

Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 121

Two Months Later

One deep breath, and then another. “Relax, Aurora.” Zayne’s flat voice sounded from a few feet in front of me, icy eyes pivoting across the lounge to meet my own.

Ever since his father’s d***h, there were moments where he seemed carved from ice. The only one able to thaw him was currently waiting along with the rest of the crowd. “Whether they know it or not, they’re looking for a leader, someone better to replace Marcus.

Speak with confidence and they’ll listen.” “He isn’t wrong.” Brandon Fox shrugged. The only similarities between Jasper and his eldest son were the piercing eyes and lazy grin. Everything else, including the golden hair, came from his mother. “Still, she is not wrong to be worried.

There are some that won’t be happy with this decision.” Isaiah chimed in, the voice of reason as he stood second in line. “What do you think?” I asked the last member of the High Table, who stood at the front of the line. Isabella Garcia was only two years older than me, from a large pack that took up most of New Mexico and Arizona.

Her warriors had been too far away to aid in the battle, but her pack had its own history with helping white wolves. As the sole child of an Alpha, she was beside herself when I sent the invitation. She swallowed heavily, eyes still wide and nervous. “I think if he wants to make up for his family’s mistakes, this is the best place to do that.” Her voice was strong, her thick accent almost musical.

“Alright, is everyone ready?” Carrie Heald, an event planner from Garrett’s pack barged into the room, her wheat hair pulled into a tight

bun. He had hired her two months ago, when I decided to take my place at the High Table. Sticking from the back of her bun was the pen she would continuously lose. Even with her frazzled state, she was utterly amazing at her job.

Once the twin's and our family decided on a safe location for the High Table's headquarters, Carrie took control of orchestrating the entire event. The concert hall had been renovated just a year ago and was the perfect size. Our warriors scoured the building while Carrie transformed it.

"Alright, Isabella you're going to head out first. Count to thirty and then go." Carrie grinned encouragingly, nudging her to the set of doors that lead downstairs and to the stage. "Aurora you're last." As Isabella descended the stairs, I took a steadying breath. "I hear your Luna ceremony is this weekend." Brandon murmured over his shoulder, his grin mirroring Jasper's.

His voice held an air of mock offense, "Is there any particular reason I didn't receive an invite? Are we not friends, Aurora?" Isaiah followed soon after, my heart thundered with each step I took. "I didn't know you'd want to go." I snorted at him, feeling some of my nerves skitter away at his teasing voice. "I'm twenty-three and unmated," He smirked, and I swallowed heavily as it was now Zayne's turn. "Of course, I want to go." "Consider yourself invited." I said breathlessly, doing my best to return the encouraging smile he threw my way. As Brandon exited down to the stage, I headed towards the doors as well.

"Deep breaths, Aurora." Carrie clasped my sweaty hand in her own. It wasn't her words that gave me the strength to press forward and follow the other table members, but the confidence in her emotions. This woman I had met a handful of times, had spoken to only once during her task of setting everything up, believed in me wholeheartedly. I emerged through a set of double doors, squaring my shoulders as I was met with a small

crowd of reporters. Velvet ropes and dark clothed warriors from all three of my packs served as the barrier between the reporters and me. Their questions thundered in my ears, almost as loud as my thundering heartbeat.

Keep your head straight and answer no questions until you're seated on stage. That's what Carrie had told me, and I followed her advice as I lifted my chin and headed downstairs. I could feel several guards at my back. They were looming presences that felt a little overbearing at times, but the twin's insisted they were a necessity. My stomach dropped as I descended the stairs, feeling the weight of the crowd and their emotions nearby. Tugging at the edges of my mind as they loomed closer and closer.

The sound of my own heartbeat dulled, replaced by silence so deafening my ears began to ring. My footsteps pattered against the smooth floor; the crowd grew quiet. White-hot lights were bright as they illuminated the stage, and I made my way across to stand at the center, lodged between Zayne and Brandon. A million thoughts were streaming through my head, the most concerning were the loudest.

Could they see how frazzled I was? How entirely new this all felt? Did they know how desperately I wanted to fix things? That when the nightmares continued to claim me, I'd stay up all night searching for solutions? 'You look as calm as ever, doll.' Alec's smooth voice trickled into my thoughts, sanding down the harsh edges of my panic. 'Like a natural born leader.' 'The only ones who can tell how you're feeling is us.'

Kade chimed in, his voice a bit raspier than his brothers. I strained my eyes to peer out into the crowd, immediately finding where my family and mates sat. Much like in Marcus's old council room, we divided the seating in the concert hall to fit the various packs that wished to attend.

All the Alpha's and Luna's were seated towards the front. Each were given a microphone to speak, so that their voice could be heard as well. They would remain off while the five of us were speaking, but it was a way to give the smaller pack's a voice. It was the twin's dark stares that kept the sea of emotions from barreling over me.

There were so many people, and nerves were still raw from the devastation and change that rocked the world. I stood tall, and braced myself against the torrents of wariness, indecision, and worry. A whisper of hostility hovered in the air, but the desperation for any semblance of peace was far more vicious 'Will they revolt?' Kade asked softly, his voice making the hairs on the back of my neck lift. I gave the barest shake of my head before stepping forward, leveling my eyes with the crowd like Carrie instructed. "I understand that many of you are wary." I began, hardening my nerves until my voice came out steady and smooth.

My expression was one of compassion and understanding, something Marcus was incapable of showing. "I will not speak for Zayne Novak, but he does have the full support of the High Table. All I ask is that you listen to what he has to say." "There is no apology I can make that will give back the lives lost, or the pain that has been endured. I am not here to ask for your forgiveness." Zayne's face was smooth granite, his voice heavy even though it lacked the snowstorm of emotion he currently felt. I couldn't help but zero in on where his eyes were straying, to the redhead in the front row. Something had happened recently between my best-friend and her mate.

