

Chapter 101 - 123 Her Triplet Alphas

Chapter 101

Felix

Three! I pulled back the curtain in the blink of an eye, hoping to startle my Baby before our bubble bath time. Huh?

The tub was empty. Chasity? Had she bathed already? I ran my fingers along the bottom of the tub. It was bone dry. I ran back downstairs to check the pack showers. Maybe she was so mad she had gone to use those to piss us off. She used to shower there during her housekeeper days. The pack showers were empty too.

I ran back upstairs to check her old tiny room. Empty! FUCK! I felt like I couldn't breathe. I was starting to panic. My wolf reminded me we couldn't panic yet. Finding Chasity was too important. We needed to remain calm in order to find her.

Calix's tub! He had been her old favourite before she had come to her senses and made me her favourite. I burst into Calix's room and ran into his master bathroom. She wasn't there. Alex's tub? No. We had been arguing in Alex's room! How would she have snuck by us?

"Chasity!" I called, feeling helpless.

I checked the driveway for her car. It was there. She almost never used it. She was an admittedly shitty driver just as I had predicted so Alex, Calix and I always went out of our way to chauffeur her anywhere she wanted to go. It was not like we needed to take time away from our lives to do so because she was our life.

"Chasity!" I called, picking up her scent just outside of Alex's door.

Had she overheard our conversation? Had she been eavesdropping? The little minx had probably been spying on us and now, she was trying to get back at us by hiding or at least, that was what I hoped was going on with every fibre of my being.

Alex

"Did you hear that?!" I asked sharply as I leant over the bath I was preparing for Chasity.

"Felix is calling for Chasity," mumbled Calix, already just as worried as I was.

Something did not feel right. The presence I usually felt ever since I had fully bonded with Chasity had suddenly gone quiet.

I abandoned the half-filled bathtub, leaving the faucet on. Calix was right behind me. I found Felix looking pale as a ghost in the hallway.

“What’s wrong?” I asked immediately, dreading the answer.

“I don’t know yet,” muttered Felix, heading for the staircase.

He ascended the stairs to the attic and Calix and I followed him.

“Where’s Chasity?” Asked Calix, his rising panic level evident in his voice.

We could all feel this growing absence in our minds. I smelled her delicious scent though and that kept me somewhat in one piece. Her scent seemed to lead up to the attic. We rushed up several flights of stairs. I could feel my own emotions as well as the emotions of my brothers. We were unravelling. I prayed that my Luna was just hiding somewhere somehow but I couldn’t feel her. I could only smell her.

Chasity? Luna? LUNA?! LUNA! I practically screamed into the void over a mind-link with seemingly no one on the receiving end.

Calix

We had messed up big time. Chasity was so upset over our behaviour at the party she had retreated to the attic of all places. I smelled her roses and honey scent as my brothers and I rushed up the stairs at werewolf speed. Despite the supernatural velocity of our movements, everything seemed to be in slow motion.

“Baby?!!!” Shouted Felix.

I tried mind-linking her.

Chasity? Chasity please! I’m so sorry! You have every right to be angry! I would have been just as mad if our places were switched and you were giving other guys any attention, I said to the darkness.

Nothing.

“CHASITY!!” Yelled Felix at the top of his lungs.

We burst into the dusty cob-webbed attic. Her smell was here too. She had to be here! She just had to be!

“Baby, are you hiding, come out?” Begged Felix.

There were white sheets covering all these large antiques, ornaments and sculptures Mom didn't use as decor anymore. I felt like I was in a horror movie. I would much rather confront a ghost than face the empty space where Chasity was supposed to be.

"Chasity, we're sorry! The party was a dumb idea. No more parties until our wedding ok," I promised as I began ripping the sheets off of every ornament and statue, causing dust clouds to rise up and then fall.

We followed her scent to the far end of the attic where there was a floor-length circular window. I had uncovered every single thing in the attic. Sculptures cast their vacant stares on us from every corner. Chasity had not been hiding under any of the sheets. I felt the panic bubbling in my body.

Felix

I launched myself at the huge circular window, following Chasity's scent. I stepped onto the small rickety balcony outside. I had lived in the North all my life but I had never really felt the cold before. I felt it for the first time tonight and it chilled me to the very bone. Had Chasity fallen from here?

Fuck! No, no, no, not my Baby.

"Felix, careful up there!" Called Alex, ever the big brother even in times like this.

"Chasity was up here!" I yelled over my shoulder.

Alex joined me on the narrow balcony. We peered down at the deep crunchy snow below. It blanketed the ground. If she had fallen, it would have cushioned her fall. This was what my wolf tried to comfort himself with until Calix pointed out a terrifying truth as he stepped onto the balcony.

Calix

"She didn't fall, that snow is untouched," I said as I gazed at the white smooth snow blanketing the frozen earth.

The balcony creaked under the combined weight of us, the Alpha Triplets, while we crumbled under the weight of our own regret. We should have never forced her to go to that party. Where had she gone?

Felix growled suddenly, startling me, making me jump.

The balcony squeaked in response to my sudden movement.

"What?" I asked quickly.

“Do you smell that?” Asked Felix, his voice deepening as his wolf came forwards to speak with him as one.

“Smell what?” I asked softly.

“Another wolf,” growled Alex, answering my question.

I sniffed the cold air and I caught the scent of another male werewolf other than my brothers and me. Chasity’s scent lingered here too. Another male had been standing near to her right here recently.

I turned around, following the unfamiliar male scent and my heart almost stopped when I saw them. Prints. Large werewolf paw prints, freshly made on the slopping snow-topped roof by this male in question.

Felix growled again as Alex sniffed the prints. Both of my elder brothers were black-eyed and I could feel that I was the same. Our werewolves were fighting to come out and attack but there was no male still here to fight.

Alex

I caught the smell of something else intermingling with Chasity’s sweet scent and the stench of that mangy male. It was a chemical smell that burned my nostrils. I quickly stopped inhaling it.

“Chloroform,” I breathed, tears filling my eyes.

The last time I had felt this desolate was the moment we pulled Chasity out of the ice fishing hole and she had lain on the ice motionless and blue, barely breathing. This had to be a nightmare. This could not be real.

Chasity! I called, trying to mind-link her again but knowing it was to no avail.

The situation was clear but my heart was fighting my mind, not wanting to accept the logic. Another male had come along and succeeded in the kidnapping plot this time. The Chloroform must’ve knocked her out and that was why she was silent. She was unconscious and being carried farther and farther away. Her scent ended right here on the roof. By the time she came to, she might be too far away to mind-link with us. I let go. I just let my wolf take over because I couldn’t stand the pain my human side was feeling right now. My wolf slipped in front of me with ease.

We roared at the top of our lungs, disrupting the silent night. Bats squeaked, owls hooted and birds flew out from their nests and perches in response to our roar. Wolves answered our call in the distance. Other mournful howls filled the night as nearby pack members felt the sorrow of their Alphas on an instinctual level. The icy landscape seemed to tremble as the night erupted into a cacophony of sounds.

Felix

There had to be an exit point. There just had to be. There had to be a trail from somewhere from this roof towards the direction some mongrel had taken Chasity in. We could not give up on our Baby. I prowled the roof on all fours despite being in my human form still. I could not chance shifting just yet. My wolf was rabid. The trail just vanished. It had been carefully covered over somehow and there were no wolf tracks in the blanket of snow below that matched the ones on the roof.

Calix

I just sat on the snow-topped roof while Felix scoured the roof for a scent trail leading away from the pack house. He was getting increasingly-frustrated. I could feel it. Alex was terror-stricken for the first time ever. I could feel that too. Chasity's emotions were closed off to me now and so were my own. I felt completely numb like Chasity had taken my capacity to feel things with her. This numbness was worse than despair somehow. I felt like a ghost, a shadow, a fragment of a person. I felt incomplete and empty. I had not even fully realised how whole and full Chasity had made me feel prior to this moment.

Felix suddenly jumped from the rooftop, landing on his feet in the crunchy deep snow below. Alex followed him, landing lightly in the snow. I followed too mindlessly. Perhaps, she was not missing. Maybe, she had not been kidnapped. Maybe she was fine. Maybe she was visiting a friend's house. My wolf and I both knew those explanations were feeble and unlikely but they were preferable to the horrifying truth.

Felix

"We need to put this whole place on lock down. No one leaves or enters the pack lands until we find her!" I declared, with my wolf and I speaking as one.

He was showing me images of the first time he ran through the snow with Chasity's she-wolf on the day after our birthday. That blissful day seemed like a lifetime ago.

"What if she just went to Mina or Tina's," said Calix.

I could hear the hope blossoming in his tone.

"Those girls were drunk out of their minds," admitted Alex. "Why would she do that? And how would that explain the foreign wolf smell," he reasoned.

The situation was clear. She had been kidnapped. Whoever was behind the original plot had succeeded the second time. I felt my wolf rage inside of me yet even his wrathfulness paled in comparison to my white-hot anger. When I got my hands on the fuckers who had taken my Baby Chasity I was going to shred their flesh and shatter their bones. I felt like anger was pouring out of me. I tried to steady myself with a deep

breath but breathing exercises were useless at this point. I had let the one thing I had promised to protect Chasity from happen. I snarled, feeling a rush of self loathing. Why had I let her out of my site? Even for a mother-fucking second?! I roared as I flipped over one of the SUVs in our driveway sending it smashing on top of the next car.

He roared, flipping one of the cars in the driveway over with his bare hands sending it smashing on top of the next car over. All the car alarm went off. I wanted the whole pack up and about and looking for our Luna! My outburst resulted in our parents, the guards, the cooks and the maids all running outside. parents and several warriors and staff members ran outside.

“Felix!” Shrieked Mom indignantly as she saw one car upside-down and sandwiched on top of the other. “What’re you doing?” She demanded indignantly. Mom’s tone of voice took me back to that night, the night of the first attempted kidnapping. The night when Chasity had not hesitated to accuse my Mother as being behind the kidnapping plot. We had all dismissed her accusation but now I was not so sure. Could it be?

“Where’s Chasity?” I roared, hoping to startle her into a confession.

I felt a sharp pain in my chest. She wouldn’t really do that to us, would she?

“How would I know?” Screamed Mom, immediately on the defensive.

I closed the distance between us..

“Felix, calm down!” Snarled Calix, his eyes shifting quickly from blue to black.

I pressed my forehead to Mom’s, the tip of my noses touched the tip of hers. I did not realise I was crying until I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks.

“Tell me now,” I whispered, not voice cracking. “Tell me right now if you have anything to do with this. Tell me immediately and give her back to me and I won’t be angry. This is the last chance to just admit it if you’ve done anything,” I said, my tone pleading with her.

A few tears slid down Mom’s cheeks. Those could be tears of remorse or tears of frustration.

“How dare you insinuate anything of the sort?” She whispered fiercely “I’m not going to stand here and pretend to care deeply about that girl but I love you boys. You are my life and I’d never hurt you. How do you know she didn’t just leave?” Snapped Mom.

“There is a foreign scent on the roof intermingled with Chasity’s and the smell of chloroform. She did not just leave. We both know that,” I said, my words coming out like a soft snarl due to the presence of my wolf.

How dare she insinuate that Chasity had left?! My Baby was gone but she had not left. I remembered her telling us to never think that she had just up and left us.

Alex.

I was scrutinising our mother's reaction to everything. I remembered Chasity's face when she had accused my mother of being behind the kidnapping. Could my mother be that hateful? Dad put his hands on my shoulders. He pulled me into a hug.

"We're gonna find her ok?" He promised.

I held back my tears. I felt like a scared little boy in this situation. Felix seemed convinced that Mom had something to do with it. I was on the fence. Unsurprisingly, Calix was convinced that Mom was innocent.

Calix

Mom's treatment of Chasity had been reprehensible. I could admit that but she was not this villain Felix was making her out to be. She would not do this to us. She would not do this to me. She knew Chasity was my everything. We had already marked her and she had marked us. That was permanent. Why would Mom have her kidnapped after that and damn us to an eternity of feeling incomplete? We had enough to deal with as it was. We needed to work together to get Goddess back as quickly as possible.

"Felix, stop it, Mom has nothing to do with this," I said, grabbing Felix by the shoulders and pulling him away from Mom.

I knew Felix would never hurt our Mom but he was frightening her. Felix sniffled, refusing to meet my eye. Slowly, he shuffled towards me and hugged me. He broke down. I could feel his tears falling onto my shoulder. I hugged him back tightly. I let my tears fall too. Alex was fighting to hold back his tears but a few escaped, slipping down his cheeks. This could not be how our story ended. Without Chasity?! No. I refused to accept that. Chasity was my happily-ever-after. I willing to spend the rest of eternity trying to find her.

"Let's not blame each other, let's just look everywhere until we find her," I whispered, trying to comfort my brothers.

I felt Felix nod his head in agreement. Alex came over and wrapped his arms around Felix and me. We welcomed him into the brotherly group hug. We remained that way, huddled together in the snow. We could hear the sirens of many pack police cars as they converged around the pack house. We took a few moments to gather ourselves, knowing that the coldest of days lay ahead now that our Love was gone.

Face book page

Face book group Readers

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Felix's POV

I did not care about going to sleep anymore. I could not sleep without Chasity safe and sound in bed with me. I knew my brothers felt the same.

"The first thing we need to do is put the packlands on lockdown," said Alex. "No one enters or leaves our territory without explicit permission from me or one of my brothers effective immediately!" Ordered Alex.

He was using his Alpha Voice so that his orders would be binding. Beta Keaton nodded. Gamma Kaiden was silent. I could feel his eyes sweep over me and then Calix. We were all standing around the living room, everyone too anxious to sit. I knew Kaiden was feeling sorry for me. I did not want to see the pity in his eyes. I was not used to being on the receiving end of pity.

"We need to make a list a suspects," I said. "A more extensive list than before. We underestimated the kidnappers before."

"Underestimated them?" Said Calix. "We were monitoring Chasity at all times after their first attempt. We didn't underestimate them. We let our guard down for one minute and it cost us everything we've ever wanted!"

Calix's voice cracked a little. Normally, I would bark at him over mind-link for showing weakness in front of the others but this was different. If there was any scenario an Alpha could break down over, it was the loss of his Luna.

We're gonna get her back, I promise, I said to Calix privately.

I felt the mind-link equivalent of a nod. He agreed with me but wasn't in much of a talkative mood. None of us were.

"I want a private investigator in addition to the pack police and pack warriors," I demanded. "I want people looking at this from all angles. The first twenty-four hours are crucial."

"We have all the squads out scouring the pack lands especially the more rural areas. I highly doubt there would try to hide her in plain sight. It would be too risky. A scent, a strange noise, a single strand of blonde curled hair, anything could give them away. I guarantee the location she's at is remote," reasoned Kaiden.

"I agree with you there but just in case I still want the city searched," I said.

"Does anyone want some tea?" Asked Mom, poking her head into the room.

I glared at her. Calix glared at me.

She's just trying to help, he said.

"Some coffee would be nice," said Alex.

"Coffee? It's so late already," she commented with a concerned look at Calix.

"Yeah, let's rush to bed so we can lie around while our fated Luna's life is on the line," I snapped.

"Coffee, Mom, thanks," said Alex dismissively.

She frowned. She ordered one of the maids to make coffee for everyone. I could have done that. I thought she was actually offering to do something. A few of the squad leaders had returned after searching their assigned areas. No one had any good news or leads.

"This is torture," I muttered.

"Danny," said Alex.

"What?" I asked, downing a cup of coffee, not for the taste, just for the stimulant effect.

I needed the energy.

"Danny is the name of the private investigator Jessie's Dad hired when Jessie's Mom was missing!" Said Alex, going through his phone.

"That was years ago, when Jessie was a pup," I said.

“You know any other private investigators that have successfully returned missing Lunas to their Alphas?! Twice!” Said Alex.

I frowned. I did not want to get my hopes up but this Danny guy had the best track record when it came to these kinds of cases.

“Call him,” I said decisively.

Alex looked at Calix. Calix nodded. At least, we were in agreement on one thing.

Alex's POV

I kept going over my notes detailing every measure in place so far and wracking my brain for what could be added to it. Were we doing enough to find Chasity? The lockdown, the pack police patrols, the pack warrior patrols, the private investigator, the mandatory curfew.

“Alex, it's almost dawn,” said Mom, clearly worried about Calix.

She was saying my name but looking at him.

“I'm fine, Mom,” murmured Calix.

“You're not fine,” said Mom.

“Well, of course, I'm not fine, my reason for being is missing!” Hissed Calix.

Mom fell silent. She flounced off back into the next room. She was refusing to go to bed until we did though she wasn't actually helping. Did she really not care about my Luna even in the slightest?! I pushed the thought from my mind. Mom's antics were a distraction right now. I needed to focus all my brain power on finding Chasity.

“Danny Saunders is here, Alphas,” said a pack warrior, entering the room.

I perked up. I exchanged a hopeful glance with my brothers. The lack of leads was disheartening but perhaps Danny could put a fresh spin on things. I was doing just about anything to keep my mind off imagining the predicament Chasity might be in. It was excruciating to think about her being scared or hungry or hurt in anyway. It made me furious as well and I did not know where to direct that fury. I did not know who to blame.

Danny entered the room. He cleared his throat as if to announce himself. I shook his hand and so did Calix. Felix seemed to be sizing him up. He was eye to eye with us. Very tall. Broad shoulders. Surprisingly scruffy.

You'd think he would've shaved first, grumbled Keaton in my mind, including Calix and Felix. Before meeting the pack leaders especially all three of you, Alphas!

I like that he didn't shave, said Felix. It means he dropped everything to come here and didn't waste anytime at my Baby Chasity's expense.

I suppose, said Keaton.

He looks like Uncle Henry, said Calix. Like Jessie's Dad.

He absolutely did not look like Jessie's Dad. Jessie and his Dad bore a resemblance to my brothers and my Dad with their light olive skin, blue eyes and glossy dark hair. This guy had intense dark eyes and brown hair. He had a five o' clock shadow and a bushy moustache. I didn't bother to argue with Calix. We were all so upset already. There was no need to quarrel over something dumb.

Yeah, a little bit, the nose, I lied.

Um, no! What?! Disagreed Felix.

"Thank you, Danny, for coming straight here. Time is of the essence," I said.

Felix finally decided to shake Danny's hand.

"I'm Danny Saunders," said Danny Saunders unnecessarily to the room.

We clearly knew who he was.

"I require an audience with all three Alphas. You three will be my first three interviews," said Danny.

He had a strange way of repeating himself.

"You sure you said 'three' enough," muttered Felix.

"Is there somewhere we can be alone?" Continued Danny, unruffled. "A more intimate setting?"

"Buy us dinner first, at least," joked Felix wryly.

I smiled slightly. I was glad to hear Felix crack a joke. It hurt me to see my brothers so drained of life. Danny remained stone faced.

"All right, let's go to the conference room," I suggested.

Beta Keaton and Dad attempted to follow us up the stairs.

“Just the three lovers of Chasity for now, thanks,” said Danny.

Felix snorted. We went to the conference room with Danny and sat down.

“I need to interview you separately and as a group. Your pick. What will we do first?” Said Danny, opening his briefcase and revealing an old-fashioned looking tape recorder. I noticed he already had a few newspaper clippings of Chasity, Felix, Calix and me in a folder. My heart hurt seeing our smiling faces on our joint birthday. It had been the first big news story about the four of us. This morning’s headline would be another one.

Calix

“Together first,” I insisted.

I felt so shaky without Chasity. I didn’t feel like being away from my brothers even for a few minutes right now.

“How long is this gonna take? My Baby is out there. I must have recounted this story half a dozen times already,” grumbled Felix.

“I can imagine your frustration but I need to conduct my investigation independently from the police and warriors. That is what you hired me for? Isn’t it?” Said Danny.

We nodded. Danny made us start all the way back. He wanted to hear about how we first met Chasity and what our relationship was like before that fateful birthday. Then, he questioned us about our parents’ reactions to us being mated to Chasity as well as our own reactions.

“I knew I loved her instantly,” said Felix without hesitation. “I was...relieved in a sense. Now, I could love her more openly. Now, I could try to convince her to love me. I hadn’t realised how much I wanted her to be the one until I found out that she was.”

Danny nodded encouragingly. He looked at me. He had a way of asking questions without necessarily verbalising them. I pictured Chasity’s beautiful face in my mind. My chest hurt like there was a band constricting around my heart.

“My relationship with Chasity was different. I never tried to hide my liking for her. My brothers knew how I felt. My mother knew how I felt. I never hid my feelings themselves but I dialled down their intensity. I pretended it was a fleeting crush and not a...devotion,” I explained. “It was more than like. Even though she was not the first girl I dated...she was my first love...long before the mate bond. I think little me fell in love with her from the first time I saw her on the doorstep. When she became my official mate, I was able to court her properly. I was eager. I felt lucky to be matched with her. I felt emboldened too. Now, I knew the chances of her loving me back were very good. Fate was on our side...until now...” I mumbled, trailing off awkwardly.

Alex sighed. I could feel his sorrow emanating from him like smoke filling a room. It was suffocating: being around all this sadness, some of it mine and some of it belonging to my elder brothers. We all wanted to wake up from this nightmare.

“Alex,” prompted Danny. “Same question. Can you compare your feelings for Chasity before and after the mate bond took effect?”

“Is this therapy or an investigation?” Snarled Felix.

“Both,” said Danny unabashedly.

“I’ve always loved her,” said Alex simply.

“Well, don’t talk us half to death,” said Felix.

“There isn’t much to say,” said Alex defensively.

Danny raised his brows. I knew Alex was holding back his emotions like he always did.

“Chasity always ignored me before the bond. I was...petty. I was annoyed about how little attention she gave to me. It was so easy to get the attention of every girl in the pack besides the one I wanted. When I found out she was mine, I was determined to earn her forgiveness and win her over. How is this helping the investigation?” Asked Alex pointedly.

I was wondering that myself.

“It’s helping me compile a list of suspects,” said Danny.

I glanced at the list:

Luna Ronnie – begrudgingly took Chasity in. Vying for Calix’s attention.

Sandra – recent ex of Alex. Obsessed with birthing a new Alpha.

Tonya – recent ex of Felix. Jealous streak. A woman scorned.

Avery – recent ex of Calix. Unlikely to be main suspect. Possible accomplice.

Roxie – former ex of Felix. Old grudge.

“You think our Mom is capable of this?” I asked, feeling affronted.

He did not attempt to hide his notes. He did the opposite. He turned his notes towards us so that we could see them more clearly.

“You think she’s not?” Countered Danny.

I frowned. He put a pencil down in front of us. We stared at it.

“If any of you are confident enough to put your missing mate’s head on a block where Luna Ronnie is concerned, then take the pencil and cross out her name!” Instructed Danny.

He sat back, waiting. No one took the pencil.

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Felix

After less than an hour sleep, we sped down to the location of the The Lucky Toad. We were willing to do anything to find Chasity. Alex was beginning to believe that Chasity’s disappearance was linked to the disappearance of her parents nine years ago. The Lucky Toad Casino was where Chalice and Chase had supposedly racked up a huge debt before they fled town. It seemed like a good place to start sniffing out old enemies Chasity’s parents might have. Old enemies who might still have it in for them and their daughter. Unfortunately for those old grudge-holders, I was Chasity’s mate and I would grind their bones to dust if I found out they had anything to do with Chasity or her parents going missing.

“For all we know, re-opening that investigation could be what put Chasity in danger,” said Alex with a heavy sigh as we pulled up to a large dilapidated-looking building.

“There’s a plank of wood nailed across the doors,” noted Alex, alarmed.

“Is it closed down?” Wondered Calix aloud.

I had more experience with dodgy places and shifty people than my brothers did combined. The bar I played pool at always looked closed too.

“Those fuckers are in there, trust me!” I growled.

“Maybe, there’s a more accessible entrance,” suggested Alex.

I marched up to the double doors and ripped the plank of wood off of them.

“Too late,” I said, tossing the wooden plank aside.

I pushed the double doors open and walked right through them, flanked by my brothers. Yep, they were in there all right. All the gamblers stiffened in their chairs. There were about two dozen people in the dimly lit casino, all with tired eyes. They looked like they’d been up all night. None of them dared to look our way but I could feel the tension in the room. They were hyperaware of us.

A waitress in a skimpy uniform and clunky high heels wobbled over to us. She was a bleached blonde she-wolf who looked to be in her mid-forties meaning she was likely much older as werewolves aged so slowly.

“What can I get you fellas?” She croaked.

This waitress was a chain smoker. No doubt about that. I smirked. I was here to deal with the management not sample the menu.

“The boss! Get me the boss!” I said, leaning in.

She almost fell over as she leant away from me. She hurried towards a staircase at the back of the room. I moved to follow her but Alex put a hand on my shoulder.

Let’s give them a chance to cooperate, he said in my mind.

We sat at the bar. There was a gaunt bartender staring at us with his orb-like eyes while he wiped the same glass over and over with a dingy-looking dish towel.

“I think it’s clean, buddy,” commented Calix, smiling slightly.

I stifled a snort of laughter. The bartender dropped the dingy towel and then to our surprise, he let the whole damn glass slip from his hands and shatter on the floor. He jumped, startled, by his own mistake and then bent over to hastily pick up the pieces. This place was a clown show.

Alex

I looked up just in time to spot the waitress returning. I was shocked at her appearance. Her hair was all over the place, her uniform rumpled and her cheeks streaked with runny black mascara as though she had been crying. Had someone roughed her up? Had it been the boss? What a fucking jerk! I could not stand “men” who put their hands on women like that.

“The boss will see you now, Alphas,” she said as soon as she reached us.

We simply nodded and then headed up the stairs.

Did you see the state of her? Was she like that before? Asked Calix.

Definitely not! I said immediately. Someone manhandled her.

Guess the boss is as great of a guy as we thought, grumbled Felix.

The stairs led us to a long hallway with just one door at the very end. There was a gold-plated plaque on the door that read: Chance.

We walked into a straight-up pigsty.

Fuck, was all I could think.

The room was cluttered with crap. There was a large wooden desk dominated by ornaments, old empty water bottles and yellowing, coffee-stained papers. There were so many random items all over the office, it reminded me of those Eye Spy games where one had to find a few small objects in dense mountains of stuff. Many of the items were lucky charms. I spotted several horse shoes nailed to the walls. I raised my foot from the floor, realising the ground was sticky for some reason. Disgusting. I could hear the squeaking of mice somewhere among the mounds of stuff.

The case of hoarding had almost made me overlook the large man behind the desk. He was a mature werewolf with salt and pepper hair and a thick moustache. Despite being in a dark office, he was wearing darkly tinted sunglasses along with an ill-fitting blazer over a white shirt and black tie. All of his clothes seemed a bit tight on him and he had a protruding stomach that was putting pressure on the buttons of his shirt. He was not the picture of elegance but something about his mature lined face was goodnatured. I did not think he had been the one to mistreat the waitress.

“Chance?” Asked Felix incredulously.

He greeted us with a warm smile

“Alpha Felix!” Said Chance brightly.

He had recognised us immediately.

“Sit!” Encouraged Chance.

“We’d rather stand,” I said quickly.

I could only imagine the state of the chairs in front of his desk. Chance put a chubby hand with thick fingers on a stack of papers and my eyes instantly went to the back of his hand. It was not the hairiness or the gold rings that drew my attention, it was the tattoo. A full moon with a snake curled around it.

The tattoo, said Felix, noticing it too.

“What does that tattoo mean?” I asked.

“Snakes shed their skin. The moon waxes and wanes. Renewal. Death and life. Life through death. You have to fall apart, die almost, to be renewed, reinvigorated, reborn,” said Chance ominously.

Okay then, said Calix.

I can’t decide if that was sheer brilliance or bullshit, said Felix.

I had not been expecting a response like that, I muttered.

I hoped Chance would not speak in riddles throughout this interview.

“Look, you already know why we’re here,” I said, getting to the point.

The whole pack knew by now. We had announced it and the story was playing nonstop on the pack news channel.

“Chasity is missing. She’s our Luna,” I said, pausing to compose myself a little. “This is the second kidnapping. The first was unsuccessful. Someone has been after her ever since we started asking questions about her parents who fled town running from someone. All of her parents’ old friends and people at their old haunts have that same tattoo. So save me a lot of trouble and just tell me everything you know,” I said sternly.

Chance nodded. He seemed cooperative enough.

“The tattoo is from a...group of like minded individuals. A coven if you will. Werewolves who practice witchcraft. The group is called the Furina Ornata after the moon snake. All members have the tattoo. There’s about two hundred members last time I checked. There could be a million reasons why someone would kidnap a Luna. The most farfetched being related to my tattoo. And most importantly, I would never harm Chasity,” said Chance, seemingly in earnest.

He took off his shades and fixed us with a stern look, “I’m her grandfather.”

Calix

I was speechless as were my elder brothers.

Are you guys buying this? Asked Felix privately.

Alex was silent, thinking it over. Somehow, my wolf and I just knew it was true. I gave Felix the mind-link equivalent of a simple nod.

“Chasity’s grandfather?” Asked Felix, narrowing his eyes in suspicion.

Chance nodded.

“So where have you been all this years?” Demanded Alex.

He was glaring at Chance. He took the words right out of my mouth. Chasity had not had it easy growing up under my Mom’s rules. She would have probably been better off with her grandfather assuming his house was not a bacterial breeding ground like his office.

“I’ve been here,” said Chance, waving his hands to indicate he’d been in this messy room. “Running the Lucky Toad Casino!” He said with another grand hand gesture.

My eyes swept over the room. My eyes were likely the only things to sweep the room in years. This place was uninhabitable.

He’s insane, concluded Alex. That’s why he didn’t come to look for Chasity even though he was nearby.

Felix and I looked at Alex and nodded.

“I’m not insane, Alex,” said Chance slowly as though responding to our private mind-link.

We recoiled a little, wondering if that was just a coincidence? Chance’s smile remained plastered on his face.

It’s probably just a coincidence! I assured my brothers.

They both nodded marginally so as not to draw too much attention to our private exchanges.

“No, it’s not, I can hear you loud and clear,” admitted Chance, leaving us quite bemused.

Was he a wizard?

“How is that possible?” Demanded Felix.

“The witchcraft?” Inferred Alex. “From the group you belong too?”

Chance nodded.

“The Furina Ornata allows each of its members to tap into...special skills...my special skill is being able to listen to any mind-link within a certain radius. I can't explicitly read minds but I can sense the truth and a lie with perfect accuracy and I can listen in on private mind-links,” said Chance, smiling.

That was astounding! I wondered if we could learn to listen to private mind-links. That would be a useful ability for Alphas to have. I wondered if Chasity had any special gifts. My wolf immediately reminded me of just how special and sweet Chasity was regardless. We didn't care if she was “gifted” per say. I pictured her smiling face. I pushed the image from my mind because the pain was too much. I had to basically pretend she wasn't missing to get through the day or even just the hour for that matter.

“Ok, congrats, back to Chasity,” grumbled Felix dismissively. “You're her grandfather how? Who's Dad are you? Her Mom's or her Dad's?”

“I'm Chalice's father. Chalice was Chasity's Mom,” explained Chance, a sadness taking over his expression.

Was? Why was he talking about his own daughter as if she was already gone? Had he given up hope of her being found? I was never giving up hope where my Goddess Chasity was concerned.

“Was?” Asked Alex, picking up on the same thing. “So you know for sure Chasity's parents are...no longer with us?”

Chance sighed.

“My daughter Chalice had her demons. She wasn't perfect. The order of the Furina Ornata was trying to help her. The order helps people with a variety of things including addictions. She was never able to successfully detox. She kept falling back by the wayside. Her mate, Chasity's Dad had better luck detoxing with our order but Chalice's relapses were his relapses since they usually did everything together. Mates can be our saving grace or our Kryptonite, you know,” said Chance sadly.

He seemed to be holding back a deluge of emotions. He had not really answered the question regarding Chalice and Chance being alive or dead but it felt a bit harsh to push him. Luckily, harshness was Felix's specialty.

“Ok, we already know her parents were drug addicts,” pointed out Felix impatiently.

“Felix,” hissed Alex, nudging him and giving him an indignant look.

Chance let out a humourless laugh.

“You’re passionate about my granddaughter! I’m glad,” said Chance.

He still hadn’t accounted for anything. My wolf and I were anxious.

“This doesn’t add up,” I blurted out. “Where have you been, Chance? Chasity’s childhood sucked and I’m sure you knew that if you knew her parents were drug addicts. Didn’t you wonder where Chasity was when her parents skipped town?” I asked incredulously.

Chance sighed.

“When my daughter ran off, leaving Chasity, I followed her. I was trying to track her down and bring her back. I tailed them for a while,” revealed Chance.

This was it. A true lead regarding Chasity’s parents. He might know where they ended up after they fled town.

“And?” Asked Felix eagerly.

Chance looked away from us, sorrow clouding his eyes.

“And...unfortunately when I finally caught up to them...they were...” Chance trailed off.

He seemed close to tears. He steadied himself with a deep shaky breath.

“Please, I know it’s hard but please tell us Chance. It’s not too late for Chasity even if it was too late for her mother,” said Alex, gently, his eyes pleading with Chance.

Chance nodded. He seemed genuine in his desire to help Chasity. His eyes were still brimming with tears and his breathing was shaky. I patted him on the shoulder.

“I found them finally...I caught up to them in a motel miles and miles from here. I remember it so vividly because it was Christmas Morning,” confessed Chance.

“You know that song,” said Chance suddenly, his eyes glazing over as if he was envisioning the scene all those years ago.

“Walking in a Winter Wonderland by Dean Martin. It’s an old Christmas song,” he continued.

I knew that song. I loved that song.

“Beautiful. Chalice’s favourite. It’s so funny...the synchronicity...” he said, trailing off again, chuckling sadly.

He spoke with his hands a lot and currently, his hands were trembling.

“I...I was listening to that song on the radio...Walking in a Winter Wonderland...as I switched off the car and took the key out of the ignition but the song never stopped!” Revealed Chance.

Huh? My brothers and I looked at each other, bemused. Chance let out a nervous little laugh.

“The song was still playing on the same radio station but somewhere upstairs in the motel!” Explained Chance. “Chalice! Listening to the same Christmas song as her Dad on the same day at the same time on the same radio station!” Exclaimed Chance excitedly as tears streamed down his cheeks.

I smiled.

“That’s wonderful,” I said sincerely

Somehow I knew the story did not have a wonderful ending to match this heartwarming coincidence.

“So you followed the music?” I prompted.

“Right you are Calix, right you are!” Exclaimed Chance.

My brothers and I looked at each other in surprise. He could tell us apart! That wasn’t easy to do. Only our parents, exes, other pack leaders and of course our one and only Chasity could do that. We were mildly impressed.

“I followed the faint music. It grew steadily louder. There was an echo to it. The Marigold Motel not the hotel, the seedy motel. I went up the rickety side steps. Found one of the doors to the rooms left open. The music was coming from there. I walked in. The place was small and reasonably clean, nothing spectacular. Minimal Christmas decorations. I followed the Christmas Carol to the radio. I turned it off. I shouldn’t have turned it off. The music has been off ever since. When I turned a corner, Chalice and her mate were sitting, staring at the table in the kitchenette. Eyes wide. Just staring. There were fang marks on their necks,” Chance said, lost in a trance and trembling slightly.

“Vampires?” Asked Felix, worry evident in his eyes.

“Snake bites. Furina Ornata. The venomous Moon Snake. The order has special snakes that are a thousand times more venomous than usual,” revealed Chance.

“So it was the order! It is something to do with the tattoo!” Insisted Alex.

Had we just solved the cold case?

“No...not quite,” said Chance.

Huh?

“We give snake bites on purpose. The venom makes us stronger when administered correctly and under supervision. That’s how I got my powers. They were seeking help to get stronger. To fight whoever was chasing them!” Explained Chance.

“But?” Prompted Felix, eager for the conclusion of the strange tale.

Chance gulped. He took out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his brow.

“But the Furina Ornata member who had come to administer the snake venom was dead on the ground too with a bite mark on the neck,” confessed Chance.

I held in a gasp.

“Someone had come upon them and interfered with the ritual. The person or people they were running from interrupted the venom ritual so they couldn’t take the antidote and finish it. They died with venom flooding their systems unchecked. The antidote is usually kept in a metal briefcase with our symbol on it. I found the briefcase on the floor open and the antidote missing. Someone took the antidote and ran off. We usually bring many vials of antidote. The person took all, about half a dozen and left. Or people. The administrator of the venom, our member, she was dead on the ground near the empty briefcase with the snake still crawling about,” explained Chance very softly as though we might be overheard.

The tension in the room was palpable. I was devastated for my Chasity. Her own maternal grandfather had just confirmed the deaths of her parents and she wasn’t even here to process it for herself. Her parents had been doing whatever they could to get strong enough to fight their enemies and return to her but it had all gone wrong. Their enemies had come upon them mid-ritual and made off with the antidote, leaving Chalice and Chase to die by the very thing that was supposed to be their saving grace.

“So...what did you do after that, Chance?” I asked gently.

I was grateful that he was being so transparent with us. He had lost his daughter. No wonder his office was such a mess. He was probably depressed.

“I called the police. They came with an ambulance. I sat there and looked at Chalice staring at me sightlessly. She looked peaceful, hopeful, perhaps about the ritual. She herself had undertaken it successfully once before. We all did, numerous times. The

ambulance people couldn't revive them. They were pronounced dead and so was the administrator. The people who were chasing them. I had no idea still who they were or where they went. I buried my daughter and her mate with my own money. I even included the administrator in the funeral. It was a quiet little funeral in Marigold," said Chance in hushed tones.

Alex

Marigold? Maze's territory. When I got my Luna back, I would take her to her parents' graves. It was not what we had been hoping for but the truth was always worth telling.

"Why didn't you tell anyone?" Snapped Felix, his blue eyes turning black.

I could understand his anger. Chasity had been in the dark all this time.

Chance looked affronted at Felix's tone.

"Who was the administrator?" I asked instead, diverting Chance's attention.

"The administrator was Deidre Binx, Chalice's friend, and a fellow order member who used the venom treatments for her skin and whatnot like a beauty regime. She wanted to be a model," said Chance flippantly.

