

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

Chapter 221

Willow's POV

Everything is moving so fast that I don't have time to think. I do as Harold instructs and crawl under the small table at the cafe.

Gunshots ring out through the cafe. People are screaming and running out the front door. Peeking out from under the table, I see a dirty man holding a gun in the air. He isn't aiming the shots at anyone; he is just shooting into the air to clear the cafe.

Harold doesn't move from his position in front of the table. I can see that he has partially shifted. He flexes his fingers as his claws extend from his fingertips.

'Raven,' Leo's voice rings in my head. 'What is going on?'

'There is a gunman in the cafe,' I respond through the mind link. 'I think he is looking for me.'

'We will be right there,' Leo says, but he doesn't cut the mind link.

I hear the heavy footsteps of combat boots walking toward the table, and I slink back, hoping he won't see me.

"Move," the gunman grunts at Harold.

"No," Harold growls in return.

"I have no quarrel with you, Harold," the gunman says. "I would hate for you to be a casualty. We have always been close friends."

Close friends? My bodyguard is friends with a recusant? Suddenly, it all makes sense. Luna Francesca was never planning on coming to lunch. This was the plan all along.

They made it so easy. They lured me into a false sense of security. I must say, Alpha Fernando played his part well. But none of this explains why Harold is protecting me now.

"She is the Luna Queen," Harold yells loudly. "I heard tell that her wolf is golden. Have you ever seen a golden wolf before? It can only mean that she has been blessed by the Moon Goddess."

“I don’t care if her wolf is rainbow,” the gunman snorts. “I came here to do a job, and I am going to finish it.”

“Why?” Harold questions. “So you can please some washed-up Luna?”

“She is the true Luna Queen,” the gunman screams. “Who else could have given birth to the Alpha Triplets?”

I gasp loudly. I knew that my fathers knew who the scarred woman is, but I never assumed she was their mother. Father had always insisted that both of their parents were dead. Killed by his hands. Why have they been keeping this from me?

Harold begins to laugh loudly. “So the rumors are true. The wicked b***h of the North lives.” I would have snorted with laughter if I wasn’t so scared for my life. My mother has always said that Luna Alice was one of the most callous and hateful people she had ever met. She always prayed when I would meet my mate that my mother-in-law would be kind.

“Move out of the way,” the gunman yells. “I don’t want to have to kill you, Harold.”

I hear the sound of a gun c*****g, and I peek out from under the table to see Harold shifting into his wolf. He shifts into tan wolf within a second and lunges at the gunman. The sound of snarls fills the cafe as Harold pins the gunman to the ground with his massive paws. The man struggles under the weight of Harold’s massive wolf. What I don’t understand is why the gunman isn’t shifting into his wolf to fight.

‘It is because he is a human,’ Rose says in my mind.

‘A human?’ I ask. ‘Why would a human be working for Alice?’

‘I don’t know,’ Rose responds. ‘Perhaps he is a hunter.’

I can barely hear the sound of Rose’s voice inside my head over Harold’s growling. Did Rose really say that she thinks this man is a hunter? Would Alice go so far as to hire a hunter to come after me?

Reaching out with my mind, I search for the mind of the hunter. I want to know what is inside of his mind as I close my eyes and mettle in the minds of those closest to me. I can clearly see in Harold’s mind, but the mind of the hunter is hazy.

I ignore my curiosity to look through Harold’s mind. As much as I want to know how and why he is friendly with a hunter, now is not the time. I push my way into the hunter’s mind. It is easier to delve into than a werewolf’s mind.

Though the memories are hazy, I can easily find my way around. I flip through the pages of his mind until I come upon something odd. A memory that is nothing but darkness. I pause in the memory. I can hear voices, but there is still only darkness.

“Why am I blindfolded?” The hunter screams into the darkness.

“Don’t you worry about that,” a female voice snaps back at him. “Are you going to take the job or not?”

“Let me get this straight. You want me to kill your Queen?” The hunter says.

“She isn’t the true Luna Queen,” the woman hisses. “I am. Only I could give birth to the Alpha Triplets.”

“You are the one that brought the abominations into this world,” the hunter growls. “I should be killing you instead.”

“I told you this was a poor idea,” a familiar voice rings out of the darkness. A voice that I could place anywhere. Kieran.

I am pushed from the hunter’s mind as my own shock takes over. Kieran would never turn on me, and he would most certainly not try to have me killed. Before I know what I am doing, I am crawling out from under the table. Anger is surging throughout my body, and I am no longer able to keep Rose at bay. The thought of our brother turning against us has her blood boiling.

Before I am even out from under the table, Rose has taken over and begun the shift. I look through Rose’s eyes and see Harold’s wolf still standing on the hunter. For some reason, he is reluctant to kill the hunter.

Leaping into the air, I push Harold’s wolf off the hunter and stand in his place. My claws are digging into the soft flesh of his shoulders. My lips fold back over my teeth as I snarl at the hunter. Just as I am about to sink my teeth into his neck the sound of a gun goes off, and I can’t breathe. I feel the rush of blood pouring from my body before I feel the pain of the bullet.

Rose whines loudly and stumbles off of the hunter’s body. I fall to the side, and Rose loses control as I begin to shift back into my human form. Dots form behind my eyelids, and I am sucked into darkness.

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Oliver POV

Just as we arrive at the cafe, I hear a muffled gunshot. Leo and I look at one another, and we rush into the cafe. I pause in the doorway as I take in the scene before me. Tables are

overtaken, and in the back of the cafe, a werewolf stands over a body, growling. A man is standing with his back turned to us, and a gun is in his hand.

I take my eyes off the gunman and look at the body lying in a pool of blood. I can see black hair spread like a halo around the body, and I immediately know it is Raven on the ground.

Leo lets out a loud growl as he shifts into his wolf. The gunman turns to look at us, and his face goes pale. He points his gun at the werewolf standing over Raven's body and pulls the trigger. The bullet hits the wolf in the shoulder, and he falls on top of Raven's body.

The gunman runs toward the door that leads to the kitchens. Leo runs after the gunman, but I run toward Raven. Her new bodyguard has shifted back into his human form and is climbing off Raven.

"Get off of my mate," I growl at him.

The bodyguard quickly steps away, holding on his shoulder painfully. "I... I... didn't," the bodyguard stutters as he talks.

"You didn't do your f*****g job," I growl at the bodyguard. I look down at my mate's naked body and see a bullet wound in her abdomen. Stripping off my shirt, I press it against the wound to try and stem the bleeding. "Can you f*****g mind link someone to come help her?"

