

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

Chapter 241

Raven's POV

As I stand outside of the home of the oracle, a wary feeling rises in the pit of my stomach. The oracle's home is nothing more than a single-room log cabin with smoke billowing out of the brick chimney.

"This feels like a mistake," I say just above a whisper. "Maybe we should go."

"Not until we get the information we came for," Oliver growls.

"Oliver is right. We need to know what she has seen," Leo says as he begins to walk toward the tiny cabin.

"War," I say in a low voice. "She has seen war. I have seen it, too."

Leo and Oliver glance at me with bewildered looks before deciding not to ask what I have seen or when.

'It is better if they don't ask,' Rose says. 'We only know of one date.'

'My coronation,' I say back silently.

The one dream that has plagued my nights for years. The day of my coronation is the only vision of the future I have had. The day the scarred woman comes for my throne. I think about the dream often and wonder how I can change the outcome of what is to come. But it feels like an impossible task.

"Are you okay, Little Bird?" Leo asks as he puts my hand in his.

"Hmm," I respond.

Oliver takes my other hand, lifts it to his mouth, and places a gentle kiss on the top. "Are you okay?" He repeats Leo's question. Leo watches Oliver's tender affection with a roll of his eyes.

I shake the dream from my mind and nod. "I was just thinking," I admit, but once again, neither of my mates ask me what I have been thinking about.

Leo raises my hand to his mouth. I think he is going to copy Oliver's tender kiss, but his tongue darts out instead. Licking the palm of my hand.

“Ew,” I squeal, and I rip my hand away from him. “What was that for?”

“To lighten the mood,” Leo says with a shrug of his shoulders. “Are you ready to meet this oracle?”

Wiping my hand down my dress, I take a few steps toward the log cabin. I pause a few steps away from the cabin and look over my shoulder. My mates are following closely behind me. Looking back at the cabin, I hold my head high and roll my shoulders back.

‘We are not alone,’ Rose reminds me as I lift my hand to knock on the door.

I don’t know what I expected when the oracle opened the door, but I was not expecting someone who looked beautiful and youthful. Her chocolate brown hair is weaved into an intricate braid and falls over her shoulder. I watch as her eyes start at my feet, and she slowly raises her gaze until it meets mine. There is something familiar about her face, but I am unable to place it.

“Go away,” she says curtly before trying to slam the door in my face.

Oliver holds his hand out and stops the door. “You will speak to your Queen,” he growls.

The oracle looks me up and down once more. “I have no Queen,” she hisses loudly.

She tries to shut the door against Oliver’s hand, but she isn’t strong enough. I hear someone shuffling around in the cabin, and I grow curious. I try to look over the oracle’s shoulder to see who is in her cabin, but she shifts her body so I cannot see.

Leo steps forward and flings the door open with a single push of his hand. It sends the oracle flying backward. She stumbles over the rug on the floor and falls on her back. A rush of brunette hair flies across the room to help the oracle from her spot on the floor.

“Mother,” the brunette woman says as she tries to help her to her feet.

That voice. I know that voice, and I know that face. Elise.

“Elise?” I growl angrily.

Elise looks up from the oracle’s side, and her eyes grow wide with fear. “Raven,” she whispers. “What are you doing here?”

“What am I doing here?” My voice raises a few octaves. “What are you doing here?”

Elise rises slowly from her knees, and her eyes narrow in my direction. “I suppose I am waiting for your brother, my mate, to take his rightful place on the throne.”

“You are not worthy of my brother,” I growl in her direction.

“You don’t know your brother at all,” Elise throws her head back in a fake laugh. “He hates you.”

“Lies,” I scream as my claws break through the tips of my fingers. “My brother loves me.”

Elise shifts into a small gray wolf and growls over her mother. The oracle tries to scoot away from under her daughter, but Oliver rips her out from under Elise’s wolf.

Oliver’s claws extend, and he digs them into the shoulder of the oracle while her daughter watches on helplessly. “Shift back,” he commands Elise, but she doesn’t listen.

Elise lunges for Oliver’s throat, and he tosses her to the side with a single swing of his arm. Her wolf lands on the ground and skids across the floor, hitting the wall on the other side of the cabin.

