

Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J Chapter 36

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Chapter 36

Chapter 36: Chance

Chasity's POV

Now that I was pregnant, I had to survive, no matter what. For my baby and for my triplet alphas. I had no idea which of the triplets

was precisely the father but was that even possible to figure out? Identical triplets had the same DNA. It didn't really matter. They would

all be the father. I sighed. My head was throbbing. I wish Alex were here to massage my scalp. I got up from the tiled floor and a horrifying thought hit me. What did the kidnapers want in terms of my pregnancy? They had gotten me the test. Did they hope I was or wasn't pregnant or did they not care? If they found out I was pregnant would they be easier or harder on me? I hadn't thought this through. I threw the pregnancy test in the toilet after snapping it in half. I flushed it. Thankfully it went down.

Dante came into the bathroom without even knocking.

"Hey!" I said indignantly not able to fake nonchalant anymore now that I was worried for my baby.

He looked impassive. He stared at me.

"Are you or Arne't you?"

"What?" I asked.

"Pregnant?!" Asked Dante.

"Does it make a difference?" I asked, trying to gauge his reaction.

"This isn't a game!" Snapped Dante. A game? A game!

"I'm the one who's kidnapped! I'm the one who's sick and vomiting! Why would I ever think it was a game?!" I yelled, not able to play it cool anymore.

Dante sneered. "Are you pregnant yes or no?"

I fixed him with a glare. "When my Alphas get here, they're gonna rip you in half!" I said softly.

Dante glared back. He left the room and slammed the door. I breathed a sigh of relief for the time being.

Third Person

"Chasity's grandfather?" Asked Felix, narrowing his eyes.

The man named Chance nodded.

Felix, Alex and Calix looked at him incredulously.

"So where have you been all these years?" Asked Alex, glaring at Chance.

Who would leave their granddaughter up to chance for so many years?

"I've been here," said Chance, gesturing all around the room. "Running the Lucky Toad Casino!" He said grandly, his arms wide and

outstretched.

He's insane, said Alex over mind-link to his brothers. That's why he didn't come to look for Chasity even though he was nearby

Calix and Felix looked the eldest alpha and nodded.

"I'm not insane, Alex," said Chance slowly with a wide smile. The triplets recoiled a little. Was that a coincidence?

It's probably just a coincidence! Said Calix.

His elder brother nodded.

"No, it's not, I can hear you loud and clear," said Chance.

The triplets were flabbergasted.

"How is that possible?" Demanded Felix.

"The witchcraft?" Offered Alex. "From the group you belong to?"

Chance nodded. "The Furina Ornata allows each of its members to tap into...special skills...my special skill is being able to listen to

any mind-link within a certain radius. I can't explicitly read minds but I can sense the truth and a lie with perfect accuracy and I can listen

in on private mind-links," said Chance, smiling.

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

"I'm Chalice's father. Chalice was Chasity's Mom," said Chance sadly.

"Was?" Asked Alex. "So you know for sure Chasity's parents are...no longer with us?"

Chance sighed.

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

"Ok, we already know her parents were drug addicts," said Felix impatiently.

"Felix," whispered Alex fiercely, nudging his younger brother,

Chance chuckled.

"You're passionate about my granddaughter! I'm glad," said Chance

"This doesn't add up. Where have you been, Chance? Chasity's childhood sucked and I'm sure you knew that if you knew her parents

were drug addicts. Didn't you wonder where Chasity was when her parents skipped town?" Calix questioned.

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

"And?" Asked Felix.

Chance looked away from the triplets sadly. "And...unfortunately when I finally caught up to them...they were..." Chance paused to take a deep shuddering breath.

"Please, I know it's hard but please tell us Chance. It's not too late for Chasity even if it was too late for her mother," said Alex, gently,

pleading with the older werewolf.

Chance nodded, collecting himself. His eyes were filled with tears. He took a deep breath. Calix patted him on the shoulder.

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

Morning. You know that song,” Chance said, his eyes glazing over.

“Walking in a Winter Wonderland by Dean Martin. It’s an old Christmas song. Beautiful. Chalice’s favourite. It’s so funny...the synchronicity...” said the older werewolf, chuckling sadly. He was motioning everything he did with his hands and his hands were trembling.

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

What? The triplets were confused. Chance laughed humourlessly.

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

“That’s wonderful,” said Calix sincerely, trying to encourage the werewolf. “So you followed the music?”

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

Chance could tell them apart! The triplets were impressed.