"I already did, Alpha," the bodyguard says.

I'm not too fond of his eyes are raking over my mate, and I growl at him again. The bodyguard quickly turns his eyes away from Raven. Pulling a tablecloth off a nearby table, I cover Raven's body.

"Raven," I say quietly. "Raven, can you wake up? Please wake up."

Raven's eyes flutter open, and large tears escape her eyes. "It was a trap," she says weakly.

"What do you mean it was a trap?" I ask her.

"The Luna... she was never going to show for lunch," Raven says.

I cut my eyes over at the bodyguard, and he is shuffling awkwardly on his feet. "Is this true?" I growl at the bodyguard.

"I didn't know of a plan," the bodyguard says, but I know he is lying to me.

"Don't even think about leaving this cafe," I snap at the bodyguard.

I would detain the bodyguard myself, but I refuse to leave Raven's side. I hold Raven's hand and squeeze it. The sound of sirens echoes in the distance. "Help is on the way, Luna Queen," I say as I brush her hair out of her face.

"You can call me Raven," she says as she tries to hold back her tears.

"Shh," I say to her. "You need to rest."

"No," Raven shakes her head. "You have to look for my brother..."

"Why do I need to look for your brother?" I question.

"He is behind... He is with the..." Raven's voice becomes weaker and weaker as she tries to talk. Her eyes roll back in her head, and her eyelashes flutter. I am losing her.

"Raven," I tap her cheeks gently. "Raven, you have to wake up. Stay with me."

"Mmhmm," she hums as her head falls lifelessly to the side.

I hear the sirens of the ambulance pull up outside of the front door. Not wanting to waste another moment, I gather Raven into my arms and carry her outside to the ambulance.

The EMTs take her from my arms and lift her into the ambulance. They place a breathing bag over her mouth and nose before they shut the ambulance doors in my face. Before I can tell them she is my mate, the ambulance is already pulling out of the parking lot and making their way to the hospital.

I storm back into the cafe and look for the bodyguard. He is standing right where I left him, holding onto his injured arm.

I rear my fist back and punch him across the face. "What the f**k were you thinking?" I growl at him. "Why did you let him live?"

"I couldn't kill him," the bodyguard doesn't look me in the eyes. "I wanted to, but I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you kill him?" I demand to know.

"I can't say," the bodyguard says. Beads of sweat are forming on his forehead. It is almost like he is fighting against an Alpha command.

"You are under a command," I whisper, and the bodyguard looks at me with widened eyes.

"I... I..." he tries to speak, but whatever command that he is under is not letting him speak.

I swallow hard and hold up my hand. “You don’t have to say anything,” I tell the bodyguard. “I know an Alpha Command when I see one.”

“I wanted to save her,” he says with tears in his eyes. “She is the Luna Queen.”

I don’t have the strength to hold back my anger, and I punch him across the face once more. “You didn’t do enough,” I scream at him, but deep down, I know he couldn’t have gone against the Alpha Command even if he wanted to.

“Hey!” A voice yells out. “Why are you hitting my guard?”

I turn to see Alpha Fernando standing with his arms crossed over his chest. I am not happy to see him. A growl erupts from my chest, and I tackle Alpha Fernando to the ground. “You did this,” I scream as I hit him over and over again.

It takes all three Alpha triplets to pull me off of Alpha Fernando. “Oliver,” Alpha Bryce tries to get my attention. “What are you doing?”

“He is under the Alpha Command,” I say, pointing to the useless bodyguard. “My mate was shot because of it.”

All three of the triplets turn and look at the bodyguard. He still has tears streaming down his face. Then they turn to look at Alpha Fernando, who is slowly backing his way out of the cafe.

Alpha Fernando is holding his hands up in defense. “It isn’t what you think,” he tries to talk his way out of the situation.

“I trusted you with my daughter, Fernando,” Alpha Ace screams at him. “And this is how you repay me.”

Ace grabs Fernando around the neck and squeezes down hard.

“Francesca,” Alpha Fernando breathes out heavily. “Francesca’s plan.”

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Leo’s POV

I know Raven is injured, but if I don’t chase after the gunman, we may never figure out who is behind this attack. I just have to trust that Oliver will care for Raven in my absence.

The gunman runs through the kitchen, firing his gun blindly behind him as he tries to evade me. I dodge his bullets easily. I lift my nose to the air, searching for his scent. I expect it to be the scent of a rogue, but it isn't. This man is a human. There is only one type of human that is brave enough to come into werewolf territory—a hunter.

I hear the sounds of sirens in the distance, but I do not let it deter me from my goal of capturing this hunter.

The hunter bursts through the back door of the cafe. He spins to shut the door behind him, but I am too strong. I rip the door off its hinges and toss it to the side.

“Don't come any closer,” the hunter says as he shakily points his gun at me. “I will shoot you.”

“I don't think that you will,” I growl. “I think you are out of bullets.”

“I have one left in the chamber,” the hunter says.

“Shoot me then,” I taunt him.

The hunter then does something unexpected. He turns the gun on himself. “I am not to be taken alive,” he says nervously.

He holds the gun to his temple, but he hesitates before pulling the trigger. His hesitation gives me enough time to wrestle the gun away from him. Grabbing the hunter by the wrist, I twist it backward, and the sound of his bones cracking in his arm fills the air. The gun falls to the ground as the hunter's hand crumbles under my grasp.

“Kill me,” the hunter begs.

“Not a chance,” I growl as I grab the hunter around the neck and sink my claws into his skin.

The hunter hisses out in pain as I lead him back through the kitchen and into the dining room of the cafe. I see Oliver standing just outside the front door with his head in his hands. Raven is nowhere to be seen.

I push the hunter through the front door and stand beside Oliver. “Where is Raven?” I ask Oliver.

“The ambulance took her to the hospital,” he says, not taking his eyes off the direction the ambulance disappeared into.

“You didn't go along?” I ask.

“They didn't give me a chance,” Oliver responds.

I hear arguing coming from behind me, and I turn to see that Alpha Ace has his claws wrapped around Alpha Fernando's neck. Fernando is mumbling apologies and something about his mate.

"What is going on?" I ask Alpha Ace.

"He was behind the attack on Raven," Ace growls.

"I told you it wasn't me!" Fernando yells. "It was Francesca's idea."

"Wow," I say as the hunter struggles in my grasp. "Way to throw your mate under the bus."