Anger courses through my veins as I think about Elise trying to attack my mate. I can feel the shift beginning to take place, but I cannot stop it. A fearsome growl reverberates throughout my chest as Rose pushes forward.

My dress rips as my golden fur sprouts all over my body. My wolf towers over Elise’s tiny gray wolf, snarling and drooling onto her. Elise’s wolf cowers under Rose’s sheer size and the power radiating from her. But I do not have pity for the she-wolf beneath me. No, she was going to pay for what she had put me through.

Rose’s mouth opens wide as she bites down on Elise’s neck. Elise’s wolf whimpers as my jaws close down on her throat. The sound of the oracle’s screams echoes in the small room as I rip out her daughter’s throat.

Blood drips from my mouth as I turn my sights on the oracle. ‘How many lies have you told?’ I ask her through the mind link. But the oracle refuses to answer me. ‘Answer me,’ I snarl.

The oracle looks from the body of her dead daughter and back to Rose. “More than you could count,” she says with tears running down her cheeks.

I stalk toward her, putting one massive paw in front of the other. The oracle doesn’t bother to shift into her wolf. It is as if she has accepted her fate.

“Do it,” She growls.

I hesitate for a moment. Killing Elise had been easy. She had hurt me time and time again, but the oracle has done nothing to harm me. Rose takes a step back and c**s her head at the oracle.

‘Take her back to the pack house,’ I tell Oliver through the mind link, and he nods.

The oracle fights against Oliver's hold. She growls and spits in my direction. A foul grin spreads across her face. "Long live the King," she laughs as she repeats it over and over again.

Once again, my anger takes over, and I find Rose pouncing on top of the oracle. Before she has a chance to shift, Rose bites down on the oracle's neck and shakes it violently. I can feel her neck snap, and Rose drops her lifeless body to the ground.

Suddenly, Alpha Blaire and Beta Sofia are standing in the doorway of the cabin. Shock is written across both of their faces.

"What have you done?" Beta Sofia snarls at me, and I turn my sights on my neck target.

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Raven's POV

"What have you done?" Beta Sofia snarls at me.

Rose stalks toward her one step at a time like she is her prey. I have had enough of this b***h's attitude, and so has Rose. Neither of us would have a problem ripping her throat from her neck.

As Rose moves closer to Sofia, Alpha Blaire steps in between us. Rose growls in warning, but Alpha Blaire refuses to move. "Please forgive my Beta, Luna Queen," she begs. "She was close to the oracle."

Rose sits back on her hind legs but does not take her eyes off Sofia, who is cowering behind Alpha Blaire. Oliver and Leo take their places on either side of Rose. I try to shift back, but Rose refuses to relinquish power back to me.

'Rose, please,' I beg my wolf. 'Let's try to be civil.'

'No,' Rose snarls. 'This b***h wouldn't hesitate to kill us if we were on our own.'

'But we are not on our own,' I remind Rose. 'We have our mates and Alpha Blaire.'

Rose grunts in dissatisfaction before she finally gives me control over my body again. I shift back into my human form and try not to blush over the fact I am standing naked in front of the Alpha and Beta of the Crystal Lake pack. Leo shields me with his body and slips his t-shirt over my head. Leo steps back to my side and grabs my hand, giving it a little squeeze.

I take a deep breath and focus all my attention on Alpha Blaire. “Would you like to explain why you are housing recusants on your territory?”

Alpha Blaire swallows hard. “What are you trying to say?”

“Your oracle and her daughter,” I gesture to the bodies on the floor.

“How do you know they are recusants?” Beta Sofia grumbles.

“Because Elise pushed me down the stairs at the South Pack,” I hiss at her. “Not only did she try to kill me, she tried to steal my mate.”

Beta Sofia scoffs loudly. “That doesn’t mean anything.”

I pull up the memory of the oracle chanting, “Long live the King,” right before I snapped her neck. I push the memory out of my mind and into the minds of Blaire and Sofia.

It is the first time I have attempted to project a memory into someone else’s mind, but I assume it is working because the smirk on Sofia’s face falls. Tears begin to roll down Blaire’s cheeks. I don’t know if she is crying because she is witnessing me killing the oracle or because she feels betrayed.

