

Chapter Seventy-Nine: Unspoken Words

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Phera POV:

The sun streamed through the windows, casting a warm glow over the room. I stretched, feeling the delicious ache in my muscles from last night's activities. My mates had been relentless in their passion, making sure I knew just how much they loved and valued me but how they would punish me as well. The thought of the spanking I had received last night had me blushing. Who would have thought I was into spanking not to mention the whole degradation thing. It was a night filled with pleasure and connection, but now, as I shifted in bed, I couldn't help but wince at the soreness. But, fuck, it was fan-fucking-tastic

Damon, Axel, and Zane were already up, their presence a comforting hum at the edges of my awareness. I got up, gingerly making my way to the bathroom to freshen up. As I washed my face, I couldn't help but smile at the memories of the night before again. Maybe I could tempt my mates into another spanking. The way they had taken turns, their touches tender yet demanding, leaving me breathless and thoroughly satisfied. Crap! I needed to stop. I could already feel my pussy tingly again and not to mention I could sense my mates intrigue from the bond in my head.

When I joined them in the kitchen, Damon was preparing breakfast, his movements efficient and precise. Axel was checking messages on his phone, a frown creasing his forehead, while Zane was pouring coffee into mugs, his

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eyes lighting up when he saw me.

"Morning, Love," Zane greeted, his voice warm.

"Morning," I replied, trying to keep my voice steady despite the lingering soreness. I walked over to him, accepting the mug of coffee with a grateful smile.

Axel looked up from his phone, his expression softening when he saw me. "How are you feeling?"

I took a sip of my coffee, the rich flavour grounding me. "A bit sore, but otherwise good."

Damon set a plate of pancakes on the table and came over to wrap his arms around me from behind. "You were amazing last night, sweetheart."

"Let's not forget fucking perfection," Zane said with a smirk.

I blushed, the memory of their hands and mouths on me making my skin heat. "You three weren't so bad yourselves."

As we sat down to eat, the conversation shifted to more serious matters. Axel's phone buzzed again, and he glanced at the screen before looking at me with a grim expression.

"Josh still isn't talking," he said, his frustration evident. "Even after the beating we gave him, he's refusing to say anything."

I sighed, feeling a mix of anger and disappointment. Josh had been a friend, someone I trusted, and now he was a key player in the chaos surrounding us. "We need to find a way to get through to him. There has to be something he's

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afraid of, something we can use."

"We'll keep trying," Damon assured me, his hand reaching out to squeeze mine. "We'll break him eventually."

Just then, Betty and Reese burst into the room, their usual energy filling the space. They took one look at me and exchanged mischievous grins.

"Look who's sitting funny this morning," Betty teased, waggling her eyebrows.

My alpha smirked but stayed quiet.

Reese joined in, her eyes twinkling. "Had a good night, did we?"

I rolled my eyes, unable to suppress my smile. "Shut up, you two."

"Good morning alphas." They both said together.

Mates nodded and smiled towards my best friends. It was perfect! Now only this whole Rex thing needed to over with and life would be fantastic.

They laughed, their playful banter a welcome distraction from the heaviness of the situation. But I could see the concern in their eyes, the unspoken worry for me and what lay ahead.

"We're just glad to see you smiling," Betty said, her tone softening. "You deserve all the happiness, Phera."

I nodded, appreciating their support. "Thanks, guys. I really needed that."

As we finished breakfast and made our way back to our room with my friends in tow, the weight of our

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circumstances settled back over us. We had a lot to figure out, and time wasn't on our side.

Still reeling from the previous night's events, my body sore but my spirit steeled. As I sat in the room I now shared with my mates, I tried to steady my thoughts. The grandeur of the room did little to calm my nerves. The large bed, the luxurious furnishings, and the personal touches from each of the triplets were comforting yet daunting.

The door creaked open, and I turned to see Nate and Adam walk in. Nate came over and kissed me on the cheek, his eyes filled with concern. Adam followed suit, kissing my other cheek, which made the triplets snarl at their little brother.

Adam smirked, unfazed. "What? Just showing some brotherly love."

I laughed along with everyone, the tension in the room easing for a moment. The triplets rolled their eyes but couldn't help but chuckle as well. Newmara walked in just then, taunting the triplets. "Oh, stop being so possessive. She's got enough love to go around."

Axel sighed, pulling me closer. "We just want to keep her all to ourselves. Our sunflower made us sweat for her love and time"

"I know," Newmara said, her tone softening. "But to be honest you guys deserved it."

My mates just shrugged their shoulders as Axel nuzzled into my neck making me purr.

As the light-hearted moment passed, I took a deep breath and suggested, "I need to talk to Josh. He's not talking,

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and we need the information he has."

Everyone in the room tensed. Damon shook his head immediately. "No way, Luna. He's a sociopath and a narcissist. His obsession with you could hurt you."

"I know," I countered, trying to keep my voice steady. "But I can use that. I can manipulate him into giving up the information we need."

Nate frowned. "It's too risky."

Adam added, "He's dangerous, Phera. You saw what he did."

"I understand the risks," I insisted. "But we don't have any other leads. If we want to stop Rex and save our pack, we need to take this chance."

The triplets exchanged uneasy glances, clearly torn between their protective instincts and the desperate need for answers. The tension in the room was thick, and I could see them struggling with the decision.

Just then, Alpha Vincent walked in, his hands stained with blood, the smell of Josh lingering on him. His presence commanded attention, and everyone turned to face him. "What's this about?" Vincent asked, his voice calm but firm.

"We were discussing letting Phera talk to Josh," Axel explained, still looking uneasy.

Vincent nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. "It might be our only shot. Josh's obsession with Phera could be the key to breaking him."

Damon clenched his fists. "But it's dangerous. We can't let her get hurt again."

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Vincent placed a reassuring hand on Damon's shoulder. "We'll take every precaution. But we need to act now. Rex is still out there, and time is running out."

The triplets looked at me, their eyes filled with worry and love. I could see the conflict in their gaze, the struggle between wanting to protect me and knowing that this might be our best chance.

Finally, Zane nodded. "Alright, but we'll be there, watching every second. The moment things go wrong, we pull you out."

"Agreed," I said, my voice firm. "Let's do this."

Vincent squeezed my shoulder. "You're brave, Luna Phera. We'll make sure you're safe."

My mates snarled at the alpha for touching me to which he chuckled and backed off. Goddess! They were possessive brutes but they were my possessive brutes.

As plans were set in motion, I couldn't help but feel a mix of fear and determination. This was our last shot, and I needed to make it count. For my mates, for my pack, and for our future.

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