I felt a chill creep through me. My brothers were uncomfortable too. Deidre Binx wasn't dead so how could she be buried? Was this man a pathological liar? Or was Deidre Binx some kind of wraith? Was she a total imposter?

"Deidre Binx isn't dead," blurted out Felix. "She is a model, was. She's a retired supermodel. She's in LA, still schmoozing and again why didn't you tell anyone? Chasity? Our parents? You left her in the dark," complained Felix, his voice cracking slightly.

We were all grieving but I knew Felix was taking this the hardest. He blamed himself for letting Chasity out of his sight even if only for one minute when he let her use her downstairs bathroom. Chance looked flabbergasted. He truly hadn't known that Deidre Binx had been walking runways for the past nine years. I looked around the room. Chance was probably a recluse.

"The real Deidre Spinx is dead," said Chance firmly. "I know that with a certainty. I don't know who that woman that models and has her name and looks just like her is. She's not Deidre Spinx. I was never able to catch her and talk to her. She eluded me for years and I grew tired. I don't think she actually killed anyone. Just benefitted from the death of Deidre. Took her spot in the modelling agency. Doppelgängers? I really don't know. It's creepy but my focus was Chalice. I buried her and I did tell your parents. Alpha Romeo and Luna Ronnie."

I was going to be sick. A wave of nausea hit me. What? My parents knew Chasity's parents were dead.

"I begged them to bring her to the funeral," continued Chance. "I spoke with them on the phone. They hung up. They ignored my letters. I used to show up at the pack house after I got back from Marigold. They got a restraining order against me. Look it's there!" Shouted Chance, pointing to the wall.

My brothers and I looked up. It was there. Chance had framed the restraining order against him. Chance laughed humourlessly.

"Your asshole parents," he said with a shrug.

I caught Calix's face contorting in anger out of the corner of my eye. I was too in shock to be offended.

"I sent toys and letters and things. Tried to get to see Chasity. They kept returning them. They threatened me. Told me to stay away from Chasity. The Luna blamed me and my daughter for her step-brother's death," revealed Chance.

He was dropping truth-bomb after truth-bomb on us. We scarcely had time to recover from any of them. Mom knew of Chase's death and blamed it on Chance.

"I ran my casino and figured when Chasity turned eighteen she'd do her own digging and come back to me," concluded Chance. "I became...depressed honestly."

He wasn't lying about that. It was plain as day. I began to feel sorry for him. Loneliness was a silent killer as far as I was concerned.

"This room it's filled with stuff they returned. Stuff for Chasity," said Chance, tears threatening to spill over from his eyes.

My younger brothers and I took another look around the room. My heart constricted painfully. I had thought the room was filled with random junk. Now, I could see many of the items were toys: dolls, teddy bears, tiny figurines. There were also clothes that would suit a little girl: frilly dresses and filly socks, hair bows, jewellery and even small pairs of pastel-coloured shoes. I spotted a few bottles of perfumes and antiques like a rocking horse and a little carousel-shaped music box. I realised what I had mistaken for old stacks of paperwork were letters and cards. I deciphered a few of Chance's scribbles: Grandpa misses you, I love you, Dear Chasity, To my one and only grand-baby, I'm sorry, Hope to see you soon, I wish I could see you grow up, We'll be together one day I promise, Merry Christmas, Happy birthday, Grandpa Loves you, Love always from Grandpa.

Calix was crying. Tears were sliding silently down his cheeks. Felix actually sat down in one of the sticky chairs in front of Chance's desk. I could see him doing his breathing

exercises. He was angry. Furious. I was too. I had to confront Mom and Dad about this. If they had really done this, if they had kept Chasity and Chance apart for no good reason, then they were...they were monsters. They were villains. Another wave of nausea hit me. I felt disgusted and not because the room needed a serious decluttering followed by a generous spray of lysol.

"Chance, I am so sorry for everything. I had no idea," I said honestly.

I wanted Chance as an ally. If he truly loved Chasity, then we had a lot in common. Chance just nodded in response to my apology. The gambling debt story was likely bullshit. Chalice's father owned the casino. The enemies involved couldn't be debt collectors or loan sharks, they were more nefarious than that, more sinister and their motives, more mysterious. Chasity's grandpa could not just wallow in this room. He needed to be instrumental in helping us find Chasity. I was almost completely convinced that the people who ruined the venom ritual nine years ago had something to do with Chasity's disappearance.

"But I need you, Chance. We need you. Chasity needs you!" I said.

Chance straightened himself in his chair. He adjusted his blazer. This was a broken but talented werewolf. A gifted werewolf.

"Your ability to tell when people are lying! Your mind-linking reading! Those are amazing!" I said, building him up.

"Danny needs you! That's our private investigator. Team up with him, with us, please, for Chasity!" I propositioned.

We could crack this case together. I just knew it. My brothers and I stared at Chance. Despite the anger coming off from Felix in waves and the sorrow emanating from Calix, I could also feel that they agreed with me. They wanted Chance on our side. Chance's silence was making us all a bit anxious. He looked as though he hadn't left this room except maybe to buy the gifts that cluttered it. Would he be bold enough to join our investigation?

For those of you not on my face book page or in my face book readers' group, I had a family emergency. My mother had some right calf pain so I measured her calves (I am a medical doctor) and the right was much larger than the left which is indicative of a clot so my Dad and I took her to get an ultrasound that confirmed the clot in the leg. That same day she became breathless which was terrifying because it was likely that she now had a lung clot. We rushed her to the emergency room. A special CT scan (CTPA) showed two lung clots. The following night I found out she was covid positive so she was transferred to a special ward of another hospital. My Dad and I were swabbed and found to be positive for covid as well. My wonderful readers have been so understanding and many have sent their well wishes our way. I am still in quarantine with my parents. My mother is now home with us which is a huge relief. I just wanted to

update everyone. Also, sorry for putting this in the body of the work instead of the author's note. I was told by a few readers that they can't see some of the author's notes recently. I can't set a definite update schedule just yet as I still have days where my energy level drops significantly. There have been so many concerned messages and comments from readers and I'm sorry I haven't gotten around to replying to them yet but I want you to know they mean a lot to me. I'm also sorry for the lull in updates. I am slowly getting back into a routine. Please take care. Thanks so much for reading.

Love

xoxoxo

Chapter 62: Chasity's Missed Chance

Alex

After a tense moment and a deep long breath, Chance finally answered my question with another question.

"What about the restraining order?" He asked.

"We won't let you get arrested if you're with us," I assured him quickly.

I glanced around the room at all the gifts Chasity had never gotten. There was a chance that Chance could be a little obsessive.

"No showing up at the pack house without us," I cautioned him. "And after I have a talk with my parents we can think about getting the order waved."

I needed to see my parents' reaction to Chance. I would never put them in danger. I would be present and so would my brothers in case Chance was unhinged. However, my wolf kept telling me that Chance wasn't a danger to any of us, especially not to my Luna, Chasity. His love for her seemed genuine. His heartbreak over not being allowed to be a present grandfather for her was evidenced by his lifestyle. Hoarding was done in an effort to comfort the hoarder. Hoarders were hurting and stuff made them feel safe or loved or some other desirable feeling.

"I wanna help. I wanna help Chasity," said Chance, nodding to himself. "Yes," he said.

I grinned. There was a huge smile on Calix's face too. Felix was wearing a frown and a furrowed brow though.

"Wait!" Demanded Felix. "So where is Alexi Franck and who is he to you?" He questioned.

To our surprise, Chance simply laughed. He began looking for something in the inside pocket of his snug blazer. He pulled out his wallet and slipped a card out of it, offering the card to Felix. Felix took it. Calix and I leant in, scrutinising the card. It was an ID with a picture of a less dishevelled version of Chance. The name on the ID was Alexi Chance Franck.

“Oh,” said Felix softly. “Oh, it is you! But that doesn’t make sense. Our...informant said you were awful and it seemed as though Chalice had a huge gambling dept,” continued Felix, his eyes narrowed.

Chance fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair.

“She did have a huge gambling dept and I did yell at her a lot,” admitted Chance, the shame and regret evident in his eyes. “She was a wayward child. I wouldn’t say I was awful but maybe she thought so,” mumbled Chance with a sigh.

Chance removed his sunglasses and wiped them with his blazer. The sunglasses were wet from tears shed during our difficult conversation.

“Being a parent isn’t easy,” whispered Chance, looking away from us. “She was angry because I wanted her to straighten up. She was doing drugs and being wild.”

I pictured Chalice as an older party-girl version of Chasity. Chasity could be quite stubborn. Perhaps, Chance had never really been able to discipline his daughter and by the time she had become an adult with a family of her own, it had been too little too late.

“I tried to get custody of Chasity and after that, she swore up and down the street I was the devil. I wasn’t able to get custody. I’m a single man and I own a casino. I probably don’t seem like a good guardian either. Chasity stayed with her mother and father till they gave her to the Luna and Alpha and there was no way I would win against them. They run the pack lands,” explained Chance.

His story was plausible. There was a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. How could Mom do this? Why would she take in Chasity only to treat her like a maid when she could have been raised by her loving grandfather? Sure, he was not ideal but he would have undoubtedly cherished Chasity. Calix took the words right out of my mouth.

Calix

“Why would Mom insist on raising Chasity if there was an alternative? Why would she subject Chasity to...” I said, trailing off.

My wolf found this infuriating. I felt sick and deeply saddened. I was already mourning Chasity’s absence. Now I was mourning the childhood she missed out on. The childhood she could have had if Chance was telling the truth about Mom.

It was hard to admit that my Mom had been abusive towards Chasity, exploitative even. The two women I loved most might never truly be on good terms. When I got Chasity back (because I was getting her back at any cost), I would have to tell her what Mom had done. Chasity was my Goddess. I could not keep this from her. Chasity would find out that she could have had a relatively idyllic childhood with her Grandpa instead of being the pack house maid. Why would the pack house have a little girl for a maid anyway? What had Mom been thinking? We could have more than afforded a regular paid maid. We used to have several maids before Chasity had come to live with us and we had hired two new maids once Chasity became my mate.

“Subject Chasity to what?” Inquired Chance, momentarily snapping me out of my own inner monologue.

He didn't know. Of course, he didn't know. How would he? It had been common knowledge that Chasity had been made to “earn her keep” at the Pack House among well-connected pack members but Chance lived on the fringes. Fringe-dwellers were pack members too but they were hardly in the know. The news would devastate him. It was devastating me. I was not the only one. My brothers and I all displayed our feelings differently. Alex held back. I could feel him holding back now. There were so many repressed feelings within him, it was like a dam filled to bursting. The last deluge of emotions had flown out back when he had discovered that Chasity was ours. Felix, on the other hand, rarely got sad, he got mad.

Felix

I was so fucking pissed. Were my parents maniacs or something? Who the fuck would begrudgingly raise a child and make her feel unwanted when she was wanted by a living financially-stable family member? Chance could have probably paid Chasity's “debt” cash and raised her himself. What was the point of subjecting her to years of toil? I couldn't take it anymore. I couldn't just sit here while my Baby was missing and my Mom was sitting on a hugely relevant secret. My wolf was once again pacing. He needed to know if Mom was the culprit behind it all, even the kidnapping. I needed to get to the bottom of this.

I got up and walked out of the Chance's pigsty of an office without a backwards glance. He seemed like a decent guy but I was done talking to him for now. I needed to question my parents.

“What did I say?” I heard Chance ask as I left.

Alex and Calix followed me and Chance followed them.

“Wait!” Called Chance. “I wanna help Chasity!”

The old wolf was struggling to hold onto an armful of teddy bears and stacks of letters bound by rubber bands. He followed us out to the car.

“Felix!” Said Alex sternly.

I could hear the worry in my elder bro’s voice. He was always worried about me losing my cool. He gave me no credit sometimes.

“I need to talk to our parents!” I said as I got in the driver’s seat.

Alex got into the passenger’s seat without another word. Calix and Chance sat in the backseat. I sped off, flooring the accelerator. I could hear the tires screeching but I didn’t care. I was a man on a mission. Chance and my bros were silent for the entire trip for which I was grateful. There were so many loud racing thoughts in my mind, I didn’t need any outward noise.

I parked in front of the Pack House in one swift move. I burst through the front door. Just the people I wanted to see. Mom and Dad. They weren’t alone though. Beta Keaton was there with his daughters, Roxie and Moxie. Moxie looked almost as pissed as I felt and Roxie was crying. She was my most reasonable ex. I cared about her but I didn’t have time for whatever was bothering her right now. My Baby Chasity was my reason for being and every second without her was painful. My eyes went back to Mom.

“Felix! How could you think of me as a suspect?” Cried Roxie, tugging on my sleeve to get my attention.

“Roxie, I don’t have time for this,” I said sternly. “Get over it! Are you in jail? No. Good,” I said dismissively.

Everyone was a suspect as far as I was concerned. My own mother was a suspect. Why should my ex think she would be exempt from the list? She should be grateful she was being let off after a simple conversation. I had gotten a text from the private investigator, saying Roxie had set Chasity up to be confronted by Tonya and the girls. If Tonya had hurt one curl on Chasity’s head, I would throw two of my exes in jail. Tonya herself and Roxie. Calix’s dopey ex and Alex’s psycho ex would be joining them too.

“Felix!” Chastised Mom.

“Mother!” I hissed

I was not about to let her distract me from the main issue at hand.

“Do you know this man?” I asked, pointing to Chance and scrutinising Mom’s expression as she finally noticed Chance hiding behind Alex.

Mom gasped. Dad looked livid.

“What is he doing here?” Shouted Dad, incensed.

He was one octave away from using his Alpha Voice.

“Yes, he’s, he’s a...a stalker!” Said Mom.

“Is he or is he not Chasity’s maternal grandfather?” I growled through gritted teeth.

Did they take me for a fool? The fact that they were deflecting and not simply answering the question directly was very telling.

Mom spluttered, trying to find the words to say. Dad glared at me. They wanted to do this the hard way. FINE!

“IS HE?!” I yelled in my Alpha voice, making the whole room shake.

I would let this entire pack house crumble to dust to get to the truth. It was all relevant. Every potential enemy of Chasity was guilty until proven innocent. Roxie and Moxie fled the room while they still could. Even Keaton got up to leave.

“Beta Keaton, stay, please,” implored Mom.

“Go!” I whispered fiercely, still using my Alpha Voice and eliciting a small tremor.

Keaton was compelled to leave. He could not disobey a direct order like that from one of his Alphas. He glanced back Mom and Dad, an apologetic look in his eyes. Calix and Alex were silently flanking me. We needed to put up a united front.

“Let’s sit down,” encouraged Mom. “Let’s compose ourselves.”

“I wanna stand,” I said, keeping my voice measured but curt.

I didn’t want this to be a shouting match but it would be if necessary.

“I’m gonna ask one more time. Mom, Dad, who is this man and what is his relation to Chasity?” I asked, gesturing towards Chance again.

Chance was making himself small in a corner of the room. He was clearly intimidated by my parents. Mom and Dad did not look afraid of Chance despite Mom’s claim that he was a stalker.

Mom took a deep breath. She sat down in an armchair, facing my brothers, me and Chance.

“He is the father of Chalice and Chalice is...” she began.

“Chasity’s mother,” I said, finishing her sentence.

I felt like all the wind had been knocked out of me. I laughed humourlessly.

“He was telling the truth,” I said, still laughing.

It was all I could do to keep from crying.

“He was not a suitable guardian,” said Mom, her eyes turning black.

I did not buy it. I had never seen her angry on Chasity’s behalf before. Why would she care enough to keep Chasity from an unsuitable guardian. She had been an unsuitable guardian. Before I could compose myself a little, my wolf took over.

“YOU WERE NOT A SUITABLE GUARDIAN!!!” We roared.

“You’re out of control!!” Shouted Dad, his eyes now black like mine and Mom’s.

“No! No, I’m not. What is wrong with the two of you?” I asked, empathising the word to describe this situation.

It was wrong. It was sick. It was inhumane. I pictured my beautiful Chasity going nine years without a single birthday gift or Christmas present. Nine years of cleaning floors and toilets. Nine years of hand-me-downs.

“Ok, let’s say you didn’t want him to have custody. Did you stop him from bringing Chasity gifts and cards and letters? Did you?” I demanded.

“We just wanted nothing to do with him,” said Mom.

“Oh my God, oh my God,” I said, sinking into a chair.

I covered my face with my hands. My chest was exploding with literal pain. Chasity’s past psychological pain was like fresh physical pain to me, stabbing me all over. It was unbearable.

Calix

Felix was an emotional wreck and Alex was looking pale and stressed.

“Mom,” I said, looking her in the eyes, hoping it would be difficult for her to lie to me.

We needed the truth.

“I don’t understand! Why would you do that? Chasity was little. Why didn’t you just let her have the comfort of a relative? You never liked her very much,” I said, keeping things honest.

I was trying to keep the hysteria at bay but my grieving wolf was clawing his way out. Instead of rage building, I could feel the tears brimming in my eyes.

"I didn't realise you...hated her," I said softly.

"No, no. I do not hate Chasity. She's not my cup of tea but..."

Mom trailed off, ending her feeble denial of her past misdeeds.

"What are you people saying?" Asked Chance, looking thoroughly confused and more than a little disturbed.

Everyone turned to him.

"What do you mean? Are...are you...are you saying that Chasity wasn't happy here?" He asked, his eyes wide as he swiped his sweaty brow with a handkerchief.

I didn't have the heart to tell him. Thankfully, Alex did.

"She was a maid essentially cooking and cleaning to work off debts. Gambling and drug debts that my parents said they paid off," said Alex sadly.

"We did pay them off!" Bellowed Dad, his wolf at the forefront. "A quarter of a million dollars worth!"

"I could have paid that!" Yelled Chance, his wolf coming out too.

His eyes turned black and the angles of his face sharpened. He was close to shifting.

Dad stiffened uncomfortably.

"Your casino is.." Began Dad.

"I know it ain't fancy but it makes money. I have my zombies. They do nothing but gamble. I could've paid that," said Chance wryly.

Chance was almost breathless from the effort of holding back his wolf. I was furious with Mom and Dad but I readied myself in case I needed to jump between Mom and Chance. I knew Dad could fend for himself but I couldn't let my Mom fight a male wolf. She was still my Mom. That was the worst part of all of this. My own mother had hurt my mate.

"Then why didn't Chalice go to you?" Shrieked Mom indignantly.

"BECAUSE SHE HATED ME!" Roared Chance, making Mom jump.

Chance sank down onto the couch and gave way to sobbing. My heart went out to him. He had lost his only daughter and now his granddaughter was missing after nine years of them being kept apart. I patted his shoulder.

“Um...uh... don't cry Grandpa,” I murmured.

I wanted him to feel like a part of this family. We were a lot more dysfunctional than I had ever realised growing up but we were still a family. We had to get through this together. If Mom wanted to redeem herself, she needed to put her all into helping us find Goddess.

“We'll get Chasity back! I promise. She's everything to me. She's my whole life!” I declared, getting choked up.

My lip quivered.

“Then we'll make sure she's happy every single day and we'll dust off those gifts and letters and she'll be so excited to read them,” I said, smiling though there were tears in my eyes.

I had to hold onto to that future image, the one of Chasity happily reunited with us and receiving all the love she deserved.

Mom smiled at me, clearly grateful for my input. Chance slowly calmed down. We all did. Chance was taking deep slow breaths. He seemed pleasantly surprised at me calling him Grandpa.

“I can see Chasity whenever I want?” Clarified Chance, his eyes hopeful.

“Yes, Grandpa,” I said gently.

“And she can stay with me for a bit?” Added Chance.

I was not too sure about that one. Once I got my Goddess back, I wanted to be joined at the hip every single moment for the rest of forever. I didn't care how enmeshed that was. I was never letting her out of my sight again.

Felix

I had been lost in my own tortured thoughts until I heard Chance ask if Chasity could come stay with him in future. I was going to get Chasity back and then I was going to keep her by my side forever. I wanted to make that clear. I straightened in my chair.

“You can stay here for a bit to spend some time together if Chasity likes that idea but my wife doesn't do sleepovers,” I said in a no-nonsense tone.

Chance looked a bit peeved but he nodded wordlessly.

“So what was it about Chance that made him an unsuitable guardian for Chasity?”
Asked Alex.

He had been quiet for a while now but he was livid. I could tell. I knew my brother well enough to know when he was boiling up with rage on the inside but seemingly cool, calm and collected on the outside.

I wouldn't put all the blame on Mom. She was the greatest offender here but Dad could have stopped her. He was complicit. We were complicit too. We should have put a stop to the maid-work from the moment we had turned eighteen, three years before becoming Alphas.

Mom was silent. Was she refusing to answer the question. Chance spoke up before I could repeat it on Alex's behalf.

“She thinks I killed my own daughter and her mate, Ronnie's stepbrother,” muttered Chance.

That was a heavy accusation.

“Prove that you didn't!” Hissed Mom.

Dad folded his arms, his jaw set.

“Prove that YOU didn't!” Retorted Chance.

Huh?! My heart almost stopped. That had never occurred to me. My greatest fear had been that my own parents could have arranged Chasity's kidnapping. However, I couldn't bear to think they could have put some kind of hit out on Chasity's parents. It wasn't logical. They always acted as though she had been foisted upon them. Why would they orphan her only to find her a burdensome orphan?

Mom and Dad sighed. Calix closed his eyes as he leant back on the couch. This was probably the hardest for him. He was so close to Mom. He was missing Chasity and his old relationship with Mom. In one day, the way he viewed her had changed. I could feel his conflicting emotions though our bond as triplets.

It'll be okay, I said to him privately.

I felt him nod over mind-link.

It'll be okay, I said again, including Alex and trying to convince myself as well.

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Alex

Pointing fingers at each other was getting us nowhere. My parents were far from perfect but they wouldn't have harmed Chasity's parents. My Mom could not have killed her own little step-brother. Mom obviously resented the fact that she had been made to take care of Chasity in his absence. Why would she have gotten rid of him in the first place then? It didn't add up. She had no motive where Chase and Chalice were concerned. She would have benefitted more from them being alive and present to care for Chasity.

On the other hand, Chance also had no motive in my opinion. Some might say that wanting custody of Chasity was a motive. However, if he had killed his own daughter just to gain custody of his granddaughter, why stop there? Chasity had been left with my parents. Chance could have kidnapped her or attacked my parents if he had been deranged enough. Chance seemed quite level-headed to me, possibly more so than my Mom. Now that I knew Chance existed, Mom begrudgingly raising Chasity seemed more spiteful than charitable.

"Let's assume neither our parents nor Chance killed Chasity's parents," I declared loudly before they could start arguing again.

I sighed sadly.

"For the time being," I added.

My wolf was mournful over the childhood Chasity had missed out on. We knew she would have been happier with Chance. I could barely look at my Mom.

Felix and Calix agreed with me. Mom opened her mouth to protest but I put my palms up, signalling for everyone to remain quiet.

Great. Now I had everyone's full attention.

“We need to work together. We need to find Chasity. No one is here is totally blameless and our focus should be Chasity!” I said sternly, reminding them what was at stake here.

Chasity’s life was on the line, and that meant the lives of my brothers and I hung in the balance too. We were so closely linked. We’d be crushed and vulnerable if we lost our Luna. We also couldn’t let her down like that. We had promised Chasity a lifetime of wedded bliss and happiness to make up for the cruelty she had experienced during her childhood. I couldn’t show weakness in front of my younger brothers and father or in front of the pack members but I couldn’t live without Chasity. If I couldn’t have her for my Luna, I had been hell-bent on ruling alone assuming she was safe and sound just not interested in me. Now that she was marked as mine but had been snatched away, I couldn’t rule at all. Not for long anyway. The cracks in the veneer would begin to show. I needed to find Chasity before I went crazy without her.

A knock on the door diverted my attention. A pack warrior, who had been awkwardly standing guard during our family feud, rushed to open it, clearly eager to diffuse the tension in the room.

It was the Private Investigator, Danny. Danny’s eyes swept over Chance in curiosity before he addressed the room, “I have a lead in Luna Chasity’s case, Alphas.”

I felt like a huge weight had been lifted off of me. Finally! A break in the case! The P.I. was actually getting stuff done. I knew I shouldn’t rejoice this much so prematurely but I couldn’t help it. I had been on an emotional rollercoaster in the past few days. I was ready to latch onto any shred of hope.

“Shall we go to the conference room?” Suggested Danny.

I nodded and headed for the stairs without another word to my parents. Thankfully, Mom and Dad remained downstairs. My brothers followed and Chance lumbered up the stairs after us. We sat in the conference room. Danny pulled out an old-fashioned looking tape recorder.

“Tell us about the lead before you play us any of the interviews!” Insisted Felix impatiently. “Brief us!”

I could feel Felix’s anxiety coming off of him in waves. I didn’t want to be kept in suspense either.

“The lead came from your exes actually,” began Danny.

Felix jumped to his feet and slammed his palms down on the table.

“Which one of them did it?!” He snarled, his eyes turning black instantly.

“None of them from what I gather,” said Danny, perfectly calm.

He had not even flinched in the face of an angry Alpha. That was pretty impressive.

“What are you saying then?” I demanded.

“Was it Avery?” Wondered Calix, looking horrified.

“I highly doubt that,” I muttered.

It amazed me that Avery could get dressed each morning. She exceeded my expectations anytime her socks matched. She was no mastermind.

“I want to play you the most pertinent part of the recordings first. This is the interview of Sandra, Tonya and Avery regarding their whereabouts when Luna Chasity was kidnapped which would have been after the party you all attended?” Said Danny, looking at me for confirmation.

I nodded. Felix was still standing, his knuckles white from gripping the table. The furniture in most pack houses tended to be extremely strong but Felix still managed to break a couple things each month. He was an overachiever that way.

“In the interview, the three girls reveal that a person of interest was in town that night,” stated Danny matter-of-factly.

“Who?” said Chance, my brothers and I in unison.

“Deidre Binx,” replied Danny.

Felix

Huh? Chalice’s old friend? The retired supermodel? I knew she was one of the key persons in the disappearance of Chase and Chalice. I slowly sat back down and relinquished my grip on table. I had left deep claw marks in the reinforced wood. A few more moments and I would have reduced the wood to sawdust, crushing it with my bare hands.

“Danny, let’s hear it,” said Calix.

Danny pushed play on the tape-recorder without further ado.

“Hey girls, I’m the P.I. and my name is Danny. It’s nice to meet you,” said Danny.

I pictured Danny smiling warmly at the girls while an awkward silence fell over them.

“So, were you the triplets’ exes?” He asked, his tone conversational.

“Yes. I am Alex’s ex. Tonya used to date Felix and Avery was with Calix,” said Sandra stiffly

“What were the triplets like as boyfriends?” Asked Danny, trying to get them talking with an open-ended question.

“They were romantic, attentive,” responded Tonya.

I smiled. At least, my ex had had something nice to say about me. Psycho Sandra and Spacey Avery had kept quiet.

“How long were you dating the triplets?” Continued the P.I.

“Maybe five weeks,” said Avery, sounding unsure which was nothing new for her.

“Did you girls know Chasity while you were dating the triplets?” Asked Danny, beginning a round of more pertinent questions by bringing up the only person who really mattered right now, Chasity.

“Yeah, vaguely,” lied Sandra.

She knew very well who Chasity was and would be super annoyed when Alex brought her up. Tonya used to get pissed at me too for calling her Chasity by accident. I doubted Avery would even notice if someone called her the wrong name accidentally.

“She was just some girl, a servant that cooked and cleaned at the pack house,” said Tonya dismissively.

I could hear how the harsh tone of her voice was practically dripping with jealousy.

“The triplets complained about her from time to time. Also, we had thought her name was Charity with an R not Chasity with an S because the triplets called her Charity,” explained Avery.

I was impressed. That was the most knowledgeable statement I’d ever heard Avery make.

“On the triplets’ twenty first birthday, did you know it was also Chasity’s eighteenth birthday?” Asked the Private Investigator.

Danny paused the tape.

“At this point, they shook their heads to indicate no, they did not know it was Chasity’s birthday also,” clarified Danny.

He pressed play again.

“When did the triplets break up with you?” He asked.

There was a long pause. That was a touchy question. Danny had a small satisfied smile on his face and a mischievous gleam in his eye. He seemed pleased with himself. He had managed to ruffle their feathers. Perhaps, that was one of his methods: emotional people spilled more secrets than calm ones.

“They broke up with us on their birthday itself before the party,” said Tonya after the long awkward silence.

“And it was via text!” Complained Avery.

“That’s not true!” Interrupted Calix.

Danny paused the tape.

“We asked them to come meet us via text and broke up with them officially in person,” said Calix defensively.

“I think they had an inkling what it was all about. It was a ‘we need to talk and it can’t wait’ kinda text,” said Alex with a shrug.

Danny looked at me, prompting me to say something.

“I don’t even remember what I said in the text to Tonya,” I admitted honestly. “How relevant is it?” I asked, feeling annoyed.

My Baby was missing and I was supposed to account for these stupid little details regarding my ex.

“Either way, we did the right thing!” I said, raising my voice slightly. “We broke up with them respectfully for our mate. No cheating, no ghosting, no stringing people along. A clean, honest, healthy, respectful break,” I said.

Danny pressed play again.

“We had all been together deciding on what to wear for the party and we all get texts from them saying they’re sorry but they’ve found their mate. They refused to say who she was so we were in the dark about their mate being Chasity. We went to the party anyway though we’d been unceremoniously uninvited. Chasity was there doing server work and we asked her if she knew who the triplets’ mate was and that little bitch lied to our faces,” snapped Sandra.

There was a low growl from Alex at Sandra calling Chasity a “bitch.” My wolf snarled inwardly too. Sandra was confusing Chasity with herself.

“Oh wait, I think my text did say something like ‘I think I found my mate so we need to talk’ and if they were all together when Avery got that text, they would automatically know we had all found our shared mate, meaning they would all get broken up with,” admitted Calix.

Danny had paused the tape again to listen to Calix’s revelation. I was getting antsy.

“No more pausing the tape,” I commanded in my Alpha voice.

Danny looked taken aback.

“Felix,” chastised Alex indignantly.

“Press play,” I ordered.

He was compelled to obey.

“So you were quite upset and weeks later decided to confront Chasity at a different party on the night of her disappearance?” Danny asked.

More awkward silence.

“We just talked to her that’s all!” Said Avery, her tone sounding earnest but I wasn’t buying it.

I hadn’t seen it myself but I just knew they had meant to corner her and intimidate her and maybe even cause a rift in our relationship by messing with my Baby’s confidence. I felt a pang of guilt when I recalled how we had been on bad terms right before she had gotten kidnapped. Her confidence had already been shaken that night from my brothers and I mismanaging the whole party. That should have been a fun safe night and she should have had our undivided attention all night. I felt like I couldn’t breath for a second when I thought about it but I managed to calm myself down.

“We told her the truth,” said Sandra letting out the ghost of a humourless laugh.

“What truth did you tell her?” Asked Danny.

Yeah, I wondered. Which version of the “truth” had she gotten from them?

“That the triplets complained about her constantly. How ungrateful she was, how unfriendly she was. She was always in a sullen bad mood. She was fat, poor, a loser,” said Tonya, going for the jugular.

It was my turn to growl. What the fuck was her problem? I felt another twinge of guilt. I had said many mean things about Chasity but I honestly didn’t mean any of them. I adored that girl. Even before the mate-bond, her safety had been a top priority for me.

Now, I worshipped every curl on her head. I buried my face in my hands. My Baby was probably so scared right now without me. We were supposed to be living happily ever after right about now to make up for all the shit we put her through. I groaned thinking about my poor Baby scared and sleeping alone when she should be sandwiched between me and one of my brothers.

“They used the words fat, poor and loser?” He asked.

Another uncomfortable silence followed.

“I’m paraphrasing,” admitted Tonya.

She was paraphrasing? Was this Shakespeare?

“So after you confronted Chasity...” began Danny.

“She vomited on us!” Blurted out Avery, clearly keen on getting to the crux of the matter.

“And Alex came and took her away,” continued Sandra.

“That’s it, nothing else happened,” said Tonya.

“What did you girls think when you found out Chasity was missing?” Asked Danny nonchalantly though it was a loaded question.

“That she’d run off to find her parents!” Said Sandra without hesitation.

“Hmm so what were you girls doing around the time Chasity was allegedly kidnapped?” Asked Danny, again keeping his tone measured.

“We went to a bar, after the party, after we’d cleaned up a bit,” narrated Sandra.

“We needed to destress,” said Tonya with a heavy sigh.

“Ok, what bar?” Asked Danny.

I knew Danny was slick enough to find out if they were fabricating this alibi.

“The Serpent’s Tongue,” said Sandra blankly.

Alex’s eyes widened in surprise until they were the size of saucers while Calix’s mouth was agape in shock. I stifled a laugh at their expressions. Danny seemed like he had been unpleasantly surprised by that bar choice as well.

“That’s a pretty rough crowd. You girls were comfortable there?” He asked outright on the tape.

Silence.

“Anything interesting happened at this bar?” Asked Danny.

“Yeah!” Exclaimed Avery excitedly. “We met a celebrity, a supermodel! Well, an ex supermodel. She’s retired. Deirdre Binx. She was with this young hot guy. All those retired supermodels have boy-toys!” Said Avery, giggling.

“Did you talk to her?” Asked Danny, clearly intrigued.

“Of course!” Squealed Avery. “I asked for an autograph. She talked to me for like fifteen minutes! The model looking boyfriend had left to go somewhere so we all got to chill at the bar with her!” Boasted Avery.

“Yeah,” said Tonya coolly. “We were too shy to talk to her before but we worked up the nerve at the bar.”

“Before?” Asked Danny. “What do you mean?”

I had caught that too. Before what? They had met Deidre before? My stomach churned. I had a bad feeling about all of this.

“Deidre knew the party-throwers’ family and she was there at the party for a short time. She was there early! And left before the triplets and Chasity came and the whole vomit incident happened,” snarled Tonya, still angry at my Chasity over something beyond her control.

“What was a big celebrity doing hanging around?” Wondered Danny.

What celebrity crashes a high school party? It didn’t surprise me that Beta Keaton’s family knew Deidre. She had been Chalice’s best friend and Chalice was the sister-in-law to the Alpha and Luna. Thus the Beta could have easily met her when they were younger. Perhaps, all the way back at Winter Moon High.

“She said she was visiting an old friend,” said Tonya.

My brothers and I looked at each other. We knew instinctively we were all thinking along the same lines. Could she have been trying to visit Chalice? Was Chalice really dead? If Chalice was dead, was Deidre visiting Didi? She could have even been looking for Chasity. Alarm bells went off in my head. Chance had claimed the real Deidre was dead. Had the imposter returned to finish tying up loose ends? Was Chasity a loose end? I growled instinctively.

“Did she say who?” Asked Danny, his voice louder on the tape now as though he was leaning in.

"I am stopping it because that's the end of their interview," said Danny quickly with a slightly nervous look at me. "The girls shook their heads no. They didn't know who Deidre was trying to meet."

My brothers and I were quiet, all three of us lost in thought. My head was spinning.

"The interesting thing...is that Deidre was photographed at a Hollywood even that night," revealed Danny.

Huh?

"So the girls were lying about running into her?" Asked Alex quickly.

Danny smiled slightly.

"Deidre was seen in LA that night but I also went through social media posts from the party attended by you three and the Luna and Deidre was in the background of one of them. Or at least someone who looked exactly like Deidre!" Said Danny.

We were all puzzled. Well, my brothers and I were puzzled. Chance was nodding as though he had reached an epiphany.

Calix

The lead had led to even more questions but at least we were getting somewhere. We had a potential suspect.

"Is this the only incriminating information you found during your interviews thus far?" I asked.

"Regarding Deidre?" Asked Danny.

"No, everyone. Not just Deidre being in two places at once and attending a high school party as weird as that is. What about all the other interviews? Like Roxie and Moxie? It was their party Deidre attended and our exes said they knew her!" I pointed out.

"Chalice and Chase knew her and Mom and Dad knew her too so of course Keaton would know her," said Felix.

I felt like he was trying to defend Roxie and there was no space for that. Anyone could have something against Chasity. He was willing to accuse our own mother but hesitated to accuse Roxie.

"I asked Danny," I snapped.

Felix glared at me.

“Let’s be nice to each other,” said Alex. “We only have each other.”

“Don’t talk like Chasity’s dead!” I snarled, my voice crackling a little.

Alex tried to put a hand on my shoulder but I shrugged it off and he simply sighed.

“I interviewed Moxie and Roxie. Moxie...nothing interesting there. But Roxie...” Said Danny, nodding.

Ha! I gave Felix an ‘I told you so’ look. He rolled his eyes.

“What did she do?” Asked Felix bluntly.

“Do you want to hear her whole tape?” Asked Danny.

“Just the pertinent parts,” I said.

“Get to the point,” grumbled Felix.

“Why are you protective of Roxie but not Mom?” I snapped at Felix.

“Are you kidding me?” Snarled Felix. “I am suspicious of everyone including Roxie. I just know how obsessed a person feels regarding their own mate. Roxie has her own mate.” Said Felix with a dismissive wave of his hand. “And I’m not defending her! I let her be interviewed, didn’t I? And when she and Keaton complained, I told them to pipe down, didn’t I?”

I sighed. Fair enough. I didn’t reply though. I wouldn’t give him the satisfaction.

“Danny, play the tape,” I ordered.

Danny instantly produced Roxie’s tape and found the relevant segment. He played it for us.

“I have a mate!” Screeched Roxie indignantly, sounding like a broken record, spilling the same rhetoric Felix had just spewed.

I snorted with laughter. Felix rolled his eyes at me again.

“Ok, Ms Roxie, I know, just answer the question, please,” said Danny.

“I would never be jealous of Chasity. Felix and I were happy for each other when we found our mates,” Roxie said stiffly, her voice shriller than normal.

She was agitated. I could tell. He had gotten under her skin. He had touched a raw nerve.

“The question was did you tell Chasity to go to the landing bathroom knowing full well that Sandra, Tonya and Avery were waiting there to confront her?” Asked Danny, sounding firm but exasperated.

