

Chapter 22 I ain't dumb.

Catherine's POV

"Ah, finally!" I growled under my breath. "They must have thought it through and come to their senses. They must be here to reject me!"

I didn't listen to another word Jimmy said, turned my wheelchair around, and pushed myself toward the pack house.

A couple of minutes later, I could smell their intoxicating scents lingering around the pack house entrance.

I sighed, frustrated.

The triplets' scents were already influencing my body and mind, making me lust over them, and I unconsciously licked my lips.

I wanted them to touch my body and feel their hands explore every part of me.

My mind went into overdrive, and I could see myself touching those beautifully crafted biceps that were hidden under each of the triplets' shirts.

My pussy clenched, and my panties became soaked in my juices.

I wanted them, and I wanted all three to f*ck me here and now!

"Oh, Goddess, what are they doing to me?" I gasped, forcing the lustful images from my mind.

This was going to be harder than I hoped.

I followed their scents down the hall, ending in the living room.

I could hear my father talking and laughing with them.

I looked over my shoulder to see if anyone was standing around and



took a whiff of their intoxicating scent.

Colt smelled like sandalwood. His scent was the most dominant and intoxicating among the three, and it easily clouded my senses. My body and mind reacted to him in ways that I couldn't explain, and with a single touch, I lost control of all my senses and reality, turning into mush. I desired to have his hands roam all over me, and he would bend me over and f*ck me so hard that I would see stars when I came undone under his touch.

My focus turned to Grey. He smelled like rain in the forest—it was washing all my heartache away, cleansing my soul, and leaving a sense of a new beginning. I closed my eyes, and I could almost hear and feel the drops of rain inside his scent. It was refreshing, and my heart ached to be with him.

Sam's scent was different from his brothers'. It was playful, exciting, and young. He smelled like a summer breeze—hot and colorful. His scent brought excitement and joy, mixed with playful, hot colors around him.

I suddenly wondered how it would be to have all three of them touch me together.

Would I get lost in their scents while they burned every part of my body and soul?

F*ck! I internally growled.

If they taste as good as they smell, I will have a hard time accepting their rejection.

Kia stirred inside my mind, and a feeling of excitement pushed through her.

I shook the feeling off as soon as it arrived and took a deep breath before I pushed my wheelchair into the living room.

"Ah, there you are, Kate," my father said happily, seeing me and rushing to my side. "Alpha Colt and his brothers have been waiting for you."

A sudden feeling of anger bubbled up inside me when I saw him so happy. I haven't seen him like this in months.



Have the triplets influenced my father already? How was it possible for them to make him happy and I couldn't? Are they planning to use my family against me?

A sudden panic rose up in me, and for a few seconds, I sat there frozen in my chair.

I took a deep breath, and I calmed myself.

They were here to reject me, I reminded myself, not penetrate my family to force me to accept them.

"If you would excuse me," my father said, turning to the triplets, smiling. "I have an urgent meeting to attend."

My father rushed out, looked at me, winked, and closed the door behind him, leaving me alone with the triplets.

How dare they give my father hope!

My gaze snapped angrily toward the triplets, yet the anger changed to surprise when my gaze landed on them.

Was this some kind of sick joke?

They were standing side by side, each dressed in the same black stretch t shirt, the same blue jeans, and exactly the same expensive black shoes.

All three had the same stupid smirk plastered on their faces, and all three had the same bloody haircut.

I internally growled, pissed. A new kind of rage flared up inside me, boiling my blood in my veins.

They were all handsome, something every girl would appreciate, and my insides painfully craved to be touched by each of them.

I shook off the dirty thoughts and focused my anger and attention on the three of them.

What the f*ck were they trying to pull?

Did they think they would be able to confuse me?



"Seriously!" I growled out loud, annoyed, and pushed the wheelchair forward. "What is the meaning of this?" I yelled.

The brother in the center sneaked, and my gaze snapped toward him. I recognized him as Colt. The one who told me he would punish me by never rejecting or accepting my rejection. The one who wasn't willing to set me free.

I was sure it was him; his overpowering scent had enveloped me, and I struggled to keep my focus, yet I would recognize those cold blue eyes anywhere.

Was he finding the situation amusing? But why? Was this act his idea?

"Ask my brothers," Colt said, chuckling. "It was their idea."

I closed my eyes, focusing on the two men standing aside from Colt.

"Sam," I growled and turned to my right, "why would you try and see if I couldn't figure out who is who?"

Sam's face was drained of blood, and he looked like a deer caught in headlights.

"How did you know...?" Grey whispered under his breath with wide eyes.

I crossed my arms around my waist and read Grey's facial expressions.

He was seriously surprised.

"Let's just get something straight," I said, moving my gaze between the three of them. "I might be in a wheelchair, but I ain't dumb. I have been trained to be observant."

Grey and Sam looked at one another, but Colt held his composure. He had this taunting smile on his face, which I wanted to claw from his face. He was enjoying this.

"Firstly, your scents are different," I stated the obvious, and secondly, it is the position in which you three stand."

"Position?" Sam gasped, surprised.



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 +120 Points at most

I raised an eyebrow, looking at him, bored.

"Colt always stands in the center," I said, and I found Colt's gaze. "Grey, you are always standing on Colt's right side, and Sam, you are always on Colt's left."

"And you know this from seeing us only once?" Grey asked.

"No, Grey," I said, shaking my head, "it's a typical wolf rank thing. You are hotwired like that."

"Impressive," Colt mused, turning to his brothers.

"Oh, and don't think you can swap positions." I glared at Sam. "I will notice that as well," I warned him.

Sam dropped his shoulders. I guessed that was his next move.

"So?" Colt said, and my gaze snapped toward him. "Are you ready?"



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