

Chapter Thirty-Four: But We're Just Getting Started, ...

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Phera POV:

Blindfolded and led by the hands of the three men who've been slowly but inevitably infiltrating my heart, I felt a thrilling blend of vulnerability and trust. The car came to a gradual stop, and the engine's purr silenced. Doors opened and closed. Then Damon carefully untied the silk blindfold from around my eyes.

As the fabric slipped away, I blinked to adjust to the soft lighting that greeted me. I found myself in a secluded outdoor dining area, intricately designed to provide privacy while keeping the beauty of nature within grasp. A canopy of twinkling fairy lights was strewn above us, transforming the setting into an enchanted space that felt miles away from the world I knew. The table was set meticulously with fine china, sparkling glassware, and an array of dishes that filled the air with intoxicating aromas. The Triplets watched my face closely, eager to gauge my reaction.

"So, what do you think?" Damon finally broke the silence, his eyes searching mine for approval.

"It's breathtaking," I whispered, still in awe of the elaborate scene before me. "You guys really did all this for me?"

Axel chuckled softly, taking a step closer to encircle my

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waist with his arm.

"For us. For this... whatever it is that's growing between us."
"

"Yeah," Zane chimed in, coming up to my other side. "We wanted tonight to be special—special enough to crumble that fortress you've built around yourself."

Their words hit home, making me suddenly aware of the looming decision before me. Letting these men into my life wasn't simply about accepting the mate bond; it was about making room for a love so intense, it was almost frightening.

The atmosphere was thick with the intoxicating blend of romance and anticipation as the Triplets and I settled into the evening. The tension in the air was palpable but not uncomfortable, like the last lingering notes of a song that leaves you wanting more.

Damon, who sat opposite me, had a quiet intensity in his eyes. They were the colour of rich soil after a rainstorm, dark and deep, pulling me into their depths. Axel, next to him, wore a charming grin that radiated warmth, lighting up his equally dark eyes. Zane, the most enigmatic of the three, stared at me with a mysterious gaze that held promises and secrets.

After taking a sip from the glass of wine that Damon poured, I let the flavors dance on my tongue, swirling the liquid before swallowing.

"I can't believe how much effort you've put into this," I said, making eye contact with each of them. "This place, the food, it's all surreal."

"We aim to please," Axel replied, offering me a bite from a

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dish that looked as if it had been crafted by a Michelin-starred chef. "But, to be honest, pleasing you isn't that hard. You appreciate the simple things, the details."

"That's what makes you extraordinary, Phera," Zane added, leaning in a bit too close, causing my heart to skip a beat.

His voice was a soft rumble, low enough to be intimate but loud enough to send a tremor down my spine.

"You see beauty where others see the ordinary."

The sensation of his warm breath against my ear momentarily robbed me of coherent thought. I could feel the mate bond pulling at me, urging me to give in, to dissolve into this extraordinary connection that defied words. But I resisted, not out of stubbornness, but caution. Even though the walls I'd built around my heart were starting to show cracks, I wasn't ready to let them collapse entirely—not yet.

Reading the hesitation in my eyes, Damon cleared his throat.

"We're not trying to rush you, Phera. We're as new to this as you are. But we do know one thing: we're better together. We want to find out what that means, how far it can take us. And we can only do that if you let us in, even just a little."

I looked down at my plate, contemplating his words. They were sincere, tinged with an earnestness that made me believe he meant every syllable. Axel, sensing my inner conflict, took my hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

"We're all fighting our own battles, Phera. Sometimes, letting someone else into your fortress doesn't make you

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weak; it makes you stronger. It lets you share the load, the pain, and yes, the immense joy that comes with being connected."

I felt a genuine smile creep onto my face, touched by their words and the powerful emotions behind them.

"I'll think about it," I finally said, choosing my words carefully. "I can't promise anything, but I'm open to... exploring whatever this is between us."

A collective sigh of relief filled the air, as if we'd just dodged a bullet, and the tension eased considerably. The Triplets exchanged glances, a non-verbal communication that said more than words ever could. They were in this together, for better or worse, and they were inviting me to join them on this incredible journey.

"We can't ask for more than that," Zane said softly, standing up to come around to my side of the table.

