

The Triplet Warriors And Their Pup Mate Chapter 16 - Tips

~River's Point Of View~

It had been a couple of days since we'd last seen Ellie and the pain of being away from her was almost unbearable. We'd gotten a little house not too far from my parents, but far enough to not catch her scent. If our wolves smelled her while we were out for a run, they'd have to go to her.

I dreamed about my sweet little Ellie every day, every night. I'd be out on patrol and just get lost in my thoughts, sometimes I'd have to wander off and relieve my pent-up energy. I wondered if she'd been feeling the same way. I constantly thought about her touching herself, dreaming of me.

In between my wet dreams I was frantically trying to do everything to help our situation. I was currently in a meeting that council member Isaac had called about Gunner, and my father was even present.

"What do we know about the girl's past, anything," my dad inquired.

"She's just some orphan that Gunner took in, no one knows anything else and the girl was too young to remember much, Gunner would be the only one to know is my guess," Isaac said, stating the obvious.

Some packs kept meticulous records going back centuries, but if Ellie's pack was ransacked, the records were likely burned.

"I just don't see how nobody knows anything, there has to be some family, something else, she didn't just poof out of thin air," Hunter said.

"Yes, why not get Gunner on the phone and ask him over for tea," Godfrey said, making a grand gesture with his hands.

Honestly I don't know why he bothered coming to these meetings, if only to piss us off. He was one of the most frustrating creatures I'd ever met, but also the most deadly and one you wanted on your side. So, needless to say we all had to humor him.

"We could get a witch to go into her mind, see if there are things there she has repressed," Skyler said.

“No, she’s been through a lot with Gunner. What if she has to relive that stuff too,” dad said.

That was a fair point, and while I wanted to know everything he’d put her through, I didn’t know if she’d want to tell us. Really, if she’d want to have to think about it all again. If she’d feel like maybe her mates wouldn’t want her if...

I cut off my own thought, sick at the idea th at Tyson might have touched her.

“What do we know for sure, what hard evidence do we have or can we get to bring him to trial,” I said, trying to get back to the here and now.

“We’ve had sh!t for decades and that’s still what we have. He covers his tracks unlike anyone I’ve ever seen, there’s always an excuse, always someone else to blame,” my dad said.

“If Gunner was willing to invade Whisper Crescent, for nothing, no reason, there has to be something. It was quite obviously a ransack to search for Ellie, I mean we have the living breathing evidence right in front of us,” Hunter said.

‘You want to put a child through a trial,’ Isaac asked.

“She would more than want to do it, she had to sacrifice her entire life, she spent her childhood as a slave. What do you think she had to look forward to? Being a she-wolf slave,” I said, stating the obvious.

My heart sank and all I could think about was going to her. I involuntarily started to rise out of my chair. I looked up to see Godfrey wagging his finger at me.

~Ellie’s Point of View~

*It had been a lovely day, I was out picking wildflowers with momma, and we’d just had a picnic by the river. She looked so beautiful in her sundress, it was pink with little embroidered white flowers.

“Jasmine, it’s getting late,” I heard a soft voice say.

I turned to face my grammy, who looked just like momma. I got up and ran to her, and she scooped me up, twirling me around. I giggled and felt the cool summer night air against my legs as she picked up the speed.

This was my happy place, my happiest times. I quickly helped pack up our picnic, and I carried the large blanket we'd been laying on while momma braided my hair.

"Will you tell me a story before bed gram," I asked, hopeful.

"Ohh I suppose, you have been a good girl today," she said, looking down at me.

I wanted to memorize her perfect face. Her hair was so blonde it always almost white, and she had green eyes with a small nose. Her cheeks were always just a bit rosey.

By the time we got closer to our little cottage, I smelled something funny and looked up. Two of our neighbor's houses were on fire, and everyone was running around.

"Momma!"

I turned to look for mommy but she wasn't there. Grammy immediately picked me up and I dropped the blanket. I saw that she'd dropped the basket.

"Run! Get her out of here," I heard from the darkness.

"Momma!!"*

"No! No! Momma!! Momma!!" I sat up with a jerk and took in my surroundings. I was sweating but freezing at the same time. The door burst open, making me jump again. but I quickly recognized Daisy and remembered where I was.

"It's okay sweetie, you're safe," she said, coming to my side.

I realized my face was soaked with tears and she reached for a tissue to wipe my face.