"It is the truth," Fernando says. "She believes that Kieran is the rightful ruler."

Alpha Ace throws Fernando to the ground and stands over him. "Where is your mate?" Ace demands to know.

"I don't know," Fernando whimpers. "She disappeared this morning."

"How convenient," I grumble. "I guess that just leaves you," I say to the hunter.

"I don't know anything," the hunter says through gritted teeth.

"Where were you going after you killed the Luna Queen?" I ask the hunter.

"I am not telling you," he grunts.

I tighten my claws around the hunter's neck, and blood begins to seep from his flesh. "I don't want to have to ask again," I threaten the hunter.

The hunter claws at my hand around his neck, but he isn't strong enough to pry my hand away. "Don't kill me," he begs. "I have a family."

"I have a family, too," I hiss at the hunter. "And you sent her to the hospital."

Suddenly, Oliver punches the hunter across the face, knocking him from my grasp. Grabbing the hunter by his collar, Oliver lifts him off the ground and growls loudly into his face. Oliver's face is red with anger. His chest is rumbling with rage.

"Who sent you?" Oliver demands to know.

The smell of urine fills the air, and I realize the hunter has wet himself. I didn't know that Oliver could be so intimidating.

"I was supposed to meet up with some old Alpha," the hunter spits out.

“Which Alpha,” Oliver snarls.

“I don’t remember his name,” the hunter is clearly lying.

“You are lying,” Oliver yells at him.

The hunter is quivering under Oliver’s gaze. “His name is Henry or Harry or Harold,” the hunter’s voice shakes as he speaks.

“Alpha Harry,” I sigh. “He must have gotten in contact with the true Luna Queen.”

“My daughter is the only true Luna Queen,” Ace growls.

“I know that,” I growl at Ace. I turn my attention back to the hunter. “Take us to Alpha Harry.”

“I can’t,” the hunter says. “They will kill me.”

“That is a risk I am willing to take,” Oliver snarls. “Now, where is the rendezvous point?”

The hunter tries to escape Oliver’s grasp, but Oliver refuses to let go of his collar. Tears begin to stream down the hunter’s face. “We were supposed to meet at the abandoned train station,” the hunter says quickly. “From there, we were to go to the true Luna Queen.”

“Then there is no time to lose,” Oliver says as he throws the hunter to the ground. “Lead the way.”

Alpha Ace steps in front of Oliver and holds his arms out to stop him. “Raven needs you,” he says to Oliver and me. “I will go with the hunter to meet Alpha Harry.”

“No,” Oliver says harshly. “She is my mate, and this is my job to protect her.”

I stand beside Oliver and nod my head in agreement. “We will find Alpha Harry and bring him back for questioning.”

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Oliver’s POV

I have never felt anger course through my body the way I did when I saw the hunter being dragged out of the cafe by Leo. I wanted to rip out his heart. immediately, but I didn’t. He

needs to suffer for what he has done to my mate, and I will make sure that all those responsible pay with him.

Leo gets in the car's front seat, and I sit in the back with the hunter. My hand held tightly around the hunter's throat.

"I think you can let go of his throat now," Leo says as he glances in the rearview mirror.

"Not a chance," I growl, digging my claws into his neck deeper.

"If you kill him, we won't have a way to get to Harry," Leo tries to reason with me.

I loosen my grip around the hunter's neck, letting my claws slice across his skin as my hand falls to my side.

The hunter's hands immediately flies to his neck, and he tries to wipe the blood that is trickling down his skin. "You could have killed me," he screams in my direction, but I ignore his fear and pain.

"Tell us where this abandoned train station is," I snarl.

"It is on the corner of Old Main Street and Third," the hunter responds hoarsely.

"If you are lying, I will gut you while you are still alive," I threaten the hunter.

"I swear it is the truth," the hunter stutters.

I let out a frustrated huff. I just want to get this over with. A growl rumbles in my chest as Leo drives down the road. I see Leo peering at me in the rearview mirror with a concerned look on his

face.

"What?" I snap at Leo.

"I have never seen this side of you before," Leo says with a bit of a laugh. "I didn't know that you could be so violent."

"There is a lot that you don't know about me," I tell Leo as I turn my attention back to the hunter.

"If we are going to share a mate, then I need to know everything about you," Leo informs me.

"Now isn't the time for my life story," I hiss at him. "Perhaps when we get back with Harry, I will explain things to you."

Out of the corner of my eye, I see the hunter reaching for the door handle. I extend one of my claws and hold it to his neck.

. “Don’t even think

about it,” I growl, and the hunter places his hand back in his lap.

Leo turns the car down Old Main Street, and I begin to count down the streets until we get to Third Street. Just as the hunter said, there is an abandoned train station sitting on the corner.

“Go in and meet with Harry,” Leo tells the hunter.”

We will be right behind you.”

“No!” I shout. “You can’t just let him walk in there alone. He will run.”

“He’s not going to have time to run,” Leo says.

“I won’t run,” the hunter stammers. “I promise.

Just let me live.”

“See,” Leo smirks. “He isn’t going to run.”

“If he runs, he dies,” I grumble.

Leo unlocks the car doors, and the hunter leaps out of the car. He runs toward the front of the train station, and just before he gets to the door, he veers off to the left and runs up the street.

“I f*****g told you that he would run,” I snarl.

Jumping out of the car, I shift into my wolf before my feet hit the ground. I do not care that it is the middle of the day, and I am chasing down a human in the middle of the street. My wolf, Orion, quickly catches up to the hunter and leaps on his back.

Sinking his claws into the hunter, Orion takes him down-the hunter’s face skids across the street.

A low growl rumbles in Orion’s chest, and he bites down on the back of the hunter’s neck. I can feel his bones snapping and breaking between Orion’s jaws just before his body goes limp. Orion gives him a little shake before he tosses him to the side.

“Oliver!” I hear Leo’s voice calling out to me. “A little help here.”

I step on the hunter's dead body as I turn to look for Leo. He is fighting off a large black wolf while still in his human form. I don't waste any time in coming to Leo's rescue. This man is Alpha Harry, I am sure of it.

When Harry sees me coming, he runs away from Leo. His wolf is giant, but he isn't fast. I am able to catch up to him quickly. His wolf looks over his shoulder and stumbles onto the ground. His wolf looks like he is all legs as he tumbles to the ground in front of me.

Orion pauses and watches Harry's wolf with amusement as he tries to get back to his feet.

Harry's wolf gets back to his feet and turns to face Orion. I watch through Orion's eyes as Harry's wolf because he circles us like we are his prey.

