

And Then There Were Four by Lilith Carrie

Chapter 86: Sexual Tension

“You did what?!” Damian yelled as I informed him and the others of Miss Harrison’s impromptu arrival within the next couple of days.

“What exactly did you want me to tell her, Damian? She sounded so pleasant on the phone, and I couldn’t very well say to the Council... Oh no, you guys are banned from coming to our pack. We have to show them good faith regardless of what has happened. Perhaps we can get her on our side.”

— Damian pinched the bridge of his nose as he took slow, deep breaths in and out, trying to rein in his anger. I didn’t understand why he was making us such a big deal out of this. She was literally going to be here for a few days.

It wasn’t like she was just coming here purposely to spy on us, or at least I hoped that wasn’t the case. Now that I thought about it, I was suddenly second-guessing myself, but it was too late to do anything now.

“Ivy, you always talk to us about stuff like this before you just do whatever you want. You are not in the greatest of conditions right now between the pregnancy and your uncontrollable urges to do whatever the fuck you want. It doesn’t really make you the best host,” Damien replied, setting

my nerves on edge.

Who did he honestly think he was?!

So yes, I might be a little emotional and may have moments of hunger that range in various ways, but that doesn’t mean I can’t be a delightful host.

Giving Damian ‘the look’, I pushed aside the frustration and let out a heavy sigh.

“Damian, for once, will you just trust me? Please get the guest house ready. The elder knows of the construction and will only be here for like, two days. I will be a proper Luna during that time. I promise.”

Turning away from him, I made my way upstairs to wards my room, but as soon as I got outside of my bed room door, I froze in my place, and something inside me told me to see Priscilla.

I wasn’t sure why the sudden urge came over me, but it did so. Groaning in protest, I turned and walked towards the staircase that led to her room. I knew she would expect me, and sure enough, as I got to the top, she opened the

door before I could even knock.

“You look absolutely exhausted, dear,” she replied with a mischievous glint in her eye.

“I am exhausted. Who knew dealing with these men was going to be so exhausting?”

The sarcastic joke I made caused her to laugh, and as I entered her room, I noticed the two glasses of tea she had sitting on the coffee table waiting for me.

“You always know when I’m coming.”

Shrugging her shoulders, she walked forward and took her seat. “Yes, but that isn’t important. Why don’t you tell me what’s on your mind?”

“Where do I even start?” | groaned as I flopped down on the chair, sighing dramatically.

She watched for a moment, “Did you tell them about your dreams?”

Glancing at her, I shook my head no. “I don’t know how to, and as much as I want to tell them, I think it’d be best to speak to those above before I do.”

“That choice is yours, dear, but I already gave you my opinion about it. I don’t think that you should wait. Especially if it’s something of importance.”

I knew she was right, but I was in denial.

I had much more important things to think about, and

that was the upcoming arrival of our children. They would be here before I knew it, and I wouldn’t be able to contemplate the what-ifs of life. I would have to be focused.

“There is something that I wanted to speak to you about. Do you know anything about Elder Harrison?”

“The new elder that was recently put on the board...” she said with slight hesitation in her tone. “Yes, I heard of her. I take it that we are going to be welcoming her here very soon.”

“For someone who always knows everything, I figured you would have known that by now,” I replied sarcastically as she swatted at me with a smile across her face.

“Behave yourself, Ivy. I may see a lot, but I don’t always see everything. So tell me why this woman is coming. What seems to bother you?”

“Well... The guys seemed to think that her being here is not a good thing, that it's the Council spying on us, but honestly, from the conversation I had with her, I don't feel like it is,” I replied with a defeated look upon my face as my eyes cast down towards my tea.

“What do you think it is, then?” Priscilla asked, causing my eyes to meet hers again.

“Honestly, I don't know what to think about it. I mean, she's coming, and supposedly she'll be here in a few days, but... I just have a feeling that something else is going to happen, and I'm not sure what.”

Taking a moment, she seemed to think about what I said as she sipped on her tea. “For the first time in a long time, I'm unsure of what to say. I would highly suggest talking to the goddess, otherwise, there is a possibility the celestial side of you will take care of it herself.”

“You think I'll go on the attack...”

Giving a smug look, she shrugged her shoulders. “Who knows what you may do? All of these hormones can be unpredictable.”

“You know I hate it when you give me that look. It's a smug glance that lets me know you know something that I don't, and you know how much I hate being left in the dark.”

Patting my knee, she leaned forward with a smile. “I do know, dear. Speaking of which, I spoke to your mother yesterday.”

“Why did you speak to my mother?” To know they were secretly talking behind my back was a little weird. I didn't know the women were close like that.

“Ah. Unfortunately, your mother is the one who called me, and if you would like to know what we spoke about, you will have to call her. I will say, though, the conversation was a pleasant one, so no need to worry.”

Secrets.

They're always keeping fucking secrets. I hadn't spoken to my mother in almost a week, and that was simply because she had been on vacation with her new mate, the infamous doctor Blake.

He was a man of few words, and I had seen him a few times on FaceTime, but he wasn't exactly the kind of man I had ever pictured my mother being with. Then again, I never pictured myself being with four men, either.

“Well, I need to catch up with her. Knowing that she called you means she must be back from her vacation. I hope everything went well.”

“That it did, my dear, now. I heard a little rumor that you went shopping today. Did you get everything you’ll need for the children?” There was excitement in her eyes, and I was often surprised she cared about us.

She was an old woman with empty nest syndrome and wanted nothing more than to love on the new babies as soon as they got here.

“I did. James and I went through a few things, and I bought a lot more than I expected. Talon had to come and help carry some things with the truck.”

“I bet,” she laughed. “I’m sure Talon being there was amusing as well.”

“It was, but you know, having them there was nice. Even though I sometimes wonder if they are more terrified than I am at the prospect of these babies coming.”

“In time, good things come to us,” she smiled. “So just be patient. I’m sure that you will find they will be more sup portive than you realize.”

Looking down at my watch, I realized what time it was. Dinner would be done soon, and if I wasn’t down there to eat James’s food, he would be more than unimpressed.

“I have to get going, Priscilla,” I said, placing down my cup. “James is cooking tonight, and he will be upset if I’m late.”

