

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

Chapter 101 -110

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

Lia

She nudges my arm. "You're happy though, right?"

I lift my head, meeting her gaze. The teasing is gone now, replaced with something softer.

I hesitate, then nod. "Yeah."

She smiles. "Then that's all that matters."

Michael walks back in, scowling. "Are you done?"

Gabi grins. "Never."

He groans, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I hate both of you."

I smirk. "Love you too, big brother."

It was glad that Gabi was smiling and at ease now. She had suffered so much. Finally, she was starting to move on from the kidnapping, little by little.

However, I was starting to realize that Simone was right. I did want to consider sharing a room with the four or having a room where we could spend our time together. Then we would all have our own spaces.

There simply wasn't enough room here—especially with my brother and Gabi here. Then there would be the pups! By the time the pups came, there wasn't going to be any room.

"We need to get a bigger house," I blurted out after a while.

Michael blinked. "Oh funny you say that. The house next door has several bedrooms, even a furnished basement. I was thinking we could use some of the money Mom and Dad left us to buy it. Then you guys could move it."

"But what about you and Gabi?"

“We stay here,” he said chuckling. “Simone and her mates could even move in. Gabi and I were talking about furnishing the basement. They could stay there and there would be plenty of room for any pups they had.”

It was such a great idea. The Moonveil pack would be able to live close to each other. We wouldn't have to be miles apart, something that I always hated.

Well, it was mostly Simone and her mates who lived apart from us. She had been brought up wanting to be closer and this was our perfect chance to be able to do that.

I smiled. “I'll have to talk to Simone, but I think she'll be fine with it.”

“Well, go talk to her the first chance you get, and then ask her.”

“I will.”

I already knew she was going to say yes, but it still was important that I ask her.

The next day I decided to ask Simone to come over to my place. She told me she was more than happy to come over and drive to my place, joining me in my room. Simone brought some coffee with her, making me more than grateful.

“Thank you so much for the coffee,” I told Simone, taking a sip of the cool liquid. “Ready for me to tell you the good news?”

She grinned. “Yes! I've been trying to wrack my brain, figuring out what the hell it is you want to tell me but then I realized... I am bad at guessing. So I figured all I could do was just show up and wait to see what you had to say.”

I smiled. “We're buying the house next door. After we moved in, Michael suggested that you and your mates move in. Then we'll all be close to one another, which sounds like such an amazing idea. What do you think?”

For a while, Simone didn't say anything. Her jaw dropped and then tears pooled in her eyes, but I knew they were happy tears. She sniffed, rubbing at her eyes.

It seemed like a part of her thought that it was too good to be true, but I wanted to convey to my best friend that I was completely serious. This was going to happen.

“Lia, you're joking.”

“I'm not.”

“You-you're seriously buying the house next door?”

“Yeah.”

“Like, actually buying it?”

“Yes, Simone, that’s what I just said.”

Simone let out a high-pitched squeal. “Oh my God. Oh my God! Lia, do you realize what this means?”

I smirked. “I have a feeling you’re about to tell me.”

She grabbed my hands, eyes practically sparkling. “It means I can move in! We can be literal next-door neighbors! Do you know how perfect this is?”

I laughed. “That’s kind of the idea. I mean... you and your mates need more space, right?”

“Absolutely. We’ve been practically tripping over each other in that apartment. One of them left his shoes in the hallway last night, and I nearly broke my neck.”

“See? Problem solved.”

Simone gasped. “Wait-wait. Does this mean we can have coffee together every morning? Walk over in pajamas? Just exist like the dream neighbors we were meant to be?”

I rolled my eyes. “That’s a little dramatic, but yes.”

She clutched her chest. “I think I might cry. This is the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“You’re ridiculous.”

“And you’re amazing. I’m calling my mates. We’re moving in.

“That fast?”

“That fast. You’re not backing out, right?”

“Not a chance.”

“Then it’s settled. Lia, we’re going to be neighbors!” Get full chapters from [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

“Yeah,” I said, smiling. “We are.”

Simone grinned. “This is magic. You are magic.”

“I’m not magic, Lia.”

“Lia you are magic. Do you understand how rare this is? Best friends don’t just magically end up living next door to each other.

“I wouldn’t call it magic. More like me finding a good deal and making a practical decision.”

“Practical? This is fate. Destiny. The universe aligning in our favor!”

“Or maybe just the housing market.”

“Shut up, let me have this.”

I laughed. “Fine, fine. Have your moment.”

“Oh, I will. And you know what else this means?”

“That you’re going to barge into my house uninvited?”

“Obviously. But also-impromptu movie nights! Midnight snack raids! Borrowing clothes without asking!”

“Simone.”

“Too far?”

“A little.”

“Noted. But still-this is the best news ever.”

“I’m glad you think so.”

“Think so? I know so. And the best part?”

“There’s more?”

She grinned. “You can’t get rid of me now.”

I smirked. “I think I made peace with that a long time ago.”

After everything that had happened with us, it was good to know that things were finally settling in at the Moonveil pack. When we first started the pack, everything was so stressful because of all this shit going on with the Rosewater coven but now we could breathe a sigh of relief.

I was so thrilled to be able to move on and with my pack so close too. It was going to be a busy few weeks with us buying the house. Then came the packing followed by moving in.

But I was ready for it as well.

Simone and I hung out, both of us having silly grins on our faces. When she left, I knew it was going to be easier for us to hang out in just a few weeks.

I couldn't wait for it to happen.

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Lia

It's hard to believe how much things can change in just a small amount of time.

A year. It's been a year since all that shit happened with the Rosewater coven. We've been able to put it behind us and are finally moving forward with our lives.

I am still in school, working towards getting my teaching license. The guys are still on the rugby team, bringing their win, and after the win, my brother working as a coach full-time now. Gabi is working in the medical field, something she loves.

Then there are the twins.

Yes, twins.

One boy and one girl. Mikayla and Gavin. They were the most adorable children I had ever seen in my entire life. I loved them so much and was proud to be their aunt.

Mikayla is the one who is very outgoing, always babbling and wanting to be around people. Meanwhile, Gavin is the one who is on the quiet side. He reminds me of when I was a child.

Right now, Gabi had a bad night with the twins. They didn't sleep very well and she looks like she didn't sleep well at all. I'm sympathetic to her while also feeling grateful that I don't have any pups right now.

Me and my four mates might be fully mated but I am not ready to have any pups, which is why I am on birth control. One day we'll have pups but it's not going to be for a while.

Gabi groaned, forehead pressed against the kitchen table. "I think I died last night and came back as a zombie."

I sipped my tea, watching her suffer with mild amusement. "You look like one."

She lifted her head just enough to glare at me. "You're lucky I'm too tired to throw something at you."

It's all in good fun. Gabi enjoys the banter and I know it will light a fire underneath her, helping make her feel a bit more alive.

I smirked. "I'm just saying, you have dark circles, your hair's doing this weird sticking-up thing, and you're gripping that coffee mug like it's your last connection to the living."

She sighed dramatically. "Because it is."

I chuckled. "Where are the little troublemakers now?"

"Sleeping," she muttered, running a hand through her already wild hair. "Like sweet, innocent angels."

I raised a brow. "The same angels who kept you up all night?"

"The very same. They wait until I'm on the brink of collapse, and then-bam. Out like a light. It's a conspiracy."

I laughed. "Sounds like they're plotting your downfall."

