

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

## Chapter 211

Raven's POV

A knock on my door wakes me from a restless sleep. My night was filled with dreams of Leo and Oliver. Most of the dreams were filled with Leo and Oliver fighting. But not the last one. The last dream was different. Both Leo and Oliver had their hands on me.

The dream felt real. I could feel the tingles of the mate bond, even through the dream. I woke up in a sweat with heat pooling between my legs.

A knock raps on the door again, and I try to smooth my nightgown and hair. "Who is it?" I yawn loudly.

No one answers, but the door inches its way open. Ashley's blonde hair peeks around the door, and she has a frown on her face.

"Why are you still sleeping?" She grumbles. "The car leaves in an hour on your orders."

I yawn again loudly and return her frown. "I don't need an hour to get ready for a car ride."

"You need to look your best when you arrive at the South Pack," Ashley moans.

"No one is going to look their best after a ten-hour car ride," I retort quickly.

"That's why you aren't driving," Ashley rolls her eyes at me. "We are taking a flight to the South Pack."

"Why wasn't I notified?" I say as I try to get out of bed as quickly as possible.

I get to my feet, and my knees buckle under my weight. Ashley rushes to my side and helps me back to my feet. I want to push her away, but I have done enough damage to our relationship over the past twenty-four hours.

"Thank you," I say through gritted teeth as I gingerly return to my feet.

"You're welcome," Ashley says coldly, disappearing into my closet.

I sit back on the bed, and an Omega from the West Pack pushes in a wheelchair. The Omega nods to me with a look of pity in her eyes. I growl out another "Thank you" before the Omega enters the closet and begins packing my things.

Ashley emerges from the closet with a baby blue dress in her hands. “You are going to wear this,” she snaps at me.

She throws the dress on the bed beside me and turns to leave the room.

“Ashley,” I call after her, but she doesn’t wait to hear what I have to say. Ashley storms out of the bedroom and slams the door behind her.

Guilt rises in my chest. I know that she is still angry at me for using my Luna command on her. I wanted to apologize for losing my cool while I was in the hospital, but Ashley doesn’t seem to be ready to hear it yet.

I look at the blue dress that Ashley had picked out for me, and my eyes fill with tears. I miss my mother, and I miss Kieran.

“Oh my Goddess,” I scream. “Kieran!”

With all that had been going on, I had forgotten Elise’s threat. Supposedly, the recusants have Kieran, and the last time I tried to call him, he didn’t answer his phone.

Scrambling for my phone on the bedside table, I quickly dial Kieran’s number. I drum my fingers on my leg as the other end of the call continues to ring.

“For f\*\*k’s sake,” Kieran’s grumpy voice rings out on the other end of the call. “Do you have any idea what time it is, Raven?”

I breathe out a sigh of relief. “It is early,” I answer him with tears streaming down my face. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“If you didn’t mean to wake me, then why are you calling me?” Kieran asks grumpily.

“I just needed to know that you are okay,” I tell him honestly.

“Why wouldn’t I be okay?” Kieran asks.

“I am worried about you,” I cry into the phone.

Kieran sighs loudly into the other end of the phone. “I don’t understand why you are so worried about me,” he grumbles. “You are the one getting pushed down the stairs by your personal aide.”

“You knew about that?” I feel wounded. Kieran has yet to call me once since I started my tour.

“Everyone knows about it,” Kieran says with a bit of humor in his voice.

“Are you laughing?” I scream into the phone.

“I am not laughing at you,” Kieran chuckles. “I am laughing with you.”

“I am not laughing, Kieran,” I snap at him.

“You are just so clumsy, Little Bird. Are you sure that you didn’t accidentally trip down the stairs?” Kieran asks, and my heart breaks a little.

I suddenly feel small. “I didn’t trip,” I mumble. “She admitted to pushing me.”

“I know, Little Bird. Dad filled me in,” he says cheerfully. “He really likes one of your mates. He says that the other one is a nerd.”

“He isn’t a nerd,” I gasp in defense of Oliver. “He is well educated.”

“Whatever,” Kieran groans. “Are you done worrying about me yet? I want to go back to bed.”

“I guess,” I say. “I miss you.”

“Same, same,” Kieran yawns before he hangs up the call.

I stare at my phone in disbelief. Kieran has never just hung up on me before. We have always been extraordinarily close and told each other everything. But this conversation was different. It was like he didn’t even care that I was injured.

“Hey,” Leo’s voice breaks me out of my thoughts. I look up and see him leaning against my doorway. “Are you okay?”

I shake my head from side to side as tears roll down my cheeks.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Leo asks.

“I don’t,” I say quietly. “I just need to get ready.”

“Do you need help?” Leo smirks and wiggles his eyebrows up and down.

I can feel a blush spread across my cheeks. “I actually do need help,” I whisper. “But there is an Omega in my closet that can help me.”

“Absolutely not! No one sees my mate naked but me,” Leo says as he storms into my closet and pulls the Omega out by her hand. Dragging her to the door, Leo gently pushes her outside and slams the door in her face.

“Arms up,” Leo says as he walks toward the bed.

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Raven's POV

"That's not what I meant when I said I needed help!" I squeal loudly. "I can dress myself."

"Then why haven't you done it yet," Leo grins at me.

"Because I was busy," I respond, crossing my arms over my chest in protest.

"The car will be here in less than twenty minutes," Leo laughs at my excuse. "Come on, arms up."

"I am not letting you dress me!" I wrap my arms around myself tighter.

"Have you forgotten? I have already seen you naked," Leo wags his eyebrows up and down.

I chew on my lip as I think about the night everything fell apart. I had been so willing to give myself to Leo at that moment. Then we were interrupted, and my whole life changed for the second time. Oliver came into my life with his goofy grin and endless knowledge. Unlike with Leo, I was instantly drawn to Oliver. Of course, I didn't delve into his mind like I did to Leo.

A series of tingles breaks me out of my thoughts. Leo is running his fingertips along my arms. Gently, he grabs my wrists and untangles my arms from around my chest. He never takes his eyes off mine, and I am transported back to that night when I was alone with Leo.

Raising my arms over my head, I wait for Leo's next move. Leo grabs the hem of my nightgown and shimmies it over my head. The room's cool air hits my chest, and my n\*\*\*\*s harden. Leo takes a step back, and his eyes graze over my body.

"Goddess, I wish we had more time," Leo moans as he reaches for the dress beside me.

"What would we do if we had more time?" I ask boldly.