I pull myself out of their minds and stumble back. Oliver catches me with one arm and pulls me close to him. The magical energy it took to project a memory into two minds at once was draining. The only thing keeping me from falling to my knees is Oliver’s touch.

“What do you have to say to say for yourself?” I spit out, throwing the weight of my Luna Queen aura behind it.

“We didn’t know,” Alpha Blaire whimpers under my aura. “I swear it.”

I nod my head and look at Sofia, but she isn’t responding. Though I feel weak, I hold my head high as I look at Beta Sofia. “What about you? Have you been keeping secrets from your Alpha?”

Beta Sofia looks to the ground, refusing to meet my harsh gaze. “I didn’t know,” she says, but the wavering in her voice tells me otherwise.

“Lies,” I yell in her direction. With the help of Oliver, I throw my aura over her, and she whimpers as she falls to her knees.

“You don’t understand what they are like,” she cries. “They offer you so much in return for your loyalty.”

“What exactly were you offered?” I hiss through my teeth.

A sneer crosses Sofia's lips. "You don't believe I didn't know until you showed up that you had stolen my chosen mate, do you? Oliver belongs to me."

I throw my head back and laugh loudly. "They offered you my mate."

"He deserves better than you," Sofia snarls. "He deserves a mate who doesn't have to split her love between two mates. He belongs with me."

"I love them equally and fiercely," I retort. "Who are you to judge my love for my mates?"

Alpha Blaire doesn't give her Beta a chance to respond. Blaire turns to Sofia and slaps her across the face. "After all we have been through to get to this point, you betrayed me?"

"I have not betrayed you," Sofia says through gritted teeth.

"If you betray the Luna Queen, you betray me," Alpha Blaire growls. "I should banish you from the pack."

"Then do it," Sofia says.

Alpha Blaire shakes her head. "The last thing this world needs is one more rogue recusant."

Sofia's eyes widen in fear as she takes in what her Alpha is saying to her. Alpha Blaire has tears streaming down her face as she looks at her Beta.

"You leave me no choice but to sentence you to death," Alpha Blaire says, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"You can't," Sofia says in a panic. "I have always been loyal to you."

"To me, yes. To the Luna Queen? No," Alpha Blaire is choking back tears.

Sofia falls to her hands and knees to beg for forgiveness, but the damage has already been done. I watch Alpha Blaire's claws extend from her fingers, and she slices Sofia deeply across the neck.

Blood sprays from Sofia's neck as her body crumbles to the ground. A puddle of blood forms around her body, and Oliver lifts me from the ground to keep my feet from being covered in blood.

Alpha Blaire leaves the oracle's cabin, and Oliver follows behind with me in his arms. Once we are outside, he tries to set me down, but I refuse to let go. After everything that happened in that tiny cabin, I want nothing more than to be close to one of my mates.

Alpha Blaire clears her throat awkwardly. "I am sorry," she begins. "If I would have known..."

I hold up my hand, sensing her sadness. "There is no need for apologies."

Alpha Blaire turns to walk away, but something stops her in her tracks. She turns to look at me. "You have a visitor at the pack house."

"Who?" I ask curiously.

"Your brother, Kieran."

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Raven's POV

As I walk out of the trees toward the pack house, I realize how horrible I must look. I ruined my shoes and dress when I shifted into my wolf at the oracle's cabin. I am wearing nothing more than Leo's black t-shirt. My hair and skin are caked with blood and mud. I try not to look down at my hands and the dirt that is caked underneath my fingernails. Between the blood, dirt, and wound on my face, I look like I have been in war.

Nervously, I tuck a strand of hair behind my ears as we approach the front door. I raise my hand to knock on the front door, but it opens before I have a chance to. Alpha Blaire is standing on the other side of the door with tears streaming down her face. She has a can of gasoline and a box of matches in her hands.

"Where are you going?" I ask her curiously.

"I am going to burn the oracle's cabin to the ground," she says curtly as she steps around me.

I quickly move out of her way. I want to mention that even though the women in that cabin are traitors, they deserve a proper burial, but it doesn't seem like my place. This isn't my pack.

I turn to watch her leave before I turn my attention back to the pack house. My breathing becomes erratic as I think about meeting my brother face to face. I haven't seen him in months, and according to the visions I have seen, he is a part of the recusants trying to take my throne. But try as I might, I am unable to hate my brother.