'He is bigger than we are,' I tell Orion, but my wolf doesn't seem to be listening to me.

'We are faster than he is,' Orion retorts, ensuring not to let Harry's wolf get behind him.

Harry's wolf is so focused on me that he doesn't notice Leo's wolf coming up behind him. Harry's wolf lunges for my neck, and Orion dodges quickly out of the way.

As Harry's wolf lands on the ground beside me, Leo's wolf jumps on his back and begins tearing into his neck. Bits of fur and flesh are falling all around me as I watch Leo's wolf attack Harry's.

Orion jumps into the fray. He is biting at Harry's wolf's flesh as fast as possible. Finally, Harry's wolf stops fighting and falls to the ground. Orion and Leo's wolf back away from his body as he shifts back into his human form.

Harry's human form is torn and battered from his wolf's fight. He doesn't look like he will survive too much longer.

Leo and I shift back into our human forms and look down at Harry. His breath is becoming more shallow by the second.

"Who sent you?" Leo asks him.

Harry smiles as air gurgles from the holes in his neck, and I know it is too late. "We need to get his body to Raven before he dies," I say quickly. "He may not be able to tell us what he knows, but maybe she can see."

Leo nods, and we heave Harry's dying body off the ground and carry him to the car. We can only hope that Raven is awake when we get back to the hospital.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

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Raven's POV

The sound of muffled voices and heavy footsteps wakes me from the most awful dream. I had a dream: a hunter was after me, and he shot me in the stomach. The gunman then got away.

I roll my head lazily to the side and squint against the room's bright lights. The bed I am lying in is uncomfortable, and the blankets feel like paper.

Turning my head toward the voices, I try to open my eyes to see who is causing all of the commotion, but my eyes feel like they are glued shut.

"We cannot just wake her up," my father says.

She needs her rest."

"We are running out of time," Oliver retorts."

Harry's life is fading as we speak."

"I understand that," Father argues. "But there is no way of knowing if she will be strong enough to use her powers when she wakes."

"How else will we find out who the so-called true

Luna Queen is?" Leo butts in. "I am positive that Harry's mind is full of information."

Then my father let out a frustrated sigh. "I already know who the imposter Queen is," he grumbles.

A low growl rumbles throughout the room. "What do you mean you already know who she is?" Oliver snarls at my father.

"She is my mother," my father says.

At this confession, my eyes fly open. I try to sit up, but there is a pain in my abdomen keeping me from moving. I raise my hand and see an IV. It wasn't all a dream. A hunter really shot me. I gasp loudly, and all the men in the room turn to look at me.

They all look like hell. All three of my fathers are sitting in the room. Their eyes are hollow and filled with tears as they look at me. My mates are pacing the room. Both of

them look as if they are angry. I don't know what else was said before I woke up, but there is an apparent rift between my fathers and my mates.

"Little Bird," Dad says with a worried smile. "You are awake."

I ignore my dad and clear my throat awkwardly.

What do you mean she is your mother?" I ask hoarsely.

Oliver rushes to my side with a glass of water. He tilts it to my lips, and I greedily drink. My father gets to his feet and comes to my side. A growl escapes Oliver's chest as my father approaches me. I place my hand on Oliver's, trying to calm him down.

Father and Oliver glower at one another before my father takes my other hand. "You have to understand I thought she died in the fire," my father begins.

"But..." I say.

"I thought she was dead until recently," Father says. "I never thought she could have escaped that fire and lived."

"That's why the woman I see in my visions has scars all over her face," I fill in the blanks. "Why isn't she happy that I am the Luna Queen? I am her blood."

My fathers all share a glance with each other. "

She has always believed that Kieran was the child of light," Papa tells me.

I furrow my brows in confusion. "But I bear the mark of the Moon Goddess," I say, reaching over my shoulder to touch the crescent moon birthmark on my back.

"She had a reading from an oracle that makes her think otherwise," Father responds.

"What do we do?" I ask quietly.

"We have to find her and finish the job this time,"

Dad says, but I can hear the concern in his voice.

"Do we know where to find her?" I ask:

Everyone in the room shakes their head. They all refuse to meet my gaze except for Oliver. Oliver squeezes my hand, and I turn my attention to him.

"I think I know how we can find her," Oliver tells me. "But we have to move quickly."

“You want me to look into Harry’s mind,” I frown.

“It is the only way,” Oliver says.

“Why can he not be questioned?” I ask desperately.

“He is in a coma,” Leo chimes in, “They don’t believe that he will live much longer.”

I wince in pain as I try to adjust myself in the bed.

“I don’t think I am strong enough to look into anyone’s mind,” I tell Oliver.

Oliver drops my hand and begins to pace the room. “It is the only way,” he tells me.

Leo looks like a bolt of lightning strikes him. He pauses his pacing, and a smile spreads across his lips. “A mate is only as strong as their mate,” he mumbles.

“What are you saying?” I retort.

“I was able to heal you by marking you,” Leo says excitedly. “What if Oliver marks you?”

Oliver’s eyes widened in shock. “You can’t be serious,” Oliver laughs nervously. “This is neither the time nor the place.”

“Wait,” Dad says as he holds his hands in the air. “Leo might be on to something.”

Father and Papa growl at Dad and Leo. I can feel tempers reaching the tipping point in the hospital room.

“It was my idea for Leo to mark and heal me,” I roar over the growls. “And it worked. I could not walk, and when Leo marked me, it made me stronger.”

Dad gestures wildly between Leo and me, causing me to giggle. “See,” Dad says. “It worked.”

“This isn’t how I want to mark her,” Oliver grumbles.

“It wasn’t how I wanted to mark her either,” Leo spits at Oliver. “But I did it for the better of my mate.”

Oliver is shuffling from foot to foot. I can tell that this conversation is making him uncomfortable.

“Could you four leave us alone for a moment?” I ask my fathers and Leo.

One by one, my fathers file out of the hospital room. Leo walks over to me and kisses me deeply before leaving the room. The kiss has left me breathless, and my are still tingling.

Oliver lets out a huff, and I turn to look at him. His arms are crossed over his chest, and his eyes are red with tears.

“I am not going to ask you to mark me,” I tell him.

“I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable.”

Oliver tilts my head to the side and runs his finger over the blue moon mark on my neck.

Tingles erupt over my skin, and I whimper with need. Oliver lowers his head to my neck, and he runs his tongue over my mark. My back arches off the bed, and pain radiates through my stomach.