"Oh, Little Bird," Leo breathes out. "I would explore every inch of your body with my hands and my tongue. I would start at your neck and work my way down to your breasts. I would take my time licking and suckling each of your n\*\*\*\*s. Then, I would move my way lower. Kissing and touching every inch of your body. I would slide my fingers between your wet folds, f\*\*\*\*\*g you with my fingers. Then I would taste you. I have been dying to taste you from the first moment I saw you. I want to run my tongue along your

p\*\*\*y. Lapping up all of your juices. Once I have brought you pleasure with my fingers and my mouth, I will climb between your legs and claim you as my own.”

I squirm where I sit and can feel my panties growing wet. I now wish that we had more time.

“What’s wrong, Luna Queen?” Leo says humorously. “Did I make you all hot and bothered?”

“I am fine,” I say quietly.

“I can smell your arousal,” Leo’s eyes darken. “Do you want me as much as I want you?”

I swallow hard. “We don’t have time,” I mumble.

“Trust me,” Leo says. “I know that we don’t have enough time. What I have planned for you will take hours?”

My breath hitches as I think about being touched by Leo for hours. Leo doesn’t take his eyes off my naked body as he reaches out and palms one of my breasts. His fingers tweak my n\*\*\*\*e, and a soft mewl escapes my lips.

Carefully, I get to my feet and wrap my arms around Leo’s neck. I pull him in close and press my lips to his. The kiss is hungry and desperate. Our tongues explore each other’s mouths and fight one another for dominance.

Leo wraps his arms around me and gently caresses my back. The electricity from the mate bond spreads throughout my body, and I am humming with anticipation.

I don’t care if we are late. I want this, and I want it right now. I want to feel Leo between my legs. I want to wear his mark on my neck. I want everyone to know that I belong to him.

The longer we kiss, the stronger the tether that connects us becomes. I feel stronger. And then I have a realization. A werewolf becomes stronger once they have found their mate. If Leo were to mark me, my wolf could become strong enough to heal me.

‘It is not a bad idea,’ Rose says weakly in my mind. ‘If both marked us, it would be better.’

Leo breaks away from the kiss and leans his forehead against mine. We are panting for air as we look into each other’s eyes.

“Leo,” I whisper.

“Yes, My Love,” he whispers in return.

“I want you to mark me,” I say, trying to sound confident.

“I will,” Leo moans next to my ear. “Soon.”

“No,” I say, trying to stand up straighter. “I want you to mark me right now.”

“I already told you that we don’t have enough time for that,” he whispers as he places little kisses where he will mark me one day.

“You don’t understand,” I whimper. “You could possibly heal me.”

Leo pulls away from me and looks at me with a confused look. “What do you mean I could heal you?”

“A werewolf only becomes stronger when their mate marks them,” I beg. “You could possibly make my wolf strong enough to heal me.”

“Is that what your wolf is telling you?” Leo asks.

I nod. “Rose believes it would be better if you both marked me, but you are the only one here right now.”

“Raven,” Leo pulls away from me, and I fall back on the bed. “This isn’t how I want to mark you.”

“You would rather me be unable to walk,” I cry. “Please, I will never ask you for anything ever again.”

“When you mark your mate, it is supposed to be a special moment between two werewolves. It is supposed to be a moment of ecstasy and pleasure. Not done out of desperation,” Leo has tears forming in his eyes.

“Forget I said anything,” I say quietly. “It was a stupid idea anyway.”

I grab the blue dress off the bed beside me and pull it over my head. I don’t dare look up at Leo. I don’t want him to see the look of desperation on my face.

‘I am sorry,’ I say to Rose. ‘I tried.’

‘Don’t be sorry,’ Rose answers me. ‘Leo is right. Now is not the right time.’

Slowly, I get to my feet and try to stumble my way across the room to the wheelchair that is waiting for me. Suddenly, Leo grabs me from behind and pushes my hair off my neck.

“What are you...” I begin but am interrupted by Leo’s canines sinking into my flesh.

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Raven's POV

A loud gasp escapes my lips, and my knees go weak. Leo wraps his arms around my waist to keep me upright, with his canines sunk deeply into my neck. A feeling of euphoria washes over me as the tether of the mate bond strengthens between us.

"Leo," I whisper his name as he runs his tongue over the puncture wounds in my neck, sealing the mark into place.

Rose strengthens in my mind, and I am able to stand on my own. Rose was right. His mark has made me stronger. I spin around and throw my arms around his neck. Leo wraps his arms around my waist and lifts me into the air. I wrap my legs around his waist, and he carries me to the bed.

"We are going to be late," Leo says as he gently tosses me on the bed. It is a statement of fact. Neither of us cares that we will miss the car or keep it waiting.

I scramble to my knees on the bed and lift my dress over my head, tossing it on the floor. Leo steps back and looks at me with a darkened gaze. He is looking at me with a hunger in his eyes. A hunger that I am eager to fulfill.

He takes a step to the bed and palms my breasts in his hands. "I cannot take the time I want to please you," he says with a pout on his lips. "But I can take the time to claim you as my own."

Leaning down, Leo takes my ne into his mouth. His tongue swirls around my ne, and his teeth graze against my skin. I tangle my hands in his hair and lift his face away from my breast.

Leo attacks my mouth. The kiss is hungry and desperate. His tongue explores the inside of my mouth, and I fight him for dominance. But it is a losing battle. Leo is going to have his way with me, and there is nothing more that I want.

My fingers fumble with the buttons on his shirt as we kiss, but my hands are shaking uncontrollably with nervousness and excitement.

Frustration begins to build as I try to get off his shirt. Leo breaks away from the kiss and leans his forehead against mine.

"What's wrong, Little Bird?" Leo chuckles. "Are you flustered?"

“Shut up and help me get your shirt off,” I grumble as I finally get one of the buttons to release.

Leo pulls off his shirt, and I bite my bottom lip to suppress a groan that is building in my chest. I reach my hands out and run my fingers over his chest. My fingers trace over the tattoo that is on his shoulder. I am speechless as I look at his naked torso. He looks like a God. His body looks like it was chiseled out of marble.

I run my fingers over his chest and twist my fingers around the back of his neck. I pull him close to me, and a series of sparks erupt all over my body as my body presses against his.

A low growl rumbles in Leo’s chest as we touch. Scooping me into his arms, he lays me back on the bed. He snakes his hands into my panties and runs his fingers along my folds.

“You are already wet for me, Little Bird,” Leo moans.

“Mmhmm,” I mewl as I lift my hips to meet his hands.

His finger circles around my clit, and it feels like electricity is humming underneath my skin. He slowly slides a finger inside me and pumps it in and out.