It sent Zayne's emotional wall crumbling down, but still he hid the rawest and darkest parts of himself. He had fled back to his pack last week, and Tori had been furious ever since. One thing I could feel for certain, no matter how hard he tried to hide it. He had fallen in love with my best-friend. "My fear condemned thousands of wolves, and it is a

debt I'll never be able to repay. Those I rescued behind Marcus's back were a mere shadow of what I could have saved, should I have stood up to him.

I'll spend the rest of my life trying to fix the damage my family has wrought." There was little sympathy for Zayne, but he hadn't asked for any to begin with. The grim determination on his face followed by the dark shadows around his eyes soothed some, but others would prove harder to convince. The five of us spent the next hour discussing the changes that would be implemented immediately, both within our respective packs and throughout the country.

It had taken us all a month to plan and agree on our plans, but what we had produced was just the beginning. Before the new year, all the freed white wolves would be successfully implemented into whatever pack they happened to choose. Children would enroll in schools; parents would receive jobs and educations. Houses will be filled, and families given the necessary aid to help them begin healing. It would never be enough, but their future generations will no longer fear the ghost of Marcus Novak. The five of us were opening our borders to all white wolves in search of a place to call home. There were even a few that chose to remain in Zayne's pack, those who sided more with Zayne and the difference he had made. My favorite change of law, which happened to be one of the largest in our history, took time and planning.

No longer would Luna's be prohibited from taking a seat at the High Table. No longer would only daughters of Alpha's forfeit their rights to their pack, the people they had been raised beside and taught to love. Garrett and Julian had broken that rule when first meeting me, because gender was not nearly as important as the wellbeing of their people. It had taken five minutes of convincing to sway Zayne, and the threat of Tori spazzing on him. There was no way she'd stay quiet if he voted no on this.

Brandon agreed with a cheeky grin that made me roll my eyes, and Isaiah was more than happy to give strong Luna's like Mera a chance at making history. Isabella gave the fifth vote, and the law was passed. Towards the end, we allowed the Alpha's and Luna's in attendance to ask questions. Some were sharp of tongue and narrow eyed, but none seemed in the mood to fight. Their questions were all based out of genuine concern. Even the packs that hid and cowered had a chance at speaking.

One Luna in particular stood and spoke softly into her microphone. Her hair was cropped short and the fine lines on her face led me to assume she was in her early forties. Her eyes were a warm shade of brown, brimming with curiosity and hesitation. "Hello, Luna Aurora. I hope you take no offense to my question, but where are the previous members of the High Table? Sebastian Stan, Brayton Cliff, and Nico Deville? I am only asking because I do not see them in attendance tonight. It is not strange of me to wonder how these new packs grew in size, especially after the downfall of so many large houses." I took a shallow breath, repeating the words of Alec and Kade as they trickled through my head.

Their warm stares on my skin chased away the nerves, giving me the confidence to speak clearly. "Sebastian Stan was rumored to have fled his land due to an uprising. His remains were found two weeks ago, still within his pack's territory." My voice turned dark, and I remembered when his body had been found. His own people had torn him apart and scattered the remains. "Brayton Cliff and Nico Deville have both been removed from their position and are currently undergoing extensive investigations to ensure no white wolves are unwillingly living on their lands."

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My Luna Ceremony commenced the following weekend, making Carrie even more frazzled as she planned

last minute details. Day by day, her buns became just a tad messier. Flower arrangements, guest lists, and food.

She had even gone as far to search for entertainment. I had all but forbade her to make an event out of it, but the twin's ordered her not to listen.

Streamers of cobalt and powder blue wrapped around the light posts in town, hanging brightly decorated wreaths. Storefronts hung lights, and laughter trickled in through the cracks of devastation.

The crowd of guests that cheered when I walked under the pavilion erected in the park made my face flush. The positive emotions made me giddy as I passed from guest to guest, riding the high of happiness and celebration.

As the ceremony commenced, the joy in my stomach turned to worry. Self-doubt lingered at the corners of my mind, fleeing only when the twins came into sight.

Alec had trimmed his hair for the occasion, though the sides were still a tad shorter than the top. Kade's hair was unruly as ever, but the look made him seem darker—more dangerous as he stood there waiting for me.

'You have nothing to fear, sweetheart.' His gruff voice was soft, a tone reserved only for my ears and our deepest thoughts. 'You've been Luna of all three packs for a long time now. This ceremony is just a formality.'

'And a future headache.' Alec's playful voice helped slice through the final shreds of my reluctance, until excitement once again returned. The ceremony itself was short, not nearly as complex as a human marriage despite how complicated it actually was. After swearing my life

and loyalty to all three packs,
and a nasty slice to the palm of my hand, the voices of thousands filled
my mind.

I had been warned about this part, but there was no training available for
something like this.

‘Focus, doll.’ Alec warned, his voice breaking through the sea of chaos.

‘You can tune them out. It’s all within your control. You’re their Luna.’

Drowning in a sea of sound and emotion, I swam towards the sound of
Alec’s voice. Slowly, the chaos dimmed, and I could hear past the
ringing in my ears. When I was

finally able to open my eyes, a second of silence ensued before the
surrounding crowd erupted in cheers. Brandon Fox stood at the front, an
earsplitting grin on his face. That night was one I’d always remember, and not
because I danced hours of it away with Alec. I had nearly fallen over
laughing as Brandon flitted from she-wolf to she wolf, his charm
effectively failing him each time. Even Kade begrudgingly swept me onto
the dance floor during a particularly slow song, his eyebrows knitted into
a
scowl while his cheeks burned a light shade of pink.