Whoa! That was the question she had been dodging. Alex inhaled sharply. I stiffened. I saw Felix tense beside me.

“Well...yeah,” she admitted.

BITCH! Alex and I both growled. Felix shot up from his seat.

“Felix!” Said Alex sternly but Felix’s eyes were already coal black.

Both Felix and his wolf were pissed. He picked up an empty chair and flung it straight through the window, shattering the glass. I ran to the jagged hole and peered down into the snow. The chair was actually fine. We really had some great sturdy furniture. The window was another story. I returned to my seat and so did Felix. Danny looked comically flabbergasted, his mouth hanging open and his eyes wide.

“I just needed to vent,” said Felix in a deadpan voice.

“Venting means talking through your feelings not demolishing the house,” grumbled Alex.

Alex had paused the tape during Felix’s outburst since Danny had been forbidden from pausing it. Danny’s finger trembled a little as he pressed play again.

“And why would you do a thing like that, Roxie?” Asked Danny indignantly.

Yeah, Roxie, why are you such a hateful bitch? I grumbled to myself. My poor Chasity. Chasity had trusted Roxie. She had been having a girl chat with her and the whole time Roxie had been plotting against her behind her back. My Goddess deserved so much better.

“Because I...I don’t know. Chasity was never popular before and now she’s like this...superstar or something. It was annoying. I just thought it’d be funny if the girls ruffled her feathers. They were not gonna hurt her. No violence. Just bitchy insults. And well she vomited on them so she got them pretty good,” said Roxie, snickering like the immature dope she was.

I couldn’t believe how feeble her excuse for setting up Chasity was. Her reasoning was because Chasity’s overnight popularity threatened her. She didn’t even go to that school anymore. She had graduated from Winter Moon High with us three years ago. Danny pursed his lips in disapproval as he listened to his own interview. He was clearly not feeling Roxie and her jealous pettiness.

“Ok, thank you, Ms Roxie, send the next person in,” said Danny curtly.

This tape went right into another interview. I could hear the clicking of Roxie’s heels as she left the room and the click-clack of another pair of heels as the new interviewee entered.

“How would you describe Chasity?” Asked Danny.

“She’s...great,” came Ronda’s voice.

As soon as my brothers and I recognised her voice, we all groaned in unison.

“Pause it,” said Felix, releasing Danny from his earlier command.

Danny stopped the tape.

“Nothing relevant happened there right?” Confirmed Alex, wanting to be meticulous.

He was right. We needed to make sure we weren’t overlooking anything.

“Ronda’s answers were useless,” said Danny.

“Fitting,” Said Alex.

Felix snickered.

“Well, it’s your turn,” I said, turning to Chance who has been extremely quiet.

“I almost forgot you were here,” admitted Felix, looking back at Chance.

“My turn?” Asked Chance.

Alex was on the same page as me.

“Your turn to tell us what you know. You don’t seem the least bit surprised by Deidre’s alleged omnipresence,” said Alex,

“Thank goodness you got to use your word of the day before dinnertime, Alex. You’ll have enough time to work in a second word of the day,” teased Felix.

Alex ignored him.

“Start talking, Grandpa,” said Felix gruffly.

Chance looked affronted but he wasn't afraid of Felix which was actually pretty impressive for an old wolf. I threw Felix a disparaging glance. Alex gave him a dirty look too.

"Fine...please," said Felix as though the word tasted bad to say.

Chance took a deep breath and then launched into his theory.

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right?
Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Calix

"I have it figured out!" Declared Chance

"Go on," said Alex encouragingly, gesturing towards the old werewolf.

He looked around the conference room, his eyes darting to and fro.

"Wait! This is where they got her?" Asked Chance.

"Don't remind me," grumbled Felix, his jaw set.

I empathised with Felix. I didn't want to be reminded of that moment either but I answered Chance's question anyway. Chance had a right to know the details of Chasity's kidnapping. He was her only known living relative unless we counted Mom as her ex-step-aunt and ourselves as her ex-step-cousins which was admittedly a little gross so I didn't count that. At least, we were not biologically related.

"Well, out on the balcony of the attic, yeah," I admitted, trying not to dwell on that memory.

“So what?!” Alex snapped, becoming impatient. “Time is of the essence! Do you have some brilliant theory or not?!”

Chance frowned. I knew Alex was struggling. He was trying so hard to be Alex even though he wanted to just be heartbroken like the rest of us.

“I thought you were supposed to be the logical one,” muttered Chance.

Alex growled. I quickly put a hand on his shoulder.

Don’t you be gruff with him too! Felix already has an attitude with him and our parents were the ones who kept him from Chasity for years! Before Mom, his own estranged daughter kept Chasity away from him. He’s old and alone. He thinks he can help and he has helped so far. He’s already provided information we would have never gotten otherwise! Let’s humour him. Make him feel important, I said in earnest.

I really felt bad for this guy. Having the love of my life, my Goddess Chasity, taken away from me for several days had been excruciating. I had no idea where Chance’s mate was but I assumed she was no longer with us. His daughter, Chalice, was dead according to him. Even if he was mistaken, then Chalice was still missing and had been for years. His granddaughter, my Chasity, was also missing after years of growing up without him. My brothers and I were miserable after our source of pure bliss had been snatched away from us but this guy had been miserable for about a decade if not longer.

Alex took a deep breath to calm himself. He took on an apologetic tone.

“Haven’t been able to keep my wolf on a tight leash since she’s been gone,” said Alex with a heavy sigh. “Chasity was the greatest motivating factor when it came to my control.”

I smiled. I could always count on Alex to hear me out.

“I don’t want to be overheard. This place isn’t secure if she was taken from here,” said Chance, lowering his gaze and adjusting his blazer.

He still seemed flustered by Alex’s growl. I could tell Alex felt guilty for losing control if only momentarily. I threw a wary glance at Felix. I was surprised he wasn’t frothing at the mouth. If even Alex suddenly had a quick temper, Felix might go from having a short fuse to being fuse-less entirely.

“Fine. I’m hungry. Let’s go to a coffee shop,” muttered Felix under his breath.

My jaw literally dropped. Without Chasity, Felix was listless. The whole ordeal had took the fight right out of him.

“I know a place,” said Danny quietly.

Danny had remained so silent throughout all of this, I had almost forgotten he was in the room.

“It’s a good place for delicate exchanges of information,” said Danny in hushed tones.

“Awesome sauce,” I said, a phrase usually mocked by Felix who rarely passed up the opportunity to make fun of me.

“Okay,” said Felix to Danny, his tone deadpan.

We drove to the cafe in the most awkward silence I had ever experienced. I was relieved to exit the car and find a quiet booth.

“What’ll it be, Alphas and friends?” Said a mature waitress before our butts had fully connected with the cushioned seats of the booth.

Pack members were always keen on never letting any pack leaders wait for service. They were especially vigilant when it came to Alphas. I looked at the woman. She had a pleasant smile and wore her thick white hair piled on top of her head in a suspiciously huge bun. When I was little, I had been terrified of women with buns like that after watching this movie where an alien hid her oblong cranium under such a hairstyle. The waitress followed my eyes upwards, scrutinising the ceiling before finally realising I was looking at her bun.

“May we see a menu first please?” Asked Alex politely, seemingly back to his normal self.

“Oh my goodness!” Exclaimed the waitress, chuckling at her mistake as she hurried to pass out the menus.

“It’s a coffee shop, Alex, they have coffee,” grumbled Felix.

“Fuck you, Felix!” Said Alex.

Okay then. Alex was not exactly back to his normal self.

“I see you need a few more minutes,” mumbled the waitress.

Felix snorted with laughter.

“Felix will have coffee,” said Alex pointedly. “Five coffees,” announced Alex, throwing his hands up in the air so that his menu accidentally flew out of his hand and across the cafe.

The waitress scurried off to retrieve the menu. She did not readily return.

“I wanted tea,” mumbled Chance, unfettered by my feuding brothers, as he calmly browsed through his menu.

His face suddenly lit up.

“Oooh! Chocolate chip pancakes!” Said Chance, smiling.

Felix looked close to tears. Thankfully, our coffee arrived at that moment. The waitress moved at such a rapid speed that by the time the tray touched the table she had already made it across the room, far away from us. She had even left an entire pot of hot coffee with our five filled cups so she wouldn't have to return to our booth soon.

“You've upset Marsha,” I complained while Danny started sipping his cup of coffee.

The P.I. didn't add any milk or sugar.

“How do you know her name?” Asked Alex, averaging his only addition to his morning coffee, an eighth cup of milk.

I didn't. I just went with Marsha. The alien with the big hair had been a Martian.

“Do you think all waitresses are named Marsha?” Asked Felix snidely, thinking of the Winter Moon Snack restaurant.

“Actually, that waitress is named Martha with a T not Marsha,” recalled Alex.

“Actually, I don't give a flying fuck,” retorted Felix as he poured sugar only into his coffee.

I was the only one besides Chasity to use sugar and milk though not as much as she did. I smiled to myself, picturing her tasting her coffee after each spoonful of sugar and making a face if it wasn't ridiculously sweet. Danny was filling up his now empty cup, eager for more bland coffee.

“Yeah, we all know you don't care about getting people's names right,” hissed Alex. “Not even Chasity's.”

Felix had been the one to start the trend of calling her Charity with an R instead of Chasity with an S but he was truly sorry for it. He looked hurt by that quip.

“What do you mean?” Asked Chance.

My brothers and I stiffened. Danny saved us from having to explain.

“Let’s get on with your theory, Chance,” said Danny in his business-like manner.

Chance nodded, a gleam in his eye.

“Doppelgängers,” he blurted out, gesturing by balling his hands into fists and then opening them with his palms facing us.

We just stared at him. He spread his fingers a bit wider and wiggled them as though that would make his revelation hit home. Danny downed his second cup of coffee and poured himself a new one. Felix’s expression was impassive. I glanced at Alex wondering what he was thinking.

Alex

Doppelgängers?! Was he insinuating Deidre was a victim of identity theft? Chance thought the real Deidre was dead. If she was seen at two different places at once and was supposed to be dead, that meant she had two imposters. What were the chances?

“Doppelgängers!” Chance repeated. “Lookalikes!” He clarified as though he thought our vocabulary was lacking.

We were silent.

“Celebrity doppelgängers?” Chance prompted, still waiting for some kind of eureka moment from us.

Danny was focused on his caffeine addiction and my younger brothers looked bemused.

“You’re not making any sense. Explain what you’re talking about,” I demanded, furrowing my brow.

Chance began explaining the definition of doppelgänger to our annoyance.

“A doppelgänger is a lookalike, a double of a person...”

“Look who you’re talking to!” Barked Felix, gesturing towards me, Calix and himself in case Chance hadn’t realised we were identical.

“We know what doppelgängers are. We get what you mean by lookalikes but so what?” Questioned Felix.

Calix tried to follow Chance’s thinking.

“Ok, so the retired supermodel who may or may not be dead has a doppelgänger!” Exclaimed Calix.

“Almost,” said Danny, chiming in suddenly. “Deidre is dead! Chance saw her body and I trust him. The first doppelgänger of Deidre, the first lookalike would be the one who went on to become a famous supermodel after the real Deidre died or rather was murdered.”

“Good, ok,” said Alex, complimenting Danny’s logic.

“So there’s a third one then, since you have a pic showing one Deidre at the party we all went to with...Chasity,” said Felix, letting out a deep sigh.

He didn’t look so good. He was pale and he had dark circles under his eyes. None of us had been sleeping.

“And you also have a pic showing Deidre at some bar, the Serpent’s Tongue, around the same time,” continued Felix.

“So like us, there’s at least three identical people,” surmised Calix. “But, one of them is dead and they’re all claiming to be the same person. Correct me if I’m wrong but the doppelgängers were probably made after Deidre’s death. Her death was probably a requirement, a prerequisite to be able to go ahead and make other Deidre’s to take her spot. You can’t replace a position that’s filled.”

Calix had come to the same conclusion I had. There had to be three women involved in total, three Deidres, including the allegedly deceased original and two carbon copies. I smiled at my youngest brother.

“Look at Baby Boy Calix, figuring shit out,” said Felix proudly, clapping Calix on the back.

Someone had stolen Deidre’s life completely.

“Someone killed Deidre and took over her life, continued on living as her. Realised all her potential, became a supermodel. The person even took her life’s dream,” I said, feeling sorry for her.

“That’s sad,” whispered Felix. “The Deidre doppelgänger is better at her life than she was.”

“Well, that might be because the doppelgänger is obviously superhuman in some way,” concluded Calix.

We were already superhuman though and so was Deidre. We were werewolves!

“Deidre was already a she-wolf,” I said indignantly. “The doppelgänger has to be using either incredible technology or magic. My bet is on magic. I wouldn’t put anything past a witch!”

I didn't trust witches. I didn't hate them. I was even related to one by marriage but I didn't trust them. I also didn't really blame them for using magic to manipulate situations. Expecting them to forgo using their witchcraft to gain the upper hand was like telling us wolves to avoid using our super strength and speed. I wondered if we should call our cousin-in-law, Luna Jamie.

"Don't hate on witches," chastised Felix, defending them. "Our cousin, Jessie, married one. She made a great Luna. She's kinda hot too," noted Felix.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Felix had a hard time believing hotness wasn't exactly a marker of goodness. That being said, Jamie actually did seem like a good person.

"I like Jamie. She gave me a snow globe that changes season so when I shake it up, it's snowflakes for winter, flowers for spring and leaves for fall," said Calix with a grin.

"You're missing one," Felix pointed out.

"In summer, there's nothing, it's just empty," revealed Calix.

What?

"Now, that is sad!" Said Felix.

"Focus!" I commanded, redirecting their attention.

My younger brothers straightened up in their seats.

"Sorry, Alex, I haven't slept properly in days. It's impossible without Chasity," mumbled Calix, his grin slipping off his face.

"The sooner we figure this out, the sooner we can save Chasity and all take a nap," I said softly.

I ruffled Calix's hair. I knew this was especially hard on him. He usually wore his heart on his sleeve unlike me and Felix. Despite that, Calix was doing a good job of holding back his emotions since Chasity went missing. It had to be taking a toll on him though.

"When I get my hands on Chasity, there'll be no napping," said Felix cheekily in an attempt to lighten the mood.

My wolf instantly showed me a memory reel of some risqué images of my beautiful Luna, Chasity. I pushed those aside, refusing to get distracted. Chance was glaring at us. I elbowed Felix sharply in the torso. He shouldn't talk like that in front of Chasity's grandfather.

“Hey!” protested Felix, annoyed.

I nodded towards Chance’s indignant expression.

Felix softened, offering Chance a sheepish apologetic smile.

“Uh, that’s because we’ll stay up talking. We have really long deep chats together. Our relationship is very spiritual, intellectual as well,” said Felix, clearly reaching for some feeble explanation that wasn’t sexual.

Felix

I felt a little guilty for making a sex joke in front of Chasity’s grandfather though, to be fair, it wasn’t exactly a joke. I was going to rescue Chasity no matter what and when I did, I had a lot of making up for lost time to do. It wasn’t a total lie. The words “long” and “deep” still applied here.

I avoided Chance’s disapproving gaze.

“All signs are pointing to Deidre. No more stalling. Let’s find her and get the truth somehow,” said Alex, redirecting our focus back onto the next logical step in the investigation.

“First, before we go skipping off to LA, we need to check out the bar, The Serpent’s Tongue. Your parents also frequented there in their youth,” recalled Danny.

Our parents?

“You mean Chasity’s parents,” corrected Alex.

“And yours,” insisted Danny.

“What?” I asked instantly.

“They double dated there from time to time seeing as your mom and Chasity’s dad were step siblings who actually got along,” explained Danny.

He took out a photo from his briefcase and showed it to us. I studied the photograph. There were two couples posing together. I recognised my parents back in their heyday. That meant the other couple was Chasity’s parents. Everyone was dressed for the times with Mom and Chalice donning bellbottom jeans with floral embroideries and fishtail sleeved crops tops bearing their midriffs. Dad and Chase were wearing pale blue jeans and matching pale blue jean jackets with plain white tees underneath. I smiled. Chasity took after both of her parents. Her father had long wavy blond hair and pale skin while her mother had mocha skin and dark curls. They all looked so happy, huddled together

and smiling big for the camera. It didn't make sense. Alex took the words right out of my mouth.

"But, they hated each other?" Said Alex pointedly. "My parents all but admitted it. My mom said she had a problem with Chalice!"

"Not right away," revealed Danny. "They grew apart after Chasity's parents became more heavily involved in the Furina Ornata."

That cult Chance had told us about?

"The group wasn't supposed to be about partying and drugs," said Chance, his tone defensive. "But the parties the younger members threw became like that. There were a lot of wild young members. They felt invincible. Maybe it was the snake venom."

I sighed. My parents had been on good terms with both Chalice and Chase at one point and yet they had mistreated their daughter. Thinking about Chasity made my wolf whimper. There was nothing I wouldn't do to have her sitting safe and sound between Alex and me right now. I could almost see and smell her as my wolf's memories of her were so vivid. I missed her smell so much. I missed her beautiful little face. I even missed her sassiness, including her snapping at me when I tried to order for her. Sweetness always followed her sassiness.

"Felix!" Called Alex, snapping me out of my reverie.

"We're going!" Said Calix, standing up.

"Where?" I asked, feeling dazed.

I really needed to sleep. I couldn't stay up indefinitely. I would need some energy to rip the heads off those degenerates who kidnapped my Baby Chasity.

"To the Serpent's Tongue!" Said Danny.

I got up, eager to get this show on the road. I felt my fatigue dissipate as a sudden rush of adrenaline coursed through me. If our visit to the Serpent's Tongue was even half as fruitful as the Lucky Toad visit had been, we would be well on our way to reuniting with Chasity.

The Serpent's Tongue was a little hole in the wall. It was a bar on the fringes of our pack lands, known for its dodgy reputation. The place looked like a wooden shack from the outside. No paint. The unvarnished wood had that faded look like driftwood. Alex was the first to note the graffiti on the side of the bar. Someone had spray painted a full moon with a snake curled around it on the pale greyish brown wood. There were red letters painted underneath the symbol: *Iterum vivere*.

“What does that mean?” Wondered Danny aloud as he snapped a picture of it.

“Live again,” answered Chance. “It’s latin for live again.”

We marched into the Serpent’s Tongue bar like we owned the place. Technically, we owned the land on which it was built so we had every right to be here. I wasn’t expecting a warm welcome though. Places like these usually cleared out if Alphas, other pack leaders or pack police or warriors came knocking.

Just as I had suspected, the patrons all stiffened as they became aware of us. I wasn’t surprised to find that the bar’s radiator was broken and thus, the bar’s interior was beastly cold in the dead of winter. The fact that snow had begun to fall outside only made matters worse. Again my wolf began obsessing over Chasity thinking that if she were here I would bundle her up in my arms, tucking her into my jacket. Not that I’d actually choose this place as an appropriate date venue for my sweet little Baby. All the tables were high with creaky high barstools surrounding them. The wooden furniture was that same muted greyish-brown as the building itself. The bar countertop was a dark green and the walls were unpainted but barely visible as they were plastered with autographed framed photographs of celebrities. I read the comments celebs had scrawled across their pictures, praising the bar. I recognised many of the celebs who were complimenting the service and locale here. Movie stars, recording artists, writers, producers, directors and politicians had come to drink here? Why?

How did the people who own this place get all these high profile people to come here and lie on their autographed photos? This place is a dump, I said privately to my brothers, Chance and Danny.

Calix and Alex nodded, agreeing with me. The high praise was in and of itself suspicious.

We made our way over to the bar counter and sat gingerly on the rickety wooden barstools. I caught a whiff of something peculiar. I sniffed the air. Human. The bartender was human! She introduced herself right away, seemingly fearless in the face of three Alphas. Her pluckiness reminded me of Chasity although she looked nothing like her. She was short with pale freckled skin and orangey-red hair.

“Destiny’s my name, Alphas and company,” she said brightly.

“Hi,” said Alex.

“Hey,” said Calix with a little wave.

I nodded in her direction, unable to hide my frown. Everything and everyone reminded me of Chasity and it all made me sad and sick to my stomach at the same time. Danny and Chance kept quiet.

“How about some beers to start off with?” She suggested, undeterred by our lack of enthusiasm. “Huh, fellas?”

I nodded wordlessly.

“Sure, thank you,” said Alex.

Calix was staring at Destiny as she fetched our five beers. They had been sitting there on the bar shelf but, because of the biting cold weather, they were all chilled as though they had been refrigerated. I followed Calix’s eyes and realised he was looking at how exposed Destiny was to the cold. This human woman was wearing a knee-length dress. It was a barmaid’s uniform in a checkered pink and white print. She had a white apron and some pink shoes on but her legs were bare. No stockings. No socks even. What kind of human was she?

“How are you not an icicle by now?” Asked Calix, taking a sip of his beer.

Destiny giggled, covering her mouth with her hand.

Her tattoo! Exclaimed Calix over mind-link, drawing our attention to the tattoo near her elbow.

A snake curled around the full moon!

She’s one of you! She has the Furina Ornata tattoo! Chance, do you know her? Asked Alex eagerly.

No, but that’s definitely our symbol, the moon snake, said Chance. I wouldn’t know any of the new converts and they wouldn’t know me. It’s been a while.

She’s human but she’s comfortable in this harsh winter with her legs out! Moon Snake Venom must have toughened her up, right? Guessed Calix, amazed.

Quite likely, responded Chance.

Destiny stopped laughing abruptly, her serene smile slipping off her face. She looked alarmed all of a sudden. We all followed her eyes to land on the recipient of her concern, a tall buff male werewolf with a strong-looking jaw, a scowl on his face and multiple pink scratch marks on every visible inch of his skin.

“Dante!” Squeaked Destiny in shock. “What happened to you?”

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golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Calix

Destiny's question drew everyone's attention to the wolf that had just walked in. He was tall and buff like an Alpha although he lacked an Alpha Aura to match his build. He actually reminded me of one Alpha in particular: my brother, Felix. Dante, as Destiny had called him, was wearing dark nondescript clothing and a Felix-worthy scowl. There was something about him that communicated a desire to be incognito. For some strange reason, it seemed like Destiny had blown his cover. Like Destiny, he was not dressed warmly but that was normal enough for a wolf, especially one of stature. My eyes went to the thin pink lines all over the exposed skin of his face, neck and upper limbs. How strange. Dante was covered in scratch marks. That wasn't the way male wolves tended to fight. Did he have a house full of aggressive cats or something?

I sniffed the air, expecting to catch a faint whiff of blood along with the scent of whoever had inflicted those scratches. I couldn't help but be curious. After several sniffs, I was certain Dante smelled like Dante, soap and no one else. He had probably showered recently and carefully, thereby scrubbing off the scent of his assailant.

I watched Dante glance at Destiny in annoyance before veering sharply away from the bar, rather rudely ignoring her concerned enquiry. He took a seat as far away from her and the bar counter as possible. Clearly, he did not want to talk with her and yet, she made her way to where he sat by the wall. I heard him sigh after which he tried to feign interest in his menu, avoiding eye contact with Destiny. I glanced at my own menu. There were only about half a dozen food items on it, not much to choose from.

Alex and Felix were busy talking about our next move while Danny was nodding at everything Alex said while Felix opposed it all.

"Calix, what do you think?" Asked Alex.

Um.

"Um," I said, turning back to my eldest brother. "Uhh, it's a great idea."

Alex smiled. Felix scowled.

“He wasn’t even listening!” Grumbled Felix.

Out of the corner of my eye, Destiny was still trying to take Dante’s drink order.

“A beer, ok,” Dante mumbled.

If my eyes were not mistaken, his were black. What was he so mad about? I made sure not to openly stare at them.

“Ok,” replied Destiny meekly.

I felt bad for her. She dutifully brought that jerk his beer, opening it for him. She looked very upset about his grumpy mood. Maybe they had something going. While I was trying not to look directly at Dante, I was also getting the feeling that he was trying not to look at us either. He seemed to be trying to inconspicuously listen in to our conversation. Or maybe it was just my imagination. Chasity’s kidnapping might have made me paranoid.

“If Chance is right about Deidre Binx being an imposter while the real one is dead, that makes her our next significant lead,” said Alex, lowering his voice.

“She’s connected to whatever happened to Chasity’s parents and she was in the neighbourhood at the time Chasity went missing, meaning she may very well be connected to that as well. We’d have to go to her at some point. We have to confront Deidre Binx,” murmured Danny.

Felix was staring at Danny. He looked troubled by that suggestion.

“So once we’re done with all the leads here, you think it makes sense to hop on a plane to LA?” Asked Felix incredulously. “What if Chasity is still here in the pack lands?” Asked Felix. “We locked the pack lands down remember? She’s more likely to be here.”

The desperation in his tone made my heart constrict painfully. I understood exactly what he meant and how he felt. We didn’t want to be further away from Chasity at any cost even though we didn’t know exactly where she was. Leaving the pack lands even briefly felt like leaving her behind. My wolf had a fleeting horrifying thought: what if Chasity showed up to the pack house out of the blue having escaped her kidnapper while we were in LA?! Mom could open the door, take one look at our beautiful mate Chasity and slam the door in her face after claiming we had moved on. I flinched at the thought. I quieted my wolf.

Mom wouldn’t do that, I assured him and myself. She wouldn’t, I repeated to myself.

“She could be here or she could be anywhere,” said Alex sadly. “The point is to connect all the dots and one of the biggest enigmas here is Deidre Binx and her lookalikes. I don’t know whether we should be tailing the one spotted here or the one simultaneously spotted in LA so let’s try to track down both!” Suggested Alex with a determined glint in his eyes.

I nodded. We needed to go down every avenue until one of them led us to Chasity.

“Cover all the bases,” I said. “We need to be on the lookout for other members of the Furina Ornata who might know something. So we should be keeping an eye out for that tattoo!”

“Definitely,” said Chance. “Not all members knew each other. Far from it. There were different pockets with different goals. Only the moon snake and the amazing power-giving properties of its venom connected them.” Explained Chasity’s grandpa.

I thought I saw that jerky guy, Dante, flinch out of the corner of my eye. I quickly glanced at him over my shoulder. He was engrossed in that menu again. Clearly, chicken tenders versus buffalo wings was the biggest decision of his life. I looked away before he could spot me looking at him.

“Yeah yeah but let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” muttered Felix. “We’re not done with this lead.”

He was right. Grumpy but right.

We need to find out if Deidre was really here, right? I confirmed. Like our exes said.

My brothers gave me the mind-link equivalent of a nod.

Let’s start with this human chick, said Felix, nodding towards Destiny. Let’s just ask her out right.

We need to employ some tact though, Felix, said Alex.

Leave it to me! I insisted. I’m the best with the ladies! I reminded them cheekily.

Alex and Felix did not look pleased but they kept quiet.

I let out a heavy sigh, ensuring Destiny was in earshot. She was behind the bar again and wiping the same glass over and over, clearly distracted, probably by that negative encounter with Dante. She looked up at me, alerted by my sigh.

“Can I get you anything else?” She offered helpfully.

I frowned and just shook my head. I put my head in my hands. It was easy to act upset. Chasity was missing. I was upset. I had been upset ever since. I knew she would take the bait. Bartenders always tended to act as unofficial therapists, especially for people who could probably really use some real therapy and less time spent in a bar.

“Wanna talk about it?” Asked Destiny kindly.

I gave her a faint smile and a shrug. Pretending to be reluctant to reveal what was bothering me made it all the more believable.

“I’m all ears,” said Destiny encouragingly as she pulled up a chair on her side of the bar and sat facing me.

“I’m trying to find this girl,” I admitted.

“The Luna, Chasity!” Squeaked Destiny knowingly.

Hearing Chasity’s name caught me off guard, almost making me flinch. I supposed everyone in the pack would know by now that their rightful Luna was missing. Neighbouring packs would be aware too. We had contacted all the Northern Alphas of Wolf Country asking them to be on the lookout for her. However, it was still somewhat alarming to have it said out loud by a relative stranger.

“I do want to find my mate but I was trying to find someone I heard was in town but it’s probably a stupid rumour,” I assumed. “You’re going to think it’s so dumb,” I mumbled, looking down.

“I won’t!” Destiny assured me.

“You see, I’m a huge fan of that model competition show where they pick a couple girls from several packs across werewolf country,” I lied, making sure my face lit up.

Destiny actually snorted with laughter. She covered her mouth with her hands as though surprised by her own reaction.

“She-wolf Supermodel Search?” She asked, saying the name of the show.

“That’s the one!” I confirmed bashfully. “I know, don’t judge me,” I added.

“I can’t imagine an alpha watching that,” admitted Destiny, stifling her own giggles.

“It’s Baby Boy Calix’s favourite show!” Said Felix, chiming in with a smirk on his face.

“He never misses a single episode!” Alex added, grinning.

I glared at them. I had asked to work alone on this one.

“Anyway,” I said, trying to hide my annoyance. “The retired supermodel who coaches them was in town supposedly,” I said, getting to the point.

Destiny nodded eagerly.

“She doesn’t coach anymore though! She moved on to host a show on the Chomp Network,” Destiny informed me.

I knew the show and the channel she was talking about though I didn’t actually watch it. I didn’t watch She-wolf Supermodel Search either despite what my brothers might think.

“Snack Pack Attack!” I said, nodding. “I love that show!” I said, trying to sound as earnest as possible.

“What’s that about?” Asked Danny out of nowhere.

Chance answered before I could.

“Pairs of chefs from different packs compete. Every episode they have to make a snack in record time and the judges pick the best one...” Chance said, launching into an explanation.

“I don’t watch that,” I said quickly, wanting to get back to the point.

You just told her you loved that show? Pointed out Chance.

I had but whatever. She didn’t seem to be questioning anything I was saying whether it added up or not.

“I only watch Deidre Binx’s show!” I said, contradicting myself though Destiny didn’t seem to notice.

Her eyes were bright with excitement.

“Deidre Binx!” She exclaimed.

“Yeah, that’s her name!” I said, smiling.

“She was here!” Whispered Destiny excitedly.

Destiny actually jumped up and down a little. I looked at her with wide eyes.

“Is she still in town? Do you think she’d sign an autograph for me?” I asked, my tone desperate.

Destiny fell silent. She seemed to be thinking over the matter. When she finally responded, she sounded very apprehensive.

“Her boyfriend or whoever he is...he’s moody. He’s pretty grumpy,” mumbled Destiny, her eyes downcast.

“Was he mean to you?” I asked quickly.

“He was nice at first but he showed up today acting like a jerk!” Complained Destiny, lowering her voice.

My heart sped up. Could it be that jerk in the corner? What was his name again? It had slipped my mind for a second.

Dante, my wolf reminded me, actually speaking plainly which was a rare occurrence for my Alpha wolf. We usually communicated instinctively.

“Where is he?” I asked immediately.

“Oh, he left,” said Destiny softly as she picked up a beer mug and wiped it with a dish towel.

She seemed to be avoiding my gaze all of a sudden. Was she lying to me? She could be telling the truth. There could have been another jerk who had been here earlier.

“So if he’s in town then Deidre Binx is too,” I concluded.

“I shouldn’t tell you this,” began Destiny, her voice barely a whisper.

Even with my Alpha hearing, I still had to lean in to decipher her words. My heart was pounding as the anticipation built. Would Destiny lead me right to Deidre and would Deidre lead me to my Goddess Chasity? I was scared to even get my hopes up.

“But I know where they’re staying!” Continued Destiny, whispering conspiratorially as she leant in, her eyes darting from my brothers to Danny to Chance to me.

I leant in too. Destiny whispered in my ear like we were children exchanging secrets on the playground. I couldn’t help the huge smile that spread onto my face as she revealed the exact location at which Deidre was supposed to be staying. The address she whispered to me wasn’t too far from our Beta’s house! I looked at Alex. He looked stunned. Felix was livid.

Deidre has been right under our Beta’s nose! Grumbled Felix over mind-link, his inner voice practically a growl. The audacity! He snarled.

The best hiding places are in plain sight, said Chance wisely.

Unfortunately, yes, said Danny, his tone sombre.

I felt sick to my stomach. The party my brothers and I had encouraged Chasity to attend had been held at our Beta's house by his daughters, Moxie and Roxie. What if we had put Chasity in harm's way by insisting on going to that party? Little did we know, doppelgänger Deidre had been in the neighbourhood. I knew Chasity had been kidnapped from the attic balcony of the pack house but our suspect could have been tailing us that night since the party. I felt Alex's hand on my shoulder.

No use crying over spilt milk, he said sadly. Let's move forward. We're going to that house.

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Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Alex

We sped to the address the bartender had given Calix. I was still shocked at how close this mansion was to where Beta Keaton lived with his daughters, Moxie and Roxie. We parked down the street from the place. The grey brick mansion stood in sharp contrast with the bright white snow blanketing its roof and the lawn. The house gave off the impression of being vacant. It was the lack the personal touches: no decor or furniture on the porch, no mail sticking out of the mailbox, no trash in the receptacle and no lights on inside, insinuating that no one was home. We weren't about to ring the doorbell anyway so it didn't matter if anyone was at home or not.

Calix snuck around the side of the house, inspecting windows and doors, hoping one might be unlocked or easy to jostle open. The house was locked up tight save for one window. My jaw dropped when I spotted it. Above us, one of the first story windows was wide open.

"Look, Calix," I said, keeping my voice low.

I pointed at the wide open window. Calix climbed onto Felix's shoulders without hesitation. Felix hoisted him through the window. I flinched hoping there would not be a thud when his boots made contact with the floor inside the house. To my relief, there wasn't. Calix poked his head through the window and gave us a thumbs-up.

"Should we all go through the window?" Asked Felix in hushed tones.

"Calix," whispered Danny. "Let us in one of the doors on the ground floor," he suggested.

Calix nodded eagerly. He pointed to the back of the house. We made our way to the back yard in silence and stood near the back door, waiting for Calix to let us in. A few minutes passed by in silence. I was beginning to get a bit tense. This shouldn't be taking so long. Felix and I exchanged a worried glance. Was Calix okay? What was taking so long?

Calix

I was amazed by the interior of the house. I did not know what I had been expecting exactly but this wasn't it. The walls and floors were of grey stone on the inside too. No paint. No wallpaper. No tiles. No hard wood flooring. Just high ceilings and an archaic vibe to the decor. There were many strange objects that seemed to be antiques.

My heart was racing not due to fear but due to excitement with a tinge of anxiety. I was extremely hopeful that I would just stumble upon Chasity with duct tape on her mouth and bada bing bada boom she would be rescued at last. I moved through the house in silence, choosing my every step carefully.

There were large fireplaces with beautiful designs but all of this was upstaged by the artwork. The rooms were adorned by ornaments, sculptures and paintings depicting the strangest combination of subject matters. It took me a little while to notice the ongoing theme but it struck me like a lightning bolt when I did. Every single piece of art seemed to contain both beautiful women and foxes. Oddly enough, many of the foxes were hidden: their furry heads poking out from behind trees in oil paintings, their forms hidden in the clouds of watercolour paintings or their outlines etched in the wood of tables and chairs.

I stared at a colossal painting of several beautiful women of varying shades, all of them lavishly dressed. They were holding hands, forming a circle, as though playing ring around the Rosie. I almost didn't spot the fox. My eyes trailed over the huge work of art. It took up an entire wall of the house. There! The fox was coming up out of its den which was cast in shadow by a tall gnarled tree. In other paintings, the women were being admired by gentleman callers and suitors in parlours of noble homes while foxes peeked in through the windows.

Weird as fuck but wonderful, I thought, quoting Felix.

He often said that about his favourite artists and their artwork. I had the urge to look for signatures on the paintings to see if this was all from the same artist. The styling was different though the subject matter was the same. Perhaps, it was a group of like-minded artists?

Calix! What are you doing? Let us in! Hissed Alex in my mind, making me jump.

I hadn't realised how on edge I was till then. The house did have an eerie feel to it. I focused on finding a staircase.

I'm coming, okay, I said to Alex.

I stopped dead in my tracks. That smell! The most beautiful smell in the world. I followed it, all thoughts of locating a staircase forgotten. Coincidentally, the scent led me down a staircase to the ground floor. I followed the aroma to a dining room. There was yet another fireplace in this room along with a long thick wooden table with only two chairs, one at either end. I sniffed the tabletop. Chasity! My mate had been here! My Goddess had been right here! I felt like bursting into tears.

CALIX! Felix's voice thundered in my head.

I needed to show them this. I practically flew to the backdoor, meandering through the maze-like house with relative ease now. There was nothing like Chasity to motivate me. I unlatched the back door. My brothers, Chance and Danny hurried inside.

I found Chasity's scent, I said immediately over mind-link.

Felix sniffed the air and was gone in a flash.

Felix

I caught her scent immediately, a mere second before Baby Boy Calix mentioned it. Her heavenly aroma filled my lungs. I ran to it. I found it concentrated by a table in a strangely medieval-looking dining room. My Baby! That was her smell! I would know it anywhere! I inhaled deeply, running my fingers across the smooth wood of the table, looking for anything else that could be helpful: a hair, a scratch. Something unnerved me. I frowned, rubbing the bridge of my nose, trying to make sure I was not mistaken. Something was wrong.

Something is weird about it. It's different somehow. It's still amazing but there's a new element to it, I explained over mind-link.

My heart was racing. Why had her scent changed? Was she hurt? Was she losing her strength?

They're using magic to mute the scent and weaken it to hide her better, said Chance, narrowing his eyes in anger.

Yeah, said Danny, nodding. Her scent has been watered down. It'll help the kidnappers hide too so you won't smell her on them, explained the P.I.

My wolf came forwards instantly. We let out a low growl. We wanted to crush the life out of whoever was concealing Chasity's scent and keeping her captive. Alex threw me a warning wide-eyed look, placing a finger to his lips. He was afraid of being overheard. I didn't care who heard me.

When I get my hands on the people who took Chasity, I'm going to peel their skin off their flesh, I snarled.

I had never felt this way about anything before. Every time I thought I had been furious in the past paled in comparison to this.

Guys, look at these, the paintings, the sculptures, the knick-knacks! Said Calix.

Who cares?! I grumbled, feeling anxious.

