

## Chapter 6 - Meredith

Ever since I had met Brandon on the rock by the pond and talked to him about accepting his mates, he and I have been close. It's like having a brother, which is something that I've always wanted.

We'd never really talked before that. Not because Brandon shunned me or anything, far from it. The Artemis Pack is full of people who are caring and kind. More like we were of different age groups and status in the pack. Our paths just never really crossed.

But after that day, he took a special interest in me, checking on me and Lucille, talking to me about becoming an oracle, and making sure I was settling into my role as a mate and luna. He was the first person there other than my mates when Fati and JoJo were born and has already insisted that Jared and JoJo are destined for each other. How he would know that, I don't know, but they both definitely have the same calm temperament.

So learning that he had been taken by CCS shook me.

"¿Sigues pensando en Brandon, mi cielo? (Still thinking about Brandon, my heaven?)" Gael asks, climbing onto the bed beside me. I had just finished feeding the pups and laid them down in their bassinets in our room.

"Sí. Estoy tan preocupado por él. (Yeah. I'm just so worried about him.)" I cuddle into his chest, breathing in his scent.

"Estará bien, Merry. Juraron mantenerlo a salvo. Lo veremos pronto y lo llevaremos a casa. (He'll be ok, Merry. They swore to keep him safe. We'll see him soon and bring him home.)" Hakeem says, cuddling in on the other side.

We snuggle together for a few minutes and the scent of my

wonderful mates helps to calm me. I'm about to sit up when I hear Gael snoring softly next to me.

I chuckle and turn over to talk to Hakeem, but see that his eyes are closed as well, his mouth in a cute little pout.

They're just too adorable. I give them both a quick kiss and shimmy out from between them. I stand to stretch and go grab a shower. I love my beautiful little girls and I wouldn't change having them both, but being a new parent is hard. Sleep is a rare commodity and showers are few and far between. You steal them when you can.

Once in the bathroom, I decide that I'm going to take a bath. Sinking into a tub of hot water with candles and my favorite vanilla bath bomb and bath salts sounds amazing.

Our tub is huge, large enough to fit all three of us in it. But without my mates, I can simply free float in the water. I turn the water on as hot as I can stand it, steam filling the air. I dump in the bath bomb and salts so they can dissolve. Turning down the lights in the bathroom, I light a few vanilla scented candles and turn on some soothing music on my phone. Washing quickly, I relax back into the water.

"Feeling better, daughter?" I hear Selene's voice in my head.

I smile, sinking even deeper into the water. "Yes, Selene. Much better." I answer Selene out loud. I learned long ago that it helped to reduce headaches from our internal communication. It's much more intense than a mindlink. This required a lot more mental energy and focus, so the more that I could communicate in a typical way, the easier it was on me.

"So, about Brandon..." She says.

I instantly tense. "Is he ok?"

"He's fine. He's working on changing their minds about what they've been doing. But I wanted to prep you...he won't be coming home in three days."

"What?!" I nearly squeal, sitting up in the tub.

"It's not what you think. He's going to help, but in order to do that, he needs to stay with Corinda, Casen, and Severn. He'll be back, but it's going to take a while. I can promise you that he'll be safe. Corinda, Casen, and Severn, as misguided as they are, always keep their word. They seriously will not hurt him."

"Fucking hell. When did life get so complicated?" I rub my hands over my face. Not the relaxing bath I was hoping for. I just turned 18 soon after the pups were born and I'm already a luna, mother of twin pups, the strongest oracle there is, have lived through one huge wolf war, and am about to stand up against the most powerful trio that has walked the earth in centuries. Fuck!

"I'm sorry, Meredith. I know that this is a lot for you to handle. Unfortunately, there is little I can give you by way of comfort. I can't see what the end of this conflict will be. There are too many things that the Fates haven't decided yet. I do know that Brandon will come back to you guys safe. I know that it will take at least a week for him to leave them. But that's all I know for sure." Selene's voice sounds tired. I know that this is weighing on her. She's having difficulty dealing with all of the trouble that she's had with her wolves. I understand it. I wish that I could give her comfort. I'll have to talk to Arya and Devin before they go back into her realm in a few days. Who knew that the great Goddess of our creation would need a mental health break?