A knock on the door interrupts us. My eyes open wide with fear. I know that Leo didn’t lock the door. Anyone could walk in. The knocks become more urgent, and I desperately try to cover myself with a blanket. But Leo is not deterred. He keeps his fingers inside my core. His eyes are twinkling with excitement.

“Leo,” I beg. “Anyone could walk in.”

“That’s part of the fun,” Leo whispers.

He begins to pepper kisses up and down my neck, swiping his tongue across my fresh mark. Pressure begins to build in my core, and I know I won’t be able to hold back my o\*\*\*\*m.

A whimper leaves my lips, and the knocking on the door becomes more frantic. I grip the blanket around me and shove my fist in my mouth. Leo curls his finger inside of me as he sucks my mark. The pleasure continues to build, and my body begins to quiver.

“Luna Queen?” Oliver’s voice calls through the closed bedroom door. “Are you okay?”

“Yes,” I scream out as my o\*\*\*\*m rushes to the surface.

My hips wiggle against his hand as I chase the feeling. Leo doesn’t stop moving his fingers, and the pressure begins to build quickly again.



“Raven!” Oliver calls through the door. “Are you in distress?”

“No,” I yell out, but I can hear the shakiness in my voice.

“What do you say, Little Bird?” Leo chuckles as he slides a second finger inside of me. “Should we invite your other mate to watch you lose your virginity?”

“Goddess,” I scream out as Leo stretches me out with his fingers.

“Raven, I am coming in,” Oliver yells through the door.

“No!” I scream out, but it is too late.

Oliver bursts in through the door. As soon as he steps into the room, he freezes in the doorway. I look over at him, and his eyes are opened wide. I expect a look of disappointment on his face, but he doesn’t look disappointed at all. He looks curious.

“Shut the door,” Leo growls at Oliver.

Oliver scrambles to shut the door but doesn’t leave the room. Now that both men are in the room, their scents are mixing, and the smell is making me come undone.

“Are you just going to stand there?” Leo grunts at Oliver. “Or are you going to join us?”

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Raven’s POV

Oliver shuffles on his feet as he stares at Leo and me. Blush spreads across his cheeks as I moan. Leo grabs the blanket off me and tosses it to the side so Oliver can see what is happening. I don’t know what has changed Leo’s mind about sharing me, but I don’t care.

Memories of my dream flash through my mind, and I want nothing more than to feel both of their hands on me simultaneously.

Leo rips my panties from my body while he continues to pump his fingers in and out of my folds. I am fully exposed to both of my mates. My brain is on overdrive. I am trying to focus on the pleasure, but I am also self-conscious.

“Lock the door,” Leo commands Oliver.

Oliver scoots to the door and turns the lock on the door. When I hear the lock on the door click, the pleasure begins to build between my legs again. I lock eyes with Oliver, and his

eyes darkened with lust. Leo curls his fingers inside me, and I close my eyes as a soft mewl leaves my mouth.

“Are you going to join us?” Leo asks Oliver again.

Oliver moves closer to the bed, but he doesn’t make a move to touch me.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” Leo asks Oliver.

Oliver nods, but he doesn’t look away from my eyes. Leo cups my face with his free hand. “Do you want Oliver to touch you?”

“Yes, please,” I breathe out.

Leo removes his hand from my folds and backs away from my body. I whimper at the loss of his touch as the tingles of the mate bond fade from my skin. I wiggle uncomfortably on the bed, squeezing my legs together, trying to alleviate the pressure building between my thighs.

“Oliver,” I whisper, but he doesn’t make a move to touch me.

“I can’t,” Oliver says quietly. “I don’t know how.”

“What do you mean you don’t know how?” Leo chuckles slightly.

“I’ve never...” Oliver’s voice trails off.

“Oh, Little Bird,” Leo whispers next to my ear. “Should we show him how to make you writhe in pleasure?”

Leo’s fingers trail along my breasts. The tingles from the mate bond return to my skin. “Please,” I beg Leo. I can no longer take any more of his teasing.

Oliver is twisting his hands together awkwardly. I can tell that he wants to touch me. I hold my hand out for Oliver, and he places his hand in mine. I pull him into the bed with Leo and me. Leo runs his fingers up and down my folds again. Slowly, Leo inserts one finger and then another.

My hips move up and down with the rhythm of Leo’s hands. I keep my eyes on Oliver and his hand in mine. Oliver tries to pull his hand away from me, but I refuse to let it go.

I pull his hand close to my breast, and his knuckles rub against my n\*\*\*\*e. Oliver takes in a sharp breath as he grazes my skin.

I feel the bed shift, and Leo has settled himself between my legs on the edge of the bed. Grabbing me by the hips, he pulls me closer to his face. I can feel his hot breath on my thighs. I let go of Oliver's hand and lift myself to see what Leo is doing.

Leo chuckles as he places little kisses on the inside of my thighs. I know where this is going, but I am unsure if I can watch it. I let myself flop back on the bed and cover my head with my hands. Elise said that using your mouth to provide pleasure is something that Leo does, but I never imagined that it would happen.

"Touch her," Leo tells Oliver. "She needs both of us."

Suddenly, Leo's tongue darts out and swipes up my slit. The warmth of his tongue sends a series of sparks throughout my body.

"f\*\*k," I scream out. "Leo, what are you doing?"

"Trust me, Raven," Leo says, and he continues to lick and suck my clit.

His tongue circles my clit, and my hips buck against his face. Leo wraps his arms around my hips and holds me in place.

"Leo," I breathe out. "Oliver."

I reach out for Oliver, but he is missing from the side of the bed. My eyes dart back open, and I look around the room in a panic. Oliver has moved himself back to the door and is watching the scene unfolding in front of him with great interest.

"Oliver," I beg for him. "Please."

Leo carefully slides a finger inside my core as he continues to f\*\*k me with his tongue. My hips buck wildly as my o\*\*\*\*m approaches.

Suddenly, the bed dips beside me, and I feel a second set of hands on my body. "Yes," I moan as Oliver gently palms my breasts.

I lay my hand on top of his and force him to squeeze my breasts harder. The tingles intensify across my skin with both of their hands on me.

Oliver's touches are hesitant and unsure, but they are adding to my pleasure. Leo adds a second finger into my core as his tongue flicks my clit.

I scream out loudly as my o\*\*\*\*m washes over me. My body quivers as Leo continues to lap up my juices, and Oliver keeps his hands on my breasts.