As I step through the door of the Crystal Lake Pack house, memories flood my mind. Memories of Kieran sneaking into my room when we were little because he was too afraid

to sleep alone in the dark, of when I broke a vase while running through the house and he took the blame so I wouldn't get in trouble, and of when he would come home in the middle of the night as a teenager and tell me about all of the parties and fun he was having. No, I could not bring myself to hate my brother, even if he was trying to usurp me.

I don't know if the memories were coming from me or Kieran, but it didn't matter. They all happened, and I hold all of them near and dear to my heart.

My mouth goes dry as I step into the living area of the pack house and see my brother standing with my father by his side. Father has his claws out, digging them into Kieran's shoulder. He is trying to hold him into place.

Standing across the room from my brother, I first notice how tired he looks. Dark circles have formed under his eyes, and he looks like he has been crying. But I must be mistaken. Kieran never cries. His hair is disheveled. It looks like it hasn't been cut or even brushed since the last time I saw him. I look into his blue eyes and expect to see hatred, but I don't. I see pain and suffering, and my heart breaks for my brother.

I don't know how long we have been staring at one another, but it feels like an eternity. Finally, Kieran clears his throat. "Hello, Raven," he says a little too formally.

Oliver squeezes my hand at the same time Leo does. Neither one of them wants to let me near my brother, but I want nothing more than to be wrapped up in one of his hugs. I pry my hands away from my mates and try to run to Kieran, but my father steps in the way.

"No, Raven," Father says sternly. "He cannot be trusted."

"Don't be silly," I retort. "Kieran would never hurt me."

There is a loud growl from behind me, and I turn to see Leo practically foaming at the mouth. "No, Little Bird," Leo snarls. "He would only send others to do his bidding."

Anger flashes in Kieran's as he glances from me to Leo. "How dare you call her that?" Kieran spits at him. "She is not your Little Bird."

Leo laughs sarcastically as he approaches my side. Leo roughly pulls me into his chest and plants a kiss on my lips. I gasp out in shock, and Leo takes the opportunity to slip his tongue into my mouth.

The sound of Kieran's growl reverberates off the walls of the house. "How dare you treat my sister so disrespectfully?"

Leo pulls away from the kiss and flashes me his most mischievous smile. He tucks me under his arm and continues to smile like an a*****e in my brother's direction. "I think you and I have different definitions of disrespect?"

Oliver steps to my side as well, wrapping his arm around my waist. He plants a tender kiss on my forehead. Making sure to lay claim to what is his.

Kieran rolls his eyes lazily at my mates affection before he turns his attention back to me. "I assume that is my mate's blood all over you?" He asks in a clipped tone.

So, it was true. Elise was Kieran's mate. "She tried to attack me," I say sadly. "I am sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry for," my father chimes in. "She did not deserve to live."

No one in the room says anything. Supposedly, the loss of a mate is one of the most painful things a werewolf can go through. But Kieran does not seem to be mourning her too severely.

Ignoring my father, I keep my eyes on Kieran. "For what it is worth, I am sorry."

Kieran shrugs his shoulder out of my father's grasp and steps in my direction. Both Leo and Oliver are on the defense immediately. They step in front of me in an attempt to shield me from my brother.

Kieran ignores their actions and continues to walk in my direction. He pauses just in front of my mates. "I hear your wolf is golden," he says.

"She is," I tell him from behind my mates. "Would you like to meet her?"

"I suppose that is why I am here," Kieran says as if he is bored.

I turn around and begin to walk out of the front door of the pack house. Leo and Oliver follow close behind me, and my father guides Kieran out by his shoulder.

Once we are outside, I slip Leo's t-shirt from my body and call Rose forward. The shift happens in a blink of an eye. One moment, I am crouching on the ground. The next, I am seeing the world from Rose's point of view.

I watch through Rose's eyes as Kieran's eyes stay fixated on me. He tries to pull himself away from my father, but my father refuses to let him go.

"Do you still think you are the child of light?" My father growls in Kieran's direction.

Kieran doesn't answer my father, but he does drop to his knees. He places his head in his hands and begins to cry. "I am so sorry, Little Bird," he sobs softly into his hands. "I am sorry for everything."