He bent down and planted a tender kiss on the junction of my neck and shoulder—a simple yet electrifying touch that sent shivers down my spine.

So here I was, at a crossroads that was both exhilarating and terrifying. One path led to the unknown, fraught with risks but also endless possibilities. The other led back to the familiar but confining world I'd always known.

As the night progressed, I couldn't shake off the feeling that I was standing on the precipice of something life-changing. And for the first time, I was tempted—sorely tempted—to take the plunge.

The area seemed to grow warmer, or maybe it was just the heat emanating from the four of us, charged with an undercurrent of restrained desire. The atmosphere

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thickened, a blend of lust and connection filling the air like a tangible force, as if gravity itself had altered to draw us closer to one another.

Damon set his wine glass down, the clink echoing softly in the room. Rising from his seat, he moved toward me, stopping only when he was inches away. "May I?" he asked, his voice softer than a whisper but heavy with intent.

I nodded, mesmerized by the intensity in his eyes. My heartbeat quickened, the room blurring around me until all I could see was him. Damon cupped my face gently, his thumb tracing the outline of my lips before he leaned down to kiss me. When his lips met mine, it was like the merging of two celestial bodies. The heat was immediate, a fiery burst of sensation that roared through me, consuming any semblance of caution or hesitation. His kiss was a slow burn, sensual yet respectful, and as he pulled away, it left me reeling, aching for more yet not entirely sure how far I was willing to go.

"Wow," was all I could manage, my voice tinged with awe and bewilderment.

"Wow, indeed," Damon agreed, his lips curving into a satisfied smirk as he returned to his seat.

My gaze shifted to Axel, who had been watching the exchange with the rapt attention of a predator stalking its prey. He stood and circled the table, settling behind me this time. His hands found my waist, gripping it lightly but firmly, as he bent to whisper in my ear.

"Your taste is intoxicating," he murmured, his voice laced with a hunger that sent a tremor of excitement coursing through me. "I find myself wondering how it would feel to

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explore every inch of you."

His words unleashed a wave of sensation, awakening a yearning I had kept tightly sealed. My chest heaved, each breath drawn as if it were a scarce commodity. Axel moved to stand in front of me and gently tilted my chin upward with his finger. Like Damon before him, he sought permission through eye contact, a silent query that I answered with a nod.

He descended upon me, his kiss entirely different from his brother's yet equally scorching. It was a dance of power and surrender, of give and take, all wrapped up in an intricate ballet of lips, tongues, and unspoken promises. Where Damon's kiss had been slow and exploratory, Axel's was more urgent, as if he were claiming terrain he'd long yearned to conquer. As our lips parted, a trail of heat remained, searing me to my core, leaving me dazed and breathless.

Axel grinned, a roguish expression that melted the last vestiges of my reservations.

"We're just getting started, love," he said, his eyes glowing with a feral light that belied his calm demeanour.

I found myself at the nexus of an intoxicating energy field anchored by the Triplets. Our connections had been initiated, cemented in a way that felt both ethereal and corporeal. I was the focal point, the missing element that completed the circuit, and the electricity that surged through me was both daunting and thrilling.

"Wow," I repeated.

My mind whirling from the complexity of what I had just experienced. I was standing on a precipice, staring down

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into the abyss of a future that seemed unfathomable yet beckoning.

It was both terrifying and exciting, but one thing was certain: there was no turning back now. With a newfound sense of wonder, tinged with a dash of apprehension, I realized I was ready to explore the labyrinth of passion and emotion that awaited me. And I would be navigating it with the Triplets as my guides, my anchors, and perhaps even my salvation.

Zane, all effortless swagger, stepped closer to me, his cologne a subtle invitation.

"Did you enjoy your time with my brothers?" he asked, his voice low, tantalizing.

"I did," I said, captivated yet cautious. There was a haunting familiarity in Zane's voice, a playful undertone she knew all too well, but also a seriousness that she had not felt before. "But what about you? Have you come here to compete with them?"

His laughter was rich and deep. "Compete? Sunflower, they set the stage. I'm the grand finale."

Taking a step closer, Zane cupped my cheek, his thumb tracing the softness of my skin. Our eyes met, and for a moment, our past, the playful banter, the old arguments, faded into insignificance. It was as if our spirits were communicating in a language beyond words, beyond memories.

