

Chapter 34 One small issue

Catherine's POV

I was lazily stretching my sore, sunburned body on my bed. We arrived back at the pack house late in the afternoon.

I just didn't want the day to end. It was one of the most unique and memorable days of my life.

I hadn't laughed this much in a long time, and I could feel the stiffness in my jaw.

My gaze ended on the ceiling, and a happy smile was playing on the corners of my lips.

It was the first time in months that I felt so happy and complete, and my mind raced back to Colt and his brothers.

I was attracted to Colt a bit more than to the other two brothers, which was odd, but when I was in any of the other two's arms, only they mattered at the moment.

Colt's cold blue eyes were striking every nerve inside me, sending pleasurable shivers down my spine toward my core every time our gazes locked. His scent was still the most dominant among the triplets. His sandalwood scent mixed with his cold dominant posture made him irresistible and was a huge turn on.

Yet, when I was in Grey's arms for just that moment, when he lifted me on Ray's back, only he mattered. His fresh forest scent masked any other male scent around us, even with Colt standing right next to us—it was as if at that very moment all my senses were only focusing on that particular mate.

I wonder if the same will happen when I am in Sam's arms. Will I only focus on him at that moment? I had refused to have Sam hold me in his arms. There was just something in his eyes that told me to be careful—not afraid, but careful.

I knew as soon as I gave him the pinky, he would take advantage and not just take the arm, but my whole f*cking body. I was sure he would be the first one to claim me and mate with me if he got the chance.

My mind wandered to how different each brother was, and I knitted my eyebrows together, thinking that even the triplets' wolves were so different that they were worlds apart.

A giggle escaped my lips when I remembered how Sam and Grey flipped a stone (they couldn't find a coin) to see who I was going to ride first.

Sam won, and I had a feeling he had cheated, so he quickly went to shift. Well, as quickly as he could, but for some reason it took ages for him to shift. Yet Colt said when he helped save me against Brain, it was a mere second—what was delaying his shift? Could he only shift quickly when it was needed and in a threatening situation?

While I waited for Sam to finish his shift, Colt, Grey, and Jimmy started to pack everything back into the bags they brought.

I was surprised at how much those bags could fit.

Sam had seen my jaw drop when he had unpacked the food, and his eyes sparkled in delight seeing me looking at him and unintentionally licking my lips.

"Lunch is served, my beautiful mate!" Sam said as he held out a lunchbox filled with chicken drumsticks and tiny meatballs.

I blushed, embarrassed, and quickly took a drumstick and had a bite. The taste was something out of this world, and I didn't mind having another one.

Did he cook this?

Next, he handed me a paper plate and passed another lunchbox filled with spring rolls, chicken nuggets, little cheese sausages, sandwiches, and BBQ pork riblets.

I took one of each and placed it on my plate.

"Who's idea was the picnic?" I asked when I was done eating. "By the way, the food was amazing!"

"It was Sam's idea," Colt said, handing me a soda. "He is the cook among us; you should taste his pancakes and muffins."

It sounds kind of sweet.

"Well, thank you, Sam," I said, and his face lit up. "I haven't had this much fun and tasted such great picnic food in a long time!"

"I am glad you enjoyed it," he said with a broad smile.

Sam's wolf came around the bushes; his light gray fur glinted in the sun. He came closer, and I reached out my hand. Sam's wolf quickly walked to me and pressed his head against my hand.

Sam and Grey had told me their wolves' names when we sat down and had our picnic.

I sighed when I felt Luka's soft fur under my fingertips. His fur was softer and warmer than that of Colt's wolf, Ray.

Colt helped me up onto Luka's back, and his summer breeze scent snuggled me, and my heart started to race.

Luka slowly started to walk in the direction we had come from, and I sensed that he was afraid to be his joyful self—that was until he saw a bunny and chased after it.

A giggle escaped my lips as Luka chased playfully after the bunny, jumping from rock to rock adamantly in pursuit of catching the bunny.

Grey's wolf, Duke, growled at Luka from the back, yet Luka ignored him and pushed forward. He didn't feel intimidated by his brother; on the contrary, it urged him to be more spontaneous and fun.

I couldn't help but giggle and laugh—it was so much fun!

I felt for a moment like I was part of the hunt, like Luka did it on purpose to make me part of him, just like Ray did. They have both given me something I have missed out on for so long.

I suddenly felt a bit depressed.

When Luka eventually gave up on the chase of the bunny, we were



already halfway there, and Duke cut Luka off, gesturing to him that it was his turn to carry me.

I sighed and rubbed Luka's head.

"Thank you," I said, rubbing Luka's ear, "that was fun; I wouldn't mind doing that again."

Luka nodded his massive head and whimpered when Colt helped me from his back onto Duke's back.

Duke was different—much different from his brothers. His dark gray fur was thicker, as if it were keeping out the cold and the rain. His posture was diligent and stiff, and every step was calculated. He never left Ray's side.

I was starting to get bored on Duke's back. He was no fun at all!

"Can you imagine what kind of wolf you will get if the triplets become one?" Kia suddenly asked, startling me.

Duke raised his head and turned to look at me, worried. I patted his side, showing that I was okay.

"A fluffy, fast running, stuck up machine?" I asked, annoyed.

She chuckled, amused at my sarcasm.

"If only," she said.

"Seems like you are connected to the triplets wolves?" I asked, and I rolled my eyes.

"I sort of did," she said, and I could feel the excitement and worry coming from her.

"And?" I asked. I had a lot of questions.

"They are quite interesting," she said. "There is only one small issue standing in our way of accepting them."

"You said them," I said, getting worried. "What is the issue?"

"You will need to accept all three of them," she said, "or else you will have



to reject all three of them. We will not be able to fully function with only one."

The thought of having all three reject me made me shiver. I will probably not survive the pain.

"So what do I do?" I asked.

"Figure it out," she said, "you are the smart one."

With that said, Kia's presence left my mind.

The drive home was more exciting; Colt took the wheel, going over the pack speed limit again.

Tired of the long, beautiful day, I excused myself and headed to my room, leaving the triplets with Jimmy. The eyes didn't leave me until I was out of sight.

I sighed and turned on my side.

How will the triplets react and feel when I tell them I need to accept them all?

Will they be happy, or will it create issues among the brothers?
