

Who's My Triplet's Alpha Daddy?

- Chapter #1

Thalia's POV

** Eight years ago **

I'm clawing at my bedroom door hard enough to split my nails and streak blood across the white paint. Which is honestly the most normal thing that's happened to me all night.

Mom's already turned the key from the outside, her cold voice drifting through the wood in low hiss. "The Alpha and his sons are here tonight. We won't have them smelling your disgusting heat while we're discussing our family's future."

Right. Because nothing says "loving family" like locking your nineteen-year-old daughter in her room during her first heat while you schmooze with pack royalty.

The Blackwood family: putting the "functional" in dysfunctional since 1987.

I collapse against the door, my legs giving out as another wave hits. It's like someone mainlined liquid fire straight into my veins and forgot to mention it comes with a side of desperate, clawing need.

The formal dinner party filters up through the floorboards.

Polite laughter, clinking crystal, my father's booming voice playing gracious host. My sister Lia's practiced giggle as she probably drapes herself over Kieran like the trophy girlfriend she's manufactured herself into.

Meanwhile, I'm up here drowning in my own skin.

Thighs clench involuntarily, seeking pressure that won't come. Every nerve ending screams awake, hypersensitive to the point where even the sheets feel like sandpaper and silk at once. The ache between my legs pulses in time with my heartbeat—insistent, demanding and absolutely mortifying.

My first heat tears through me with a violence no one bothered to warn me about. Because why would they? Wolfless daughters don't get the talk. We're not supposed to feel our bodies hijack every rational thought and replace it with pure, animalistic want.

Thanks for breaking that pattern, Universe. Really fucking appreciate the surprise.

I drag myself back to the bed, every movement agony.

My tank top clings to my skin, soaked through with sweat that smells wrong. Sweet and desperate. The fabric brushing against my nipples sends lightning straight to my core, and I bite back a whimper that would definitely reach the dining room.

This is heat. Not the romantic bullshit from pack stories where some Alpha sweeps in with their magical dick and makes everything better.

This is biological warfare where my body stages a full coup, flooding me with hormones that scream *'mate, need, now'* while my brain tries desperately to maintain some dignity.

Then his scent hits me through the heating vents. Dark cedar and smoke and unmistakably Kieran.

My traitorous body lights up like Kieran just stripped me bare and put his mouth and hands everywhere it shouldn't go. Every nerve ending snaps to attention, screaming for something I can't have, won't have, refuse to want.

My mind conjures him without permission.

Those hands on my skin, calloused from whatever rich-boy hobbies Alphas do, pulling me against him while he whispers apologies into my skin for every cruel word he's thrown at me since Lia turned him into my personal nightmare sophomore year.

I dig my nails into my palms hard enough to draw blood.

Stop. Just stop.

But the fantasy doesn't care about my dignity. In my head, he's reverent, desperate, looking at me like I'm something he'd kill to possess instead of the pack's favorite punching bag.

It's pathetic. I'm pathetic.

My clit throbs in time with my heartbeat, and I hate myself for how badly I want someone who helped destroy me.

The memory crashes through—Lia on that cafeteria table, my journal in her manicured hands, reading my terrible poetry about Kieran to dozens of witnesses. "Do you really think an Alpha heir would want a defective wolfless freak?"

The pack treated me like garbage before that. But after? After, I became invisible when I was lucky. A target when I wasn't.

Lia's always been obsessed with Kieran, planning to "conquer" him since middle school. So when she found my stupid crush, she didn't just humiliate me—she weaponized him.

Made sure he knew exactly how disgusting I was, then claimed him as her trophy while orchestrating my social execution with surgical precision. The worst part? It worked.

Kieran went from indifferent to actively cruel almost overnight, and I got front-row seats to watch the boy I'd stupidly loved become the one who made me dread every school hallway, every pack gathering, every forced family dinner where I had to watch them together.

Another scent floods through, wild pine and rain. Lysander.

My body clenches, empty and aching. Conjuring images of being sandwiched between them, filled and used and—

Fuck. The heat doesn't discriminate between the ones who broke you and the ones who might save you. It just wants, violent and desperate and completely unhinged.

My thighs are slick with need I can't control, my body preparing itself for something that will never happen.

I remember those weeks after Kieran turned cruel, when Lysander started noticing me with careful smiles and lingering looks. Until I found him laughing with his friends, watching another round of my humiliation like premium entertainment.

His kindness? Probably a bet on whether the wolfless girl was desperate enough to believe an Alpha heir could actually want her.

The scent of them both makes my skin feel like it's melting off my bones. I need friction, pressure, something to ease this violent emptiness that's trying to claw its way out of me.

Another wave hits and I bite my pillow to muffle the whimper. I roll onto my side, shoving my hand between my thighs just for the pressure, not caring how pathetic it is.

Dad's laughter booms through the floor—politics and power plays while I'm locked up here like the family's dirty secret.

My body temperature spikes so high I think I might actually combust. No one survives their first heat alone, but asking for help means letting them smell me like this—desperate and dripping and absolutely wrecked.

My fingers find the window lock I've been practicing since twelve. Three tries and it pops. Cool air hits my overheated skin as I stumble out barefoot onto the back lawn, my legs barely functioning.

Ten steps. That's all I get before colliding with solid muscle.

Kieran. Of course it's fucking Kieran, probably escaping Lia's performative perfection.

The second my scent hits him, his eyes go pure black. His nostrils flare. I watch his control shatter in real-time—two years of careful cruelty cracking wide open, replaced by something primal and terrifying and exactly what my body's been screaming for.

I run.

Barefoot and stupid and absolutely fucked, I run toward the old guest house where no one goes anymore. My feet tear on gravel but I don't stop, can't stop. Because the look in his eyes promised things my body wants and my mind knows would destroy me.

I almost made it. My fingers actually touch the door handle.

But then his hand wraps around my wrist and spins me around. My back slams against wood as he cages me in, his body a wall of heat and muscle and that scent that's making me leak through my shorts.

His arms bracket my head, chest heaving, and when he leans in I can feel how hard he is against my hip. Every instinct wars between running and grinding against him like an animal.

His nose traces my pulse point, his whole body shuddering with restraint that's visibly failing. When he speaks, his voice is completely wrecked—stripped of every layer of cruelty, raw and desperate.

"Fuck, Thalia..." His nose traces my pulse point and his hands clench into fists against the door. "You smell like..."

He stops himself, jaw clenching, fighting something I can see ripping him apart from the inside.

"Like mine," he growls.