By the time the music ceased, and Alec pulled me into his arms, I had
realized I hadn’t seen Tori or Zayne for the last few hours.

“I know you’re worried about Tori, but from what I heard in the guest
house, you’d only be interrupting by seeking her out.” He chuckled low
in my ear, making my

mouth pop open in surprise. “Besides, we have something better in mind,
a celebration of our own.”

“Really?” I hummed, my breath hitching as his arms wound around my
waist. “What will we be celebrating?”

“Not you, just us.” Kade’s chuckle brushed the back of my neck, his
arms snaking around from the back. “I don’t think celebrate is an
appropriate word for what Alec
and I have planned. We plan to worship you, Luna Aurora.”

I followed the twins from the party, my cheeks aching from the smile plastered to my face and a fire burning low in my stomach.

At the time, I hadn't fully grasped what the twins had planned. I was swept into muscular arms the moment we entered the house, pinned to the bed with rough hands and heated skin. They snarled and snapped at one another, fighting for the sweetness between my legs. Coarse hands held me down while I thrashed and screamed out my o****m onto Kade's tongue, all whilst Alec whispered sweet words of encouragement.

The two took their time with me, passing me between the other as my own energy waned. I savored the roughness and desperation in their touch, the feral need to imprint themselves on me in every way possible.

By the time my eyes fluttered shut from exhaustion, I felt Alec's hand dip between my legs.

"We have another surprise for you, doll." His voice was husky from what little sleep we managed.

I jolted a bit when I realized he held a cold washcloth in his hand and was wiping away at the remains of their seed as it had dried to my thighs.

It took some time to dress and ready myself, especially when my leg muscles groaned, and my core throbbed in remembrance. Even Kade, with his gruff demeanor, was

more of a morning person than me. His touch was gentle as he helped me into a t-shirt and offered a hand while I slipped on my pants.

"My surprise is out of town?" I asked curiously, my eyes flitting through the forest as we passed down one of the towns many back roads.

Deeper into the forest we ventured, where small roads branched off the main one, leading to private houses and cabins. Just as I readied myself to ask another

question, Kade slowed the sedan and turned onto a small gravel road.

The vehicle tilted back and forth on the rocky ground, but within seconds we were pulling up to

the front of a small house.

The wooden boards were painted a sunny shade of yellow, and the wrap around porch was covered in plants. Wide, tropical leaves hung from a lattice against the porch. Flowers with emerald vines wrapped around the railings, sprouting petals of fuchsia and violet.

“No way.” I gasped, all but leaping from the sedan as Sage stepped onto the front porch.

Her glossy grey hair was braided down her shoulder and back, her eyes creased as a smile of her own lit her face. The plants nearest to her swayed in the breeze, reaching towards the woman who radiated so much life and light “Looks like you took my advice, dear.” Her voice hinted at her age, but the youth in her eyes shimmered like fragments of the sun. Her smile widened as Alec and Kade stepped from the vehicle, “And then some.”

“How is this possible?” I laughed, surprised but not offended when she pulled me in for a hug. Sage smelled of earth and petals, honey and herbs that clung to the thick strands of her hair. “I thought you and your son were hidden away in the forest.”

“Oh, we were and d**n happy there too.” Sage chuckled, “Your twins sent a few men to my door when things started going south. Nearly sent them packing until they mentioned a Luna Aurora. My instincts never failed me once, and they were telling me to pack up and leave. I miss my garden, but your mates here provided me with a suitable replacement. Even if the land’s fallen into disrepair.”

“You seem to be enjoying fixing things up around here.” Alec smirked, crossing his arms over his broad chest. He poked at one of the leaves nearby, “Actually, it looks like there’s a lot more plants here today than there were a few days ago.”

“Of course, there is. I control the plants, after all.” Sage snapped, but a

grin tugged at the corners of her lips. Her eyes flickered over to where I stood, “Come inside,

dear. I sent my son to the store a few hours ago, told him not to come back until he’s mated.”

Sage and I talked for hours, long enough that the twins grew restless. I couldn’t contain my happiness when Sage told me she planned to stay here, making this house

and pack her home. It would take her some time to get used to the change, no longer having to hide and use her magic in fear.

Her son returned home as the sun began to set. He muttered a gruff hello and sauntered into the kitchen. I hadn’t the courage to ask if he had found his mate, but I

hoped the nervous excitement fluttering in his chest was a good sign.

Nearly a week later, after all the excitement had died down, I received a phone call I hadn’t realized I’d been waiting for.

‘One Missed Voicemail: Melissa.’

I listened to that voicemail more times than I cared to admit, desperately trying to discern the emotion in her words without having to meet her face to face.

Her voice, though like my own, was throatier from her smoking habit. It was something she did only when she was stressed.

Frank had left her for the cashier at the liquor store, a college dropout named Sadie. He had tried to run and cower after getting the girl pregnant, to which Melissa

promptly kicked him out. I could hear the flick of her lighter in the background, followed by the muttered curse when she failed to light her cigarette.

She wanted to meet with me, to talk about the past and what kind of future we might salvage together.

The twins never once discouraged me from meeting her, no matter how much buried pain she had caused. For some reason, which I still couldn’t figure out, I agreed.

Standing on the faded boards that made up the front porch sent a feeling

of unease skittering through my gut. A memory of fear as it flashed through my head, trying to turn me into the girl I was before. The one who ran instead of facing her problems, who left the shattered pieces for everyone else to clean up. Her wheat-colored hair was curled when she answered the door, a pale blue eyeshadow was dusted across her lids. Nude lipstick and gloss coated her lips. The blush on her face showed off her high cheekbones and fair skin. She was wearing her best clothes, a dress skirt, and heels with a silk blouse. The first knife in my gut was the flash of disappointment when she realized I had arrived alone.