Her scent stopped at the table. It didn't lead anywhere. I kept circling the table, hoping to find a scent trail.

What's bothering you, son? Asked Chance, looking at Calix with concern.

The girls and the foxes! Exclaimed Calix.

Is that a band?! I snapped, annoyed.

He was distracting me from tailing Chasity's scent. I was the artist and art fan here and even I didn't care about the paintings right now so why should he?

There are beautiful girls in every piece along with a hidden fox! Chasity is a beautiful girl! Said Calix pointedly.

That gave me pause. I had to admit: even a broken clock was right twice a day. I tore my eyes from the tabletop and examined some of the nearby paintings. Had they kidnapped Chasity for her beauty? My blood was boiling. Was this the work of some sick deranged secret admirer? Did this have anything at all to do with her being a Luna? Did it have anything to do with her being our Luna?!

Suddenly, I caught a whiff of her scent somewhere other than the table.

This way! I said.

We followed the scent trail to a bedroom. There was an adjacent bathroom. Both rooms smelled of Chasity. I breathed in the distinct fragrance of her skin and hair: honey and roses...and something else. There was an added element I couldn't quite put my finger on.

I sniffed the sheets and found her scent was strongest here, even more potent here than on the table. I did not pick up any male scent on the sheets. Just Chasity. Thank goodness. A massive relief washed over me. Calix lay down on the bed, curled up in the sheets coated with Chasity's scent. I sighed. He had done the same thing on our birthday when he had laid down on the cot in Chasity's tiny old room. I wanted to go back to that day and never let Chasity out of my sight. Maybe we should have moved out of the pack house the moment we had found out we were fated to her? Maybe we should have stayed on the island or on the yacht, enjoying one blissful day after the next? Maybe we should have just never gone to that stupid fucking party with those stupid fucking girls!

We don't have time for this, ok, Calix, we have to keep moving, said Alex, his tone gentle but insistent. It seems like she was here but isn't now, he added sadly.

I didn't want to say it but it was the heartbreaking truth. Her scent lingered but she was gone from this place and we needed to find out where.

They must have taken her to a second location. I can find out from the real estate company who was leasing this house or who owned it and we can go from there, proposed Danny.

Something else is different about Chasity's scent though! I said.

The change was beginning to concern me. It wasn't the fact that it was faded or not fresh. It was something else entirely.

Alex's grabbed my arm in a flash, gripping it tightly. The sudden movement startled everyone, even me.

What?! I asked, alarmed.

I know why Chasity's scent is different, said Alex, looking so woebegone all of a sudden.

I could hear his heart beating frantically.

Why's it different? Asked Calix immediately, his tone anxious.

Alex stared at Calix and then at me. I couldn't take anymore suspense. Alex needed to speak up now. Thankfully, he did.

The new element is another person...a baby...Chasity's pregnant, revealed Alex.

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Felix

My Baby Chasity was pregnant. What should have been one of the greatest moments in my life was a living nightmare. My baby was having my baby and both of them were somewhere unbeknownst to me. All I knew with any fraction of certainty was that they were alive. My wolf was in panic mode and so was I. There was a constricting pain in my chest as though something was trying to stifle me, like a band tightening around my lungs and my heart. I felt like I couldn't breathe. The feeling was intensified through the link I had with my triplet brothers. They were feeling it too. Being separated from our mate and our pup was a physical pain as well as a psychological one.

I tried to calm myself by focusing on the fact that Chasity and the pup were alive. They were alive and we would get to them soon somehow.

I know she's ok, I murmured to myself and my brothers over mind link. She has to be, she has to be, she has to be, I chanted, thinking I could will that thought into existence.

Fuck. When I got my hands on those kidnapers, they would wish for death.

I knew it was futile but I had to try calling out to Chasity.

CHASITY! I yelled over mind link so loudly the whole pack probably felt the echoes of it. Chasity! Chasity!

I couldn't reach her. I couldn't locate her but I could feel that she was out there. I sighed. She would need me. What if the pregnancy was a difficult one? What if she had morning sickness? What if she was cold at night or extra hungry during the day? What the fuck were they feeding her? Were they even feeding her? My anger burnt white hot

at the thought. What if those disgusting motherfuckers were starving her? My heart was beating erratically. I was close to shifting but what good would that do right now? I had to struggle to hold my wolf back.

We're gonna find her, said Calix, his tone reassuring. And once we do, we'll never let her out of our sight again.

That was for damn sure. When I got my Baby back, she was going to be on lockdown indefinitely.

Yeah, we'll find her and the rest of her pregnancy will be spent safe with us, added Alex, trying to be comforting.

Even though they were trying to say optimistic things, I knew my brothers were just as horrified as I was because their words felt hollow. There was no solid conviction in their statements. They were trying to will those reassuring thoughts into existence too.

I wondered what my Baby's mindset was like right now. I could only imagine how terrified Chasity herself must be. I wondered if she even knew that she was pregnant. She was so inexperienced. What if she was nauseated and tired and hungry and unaware of why?

I had not even realised I had been projecting these thoughts over mind link until Alex interrupted them.

Felix, stop torturing yourself with questions, he said calmly but firmly. Let's focus on the investigation. The sooner we find Chasity, the sooner we can put this all behind us and make her kidnappers pay!

I hated to admit it but my elder brother was right. We had to pour every ounce of our energy and attention into getting Chasity and the pup back safe and sound.

Calix

I was trembling slightly but I folded my arms tightly to try to mask it. My wolf and I were devastated. We were being robbed of these milestones with Goddess. She deserved so much better. I could not believe she was spending the early weeks of her pregnancy in such a situation. We had totally failed her. My lip quivered. I had to hold it together. Breaking down wasn't going to fix anything and it certainly wouldn't help Chasity. There was no time for blubbering or moping about. Every second counted and Chasity was counting on us. I couldn't fully feel the connection between us. I knew the fiends who stole her were tampering with her ability to mind link somehow but I could still feel her essence faintly. She was alive. I knew that much to be true.

I glanced at Chance. He had turned away from us. I heard a snuffle. He was hiding his tears. I put a hand on his shoulder. This was hard on him too. He had been deprived of

every moment he should have shared with Chasity. I didn't think I could have coped with what he had been through: being kept from your loved one for nine years by spiteful people. My stomach churned when I recalled the fact that those "spiteful people" were my very own Mom and Dad. I took a deep breath to steady myself. I really didn't think my parents had anything to do with the kidnapping but my wolf was begging me to contact Mom and tell her Chasity was pregnant. My wolf thought that if we told Mom about the pregnancy and she happened to know where Chasity was, she would give Goddess back for the sake of the pup, her very own grandchild.

I know you don't agree but something inside of me just knows Mom didn't do this. She wouldn't go this far. She's behaved awfully. I know that. It's hard to admit but it's true but she's not this cold. No way, no how, I said to my wolf.

My wolf closed himself off from me. He had only ever behaved like this a handful of times. I sighed inwardly. I shut my eyes tightly. I could feel a migraine coming on. Usually only Alex and Mom got those, sometimes Dad. I felt Alex's hand on my shoulder.

Alex

As scared shitless as I was, I had to be strong for my younger brothers. Felix always pretended to be a tough guy but underneath that tough exterior was a soft sensitive interior. I knew this was destroying him. Everyday without Chasity, he got weaker. We all did. Calix was more open with his feelings usually but even he was holding back nowadays. Everyone was acting a bit out of character due to the stress of the situation.

Chasity, my Luna, wherever you are, please hold on. Please. We're on our way, I promised her, knowing the mind link most likely wouldn't reach her.

Time to finish searching the house! I commanded. Look at it this way! This is the biggest lead yet! Even though we discovered something worrisome, we also know that Chasity and the pup are probably on our lands still! We have a home-court advantage, I said.

This isn't basketball, grumbled Felix. It's not a game. My mate's life and my child's life are on the line!

Our Luna's life and our child's life are on the line, I corrected him.

I half-expected him to argue further but he just made a disgruntled noise and folded his arms.

Let's search this place from top to bottom, said Chance, a determined look in his eyes though they were brimming with unshed tears.

I nodded. The residence had three storeys including the attic. It was a huge property, almost as large as the pack house, and we painstakingly searched each and every

room. I didn't believe in splitting up in these situations if it could be avoided so we went from room to room together, combing through every inch of the place: opening every drawer, looking in every cupboard, sifting through every letter and file found. We pushed against the walls and floors in random places, looking for any secret passageways. We looked behind every painting in case there was a security camera there or a trapdoor.

I kept that someone would come home soon. In fact, I hoped that someone would show up. Then, we could question them.

"Ugh!" Grouched Felix aloud. "It's useless!"

Calix sighed, looking defeated. I wanted to tear this place apart in frustration but I had to hold it together and go about this methodically. This house was the biggest clue thus far. Chasity's scent was here. Chasity had been here. That had to count for something. Her scent was altered by her pregnancy and that was a new development. She hadn't been far along enough to smell any different the last time I had held her. That meant this house had to be affiliated with the kidnappers in some way.

"Find out who owns this house and if they were renting it out to anyone!" I said sternly to Danny.

Danny nodded eagerly.

"Will do. Also, I'm arranging for us to meet Dexter Sharpe in the interim while we're tracking down Deidre Binx," said Danny.

Calix raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"That's the conspiracy theory guy who was friends with Chase, Chasity's father?" Asked Calix.

Danny nodded. I resisted the urge to down cry the idea. Beggars could not be choosers. We needed every lead we could get. I had promised to leave no stone unturned so I knew I had to talk to this Dexter guy. I just hoped it wouldn't be a waste of time because with the baby on the way there was no time to waste whatsoever.

Calix

Lucky for us, Dexter Sharpe agreed to meet with us that same day. Not that any of us felt lucky right now though. When Danny gave me the address, I realised it was just a little way past Domino, the lookout point where Chasity had marked me. I told myself I wouldn't look as we passed it but I did. The memory was bittersweet now, tainted by the present. The mark on my neck tingled as we drove by. I trailed my fingers over it. The permanence of Chasity's mark comforted me. We would always belong to each other no matter what happened. The memory of that day was so vivid I could almost smell her floral scent. Everything was burnt into my brain: her smile, her voice, the taste of her

skin, the way she looked at me. I hoped the memories stayed just as vibrant over time. I was petrified that the memories would fade and then I would feel like I had lost her twice. I had to placate myself with the hope that she was not lost to me forever. We were doing everything we could to find her. I just hoped we were on the right path. Our story could not end this way. It just couldn't. Chasity deserved better. Much better. The best actually! A proper happily ever after.

Alex

If Dexter's house was any indication of the type of person he was then I already disliked him. The place was a run-down looking mess. The one-storey house was narrow but long and the wood was bare as though it had never been painted or treated in any way. Perhaps, the paint had peeled off, I reasoned. Perhaps, he had fallen on hard times. I shouldn't be so harsh, so judgemental. I didn't know his circumstances.

The front yard was blanketed with knee-high sludgy snow. This was not the work of a fresh snowfall. This was negligence. Hmph. My eyes couldn't help but trail over some suspicious-looking spots on the wood. I held in a gasp. Black mould!

Of course Calix was walking right up to the largest patch of black mould to inspect it. Before I could call out to him, Chance grabbed his shoulder.

"Be careful, son, you could get sick!" Warned Chance, pulling him gently backwards.

Black mould was potentially deadly to humans. It could cause them to have respiratory problems. For werewolves, however, it would take an unprecedented amount of black mould to get us sick but that was besides the point. No wolf should let mould grow all over their house just because our lungs were tough enough to handle it. What about the pups in the area? It could affect them. I doubted Dexter had anyone else living here with him. I pictured him being a loner.

"Thanks, Grandpa," I heard Calix say as he stepped away from the mould.

Chance actually smiled brightly in response to that. I was amazed that Chance was cautious about mould when his office looked like a good place to sample it.

Felix was ahead of everyone, stomping up to the door and making the rickety porch creak and shake under him. He banged on the door. Someone opened it rather quickly leaving Felix's fist frozen in midair. Felix grinned awkwardly at the man behind the door before pocketing his fist.

Felix

I was not expecting to have the door opened mid-bang. I gave the guy an apologetic grin as I stuffed my hands in my coat's pockets. He needed to understand that I was in a time-crunch here.

“Dexter Sharpe?” I said, raising my eyebrows expectantly.

The guy was tall and very thin. Even his face lacked the fullness of youth that most wolves had. He had large light blue eyes and brown hair. Although the hair on his head was thinning slightly, his eyebrows were flourishing. I almost thought they were fake or something. They were so thick and fuzzy, I wouldn't be surprised if they vacated his face to go munch on leaves and build cocoons any day now. The guy fidgeted just as much as Mom had said. I had thought she was just being mean. I tried not to look at the wiggling movements of his fingers so as to not make him uncomfortable. It was the least I could do. I had already blatantly stared at his eyebrows.

“Dexter Sharpe?” Said the man.

Was he asking me?

“You are under arrest! You have the right to remain silent! Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law! You had the right to an attorney. If you can't afford one, one will be appointed to you...” he launched into an episode of Law and Order.

“Ok,” I said, holding up my hands indicating he needed to stop.

I didn't have time for this shit. This wasn't a fucking joke. My baby was missing and pregnant.

“Our mate, Chasity, is missing!” I said pointedly.

It pained me to even have to say that. The man stopped being an asshole and nodded, taking on a serious expression.

“Time is of the essence,” I added, practically pleading with him. “Are you Dexter Sharpe?” I asked again.

“Yes!” He said finally.

I let out a sigh of relief. Dexter let us inside his house. He was a hoarder and Alex looked like he was having a fit over the state of the place. Calix and Danny were all polite smiles and Chance was right at home. I didn't live here so I didn't care. I refuse to describe all the stuff he had in there. Just picture whatever you want.

“We're sorry for any inconvenience if you were busy or anything...” said Calix, trailing off because that was a total lie.

We didn't care who we inconvenienced during our investigation.

“Oh, no!” Said Dexter. “I am ready for this moment!”

Now, we were talking.

“So you have an idea of why we’re here?” Asked Alex, clearly intrigued.

“It’s all over the news! I have all of it recorded! Would you like to watch it?” Asked Dexter excitedly.

“No! That’s ok!” I responded instantly.

Didn’t I just inform him that time was of the essence?

“Your story...the triplet alphas...Chasity’s disappearance! It’s all over the news!” Repeated Dexter, wringing his hands nervously.

“What do you know about Chasity?” Enquired Calix.

“Past, present or future?” Clarified Dexter, gesturing behind him, beside him and in front of him respectively.

I wasn’t going to get away from a long speech, was I?

“Start at the beginning,” I said, frowning.

Dexter took on a sombre expression. He shrugged.

“Chase was my best friend. My only friend,” he said softly.

I felt sorry for the guy. It didn’t seem like he had found his mate yet so with his best friend gone, it must be a lonely life.

“I’m really sorry,” said Calix quietly.

“I’m really sorry! About your mate! Little Luna Chasity!” Said Dexter in earnest.

“Well, she’s not dead!!” Retorted Chance, clutching his chest in alarm.

Calix rubbed his back. Dexter held up his palms defensively, realising what he had implied. Chasity was NOT dead!

“I know, I know,” said Dexter in response to Chance. “Neither is Chase.”

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taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Calix

I couldn't help but notice the similarities between Chance's and Dexter's lifestyles. Grief had done a number on both of them. They were both hoarding to feel safe, to insulate themselves. It wasn't easy to let go of anything when you already felt robbed of everything. It didn't matter how seemingly insignificant the objects in question were. What was trash to others was treasure to them. What was worthless to others was priceless to them. I felt so sorry for them both. They needed help.

Despite their similar coping mechanisms, their stories contradicted each other. Chance had been convinced that his daughter, Chalice, and her mate, Chase, were both dead, along with their model friend Deidre. Meanwhile, Dexter insisted that Chase was alive.

"What do you mean?!" Demanded Chance, clearly ruffled by the conflicting information.

Chasity's Grandpa narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

"I watched him buried. I found his body and Deidre's and my own...m-m-my own..." Chance struggled to finish that sentence.

I couldn't imagine how awful that must be, to outlive one's child. I rubbed Chance's shoulder while he blew his nose with a tissue. He dabbed his eyes.

"I know you found bodies that looked just like theirs," continued Dexter apologetically.

Alex looked disturbed by that revelation. Felix furrowed his brow. I kept my expression neutral out of respect for Chance. I didn't want Chasity's Grandpa to think that we were abandoning ship and debunking what he had seen so soon. Alex was ready with the rapid-fire questions.

"What do you mean? Are you saying those bodies were planted there to be found? That those were not them? That they're alive somewhere?" asked Alex, clearly unconvinced.

Dexter seemed unperturbed by our doubt as he began prattling off answers to Alex's questions.

"I mean that magic can easily make one thing look like another," said Dexter patiently. "Chance buried three bodies that greatly resembled Chalice, Chase and Deidre. Even perfect resemblances perhaps but was DNA done to ensure those bodies were who we thought they were?" Asked Dexter.

We were silent.

"Yes, I'm saying those bodies were planted there to be found by someone not necessarily Chance. Anyone who would publicise the alleged deaths," reasoned Dexter. "No, those were not them. Yes, they're alive somewhere. That is my belief," added Dexter.

The alleged deaths were not highly publicised though due to the fact that my parents' beliefs had widely discredited Chance. I felt a twinge of guilt. Mom and Dad had treated Chance like a raving lunatic. For whatever reason, they had never believed his story. Now Dexter's story conflicted with Chance's story. I felt like there had to be some truth to Chance's story though. I looked at Alex, wondering who he believed.

Alex

I couldn't decide whether Dexter was brilliant or bonkers. I was quiet as I thought it over, weighing the probability of such a plan. How would someone pull this off?

"Where are they then?" I asked, meaning Chase, Chalice and the real Deidre.

"That I can't tell you but I can tell you that the Deidre Binx who became a supermodel is an imposter and the real Deidre Binx has to be alive somewhere for that type of dark magic to work!" Said Dexter, his voice barely a whisper.

"Explain how it works," requested Calix, his eagerness apparent in his tone.

"I have it all documented...I...," said Dexter.

He sank to his knees and began shuffling through a large stack of papers. I held back a sigh. Unless the documents included a literal video of someone staging the deaths I doubted it would make much of a difference.

"No, no, please, explain in words, paraphrase if you must," said Felix, unwilling to waste anymore time here.

Dexter huffed, seemingly disappointed that we hadn't chosen the scenic route of going through his documents.

"The rich and famous in werewolf country have bodysnatchers among them!" Said Dexter unabashedly.

Silence. Chance stopped weeping, possibly shocked by the absurdity of that statement. Danny had his eyes on a stack of DVDs in the corner. Felix's face bore an impassive expression. Only Calix looked like he was willing to give the story a chance. Bless him.

"The bodysnatchers are immortal just like werewolves but they have limitations. They need fresh bodies every time the old body wears thin. They are like parasites and the bodies are hosts. They pick bodies that are desirable in some way, maybe the person is beautiful, important or they envy the lifestyle the person has already or what the person has the potential to have," said Dexter.

The word 'bodysnatchers' conjured up images of large-headed aliens in my mind. I pictured Chasity's beautiful face. She certainly had an enviable lifestyle. She was gorgeous and beloved by us, her three Alphas. She was also the rightful Winter Moon Luna though she had gone missing before officially taking up the post. A chill crept through me. If this theory was true, what was he implying?! That a fake Chasity would turn up to claim the position of Luna? Over my dead body. They would have to make a doppelgänger Alex to pull that off. This Alex was not serving any other Luna besides the original Chasity.

"They may fake the person's death in one place and carry on their life with that body in another place or they may just carry on living in the same place as them seamlessly. The first step is scouting or vetting," stated Dexter, "meaning they get information about what candidates are out there. The second step is selection. They pick the body they want and kidnap the person. The kidnapping is technically the third step, procurement. So after scouting, selection and procurement, they need to do step four. Preparation of the body for its host. The body must be empty spiritually speaking. They take the essence of the person out of the desired body and put it somewhere else."

"Somewhere else?" Asked Calix.

"In an animal, a different empty body, a statue, a doll, preferably in an animal. The next step is transference, transferring the consciousness of the bodysnatcher into this new host body. The old host body might be killed. The new body is now the bodysnatcher until the snatcher needs another body!" Explained Dexter confidently.

I wonder if the bodysnatchers had used their old bodies as decoys, disguising them as Chalice, Chase and Deidre for Chance to find. For some reason, I was starting to believe Dexter's theory. Felix, on the other hand, seemed to think Dexter was delusional.

Felix

"Ok, thank you," I said, trying to hide the impatience in my voice.

In my opinion, this seemed to be going nowhere fast. Baby Boy Calix, on the other hand, was eating it up.

“So Chalice and Chase and the real Deidre are in an animal or a doll or a statue or just re-trapped somewhere. It makes sense that Deidre’s body could be being used by someone with the real Deidre out of the way,” said Calix, seemingly fascinated by the concept.

Before Calix could hear the rest of Dexter’s twilight zone pitch, Alex and I pulled him away from the conspiracy theorist. Thankfully, we left shortly after that. Calix glared daggers at us later in the car. Even though I hated to admit it, it bothered me whenever my little brother was angry with me.

“Calix, Dexter was filling your head with conspiracy theories and whatnot,” I snapped in my own defence. “We didn’t come to write a paranormal gossip tabloid rag. We’re looking for Chasity!” I said indignantly.

“I know, so am I,” snapped Calix. “And I believe him. Chasity’s parents are alive somewhere and so is the real Deidre Binx. The only person we need to confront next is the fake Deidre Binx!”

I sighed. Calix really believed this bodysnatcher shit. Alex seemed to be on the fence about Dexter’s theory.

“Whether or not this bodysnatcher thing is true, we still need to confront Deidre so we will do that! But first, we need to visit A Fork in the Road cage-fighting club. They’re scheduled to have fights tonight, and I wanna see who’s there. Some of them may have something to do with Chasity or her parents,” reasoned Alex, bringing some logic back onto the scene to my utter relief.

Alex

We parted ways with Danny and Chance for the while as we needed to go home and change. The cage-fighting club was a nighttime only sort of place anyway. A Fork in the Road cage-fighting club was last on the list of Chalice and Chase’s old haunts.

What do you think A Fork in the Road will be like? Mumbled Calix on the way there.

Classy. Quiet. Valet parking, said Felix sarcastically.

We had all expected the crowd to be rough but we hadn’t expected a full house. The place was packed! Most of the patrons were werewolves but there were a few humans scattered about the crowd. I even spotted a few witches, wizards and vampires. There must be a really high profile fight tonight with this type of crowd. Everyone was cheering excitedly as they milled around the huge domed cylindrical cage.

I realised the crowd was divided with almost everyone dressed to indicate which of the two fighters they were supporting. Those wearing red were supporting someone called Dante the Destroyer and those in Icy Blue were fans of Blanche the Avalanche. There

seemed to be some hostility between the two fan groups so I was glad no one from our group was happened to be wearing red or blue. That would help us float under the radar a little bit better. Being inconspicuous was no small feat for us. We were the Triplet Alphas. We courted attention even when we weren't trying to so we had made a point to dress in neutral colours and to not dress identically. Felix was wearing a black tee shirt and black joggers, I was wearing a grey tee shirt with grey sweatpants and Calix was wearing a white tee shirt with white joggers.

I noticed the spectators were placing bets on who would win the match. I frowned, wondering if this place had a gambling license. I highly doubted that they did. I sighed. I would have to let that one go. I needed to focus on the task at hand. My eyes trailed over all the memorabilia from past matches adorning the walls. This place seemed like something Felix would be into. He had gone through a major mixed martial arts phase in our teens which had culminated in him begging Mom to let him cage-fight and in her saying no.

Felix

There were not many seats left though most people had elected to stand near the cage. I didn't blame them. That was the best place to be, right in the midst of all the action, but I wasn't here to be entertained.

A short blonde waitress brushed past us.

"Get us a booth," I ordered her.

She instantly scowled in response to my tone but as soon as she turned to look at me, her face broke into a smile. She probably recognised me and my brothers.

"Right this way, Sir," she said politely.

It was a little strange that she chose to call me Sir instead of Alpha. I realised she was human just like the bartender from the other place. She began fanning herself with a menu even though it was actually a bit chilly in here. We followed her to a column of booths in the back.

"Lacey, what are you doing?" Asked another waitress.

This one was brown-haired with a heart-shaped face. They were easily discernible from the rest of the crowd by their short pink uniforms and black aprons.

"What, Melissa?" Said the blonde who was Lacey apparently.

Lacey seemed very annoyed with her coworker, Melissa. There was probably a lot of competition for tables and tips.

“You can’t put them back there! These are the alphas,” I heard Melissa whisper.

I was surprised Lacey didn’t know who we were. Yeah she was human but she lived in Winter Moon. She ought to know who ran the place. Lacey gasped and did a double take.

“She’s human sorry,” said Melissa apologetically though that wasn’t a good excuse. “She had no idea.”

Melissa motioned for us to follow her instead of clueless Lacey. She led us to a VIP section which was on a raised platform. We walked up a short flight of steps to get to it. The dress code here was vastly different. All the VIP booths were occupied by high-stake gamblers in designer suits, busy popping bottles and trying to one-up each other. The smell of cologne was thick in the air. It was somewhat overpowering but it was preferable to the smell of sweat in the other section.

“Please, Alphas, choose where you would like in this section. I’m not sure if you wanna be up front or lowkey?” Wondered Melissa.

“Up front,” I said, my eyes on the cage.

I wanted a good vantage point.

“Lowkey,” said Calix, glaring at me.

“A comfortable medium would be nice, Melissa,” said Alex, trying to mediate.

We sat in a booth and Melissa asked if anyone else was joining us.

“Two more, Chance and Danny are their names,” said Alex, showing her a picture of them on his phone. “Please, very discreetly, find them and bring them to us as soon as they get here,” instructed Alex quietly, tipping her with a hundred dollar bill.

Melissa grinned widely. I could practically hear the cha ching resound in her head. She was seeing dollar signs.

“Yes, Alpha, thank you,” she said excitedly.

I remembered how my Baby didn’t like us talking to other girls much.

“Chasity would be so pissed if she were here,” I said sadly.

I’d do anything for her to be back with me. I missed everything about her so much even how she pouted when she was mad or jealous.

“About Alex talking to the waitress. It’s just business,” said Calix, being daft.

“Yeah but she gets jealous easily,” I said, smirking at the fond memory of her cute pouty face.

I had to get her back. I couldn't live without her. I couldn't even call this living. I was just...existing.

“If Chasity were here we wouldn't be here,” muttered Alex pointedly with a heavy-hearted sigh.

Sighing was pretty contagious around here because the three of us sighed in unison in response to that comment. Yeah, we would definitely not be in a seedy place like this if Chasity were with us. We would be at home cuddled up with her or at some horror movie she had cajoled us into seeing. Melissa brought Chance and Danny to us.

“Thanks Melissa, you're a real one,” said Calix, winking at her.

I glared at him. He knew he was not supposed to wink at random girls. He was out here acting like a little ho just because Chasity wasn't here to call him out on it. I knew he meant nothing by it but it was still irksome. Melissa blushed and scurried off in a hurry until she realised she had to come right back because she hadn't taken anyone's orders yet and our full party was here. None of us were in a drinking mood but we ordered five beers for the while.

“What's the point of being here when we need to be finding Deidre and questioning her?” Asked Calix, getting antsy.

“We said from the beginning that we needed to check out all three people and all three places Mom spoke about when she told us about Chalice and Chase,” said Alex, jogging Calix's memory.

So far this place wasn't exactly enlightening. There were no leads here. At least, the fight was starting. The announcer was about to introduce the fighters. The red fans waited on their competitor's side of the cage whilst the blue fans waited on the other.

“Fighting tonight, in this corner, we have six foot six, hard as bricks, two hundred and forty pounds of not playing around, Blanch the Avalanche!!” Boomed the announcer, being cheesy as fuck with his rhymes.

The blue fans yelled and jumped up and down for their guy while the red ones jeered at him as he entered the cage.

Blanch, which I had thought was a girl's name, was a platinum-haired male werewolf with very light blue eyes. His eyes looked almost white from where I sat. Blanch was also missing an eyebrow. I wasn't sure if he had intentionally shaved it off or if he was shaky with his razor in the morning from one concussion too many. He was shirtless in blue shorts. He bared his canines and his blue-clad fans cheered. Hmph. These people

were easily impressed. Who was the next chump? Werewolf fights didn't have strict weight classes so the next person could look like anything. I had seen some pretty scrawny wolves take down some heavyweights. All wolves had super strength so technique was quite important.

"Fighting tonight, in the other corner, we have two hundred and twenty pounds of lean, mean, fighting machine. At six foot four, let's get him out on the floor it's Dante the Destroyer!!" Thundered the announcer theatrically.

I snorted with laughter. I couldn't get over these cheesy ass lines. The red fans were rejoicing while Dante, clad only in red shorts, entered the cage to face Blanch. Time froze. My nose twitched. It was faint but it was unmistakable. I got up and descended the VIP stairs making my way through the crowd. A path cleared for me easily as the fellow wolves could pick up on my Alpha's Aura. It wouldn't be a good idea for any of them to get in my way right now. The closer I got, the more convinced I became. When I reached the cage, I was stone-cold certain. That was her scent. Chasity's beautiful perfect scent. Roses and honey. My mate's scent on Dante's filthy skin. What. The. Fuck. I had never been more enraged in my entire life. I was shaking. What was her scent doing on him? Was he the kidnapper? Had he touched my mate?! I would rip his hands off for touching her. I would tear his eyes out for looking at her. I would take his life for taking her from me. I let out a roar that silenced the onlookers and the announcer. This would be Dante's last fight but Blanch would not be his opponent!

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Felix

I grasped the bars of the cage and pulled until I ripped the bars right off. The fans in the crowd began to scatter with many of them screaming and running straight out of the club. It was ridiculous how scared these cage-fight club attendees were of a real fight. There was a brave minority of fans who remained and began cheering wildly, thinking it was all a part of the show.

Dante, on the other hand, knew this was not a part of the scheduled programming. He also knew who I was and why I was angry. I could see it in his face. He was guilty. This motherfucker knew where my Chasity was. He ran out of the cage through the same place he had just entered. He bumped into Alex and Calix. Dante turned around, intending to run the other way but I was over there in a flash. I punched Dante right in his guilty face, knocking him out cold.

“Do you guys smell Chasity on him too?” I asked, half-hoping I was imagining it because I was terrified of the implications.

Why had this half-naked cage-fighter kidnapped Chasity? Surely, he was some kind of fucking pervert. I felt so sick just thinking about it. I couldn't kill him right away because I needed to question him in order to rescue Chasity. Alex nodded gravely and Calix took a deep shaky breath. I could tell they were feeling as disturbed as I was.

“What now?” Asked Calix.

“We need to question him,” I said.

“We need to secure him first. We can't have him running off. If he does, the first thing on his mind will be to relocate Chasity and we can't let that happen. She's most likely on our lands still,” said Alex.

Chance and Danny ran over to us. Grandpa Chance immediately kicked Dante.

“Asshole!” Yelled Chance.

“He's unconscious,” said Calix.

“Oh,” said Chance.

We tied Dante up and put him in the trunk. We sped back to the pack house. I had never driven faster in my life. No one complained about my speeding though, not even traffic warden Alex.

There were cells in the pack house basement that were rarely in use, mostly because Mom didn't want criminals in the house even if they were locked up. We put Dante in the first cell.

“Shake him awake, the sooner he talks, the sooner I can see Chasity,” whined Calix.

I had to agree with Calix there. I was thinking of pouring icy water on Dante's face when he groaned. “Dante the Destroyer” was waking up. He looked around in confusion and then caught sight of us on the other side of the bars. He glared at us, eyes narrowed.

Alex and Calix flanked me as I stepped nearer to the bars of Dante's cell. I could feel my eyes flickering to black.

"I'm going to give you one chance to talk on your own before I make you talk! It's just one, simple question. Where is Chasity?" I said, enunciating every word very clearly.

I wasn't in the mood to repeat myself.

"By the time you get to Chasity, it'll be too late anyway!" Snarled Dante, a malicious look on his face.

I let out a growl. This crazy fucker had a death wish. Even Calix was black-eyed after that statement. He was taunting us! Alex bared his canines at Dante.

"Do we know anything?" Asked Chance anxiously as he and Danny descended the nearby staircase.

The grandpa and the private investigator had stopped on our way in to explain to Mom why we were dragging an unconscious man into the house.

"We will soon," I promised them, reaching for my tool pack and removing a pair of pliers from it.

Maybe Dante had too many fingers and too many teeth or something, that was why he was slow to talk. Things were too easy for him.

"You don't scare me!" Growled Dante.

I snorted with laughter.

"We'll see about that," I said with a shrug.

"I have nothing to live for anyway!" Revealed Dante, his tone a strange mixture of spiteful and sorrowful.

Was he feeling sorry for himself when he was the one who had kidnapped a sweet innocent girl who was minding her own business on the balcony of her pack house.

"Are you seriously trying to make me feel sorry for you?" I hissed. "You have something to do with my mate being missing!"

I was beside myself with fury. Messing with a wolf's mate was unforgivable.

"There's no worse pain than that for a wolf!" I snarled.

Dante's response to this was just a humourless laugh. How fitting for a sicko like him.

“Think I don’t know that? My mate is dead!” He snapped.

He thought that made his actions justifiable but it was actually the opposite. That made his involvement in this even worse.

“Then you should know better than anyone how painful that is! Why would you ever want anyone else to suffer like that? When you already know it’s the greatest suffering?” I snarled.

Dante took a deep breath as he slumped against the side wall of the cell.

“I just want my mate back,” he muttered defiantly.

So he was robbing us of our mate?! No one could be happy because he wasn’t?!

“What does that have to do with Chasity?” Asked Calix, sounding exasperated.

“She looks just like her!” Said Dante, his eyes lighting up a little.

Understanding slowly dawned on me. Alex had caught the message a lot quicker than I had.

Alex

That was as good as a confession. Dante had lost his mate somehow which was awful, the worst pain imaginable for a wolf and yet he was keen to inflict that pain on three other wolves. He had kidnapped Chasity because she looked like his late mate. My wolf wanted to rip his throat out. Who knows what he had done to Chasity all because she looked like his dead mate?!

I burst into the cell and grabbed Dante by his throat, holding him up so that his feet dangled in midair.

“You took Chasity to replace your dead mate because they look alike?” I roared, tightening my grip on his throat.

I could just strangle him.

“DON’T KILL HIM!” Yelled Calix. “We’ll never find Chasity in time if you do!”

Calix’s words snapped me out of my murderous rage. I dropped Dante. He spluttered, clutching at his throat, while he tried to catch his breath.

“They’re not gonna kill her!” I surmised, looking at my youngest brother. “You heard him! She’s replacing his mate,” I snarled.

Dante caught his breath. He slowly began to laugh, softly at first and then steadily growing in volume until his maniacal laughter was echoing through the basement.

“If you’ve touched Chasity, I will carve you like a roast!” Said Felix through gritted teeth.

“I haven’t,” said Dante, seemingly in earnest.

Massive relief washed over me.

“I want her willing,” revealed Dante.

“SHE’LL NEVER BE WILLING!” Roared Felix at the top of his lungs.

My brothers and I knew that to be true with unshakable certainty. Chasity was truly ours now.

“She won’t but Deidre will,” said Dante pointedly.

“What do you mean?” Demanded Calix.

Dante refused to answer. He just lay there on the floor of the cell with his eyes closed. It was clear to me that Dante was trying to stall. He was slowing us down with his antics. He was trying to buy time for something which meant he wasn’t working alone. He had just mentioned Deidre so she was in on this or at least the imposter of Deidre was.

A look of horror came over Calix’s face as we pondered Dante’s words.

Calix

It was all starting to make sense. Dante had chosen Chasity because she resembled his deceased mate. Chasity would never be willing but that didn’t matter because he didn’t want her mind, he just wanted her body. He wanted a shell that resembled his mate, a host body for some parasitic bodysnatcher to use. The situation would benefit Dante and the fake Deidre. Dante would get his mate’s lookalike and Deidre’s imposter would get a new, young, beautiful body. Deidre’s body was getting older. It was time to make a switch. That realisation horrified me. I loved Chasity with every fibre of my being and I loved every drop of her essence. Where would her personality, her mind, her consciousness go if her body was housing someone else?

“You...you just want her body, don’t you?” I whispered, feeling disgusted.

My elder brothers stared at Dante in disbelief. Dante fidgeted slightly as though this part of his plan unnerved him a little, as though he actually had a conscience.

“We’re not gonna kill her! She’ll be fine. Her consciousness will be transferred to something else in the meanwhile!” He said defensively.

Felix gasped. Alex was still in shock.

“So it’s true?!” Asked Alex incredulously. “You’re stealing people’s bodies? Bodysnatching?”

Dante sighed.

It was true. That meant Deidre’s body had already been successfully stolen years ago and was about to be retired. Had Chalice and Chase had their bodies stolen too? Is that why they had never come back for their little girl? Is that why they had stayed away from Chasity for nine years, missing every milestone including her coming of age?

“Are Chasity’s parents dead? Is Deidre dead?” I asked, hoping those who had had their bodies stolen were still alive in some form, somewhere somehow.

Dante slowly shook his head.

I felt a sense of relief. Hope blossomed within me. I would get Chasity back and I could get her parents back along with their friend Deidre.

“Where are they?” Asked Chance as eager as I was to free them.

“In the bodies of three moon snakes that Deidre keeps in a tank in her room,” said Dante, lowering his voice to a whisper and cackling madly in response to his own revelation as though that was so clever.

He made me sick.

“You’ve kept them sentient and locked up as snakes for nine years?” I confirmed, horrorstricken.

I couldn’t imagine what psychological agony that must be for Chalice, Chase and the real Deidre. Living as snakes in a tank in the room of the person responsible for separating them from their rightful bodies.

Dante laughed even more loudly. Was he totally unhinged? He had to be to go along with all of this.

“Snakes only live about nine years. That’s their natural lifespan so I don’t know if they’re still there. Maybe. They might live a little longer with werewolf consciousness in them,” he added casually.