"Oh I'm so sorry Daisy, I didn't mean to wake you," I said, feeling embarrassed.

"It's okay honey, it's not your fault," she said, stroking my hair.

"I ... always had dreams about my life before, you know when I was with my family, but they're always so ... so basic. Like I'm seeing it from so far away, if

that makes sense. But lately, they seem more real, and more ... more detailed, I guess," I said, in a whisper.

I immediately tried to remember the dream, someone was holding me and running, but who and why were just out of my reach. I couldn't remember.

I fell back against the bed, feeling utterly exhausted from the whole experience. It had just been right there, I could feel it. The urgency of it ... the smell. Like, a fire?

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"This one! You simply MUST try it on! So hot," Sunny said, holding up a dress that looked like a bathing suit.

Daisy gave a disapproving look and grabbed another dress.

"How about one, a little more ... modest," Daisy said, giving Sunny a mean look.

These two were hilarious sometimes, and while I greatly enjoyed their back and forth, it made my heart ache to know I'd never get this with my mom. I'd never cook with her, we'd never get into a food fight. She'd never know my mate, she'd never know my pups.

I sighed and took both dresses, giving them my best smile. I quickly tried on Sunny's dress which took far more effort than I'd ever imagined, and I almost had to ask for help because I could barely figure it out. I looked at myself in the mirror. I'd rarely seen a mirror most of my life. One of the maids had one in her room, but I couldn't see my entire body at once.

Was I pretty? Was I attractive?

I mean, the whole Black family was positively gorgeous, I was sure that I'd never seen a more perfect looking family.

I certainly weighed a bit more than Sunny, as I'd noticed by the sizes she picked out for herself versus the ones for me. I'd never had to know my size before, I'd always been in second-hand clothes that were handmade and huge on me. I was two sizes bigger than Sunny even though she was a good bit taller. My breasts were a lot bigger and so were my thighs.

Sunny had trimmed my hair a little bit, and given me some amazing conditioner that really made my hair soft and shiny. That alone had already given me a new bit of confidence, maybe I should just embrace this skimpy dress and really embrace my freedom.

I really had no concept of money, so I had no idea if the things Daisy bought me were a lot or if this was considered normal. I felt horrible about it though, and I offered to do work around the house. Of course, they refused any help like that. They paid a woman to come once a week and clean, which I couldn't believe. If I was willing to do it for free, why wouldn't they just let me? I needed to feel useful, I needed to feel like I had a purpose.

I was so lost, I was in a new place, with no faces I really knew very well and I still didn't have my wolf. Don't get me wrong, I never wanted to go back to Blood Claw, but I did have two friends there I missed terribly.

The only thing I absolutely looked forward to, that I dreamed about constantly ... was seeing the triplets again. I wondered if they missed me, if they were looking at the same sky as me every night.

Sunny and Meadow filled my days with shopping, make-up, hair lessons and all kinds of do's and don'ts. It was just overwhelming. Daisy and Ash filled my evenings with running around outside, trying to get me to shift.

Night after night, there was nothing. No voice in my head, no weird feelings. I felt completely useless and weak. Who would even want me?

"Hey Ash, do you know when the guys might come back for dinner," I asked one night as we ate.

"Oh, well I did see them today actually. They're very busy. There's just so much going on right now, in addition to us trying to get enough to arrest Gunner," he said.

"So, there's no progress on that," I asked, already knowing the answer.

"I'm sorry but no, honestly. We're all also hopeful that maybe your wolf will be able to help us, if your wolf can come forward, she might know some things, since she's been with you, just kind of ... dormant, that's why we have to keep trying," he said, patting my hand.

"I'm sorry, may I be excused," I said, looking down at my half-eaten plate.

“Honey you don’t have to ask, you can go,” Daisy said.

“Thank you, good night,” I said, getting up quickly without meeting anyone’s eyes.

I ran straight to my room and into the bathroom. I locked the door and got in the dry tub, fully dressed. I closed the curtain, as if that made a difference. I pulled my knees up to my face and began sobbing.

Why couldn’t I shift?! What’s wrong with me? Is this my life now, just night after night ... nothing? Missing three grown men that have no attachment to me, desperate to see them when they probably have girlfriends.

I eventually laid down, using my hands as a pillow, and I fell asleep in the tub, as I had several other nights.