As I hiss in pain, Oliver pulls away from me, and the frown on his lip deepens. “It is the only way to heal you quickly,” Oliver mumbles.

“If I mark you,

it could save your life.”

“Oliver, you don’t...” I begin, but Oliver silences me with a kiss.

His lips are softer than Leo’s and more hesitant. I wrap my arms around his neck and pull him closer to deepen the kiss. My tongue slides into his mouth, and he moans. Oliver breaks the kiss; and I see that his face is flushed.

“I love you,” Oliver says.

“I love you too,” I smile as Oliver turns my head to the side.

I can feel his breath on my neck, and

goosebumps spread over my body. Every nerve in my body is humming with anticipation. I feel Oliver’s canines brushing against my skin. I hold my breath as Oliver’s teeth sink into my neck. A mewl escapes my lips, and my hips wiggle with need as euphoria washes over me. Oliver holds me down by my shoulders as he seals his mark into place.

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Raven’s POV

Oliver seals my mark into place, making my toes curl, but we don't have time to appreciate the moment. While Oliver is still hovering over me, the hospital door bursts open, and Leo is standing hunched over, breathing heavily. His face is flushed, and his eyes are wide.

"What in the Goddess's name is wrong with you?" I laugh as I look at him.

"Harry," Leo breathes out. "He is dying."

"What do you mean," Oliver lifts himself off of me.

"He coded just a few moments ago. They are trying to resuscitate him as we speak. If we are going to get into his mind, there is no more time to waste," Leo says quickly.

I sit up quickly, forgetting about the wound in my abdomen. I wince in pain as I sit up, and dots fill my vision. But I refuse to let that stop me. If I am to find my grandmother and stop these attacks, I need to get to Harry before he dies. I balance myself on Oliver's arm as I swing my legs over the edge of the bed.

"Slow down," Oliver says as he holds me upright. "You are going to fall down."

"I am fine," I hiss at him.

The dots are free from my eyes, and I am able to see once again. I plant my feet firmly on the ground and stand. I expect to fall over, but I don't. The wound on my side is still painful, but I am able to stand. Ripping the wires off my body and the IV out of my arm, I gesture for Leo to lead the way.

Leo rushes from the room, and I follow behind him. "Raven," I hear Oliver yelling from behind me. "Please be careful."

"This was your idea," I yell back over my shoulder as I navigate my way through the busy hospital corridors. "It is too late to be careful."

Oliver sighs and shakes his head as he chases behind me with a robe in his hands. "Will you at least cover yourself," he says through gritted teeth. Only then do I realize I have been running through the hospital with the back of my hospital gown flying open.

Quickly, I gather the fabric of my gown and back against a wall, knowing that I am wasting precious moments that I could be using to read Harry's mind. I rip the robe from Oliver's hands and wrap it around myself.

As I tie the robe around my waist, I see blood dripping down my hand from the IV site, and there are bruises all over my arms. It causes me to freeze where I stand, wondering what the rest of me looks like. Fear washes over me. Since I have become the Luna Queen, I have spent more time in the hospital than out. What else are the recusants capable of?

Leo tips my head up and looks me deeply in the eyes. “We can discuss the dangers of you being the Luna Queen later. Right now, you have to be brave,” he tells me.

Oliver shoves him away from me and stands protectively in front of me. “She needs a f*****g minute,” Oliver snarls at Leo.

I place my hands on Oliver’s shoulders. I know he feels my feelings more intensely now that he has marked me. I am told that it can be a little overwhelming.

“It is okay, Oliver,” I tell him. “Leo is right. I am just wasting time.”

“That’s my, Little Bird,” Leo says as he places a kiss on the top of my head. “His room is just this way.”

I turn the corner and hear the sound of the machines in the room flatlining. “No!” I scream as I run into the room. “I am here.”

But I am too late. Panic rushes through my body as tears drip down my cheeks. This was my one chance to get information about the recusants, and I have ruined it.

“It’s okay,” Oliver says sweetly. “We will find another way.”

“There is no other way,” I yell back at him. “How many times can I come back from near death? They won’t screw up again. The next time, they will kill me.”

The nurse tries to pull the curtain around Harry’s body, but I stop her. “I need a moment,” I tell her. She looks me up and down and continues to pull the curtain.

“Do you know who you are talking to?” Oliver snaps at the nurse. “This is your Luna Queen.”

The nurse turns her head to the side and bares her neck to me. “I apologize, Your Highness, I did not recognize you.”

“Well, now you do,” Oliver hisses at her, and the nurse scurries from the room.

I pull back the curtain and expose the body of Harry. I am surprised he stayed alive for as long as he did. Bits and pieces of his flesh are missing all over his torso and arms. Teeth and claw marks cover his body.

“Who did this to him?” I ask in shock.

Leo scratches the back of his head awkwardly, and Oliver refuses to meet my gaze. “He tried to run,” Leo begins, but I hold my hand up to stop him from talking.

“I don’t want the gory details,” I shudder at the thought of my mates ripping a person to bits.

I walk around Harry’s bed and look at him intently. I lay my hand on his head, and it is still warm. He looks like he could be sleeping.

“I think I can still do this,” I say quietly to myself.

“What do you mean?” Oliver asks.

I look up from Harry’s mangled body to Oliver. “I think I can do this,” I say.

Oliver’s eyes light up with excitement. “Do you really think you can do it?”

“I do,” I say, but I turn my head to Leo, who looks displeased. “What’s wrong?”

“It seems dangerous,” Leo mumbles. “To go into the mind of a dead man.”

I am a little taken aback at Leo’s words. Usually, he would be the one egging me on, and Oliver would be the one who is too cautious. But I have to admit that Leo has a point. I have never delved into the mind of a dead person before. I don’t know what I might find, but I do know I have to try.

“It will be okay,” I say, trying to sound confident. “With you two by my side, I can do anything.”

Oliver smiles brightly at me, but Leo still has a scowl on his face. Closing my eyes, I press my fingers to Harry’s temples, and I am sucked into darkness.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 227

Raven’s POV

I slip into the darkness of Harry’s mind. Instead of having memories to flip through, I am sucked into one in particular. I step into the memory that is quickly fading around me.

I look around and see Harry standing off in the distance. Harry looks around suspiciously as he enters the back of a seedy-looking bar. He slips through the kitchen, and the bar workers nod to him as he walks by. This isn’t the first time that he has been here, that is for sure.