I pant heavily as Leo crawls up my body and kisses me deeply. I can taste myself on his lips and tongue. I expected to be disgusted with the act, but it feels slightly erotic.

Leo holds his fingers up to Oliver's mouth. "Taste her," he commands Oliver.

Oliver shakes his head, but Leo shoves his fingers in Oliver's mouth. I watch intently as Oliver sucks Leo's fingers.

"Doesn't she taste delightful," Leo asks Oliver.

Oliver nods his head with Leo's fingers in his mouth, and I am instantly turned on again.

Leo gets off the bed and puts his shirt back on. "Come on, you two," he says with a mischievous grin. "We have a plane to catch."

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 215

Raven's POV

We were an hour late meeting the car that took us to the West Pack Airport. None of my fathers were amused, and neither was Ashley. But Leo took the blame for my tardiness. Oliver has not said a word since we left the bedroom.

I fear that we have scarred him for life.

When we arrived at the airport, Oliver found a seat at the back of the plane by a window. Not wanting him to be alone with his thoughts for the whole flight, I chose the seat next to him, and in return, Leo sat on my other side.

We are now halfway through the flight. Leo fell asleep on my lap about an hour ago, and I have been running my fingers through his light blonde hair.

Every time I try to move, he tightens his arms around my waist. He is refusing to let me go.

Oliver still hasn't said a word to me since we left the bedroom, and I am worried that he is starting to regret the fact that I am his mate. I know it must not be easy for them to share me, but now that I have met both of them, I don't think that I could live without either one.

Nudging Oliver with my elbow, I give him a little smile. "Hey."

"Hey," he replies softly.

"Are you okay?" I ask him. "You have been kind of quiet since we left the West Pack."

“Oh... I... um...

” Oliver stumbles over his words. “I just assumed that you would be sending me home.”

“Sending you home?” I furrow my brow. “Why would I be sending you home?”

“Because I am not as experienced as Alpha Leo,” he leans in and whispers next to my ear.

“That doesn’t matter to me,” I say as I reach over and hold one of his hands. “I am not experienced either.”

“You could have fooled me,” Oliver frowns.

“Seriously,” I laugh. “I just follow Leo’s lead.”

“I knew he was a virgin,” Leo yawns as he readjusts himself in my lap.

“You hush,” I say, smacking Leo playfully on the shoulder.

“Whatever,” Leo says as he nuzzles his face in my lap and goes back to sleep.

“Don’t mind him,” I tell Oliver. “He was a boorish slut when I met him.”

“I heard that,” Leo’s voice is muffled as he speaks.

“It is the truth,” I say lovingly.

I continue to run my fingers through Leo’s hair, lulling him back to sleep as I turn my attention back to Oliver. “Tell me about yourself,” I say curiously.

“I am pretty boring compared to Leo,” he says shyly.

“Then I bet we have a lot in common,”

” I laugh.

Oliver looks back out the window of the plane and doesn’t answer me.

“You know,” I say jokingly. “I don’t have to ask. I could simply delve into your mind.”

Oliver looks back at me and grins. “What do you think you would see?”

He asks me with a twinkle in his eyes.

“I don’t know. That is why I wanted to look. If you won’t tell me about yourself, then how else will I get to know you,”

“Go ahead then,” Oliver says with a smirk. “Look.”

I hesitate. I have never been given permission to look inside someone’s mind before. It has always been accidental. What if I see something that I don’t like or something that I shouldn’t?

Oliver turns his palm upwards and wiggles his fingers comically.

Reluctantly I place my hand in his and clear my mind. Giving Oliver a small smile, I close my eyes and take a breath.

My mind goes blank before foreign memories begin to fill my mind.

Unlike Leo’s, these are dark and twisted. They don’t contain memories of women or s\*\*\*\*l escapades.

The first memory that flickers in my mind is of a little boy with large thick-rimmed glasses. He is huddling in what appears to be the corner of a public restroom. He couldn’t have been more than ten years old. A group of boys his age surround him and begin to taunt him.

“Oliver... Oliver... the wimpiest Alpha on the face of the planet,” one of the boys yells in his face before kicking him in the side.

Little Oliver rolls over onto his side and groans in pain, before another boy kicks him in the face. Oliver’s glasses break against his nose and I can see blood beginning to drip down his little face.

“What kind of werewolf needs glasses,” one of the other boys taunts.

“You are nothing more than a mistake.”

Oliver rolls around on the ground in pain but no one jumps in to help him. I try to pull the boys back from Oliver’s broken form but my hands move through them like mist.

“Stop,” I cry out. “Leave him alone.”

But the words that I scream only echo in my mind. They have no bearing on what is happening in front of me.

Suddenly, the doors to the restroom fly open and a large werewolf comes bursting in the doors.

“What is going on in here?” The man demands to know as his eyes land on Oliver.

“Oliver fell down again,” the biggest of the boys smirks. “Isn’t that right Oliver?”

“All of you, out now,” the man yells as he pushes himself through the boys.

The boys clamber from the restroom with evil grins on their faces. I can tell by their actions that this is a regular occurrence.

The large werewolf kneels down beside Oliver and helps him to his feet. He removes Oliver’s glasses from his face and sighs loudly. “Oliver,” the man begins. “You have been taught how to fight. Why do you keep letting them beat you up?”

“I am not strong enough,  
,” little Oliver says with his eyes cast to the ground.

“You are going to be a great Alpha one day,” the man tells him. “But only if you become stronger.

“I am trying,” Oliver says with fat tears in his eyes.

“I am not talking about becoming physically stronger,” the man says to him. “You need to believe in yourself.”

The memory fades and my eyes flutter back open. I can hear the sound of the plane’s landing gear being dropped. I know that we have arrived in South Pack Territory.

Tears are rolling down my cheeks. I turn to look at Oliver but he is avoiding my gaze, looking out the window.

“Why did you show me that?” I ask him in a whisper.

“All of my early memories are a lot of the same,” Oliver says sadly. “It doesn’t make sense to hide it from you.”

“I am so sorry that you were treated that way,” I say quietly.

Oliver looks in my direction, and I can see the tiny scars that litter his face. Scars that aren't there from a battle. They are the remnants of a terrible childhood.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 216

Kieran's POV

Standing outside the bar on the outskirts of the North Pack, I grumble under my breath. I am getting so tired of these back-door, seedy bar meetings. But it is the only place that these rebels are willing to meet.

Walking in through the back door of the bar, the smell of rogues hits my nose, immediately causing it to wrinkle. I pretend like it doesn't bother me as I walk to the back room of the bar. I push the door open, the smell of vanilla hits my nose, and my wolf, Karr, begins to jump around excitedly in my mind.