"They are. It's psychological warfare at this point." She took a long sip of her coffee, then side-eyed me. "Speaking of pups... when are you having some?"

I choked on my tea. Not just a little cough-full-on, throat-burning, lung-collapsing choking. Coughing violently, I slapped my chest, wheezing. "W-what?!"

Gabi just watched me, entirely unimpressed. "I asked when you're gonna have pups."

"Why-why would you even-" I coughed again, gripping the table. "Where did that even come from?!"

She smirked. "Seems like a reasonable question."

"For whom?!" I demanded.

"For someone with four mates." She took another casual sip of her coffee. "I mean, let's be honest, Lia. It's not a matter of 'if.' It's a matter of 'when.'"

I groaned, setting my cup down before I dropped it. "Gabi, I can barely manage to wrap my head around the whole four-mates thing. Pups are not on the table."

She waved a hand. "Not yet."

"Not ever."

She snorted. “You say that now, but trust me, the second those alphas start acting all protective and doting, you’re gonna—” “Stop.” I pointed a warning finger at her.

She ignored me, grinning. “All hovering, making sure you’re eating enough, watching over you while you sleep-” “Gabi.”

“Keeping you warm, scenting you, making sure no one else gets too close-“ This update is available on find^onovel.net

I groaned, dropping my head onto the table. “Please stop.”

“And let’s be real, Lia.” She leaned in, her grin wicked. “Four mates? You’re going to end up—”

“

I sat up so fast I nearly knocked over my tea and slapped my hands over my ears.

“LALALALALA—I CAN’T HEAR YOU.”

Gabi burst into laughter, nearly spilling her coffee.

I scowled. “I regret coming here.”

“No, you don’t.” She smirked. “Besides, I’m just preparing you for reality. You know it’s inevitable.”

“It is not.

“It is.”

“

I crossed my arms. “I’m telling you, no pups right now.”

She raised a skeptical brow. “You sound very sure about that.”

“I am sure.”

She just hummed knowingly, sipping her coffee like she held the secrets of the universe.

I grabbed my bag and stood up. “I’m leaving before you curse me.”

“Oh, I’m not cursing you,” she teased. “That’s just fate working its magic.”

I pointed at her. “This conversation never happened.”

“Oh, it happened.”

“It didn’t.”

She grinned. “Tell your mates I said hi.”

I narrowed my eyes. “I will do no such thing.”

I turned to leave, but she called after me, voice filled with mischief. “Better start practicing your lullabies now, Lia!”

I slammed the door behind me, drowning out her laughter.

Gabi was the perfect match for my brother. The both of them had a way of teasing me and getting under my skin, which frustrated me.

I had thought about having pups, but I was too young! Here I am barely twenty years old with plenty of schooling left to go. If I were to have a pup right now then I would have to juggle something else on my plate.

I’m just not sure I can handle that right now.

When I walk next door to the house I share with my mates, I hop into my car. I already told Simone I would be there a bit later because my first class of the day didn’t start until late that morning.

Finally, after so long, I was able to get my license. After losing my parents in a car accident, I was afraid to drive. I feared that I would crash and end up dying at a young age just like they did.

But I realized that was my fear of speaking. I am a good driver. My biggest problem is that I am too careful and tend to go far below the speed limit. Simone has told me I can get tickets for going too slow, but so far I haven’t gotten a ticket yet.

One day I’m sure it’s going to happen.

When I get to school, I find it hard to get Gabi’s comments out of my mind. She was half teasing me and half trying to point out that life is short. Look at what happened to her. She was kidnapped out of the blue and if we hadn’t gotten her back, one of her pups would’ve been kept by the Rosewater coven.

Anything could happen. I think this was the point she was trying to get at, but I couldn’t get over the fact that I wasn’t ready.

Simone saw the look on my face when we met for lunch. I smiled at her, motioning for her to join me at the table. “Why do you look terrible?”

I shot her a look. “Are you seriously going to open up with an insult rather than a hello?”

“Hello. Why do you look so terrible?”

My eyes rolled so hard I felt they were going to roll into the back of my head.

“Subtle Simone. Very subtle.”

She laughed, joining me at the table. “So what happened?”

“Gabi is nagging me about when the guys and I are going to have pups.

“}

Simone started choking on her water. She pounded on her chest, trying to get the liquid to go down properly.

“Okay, I admit I wasn’t expecting you to say that.”

I sighed. “Now you see why I have this strange look on my face.”

“Well, what did you tell her?”

“I made an excuse and left!” I exclaimed. “The fact is the guys and I aren’t ready to have kids. Do you want to have kids with your mates?”

Simone paled. “Not yet. The three of us are still in school.”

“Exactly my point!”

Sometimes, late at night, I would think about what it would be like to have pups with my mates. Even though it would be difficult on my body, I’d want to have one from each of my mates. It would be a way for us to further our bond and have proof of our love.

The idea made my cheeks heat up. But no matter how romantic the idea was, it didn’t change the fact that I couldn’t have pups right now.

One day in the future I knew my four mates and I would have kids. It would be a bit tricky, but we’d figure it out.

“I think the both of us need to focus on school right now,” Simone warned, giving me a pointed look. “It’s seriously way too soon for us to have kids. But when we do decide to have kids, let’s try to have them close together so they can be best friends.”

I smiled. “Either way, our kids are going to be raised together, Simone.”

“I know, but it will be even better if we can raise them alongside each other!”

She did have a point. I would love it if our kids could be best friends. They would be continuing the tradition of Simone and I being friends.

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Rain

A year playing rugby professionally and you would think I would be better at judging things on the field, but no.

Not this time at least.

I made a stupid mistake and sprained my ankle. When it first happened, I was wailing at the top of my lungs and crying that I had broken it. Jesse calmly walked over to me, giving it a poke.

“It’s not broken,” he said based on my reaction to the pain.

I scowled. “It hurt!”

“Yes, but if it was broken it would hurt a lot more.”

Technically, Jesse wasn’t wrong. If it was broken it would hurt a lot more, but it didn’t make me feel any better because my leg hurt!

“Let’s stop staring at him and get him off the field,” Colby muttered as he came up beside me.

Together, Jesse and Colby helped lift me off the ground. I grunted, trying not to put any weight on my ankle.

A sprained ankle wasn’t going to hurt my career, but the fact that I made such a stupid mistake annoyed the hell out of me. I had tried so hard to improve a little bit every day. Rugby was one of the most important things to me! Besides Lia and the pack.

Then came Rugby. It used to be that Rugby was the number one thing in my life but then I learned Lia was my fated mate and joined the Moonveil pack. These things quickly became more important to me.

It was crazy to think how many things had changed in just a short amount of time!

They helped take me over to the bench. I was forced to ice my ankle, refusing to go to urgent care until practice was over. The nurse looked over my leg, treating me as if I was being a bit dramatic. I rolled my eyes until she jostled my ankle and caused me to cry out.

“It’s not that bad.”

I huffed. “Try telling that to my ankle.”

The woman gave me a look but didn’t say anything else. I swear she had something against me because she kept causing twinges of pain to run up my spine! But I dealt with it.

When I was finally able to go to urgent care, they echoed the same thing the nurse said. It wasn’t anything big but it was going to keep me off the field for a few days. Which meant I couldn’t play in a game anytime soon.

It pissed me off, but I had no one to blame but myself. I was the one who ended up making that stupid mistake in the first place.

