had a birth mark on her face, which was almost shaped like a love heart, which was even more prominent since she'd cut her hair short.

Serenity wore her hair in a sharp bob, with a harsh block fridge, and had dyed the tips of her hair blue. She had asked us if she could dye her hair purple and I'd said no, so had Ruth, so she'd gone and dyed it blue...because well we technicallyonly said she couldn't dye it purple, we didn't mention anything about having blue hair.

That was the moment I realised that Serenity were going to make an excellent Alpha. She already knew how to manipulate the rules to get what she wanted. Harmony was just as bad, but she was more subtle with her ways.

The twins always joked they were ying and yang, black and white, day and night. Serenity had the blue hair, ripped black clothing and heavy makeup, whereas Harmony wore no makeup, usually wore her cheerleading outfit or summery dresses and her hair was long and curly.

Yet, despite their di erences, they were still inseparable. We'd but them into separate bedrooms when they'd turned twelve, they argued about it, but we decided that they needed their own space.

Ruth and I had then woken up to the sound of banging...to find Serenity taking an axe to the wall in between their rooms. So, they still shared a room and were pretty happy with that, so we let them be.

That situation summed up our twins really. Serenity took an axe to a wall that stood between her and her sister. Harmony claimed she knew that her sister was going to do 'something' but didn't know what. Yet, I know that Harmony had spent the day helping out Ken chopping down the trees in his yard. She'd gotten the axe, and the idea had been hers, but Serenity was the one to carry it out. And, well, if she brought an axe home and happen to leave it lying around, then it wasn't her fault because she never told Serenity what to do with it and she didn't know what would happen...or so she claims.

Yep those were my twins; beautiful, kind, caring, intelligent and a little manipulative, but perfect in everyway. They would be perfect as joint Alpha's of the Red Knox Pack when the day came for me to retire.

The auditorium went quiet, as the lights dimmed for the dance performance. The dance teacher gave a speech, as Ruth got out her phone to take a video. Then the dancing started and the world slipped away as I waited for Lydia to come onto stage.

When she did, my heart almost burst with pride.

Our youngest daughter Lydia was only ten, but she had her mother's dancing bug. Harmony had taken up cheerleading, just like Ruth, but Lydia preferred ballet. Ruth had visions of our youngest preforming in the royal ballet someday – and, according to her teachers, Lydia was good enough for that.

Lydia looked like a mini Ruth, the only di erence was she had my nose and her hair was brown rather than red. But when she danced, it was like looking at a small, younger, version of my beautiful wife.

Lydia flowed over the stage, taking the centre and the main role of the dance.

"Is that your daughter?" the man next to me asked.

"Yes, that's our youngest" I whispered back, grinning so much my face hurt.

"She's very talented".

I nodded in agreement, "yes she is".

When the dance was over, and everyone le , Lydia came bounding over to us. Ruth and I praised her, as Harmony commented on how perfect her pirouettes were, while Serenity simply said ' congrats on not sucking Billy Elliot'And that summed up my beautiful family perfectly.

A erwards we went out for dinner. As the kids chatted, I leant back and put my arm around Ruth. "We did alright for ourselves didn't we" I muttered, looking over our three girls.

She grinned up at me, "yeah we did pretty good, huh?".

My gorgeous wife was so perfect that for a moment the world stood still. When I'd lost my mate, I wasn't sure I'd ever find happiness again. Yet, here I sat, with my beautiful wife and three beautiful girls.

This was what happiness was and nothing would ever beat this feeling for us.

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