I follow him closely through the back of the bar as if I am nothing more than a ghost. Harry walks through a door to the left of the kitchen, and I don’t move fast enough. The

door slams in my face. Reaching a hand out in front of me, I try to press my hand against the door to open it, but my hand slips through the door as if I am made of mist.

Taking a deep breath and closing, I step toward the door, and my body slides through the solid wood like it isn't even there. I open my eyes when I am on the other side of the door. My eyes widen in shock as I see a room full of people looking at Harry. I recognize many of the people sitting around the table.

Elder Winters and Elder Clark are sitting on one side of the table. They are shuffling awkwardly in their seats as the old woman's gaze falls on them.

"You are late," a familiar voice says.

I turn to find Warren glaring at Harry. "I was handling business," Harry spits at Warren.

"Did you find the hunter?" The hoarse voice of the older woman asks.

I step toward the woman, studying her face as I get closer. She is covered in burn scars, but I can see the similarity to my fathers in the shape of her face. My father was telling the truth. The woman who refers to herself as the true Luna Queen is my grandmother.

"I did," Harry says as he takes a seat at the round table. "He has agreed to take the job."

"Of course, he agreed," Warren snorts. "He wants the opportunity to take down the Luna Queen."

"She is not the Luna Queen," the old woman snarls. "I am the true Luna Queen."

"Of course," Warren says as he lowers his head and bares his neck to her.

A sense of betrayal washes over me as I look at Warren. At one point, he was my bodyguard. I trusted him with my life; now he is conspiring with recusants.

"Where is the King?" Harry asks.

"He hasn't arrived yet," the woman's voice softens as she speaks. "He should be here shortly. Tell me more about this hunter and your plan."

"Luna Francesca of the South Pack is on our side," Harry says. "But Alpha Fernando has turned against us."

"And just what caused Fernando to turn?" The woman asks.

"He saw her wolf," Harry responds.

The woman cackles loudly. "What is so special about her wolf?"

“Apparently, it is gold,” Harry says.

“There is no such thing as a golden wolf,” the woman scoffs.

“It is true,” Warren says quietly. “Her wolf is golden.”

The woman slams her hands down on the table in front of her, grabbing the attention of everyone in the room. “This changes nothing. Her twin will be the ruler of the werewolf world. Not her.”

“Yes, Luna,” the room says in unison.

“When will the next attack take place,” the woman demands to know.

“Tomorrow at noon,” Harry says with a smile. “Raven is being lured to a cafe. She has been issued a bodyguard, but he is also on our side. He should be able to take her hostage easily.”

“I don’t want her taken hostage,” the woman snarls. “I want her dead.”

“That wasn’t the plan,” Warren yells. “She is meant to be mine.”

“She has already been marked,” Harry tells Warren. “You have no chance with her now.”

Warren crosses his arms in a huff but doesn’t say another word.

Suddenly, the memory begins to fade quickly, and I know I don’t have much more time. The faces of the people start to fade, and everything becomes blurry.

“No,” I whimper. “I am not done.”

I begin to feel lightheaded. Perhaps Leo was right. Maybe going into the mind of a dead man was not the best idea. I sway on my feet as panic fills my mind. I struggle to stay in the memory.

My eyes flicker between the memory and Harry’s hospital room. The edges of the memory are beginning to burn like a photograph in a flame.

Just as I fear that I can no longer stay in the memory, the door to the room swings open, and two silhouettes make their way inside. I don’t need to see his face to know that one of them belongs to Kieran.

Focusing hard on Kieran, his face comes into focus, and so does the woman on his arm. Elise.

Elise is smiling up at him like he is the only man on the earth. I know that look. She is his mate.

Once again, the memory flickers in and out, and the faces of everyone in the room become blurry once again. Before the memory burns into nothing, I hear chanting. “Long live the King. Long live King Kieran.”

My eyes flutter open, and I am met with concerned looks from Leo and Oliver. I remove my hands from Harry’s temples and stumble back. Leo rushes forward and catches me before I hit the ground. I rub my hands to my temples, trying to alleviate the headache that is building behind my eyes.

Leo pulls me onto his lap, and I breathe in his fresh grass scent. The tingles of the mate bond soothe me as I try to process what I saw.

“What did you see?” Leo asks.

“I saw my brother,” I say as I choke back sobs. “He is with them.”

“What do you mean?” Oliver asks.

Soft sobs leave my chest as the unbearable weight of Kieran’s betrayal. “My brother is with the recusants. He is coming for my throne.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 228

Kieran’s POV

I have been lying awake for hours, staring at the ceiling, trying not to disturb Elise. Today is the day that I am supposed to meet with the oracle, and my nerves are all over the place.

Alice set it up with the oracle she has been visiting for years. It is the oracle that told her I was meant to be the King. Not my sister.

I have dreamed about becoming King since I learned that Raven would one day be the Queen. At the time, I was young, and I didn’t realize what it meant for Raven to be Queen. I automatically assumed that we would be ruling the packs side by side. We had always done everything together, so why would this be any different?

As I got older, I began to see the differences between Raven and me. While I was quick with my temper and flew off the handle often, Raven was always calm and collected. A

light seemed to radiate off of her from a young age, and as she grew, the light only grew brighter.

The only friends I had were those that were Raven's first. Raven, on the other hand, made friends quickly despite her shy demeanor. With each passing year, it became increasingly clear why the Moon Goddess chose her and not me.

Over the years, I tried not to let jealousy overtake me. After all, I would be the Alpha of the North Pack one day, and that was nothing to turn my nose up at. The North Pack is the largest pack in North America. Any werewolf would be thrilled to be the Alpha of this pack, but it never seemed to measure up to the prestige of my sister.

Elise wiggles beside me, tucking her body underneath my arm. There is a frown on her face, but as she breathes in heavily, her face relaxes.

I study her beautiful face as she sleeps. It is a shame that she is only an Omega. Elise is headstrong and confident she would have made an excellent Luna. But there is no way that I can have an Omega by my side. It would be an embarrassment.

My mind wonders to Gabbie. I haven't spoken to her since I turned eighteen, and we discovered we were not mates. Every day, I pray to the Moon Goddess that she doesn't find her mate so I can mark her and claim her as my Luna. Elise will just have to remain on the sidelines, so I don't weaken myself by rejecting her.

The alarm on my phone begins to sound, and I unsuccessfully try to pull my arm out from under Elise. She stirs awake and rubs her eyes sleepily.

"Where are you going?" She yawns.

"Today is the day I meet the oracle," I remind her. "I don't want to be late."