Lia gave me a look when she saw my ankle.

“Rain, you have got to be more careful.”

“I am always careful,” I argued.

She blinked slowly. “Rain, are you trying to fuck with me right now? You are not careful at all. You are one of the least careful people I know.”

It hurt, but when Lia was right she was right!

I should be more careful. Not being careful was how I got into this position in the first place.

Lia

While I was making Rain something to eat, I felt my phone buzzing in my pocket. Sighing, I dug for it and looked at the screen with a confused expression on my face.

My phone buzzed with an unknown number. Probably a scam. Probably something stupid. Against my better judgment, I answered.

“Hello?”

“Lia Brown?” The voice was clipped, professional, and not a scammer.

“Who’s asking?”

“This is Elias from the Werewolf Association.”

I frowned. “Okay... and?”

“There’s been an incident. Something has awoken where the Rosewater Coven used to live.”

I sat up straighter. “What?”

“We received word from the Witches’ Council this morning. They’re reporting unusual activity in the area.”

I frowned. “Unusual how?”

“They said... something was seen leaving.”

That uneasy chill crawled up my spine. “Something?”

“They didn’t specify.”

I let out a sharp laugh. “Well, that’s helpful.”

“The witches who reported it weren’t able to get a good look. They only said the energy was—how did they put it?—unnatural.”

I rubbed my temple. “Okay, so again, why are you calling me?”

A brief pause.

“You drove the Rosewater Coven away.”

My jaw tightened. “That was their damn fault.”

“Regardless, you forced them to abandon their home. And now something has surfaced there. That makes it your problem.”

I scoffed. “No, it doesn’t.”

“It does.” Elias’s voice remained maddeningly calm. “Because if this is a consequence of your actions, then you are responsible for making sure it doesn’t spiral into something worse.”

I gritted my teeth. “That’s not how this works.”

“That’s exactly how this works.”

I let out a slow breath, trying to shove down my irritation. “You’re seriously telling me that just because I was involved in pushing the coven out, I now have to clean up whatever mess they left behind?”

“That’s exactly what I’m saying.” For original chapters go to find [◆novel.net](#)

I let out a humorless laugh. “You guys are unbelievable.”

“We don’t make the rules, Lia. We just enforce them.”

I flopped back against the couch, rubbing my face. “What do you want me to do?”

“Meet with the Witches’ Council. Hear what they have to say. And then... deal with it.”

“Define ‘deal with it.’”

“That depends on what you find.”

I rolled my eyes. “Fantastic. Real specific.”

“You’ll get more details when you meet with them.”

I stared at the ceiling, stomach twisting. “Fine.”

“Good. We’ll be in touch with the meeting details soon.”

“Can’t wait,” I muttered.

The line went dead.

I tossed my phone onto the couch, a growl building in my chest. Of course, it was my problem. Of course, the universe couldn’t just let me walk away from one mess without shoving another one in my face.

Rain’s voice came from the doorway. “Everything okay?”

I shot him a look. “Yeah, you know, just another day in paradise.”

He stepped in, eyes narrowing. “Let me guess: More trouble?”

“Of course. The Witches’ Council has something... or someone, stirring up trouble at the old Rosewater territory.”

He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “And they’re throwing it on your plate because... why?”

“Because apparently, me pushing them out is now a liability. The Werewolf Association is all over it.” I threw my hands up in frustration. “If something went wrong, I have to fix it.”

Rain let out a low whistle. “That’s some bullshit.”

“Tell me about it,” I muttered, sinking back into the couch.

“So, what’s the plan?” Rain asked, leaning against the wall.

“Go meet with the witches, and see what kind of mess they’ve gotten us into this time.” I paused. “And then? I don’t know, pray we don’t get burned alive by whatever the hell is waking up over there.”

Rain chuckled dryly. “Sounds about right.”

I shot him a glare. “I’m serious.”

“Yeah, I know,” he said, his smile fading. “And I know you’ll handle it.”

I groaned, rubbing my eyes. “I wish I could be more sure of that.”

It was so frustrating that I thought this was behind us when it wasn’t. I was so eager to move on to the next stage with my mates and pack. But now we were going backward, having to find this coven.

But what could they be referring to?

I was nervous trying to figure out what could have been seen escaping from the Rosewater Coven’s old home. It was something I wish I could ignore but I couldn’t.

“So uh... about that sandwich?”

My eyes drifted over to Rain, giving him a look. I was in the process of making him something to eat but the phone call had made me a little distracted. Now it was all I could think about right now, which was the last thing I wanted.

“I’ll get you the sandwich Rain, but the second your ankle heals you’re going to be making me a sandwich.”

He saluted at me, causing me to snort. “I’ll make you the best sandwich you’ve ever had. Making a sandwich is easy for me since it doesn’t involve cooking.”

“Rain, the last thing I want is for you to cook for me,” I said gently but firmly.

Everyone knew Rain was a bad cook. He had attempted to take lessons about six months ago but all it did was end up with him nearly setting the building on fire. I still don't know how he managed to do that without hurting himself or others.

But in the back of my mind was the fact that I had to look into this Rosewater Coven issue. I was nervous, wondering if this was going to end up blowing up in my face.

My mates would be on my side so at least I could rest easy knowing I wouldn't be alone.

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

Matt

I wanted to punch the wall when I heard about Lia's conversation. It was bullshit that we were the ones who had to deal with this. Why did we have to handle this when they should deal with it in the first place?!

It was insane. We had done what we did to rescue Gabi because the Rosewater Coven had no right to take one of the children she was having with Michael. Yet, somehow we were guilty of that.

"How the hell do we look into this?" I asked, not bothering to hide my amusement.

Colby sighed. "Lia and I were talking earlier. She suggested that she make a formal information request with the Witches Council. They probably have something in their records."

"I have to call them anyway," Lia reminded us weakly, her face turning into a scowl. "I've tried to call them twice today you know but they didn't answer. Bet they want us to drive out there and force us to make the drive."

My face shifted into a scowl this time.

"No, we can contact them on the phone. There is no way we are driving out there. It's bullshit."

Colby shot me a look. "I know it's bullshit, but we also need to play ball with them. If they want us to drive down there then we might have to do that. Can't you see Lia wants to get this over, already?"

This made my stomach twist into knots. One look at Lia's face told me that she was stressed about this. I swallowed, my gaze softening.

"You doing okay, Lia?"

She shrugged weakly. “I don’t know. It’s just important for me to contact them and see what they have to say. If they don’t know what the Rosewater Coven was watching over then I might have to make a freedom of information request with the council.”

The frustration of being jerked around was getting to me. It was like they thought we were dogs and they felt that they could tug our leashes in whatever direction that they wanted.

Witches and Wolves did not get along. This was something I knew without a doubt.

Grumbling to myself, I sat down next to Lia and offered her some silent moral support. “Well, if you want to call them go ahead. We are there for you.”

Lia stared at the phone, avoiding doing the last step.

I could see she didn’t want to call them. She was probably afraid that our newly quiet life was about to get a lot more complicated.

Admittedly, I understood the frustration. Everything was going so well now. All of us were in a good place with the pack and Lia.

Then there was the team. We were on our way to going to the finals and winning our first championship with the team. Why would I want something to mess up the peace I’d manage to carve out?

Lia

After several minutes, I decided it was time to call the council. I had avoided it enough already and couldn’t wait any longer.