I felt chilled to the bone. He was so dismissive of the fact that they had stolen the immortal bodies and likely also the lifespans of three werewolves. My brothers, Chance, Danny and I needed to hurry. Every minute mattered. Chalice, Chase and the real Deidre were elderly snakes if they were still with us.

My wolf was furious. I was trembling as he tried to come forwards. My eyes were black. I had to hold back though. There was no time. Chance, on the other hand, could not hold back. His daughter and his granddaughter had been kidnapped by these people.

“I’ll kill you!” Yelled Chance just as his control snapped and he rushed towards Dante.

Alex grabbed him in the nick of time, pulling him from Dante’s cell and securing Dante inside.

“There’s no time, Grandpa!” I bellowed, dragging Chance away from the cell.

Chance was still struggling, trying to get to Dante.

“And where are there?! In LA?” Asked Felix, his voice panicked.

Chance stopped fighting to get away from me to listen to Dante’s answer.

“Deidre has a branch of her spiritual model retreat nonsense in LA but she’s housing everyone at the branch closer to home,” whispered Dante tauntingly.

Felix went to fetch something from his tools. He returned with a determined look on his face and a blowtorch. With a meaningful look at Dante, Felix lit the blowtorch. Dante actually recoiled, looking scared for the first time. Felix walked towards the cell.

“Where are they?” Asked Felix, taking a step closer with each word.

“You’ve been there already!” Yelped Dante, his tone accusatory.

“WHAT?!” Asked Alex, raising his eyebrows.

I gasped. The paintings of the foxes and the beautiful women came to mind. They were in the business of stealing beautiful women’s bodies! An untold number of those “models” from Deidre’s centre might have stolen their forms from poor unsuspecting beauties.

“The abandoned castle we smelled Chasity in with all the fox paintings isn’t abandoned,” I said confidently.

Dante’s maniacal laughter filled the room again. With a wicked grin on his face, he pointed his index finger downwards. I glanced at the stairs nearby. I knew where we had to go. Underground! That mansion had to have a basement. We just had to find the hidden door.

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make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Chapter 111 - Her Triplet Alphas

Felix

Inside, I was kicking myself. How could we have been so stupid? We had been in the right place back at that "abandoned" mansion! If we had only looked harder and found the underground segment, we would have rescued Chasity already. I roared in frustration. We should have torn up the floorboards in that place not tiptoed around.

My brothers and I ran out of the pack house with Chance and Detective Danny trailing after us. An unfamiliar wolf came bounding up to us on our way out. Huh? Instinctively I growled at the intruder. Calix put a hand on my chest to stop me advancing on the newcomer.

It's Dexter! Said Calix, sniffing the air, recognising his smell.

That weirdo who was friends with Chasity's Dad? What's he doing here? I said privately to my brothers.

He was right after all, remember, about the bodysnatching? Said Chance.

I had forgotten momentarily that there was no such thing as a private mind-link where Chance was concerned. He could tap into any mind-link private or otherwise once he was within a certain radius of the wolves mind-linking.

He could be useful. He's been right all along, said Alex, fetching a coat and giving it to Dexter's wolf.

Dexter quickly shifted back, covering himself with the coat.

"I can help! I know you think I'm crazy but..." began Dexter, the desperation in his tone evident.

“We don’t! Get in the jeep!” I ordered, interrupting him.

There was no time for long appeals. If he wanted to help, he had to be ready to leave right now. We all got into the jeep and I floored the accelerator. The mansion was about a half-hour away from the pack house but I planned to make it in less than ten minutes by driving at full speed. I didn’t even slow down when turning corners. Every second counted. We didn’t know when they were planning on switching Chasity’s consciousness with that of Deidre’s imposter.

“Faster!” Yelled Calix as the jeep hurtled dangerously fast down the icy roads.

I would if I could but I actually couldn’t go faster. The accelerator was floored.

“There literally isn’t any faster!” I bellowed in frustration.

The speed meter was at the max point. I turned to my elder brother Alex out of habit, hoping he had a better idea.

Alex

We could outrun the fastest of off-road vehicles in this icy terrain. This was our turf. We were built for this.

“We can run faster than this! Danny drive Chance and Dexter there as fast as possible! We’ll run ahead!” I ordered in my Alpha voice, leaving no room for protest that would only slow us down.

There was no time for squabbling. Chance and Dexter had been a great help but there was noway they could keep up with our Alpha wolves. Danny might be able to keep up but I needed him to drive Chance and Dexter while we ran ahead. I also didn’t want to leave the elderly Chance and middle-aged Dexter without any extra protection so that was where Danny came in.

The jeep came to a screeching halt and my brothers and I got out, tossing our coats in the backseat.

“Bring her back, please!” Begged Chance.

I nodded solemnly. I would do exactly that. There was no other option. There was no other acceptable outcome.

I shifted seamlessly into my Alpha wolf in seconds. My brothers shifted too just as quickly. Danny floored the accelerator again while we took off in our wolf forms, running alongside the car at first but in a few seconds we overtook the car and sped ahead of them. We darted through the snow alongside the roadway, going at least double the

speed of the jeep, leaving it in the distance. We ran until our breathing was ragged. We didn't care. We had to keep up the pace.

To think we could've rescued Chasity much earlier from that house. There must've been something we missed the first time we broke in to search the house. We should have been more thorough. I was angry with myself but I couldn't waste my energy on it. I had to put it behind me in the past where it belonged. I had to focus on getting to Chasity now in the present moment.

The house with its archaic design came into view. It was built to look more like a medieval castle than a house. That too made sense now. The old-time-y tastes of the owners betrayed their ages. The bodysnatchers were probably ancient. Their longevity was about to come to an abrupt stop and it was no one's fault but their own. They had messed with the wrong girl, my Luna, and they would pay for it!

When we neared the house, Calix dove straight through a huge glass window, shattering it. I had not been expecting that. I watched my youngest brother roll across the floor of the mansion with glass strewn everywhere.

CALIX! I yelled over mind-link, instantly worried.

Calix

In my haste to rescue Goddess Chasity, I crashed straight through the largest window in sight, shattering the glass as I went. I rolled across the floor, narrowly avoiding a large jagged shard. I could hear Alex freaking out over mind-link.

Present! I called to reassure him as I tumbled, rolling right back onto all fours and standing up.

Tiny glass splinters were sprinkled all over my fur. I quickly and vigorously shook the majority of the splinters off. I had a few minor cuts that I could already feel knitting together as they healed.

Felix and Alex jumped through the space I had made. Hmph. You're welcome. I heard Felix breathe a sigh of relief after sniffing me to make sure there was no significant bloody wound. Aww, he actually cared about me.

We need to find the way down, said Alex.

We ran through the place, darting in and out of rooms, searching for any sign of a hidden trap door. We went back to the dining room where we had picked up Chasity's scent when we had first searched this house. I was so frustrated with myself, knowing that we could have rescued her that day if we had been more observant somehow.

My paws were on a soft surface. I looked down. There was a huge printed rug beneath me between the dining table and the fireplace. It depicted a fox opening its jaws wide to reveal the forms of many beautiful women inside, all of them looking forlorn. I understood now what it meant. The women trapped in between the jaws of the fox were the melancholic consciousnesses who had been ripped from their bodies. The rug wasn't perfectly flat. A lightbulb came on in my head. I gripped the edge of the rug with my teeth and pulled, moving the rug aside to reveal a trap door! Bingo!

Calix, you're a genius! Exclaimed Alex.

That was high praise coming from him. Felix shifted back instantly to open the trapdoor. When you'd been a wolf for a while, you quickly knew what movements you could and couldn't do with paws versus fingers and opposable thumbs. We didn't even bother to waste time trying with our paws. As soon as Felix had pried the trapdoor open basically ripping it off its hinges, he shifted back into wolf form and we ran down a flight of steps. Darkness swallowed us up but our lupine eyes soon adjusted.

The underground level was huge as it spanned the same entire square footage as the ground floor. Unfortunately, it was a maze just like the ground floor had been. I wasn't picking up Chasity's scent but Alex seemed to be getting a whiff of something.

Alex

This way! I said. It's not Chasity's scent but there are other girls nearby and maybe they can lead us to Chasity!

My younger brothers followed my lead and we came upon two girls, both of them wounded but one was in way worse shape than the other. My stomach lurched. I hoped my Luna was okay.

I shifted, vaguely aware that I was naked, but there was no time to find something to cover with and the girls weren't wolves so I wasn't sure I could communicate with mind-link.

"What happened?" I asked the girls, gesturing to their injuries. "Do you girls know our mate, Chasity?!" I added, getting straight to the point.

I stared at them. I could tell they knew something. Their faces both turned red as they looked away from my naked form in embarrassment. One of the girls was cradling the other. The gravely injured girl lifted a shaky hand and wordlessly pointed a trembling finger in one direction, indicating where Chasity was.

"She's in Madame's bedroom. Go out into the hallway and up the stairs," clarified the less injured girl. "Please help us!" She implored us.

"We will," I promised.

After we found Chasity, we would get these girls to safety. They both needed medical attention.

I shifted back into my wolf form and followed their directions, entering a long hallway lined by a few doors. The walls were shaking. Dust fell from the ceiling. There was no time to ponder why the place seemed to be on the verge of collapse. We needed to locate Chasity and get her out of there pronto. We found the stairs the girl had mentioned.

I caught her scent just as we began ascending the stairs. I could tell without mind-linking that my brothers had picked up her sweet aroma too. Chasity! My Luna was here! We darted up the stairs to find a single door. We burst through it to find Chasity supporting a tall thin woman who was shaky on her feet.

Words could not express how I felt in that moment when I laid my eyes on Chasity again. There was a massive sense of relief to the point that it made me giddy. I was overjoyed and overwhelmed. I loved her more than anyone or anything including myself. I felt whole again.

“Alphas!” Screamed Chasity.

It was so good to hear her voice. We literally knocked her over as we pounced on her, licking her face. She giggled. I had missed the sound of her laughter so much!

Felix

My heart was beating erratically. I had never been so relieved and overjoyed and grateful in my entire life. Chasity, my baby, had been found safe and sound finally. I sniffed her as I licked her face, checking for the scent of blood in case she was injured. I was even more relieved when I didn't pick up the scent of any injuries on her. Seeing the state of those two poor girls had scared me. I had thought Chasity might be injured too. Thank goodness she was okay. Her little giggle reassured me further and made my wolf howl in delight. We could also smell our pup, safe and sound, inside of our mate.

“We need to get out of here!” Yelled Chasity, projecting her voice over the sound of the ground rumbling and the building quaking.

It seemed like the same dark magic responsible for the bodysnatching was trying to bring the building down. Maybe it was because the switch obviously hadn't happened yet and this evil place knew that.

My baby Chasity had a woman with her. I hadn't paid much attention to her at first. I looked at her, recognising her waif-like figure and deep skin tone. This was Deidre. This was the bodysnatcher. I growled at her. Alex got ready to strike. Even Calix snarled.

Calix

We had found Goddess. My heart was so full. I had never been more scared than when I thought I had lost her. I was so grateful to have her back, I almost didn't notice Deidre with her at first. As soon as I did, I snarled at the bodysnatcher.

"NO!" Yelled Chasity, alarming us. "This is the real Deidre Binx! These snakes are my parents!" Said Chasity, showing us two snakes curled around her arms.

How had I missed that? I really hadn't noticed anything or anyone other than Chasity just a few moments ago.

"There's no time to explain. Please we have to get my parents bodies and go!" Said Chasity, looking as though she was terrified we wouldn't believe her but we did.

We knew all about the crazy dark magic that had been going on. I was glad to see that Chasity's parents were still alive in their snake forms. We would be able to reunite her with her parents after all. Now that we had Chasity, we just needed to find her parents' bodies and figure out how to transfer them back into their bodies.

Felix was sniffing Chasity's tummy, smelling the pup. I could smell the pup too. I could scarcely believe my Goddess had been made to go through her early pregnancy like this.

The real Deidre was placed on Alex's back and Chasity got onto Felix's back. I led the way. We ran straight into Danny, Chance and Dexter. They had arrived at last.

"Chasity!" Cried Chance with tears in his eyes.

Chasity looked bemused. She didn't know this was her grandfather but their tearful reunion would have to wait. We had no time for introductions. The building was coming down. I whimpered impatiently, encouraging everyone to run back to the dining room where the two injured girls we had promised to help were.

"No!" Exclaimed Chasity. "April! June!" She cried, jumping off of Felix's back and running up to the girls.

I supposed she had befriended them.

"We'll help you get out of here!" Said Chasity reassuringly to April and June, who were then hoisted onto Felix's back with help from Danny, Chance and Dexter while Chasity sat on Alex's back with Deidre.

"We have to get my parents' bodies!" Said Chasity worriedly.

"I know where they are," mumbled one of the girls.

I didn't know which one was April and which one was June.

“Their bodies are inhabited by distant relatives of Deidre. They live down here and help her run the school,” she said, her voice sounding as though she had been drained of most of her energy.

“Mr and Mrs Chalet!” Exclaimed the other girl.

We ran in the direction indicated by one of the girls. Whoever Mr and Mrs Chalet were, they were about to relinquish those bodies that didn’t belong to them. The audacity of these bodysnatchers was astounding. How could they be so conniving and selfish?

“What about all the other girls?!” Asked my benevolent Goddess Chasity, always thinking of others. “What about Maurice and Dante?!” She asked.

She was even concerned about that monster Dante who had stolen her for his own self-centred reasons. I heard Felix growl in response to the name.

Felix

Chasity mentioned that asshole we had imprisoned in the pack house cellar.

“Dante’s missing. He hasn’t been back for a few hours,” said one of Chasity’s new friends. “Maurice isn’t here right now. The other girls all fled as soon as they saw us heading back to the dining room to confront Madame!”

I knew who Dante was but I wasn’t sure who Maurice was. He sounded like a jerk. Maurice was a stupid name.

“Are they all Foxes?” Wondered Chasity.

I should have paid more attention to the paintings back when Calix had pointed them out. In hindsight, the artwork had been a vital clue. These body-snatchers were some form of were-foxes who were stealing the bodies of werewolves. Were-foxes had powers too but werewolves were undoubtedly stronger on average.

“Yes! But they don’t necessarily want to be snatchers. They’re not all bad! Trust me,” said one of the injured girls. “Madame gave us food and shelter. Many of us come from nothing and actually do want to break into modelling. Madame scouted almost all of us herself, handpicking us, looking for the vulnerable,” explained the girl.

Madame must be what Deidre’s imposter had dubbed herself. She had been grooming these girls to take over her bodysnatching ring. How gross. The girl with the more severe injuries had fallen silent. She seemed to be unconscious but her heart was beating and her friend was propping her up. We would get her some help soon. We just needed to rescue Chasity’s parents. Their rescue had been a long time coming. We entered an office where there were two people crouched under a desk with their arms over their heads as they tried to shelter from the falling dust as this place had begun to

crumble. Chasity gasped at the sight of who I assumed were Mr and Mrs Chalet, the people who had stolen her parents' bodies. It must have been jarring for her to see them.

"Mom! Dad!" Shrieked Chasity, momentarily forgetting those weren't actually her parents, just the bodysnatchers inhabiting her parents' bodies

Chasity's real parents, the snakes in her arms, hissed at the imposters who had stolen their bodies and relegated them to nine years of crawling around on their bellies in a glass tank while their daughter grew up elsewhere. The bodysnatchers growled at Chasity. If we didn't need those bodies back, I would have ripped their throats out for that.

Alex

The bodysnatchers recoiled from the hissing snakes in Chasity's hands. Those snakes contained the minds or rather the consciousnesses of Chalice and Chase. The bodysnatchers were backing away, retreating. I wondered if mere contact with the snakes would switch them back. The bodysnatchers would have disposed of their old bodies when jumping into new ones. I wondered if they would end up in the snakes or in their old bodies somewhere, assuming their old bodies hadn't disintegrated or decomposed.

"Chasity! Let the snakes bite them!" Instructed Dexter, his eyes on the fake Chase, the person who had stolen his best friend's body.

I realised my Luna had no idea who Dexter, Chance or Danny were but she listened to Dexter anyway. She was naturally sweet and trusting even after this ordeal. She moved slowly towards the imposters.

"Hurry, Chasity!" Yelled Chance.

"I called for backup while we were on the way," announced Danny.

Good. We would need an ambulance for these two girls. Chasity looked unharmed but I needed her to have a checkup especially for the pup's sake.

Felix

I looked at my baby, realising the source of her hesitancy. She didn't know which snake was her Mom and which snake was her Dad. Thus, she didn't know which snake to throw at Mr Chalet and which one to throw at Mrs Chalet.

Baby, just do it. Even if your Dad ends up in your Mom's body and vice versa, we'll figure that out later! I said.

Chasity threw the bigger snake at her Dad's body and the smaller snake at her Mother's body. The snakes struck, springing towards their counterparts and latching onto them. The snakes imbedded their fangs into the bodysnatchers' throats. Mr and Mrs Chalet screamed and struggled, clawing at the snakes, trying unsuccessfully to pull them off. The snakes fell off of their own accord and hit the ground turning to dust instantly. My heart was racing. Had it worked?

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Alex

Chasity's Dad opened his mouth as if to scream but no sound came out. Something black protruded from his mouth. As it unfurled, I realised it was dense black smoke. The black smoke formed the shape of a fox in the air before it darted through the air, vanishing, passing straight through the wall. Chasity's Mom was coughing up a grey smoky creature which also took the form of a fox before zooming away uttering a high-pitched shriek as it left.

Chalice and Chase moaned. They had both fallen to the ground after releasing the essences of those foxes. They tried to get to their feet, both of them unsteady. They were probably disaccustomed to using their limbs. It had been nine years. Dexter helped his best friend, Chase, while Chance rushed to help his daughter, Chalice. I could see the look of recognition in their eyes as they spotted Chasity. Chasity had done it.

"Mom! Dad!" She squealed, flinging herself at them.

Her Dad caught her in his arms, hugging her tightly.

"Dad, what are you doing here?" Asked Chalice, hugging Chance.

Chasity turned to Chance, realising that this was her grandfather. Chasity hugged her mother and her grandfather. I was so happy for her.

“This is beautiful! But let’s go!” Insisted Danny.

He was right. We rushed out of there at top speed while small pieces of concrete began falling to the ground as the place gave way. We darted up the staircase and through the trap door.

Felix

We ran out of the house through the huge broken window courtesy stunt-double Calix. There was an ambulance already parked outside. It seemed as though they had just arrived. The ambulance’s sirens were still on.

The paramedics loaded the two injured girls, April and June, onto the ambulance. The real Deidre Binx was also in need of some medical attention. Chalice and Chase refused to get into the ambulance, claiming they were fine. Chasity tried the same thing as she was back to her minx-like ways but I mind-linked the paramedics ordering them to at least take her vitals to make sure they were normal.

The castle was crumbling behind us. We turned to watch as it fell through the earth, caving into the underground basement. Dust rose up and filled the air. My baby Chasity began to cough. All this dust couldn’t be good for my baby and our baby. I quickly shifted and grabbed my coat as did my brothers. Chasity ran to me and I snatched her up immediately, shielding her face from the dusty air with my coat.

“I’m never letting you out of my sight ever again!” I murmured into her ear as I held her tightly against me, keeping her warm.

Tingles spread through me as I pressed my mate against me. I kissed the top of her head. Finally, I could live again. I could sleep peacefully next to my baby. I could eat knowing she was right there eating too, eating for two in fact.

Calix grabbed her, hugging her tightly.

“Chasity I’ll never wink at anyone who isn’t you! I’ll join winkers anonymous!” He promised.

She made a grumbling noise. Why’d he have to go and remind her about the winking and the stupid party that had upset her?

Calix

I was over the moon. Chasity was in my arms. She was alive and the baby was okay.

“I missed you, Goddess!” I murmured, planting kisses all over her face, making her giggle.

I knew she would want to sleep in our bed tonight instead of some hospital bed. Admittedly her vitals had been normal but I wanted her to see a doctor soon, just to make sure everything was okay with her and the baby. I wasn't sure how far along she was. I wanted to know when she was due so we could start preparing. My brothers and I had gotten a crib placed in our newly designed shared bedroom with Chasity. We had also gotten a guy to come and install a huge bathtub in the adjacent master bathroom. Alex had said he needed to plan for her return, behaving like we would inevitably be reunited in order to not go crazy. I had felt the same way. I had spent everyday since we had been apart picturing us together again, dreaming of what it would be like. Expectations were usually greater than reality but not when it came to Chasity. Being reunited with Chasity felt better in reality than anything I could have ever imagined.

Alex

I lifted Chasity up, enveloping her in my arms. The sound of her heartbeat was so comforting. The smell of the pup was reassuring too. I buried my face in her neck.

“Luna, I was so scared I'd never see you again!” I whispered.

She seemed surprised by that admission. She pulled away from me and cupped my cheeks. She leant in and nuzzled me. I smiled and she grinned. Felix and Calix demanded to be nuzzled too. I allowed it and then snatched her back from them.

I was so relieved and happy to have my Luna back. I had once told her I wouldn't have any other Luna as long as I lived and I meant it. There were no second chances for me. I only wanted Chasity and now that I had her back, I was gonna revolutionise pack house security. I needed to get her to a doctor first thing tomorrow too to get the proper expected date of delivery. I couldn't wait to see the baby moving on ultrasound. I also couldn't wait to go to lamaze classes with her. I already had a book on basics for expectant fathers but I needed the practical teachings of an in-person lamaze class.

I saw Chance waiting to be formally introduced to Chasity out of the corner of my eye. I reluctantly handed her over.

“You have someone who's been missing you even longer than we have,” I murmured in her ear as I guided her towards Chance.

“That's for damn sure,” agreed Felix. “But it's not the length of time you miss someone that counts it's the intensity with which you miss them!”

I nudged Felix.

“I'm pretty sure Chance missed her intensely too,” said Calix kindly.

Chance was standing between his daughter and son-in-law. Chasity gave her mother a quizzical look.

“Chasity, honey, this is someone I should have let be in your life all along and I’m so sorry I didn’t. This is my Dad and your Grandpa,” said Chalice.

“Grandpa Chance,” said Calix.

Chasity smiled. Chance cupped Chasity’s face in his hands. The elderly werewolf had tears in his eyes.

“I have a room filled with presents for you, literally!” He said.

Chasity laughed. She thought he was joking. We had a lot of disinfecting to do. All those presents were pretty dusty. I needed them spic and span before Chasity and the pup could be around them. I would probably hire a cleaning company for that whole casino.

The private investigator, Danny, was standing a few feet away, giving us some space. I introduced him to Chasity.

“Danny was invaluable to us and very instrumental in finding you,” I said.

“Thank you,” said Chasity sweetly, smiling at Danny. “I owe you one.”

“The pleasure is all mine,” he said, shaking her hand.

“And this is my oldest pal, Dexter,” said Chase.

Oh. I had almost forgotten about him. He was another one whose place could use a cleaning crew.

“Nice to meet you, Dexter,” said Chasity, shaking Dexter’s hand.

Dexter smiled.

“Same here,” he said.

“You can think of him like an Uncle,” said Chase, hugging Chasity.

Chasity held onto her Dad as though afraid to let go. She began to cry. I could only imagine what she was feeling. She had been through so much. The ordeal was all over now and I was gonna make sure that it was all blue skies from here on out. Her Dad hugged her tightly, gently rubbing her back. Her mother stroked her hair. I recalled my parents constantly referring to Chalice and Chase as drug-addicts. They weren’t wrong back then but now, Chalice and Chase would have gone cold turkey and then been sober for nine years. They had not had much choice in the matter but the effect was the

same. They were clean. As for the gambling, they just had to stay out of the casino and join a support group if they still had the urge. Something told me the gambling part of it had been exaggerated. They should definitely see a psychiatrist though. They had a lot to talk about and they would need a professional to help them through it. I wasn't taking no for an answer. I was giving them a very late Christmas gift of non-refundable pre-paid therapy sessions. Maybe that would guilt them into going.

"You aren't using anymore, right?" I heard Chasity mumble very quietly.

"Well, we haven't for nine years and counting," said Chase.

"And we wanna keep it that way," insisted Chalice.

"Intentionally this time," specified Chase.

"That's good," said Chasity, sniffing. "I'm proud of you."

"We're proud of you Chasity, our brave strong girl," said Chalice.

My brothers and I let Chasity and her parents have their moment.

"I'm pregnant," said Chasity out of nowhere.

Her father did not look pleased. In fact, he looked horrorstricken.

"You were a little girl the last time I saw you," he said.

Chasity's cheeks reddened.

"I'm eighteen now Dad!" Said Chasity.

That was still very young so I could understand his worry but Chasity had very good social support.

"And the Alpha Triplets are my mates!" Announced Chasity.

Should we hug Chase? He's our father-in-law-to-be, reasoned Calix.

Chase doesn't wanna hug us, said Felix, looking doubtful.

We should try. Give him the opportunity to refuse if he wants as refusal here seems likely, I suggested, looking at Chase's expression.

My brothers and I approached Chase with open arms literally. He just glared at us.

Wow, Alex, you really are always right about everything, said Calix.

I was right too! I was right first! Complained Felix. Let's hug Chalice instead. We're good-looking so I'm sure our mother-in-law will like us. Every mother secretly hopes her daughter's husband will be handsome.

Felix proved right about this too. Chalice hugged the three of us enthusiastically. She seemed to find something very amusing.

"Your mother must have shit bricks when she found out my daughter was fated to you three!" She said.

Well, she wasn't wrong.

"Mom!" Said Chasity indignantly.

"As if it's not the truth," said Chalice.

My Luna sighed. She turned to my brothers and me with a sweet smile on her face.

"Let's go home!" Said our Luna.

I knew what she meant so we headed to the jeep but truth be told, we were home already. Whenever we were with our Luna, we were home.

Status: Completed

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Calix

I was so relieved to have Goddess back. After a bit of a squabble between my brothers and me, I got to carry Chasity from the jeep to the house. I set her down carefully on the doorstep. I could barely move without bumping into Felix or Alex. All three of us wanted to be within a few inches of Chasity at all times. We couldn't help it. We were all still

traumatised by the kidnapping and we had only just gotten her back. I was happy that our proximity seemed to make Chasity feel protected rather than smothered.

When we walked through the door, Mom's jaw dropped. She was completely shocked to see not only Chasity but Chasity's long-lost parents as well. Chasity's Dad Chase was Mom's stepbrother so technically Goddess and I were related by marriage as step-cousins though we were not related by blood. This fact was something my brothers and I had agreed to bring up next to never as long as we could avoid it. Also, since our maternal grandfather had remarried some young woman, I supposed we were actually Chasity's ex step-cousins? I wasn't too sure. I would ask Alex about it later.

I watched Mom and Chase embrace each other with tears in their eyes. I couldn't believe Mom had managed to keep this secret for as long as she had. She had only ever referenced Chase in relation to all the money he supposedly owed her. She had never spoken of missing him or of mourning her missing stepbrother. I didn't doubt her emotional reaction though. I could see that she did in fact love her step-sibling.

I caught a strange smirk on Chalice's face as she watched the reunion. I was a little worried about Chalice and my Mom living under the same roof. A lot of my Mom's unfair distrust of Chasity had stemmed from her old grudge against Chasity's Mom. Thus, it was pretty fair to say that Chalice and Mom had not liked each other in the past. I hoped it would be different now. They would soon share a grandchild. Also, Chalice had (albeit unwillingly) maintained years of sobriety so it was not as though she was still a "bad influence" on Chase as Mom had initially thought.

Mom was hugging Chase tightly and crying into the collar of his shirt. Dad hovered behind her, seemingly just as shocked to see Chasity walk in with her parents. To my pleasant surprise, Dad came up to Chasity, ruffled her hair and welcomed her back with a hug, embracing her very gently as though she were made of porcelain.

"I'm glad you're safe Chasity!" Murred Dad. "My boys were a mess without you."

He wasn't wrong. We had been at our wit's end. The only thing holding us together had been the hope of getting Chasity back home safe and sound.

"Thank you," said Chasity softly, smiling up at Dad.

I wanted us to be one big happy family so this promising display put a huge smile on my face. Everyone seemed to be making amends and Chalice was keen to go next.

"Dad, I owe you an apology," said Chalice to her father, Chance. "I should have let you have custody of Chasity back when you asked for it. I was a junkie back then and I wasn't thinking straight. All I could think was how upset I was that you were trying to take my baby away," she admitted.

Chance's eyes were brimming with tears. For years, he had believed that reconciliation with his daughter was impossible because he had thought her dead. I could only imagine how overwhelming it was for him to find her alive and well. Chance smiled, opening his arms wide for Chalice to embrace him. She did just that.

"Chance," said Mom, looking a tad uncomfortable. "I'm sorry for accusing you of killing my stepbrother and his wife. I was...that was unfounded."

"I'm sorry for accusing you!" Said Chance with a sigh.

Mom gave him a faint smile. I could tell Mom felt a little awkward around Chalice and Chance but she was trying and I appreciated that.

"I'm not sorry for accusing anyone I accused," declared Felix defiantly though no one had asked him anything.

I couldn't help but snicker. Alex, on the other hand, was not amused.

"Felix!" Exclaimed Alex indignantly.

"I had my reasons," insisted Felix. "The important thing is it all led up to finding my Baby, Chasity, who, I would like to announce, is having my baby!"

His baby? With us being identical triplets (and virtually naturally-occurring clones), there was no real way to know for sure with whom Chasity had conceived this baby. Even if we did know who was the technical father, we would all act as a father figure to this baby anyway. Also, I was probably the father. I just had a feeling. I wouldn't say anything just yet to avoid deflating Felix's huge but fragile ego and to avoid stirring up any trouble with Alex as we usually got along "swimmingly" as he would say.

Alex

"Our baby!" I corrected promptly.

I had valid reason to believe that the baby in question was my baby but I was a mature adult unlike Felix and I knew we would be sharing the fatherly role anyway. It was not like we could find out the scientific way. DNA testing would probably be unequivocal due to us being identical.

"Yeah" agreed Calix.

I smiled at him. I didn't want to hurt Calix's feelings by claiming that I was the father of this first baby. We were supposed to be like one Alpha in three bodies anyway.

Mom's face broke into a huge smile in response to the news.

“It would be wonderful to have a baby in the house again,” she said in hushed tones to Dad. “Remember the triplets as babies,” she said, beaming as she reminisced.

“They were a handful. We were not ready for that. We were scarcely prepared for one rambunctious child let alone three!” Chuckled Dad.

It was such a Dad joke but my brothers and I laughed politely anyway. I wondered if I would be making jokes like that in the future. I glanced at Felix and then at Calix. Suddenly, an unsettling thought hit me. Would I be the “uncool” Dad? Calix would definitely be the anything-goes pushover Dad and kids loved that. He might also be the fun one. He certainly had retained a child-like wonder to his adult personality. I could certainly see Calix playing peekaboo with the baby, teaching our toddler to ride a tricycle and then playing video games with our teenager years later. I had to begrudgingly admit to myself that Felix would likely be the “cool” one: letting them take sips of beers and teaching them how to ride motorcycles. What would I do besides snatch the beers away and strap their helmets on snugly? That didn’t sound very cool. I knew I would have to be the disciplinarian. I just hoped they would thank me one day.

Chasity pinched my cheek snapping me out of my thoughts. I gave her a quizzical look and she just smiled.

You seemed faraway, she said.

I kissed the tip of her nose lightly.

I’m okay, especially now that I have my Luna and our baby back, I said, resting my hand on her tummy.

She wasn’t really showing yet but I felt calmer whenever I placed my hand there, almost like I could somehow communicate with the pup even though our baby was much too young to mind-link. I smiled to myself. Even if I ended up being the uncool Dad, I still felt like the luckiest Alpha alive. Having my beautiful Luna back safe and sound and finding out she was with child was overwhelming in the best way possible. I was overjoyed but I was also exhausted. I could hardly wait to be curled up with our Luna and I knew that Calix and Felix felt the same way.

Felix

We followed Chasity to her old bedroom, leaving Mom, Dad, Chance, Chalice and Chase in the living room. Good grief, those names. Chasity was the only one in that family with a cute name. I needed to think of a cool name for our pup and by ‘our’ I meant me and Chasity. I loved my brothers but I usually outran them during wolf runs. My sperm were probably just a touch faster. I wouldn’t bring it up though. I was too classy to get into specifics like that. Besides Calix would probably cry and then Alex would use his eldest Alpha voice on me, forbidding me from mentioning my strong

swimmers ever again. Not that it would work. His eldest Alpha voice wore off after a while because we were all Alphas so we couldn't really be commanded.

Shouldn't we tell her that her downstairs room has been cleared out before she gets alarmed? Asked Calix, his voice sounding panicked over mind-link.

Before Alex or I could respond, Chasity flung open the door. She let out an audible gasp followed by a scream as she gawked at her empty bedroom.

Too late, I said dryly to Calix.

I wasn't going to let Chasity throw a full tantrum over this. The last time I let her have her way, I said she could have a moment to herself and she made her way up to the attic unattended and was kidnapped. Never again.

"You're not to stay down here! You were kidnapped here!" I said sternly, folding my arms.

I knew she was technically kidnapped by the attic's balcony but whatever it all added up. The point was that she needed to share a safe space with us upstairs where she and my pup could be monitored and protected.

"Where are all of my things?" Demanded Chasity, her arms akimbo and her expression livid.

I smirked at her sassiness. I knew we couldn't really reunite tonight if you know what I mean. Alex had forbidden such carnality until we had a 'first trimester ultrasound' and I actually agreed with him for once. I needed to know my pup was okay before I let Chasity do anything strenuous and by something strenuous, I meant me not cooking and cleaning. I had already forbidden her from doing domestic work months ago.

"In our new room. We got a fourth bedroom on our floor that has all of our stuff," explained Alex sheepishly.

"Isn't that cool?" Said Calix with a grin.

I really hoped Chasity liked our new bedroom. Calix kept insisting that she would love it once she saw it. I hoped he was right. I had been too out of it while she was gone to have much input in its design. My brothers had been much less spirited without Chasity around but they had spent more time designing the new room as a 'labour of love' than I had. Of course, we had hired lots of help so it had just been a matter of relating what we wanted to the crew.

I still wished I had done more. I hadn't even been able to paint a piece for the new bedroom. The only thing I could get out of bed for back then was the investigation into Chasity's kidnapping. Now that my Baby was back, I could paint a piece for our room.

One without eyes since she didn't like portraits staring at her at night. I'd have to do a still-life. Maybe some tropical fruit to remind her of our vacation. And a painting of some baby things for the nursery. Speaking of vacations and baby-making, I knew Chasity would love the huge bathtub. It was the one thing my brothers and I had all agreed on: that Chasity's new bathroom should have the largest tub in the house.

"Go look in the new bedroom and bathroom! Please!" I said, stressing the 'please' so my pouty princess would humour me.

Chasity huffed and marched away from us. We followed closely behind, refusing to let her out of our sight. She dragged her feet up the stairs until Alex scooped her up, carrying her bridal-style to our new bedroom. I opened the door for them, excited to see her reaction. Alex set Chasity down. I found myself holding my breath, waiting for her approval along with my equally eager brothers. She had to like this new room and the new bathroom. That tub spoke for itself, didn't it?

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Calix

All eyes were on Chasity. Her eyes widened as she looked around. We all watched her expression closely as she took in our new room. The bedroom had been decorated in pastel shades of blue and we had already put a crib in it for the new baby. Chasity approached the crib with a small smile on her face. She ran her fingers along the grooves of the sturdy wood with which it was built. Alex had made sure the crib was the "best choice ergonomically speaking" and in general we had spared no expense. Other than the few but key pieces we had insisted on picking out, the Pack House's interior decorator had been given free rein. Felix had specified that there was "no budget" because Chasity deserved the best that money could buy. She really did deserve the very best of everything. That was something we all agreed on.

We were all looking at her anxiously waiting for her to make a readable expression.

Does she like it? I asked worriedly.

I can't tell, mumbled Alex.

She's not smiling! What if she wanted to pick out the crib herself?! Asked Felix, his eyes on Chasity.

I was relieved to see Chasity smile at the new crib in our room.

"For when you want the pup nearby!" Explained Felix, an excited smile forming on his face. "We're working on the nursery, don't worry!" He added cheerfully.

Chasity merely nodded. I could tell she liked the room. She was just exhausted. She had been through an ordeal.

She's just exhausted, that's all, I said to my brothers.

I realised we shouldn't have expected too much of a reaction from her. She had only just been rescued. She needed unadulterated love and uninterrupted rest.

She's probably had even less sleep than us over the past few days, said Felix. How could she have slept peacefully with those creepy kidnappers around? That reminds me. That pervert is still in the cellar, growled Felix, his voice deeper due to the presence of his wolf.

I had almost forgotten one of Chasity's kidnappers was in our cellar.

That cell is secure, Alex assured us. I have six guards stationed there. Two in the cellar, two on stairs and two outside the door that leads to the ground floor just in case he somehow makes it up the stairs and into the house. I also have an alarm on the door, so if anyone without the code enters the main house from the cellar stairs, it'll sound, explained Alex.

What would we do without Alex? He never ceased to impress me. I didn't know how most Alphas managed to rule alone. My brothers and I complimented each other quite well if I do say so myself. Even Felix had his strong points. He was a hothead but he was a great fighter, "a natural" according to Dad and just about every other pack leader and warrior. As you can probably imagine, Alex was revered by many intellectuals and advisors for being such a meticulous strategist. He anticipated everything. I always envisioned Alex as a chess player several moves ahead. Our pack lands were his chessboard and our wolves were the pieces at play. He wasn't cold though. He definitely humanised the warriors. They weren't just pawns to him. As for me, I was the approachable one. Pack members needed an Alpha they could talk to too, one they were comfortable with and not totally afraid of (cough Felix cough).

That's awesome, Big Bro. I complimented him.

Yeah, good thinking, admitted Felix.

Now that Chasity was safe and sound, Felix was in too much of a good mood to bother withholding compliments. I ushered Chasity through the open door into the bathroom so she could get a proper look at the new bathtub. I knew she was tired but she just had to see it before bed. She had to have a bath anyway.