Stretching her arms to the sides, Elise mumbles obscenities under her breath. "I am coming with you," she says. "I don't want to be left here with your mother. I get the feeling that she doesn't like me."

"She hates you," I correct Elise. "But you are staying here. Just stay out of her way."

"I am your mate," Elise whispers. "I should be by your side."

"Let's get a few things straight," I grumble at her. "You may be my mate, but you will never bear my mark or be my Luna."

"Then why bother keeping me around," Elise huffs. "Just reject me so I can get on with my life."

"No," I say curtly. "If I reject my fated mate, it will weaken me. You will stick around."

Tears stream down Elise's face as she listens to my words. I know that I am being harsh with her, but I don't want to lead her along. She will never be my Luna, and she should know that from the beginning of our relationship.

"Don't cry, Elise. I will make sure you are well taken care of," I tell her, but my words don't soothe her emotions.

Rolling my eyes at my overly emotional mate, I quickly get dressed and make my way out of the bedroom. The last thing I need is the added stress of a sad mate today.

As I make my way to the front door of the pack house, my mother steps out in front of me and stops me from leaving.

"And just where do you think you are going, Young Man?" She asks with her arms crossed over her chest and anger flaring in her eyes.

"I have some business I need to attend to," I lie easily to my mother.

"Wrong," my mother spits at me. "I am tired of doing your job while your fathers are away. I don't know what you are doing on this 'business meetings', but by the looks of it, it has nothing to do with the pack."

"Can you get to the point?" I hiss at her.

"The point is this pack cannot function without an Alpha. You need to be more present for your pack members," my mother chastises me.

"That's rich coming from you," I say as I push past my mother.

"What is that supposed to mean?" My mother asks as she grabs my arm and pulls me backward. I can feel her anger prickling at my skin as she glares in my direction.

"It means there are three Alphas of this pack, and they are all gone," I spit at my mother. "And supposedly, I am the one that doesn't care about the pack. Now, if you will excuse me. I am already running late."

I storm out of the front door of the pack house and slam the door behind me. I can still feel my mother's anger in the air, but I try not to let it get to me. One day, my mother will realize what I am doing is far more important than caring for the pack. I am searching for the truth, and I know it goes deeper than some silly birthmark on my sister's back.

Plugging Alice's directions into my GPS, I speed down the road, weaving in and out of cars. I glance at the clock on my dash and realize I will be late. Alice doesn't like it when we are late.

I pull onto a narrow dirt road and find a worn-out cabin at the end. The glass in the windows are broken, and they are boarded up with random pieces of wood. The front door hangs awkwardly on the hinges. Shingles are missing from the roof, and the siding is peeling. The whole cabin looks like it is being held together by magic alone.

Getting out of my car, I survey the area around the cabin. Mist hangs low, making it impossible to see the ground. Lightning strikes loudly in the distance, and I get a terrible feeling.

“There is no way I am going in there,” I mumble.

“You are late,” Alice’s hoarse voice startles me. “And yes, you are.”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 229

Kieran’s POV

Alice gestures for me to enter the cabin, but I don’t want to. The truth is, I don’t think that I am ready for the truth. What if the oracle tells me that I am not the child of light? What happens then?

“Get inside, Boy,” Alice grumbles. “It is now or never.”

I walk slowly toward the cabin and pause at the front door. Looking over my shoulder at Alice, I see her walking away. “Aren’t you coming with me?” I ask her.

Alice chuckles. “The oracle’s words are for you and you alone.”

I raise my hand to knock on the door, but it swings open before I can. No one is waiting for me on the other side of the door.

The house is eerily dark, with shadows dancing on the walls from the flickering candles. The smell of incense is heavy in the air, causing me to cough. I wave my hand in front of my face, trying to clear the air before me.

“Come in, Child,” a haggard voice comes from the darkness. “I have been expecting you.”

I step into the dark cabin, and the door slams shut behind me. I spin around and pull on the door, but it doesn’t budge. “What is going on here?” I yell at the oracle.

“Once you enter the home of an oracle, you cannot leave until a reading has been given,” the oracle says. “Now come and sit down.”

I give my eyes a moment to adjust to the darkness. My werewolf, Karr, pushes forward to help me see in the dark. The darkness in the room seems to lift, and I am able to see. The cabin is one large room. There is a bed in the corner with nothing but a tattered quilt on it. A makeshift kitchen is on the other side of the room, with a kettle brewing over a fire. The room is unbearably warm as I take a seat across from the oracle.

“I am sorry I am late,” I say, trying to sound as polite as possible.

“I knew you would be,” she says.

Tearing my eyes away from the room, I turn my attention to the oracle sitting across from me. There is a large crystal ball sitting in the center of the table. The oracle is waving her hands along the top as she stares at it.

The oracle is wearing a dark cloak that is pulled over her head, and the tips of her fingernails are black in color. She grabs the hood of her cloak and lowers it to her shoulders. I try and fail miserably not to gasp when I see her face. Deep lines of tattoos cover her face, and her eyes are nothing but black orbs.

I reach over the table to shake her hand, but she recoils at my gesture. Awkwardly, I pull my hand away and lay it back into my lap.

“Why are you here?” The oracle asks.

“Didn’t Alice explain...” my voice trails off as the oracle raises her hands to stop me from talking.

“Alice’s questions and your questions are not the same,” the oracle says. “Now, why are you here?”

I pause and think for a moment. I know I need to word my question carefully when I speak with the oracle. “I need to know if I am the child of light,” I say.

The oracle laughs loudly. “My dear child. You already know the answer to that question. Are you sure that is what you want to ask?”

“So, I am not the child of light,” I respond sadly.

“You do not bear the mark of the Moon Goddess, correct?” The oracle asks.

“I do not,” I respond.

I get up from the table and begin to walk toward the door of the cabin.

“Where are you going?” The oracle asks.

“You answered the question I had,” I tell her. “I am leaving.”

“I did not provide you with an answer that you could not find yourself,” the oracle says, and her eyes flash a strange color of gold.

“Will I ever be the King of the packs?” I finally ask her the question that has been nagging in my mind.

The oracle’s eyes burn a brighter shade of gold, and the wind picks up in the cabin. I watch with interest as she hobbles over to the fireplace and sticks her hand into the ashes. The flames dance around her hands, but they do not burn her. She opens her hand, and the wind picks up the ashes and carries them into the air.

Dark figures made of ash fill the room. The figures fight and clash with one another until they all fall to ask around the room. I think that the vision is over, but out of the ashes, the three figures rise.