“Of course, dear.” Standing to our feet, she leaned in, hugging me, and for the first time in a while, I felt the warmth and affection that I dearly needed from my mother.

I hadn’t seen my mother since I left for Idaho, and I missed her dearly at the moment.

A few hours later, and much spaghetti was devoured by all the men, I found myself up in my room preparing for a night that hopefully would bring me some type of an swers. I wasn’t quite sure if the goddesses would hear me, but one could be hopeful.

A knock at my door drew my attention, and as I turned my head, I watched Damian waltz into the room with a look on his face that spoke of the mood he was in.

“I know you are preparing for bed right now, but I hoped that I could join you tonight,” he said with a lust – filled gaze. “If you want?”

Whereas most would have considered the thought that we would have a massive bed for all of us to share in the end, it was more respectable to do it this way. That way, nobody felt left out, and my door was always open to any who wanted to join me.

Not to mention, sometimes we just needed our own space.

It's like four giant children you have to constantly please and take care of, or else their feelings will be hurt and temper tantrums will be thrown.

"Damian, you never have to ask to spend the night with me. All we have to do is come crawl in bed. I'm your mate..."

He hesitated for a moment as he looked at me. Some thing was troubling him, and I wasn't quite sure what it was. But I felt as if he was holding back, blocking me from reading his thoughts because he didn't want me to know what it was.

"I know, but it's only fair that my brothers and I respect the boundaries that we all decided upon and created."

Staring at him, I let the soft curl of a smile cross my lips as I sauntered in his direction with one thought on my mind. This man was mine, and if he felt he couldn't be himself with me, then I would fix that.

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I crashed my lips to his and found myself quickly pressed against his body. The moment between us filled every need desired, and as he picked me up, he laid me on the soft blankets of my bed, kissing along my jaw.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered as he nipped at my ear lobe, causing my back to arch slightly in pleasure.

"Mmm... you're such a tease when you want to me."

A soft giggle escaped me as he slid down between my

thighs, hiking my nightgown to my waist as he hooked his finger around my panties and pulled them off in one go. The room's cool air kissed the sensitive bare skin between my legs, and his warm breath took its place as his tongue

flicked out, causing me to gasp.

Slow circular motions caused moans to slip past my lips, but as my pleasure grew, he became more ravenous and his actions more fevered.

He devoured me until I was spilling over the edge and screaming in pleasure as the rippling orgasm rolled through my body.

One would think that being pregnant, I wouldn't be as horny as I was, but they would be wrong. The farther along I got, the more the need was there, and I was glad I had four men to satisfy me in those ways.

"I need you, Damian," I whined as he stood on his feet.

“On your hands and knees.”

The anticipation for what was to come formed a sadistic smirk on my face as I assumed the position. His hands roamed over the bare skin of my ass before giving it a light smack that was hard enough to sting.

I wasn't upset, though... oh, the contrary... that kind of behavior turned me on like you wouldn't believe.

Slowly, the head of his thick cock slid over the folds of my tight cunt, and with one hand on my firm, plump ass, he pushed his way inside me, allowing me to feel every inch of his erection. The sensation caused a small gasp to leave my lips before I moaned.

“Don't hold back,” I groaned in pleasure. “I want it all.”

With another slap, the sting sent me into overdrive as his thrusting took off at a rapid pace. Over and over, the sensations of his rigid cock rubbing against the sensitive walls of my pussy put me into a euphoric high that I couldn't get enough of.

“Fuck, yes..”

More. I needed more, and as a wave of change came over me, I watched my nails turn into claws before he gripped my hair in his fist and pulled me back to his chest. His free hand came around to rub against my sensitive clit.

“You like that, don't you?” he growled low in my ear.

Fuck, I didn't like it... I fucking loved it.

“Fuck me like you mean it, asshole,” I growled back at him. “Fill me with your cum so every wolf in this pack knows

who owns me.”

My panted demands were the driving force he needed to ravage me like the primal animal he was. The blissful actions of our union tipped me over the edge until a scream mixed with a carnal roar escaped my throat and he stilled cumming deep within.

These were the moments | cherished with the men | loved.

These moments reminded me I wasn't just a Luna, mother, or someone's mate. I was more than that... I was

theirs in every way as they were mine.

Destiny had paired us, and nothing could take that away.

Chapter 87: Hunger Pains

Damian.

Falling asleep next to Ivy is one of the most incredible feelings I had ever been able to be a part of. I wasn't the greatest of men. In fact, I was the type of man that didn't even deserve a girl like Ivy.

Thad messed up big time with her.

I had treated her wrong and deserved every bit of punishment that had come my way because of my actions. I never intended to hurt her the way I did.

In a sick way, I thought I was saving her.

But we all realized that was not the case in the end.

Soft movements within the bed stirred me awake and, fluttering my eyes open, I saw Ivy tossing and turning calmly. Without warning, she suddenly sat upright.

"Ivy, are you OK?" I asked sleepily as I watched her eyes cast towards me and realized the woman sitting before me was slightly different from before.

She said nothing as her celestial orbs stared at me. Instead, what she did was slide from the bed in her white nightgown and move toward the bedroom door.

"Ivy, where are you going?" I whispered loudly, but still, there was no response from her. Instead, she opened the door and moved through it, quickly heading down the hallway towards the stairs.

Jumping from the bed, I moved towards the door in nothing but my boxers. "Ivy!"

Shouting down the hall after her, she continued whatever mission she was doing without even acknowledging the fact I was speaking to her. The old me would have been angry by the way she was acting, but given the circumstance of everything going on, I knew this was something else.

Popping his head out of his bedroom door, Talon stared at me with confusion. "Damien, what's going on?"

"I don't know. Ivy just jolted from bed, got out, and made her way down the hallway. I'll follow... something is

definitely up.”

Moving quickly, I took the stairs two at a time until my feet hit the floor-Talon right behind me.

For a pregnant woman, she moved fast, and as we made our way through the house towards the open back door. I had to stop and search the grounds in the darkness to see where she went.

After a moment, I spotted her by the treeline, and with haste, Talon and I ran across the grassy lawn towards where she was. As soon as I reached her, I grabbed her arm, stopping her in her tracks.

I wasn't sure what she was going to do, but with a quick reaction, she turned to me with those celestial orbs and growled. “Do not interfere.”