'Mate!' Karr says with excitement.

'We don't have time for a mate,' I try to explain to Karr, but he is not listening to me.

I attempt to push him to the back of my mind, but he is too strong. He demands to stay at the forefront in my mind. Internally, I roll my eyes in his direction and try to ignore his incessant howling in my mind.

Looking around the room, I see two familiar faces: Warren and the scarred old woman. But there are two other faces that I do not know. One belongs to a man who looks like he has spent several weeks in a dungeon. Along with the smell of rogue, he reeks of urine and old blood.

The second face belongs to my mate. She is a curvy brunette with chocolate brown eyes. She is attempting to keep her eyes on the ground, but I cannot help but see the excitement within her eyes as she glances up at me. I lift my nose to the air and realize that she doesn't smell like a rogue but that could be because she is my mate. I can tell by how she holds herself that she isn't very high-ranking. Possibly nothing more than an Omega. Definitely not suitable for a Luna of the North Pack or a Queen to rule by my side.

"What is the meaning of this?" I ask, not daring to enter the room. "I thought that I was only meeting with Warren and this one," I say, pointing to the old woman.

"We thought that you would want to meet two others who are on your side," the old woman says with a smile on her face.

"What do they have to do with anything?" I ask curiously.



The scarred woman points to the new man, “This is Alpha Harry. He set up one of the attacks on the fake Luna Queen, and this is Elise. She is the one who pushed your sister down the stairs. They are vital members of the alliance that we will need later on.”

I feel a bit of anger surge through my body. “I think you all are forgetting that you are attacking my sister,” I growl. “I thought I have made it clear that my sister is not to be harmed.”

“How else do you expect us to get rid of her?” Warren laughs.

I roll my eyes at Warren. “How are you supposed to claim her as your mate if she is dead, Dumbass?” I snap at him.

It is as if a light switch turns on in Warren’s mind, and he looks in the woman’s direction. “Yeah,” he says. His voice is laced with anger. “How am I supposed to be her mate if she is dead?”

“What you want is secondary,” Alpha Harry scoffs. “This is about what is best for all of the packs that would fall under her rule.”

As much as I want to be King and rule over the packs. I don’t understand why they aren’t positive my sister is not able to do the job. “What makes you so sure my sister isn’t the child of light?” I ask.

“A simple birthmark is not enough to convince me that she is the Luna Queen,” Alpha Harry grumbles. “Why would the Moon Goddess put a woman in charge?”

“Precisely,” the woman says with her arms crossed over her chest. “Are you no longer willing to take the title of the Alpha King?”

“I didn’t say that,” I say quickly. “I just need to know that before I betray my sister, you have proof that I am meant to be the Alpha King.”

“Perhaps we should visit an oracle?” Alpha Harry shouts. He is growing irritated with this meeting. He turns his attention back to the scarred woman. “This meeting is a waste of time if he doesn’t want to be the Alpha King.”

“We thought that you would want to meet two others who are on your side,” the old woman says with a smile on her face.

“I never said that I don’t to be the King,” I yell. “I just need some proof.”

The scarred woman holds her head in frustration. “I will find an oracle,” she says in exasperation. “But after what happened to the last one associated werewolves, they are less likely to help us.”

“Perhaps we can sweeten the pot,” Elise says quietly.

All of our eyes move in the direction of my mate. “Sweeten the pot with what?” I ask curiously.

Elise keeps her eyes glued to the ground. “Maybe if she were guaranteed that her daughter wasn’t rejected by her mate.”

Everyone in the room looks at Elise like she is crazy. They don’t understand that she is blackmailing me.

“Your mother is an oracle,” I say grumpily.

Elise nods her head up and down, but she does not raise her eyes from the ground.

“Who is your mate?” The scarred woman asks Elise.

Elise raises her eyes and looks at me with tears filling her eyes. “I am her mate,” I say sternly. “But she is not Luna material. We will have to find another oracle.”

“Surely, some other arrangement can be made?” The scarred woman asks Elise, but Elise shakes her head.

“I want my mate,” she says quietly.

“I don’t want you,” I say harshly, but Karr growls loudly in my mind.

‘You are making a mistake,’ Karr says with worry in his voice. ‘We need to know what the oracle has to say.’

I look Elise up and down. She looks like she might be able to provide a good time. Just because I don’t reject her doesn’t mean I have to make her my Luna. I could always keep her on the side.

“Fine,” I say quietly. “I won’t reject you.”

## **The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 217**

Oliver’s POV

I heard rumors Raven’s wolf was an unusual color, but I never expected her to be gold. There is no mistaking her color. As the Texas sun beats down on her impossible coat, I cannot help but bow my head in respect to the Luna Queen. I glance at Leo, and he is bowing his head as well. Everyone on the airfield is submitting to Raven.

My wolf watches happily as Raven's wolf prances around, showing off her coat to all those watching. Her wolf bounds over to Leo's wolf and mine playfully, and she licks us both on the muzzle.

'Let's run,' she says excitedly through the mind link.

I am shocked to hear her voice in my head. I didn't think she would be able to link me until we marked one another. 'How can you mind link me?' I ask curiously.

'I am the Luna Queen,' she chuckles. 'I can mind link everyone.'

Raven's wolf is weaving her way in and out of Leo's wolf and mine. Rubbing her body along ours, spreading her scent on us. The sound of a car horn interrupts the moment. The three of us look up and see the SUV pulling away from the airfield.

Leo's wolf is wagging his tail excitedly. 'Do you think you can keep up, Little Bird?'

Raven laughs melodiously in my mind, and she takes off running, following the SUV toward the South Pack pack house. She is fast. Faster than I expected her to be.

Raven's Wolf runs as if she has never gotten the chance to run before. She has no problem keeping up with the SUV. Her tongue hangs out of the side of her mouth as she runs happily alongside it.

Leo's Wolf sniffs the air as he runs behind Raven. He opens up the mind link between the two of us. 'Do you smell that?' He asks me.

Lifting my nose to the air, I inhale deeply as I run. The smell of a rogue is thick in the air. There is definitely one nearby.

'I do smell it,' I confirm what Leo already knows. There is a rogue waiting to attack the car that Raven is supposed to be riding in. 'What do we do?'

'What we aren't going to do is panic,' Leo says more to himself than to me.

I know that he has battled rogues for Raven once before. I wonder if he will be mentally able to do it again.

'You will have to pick up the slack,' my Wolf, Orion, says quietly.