“I followed the faint music. It grew steadily louder. There was an echo to it. The Marigold Motel not the hotel, the seedy motel. I went up the rickety side steps. Found one of the doors to the rooms left open. The music was coming from there. I walked in. The place was small and reasonably clean, nothing spectacular. Minimal Christmas decorations. I followed the Christmas Carol to the radio. I turned it

off. I shouldn’t have turned it off. The music has been off ever since. When I turned a corner, Chalice and her mate were sitting, staring at

the table in the kitchenette. Eves wide. Just staring. There were fane marks on their necks.” Chance said, lost in the story and shaking

“Vampires?” Asked Felix worriedly.

“Snake bites. Furina Ornata. The venomous Moon Snake. The order has special snakes that are a thousand times more venous than

usual,” said Chance.

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

“No...not quite,” said Chance. The triplets were confused. “We give snake bites on purpose. The venom makes us stronger when administered correctly and under supervision. That’s how I got my powers. They were seeking help to get stronger. To fight whoever was chasing them!” Chance explained.

“But?” Prompted Felix.

Chance gulped and wiped the sweat on his brow with a handkerchief.

“But the Furina Ornata member who had come to administer the snake venom was dead on the ground too with a bite mark on the neck. Someone had come upon them and interfered with the ritual. The person or people they were running from interrupted the venom ritual so they couldn’t take the antidote and finish it. They died with venom flooding their systems unchecked. The antidote is usually kept in a metal briefcase with our symbol on it. I found the briefcase on the floor open and the antidote missing. Someone took the antidote and ran off. We usually bring many vials of antidote. The person took all, about half a dozen and left. Or people. The administrator of the venom, our member, she was dead on the ground near the empty briefcase with the snake still crawling about,”

Chance finished his story in hushed tones.

The air was heavy. So Chalice and her mate were trying to get strong enough to fight back whoever was threatening them. Ironically, in the middle of a ritual to get stronger, that someone accosted them, took the antidote, leaving them to die, poisoned with venom but without the life-saving antidote. The person left the snake behind and even the antidote administrator was killed. More questions. The triplets sighed. However they had one big answer for their lovely little Luna Chasity. Her parents really were dead.

“So...what did you do after that, Chance?” Said Calix gently.

“I called the police. They came with an ambulance. I sat there and looked at Chalice staring at me sightlessly. She looked peaceful, hopeful, perhaps about the ritual. She herself had undertaken it successfully once before. We all did, numerous times. The ambulance people couldn’t revive them. They were pronounced dead and so was the administrator. The people who were chasing them. I had no idea still who they were or where they went. I buried my daughter and her mate with my own money. I even included the administrator in the funeral. It was a quiet little funeral in Marigold,” mumbled Chance.

“Why didn’t you tell anyone?” Spat Felix, furious, his eyes darkening.

Chance looked shocked.

“Who was the administrator?” Asked Alex.

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

Chills crept through the triplets.

“Deidre Binx isn’t dead. She is a model, was. She’s a retired supermodel. She’s in LA, still schmoozing and again why didn’t you tell anyone? Chasity? Our parents? You left her in the dark,” Felix said.

Chance stared at him, dumbfounded. “The real Deidre Spinx is dead. I know that with a certainty. I don’t know who that woman that models and has her name and looks just like her is. She’s not Deidre Spinx. I was never able to catch her and talk to her. She eluded me for years and I grew tired. I don’t think she actually killed anyone. Just benefitted from the death of Deidre. Took her spot in the modelling agency. Doppelgängers? I really don’t know. It’s creepy but my focus was Chalice. I buried her and I did tell your parents. Alpha Romeo and Luna Ronnie. I begged them to bring her to the funeral. I spoke with them on the phone. They hung up. They ignored my letters. I used to show up at the pack house after I got back from Marigold. They got a restraining order against me. Look it’s there!” Said Chance, pointing at the wall.

The triplets looked. It was there! Framed! Chance had framed his restraining order. Chance chuckled.

“Your asshole parents. I sent toys and letters and things. Tried to get to see Chasity. They kept returning them. They threatened me, Told me to stay away from Chasity. The Luna blamed me and my daughter for her step–brother’s death. I ran my casino and figured when Chasity turned eighteen she’d do her own digging and come back to me. I became...depressed honestly. This room it’s filled with stuff

they returned. Stuff for Chasity,” said Chance, tears in his eyes.