Her words were a warning; with them, I looked to Talon with utter disbelief as my lips parted and my mouth dropped, trying to *understand* what had just happened.

“Did she just use her alpha tone on you?” Talon asked, *causing* me to growl at him in warning he should never bring this up again.

“Shut up. We need to *follow* her and see where she's *going*. If she's *wandering* around like this at night, we have to make sure that nobody is getting hurt.”

Watching her, she drifted through the tree lines bare foot, *walking as if searching* for something. It was *magical, in a way, watching* her move as she was. It seemed as if she was *drifting* across the ground in her long nightgown until

she stopped in her tracks, her eyes darting to the left.

“Damien, she's hunting,” Talon whispered and, sure enough, at his words. She took off into a sprint.

Moving through the trees faster than I had ever seen before. She darted in and out in woven patterns until coming to an abrupt stop behind a tree. There, just beyond the tree about a hundred feet in front of her, was a massive stag.

I had seen her act this way once before, but never with this much determination.

Like the violent, deadly predator she was, she stalked closely without the stag, even realizing that she was there. Until, of course, it was too late.

Jumping upon the animal, she ripped into its throat until it lay unmoving. Her claws and teeth dug at its flesh as she gorged herself. There was something beautiful about what was happening.

Perhaps that was just my biased opinion, though, since I was her mate.

With the elder coming, though, there was no way we could allow this behavior to happen. If it did, there was no telling what she would report back to the Council, and there was no reassuring the fact Ivy would remain safe.

Inhaling deeply, she groaned with satisfaction as she ate. Her celestial eyes slowly slid towards us with a smile spread from ear to ear. "I'm sorry, guys. I was starving, and I had to fill the hunger..."

Ivy wasn't like Talon and Hale. With them, there were two separate entities combined into one permanent thought. She was one celestial individual with the tendency to have a bipolar personality.

Priscilla had assured me during the many visits I had had with her to talk in private, that eventually, Ivy would be able to control how she acted and, over time, could adapt to situations.

For now, though, we would simply have to deal with everything because while she was pregnant, she is a little more unpredictable.

She was a creature nobody had ever seen before, carrying twins.

Hormones be damned and all that jazz.

"It's OK," I said as I stepped forward and brushed the hair from her face. "I'm not upset at you, Ivy."

"Damien's right," Talon said quickly as he stepped to my side. "You're pregnant, and you have urges, as any primal animal would, to hunt when you're hungry. However, we need to find a better solution to this."

Frowning, she bit her bottom lip as she stood to her feet and nodded her head. She looked guilty for what she had done, and that was not the intention Talon and I had. We didn't want her to think her hunting was a problem because it wasn't.

It was in our nature to do so.

However, unlike her, the four of us went on monthly hunts with the rest of the pack, which was something that we still had not allowed her to do because her uniqueness was quite different from ours.

She didn't shift into a wolf like the rest of us. So for the pack members, it would come as a shock because they wouldn't be used to it. Not to mention we weren't sure if she wouldn't hurt one of them by accident.

In Priscilla's words, Ivy was a gift from the Moon Goddess herself, a reincarnation of a mother to walk the earth.

Even though I was pretty sure she was something else entirely.

Taking her hand, we led her back up towards the house just in time to be greeted by James and Hale, who stood at the back door waiting.

"I take it we had an interesting night?" Hale replied with a smirk as James rolled his eyes, wrapping a blanket around Ivy's shoulders.

"Ignore them, sweetie. Let's go get you cleaned up," James said as he ushered her through the house towards the stairs.

Before Ivy, James was never this kind of man. It was like the day the matebond was complete, he became something else entirely. He was sensitive and caring towards her in a way that the rest of us never could be.

Perhaps that was why the goddess gave her four mates.

Each of us held different aspects of emotions she would need.

When she was finally out of earshot, I turned to my brothers with a pondering expression, trying to find the best way to address this. There was a lot to consider, but protecting her was at the top of the list.

We couldn't let the council see her in this way. They

55 30%

would jump to conclusions for sure.

"We have to figure this out with her. The last thing I would want to happen is for somebody else to get hurt while she's hunting, or perhaps her going on a little spree that we can't seem to control, not saying that she would... but you never know what could happen."

"You're acting as if she is a monster," Talon sneered. "She is our mate and the Luna of this pack. Give her a little more credit."

"I'm not acting like anything, Talon," I growled at him. "I'm merely stating facts. We have to be careful."

With a drink in his hand, Hale sighed, running his other hand through his hair. "Let's stop arguing. She will hear us."

Taking a deep breath, I reined in my anger and took a moment to compose myself. "You're right. Now, what can we do to help her?"

"I wonder if the need isn't specifically the hunt. But it is the consumption driving her primal nature," Hale replied, looking between Talon and I.

Arching my brow, I considered what he was saying. "Like feed her the meat without her having to hunt."

"Essentially, yes. Just like animals in captivity, they are fed every day on a regular schedule and therefore, if put out into the wild, do not know how to hunt instinctively. If we considered that with her and kept her fed regularly, it may dim down the primal nature to hunt."

"You do realize that you literally just referred to our mate as a captive animal?" Talon snapped as he crossed his arms over his chest and huffed in displeasure.

"Shut the fuck up, man. That is not what I meant. I was simply using that as an analogy," Hale responded as Talon flipped him the middle finger.

At times, they could really be immature, and it drove me crazy with how they acted. Sometimes I wasn't sure if

they were capable of acting normal.

"Both of you knock it off. This isn't what we need right now," I said as I thought over what Hale had explained. It honestly would make a lot of sense if it worked.

"I'm just saying that if it does work, it could be an excellent solution to this issue. If she does not need to hunt because the fresh meat is being supplied, then perhaps she will be a lot more containable."

I heard the soft patter of feet from the hallway, and as we all turned to look, we saw Ivy standing there freshly showered with a grim expression on her face.

"I'm willing to try it," she whispered as she acted as if nothing at all had happened. "I don't want to hurt anyone."

"Ivy, we're not trying to change. You were just—"

"Damian, stop. I get it, and you're right. There are situations where this kind of behavior will not be acceptable, like with the Council member coming. With how uncontrollable

these situations happen, I don't want anybody to get hurt because I mistake them when I'm in that mode."

