

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 41 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

{Wyatt's P.O.V.}

After I spoke on the matter with Richard and Chad, we all agreed that Rylee and the girls could be in danger if Eric and his family were still alive. My gut instinct already knew things would never be peaceful for us until the Pattersons were officially disposed of. After everything came to light—Ash was a sociopath with an unhealthy obsession with Rylee who would resort to extreme measures to get what he wanted and mirrored his own father, Eric, who orchestrated the heist of a lifetime to father Lexie and Lanie with Rylee's mom—there was no telling what they would do to exact their revenge on all of us. Eric was so deranged that he would more than likely come for them if he ever found out the girls were alive.

That made me wonder who the buyer was now. There were apparently two. One for Marvin, and one for Levi. I was kicking myself for letting Rylee interrogate Marvin. Had I done the questioning or, at the very least, kept her calm throughout the whole thing, then maybe he would still be alive so he could tell us who his buyer was. I was kicking myself even harder for allowing myself to kill Levi down in the bunker. Now we had no idea who the buyers were.

Do you think that Eric could have been one of the buyers?

I don't know how since he would have absolutely no money to pay for them. You heard what Marvin and Levi both said. Their buyers were paying a lot of money for the twins.

It was just a thought.

I shook my head. I knew Blade was only trying to help. I buried my face in my hands and groaned in frustration.

"Wow, you don't sound happy." I looked up to find Kendrick and Jason standing in my doorway.

"I'm anything but happy." They both sighed and came over to my desk.

"Wyatt, you need to go back to work. The company can't run itself, you know," Jason said to me.

“Hey, I take offense to that!” Kendrick exclaimed. “I’ve been picking up the slack.”

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that,” Jason retorted. Kendrick punched him, and Jason punched back. These two dimwits never gave it a rest.

“Alright, enough!” I shouted at them. They both smiled and gave their undivided attention to me.

“Wyatt, you can’t bury yourself into trying to find Eric and his family. They’ve been hiding for over a year now,” Kendrick told me.

“Ken, I know that. But just knowing that they’re out there is driving me insane. They’re supposed to be fvcking*g dead!”

“We know that man,” Jason replied. “But you’ve already put off work for the last few days while we helped Chad’s pack. You need to get back to work. Your company is literally how our pack stays afloat.”

“Ugh!” I growled and slammed my fist on the desk.

“Wyatt?” I looked past Kendrick’s and Jason’s heads and saw Rylee with Sam.

“Dearest, is everything okay?” I asked and got up to greet them.

“No, but I heard the guys, and they’re right.” I looked down at her in shock. “Wyatt, you can’t keep putting off work. It’s been several days now. I know you want to find them; I do too, but the company needs you.”

“The company can wait, I need to find the fvcking*g Pattersons before they rain hell down on us,” I countered.

“It’s been over a year, babe. Wherever they’re hiding, whatever they’re up to, it won’t happen for a while. You must go to work.” I let out a heavy sigh and just nodded my head. Sam pulled on my pants, and I looked down at him. He gave me the cheesiest smile, and my heart just melted. I picked him up, hugged him tightly, and k!ssed his chubby cheek.

“Fine, I’ll go back to work starting tomorrow.” Rylee smiled and got on her tippy toes to k!ss me. “How are you doing, dearest?”

“I’m coping.”

“Have you called to talk to Lanie or Lexie?” She bit her bottom lip and shook her head. “Rylee, you can’t avoid them.”

“I’m not trying to. It’s hard, that’s all. I need more time.”

“Then at least tell Chad that so he can tell them. It’s like you said, it’s been several days now. You should at the very least tell them you need more time. It’s twice as hard for Lexie.”

“What do you mean?”

“Chad told me that Brent hasn’t spoken a word to her since they found out Ash was their half-brother. This is just as personal for Brent as it is for you, and poor Lexie is getting the brunt force of it all.” Rylee frowned at my words and cast her eyes down in regret. After a few seconds, she nodded.

“I’ll call Chad. Will you watch Sam?”

“Of course.”

“SWEET!” Kendrick shouted with joy. “Sam, want to play hide and go seek with Uncle Kenny and Uncle Jace!?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah!” Sam bounced in my arms. I put him down, and he ran over to Kendrick and Jason. Rylee and I smiled at their interactions.

“I’ll be back,” Rylee said, and she left the office. I knew that I couldn’t force Rylee to accept the girls wholeheartedly, but I really hoped that she could find it in her heart to look past Eric’s DNA and focus on her mother’s instead.

{Rylee’s P.O.V.}

“Hello?”

“Chad?”

“Luna Rylee, this is unexpected.”

“I know, I’m sorry, but I needed to speak with you.”

“I’m guessing this has to do with the girls?”

“Yes.”

“Let me guess, you need more time.”

“Is that obvious?”

“Yes, it is. Don’t worry, Lanie fully understands.”

“She does?”

“Yes, believe it or not. After she found out exactly who Eric was, she immediately broke down and cried. I thought she was crying for herself and Lexie but turns out she was crying for you. She said that she could only imagine what this was doing to you and your emotions.”

“She’s not mad?”

“No, absolutely not. She feels for you and is willing to give you the space that you need. Lexie is too, but she’s having a little more trouble since Brent is also giving her the silent treatment.”

“I’m so sorry. I never wanted for this to happen, Chad.”

“Luna, it’s fine. You have nothing to apologize for. Unfortunately, we’re all feeling it. It was even worse when Wyatt informed me that the Pattersons are possibly still alive. Brent is taking that news even harder than the news of Lexie being Ash’s half-sister.”

“Goddess, I don’t know what to do, Chad. This is so hard. On the one hand, I love Lanie and Lexie. They’re my sisters after all, but I can’t get past the fact that they’re related to Eric and his family.”

“Luna, I don’t blame you, and neither do they. As I said, they’re very understanding of the situation. Honestly, more so than they should be. It lets me know that they are, in fact, ready to be given their titles; however, with Brent being the way he is, Lexie’s title will have to wait.”

“Titles?”

“Yes, the full moon is tomorrow.”

“Oh my god, your Alpha coronation. I’m sorry, I totally forgot about that.”

“Don’t worry about it. I hope that you will be able to attend?”

“Yes, yes, of course. Even with everything going on, we wouldn’t miss it. You’ve done so much for us, congratulating you in person is the least we can do.”

“Great.”

“Chad, please tell the girls how sorry I am, but I will see them tomorrow.”

“Luna, may I ask a favor?”

“Of course, anything, Chad.”

“Don’t ignore the girls when you see them. Even if you can’t accept them as your family, at the very least, can you accept them as your friends?”
“Luna?”

“Huh? Oh yes, I’m sorry. Yes, yes, I can try to do that.”

“Thank you.”

“No, thank you. See you tomorrow.”

After I hung up the phone, I was riddled with shock throughout my entire body. Why hadn’t I thought about that? Accepting them as my sisters may be difficult, but there was no reason as to why I couldn’t still be their friend. I sighed and shook my head. I had made this all about me and my feelings, and never once stopped to consider theirs.

Rylee, it’s okay. Chad said that they’re being understanding.

Kaleigh, I’ve been selfish.

And you’ve had every right to be. I know better than anyone what that mongrel did to you. I witnessed it firsthand through your memories on your 18th birthday. I even felt it the night Wyatt found us.

Lanie is definitely worthy of being a Luna if she can already be that empathetic.

Yes, I agree. She will make a fine Luna.

But poor Lexie.

She will be fine. She, too, has a hurdle to get over, but I'm sure Brent will accept her again soon.

I hope so.

I cut my connection with Kaleigh and went back to Wyatt's office to inform him of the Alpha ceremony at Golden Moon tomorrow. I seriously wondered where that scoundrel Eric could be.

Somewhere not too far away ...

{Third person P.O.V.}

"Are we ready yet, dad?"

"Not so fast, Ash, we have to time this perfectly."

"The Alpha ceremony at Golden Moon is tomorrow according to my source. We need to hit them at the ceremony. All of the other packs will be there."

"I know that, Ash!" Eric roared at his son. After Halfmoon had been dismantled, Ash, Emma, and their mother, Nicole, were taken into custody, where Eric was awaiting their arrival. Nicole attacked her husband for ruining their pack, and their lives with his personal obsession for Megan, Rylee's mother.

It also didn't help that Ash and Emma hated their father for what he had said about them. Unfortunately for them, they had no choice but to deal with it because Eric had been planning his escape for months after his capture. With his reputation and ability to con his way out of anything, Eric had bribed the assistant medical examiner for the Elders. In exchange for his loyalty, Eric promised him a cut of his personal hidden fortune that no one knew, not even Nicole knew about.

After the assistant M.E. forged the Patterson's deaths and failed to provide the documents to Blue Lake, he resigned from his post and helped the Pattersons escape. Eric had a secret hideout where no one would dare come to look for them. The Silver Lake pack's fallen packhouse.

After Eric had successfully taken down Mitchell Duquesne, Rylee's father, slaughtered the entire pack, and taken Rylee in, he secretly had a bunker made beneath the rubble. That is where he and his family have been hiding out for the last year while they planned their revenge.

Eric was hellbent on taking down all of the Alphas, and the Elders for their betrayal. Ash was determined now more than ever to kill Wyatt, his son, and take Rylee back as his rightful mate. After all, in his mind, she belonged to him first, no matter what Wyatt had told Ash about Rylee being mated to him so many years ago. Nicole and Emma hid in the background. They wanted to just leave and start anew, but Eric and Ash were keen on revenge. Nicole and Emma worked with the humans to make ends meet, not knowing that Eric had a secret fortune he never planned to share with his family.

When Ash's source returned to tell them Golden Moon had a new Alpha in line, and that it was an Omega, they knew that they could easily take Golden Moon down during the Alpha ceremony as the transfer of Alpha power would weaken the pack for a short period of time. When the source had also indicated that there were a new Luna and Beta female in line as well, Eric wanted more information. The source provided photos for him, and his cold heart dropped to the pit of his stomach.

Lanie was the spitting image of Megan, and Lexie was a mixture of him and Megan. He knew immediately that these were the two pups that he had fathered with Megan but had to leave behind because of Nicole's suspicions. The last thing he wanted was for his crazy wife and chosen mate to find out he had fathered two pups with Megan. Nicole still had no idea of his infidelity because the dark witch Opal had used her dark powers to hide the pain a mate would feel during an affair.

Eric had one main goal. Kill every Alpha and Elder at the ceremony and take their packs as retribution. Eric promised to let Rylee live so that Ash could have her for himself, but what Ash didn't know was that Eric had no intentions of letting Rylee live or him for that matter.

"Dad? DAD?!"

"Hm, what?"

"Quit fvcking*g zoning out me! We need to get this plan in order if we're going to attack!"

“Don’t talk to me that way, boy. I don’t need you for this.” Ash and his father were constantly at each other’s throats.

“If you two can’t work together, this will never work!” Nicole shouted from the door.

“How many times do I have to tell you, KNOCK BEFORE YOU ENTER HERE!” Eric roared at her.

“And how many times do I have to tell you that you do not command me. You’re not even an Alpha anymore and, as far as I’m concerned, you’re no longer my mate. The only reason why I’m still here is because of Ash and Emma!” she growled back.

“If I made one mistake worse than these two fvcking*g imbeciles, it was taking you a chosen mate,” Eric sneered at her. He turned his back and walked away. Ash growled at this father’s retreating form.

“I SHOULD BE SAYING THE SAME THING TO YOU, YOU fvcking*g BASTARD!” Nicole screamed at him.

“Mom, why do you have to antagonize him?” Ash asked her nicely.

“Because I loved him for twenty years, and then he went and betrayed us all!” she cried. “I was the Luna of a powerful pack, and now I’m a rogue because of him!”

“It’s not all his fault you know,” Emma said coming into the room. “Ash and I are to blame too.” Ash lifted his brow at his sister. “Don’t give me that look. You know it’s the truth. Now we have a chance at redemption.”

“Only if we can get the father of the year over there to keep his marbles intact. You know he’s only doing this so he can take over all of the pack’s right?” Ash said.

“Duh. He has the worst poker face there is,” Emma replied.

“Sweetheart, do you have a contingency plan for him?” his mother asked with a knowing tone.

“Don’t worry, mom, I do. When he least expects it, I’m going to k!!! him, and with Rylee by my side, we will be the strongest Alpha and Luna there ever

existed. The Patterson bloodline will continue, but it will be from my blood, and not from his," Ash replied, staring off in the direction his father left.

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 42 - Tips

0 14 minutes read

Chad's P.O.V.}

After getting off the phone with Rylee, I decided to go see where Lanie was. I figured she and Lexie were busy moving their personal belongings into their new rooms. Richard has since moved out of his room in the packhouse on the third floor into a smaller room on the second floor. Given that he would soon be the Elder of our pack, he decided to stay in the packhouse but surrendered the Alpha quarters to me and Lanie.

At first, Lanie seemed hesitant to leave Lexie alone, for any reason, but Lexie was the one who encouraged her to do so. It must have reassured Lanie that her sister was still her usual cool, calm, and collected self. Lexie was definitely handling the drama better than we thought she would, more so than Brent. I shook my head at the thought of Brent and how much he was taking this out on Lexie. Even though Richard has spoken to him, accepting the fact that our mates were related to the family that ruined his life was a hard pill for anyone to swallow.

I made my way to the new room that Lanie and I would be sharing together and, sure enough, the girls were chit-chatting on the small chaise lounge at the foot of the bed. "Ladies, how's the moving coming along?" I asked, leaning against the door frame.

"Hi," Lanie greeted me with a smile. Her smile made my heart skip a beat. And to think, I believed that I would never be able to feel the love of the mate bond again, but yet, here Lanie was. A simple smile was all it took for me to get the butterflies and Havoc to howl with delight.

"Hi, Chad," Lexie said and gave a subtle smile as well.

"Lex, how are you holding up?" I asked her.

"I'm okay. Brent actually smiled at me today," she replied. That was a step in the right direction.

"You saw him?"

“Yeah, in passing. But he didn’t avoid me this time.”

“Do you want me to talk to him?”

“No, it’s okay, really. I don’t want to force him into anything. I won’t lie and say it hasn’t hurt, you know, the whole avoiding me and sh!t. But, I have to remember that he was hurt by ... I won’t even call him our brother. He hurt Brent and took away his livelihood. If I were in his shoes, I would be the same way.” Her response didn’t surprise me but it was pretty crazy how someone so young could be so levelheaded.

“Lexie, are you sure?” Lanie asked.

“Yes, and you know you would be too, Lanie. Everyone we’ve met since we escaped that day has had something tragic happen to them in their lifetime. It just so happens that two people closest to us were hurt and traumatized by the same individual. Our birth father.”

“Escape is putting it mildly. You threw me off a cliff into an ice-cold lake,” Lanie muttered under her breath.

“What was that?” Lexie asked. Lanie shook her head.

“Are we sure that you’re not meant to be Luna? Because I swear you’re taking this whole thing really well,” Lanie responded trying to change the subject back.

“No offense to Lexie, but I’d much rather have you as a mate,” I replied and pulled her to me. I k!ssed her neck and h.ugged her, making her giggle.

“You’re only saying that because I’m already your mate!” Lanie exclaimed and shoved me away.

“I’m hurt at your accusation, babe,” I told her and put my hands on my heart as if I were really in pain.

“Okay, I’m going to leave you two to your lovey-dovey ways,” Lexie announced and stood up.

“Lexie, are you sure you don’t want me to talk to Brent?” I asked her once more to be certain.

“Yes, I’m sure. He needs time and space, and I’m going to give that to him. Isn’t that what mates are for? Support and reassurance?” I nodded my head, and she left our room. As soon as the door closed, Lanie let out a deep sigh. I didn’t need to ask to know what Lanie was thinking.

“I thought you’d like to know that I spoke with Rylee today,” I casually told Lanie.

“You did!?”

“Yeah, just a few minutes before I came in here. She also needs a bit more time, but she is coming tomorrow for the ceremony and promised that she would try to still be your friend, at least. Even if she can’t be your sister, just yet.” Lanie gave a face of pure relief and leaned into my chest. I kissed the top of her head and held her close.

“So, what’s going to happen tomorrow night at the ceremony?” she asked without lifting her head.

“Well, a lot of things, but the most important thing is going to be Richard transferring his Alpha power to me. Normally, an Alpha ceremony can take place whenever, but in my situation, given that I was born an Omega, it needs to be done during a full moon when a wolf’s power is at its highest peak.”

“Then what?”

“Well, then we have your Luna ceremony immediately thereafter.”

“Right after?”

“Yup. We have to do things a little differently than most other packs, but that makes us that much more special,” I replied and squeezed her a little tighter. I felt her fidget a bit. “What’s wrong, baby?”

“Huh? Oh, um, it’s nothing. It can wait,” she said shyly. I pulled away from her a little and looked down at beautiful blue eyes.

“Lanie, you know you can tell me anything, right?” She gave away her tell again. “Lanie, what is it? You’re biting your lip.”

“Dammit!” she grunted, making me chuckle. I gave her a look to just spit it out. “Ugh, fine! It’s just that ... I was wondering ... It’s not important, but I’ve been

thinking about it the last few days ... and I ... Ugh, how do I say this without sounding weird?”

“Hey, hey,” I said and grabbed her shoulders to make her look at me. “Whatever it is, don’t be embarrassed, and don’t feel pressured.”

“It’s just that ... Uhhh ... I was thinking about that thing ...”

“What thing?”

“You know ... that thing that we, and by we, I mean mates, do after they meet. You know ...” I looked at her for a second, and finally realized what she was trying to say.

“Lanie, are you asking about se.x?”

“Yes,” she responded quickly and quietly. I smiled and pulled her to me again.