The triplets took a second glance at the room. Alex felt his heart constrict. Many of the knickknacks that he’d mistaken for ornaments were figurines and little dolls. There were teddy bears amidst the clutter, jewellery, clothes even. There were perfumes and antiques that would suit a girl’s room. The papers on the floor and on the desk were scribbled haphazardly but he could make out many instances Dear Chasity and I’m sorry and See You Soon and Merry Christmas and Happy birthday and Grandpa Loves you.

Calix had not realised he was crying until he felt the wetness on his cheeks. Felix sat in one of the sticky chairs, breathing deeply. Alex remained standing up, more determined than ever. The eldest alpha would confront his parents about this atrocity. Get the two sides to this story but until then he wanted an Aly in Chance, his grandfather-in-law to be.

“Chance, I am so sorry for everything. I had no idea,” said Alex.

Chance just nodded feebly. The gambling debt story? Was that all bullshit? Did Chasity’s parents even owe money? Probably not. The

casino was a family business.

“But I need you, Chance. We need you. Chasity needs you!” Said Alex.

Chance sat up a little straighter, adjusting his too small blazer.

“Your ability to tell when people are lying! Your mind-linking reading! Those are amazing! Danny needs you! That’s our private investigator. Team up with him, with us, please, for Chasity!” Said Alex.

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Chapter 37: A Suitable Guardian?

Third Person

Chance was quiet. He took a deep breath.

“What about the restraining order?” Chance asked.

“We won’t let you get arrested if you’re with us. No showing up at the pack house without us. And after I have a talk with my parents we can think about getting the order waved,” said Alex.

“I wanna help i wanna help Chasity,” said Chance, nodding. “Yes.”

Alex and Calix grinned.

“Wait!” Said Felix. “So where is Alexi Franck and who is he to you?”

Chance laughed. He rummaged around in the inside pocket of his too small blazer. He took out his wallet and brandished a card. He handed it to Felix. It was an ID with a picture of Chance and the name Alexi Chance Franck

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

“She did have a huge gambling dept and I did yell at her a lot. She was a wayward child. I wouldn’t say I was awful but maybe she thought so,” said the old werewolf, sighing and wiping his sunglasses on his small blazer.

“Being a parent isn’t easy,” said Chance, with a faraway look in his eyes. “She was angry because I wanted her to straighten up. She was doing drugs and being wild. I tried to get custody of Chasity and after that, she swore up and down the street I was the devil. I wasn’t able to get custody. I’m a single man and I own a casino. I probably don’t seem like a good guardian either. Chasity stayed with her mother and father till they gave her to the Luna and Alpha and there was no way I would win against them. They run the pack lands.

Calix fidgeted uncomfortably.

“Why would Mom insist on raising Chasity if there was an alternative? Why would she subject Chasity to...” said Calix, looking at his

brother, Alex

“Subject Chasity to what?” Asked Chance. The triplets stared at him. Felix looked furious. The middle triplet got up suddenly and stormed out of the office.

“What did I say?” Asked Chance.

Alex and Calix got up to follow Felix.

“Wait!” Said Chance. “I wanna help Chasity!” The werewolf scurried after the triplets, grabbing up a few teddy bears and a stack of

letters.

Chance followed the triplet alphas to their parked car.

“Felix!” Alex called.

“I need to talk to our parents!” Felix said, getting in the driver’s seat. Alex got in the passenger seat and Calix got in the back. Chance

got in next to Calix.

Felix sped off, tires screeching. They were at the pack house in no time. Felix stormed in. The Luna and former alpha were with Beta

Keaton and a tearful Roxie and an annoyed-looking Moxie.

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

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

“Felix!” Said his mother.

“Mother!” Hissed Felix. “Do you know this man?”

Felix pointed to Chance who was unsuccessfully hiding behind Alex

The Luna gasped and the former alpha got angry, knitting his eyebrows together.

“What is he doing here?” Bellowed Romeo, the former alpha. “Yes, he’s, he’s a...a stalker!” Said Luna Ronnie.

“Is he or is he not Chasity’s maternal grandfather?” Growled Felix,

Ronnie opened and closed her mouth like a fish. Romeo glared at his son.

“IS HE?!” Bellowed Felix in his Alpha voice making the whole room shake. Roxie and Moxie quickly left. Beta Keaton stood up to

leave.

“Beta Keaton, stay, please,” said Luna Ronnie.

“Go!” Whispered Felix fiercely in his alpha voice.

The Beta was compelled to leave, looking back apologetically at his friends.

Calix and Alex were quietly flanking Felix.

