

Chapter 163

"What are you up to Bossman?"

"The Luna wants to ride in the back of my truck so they don't spread wolfsbane into any of the vehicles. Josh will bring a car for Emily's family to follow. Those two don't want anyone near them so no one else gets sick."

"When did she tell you that?" Bennet asks.

"She didn't have to tell me. It's the same reason she wouldn't let anyone else go down the ravine. She's not immune to it based on the way she looks, but it would have been so much worse for anyone who went down. I would have done the same if the situation was reversed."

We get the vehicles and I have Robin load the back with extra blankets so they are comfortable. The ride will be a little longer since I will be driving slower than I ever have in my life. The cargo is too precious.

Watching Kennedy cuddle with the little girl is making every butterfly that has ever existed flutter around in my chest. Today has been the most emotional day and I don't think the roller coaster is over, because I want to let Kennedy know I feel the same, I have for a while, but the simple thought makes me want to throw up too. †

Doc Bradshaw knows how much her parents and I are worried about our girls. She makes quick work of whatever decontamination ritual they go through. I mean, I was told it was quick. They were gone for over an hour, but one of the nurses said depending on the exposure and the person it has taken days to get rid of wolfsbane from the system. †

I hope that means that Emily didn't ingest too much of the poison while she was laying there in oozing, crushed plants.



When they finally let us back, both of them are snuggled together on a hospital bed, eyes closed.

“Like this she almost looks like the Luna’s kid.” Emily’s dad whispers and I have to agree with him. Their eyes are their distinguishing factors. Emily’s are a warm chocolate, almost amber brown. Where Kennedy has her light crystal clear blues. 1

I walk over and run a finger down Kennedy’s cheek. She takes a deep breath in at the feeling of the tingles sparking between us.

“I am so glad you found her.” Emily’s mom says, not looking at me. She only has eyes for her daughter. “She really is special. I have never seen Emily this way outside of the house.”

“What do you mean?” I can’t stop touching my mate, but I love hearing how other people see her in the pack.

“Emily isn’t exactly shy, but she has never put herself out there. She told me the first time the Luna came to play soccer with them she told all the boys off for not including the little kids, because it was dumb not to work together and the little kids can’t be better or be fun to play with if they never get to practice.”

“That sounds like something she would say.” I smile.

“Then she told me, the Luna was awful, but never gave up and always knew to kick the ball to someone else who was better. And she had a smile on the whole time, even when things were hard for her. Now anytime Emily has something to work through, she actually says, ‘The Luna would probably...’ She has also done better at school, because the Luna is in school and she wants to train because the Luna trains with Miss Greta. She has been such a great role model and I don’t think she even knows. And those boys love that she comes to watch them play.



You should hear them brag to all their friends.” She giggles out.

Doc Bradshaw gives us a rundown of the girl’s health and what we can expect the next couple of days. She wants to keep them overnight and seeing how no one can seem to separate them, she suggested they stay together. Both Emily’s mom and I refused to leave to get sleep at home. I told her worst case scenario, I will sleep on the floor in my wolf form.

We were moved to one of the birthing rooms since there are so many of us and cots were found so neither of us had to suffer with the floor. Emily’s dad took Todd home and said he would come by with breakfast in the morning.

Just before I lay on my cot, I lean into Kennedy and kiss her temple. “I love you, Little Lamb.”

Miss L author

Thank you so much for reading. All constructive comments and gems are appreciated. I can’t interact here. If you would like to join in the conversation you can find me on the socials. Miss. L. Writes....

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