Spoken like a true Luna. I swelled with pride, but I felt incredibly guilty because she accepted us when she first found out. Yet, it felt like we weren't accepting what she was.

"Okay. We will figure something else for you," I replied, watching her sip on the water that she pulled from the fridge. "Why don't you try to get some sleep? You need all the rest you can get."

Nodding her head, she cast her glance aside and smiled at the others before pushing past James and walking back upstairs. This was the type of treatment that pissed me off more than anything. She agreed and said it was okay, but she was more hurt than anything.

"She's upset with me, isn't she?" I said with a sigh.

"You think? She heard the entire conversation. She does have super hearing, after all, and she knew you were talking about her, so Hale, referring to her as a captive animal, definitely lost you some brownie points."

James looked at each of us, shaking his head before a smile cracked across his face, and he turned, heading out of the room. He was right, though. We did mess up, and by the look on Hale's face; he was absolutely devastated that Ivy misconstrued what he was saying.

It meant that he would have to work extra hard to get back in her good graces.

Chapter 88: The Elder has Come

Ivy.

I wasn't sure exactly how I was supposed to feel. Last night, I did the one thing I hadn't expected to do in quite some time. I allowed myself to go too hungry, and in the end, I ended up hunting another animal that was slaughtered without mercy to sustain the hunger burrowed inside of me.

Every time I did it, I felt guilty. Because that was another animal that's life was lost because of what I was. Whereas the werewolves seemed to think it was a natural aspect of life, I did not.

I was a primal creature.

Something the world had never seen before, at least not in my lifetime or that of my forefathers. I was dangerous and unpredictable, or that was the words that the guys kept using repeatedly. As if by some mistake, I was placed here, and I should have been elsewhere.

They loved me, and I loved them. But I contemplated if what I was doing was even beneficial. Should I really be trying so hard to fit in this pack, or should I see if there was a

way for me to embark on my own mission and leave?

The thought of leaving left an ache in my chest | couldn't let go.

There was no way I could leave. I had a life with them, and I loved them. I just wish I wasn't what I was. Why couldn't I have been normal? Why couldn't they have just allowed me to be a normal werewolf or even just a fucking

human?

Instead, they made me a creature that wasn't normal by any sense.

"Ivy?" Hale called from the bottom of the stairs, causing me to get up from where I was currently sitting in my room, looking at paint swatches.

"Yes," I replied as I met him at the stairs.

"The guest room was finished, and the contractors are here, so I just wanted to let you know they will need access to your room and that of the den so that they can go ahead and get work underway over the next couple of days."

"Oh, okay, that's fine. I will just take all my stuff down stairs into the living room. Perhaps start organizing through a few things."

Sagging my shoulders, I turned with a heavy breath and headed to my room to gather my belongings. While construction was underway, I would have to sleep with one of the guys, which wasn't a problem in my eyes.

I did feel slightly awkward, though, because they were acting weird towards me, and I didn't do well with that kind of behavior. It made me feel out of place even though | shouldn't have.

Making my way downstairs, I listened to the muffled conversations the guys were having from the kitchen. Once again, my name was being brought up, and knowing they were talking to me behind my back was irritating.

— If I was such a problem, I don't understand why they

wanted me to be their Luna.

Deciding to ignore it all, I went into the living room and sat on the sofa with the swatches in my hand. Shades of green, yellow and creams littered the cushion as I thought over my idea of a nature-based theme for the twins.

I wasn't quite sure how everything would come together yet, but I knew I wanted to keep everything as close to nature as possibly could.

After all, the twins' lives would revolve around that wolves and the darkness of the woods.

"Ivy, can you get the door?" I hadn't even realized someone had been knocking as I watched James and Talon carry things from the stairs towards the back of the house.

"Okay."

Standing to my feet, I moved towards the door. To my surprise, when I opened the door, it was Elder Jenny Harrison standing there in front of me. She was two days earlier than I had expected.

"Elder Harrison, I wasn't expecting you for two more days," I exclaimed, pushing away my shock to quickly replace it with a welcoming smile.

"Terribly sorry, I just finished things quite early with the other pack, so I just assumed it would be okay for me to come. If it's not, I'll just go ahead and head back to where I live," she said, faking a fake sweet personality that I could tell was anything but sweet.

"No, no, don't be silly. It's perfectly fine. We're just in the middle of having the contractors here to start the process upstairs. Follow me this way, and I can show you where you will stay." Gesturing with my arm, I opened the door wider for her to pass through.

As she stepped inside, I watched Damian make his way to where I was with a scowl on his face. "Elder Harrison, it's a pleasure to see you. I apologize for the construction that is currently taking place."

She looked at him with a curious glance, and a smug expression crossed her face.

"Don't worry, I'm sure that the accommodations are more than acceptable. Shall we go, my dear?"

Looking between Elder Harrison and Damian, I slowly nodded my head and gestured for her to continue following me. There was a lot of tension in the room and how the elder had acted wasn't how I was expecting.

She seemed more smug than a woman in her position would have been. As if she thought her authority was much higher than Damian's was.

"So, how much longer do you have?" she asked me as I looked at her, watching how she kept eyeing my stomach.

"A few months," I replied with hesitation. "I should actually find out tomorrow what the babies' genders are."

"Babies. You mean there's more than one?" she asked wide-eyed.

I suddenly realized the mistake I had made by letting that out. I guess it hadn't registered that everybody assumed I was having one, not two. It wasn't even something that we'd really made official within the pack.

"Um, yes, we just found out at my last appointment that there were two, not just one," I replied, quickly changing the subject into anything else. "Where you'll be staying is just outside of the pack house."

With a frown of disappointment, she stopped at the back door, looked inside the house, and then looked back outside. "So I'm not actually staying in the pack house. You're having me stay outside in the guesthouse?"

Is she seriously going to make a big deal of this?

"Yes, as I told you, we're doing construction inside. So, unfortunately, the inside of the pack house doesn't have any availability. Considering that rooms are being redone, but the guest house is a one – bedroom furnished place, and it is absolutely lovely. I actually stayed there when I first came here."

With one raised brow, she stared at me. Her face was void of emotion as she nodded her head, gesturing with her hand for me to lead the way. She wasn't impressed, and perhaps that was because she was expecting to be treated differently.