“Let’s sit down,” said Ronnie. “Let’s compose ourselves.”

“I wanna stand,” said Felix, his tone deadly though his voice was soft.

“I’m gonna ask one more time, Mom, Dad, who is this man and what is his relation to Chasity?” Asked Felix, pointing at Chance who

was shrinking against the wall.

Ronnie took a deep breath. She sat down in her armchair, hands on her lip, ankles crossed. "He is the father of Chalice and Chalice is

"Chasity's mother," answered Felix, laughing humourlessly. "He was telling the truth."

"He was not a suitable guardian," said Ronnie her eyes black.

"YOU WERE NOT A SUITABLE GUARDIAN!!!" Yelled Felix.

"You're out of control!!" Bellowed the former Alpha, flashing his black eyes.

"No! No, I'm not. What is wrong with the two of you?" Asked Felix, trembling slightly.

"Ok, let's say you didn't want him to have custody. Did you stop him from being Chasity gifts and cards and letters? Did you?" Demanded Felix, looking at them in disbelief.

"We just wanted nothing to do to him," said Ronnie.

"Oh my God, oh my God," Felix said, falling into an armchair and putting his hands over his face.

"Mom," cried Calix. "I don't understand! Why would you do that? Chasity was little. Why didn't you just let her have the comfort of a relative? You never liked her very much," Calix admitted, his eyes watering. "I didn't realise you...hated her."

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

"What are you people saying?" Interrupted Chance, speaking for the first time.

Everyone looked at him.

"What do you mean? Are...are you...are you saying that Chasity wasn't happy here?" Asked the older werewolf, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief.

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

"We did pay them off!" Roared Romeo. "A quarter of a million dollars worth!"

"I could have paid that!" Hissed Chance, angry for the first time, his eyes black and his face hardening like he was about to shift.

Romeo stiffened. "Your casino is.."

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

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

"BECAUSE SHE HATED ME!" Roared Chance, dissolving into tears. He flopped onto the couch and sobbed. Calix patted his shoulder.

"Um...uh... don't cry Grandpa. We'll get Chasity back! I promise. She's everything to me. She's my whole life! Then we'll make sure she's happy every single day and we'll dust off those gifts and letters and she'll be so excited to read them," said Calix, smiling with tears

in his eyes.

Ronnie smiled at her favourite son, the youngest and sweetest of the triplets. He had a knack for de-escalating things. Chance

stopped sobbing. The old werewolf took a few deep breaths. He seemed shocked but pleasantly surprised at being called Grandpa by the

youngest Alpha

"I can see Chasity whenever I want?" Asked Chance.

"Yes, Grandpa," said Calix sweetly.

"And she can stay with me for a bit?" Asked Chance.

Felix straightened up, resurfacing from his hands. "You can stay here for a bit to spend some time together if Chasity likes that idea but my wife doesn't do sleepovers," said Felix in a serious tone.

Chance looked annoyed but nodded.

"So what was it about Chance that made him an unsuitable guardian for Chasity?" Said Alex, his voice controlled but he was seething. His mother had kept Chasity as a main not a daughter and all the while, someone wanted her. Wanted to celebrate her birthday and buy her Christmas presents and treat her like a little girl not the hired help. Alex knew he and his brothers had been little jerks to Chasity growing up but they were children following the terrible example set by their parents. It had been Ronnie and Romeo's responsibility to give Chasity a decent childhood.

Ronnie was silent.

"She thinks i killed my own daughter and her mate, Ronnie's stepbrother," muttered Chance.

"Prove that you didn't!" Demanded Ronnie. Romeo folded his arms.

"Prove that you didn't!" Countered Chance, placing the blame back on them.

Ronnie and Romeo sighed. Calix closed his eyes, leaning back on the couch, wanting this argument to be over and wishing he could go cuddle up with his Chasity. He sighed.

Chasity's POV

After I yelled at Dante and refused to reveal whether I was pregnant or not, he and the human accomplice left me alone for a while without water and food. Eventually there was a knock on the door.

"Please, don't rush the door if I open it ok! I'm trying to help you! Dante is in the next room and that's the only way to pass to get out. Flush the napkin down the toilet when you're done and hide the cup!"

The human. What was his name? Maurice!

"Maurice?" I whispered.

"Yeah," he mumbled. He peaked in leaving the door ajar. He threw a rolled up napkin at me. The bundle hit me in the shoulder. It was soft though and I was too tired to dodge it. I unwrapped it. A slice of pizza!