Rose walks forward and sits right in front of Kieran. I hear everyone take a sharp breath as he reaches up to run his fingers through my golden fur. Rose leans into his touch, and

he scratches her gently behind the ear. The sound of her tail thumping up against the ground is enough for me to know that Rose has forgiven my brother.

Spinning around, Rose smacks him in the face with her tail playfully as she takes her side beside our mates. She gives me back control, and Leo quickly slips his shirt over my head. I walk back over to Kieran, who is still staring at the ground. I tilt his head up so he is looking me in the eyes.

“The date of the attack is my coronation day. Is it not?” I ask him.

Kieran looks at me with wide eyes and nods. “How did you know?”

“I have been dreaming about it for years now,” I finally admit out loud.

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Raven's POV

The weeks leading up to my coronation should have been filled with dress planning, the choosing of colors, and guest lists. Instead, it was filled with attack plans and security detail.

I haven't been allowed out of the Crystal Lake Pack house without Leo or Oliver by my side. If I am to be honest, I am beginning to feel a bit suffocated. I am not even allowed to be alone with Kieran. My fathers and my mates are still not sure if he can be trusted.

Kieran has been kept in the dark about all of the attack plans that are taking place. Even the date of my coronation has been kept from him. Just to be sure he will not leak any of the details to the recusants.

It breaks my heart to see him wandering around the pack house like a prisoner. A guard from the Crystal Lake Pack has been assigned to him, and he is being dosed with small amounts of wolfsbane to keep his wolf from surfacing. I have tried to fight to gain him some freedom, but it is useless. No one seems to believe he has truly turned back to my side.

Finally, the morning of my coronation has arrived. The pack house is abuzz with visitors and distinguished guests, but I am not allowed to mingle among any of them. I am holed up in my bedroom, being tortured by a team of stylists.

I sit in front of the mirror on the vanity in my room and stare at my reflection. I barely recognize the woman staring back at me in the mirror. My black hair is pulled up into a fancy updo with soft curls framing my face. My face is caked with make-up that I

normally wouldn't wear. The smokey eye that the stylist applied makes my eyes look much more blue than they really are.

Suddenly, the door swings open, and another group of women come bustling in with several dress bags in their hands. But the final woman that enters the room catches my eye.

"Little Bird," my mother says gently.

I hop to my feet, bumping my knees into the vanity in the process. I rush across the room and engulf my mother in a giant hug. "I have missed you so much," I say with tears welling up in my eyes.

"Don't cry," my mother says sweetly. "You will ruin your lovely make-up."

Sniffing back the tears, I blink quickly, trying not to cry. "I am so glad you are here," I tell her.

"I would not miss my daughter's coronation," my mother says as she tugs a stray curl behind my ear.

One of the stylists clears her throat, ruining the moment between my mother and me. I shoot the stylist a nasty glare, but she doesn't seem phased at all. She merely gestures to the dress bags lying on the bed. "You have a decision to make," the stylist says.

"You need to choose one of the dresses. Personally, this one is my favorite."

The stylist holds up a glittering purple dress with blue trim that is the same shade as my eyes. I have seen this dress before. It is the dress I am wearing in every dream where the scarred woman plunges a knife into my heart.

"Not that one," I say. "What else do you have?"

The stylist scoffs at my refusal of the dress and holds up another dress. It is bright red with a plunging neckline. It is the complete opposite of the dress I have been wearing in my dreams. It feels like the only appropriate choice.

"This one," I say, not needing to see the other choices.

"But, My Queen," the stylist stutters. "You have not seen the other choices."

"And I do not need to," I say with as much confidence as I can muster. "This is the dress."

The stylist opens her mouth to protest once again, but my mother silences her with a single look. "I will help my daughter get ready," she tells the team who has been helping me.

One by one, they shuffle out of the room with irritated looks on their faces. My mother shuts the door behind them and sighs as she looks at me. “Are you sure you want the red dress? The purple one is so lovely.”

A knot forms in the back of my throat. How do I explain that if I wear the purple dress, I will most certainly die?

“We are trying to change the future,” I tell my mother simply. “I cannot wear the purple dress.”