“Lanie, I don’t want you to feel rushed to have se.x with me. Yes, for most werewolves, mating right away is normal, but nothing about our meeting has been normal. Even our ceremonies won’t be normal.”

“But everyone keeps asking me about being marked and if we’ve mated yet.”

“That’s because it’s not normal for werewolves to wait as long as we have. Most can barely wait a few seconds, let alone a couple of weeks the way you and I have.”

“I just don’t want you to be disappointed by me.”

“Whoa, hey now, don’t say that,” I told her and peered into her eyes. “That can never happen, Lanie. You are one of the strongest individuals that I know. You and your sister. You two survived some of the worst things that most only see in their nightmares or in horror movies. And yet, here you are. You’re about to be the Luna of a mid-size pack. You handle yourself with pride and agility, and you were this close to killing a pack member for insinuating that you weren’t good enough for me. That’s the furthest thing from being a disappointment.” She gave me a curt smile. “And believe me when I say, you don’t need to worry about being disappointing when it comes to se.x. Because when we do finally mate, you’re going to be too busy feeling all of the pleasure

I'll be giving you to worry about whether you're doing anything right or wrong. Our first night together will be all about me showing you exactly what pleasure and happiness really are," I said with a low and lustful growl.

"Oh ..." I sensed her arousal, and Havoc was growling with lust as well. I pulled her into a deep kiss. She moaned into my mouth, and I grabbed one of her ass cheeks, making her gasp. I seized the opportunity and thrust my tongue into her mouth, causing her to moan even more. I felt her knees give out from under her, and I lifted her up into my arms and pressed her against the nearest wall.

"Lanie, you're so fucking* beautiful," I said as I broke the kiss and moved to her neck. I sucked on the spot that I was going to mark and instinctively she ground her hips into my ever painful growing boner. I growled and sucked on her marking spot even harder.

"Ah! Chad! Ahh ..." She moaned even louder, and one of her hands went to my hair. If this didn't stop, we were going to go all the way. And by how she was moaning and moving her body against mine, she wanted me to go all the way. I moved one of my hands to her breast as I hungrily moved my lips back to hers.

Pure lust and desire took over, and I ripped the top of her shirt open, exposing her cleavage. She squeaked in surprise but never once broke our kiss. I had already caught a small glimpse of her naked the day she shifted to attack Lorelai, and I had to admit, the moon goddess spared no expense when creating this beautiful she-wolf. Now that she and Lexie had put on some weight with regular meals, my girl was filling out in all of the right places.

"Chad!" Lanie gasped and shouted. I hadn't even realized that I moved her bra cup out of the way and took her nipple into my mouth. I was about to move on to the other one when the door suddenly burst open.

"Hey, Chad, I was wondering if you could ... OH SHIT!"

"AH!" Lanie screamed. I dropped her and she quickly hid behind me.

"WHAT THE fvck, BRENT!" I roared.

"Sorry! Sorry!" he ran out and slammed the door behind him.

“Son of a b***h,” I cursed under my breath. Havoc was growling in anger that we were disturbed. I turned around to face Lanie, and she was covering herself in embarrassment. “You okay?”

“No! Brent just saw us! What if he tells people!”

“Okay, one, he’s not going to. And two, we’re mates. There is nothing wrong with us being caught being intimate with each other.”

“Ugh, whatever, I can’t do this right now,” she said and stormed into the bathroom. I hung my head back seeing that my chance to mate with her was ruined by Brent. Havoc wanted to kick his a.ss, and I was right there with him. But I figured I would let him go for the time being.

{Brent’s P.O.V.}

After I slammed the door behind me, I let out a breath of relief. Thankfully, I didn’t see anything. At least nothing too private. Seeing Chad nursing on Lanie like that made me want to vomit though. I was only glad they didn’t fully make it to third base before I walked in. That would have been wrong on so many levels, and I’m fairly positive that Chad would have me hanged.

“Brent?” I looked up and saw Lexie staring at me quizzically. I cleared my throat and stood up straight. I had been avoiding her for the past several days now, and it was getting harder and harder. Chaos was hounding me to let this sh!t with Ash go, and just talk to our mate and makeup with her. Not even make love, just makeup.

“Hey, Lex,” I replied and scratched the back of my neck.

“What are you doing?” she asked me.

“Oh, I uh ... I came to talk to Chad, and I uh ... accidentally walked in on him and your sister having an ... in-ti-mate ... moment,” I said while trying not to sound like a peeping Tom.

“What?” she lifted an eyebrow.

“Uh ... Nevermind. What are you doing?” I countered to change the subject.

“I was going to go downstairs to get something to eat,” she replied.

“Oh, um ... What are you going to eat?”

“Just a small snack. I don’t want to ruin my appetite before dinner.”

“Oh okay ... Enjoy your snack then,” I said and turned my heel.

What are you going to eat? That’s the best you can do!? How about asking our mate how she’s feeling since you’re being a pompous d!ck to her!?

Chaos, not now! I need time to think!

You’re only torturing us! And our mates for that matter!

I know that! Don’t think you think I know that!?

I don’t know, do you? Because it sure as hell doesn’t seem like it. You’re being a selfish prick, Brent. You’re hurting our mate because of your personal feelings towards Ash and Emma. Lexie didn’t ruin your life, they did!

I know that!

Then why are you taking out on Lexie!?

I’m not!

Yes, you are! You’re avoiding her and hurting her. She may not show it, but she’s hurting, and a lot! Have you not thought about the fact that you’re not the only one avoiding her?

What are you talking about?

Luna Rylee, dumba.ss. She hasn’t called once to check in on our mate or Lanie. So, not only is her mate hurting her but so is her other sister.

I was going to respond to him, but Chaos blocked me out. I let out a frustrated sigh as I thought about what he said. I didn’t know that Rylee was also avoiding the girls by not calling.

“Brent?” I turned to see Richard.

“Sir.”

“Are you still avoiding her?” he asked me. I couldn’t even answer him. “You know what you’re doing isn’t fair to her. She’s your mate, Brent, and not just some ordinary pack member. Tomorrow night, you’re going to be officially

named the Beta of this pack. Jackson will give over his power to you, and you will need to decide on whether or not you want to name Lexie as the Beta female. If you choose not to, then it will open the door for pack members to harass her, and I doubt that's something you want to happen." I looked at him in shock. "Remember what I told you. You need to accept the fact that she and Lanie are related to the Pattersons. But if you can't do that, or choose not to do that, then do both of you a favor and reject the poor girl. At least give her the opportunity to find a second chance mate. One that will accept her for who she is, regardless of her DNA." Before I could even respond, he walked away. I was a little confused because he seemed as if he wanted to say something more but restrained himself.

I couldn't believe Richard even spoke of me rejecting Lexie. I didn't want to reject Lexie at all. Even Chaos was growling in the back of my mind hearing Richard say such words. I just wanted space and time to think things through. Was that so wrong? But the fact that I had less than 24 hours to make a decision about my future with Lexie weighed heavily on me. Even though avoiding her was getting harder and harder because of the mate bond, I wasn't sure if I was ready to accept the fact that she's Ash and Emma's half-sister.

Stop making this all about you! This isn't about you! You're letting dead people control your feelings.

Chaos was right. Ash and Emma were dead and, here I was, still letting them run my life like they did when I was their prisoner. Sure, on the one hand, they ruined my life, but on the other hand, had they not done what they did, I may not have survived much longer. I wouldn't have been picked up by Richard to join his pack and learn to fight and become stronger. I never would have gone to Blue Lake with him during the Alpha's meeting to meet Lexie. Hell, I wouldn't be in a position to become the next Beta of this pack.

As soon as it dawned on me how much of an asshole I had really been to Lexie, I needed to find her and apologize ten-fold. I hurt my mate all because I couldn't see what a blessing in disguise all of this sh!t really was. And she was the biggest blessing of them all. I shook my head at myself and my selfish banter and went to go find Lexie.

I ran down to the kitchen and saw her with Maverick. They seemed to be getting a little too close to each other. Before I could say anything, Maverick looked down and had the saddest look I had ever seen.

“J still isn’t talking?” Lexie asked him. He shook his head.

“She is eating and drinking though, so I guess that’s a step in the right direction,” he replied.

“Give her time. She’s been through a lot. More than me and Lanie. I can’t even begin to imagine everything Marvin and those disgusting, sorry excuses for wolves did to her.”

“I’m going to give her as much as she needs. I don’t care that she’s not pure. She did what she did out of survival, and I’m glad she did. It means that she fought to hold on, and now, she’s here, safe, with me,” Maverick replied. I had to commend him. He was looking past all of the bad sh!t that was going on with Jennifer and only looking on the bright side. I felt a little ashamed that I couldn’t do that with Lexie. Instead of comforting her as a good mate should have, I took it out on her instead.

“Hey, Brent.” I heard my name and looked at them.

“Hey,” I replied and walked over carefully. The entire time Lexie’s eyes didn’t leave mine. “I’m sorry, Mav, but you can please excuse me and Lexie for a minute?”

“Sure, brother. I need to go check on J anyway,” he said and got up. He patted me on the shoulder and left the kitchen. After I knew he was out of earshot, I looked back at Lexie.

“Is everything okay?” she asked with genuine concern. How could she still be so sweet and kind to me after all the emotional hell I had probably put her through the last week.

“No, it’s not,” I answered truthfully.

“What’s wrong?”

“Us.”

“What?”

“Not us, I meant me. I’m what’s wrong, Lexie.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I’ve been a d!ck to you, Lexie. A complete and utter d!ck. I took my personal feelings towards what happened to me last year out on you, all because that fvcker Ash is biologically your half-brother. You didn’t even know that you were related to him until everything came to light last week. And instead of me being the mate that you deserve and making sure that the information didn’t cause you any emotional harm, I was the one that caused you that harm. I hurt your feelings and I know that. And instead of you pushing me or trying to force me to talk, you’ve done nothing but be 100% supportive and have given me all the space and time I’ve asked for. But Richard said something to me right as I walked away from you, and it made me realize that if I didn’t s.uck it up and just accept the fact that you’re related to Ash, then I would have to let you go, and I realized that I wouldn’t be strong enough to do that.”

“Brent, what do you mean by letting me go?”

“Reject you. Richard told me that if I couldn’t be the mate that you deserve or the Beta that this pack deserves, then I should cut you loose and allow you to find happiness with someone else, and I just can’t fvcking*g do that. I love you, Lexie. I know it’s really early to say it, but I fvcking*g love you, and I will be damned if I let another man have what is mine.”

“What did you just say?”

“I said I would be damned if ...”

“No, not that. What you said before that.” I paused a minute and knew what she wanted me to say again.

“I love you, Lexie. I fvcking*g love you.” She smiled sweetly at me.

“I love you, too.” I grabbed her h!ps, pulled her to me, and smashed my l!ps into hers. The sparks of the mate bond made me feel like I was soaring through the skies. I was an i***t to ever keep away from this beautiful creature that is mine. And tomorrow night, I was going to officially make her mine.

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 43 - Tips

0 13 minutes read

{Lexie’s P.O.V.}

I woke up in the morning and found myself in unfamiliar territory, entangled within someone else’s arms and legs. My face was resting on top of an

extremely hard chest, and someone was lightly snoring. My senses were filled with the aroma of freshly baked cupcakes. I slightly lifted my head to investigate and saw Brent sound asleep. I briefly glanced around the room and realized we were inside his room in the packhouse. I was honestly confused as to how I ended up in bed with him. I knew we didn't have sex because both of us were still fully clothed.

This must have prompted my memory because I was instantly brought back to yesterday afternoon when he came into the kitchen to apologize to me. Everything replayed in my mind; it was then I remembered that Brent had confessed his love to me, and I reciprocated back. The thought alone made my cheeks feel warm. I nuzzled into his chest and felt his arms tighten around me. He stirred and cleared his throat.

"Are you awake, babe?" he asked groggily.

"Yeah. I'm sorry, did I wake you up by moving?"

"No, I was just making sure you weren't trying to run away from me," he responded before turning over to encase me in both of his arms. I maneuvered my arms the best I could and was able to put one over his hip. I made small circular motions with my fingertips. "Mmmmm ... That tickles," he said and kissed the top of my head.

"Oh, sorry," I giggled and stopped.

"I didn't say stop," he replied. I smiled again and continued.

"Anna used to do this for us when we were little. It helped us go to sleep when we were having a rough night." Brent pulled back a bit and looked down at me. I lifted my chin to meet his gaze.

"What do you mean by rough night?"

"You know, if they electrocuted us a little more than usual, or if they hit us for not listening to them," I answered casually. I felt his body stiffen. "Brent?" I looked at him again; his eyes were black, and he was breathing heavily. "Brent!?" He closed his eyes as he tried to slow down his breathing to quell his emotions. After a minute or so, his eyes opened and they were back to normal. "What happened? Why were your eyes black? Did I make you angry?"

“No, baby, you didn’t. Just hearing about what happened to you and Lanie in the past just triggers me and Chaos. He hates hearing about what happened and wishes that he could have prevented all of that from happening.”

“Well, tell him I appreciate the thought.”

“He can hear you. Remember, he hears what I hear. Just like Brooklyn hears what you hear. Speaking of Brooklyn, Chaos has been badgering me nonstop to meet her.” I froze when he mentioned it.

“Oh ...”

“Lexie, why haven’t you ever shifted?” he asked me. I hated the fact that he brought it up. “Baby, are you afraid to shift?” I nodded my head. “Why?”

“I don’t know. Brooklyn hasn’t brought it up yet, and she’s willing to wait until she’s ready to come out.”

“But Lanie shifted.”

“Only because that b***h Lorie or Loretta ...”

“Lorelai?”

“Whatever! It was only because she hit her. Lanie may be shy and reserved, but she doesn’t take sh!t from people. Believe it or not, Lanie is the one who got us into more trouble back in the day because she was always back talking.”

“Wait, what? Lanie? Talking back?” he asked genuinely surprised at what I said. I just nodded my head. After we laughed for a bit, he cleared his throat again. “Okay, now back on topic. Why are you afraid to shift?”

“The pain.”

“What?”

“I don’t want to feel the pain of shifting for the time being. Lanie said it hurt like a b***h, and that she felt sore after she shifted back. I’ve felt a lot of physical pain in my life, and I don’t want to feel it anymore. Emotional pain is one thing, but physical pain is another. After everything we went through physically, I just don’t want to add to it.”

“Aww, Lexie, come here.” He held me close to him and stroked my hair. “Look, I won’t lie and say that shifting for the first time won’t be painful. It’s excruciatingly painful, and it takes several minutes. But, when you are ready to shift, I will be there with you the entire time. Shifting may be painful, but it’s magical too. The bond with your wolf becomes so much stronger and just like how she can see through your eyes when you’re in your human form, you will be able to see through eyes while in wolf form. Brooklyn also deserves her chance to meet Chaos, her mate.” I knew Brent was right, and I felt horrible for keeping Brooklyn from Chaos over something as stupid as fear of pain.

You’re not stupid, Lexie. I understand. When I saw everything you went through after I came to life on your 18th birthday, I was appalled and angry. So, I am completely fine with waiting a little longer until you are ready. Sure, I want to hurry and meet Chaos, but I am also your wolf and I feel your fear. I would never want you to go through something fearful just to meet my mate. Chaos will understand. Just like Brent does.

Brooklyn, what did I do to deserve such an amazing wolf like you?

You were born with me, silly girl. I was just asleep until it was time to wake up.

I smiled when she moved to the back of my mind. I looked up at Brent who was just smiling.

“What?”

“You were having a conversation with Brooklyn, huh?”

“Yeah, sorry. She was just reassuring me that she’s willing to wait to meet Chaos. She doesn’t want me to be in pain at her expense.”

“Chaos said the same thing. He wants to see his mate, but he doesn’t want you to be forced into pain just to meet her. When the time is right, you will know,” he told me with a smile capable of melting this glacial heart of mine.

“What if ...” I started to say and paused. He stared at me and waited for me to continue. “What if we shift together after you mark me?” He looked surprised.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, what better time than when we become one with each other. I mean, that is what marking is, right? Solidifying our bond?”

“Yeah, it is.”

“Then, what’s the problem?” I asked.

“Nothing. I guess there’s only one thing left to ask—when do you want me to mark you?” I hadn’t thought about that.

“Well, Rylee said it normally happens during ... se.x ...” The moment I said the “s” word, his eyes turned black again, but this time it wasn’t out of anger. All I saw was desire and primal lust.

“Mmm ... se.x, huh? So, let me ask you this, my oh-so-beautiful mate of mine ...” he began to say and moved me onto my back. “When did you want to have se.x?” Before I could even answer, he pressed his lips to mine and rubbed his lower half against my lower half. I felt something poke me in the stomach.

“Brent, what is that?” I asked while breaking away. He didn’t answer but moved onto kissing my neck instead. He sucked on a tender spot that instantly made me moan. He continued to rub his body against me as he focused on one spot on my neck. The thing that was poking me was getting harder and harder.

He maneuvered his body to position himself between my legs, and whatever was poking me in the stomach was now poking me between the legs where my private area was. I gasped when I felt it make contact down there, but not from pain or discomfort. It felt good, a warm sensation was building up in my lower body and I thought I felt a small bit of liquid leak out of my private area.

“Brent ... Oh god ...” I moaned. He stopped sucking on my neck and kissed my lips again. I felt his tongue swipe across my lip, and by pure instinct, I opened my mouth, and he pushed his tongue in. I never thought the inside of someone else’s mouth could taste good, but Brent tasted so amazing.

“Mmmm ...” He moaned into the kiss as our tongues rubbed and twisted with one another. “fvck, you’re making me so hard, Lexie,” he said and moved his body so that he was slight to my right side.