Alec and Kade waited in the car, this wasn't something I wanted an audience to.

Maybe I was punishing myself, but I followed her into the house I had lived in, but never once called home.

The faint undertone of air freshener clung to the cracked leather couch and chipped coffee table. A container of antiseptic wipes sat on the counter. The dishes were done and stacked in neat piles. The house was cleaner than it had been in the months I lived here.

"Aurora, sweetheart. How have you been?" I frowned at the nickname she called me, the one Kade often used. It felt off coming from her, twisted and warped. Her voice was soft, but it was the emotions beneath I found myself interested in. There was no emotion towards Frank's betrayal. At the very least, I had expected anger.

Understanding blossomed like bloodstained petals when she continued speaking, "I heard about your ceremony-it's like a promotion, right? Or a coronation?"

At one point, I would have seen the light in her eyes and mistaken it for fondness...perhaps I'd even convince myself that some small, motherly part of her was proud of me. That her own interests were cast aside just this once, for the child she

never wanted.

It was my abilities that both released and caged me I could feel the desperate, clawing need as it rattled in her ribcage like a starved beast. The harsh regret like an ash coated tongue, and the greedy desire to claim it all.

The realization that life was fleeting, and what had she done with hers but ruin it?

Like a snake, I could feel her slithering close with every silent step she took. Venomous to even those closest because a snake could never change its own nature, nor would it apologize.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, a child cried out for the warmth of her mother. Her heart broke for this woman more times than I could count, the pain shoved down until it seeped into our blood and hardened our heart.

Like any smart predator, she could see the change in my eyes. The hardness that took over as I stared right through her. I wondered if she could feel me probing, picking at her deepest emotions with the honed scalpel of my abilities. Slicing back bitter memories and fits of jealousy, rage and frustration shoved onto the shoulders of a child.

“You can’t hurt me anymore.” I said softly, finally freeing myself from her. “Have a good life, Mom.”

Her fractured sobs filled the house, ringing in my ears as I turned my back on her. I descended the porch steps, back to the men who claimed every inch of my soul, devoured my pain, and replaced it with unconditional love.

The ghost of a smile crawled across my lips because for once, her regret was true.

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One Year Later I glanced down at the old article I had saved, snickering at my name in such a bold font. I wasn't sure I'd ever get used to it, having every werewolf in the world know my name.

A photo of the twins and I sat below the headline, my odd-colored eyes bright and vibrant. I was glowing with happiness as I stood between the twins like a light had been switched on deep within. Kade stood behind me, his arms wound around my waist as I grinned and stared into Alec's eyes.

None of us were expecting a hidden reporter to snap the photograph. Even after an entire year, my love for my mates hadn't dimmed. If anything, it had grown stronger. It was my favorite picture of the three of us. The reporters had a field day when the twin's and I were finally married. The ceremony was mostly for show, an excuse to throw an extravagant party that would lighten spirits and spread some happiness. The public were invited, along with various Alpha's and Luna's from around the country. The legality of it all was questionable considering I couldn't technically marry two men, but many mates chose not to marry at all. Even though it had been a calculated move, I didn't have to fake my joy that day.

Carrie had planned the wedding for months, but it was Zayne who provided a venue. This wasn't a private event meant for friends and family, but something we wanted to include the world in. The field was barren when we arrived, covered in potholes and patchy grass. It was used as a concert venue, where stages and booths would be erected. Trash littered the field, ranging from harmless beer cans to used condoms and cigarette packs. The grass was used to being trampled by excited feet, but it wasn't aesthetically pleasing for a wedding. Carrie, with full access to our funds, transformed the venue in a matter of a month. I had asked

countless times how she managed to get everything completed so quickly, but her response was always the same.

A cheeky grin and the mention of a few people owing her some favors. Tori claimed the position of Maid of Honor before I had the chance to speak and was rather passionate about the wedding planning. It put her in the presence of Zayne, who had retreated to his own pack shortly after my Luna ceremony, but Tori still enjoyed putting him in his place. I was sure she also enjoyed the way his eyes trailed her every move when her back was turned, but I kept my mouth shut while they bickered with one another. I hadn't asked what was happening between the two of them. I felt like my constant intrusion on her emotions was information enough. Their bond was growing stronger, but the two continued to butt heads.

Zayne was dealing with the loss of his father, a man he both hated and wanted to please. There were demons in his eyes that wanted to d***n him, but Tori refused to let him sink. The wedding had taken my breath away, along with the crowd that had showed up. The parking lot was completely packed, a sea of vehicles that all looked identical in the darkness. In between those cars were guests, donned in delicate dresses and suits, walking towards the gates that would lead them to the guard station.

It was a precaution that the guests and their bags were searched before the wedding. Light posts covered in ivy lined the way, like a trail of starlight and nature. As you reached the entrance to the party, a domed lattice formed overhead with small fairy lights interwoven through the wooden beams. Vines with dainty white flowers trickled down, bringing the gentle scent of something sweet. After the ceremony had finished and the party truly began, I spent the rest of the night with the twins by my side.

Their individual scents made me dizzier than the wine I had consumed, making my heart light and cheeks ache from smiling so much. I managed

to steal Tori away from a couple of lusty guys vying for her attention and tugged her onto the dance floor. “What was that about?” She chuckled, grabbing my hand as she twirled onto the dance floor. “All three of them were wanting in that dress of yours.” I snickered, relaxing as the thundering beat of the music flooded my ears. Tori’s distaste was instant, but I hadn’t yet finished. I glanced across the room, meeting with a pair of silver eyes that held barely contained rage.