"Very well. I suppose it will do."

Walking the steps down the path towards the small cottage, I opened the door for her and made way for her to enter. The guys had done a number in fixing the place up

from the past few months of dust and cobwebs.

"There are clean linens on the bed right now. Make yourself comfortable. I know you're going to be here for just a couple of days, but there is food and drinks in the fridge. If you should get hungry, we will have dinner tonight, though, in honor of you being here as our guest."

"Of course, that sounds delightful," she replied as the awkwardness between us grew.

"Wonderful. Well, I will just go ahead and leave you to get set in, and I will have one of the guys come fetch you when dinner is ready."

Turning quickly, I made my way from the cabin and hastened my pace back up to the main house. Now that she was here, I regret allowing her to come. I should have given the phone to Damian and allowed him to be the one to tell her she couldn't stay here.

Closing the door behind me, I stood there for a moment, lost in thought as to what it was about her I just didn't like. "Are you OK?" A voice said, catching my attention.

Looking up, I met Damien's eyes and watched as he looked at me with concern before casting his glance out the window behind me towards the cottage.

"I'm OK. There is just something about her.... I don't know. I'm just being hormonal. She's getting settled in. She is very lovely, and I told her that one of you guys will go fetch her for dinner."

Without another word, I moved past him quickly and made myself scarce. I had to find something to preoccupy myself with because that woman had gotten me all bent out of shape.

A few hours later, we all prepared to sit down around a long dining table, waiting to enjoy the food that had been made. The dining room brought up all sorts of memories | wasn't expecting to relive but pushing them aside, I dealt with it.

With a delicious meal of meats, pastas, fruit and veg etables laid out on display, we all took our seats around the table just as Hale walked in with Elder Harrison. "This looks all delicious."

Smiling sweetly at her, I looked towards the food and looked back. "Thank you. We hope that you enjoy every thing."

"I'm sure I will. You honestly didn't have to slave over the stove, Ivy. I would have been perfectly fine with some thing small."

Her comment shocked me. She had actually thought | had cooked this. With a grin spread across my face, I looked around the table, only to land upon James, whose mouth had dropped open, and an utter look of disgust crossed him.

"I'm sorry, but I didn't cook this," | said to Elder Harrison, trying to contain my laughter.

“Oh, dear. I’m so sorry. You must have an excellent cook, then. Nowadays, it’s hard to hire people who can decently cook.” Her comment further caused the snickering around the table, and slowly she furrowed her brows in confusion.

— “James is the one who cooked dinner. He loves to cook,

and typically he is the one that does all the cooking. If the twins don’t decide to help him, which I believe tonight, you both took the opportunity to help cook.”

Hale nodded his head as Talon sat with his arms crossed and a stone sharp look on his face. He wasn’t pleased with the elder being here, and I didn’t blame him. She was a very odd character. James, however, still had a look of absolute disgust on his face as he scoffed before quietly digging into the food in front of him while mumbling under his breath.

“I’m so terribly sorry I didn’t realize that the four of you cooked. It’s not typically normal to find men that are in your

position that are so willing to cook.”

“Well, I’m not sure what alphas you are accustomed to meeting, but here in this pack, things run differently,” Damien said, drawing elder Harrison’s attention to him.

“Alphas?” she asked with confusion and a smug smile upon her face. “There is only one Alpha to a pack, Damien. I’m sure that you, of all people, are aware of this. You are the only alpha. Your brothers are not.”

Growls emitted around the room, and quickly I snapped my gaze at each of them, telling them to excuse themselves if they could not control themselves.

— This was obviously going to be a conversation I would have to settle because as the Luna of the pack, I decided what conversation was acceptable at the dinner table, and I wouldn’t tolerate her insulting my mates.

“Elder Harrison, with all due respect, that may be the customs of other packs have, but no pack has ever been faced with something such as we have. So each of them holds a specific title that an alpha normally has, combining one full authoritative entity.”

“Of course. My apologies, Luna,” she said as she quietly returned to eating.

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The apology was fake, of course, but I was glad the conversation was over. The last thing I wanted was to watch Damian or any of the others lose their shit on this woman.

To think... they were fucking worried about me!

I think they gave themselves way too much credit when it came to correcting situations.

“Ivy, I wanted to ask you one question, though, if I may?” Elder Harrison said, causing me to internally sigh as I turned to her with a smile as fake as her own.

“Of course. What’s on your mind?”

Adjusting herself, the woman sat a little straighter as she placed down her fork as if preparing for whatever outcome was about to explode upon the room. “Well, now that you’re a Luna, I want to talk to you about the customs we have to test gifted wolves.”

“Absolutely, fucking not!” Damian said, standing to his feet. “She will not be doing anything of the sort, nor will she be going anywhere outside of this pack. I should have known that was why you were here.”

“Damian, it is in your best interest to sit down.” The elder growled, showing Damian nothing but disrespect, and

that was something I wouldn’t tolerate.

“Do not speak to my mate in that tone. You’re a guest on my land, and you have done nothing but thrown insults since you arrived,” I snapped at her, watching her eyes grow wide.

“Your eyes...” she murmured, placing her hand over her mouth. “I didn’t want to believe it...”

Great. Just fucking great. Of course, my eyes would flicker when I’m pissed.

“Yes, my eyes,” I growled slowly, standing to my feet. “The council has no jurisdiction on my land, and what I do with my mates, children, and pack members is my business. I will remind you once more that you’re a guest. If you don’t like it, you’re free to leave in the morning.”

The fear and surprise on the woman’s face brought me delight. Internally, I wanted to bathe in her fear, but I knew how important it was to keep myself together. Slowly, I moved from the dining room and made my way up the

stairs towards the closest bedroom I could find.

Which happened to be Talon’s. I had to get a hold of myself because if I couldn’t, I’d kill her.

Chapter 89: Assuming Information

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I hadn't expected dinner to go the way it had. But now that it was over, I was glad, considering Damien ended up blowing up into a million different pieces when the elder had conversations in the way she did.

Talk about being completely awkward. I was the center of the awkwardness, and it was not a place wanted to go back to any time soon. If I hadn't lost it slightly in the moment, there was no telling what Damian would have done to her.