"May I?" Zane whispered, as if asking for permission to cross into uncharted territories.

I hesitated, her instincts at war with her emotions. Finally, I nodded. As our lips met, there was an immediate rush, a

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wildfire of sensations. Zane kiss was deeply, fervently, as though trying to consume her very essence. A shiver of excitement ran down my spine, mingling with the warmth radiating from Zane's body.

The world around them seemed to dissolve, leaving only the sensation of that kiss. When Zane finally pulled away, they were both breathless.

"You know, you taste like endless possibilities," he murmured.

I giggled, shaking my head

The triplets led me back to my home, the silence both comforting and full of unspoken words. At my doorstep, Damon took her my and kissed it, Axel followed by placing a chaste kiss on my cheek. But Zane, ever the showman, leaned in and whispered,

"The night may be over, but we're just getting started, sunflower."

With my pounding heart, I nodded, unsure of what the future held but certain that whatever it was, it would be extraordinary. I watched as the triplets turned to leave, each step echoing with the weight of what was yet to come.

I unlocked the door, my thoughts a mix of trepidation and excitement. As I stepped in, my eyes met those of a family portrait hanging in the hallway. They seemed to tell ME,

"This is your moment. Live it."

And so I would. With my family's love behind me and the allure of new beginnings ahead, I closed the door, ready

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for whatever came next.

As I closed the door behind me, I found myself leaning against it, the weight of the evening settling in. A warmth bubbled up from within, filling me with a strange mixture of comfort and restless anticipation. I was home, but home felt different now—less of a sanctuary from the world and more of a pause, a comma in the long, complex sentence that was becoming my life.

Tonight had been a whirlwind, a concoction of emotions, sensations, and experiences that I'd never thought possible. As I stood there, my lips still tingling from the traces of their kisses, I wondered how I'd gotten so entangled, so quickly, in this intricate web spun by Damon, Axel, and Zane. My phone buzzed, snapping me out of my reverie. It was a text from Betty:

So, are you still in one piece or completely swept off your feet

I chuckled.

A little of both, I texted back.

Spill the deets tomorrow? Reese chimed in on the group chat.

Definitely. Prepare for an epic tale.

I moved away from the door and walked deeper into the house. The clock in the living room struck midnight. A new day had begun. Yet, here I was, still wrapped up in the magic of the night. I could hear their voices echoing in my ears, see their faces imprinted on my eyelids each time I blinked.

Just as I was about to head upstairs, I heard footsteps. It

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was Nick, my brother, and also the triplets' Beta. He emerged from the kitchen, a glass of water in hand. 1

"You're back late," he noted, his eyes twinkling with a hint of mischief.

"And you're up late," I retorted. "What's the occasion?"

Nick shrugged.

"Couldn't sleep. But more importantly, how was your night? The guys seemed quite...enthusiastic."

My cheeks flushed at his choice of words.

"It was...eye-opening," I settled on saying.

Nick took a moment to study me as if assessing whether I was being completely forthright.

"You know, they're really into you. I haven't seen them this taken with someone... ever. So, whatever you're doing, keep doing it."

He moved closer and hugged me, whispering,

"And if you're having second thoughts, don't. You're a catch, and they know it."

As he let go, his words seemed to linger, etching themselves onto my heart. I was struck by the enormity of what lay ahead. Three men, each so different yet so alike, vying for my affection. Could I navigate these turbulent waters without losing myself?

"Thanks, Nick. That means a lot," I finally said.

He nodded, taking his glass back to the kitchen.

"Goodnight,

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"Goodnight," I replied, finally allowing myself to retreat to my room.

As I climbed into bed, my thoughts drifted back to the evening's events. The setup, the conversation, and those heart-stopping moments of intimacy. Damon's kiss had been earth-shattering, a collision of worlds; Axel's had been a promise, an unspoken pledge of forever. But Zane's? Zane's had been an awakening, a startling revelation of what could be.

As I closed my eyes, I realized that my walls were not crumbling; they were metamorphosing, reconstructing themselves around new possibilities. And whether or not I was ready, I was already on a journey, a voyage into the uncharted territories of the heart.

So, with a sigh that held a universe of sentiments, I surrendered to sleep, embracing the enigmatic dreams that waited to whisk me away.

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