For a few moments, the phone just rang before disconnecting. Matt growled softly, earning himself a jab to the ribs by Jesse who mouthed for him to be quiet.

I smiled at them reassuringly, deciding to call them again. Just because I couldn’t get them on the phone for the first time didn’t mean I wasn’t going to try again. I’d keep calling them until I was able to talk to them.

This was important! My life with my mates was at stake here! Not to mention the rest of my pack

The speakerphone crackled as the call connected. I sat at the table, arms crossed, my four mates around me. Jesse stood stiffly, arms folded like he was ready to fight the phone itself. Matt leaned against the counter, scowling. Rain drummed his fingers on the table, clearly impatient. Colby just sighed, rubbing his jaw like This was already giving him a headache.

A woman's voice came through, firm and controlled. "This is one of the High Priestesses of the Witches' Council. Am I speaking with Lia Brown?"

"You are," I said flatly. "And my mates are here too."

"As expected." her voice remained level. "This concerns all of you." "Yeah, because apparently, everything is our problem now," I muttered. Jesse shot me a warning look, but I ignored him.

"We'll get straight to the point," she continued. "The Rosewater Coven was not merely residing in that land. They were its keepers."

I frowned. "Keepers of what?"

A brief pause. Then, "An ancient race of dragon shifters." Silence.

Colby blinked. "I'm sorry, what?" Matt scoffed. "That's a joke, right?"

"It is not," she said. "For centuries, the Rosewater Coven used their magic to suppress them. It was the only thing keeping them from waking."

Rain let out a low whistle. "And now that they're gone..." "The dragons are beginning to stir."

I exhaled sharply. "Are you kidding me?"

She had to be kidding. Was she telling me this right now? It didn't seem possible that there were dragons... god damn dragons that were waking up at this very moment.

Dragons were creatures that were thought to be extinct. Almost a thousand years ago dragon shifters were thought to have died out.

But this entire time they were slumbering under the ground? It was almost more than I could accept.

"You're telling me," Jesse said, his voice sharp, "that there were dragons buried under that place, and no one thought to mention it before?" Updates are released by [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

I almost wanted to laugh. Jesse was saying what all of us were thinking. He was usually not so blunt but when you discovered that dragons still existed in the world it tended to rock you to your very core.

She remained eerily calm. "Because it was under control." Matt scoffed. "Yeah, well, fantastic job keeping it that way."

I leaned forward. "So, what kind of dragons are we talking about? Because there are dragon shifters, and then there are 'burn the-world-down-for-fun' dragons."

Another brief silence.

I hated that she kept falling into these long silences. She must think we were fools or something. But how were we fools when she kept the secret of these slumbering dragons from all the supernatural species out there?

This was entirely on the witches! Her voice was careful. "Both." Colby let out a slow breath. "Great."

"Of course, it's both," Matt muttered. "Because why wouldn't it be?" Rain shook his head. "So, what now? What are we supposed to do?"

"You need to go there," she said. "Assess the situation. We need to know how many have woken."

I pinched the bridge of my nose. "You're seriously sending us in blind?"

A part of me almost asked why we had to do it but I know why. We had gone ahead and got rid of the Rosewater Coven to stop them from going after us. If we had just accepted that the blood oath was something we had to abide by then this wouldn't have happened.

But I would never accept that.

Gabi was my sister-in-law and my pack member.

The point of being in a pack was never leaving anyone behind and so far, we had stuck to that.

"The sooner we understand the scope of the awakening, the better," Morgana replied. "We cannot let them fully rise. If they do..."

"What?" Jesse pressed.

She didn't hesitate. "There will be war." A heavy silence filled the room.

Jesse's jaw tightened. "And if we can't stop it?"

Morgana's response was instant. "Then you prepare for the end of an era." I exhaled slowly. "That's dramatic."

"This is reality, Lia," the high priestess said coldly. "And whether you like it or not, you helped set it in motion." I gritted my teeth. "Tam getting tired of people saying that like I did it for fun."

"No one cares if it was fun," she said. "What matters is what you're going to do about it now." My anger started to rise. "We were trying to rescue our pack member!"

“This is irrelevant. You were warned that whatever happened would be on your shoulders but you decided to go ahead with it anyway.”

“This isn’t fair.”

She sighed. “Life is not fair. Now, are you going to do something about it or not?” “What if we say no?”

“Then we will be forced to bring charges against you on behalf on the Witches Council and overall Witches association.”

I pressed my fingers to my temple. “Fine. We’ll check it out. But if we get torched by a dragon, I’m haunting you personally.” She didn’t even flinch. “Noted.”

The line went dead.

Why was it that witches never seemed to have any sense of humor? Even with my former magic teacher, when I cracked a joke she never so much as let out a chuckle. Or perhaps I was dealing with older witches that just didn’t find my sense of humor very funny.

Silence followed. Jesse opened his mouth to say something, but Colby beat him to it. “Alright,” he said, standing up. “Let’s get this over with.”

Rain looked at him, grinning. “Guess it’s time to go dragon hunting, huh?” Matt shook his head. “This is insane.”

I shot him a look “Welcome to our world.”

Jesse sighed, looking down at the phone. “Morgana’s right about one thing. We don’t have a choice anymore.” “Yeah,” I muttered. “Now we find out how bad this is.”

My only worry was how dangerous were these dragons and just what were they going to do to us?

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

Rain

The day after that stressful phone call, I was trying to take a minute to just enjoy my sandwich. We were all running around like chickens with our heads cut off, trying our best to find out where this dragon may have gotten.

One of them was awake and walking around. It was important to find the shifter, question them, and see if we could try to understand the situation we had found ourselves in.

This was even weirder when I found out I was a vampire and Lia realized she was a witch with genuine magic in her blood.

Dragons were supposed to be extinct! I still couldn't believe they existed and I might not admit this to the rest of my pack, but I was kind of excited to talk to one. There were so many questions I wanted to ask them, the most important one being whether they did sleep on piles and piles of gold.

Or were the rumors of dragons hoarding gold true?

I was tempted to ask one that to their face if given the chance. Let's hope they didn't try to burn me with their fire breath too, unless that was a myth too.

There were so many things we didn't know about them because we thought they died! I was buzzing with excitement, wondering if I'd finally get some answers to these questions.

Dragons interested me since I was a kid. Guess it was normal for a young boy to be interested in dragons. Knowing that they were still alive was stoking that renewed interest inside me.

Jesse strode into the kitchen, tossing his phone onto the table with a heavy thud. "We've got a problem."

I didn't look up from my sandwich. My body and mind were still buzzing with excitement and I didn't want whatever Jesse had to say to bring me down.

"Yeah? Join the club."

"Rain." His tone had that low, warning edge, the one that meant he was two seconds from throttling me.

It was difficult not to visibly shiver. When Jesse spoke like that you knew you were in deep shit. But stubbornly my eyes remained on my ham sandwich I had carefully made. NEW NOVEL chapters are published on [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Yes, even I could make a sandwich without cutting off a limb or setting something on fire spontaneously. "Rain..."

He sounded more ominous now. I had a choice; I could either continue to stare at my sandwich and try to eat it or look at Jesse.

If I tried to eat, he might take it and throw it away, making all my hard work useless.