"Water! Please! Please! Please!" I began to say.

"Ok! Ok!" He said, putting his finger to his lips. He had it already. He passed me the small paper cup.

I drank the water in one gulp and looked at him with huge eyes. He took the cup back and shut the door. He returned with a refill. I got him to refill that ridiculously tiny cup three more times so I had five tiny cupfuls.

"That's enough," he warned, eyeing something I couldn't see warily,

"The pizza will make me thirsty!" I said softly.

He shrugged. I ate the slice quickly and flushed the napkin. He let me have two more cupfuls.

"You're the best, Maurice!" I whispered. "...I won't let my Alphas kill you. I can make them reward you! Let's get out of here! What do

you want money...or..."

Maurice cackled softly. "If you think I can fight Dante and win, you're touched in the head, Luna."

I was shocked to be called Luna by him. A human.

"What do you want from me?" I asked curiously.

"I don't know what boss wants," he said.

"Boss is not Dante," I said.

"Boss is Dante's Boss too. He's everyone's Boss," Maurice said.

"Boss is a werwolf," I said,

"I don't know. Probably," said Maurice.

What were these people smoking?

"You don't know what species your boss is?" I asked, my eyebrows raised.

"Boss is just a voice on the phone. And stuff happens as he dictates. He has so many people working for him. He was angry once with

another one of us. I heard him on loudspeaker. He said, "Your time with us is up. Your contract has expired!" Then, the guy was shot in the

head with a sniper. Clean. Fell down dead. A few minutes of us being in the next room and the body was gone. Guy's room was cleaned

up. No trace!" Said Maurice,

I thought about that. "So won't he know you're helping me?" I asked.

"He wouldn't be mad about that. He ends every conversation saying "Take good care of the Luna." I fed you and gave you water. That's good. Boss will be happy," Maurice said, pleased with himself.

Something about his giddy smiled reminded me of people who are in cults and how obsessed they become with the cult

leader.

"Will Boss be mad at Dante?" I asked.

“No,” said Maurice.

“But he’s being mean to me,” I protested.

“Yeah, but Dante is related to Boss, somehow,” Maurice said.

I nodded. “Is Boss a man or a woman?” I asked.

“Boss is boss,” said Maurice.

Oh, good, grief.

Third Person

“Let’s assume neither our parents nor Chance killed Chasity’s parents,” said Alex with a sigh. “For the time being.”

Felix nodded. Calix smiled. The Luna opened her mouth to argue.

Alex put his palms up to signal for everyone to calm down.

Everyone was silent, looking at the eldest alpha.

“We need to work together. We need to find Chasity. No one is here is totally blameless and our focus should be Chasity!” Said Alex.

There was a knock at the front door. A hulking pack warrior opened it to reveal the P.I., Danny. He approached the three Alphas who hired him, his briefcase in hand. The alphas, their parents and older man he had never seen stared at him.

Danny addressed the room, “I have a lead in Luna Chasity’s case, Alphas.”

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Chapter 38

Chapter 38: Deidre and her Doppelgänger

Chasity’s POV

Have you ever went to bed one place and then woke up somewhere completely different? I have.

I woke up in a bedroom with clean white walls and a cold marble floor. The bed was made of black wood and piled with white Egyptian cotton bedding. I could feel it. It was so soft. These were the same sheets my alphas had. The sheets made me even more homesick. The walls were lined with photographs, all of beautiful women, ethnically different with varying skin and hair and eye colours but they all had symmetrical faces, high cheekbones and perfectly arched brows. They were familiar. I was looking at framed photographs of supermodels, all of them close-up beauty shots, The one above the head of the bed was the most familiar. What was her name again?

It wasn't as though I didn't like fashion but I had never been able to afford those sorts of things before I became the triplets' mate so I never paid that much attention to it. I wore whatever I had or whatever I was given. How had I been moved from the simpler room in the castle-like building to here? Was this room even in the same place? Had they drugged me so they could transport me more easily? I thought of the water and the pizza from Maurice. Had Maurice just pretended to "sneak" me the food? Perhaps it was all a farce just to get me to ingest the drug somehow. Maybe even Dante's anger had been a part of the trick. I felt like crying but I had to be strong. I just hoped they hadn't moved me off of the pack lands.

I sighed. The door opened. This sleek black wooden door didn't creak, it just smoothly opened on well-oiled hinges. Dante walked in

and threw a plastic bag at me. It hit the bed with a soft thud.