"Should I tell Charlie and Zak?" I ask, unsure how they'll handle this news.

"I think that might be a good plan. I know that those two are going a little insane right now without Brandon. I think if they're given a heads up, it will help. Might make Brandon calm a little, too." Selene sighs in my head. "I wish that I could give you more news, better news. I wish that I could help more..."

"You can't mess with Fate. I think we all understand that better now, Selene. All the heads up that you have given us has been helpful. I'm glad Brandon is safe and that he will safely return, even if it is later than we expected. I'll get up and go talk to Charlie and Zak." I start to pull myself up out of the tub before Selene's voice stops me.

"Don't. Give them this night. They have just learned a ton of new information and they are currently in constant contact with Brandon while trying to take care of the pups. Let them rest. Tell them tomorrow. Call an Alpha Council meeting."

"Ok," I nod, settling back in the water, my hair floating around me.

"Relax, Meredith. I'll talk to you soon."

"Goodbye, Selene," I whisper, closing my eyes and finally letting the bath start to calm me again.

I'm in that hazy spot between awake and asleep when I hear the door open and two sets of footsteps walk into the room before the door is closed again. My mates' scents fill the air and I give a dreamy smile.

Hakeem kneels behind me, dipping his hands into the tub and kneading my shoulders. I moan at his touch and the tension that it relieves.

I hear a click on the counter and the light static of the baby monitor. The bathrooms here are soundproof as they were back home, so we need to be able to hear the kiddos if they wake up.

Without opening my eyes, I hear Gael removing his clothes and stepping into the tub with me. He pulls my legs into his lap and begins rubbing my feet. He and Hakeem had taken some massage lessons during my pregnancy and Gael's particular speciality is foot massages. I swear the man has brought me to orgasm from massaging my feet.

I moan at both of their touches on me, though it's more than just from the pleasure of tension release. It seems that since giving birth, my body has been extra sensitive to my mates' touch. Just the slight caress against my hand or their breath on my neck leaves me panting and wet. They love it, but it can be a little embarrassing.

Hakeem pulls away and quickly disrobes. He lifts me slightly out of the water and gets in behind me before laying my head against his chest. His hands move into my hair and he begins massaging my scalp.

I moan again, my back arching and my nipples pebbling, rising out of the water with my movement.

"Why didn't you wake us when you decided to come in here, mi cielo?" Gael asks, bringing my foot up and placing it on his shoulder. Watching me the whole time, he places a kiss on my ankle. He slowly works his way up my leg, a kiss here, a nip there, his hands following behind with strong massaging strokes.

My breathing gets heavier, my eyes glazing. It takes me two swallows before I can find my voice. "I thought you two could use a nap."

Hakeem's fingers have been slowly working their way down my neck and shoulders and are now cupping my breasts. He takes my nipples between his fingers, pinching and twisting them slowly,

rolling them between his fingers. He licks up my neck before whispering in my ear, "You know that we would much rather help you relax enough for a nap, Merry."

My head falls to the side, into the crook of Hakeem's neck, as my back bows, lifting my chest out of the water. Gael uses my movement to bring him close to me. His head dips to one of my breasts and his hand runs the rest of the way up my leg to my core. His fingers part my lips and he flicks one over my clit at the same time he flicks his tongue over my taut nipple.

Simultaneously, Hakeem continues to roll and twist the other nipple, his mouth going to my matemark, and his other hand going to my ass. His finger gently probes and pushes at my asshole and I feel both of my mates' fingers enter at almost the same time.

"Fuck!" I whisper hoarsely. My legs wrap around Gael's waist, pulling him closer to me. I guide Hakeem's mouth to mine, kissing him ravenously.