Sniffing, I realized I had no choice in the matter. It was either pay attention to Jesse or risk going hungry. As well as getting a swift smack to the back of my head. He wouldn't hesitate to smack me in the back of the head if necessary.

I sighed, finally glancing up. "Alright, what now?"

"A dragon shifter was spotted near the old Rosewater territory." I blinked. "Like... awake and walking around?"

Jesse nodded. "And attacking."

That got my full attention. "Shit. Who'd they go after?"

"Some poor bastard who got too close. Ended up with a broken arm." I frowned. "That's not good."

"No, Rain, it's not." Jesse crossed his arms. "So, I'm thinking maybe we should do something about it." I smirked. "Look at you, stepping up to take responsibility."

Jesse rolled his eyes. "I knew you were gonna be annoying about this."

"Oh, come on, you never wanna get involved in things like this. What changed?"

"What changed," he snapped, "is that if this keeps happening, we're going to have a much bigger mess on our hands." I sighed, pushing my plate away. "Yeah, yeah, you're right."

Jesse raised a brow. "Did you just say I was right?" "Don't let it go to your head."

"Too late."

I snorted. "Alright, so what's the plan? Walk up to it and ask if it wants to chat?" "If it means avoiding a fight, yeah."

I rubbed my chin. "I dunno. That sounds like a plan. My plan involves a lot more running and maybe a little fire dodging." Jesse gave me a flat look "We are not dodging fire."

"No promises."

He pinched the bridge of his nose. "I swear if I get burned-" "You'll look rugged."

"If I get burned," he repeated, "you're paying my medical bills." I laughed. "Wow. That's some faith you've got in me."

"I know you." Jesse shook his head. "Something always happens when you're involved." "That's not true."

“Really? What about the rogue werewolf situation?” “That was one time.”

“The vampire dens?”

“I stand by my choices.”

“The enchanted artifact you touched after being specifically told not to?” “Okay, that one wasn’t my fault.”

Jesse just stared at me.

I sighed. “Fine. If you get hurt, I’ll pay your damn medical bills.” He didn’t look convinced. “And?”

“And what?”

“You’re not going to do anything stupid.”

I grinned. “Now, Jesse, we both know I can’t make that promise.” He groaned, running a hand down his face. “I hate you.”

“No, you don’t.”

Jesse grabbed his jacket. “Let’s just get this over with.” I followed, still grinning. “See’ I knew you cared.”

“I don’t.”

“Liar.”

Jesse muttered something under his breath, but he didn’t argue.

As we stepped out the door, I couldn’t help but feel a little lighter. At least I wasn’t the only one stuck in this mess. But then I stopped.

“Let me call the clan. Tegan might want to help.”

My vampire clan was always willing to help me and in this case, we might need it. “Wait, what about the others?”

“They are already in the car, Rain. We were waiting on you and that fucking sandwich.” Ducking my head, I decided to send a quick text to Tegan.

Tegan, Dragon shifter seen in public! We are going after it so if you can help that would be great. I’ll send you the location. – R The only response I got from Tegan was a thumbs up but it was enough for me.

Jesse

I might not have told Rain that his idea to reach out to his clan was a good idea, but it was. We could use all the help we needed. No one knew how to deal with a dragon shifter. They were unknown creatures making them unpredictable.

It was easy to track down the creature. People were posting about it on social media, panicking about this strange scaly person with a tail walking around hurting people.

I didn't think it was meaning to hurt anyone truthfully. The creature had likely woken up from god knows how long of a slumber and now that it was awake, it was confused.

But we had to stop it-and not just because it was hurting people.

I had more selfish reasons in mind for wanting to stop this creature. The witch council was blaming us, meaning we had to do something about it. If not, they were going to come after us and I'll be damned if that was going to happen.

The scene we came across wasn't as chaotic as I thought it would be. This creature was trying to make its way away from the area, tripping and falling in its haste to get away.

Another car pulled up beside us. Tegan, Rain's vampire clan leader, hopped out and nodded to us. "Let's go. We may be able to do this peacefully."

I casually climbed out of the car and shrugged. "It doesn't matter to me as long as we stop it and bring it back to the witch's council. They want to question the dragon shifter.

It stopped when it heard us approaching. When the creature started to pull back, I realized it was going to attempt to use some of that fire breath we were told that dragons could wield at their enemies.

I rolled out of the way, wondering if I should shift into my wolf form. It wasn't something I always enjoyed doing because clothing would rip and replacing it was a pain in the ass.

But if we had too then I wouldn't hesitate to shift into my full wolf form if it meant keeping myself as well as the packsafe.

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

Colby

The day after we apprehended the dragon shifter, I found myself going to the witches council headquarters for the state so I could talk to him. My pack knew I was going to do it, but not when. As pack leader, it was important I keep up with this.

When the witches saw me they didn't seem too perturbed. They motioned for me to sit and said I would be able to go downstairs to speak with him in the cells soon. While I waited, I watched the TV they were playing.

It was a shock when the news interrupted the regularly scheduled program to talk about the Dragon shifter. Damn, this was looking to be a big deal, was' tit?

“Good evening, and welcome to Channel 7 Nightly News. Tonight, a shocking revelation-a dragon shifter has been found and arrested by the Witches' Council in the county.

Authorities apprehended the shifter near Rosewater Coven's former stronghold, where witnesses reported chaos as enforcement agents moved in. Sources claim the individual displayed enhanced strength and possibly fire manipulation, causing significant damage to the surrounding area before being subdued.

Eyewitnesses describe the scene as nothing short of terrifying. “One moment, it was quiet, and the next, there was this heatwave-like the air itself was on fire,” said a local shopkeeper who saw the arrest unfold. “I swear I saw flames in their eyes before they collapsed.”

The Witches' Council has yet to release the shifter's identity but insists the situation is under control. However, the secrecy surrounding the case has sparked growing speculation. Some believe the shifter was not alone. Others fear this could be the first of many discoveries, reigniting concerns about long-dormant threats.

This discovery raises a chilling question-if one dragon shifter has surfaced, could there be more? And if so, where have they been hiding all this time?

Stay with Channel 7 Nightly News for exclusive interviews, expert analysis, and the latest updates on this developing story.”

The news report made me roll my eyes. I had no idea why they were making such a big deal about this. We had managed to subdue them without much trouble-and for them to say agents were the one to subdue him?

No, we were the ones. It was difficult to contain my annoyance but I didn't want the witches to kick me out of the building when I had to talk to this dragon shifter who they captured.

“Colby? You can go in and talk to the shifter now.”

With a racing pulse, I got up and followed the guard. They led me to the cell where I found this shifter. Standing here so close to him was surreal. He looked almost like a normal human, except

for the scales covering his body. But he had a human nose and mouth with these yellow eyes that pierced through everything they looked.

Or that was how it came across.

I stop outside the reinforced cell, arms crossed. The dragon shifter sits on the stone floor, staring at his hands as if they're foreign to him. He's awake but disoriented. Good. Maybe that means he'll talk.

His golden eyes snapped up to me, sharp and calculating. "Where am I?"

"A holding cell, courtesy of the Witch Council," I say, my voice flat. "You caused a mess. They're not happy."

The dragon looked so confused by what I was saying. He gazed at me, sniffing the air as if he were trying to figure out just who or what I was. My eyebrows shot up, making me take a step back.

Just how long had this dragon shifter been asleep? I was almost afraid to ask but I knew I had to.

His brow furrows, his confusion palpable. "Witch Council?"