Laying on Talon's bed, I got hold of myself, and it didn't take long for Talon and Hale to come find me. Forty minutes of deep breathing and cuddling with both men calmed the internal fire within me, and now we were caught up in small talk and sarcastic comments.

"So how pissed off do you think he's really going to continue being?" I asked the boys, who turned to me with nothing but amusement, dancing in their eyes.

"It depends," Talon replied. "One time when we were kids, James stole Damien's favorite T-shirt because he thought it was too small for Damien and completely stained it in one afternoon. When Damian found out, he literally held that grudge for like five years."

"Five years over a f*****g T-shirt. That's a bit childish, don't you think?"

"It may have been childish, but then again, we were children. So, to Damian, that was a very big deal," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"Talon, if you're gonna tell it, tell the truth," Hale sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "The shirt was one that our mother had given him that was our father's. So, in a sense, it was actually a big deal to him."

"Dude, he had, like, fifty f*****g shirts that were our dads and poor James had got none. Solmean, realistically... It wasn't that big of a deal? He could have given that one shirt to James. Lord knows he had asked for it for, like, two freaking weeks," Talon replied in a very dramatic effect.

It made sense now why James and Damian didn't seem as close. Not just because of that, but in general. Damian was the oldest and thought he was entitled because he was the oldest, and James was the youngest... the baby, and he thought he was entitled to.

"I can kind of understand why Damian would be upset, you know, considering it was something sentimental like that. But this is completely different. I mean, the elder was out of line completely, and honestly, I don't like whatever she was getting at."

"She literally insulted Damian as an alpha tried to insult us. Lord knows, poor James is probably devastated over her comment on his cooking, and in a way, she was trying to undermine you as a Luna," Hale replied.

In a way, he was right, and because he was, I couldn't deny the need to get rid of her.

"Okay, I get it. She f****d up. But I mean, maybe that's just her messing up as a new elder. I mean, she hasn't really been in the position long, has she?"

Again, they both shrugged their shoulders.

"I don't know what you're looking to do, Ivy. I mean, she's here for the next couple of days, and you were the one that told her it would be okay for her to stay," Talon rambled on. His comments were not the help I was looking for, and picking up a pillow, I quickly chucked it at his head.

"Well, then, why don't we find something else to preoccupy our time with?" Though Damian had tended to me a few nights before, I was equally hungry for the two of them and

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the fun we had once had in the past. However, upon those words, Hale and Talon both looked at each other and looked at me, and shook their heads no.

"Absolutely not," Hale replied quite quickly.

"Are you rejecting me?" I said, feigning a hurt expression across my face. I couldn't believe they didn't want to be intimate with me.

"No. God, no. It's nothing like that," Hale quickly said, trying to redirect the conversation and fix the mess that he had started.

"Then what are you saying?"

"He is afraid," Talon replied with a smirk of his own. "Hale thinks he is going to hurt the baby if his Lycan comes out during sex."

With wide eyes, I turned my gaze back to Hale, who seemed uncomfortable, and quickly cleared his throat. "I mean, it could happen. I don't want to risk it."

"Hale, you won't hurt your children nor any other part of you."

“Still, I don’t want to risk it,” he said firmly as Talon pulled me by the ankle towards him, burying his face in my crotch.

“I want it... God, how I want it.”

His response caused me to laugh, but irritation flowed off of Hale from Talon’s actions. “No, Talon, this is serious. We only have like two months, and then we can f**k her however we want.”

“Hale, I’ve literally already had s*x with Damian, James, and Talon multiple times since I’ve been pregnant. You don’t have to worry... but,” pausing mid-conversation, something he said finally clicked in my head. “Wait... what do you mean two months?”

“You’re coming up in four months in your pregnancy. Wolves are only pregnant for six months, so it’s like you’re entering your third trimester, and to do something like that with both of us at the same time, probably not the safest for the babies.”

Taking a moment to let what he said soak, I made a face to show my confusion as my mouth dropped open slightly.

“Hale, did you not listen to what you said? I’m literally only almost four months pregnant. I still have, like, what, another five months of my pregnancy. So I’m not anywhere near the third trimester. What are you talking about? Six months.”

They sat there in silence, staring at me before Hales’ eyes fogged over, linking someone. No words came from them, and with the silence began the slow increase of panic within my chest.

“Um, Ivy? What have you learned about werewolf pregnancies?”

The question caught me completely off guard, especially since Talon asked me the question. When I thought about it, I really knew little. I knew they were rapidly growing and the pregnancies typically were, like, super painful because, you know, the babies were typically stronger and more aggressive.

I guess in the end, I didn’t know much. Not that I thought to learn or that

“Umm, well, I’m guessing that I don’t know as much as I probably should know, considering how you two are acting. So does one of you want to f*****g explain to me what exactly is going on? Because you know the way you’re making it sound is that I’m about to have this baby in two months and not in five.”

The door opened rather quickly, and when it did, I saw a very concerned Damian and James standing in the doorway.

"Ivy, I think we need to have a conversation because I believe you are slightly misinformed from what Hale said."

There it was. The bomb had been dropped.

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Thad miscalculated how much I knew about werewolf pregnancies.f**k me.

"Yes, from the sounds of it, I don't know as much as I thought I did, and I don't see how I've literally made it almost four months, and nobody has explained to me I'm not pregnant for nine months like normal people," I all but shouted at them in frustration and pure panic.

"Calm down, it's okay. This is our fault because we didn't really take into consideration that you are new to our world. Werewolves are typically pregnant for about six months. However, it is also known that alpha pregnancies can typically be about five months. It just really depends on the person," James replied with a smile on his face.

Oh, no, he didn't. "Did you seriously just tell me to calm down?!"

James' eyes went wide at my outburst. I couldn't believe that he really told me to calm down. This wasn't something that was no big deal. It was an enormous deal for me.

Taking slow, deep breaths, I closed my eyes and tried to calm myself. It will be okay... everything will be okay. "I'm not angry... I'm just a bit shocked," I said, trying to remain as calm as possible.

"There is no reason for you to be angry," Damian scoffed, shaking his head. "It's not that big of a deal. Just means you won't be pregnant that long."

My eyes flew open at Damian's comment. I couldn't believe how insensitive he was at the moment. It may not have been a big deal to him, but it was to me.

Jumping to my feet, I stormed from the room and made my way towards the private den created for me in the right wing of the house.