'I have never fought a rogue before,' I say to Orion.

'We are strong fighters,' Orion assures me. 'We can do this.'

Suddenly, Raven skids to a stop in the middle of the road. Her nose is in the air. She smells the rogues too.

‘How many do you think there are?’ she asks through the mind link. I can hear her fear in her voice.

‘At least one,’ Leo says, maybe more. ‘It is hard to tell because the scent is exacerbated by the heat.’

‘Raven,’ I say as I stand protectively in front of her. ‘Mind link your fathers and tell them to come back with the SUV.’

Raven’s wolf nods her head, and her eyes glaze over. Suddenly there is a howl from off in the distance. Three identical wolves are running in our direction. I know they must be the Alpha triplets. One runs toward us while the other two fan off on either side of us, checking the forest.

The SUV finally pulls back around, and Raven quickly shifts into her human form. I have to say that she is magnificent. Even under pressure. Alpha Fernando tosses her an oversized shirt and ushers her into the car for safety. He speeds off down the road with the Alpha triplets carefully following along.

Leo stays on the right side of the car, and I am on the left. I keep my ears and eyes alert. Listening and looking for anything that might be out of the ordinary.

The scent of rogues is still thick in the air, and it is impeding my ability to think clearly. Orion keeps growling angrily as he runs alongside the SUV.

‘What we aren’t going to do is panic,’ Leo says more to himself than to me.

That’s when I hear it. A snarl coming from the other side of the SUV and a yelp. Without hesitation, I jump over the roof of the vehicle and land behind a rogue who is attempting to take down Leo.

Leo’s wolf is snarling with his teeth bared at the rogue. The SUV speeds off without us, but I stay with Leo.

Orion lets a loud growl erupt from his chest and grabs a hold of the rogue’s back leg. Orion shakes his head wildly, and I feel his leg snap within my jaws.

The rogue howls in pain as Leo’s wolf lunges for his neck. Leo’s wolf snaps down on the rogue’s throat and blood immediately begins to spurt from the rogue’s dirty fur.

He immediately shifts back into his human form as he lies on the road sputtering and gasping for air.

I hear bones snapping and look up to see that Leo has shifted back into his human form as well. “Who sent you?” Leo yells in the rogue’s face.

“Long live the Alpha King,” the rogue says before his body goes limp.

The Alpha Triplets approach us and look down at the now-dead rogue.

“You did well protecting our daughter,” Alpha Chris says.

“He was the only Rogue we found,” Alpha Ace says with a relieved look.

I shift back into my human form and stand naked in the middle of the road with the rest of the men.

“He said something just before he died,” I say as I look at Leo. Leo nods his head as if giving me the okay to go ahead.

“What did he say?” Alpha Chris demands to know.

“Long live the Alpha King,” Leo says.

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Alpha Ace says. “We are looking for someone who refers to herself as the true Luna Queen.”

“I think they were referring to your son,” I say in nothing more than a whisper.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 218

Raven’s POV

As I deboard the plane in South Pack territory, the Texas heat hits me in the face. The heat is so sweltering that it takes my breath away. Fanning myself with my hand, I try to cool myself as I walk down the steep stairs of the plane.

Leo is walking in front of me, and Oliver is walking behind me. They are both so close to me that I don’t feel like I can take a step without tripping over one of them. My fathers are waiting impatiently at the bottom of the stairs. All three of them are standing identically with their arms crossed over their chests.

“Any time now,” Dad yells out impatiently.

“Alphas!” A deep voice yells out as I reach the bottom of the stairs. I look up to see a tall, muscular man walking briskly toward my fathers.

The four men embrace one another as if they are long-lost friends. This must be Alpha Fernando of the South Pack. My father pulls back from the embrace and pulls me forward.

“This is my daughter, the Luna Queen,” my father says proudly. “Raven, this is Alpha Fernando.”

I look around, and all of my fathers are smiling at me. A broad grin spreads across my lips. I can feel their pride rolling off of them in waves. But Alpha Fernando does not seem to share their sentiment. The grin that was on his face fades quickly.

Holding out my hand, Alpha Fernando looks down at it in disgust. But knowing that everyone is watching, he takes my hand and shakes it weakly.

Alpha Fernando turns his attention back to my fathers. “I hear your son is doing an amazing job running the North pack in your absence.”

A growl rumbles in Leo’s chest. He doesn’t appreciate the fact I have been snubbed by the Alpha.

The growl catches Alpha Fernando’s attention, and he looks Leo up and down and scoffs. “Who is this?” Alpha Fernando grumbles.

“This is one of my mates,” I reply. “Alpha Leo of the Blue Moon Pack.”

“One of your mates?” Alpha Fernando snorts. “Are you saying that you have more than one?”

“Yes,” I swallow hard and gesture toward Oliver. “This is my other mate, Alpha Oliver of the Historical Pack.”

“Interesting,” Alpha Fernando says. “Both of your mates are from two of the new packs.”

“Why is that interesting?” I ask. My guard is immediately up. I suddenly get the feeling that I am not welcome here in the South Pack.

“It just is,” he smirks.

Desperate to alleviate the tension that is building around us. My dad claps his hands together loudly. “How about we get this pack tour started?”

“I was not expecting two extra guests,” Alpha Fernando says. “I only brought one car.”

My eyes widen in shock as I look at the single SUV sitting off to the edge of the plane. I know two people will have to stay behind, and I don’t want them to be my mates. I need them by my side.

“Surely you can mind link someone to bring another car,” Leo laughs.

“I am afraid that everyone is preparing for the arrival of the Luna Queen,” Alpha Fernando tries to sound cheerful, but I do not miss the sarcasm in his voice. Now, I am getting the distinct feeling that I am not welcome here in the South Pack.

“We can shift and follow the car,” Oliver says, trying to defuse the situation.

I spin and look at my two mates. They have irritated looks on their faces, but both seem to be in agreement.

“If you are sure...” my voice trails off. I don’t want to be without my mates for even a moment.

“Of course they are sure,” Alpha Fernando says with a sly smile.

Without another word to discuss the matter. Alpha Fernando and my fathers make their way to the SUV. I glance over my shoulder and see my mates stripping off their clothes right in front of the plane. I keep walking as I keep my eyes glued on my shirtless mates. Oliver is just about to strip off his pants when I bump into something hard.

I look forward, and my papa is giving me a knowing look. “There will be plenty of time for that when you are older, Little Bird,” he chuckles.