“Tada!!!” I exclaimed excitedly, gesturing theatrically towards the huge new bathtub like a Price Is Right Girl.

Her face lit up at the sight of the tub. Bingo! She thanked me with a kiss. Tingles spread through me as our lips met. Words couldn’t express how much I’d missed that. She kissed each of my brothers. Felix and Alex were as gleeful as I was.

I never took my eyes off Chasity as she surveyed the bathroom. I had so many questions. There was so much I wanted to say to her, but that would have to wait. This day needed washing off. We could have a proper talk tomorrow. I felt like I needed to know every single thing that had happened while she was kidnapped in chronological order. I was privy to years worth of Chasity’s life since I had essentially witnessed much of it. We had practically grown up together though we had grown apart whilst that was happening. We had been a lot friendlier to each other when she had just arrived on the doorstep. Our angst-filled teenaged angst years ruined all of that along with Mom’s growing desire to exclude Chasity, treating her more and more like a mere servant as time passed by. When I stopped to think about the fact that Mom knew Chasity was her step-niece the whole time, I felt sick. I quickly pushed those thoughts away. Chasity was here to stay and she was pregnant. Chasity and my top were my top priority even over Mom and the pack. Mom and everyone else would just have to accept that!

Felix

“Okay. Bath and then bed,” said Dad, sorry, I meant Alex.

I discreetly sniffed myself. We could probably all use a bath. Bossy Alex insisted on us bathing Chasity in the tub alone. We would each bathe quickly and join her in bed afterwards.

We can’t afford to get frisky anyway, muttered Alex as we helped Chasity undress.

And why can’t we get frisky? I asked, my eyes trailing over Chasity’s smooth golden skin.

Because she’s pregnant and she has had absolutely no antenatal said bossy-boots Alex.

I sighed inwardly. He was right. I had to begrudgingly admit that to myself. Don’t get me wrong, I was ecstatic to have her back, but I was also painfully horny. If Blue Balls was

an Olympic Event, I would bring home the gold every time. Like I always said, Chasity had been named perfectly. Every time my skin brushed against hers, the familiar warm tingles spread through me. I trailed my fingers along her bare shoulders. She glanced at me over her shoulder. I smirked at her. She gave me a sly little look. Her middle name should be Tease.

Is antenatal care the same as prenatal care? Asked Calix, probably trying to diffuse the sexual tension in the room with daftness.

Yes, they're the same, said Alex.

And what is prenatal care? Asked Calix.

Calix, something is wrong with you, I said.

It's preventative care for pregnant women. The doctor checks the mother and the pup at regular intervals throughout the pregnancy to make sure both of them are healthy, said Alex patiently.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. I was sure Calix knew that. He just liked the attention from Alex.

We ran a bath for Chasity, ensuring that the water was warm. We lowered her into the tub gently. She fixed me with a disappointed look and an adorable pout on her face. I knew she was annoyed by being made to take a bath alone. We had grown accustomed to showering and taking baths together. I was glad the traumatic time apart had not changed her preferences.

I ignored her pouty little face. There was nothing I could do. I needed to know if my heir inside of her was okay before I got physical with my mate again. I started lathering the soap all over her skin, lingering in a few choice areas. I knew she was miffed and sexually frustrated, so I dipped my hand between her thighs and began rubbing her vulva gently with my palm to ease the tension a little. She let out a soft moan and closed her eyes.

Alex was shampooing her hair. I couldn't even make fun of his obsession with her hair so much anymore, because who was I to talk? I was just as obsessed, but not specifically with her hair. I worshipped every inch of her.

Calix was massaging her feet. I knew all her muscles were probably sore after such a daunting day. She had held her own when that bodysnatcher had cornered her but I knew there was a lot of room for improvement. After she gave birth, I intended to practice sparring with her. I wanted her to learn how to defend herself. She needed great defence and some decent offence just in case, even though I never intended to be apart from her ever again. Truth be told, I hadn't intended to be apart from her during

this past ordeal either. My brothers and I had been totally blindsided by the kidnapping. It was a relief to put that all behind us.

I heard her sigh contentedly. I smirked. I was washing the soap off of her. I reached between her legs again and parted her folds, finding her clit. I caressed it gently at first, but then I steadily increased the pressure. Chasity was my heaven on earth, and giving her pleasure was my purpose. She bit her lip and gripped the sides of the tub as she found her release. She smiled, her eyes fluttering closed. She was so drained from the day she fell asleep almost instantly afterwards.

I quickly gathered her up into my arms. Alex handed me a huge fluffy towel to bundle her up in.

Alex

I kept a towel warmer in our new bathroom's cabinets. It was something I had gotten used to in my old private bathroom so I had decided to put one in the new bathroom. My Luna, Chasity, was a powerful little wolf in her own way but she didn't have the size to produce as much body heat as my brothers and I did. I smiled watching her snuggle into the warm towel. We dried and dressed her quickly in her nightgown. I was nervous about her catching a cold. Werewolves rarely ever fell ill, but she was pregnant with my heir and she had just been through an ordeal. Both of those things could lower her resistance immunity-wise. She already had to use so much of her energy to produce our little growing Alpha. At least, the doctor would have to start her on prenatal vitamins tomorrow and, hopefully, I could convince her to begin a healthier diet devoid of chocolate chips, at the very least during the pregnancy.

You can't deprive my baby of chocolate chips, grumbled Felix, annoyed. Especially not whilst my baby is having my baby.

Our baby, I corrected automatically.

I had been so absorbed in my mental planning, I hadn't even realised I had broadcasted that thought to my brothers. That happened sometimes with multiples. We could unconsciously mind-link when we were distracted so private thoughts slipped through. Thankfully, it was a somewhat rare occurrence.

A handful of chocolate chips a day keeps the gloom and doom away, said Calix.

Felix groaned at our little brother's corniness. I snorted with laughter.

How about limiting her chocolate chip intake? A standard serving size or less, I specified, as I lay Chasity down to sleep and Calix tucked her in.

My brothers agreed wordlessly over our mind-link. Felix hit the shower and outdid his personal best. That shower had barely lasted a minute!

“Are you sure you’re clean?” I asked skeptically.

“Clean and sexy!” He said proudly, raising his arms and flexing.

It was Calix’s turn to roll his eyes and my turn to shower. Once we had all showered, we turned out the lights. It was my turn to not be next to Chasity. I grumbled about this to myself, not realising Chasity was waking up.

“Hey,” I said, smiling as she opened her eyes to look at me.

Calix was between us and Felix was behind Chasity near the wall. Chasity climbed over Calix and straddled me, to my pleasant surprise. I grinned at her. She pressed her lips to mine, kissing me with abandon. I kissed her just as eagerly. I knew I couldn’t take it all the way, but a kiss was no danger to the pup, no matter how steamy. We parted and gazed at each other. Felix cleared his throat loudly and pointedly.

“It’s not a certain someone’s turn to sleep next to Chasity,” he said.

“I know that,” I said, allowing Chasity to hop over Calix to sleep between my younger brothers.

I turned onto my side, facing Calix so that I could keep Chasity in my line of vision whilst she was nestled between them. She seemed to be fidgeting a lot, squirming and wriggling about incessantly. I watched her for a few moments before I got worried.

Is Chasity okay? I asked Felix.

I could practically feel him smirking.

She’s more than okay. The minx is just horny, chuckled Felix.

I heard Calix’s laughter in my mind. Great. I was over here where I couldn’t benefit from any of this.

Lucky you two, I complained to my bros.

It’s not like we can even do anything, complained Felix. My blue balls are transcending blue and heading towards purple.

Felix

Chasity was acting how I felt: horny. She was rubbing her behind against my already rock-hard member. I could tell she had missed me. We missed you too, Baby. We meaning me and my showstopper. My showstopper wouldn’t be headlining tonight unfortunately. All I could do was snuggle up to her, spooning her, cradling her perfect behind with my pelvis. She turned towards me slightly and I kissed her gently. I

peppered her entire face with kisses, making her giggle, though I could see her annoyance growing inwardly. I could see the frustration in her eyes. She didn't need to worry. We had the rest of our lives to try sating the insatiable need we had for each other. We just didn't have tonight. I needed to make sure that my pup was healthy and that my pregnant mate was okay after her ordeal. Our doctor visit would be tomorrow morning, bright and early according to Alex. I shut my eyes and focussed on drifting off.

Suddenly, Chasity wrapped her legs around my waist. I looked at her and she pressed her lips to mine, conveying just how much she had missed me. I held her tightly to me, wrapping her up in my arms and kissing her back just as passionately. When we parted, I kissed the top of her head and kept her close. I tried to get some sleep. Tomorrow couldn't come soon enough.

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Felix

I woke up with the bluest balls I'd had in a while. Not to mention the stiffest morning wood. I hadn't been this frustrated since Chasity had kept us waiting post-mate-bond but pre-vacay. I stretched out a little, carefully trying not to disturb my little minx. Chasity fidgeted a bit in my arms but she remained asleep, nestled comfortably between Baby Boy Calix and me.

"Felix, are you awake?" Grumbled Alex quietly.

I knew he was pissed. He was at the end right now, away from Chasity. No one liked that position.

"Yeah," I yawned.

I raised my head. Alex was lying on his side with his head propped up in his hand. I could tell Calix was awake too, although his back was to me. Chasity's arm was around him and I knew he was trying not to move too much so that he wouldn't wake her.

"It's almost time for us to get up and get going," mumbled Alex with his eyes still closed.

"You're half asleep," said Calix in a slightly accusatory tone.

"No, I'm just resting my eyes," muttered old man Alex.

I resisted the urge to throw a pillow at him as that would definitely disturb my baby and our baby.

"Aren't you guys excited about hearing the baby's heartbeat?" Asked Calix.

I could just picture his gleeful grin, though I couldn't see it.

"Yeah," I murmured, smiling to myself.

Alex nodded.

"As long as my heir is healthy...that's the most important thing," said Alex, pausing to yawn.

"Your heir?" I said incredulously. "You mean my pup," I corrected.

"It's my baby," said Calix matter-of-factly. "But we should refer to him as ours because we're raising him together."

"How do you know it's a boy?" I wondered.

I wanted a son to raise as the next Alpha but I also wanted a little princess to spoil, a mischievous one with curls just like Chasity.

"I just have a feeling," said Calix. "We can have a girl afterwards though. She'd be adorable."

"She would be," I agreed, my smile widening.

"I'm getting anxious," said Alex, opening his eyes to look at Chasity who was still sleeping soundly.

"You were born anxious," I countered.

"And first," gloated Alex, a smirk forming on his face.

Hmph. Big deal. I refused to even dignify that with a response.

“Mom and Dad saved the best for last,” retorted Calix.

Alex halfheartedly threw a pillow at him. Thankfully, it did not hit Chasity. It barely hit Calix. Alex always went easy on him. If he had meant to throw that pillow at me, he would’ve sent it flying at one hundred miles per hour. Calix tossed back the pillow and missed, probably on purpose because he idolised Alex. I heard the soft plop as the pillow hit the floor.

“My whites,” muttered Alex, reaching for the pillow.

We were using one of his precious “hypoallergenic organic cotton” bed spreads in celebration of Chasity’s return. Alex dusted the pillow off and then fluffed it.

“Should I wipe it with an antibacterial wipe?” He murmured to himself, hesitant to put it back on the bed.

“Oh good grief, Alex,” I said.

“We have a pregnant Luna, Felix,” said Alex. “We need to be extra vigilant about germs.”

“That’s Alpha stock in that womb,” I said proudly.

My baby was tough. It was mine. What else would you expect? It was Chasity that was delicate.

“Yeah, use the wipe to be safe,” I said on second thought.

“It’s a good thing I always leave wipes on everyone’s nightstands. You two always forget to restock!” Complained Alex as he meticulously wiped the pillow.

Alex began planning the day out-loud, partially talking to us but mostly just talking to himself.

“Luna needs to wear a nice simple dress or something to make things easier for the doctor’s visit. Nothing too difficult to put on or take off,” murmured Alex, checking something off in a tiny notebook that seemed to have appeared out of thin air.

The hypochondriac had probably slept with it in the pocket of his pyjama pants.

“The doctor’s a woman, right?” I asked quickly.

I had neglected to double-check that. This doctor would have to see my mate's body periodically. I wasn't about to let some lecherous male wolf like myself do the examination.

"Yep," said Alex, nodding.

"Is she a Mommy?" wondered Calix.

"I didn't ask her all that on the phone, Calix," chuckled Alex.

"She doesn't need to be a Mommy to know how to deliver babies," I said, in all fairness.

"I know that," said Calix. "I'm just curious."

"Calix, don't let Mom know her Baby Boy is thinking of befriending other Mommies behind her back," I cautioned.

I heard Calix grumble something unintelligible to himself. I knew he was probably rolling his eyes, though I couldn't see.

"Alphas," said Chasity softly.

Aww. She sounded sleepy and confused. We had probably woken her up.

"What is it, Baby?" I cooed.

I swept the curls covering her cheek back, tucking them behind her ear.

"Morning, Luna," said Alex cheerfully.

He was grinning from ear to ear. He leant over Calix to peck Chasity on her lips.

"Hey Goddess," murmured Calix, turning to face Chasity.

He began planting kisses all over her cheeks until she started to giggle. She swatted his chest playfully and he withdrew, laughing to himself. He frowned when he saw her expression.

An awkward silence fell over us. All eyes were on Chasity. We could tell something was up.

"Last night...nothing happened," she recalled sheepishly.

We remained silent. Chasity was prone to feelings of inadequacy despite the height of our obsession with her. I knew she was probably questioning her desirability. Habitually, I looked to Alex to say something logical enough to quell her fears.

“Nothing can happen until you see the doctor,” said Alex sternly.

“What?” She yelped, feigning astonishment.

I smirked to myself. My little minx was trying to weasel her way out of this doctor’s visit. I doubted she was actually surprised in the slightest. She had not been to a doctor since she had found out she was pregnant. Today’s appointment was non-negotiable. Besides, the sooner the doctor declared her and the baby healthy, the sooner we could resume our extracurricular activities.

“You were kidnapped at the beginning of your pregnancy. We need to make sure everything is okay with you and the pup. You both need a proper checkup,” explained Alex.

“Yeah,” I muttered, still feeling the frustration from last night.

“There will be many, many, many nights of passion in your future, Chasity,” promised Calix, winking at her.

An adorable blush spread across her cheeks.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” I declared, getting up and hoisting Chasity up onto my shoulder.

She squealed in surprise. I helped her adjust herself so that she was able to sit quite comfortably on one of my shoulders. I carried her into the bathroom and set her down on the counter. She raised her arms, allowing Alex to lift her nightgown over her head. Instinctively, she covered her breasts, hugging herself and casting her doe eyes on me. I undressed in plain view, ensuring Chasity got a good look at everything she’d been missing lately, including this quality morning wood I was packing. To Alex’s chagrin, I left my clothes in a pile on the floor, as did Calix. Our eldest brother snatched up the piles of clothes and put them in the hamper after throwing a dirty look our way.

We hopped into the shower with Chasity. The water was set to warm despite the fact that we could all use a cold shower. The sexual tension between Chasity and us was so palpable I could cut it with a knife. I lathered her as quickly as possible, skimming over her most sensitive areas while Alex shampooed and conditioned her hair. Calix rinsed her off and I bundled her up in a big fluffy towel. Alpha of Alphas Alex claimed it was his turn to pick out Chasity’s outfit and I truly hadn’t been keeping track of that one, though I closely kept note of whose turn it was to spoon her.

Alex

On our engagement trip, we took turns picking out Chasity’s outfits. We didn’t have a proper roster for it, but I made a mental note of whose turn it was. It actually wasn’t my

turn to select her outfit. It was Felix's, but what he didn't know couldn't hurt him. I picked out a long light blue dress for her. She smiled and put it on without hesitation.

"I can do that," I offered as I saw her reaching for her hair brush.

She promptly shook her head, looking at me through the vanity mirror as I stood behind her. I frowned, but so did she. I tried to pout the way she always did but she out-pouted me.

"Okay, you win," I laughed, pinching her cheek.

She giggled. Her hair was still damp when she was done detangling it.

"It's still cold out these days," I warned her.

"It's always cold out up here," said Chasity, with a sigh.

"Do you ever wish you were a Southern Luna instead of a Northern one?" I asked.

My wolf and I were both feeling worried and wondering if she was unhappy here in the cold North.

"No," she said simply.

"You're well worth the frost bite," she said, standing on tip-toe to kiss the tip of my nose.

I grinned widely at her. I made sure she was warm enough, adding a few layers over her dress.

"Whose turn is it to drive?" Asked Calix.

It was Felix's turn but I had stolen his turn to pick out Chasity's outfit. Though it was unbeknownst to him, I felt slightly guilty about it.

"I'll drive," I offered. "You can both sit in the back with Chasity."

My younger brothers didn't need to be told twice. They put Chasity between them and we took off.

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She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right?
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Alex

The private clinic to which we were taking Chasity brought back a few awful memories for me. Although it wasn't the same hospital to which Dad had taken her back when she had almost drowned because of my brothers and me, it had a similar interior. White walls, white tiles, doctors in white coats and nurses in white uniforms. There were no varying shades anywhere. Nothing that was faded, stained or yellowing. It was all the same gleaming immaculate white, and every surface faintly smelled of lemon or pine. The cleanliness of the clinic put me at ease somewhat. I distinctly remembered my parents taking Chasity to dingy hole-in-the-wall healthcare facilities as a child. The first time they had taken her to an upscale establishment had been after the near-drowning incident. I squirmed in my seat as the guilt began to plague me. The guilt threatened to consume me every now and then. I focused on the angel fish in the tank nearby. We were in a waiting room with a colossal fish tank that completely covered the opposite wall. The ethereal moments of the silvery angel fish took my mind off of Chasity's messed up childhood momentarily.

"We shouldn't have to wait. We're Alphas," hissed Felix.

Chasity put her hand on his shoulder in an effort to calm him down.

"We're early," I said with a shrug. "The doctor's not even in yet."

The security guard had only let us in before the official opening time because we were Alphas.

"Then why the fuck are we here," grumbled Felix.

"Because a certain Alpha was overeager..." began Calix.

"Doctor Casper just arrived," said a stout nurse with a stern face.

She was sitting behind a huge desk that dwarfed her to the point that it looked comically large.

"Luna Chasity Thorn," called a feminine voice from the next room.

We headed into the doctor's office. The room was designed to resemble a baby's nursery with pastel colours everywhere. It was a welcome change from the colourless waiting room we had come from.

"Good Morning Doc," said Calix brightly, stepping forward to shake her hand as she stood up.

"Good Morning, Doctor," I said, shaking her hand too.

"Morning," mumbled Felix, folding his arms and fixing her with a grumpy glare.

"Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry about the wait, Alphas," said the doctor apologetically.

"That's fine. We were early," I said quickly.

Felix happily decided to shake her hand after she had apologised for the wait though she should not have had to do so.

"Good Morning," said my Luna, nervously playing with her fingers as she looked around at some of the equipment.

The doctor followed Chasity's gaze and reassuringly said, "All we're doing today is a first trimester ultrasound which will help us estimate your due date. We'll also do a doppler ultrasound so you can hear the heartbeat. That's always a favourite, especially with excited Dads."

Felix grinned in anticipation. He and Calix exchanged an eager look.

"What about blood work?" I asked as we sat down.

Chasity kicked my ankle.

Hey! I said indignantly over mind-link.

I don't want blood drawn, she said, her grumpy little voice echoing in my mind.

It's necessary, I said.

All the books I had been reading stressed the importance of routine blood tests for expecting mothers.

"Of course, we'll be taking some blood for routine tests," said Doctor Casper so cheerfully you would think she were announcing the winner of a sweepstakes or something.

Chasity glared at me.

It's not because of me, I said defensively. It's routine.

Chasity held Calix's hand, squeezing it. She was sitting between Calix and me. Felix was on the end this time, on Calix's left, but we were all huddled close together.

"It's not scary at all," Calix murmured in Chasity's ear. "It's quick and almost painless, trust me."

"Then how come you always cry afterwards?" Asked Felix.

It was Calix's turn to kick Felix's ankle.

Hey! Yelped Felix over mind-link sans Chasity.

She's already scared! Don't make it worse, snapped Calix.

Calix is right, I said.

Felix huffed but he didn't protest any further.

Besides, I haven't cried over having my blood drawn in like four years, boasted Calix.

Felix snorted with laughter. Doctor Casper looked up from her notes and Felix tried to stifle his snickering.

Four years ago, we were seventeen, I said to Calix.

Yeah, so? he said.

Um, nothing, never mind, I said, dropping the issue.

The doctor interviewed Chasity, asking her questions about the early days of her pregnancy.

"Do you remember when you last had your period?" Asked Doctor Casper.

Chasity shook her head.

"January 4th," answered Felix without hesitation.

We all looked at him in surprise.

"Unless she had another period while she was gone?" He said, looking at Chasity expectantly.

She shook her head.

How did you remember that? Asked Calix. Are you turning into Alex?

Even I don't remember that, I said.

I wondered if I should start keeping a menstrual diary for Chasity.

We don't get laid when she's surfing the crimson wave as they say, responded Felix promptly. So of course I'm gonna remember that.

We had all learnt our fair share of lingo from Chasity's favourite girly human movies so we knew what the euphemism "surfing the crimson wave" meant. Calix stifled a chuckle and Felix zeroed in on my notebook as I jotted down this new information.

What's LMP? Felix asked, still eavesdropping on what I was writing.

I was pretty impressed that Felix kept a mental note of Chasity's cycle but a physical note was always superior so I had written the date down, noting it as the LMP.

Last Menstrual Period. Doctors abbreviate that to LMP sometimes in their notes, I responded.

Are you trying to outdo the actual doctor note-wise? Laughed Felix.

The palest ink is better than the best memory, I said, repeating one of my favourite old sayings.

Chasity was asked to pass some urine for the doctor after this. Of course, the urine dipstick pregnancy test was positive and I was happy to hear she had no blood or other abnormalities in her urine.

"Your urine is totally normal," said the doc, smiling at Chasity and the nurse assisting her.

The nurse took Chasity's vitals which were also normal then the doctor drew some blood and sent it for a stat test.

"I'll call later with the results that aren't stat," said Doctor Casper. "You won't have to wait around."

Chasity nodded. I could tell my Luna was eager to leave even though the visit was going well. Visiting the doctor was probably triggering for her. I felt a pang of guilt at that, again remembering the time Chasity spent in the hospital after the ice-fishing hole incident. I wished I could erase that memory. I wished I could go back and not let it happen in the first place. My wolf reminded me that it was impossible to change the past without affecting the future. Our future was bright and contained a happy healthy pregnant Chasity. She was pregnant with our pups. Everything had worked out well.

“The stat test is normal. Your blood count is great,” said the doctor cheerfully.

She patted the examination bed, indicating that Chasity should lie on it. We all rushed to pick our Luna up but Felix, being the pushiest, ended up getting to lift her onto the bed. I watched as the doctor palpated Chasity’s belly. Although my Luna wasn’t showing yet it was routine to do so. The doctor squirted some gel onto Chasity’s belly and put the doppler on it. We got to hear the heartbeat which sounded a bit like the gallop of a horse. The doctor explained that this was normal but she seemed a little intrigued by something.

“That’s a very strong heartbeat,” she murmured, more to herself than to us.

“That’s good right?” I asked anxiously.

“One moment,” said the doctor, reaching for the probe from her ultrasound machine. A huge smile spread across her face. She pointed to the screen. Chasity sat up a little. I could tell my Luna had been anticipating this part of the visit: seeing our baby growing inside of her. I looked at screen and was surprised to see three individual little figures, each with a pulsating structure within them. My eyes widened. Were those three hearts beating in unison?

“Congratulations!” Squealed the doctor. “Three future alphas in the making.”

My brothers and I looked at each other in shock.

“What?!” Asked Chasity, propping herself up on her elbows and scrutinising the screen where three hearts expanded and contracted in perfect synchronisation. No wonder it had sounded like one loud heartbeat. My little guys were harmonising in there. The joy I felt was indescribable. My brothers and I had our ups and downs but the bond we had as triplets was unbreakable. At our earliest moment, we had been a single cell, one entity. My pups would have started out the same way before they split into three. I couldn’t wait to meet them. I was so happy they would have each other to grow up with. There was nothing else quite like it.

“You’re having triplets! Three pups. If you were human, it’d be too early to tell but as they’re werewolves and their momma is a she-wolf, I can see the three of them quite clearly though you’re early so they’re tiny,” explained the doctor patiently.

“They’ll be as big as their Daddy, give them time!” Said Felix somewhat defensive.

“Their Daddies!” I specified, correcting him.

Calix fixed Felix with a glare. I could tell my littlest brother was tired of Felix claiming to be the sole father.

“Is it possible to tell who is the father?” Asked Calix, looking at our babies in wonder.

I highly doubted it was possible. We were identical so our DNA should be indistinguishable.

“Probably not because your DNA is identical. Identical triplets. Identical DNA. I can try to make an educated guess based on sexual history like who last had sex with Chasity and how that coincides with her last menstrual period to see when she might have conceived...” suggested the doctor.

“No, that’s ok,” said Chasity, cutting across the doctor.

My Luna was blushing. She clearly didn’t want to give details of our escapades and entanglements especially since they often involved all of us so what would be the point? A review of Chasity’s sexual history probably still wouldn’t indicate which of us grown triplets had fathered the baby triplets.

Baby triplets. The reality of having three babies to raise instead of one was beginning to dawn on me. I had been nervous (albeit excited) enough about one baby. Now, we had three little bundles of joy to contend with. I observed Chasity’s expression closely, hoping she was as happy as we were. I could practically feel the sheer joy radiating off Calix along with the bursting pride Felix was exuding. I was sure Felix was giving himself all the credit for the triplet babies, thinking he was three times the stud now.

I’m a baby-making machine, Felix informed us.

No comment. My attention was still on my Luna. My brothers looked to her also. She was smiling serenely and we all grinned back. I was relieved she wasn’t stressed about the situation. She had every right to be. She was a first-time Mom pregnant with triplets. Luckily, there were three devoted Dads involved. This would be a piece of cake...right?

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Calix

Goddess looked at the little hearts on the ultrasound screen, her eyes filled with love for them. My heart was so full. I had three kids on the way all of a sudden and I loved each and every one of them dearly. And I loved their beautiful Mom with every fibre of my being. My brothers did too. We would do anything for Chasity and our pups.

“We love you, Chasity,” I whispered, closing the small distance between her and me.

I cupped her face in my hands, tilting her chin upwards so that I could kiss her. I pressed my lips against hers gently as though she could easily break. In my eyes, she was so delicate. I knew she had endured a lot but it was hard to see her as the tough Luna she was slowly becoming. She would always be my childhood sweetheart, my destined and divine bride, wide-eyed and innocent, doll-like, Cherubic. I tried to convey all of this with my kiss but of course it was futile. Lucky for me, I had the rest of forever to show Chasity how much she meant to me.

“And we missed you like crazy!” Exclaimed Felix, placing his hands on Chasity’s shoulders so that he could massage them.

Chasity relaxed into his touch.

“We’re keeping you and these babies on lockdown!” declared Alex, leaning in so that he could nuzzle Chasity.

I half expected her to frown but she surprised us all with a bright smile. She did not seem the least bit upset by our overprotectiveness.

“Fair enough,” she agreed, seemingly approving of the lockdown. “I love you too, all of you, so much!” she said, sounding a little breathless.

I placed my hand on her knee and gave her a little squeeze.

“And I missed you! Every second was horrible without you,” she cried, her voice sounding strained. “I thought I’d never see you again!” she admitted, sniffing.

Hearing the little crack in her voice as she fought back tears was unbearable. We all drew even closer to her. My beautiful little Goddess was trembling. She could hold back the floodgates no longer. Her sniffles gave way to sobs that wracked her whole body. We rushed to comfort her, pressing our bodies against hers and surrounding her with warmth. Seeing Chasity break down like that was making my wolf whimper. I kissed her forehead and the top of her head while she cried softly. We kept her safely enveloped in our arms. The doctor kindly stepped outside to give us a moment. The doc had thoughtfully left a box of tissues behind on the examination bed next to our weeping mate. I handed a tissue to Chasity and she used it to dab under her eyes. I took another tissue and held it to her pink nose so that she could blow it. I caressed her flushed cheeks gently. Although I hated seeing her cry she looked adorable with her cheeks and

nose tinged pink. Alex and Felix seemed to share my sentiment about her irresistible cuteness as Alex tweaked her nose and Felix pinched her cheek.

“Hey!” exclaimed Chasity as though something had only just occurred to her. “What happened to Dante?” She asked, curiosity blossoming in her brown doe eyes.

My brothers and I exchanged mischievous glances.

Dante was in an underground cell and there he would remain for as many days as he had held Chasity captive. Afterwards, we planned to transfer him to a regular jail cell where he would await trial. He was obviously guilty. The evidence was “insurmountable” according to Alex but Alex had also insisted upon a trial being held as a formality. Alex and I explained this to Chasity on the ride home. If Felix had had his way, Dante would be dead. Felix refused to interject or add anything. I knew he was pissed that he wouldn’t get to snap Dante’s neck.

“Dante’s wasn’t the worst honestly,” insisted Chasity. “He’s a decent person deep down I believe. He was just desperate to recreate what he had with his late mate. Madame was the mastermind.”

“We have no way of knowing where her essence went,” said Alex with a sigh.

I recalled the swirls of smoke coming out of Chasity’s parents. The smoke had formed the fox spirits. There were three fox spirits potentially out there: Madame and the couple who had been using the bodies of Chalice and Chase. Alex believed that they would have disintegrated if they hadn’t reached inhabitable bodies quickly enough. It reminded of the original story of the little mermaid, the sad one, where she became a water sprite after failing to win over the Prince. Thankfully, Chasity and I had gotten our happy ending. I was her Prince Charming.

“And what happened to Maurice?” Wondered Chasity. “He was okay. He gave me pizza and water.”

“Chasity, we need to work on your sense of justice, my Luna,” said Alex, his eyes filled with concern and doubt as he looked in the rearview mirror at Chasity.

Alex was driving and Chasity was between Felix and me in the backseat.

“Maurice is dead. He choked on a sandwich in a convenience store parking lot,” muttered Felix, unbothered.

Chasity looked somewhat alarmed.

“Wow,” she mumbled.

“Karma,” said Alex, nodding. “He had just robbed the convenience store. He stole that sandwich along with the cash in the register and he shot the father of five who owned the store,” revealed Alex.

Chasity gasped. She was clearly horrified.

“Don’t worry the father of five survived!” I informed her happily.

That had been my first concern when Alex had initially recounted the story to me.

“Yes, the bullet missed all major organs,” said Alex, looking relieved on behalf of the family. “His wife says he’s still recuperating in hospital. He has a long road ahead but his prognosis is good and the children are so happy their father made it out of this alive.”

“Awww, thank goodness!” Said Chasity.

“What kind of sandwich had Maurice stolen?” Asked Felix.

“I don’t know, Felix,” mumbled Alex, annoyed by the question.

“It’s a valid question,” said Felix. “If Calix had asked that, you’d make it your mission to find out.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Cheese paste,” announced Chasity, looking at her cell phone.

I snorted with laughter. Goddess had actually googled that.

“It’s in the news?” I confirmed.

Chasity nodded, showing me a picture on her phone. It was the Jackson family, all smiles as they surrounded their father in hospital. Even the Dad was smiling faintly. The Mom looked stressed but she too had a small smile on her face. The next picture in the article was of the half-eaten convenience store sandwich which was, in fact, cheese paste.

“What a fucking loser,” growled Felix, in reference to Maurice. “He almost killed their Dad over that. It’s one thing to steal if you’re hungry but he clearly just steals for the thrill of it and why shoot someone and then eat in the parking lot like it’s no big deal. Such disrespect for a life he almost took.”

Felix was a big softie on the inside. I knew half the reason he was so harsh with pack criminals was because he was really protective of the families targeted. I looked at the

Jackson children. The littlest one was only three if so much with large dark brown eyes and a mound of thick dark curly hair.

"This little dude almost lost his Dad," I said. "I'm glad it worked out. Are we doing anything for them?" I asked Alex.

"I already arranged to have their hospital bills taken care of," mumbled Alex, not taking his eyes off the road. "You think we should send a pack warrior to man the store in the meantime?"

"Yeah," agreed Felix. "Send two."

"Send three since we're triplets," I decided.

Felix snickered. Chasity liked the idea.

"That makes no sense but okay three it is," said Felix.

"The power of three," I said mystically.

I did a little interpretative dance meant to evoke the power of three. Chasity clapped and cheered for me.

"I'm in the backseat with these toddlers," said Felix, complaining to Alex.

"Don't pretend like you don't wanna sit with me," said Chasity.

Felix smiled and kissed her forehead.

"I feel bad for the family of course. They're the real victims but I still wonder if Maurice had a hard life or something. Maybe that's why he became a criminal," said Chasity.

"You had a hard life," admitted Alex, looking at Chasity in the rear-view mirror again. "Are you gonna start shooting hardworking Dads over sandwiches?"

"No, of course not," said Chasity.

"Maurice had free food and room and board with Madame," I said. "He had no real reason to steal. He would've had the money from successfully kidnapping you," I said, looking at Goddess. "He could've just bought the same sandwich from the same store. He was a jerk, Chasity."

"Chasity, you feel sorry for everyone," complained Felix, pulling her closer to his side. "You have to stop that."

"I don't," squeaked Chasity indignantly.

“You do,” I chuckled.

“When we watch nature shows, you feel sorry for the gazelles if they get caught by the lions and you feel sorry for the hungry lion cubs if their parents don’t catch anything for them to eat,” said Felix.

“Those shows upset me too,” I admitted.

I wanted the lion cubs to have food but not at the expense of the gazelles. I knew that made no sense whatsoever but that was how I felt. I just liked all the animals. Full stop. Period.

“I wish I could feed the lion cubs myself,” said Chasity.

“With what? Convenience store sandwiches?” Asked Felix, teasing her. “You definitely don’t want them eating meat.”

Chasity blushed and folded her arms. She scooted closer to me and I put my arms around her.

“Hey,” whined Felix.

“Felix, you’re so whiny. You need to be more mature like me,” I said.

Chasity giggled.

“YOU? Mature?!” Hissed Felix.

“We’re home,” announced Alex. “And we have a surprise for you, Luna.”

“I wouldn’t consider this a surprise,” muttered Felix, trying to pull Chasity closer to him but I wouldn’t let him.

My grip was iron-clad.

“Be careful with her,” said Alex authoritatively although we were handling her delicately.

“I’m fine, Alex,” said Chasity sweetly. “And I’m ready for my surprise!”

Alex grinned. I had to agree with Felix on this one. This wasn’t really a ‘surprise’ in my opinion either but it would help Chasity prepare to reign as Luna. I hoped she would like the idea.

“Okay, come with me,” said Alex theatrically as he opened the backseat door and offered his hand to Chasity.

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Alex

I loved my mother but I didn't fully trust her where Chasity was concerned. Chasity needed a neutral third party to prepare her adequately for taking over the post of Luna, so I had hired a professional. Nicolai was an expert in pack law proceedings. He was a former child prodigy who had actually just graduated from law school with honours after passing the bar exam with flying colours. Instead of beginning his law practice immediately, he had decided to take a year off after all those consecutive years of study. I had been hoping to hire a female pack law tutor for Chasity but Nicolai was clearly batting for a different team despite not being out yet. For the record, it wasn't that I didn't trust Chasity. I trusted her implicitly and knew she was faithful. It was the lustful pack wolves I didn't trust.

"Oh you're home!" Exclaimed Mom the moment she spotted us.

Her smile seemed a bit forced and the tension in the room was palpable. Both my father and Chasity's father were stone-faced whilst sitting on the living room couch in total silence. Chasity's mother and grandfather were nowhere to be found. I could tell my parents and Chase had been in an argument of some kind, possibly involving Chalice and Chance too. I wondered if Chalice and Chance had stormed off. I sighed inwardly. Integrating Chasity's parents with my parents had proved just as difficult as I had thought it would be. My parents had a lot to apologize for and as time went on, more and more of my parents' misdeeds would be revealed to Chalice, Chase and Chance. Chasity had graciously bestowed her forgiveness upon my family, but we couldn't expect the same from her relatives.

Mom walked right up to me and spoke softly in my ear.

"I really need to speak to you," she whispered, her eyes anxious.

“Let me get Chasity settled first,” I said quickly.

I saw a flash of annoyance in my Mom’s eyes.

“Sure,” she sneered, grimacing.

I held back yet another sigh and brushed past my disgruntled Mother. I took Luna’s hand in mine, interlacing my fingers with hers as I led her to one of the conference rooms upstairs. I could tell that Chasity’s curiosity was piqued. Meanwhile, my younger brothers were already well-aware of what the surprise entailed.

I hope she’s not offended by this little surprise, I mumbled, mind-linking to my brothers.

I was suddenly feeling nervous about the reveal. Chasity had always been quite studious. What if she thought we were underestimating her?

First of all, let’s get one thing straight, it’s not a surprise, it’s a dude who will give her extra homework and take up precious free time she could be spending with me, grumbled Felix.

Calix? I said pointedly, hoping for a lighter take on the situation.

Calix was beaming with excitement.

I think it’s a great idea! Chasity is gonna be the prettiest and smartest Luna in all of Northern Wolf Country, said Calix proudly.

I smiled at Calix as we neared the door to the conference room. He seemed blissfully unaware of the storm brewing downstairs. He was usually much more in tune with Mom’s feelings. In the past, he wouldn’t have been able to enjoy anything if he had sensed any inner turmoil coming from Mom. His happiness used to hinge on hers. I was relieved he was growing out of that. Chasity had worked wonders on Calix, making him much more mature. She had also tamed ferocious Felix and she had even managed to mellow out my meticulousness.

Northern Wolf Country? Scoffed Felix in response to Calix. My Baby is already the prettiest and smartest and naughtiest Luna in all the land, declared Felix, a smug smile on his face.

We chuckled amongst ourselves.

“Hey! You’re leaving me out of a mind-link, aren’t you?” Surmised Chasity, pouting. She was so adorable when she pouted like that.