“What does that mean?”

"This." He took my hand and placed it over his private area. What I felt freaked me out and I instinctively retracted my hand.

"What is that!?"

"It's called a boner, Lexie. It's what happens to a man when they're horny."

"Oh ... That's a good thing?" I asked and pointed to the boner.

"Yes, it's a great thing. But it's also very painful right now," he said and laughed.

"Why?"

"Well, it's a little tight in my pants, baby. And my p***s is as hard as a rock and it's stuck in my pants right now."

"Can't you just take your pants off?"

"I don't think you're ready for that ... yet," he replied with a smirk.

"But, you said that it hurts," I said and reached for the band of his pants.

"Lexie! No! Hold on!" he said and jumped back.

"Why? I don't want you to be in pain, Brent."

"Lexie, baby, you need to calm down!" he said and laughed again. I was so confused. "The pain will go away on its own. You mentioned sex and that instantly turned me on. But I'm not going to show you my d!ck until we're ready to mate."

"What if I want to see it now?" I asked shyly.

"What?!"

"Show me your p***s, Brent. I've always wondered what a hard p***s looks like."

"LEXIE!!"

"What!?"

“No!”

“Show me, Brent!” I shouted and got out of the bed.

“Lexie, stay back!” he returned fire and used his hand to cover his boner.

“It’s still hard! Which means you’re still horny! So, just take off your pants and show me!”

“My god woman! When did you get so assertive!?” he declared and moved back towards the corner of the room. I smiled seeing that I had him cornered. I slowly moved towards him, and he kept trying to push further and further back into the wall. I pressed my body up against him and moved his hands out of the way. He fought me at first, but once I got a hold of his dick, he instantly gave up.

“What’s wrong, Brent? I thought men liked it when a woman touched them?” I asked and started to rub my hand over his raging boner, as he called it.

“Oh, fvck,” he moaned and bit his lip.

“Tell me, my handsome mate, does this feel good?” I asked and rubbed a little harder. Whatever it was I was doing, he was definitely enjoying it because all he did was nod extremely fast. “Do you want me to take it out?” I asked and put my hand inside of his pants and then into his boxers. When I felt his p***s in my hand, I gasped at how hard it was and how hot it felt.

“fvck me, Lexie. Y-y-you n-n-need to s-st—stop ...” he breathed heavily.

“Are you sure? You seem to be enjoying it,” I replied when I saw his eyes flutter and his hands try to grip the wall behind him. I got on my tippy toes, not once stopping my hand movements, and kissed his neck. There was a certain spot that just seemed to be sweeter than the rest of his flesh, and I knew right then and there, this was going to be the spot that I marked him.

“Ahh ... fvck!” Brent was practically melting at my every touch.

“I think we should let it out, don’t you?” I pulled down his pants, and when I saw his hard p***s, my eyes just bulged out of my head. It was long. I had never seen an erect penis before, but I knew this had to be longer than average, and my hand barely fit around it. Albeit, I have small hands but still.

“Lexie, you really need to stop. I’m going to fvcking*g blow!”

“Blow?” I was confused when he said that, but suddenly I felt his d!ck twitch in my hand.

“fvck!!” Brent shouted and then I felt something warm and sticky squ!rt all over my hand. It was shooting out of the little hole in the tip, and there was a lot of it. After a minute or so, Brent slid down to the floor and was breathless.

“What is this stuff?” I asked and inspected my hand.

“That ... is called ... c.um,” he answered between breaths. “fvck, I’ve never blown so hard from a hand job before.”

“Is that what I was doing to you? A hand job?”

“Yes. Holy fvck, that felt so good.” I giggled at him.

“Brent, what’s c.um?” I asked, still looking at my hand. I pressed my fingertips together then pulled them apart as I got a feel for this creamy substance covering my hand. I noticed some got on my clothing and the floor as well.

“It’s what comes out of a person’s body when they have an org*asm. Men’s c.um carry s.perm.”

“Oh, those are the little swimmer things that get women pregnant right? Anna told us about it.” He lifted an eyebrow at me.

“Anna told you about s.perm and eggs, but she didn’t teach you about s****l things, such as hand jobs or boners?” he asked me.

“She said she wasn’t allowed to. She’s an angel, and talking about se.x was a sin for her,” I answered. “The guards were always saying they were hard or h0rny, but we never knew what it really meant other than what Anna explained – without much detail I might add.”

“Right, I forgot about that,” he said and stood up while fixing his pants.

“Brent?”

“Yeah?”

“Do girls c.um too?” He froze suddenly, and then his eyes turned black again.

“Do you want to find out?”

“Uhhh ... su—” Before I could even finish my answer, Brent picked me up and threw me onto the bed.

“I think it’s high time I showed you what a female org*asm feels like.”

“But ... I ...”

“Don’t worry, we’re not going to have se.x ... yet. But there are other ways a man can give a woman an org*asm, and all it takes is one finger or even their tongue.”

“Huh?”

“You’ll see.”

{Chad’s P.O.V.}

As the day progressed, preparations for the Alpha ceremony were getting underway. Omegas were scrambling all about to adorn the packhouse with decorations, the kitchen staff was working on the massive feast to cater to all of the visiting packs, and Lanie was getting ready somewhere upstairs with my mother.

“Chad.” I turned to see my dad with Killian.

“Hey, buddy!” I greeted my son.

“Daddy, mine?” Killian pointed to the lavish displays surrounding us.

“Aww, I’m sorry buddy, but no. This party is for the grown-ups—Daddy, Uncle Brent, Uncle Maverick, Lanie, and Lexie.”

“Aww, okay.”

“Don’t worry, my little man. There’s going to be food, music, and dancing. And Alpha Wyatt, Luna Rylee, and Samson are coming too,” I told him as I bent down to his level.

“Sam here?!” he asked with excitement all over his face.

“Soon! And they’re going to be here for a couple of days, so you guys can have sleepovers with your cousins too.”

“Yay! Yay! Yay!” he jumped up and down. I looked up at my dad who just smiled at me.

“What?”

“You are an amazing father, Chad. I didn’t think I could be any more proud of the man you’ve grown up to become, yet here you are, about to be crowned the next Alpha of this pack,” he replied and started to get teary-eyed.

“Come on, old man, don’t get all soft on me now!” I joked with him.

“Shut up, boy. Let this old man be proud for a minute.” I chuckled and let him have his moment. “After everything that happened with your first mate and you becoming a single father, I was so heartbroken that my son, my baby boy, had to endure so much pain by himself. But now, you have a second chance mate, one that is so special and rare. I know she’s not Killian’s birth mother, but I do not doubt in my mind that she will make a fine mother to him in due time.” I smiled at that. I couldn’t wait for Lanie to accept Killian as her son, but I promised she could have all the time in the world to do that. “Your mother and I are also hoping for more grandchildren,” he added nonchalantly.

“DAD! Come on! Lanie’s only 18. Give her a few years.”

“Tell your mother that.” I scoffed and shook my head.

“Chad.” I turned to see Richard.

“Sir?”

“Enough with the honorific titles, will you? You’re going to be crowned the next Alpha in a couple of hours, boy.”

“I’m sorry, Richard. It’s a force of habit.”

“Quite alright. I wanted to come fetch you. The guests are starting to arrive. We should go greet them.”

“Of course.”

“Where is Brent?”

“Here!” We heard him shout while running down the stairs. He looked flustered, and yet, oddly happy.

“Dude, you didn’t!” I said to him.

“What? No! Well, not quite, but ... Wait, why am I even explaining anything to you!?” he exclaimed, making me, my dad, and Richard laugh.

“I see that you and Lexie have made up?” Richard asked.

“Yes, sir!” Brent replied happily.

“Again, with the sir.”

“Did I miss something?” Brent asked.

“He doesn’t want us calling him sir anymore,” I answered.

“Oh, well, that’s easy then, Richard,” Brent said smugly. Richard scowled at him and I unwittingly smirked.

“Let’s go greet the guests, shall we?” Richard commanded. Brent and I chuckled.

“Wait, where is Maverick?” Richard stopped and asked. Brent and I just looked at each other. “Nevermind. He’s where he needs to be for now. We will have to save his inauguration for a later time.” We nodded and headed out front to greet the guests. In just a few short hours, this pack was going to belong to me, and I was nervous as hell. But I was happy it was finally happening. Nothing could ruin this day.

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 44 - Tips

0 15 minutes read

{Rylee’s P.O.V}

The winds of change had brought some turbulence into my life, but it was a welcome reprieve to arrive back at Golden Moon to attend Chad’s Alpha ceremony and Lanie’s subsequent Luna ceremony. Even with everything that has been going on, I couldn’t be happier for both of them. Kendrick accompanied us as it was customary for Beta’s to do so when attending an

event as grand as an Alpha ceremony. It was going to be particularly special because tonight was the full moon.

“Mommy,” Sam began to fuss in his car seat as we were approaching closer to the packhouse. Wyatt preferred to leave him with Ronan and Grace, but I insisted that we bring them here so that he could have a playdate with Killian. They have become fast friends and being only several months apart in age really helped. Additionally, I knew that Chad’s nephews would be here, and Sam had a blast with them last time. “We done?” Sam implored sweetly, signaling he was over being inside the car for so long.

“Yes, baby, we’re here,” I told him as I pinched his cheek.

“Yay! Kian!” he clapped his hands.

“Kian?” Kendrick repeated from the driver’s seat.

“Killian,” I responded.

“Oh, damn, how is it that I can understand Leighann, but I can’t understand Sam?” Kendrick wondered and shook his head. Wyatt and I just smiled. Kendrick pulled up to the front of the packhouse where Chad, Richard, and Brent were greeting the arriving guests. Wyatt opened the door and exited our vehicle first. I unbuckled Sam from his car seat, and he jumped out of the car. I stepped out as well, and Wyatt held his hand out for me.

“Wyatt, thank you so much for coming,” Richard welcomed him. “Young Alpha, it’s so good to see you again,” he greeted Sam and extended his hand out. Sam smiled bashfully and gave him a high-five instead.

“Where Kian?” he asked immediately.

“He’s inside waiting for you,” Chad replied.

“Daddy, go!” Sam said and pulled Wyatt by his shirt.

“Hold on, son. I need to greet Chad first. Remember, Alphas need to be respectful and do their job before they have fun.”

“Okay,” Sam lowered his head.

“Wyatt, I may need you to help with Killian when it comes to Alpha training,” Chad said shaking his hand.

“Of course, I’d be happy to give you a few pointers.”

“Rylee, it’s good to see you again,” Chad approached me and put out his hand. I kindly took it.

“It’s good to see you too, Chad. Where are the girls?” I asked him.

“They’re getting ready for the ceremonies. I haven’t seen Lanie all day. My mother is acting like this is our wedding day instead of our Alpha and Luna ceremonies,” he replied and rolled his eyes. I couldn’t stop the giggle that followed.

“And Lexie?” I asked.

“She’s probably with them,” Brent answered. I looked at him, and he looked oddly happy.

“Brent, I get the feeling that you and Lexie made up, and very recently I might add,” I said to him and lifted my brow knowingly. Brent immediately blushed, making all of the men chuckle.

“Daddy!” Sam yelled and pulled on Wyatt again.

“Samson Valencia!” Wyatt growled at him. Sam pouted at him and tears filled his eyes.

“Wyatt, don’t be so harsh. He’s just excited to see his friend,” I scolded him. “Come on, baby. Let’s go find Killian while Daddy does his business.” I picked him up and took him inside.

Stop coddling him, Rylee. He needs to learn patience.

Stop being such a d!ck to him, Wyatt. He’s barely going to be two. Be happy that he has the amount of patience he does at the moment.

I could feel Wyatt roll his eyes at me as I walked away. I ventured around the packhouse with Sam in tow, looking for Killian and Chad’s parents. I was greeted by several Golden Moon pack members and other Alphas that had already arrived. As I turned the corner to the dining area, I ran into Chelsea.

“Oh! Excuse me,” I said.

“Oh, Luna Rylee, what a pleasant surprise!” she exclaimed with a smile. “Hi, Sam!” she said and pinched his cheek.

“Mommy, Kian!”

“Sam, be polite and say hello to Chelsea first, then we will go find Killian,” I gently reminded him.

“It’s okay. Pups at his age only have one thing on their mind, and that’s playtime. All three of my boys went through that phase. It’s the socialization phase,” Chelsea assured me.

“I know, but Wyatt wants him to be a polite and respectful person before he lets him have his fun,” I said without bothering to mask the sarcasm in my voice.

“Thomas is the same way. They’re just trying to mold them into respectful men.”

“He’s barely going to be two!” I asserted, making her laugh.

“My dad has Killian in the back with my kids. I’ll take Sam to them, and you can get settled with the other Lunas that are already here. Or, if you want to go see Lanie, she’s upstairs on the third floor. The first room on the left,” Chelsea mentioned nonchalantly and took Sam from my arms.

“Thank you, Chelsea. I appreciate it. Samson Valencia, you be a good boy and listen to Chelsea and Mr. Ray, do you understand me? They’re in charge right now.”

“Yes!” Chelsea smiled and whisked Sam away, bouncing in her arms. I let out a sigh of relief as she took my child to go play with the other pups. I made my way back around the packhouse and up the stairs to go find Lanie and Lexie. I was still apprehensive about this whole situation, but I promised Chad that I could at least be a friend to them, for now. I will never deny that they’re my sisters but accepting them as such was still difficult at the moment.

I found the room where Lanie was supposed to be with Angeline and knocked three times. The door opened, and Lexie appeared before me. “Rylee!” Lexie shouted and hugged me. I hugged her back and smiled. “Come in,” she gestured and held the door open. She was also unusually upbeat and happy, just like Brent. I smiled to myself; her scent wasn’t mixed with his, but it was

obvious they only had some intimate moments together. I had to commend Brent for moving past this whole ordeal of being related to Ash and accepting Lexie as his mate again.

“Hi, Rylee,” Lanie called out from the chair at the vanity.

“Wow, Lanie, you look gorgeous,” I told her. Her hair had been curled to perfection, and Angeline had created a Dutch-braid crown around her head. Small, white flowers were threaded between the braids. Her makeup was done very naturally, almost similar to how Milan did mine for my Luna ceremony.

“Luna, so glad to see you again,” Angeline said and gave me a motherly h.u.g. I looked at Lanie again and could have sworn I saw my mom for a split second.

“Rylee, is everything okay?” Lanie asked as she noticed me staring intently at her.

“Yeah, it’s just that ... You look a lot like my ... I mean, our mom with your hair like that. Now that I think about it, you look a lot like her.”

“I do?”

“Yeah. I guess I never noticed before with everything that was going on. Actually, now that I think about it, Mom styled her hair the same way for her Luna ceremony too,” I said and pulled out my phone.

“Luna? What do you mean by your mom?” Angeline asked as she pointed to the three of us. Something told me she missed the memo.

“Uh ... She doesn’t know?” I verified with the girls and they both shook their heads and looked at Angeline with guilt in their eyes. “Angeline, we recently found out that the girls and I are related. We’re half-sisters.”

“I’m sorry!?” She was shocked, to say the least, but it was understandable.

“Yeah, I apologize that you’re just now finding out about this. But, I assumed that Chad would have told you and Raymond.”

“Oh, that boy of mine is going to get it. Alpha or not, I’m going to kick his a.ss!” Angeline said, making fists in the air. Lexie, Lanie, and I giggled at her. “Right, well, we don’t have time for my dramatic antics right now. Lanie, sweetheart, let’s get you and your sister in your dresses and do the final touches on your hair and makeup, shall we?” Lanie and Lexie nodded. I stayed to help out. It felt good being there for them and being able to celebrate this milestone with them. They have definitely come a long way, considering their tragic past and all of the trauma they have endured.

Even though it was only a few short weeks ago that they literally landed at Blue Lake, I couldn’t be prouder to see them flourish the way that they have. Now, one was going to become Luna and the other was going to become Beta. As I was helping Lexie put on her dress, I felt a sudden pressure in my head. I knew what it meant, and I grasped onto Lexie.

“Rylee?” I heard her call out. As soon as I was about to respond, visions poured into my mind faster than I could interpret. I could hear screams and cries all around me. Pools of blood were accumulating everywhere, and bodies were scattered all over. It was an absolute bloodbath.

As I looked around, I saw that nearly all of the Alphas and Betas were dead. Lunas were sobbing over their mates’ bodies, at least, the ones that were still alive. Among the bodies were young pups. But what made my heart catch in my throat was when I saw the bodies of those I loved most. Wyatt’s naked body was lying on top of Sam’s. Teardrops fell from my eyes when I felt a sudden chill behind me. When I turned around, I was met with a face I never thought I would ever see again.

“You’re mine!”

I gasped as I came out of my premonition. I grasped my chest, feeling the immense pain of all those who lost a loved one.

“Rylee?” I jumped up when I saw Wyatt in front of me. He had a look of pure concern and fear.

“Wyatt!” I leaped into his arms and cried into his neck.

“Dearest, what happened? What did you see?”

“Sam!? Where’s Sam!?” I shouted. I needed to see him. I needed to hold him after what I had just seen.

“He’s with Killian outside in the back. He’s safe, I promise. Tell me what you saw,” he said sternly, trying to get me to calm down.

“Oh god, Wyatt, it was horrible. It was a bloodbath. Everyone was dead. All of the Alphas, Betas, and even some of the Lunas. And ...” I gasped as tears fell from my eyes.

“And what? Tell me, Tink, what else did you see?”

“You, Wyatt. I saw you and Sam, dead. You were naked as if you had just shifted, and you were holding his lifeless little body. Oh god, Wyatt, it was horrible! It was Silver Lake all over again!” I cried and held onto him for dear life.