“And a certain Alpha seems a bit enraged by the entire thing. Maybe you should talk with him.” Brandon Fox and his mate made an appearance, and the few reporters invited chattered excitedly as they snapped photographs of the cocky Alpha. He hadn’t stopped grinning since meeting Alicia, not once. I had spoken to her while Brandon and the twin’s talked about crossing future training courses, and found she was incredibly kind and a tad shy. Jasper had arrived separate from his son, with Delilah and his mate in tow. His mate was a soft-spoken woman, petite in stature even though she rivaled Jasper with a single look.

After leaping into my arms and stating I looked like a princess, she vanished into the crowd with some of the other children present. The twin’s and I mingled with the other guests, Alec doing much better than his brother. I could tell Kade was trying, but the bluntness to his words often chased people off. After an hour of chatting with various guests and families, my attention started straying. We ventured through the crowd, searching for Kady and Ava.

I found them both with Veronica, who gave me a sour look before turning to Kady. Instead of rolling my eyes at the adoration on Veronica’s face as she looked at her daughter, I was happy for Kady. The day they met, and Tori chewed Veronica out, it changed something in her. It wasn’t an easy road, but Veronica was making a conscious effort to put what Kady wanted first. When Kady was accepted into the Art Institute a few hours away, her mom had been her biggest supporter. The happiness

on Kady's face as she danced with Ava, her golden curls swishing down her pastel gown, it was the purest emotion I had felt. I wanted that same happiness for my best-friend, whose all-consuming emotions grew stronger the more she resisted the bonds pull. As she continued to pull Zayne from the clutches of his demons, I only hoped that she wouldn't d***n herself. Their emotions were like the rapids, tearing me back and forth before dousing me in icy water.

I had no choice but to listen, to feel every blast of sizzling rage or pulse of repressed desire. She was the only one to get any sort of reaction out of Zayne, who still held those shadows from that horrible night. Sometimes I swore they would vanish completely when he and Tori were truly at each other's throats.

Shortly after the ceremony, I had lost sight of Tori. When I finally spotted her fiery hair through the crowd, my jaw threatened to clatter to the floor. They were towards the edge of the property, where the lights were dimmer, but I could never mistake the hunger in their emotions. Even with the other guests surrounding them, they only had eyes for one another. Her curves melted into the slate grey suit he wore, her emerald dress matching the color of Zayne's tie. Tori's manicured fingers were on his neck, grazing the pulse point of his throat as a coy smile formed on her face. The look was dripping with smugness and even from where I stood, I could feel the hitch in his pulse and the sudden explosion in his emotions. They were having a private conversation out of ear shot, and I refused to venture any further. His desire to attend the wedding plummeted, just as his desire to steal her away increased. The night of my wedding, things changed between Zayne and Tori. Two weeks later, she asked permission to move into Zayne's pack.

I'll never be able to wipe the image of her teary eyes from my mind, the way they resembled fresh moss and glittering jewels. The depth of her emotions hit me, sparking tears in my own. She felt guilty for leaving,

for missing him as desperately as she did. I would miss her more than words could express, but this wasn't the time for mourning. Through trial and tribulation, my best-friend had found her happiness. I looked at her through my own tears, both joyful and devastated. I could already feel the loss of her in my chest, even though we would always stay in contact. With a smile on my face, I embraced my best-friend. "You've always been a Luna, Tori. You've never needed my permission to find your happiness." "You'll visit, you got that? I'll tell you everything that happened—how it all changed."

She sniffled, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. "And I'm going to come back as often as possible. I'm still your Beta, even if I can't physically be there. Promise me, Aurora." "You were there for me when no one else was, even if I refused to believe it at the time. I'll always be there for you, no matter what." A piece of my heart followed Tori when she left, just as a piece of hers stayed behind, but we both followed through on our promise to each other. We made time to video chat every weekend, no matter how hectic our schedules became. When my birthday rolled around that spring, I woke the entire house with my shouts as Tori and Zayne pulled up in a tinted SUV. I had barely managed to throw on one of Kade's t-shirts and a stray pair of boxers before I stumbled out the front door and down the porch steps. Tori cackled with glee as we collided in a mess of tangled limbs, the dew from the grass seeping into our clothes. Her fiery hair was longer and tamer, but her eyes shimmered with the same happiness I often saw in my own.

Zayne smirked down at the two of us, his chestnut hair shorter and eyes not as haunted. His emotions were clearer, and I was startled at the fierce protectiveness hidden beneath his casual facade. I nearly lost it when he extended a hand to Tori and me. He helped me to my feet and tugged her into his arms, giving me a wry smile. "Happy Birthday, Aurora." This birthday was the first I had spent with the twin's and was much different than what I was used to. Melissa had rarely acknowledged my birthday,

and eventually it became another monotonous day. Frank's attention seemed to fall on me more, which didn't exactly boost my excitement. I had nearly forgotten it was my birthday altogether, until the twin's hauled me into one of the cars and took off. "Where are we going?" I asked Alec, who was currently driving. The overconfident smirk he flashed me through the rearview was of no help, so I turned to Kade. Any time we would drive, one of the twin's would sit in the back with me. It was a way to remain close to them, even if they did bicker over who would sit with me. "I told you two not to get me anything. I have everything I could ever want." Kade's response was a deep chuckle, and a thick blindfold in his hands. I swatted them away, my breath hitching when he grabbed both of my wrists and pinned them in between his thighs. The moment my hands were free, I reached for the blindfold obscuring my vision. "Sweetheart, as much as I'd love to see you restrained, the car isn't the place I had in mind." Kade's warm breath fanned across my cheek, making my heart jump. His hand landed on my lap, just below the skirt I wore, the rough pads of his fingers splayed out on my t***h. "Now behave and let us have our fun."