"Yeah. They're the ones who locked you up after you crashed into the city like a damn meteor." His eyes flicker, and I can't tell if it's confusion or frustration. "That... makes no sense."

"Tell me about it." I let out a sigh and leaned against the bars. "I'm Colby, by the way. I'm here to figure out what the hell you are and why you nearly leveled half a block."

He frowns, eyes narrowing slightly. "You are ... like me?"

"A shifter?" I nod. "Yeah, but a wolf shifter. But I don't go around shifting into a wolf and wrecking the area." He shakes his head, and his voice drops, almost like he's speaking to himself. "No. You are different."

I push off the bars, trying to keep this from dragging out. "How about we focus on you? What's the last thing you remember?" His fingers twitch, almost imperceptibly. "Battle. Fire. Pain." His brow furrows. "Then... nothing."

"Nothing?" I ask, feeling the weight of his words.

"Like falling into darkness." He exhales sharply. "And now I wake to... this." THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find{n}ovel.net

"Yeah, well, welcome to 2025, I say dryly, trying to keep the mood light, but it doesn't help much. He stares at me, his golden eyes wide, filled with disbelief. "No."

I felt like I had just put my foot in my mouth. The dragon shifter had been sleeping for a long time and I just dropped the bomb least gently. He kept looking around as if there was some way to convince himself that this was just a dream and nothing more.

But it wasn't a dream. This was reality and the sooner the dragon shifter accepted this it would be better for everyone. "Yeah."

"That is not possible."

"Yet, here we are," I reply, arms crossed. "You are in the witch's custody right now. I can't blame you for lashing out after waking up from a long slumber. If I were in your shoes, I imagine I would be just as confused as you if not more."

His breathing picks up, a low, jagged sound that matches the unease in his eyes. He mutters something under his breath, a language I don't recognize. His hands curl into fists. "If I am awake..."

I straighten, suddenly on alert. "What?"

My stomach dropped. I figured there were more of them out there but he seemed panicked at the idea of them being awake.

Just what was down in that cavern underneath Rosewater Coven's home? I feared what could be waking up at this very moment as I talked to this confused dragon shifter.

He meets my eyes, and for a moment, I feel a chill. "The others. They still sleep?" My stomach tightens, the words like ice in my veins. "Others?"

Fuck. I paled, tempted to reach up and pinch my cheek to see if this was real or not, but I knew it was real. This was happening.

I had to accept it.

"The greater ones." His voice drops, barely above a whisper, like he's afraid of waking something worse. "Older. Stronger. If they rise--"

"Let me guess," I interrupt, my mind already jumping ahead. "It gets worse?" His expression darkens, his jaw clenched tight. "They will burn this world to ash." My face fell.

Fuck.

I rub a hand down my face, the weight of it all sinking in. "Fantastic."

His eyes narrow, a deep, unsettling intensity in them. "You do not understand."

“Oh, I understand just fine,” I snap, irritation slipping in. “You’re saying we’ve got bigger, meaner dragons still sleeping somewhere, and if they wake up, we’re screwed.”

His silence is answered enough. His eyes stay locked on mine, and the dread is palpable. I glance toward the door. What the hell are we going to do?

I turn back to him, my resolve hardening. “Alright,” I say, the words firming up in my chest. “Then let’s make sure they don’t wake up.”

The dragon’s gaze never wavers, but a small flicker of recognition crosses his features. For the first time, I think he might believe that we have a shot at this.

But the weight of the world is still heavy on my shoulders, and the path ahead is far from clear.

“You need to find the witches. They helped us sleep. Made sure that we stayed asleep until the right moment. It’s too soon for us to be awake.”

And this right here was why the witches association as a whole was blaming us. They wanted us to go with the status quo and let our fellow pack members get their children taken from them. Except, we fought against this and were able to stop them from taking one of the pups.

I loved those kids like they were my own. The twins could be quite a handful, but all of us loved the new generation in our pack I couldn’t imagine that both of them wouldn’t be there, filling our households with childlike joy and laughter.

They wanted to take this from us so what did they expect? “Yeah, well it’s going to be hard to find that coven.”

He blinked slowly. “Then you are in trouble.”

“Don’t you mean the whole world is in trouble?” I asked hesitantly. The shifter nodded. “Yes, but why dig the knife in any deeper?” “What is your name?” I asked after a while.

There was no response from the shifter. I frowned, gazing at him and wondering why he was failing to answer my question.

“I... can’t recall.”

My lips formed a thin line. It was hard to tell if he was telling the truth or not. The dragon shifter could be fucking with me and want me to leave him alone or he was telling the truth. Perhaps sleeping that long had messed with his memory.

“I see,” I said, deciding that I had gotten all I could from this conversation.

It was time to go back to the house and talk to the rest of the pack We needed to discuss this because whether we liked it or not, it was going to be our problem.

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

The morning air was crisp as we made our way deeper into the borderlands, our boots crunching softly against the fallen leaves that carpeted the forest floor. Three days into our reconnaissance mission, and I was already missing Sera with an intensity that caught me off guard.

“Focus, Damien.” I shook my head, trying to push away the image of her sleepy smile from this morning when I’d kissed her goodbye. The way she’d looked in our bed, her dark hair spread across the pillows, one hand unconsciously resting on her still-flat belly where our child was growing.

“Alpha?” Lucas fell into step beside me, his voice low enough that the six warriors behind us couldn’t hear.

“The tracks we found yesterday are definitely fresh. Rogues were here within the last forty-eight hours.”

I nodded, forcing my attention back to the task at hand. “How many?”

“At least a dozen, maybe more. They’re being careful about covering their trail, but…” He paused, glancing around at the dense pine trees surrounding us. “Something feels off. The pattern doesn’t match what we’ve seen before.”

“What kind of pattern?”

“They’re not hunting. Not really moving with any particular purpose.” He crouched down, pointing to a set of paw prints in the soft earth. “Look at this. They’re circling, like they’re waiting for something. Or someone.”

A chill ran down my spine. I pulled out my satellite phone, checking the signal strength. Still strong enough to reach home base, which meant I could contact Sera if needed. The thought eased some of the tension in my chest.

“Pack up, I ordered, my voice carrying the unmistakable tone of alpha command. “We’re moving out. Now.”

No one questioned the order. Within minutes, we had our gear secured and were heading deeper into the forest, following the rogue trail that seemed to wind endlessly through the dense undergrowth.

The first day had been almost pleasant clear skies, good visibility, and the comfortable camaraderie of warriors on a mission. We’d found evidence of rogue activity, yes, but nothing

that seemed immediately threatening. I'd even managed to contact Sera twice through our mindlink, sharing brief moments of connection that made the distance between us bearable.

By the third day, everything changed. For original chapters go to Find1Novel.net

The fog rolled in sometime before dawn, thick and unnatural, clinging to the forest floor like something alive.

Within hours, visibility dropped to maybe twenty feet, and even my enhanced senses struggled to penetrate the unnatural mist.

"Alpha," Lucas called out, his voice tight with barely controlled panic. "I can't see the trail anymore. I can barely see you."

I could hear the fear creeping into the voices of the other warriors as they called out positions, trying to maintain formation in the disorienting white void that had swallowed our world.

"Everyone stop moving," I commanded, my voice cutting through the fog with supernatural clarity. "Form a circle. Hold positions."