Nodding in understanding, my mother pulls the red dress out of the dress bag and lays it on the bed. Carefully, she helps me strip off my t-shirt, making sure not to ruin my hair or make-up. I step into the red ballgown, and my mother zips up the back.

I stand back and look in the mirror of my room. I definitely do not look like the eighteen-year-old girl who started her journey to win over the packs of the country.

The red dress hugs all of my curves tightly, and the plunging neckline not only shows off my ample cleavage but it also puts my mates marks on display. It is everything the purple dress is not. For more free novels, visit Jobnib.com

My mother steps into the view of the mirror with me. Her eyes are hollow and filled with sadness as she looks at my reflection. “Are you ready for this?” She asks as if I have a choice in the matter.

“I trust my family and my mates to keep me safe,” I say quietly.

“What about the Crystal Lake Pack warriors?” My mother asks curiously.

“I can only hope they decide to be on the right side of history,” I sigh.

Grabbing my hand, my mother pulls me away from the mirror, and we walk toward the door of my bedroom. Just outside my door, I find all three of my fathers waiting on me. They all offer me an identical smile as I step out of the room. I link arms with Dad and Papa as Father leads the way down the stairs.

“Protect her,” my mother calls out after us.

“With our lives,” all three of them answer at once.

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Raven's POV

My heart is pounding in my chest as I take a step onto the aisle that will lead me to the coronation stage. Alpha Blaire offered the Crystal Lake's amphitheater to hold my coronation, and it is just like I envisioned in my dreams. Beautiful golden flowers line the aisle. My fingers itch to reach out and touch them. I need to make sure I am not stuck in one of my dreams. But with my Dad on one side and my Papa on the other, I cannot touch the flowers.

Instead, I dig my fingernails into the palms of my hands. I focus on the pain that it causes, and I know that I am not dreaming.

Keeping my eyes straight ahead, I don't look at the crowd of people who are smiling at me or scowling at me. I know half the people here probably want to see me dead; at least in my dream, that was the case.

My father is waiting for me at the end of the aisle to finish taking me up to the stage, and Elder Garrett is waiting for me. He will be the one to crown me as Queen once and for all.

Dad and Papa hand me off to Father, but they don't leave me. Falling just a few steps behind me, they follow me onto the stage. Suddenly, I am no longer worried about the dagger that will plunge into my heart but about the speech I am expected to give.

I wasn't going to bother writing a speech for today because I know it will end in ruin, but my father insisted I write one anyway. Just in case the recusants don't attack today.

My father leads me onto the stage, and I curtsy deeply to the crowd. There is a roar of noise from the people in attendance. I cannot tell if the noise is cheers or boos, or a combination of both. As I look out over the crowd, I try not to focus on the faces gazing back in my direction. So many of them look unhappy.

Elder Garrett steps to the microphone and begins to give a long-winded speech. He speaks about the importance of all the packs standing together as a single unit against the recusants threatening our new way of life. He talks about how I plan to keep the Elder Council intact as a court of sorts to help me lead. With each new speaking point, a murmur of approval washes over the crowd.

"Luna Queen," he finally says as he turns to me. "If you will kneel."

I kneel before Elder Garrett, and he places the ornate crown on my head. He offers me his hand and helps me to my feet. I turn and face the crowd with a fake smile plastered across my face. At any moment, she will come for me. She will come for my throne.

"Long live the Queen. Long live Queen Raven!" The crowd shouts from below me.

As I stand before the hundreds of people who showed up for my coronation, nerves flutter through my stomach. In my dream, the nerves were fear of being the first werewolf Queen. But today, the nerves are from the fear of dying.

My hands are sweaty, and I feel like I am going to vomit. Nervously, I wipe my hands on my red dress as I step to the podium.

‘Keep calm,’ Rose speaks gently in my mind. ‘This time is different. We are prepared.’

I know she is right, but it doesn’t make this any easier. Knowing what is about to happen next. As soon as I start my speech, all hell is going to break loose. I look down at the crowd, and they are all waiting for me to start. Swallowing my fear, I step to the podium and clear my throat.

“I am honored to be standing before you as your new Queen,” I begin my speech, but before I can continue, a loud shout comes from the back of the crowd. Gunshots ring out as I watch the amphitheater erupt into chaos.

