

Chapter 13

Colt's POV

"Beta Henry called," Grey said as he walked into the small sitting area we shared at Ruby Crescent Pack.

The sitting area wasn't very big, but cozy. At least the Ruby Crescent Pack Alpha could provide me with an office to continue with my pack work.

I internally sighed, frustrated. We have been on the road for at least six months now, hoping to find our fated mate.

Yet, after all these months, we haven't even gotten a whiff of her.

Ray, my wolf, believed that our mate had already been born, and he was adamant about finding her. Even if it meant that we needed to go to the end of the world to find her,

My mind wonders for just a second about the possibility of finding my mate.

I wouldn't care what she looked like, what breed she was, where she came from, or what her rank or status was; as long as she accepted and wanted me, I would be happy.

Yet there was just one small bump in the road: all three of us might be mated to the same she-wolf.

I shook the gray thoughts off. We, as triplet brothers, have discussed the issue, and we will court our fated mate until she decides who she wants.

"And?" I asked, closing the laptop.

"There was an incident..." he started, and worry crossed his eyes.

"What kind of incident?" I asked, interested to know.

Grey knew better than to hide anything from me; he would tell me

eventually, even if I had to drag it out of him.

Some days I wish I could just use an Alpha command on him, but because I haven't gotten the Alpha title yet, my commands and orders wouldn't work on him.

"Rogue attack," he answered, and the way he said that told me that this wasn't our normal rogue attack.

It is normal in our world to have a rogue attack. Rogue werewolves like us just do not belong to a pack. They usually move in groups without an Alpha to lead them, trying to scavenge something from the packs and surrounding areas.

"Yes? And?" I asked, getting impatient.

"Father was hurt," he answered.

"How bad is it?" I asked, getting up from my seat.

"Beta Henry says it's bad, but it could have been worse. Father's wolf is struggling to heal him," he answered.

That only meant that wolfs bane or silver was involved, which meant this wasn't over. The rogues were out looking for someone or something.

"And they had another attack last night," he continued, taking a seat. "I'm worried, Colt; this isn't normal."

"I agree..." I answered and turned my gaze towards the front door, seeing Samuel enter.

"Hey, guys!" Sam called happily and jumped over the couch to take a seat next to Grey, happy as if nothing in the world was wrong. His sunshine and happy-go-lucky personality were something I never got used to.

I lifted an eyebrow and looked at Grey, and I knew he was about to complain.

"Sam! Seriously!" He growled. "We haven't even been here a day and..."

Sam rolled his eyes and flicked his hair back. "Didn't we come out here

to find a mate?" He asked, annoyed.

"Yes, to find our fated mate, not test drive every un-mated she-wolf," he sneered through gritted teeth.

"Well, I am keeping my options open," he said. "I never know if I will be the one who needs to take a chosen mate one day. Besides, a bit of fun on the sidelines is good for you! Maybe you should try it; it might loosen you up."

Sam was the youngest among the three of us and was always considered the baby of the group. When we grew up, he still used that to his advantage to get what he wanted.

"Well, Sam, you better get packing; we will be leaving in less than an hour," I warned him.

Sam's face fell, and his bottom lip quivered in disappointment.

"Why?" He sulked, "We just got here and..."

"The pack is in trouble," I answered, cutting him off. "I suggest you tell your new-found toy that we are leaving..."

"Come on, Colt! Seriously man!?" Sam complained, indicating the start of an argument.

"That's enough," I growled. "Pack your things. The pack needs us."

Sam got up and gave me a disappointed look. Then he stalked toward his room, pissed.

I ignored his attitude and turned my attention back to Grey.

"Will you inform the Alpha of our departure?" I asked.

"I already have," he answered.

Half an hour later, I dropped my bag in the back of the Black SUV, thanked the Alpha for his hospitality, then left, taking the six-hour drive back home...

It was well after lunchtime when we drove into the human town centered among all the packs.

"I'm hungry," Sam whined. "Let's stop for something to eat."

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding and took the turn-off toward Latinos. We haven't been here for a while, and it might be good to see Carlos again—the man had some personality, and maybe he could put us in a better mood before arriving at the pack.

I brought the SUV to a stop and turned to Sam, raising an eyebrow at him.

"This isn't a buffet," I warned him, "it's go in and get something to eat and leave..."

Sam sighed, rolled his eyes, and then, just like a teenager, he jumped out of the SUV and stormed towards the restaurant's door.

"That wasn't necessary," Grey said, "he is still our brother..."

"Yeah," I cut him off, "it is just a shame he doesn't act like one of us. He has been screwing around from the minute we left home."

"You're right," Grey sighed, "but still..."

Grey shook his head at me and calmly got out and walked toward the restaurant door.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and called my mother.

"Son?" Her soft, sweet voice came over the receiver. She sounded tired. "What's wrong?"

"Mother, we are heading home," I answered.

"Did you find her? Them?" She asked, sounding a bit more excited than a few seconds ago.

"No," I answered. "The pack is more important than us finding our mate," I told her. "I was informed of the current situation..."

"Colt..." she sighed on the other side.

"Mom, we are about an hour away," I said, cutting the call. I knew if I kept talking to her, she would find a way to talk me out of returning home.

I headed to the restaurant entrance and froze at the door.

A faint smell of caramel lingered in the air, and my mouth watered to taste it.

Ray stirred in my mind.

Odd, I thought. Ray never reacts to anything.

A smile played at the corners of my lips, and my mind wandered off toward my younger years, remembering my mother's baking.

"It smells like home," Ray commented.

"It does!" I agreed.

I opened the restaurant's door and found my brothers standing frozen in the reception area, their gazes pinned on something.

It was in that very second that I noticed the intoxicating scent of caramel coming from inside the restaurant, and I pushed past my brothers, searching for her—the one I would call Mate!



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