My face heats with blush, and I don’t dare look back over my shoulders until I hear the cracking of bones. Peeking back over my shoulder, I see that both of my mates have now shifted into their wolves. It isn’t hard to tell them apart.

“Interesting,” Alpha Fernando says. “Both of your mates are from two of the new packs.”

Leo’s Wolf is massive and muscular. He has silky black fur and piercing green eyes. Oliver’s Wolf is also huge, but he is less muscular. His fur is a deep rust color that I have never seen before. He stares at me with his brown eyes, and looks like a puppy begging for attention.

I want nothing more than to run to my mate’s wolves and throw my arms around them. That is when I realize I don’t want to ride without them.

“I will run with my mates,” I say quickly as I begin to walk my way back to them.

“Nonsense,” my father grabs me by the arm. “The Luna Queen does not run.”

“But my has been dying to shift again,” I cannot help but to whine. It is the truth. Rose has been begging me for a run for weeks now.

“Now is not the time,” Father says sternly, and I know the conversation is over. I am back to being treated like a child.

My anger bubbles to the surface, and I rip my arm out of my father's grasp. "Perhaps you are right," I say to my father. "But I wish to run with my mates."

My father tries to pull me close, but my papa pulls him back by the shoulder. "You have to let her grow up at some point," Papa tells him.

I walk to my mates and run my fingers through their soft fur. That's when I hear it. Alpha Fernando's admission. "It is a pity that her brother wasn't the chosen one. Women can be so temperamental."

Without a second thought, I shift into my golden wolf. The shift is painful, but I make sure not to cry out in pain like the first time. I cannot appear to be weak.

As I land on all four paws, I hear the gasps from everyone around me. 'Why is everyone gasping?' I ask Rose.

'Because only two of them have seen you in your wolf form,' Rose says proudly. 'I am quite impressive.'

Rose spins around proudly and I see that Leo and Oliver have their heads bowed to me. Rose prances over to them and lick them both on the muzzle. 'Let's run,' I tell them through the link.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 219

Raven's POV

I watch out of the back window of the SUV as my mates attack a rogue. Panic rises in my chest as Alpha Fernando drives away from the c\*\*\*\*\*e, and they become nothing more than specks on the road. Turning around in the back seat of the SUV, I see that Alpha Fernando is glancing at me with an odd look on his face.

"Are you okay?" He asks me as he tries to keep his eyes on the road.

"I am okay," I say. I touch the mark on my neck as I try to feel whether Leo is okay or not.

"You would be able to feel if they were wounded," Alpha Fernando says sweetly.

I c\*\*k my head and look at him curiously. Not even ten minutes ago, this man was saying that it was a pity my brother wasn't the chosen twin. But his words do make me feel better. I don't feel any pain through the mate bond. I know that my mates are okay.



I settle myself comfortably in the seat as we pull up to a massive house. It is dark brick with large white columns in front. It looks very Southern. It is one of the most beautiful pack houses that I have ever seen.

As I exit the SUV, I pull the oversized shirt down to make sure that I am covered. Alpha Fernando quickly opens the trunk and tosses me a pair of athletic shorts. "Thank you," I say as I quickly pull them on.

"I think that I need to apologize to you," Alpha Fernando says as he offers me his arm to guide me into the pack house.

"Apologize for what?" I ask.

"I didn't treat you with the respect that you deserved when you first arrived. I believed that your brother may have been the chosen one, but after seeing your wolf... I know that I was incorrect," Alpha Fernando says.

"I accept your apology," I say as sweetly as I can. But I cannot help but wonder how many people believe that my brother is the chosen twin.

"You are going to have a lot of enemies," Alpha Fernando says as he walks me toward the pack house. "You are going to need a trusted bodyguard."

"I have my mates," I say.

"Yes," Alpha Fernando says. "But you need someone to protect you that isn't your mate."

"My last bodyguard did not work out well," I grumble.

"So, I have heard," he chuckles. "I hear that he was quite enamored with you."

My fake smile falters. "People are talking about it?"

"My Dear," Alpha Fernando begins. "Rumors spread quickly among the packs."

"I see," I respond.

Alpha Fernando pauses just outside of the pack house door, and a smile spreads across his face. "Prepare yourself," he whispers next to my ear.

I don't fully understand what he means until the front door swings open. A beautiful woman with dark brown hair and hazel eyes is standing in the doorway. She has tears running down her cheeks. She grabs Alpha Fernando by the hand and pulls him close to her. She wraps her arms around him and sobs.

"My Love," she whispers. "I heard about the attack. I was so worried."

She pulls Alpha Fernando away from me and checks him over. She circles him, looking for any signs that he might be hurt. Once she is satisfied that he is okay, she pulls him back into her arms and kisses him all over his face.

“Francesca,” Alpha Fernando says with his face red with embarrassment. “I want to introduce you to the Luna Queen.”

Luna Francesca looks in my direction with a scowl on her face. “What are you wearing?” She asks as she looks me up and down.

“I ripped through my dress while I was shifting,” I say. “Your Alpha was kind enough to give me some spare clothes.”

I hold out my hand for Luna Francesca to shake, but she doesn’t accept it. She simply looks down at my hand in disgust.

Looking down at my hand, I see that I am covered in dirt. I quickly wipe my hands on the shirt that I have on and then hide my hands behind my back.

“I apologize for my appearance.” I am silently embarrassed at how I have met this Luna.

Luna Francesca looks like a true Southern Bell. Her hair is smooth and shiny. Her make-up is impeccable even though she has been crying, and so is her outfit. I catch my reflection in one of the windows of the pack house. My hair is a tangled mess, and my make-up is running down my face. My clothing is oversized and falling off of me. I wouldn’t want to shake my hand either.

An Omega appears in the doorway and lowers her head to the Alpha and the Luna. Her eyes meet mine, and she looks at me with a shocked expression. Suddenly, she bares her neck to me and mumbles an apology.

I smile at her gently, but she continues to keep her neck bared. She refuses to meet my gaze.

“Lacy,” Alpha Fernando says to the Omega. “Will you please show the Luna Queen to her room?”

“That won’t be necessary,” I say. “I would like to wait for my mates to return to the pack house.”

“You are filthy!” Luna Francesca gasps. “I will not have you inside my pack house.”

The Omega gasps at the Luna’s tone with me, and I must say that I am shocked as well. I think I have found another person who disputes my reign.

“I will not come inside,” I say shortly. “I will wait out here on the porch.”

Luna Francesca scoffs loudly at me and storms back into the pack house without saying another word to me.