Gael's mouth travels up my chest to my neck, then along my jawline as both he and Hakeem add a second finger to each of my holes. I groan loudly, beginning to ride their hands.

"That's right, Merry, you greedy girl. Show us how badly you want us to fuck you." Hakeem's words are whispered against my lips right before he bites my bottom lip.

"Mi reina, me vuelves loca. No puedo esperar a sentirte envuelto alrededor de mi rabo. (My queen, you drive me crazy. I can't wait to feel you wrapped around my dick.)" Gael says before entering our kiss.

Our mouths are pressed to each other, the kiss full of tongues and teeth. They both add a third finger and I pull back, screaming. "

Please! Papi! Dream! I need you inside me!"

Normally, they would tease me. They would be smartasses and say something about already being inside of me. But they are just as needy as I am right now.

Hakeem moves from behind me, sitting on the seat that hugs the back of the tub. He grabs the lube and pours it over his cock, giving it a few strokes as he watches Gael pick me up and bring me to him.

Gael lowers me down slowly, Hakeem lining himself up with my entrance. Letting gravity do the work, Gael continues to lower me onto Hakeem's cock, my tight asshole expanding around his length and girth.

I can't help the screams that leave my throat or the way that my hands claw at Gael's back. He captures my mouth with his, swallowing my screams. Hakeem grunts in pleasure at the feeling of forcing himself into my tightness. When I am completely impaled by him, we are both breathing heavily, clutching each other.

"Shit!" Hakeem says on a moan. "You would think that after we fuck her so much, she would loosen up eventually. But she's always so damned tight. It feels so fucking good."

Gael kneels in front of us, his knees on a step in the tub. He pushes me back a little so that I am leaning against Hakeem's chest. Gael runs his cock up and down my entrance, moving it back and forth against my clit. I can't help but writhe at the feeling, causing Hakeem to groan.

I whine as Gael continues running his cock along me, bathing his cockhead in my slickness. He reaches down and squeezes and massages Hakeem's balls, causing Hakeem to buck into me.

"Gael!" I whimper.

"Sí, ¿mi cielo? (Yes, my heaven?)" He asks with a smirk. Ok, the break from teasing didn't last long.

"Please," I whine. "I need you inside of me."

"¿Ya tienes uno rabo en tu gilipollas y necesitas otra? Realmente eres una chica codiciosa. (You already have one dick in your asshole and you need another? You really are a greedy girl.)" Ok, that's enough with his cockiness.

I begin to move on Hakeem's cock, rough and fast, causing my tits to bounce, which is something Gael has always loved to watch. Hakeem groans and his hands wrap around my waist, pushing me even harder on his cock with each downward stroke. Looking directly into Gael's eyes, I stick my middle and ring finger into my mouth and suck on them before lightly gliding them down my body and into my pussy.

The feeling is nearly too much and I lean back against Hakeem as I pump my fingers into myself.

"Shit, Merry! You just got so fucking tight! You getting close?" Hakeem's voice is hoarse as he fights to talk against his heavy breathing.

"Yes!" I hiss out between my teeth. My heavy-lidded gaze opens to see Gael watching us, both of his hands fisted around his massive cock. His voyeurism makes just watching Hakeem and me just as good as the actual sex for him.

Hakeem's hand snakes around my waist and he pulls my hand from my pussy before he uses his long fingers to rub my clit in quick circles.

I scream, feeling myself clench on Hakeem's cock inside of me.





"I'm gonna - " But I don't get to finish my sentence before Gael is in front of me. He doesn't even move Hakeem's hand, letting him continue to stimulate my clit as he drives himself inside of me all in one movement.

I scream again, wordlessly and loud. I feel my body clamp around both of my mates as my orgasm rolls over me.

"Ordeña mi rabo, mi cielo! (Milk my dick, my heaven)" Gael screams and I feel him explode inside of me.

"Drain that cock, Merry. Here it comes!" Hakeem screams and his orgasm follows Gael's and mine.



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