“What are you talking about?” She demanded.

“You!” Teased Felix.

Chasity let out a theatric gasp though I could tell she was just playing along. Her pouty lips formed a sly smile instead.

“What are you three saying about me?” Asked Chasity in a mock accusatory tone.

I grasped her shoulders and gently pushed her until her back was against the door to the conference room. I lowered my head and leant in until we were nose to nose.

“We’re saying that you, little Luna, are the prettiest...” I paused to kiss her, pressing my lips against hers briefly but eagerly.

“...smartest...” I continued, punctuating another pause with a kiss.

“...sexiest...” I growled, pecking her again and nibbling her lips, eliciting a squeal and a giggle from her.

“...Luna in the multiverse,” I concluded.

Chasity grinned.

“Really, Alex? Multiverse?” Chuckled Felix as he leant in to nuzzle Chasity. “Why’d he have to go and ruin a perfectly good compliment by bringing his nerdy Sci-Fi lore into it?” Complained Felix, pointing his thumb at me.

I rolled my eyes.

“It’s not lore, Felix,” I grumbled, annoyed. “It’s an actual scientific theory!” I countered.

“I actually don’t care, Alex,” retorted Felix.

“Surprise time,” announced Calix, curtailing the argument he anticipated us having.

He threw open the door and exclaimed, “Tada!”

Nicolai, a short brown-haired wolf, was sitting at the table almost completely hidden behind a mountainous stack of pack law books. Several scrolls lay on the table along with a huge map anchored by makeshift paper weights. Nicolai peeped out from behind the book stack. He approached Chasity cautiously with a nervous smile on his face. Felix was glowering openly at Nicolai.

Felix, relax, this guy is a professional, I said in earnest.

Professional? Professional what? He’s staring at my mate with his big eyes. He should keep his eyes on his books, complained Felix.

I don't think Nicolai sees Chasity that way. I think he is focused, said Calix.

Yeah, focused on my mate, grumbled Felix.

"It's such an honour to finally meet you, Luna Chasity!" Exclaimed Nicolai, going in for a hug.

Felix literally stopped him with one finger pressed against Nicolai's forehead.

"Not so fast," said Felix. "Let's get a few things straight."

Before Felix could lay down the law, Mom walked in.

"Boys, you know, we really need to talk," said Mom.

Calix frowned at Mom. Felix was still glaring at Nicolai whilst Chasity was smiling politely at Nicolai. I completely ignored Mom.

"Luna, this is your new pack law tutor, Nicolai Evans," I announced.

Chasity's smile widened.

"That's a relief," said my Luna sweetly. "I could use a tutor. Law is not really my thing, but I want to learn so I can be ready to take over the pack."

Mom's frown deepened considerably. Chasity seemed to catch this out of the corner of her eye.

"I'm in no rush though," said Chasity earnestly. "I'm just a high school student after all."

Mom smiled slightly.

"Yeah well, I have a timeline in mind," grumbled Felix, keeping his eyes on Nicolai as though marking a criminal's movements. "Three more months tops!" Pronounced Felix. "In three months, my Baby should be well-versed enough for Mom to retire," clarified Felix.

Mom frowned. Chasity had a determined little smirk on her face. Nicolai nodded, seemingly up to the challenge.

"And don't think you can just let everyone off scot free on your Luna hearing days," warned Felix, noticing the smirk on Chasity's face. "Alex and I will take turns supervising you when you first start out."

The smirk slipped off of Chasity's face.

“What about me?” Asked Calix.

“Those criminals already get off scot free on your day,” revealed Felix. “What would be the point of letting you supervise her?”

Calix rolled his eyes but he didn’t complain further.

Go easy on them, Felix, I said, referring to Chasity and Calix.

Why? That’ll just encourage them to go easy on everyone else, said Felix. I want to see my Baby bring forth justice on her hearing days.

Most Lunas are admittedly a bit more lenient than their Alphas, I said.

It was true. A cold-hearted Luna was a rarity. Alphas were another story entirely, especially up here in the North. The Northern Wolf Country was known for its bitterly cold weather and its bitter and cold Alphas. Northern packs were ruled by grudge-holders. The members of each pack would rejoice whenever a new Luna came along to warm their Alpha’s heart.

“Chasity seems settled in,” said Mom pointedly, working my last nerve.

“She’s not even sitting down yet,” I said through gritted teeth.

I knew that whatever Mom wanted to talk about was not an emergency. If it was, she would come right out with it. I was no gambler (that was Felix’s territory) but I was willing to bet money that Mom had a litany of complaints regarding Chasity’s parents.

“I’ll talk to Mom while you guys get Chasity settled in for her first tutoring session,” offered Calix.

Mom beamed at him. I frowned.

“Settled in?” Repeated Felix. “I’m not going anywhere. I’m supervising this entire session and every other session hereafter,” pronounced Felix, folding his arms and clenching his jaw.

Nicolai paled a little.

Felix

Alex and Calix were batshit crazy if they thought I was leaving my baby and our unborn babies alone with a male wolf. Even if the tutor had been a chick, I would probably feel the same come to think of it. It had been a femme fatale behind the orchestration of Chasity’s kidnapping. Sure, she had sent a male wolf goon and a random sadistic

human man in her stead to do the dirty work, but ultimately she had been the mastermind, the brains behind the operation.

“You can go talk to Mommy Baby Boy, I’ll hold down the fort here,” I offered very kindly, winking at Calix since he liked winking so damn much.

His winking had almost driven a wedge between Chasity and us, remember?

“Alex, feel free to get lost too, take the day, I insist, sightsee, re-organize your sock drawer, go crazy!” I said encouragingly.

“How gracious of you,” said Alex dryly.

Both of my unappreciative brothers were frowning at me.

“Okay goodbye,” I said.

I wanted them to go so I could rush this Nikolas guy through the first study session and get some much needed alone time with my Baby Chasity. Pregnant women need romance. Showering them with love and attention was good for the baby (babies in my case, as we’ve already established that I was a baby-making machine). My brothers did not budge. I caved and used my honest communication skills.

Look...I was thinking...I really could use some alone time with Chasity, guys...you know...after her tutor session, we all could, I said privately, softening my tone.

Alex nodded wordlessly. Calix followed Mom out of the room. He did not look nearly as excited as he usually did for mother-son bonding time. He was becoming a man, that one. I knew they would expect reimbursement, i.e. for me to fuck off next when they each wanted to chill solo Chasity. Sadly, I would have to oblige them, but I wasn’t going to worry about that now.

Chasity was glowing and looking like a five-course meal. She was already sitting next to Nigel as they went over a map of our lands. I sat on her other side, making sure he wasn’t teaching her crap. Alex was the one with every single major and minor pack law memorized, but I was the one who knew our land inside out. Every glacier, every frozen lake, every hill, every mountain, every busy city street and every deserted country road. I knew it all. I was territorial that way. The land was mine and yet I sort of viewed it like a living thing, a wild untamed creature kinda like me honestly. There were very few commitments I would prioritize above my loyalty to my pack lands and my pack wolves inhabiting: my pain-in-the-ass parents, my bossy elder bro, my whiny younger bro, and if you couldn’t guess who tops my list, then you didn’t know me at all. As if on cue, Chasity turned to look at me with her beautiful doe eyes. I smiled.

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Calix

At the moment we stepped out of the conference room and into the hallway, Alex made an excuse to leave.

"I have some business to attend to, Mom, so I'll leave you and Calix to sort out whatever it is. I'll be nearby so just mind-link me if you need me," said Alex immediately.

He was halfway to the stairs by mid-sentence. I grumbled inwardly, secretly hoping Mom would guilt him into staying and hearing her out.

"That's fine, Alex," called Mom to Alex, who was already halfway down the stairs.

Alex plastered a halfhearted grin on his face and gave us a thumbs-up before disappearing out of sight.

"My boys are busy these days," said Mom, with a heavy sigh.

I sighed, my shoulders sagging as my mood deflated. Mom was about to either make a scene or guilt-trip me. I could feel it. I was the closest to her out of all her children and, thus, I was the most likely to always give her the benefit of the doubt. However, even I had to admit to finally noticing the unhealthy pattern emerging. She motioned for me to follow her to her room. She shut the door behind us and theatrically listened for footsteps in the hallway like we were spies in enemy territory on Mission Impossible or something.

"Mom," I said, careful not to inflect as though I were whining.

I needed her to realise we were two adults conversing, not a mother and her toddler son.

“I hope this isn’t an airing of more misgivings you have about Chasity,” I said cautiously.

I didn’t want to hurt her feelings, but I wanted to make it clear that the wedding was happening. Chasity was already pregnant. Ideally, I would have done this the other way around: marry Chasity and then conceive. I was traditional-minded in that sense, but I was thrilled about the pregnancy nonetheless. I was also determined to marry Chasity before she gave birth. There was no reason to wait. She was my Luna and she was carrying my heirs. I didn’t want the legitimacy of these heirs questioned, not that anyone would dare to, not with Felix’s legendary temper.

I sat on the cushioned bench at the foot of my parents’ bed. Mom remained standing near the door.

“I just really don’t want to be overheard,” she whispered.

Then, mind-link me, I said telepathically.

“No, no,” said Mom with a wave of her hand.

She smiled and sat next to me.

“I wanted to have one of our talks, just quietly,” she said.

I nodded, angling my body to face her. She took a deep breath.

“Now, your Uncle and I were close growing up. Did you know that?” She asked.

“You mean Chase?” I asked, shocked.

I had never heard her refer to him as my Uncle. She had kept his existence a secret for years.

“Yes, even though we were step-siblings, we cared for one another like regular siblings,” said Mom. “That’s why I ultimately decided to raise Chasity.”

My wolf and I were puzzled. We didn’t know if to laugh or not. She didn’t really raise Chasity. Chasity had been our own resident Cinderella at best, except this time Cinderella had three handsome stepbrothers instead of two ugly stepsisters. That made Mom the evil stepmother, the villain. I didn’t like the thought of that. Mom had a lot of good in her, she had just mishandled the way she had gone about treating Chasity. I pushed those thoughts aside. It was creepy to think of Chasity as a relative when we weren’t even related by blood. Blood relatives can never be fated to each other, thank goodness.

“Chasity and I are not biologically related, Mom, and no offence, but I don’t think Chasity sees you as a mother figure,” I said as kindly as I could.

Mom's face fell.

"Which is a good thing!" I added quickly. "You're barely her step-aunt and she's barely our step-cousin. Didn't your Dad remarry again?"

"That's not the point," quipped Mom. "Chase is under the impression that I raised Chasity in his stead," said Mom.

She looked at me like she expected me to understand some underlying meaning here.

"So," she continued. "I need you and your brothers to act like..."

She trailed off. The room was silent. Her meaning dawned on me.

"You want me to lie to Chase," I said, feeling disappointed.

"No, not just you, you and your brothers," said Mom apologetically.

My frown deepened.

"As far as Chase knows, Chasity was raised alongside you three by your father and me," said Mom.

"Chase, Chalice and Chance already know that Chasity's childhood was far from ideal," I mumbled.

"They know bits and pieces," said Mom. "They don't see the whole picture. There's just no need to enlighten them, no need to upset them with any gritty details, you know. There's no need to blatantly lie, but there's also no need to divulge everything...unsavoury."

I nodded, not totally onboard with this, but not feeling like arguing.

"Good," she said, sounding relieved. "And talk to your brothers for me. You would know how to put it across to them. I knew you or Alex would understand why we should be discreet. No need for a tell-all. Felix...well, it's Felix I'm a little worried about. You know how...er...forthcoming he is. Just tell Alex and then you and Alex can encourage Felix to keep the household nice and peaceful. The past is gone."

I nodded slowly. I didn't agree. The past is never gone. It lingers in every fibre of our beings. The past shaped us, but it didn't define us.

"I won't make this harder than it has to be," I said dutifully, promising what I could.

I couldn't promise to keep everything under wraps, especially if Chasity felt the need to reconcile some of it. My goddess had every right to tell her newfound relatives about what she had been through.

“Great,” said Mom triumphantly. “Why stir up a hornets’ nest?” She said, her shrill nervous laughter filling the room.

I supposed she didn’t mind being overheard now that she had half-buried the past. I could already hear those hornets buzzing.

Alex

Yes, I didn’t feel like dealing with Mom’s melodrama right now, but I was no liar. I really did have business to attend to. Avoiding the undoubtedly awkward conversation Calix and Mom were having right about now was just a bonus. I always had business to attend to. I was the eldest Alpha. I had to keep abreast of things.

Beta Keaton sat across from me in the downstairs den, a rarely used room in the large pack house. I didn’t want anyone to interrupt this briefing.

“So, the were-fox girls in question are on their way to full recovery?” I clarified.

Keaton nodded confidently.

“But what do you want done with them?” Prompted Keaton. “They’re technically accessories to the kidnapping of our Luna, are they not?”

I leant back against the sofa. Keaton was in an armchair across from me. There was a walnut coffee table between us overladen with stacks of papers I didn’t even want to go through. Felix and Calix were under the impression that I loved paperwork. No. I loved order. Keeping order often involved extensive paperwork. No one loves paperwork.

“June and April saved my Luna from harm at the hands of their...crime boss,” I said, for want of a better term.

Keaton snorted with laughter.

“June and April?” Questioned Keaton incredulously. “Are they coming to Luna Chasity’s next sleepover? You mention these criminals by their first names so casually.”

“That’s how my Luna thinks of them,” I said, shrugging. “My hands are tied here.”

“Cut them free then!” Demanded Keaton. “Your hands, not the were-fox girls.”

“I know,” I chuckled.

“Look,” I said, rubbing my temples. “The reason why they got injured was because they fought their leader on Chasity’s behalf, giving my pregnant Luna time to locate her parents, giving us time to rescue her. She’s safe and reunited with us and her family. Without those girls, the story would be different. I can’t ignore that,” I admitted.

“So what would you have me do?” Asked Keaton, scowling.

I knew certain werewolves held a personal prejudice against were-foxes and Keaton was perhaps one of them.

“They’re sly,” warned Keaton. “They do things to get things. They strategise. They saw their leader’s house of cards crumbling and saw an out for themselves. ‘Let’s make nice with the Luna and find a new leader!’ That’s what they were saying to themselves!”

“Anyone who acknowledges my Luna as their leader is welcome in the pack,” I countered. “I say we adopt them into the pack on a trial basis, under close supervision. Transfer them to the prison infirmary, sentence them to time served once they’re well enough to be discharged and then release them on probation!” I said, stamping the final word of my verdict onto the paper in front of me with red ink.

Felix

My baby, Chasity, seemed thoroughly engrossed in the lesson. I found myself enjoying how her face lit up with excitement whenever she committed something new to memory. I wasn’t surprised. I knew she liked the academic side of school. She was a bit like Alex in that regard. I decided not to interrupt the lesson early. There was no fun in disrupting something Chasity found interesting. She had already gotten me to play with dolls with her in the past, for goodness’ sake. Clearly, I was wrapped around her little finger though I still tried to hide it sometimes.

I found myself daydreaming about what our babies would be like. Hopefully, each triplet would take after me, Alex and Calix respectively, or better yet, they’d all be like their Daddy (me, of course). I pictured three tiny versions of me wrecking the house and picking fights with each other. Okay, on second thought, some diversity of thought among the baby triplets might make for a more harmonious household. I pictured a neat as can be kid studiously sitting behind a stack of textbooks, a rowdy kid enthusiastically practicing sparing in the yard and a sensitive boy sniffing and tugging on the hem of Chasity’s dress to get her attention. Chasity would be the perfect Mom. I grinned at the mere thought. It was surreal how all of that was about to be reality.

“Isn’t that right, Alpha Felix?” Asked Nikolai, pulling me away from my daydream.

I frowned at him. Chasity looked at me, an inquisitive expression on her face.

“Come again?” I said.

“There’s a Wolf Country legend concerning triplet Alphas, right?” Said Chasity excitedly.

“Oh, um, yeah,” I said, caught off guard.

I had heard Alex talk about it.

“People say the Wolf Country was originally one huge nation of werewolves in primitive times. They say Triplet Alphas ran all of Wolf Country then in perfect harmony until each Alpha found his mate. They had three separate mates, you see, in the legend. They began to fight and disagree because each felt his own mate should be the true Luna or should be above the other two she-wolves in some way. It was harder for the girls to get along than it had been for the brothers because the girls were strangers to each other. The three Alphas divided Wolf Country into North, Central and South. They each became the forefathers of the numerous packs in each region. The brothers were not perfectly happy without each other, despite the fact that they each had a mate. Fate saw this and she vowed to never let such a division happen again when it came to wolves who shared a womb simultaneously. Identical twin and triplet wolves were fated to a single mate from then on. This individual mate would be perfect for them and would bring them closer together, strengthening their bonds instead of weakening them and dividing them,” I explained, drawing from my vivid recollection of Alex telling the story.

Alex used to tell it as a bedtime story to Calix whilst I pretended to be asleep because I was “too old for bedtime stories”, but I had been awake, listening.

Chasity smiled sweetly at me.

“That’s a nice story,” she said shyly.

She looked up at me from under her lashes.

“It’s kind of romantic,” she said.

“It’s total bullshit though,” I admitted.

She frowned.

“There’s no proof that every pack Alpha has a common ancestor. Those triplets would have shared identical DNA, which would make all Alpha lineages related, which they’re not,” I said bluntly.

Chasity twisted her little mouth to one side in displeasure.

“But,” I continued, grasping her chin and stroking her cheek with my thumb. “The part about multiples finding one perfect mate couldn’t be more true,” I said with a wink.

Chasity blushed.

“I’m not perfect,” she mumbled, looking down, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red.

“No one is, but you come pretty close, Luna,” said Nicolai cheerfully.

I glared at that fucker. What was he playing at? Did he have a death wish or something? I didn't snap him in two because I was such a classy guy and he had been agreeing with me for the most part about Chasity's perfection.

"We about done here?" I asked the tutor, making sure my tone conveyed that his answer should be 'yes' or else.

"Yes," he said quickly.

Smart guy.

"Thanks again for the opportunity," he said. "Once again, it really is such an honour to serve my Alphas by tutoring their Luna. It's a dream j..."

"Yeah, yeah," I said with a dismissive wave of my hand.

I hadn't asked him for a whole podcast. Chasity pinched my arm for interrupting the tutor like that.

Don't be rude, Felix, she squeaked in my mind.

He's checking you out right in front of me! I exclaimed defensively.

Chasity laughed in my mind.

I assure you he's not, said Chasity. Trust me! He has good vibes and good intentions and he's not interested in me.

Well, if he's not interested in you, then he doesn't have good taste, I said cheekily, pulling her close to my side.

She giggled aloud this time. She waved goodbye to her tutor as he hastily gathered his stuff and left the room.

"Okay, now I'm confused! Which one do you want?" Chuckled Chasity. "Would you rather he was interested in me or not?"

I sighed theatrically.

"It's not a big deal if a guy thinks you're hot cause you are, obviously, but he shouldn't bring it up cause you're mine," I said, growling the last word playfully and pulling Chasity into my lap suddenly.

She squealed and tried to wriggle away, but I tightened my arms around her. Eventually, she went limp in my arms and let out a dramatic sigh of surrender.

"I concede," she announced. "I can't escape you," she said.

"You want to escape me?" I asked, just the slightest bit worried.

"Never," she said honestly, looking me in the eyes.

My wolf and I could tell she meant it. I pulled her in for a ravenous kiss and she reciprocated my enthusiasm. I swept the map and books off the table, letting them tumble to the ground. I put her to sit on the table and stood between her legs, resuming our kiss. Chasity's fingers worked their way through my hair down to the nape of my neck. Every point of contact between us made my nerve endings fire. My wolf growled playfully in the back of my mind, showing me images of what he had in mind. I was only a horn-dog because I had a literal Alpha wolf in my mind, trying to direct my steps. There were many things we disagreed on, but Chasity was not one of them. We were both hopelessly enamoured with her and happy to snatch a moment alone with her. I lifted her off the table and held her bridal-style without breaking our kiss. I moved from the conference room to my room at wolf-speed. By the time the door slammed behind us, we had already hit the sheets.

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right?
Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Alex

"April and June are in jail?!" Exclaimed my Luna, her eyes as round as saucers.

She did not look pleased. I had meant to discuss this with her closer to their release date because I really didn't need my Luna stressed out, especially not when she was carrying my heirs.

We were sitting around the dining room table whilst the maids served dinner, person by person, making a circle around the table until they met back where they had started.

“Criminals belong in jail,” muttered Mom under her breath as she picked up her champagne glass and twirled it slowly between her fingers.

We were all dressed for dinner as per Mom’s request. Mom had been very keen on formal dining at home since Chase had returned. I was pretty sure she was trying to impress her younger stepbrother with opulence. Calix had also informed Felix and me that Mom was trying to downplay how poorly Chasity had been treated as a child and she expected us to corroborate that story.

I glanced at Mom. She was in a strapless satin dress, her hair was slicked back in a high ponytail, her eye makeup had a feline quality to it and her dangling diamond earrings were glistening in the candlelight. She was certainly dressed to impress. She was painting a rather convincing but purely fictitious picture of what our family life had been like. She spoke as though we always dressed for dinner, Chasity included. Usually, Mom, Dad and I would wear casual clothes to dinner. Felix was typically shirtless in his boxers. Calix normally donned his signature dinosaur pajamas. Chasity used to be the one cooking and serving the dinner. I squirmed with guilt just at the recollection. My Luna had always deserved so much better.

I was deeply annoyed with Mom about these lies and half-truths, but I would leave that argument for another time. I wanted to have a peaceful family dinner as much as Mom did. My pregnant Luna deserved a serene ambience at the dinner table, in addition to a sense of tranquility throughout the house. I gazed at my Luna. Chasity was radiant in a pearly white dress with a beaded bodice. Not even the pout on her lovely little face could detract from how beautiful she looked. She was glowing, and the silvery beads on her dress complemented her golden skin and hair so perfectly. I forgot to respond to her for a second.

“They’re accessories to your kidnapping, Chasity,” muttered Felix, agreeing with my decision to place April and June in jail.

“To make things clear, Luna, they’re in the prison infirmary sharing a room that only houses the two of them,” I explained.

“They saved my daughter’s life,” said Chalice pointedly.

Chalice was wearing a very similar dress to Chasity but she had opted to pile her curls on top of her head instead of leaving them down like her daughter.

“I’m aware and they will be adequately pardoned, I assure you, Mrs Case,” I promised politely.

“Ah, what the heck, call me Mom,” said Chalice nonchalantly, with a dismissive wave of her hand.

My own Mom looked livid. Chasity smiled slightly. Chalice took a swig of her champagne.

“That goes for you too, Felix, and you, pumpkin,” said Chalice, gesturing towards Calix, whom she had taken to calling ‘pumpkin’, to Mom’s chagrin.

Pumpkin aka Calix smiled widely, looking quite pleased with himself. He loved being every Mom’s favourite, apparently not just ours. Felix, Calix, Dad and I were all in black blazers and various dress shirts. Chance was wearing a grey blazer and matching bowtie while Chase wore a regular tie and a white shirt without a blazer over it.

“As soon as they are well enough for discharge, the plan is to free them after sentencing them to time served,” I explained further.

Chasity frowned.

“May I visit them?” She asked.

It was my turn to frown. Felix groaned exasperatedly. Calix looked at Chasity with wide eyes.

“That’s not the best place for a pregnant Luna to be. I’d really rather you wait until they’re out. Then, we’ll take you straight to them,” I promised.

Chasity huffed to herself.

“How about a video call?” Asked Calix, trying to compromise with our miffed mate.

Chasity bit her lip, clearly lost in thought about the situation.

“It’ll do,” she said.

She was sitting between Calix and Felix, so I couldn’t reach out or touch her. I mind-linked her instead.

I promise you, Luna, they’re safe. They need to serve some kind of sentence just so they know they’re not above the law just because they’ve befriended you, Luna. You want all your wolves to have respect for the law, don’t you? I said, trying a different angle, hoping it would placate Chasity.

Yeah, she mumbled. I suppose you’re right.

I had included both my younger brothers in the mental conversation as backup. Felix promptly and unapologetically stated the facts.

Those girls did right by you after all, but they could have called the pack police much sooner if they had done the right thing initially. They should have contacted the authorities as soon as it became obvious that Madame was harboring a young girl against her will. You could have been returned to us sooner, Baby, and for that, they need to serve some time to learn their lesson fully, said Felix.

After they're out, they'll be acknowledged for saving you. We'll have a ceremony for them...huh? How about that? Suggested Calix.

Chasity smiled. She gave the mental equivalent of an approving nod.

"Will the girls be okay sans body-snatching?" Wondered my Luna aloud.

"Who cares?" Grumbled Mom.

"Obviously, she cares, Mom! That's why she asked about them!" Said Felix.

"What are you planning on doing? Making them your bridesmaids?" Snapped Mom, slurring her last few words. "Leave those criminals be."

I exchanged glances with my brothers. The stress of keeping off a facade was making

Mom was a bit extra snippy now, as if she hadn't been persnickety enough before.

"To answer your question, Luna," I said. "The girls are were-foxes, as I'm sure you've figured out by now."

Chasity nodded. I smiled at her.

"They're immortal just like werewolves, but we remain youthful for a much longer time," I explained.

"So they were body-snatching for youth, not for immortality?" Asked Chasity, murmuring more to herself than to any of us.

I nodded.

"But they didn't have any bodies lined up for them to switch to?" Said Calix.

"They're young now. They don't have any bodies yet," I said ominously, imparting to them the seriousness of the situation.

"That means Madame is out there somewhere," mumbled Chasity.

"Back in her old decrepit body in some ancient tomb somewhere," grumbled Felix, pressing against his fork with such force that he bent the tines.

“Only if she gets back into her body quickly enough before she disintegrates,” I cautioned.

“That reminds me of the little mermaid,” said Calix out of the blue, eliciting a bright smile from our tipsy mother.

“That reminds you of the little mermaid?” Said Felix incredulously.

I raised my eyebrows at Calix. Surprisingly, Chasity shared the same sentiments as Calix, so she launched into a retelling.

“In the original version, the little mermaid traded her tail for legs for a period of time in which she had to get the prince to fall in love with her or face death according to her deal with the sea witch. The little mermaid failed to get the prince to marry her. He married someone else, so the little mermaid’s sisters brought her a dagger from the sea witch and told the little mermaid that in order to live and return to the sea as a mermaid she had to kill the prince in his sleep and let his blood fall on her legs so they would become a tail again. The prince was asleep on his ship with his new bride but the little mermaid couldn’t bring herself to kill him because she truly loved him and was kindhearted in general, so she threw herself into the ocean,” explained Chasity.

Felix, hater of fairytales, was listening to our Luna with rapt attention, devouring every word. Felix erupted at hearing this injustice.

“That’s awful!” He exclaimed. “He didn’t even love her back! She should’ve stabbed him and lived so she could find herself a better prince!”

“The story isn’t over yet,” said Chasity patiently.

“I read that to you boys so many times,” said Mom indignantly. “Don’t you remember?”

“I remember, Mom,” said Calix kindly.

“You must’ve read it to Calix, mostly,” said Felix, with a shrug.

“Nah, we were there,” I recalled.

Chasity cleared her throat, miffed at all these interruptions. Felix smirked whilst Calix and I exchanged a grin. She was a lot less timid now. She would’ve never done that when she first began sitting with us for meals. Just a few months ago, she wouldn’t even look up from her plate.

“The little mermaid threw herself off the ship into the sea when the time of her contract with the sea witch was up. She seemingly dissolved into sea foam but she didn’t cease to exist. She felt herself rise up into the air. She had become an air spirit, a being who would rise up into heaven after completing three hundred years of good deeds. The

other daughters of the air welcomed her as their sister and they all soared over the open sea, unseen but influential in safeguarding those at sea,” explained Chasity.

Calix and I politely applauded.

“No, I don’t like it,” complained Felix.

Chasity pouted.

“Here’s my version, except it’s called the little minx,” said Felix.

Calix snorted with laughter. Chase raised an eyebrow at Felix. He didn’t seem keen on ‘minx’ as a nickname for his only daughter. Chalice, on the other hand, looked amused whilst Mom looked sullen. Chance and Dad were unreadable.

“Once upon a time, there was a little minx who fell in love with this douchebag prince who was all wrong for her and liked another chick who couldn’t even hold a candle to the minx because she was by far the hottest in the kingdom,” said Felix.

“Does the minx have a tail? Is she a mermaid?” wondered Calix, looking confused.

“Nobody cares. Just picture the cutest girl you know,” said Felix, with a wink at Chasity, who giggled.

I was holding back an eye-roll.

“The minx was too shy to get the attention of the douchebag despite her unparalleled beauty, so she made a deal with Jamie,” said Felix.

“Jamie’s good!” Said Calix indignantly.

“Duh, that’s why this story turned out well!” Said Felix impatiently.

“Jamie agreed to cast a courage and charisma spell on the minx in exchange for the minx’s firstborn with the douchebag prince whom Luna Witch Jamie would raise as her own,” said Felix.

“That doesn’t sound like Jamie at all,” complained Calix.

Felix rolled his eyes but continued seeing how amused Chasity was.

“So Ch...the little minx went to the prince’s ball with her magically enhanced courage and charisma and she dazzled and charmed everyone there, including the douchebag prince. The douchebag prince kinda wanted to marry the little minx but he was flakey and the other chick he liked had already been knocked up,” explained Felix.

Mom groaned and held her forehead in her hands. Dad and Chance actually laughed.

“The little minx had to report to the Luna Witch Jamie heartbroken and empty-handed. Whilst in Jamie’s castle, the little minx bumped right into the sexiest guy she had ever seen and all thoughts of the douchebag prince were erased instantly from her head. In fact, if the little minx tried really hard to remember the douchebag she remembered him as being kinda cringey because now she had seen this guy, she knew what true sexiness was. The guy was a king also, which is better than a prince obviously, but he had a secret. Even though he instantly fell in love with the little minx, despite the charisma spell having worn off, he couldn’t marry anyone unless they also loved his slightly less cool triplet brothers,” revealed Felix.

I sighed loudly. Calix simply laughed.

“The little minx agreed because she would do anything to get the sexiest king ever,” announced Felix.

“He didn’t mind her shyness?” Asked Calix.

“No, not at all, she wasn’t all that shy when they were alone, she just got shy in public,” said Felix.

I could see that Chase hated this story.

“Then Ch...the little minx met the other two brothers and they were almost as great, so it was fine. Everyone said the three kings were identical triplets, but that was kind of a lie, the main one just had something special and people could tell. It was very obvious,” said Felix.

Felix was insane. The “something special” was insanity. I loved him regardless, though. He knew how to entertain. No one looked bored.

“The three kings professed their love to the little minx and whisked her away into a world of wedded bliss,” said Felix.

“What about the firstborn?” I asked.

“The firstborn of the little minx and the douchebag doesn’t exist and would never exist and the Luna Witch Jamie knew that because she was just as clever as her cousin-in-law, the sexiest king, so the little minx was off the hook. Plus, Jamie had like two kids already with a different sexy king, so why would she steal a random kid like that Snow White witch,” said Felix, annoyed.

“Rapunzel,” said Calix. “She was stolen by the witch, Mother Gothel. The witch in Snow White had the poison apple, remember? No baby stealing.”

“Rumpelstiltskin tried to take a firstborn in exchange for spinning hay into gold too, but the girl guessed his name correctly and got to keep her baby and marry the king,” said Chasity.

“Why do you two know all this stuff?” Chuckled Felix.

“You seem to know a lot yourself,” said Chasity.

“Stuff I make up,” said Felix with a shrug. “And thus, the pretty little minx and the three kings all lived happily ever after!”

That earned a round of applause from everyone except our Mom and Chasity’s Dad. They kept looking at each other strangely. I wasn’t so sure that Mom’s operation cover-up was working. It wasn’t quite time for happily ever after just yet.

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They’re rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She’s relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right?
Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Chapter 121 - Her Triplet Alphas

Felix

It was such a relief to see my baby, Chasity, settling in again. My brothers and I were not the only ones overjoyed to have her pack. The entire Winter Moon pack and even our neighbours were in a celebratory mood because of her safe return. Just a few days after her first ultrasound, her friends came banging on the pack house door. They practically fell inside when I opened the door suddenly. They quickly regained their balance and adjusted their outfits and hairdos. They were holding bags and bags of gifts for Chasity.

“We’re here!” announced one of them enthusiastically.

What were their names again? Anya and Tanya? Mia and Tia? Tia and Tamera?

“Mina and Tina!” Squealed Chasity, making her way down the stairs of the entrance room.

Oh yeah. Mina and Tina. The girls, Mina and Tina, screamed when they saw Chasity. They dropped their bags and ran to hug her. She hugged each of them in turn, greeting them separately, which was fortunate for me because I had forgotten which was which. I made a mental note of who was who after she addressed them.

“Gentle now, gentle,” chuckled micro-manager Alex, appearing out of thin air.

He could smell incoming germs a mile away. Any visitor was a potential source of germs for our Luna and pups, as far as Alex was concerned. Chasity didn’t have much of a visible baby bump yet, but Alex already expected everyone to give her torso a wide berth of protective space. He didn’t like anyone hugging her too tightly or even walking too close to her. He was making me look reasonable these days and that was really saying something.

Chill out, Dad! I teased him.

She’s a lot more delicate than she lets on. My Luna is too polite to stop her friends from being over-exuberant! Cautioned Alex.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. I decided to gather up the gift bags instead. Anyone who understood that my baby deserved to be showered with gifts was all right in my book.

“Let me have a quick look at those presents, girls,” said Alex nervously. “Just wanna make sure they’re safe for Mommy and Baby.”

Ugh.

“Alex, you can’t open my baby’s gifts. You’re ruining the fun of getting gifts!” I said, trying to snatch up all the gifts before he could get at any.

“I’ll go into the next room and just take a peek!” Insisted Alex.

“How about we just all watch goddess open her presents?” Suggested Calix, coming into the room at the sound of Alex and I squabbling.

He was always keen on squashing disagreements between us as soon as possible. Calix could smell conflict a mile away. My brothers each had their strong points.

“Fine,” Alex and I said in unison.

“I’m not ready to open them yet,” announced my spoilt Baby. “I have to catch Mina and Tina up on stuff first.”

“Gossip first, gifts second,” said Mina, as though that was an obvious and widely known order of things.

“Well, I’ll carry them up to our room,” I said, following the girls as they made their way upstairs.

Chasity was in the middle and I liked to walk directly behind her whenever she traversed the stairs. I was just as worried as Alex about keeping her and the pups safe, but at least I was trying not to be overbearing. Alex and Calix flanked me as I ascended the staircase slowly. I could tell the girls were matching Chasity’s pace and glancing at her every so often to see if she needed help. She wasn’t in the waddling stage of her pregnancy yet but she had been moving noticeably more slowly than before, partially because she was still recovering from her ordeal. She had a few aches and pains from those pieces of shit manhandling her during the kidnapping. I knew she would heal quickly though. She was our Luna and being surrounded by us, her Alphas, would speed up the healing process. If I sound a little possessive, it’s because I’m a lot possessive.

“Okay, this is my new room with the boys,” said Chasity excitedly as Alex opened the door for the ladies.

We were grown-ass men but we would never object to being called “boys” by Chasity. She often answered calls from Mina/Tina with “hey, I’m with the boys” or my personal favourite “hey, I’m with my boys.”

Mina and Tina literally “oooooh”-ed at the room for a bit before they hopped on the bed and kicked their shoes off, making themselves right at home. Alex tried to hide his grimace as he quickly lined the shoes up in a perfect row closer to the door. He had a designated spot for that. He then took off Chasity’s shoes for her and added them to the row.

I tossed the presents on the bed behind Chasity and her friends, to Alex’s chagrin. I had seen him going for the disinfectant spray. I knew he wanted to spray all incoming new items, but the spray sometimes made my Baby cough and that pissed me off. I lay down at the opposite end of the huge bed away from the giggling girls.

Of course, I always felt like cuddling Chasity but I wanted to give her a little space while she caught up with her friends.

I smirked. It was always so amusing to watch Chasity interact with her friends. They were both girly-girls and Chasity showed a totally different side to herself around them. She probably felt relieved to have a little feminine energy in the room other than herself. She was surrounded by us Alphas twenty-four-seven, especially since we were now completely unwilling to let her out of our sight. The one time I had let her take a bath downstairs, away from us and, against my better judgement, she had gotten kidnapped! I will never make that mistake again.

“Congratulations Chasity!” Squealed Mina, laying her hand on Chasity’s torso.

“We are so happy for you!” Said Tina, grinning.

“We’re so glad to have you back!” Added Mina.

“I was having nightmares while you were gone!” revealed Tina.

“We thought it was those bitches who kidnapped you!” Said Mina in an accusatory manner.

Mina and Tina tended to speak in alternating sentences. They acted like twins even though they didn’t look alike. It was like neither one was allowed to say two sentences consecutively.

“Which bitches?” wondered Chasity.

I wondered about that myself. The girls threw a nervous glance at me and my brothers. Alex and Calix were sitting on the edge of the bed, closer to my side.

“Feel free,” I encouraged.

“Speak your mind, it’s okay,” added Calix, smiling at Chasity’s friends.

Mina and Tina looked at each other for a long moment as though communicating telepathically. They were probably deliberating over mind-link.

“Okay,” said Mina, taking an actual list out of the pocket of her pleated skirt.

“Cute stationery!” Cooed Chasity.

“Thanks,” chorused Mina and Tina.

They consulted the pink floral piece of paper.

“These are our suspects. Obvi, we know we were wrong, but you can’t blame us for suspecting them,” said Tina.

“Number one, that bitch Rhonda,” said Mina, reading from the list.

Calix snorted with laughter. Alex nodded as though that was a fair assumption.

“She can barely plan a party,” I disagreed. “How could she plan the kidnapping of a high-profile Luna like my Baby?” I said, clearly doubtful that she could pull anything of the sort off.

“She has a motive!” Said Tina pointedly, clearly annoyed at my dismissal.