I knew we had arrived when Alec stopped the vehicle and shifted it into park. Kade held both of my wrists within his hand. For safety measures, he had claimed. The two of them kept me from falling on my face as I struggled to find my balance I could hear the gentle rush of wind as it passed my ears, along with the sound of passing cars. The muffled chatter of people far away sounded, growing nearer with every passing second. Kade led me forwards with his hands on my hips. A dull click sounded, followed by the soft jingle of a bell. The first thing I noticed was the immediate scent of plants, with an underlying tone of something sweet. I felt Kade's fingers at the back of my head, pulling the blindfold from my eyes. "It's a bakery."

The words sounded flat and full of disbelief as I turned on my heel and gawked at the fully furnished store. The walls were white brick, but

artwork covered most of the wall space. The smooth marble counters glittered under the gentle, golden lights. A large display area sat empty, followed by another below the counter. Twinkling lights hung on the back wall, where a large chalkboard menu sat. Circular tables were in clusters with pale blue chairs and soft throw pillows. A couple of love seats sat against the far wall, with the same pastel color scheme as the rest of the store. Potted plants hung from the ceiling in front of the large windows, soaking up the sunlight as it poured through. “It’s your bakery.”

Alec smirked, sharing a smug look with Kade that made my face heat. “You can’t get me a bakery.” I stammered, not looking at either one of them. I was too busy gawking at the shiny new kitchen, with the large freezer and steel stovetop. I gave them both an exasperated look when one chuckled, “I got you two shirts for your birthday last year. Shirts.” “They were nice shirts.” Alec nodded appreciatively, a smile twitching at his lips. “Besides, you took us on that picnic for our birthday.” Heat flooded my face as I struggled for an answer. The picnic Alec mentioned wasn’t a picnic at all. A week before their birthday we decided to shift and go on a run, which quickly turned into the three of us taking a break in this sprawling meadow of golden grass. The only thing they had eaten during this picnic had been myself.

“That was not a part of your birthday-“ A scream ripped through my throat as I inched too close to the marble countertop and saw someone jump out from beneath. “Surprise!!” Beth cackled, her sand-colored ponytail swishing back and forth as she jumped in place. It took me several seconds to reign in my shock and embarrassment. Her warm eyes flickered between me and the twin’s, sparkling deviously. “Your husbands here tracked me down. I’ll forgive the lack of wedding invite if you explain to me how it is you managed to snag the two of them, and if you can point me towards a set of my own.” “I’m not sure I can help find you a set of twins, but I can tell you all about how we met.”

I teased, “How’s Jake doing? Has he burned the bakery down yet?” “Jake ditched the bakery for a corporate advertising internship.” Beth scoffed in mock offense but shrugged. “It’s not a total loss. He’s officially the bakery’s one-man advertising team. Now let’s get in this kitchen, I want to see how much you remember.” “Go on, enjoy your bakery.” Alec grinned, his thoughts merging with my own. “You know I love you both, right?” I sighed, disgruntled with the guilt that sat in my chest at accepting such a huge gift. The emotion pricked at the backs of my eyes until Kade took a few strides forward and swept me into his arms. Beth’s wistful sigh sounded in the background. “You deserve everything, sweetheart.”

His voice was gruff, and his plush lips soft as they brushed ever so softly against my own. The twins were insistent that I explore the bakery, knowing the more I touched and marveled, the more I fell in love with the quaint shop. It was easy to keep up with Beth’s enthusiasm as she chattered and cooed over the giant cooler and the stacked ovens. The industrial mixer nearly sent her into a meltdown, especially considering it was a pale shade of pink. “How long are you going to be in town for?” I asked, but she read my mind. “I’ll be in town for the month. I’ll help you hire employees, order ingredients and supplies, and have everything ready to open up.” She grinned wildly, “Thankfully your husbands had the place decorated, that saves us some time. Even though I do think they could’ve used a tad more pink.”

Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 124

Three Years Later

My back arched and eyes rolled back as molten pleasure coiled between my legs, increasing with every desperate s****e of Kade’s tongue. My hands were tangled in his hair, tugging him closer while also pushing him away. His snarls vibrated against my slick folds, coaxing unfathomable sounds from my lips.

The man ate like he was starving, devouring every inch of my swollen flesh with his lips, tongue, and teeth.

Alec lay beside me, the heavy length of him pressed against my hip as he stroked and played with my tender n****s. Lavishing kisses down my neck and shoulder.

Goosebumps erupted where his light caresses fell, even though the air around us was humid and warm.

Both he and Kade were entranced, feasting on me as they had countless times, only this time—their attention would stray down to my stomach, to the swell of life hidden within my womb.

They were achingly gentle with me. To the point where my core throbbed, begging to be taken until my throat grew hoarse and my legs sore. “I’m not going to break, you know.” I whimpered for the thousandth time.

It was slow, agonizing torture. Gradually leading up to the moment where I inevitably fell. Shattering again and again, until my limbs trembled, and my body cried out for reprieve.

Both Alec and Kade’s protective instincts shot through the roof the moment they spotted the positive pregnancy test. I had taken a dozen of them, staring opened mouthed in the mirror.

I had been on birth control for years now, but last month I decided to switch to a different brand. There was a one week waiting period, which I was certain we hadn’t missed—but something must’ve gone wrong.

There had never been a time in my life where I imagined myself as a mother. Any time my mind would stray that far ahead—I’d see flashes of my own, a cigarette

hanging from her mouth as spat at me not to leave my room.

I hadn't thought about Melissa much since letting her go, but this sent me reeling back to those years ago. When I had been too frightened and berated to fight back. My heart shattered and repaired itself when the twin's found me, scooping me into the safety of their arms. They demolished the gnarled vines of my panic and h****r, letting the sun break through with strength and hope.

'You're not her.' Kade reminded me, the adoration in his voice made me take a shaky breath. 'You've never been her.'