“Okay, okay. Shhhh ...” he cooed. “I’m right here, I’m right here with you. Shhh ...” he reassured me as he rubbed my back and held me tightly. “And I’ll be damned if anyone lays a finger on our son.”

“Wyatt,” I pulled away with tears still streaming down my face.

“What? What is it?”

“I saw him, he was there.”

“Who was?”

“Ash.”

“What?” he growled.

“Rylee, did you say, Ash?” Lanie asked with her eyes wide. I gasped realizing what I had just done.

“Lanie ... I ...”

“What’s going on!? Why is someone who is supposed to be dead in your vision?!”

“Vision?” Angeline asked. I turned my attention to her. “Luna, is that what just happened? You had a vision? What are you!?”

“She’s a powerful wolf, Angeline, but that’s not what’s important right now. What is important is that it seems the Pattersons will be taking their revenge

tonight during the ceremony,” Wyatt said to her while standing up and bringing me with him. “I need to gather all of the Alphas. I don’t know how, but Eric and Ash Patterson are going to be attacking tonight; it seems to me that Ash still has one thing on his mind—and that’s having Rylee for himself.” Wyatt let me go and stormed out of the room.

“Rylee, tell us what’s going on!” Lexie demanded. I calmed myself and nodded my head. They had a right to know, especially since this affected them directly as well.

I spent the next thirty minutes explaining to them that the Pattersons were, in fact, still alive and how that was possible. Once I finished, the girls and Angeline were distressed. I knew this would trigger everyone, more so for Lexie because she and Brent had just fixed things.

“What are we going to do?! What if Eric finds out who we are?” Lanie asked in full-blown panic mode.

“Yeah, what if he tries to take us!?” Lexie also chimed in.

“I won’t let that happen. Eric has taken everything from me already. I will not let him take my baby sisters from me! I’ll die before I let that happen!” I snarled. I turned my heel and went to go find Wyatt and the others. I followed his scent, and it led me to Chad’s office. I burst through the doors, and the tension of pure unadulterated anger was coming off in waves from all of the men in the room. It was filled with all of the Alphas and even a few elders who were here for the ceremony.

“Rylee, where are Lanie and Lexie?” Chad asked.

“We’re right here!” I turned around to see Lanie, Lexie, and Angeline entering the office.

“Young man, you have a lot of explaining to do!”

“Mother, not now. We have more pressing matters to deal with. You can scold me later!” Chad shouted. “Lanie, come here,” he said to her. Lanie ran over to him and he instantly wrapped his arms around her.

“Brent?” Lexie looked at him. His eyes immediately softened. He let out a deep breath and opened his arms for her. She ran to him instantaneously.

“Luna, what is this about you having powers?” one of the Alphas in the room demanded to know. I turned to him at the sudden question.

“My Luna is not an ordinary wolf. She has multiple abilities, and it’s what saved our pack last year during the vampire attack. She didn’t just kill the vampire with her bare hands. If you have a problem with my mate and her abilities, then it’s your problem, not ours!” Wyatt yelled at him. The other Alpha was taken aback but didn’t say anything more. “Now that we’ve gotten that fact out of the way, what are we going to do about the Pattersons!?”

“Chad, you told me that it was a possibility that they were alive, not that they ACTUALLY were!” Brent shouted.

“It was only a theory up until right now, Brent. I told you to because I wanted to be honest with you, but we didn’t know for sure either!” Chad fired back.

“Why didn’t anyone tell us!?” Lanie screamed at both of them.

“Yeah! We had a right to know too!” Lexie joined in. The next thing I knew, all of the Alphas in the room were yelling at each other, then at Richard, then at Wyatt, and even at me. I could hear their inner voices as well, judging me for being different.

“WE DON’T HAVE TIME FOR THE BLAME GAME!!!” I screamed at the top of my lungs and shook the room. Everyone became silent. So silent you could hear the sound of a pin drop on the marble floor. “Yes! We have established that Eric Patterson and his good-for-nothing mutt family are still, in fact, alive. My premonition proves that! Somehow, he was able to escape execution, and has been living off the map for the last year. The fact that someone in the Elders council was able to be corrupted by him is no surprise, as he is a manipulative bastard who is used to getting his way! I will not allow him to take what is more precious to me, and that is my family! In my vision, every single one of you Alphas and Elders in this room was dead! D-E-A-D! DEAD! Your heads missing, and your hearts outside of your bodies. If your Luna survived the attack, they were left grieving. Not only did you all die, but so did the young pups of Golden Moon, including my son! So, unless you want to leave your packs susceptible to takeovers by the likes of Eric and Ash Patterson, get your heads out of your a.sses, and work together like the Alphas you are! Make sure this fvcker actually dies and stays dead this time!” I roared at the room. It was eerily quiet, and everyone just stared. After a minute or so of pure silence, Elder Jonah stood to his feet and clapped his hands.

“Spoken like a true Alpha. Ladies and Gentlemen, may I introduce Ryan Lee Duquesne. The heir to the Silver Lake pack. Not only a true Alpha but also a pure Alpha,” he said stoically while addressing the entire room. Elder Jonah faced me and bowed his head. The room froze and some even gasped. It was never in an Elder’s nature to bow to anyone. Elder wolves were the highest in the hierarchy of werewolves, at least that I knew of.

One by one, the other Elders in the room, which were only two others, also stood to their feet and bowed their heads as well. Then, each Alpha followed suit, and all bowed their heads. I stared back at everyone and didn’t know how to process what was happening. Wyatt then came up to me and whispered in my ear, as soft as he could so only I could hear it, “If we didn’t have to prepare for war, I’d bend you over and fuck you six ways to Sunday, dearest. That was the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen, and I’m harder than a boulder right now.” I turned my head to him with my eyes wide and I felt the small pool of wetness against my panties. Wyatt’s eyes darkened, and I looked down lightly to see the bulge in his pants.

He stared into my eyes and I could have sworn he projected images of what he wanted to do to me just now into my mind. I knew for a fact he didn’t have powers. Did he just reverse my own power against me? The wetness between my legs became more fluid, and I had to press my thighs together.

“Alpha Wyatt.” Wyatt straightened himself as if nothing happened.

“Elder Jonah.”

“You have a fine Luna, and she will make this council proud. But for right now, we need to figure out a way to stop this attack.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Wyatt replied.

“Jonah, how do we proceed? We have no idea how or when they’re going to attack,” Richard pointed out. Everyone gradually began to focus on me.

“Young Luna, in your vision, were you able to see the time, or any other point of ref—” Before whoever was talking to me could finish, William and Olivia appeared in the room, frightening everyone.

“What in tarnation!?”

“Holy hell!”

“Where did they come from!?”

“What the fvck!?”

“William? Olivia? What are you doing here?” I asked them as if they didn’t just give everyone near heart attacks.

“I had a vision of everyone dying,” William answered.

“Who is this man?” someone asked.

“Greetings, my name is William, and I am here to help. This is my mate, Olivia, a light witch. Now that you know our names, let’s get back to the real issue at hand.”

“William, Eric and Ash are coming,” Wyatt told him.

“I saw.”

“William, did you see the time it took place? Or anything else like that?” I asked him.

“All I could see was that it was dark, and the moon was at its peak in the night sky. I saw Chad’s body, and he had the cut on his hand to show that he was at least about to or had already received Richard’s Alpha power.”

“Of course,” Jonah said and scratched his chin.

“Jonah? What is it?” Richard asked.

“Eric and whatever army he has is going to attack the moment your transfer of power takes place. It’s when a pack is at its weakest point. The fraction of a second that there is no Alpha.” Everyone stiffened and nodded their heads in agreement. Something wasn’t right though.

“Wait,” I said and got everyone’s attention. “How would Eric even know when that would be happening? He would have to either be here to witness it or ...”

“Or there is a mole,” Richard snarled. If there was one thing I knew about Richard, it was that he didn’t take betrayal lightly. I’m sure no one did, but Richard seemed to be on a different level than most. Whatever his issue was with betrayal, it didn’t matter right now. There was a mole in this pack, and

they were feeding information to Eric and Ash. Just wait until I get my hands on this person. They're going to wish they were never born.

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 45 - Tips

0 14 minutes read

{Chad's P.O.V.}

The days I got to spend next to Lanie blurred into weeks and then months; in the blink of an eye, three months flew by just like that. Life now looked so different than it did back then. The night of the Alpha ceremony did not go as planned, but the good thing was no one died that night. We weren't able to come up with a solid plan in the amount of time that we had so Richard, being the smart man that he is, decided to pull the plug on the ceremony. All of the Elders and visiting Alphas agreed that it would be the best course of action to prevent the attack, and it worked. Whoever the mole was must have reached out to Eric and told him the ceremony was canceled.

Everyone agreed that until the Pattersons were found, the transfer of power for Golden Moon would be postponed. However, that didn't stop me and Lanie from finally mating and marking each other, nor did it stop Richard from giving me the Alpha title. Everything was word of mouth that I was now the Alpha of Golden Moon. The same went for Brent being Beta and Maverick being the Gamma. The pack was informed of the changes but was kept in the dark as to why the ceremony was canceled. We didn't need to warn the mole that we were onto them. We just told everyone it was due to undisclosed reasons.

Although it took another week after the fact before Lanie and I made our bond whole, I was glad it did, because let me tell you, it was the most magical night that either one of us ever had. I also kept my promise to her. I made her feel so much pleasure that night, for a short while before she got used to se.x, the word alone made her flush bright tomato red, and she would have to fan herself to calm down. She also lost her voice that night.

Now, we have se.x as often as she wants it. I would never say no to her. I would drop everything I was doing the moment her eyes turned black with lust and desire. Lanie became a freak in the sheets, and I wouldn't have wanted it any other way. Our first time together still felt like yesterday. I smirked to myself as I sat in my office and thought about it for the millionth time.

—— Flashback ——

“Lanie, are you in here?” I called out to her as I opened our bedroom door.

“In the bathroom!” she yelled back. It was getting late, and I had just finished another day and nightlong meetings with Richard, the guys, and a few neighboring Alphas which included Wyatt. The search for Eric and his family were never-ending. We put out feelers all over, and Wyatt had Jason’s father use his resources to try and track them down. Unfortunately, every time we thought we had a lead, it would go cold instantly. “How was the meeting?” she asked from the bathroom.

“Long and tiring. Let me tell you, baby. I can’t wait to finally fvcking*g find these a.ssh0les! I’m going to have a fvcking*g aneurysm with the amount of stress this has put on me!” I answered and laid back on the bed, closing my eyes. I heard the bathroom door open, and Lanie’s scent filled my senses.

“Aww, well maybe there’s something I can do to help with that,” she suggested in a very seductive voice. I opened my eyes and turned my head towards the bathroom door. My eyes widened in surprise, and I slowly sat up straight.

“Lanie, what ... what are you ... wearing?” I gulped.

“Do you like it?” she asked with a sensual smile. I nodded my head. She had on a white two-piece lingerie set. The b.ra was strappy and the only thing covering her b.reasts was a single floral patch just over each n!pple. The panties were also strappy, but they hooked at either side of the panty line, which was made of sheer lace and was completely see-through. Havoc was howling with appreciation and pure ar0usal seeing our mate dressed so provocatively.

I got up to my feet and made my way towards her slowly. I drank in every inch of her beautiful peachy undertone skin. I started with her feet, admiring her beautifully polished coral pink toes, up her delicious legs, which I wanted to wrap around my h!ps this instant, stopping at her crotch to dwell in the fact that I could see right through her panties to a clean shaved p.ussy. I l!cked my l!ps seeing the small amount of liquid pool at the edge of what little material there was. I forced my eyes up to her torso to her c.hest. Her breathing was ragged, and I could tell she was getting anxious, but in a good way. My eyes stopped at her b.reasts as I got even closer to her. By the time I was just inches from her body, she had backed into the door frame and her hands were behind her gripping the wall.

“Lanie, where did you get this?” I asked as I toyed with the strap on her shoulder. She gulped and started to pant.

“That store called Victoria’s Secret,” she answered as I stroked her cheek ever so softly with the back of my hand. Her breathing became labored as she shuddered under my touch.

“And why did you buy it?” I asked her. I obviously knew why, but I wanted to hear her say it.

“I ... I ...” she stuttered as I pushed one of the straps off of her shoulder.

“Use your words, baby,” I told her and pushed off the other strap. The only thing keeping her nipples concealed were the small floral patches, and those were already getting on my nerves.

“I ...” she gasped as I pinned her against the wall and lifted her into my arms.

“Say the words, my Luna. Say the words I want to hear,” I whispered in her ear as I licked her marking spot.

“I want it, Chad. I want ...” I cut her off as I slammed my lips into hers and pressed my ever-growing hardon against her core. She moaned deeply into my mouth as I gripped her ass cheeks with my hands and squeezed—hard. She squealed into my mouth and parted her lips, inviting my tongue to wrestle with hers. I wrapped my arms around her, took her off the wall, and carried her to the bed.

I sat down on the bed as her legs straddled me, never once breaking our kisses. I didn’t let our lips part until I felt like I was going to pass out from the lack of oxygen. I moved my lips to her neck, sucking on her marking spot. I gave her a small hickey as I sucked and nibbled on her delicious, tender flesh. When I was satiated with my work, I moved down her chest leaving open mouth kisses all over before finally making it to my second stop—her now fully erect nipples that were protruding out from behind the floral patches of the bra. As beautiful as the piece was, it was now in my way. I gripped the bra between my hands and ripped it off of her.

“Hey! That was my favorite one!” she exclaimed.

"There's no use in buying these, Lanie. As much as I think you look drop-dead sexy in lingerie, they won't last because I'm going to want to see you naked all the fucking*g time now," I told her. She scowled at me and was about to argue, but I stopped her by taking her nipple and half her breast into my mouth. The sudden assault had her gasping, moaning, pulling my hair, and grinding her wet nether folds against my pent-up member.

"Chad ... Oh god ..." she moaned as I nurse even harder on her. I let go of the nipple with a pop and moved onto the other. I gave it the same amount of love and affection as I did the first. "Please ... Mmmm ... Please," she moaned as she pressed my face further into her bosom. I don't know what came over me, but I just couldn't help myself. I let go of the nipple suddenly and just rubbed my face between her luscious mounds.

"Fvck, Lanie. I want you so bad. Tell me you want me. Tell me you want to make love tonight. Tell me you want me to fvck you until you see stars." I was desperate to hear her say the words.

"Yes. Yes, please, fvck yes. I want you to give me the pleasure you promised me." That was all I needed to hear for my control to completely snap. I flipped us over and had her lying on her back on the bed. I kneeled on the floor, grabbed her hips, and pushed her legs open. I stared at her now soaked panties. My mouth was watering. I wanted, no, I needed to taste her.

Forgetting the fact that there were buckles on the panties, I gripped them with one hand and tore them right off of her, making her gasp loudly. I didn't bother to soothe her or prepare her. I dove right in, making her scream in surprise and excitement.

"Oh my god!" she shouted as my tongue made its way through her folds and my teeth found the perfect circular nub that was swollen with want.

She. Tasted. So. fucking*g. Good!

"Mmmmmmm ..." I groaned as I ate her to my heart's desire. I wanted her to cum all over my face. I don't think I have ever wanted to mate so badly before, but I wanted to give her all of the pleasure her petite body could handle. As excited as I was, I wasn't some horny 16-year-old losing his virginity. I've had my fair share of women and she-wolves in the past, so I knew how to please the opposite sex. Even though this wasn't my first time, this was Lanie's first time, and I wasn't going to ruin her first moment by fumbling around.

“Chad, oh god, what’s ... That feels so good,” she breathlessly moaned and gripped my head. I decided to slow down a bit and let her enjoy this. I lapped softly and sucked tenderly, letting her enjoy it even more.

I parted her nether folds with my left hand, as I stared down into what looked to be the tightest pussy I had ever laid eyes upon. This was going to be a tight fit, but I was looking forward to it.

“Lanie, this might seem uncomfortable at first, but just breathe through it, okay?”

“Okay?” she responded in confusion. I slowly took my middle finger and pushed it in her virgin pussy. She gasped in pure pleasure and arched her hips up at the sudden invasion. I gently pushed in as far as I could, and I watched her eyes roll to the back of her head. I slid it out and pushed it back in until she got used to it. “Faster ...” she whispered in the softest voice ever, but I still caught it.

“Faster?” I teased and slowly picked up the pace. She nodded eagerly and bit her finger. “Are you sure?” I asked and went a little faster.

“Yes, please, yes!” she finally shouted, annoyed with my teasing. I rotated my wrist so that my palm was upward, and I placed my index and ring finger flat against her folds. I got up from the floor, never once moving my hand, and kneeled over her from her left side.

“As you wish, Luna,” I said into her ear. Her eyes snapped open to meet my gaze as I moved my hand in an upward angle and as fast as I could go without hurting her. I felt the tip of my finger hit her g-spot, and she screamed in ecstasy while gripping my wrist to slow my assault, but she couldn’t. Her walls tightened around my finger, and I felt her juices flow out all over my hand as her breathing became heavily labored and sweat started to form on her forehead. I slowed down as she rode out her orgasm. When she caught her breath, I pulled on my finger ever so slowly and flicked her clit once for good measure.

“Wow ... That was ... Holy shit,” she panted.

“Oh baby, if you think that was good, just wait until you get what you really want from me,” I told her and stood. She sat up on her elbows as I stripped from my clothing. All that was left was my boxers, and my arousal is painfully waiting to be released. I made eye contact with Lanie as I gingerly lowered my

boxers and my rock-hard c0ck flung loose. Lanie's eyes averted downwards and widened as she took me in.

"Whoa."