The amount of sassiness I was willing to put up with from my Minx somewhat extended to her minx-like friends. This was where she got some of her bad behaviour from, but I didn't want any of the girls to fear me, so I kept quiet. I wasn't about to argue with a bunch of high-schoolers. Fate had given me a younger mate and I wouldn't trade my Baby for the world, but I was still looking forward to her maturing a little over the next few years. Eighteen was incredibly young in my opinion. I doubt I would have been ready to rule three years ago at that age. I had been a total moron back then, not that I would ever openly admit that.

“I completely agree,” said Chasity, glaring at me. “She does have a motive!”

I sighed. The girls nodded.

“Rhonda is very suspicious,” said Chasity, nodding at the list.

“She didn't do it though,” chuckled Calix.

“She wore a pink pleather micro mini with an orange tube top in the dead of winter,” complained Mina, as though this fact settled the matter.

Chasity nodded.

“Wow, I'm glad I missed that outfit,” said my Baby.

I snorted with laughter.

“Yeah, it was while you were missing,” said Tina. “It was horrific. I was already so upset with my bestie missing and then I rolled down the window of my Rolls Royce and I saw that outfit...ruined my already shitty day.”

“Understandable,” said Chasity decisively.

Chasity hardly critiqued anyone's fashion, so she must really dislike Rhonda more than I had realised. I made a mental note to make my parents stop hiring her.

“We shouldn't let Rhonda plan the wedding then...or the baby shower,” I said.

“Of course not!” Squealed Tina. “We're planning those, don't worry!”

“And the bachelorette party!” Said Mina.

“Um, there's no need for that,” I said.

“Isn’t there um Alpha stuff to do downstairs?” Asked Chasity, looking at me and my brothers.

I knew how to translate Chasity’s language. This was ‘slippery minx’ for “stop interrupting my friends or get out”. Calix elbowed me in the midriff.

Fine, I grumbled at him over mind-link. I’ll keep my opinions to myself.

I would put a stop to the bachelorette party later.

“Number two, Roxie and Moxie!” Said Mina.

I squirmed a little. I had wondered if my ex and her sister were to blame also, especially since they had helped my more recent ex, Tonya, confront Chasity along with Avery and Sandra.

“Number three, Sandra, Tonya and Avery!” Read Tina diabolically.

“This is a good list,” commented Chasity.

“I know right! We should be detectives!” Said Mina cheerfully.

“We have no time though, because we have to plan your wedding and everything and we’re working on an upcoming project!” revealed Tina.

“What is it?” Asked Chasity enthusiastically.

“Enough about us! Tell us everything about the doctor’s visit! We need to know your reaction to having triplets! Were you gobsmacked?” Asked Mina.

Chasity recounted what had happened the day she found out she would be the mother to another set of Alpha Triplets.

“I love them already, even though I haven’t met them yet,” said Chasity, looking down at her abdomen.

Warmth flooded my body. I smiled at my baby. She was gonna be such a great Mom. She was young but she had handled herself exceptionally well considering everything she had dealt with.

“Awww,” cooed her friends.

Chasity met my eyes and I pursed my lips at her, indicating I wanted a kiss. She crawled over to me and pressed her lips to mine, causing tingles to spread throughout my body. I tried to keep her snuggled against my chest and prolong the kiss but she wriggled away like the slippery little minx she was. Mina and Tina giggled.

“We can tell them apart now,” announced Mina, pointing at me. “This one is Felix!”

I felt a little guilty about constantly forgetting who was Mina and who was Tina.

“That’s easy! I’m the best looking,” I said with a shrug, eliciting more giggles from the girls.

Alex rolled his eyes. Calix kicked my foot. Calix was lucky that I didn’t wanna do anything to live up to my “meanest Alpha” reputation around Chasity and her girls. I would never have guessed in a million years that I would be this whipped. I willingly listened to the girls gab endlessly about random topics. The “project” ended up being a makeover show they were pitching to a local television channel.

“A Mina Tina Makeover show! I would binge-watch that,” said Chasity immediately.

“You can be our guest judge on our finale episode!” Said Mina, getting to her feet and turning to face Chasity. “On the finale, everyone we made over has to come back and style themselves to show if they learnt from our tips or not!”

“The person who styles themselves the best wins a shopping spree!” Squealed Tina.

Chasity frowned.

“What if they don’t have the money to style themselves for the finale?” Asked Chasity.

She was so sweet. She could only keep up her sassy exterior for so long.

“We could get a store to sponsor it so they could all choose whatever they want to wear for the finale from the same store,” suggested Tina. “That would help put them on equal footing.”

“Let a makeup artist and hair stylist help them out too, but they have to pick their own look based on what you taught them,” added Chasity.

Mina wrote down this incredibly game-changing idea. This topic made my brain grow numb, but I refused to let Chasity out of my sight.

“Oh, before I forget,” said Chasity. “I’m thinking of having four bridesmaids instead of two. That way you girls will have help to plan everything.”

Mina and Tina did not like that idea. No one wrote it down.

“Um, who are these other two girls?” Asked Tina, attempting and failing to seem nonchalant about this reveal.

She and Mina exchanged a quick glance as though some fear they had was being confirmed.

“April and June,” said Chasity happily.

Calix frowned. Alex looked impassive. I wasn’t gonna say anything. Loyalty wasn’t something you could prove overnight. I was well aware of everything the were-fox girls had done to help Chasity, but they weren’t necessarily her closest friends because of that.

“We read in the papers about them helping you,” said Mina, looking at Tina.

“But they’re still...criminals, aren’t they?” Asked Tina, worry evident on her face. “Why didn’t they call the police as soon as they saw you in that place? They knew you were kidnapped. You were the top story in Wolf Country. Your face was everywhere.”

Chasity frowned.

“They were dependent on the woman who orchestrated my kidnapping for food and shelter,” said Chasity. “Now, they’re not and they risked their lives for me. They came through for me when it mattered.”

Mina and Tina did not like this one bit.

“They’re honorary bridesmaids,” decided Tina.

“Yeah, we’re official bridesmaids,” said Mina, making that sound like the most important distinction imaginable.

This bridal party would not be without drama. I could feel it.

“Okay,” said Chasity hesitantly. “So you’ll give them a chance, right?”

“Hmph,” said Tina. “I think we need to have security around when they’re hanging with us.”

“Oh trust me, you’ll have security around regardless of who is hanging with you. Chasity is not to go anywhere without security,” I said pointedly, making myself clear.

Tina nodded and Mina wrote that down in pink glitter gel ink.

“There,” pronounced Mina. “That’s settled!”

It was far from settled.

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They're rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She's relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right? Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Calix

I was afraid for my goddess. I was grateful for what April and June had done for Chasity, but that didn't absolve them of all guilt. They had risked their lives standing up to that bodysnatcher. In doing so, they had given Chasity time to find her parents, and they had given my brothers and I time to get to her. Chasity was pregnant so I owed them twice as much. No, four times as much, since she was pregnant with triplets. Four members of my future family were safeguarded by them.

However, those were-fox girls had been part of the problem in the first place. They would have known what their leader intended to do. Even if they hadn't known specific details, they would have at least had an inkling of what could have befallen Chasity. They could've reported the kidnapping anonymously before the supermodel imposter had been this close to hurting my one and only and our unborn babies.

Reducing their sentences as accessories to my Luna's kidnapping was reasonable. Even pardoning them altogether was repayment enough. Befriending them and adding them to the bridal party was way too lenient. They should feel lucky to even get an invite to our wedding. I felt especially panicked and suspicious about the whole thing after finding out there was a chance that the head bodysnatcher could be at large. Sure, it was a slim chance, but it was still a possibility.

"Alex said that if the were-fox got back to her original body in time, she could be alive somewhere," I said with a sigh, sharing my concerns with my Mom.

Mom frowned. She twisted her mouth to one side as she pondered on our predicament. She had been trying to be more sensitive towards Chasity's plight after we had had a heart-to-heart in which I had shared my plans for the future. All of these future plans involved Chasity ruling at my side, so Mom cultivating a relationship with Chasity was nonnegotiable for me.

“We don’t even know the exact time limit for getting back to your body!” I added. “What if it’s like three days or something?!” I guesstimated worriedly.

A chill crept down my spine at the very thought of that villainess being alive and well, plotting her revenge on my little goddess.

“I really doubt the time limit for returning her consciousness to her body could be that long. Also, wouldn’t the body starve or become dehydrated while the were-fox was in her new body? Wouldn’t her old body wither away long before she tried switching again? Who says she even has an old living body to go back to?” Wondered Mom.

“Alex hypothesized that the old bodies are probably kept somewhere safe on drips and hooked up to a respirator or something,” I said, growing more anxious by the minute.

“Alex is right,” said Dad, walking into the bedroom.

I was sitting in an armchair across from Mom, who sat at her vanity, clutching an antique hair brush in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. Dad was used to finding me sitting with Mom in their room for one of our talks. He usually gave me a stark look of disappointment, but he had stopped doing that recently. Maybe he was finally seeing me as more of a man instead of a boy. When I was little, I admit I did go crying to Mom a lot. Those days were different. Nowadays, I would ask for her advice instead of just venting or seeking comfort.

“I highly doubt the time limit for returning to your body is anything close to three days,” reiterated Mom, letting the brush glide through her thick hair.

I liked the soft sound of girls brushing their hair. The whoosh of the brush was comforting. I used to watch my Mom get ready at her vanity, and now, I would watch Chasity do the same. Watching my goddess was fascinating enough for me. Alex was the one who felt the need to try to brush her hair. He still hadn’t had much luck in that department. It was honestly kinda funny how peeved he would get every time she refused his help with her hair. I didn’t laugh at him like Felix did though. Alex and I hardly ever teased each other. We both got enough of that from Felix.

“I agree with Alex. Her original body probably wasn’t far away enough to require a long time limit,” Countered Dad, standing behind Mom. “If she were smart, she’d keep her original body close by and relatively healthy!”

“Perhaps,” said Mom, nodding absentmindedly.

Mom wasn’t as worried as I would have liked her to be. I knew she was actively trying to be more involved with all things Chasity, but I kinda wished she had more natural love for Chasity. Chasity was so easy to love in my (albeit biased) opinion. My wolf and I couldn’t comprehend how Mom could struggle to love someone so lovable. How could

the two most beautiful women, inside and out, not get along? They probably had so much in common.

“The supermodel snatcher had more than enough time and resources to figure out the logistics,” said Dad. “I’m glad you’re being realistic about the threat she still poses if she’s alive. A good Alpha anticipates potential dangers and puts measures in place before the dangers are actually upon us,” explained Dad. “Prevention is the best remedy!” Said Dad encouragingly.

I nodded, smiling slightly because Dad was actually commending me for once.

He hardly ever did that with me. Mom beamed, clearly happy for me. She knew Dad’s praise meant a lot to me because it was hard to come by. I was much closer to Mom but her praise wasn’t really a good indicator of if I was doing a good job or not. Mom still kept the macaroni necklaces I used to make for her in kindergarten in the same display case as the million-dollar diamonds Dad had purchased for her. Maybe that was partially why I irked Dad so much.

“It pisses me off that the snatcher didn’t even really need a body to live forever. Werefoxes are immortal too, aren’t they?” I grumbled.

“Yes, in a way of speaking, but they age like humans do,” added Mom quickly.

She said the word age like it was the most horrifying of fates.

“And that’s reason enough to kidnap young people and steal their bodies?” I said incredulously. “Just so you can look youthful?” I said, annoyed.

“Well, I would never do a thing like that,” responded Mom indignantly, clutching her hand to her chest.

“I don’t mean you, Mom. I know you wouldn’t,” I said, backtracking quickly.

“Yes, she would,” chuckled Dad.

Mom blanched.

“Excuse you!” She responded, glaring at Dad.

His grin slipped off of his face as quickly as it had formed.

“I just mean...I know you enjoy having a youthful appearance. If we had to look our age with these grown boys of ours, we’d be greying and wrinkling already,” joked Dad awkwardly.

Mom stared at her own reflection, probably trying to picture herself with wrinkles and white hair.

“You two aren’t that old,” I disagreed.

Dad was acting like they were senior citizens.

“Middle-aged humans and were-foxes have flecks of grey in their hair,” said Dad, tugging on a strand of Mom’s hair.

“There’s dye for that, if it bothers you so much,” I said dismissively. “Stealing another person’s youth is despicable,” I said firmly.

“Look at you disagreeing with your parents,” said Dad proudly.

Mom beamed.

“Chasity has certainly made a man out of you,” said Dad, looking pleasantly surprised.

Mom frowned.

“It’s the whole ordeal...and the experience he gained...it’s matured him,” said Mom.

“It’s mostly Chasity,” I said, getting up to go find her. “Felix said the same thing to me. I think she’s changed all three of us for the better.”

Mom’s expression was impassive. I sighed inwardly. I knew she was trying to be less suspicious of Chasity’s motives, but it wasn’t enough for me. Chasity deserved to be fully embraced by this family. She was blameless in all of this. I was shocked to find Chasity waiting patiently for me in my room.

“Hey,” I chuckled, a huge grin forming on my face.

She grinned back at me.

“What are you doing in here?” I asked. “Not that you’re not completely welcome!” I added quickly, sitting next to her on the bed and pressing my lips to her forehead.

She showed me what she had in her hand. It was a game console controller.

“I thought we could play together, since we usually do stuff I like to do,” she said with a shrug. “I want to know more about all of your hobbies,” she said, somewhat shyly. “Plus, I need a distraction,” she added simply.

She looked a little embarrassed.

"I don't know how to...you know," she said, using the controller to point at the console under my television.

Oh. She'd never gotten to play with one of these growing up, so she didn't know how to use it. I showed her the basics. I found a game that amused her for a few minutes but she still quickly lost interest and ended up in my lap. No complaints here. She seemed to like watching me play and keeping me company, so I played with her in my lap. She was snuggled against my chest with the top of her head just under my chin. I kissed her forehead and nuzzled her periodically. Her presence transformed the most mundane of activities into sweet, heartfelt moments. Chasity stiffened in my arms suddenly. For a second, I attributed her reaction to the trajectory of the game. I was about to fight one of the Epic Bosses.

"I could play a less scary game," I offered.

"No, I'm not scared. I like scary movies, you know that," she mumbled, her eyes darting to the door.

That was true. I'd seen more horror movies with Chasity in the past few months than I had seen throughout my entire life. My ears perked up and I realized why she was tense. There were angry voices coming from downstairs. Before I could stop her, Chasity slipped out of my arms and headed towards the argument. I was close behind her, watching over her as she carefully traversed the stairs. I didn't want to carry her everywhere needlessly like Felix and Alex always did. She needed at least one mate who would let her exert more independence. My heart sank as the topic and participants of the downstairs argument became clear.

"If I had known that you'd brutalise my little girl, I would't have dropped her off here! I thought you would at least treat her humanely if not like your own!" Bellowed Chase.

"Brutalise is a very strong word!" Retorted Mom, looking deeply offended.

"And you are a very weak person!" Yelled Chase. "Taking out your grudges on a child!"

My inner wolf growled but I gave no outward reaction. No one wants to see their soon-to-be father-in-law shouting at their Mom, but this was a delicate situation. The logical side of me knew Chase would need time to process how less than stellar Chasity's childhood had been. I felt a pang of shame. He had probably thought he had left her in good hands. He must have spent years thinking Chasity was being doted on or at the very least treated with some kindness.

"You were a DRUG ADDICT! YOU LEFT HER!" Screamed Mom, practically hysterical.

No one was intervening yet. I couldn't stand to see my Mom close to tears but she had done Chasity such a disservice. I couldn't defend her in good faith without making my bride and the mother of my pups uncomfortable. Chasity could end up thinking I was

being dismissive of all that she had gone through if I said the wrong thing. Her eyes were fixated on the argument. She almost didn't seem to notice I had followed her at first. Grandpa Chance and Chalice were standing just behind Chase. Chalice seemed to be crying on Chance's shoulder. She was probably horrified now that she was beginning to understand how bleak Chasity's childhood had been. Dad was standing at Mom's side with one arm in front of her protectively. I glanced behind me. Where the hell were my brothers?

Felix

I couldn't fucking believe this. Mom had the nerve to argue with her estranged ex-step-brother or daughter-in-law's deadbeat Dad or whatever he was. His past drug problem and his abandonment of Chasity pissed me off, but it did not justify Mom's resentment of an innocent child left in her care. Two wrongs did not make a right. I didn't even care to go down there until I realized Chasity wasn't playing Mario Kart or whatever stupid game Calix had in his room like I had thought. My younger brother's bedroom was empty. Fuck. My baby and my babies were down there in the midst of potential stressors then. Not on my watch.

"I WAS ON THE RUN AFTER CHALICE AND I SAW THE BODY SNATCHERS IN ACTION!!!" Shouted Chase so loudly that the house shook.

A small part of me was mildly impressed. I had figured Chase was a Sigma, which was basically a Lone Alpha. A pack-less Alpha. No wonder Chasity was too perfect for words. She was technically from Alpha stock. I could hear her little gasp of fright in response to her father's show of power. I practically flew down the staircase, shoulder to shoulder with Alex, who had abandoned his ledgers for the same reason. Chasity.

Where have you two been? Complained Calix.

Trying to pretend like our parents aren't an embarrassment in my room, I snapped.

I knew Calix was torn between defending Mom and seeking justice for Chasity. I loved my parents, but their lack of a proper apology was pathetic. I was supposed to be the most unreasonable one in the house. They were making me look like Oprah. It was time for them to communicate, to make amends. They should have sat everyone down and begged for forgiveness the moment our entire family had been reunited. They needed to atone for what they had done. You don't just treat your ex-stepniece like shit and shrug it off like it's nothing. My brothers and I could possibly blame our actions on our relative ages and our parents' bad example but (a big butt, round and inviting like Chasity's) I still felt an incredible amount of shame and guilt. I felt crushed under the weight of it at times. It scared me how little guilt my parents seemed to have. Where was their remorse? Why wasn't this eating away at them like it did with me? Good grief. Were they psychopaths or something? I had thought I was the brutal one in this house, the coldest Alpha in the north. I was far from it. My Dad took the cake and every other dessert available with the help of Mom, of course.

“Stress is bad for the pups, goddess,” murmured Calix, putting a comforting hand on Chasity’s shoulder.

She seemed slightly startled, like she hadn’t realized he had been right behind her.

Without any further ado, Calix scooped Chasity up and carried her back up the stairs. He had probably been waiting for us to monitor the situation. I knew he wouldn’t want to leave Mom unattended with Chase this angry, but I highly doubted Chase was the type to strike a she-wolf.

“Chase, you have every right to be angry but let’s sit down and talk about it,” said Alex, in hushed tones, ever the voice of reason.

Chase simply turned to glare at Alex. Chalice raised her head up from where it had been on Chance’s shoulder.

“I’m sure you all want to know some of the details,” I said softly. “You have a right to know what Chasity’s life was like here.”

Chalice and Chance were definitely listening to me.

“What our parents did wasn’t at all what Chasity deserved. She deserved unconditional love and acceptance. She was just a kid,” I said, feeling emotional about it all over again. “But everyone in this room right now let her down,” I admitted, including her family in this. “Except possibly Chance,” I reasoned.

Chance had recently driven a moving truck to the Pack House with the years and years worth of stuffed animals, dolls, clothes, letters and cards he had been keeping for Chasity. She had gotten every Christmas and birthday present she had missed out on, and she had shown such appreciation for every single one as per usual. It had me thinking. I wanted to buy her Christmas and birthday gifts for each year I had missed too. I had already started ordering them online. They were based on what I assumed she might’ve wanted at each age. Alex didn’t think she needed an easy-bake oven to play with, but I had banned her from real cooking so I might as well provide an alternative.

“I just want you to know how deeply sorry my brothers and I are,” said Alex to Chase.

He turned to Chalice and Chance.

“It haunts me, I mean it,” he said.

I put a hand on Alex’s shoulder.

“It haunts all of us,” I said, meaning my brothers and myself.

Chase softened, seemingly assuming I meant my parents as well.

Mom nodded stiffly before I could clarify. Insinuating that she wasn't all that sorry wasn't helpful anyway, so I kept quiet, which is not something I'm good at, but I needed a peaceful environment for my baby and our unborn babies.

"I know Calix is really bent out of shape about it," said Chance, blowing his nose in his handkerchief.

The old werewolf had taken a special liking to Calix, who was already referring to him as "Grandpa."

"He's apologized on his parents' behalf several times," Chance informed us.

I was not sure why this in particular upset Mom but it did. She legit left. She walked out of the house without saying a word at that exact moment and got in her car and fucking drove away. If I had been twelve years old I would've been devastated, but twenty-one year old me really didn't give a shit. How hard was it to be half-decent enough to feel bad for making a maid out of a little girl?

"Did she seriously just leave?" Said Chase, flabbergasted.

"I want you to know I hold no malice towards Chasity," said Dad, his expression grim. "I...I wasn't supportive of Ronnie keeping Chasity here with us, and I think she closed herself off from Chasity because of me."

Alex and I exchanged a glance in mutual shock. Was Dad trying to take the full blame here? If he was, he was closer to being the exemplary father I had thought I had.

"I would rather apologize over time with actions than all at once with flimsy words," said Dad curtly, and with that, my father sighed and retired to his room.

Chase, Chalice and Chance were momentarily stunned at how quickly both Mom and Dad had exited the conflict.

"Wow, great talk, tell your parents thanks," said Chase sarcastically, sitting down on the living room couch.

"Should we move out?" Whispered Chalice to me specifically.

"No!" I practically hissed.

HELL NO. I wasn't playing that game. If they left, the fallout would involve Chasity wanting to go back and forth between wherever they were staying and the Pack House. Alex was definitely on the same page as me. In fact, we were reading between the very same lines.

“You have all been through so much trauma and it’s all fresh. You’ve only just been reunited. Why move after years of being gone? Chasity would...not like that, to say the least. She really benefits from this extended family living situation and the Pack House is huge. It’s fine. It doesn’t have to be forever but please stay while Chasity is pregnant,” said Alex.

“And three to six months postpartum,” I added quickly, sounding like a textbook, something that was usually Alex’s schtick not mine.

Chance, Chalice and Chase gave me weird looks but they all nodded, seemingly in agreement that staying in the same house as Chasity was best for her and the pups.

Calix

I could only hear snippets of the conversation downstairs despite my amazing hearing, as everyone was speaking in such low tones and my video game was on loud. I didn’t want Chasity to fixate on the argument, so I kept raising the volume on the game. I had her in my lap while I played. I wanted to distract her and she seemed to like watching me play. She also got a kick out of sneakily pressing buttons. I let her think she was pranking me successfully because, honestly, her mischievous glee over this was so cute. I even pretended to get frustrated with my lack of progress in the game. I could feel my Mom’s outrage when she left. We were very close. I didn’t feel her emotions as well as with Chasity or my triplet brothers though. Her leaving like that left me truly disgruntled, so I didn’t even have to fake my frustration anymore. I was truly annoyed just not at the game or Chasity. Mom was not trying like she had promised me she would.

“I never got to go to my therapist!” Chasity blurted out suddenly.

Instinctively, I paused his game. I looked at her. I was immediately filled with concern. She really should be in therapy. She had been through so much. I felt like a shitty husband-to-be for having not kept abreast of this. She could’ve had several therapy sessions already if I’d kept a better handle on this. My inner wolf reminded me that I tended to rely on Alex a little too much, expecting him to do all the scheduling. There was no reason why I shouldn’t handle this. Alex had made the initial appointment a couple of days before that disastrous party after which Chasity had been kidnapped. I winced just thinking about it.

“Let me re-make the appointment,” I said without hesitation.

I knew the doctor’s name and had saved the contact Alex had sent on our group chat. We had a triplet group chat that Chasity had been added to when we bought her that iPhone for her eighteenth birthday. We then had to make another triplet group chat without Chasity to plan out the vacation, renaming the yacht and the proposal.

I quickly found the contact on my phone.

“Make one for a big family counseling session too,” insisted Chasity quickly.

My heart plummeted. Ugh. Chasity needed to focus on herself. Clearly, Mom was focused on herself. Family therapy could wait until certain relatives had come to their senses.

“Ugh, that’s gonna be so much drama Chas...” I began.

She silenced me with a glare. I sighed. There was no harm in actually making the family appointment. I suppose Mom could storm out of the therapy just like today if she felt so inclined. I just had to get her to at least show up in the first place. She just needed to give it a try. Maybe a professional would get through to her better than I could. I just had to get her there. I had no doubt in my mind about Chasity benefiting from therapy though. My goddess was very willing and focused on improving in just about every aspect of her life right now. I was honestly so proud of her. She took her tutor sessions on pack laws so seriously. She was also studying for her regular classes every day. She was even eating much less sugar because she didn’t want her “sweet tooth to affect the pups”. She claimed she would return to her sugary ways when they were born. Felix was trying to make low-sugar versions of everything she liked in the hopes that she would never look back. Alex was the researcher behind the low sugar recipes.

Chasity stared at me expectantly. I called the number and put the phone to my ear. I would make two appointments, the solo one for Chasity first and then the drama-filled one for all of us.

“ OK, one solo appointment, one family fiasco, coming right up!” I said just before the Doc’s receptionist picked up.

Status: Completed

Chasity has spent years being picked on by the identical Triplets: Alpha Alex, Alpha Felix and Alpha Calix Thorn. They’re rich, handsome and popular werewolves and they make sure Chasity knows she is a poor, "fat" and unpopular she-wolf. The boys pull her golden curls and mock her every move, nicknaming her ChaRity because she was taken into the pack house when left behind by her gambling, drug-addict parents. She cooks and cleans for free to pay off the debts incurred by her parents to the wolf pack. She’s relieved to count down the days to her eighteenth birthday when she can leave her pack behind forever. The last thing on her mind is finding out who her mate is when she comes of age. On her birthday, she is horrified to discover that her former tormenters, the Alpha Triplets, are her fated mates, all three of them. She has seven more months of hell aka high school before she can flee. The Triplets who are filled with remorse and lust for their little mate are determined to spend the next seven months convincing her to stay. Is it too little too late or will their happily ever after be just right?
Formerly Called: Goldilocks and the Triplet Alphas

Felix’s Point of View

In order to appease Chasity, 'Baby boy' Calix made a therapy appointment so that both of our dysfunctional families could reconcile. I couldn't even blame him. I had to admit that we needed professional help.

I really wasn't the type of guy to spend the day discussing my feelings, but for Chasity, I would. Doctor Jardine came highly recommended, according to Alex. Apparently, she was both a psychiatrist and a psychologist. I could only imagine the shit-ton of boring ass books she'd read to achieve all that. She was sitting in an armchair directly across from us. My baby, Chasity, sat between Calix and Alex, whilst I pulled the short straw, and got the end seat of the couch. My eyes swept over Chasity often, just checking on her, and making sure she was all right. I really didn't want her to be stressed out at all, especially not during her pregnancy. She had already been through an ordeal during the early days of her pregnancy. Stress wasn't good for my pups.

I glanced at my Mom and Dad, who were both sitting to our left on a separate couch. Mom seemed nervous like hell, while Dad was impassive. Chasity's parents and grandfather shared the couch to our right.

"Welcome Alphas, Luna and family," said the Doctor serenely, smiling widely.

Her warm welcome was met with an awkward silence.

"Thanks," I muttered, just to break the ice.

"Let me just make sure I have all of your names right, as well your relations to each other," said Dr Jardine.

"Alpha Calix, you called," said Doc, looking right at Calix.

Calix nodded eagerly. I exchanged glances with both of my brothers. I knew we were all thinking the same thing. We were shocked she could tell us apart so easily.

"Alpha Alex, we spoke on the phone to confirm a few family details yesterday," she added calmly.

Alex nodded, though it wasn't really a question. She seemed quite certain of her facts. She was probably just making sure everyone was mentally checked in. Chasity's parents seemed somewhat dazed. The more details they learnt about Chasity's childhood, the more distant they became. I couldn't even blame them. If someone treated my pups the way my parents had treated Chasity, I would be livid.

"Alpha Felix? Is everything okay?" Asked the Doctor.

Pay attention, she called you like three times, grumbled Alex over mind-link.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Um, present," I said, like I was in grade school.

“And we have former Alpha Romeo and former Luna Ronnie,” said Dr Jardine, smiling kindly at my parents.

“Technically, I’m not the former Luna. I’m still acting as Luna, while Chasity gets ready to take the position. She’s not married to my boys yet,” explained Mom.

“I understand your point, but she is, for all intensive purposes, their Luna. She appears to be marked, and pregnant with their heirs,” said Dr Jardine, smiling in a way that made it difficult to tell whose side she was on.

“And we have Chase, Chalice and Chance, the parents and maternal grandfather of Luna Chasity,” she said, still smiling serenely.

Chasity’s relatives nodded, and managed a few weak smiles.

“So, we’re all here to iron out any old grudges, and seek a greater level of harmony within this family,” said Dr Jardine.

“Yes,” Said Chasity quickly, speaking for the first time.

Chase made a disapproving noise with his throat, and my Mom let out a little exasperated huff. Why were all of our parents less mature than us? I resisted the urge to roll my eyes so early in the session.

“Who would like to start?” asked Dr Jardine.

“I would,” I replied, without hesitation.

My eyes instinctively went to Chasity again. My little minx met my gaze and winked.

“Chasity is my mate, my Luna, the mother of my...our...heirs,” I said, correcting myself as I went along.

I didn’t want to exclude my brothers, even though I personally felt I had placed those buns in Chasity’s oven.

“But, that’s now. Before Chasity turned eighteen, she wasn’t a part of the family,” I admitted.

There was no point in bullshitting our way through this. It was time to be honest. Chasity deserved honesty. Her childhood hardships could not just be swept under a rug. We needed to acknowledge what had gone wrong.

“She shares a birthday with us triplets, by the way, but my parents chose not to celebrate hers,” I said, anger and shame colouring my tone.

My father actually growled. What the fuck?! I hadn't even really started to explain anything yet. How could he be mad already? How could he be mad at the truth? At least, Mom had the decency to shush him. I continued speaking, undaunted.

"She came to us when she was nine. My brothers and I were twelve. She was tearful and distraught most days, and my parents...they made it worse," I said frankly, and they weren't the only ones making things more difficult for sweet little Chasity.

"I make no excuses for myself. I was a bully, a little jerk, but my parents were adults. Chasity was just a child, no birthday or Christmas presents, only permitted to have donated clothes or hand-me-downs. She couldn't eat meals with us. She cooked. She cleaned. She was like a little maid. I'm not sure why we even expected her to ever be in a good mood. We had no right to consider her sullen. What did she have to be happy about? Nothing. And what was the point of my parents treating her so...subpar?" I said, ignoring my incensed father.

He was acting like I was lying about him or something.

"We didn't get presents for Chasity. She did get hand-me-downs. Forgive me but she was treated as though unwanted because she was unwanted," Dad blurted out angrily.

He was pissed. This man really had the audacity to sit there and seethe, when he was so clearly in the wrong. His lack of remorse made me feel sick. Apparently, I wasn't the only one sick of him. Chase tried to stand up and take a swing at my Dad, but Chalice and Chance stopped him.

"It's true!" Said Dad, undeterred. You dropped her off!" He snarled, rightfully placing some of the blame on Chasity's parents.

My parents had acted reprehensibly, but Chasity's parents had been totally dysfunctional and irresponsible. If they would've kept their noses clean, my baby could've grown up under their roof instead of being raised begrudgingly by my spiteful parents. Chase returned to his seat.

"How could you expect her to be treated like a little princess? You dropped her off, no discussion, and thus you had no inkling of whether or not we wanted to help," said Dad.

"We did want to help," said Mom tearfully, "but, no, we didn't want to take in anyone. We wanted to help you, Chase, out of your mess!"

I wasn't buying Mom's tearful act. Those were crocodile tears if I ever saw them. It was like my eyes had finally been opened to the reality of my parents. They really had no reason to treat Chasity the way they did. It was unjustifiable. Yeah, her parents sucked too, but two wrongs didn't make a right. It was not as though they couldn't have arranged for her to live with Chance, or be adopted, or even shipped away to boarding

school. They would have had the means. Thankfully, we had always been a very wealthy pack.

Chasity let out a little sigh that triggered a pang in my torso. Chasity was genuinely upset to hear how little my parents had wanted her around. They had always acted like it, but to hear it stated blatantly was different.

“No one expected you to treat her like a princess!” Said Chalice indignantly. “We would have been OK with humane treatment at the very least or a bit of care and friendliness,” said Chalice, her voice growing shaky, and finally cracking with emotion, as tears threatened to fall. “You treated her worse than a stranger. You made her feel utterly alone on purpose,” said Chalice, as though she were having trouble wrapping her head around everything.

I supposed she and Chase had genuinely thought Chasity would be sufficiently welcomed.

“You made her into a little servant! A child labourer! If the triplets hadn’t realised Chasity was their mate, would the subpar treatment have ever stopped?!” Asked Chasity’s Mom incredulously.

Chalice was trembling with anger.

“You pushed your responsibility on us, so yeah we did the bare minimum: food, clothing and healthcare. Nothing less, nothing more,” said Dad, his tone indicating a sense of finality.

Chasity sighed. I watched her lean her head back on the couch. She was probably physically and emotionally drained. I reached across my brother to place my hand on her knee. I gently stroked her knee with my thumb, trying to soothe her. I could feel her distress like it was my own. I saw that she and Calix were now holding hands. My brothers were sensing her emotions too.

“OK, I understand the situation was not discussed well,” said Jardine, her eyes on my parents. “But imagine someone had to look after the triplets growing up. That someone didn’t really want to, so they used that as a basis for raising the boys. The boys got no love or affection, no guidance, just food and shelter and healthcare, as you say. Would you be angry at that someone or would you understand where he or she is coming from?” Asked the doctor, clearly trying to reason with them.

Mom answered.

“I would...be mad, but I would also never leave my kids in the first place!” Said Mom.

“Mom!” Said Alex indignantly, his blue eyes darkening.

I could feel him holding back his anger. Usually, I was the one barely managing to keep my cool.

“If you weren’t going to give Chasity a loving upbringing then why didn’t you let Chance take her?!” Asked Alex sharply.

“I would like to know the answer to that myself,” grumbled Chasity’s Dad, agreeing with Alex.

“Her mother was estranged from her father, Chance. She said he wanted to steal her baby!” Said Mom defensively.

“I did say stuff like that,” admitted Chalice, squirming in her seat.

Chalice clearly felt very guilty over her past behaviour.

“I was a junkie and I was paranoid. I was so irresponsible back then. I should have given her to you, Dad. I’m so sorry, Dad! I’m so sorry Chasity!” Cried Chalice, bursting into tears.

I quickly looked to Chasity, who, thankfully, was still calm.

“It’s ok, Mom,” whispered Chasity.

Alex went over to Chalice. He patted her upper back, awkwardly trying to comfort her. Chase hugged his mate.

“I’m so sorry too, Chasity and Chance,” said Chase. “We really should have let you two have a relationship.”

“I...wish...I would have at least not made Chasity do the housework, though I wouldn’t have made any fuss over holidays. Making her do maid work was wrong,” admitted Mom feebly. “I know that. I...I’m sorry Chasity,” added Mom, somewhat unconvincingly.

I was looking for a more heartfelt apology but at least, we were getting somewhere.

“She should not have had to do housework. I agree with that,” said Dad, sighing. “I...am...sorry too, Chasity,” he said hesitantly.

My parents probably thought apologising was akin to an admission of guilt. Alphas and Lunas rarely apologised. Chasity’s relatives did not look impressed. Alex came back to our couch.

“Alpha Alex, your thoughts on all of this,” said Dr Jardine.

“Chasity’s parents weren’t perfect. Had they been more stable, they could’ve raised Chasity themselves or seen the truth that she would have been better off with Chance. They shouldn’t have dropped her off with people who may or may not have held grudges against her, but also, holding a grudge against a child is ridiculous and making a child into an unpaid worker is inexcusable. Two wrongs don’t make a right, but my parents went overboard in my opinion. The only person who was blameless in all of this was Chasity herself. She was just an innocent little girl and it’s something that makes me feel sick to think about. We all owe Chasity an apology. I know I’ve said sorry a lot, but there’s no harm in saying it again. I’m sorry for making a bad situation worse Chasity, my Luna, by being such a huge jerk to you all the time. You are so sweet and special, Luna. You deserve much better!” Said Alex, with tears in his eyes.

I had taken Alex’s place next to Chasity whilst he was comforting Chalice. Alex pulled Chasity right across my lap and into his arms.

“Alpha Calix?” Prompted Dr Jardine, looking expectantly at my younger brother.

Calix stared at her with wide eyes. Saying anything even remotely negative about our mother was a challenge for him.

“Chasity was someone who should’ve grown up our friend and playmate and then the transition from that to mates would have been easier. Smooth even. Our parents didn’t set the best example, but the older we got, the better we shouldn’t have known. There’s really no excuse. Goddess, I’m so sorry!” Said Calix in earnest.

He pressed his lips to Chasity’s forehead.

“Chasity,” said the Doctor.

My baby had barely said anything.

“Um,” began Chasity, hyperaware of all the eyes on her. “I was devastated when my parents dropped me off. Going from abandonment straight into a hostile situation for me as a little girl was too much to really process. It’s all a blur when I actively try to remember but the memories. The memories come to me though when I’m not expecting them and that’s when they’re sharp and vivid.”

“Chasity,” said Dr Jardine, her tone concerned.

“Yeah?” replied Chasity.

“Have you ever considered that you may have Post Traumatic Stress Disorder or PTSD?” Asked the doctor.

Chasity bit her lip.

“It crossed my mind once or twice,” she admitted.

“That would explain the foggy memory, the flashbacks...” explained the Doctor.

I could hear Chasity’s heart rate increase. She was trembling slightly. I knew this whole thing was a bad idea for her and the pups. We should have saved it for after the delivery.

“Chasity, breathe, relax. Focus on the sound of my voice,” said Dr Jardine calmly.

Chasity’s breathing quickened. My brothers and I closed ranks protectively.

“Chasity!” Yelled Calix, tightening his hold on Chasity.

Alex and I moved even closer towards her. Just as all three of us reached for her, my baby, Chasity, fainted in Calix’s arms, and my heart plummeted into my stomach. Fuck.

Status: Completed