It was a small little study with a single loveseat, small tv, and tons of books surrounding the area. It was the one part of the house that was solely mine, and even though it was a ten-by-ten room, I enjoyed every moment of it.

Slamming the door behind me, I sat on the sofa and thought about the situation. How could I honestly forget to ask such questions? I felt completely stupid for never thinking about asking how the pregnancy worked, considering I was raised as a human.

Guess that's what I get for assuming.

At that moment, the only thing I wanted was to speak to the one person who had always comforted me. I had put off calling her for too long, and the time had come when the weight of my issues was too much to bear. .

I wanted my mommy. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I dialed her number and waited as it rang. "It's so wonderful to hear from you, dear. How are you?" A sob racked my throat as I tried to speak. "Mama, I don't know how I'm going to do this here." "Sweetie, what are you talking about? Did something bad happen?" Taking a moment, I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself.

"No, not exactly, I just have no idea what I'm doing, and I was just told by the guys that I'm not even going to be pregnant for nine months, that it's going to be like five or six months. That's literally like a month or two away. How am I supposed to do this?"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Are you telling me that nobody informed you of how this works?" she replied in shock.

"No, they didn't. I assumed, and they all didn't think to tell me because it slipped their mind that I knew nothing of their world."

"Oh, honey. I've been away too long. I need to come and visit you. Would you like me to come and

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visit you?"

As much as I wanted to tell her I could be a big girl and do this on my own, I knew the truth. I couldn't do it on my own. I needed her here with me. I was terrified, and even though I had four strapping mates... they were men, so they didn't understand how I was feeling. Even if they could feel my emotions through the link, they had no f***** g clue.

They were trying their best, and I appreciated everything they had done for me. But I needed somebody else to have my back as well.

Someone who understood what I was going through.

"Can you? I mean, I know that you guys have a lot going on, and I would hate to take away from anything that you're doing."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling. You are my daughter, and I love you. If you need me there, I will be there. Blake will completely understand the situation," she replied, causing me to smile.

“Okay. When do you think you will be here?”

“Tomorrow evening. Now get some rest, and I will see you soon,” she replied, making me feel better than I had.

Nodding my head as if she could see me. I wiped the tears from my eyes. “Okay, I’ll see you tomorrow. I love you.”

“I love you too, sweetheart. Good night.”

Hanging up the phone, tears flowed down my face, and even though the guys did not knock on the door to check on me, I knew they were standing outside.

They had heard the entire conversation, and I wasn’t sure how I was going to make this work because the elder was here, and the only other place I would put my mother would be in the guesthouse.

Which was occupied by the elder herself.

I had to find a way to get her out of here. Especially after everything that had happened with Damian. She wasn’t even here for the full-time she was supposed to be, and she had already overstayed her welcome.

Let’s just hope she wouldn’t cause issues for us when we made her go.

Chapter 90: Gender Day

Waking up the next morning, I was surprised to find myself in James’s bed. He didn’t want to let me sleep in that room even though the other guys had told him to leave me be and let me rest; he refused.

I vaguely remember him coming in, grabbing me and the blanket, lifting me in his arms, and carrying me to his bed. He even went as far as changing me out of my clothes and putting me in one of his large oversized T-shirts before crawling in behind me.

Out of the four men, he was the sweetest and the most sentimental.

“Good morning, beautiful,” he whispered from behind me as he pulled me close to his chest and kissed the side of my cheek.

“Morning. I’m sorry about last night. I didn’t mean to lose it on you guys.”

“It’s okay. Don’t even worry about it. s**t happens, and honestly, we dropped the ball when we forgot that you’re not used to our world.” Always apologizing, the ever-sweet James slowly slid from behind me and walked towards the ensuite bathroom.

"I take it you heard my mother is coming..." I said with hesitation, knowing how complicated the situation was going to be.

"Yes, we all heard the conversation last night, and I will tell you that Damien and the others were very upset to see you as upset as *you* were," he replied.

Laughter escaped me, thinking about Damian being upset. "I can understand the twins being slightly upset, but you don't have to lie and throw Damian in there, too. I know he's not that kind of man."

James walked from the bathroom and gave me a knowing look before shaking his head with a grin. "You two are just the oddest couple I've ever met. You love each other one minute, and you hate each other the next, both equally irritated with each other. But then you guys can't keep your hands off of each other when the moment calls."

"Well, we have a love-hate relationship. What else do you expect, James?" I asked as I pushed myself further into the blankets, getting comfortable.

"Very true. Needless to say, yes, we know that your mother's coming, and we know the elder needs to go. Damien has already reminded us this morning."

Knowing he recognized the need to get rid of the woman made me feel slightly better, but then again, I was also concerned because I wasn't sure how it would be possible.

"I don't understand why she is like that, James. The woman I spoke to on the phone initially isn't the same woman that's here, and if it is, she plays the game very well."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, James sighed, taking a moment. "One thing you will learn is people like her and those in her position can be what they must to get what they want. Just because they are where they are doesn't mean that we trust them. No one trusts them, really."

"So then, why are they even in that position?"

It made little sense to have a council no one cared for. I got it, though. Look at how the humans ran their government. They have had men in office that no one likes, but yet year after year they keep electing people.

And year after year, those people keep disappointing the nation. "Maybe Damien can call the council or something and have her call back." My suggestion made James laugh as he gave me this funny look. "Yeah, right. Like they would

actually do something like that I will tell you, though, she is f*** **g weird."

“Well, James, we have to get rid of her somehow. So how are we supposed to do that? I mean, I’m pregnant and hormonal, and Damian doesn’t like her, and she’s obsessively interested in knowing everything about me and the babies.”

The babies... S**t. “That reminds me. My appointment is today.”

Agrin lit up James’ face when I mentioned it, and nodding his head, he jumped to his feet. “It sure is. Why do you think I’m already getting up? We are supposed to be leaving soon.”

Rolling my eyes, I pulled the blanket over my head, only to have it ripped back down. “It’s too early to get up, James.”

“I don’t care. You’re the one who set the appointment,” he said as he made his way towards the door. “Get up and meet me downstairs. The faster we go to the appointment, the faster you can take a nap.”