Just like in my dream, everyone is running for the exit. Screams echo through the amphitheater. My eyes search through the crowd, looking for the old woman covered in scars. That is when I see a hooded figure moving through the mayhem. She keeps her eyes on the ground and the hood covering her face.

She stops in front of the stage and lowers her hood. She is even more haggard in person than I saw in my dreams. The burn scars on her face make her look even more evil as a grin spreads across her face. Just like in my dream, she snaps her fingers, and a hoard of warriors step out of the crowds and stand behind the old woman.

Half of them have begun to shift into their wolf form, and the other half are advancing with weapons drawn. The closer the woman gets to me, the brighter the smile on her face becomes.

My warriors and warriors from the Crystal Lake Pack begin to shift all around the amphitheater. The hoard is no match for the warriors, and they slowly start to realize it. I watch from the stage as the warriors, my mates, and my family shift into their wolves. They are taking out rogue recusants left and right.

‘We need to join the fight,’ I tell Rose.

‘That is not part of the plan,’ Rose tries to be the voice of reason, but I can feel her need to shift and protect our family and mates.

I back away from the podium with my speech clutched to my chest. Suddenly, the woman is standing before me with a silver knife drawn.

“Long live the Queen,” she says with an evil smile just before she raises her hand to plunge the knife into my chest.

But before the knife can pierce my skin, Kieran is at my side. He grabs the woman by the wrist, and I hear her bones crushing.

“Step away from my sister,” Kieran growls at the old woman.

She looks at him with a shocked expression. “Kieran,” she says in a pleading voice. “She is sitting on your throne.”

“It was never my throne to begin with,” Kieran retorts with a snarl.

“You are making a mistake,” the old woman says. “We will kill you for this.”

“Not if I kill you first,” Kieran growls.

I step back, teetering on the edge of the stage, and watch as Kieran’s claws extend from his fingertips. He may not be able to shift entirely, but he can partially. His claws dig into the wrist of the old woman, and she falls to her knees in pain. With his other hand, he plunges his hand into her chest and rips out her heart.

He drops her lifeless body to the ground and steps to the microphone. There are only a few recusants left fighting. It appears that many of them fled at the sight of the warriors. “Your false Queen is dead,” Kieran yells over the crowd as he holds his hand up to show the still beating heart.

The rest of the recusants drop to their knees and raise their hands in surrender. Kieran drops the heart to the ground, and I quickly rush to his side. I wrap my arms around his neck and bury my head into his chest. “I love you,” I cry.

Kieran wraps his arms around me and holds me tightly, like he used to when we were young. “I love you too, Little Bird,” he says. “I love you too.”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 246

Raven’s POV

The chiming of my phone awakens me from a peaceful sleep. It has been three months since my coronation and since Kieran killed Alice. And I haven’t had a single nightmare since.

A royal mansion was built in the center of the American territories. Leo, Oliver, and I had all started out with our own rooms, but each night, both of my mates found their way to my room. Each one of them claimed they were unable to sleep without being by my side. Eventually, they both moved into my room, and we have been sleeping together ever since.

I struggle to get out of bed to silence my phone. Oliver is lying on one side of me and Leo on the other. They are lying with their arms and legs in a tangled mess around my body. I don't know whose body part belongs to whom.

The glow of the clock on the wall tells me it is 6:00 a.m., and I have an important appointment at 7:00 a.m.

"Oliver," I whisper as I shove on his shoulder, trying to move him out of the way.

Oliver groans uncomfortably and rolls over, setting half of my body free. I try to wiggle away from Leo, but he tightens himself around me.

"Leo," I giggle. "You have to let me go. I have an appointment."

Leo unwraps his arms from around me and pushes his full bottom lip out in a pout.

"Okay," he grumbles as he sits up in the bed. "I will get ready."

"Oh no," I say sternly. "The days of you two following me around like lost puppies are over."

"Lost puppies?" Oliver grunts as he gets out of the bed. "If I remember correctly, we were protecting you."

"Of course," I say as I kiss him on the cheek as I pass by him. I get into the shower and dance around under the cold water. As the water warms up, I quickly lather myself up. I don't have much time. I should have awoken earlier.

As I run my head under the water, I hear the shower door open, and I feel the presence of my mates entering the shower with me. They take advantage of my eyes being closed, and their hands roam over my body.