'It's your choice, doll. We'd never force something like this on you.'

Alec's voice was close behind, a soothing melody to Kade's intense tone.

'When we decide to have one, our child will be happy and loved.'

'They'll never know the things you've went through.' Kade continued, his lips twitching into a soft grin. 'Not with a mother who can feel their every emotion.'

Neither pestered me for an answer, even though I could feel their minds whirling at the fact that one might be a father. As I drifted in and out of sleep, I could feel their

wonder, along with a feather-light touch that swept along my abdomen.

That night, when they thought I was sleeping, I heard the promise they made to one another.

"Everything changes if she decides to keep it." Alec chuckled incredulously, "I wasn't afraid of going into battle, not even the first time, but I'm f****g terrified at the thought of being a father."

"Things have been changing since our mate k****d Marcus Novak."

Kade's voice was one of unflinching strength, pouring confidence with every syllable. I turned my

face into the pillow when tears flooded my eyes, formed by how strongly Kade believed his words. "She will be the best mother, no matter what point in her life she

bears our children. Our children will never know neglect. They'll never feel unloved or ignored. I actually can't think of anyone better suited." They went quiet for a few moments, and I wondered if they were talking over mind-link. I fought to keep my breathing slow, even with the traitorous tear trailing down my cheek.

For their entire lives, Kade was the rock that refused to break against the harsh current of the ocean. Even though his anger could easily get the best of him, he had

always been a steadying presence for Alec—and now myself.

"It doesn't matter who's technically the father, you know that right?"

Alec broke the silence, his soft voice startling me from the clutches of sleep. "If she wants a DNA

test, I'll agree to it, but it wouldn't change anything for me."

"Mom and dad used to joke that we were the same soul, split into two different bodies. We've shared everything since we were kids, even a pack...and now we share a mate. As far as I'm concerned, the role of father is something else we can share."

"Aurora's right. You can be sweet when you want." Alec teased, and I smiled into the pillow as Kade grumbled. "I've never needed a best-friend because I knew no one

would understand like you do. No matter what she decides, I've never regretted her having you as a mate. She needs both of us."

Sleep came quickly, sweeping me away as the twin's slid into bed, their body heat chasing away the chill. I slept without a single dream or monster infested nightmare

for the first time in months, comforted by the decision I had just made.

I was thrust into a world I never knew existed, and quickly learned that running from my problems wouldn't make them go away.

I had dealt with so much more than I ever thought possible. Felt more emotion than a single human could bear, but I came out on the other side. The nightmares were

a punishment I'd happily pay, to keep the family I had finally found. Other than immediate family, we decided not to tell the public until a gender was announced. Our pack would celebrate the Luna or Alpha who would someday rule in our stead.

It was still surreal, to think that I was carrying the future of this pack within my womb. The twin's catered to me, treating me with a reverence that was almost religious. At four months, the swell of my stomach was noticeable beneath tight fitting clothes. I

had opted for oversized t-shirts that looked far too large on my small form, but it allowed me to continue working at the bakery.

The twins had tried to draw the line at me working, but after three failed attempts, one would stay behind to hover over me, like a worried mother-hen. Typically, it was

Alec who stayed. After a month, he had learned a thing or two in the bakery and was useful as he kept pace at my side.

When the six-month mark rolled around, I finally stepped back from working at the bakery. The team of employee's I had hired, which ranged from a few high-school

students to some college dropouts and even a small-time pastry chef or two, already noticed the changes in me.

Tori and Zayne arrived that June, just in time for my ultrasound appointment. Out of all the people in my life I surprised with my pregnancy, I knew Tori's reaction would be memorable.

We hadn't told either one the real reason for the visit, only that we were hosting an event- one they wouldn't want to miss.

When the twin's and I emerged onto the front porch to greet them, I made sure to wear a form fitting shirt. My hair had grown significantly during my pregnancy, and

now grazed my lower back. As Kady and Ava had told me numerous times, I was glowing—radiating warmth and life with every smile and

laugh I sent out into the world.

Zayne spotted me first, his slate grey eyes homing in on my stomach as if there were a flashing sign spelling out his name. His eyes were on my stomach long enough for Kade to growl under his breath. Zayne chuckled and nodded his head towards Tori.

“Good luck getting her attention, she’s searching for her heat protectant spray.” Zayne snorted. I didn’t miss the way he eyed Tori’s bottom as she rummaged through the car.

“You’d be a bit more understanding if it were your hair that turned into a frizz-ball in humid environments.” She huffed, not glancing his way. She was fishing through the trunk, searching through her copious amounts of luggage when she turned to see what Zayne was laughing at. Confusion filled her emerald eyes, as she turned and waved at the twin’s and me. As she turned back to the trunk, her back stiffened.

“There she goes.” Zayne nodded to himself, a smirk on his face as he watched Tori’s jaw drop.

“No-f*****g-way!” She shrieked off-key, making her mate’s smirk turn into a full-blown grin.

She pulled me in for a cinnamon scented hug, squealing and jumping as a slew of emotions burst within her like crimson fireworks. If I hadn’t been six months pregnant, my best-friend would have knocked me off my feet.

The real excitement came that Thursday, two days after Tori and Zayne arrived.

The five of us piled into the cozy hospital room in the same hospital Tori’s parents worked in. Her dad was the one flitting in and out, asking if I needed anything before he came in to do the ultrasound.

The gel was cold, as it had been the first time, I had gotten an ultrasound. This time, my stomach was larger, a dome that blocked out my legs and

part of my feet. I

stifled a giggle as Kade caught my eye, smirking at my wriggling toes. Tori's dad worked the probe over the tight skin on my stomach, his eyes on the small monitor ahead. His hair had just a little more salt than pepper, fading just a tad more each year.

