Ascension of a Gamma by C. C. Epilogue

Epilogue

A shrill scream cut through the otherwise silent mansion of the Rose family. Liam awoke, startled, and in a speed that the human eye couldn't follow, he opened Alia's bedroom door with a bang.

The light switched on, illuminating the little girl shaking in her bed. Tears brimmed her eyes, threatening to spill. She breathed harshly, raising her arms to ask for her Daddy's comfort.

Liam's gaze shifted momentarily to the windows, which were, much to his relief closed, the curtains exactly the way they were when he left her.

The boys' bedroom door opened as Liam stalked to Alia. He raised the girl by her waist and let her down on his lap.

"Daddy," she cried, burying her face in his chest. Liam stroked her hair and gently leaned forward and back. "It's only a nightmare, baby. Daddy's here."

"You can put those down," he said to the boys. Aylan carefully put down the bag of wolfsbane powder.

"No bad guys?" asked Amiry.

"No, and it's a good thing, Amiry. Your sister could've been hurt," Liam replied.

Amiry tilted his head to one side, his eyes on Alia.

"Okay."

He leaned the baseball bat against the wall.

Liam smiled. Their response time was a little slow, but they remained calm under the possibility of a break-in. They also followed procedure to first stick together. The weapons they chose were both efficient and effective at the hands of any of them.

"Is she okay?" asked Aylan. He moved to stand beside Liam and patted her back as he yawned.

"She'll be alright," Liam answered with a wink. "Thank you for coming out, you two. A little slow, but I'd give you a seven."

Amiry whined and slumped his shoulders.

"Come here," said Liam.

He pulled Amiry closer and kissed the top of his head. Then he did the same to Aylan.

"Back to bed, little Alphas. Goodnight."

"Da-Daddy…"

"I'm here, baby. No one will hurt you here."

The boys looked at each other, then at Alia. They hated seeing her cry, too. If only they could protect her in her nightmares.

Alia shook her head. Slowly, she raised her eyes up at him.

"I saw Mommy, Daddy," she said, smiling.

Liam smiled down at her. It was a dream – a good dream.

Amiry moved to stand beside his brother. None *of* them had ever dreamt of their Mom before.

"What did Mommy look like, baby? Did she say anything?" asked Liam.

Alia jumped off his lap and into her bed. Under the sheets, she took out a necklace.

Liam's jaw fell. It was… Anna's.

"Mommy is so pretty!" she squealed.

Luca purred in approval.

"She said this is mine, now," she added, raising her hand higher then faced her brothers. "*M*ommy said it will protect all of us."

"Dad?" asked Aylan. "Are you okay?"

His eyes blinked rapidly.

"Wh-What?" he stammered, the physical evidence of Anna's presence sending his heart

racing.

Could it be? Was it possible?

"Daddy?"

Alia hugged him to his side.

"Can I sleep in your room tonight? Mommy said she'll be there."

Liam nodded. "We can all sleep in my room tonight, baby." Holding Alia's hand with his right and Aylan's with the other, he led them out of the bedroom. They walked past the hallways in silence, the carpet a soft cushion for their bare feet.

Amiry and Aylan stole glances at each other nervously. Did the Goddess bring back their *M*om?

Meanwhile, Liam was torn between anticipating her return and convincing himself that i t might've been her last. After all, Luca didn't sense her presence.

However, when Liam opened the door, he froze. The sweet intoxicating scent of vanilla and freshly cut roses filled his lungs.

"Mommy!" screamed Alia, running inside.

Liam's gaze followed the girl, who ran up to a woman in the balcony.

"Alia," she said, in a soft familiar voice. She raised her up the floor, patting Alia's back as she cried aloud.

From where Liam stood, her face and body were hidden by the white curtains which were ruffling in soft waves as the night wind blew. He could only see her arms, and her little girl.

Liam recognized those arms, those hands – the same hands that held his and gave him warmth.

Luca howled in his mind. From the deepest valleys of his lungs, he howled long and loud.

The boys looked at each other, both teary-eyed. Then they ran up to her too, shouting," Mom!"

Liam heard the woman laugh – an all too familiar laugh. He felt something warm slide down his cheek. Reaching for it, his fingers felt wet.

Then, in his mind, something connected. It pulsed stronger than any other links, glowing a bright red amidst the darkness. The weariness and emptiness, his silent killers, retreated to the darkness.

The wind blew harsher and the curtains rose higher. Liam caught a glimpse of the woman's long black hair. She wore an elegant white dress that reached to the floor. Her scent called to him.

He forced himself to take one step forward, then another, as he fought back Luca who wanted to take control. With every step, the darkness rose like smoke being siphoned. With every step, his soul lightened, his confined heart beat freely, and his mind focused o n the woman.

All their kids bawled their eyes out, calling out their Mom.

More warmth rolled down his cheeks. He didn't dare wipe them off, in fear that one blink and she would be gone – that this was his own dream.

As he got closer, the woman slowly turned to face him as if sensing his presence.

The winds stopped. The curtains fell into place.

Liam's steps quickened, anxious to see her, to feel her, to free himself of the darkness and embrace her light. He parted the curtains and came face to face with her – his other half, his only Luna. 1

She smiled at him with a softened gaze. She was as beautiful as the day he walked in on her. Her honey brown eyes swirled with emotions that reflected his own. She raised her free arm to him, calling him over – to hold her hand.

"Liam," she whispered, sending his heart fluttering.

Liam returned her smile. He held his arm out, reaching for her hand. He needed her warmth, needed her pressed up against him. And his lips spoke the one name written on his soul.

"Anna." o

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*A/*N:

Thank you for reading their story!