The mist carried an acrid, almost chemical scent that made my wolf recoil in disgust.

"Stay calm," I called out, injecting every ounce of alpha authority into my voice. "We've been in worse situations. Lucas, can you reach anyone on the radio?"

Static was the only response when he tried, and my satellite phone showed no signal at all. We were completely cut off from the outside world, trapped in a bubble of supernatural fog with no way to call for backup.

"Sera." I reached out through our mindlink, desperately hoping the connection could penetrate whatever was blocking our other communications. But there was nothing.

"Listen to me," I said, moving toward the center of what I hoped was still our circle formation. "We are not lost. We are not trapped. This fog will lift, and when it does, we'll continue our mission. Until then, we stay together, we stay alert, and we trust in our training."

A chorus of "Yes, Alpha" answered me, stronger and more confident than before.

"Good. Because I'm going to get every single one of you home to your families. That's a promise."

The words had barely left my mouth when the first howl echoed through the fog

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The howl hit us like a slap.

Close. Too damn close.

My wolf Alex went wild inside my chest. Every instinct screaming danger. This wasn't random. This was a trap.

“Stay together!” I roared.

But the fog was wrong. All wrong. It moved like it was alive. Chemical stench burned my nose. Made my eyes water.

This was magic. Dark, twisted magic.

“Alpha!” Lucas's voice cracked with panic. “I can't see anyone!”

More howls. From everywhere. All around us.

Fuck.

“Listen to me!” I let my alpha power explode outward. “Back to back! Fight as one!”

The first rogue came out of nowhere.

Massive. Teeth like razors. Eyes glowing yellow death,

I shifted before I could think. Bones cracking. Muscles expanding. My human form melting away.

The beast slammed into me. We rolled, Claws raked my shoulder. Pain flared white-hot.

But I've been fighting since I was fifteen.

I clamped down on its throat. Bit until I tasted copper. Hot blood filled my mouth. The rogue thrashed. Went limp.

Dead.

“Lucas!” I called out, still in wolf form. “Where are you?”

“Here! Two of them on me!”

I bounded through the fog. Found him dancing between two snarling rogues. Blood streaming down his gray fur.

He was tiring. Fast.

I hit the nearest rogue like a freight train. Sent it flying into a tree. Crack. It didn't get up.

The second one turned. Looked at me.

My blood froze.

This wasn't mindless rage. This was intelligence. Planning.

Someone had been training them.

The rogue feinted left. Lunged right.

I was ready. Caught it mid-leap. Jaws around its spine. Crunch.

Another one down.

I shifted back to human. Naked. Didn't care.

“Lucas! How many are left?”

“Five!” he gasped. “Maybe six! The fog-I can't tell!”

Five warriors. Out of twelve.

Rage burned through me like acid. Pure. Blinding.

“Where's the nearest cover?” I snarled.

“Ridge. Half mile north”

Another howl. Closer.

Time was up.

“Everyone retreat!” I roared. “North ridge! Stay together!”

What came next was hell.

Pure, blood-soaked hell.

We fought through the forest like wounded animals. Every few yards, another wave hit us. Rogues melting out of the mist like ghosts.

I lost count of my kills. Blood slicked my hands. Mine and theirs. Every muscle screamed.

But we kept moving.

Had to keep moving.

“Almost there!” Lucas appeared beside me. Supporting Derek, who was bleeding bad. “I see the rocks!”

The ridge was perfect. Natural fortress. Granite and pine. Limited approaches.

We collapsed behind the biggest boulder we could find. Gasping. Shaking.

Final count: Five warriors. All wounded.

Derek was worst. Deep gashes across his back. Blood everywhere.

Lucas had a nasty bite on his forearm. Wouldn't stop bleeding.

I had claw marks across my shoulder. Pain with every breath.

“First aid,” I commanded. Voice hoarse. “Patch up what you can.”

While they worked, I stared at the forest below. The mist was thinning. Whatever spell created it was fading.

But the rogues were still out there. Waiting,

“Sera.” I reached for our bond. Desperate. “Sera, can you hear me?”

Nothing.

The connection was barely a whisper. Like a candle in the wind.

Something was wrong. Seriously wrong.

Our bond was iron-strong. It shouldn't be this weak unless-

No. Don't think it.

Sera was safe. Home with Adrian. Had to be.

"Focus," I told myself. "Your men need you."

"How bad, Derek?" I crouched beside him.

He tried to smile. Failed. "I've had worse, Alpha."

Bullshit. He was dying. We all knew it.

"If Sera were here..." The thought hit like a punch to the gut.

She could heal him. Heal all of them. Those golden hands working magic. Discover more novels at findnovel.net

But she wasn't here.

I was alone with five bleeding warriors. Cut off from everything. No backup coming.

The longing was so intense it nearly knocked me over. God, what I'd give for her here. Not just the healing.

Her presence. Her strength. The way she looked at impossible situations and found answers.

We could fight together. Side by side. Like we'd dreamed.

Instead, I was trapped on a mountain. Men dying. No way home.

"Alpha," Lucas settled beside me. Arm bandaged. "What's the plan?"

I looked out at the forest. Shadows moving between trees. Still hunting us.

"We survive the night." My voice was rough. "Come morning, we figure out how to get home."

It wasn't much. But it was all I had.

Lucas nodded. Grim understanding.

“And if they come again?”

I pulled my silver blade. Tested its weight. Still sharp despite the blood.

“Then we send them to hell.”

The sun was setting. Long shadows across our refuge.

I tried the bond again. “Sera. Please be safe. Please be smart.”

Still nothing. Like shouting into an empty void.

My chest ached. Not from the wounds. From fear.

If she was in danger while I was stuck here...

The thought made me want to howl. To rage. To tear apart everything in reach.

“Hold on,” I whispered into the darkness. “Just hold on. I’ll find a way back to you.”

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

The shock of ice-cold water hitting my face jolted me into consciousness like a lightning bolt. I gasped, choking and sputtering as the liquid invaded my nose and mouth, my body jerking against restraints I couldn’t yet comprehend.

“Sister dear.”

The voice was sickeningly familiar, dripping with malicious satisfaction that made my blood run cold even before my vision cleared enough to identify the speaker.

“Valerie.”

As my eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, the reality of my situation crashed over me in waves. I was tied to a chair in what looked like an abandoned storage room-concrete walls stained with mold and God knows what else, rusted metal shelving, and the overwhelming stench of decay and human waste. My wrists were bound behind the chair with rough rope that bit into my skin, and my ankles were secured to the chair legs.

I tried to speak, to demand answers, but only a hoarse croak emerged from my throat. My mouth felt like sandpaper, my tongue thick and unresponsive.

“Having trouble finding your voice?” Valerie stepped into the weak circle of light cast by a single bare bulb hanging overhead. She looked different.

“Don’t worry,” she continued, circling my chair. “That’s just the aftereffects of the drugs. They’ll wear off soon enough. We need you awake.”

“Where...” I managed to rasp out, my voice barely audible.

“Where are we?” Valerie laughed, the sound echoing off the concrete walls with genuine delight. “Oh, Sera, you always were slow on the uptake. We’re in my new kingdom, courtesy of some very accommodating new friends.”

She gestured grandly at the squalid surroundings as if she were showing off a palace. “I have to say, I’ve found the rogue lifestyle quite liberating. No more pretending to be the perfect little pack member. No more bowing and scraping to alphas who think they’re better than everyone else.”