"Ah, yes—alright, it's shifted position." He nodded to himself, typing a few notes into the computer. He took another look at the screen, and my insides clenched painfully at the confusion tinging his emotions.

Tori noticed as well and walked around to view the screen with her dad. She was in her second year of medical school, her goal to become a prenatal doctor. While that didn't make her qualified, I trusted her and her dad's judgement.

"What—what is that?" She asked, and I struggled to take in a breath. The twins took a step towards me, both more tuned into my own emotions and needs than their own. Their eyes were dark pits of concern and helplessness, because this was one battle they couldn't fight their way out of.

Realization replaced the confusion on Tori's face, lightening the fear in my heart when a wide grin formed on her face. Her dad let out a laugh, lifting his glasses to get a better look. When he met my eyes, I felt the life within my stomach kick "Congratulations Luna Aurora, you're having twin boys."

The announcement rippled throughout the country, passing through countless packs as tales of my mates and I passed through the mouths of others.

Down in our own streets, music and laughter could be heard. The townspeople had been celebrating all week, keeping bars and restaurants open twenty-four hours as strangers danced on sidewalks and sang into the open night.

Up until I finally gave birth, I hadn't truly grasped the fact that my life was once again changing. Who I was—how I thought of myself, it was

shifting again.

I still felt the inexperienced, clumsy girl deep within my soul—even though I had changed, morphing into the woman I am now.

That woman was also changing, growing closer to becoming a mother with each passing hour.

Childbirth was something we were briefly taught about as children, but young girls never truly knew what it encompassed until they were the ones crying out in pain,

feeling life tear through them.

Through the pain and the tears, the twins were there with me. The blood and gore never once phased them, but the whimpers and cries that left my lips brought them

agony they could not end. Whispered words and gentle touches were all they could provide, as they felt the echo of my pain wash over their senses.

The names Dean and Sebastian were chosen by the twin's, who gazed down at the onyx haired babies with eyes blown-wide, adoration stirring in their depths.

A celebration was thrown at the capital of our pack just three months after the twin's birth. Their chubby limbs had grown, as did their cheeks and thick manes of dark

hair. They were spitting images of their father's, right down to the eyes.

Garrett and Julian often liked to watch them, even though they

consistently got the two mixed up. How they couldn't tell Sebastian's curls from Dean's curved smile was

beyond me.

I had thought the celebration pointless at the time, but it was a way to

catch up with the other High Table members, considering we had only two meetings in the past

year alone.

Things were finally settling down, smoothing out into an era of peace that I hoped would last at least a few decades.

The party was held at the park in town, so that any and every one could come celebrate. Multiple grills were erected, stereos blasting music into

the crowd. Families

laughed, children danced and chased after one another. The happiness and joy in the air made my head light, and a genuine smile to my face. Brandon Fox and Alicia made an appearance, as did Jaspar and his mate. High Table member Isabella had found her mate last year, and currently wandered the gardens with him at her side. Isaiah and Mera arrived late, caught in the traffic as the townspeople celebrated on the streets.

Sage was responsible for the blooming gardens that surrounded us, while her son and his mate manned two of the large grills. Music trickled in from all directions, followed by laughter and the scent of charred meats.

I spotted Mera's golden hair through the crowd and was a bit surprised to see another head of golden hair.

"Sabine, you were able to come." I smiled warmly, relieved I had sent an invitation to her when I sent out Mera and Isaiah's. I knew the chances of her coming this far were slim, but happiness blossomed within me at the sight of her out.

"She's doing a lot better with going unfamiliar places." Mera grinned, clasping her sister's hand in her own.

Isaiah's eyes twinkled, and Mera let out a heart-warming laugh.

"Could we see the babies?" Isaiah asked, an eager grin spreading across his face. "It's incredible that you had twins! Another set of ruling twins."

"Isaiah loves children. If it weren't for my iron willpower and birth control, we would've had ten by now." Mera snorted, and even Sabine cracked a smile.

Alec came up on my left, and Kade on my right. A few seconds later, I could make out Tori's fiery hair moving through the crowd. In her arms was Dean, sleeping softly

as she cooed and fussed over him. Tori took her role as G*d mother seriously and showered the twins in undying affection. In Kade's arms was Sebastian, identical yet slightly different than his brother.

Tufts of onyx hair were messy on the babies' heads, their eyes closed, and fists clenched as they slept the afternoon away. Anytime I looked at them, the most overwhelming sense of peace washed over me I was focused on Dean's pouty lips and feather-soft lashes, so I hadn't heard what Sabine uttered—but whatever it was made Mera stiffen and c**k her head.

“Sabine, what did you just say?”

Sabine looked surprised, as though she had finally found what she was looking for.

“Is that what she's been going on about for months?” Isaiah asked, his eyes growing wide as he looked down at Sebastian sleeping in his arms.

“What's wrong?” I asked, refusing to feed into my worry until someone explained. I looked towards Sabine, whose eyes were on my twin sons.

“Did you have a vision about my children?”

“Sort of.” Sabine said softly, her eyes flickering between the lot of us.

“Sometimes my visions are like a scenario playing out, other times I see broken images and clips.

I've been having this dream for months now, but I couldn't figure out how the pieces fit. I think I understand now—“

Her eyes flickered from Sebastian to Dean when she spoke, “Your babies are fraternal, a father for each.”

According to Tori and her dad—it was rare, incredibly rare, but not impossible. Heteropaternal Superfecundation they had called it, even though we had chosen not to get a DNA test. They were both fathers to a set of twin's, and complicating things further would do us no good.

None of us knew it at the time, but it was only the beginning.

The beginning of a legacy, a family of Alpha's and Luna's that were new to this world—that came in pairs of two. Aline that would span the decades and help propel us werewolves into the future.