"Boys," I whine. "I don't have time for this this morning."

"Now, now, Little Bird," Leo whispers next to my ear. "You always have time for us."

Leo's hands run down my thighs, and his fingers part my folds. Pleasure and need fill my core, but I have to turn them down. I cannot be late this morning.

"Leo," I whisper. "I really don't have time..."

My breath hitches in my throat as he delves a finger inside my folds. I lean my head back onto his shoulder and focus on the pleasure his finger is giving me.

Oliver leans forward and takes one of my breasts into his mouth. Swirling his tongue around my n****e. He bites down gently and elicits a soft mewl from my lips.

“I am going to be late,” I whine, but I really don’t want them to stop.

“You don’t want us to stop, do you?” Oliver whispers, and I can feel Leo chuckling against my neck.

“Feel how wet she is,” Leo tells Oliver.

Oliver runs his fingers down my stomach and pushes his finger in with Leo’s. He groans in approval and begins to pump his finger in and out at the same pace as Leo.

Pressure begins to build within me, and I know I am getting close to my release. But just as I am about to come, they remove their fingers from me.

“She is going to be late,” Leo laughs. “We should probably stop.”

I turn around to face Leo and press him against the shower wall. I press my lips to his, shoving my tongue in his mouth. Leo moans as his fingers dig into my a*s. He grips me around my thighs and lifts me from the ground. I can feel his c**k pressing against my entrance. I wiggle my hips, and Leo lowers me onto him. I cry out excitedly as he fills me.

“Do you want both of us,” Oliver whispers next to my ear.

It is an idea we have been toying around with since we all started sharing a room. I have been hesitant for fear of the pain. But this morning, I want nothing more than to feel them both within me simultaneously.

Oliver reaches around me and begins toying with my clit as he lines himself up with my opening along with Leo. His fingers expertly circle my clit as he presses his c**k into my core with Leo’s.

I hiss as they stretch me beyond what I thought was ever possible. I tighten my arms around Leo’s neck and try to feel the pleasure mixed among the pain.

“Keep your finger on her clit,” Leo instructs Oliver, and he gladly obliges.

As they move in and out of me at their own rhythm, the pleasure begins to overcome the pain. Leo begins to suck on the mark on my neck, and my core tightens around them.

“Do you feel that?” Oliver groans. “She is getting close.”

Leo removes his mouth from my neck and growls in approval. “Come for us, Little Bird,” he commands.

And at his command, I come undone. I wiggle my hips back and forth as my juices coat both of their c***s. Oliver is the next to come, spilling his seed deep inside me.

Oliver removes himself from me but never takes his fingers off my clit. The bundle of nerves causes my pleasure to rise again, and as soon as Leo comes inside me, I am coming undone again.

I unwrap my legs from Leo's waist, and they feel like jelly against the hard floor of the shower. I lean back against Oliver, and he cups my breasts warmly in his hands.

"I could stay like this forever," I tell them both.

"You are going to be late for your meeting," Oliver laughs.

"Let them wait," I say as I turn in his arms, and he kisses me deeply.

I stumble into my meeting thirty minutes late. All of the Elders are looking at me with annoyed looks on their faces. I take my seat at the head of the table, and I begin to make my apologies.

"I am sorry for being late," I say to the room full of men. "I overslept."

I don't believe anyone believes my lie, though, because a deep blush rushes across my face as I think about my shower.

"Anyway," I clear my throat awkwardly. "What is the latest on the recusants?"

Elder Garrett gives me a knowing smile before he begins to speak. "Elders Winters and Clark have been captured and killed. As for the other recusants... we are still looking for them."

I swallow hard. It is hard to believe even though there is peace among the packs that, there are people that still want me dead.

Elder Garrett seems to sense my unease. "I assure you that you are safe, and we will find the rest of the recusants. Your brother Kieran is on the hunt looking for them. He has refused to take his seat as Alpha until he has avenged you."

There is some more small talk before the meeting is adjourned. All the Elders exit the conference room, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I open up the mind link between Kieran and myself. 'Where are you?' I call out through the link.

'Hey, Big Sis,' he chirps. 'Just hunting bad guys. What about you?'