A nap sounded good, but the growling in my stomach was louder. “What about food?” “I’m going to make it,” he called from outside the door before closing it behind him.

If I didn’t have James, I wasn’t sure how I could manage all of this. He was the normalcy I needed to deal with Damian and the twins. Regardless of how sweet Talon and Hale could be... at times, they also irritated me.

Such was the difficulty of relationships. I had never heard of one couple out there that wasn’t slightly annoyed by their better half at some point in time.

Just never expected it would happen to me so soon.

Thirty minutes later, I was making my way into the kitchen, following the smell of bacon and toast. I was starving and in an unusually good mood until my eyes laid upon Elder Harrison, and my smile quickly fell

“Oh, there you are,” she said with exaggeration. “I figured you would have been down here earlier to have breakfast with me.”

“I’m sorry, what?” I replied, slightly confused.

My comment was not what she was hoping for, and as she raised a brow with her hand on her hip, she pushed away whatever she was feeling and smiled at me. “It’s okay. I keep forgetting you know nothing of werewolf culture and are still learning how to be a proper Luna.”

There she went again with the insults. “Look,”

“That’s enough!” Damian bellowed, cutting me off, “Elder Harrison, I think it’s best that you take your leave. We have been more than hospitable, yet you continually disrespect my mate and pack. I will not tolerate it any longer.”

A gasp left her throat as she placed her hand on her chest in shock. “Excuse me?”

“You heard my brother,” Hale added in as he stood next to the kitchen island with his arms crossed over his chest. “As much as the visit has been wonderful, we need you to leave. We still have much work to do on the pack house and don’t have the time for entertaining.”

“Never in my life!” she yelled. “I can see what they were talking about now. I didn’t want to believe them but after this... I can’t promise to protect you after this.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked, stepping forward. “Protect us?”

Once again, that irritating smug smile crossed her lips, and it took everything in me not to smack it off her face. I was tired of the games she was playing, and if she wasn’t careful, she would not like the outcome of her actions,

“Yes, I’m to report back things are running smoothly here. I couldn’t very well have told you that now, could I? It seems that things are not as they seem. Not to mention you, dear...”

‘fon**g knew it.’ Damian growled through the link. ‘I told you, Ivy.

Glaring at him, I rolled my eyes with disgust and focused my attention back on the elder. “I don’t know what you’re referring to when it comes to me. can you be a little more enlightening?”

“Oh, please. Stop pretending we know what you are, shifter,” she scowled, “You’re Solvmåne, and those kinds are not to be trusted.”

Those kinds? She didn’t even f****g know me Not to mention my race is supposedly gone or whatever, and then I’m something else

Everything was so f****g confusing, and I wanted more than anything to figure it all out, so I knew exactly what I was, but I still had no clue Perhaps one of these days, I would stop putting off speaking to Frigga and finish finding out the details

Right now, though, I was doing everything in my power not to rip this stupid b*h apart for talking to me like I’m at****81*** “Look, I don’t have time to deal with you. I have somewhere to be My mate asked you to leave, so I expect you gone. Don’t make me ask you again.”

Snatching the plate of bacon and a piece of toast, I turned on my feet and made my way towards the front door. I wasn't dealing with that woman anymore I was having a wonderful day, and there was no way I was going to let her ruin it.

"Ivy, wait!" James called from behind me as he came jogging up to where I was

**Don't you dare tell me I was out of line, James," i grumbled as I stuffed the bacon into my mouth The last thing I wanted to hear was I was wrong. The only thing that would do would piss me off even further.

"I wasn't going to tell you that," he chuckled as we reached the car. "I was going to tell you that Hale is coming with, but Talon and Damian are going to stay behind to make sure she doesn't try anything stupid."

Stopping in my tracks, glared at him. Are you serious?" "Uh, yeah, I'm sorry, Ivy. We just have to make sure "It's okay," I said, cutting him off "let's get going."

Hale made his way to the car as soon as I climbed in, and within minutes we were off towards the pack hospital. The entire time we drove, I kept trying to remind myself that it was okay. Did I want all of my mates there today yes. But I couldn't have everything I wanted all the time

As the car came to a stop, I exhaled deeply and climbed out. Hale took my hand, lacing his fingers through mine, causing me to look at him. "It will be okay, Ivy."

"Thanks," I said, happy for the reassurance he was giving me

Honestly. I needed it because lately, I had been at my wit's end with how things had been going Alli wanted to do today was to see my babies and confirm the suspicions of their genders I already had Knowing that they were okay was going to make everything that much better.

They were my future, and when they got here, it would complete the little family we were growing

"Good Morning, Ivy," the doctor said with a smile as he opened the ultrasound room door and gestured for us to enter. "Let's check on the little ones and hopefully see what you're having today"

"Thanks, doc, i already have my thoughts on what I'm having" I replied as I climbed up onto the white table James and Hale were at my side as they always were

"Oh, do you now?" The doctor chuckled, "What do you think you're having?" "A boy and a girl," I replied "Just motherly instincts.

Honestly, it was the dream I had that made me think it was going to be a boy and a girl. The pink and blue blanket ran through my mind constantly like the planque, and with Priscilla telling me to trust my

instincts, I was.

I had no doubt the baby in the grass was a reference to my unborn children. I was just going to have to wait and see if my assumptions were correct.

Rolling the cool gel and wand over my stomach, the screen lit up, and the doctor took measurements as he had done before. "Your babies are growing wonderfully and actually are putting you closer to your due date."

"Closer? How much closer?" I asked hesitantly. "Oh, I would say about four to six weeks, tops."

Shit... that meant the guys were right, and I only had a few weeks before the twins would be here. It wasn't much time to prepare, but with my mother on the way, I was sure we would be able to manage.

One thing about my mother I loved was the fact that she was good at getting s**t done. She always had been.

"Alright, are we ready to know what we are having?" The doctor said with a smile as the guy's eyes lit up with excitement.

"Yes, go on with it," James replied, causing me to smack him as everyone broke out into laughter. To be honest, I thought he was the most excited out of us with how he acted.

"Well, it seems the Luna was correct in her assumption. There is one boy and one girl." As happy as I was supposed to be, I felt nothing but dread at that moment. The dream was real, and it was a warning. The doctor confirmed the worst. Something dark was coming for my children, and I wasn't going to be able to stop it.