

Chapter 12

Catherine's POV

"Here we go again..." I whispered, feeling my heart leap out of my chest.

The three wolves were eye candy, each with his own characteristics, yet all three of them seemed to be so similar...

A breath escaped my lips as my heart scrunched hurtfully in my chest. I could just imagine the amount of agony that would ripple through my body when all three rejected me at the same time.

Why would the moon goddess do this to me? Why send me a mate again? And why three mates at once?

"Oh Goddess," I internally whined, "what are you playing at? Do you hate me so much that you will send triplets to reject me now? Wasn't two enough? Wasn't I punished enough?"

Three curious and confused gazes were still pinned on me, yet none of them moved or came to introduce themselves.

I guess they couldn't understand why I didn't answer their call.

Will they catch the hint and leave if I ignore them long enough?

I turned toward Sammy, hoping he could save me in this awkward situation, yet he had moved away from me and stood frozen like a statue a few feet away from me, his gaze pinned on the floor.

"Sammy?" I whispered, trying to get his attention.

Yet Sammy ignored me.

My gaze moved back to the three good-looking wolves, and I focused my attention on them.

I started to memorize their faces—not that it will help; they will forget about me the second they reject me and move on.

Yet I couldn't help but imagine pulling my fingers through their dark, shiny hair or even feeling their hands touch my body.

I imagine myself having all three at once.

I shook the thoughts off just as fast as they appeared and focused on each of them.

They all had different hairstyles, and I wondered if that made it easier to recognize who was who.

I sighed, feeling slightly heartbroken, when I noticed that they were all sculpted like Greek gods. Their bodies looked rock-hard and toned under their shirts; each was blessed with a strong jaw, a straight nose, blue eyes, and kissable lips, and power radiated from each of them, especially the one in front.

"He is your Alpha, isn't he?" I whispered under my breath.

Sammy slowly nodded his head, refusing to meet my gaze.

Wonderful! Just wonderful!

Alphas!

As if I didn't have enough agony in my life, the goddess would send three at once!

Warm tears burned behind my eyelids, and I blinked, hoping to be able to push them back. I gritted my teeth out of anger and balled my fists.

The three wolves seemed to notice, and the one in the center nodded his head and turned to the other two.

Good. They must have noticed my defect. Let's get the ball rolling and have these rejections done... I am starving.

Before I could process what was happening, one of the three stalked toward my table.

"F*ck!!" I internally swore and dropped my gaze toward my lap, fiddling nervously with my fingers.

"Why are you ignoring our mate's claim?" the deep, husky voice asked,

sending sensual shivers down my spine, ending at my core.

F*ck... I internally growled. I wouldn't mind keeping listening to that wolf's voice...

Get a grip, Catherine; he is here to reject us!

Kia stirred in my mind, yet she didn't even attempt to come forward.

"Bloody wolf," I internally growled, "the least you could have done was meet them."

But it was no use. Kia never comes out and never talks to me. I was basically wolfless now that I was broken.

"Are you going to answer me?" He suddenly asked, startling me in the process.

I lifted my gaze toward him.

His posture was strong and dominant, just like any other typical Alpha. He was close to 6'6, with broad shoulders and biceps to die for. He moved his arms, bending over the table, and I couldn't help but admire the strong and handsome man.

Oh Goddess, how I wish I could run my hands down his abs...

His black hair was neatly cut, not like the other two who stood at the door, and I guessed his age to be around twenty-four.

"Are you unable to speak? Are you mute?" He barked his next question, which in return I lifted an eyebrow.

Is he dumb? Didn't he just hear me speak and place my order?

I shifted my head to the side and scrunched my eyebrows together, then lifted my eyes and found those deep pools of blue staring back at me.

"Will you do the rejection, or should I?" I asked.

Bewildered at my words, he stood up straight and looked at me as if I had just kicked him in the guts.

"And why would I want to do that?" He asked, staring at me in disbelief.

"Well, who would want a wolf like me?" I challenged, "I am broken, and you need a strong and healthy Luna to rule by your side."

"But you look fine to me," he argued.

"If only you knew..." I said, disappointed.

"Who are you?" he suddenly asked.

Great, now we are getting somewhere...

I sighed...

I didn't want to go through unnecessary pain before I got home, but this was for the best; at least my parents wouldn't have any knowledge of my rejection.

"My name is Catherine Jones, or Kate for short. I am part of the Silver Moonstone Pack, and you?" I asked, keeping eye contact.

Silence followed as his gaze moved over my face, drinking me in.

Don't worry, boy, you will get over me the second the mate bond is broken, and you can go on and have a happy ever after with some chosen mate...

"Alpha Colt!"

My head snapped toward the door, seeing my younger brother Jimmy walking in with a broad smile. He rushed toward my table and held out a hand.

Alpha Colt took Jimmy's hand in his and gave it a shake, then turned bewildered toward me.

"I see you have met my sister, Kate," Jimmy said, and he let go of Colt's hand and walked toward me, planting a kiss on my cheek.

Revelation and anger crossed Alpha Colt's eyes, and his left eye twitched.

"Kate, this is Alpha Colt from the White River Pack," Jimmy introduced

us and turned his head toward the other two men still standing, frozen, with their gazes pinned on me. "That is Grey and Sam, Alpha Colt's younger brothers; they are his Beta and Delta."

Silence followed as I stared into Colt's eyes.

"Should I start?" I challenge.

"Why do you want to get rid of me?" He asked bitterly, keeping his voice dangerously low.

"Because I am broken," I repeated, getting annoyed.

Doesn't this man listen? Doesn't he understand? What do I need to do to make him see?

Jimmy's head moved between the two of us, unsure of what was going on.

"Broken items can be fixed or mended," he said, keeping eye contact.

I laughed out loud, and Alpha Colt's face changed from serious to confused.

"Sammy," I called the waiter, "please bring me my chair. I would like to leave."

The spell on Sammy broke, and he scrambled in search of my wheelchair, and a minute later he pushed the wheelchair to my table.

Alpha Colt's eyes widened, yet he didn't say a word.

I pulled the chair closer, lifted my body from my chair, and took a seat in the wheelchair.

When I was completely comfortable in my chair, I lifted my gaze in search of Alpha Colt's face.

"So?" I taunted. "What will it be?"