Alpha Fernando shakes his head and gestures for me to sit down on one of the many rocking chairs on the front porch. “I apologize for my mate,” he says as he sits down beside me. “She can be a little much sometimes, but I assure you that she is kind.”

I have to restrain myself from rolling my eyes. I am sure that Luna Francesca is anything but kind, but I don’t want to insult his mate.

“She seems like she is lovely,” I lie, and Alpha Fernando snorts with laughter.

“Perhaps you two can get to know one another over lunch tomorrow,” he offers.

“I would like that,” I lie again.

Fernando and I sit quietly on the front porch. I chew on the inside of my cheek, trying to find a subject to discuss with him. Just when I think that the silence is going to eat me alive, I hear the sounds of paw steps hitting the ground.

I look up and see five wolves running up the driveway toward the pack house. I let out a sigh of relief and run off the porch. Leo and Oliver’s wolves are running next to one another, and I run directly to them, ignoring my fathers.

The wolves of my two mates skid to a stop as I approach them. I wrap my arms around each of their necks, and I cry into their fur.

As soon as I let them go, Leo and Oliver shift back into their human forms. I try not to look at their naked bodies as they walk with me toward the pack house. The Omega, Lacy, is back on the porch waiting for us.

“Lacy will show you to your room,” Alpha Fernando says cheerfully.

“A single room?” I ask as my heart begins to race.

“They are your mates after all, aren’t they,” Alpha Fernando smirks.

“Of course,” I say as I follow Lacy through the massive pack house and toward our bedroom.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 220

Raven’s POV

Sitting in a small cafe in the center of the South Pack town's square, I wait impatiently for Luna Francesca to arrive for our planned lunch date. I shift awkwardly in my seat as I try to avoid the gaze of my new bodyguard, Harold, assigned to me by Alpha Fernando.

Harold is an older man with graying hair. His face has a constant scowl, and he never takes his eyes off me. He doesn't speak when I talk to him. He only responds with a series of grunts or the occasional "Yes, Ma'am." Being in his presence is slightly unnerving.

"Would you like more water?" The waitress says as she comes by my table for the tenth time.

Looking down at my perfectly full water glass, I shake my head no. The waitress politely excuses herself, and I look at the time on my phone. I have been waiting here for more than an hour. I don't think that Luna Francesca is going to show up.

I fight back the tears that are threatening to fall from my eyes as I try to keep my composure in the busy cafe. I should have known after the way she treated me yesterday that it would be a miracle if she showed up. But I at least thought she would want to save face and show up to a lunch with the Luna Queen.

The way I see it, I have two options. I can leave here with my stomach rumbling, or I can enjoy a lunch alone. Picking up the menu, I begin to scan through the options. Just as I have decided on a light salad, I hear Harold's stomach rumbling from beside me.

I look up to the massive man standing by my side, and he quickly avoids my eye contact. A smile tugs at the corners of my lips as I look at the man squirming under my gaze.

"Sit," I command him, and his eyes widen as he looks back in my direction.

"I cannot," he grunts. He places his hands behind his back and stands a little taller.

"I insist," I say as I get to my feet. "I want you to join me for lunch."

"It wouldn't be proper," Harold informs me.

"Says who?" I laugh. "I would like to get to know my new bodyguard, and what better way to do it than over lunch."

Walking over to the other side of the table, I pull out the chair and wait for him to take a seat. Harold grumbles loudly, but he doesn't protest. He sits down in the chair and picks up the menu. I watch as he reads each item on the menu. His eyebrows furrow together as he holds the menu. I can tell that he feels uncomfortable.

Settling back in my seat, I take a sip of my water before I wave down the waitress. The waitress hurries back to our table and looks slightly confused when she sees Harold sitting in Luna Francesca's seat.

“It would appear that Luna Francesca will not be joining me today,” I say sourly. “So Harold will be taking her place.”

Harold peeks over the top of his menu, and I can see a blush spreading across his cheeks. I smile brightly at him, and he ducks his head back behind the menu. I look back at the waitress, and she seems to be just as shocked and embarrassed as Harold, but I refuse to let Luna Francesca’s absence ruin my day.

“I will have the house salad with ranch dressing,” I inform the waitress. She quickly writes my order down and then waits for Harold to order.

“Cub Sandwich,” Harold grumbles as he hands his menu to the waitress.

Taking our menus from us, our waitress hurries away from our table, leaving Harold and me in an uncomfortable silence. Harold fiddles with his napkin, still refusing to make eye contact with me.

“Tell me about yourself,” I say, breaking the silence between us.

“There ain’t much to say,” Harold says. I smile as he speaks because he has the most delightful Southern accent.

“I am sure your life has been more interesting than mine,” I say before taking a sip of my water. “This is the first time I have been out of the North Pack.”

Harold grunts. “I’ve never been out of the South Pack,” he grumbles.

“Do you want to see other places outside the South Pack?” I ask him.

I swear I see a smirk under Harold’s thick beard and a twinkle in his eyes. “I have always wanted to see the North Pack,” he says quietly. “I would like to see snow.”

“Snow?” I c\*\*k my head to the side. “Have you never seen snow before?”

Harold shakes his head from side to side. “Living in South Texas, it is hot almost all year. It hasn’t snowed here since I was a boy, but I am too old to remember.”

“Then I will have to take you to the North Pack in the winter,” I say brightly.

The waitress brings our food and sets the plates in front of us. I look up from my plate to see Harold staring at me curiously.

“Is there something wrong with your sandwich?” I ask him, ready to flag down the waitress.

“No,” Harold says as he continues to look at me.

“Then what is the matter?” I ask as I lay my napkin in my lap.

“Why would you take a complete stranger with you to the North Pack just so I can see snow?” Harold rests his elbows on the table as he speaks to me.

“Why not?” I return his question with a question.

“Shouldn’t you be more wary of who you spend your time with?” He asks.

“Are you saying that you are planning to hurt me?” I muse.

“Of course not,” he says, looking down at his plate. “I just know how many attacks there have been on you. Yet you are still so trusting.”

I take a bite of my salad and think about what Harold is saying. Perhaps I am too trusting. I always want to see the good in people, no matter their situation.

I look across the table at the man who is supposed to be my new bodyguard. He has kind eyes and looks harmless, but then again, I thought Elise was harmless as well.

Suddenly, Harold jumps up from his seat and stands in front of me. His back is toward me, but I don’t need to see him to know that his teeth are bared. A loud rumble roars from his chest. I am confused. I don’t know what is going on until I hear the sound of gunshots at the front of the cafe.

“Get under the table,” Harold says over his shoulder as he prepares for a fight.