Holding my hands up against the swirling wind, I try to see who the figures are. The one in the center is a female with long, flowing hair. On either side of her are two ginormous wolves.

The vision tells me all that I need to know. My sister is the rightful ruler of the packs. I hang my head in shame as the ash falls to the ground.

Thinking that the vision is over, I turn to leave, but the oracle’s haggard voice stops me.

“The one they call the Luna Queen has delved into the mind of a dead man. She knows her enemies and is formulating a plan. War is inevitable, but the outcome will always be the same. The true leader of the packs will always prevail.”

“What does that mean?” I ask the oracle.

“I have given you all of the information that I can,” the oracle says as she grabs her broom from the corner.

The door swings open as the oracle begins to sweep the ash that has settled on the floor. A cloud of dust gathers at her feet as the oracle sweeps the ash out of the front door.

But I refuse to leave until I get more answers. “You didn’t tell me anything,” I shout at the oracle.

“You saw the same vision I did, Boy,” the oracle spits at me.

“But who is the true leader of the packs?” I beg the oracle to tell me.

The oracle shrugs her shoulders and continues to sweep. “Only time will tell.”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 230

Raven's POV

By the time the hospital agrees to release me, it is late. I want nothing more than a hot shower and a soft bed, but my mates seem to have other plans for my evening.

"You have to tell your fathers what you saw," Oliver pleads with me. "They need to know what he is capable of."

"I will tell them," I yawn. "But not tonight. Shower first, then nap, and lastly, family drama."

"You can't keep putting this off," Leo agrees with Oliver, and it makes me cranky.

"Could one of you be on my side for once?" I pout.

"Not this time, Little Bird," Leo says seriously. "This is far too important."

"Fine," I grumble. "If it is so important, you can talk to them while I am in the shower."

"Oh no," Leo practically yells. "I am not doing this alone."

"Who said you had to be alone?" I smirk. "Take Oliver with you."

"Don't bring me into this," Oliver squeaks.

"This was your idea, to begin with," Leo snaps at Oliver.

Leo and Oliver glare at each other, and I cannot help but giggle. Deep down, I know they are right. I have to tell my fathers what I have seen. But how do I tell them my brother and their heir is a traitor?

"Fine," I say, interrupting the tension between my two mates. "Shower first, then family drama."

Leo and Oliver look at me and nod their heads in agreement.

My legs feel heavy as I walk up the stairs to the guest room that Alpha Fernando had provided for the three of us. As soon as I enter the room, I begin stripping off my clothes, leaving a trail of clothes to the bathroom.

My mates don't follow me into the bathroom. Instead, they hang back in the bedroom. Typically, they would take any opportunity to see me naked, but for some reason, they are giving me space. I have a sneaking suspicion they are plotting something, but I am too tired to care.

I turn on the shower and begin to rinse the grime of the hospital from my body. My eyes are closed tightly as I rinse the soap from my hair when I feel someone standing behind me.

It is Oliver; I know because of the heavy scent of sandalwood in the air.

"Can I help you?" I say over my shoulder, but Oliver doesn't answer. He is staring at my naked body with his eyes darkened with lust.

I turn around so he can have a better view, and I let my eyes trail down his naked body. He isn't as muscular as Leo, but he is just as attractive. My eyes land on the massive c**k between his legs. He is so well endowed I worry about what s*x will feel like with him.

Oliver has his hands balled up in fists by his sides, and I know he is trying not to touch me. I have a feeling that when it comes to Oliver, I will have to make the first move.

I pretend to drop the loofa to the ground and bend over to pick it up. I brush my a*s against his c**k, and Oliver groans. I smirk to myself as Oliver's hands grab my hips and his fingers dig into my skin.

Straightening back up, I lean my back against his front, and I tangle my fingers within his.

Guiding his hands to my breasts, I let go of his hands. Oliver hesitantly squeezes my breasts and rolls my n*****s gently between his fingers.

Wiggling my body against his, I can feel Oliver's erection growing against my back.

"I want you," he says.

"Then what are you waiting for?" I say breathlessly.

"I don't know how," Oliver admits, and I can hear the embarrassment in his voice.

I turn off the water to the shower and turn to look at him. I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him. His lips are soft and gentle as they work against mine.

"I don't know how to either," I admit. "Let's go to the bedroom and see where it takes us."

"Leo," he stammers. "He tried to give me some tips, but I failed miserably."

“You didn’t fail,” I smile. Taking his hand, I guide it to my core. Oliver tentatively runs his fingers over my folds. “See,” I moan. “Just being with you turns me on.”

Oliver growls in appreciation before he grabs me by the back of the head and kisses me. This time, the kiss is desperate and full of need. Not breaking away from the kiss, he lifts me from the ground and carries me into the bedroom.

Leo is sitting in the corner with an amused look on his face. “I see my tips helped,” he smirks. “I will give you two some privacy.”

“No!” I shout at him. “I need you both.”

Oliver looks at me with a hurt expression on his face, but it is the truth. I need them both with me my first time.

Oliver stands frozen in the middle of the room. I can practically feel his jealousy over the fact that I want Leo to be present, too.

“You are both my mates. I need you both here for a moment like this,” I try to explain myself, but Oliver doesn’t seem to be buying it.

“If you would rather him, just say so,” Oliver pouts as she sets me down on the ground.

“You can’t ask me to choose,” I say as I shiver in the cool air of the bedroom. I wrap my arms around myself, suddenly feeling self-conscious. Tears well up in my eyes. It feels like the perfect moment was ruined.

“Oliver,” Leo says gently. “We agreed that we would never make her choose.”

“I chose you both,” I say with tears running down my face.

A look of guilt washes over Oliver’s face. It cannot be easy having to share me. He steps toward me, but I refuse to meet his gaze.

“Raven,” his voice is just above a whisper. “I didn’t mean to make you choose. I hope you can forgive me.”

I raise my head to look Oliver in the eyes. His brows are furrowed with concern. I know that he is worried that I will not forgive him.

“You will have to make it up to me,” I say sarcastically.

“I will do anything you want,” Oliver says.

I close the distance between us and throw my arms around his neck. “How about we pick back up where we left off?”

“Just so I am clear,” Leo interrupts the moment. “The new plan is shower, s*x, and then family drama?”

“Quit ruining moments,” Oliver growls in his direction.

“I will be over here waiting for your command,” Leo laughs.

“Oh no,” I say seductively. “I have a job for you.”