"Do you like what you see?" I asked and she nodded. "Have you ever seen one of these before?" This time, she shook her head. "Then how do you know you like it?" her eyes darted up to meet mine. I was surprised to see them full of lust and pitch black.

"Because it's yours." She finally said and scooted back on the bed to where her head was on the pillows. "Chad, I want that inside of me, now," she demanded. I wanted to immediately just shove it inside of her, but I had to remember she was a v!rgin.

"As much as I would like to just put it in you, Lanie, you're a v!rgin. I need to do this delicately otherwise I can hurt you," I told her softly. Her eyes turned back to their beautiful bright blue, and she nodded her head. I got onto the bed and settled myself between her legs.

"What do I have to do?" she asked as I got comfortable. I smiled at her sudden innocence. She may have wanted this, and bad, but she was so new to it.

"Nothing. Let me do all the work for now," I said and laid my member flat against her warm folds. "I'm sorry, but I've never been with a v!rgin. Even my first time with someone who wasn't a v!rgin."

"Why are you apologizing? I already know you had se.x before you met me. I mean, you have Killian," she said and giggled.

"That's not why I'm apologizing, baby. I'm apologizing because I have no idea if I should do this fast and hard or slow and steady. Either way, this is going to hurt for a few minutes on your part," I told her and leaned over her. I pressed my forehead to hers as I placed the tip at her entrance. "If the pain becomes too much, just tell me and we can stop." She nodded her head and smiled. I figured just putting it all the way in and letting her get used to it would be the best course of action. Once I got the tip, and she was we.t enough, I pushed all the way to the hilt, and she yelped.

"AH!" she tried to hold back her scream.

"I'm sorry, Lanie, I know it hurts." The truth of the matter was that I had no idea how much. I always knew that a girl's first time was painful and that some even bled. But as a man, I would never know the exact amount of pain, no man ever would.

I waited in that position for at least five minutes as she panted and whimpered. A few tears fell from her eyes and I kissed them away, trying not to move too much. Her breathing and facial features finally relaxed, and the tension in her body dissipated.

"Lanie, do you think you can handle it if I move now?" I asked her. She breathed in a few times and nodded her head. "Good girl," I replied and kissed her forehead. I made sure to keep our bodies close as I slowly moved in and out of her. The first several thrusts her face contorted with residual pain, but after a little while, her breathing started up again, but instead of pain, it was from pleasure, and I knew she was used to me now.

"Chad, oh my god!" she moaned and wrapped her legs around my hips making me go deeper. I started to piston harder and faster as I felt how deep I was inside of her. "Ah! Yes! Chad, I love you! I love you!" she shouted at the top of her lungs. Those words broke the last bit of control I had over my body, and I let her have it in full force.

I gripped her hips tight and thrust into her with everything that I had as I kissed her with a passion. Her arms were around my neck, and I could feel her getting ready to orgasm again. I could feel how close I was to my own release, but I wanted her to cum first.

Mark mate! Mark mate!

I knew I had forgotten something.

"Lanie, let me mark you."

"Yes, mark me. Please, mark me!" she begged. I picked her up as I sat back on my legs, making me go even deeper inside of her. She held onto my neck as her body moved on its own. She ground her hips against me as I sucked on her marking spot. When the flesh was tender and raw, I elongated my canines and pierced her skin. Her body froze and her grip on me tightened. I punctured her skin fully and bit down marking her as mine, forever.

She screamed at the top of her lungs as she exploded into an org*asm, and her juices coated my c0ck. Her face landed into the crook of my neck as she rode out her climax. I pulled away and l!cked her wound to seal my mark. I was close now. Feeling her warm fluid seep out all over me had my mind in overdrive. A few more thrusts were all it was going to take. As I was working myself to my own release, her hold on me tightened again, and she s.uucked on my neck. Before I knew what was happening, I felt something graze me, and then I felt unimaginable pain, immediately followed by unspeakable pleasure.

“fvck!!!” I roared and came harder than I ever had in all of my years of having se.x. I swear to the moon goddess above that I was suffocating from how much pleasure I was feeling from being marked. I could feel my seed just spilling out of me and filling up Lanie. I grunted, gr0aned, and made incoherent sounds as I finished my release. I lost all of my strength and fell forward with Lanie still holding on to her to bite. Once we landed on the bed, she let go and sealed her mark on me. “Holy fvck,” was all I could say.

“Mmhmm...” was all she could reply.

I figured she would be one and done, given that it was her first time, but I was totally wrong. Lanie ended up wanting to go again not too long after and I was more than happy to give to her. Werewolves having an insatiable appet!te for se.x is the understatement of the century. We fvckingd again, and again, and again until my balls were completely emptied.

——- End of Flashback ——-

“What are you doing?” I opened my eyes and looked at the door. Lanie was standing there with a smirk on her face and her brow arched.

“What?”

“Ummm ... your hand,” she said. I looked down and sure enough, my hand was around my c0ck, and my pants down at my calves. I heard the door close and lock. My eyes went straight to Lanie, and her eyes were pitch black. “The last time I checked, that was my job,” she said and bit her l!p.

“Then, by all means, have at it,” I replied. She came around the desk and got down on her knees. “Wait, what are you doing?”

“Something I know you’ve been wanting.” Before I could protest, her mouth was on me, and my eyes slammed shut.

“Fvckkk...” was all I could muster out as she worked her mouth, tongue, and hand. I put my hands behind my head, interlocked my fingers, and let my not so prude Luna have her way with me.

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 46 - Tips

0 14 minutes read

{Lexie’s P.O.V.

“Lexie, please!” Brent begged me.

“That’s mistress to you!” I shouted and wh!pped him with his belt.

Three whole months have passed since everything went to sh!t. All of the ceremonies have been postponed ever since news of our birth father’s survival was out. Though the festivities were pushed back, that didn’t stop Brent from mating with me. If anything, it drove him to do it faster than I would have liked. His anger, rage, and the product of learning Ash being alive may have forced his hand. In his mind, he figured that marking me faster meant he would be able to keep me safer. The last thing he wanted was Eric trying to lay a claim on me and Lanie. Chad and Lanie waited until the week after; Brent, on the other hand, waited one day.

Brent got the ball rolling by introducing me to f!ngering and p.ussy eating, so I decided to do a little research of my own on the internet. I remembered Dianna back at Blue Lake was always talking about p0rn, and how it could help girls learn new sk!lls. While Brent was out greeting guests with Chad and Richard that day, I was discreetly looking for p0rnographic videos on the internet before going to Lanie’s room to get ready. At least, I thought it was discreet. Turns out there was something called a “history tab.”

Luckily, Brent didn’t find out until after we had mated, and let me tell you, what I was able to teach myself in those few hours really helped. Not only did I learn to do better hand jobs, but I also learned how to s.uck c0ck too; among a few other things that really piqued my interest. The night we mated for the first time was one I would never forget, mostly because I ended up doing things to him that he never expected me to do.

——Flashback——

“Brent! Slow down! You promised we would take our time!” I protested as he threw me on the bed.

“Lexie, that would be the case if Eric and that diaper stain of a wolf, Ash Patterson, were dead and buried six feet under. But they’re not. They’re out there, and if Eric finds out that you and Lanie are his long-lost daughters, there’s no telling what he would do!” he shouted at me. I flinched at his words. “I’m sorry, baby, I didn’t mean to yell at you.” I sat up and edged myself to the side of the bed where he was standing. I pulled on his hand so he would sit next to me.

“Brent, why would mating faster change any of that?”

“It wouldn’t, but it would allow me to keep tabs on you. If by some awful turn of events, you and Lanie were taken, us being fully mated and bonded would allow me to know what you’re feeling. I would at least be able to tell that you’re alive.”

“Alive? You don’t actually think Eric would hurt us, do you?”

“I don’t think he would, but Ash’s mom might, or even that b***h Emma.”

“Why?”

“Why? Are you serious? Lexie, you, and your sister are the product of an affair that Eric had with Rylee’s mom. Actually, an affair would constitute both parties consenting. Eric violated Rylee’s mom and, in turn, created you and your sister.”

“Okay?”

“Lexie, according to Richard, Eric was obsessed with Rylee’s mom. And I mean obsessed. She was a rarity back then, being a true female Alpha. Apparently, a lot of unmated males, especially other Alphas, wanted to take her as their chosen mate, including Eric. But Megan had turned them all down for Mitchell, Rylee’s dad—her destined mate. Eric had rejected his destined mate for Megan, hoping she would do the same, but she didn’t. So, his obsession turned into revenge. Richard hypothesizes that he teamed up with Marvin to kidnap you two to get back at the moon goddess for selecting Mitchell as Megan’s mate and not him. And, in turn, he kidnapped her, violated her, and used your souls to conceive what Marvin needed. I don’t

think Eric had any intention of raising the two of you. At least, not at the time. But now, we're not so sure what he or his crazy family would be capable of."

"Are you saying that he ruined everyone's lives to be petty?"

"For lack of a better term, yeah." I scoffed at this and just shook my head in disgust. It was no wonder Brent and Rylee reacted the way they did when they found out Eric and Ash were alive and behind everything. I didn't know Eric personally, but I already hated him.

"Wait, why would his mate want us dead though? You just said Eric rejected her."

"His current mate is not his destined mate, at least not according to Richard. Eric did, in fact, reject his destined mate for Megan, but because she didn't reciprocate those feelings, Eric's father forced him to take a chosen mate, aka, Ash's mom, Nicole."

"What? So, Ash's mom isn't even Eric's destined mate?" Brent shook his head.

"Richard says that Nicole is toxic and had her own obsession with Eric. She hated Megan because she knew she could never compare to her. If she were to find out Eric had a s****l encounter with Megan, and that it produced two pups, what do you think she would do to you two?" I gulped.

"She would k!!! us to get back at him," I answered.

"Exactly. You see, baby, we need to mate ASAP. We need to complete the bond. I need to be able to know you're alive, at the very least, if anything were to ever happen to you," he begged me. I looked into his eyes, and I knew that he really needed this. But deeper than that, he wanted it. Who was I kidding? I wanted it too. And I was excited to try out the new sk!!!s I learned.

Without saying anything, I swung my leg over his knees and straddled him on the bed.

"Lexie, what are you ..."

"Shhh ... Let me make you feel better, Brent," I whispered to him. He gulped and just held my h!ps. I hoped to whoever was out there that I didn't embarrass myself. I thought about the p0rn videos I looked up and k!ssed

Brent while pressing my hips closely up against his. I gently rotated my hips, and I could feel something poking the inside of my thigh. I smiled to myself and moved my kisses to his neck.

“Mmm ... Lexie ...” he moaned my name, and grasped my hips tightly, but never once tried to stop me.

“Call me mistress,” I said to him.

“What?” he pulled away. “What did you say?” I pushed him down onto his back forcefully.

“I said, call me mistress, sub.” His eyes widened and I smiled. I got up and went to his closet. I found a couple of his belts and some ties. I guess these would have to do. I went back to the bed while holding onto everything, and his eyes looked like full moons.

“Lexie, what the fvck ...”

“MISTRESS!” I shouted and slapped his leg with one of the belts in my hand.

“OW!” he yelled and jumped. He looked a little afraid and I thought maybe I was doing something wrong, but what I saw while he was rubbing his thigh made me think otherwise. I watched as his dick got even harder just from the one whipping.

“I want you naked, and in the middle of the bed, sub,” I commanded him in a very dominating voice. He paused for a minute, second-guessing whether I was being serious or not, but I whipped the belt again. “MOVE!”

“Okay, okay,” he finally responded and quickly removed his clothes.

“Ah-uh ... Leave your boxers on,” I instructed him. He nodded his head and got back onto the bed, promptly laying down in the middle. I took two of the belts and combined them to make them long enough to reach across both bedposts. I took the third belt and cuffed his hands together.

“Lex—” I smacked his leg with my hand. “Ah, I mean, Mistress, what are you doing?”

“Tying you up, what does it look like?” I replied innocently. I made sure the belt was tight enough to hold him, but not too tight where it would hurt him. I moved to his legs and used the ties to repeat the same thing I did with the belts. “These will have to do for now,” I concluded as I slid off the bed.

“Mistress, what in pray tell are you doing?”

“You wanted to mate, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, but this!? b**m!?”

“Is that what this is called?” His eyes widened again, and he struggled against the belts tying his hands together. “Don’t you dare break those! I will punish you, sub!” I shouted, making him freeze instantly. I smiled at his submission.

“Lex ... I mean, Mistress, I’m not a sub! Do you even know what that means?”

“You will be whatever I want you to be, Brent. And tonight, you’re my sub. And yes, I know what it means. You’re a submissive, you have to do whatever I tell you to do.” He gaped at me and didn’t say another word.

I stripped myself of my clothing, and his eyes raked up and down my body. I was a little nervous since I had never once been naked in front of anyone, other than Lanie and Anna. I watched Brent’s eyes as they darkened, and he licked his bottom lip as if he were tasting me from afar. Then I saw his dick rise higher and higher in his boxers. I smirked seeing that even though his mind seemed to be against whatever I was doing, his body was getting excited.

I climbed back on top of the bed and crawled my way up his body, making sure that I rubbed against his straining cock. He hissed and shut his eyes as I rubbed up against him with fever. I thought back to the video and remembered that the women had on leather boots, but I didn’t have any. I would have to ask Brent to buy me a pair and one of those handheld staff with a small leather loop at the end of it.

I climbed up higher and higher until my legs were straddling his face. I heard him inhale deeply and flick his tongue against the small slit of my private area.

“fvck, Lexie,” was all I heard. Hearing my name made me angry, and I moved back down to his chest. “Hey, what the hell!?”

“What did you call me?”

“Dammit, okay, I’m sorry, fvck. Mistress, will you please bring your p.ussy back to my face?”

“That’s better. Call me anything but Mistress for the rest of the night, then this stops now, and you will have to wait a week.”

“No, no, okay, I apologize, Mistress,” I smirked and straddled his face again.

“You will not eat my p.ussy, until I say you can, sub, do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“We do everything my way, sub. If I tell you to eat, you eat. If I tell you to !!ck, you !!ck. If I tell you to s.uck, you s.uck? Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Oh, and I need you to choose a safe word.”

“A safe word!?”

“Yes, a safe word. If anything becomes too much or too painful, I need to know when to stop hurting you.”

“Hurting me!?”

“Pick a safe word or this ends now!” I commanded him.

“Eternity!”

“Eternity?” I looked down at him.

“Yes, eternity. That’s how long I want to spend with you.” I paused for a second and processed what he just said to me. I climbed down and untied his hands.

“Brent, what do you mean by eternity?” I asked him.

“I love you, Lexie. And we’re mates. I never want to be without you. When all of this is over, and things have gone back to normal, I want to marry you. I know in the werewolf world, there are no weddings, but I was once human;

I've always dreamed of marrying the love of my life. At one point, that was my human girlfriend, before my life turned upside down, but now, it's you. You are the love of my life, Lexie, and I want to marry you, the human way." I felt tears sting my eyes hearing him say that.

"Oh, Brent," I sobbed.

"Shhh, don't cry, baby." I grabbed his face and kissed him. We didn't pull apart until my lungs started to burn. "Untie my legs, Lexie, we're going to do this the right way first. Then, you can have whatever fun you want." I nodded my head and untied his legs. After he was free, he flipped me over and kissed me passionately.

He wasted no time in inserting his finger into my p.ussy and making me moan in pleasure. Since I already knew what this felt like, I didn't have any trouble having an org*asm. I wanted Brent to eat my p.ussy, but he didn't.

"Hey, why aren't you ..."

"Because, that's something you want to control, and tonight, I'm in control. So, I'll let you have a moment next time. I think you'll enjoy it more then," he said, and I bit my lip while nodding my head. He lined up his c0ck against the folds of my p.ussy and rubbed his entire length up and down several times. It felt so amazing, and I couldn't stop the gasps and moans that left my mouth. After he continued doing this for a minute, I felt the tip of his c0ck at the entrance of the hole his fingers were just in.

"Wait," I stopped him, and he paused to look at me. "Is it going to hurt?"

"A little, but I promise, the pain will go away, and you'll feel nothing but pleasure," he answered. I nodded my head. He put the tip at the hole again and made sure I was relaxed. I felt him push in slowly at first, and I instantly held my breath. "Breathe, Lexie. You need to breathe through it," he told me. I let the breath go and relaxed again. Without a word, he pushed all the way in, making me scream from the pain.

"AH! THAT HURTS!"

"Shhh ... I know, just breathe, baby girl. Breathe through it. I promise it will go away. Just keep breathing and try not to move." I panted as he just laid on top of me with his d!ck inside of me. It was stretching my insides, and I could feel

the tears brimming my eyes. Brent continued to shush me and whisper sweet nothings to me as I slowly became accustomed to the pain.

After what felt like forever, the pain began to subside, and slowly it started to feel good. As if knowing my body was ready, Brent slowly moved his hips, making me gasp at the intrusion. But that didn't stop him. He kept going. Slowly at first, but when my whimpers turned into moans and my body involuntarily moved with his, he started to go faster and faster.

"Oh, oh, oh, yes, oh my god, Brent!"

"fvck, Lexie, you're so tight! Your pussy is strangling my dick!" he groaned and pushed even harder and faster. He sat up on his knees, grabbed my hips with his hands, and started to pull me into him with force.

"OH MY GOD!" I screamed when the force of his movements tore through me. My insides were on fire, and it felt so amazing. Pressure started to build up inside of me, and I was losing my mind. "BRENT! I think ... I think I'm going to cum!"

"That's it, cum for me, Lexie! cum all over me!" he growled and moved me even faster.

