

FOUR

The brothers eyes ickered amongst each other. Each triplet wore a different expression that displayed their feelings on the matter quite clearly.

Ryker's smile burned brighter than the sun, with excitement and hope gleaming in his crystal blue eyes. He felt as though he had been waiting an eternity to find their mate, even though it was actually only a matter of months ago he decided to stop sleeping around with random she-wolves.

Reid appeared skeptical, with his lips slightly pouted and his eyebrows furrowed. His eyes cautiously observed the pack house before him, wondering if it was really true that their mate could be found inside.

Reid had always found himself on the fence when it came to meeting their mate. He wasn't infatuated by the idea, like his brother, but he wasn't exactly against meeting her either. He always figured they'd meet her when the time was right, but the time was absolutely not right at this moment. He had a date with Penelope at 7pm, how would he get out of that one?

He also figured he had a few more years of messing around and dating before he would find himself settling down with their mate, but was he excited to get inside and meet her? Perhaps he was, slightly.

River stared wide-eyed at the ground, with his sharp jaw tense and a vein threatening to burst out the right side of his neck. His brows snapped together, as he pondered on the inevitable implications this could cause.

He never wanted to meet their mate, if he was being honest. He'd seen the way his warriors were effected when they met their other halves, they were constantly distracted by their partner and slowly would begin to remove themselves from the frontline of defence, not wanting to risk the chance of being wounded in a battle and unable to return home to their mate. Mates had made many of his men weak, something River couldn't afford to be.

Ryker quickly glanced at his brothers, before he dramatically threw his hands in the air in an attempt to get their attention. "What are you both doing?" He questioned. "Let's go find her!" He pleaded, even though he was completely aware of both of his brother's feelings on the matter.

River's expression closed up. "No." He stated clearly. "We're here on social pack business, that's all. We don't have time to run around chasing your fairytale, Ryker." River scolded, as he turned on his heel to continue entering the pack house.

Ryker roughly grabbed his brother's shoulder, stopping him in his tracks. "So what are you going to do, River? Just ignore the fact that our mate is in there?" Ryker scolded.

Reid sighed as he approached his brothers. "He's right, River. What exactly is your plan here?" He questioned.

River shoved Ryker's hand off his shoulder, removing his brothers hold on him. "If we see her, then I'll reject her." He coldly conrmed, refusing to acknowledge his wolf Kane whimpering within him.

"That's not your decision, River. This involves all of us, not just you." Reid added, screwing up his face in disgust at the eldest.

River rolled his eyes, ignoring his brothers protests, and headed into the pack house with an infuriated Ryker and conicted Reid on his tail.

Brielle headed out her bedroom door first, closely followed by Harlie and Scarlett. She wore a look of determination, as a red blaze in her green orbs. She didn't care what dumb, dumber and dumbest had to say, over her dead body would she surrender her pack.

As they descended the staircase from the fourth floor, Brielle's sense of uneasiness worsened with each step. By the time the trio had reached the final flight of stairs, Brielle came to an abrupt halt.

Brielle lifted her nose in the air as she detected something unusual lingering around her. She was instantly hit with a strong whiff of sandalwood, so strong that her knees almost fell beneath her. The scent was intoxicating to her, almost calling out to her.

Seconds later, she was hit with another scent. The sweet smell of peach danced around her, inviting her to bask in the scent as it consumed her nostrils and set her nerve endings alight.

Finally, Brielle completely and utterly drowned in the scent of vanilla. Her legs had truly gone weak as she clung on to the staircase bannister, unable to catch her breath as she indulged in the three blissful scents.

Only when she felt Ocean anxiously stir within her did she realise what was happening. Her heart rate quickened to a dangerous beat as Harlie and Scarlett watched her warily.

"Bri..." Harlie gently rested her palm on Brielle's shoulder. "Are you alright?" Harlie's concern grew as she watched the colour drain from her sister's face.

As Brielle's eyes locked with her sister's, Harlie had an instant gut feeling shoot through her. "Oh, shit." Harlie muttered, before rushing down the stairs so she could be face to face with her sister.

"What's going on?" Scarlett queried, innocently naive to the situation at hand.

"Her mate is here." Harlie conrmed, her face contorted as she told Scarlet.

Brielle inhaled a deep breath before frantically shaking her head. "Nope," she exclaimed. "I don't have time to deal with this right now." Brielle quickly composed herself before finally descending the last flight of stairs, pushing down the overwhelming urge to find her mate and run into his arms.

She had bigger issues at hand and finding the mate who she planned to reject anyway wasn't at the top of her priority list.

"But Bri-" Scarlett shouted after her, but soon decided against finishing her sentence as Brielle and Harlie both shot her a warning glance.

As Brielle turned the corner, the scents were only growing stronger. She knew her mate was down here somewhere and it was the last thing she needed at this moment in time.

Pushing down the urge further and growing in frustration, Brielle swung open her office door a little too forcefully. As the wooden frame clashed against the painted white wall, Brielle's eyes landed on the three men stood before her.

Brielle and the three six-foot-four triplets gawked at one another as reality sunk in for them all. Brielle's eyes ickered between the three pairs of blue eyes staring back at her, observing how each of their dark brown hair was styled perfectly in a small quiff, with the sides and back shaven to a number one.

With the sharpest jaw lines she'd ever seen and three sets of full, plump lips, these identical men before her were the most handsome men she had ever cast her eyes upon.

And in this moment, as they all silently gaped at each other, they realised just how complicated this situation was about to become.

"Shit." Both Brielle and River concluded in unison.