

Chapter 0659

Epilogue 3

“What do we do? What can we do to make this better for you?” Cam climbs behind me, resting against the wall of pillows behind us and pulling me back between his legs. Oliver’s head drops to the bed unceremoniously.

“Not okay man.” He half grumbles, half laughs, then crawls towards me to resume his position in my lap.

I lean back into Cam’s shoulder. “I’m not really sure yet. Elena and Gentry have walked me through what a standard birth with multiples would look like. And we have been going to the healers to take small doses of blood so we have plenty on hand since we know that blood loss is a big factor. They have also been talking to the elder healers in the Alpha King’s pack about the birthing process for us. They actually have a lot of records and information, so I’m pretty confident in that. The biggest unknown is how the magic part works. Will it help the situation or intensify the bad stuff? We just don’t know. I think the biggest thing for you guys is to work on your wolves and keep them in check. This is going to be hard and none of you can interfere if something goes wrong. And the healers need to do their job to save the girls no matter what.” I run my fingers through Oliver’s hair

“And you Bitty, they are going to have to save you. We can’t do this without you, please don’t talk like that.” He pulls my hand out of his hair to lace our fingers together.

Dakota climbs beside me and takes my other hand. “Yeah, Sweetness, you need to be around so we can see how long we can keep you barefoot and pregnant.” He smiles at me while he traces the lines in my palms.

I smile at him. “You do know how miserable that sounds to me right?”

“And yet, you didn’t say ‘no’ to the idea.” He growls and leans in to kiss me. “Did we tell you how beautiful you look today?” he whispers against my lips

“I think so. Maybe once or twice.” I smile and lean in again.

Cam kisses my shoulder. “So f*cking beautiful.”

“I think it’s time this dress came off though. You are way too overdressed for what we have in mind.” Oliver rolls over and slides the delicate silk off of one shoulder and then the other, making room for Cameron at my neck and exposing my breasts. “I thought these might be getting bigger.” He looks up at me through his lashes with a devilish grin. “You are perfect, but I’m not going to complain about more of you to share.” He attacks one n*pple making me jump back into Cam’s arms

with a squeal.

“Uhh, Oliver!” Someone else massages the other. I love when they all come at me like this. I can’t tell who’s doing what and it is pure bliss.

“Can we take you to the water, Love?”

“Uhh, yes. Please.” I am hypersensitive everywhere and I love it. I may not be as opposed to this whole pregnancy thing after all. But, I will never say that to them out loud. They think it will keep me here in the pack and not out working and handling pack business or working with Xander and Reggie in the Royal pack. They have a rude awakening coming, but I’ll wait to explain that when they are done with all of this delicious torture.

“DAKOTA!!!”

“WHAT?! Is it time? Should I get the guys? Let’s go!” He runs into our shared office and scoops me from my chair.

“Put me down, idiot.” I laugh at him, but he doesn’t put me on my feet, he sets me gently back in my chair. “Trust me you will know when it’s time, but I do need you. I have to pee and I can’t get out of this squishy chair by myself.” We both laugh as he picks me up a little more gently this time. “I can walk. I’m actually supposed to walk as much as possible.”

“Yeah, but you’re actually letting us help you, I’m

going to milk this for all it's worth." He kisses my temple.

They have been super sweet and attentive through this whole thing. I blame the three, very active girls growing in my stomach right now, but my emotions have been all over the place, which is normal according to everyone. But I hate every second of the outbursts. I have cried over a log being wrong in the fire pit, gotten angry because a shirt was the wrong shade of blue. We discovered early that my magic is attached to the emotions I am having and I torched Oliver's shorts after I couldn't get a jar lid open. I dropped the jar on the counter and clenched my fists, knowing I was being irrational, but not in control and flames shot out and set his clothes on fire. Thank the goddess he's fast and they all thought it was hilarious until water started spraying out of every faucet on our floor with my crying when I thought I hurt him. It was ridiculous.

My wolf has been in mama mode too. She gives me updates on the girls from her perspective, which is interesting. She can already sense their wolves and says they will be strong. I really want to shift and run again. I think that is what I'm missing most right now. I stopped shifting when we hit the four month mark and I am so big that most of my workouts are basically impossible. I mean, walking is okay, once I am in an upright position, but even that simple action is tough. I just feel sluggish and slow and it makes me sad and angry all at the same

time.

We are in a wait and watch situation too because of the multiples. Ava said she went into labor at five months with the boys. Everyone started watching me like a ticking time bomb when we hit the five month mark after she made that announcement. Everytime I open my mouth to speak, the reaction is basically the same as Dakota's right now. I feel like the boy who cried wolf, no one is going to believe me when I do finally go into labor, their nerves will all be fried by then.

"Anything else, my lovely little balloon?"

"You know, I am saving up all the cute little insults for when this is over so I can just kick your ass right? And yes, I have to actually get off the toilet too. I bet you guys never thought of this part when you were all excited about me being pregnant did you?"

"Sweetness, I have seen you rip wolves to shreds, blow things up, show up covered in half the forest and five different guys' blood. Not to mention being intimately aware of your entire body." Is he purring right now? Gross. "This is normal, like actually, for real, normal. I love all of this."

"Well, that's great. Help me up, please." He laughs and pulls my hands then kneels to put my leggings back into place.

He looks up at me. "You know, we haven't been out to the greenhouse for a few weeks. We could

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probably sneak out real quick..."