"AHHH!!!" I screamed as my first orgasm from intercourse ripped through my body. I thought that he would stop like he did when he fingered me, but he didn't. He kept going just as hard and just as fast, and I felt my lungs constricting. I couldn't breathe. But instead of it being terrifying or painful, I felt nothing but pleasure. The next thing I knew, I had another orgasm, and it was just as powerful as the first.

"That's it! cum again! I want you cum over and over again!" Brent growled. He pulled out all of a sudden and flipped me over my stomach. He pulled my hips up into the air, and I was wondering what he was going to do when he all of a sudden put his dick back inside of me at this angle.

"AH! HOLY shit!" I screamed at the penetrating angle from which he was now pummeling me. It was going in even deeper than before, and I couldn't help but allow my face to get shoved into the bed. "Brent! Brent! Oh my god! This feels so good!" I shouted at him.

"fvck!!" I felt him lean on top of my back as he kept thrusting his hips as deep as he could. I felt another orgasm was going to hit, and I was becoming

exhausted. He was fvcking*g me like the guy did those girls in the videos I watched, but this was something totally different. Those were humans in the videos, at least, I think they were. Brent was a werewolf, so his animalistic desires were even more intense. “c.um, Lexie. I want you c.um again,” he said in my ear as he shoved my face further and further into the bed.

“Brent! Please! No more! I can’t!”

“Yes, you can!” he snarled and lifted me. He held onto me tight from behind and thrust his h!ps upwards into me. He grasped my neck, and his face was into the crook of it. “c.um, LEXIE!” he roared, and I felt him bite me. The amount of pain and pleasure that I felt was nothing I had ever experienced in my entire life. My nails dug into his arms as I screamed at the top of my lungs and felt the explosion of my org*asm.

As I was trying to breathe, Brent grunted into his bite on my neck, and I felt something spurt into me. It was warm, and I could feel it coat my insides all over. I assumed that it was Brent having his org*asm, and the warm liquid was his c.um. His body suddenly fell limp, as well as mine, and we both toppled over onto the bed. Brent was on my back, and I was face down.

After catching our breaths for what felt like an hour, I felt Brent l!ck my neck, and a shiver went down my spine. Brent moved his body a bit, I felt him pull out his d!ck, but he never once got up fully. Sleep was starting to take over me, and before I closed my eyes fully, I faintly heard Brent’s voice.

“I love you, Lexie.”

—————End of Flashback—————

Unfortunately, I wasn’t able to mark him back, and every time we have se.x, I always c.um so much that I would be too exhausted to mark him back. So, finally, today, I decided to make him my sub again and was riding him hard while tied up to the bed.

“Beg me, sub, beg me!” I ordered him.

“Please, Mistress. Please, let me c.um!” he pleaded. I’ve stopped him from ejaculating three times in the last thirty minutes, and he was dying. I wanted him to feel the force of a withheld org*asm. I slumped over him and bounced my h!ps on him as hard and as fast as I could.

“Tell me, sub. How badly do you want to c.um?”

“Bad, so fvcking*g bad, Mistress!”

“Hmm ... Hold it.”

“Ah! fvck, Mistress. I’m begging you. Let me c.um! I can’t hold it again!”

“You better hold it, I will punish you, and you don’t want that.”

“Mistress! Mistress!” I loved seeing him beg and squirm. I put my hands on his c.hest for leverage and used him to my desire. The pleasure was building up inside of me as well, and I was so close. I slumped over again falling victim to my own pleasure and held onto his head as I worked my way to my own org*asm. As I got to my climax, I whispered in his ear, “c.um, now,” and bit into his neck marking him as mine. I half expected him to scream curse words, but instead, he snarled and bit my neck in return making me scream into my bite and forcing my org*asm.

He filled with me c.um as we both panted breathlessly into each other’s necks. When my body finally stopped shaking, I pulled away and l!cked him to seal the wound and he did the same. I gently moved off of him just enough so he would slip out, and then laid back on top of him.

“You cheated,” I said to him. “You need to be punished.”

“I’ll take every punishment you can give me, Lexie. That was fvcking*g awesome. Who knew you would make a good dominatrix?”

“So, you enjoyed my little game?”

“Yes, mistress, I did. I’m willing to play whenever you want.”

“Good boy.”

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 47 - Tips

0 12 minutes read

{Rylee’s P.O.V.}

Three months. It has been three godforsaken months since I had that premonition of everyone dying at the Golden Moon Alpha ceremony, and not

a single trace of the fvcking*g Pattersons could be found. I knew for a fact that the only way I could even have that premonition was if the attack was—without a doubt—going to happen, had the ceremony taken place. That meant Eric and that a.sshat of a son of his had to be within a certain radius; and yet, none of Golden Moon’s warriors found any evidence of rogues or uninvited visitors.

I’ve been practically ripping out my own hair while trying to figure out who the mole could be, and where the hell Eric and that sorry excuse of a family of his was hiding. Wyatt had already sent Victor, Justin, and a few others back to the cave where they were held captive at Halfmoon’s pack grounds to see if they might be hiding out there. Unfortunately, their search turned up absolutely nothing. But, then again, of course, it would. Eric was anything but stupid, nor was he the type to be obvious. He was much more cunning than that. He knew exactly where people would look first.

“UGH!!!” I grunted in utter frustration. “fvck!”

“Puck ...” I gasped, looked down at my feet, and saw that Sam had magically appeared like Houdini playing with his toys. “Puck,” he reiterated.

“No! Sam, don’t say that word!” I scolded him. “That’s a bad word!”

“Puck!” he said again, only now with the biggest smile on his face.

“Nooo ...” I gr0aned and hung my head back. Not only did my son pick up his first curse word, I basically just gave him another way to push my b.uttons. Grace and Ronan were not going to be happy about this.

“Ooohhh ... I’m telling my mom!” I looked up and saw Melody, Milan, and Michelle at my office door.

“I didn’t even notice him by my feet. I thought he was over by the corner,” I whined. The three of them just laughed at me.

“Don’t worry, Riley,” Michelle said, plopping down on the couch. “I doubt that Aunt Grace is as bad as Milan’s mom. She smacked me and Angelo upside the head when Nicholai started to repeat curse words.”

“Yeah, my mom hates profanity. You will rarely ever hear her say anything other than “damn” or “hell”. She can barely say “d!ck” without wanting to vomit

even though she knows it references the male anatomy. She can be such a prude.”

“I thought the term prude pertained to someone uncomfortable with se.x?” I asked her.

“It does, and that’s my mom. I mean, you would think that by giving birth to twins and having se.x for the last 20 plus years, she’d be used to it already. I swear, my mom is the strangest werewolf I know,” Milan responded.

“Sometimes I wish my mom was a prude. Do you know how annoying it is when she brings up se.x to me and Ken!? I mean, seriously. She asked Ken how tight my vag was!” We all glanced sideways at each other and then back at Melody in shock before bursting into laughter simultaneously.

“Vag?! She actually said the word vag!?” Michelle doubled over and started to snort.

“IT’S NOT FUNNY, MICHELLE! MY MOM IS GOING TO EMBARRASS ME TO DEATH!” We continued to laugh until we were all crying and our bellies were aching.

“Hey, speaking of which, I heard the Goldilocks twins are both finally mated,” Michelle said once she calmed down enough to speak.

“Okay, one, stop calling them that. Those are my baby sisters. Two, yes, they’re both mated and have been for a while. And three, how in the world did you find that out?” I replied.

“Angelo told me after he heard it from Jason.”

“Milan!” I shouted at her.

“Don’t blame Jace. Wyatt and the others were having a video conference call with Chad, Brent, and Mav, and the guys noticed that Chad and Brent were both finally marked.” I smacked my forehead with the palm of my hand.

“And my brother says that we gossip too much,” Melody retorted.

“Speaking of Eric, is that why you were about to pull out the rest of your hair?” Michelle asked me. All I could do was nod.

“Rylee, you need to stop obsessing over this. If they were going to come after you or your sisters, then they would have already,” Milan told me in her usual matter-of-fact manner.

“They are going to. It’s not a matter of if, Milan, it’s a matter of when. In my vision, Ash takes me and he’s pissed. Very, very pissed. Wyatt and my son were dead. Kendrick was dead,” I said and looked at Melody. “The only reason why no one has died yet is that Richard was smart enough to just cancel everything. There was no weak point then.”

“Still, it’s been three months now, do you honestly think that they would still be plotting some kind of attack?” Melody asked.

“I wouldn’t put it past him. I mean, he kidnapped Lexie and Lanie from the Lunar Kingdom all because Marvin asked him to. Then he kidnapped my mom, r.aped her, and got her pregnant with their souls, which in turn made them biologically my sisters. Then, eight years after that, he faked a challenge just to klll my father and take over ...” I suddenly gasped as I began to have an epiphany.

“What?” they all asked me.

“Eric took over my pack. He took over Silver Lake,” I said to them.

“Everyone knows that, Rylee. That’s nothing new,” Milan responded to me.

“He also burned it to the ground. That’s how he found Rylee,” Melody added.

“Even I know what happened to Silver Lake. That hit the news for all of the supernatural community. Though, everyone found it hella strange that Eric burned down a perfectly good packhouse,” Michelle responded, scrunching her face.

“You guys, Silver Lake is the only place we haven’t gone to look for him!” I exclaimed. They all looked at me and quirked a brow.

“Why would we though? Silver Lake is nothing but ashes. No offense,” Milan said.

“None taken. But don’t you see? My pack grounds belonged to Eric. He said that he wanted the land but burned it instead. Obviously, because the land wasn’t his actual target. My family was. But the land was still his fair and square, at least, until he was arrested. With no packhouse and no pack, Silver Lake became barren, and open for the taking. Disgraced or not, Eric is still an Alpha, and so is Ash.”

“Wait, you’re not thinking that when they faked their deaths, they went to Silver Lake and claimed the land, do you?” Melody asked. “That’s preposterous.”

“Actually, Dot, it’s not,” Milan said while looking over the map on my desk. “If I remember correctly, Silver Lake was right here. Right smack dab in the middle of us and Golden Moon.” We all looked at each other. “I don’t think Rylee’s theory is so far-fetched. If there is one thing that Jason’s dad taught us, it was that there is no such thing as coincidences.”

“I need to tell Wyatt,” I said and immediately stood up from my desk. “Can you watch Sam, Mel?”

“Of course.” I smiled and sprinted out of the office to go find Wyatt. I knew he was out back training with the guys. He’d taken a leave of absence from work to concentrate on finding the Pattersons. Thankfully, his company’s Vice President has been handling all of the political mumbo jumbo perfectly, and only contacted Wyatt when they needed his approval on anything major. Wyatt’s company had really taken off after the final unveiling of the packhouse they renovated in Spain for the pack that he visited before. They raved about how well the renovations had gone and that they were even better than the Alpha had hoped for. Now, packs from all over the world were wanting to do business with his company.

I went out back and found the guys grappling on the ground. It was almost summer, and the ground was already scorching hot, yet, there they were—shirtless, shoeless, and rolling around the training grounds covered in dirt and sand.

After Dorian’s trainers had worked closely with Angelo, Owen, Maddox, and Hugo over the course of the last few months, Wyatt had finally approved for more realistic training. Which meant punches were no longer pulled, and body-slammings were fair game. Pack members left and right were being sent to the hospital, and Dr. Andrews had become noticeably understaffed in a matter of weeks. Thankfully, none of the injuries sustained during training

were life-threatening, and all pack members that were sent there in the morning were out by the afternoon; only to end up back there the next day.

“AHH, fvck!!! THAT BURNS WYATT!!” I heard someone screech. I was shaken from my thoughts and saw that Wyatt had Kendrick pinned on the ground, his back fully on the hot pavement outside of the cool dirt in the training area. Wyatt let him up, and sure enough, Kendrick had a burn on his back. “What the fvck, dude?!”

“You’ll live,” was all Wyatt replied nonchalantly. I rolled my eyes and walked over to them.

“Ken, let me see,” I said to him. The guys had finally noticed me. I looked at his back, and thankfully, it wasn’t burned too badly. I used my powers to grab some water from the fountain nearby, turned it into ice for him, and placed it on his back.

“Ohhh ... That’s it. That feels amazingggggg ...” Kendrick practically m0aned obscenely.

“Rylee, what are you doing out here?” Wyatt finally asked me.

“Wyatt, have you sent anyone to go look at Silver Lake?” I asked him abruptly.

“Silver Lake? Your old pack?” he asked me, making sure he heard correctly. I nodded. “No, why?”

“Wyatt, when Eric had challenged my father, he challenged him for our pack and won. He won Silver Lake from my dad.”

“We know that already. But the challenge was voided when Eric admitted to using the challenge to cover up premeditated murder.”

“Ten years after the fact,” I replied. Wyatt paused and gaped at me. “Even though he had burned down the packhouse, and killed everyone, the land itself still belonged to him, legally, until he was found out.”

“What are trying to say, Rylee?” Jason asked, coming over to us.

“You’re a businessman, Wyatt. If you had a piece of land as big as Silver Lake in your name for almost a decade, would you leave it barren?” I asked him. He looked at me questionably.

“No, I would either rebuild, or I would sell.”

“Exactly.”

“But, from what we heard, Eric didn’t do either,” Kendrick responded as he tried to look at his back. “He told the investigating Elder that he felt that it had no purpose or something along those lines. Said that the land wasn’t worth it. That’s when he dug his own grave by admitting that he faked the challenge.”

“Right,” I replied and looked back at Wyatt.

“You think he built something at Silver Lake in secret, don’t you?” he asked me, and I shrugged.

“Either that, or he would have taken it from rogues after his escape. Silver Lake became a wasteland because Eric didn’t claim it as part of his property. So, rogues would have moved in and what’s that word? Scooted? No, squatted! Rogues could have squatted there in passing,” I explained. Wyatt looked at Kendrick and Jason.

“Jace, get Victor and the others and take a team to Silver Lake. See if there’s anything out of the ordinary. Take pictures and videos, but don’t venture too far onto the territory. If Eric is squatting there, we don’t want him to find out we found him.”

“You got it,” Jason said and smirked at me. I smiled at Wyatt and he gave me a look of lust and desire.

“Wyatt, why are you looking at me like that?”

“Oh, hell no, I’m out of here,” Kendrick said when he also saw the way Wyatt was looking at me like I was fresh meat of some sort. I was watching Kendrick’s retreating form when I heard a very animalistic and lustful growl. I turned towards Wyatt, and his eyes were pitch black.

“Wyatt, stop looking at me like that. We don’t have time for this!”

“There is always time for se.x, Rylee. Especially with you. Have I ever told you that your intelligence is the se.xiest attribute about you?”

“Wyatt, we’ve been over this! You practically broke me when we got back from Golden Moon!” I squealed when he lunged at me playfully.

“You loved it. I’d never heard you scream my name so fvcking*g loud before. I want to make you scream that loud all the time,” he said as he chased me.

“I’m faster than you!” I shouted and used my super-speed to dodge his arms.

“Oh, you want to play that again, do you!?” he yelled after me and started to chase me down. “Need I remind you what will happen when I catch you!?”

“You mean, if!” I shouted back. I heard him growl and the sound of clothes ripping made me put some extra oomph into my steps as Blade came bounding after me. I decided to let Kaleigh out so she and Blade could have some fun for themselves as well.

{Third Person P.O.V.}

As Rylee, Wyatt, and their wolves were having their little fun, they were too engulfed in each other to notice that they were being watched from afar. Along the hillside around the Blue Lake pack, a spy was in their midst, recording everything they were doing. Once the spy had enough, he left and returned to Eric Patterson to inform him of what he had witnessed.

Ever since the Golden Moon ceremonies were canceled, the Pattersons had been perfecting their plan for revenge against everyone. Even though their initial plan to attack the ceremony was a bust, it did not deter them. It only made them much more determined, and that much more devoted. In hindsight, for them, it gave ample time to concoct a plan that would be literally foolproof. Only, they still had no idea Rylee was the reason behind their failed attack before.

When the spy returned to Silver Lake, he himself had no idea that he was being watched now. Jason and the team he put together observed from about a hundred yards away from the Silver Lake border. The spy went into the burned packhouse that looked like it would come crumbling down with the smallest vibration.

“Did you find out anything useful?” Eric asked his spy.

“I found out something alright, something is interesting about the Luna of Blue Lake.”

“What do you mean?” Eric asked. Ash lifted his head from the table where he was working after the spy mentioned Rylee.

“See for yourself.” The spy handed Eric a tablet with the video recordings he made, and Ash came to hover and look for himself. Three things caught their attention. Rylee manipulating water and turning into ice in thin air, her inhumane speed in human form, and the fact that her wolf was baby blue.

“What the fvck?” Ash mumbled more to himself than anything. He was in awe of her. He was already head over heels in love with her and loathing how he let her go by being a pompous d!ck, but to see that she had powers and a rare colored wolf made him and his wolf, Kano, howl in delight and then snarl in envy.

“What is this?” Eric demanded. “Did you know!?” Eric asked his son.

“Of course, I didn’t! I wouldn’t have rejected her had I known she was a rare wolf! The question is, how the hell didn’t you know!? You’re the one who took her in as a kid!”

“I thought she was an Omega! How was I supposed to know she was the heir to these lands!?”

“You have to be fvcking*g joking me. And to think you were once an Alpha. She was the only child left alive, and she was hidden away like precious cargo. It should have been obvious that she was someone of great importance. The fact that you didn’t even know the Silver Lake Alpha and his Luna had a kid makes you even more incompetent. To think that you were so obsessed with Rylee’s mom, you faked a challenge to k!ll her mate to try and win her over. fvcking*g despicable.” Ash spit at his father and walked away.