“The new Luna,” I whispered, the pieces finally clicking into place.

She leaned down until her face was inches from mine, her breath hot and rancid against my cheek. “Don’t care about me, dear sister. You should be much more concerned about yourself right now.”

Before I could respond, she drew back her hand and slapped me across the face with enough force to make my ears ring. The sharp crack echoed through the room, and I tasted blood where my teeth cut into my inner cheek.

“That’s for stealing my life,” she snarled, all pretense of playful banter vanishing. “For taking what should have been mine. For making me look like a fool in front of the entire pack.”

Another slap, harder this time, snapping my head to the other side. “That’s for seducing Damien with your pathetic omega act. Did you really think someone like him could love someone like you?”

I spat blood, meeting her wild gaze with as much defiance as I could muster. “He does love me. And you know that’s what’s eating you alive, isn’t it?”

Her face contorted with rage, and for a moment I thought she might hit me again. Instead, she laughed.

She straightened up, smoothing down her filthy clothes with mock dignity. “I have something much more... creative in mind to treat people like you.”

The sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor outside made my stomach drop. Multiple sets of boots, moving with purpose. Chapters first released on [find\[N\]ovel.net](http://find[N]ovel.net)

“Ah, perfect timing,” Valerie said, clapping her hands together with childlike excitement. “I’ve been telling my new friends all about you, Sera.”

The door creaked open, and three massive figures filled the doorway. Even in the dim light, I could smell them—the rank odor of unwashed bodies.

“Boys, Valerie said sweetly, “meet my darling stepsister, Seraphina.”

“She’s prettier than you said,” one of them rumbled, his voice thick with lust and cruelty. “This is gonna be fun.”

“Now, now,” Valerie chided, though her tone held no real reproof. “Remember what we discussed. I want her broken, not dead. At least not yet.”

She gestured toward the rogues, who began moving into the room with the coordinated movements of predators who had done this before.

“Have fun, boys,” she said, heading toward the door. “Try to leave her conscious. I want her to remember every second of this.”

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

The door slammed shut behind Valerie with a sound that made my heart race. Her footsteps echoed down the hallway, growing fainter and fainter until all I could hear was the heavy breathing of the three disgusting men surrounding me.

“Well, well, well,” the biggest one wheezed, his belly hanging over his belt as he rubbed his hands together.

“Looks like Christmas came early, boys.”

I tried to keep my voice steady, but I could hear the tremor in it. “You don’t have to do this.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” the second one interrupted, his yellow teeth gleaming in the dim light as he leered at me.

“This is about having some fun.”

The third one, skinnier than the others but with dead, cold eyes, licked his lips. “Been a long time since we had ourselves a pretty little omega to play with.”

The fat one laughed, a wet, disgusting sound. “We’re just men with needs. And you, princess, are gonna help us with those needs.” The fat one reached out with his grimy fingers toward my face.

The moment his skin touched mine, something inside me exploded. This chapter is updated by Find★Novel.net

It was like lightning struck my soul. Every cell in my body ignited with power I’d never felt before. The ropes around my wrists didn’t just snap—they disintegrated into dust.

I was on my feet before any of them could blink.

My hand shot out and grabbed the fat bastard by the throat, my fingers closing around his neck like a steel vice. His eyes bulged as he realized he couldn’t breathe, couldn’t break free, couldn’t do anything but stare at me in absolute terror.

“You made a mistake,” I growled. It was filled with authority, with dominance, with the kind of power that made grown men wet themselves in fear. “I’m not omega.”

“What the fuck—” the yellow-toothed one started to say, but his words died in his throat.

The fat man in my grip was turning purple, clawing desperately at my hand. But I might as well have been made of iron. His struggles were pathetic, useless.

I released the fat one’s throat and he collapsed to the ground, gasping and choking like a dying fish. The sound was deeply satisfying.

“Run,” I said quietly, but my voice carried the unmistakable command of an alpha. “Run now, and maybe I’ll let you live.”

Instead of running, the yellow-toothed one pulled out a rusty knife, his hand shaking. “You think you can scare us, bitch? We’ve killed alphas before!”

“Have you?” I asked conversationally, taking a step toward him. “Because I’m about to kill you.”

He lunged at me with the knife, probably expecting me to cower or scream.

I caught his wrist mid-swing and twisted.

The snap of breaking bones echoed through the room like a gunshot. His scream was even louder.

“Oh God, oh fuck, she broke my arm!” he shrieked, dropping the knife as he cradled his mangled wrist against his chest. “She fucking broke my arm!”

The skinny one tried to run for the door, but I was faster. I grabbed him by the back of his shirt and hurled him into the concrete wall with enough force to crack the surface.

He slumped to the ground, blood streaming from his nose. "Please," he whimpered. "Please don't kill me."

"Why not?" I asked, stalking toward him. "You were going to do much worse to me, weren't you?"

"We weren't gonna kill you!" he babbled, tears mixing with the blood on his face. "Just rough you up a little!

Have some fun!"

"Fun?" I grabbed him by the front of his filthy shirt and lifted him clean off the ground with one hand. "You call rape fun?"

"No! No, I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did." I slammed him back against the wall, hard enough to rattle his teeth.

The fat one was still on the ground, gasping for air. The yellow-toothed one was sobbing over his broken arm. And this piece of garbage in my hands was about to piss himself.

Pathetic. All of them.

"Where did Valerie go?" I demanded, shaking the skinny one like a rag doll.

"I don't know!" he wailed. "She just said to wait here! She didn't tell us nothing else!"

I could hear his heartbeat hammering against his ribs. Smell the acrid stench of his terror. He was telling the truth.

"Wrong answer," I said anyway, and drove my knee into his stomach.

He doubled over, retching. I let him fall to the ground where he belonged.

The fat one had finally recovered enough to speak. "You crazy bitch!" he wheezed. "You can't do this to us!

We'll tell everyone! We'll—"

I was across the room and standing over him before he could finish the threat. "You'll what?"

His bravado crumbled instantly. "Nothing. We won't do nothing."

“That’s right,” I said softly. “Because if I ever see any of you again, I will hunt you down and tear your throats out with my bare hands. Do you understand me?”

They all nodded frantically.

“Good. Now tell me where Valerie is.”

“The old railway bridge! She said she will go there.”

“If you’re lying to me-”

“We’re not!” the skinny one gasped from where he was still curled up on the floor. “We swear we’re not lying!”

I gripped the metal and twisted. The lock mechanism screamed in protest before giving way completely. The door swung open with a satisfying creak.

The corridor was long and narrow, lit by a single flickering bulb that cast dancing shadows on the peeling walls. I could smell Valerie’s cloying perfume lingering in the stale air, mixed with the scents of rust, mold, and decades of decay, I found an exit at the end of the corridor, a heavy metal door that opened onto the night air. In the distance, I could see the dark silhouette of the railway bridge spanning the ravine like the skeleton of some prehistoric beast.

And there, standing at the center of the span, was a familiar figure.

Valerie.

She was facing away from me, probably expecting her hired thugs to deliver my broken body sometime around dawn.

I smiled as I stepped out of the shadows and onto the bridge proper. My footsteps rang against the metal grating, the sound carrying clearly in the still night air. Valerie’s head snapped around, her eyes going wide with shock as she saw me walking toward her.

“Hello, sister,” I called out. “Miss me?”