“Worthless excuse of a son,” Eric muttered back. They growled and snarled at each other, and the spy just rolled his eyes. Their constant bickering was getting tiresome. If only they knew just how precious and rare Rylee truly was.

The spy walked away to let the squabbling, disgraced Alphas hash it out as they always did. How they haven’t k!lled each other, he would never know. As the spy was leaving the confinements of the Silver Lake packhouse towards the border of the land, he was suddenly grabbed and pinned against a tree. His eyes bulged out of his head when he saw who had him.

“Well, well, well, lookie, look at who we have here,” Jason said, studying the spy once over.

“Wait, is this who I think it is?” Angelo asked, checking out the spy as well.

“Yes, indeed it is. Gentlemen, may I introduce you to Mr. West. Andrea’s father.”

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 48 - Tips

0 14 minutes read

{Wyatt’s P.O.V.}

Regardless of the state of affairs prior to the recon mission, I was naive to think I would feel a sense of relief knowing we finally had a lead on the whereabouts of that sh!t stain and his family. I sat at my desk in my home office with Rylee by my side as Jason reported his findings to me. Despite hearing everything he said, I still caught myself zoning out as I stared up at him while he spewed the information he and the others found out. The fact that Andrea’s father was a spy for Eric Patterson made my skin crawl. I had released him and his mate under the premise that they would go find Andrea after her banishment. But instead of reuniting with her and moving on with their lives, he went about teaming up with the Pattersons and had been spying on us.

“Wait, so if he’s been spying on us for Eric, what happened to his mate and Andrea?” Rylee asked Jason.

“He said that after they found Andrea, she received the medical help she needed from human doctors, but she’s badly scarred.”

“So instead of being grateful that I let her live, they’ve been plotting against me?” I asked in annoyance.

“Not them, just him. Apparently, his mate and Andrea have no idea what he’s been up to. He covered it up by lying to them and saying he’s been going to work. He even fabricated this elaborate lie that he found a job with humans to sustain their living arrangements.”

“How is Eric even paying him?” Rylee asked.

“Something about some hidden wealth,” Jason answered.

“I was right, though. They’re hiding out at my old pack.”

“It appears so. Though, West did give us something we could use,” Jason responded.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“The fact that Ash and his father are constantly at each other’s throats.”

“That’s nothing new, though. They were always fighting when I was living under their roof. Ash always hated how Eric dictated his life. Ash was always trying to please him, but it never seemed to be enough. The only time I ever saw Eric even remotely proud of Ash was when he gave him the Alpha title, and even then, I don’t think it was genuine,” Rylee said.

“Dearest, were you even at the ceremony? If my memory serves me right, you were inside getting beat up by Emma and Nicole,” I reminded her as I dug through the layers of my memories from when I first saw her.

“I saw the handover, went inside, and then got beat up,” she retorted while smacking my shoulder before she turned her attention back to Jason. “Does he know who the mole is at Golden Moon?”

“No, he doesn’t. I asked him, and he said that he has no idea who else Eric has under his thumb. He only knows as much as Eric tells him, which is next to nothing. Which I don’t get, honestly. Why hire spies but keep them in the dark about everything?”

“Because of situations like this. If any of his spies are ever caught, they could never tell their captors Eric’s plans, because they don’t know. If they die, they die. Eric could give two-sh!ts about them,” I answered, making Jason nod.

“This just goes to show just how stupid Eric isn’t,” Rylee said while rubbing her temples.

“We have another problem,” Jason hesitantly brought up. Rylee stopped rubbing her temples to look at him. “West had a video recording of you two running in your wolf forms, but before that, the recording shows Rylee using her super speed. He showed it to Patterson.”

“So, they know I have super speed and that my wolf is a unique color?” Rylee verified and Jason nodded. “fvck it then. Let them know. It’ll piss Ash off even more that he rejected me.”

“He’s probably whining like the little b***h he is, thinking that I took his most prized possession from him. I can only imagine how he will react if he ever finds out what you really are,” I told her as I snaked my arms around her

waist, pulling her down into my lap where I subsequently nuzzled her neck with my nose and kissed her flesh. She could only roll her eyes in response and shook her head while trying to stifle a giggle. “Jace, were you able to find out anything else?” I asked him as I noticed him smirking at us.

“Not much that pertains to how we’re going to catch them. Which reminds me, what do we do with West? If we keep him locked up, Patterson will eventually figure out he’s missing, but if we let him go, he’ll probably just go back to Patterson to tell him that we’re onto him. If he gets wind that we know where his base of operations is, then that ruins our chance of getting rid of him once and for all.”

“I hear you, Jace, and I’ve been contemplating the same thing,” I responded, resting my forehead on Rylee’s shoulder as I thought about how to handle this delicate situation. On the one hand, I could just kill West for taking advantage of my kindness to release him, only for him to turn his back on me, but what’s not to say I can’t leverage him?

“Wyatt, you’re thinking too hard!” Rylee exclaimed. I looked at her and quirked an eyebrow at her for reading my thoughts. “Don’t give me that look. The easiest way for us to maintain the upper hand is to play dirty. No more Miss Nice Primordial,” she declared and pushed herself off my lap and stomped out of my office. Jason and I looked at one another before we quickly followed her. As we were pacing after her, we ran into Kendrick, but he didn’t have a chance to say anything as we rushed past him.

“Yo, where’s the fire?!” he called out after us. A few seconds later, I could hear his footsteps behind us.

“Rylee, where are you—” I was about to ask where she was going until I saw her making a beeline for the dungeon doors.

“Move, Maddox!” Rylee shouted at him. He didn’t even hesitate to move out of the way for her. I glared at him as I walked past.

“Sorry, Alpha, but I’m not getting in her way when she’s on a mission.” I honestly couldn’t say that I blamed him.

When we arrived at the bottom of the staircase that led to the cells, Rylee was already inside West’s cell. We got the tail end of her throwing him across the cell with her powers.

“fvcking*g hell, Rylee!” I shouted at her and ran inside to calm her down.

“You’re out of control!” West sputtered out. “I should have known you would a.buse your powers!”

“I’m not abusing anything. Well, except for maybe you!” She retorted and strung him up mid-air.

“You can’t do this to me!” he cried out like a little girl.

“Actually, I can. The laws that pertain to attacking another wolf only apply to innocent pack members, and the last I checked, you’re no longer a pack member. Also, I wouldn’t exactly call you innocent. After all, you’re working for a wanted fugitive. That makes you an accessory if I’m not mistaken.” I couldn’t stop the smile that formed across my face. Rylee really has come a long way in terms of werewolf law.

“This is ridicu—AHHH!!!” West screamed bl00dy murder which shook me from my proud thoughts. I looked up and saw that Rylee had his arm folded like a pretzel.

“Rylee!” I called out to her, but I saw that her eyes were fully clouded over.

“What the fvck is she doing?” Kendrick asked.

“She’s forcing herself into his mind. She’s going to get every piece of information out of him if it’s the last thing she does.” After a few minutes of just standing around, Rylee’s eyes turned back to normal, and she dropped West to the ground.

“Now that I know where your mate and Andrea are, you have two choices, West,” Rylee announced to him. He glanced upwards while cradling his arm, his eyes filled with terror. “You switch sides and work for us, and spy on Eric, or, I k!!! you and have our pack warriors go pick up your mate and daughter and have them brought here to die as well. Your choice.”

“Rylee, we don’t bargain with people’s lives like that!” I scolded her but she snarled at me in response.

“Are you telling me that their lives are more important than the life of your son!? Don’t forget, Wyatt, in my vision pups were k!lled without mercy, and that included ours! You died either trying to save him, or you were blindsided while mourning him,” she croaked out while tears brimmed her eyes. Her small hands were clenched into fists as her jaw ticked. “I will do whatever it takes to keep our son alive, and by any means necessary!” I let out a sigh and just nodded my head. Rylee had a point. She turned her attention back to West. “What’s it going to be?”

“You can’t be serious!? It’s a lose-lose situation for me and my family! I help you, and Eric k!lls my family. If I help him, you k!ll my family!”

“You should have thought of that before,” Rylee sneered. West’s eyes widened when he finally came to the realization that Rylee wasn’t going to falter on her choices. You could see the wheels turning in his head as his eyes darted back and forth, up, and around, and down to the floor before he finally ground his teeth and heaved out a sigh of defeat.

“Fine, you win, Luna.”

“That’s what I thought.”

We spent the next hour or so prepping him on what to say to Eric. Eric may not have been stupid enough to tell West anything about his plans, but he was stupid enough to use someone that used to be part of this pack. Even stupider to use someone from Chad’s pack, though, we still had yet to find out who it was. Rylee kept suggesting it was likely Chad’s stalker, Lorelai, but former Beta Jackson assured that she had not once left the packhouse after the girls had arrived there.

Brent thought it could be her brother, hellbent on revenge after getting his punishment for mistakenly attacking Rylee, but Richard assured that he wouldn’t be stupid enough to do something that would cost him his life. He was already scared of Rylee as it is after seeing what she could do. It wouldn’t make sense for him to piss her off even more than he already had. Rylee decided that it would be best for William and Olivia to go back to Golden Moon disguised as lone wolves and ask for membership into Richard’s pack. That way, William could use his powers to see if he could find the mole.

Rylee was insistent that she go herself because this was so personal for her even though I protested against it. It took me, Chad, and William to convince her not to go in there. She would make it too obvious that she was looking for

the mole even if she were to be in disguise. Chad also reassured her that Ryker has been keeping a close eye on the girls. He never strayed too far from them. Apparently, having a weretiger for a personal guard has kept away the crazies like Lorelai, her brother, and any other pack member who wanted to try and pick on Lexie and Lanie. A lot of the bullying has stopped since Chad has officially marked Lanie and Brent Lexie, but it doesn't stop the mean glares, at least not until Ryker growled and showed his eyes to people.

After we released West back into the lion's den that was Eric's hiding place, I sent Angelo and Victor out to follow him from afar to gather as much information as possible. Eric wouldn't be dumb enough to give up anything to West that could really be of any use, so it was up to my men to do their due diligence. Even though we knew where they were hiding, we couldn't go in blind. If Rylee's premonition three months ago was any indication of what Eric and Ash were capable of, then I needed to do as much recon as possible, and make sure that there were no loose ends or hidden agendas.

Just thinking about the fact that Sam was killed in that attack, made my skin crawl, my blood boil, and my heart ache. Rylee was right about one thing; West's family was of no importance to us or our pack, not anymore. He made his choice and now, he was going to have to live with them, even if it meant the death of his family. West was either really stupid or really desperate to team up with Eric Patterson—a mass murderer.

A part of me couldn't stop wondering exactly how I died holding our son in my arms. There could honestly be any number of scenarios that result in my death, but Sam's? There was only one. Ash killed him. Eric would have no reason to harm my son as there would be no benefit to him. But that fucker Ash would reap all of the benefits that came with killing my heir. He wouldn't hurt Rylee, at least not kill her anyway; he's too obsessed with her for that. But killing Sam and then me would give him the emotional advantage over her, or our deaths would make her the scariest she-wolf to have ever existed.

With Rylee's powers being primarily tied to her emotions, the death of anyone close to her would tip the scale on her control in the wrong direction. But seeing how she reacted when she saw me and our son dead, I would hate to be on the receiving end of that wrath.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" I peered down at Rylee who was staring up at me. I smiled a little and pulled her close to me. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, for now."

“What were you thinking about just now? And don’t try to lie to me,” she warned as she wrapped her arms around my waist.

“Oh, just how much I want to rip Ash’s head from his body.”

“Get in line.” I chuckled at her response. “He’s the one who killed Sam, I just know he did,” she said quietly.

“Either you read my mind, or we’re thinking the same thing,” I replied and looked down at her.

“No, I didn’t read your mind. It makes sense that Ash would go after Sam. He’s the next Alpha in line to Blue Lake and the product of our bond. Unless you and I have more pups, he would be the last Primordial. Even if, by some horrible twist of fate, Ash were to get his hands on me, mate with me, and we produced a pup, it wouldn’t be a Primordial. William said that only pups I had with you would inherit our powers.” I growled in response to hearing her even mention a hypothetical situation where she had that mutt’s pups. My grasp on her tightened as I held her incredibly close. “Calm down, I’m not saying I would ever let him touch me, I’m just saying that Sam’s death would destroy not only the Valencia bloodline but William’s as well, even though we’re born differently.”

“That’s never going to happen, Rylee. Yes, you had a vision, but it’s been three months, and nothing has happened.”

“Yet,” she added.

“Even if something does, we’re no longer going to be blindsided or caught off guard. Neither will Chad’s pack. We’ve both put extra measures in place to ensure the safety of our packs and the people who reside in them. The Elders are also keeping their eye out for anything that changes. Until Eric is found, everyone will be on high alert.”

“We already know where he is though!”

“All the more reason to wait him out. Unless West wants to witness his family’s death, he will keep his mouth shut to Eric about us knowing where he’s hiding out.”

"I can't believe that he's soiling my old pack grounds with his presence there. It's fvckingd up enough that he k!lled my family and burned my home to the ground, but now he's squatting there, tainting it even more!"

"I'm sorry that your old pack is being tarnished this way, but I promise you, once Eric and his family are out of lives for good, we will restore Silver Lake." She looked up at me in shock.

"What?" I just smiled down at her. "What do you mean by restore?"

"What do you think I mean, Tink. We're going to rebuild Silver Lake's packhouse and make it a vacation home for our family."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Yes, and we will have memorials built for your parents. One's that they are deserving of." Her eyes brimmed with tears again, and this time, they instantly fell. I wiped them away with my thumbs as I cupped her face.

"Wyatt ..." she sobbed.

"I'm sorry I couldn't do this for you sooner, dearest. This should have been done last year after everything settled down, but we weren't in the best of places. I know that's not an excuse, but it did cloud my better judgment on a lot of things. But I want to make it up to you, and to your parents. Uncle Mitch and Aunt Megan would kick my a.ss if they saw how badly I had treated you and our bond over the last couple of years. If they had been alive when all that sh!t happened, I'm sure that they would have castrated me, or worse, taken you away from me." She let out a small giggle as tears streamed down her pet!te face.

"I love you, Wyatt."

"Not as much as I love you." She sobbed and leaned into my c.hest as I held her close. "Also, while we're on the subject of kids, tell me, do you want more?" She stopped crying instantly and froze in my arms. She looked up again and lifted an eyebrow at me.

"Do you?" she asked in return while dodging her response.

"Of course. I want at least five."

“FIVE?!?”

“At least,” I reiterated.

“I’M NOT GETTING PREGNANT FOUR MORE TIMES, WYATT!!” she screamed and pushed me away. “Giving birth to Sam was hard enough as it was. You want me to do it four more times?!”

“At least.” She gawked at me. “And hey, who knows, maybe we can knock it out in two rounds and not four. There’s always the possibility of having multiples.” She scoffed. “Hmmm ... I can just see it now, your se.xy body swelling with my pup or pups again. fvck, it makes me hard just thinking about it,” I teased her and put her hand on top of my ever-growing hard-on.

“Wyatt!” she squealed and pulled her hand back, seemingly fl.ustered.

“What’s wrong, baby? You love it when I get a raging boner, remember?”

“Oh my god!” she squeaked and blushed.

“fvck, Rylee, I can’t wait to plant more of my seed inside of you,” I m0aned as I pulled her flush against me and nibbled on her mark, causing her to m0an in response. The air around us was instantly filled with her ar0usal. “See, you want it too,” I teased and s.ucked on her flesh.

“Wy...Wya...Oh fvck,” she m0aned even harder as my hand went between her legs.

“I think we should get a move on and give Sam a younger sibling, or two, or four,” I said and lifted her into my arms. She pulled me into a deep and passionate k!ss as I sped up the stairs to our room and slammed the door behind us. Dealing with Eric would have to wait until tomorrow, for the rest of the day and night, I planned on making love to Rylee until she saw stars.

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 49 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

{Ryker’s P.O.V.}

After spending so much time locked away in that trafficking prison, it was a nice change of pace to regain my freedom. Four months on the outside was not much different than the blink of an eye for a weretiger; compared to the

years I spent fantasizing about how I would k!ll Marvin if I ever got my hands on him, it was nothing. Sadly, someone beat me to the punch—the little blonde wolf of Blue Lake had k!lled Marvin while in a fit of rage. I won't lie, I was pissed when I heard the news. Not because I wanted him to live, but because I wanted to be the one to exterminate him. If there was a way to resurrect the dead, I would do it, and k!ll him all over again but not as quickly. I would cut every single vein in his arms and s***h open every artery in his body so I could watch him slowly bleed to death.

Since I was deprived of that, now all I could do was wait for a war that was bound to happen. I've pledged my loyalty to this wolf pack, Golden Moon, only because the Goldilocks sisters were here. They were like daughters to me, only werewolves instead. I still remember the day that they were born. I watched as that beautiful she-wolf, Megan—I believe her name was—gave birth to them. At the time, Anna and I thought she would surely die during childbirth, seeing as how she was extremely underweight and savagely beaten. Thankfully, she didn't.

Anna and I watched over the three of them as Megan recovered from giving birth. She had lost a lot of bl00d, but Anna was able to help her heal. A month after they were born, Megan was drugged and dragged away, and the girls were left with Anna. We never knew what happened to Megan. Imagine my surprise when I heard that the girls were the other blonde's sisters and that Megan was her mother. I also heard that the man who impregnated her was the man that k!lled her several years later. I'm even more determined now to help not just Lexie and Lanie, but also the Blue Lake blonde, Rylee.

"Ryker, stop looking so serious!" I heard a voice and felt someone punching my arm, but it felt more like a nudge. I looked down to my left and saw Lexie peering up at me with a smile.

"Was that supposed to hurt me?" I teased her.

"Psh, yeah right. Hurt you? No one can hurt you. I've witnessed countless of those guards back in the prison die trying to hurt you." I smirked at her and looked back out into the forest that surrounded the Golden Moon packhouse.

"Where's your sister, little one?"

"With Chad, probably having se.x," she answered nonchalantly, and I immediately cringed at her words.

“I do not need to know that!” I snarled at her. All she did was laugh in response.

“Geez, you sound like a grumpy old man. Calm down!”

“I might as well be a grumpy old man, seeing as how I’m over 200 years old!”

“YOU’RE WHAT!?” she gaped at me while looking up. “Two ... Two ... Two hundred!?”

“202, to be exact.”

“Is that normal for weretigers?”

“Yes, it is. Unlike you wolves, tigers have a long lifespan. Because we are so few in number now, those of us that are still alive were blessed by our god with the gift of being sempiternal.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means that our bodies do not change. We are eternal beings, assuming we’re not killed. Just like a Siberian tiger, we are endangered. We’re not immortal, we can still die, but time cannot ravage us. We need to be able to reproduce in order to bring up our numbers, but with so few of us left, it’s exceedingly difficult.”

“Do tigers have mates the way wolves do?”

“We did, at one point in time, but that’s changed. The scales have been tipped because, from the last I heard, there are only a handful of females left – less than ten if I’m not mistaken. There are more males, but the females don’t want to reproduce only for the sake of saving our kind. They refuse to be used solely for the sake of breeding.”

“Oh, I guess that means giving birth to ... uh ... cubs?”—she lifted a brow with uncertainty, to which I just smiled and nodded my head— “isn’t as easy as one may think, huh?”

“No, it’s not. And unfortunately, even if cubs are born, the survival rate is slim. Unlike werewolves and some of our other supernatural brethren, weretiger cubs are born as tiger cubs. They stay in their tiger form for at least a year

which means the female does as well, so she can raise them. Sadly, that makes them easy targets for hunters, and fur collectors. That's why so many of us have perished."

"I'm so sorry, Ryker, I had no idea," Lexie said with sorrow as she lowered her head. After a moment of silence, Lexie broke it with a question. "Is that why you were taken? Did Marvin plan on finding a female to force you two to reproduce?"

"No, I heard that I was captured for someone else, but for that exact reason. Apparently, there's a buyer out there who has been looking for a tiger couple to create cubs so he could sell for a profit. He wouldn't pay Marvin until he had both me and a female to present to him. Marvin was having trouble finding a female. As I said, there are very few of them, and they're great at hiding. That's why it's taken damn near two decades to find one, and now he never will."

"That's so sick! I can't believe there are so many people out there that are sick and twisted! Then again, I shouldn't be surprised, there were two buyers for me and Lanie." I looked down at her when she said that.

"There were?"

"Yeah, I guess you didn't hear. Marvin had one buyer, but that human toy of his had another buyer lined up. The other buyer was apparently willing to help Levi kill Marvin so that he could take over the operation, but Wyatt killed Levi in the tunnels at the prison site, and you already know that Rylee killed Marvin."

"I know of the buyer that Marvin had set up. He was a regular, but who was the buyer that Levi had set up?" I asked her, intrigued by this new information. She just shrugged her shoulders. I thought about it for a moment. Who else would want wolves that were descendants of the moon goddess? Not a lot of people knew who the girls were. Only Marvin, Levi, and the buyer that Marvin had set up. Also, the one who ... "Wait, Lexie, did Levi ever mention if his buyer was supernatural or not?"

"Ummm ... You'd have to ask Wyatt that. Why?"

"Because your identities are a big secret. There were only a handful of people in Marvin's operation who knew who you two are."

“Okay ...”

“Lexie, one of those people is your birth father.”

“Yeah, but buying us? I doubt he even knows that we exist. He left our mother before she gave birth to us. Marvin even said that Eric didn’t know if we had survived or not or were conceived or whatever.”

“Lexie, that kind of information doesn’t stay quiet for long. Remember what Wyatt told Chad? Eric was the one who kidnapped the two of you from the Kingdom for Marvin. Even if he didn’t know at the time that you had been conceived, I’m sure he knows now. That may be the reason why he was going to attack three months ago. What if he found out that you two were here, and was coming for you?”

“But ... but ... but, in Rylee’s vision, everyone was dead. If he wanted us, why would he k!!! everyone?” she stuttered.

“A man like your birth father doesn’t need a reason to k!!!. He k!!!s because wants to. He’s a k!!!er from what I have been told about him.” Lexie was turning pale white. “Little one, are you okay?” I asked as I grabbed her shoulders.

“I ... I ...” Before she could answer, Brent came running over to us.

“What happened!?” he exclaimed as he took Lexie from me.

“I don’t know! She just turned pale, and now she can’t speak.”

“Lexie, baby, talk to me!” Lexie looked as if she were in a trance. Lexie’s eyes were fixated on nothing, her pupils were completely dilated, and she just stood there. Suddenly, she fell backward, and Brent caught her. He gently laid her down on the ground, but nothing about her changed. If anything, she was getting worse.

“What’s happening to her!?” I asked.

“I have no idea, man! What were the two of you talking about!?” Brent demanded to know.

“Her birth father,” I answered honestly.

“Why the fvck would you talk to her about Eric!? She’s terrified of the guy as it is!” he snarled.

“I didn’t think she would go into a state of shock like this!” I responded while pointing at her on the ground. Out of nowhere, Lanie and Chad came bounding towards us. Lanie was shouting as she came to a halt and kneeled by Lexie. By the time she reached her, several people abruptly appeared in front of us.

“Wyatt?!” Chad exclaimed. “How!?”

“Rylee said she couldn’t feel Lexie’s presence anymore. Olivia teleported us here,” he answered.

“What’s wrong with her!?” Rylee asked while kneeling by Lexie as well.

“Girls, stand back!” William shouted at them. He pulled Rylee away, and Chad pulled Lanie away. Without warning, Lexie’s hair changed colors to a stark white, her eyes became milky, and a symbol started to glow on her forehead.

“What the hell!?” Brent yelled. “Wha ... What’s happening?!” he panicked.

“The crest of the Lunar Kingdom,” William said in complete awe. As we all stared down at Lexie’s changing form, a burst of white light came out of the symbol on her forehead. I shielded my eyes with my forearm. As I felt the light dimming, I lowered my arm but found something was very wrong. Lexie was gone.

“Where’s Lanie!?” Chad asked, frantically looking around.

“Where’s Rylee!?” Wyatt shouted at the same time.

“Where is William!?” Olivia exclaimed. We all looked at each other. They were nowhere in sight.

“Did that white light have anything to do with this!?” Brent questioned Wyatt.

“Why are you looking at me!? How the fvck am I supposed to know!?” Wyatt shouted with his arms flailing. “Olivia!?”

“You’re asking me!? I’m just a witch!”

“You’ve been alive for a thousand years!” Wyatt retorted.

“It doesn’t make me an expert on sh!t like this!” she snapped back.

“My Luna is missing! There’s no time for this sh!t!” Chad roared.

“My Luna is missing too if you haven’t noticed!” Wyatt snarled back.

“What if they ...” Brent began to say.

“DON’T EVEN GO THERE!” we all shouted at him in unison.

“William can’t even die! He’s immortal. So, they can’t be dead. That light probably teleported them somewhere,” Olivia said more to herself than to us, but loud enough so we could hear.

“They’re not dead. We would have felt it through our bond,” Wyatt said calmly. Chad and Brent also nodded, letting out sighs of relief.

“If they’re not dead, then where are they?” I asked. No one said a thing. We all just stared at where they were not even a minute ago. Something strange was happening.

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 50 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

{Rylee’s P.O.V.}

After that surge of white light hit us, I quickly shielded my eyes with my arm. I felt Wyatt embrace me, pulling me into his chest. Suddenly, I was inundated with an overwhelming sense of loneliness and realized that I was no longer in Wyatt’s arms. I frantically searched around, only to confirm that I was, indeed, by myself.

“Wyatt!?” I called out to him but heard nothing. “Wyatt!?!” I called out louder. The silence was deafening. Just as my distress was approaching full-blown panic, I finally noticed I was inside a room of some sort, and it looked oddly familiar. “Where am I?” I asked out loud. I was about to cry out for Wyatt again when I was distracted by the sound of a child’s laughter outside of the door. It wasn’t Sam because it sounded like a little girl. I thought maybe it could be Leighann but before I could open the door to check, I heard an all-too-familiar name being yelled.

“Ryan Lee Duquesne, you get back here this instant!”

“Daddy!” the child screamed.

“Oh, my sweet, sweet Rylee. Are you driving your mother crazy again?” a soothing and comforting voice asked. Tears immediately welled up in my eyes. As slowly and quietly as possible, I opened the door and peeked out. Down the hall, I saw them.

“Mom? Dad?” I whispered to myself, praying that they couldn’t hear me.

“Ugh! Why must she be like you and insist on being n.aked all the time! I can’t even get her to take a bath without her pulling a fast one on me!” my mother shouted.

“Megan, baby, she’s a two-year-old toddler. They all live to be n.aked. It has nothing to do with me. And if my memory serves me correctly, you’re the one who always wants me n.aked, do you not?” my father asked in a playful tone. I wanted to gag hearing my father speak to my mother the way Wyatt spoke to me. It was also kind of hilarious to hear my mother yell at me the way I yell at Sam. I guess the apple really doesn’t fall far from the tree.

“Mitchell, I swear to the moon goddess, she gave us this child because she wanted to punish us!” my mother joked.

“Please, our daughter is the biggest blessing in our lives. It took us seven years to finally conceive her, and I think there was a reason for that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Did you see the way Ronan’s boy looked at her when she was born?” I was shocked to hear my father talk about Wyatt.

“Yes. He’s eight years old and he saw a baby for the first time. I’m sure he was intrigued by the phenomenon,” my mother answered, taking me back from my father’s arms. I watched as I clung to my mother for dear life and rested my head on her shoulders.

“Well, that may be partially true, babe, but I think there was another reason behind him marveling at this beautiful child,” my father replied as he combed the back of my head for me. There was so much adoration in his eyes.

“Well, aren’t you going to enlighten me?” my mother asked him. I couldn’t see her face, but I heard her voice. It was just as beautiful as I remembered, and my father was just as handsome.

“I think Wyatt and our beautiful little Primordial here are mates.” I gasped when I heard my father call me a Primordial. He knew? My gaze shifted to the ground in utter confusion. How did my parents know?

“Shhh! Mitch! Not so loud. We can’t let the pack know what she is just yet. We won’t know for sure until she becomes of age anyway!” my mother whispered at him.

“Please, we both know already. We’re both pureblooded Alphas, and so are Ronan and his son. For an eight-year-old pup, Wyatt sure was smitten with Rylee. I’m sure he saw right through these chocolate eyes and knew immediately she is destined to be his future Luna.”

“Mitch, if that’s true, then she’s going to be the mother of all Primordial Werewolves,” my mother said with awe in her voice. My past self had already fallen asleep on her shoulder, and I saw that I had a chunk of her hair securely in my hand. Now I finally understood where Sam got this habit.

“You’re right, and we’re her parents. I think there was a reason behind us having to wait so long to conceive, and this has to be it,” my father said. My mother nodded, and I watched as he leaned down and gave her a sweet kiss. He then proceeded to give me a kiss on the back of the head as he rubbed my back. “My beautiful Rylee, you’re going to be a very special wolf one day, and I can’t wait to see you become the most powerful werewolf to ever exist.” As they walked away, the tears started to flow again.

My parents were denied the privilege of watching me grow up. They never got the chance to see me become the person that I am today. Eight years from now, they would both be brutally murdered. I closed the door quietly and leaned against it as I cried some more. To see the amount of love my parents had for me was more than I could bear. As I dwelled on the fact that my parents missed out on so much because of that fucker, Eric, something dawned on me.

“Oh my goddess, I’m two right now. That means this should be around the time my mother is taken by Marvin or Eric,” I said to myself. I quickly wiped

away my tears and opened the door again, but instead of being out in the hall, I saw the lake behind the packhouse. "Oh ... Silver Lake ..." I said with awe. I had forgotten how beautiful the lake was when the full moon was out. The hue reflected from the moon was the reason for the pack's namesake, Silver Lake; it made the water appear silver.

As I stared into the water of the crystal-clear lake at my old pack, I heard a noise behind me. I swiftly rushed to conceal myself behind a large bush. I looked at the bush with a sense of déjà vu and remembered this was my favorite hiding spot as a kid. To think that, even as an adult, I chose this place to hide. I shook my head and kept a lookout for what made the noise. I was shocked to see my mom, alone.

"Rylee, the mother to all Primordials. I can't believe how lucky I am. Here I thought Mitch would be the biggest blessing in my life but no, I have an even bigger blessing now. My sweet Rylee," she said to herself. It was crazy to me, looking at my mom. She reminded me so much of Lanie. Really, it was the other way around but whatever, the point was that Lanie and mom looked alike.

I remembered Dylan mentioning that the moon goddess' children took the same form as mortals as they did when they were in the Kingdom. It made me wonder how Lanie could look so much like mom when the only traits Lexie inherited were blonde hair and blue eyes. I knew I got my eyes from my father and my hair from my mother. But Lexie, she's an anomaly; a beautiful anomaly, but an anomaly, nonetheless. She didn't even resemble Eric, and I knew that for a fact. After all, I had to look at his ugly face for eight years of my life, day in and day out.

"Well, well, well, look at what we have here," an unknown voice said, interrupting my thoughts.

"Who the fvck are you?!" my mother asked. Well, I guess it was no secret where I got my potty mouth from.

"Such ugly words coming from such a beautiful woman. It's no wonder Eric Patterson is so obsessed with you," the stranger said. Who was this guy?

"ERIC PATTERSON!? What the fvck does he want now!? And how the hell did you get on our pack lands!?"

“Well, it’s kind of obvious what he wants from you, Luna Megan, and how I ended up here? Well, let’s just say you have some major security flaws. Three guards? Piece of a cake.” My mother snarled and I watched as her eyes started to cloud over. “Nah uh uh uh, don’t do that now, Luna Megan. Not unless you want your mate to get shot in the heart with a silver bullet,” he taunted her. He pointed to the tree adjacent to my father’s office, and sure enough, there was someone perched up in the tree with a rifle pointed directly at the window.

“What do you want?” she asked while gritting her teeth.

“Come with us willingly, or we k!!! your mate,” he told her. I was curious as to why he wasn’t threatening my life.

“You’re not even a wolf,” my mother said with distaste.

“No sh!t, b***h. Now, get a move on before I tell my guy to k!!! your mate. I’m not being paid to waste my time.”

“Paid!? Eric is paying you!?”

“Of course he is. He paid us a nice little chunk of change to get this job done. Now, come with me before I lose all of my patience with you.”

“Only if you promise to leave my mate out of this.”

“Sure. My contract only orders me to k!!! him if you don’t cooperate. I may be a werewolf hunter, but I keep up my end of the bargain,” he said leisurely with a shrug of his shoulders.

“Tell your partner to get out of the tree, and then I’ll go with you,” my mother instructed him. Why was she going so easily without resisting? Dad wouldn’t have wanted her to spare his life over hers.

“Fine.” He gestured his head and his partner jumped from the tree and jogged his way over. I stayed low in the bush to make sure no one saw me. Was this how she was taken? No struggle, no fighting, no yelling or screaming, or crying? She just went as long they promised not to hurt dad. “Well? Come on then,” he told her and made a path for her.

Mom went willingly and followed after them. She stopped just before the border of the pack lands and looked back towards the packhouse. I followed

her line of sight and saw that she was looking at my father's office. But then, her focus shifted, and I saw that she was looking at the corner of their room—where I would be sleeping.

I turned back to face them and saw that she was getting ready to step over the boundary of the territory. This would alert everyone in the pack that someone left the pack lands without permission. I had to stop her. I had to stop her from leaving. I couldn't let Eric have his way. I jumped out from the bush and used my super-speed to reach her.

“STOP!” I screamed. “MOM! DON'T GO WITH THEM!!” I screamed even louder and ran as fast as I could but realized that I wasn't running at full speed. I was running like ... a normal human? I kept pushing myself to get to her and screaming for her not to go, but it was as if she couldn't hear me. Why couldn't she hear me? When I got to the border to follow after her, I literally ran into a wall. I fell backward on my a.ss and got up to try again, but was met with an invisible barrier. I banged on it, “MOM! MOM! COME BACK!” I screamed and kept hitting the wall with my fist. I tried to tap into my super strength, but even that was useless. I felt so weak. My strength was that of a mere mortal. “What is happening with my abilities!?” I shouted and kept hitting whatever this wall was, only to see my mother disappear from my line of sight. “NOO!!!” I screamed and cried. “MOM!!!” I couldn't stop her. I couldn't save her. Why couldn't I save her? I was furious. Why would I be sent to the past to be shown all of this if I weren't meant to stop it?

“UGH!!!” I grunted in pure anger. I wanted to let Kaleigh out to see if she could break down the wall, but then I realized that I couldn't sense her. I was shocked and confused. Why hadn't I noticed that my wolf was no longer with me? “What the hell? What is going on?”

“This isn't your time.”

“AH!” I screamed when I heard an unfamiliar voice behind me. I turned around to see a woman with white hair and silver eyes wearing a gown that shimmered like diamonds. “Who the fu—”

“Finish that sentence and I'll wash that mouth out with soap!” she stated harshly, causing me to hold my tongue.

“Who are you?” I asked again, only without the profanity.

“Who do you think?” she asked back and smiled. My eyes widened in horror and dismay.

“You ... You’re ... Y-You’re ...”

“Call me Selene, Rylee.”