"Where am I? How did I get here? Did you drug me?" I demanded. What if the drug was a substance that would hurt the baby?

Dante stared at me, drinking me in. It was strange. I realised why he reminded me so much of Felix. It was the way he looked at me, like he was agitated that I was there because me being around meant he could focus on nothing else. This was the old Felix though, the one who said I frustrated him but painted me secretly. The new Felix looked at me with intense but softer eyes, openly loving. I understood that sort of look a lot better now. Something was brewing underneath. This did not make sense though. Felix and I had a

long history of intense emotions. I didn't know Dante from Adam and he didn't know me from Eve. Unless...

"Did you know Chalice?" I asked.

Dante just stared at me.

"You look at me like you recognise me," I said.

He actually flinched. "Don't ask questions!"

"Ok, Dante," I said softly. He responded to me saying his name with a sharp intake of breath. Something was up. I wanted my alphas and no one else but if I needed to be flirt a little bit to get away I would. I wanted my Alex, my Calix and my Felix. My wolf wanted them

too. I wanted to tell them I was pregnant and be babied because of it. I sighed.

Dante sighed too. "Put on these," he said, gesturing to the plastic bag.

I looked inside. It was a simple white dress, knee-length with short sleeves. I was still in the party dress from the night I was kidnapped. My mascara was smudged all over my eyes and down my cheeks. I could use a shower and a change of clothes. There was underwear in the bag too, just a simple white cotton bra and panty. The sizes were all correct.

"Um, thanks," I said.

Dante shrugged. "The bathroom is through that door," he said, gesturing to the only other door besides the exit.

"Ok," I said.

"There's stuff in there for you to use, like soap, shampoo, conditioner, hair stuff, toothbrush, toothpaste. There's even makeup,"

Dante said. It was the most he had ever talked around me without scowling.

"I know you probably can't tell me what's going on but will I live to see tomorrow?" I asked, thinking of my baby and nervous about

the white dress. Sacrificial? Dante had tattoo on his ankle that reminded me of the occult.

Dante flinched again. "Yes, Chasity. f**k," he said, annoyed.

"Ok," I said sweetly. "Thank you, Dante. I won't hug you to thank you when I'm all gross like this." I watched his reaction carefully. He almost smirked but then caught himself. Gotcha. Was Dante the boss? Maybe he just wanted me for himself but that was insane. Felix would kill him without even asking a question first like he'd done with the other kidnapper. Dante was pretty big. He might be the same size as the triplets but there were three of them and one Dante. Dante did have the build of an Alpha though. Was he an Alpha? From where? There were many werewolves that were just really physically impressive despite not technically being Alphas, Betas or Gammas. There were rogues who were physiologically Alphas meaning if they gathered a pack they

could easily be its Alpha but since they were lone they were called Sigmas. Maybe Dante was a really wealthy bored Sigma who'd decided to steal a Luna? That still didn't make sense.

I went to the bathroom and pleasantly found that I could lock the door. There were no other doors or windows in the bathroom. The walls and floors were covered in immaculately clean large white tiles. There was a huge semi-spherical bathtub and a shower. I didn't feel comfortable enough to soak in a tub though I could use the relaxation. I took a quick shower, washing and conditioning my hair. I detangled it. There were a lot of beauty and hair products. I used some of what I recognised and put on the white clothes. I didn't want to put on any makeup. I went back into the bedroom and sat on the bed. Dante came back and nodded in approval. I managed to smile. He took my old clothes away to my annoyance. I felt cut off from my old life now in these unfamiliar clothes.

"Are you the boss?" I asked Dante.

He raised his eyebrows. "No," he said.

"Do you know the boss well?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Do you..." I began but he cut me off. "You'll meet her eventually," he said.

"Her!" I exclaimed.

Dante looked impassive. He left the room. A woman had organised my kidnapping. Why? Jealousy? Was she in love with the Triplets? Was it Luna Ronnie? If it was her, she might spare me if she knew I was pregnant with her grandchild. I kept silent about the pregnancy as I had not met "Boss" yet. Truth be told, I hated when employees referred to their superior as "Boss". It was vague. I'd rather reference their title. Whoever "Boss" was, I had no idea what "she" wanted and I was more confused than ever.

Third Person

Danny addressed the room, "I have a lead in Luna Chasity's case, Alphas."

Flashback

Danny was growing tired of interviewing suspects who were merely catty jealous girls who were eyeing the triplets. That really didn't fit the profile when it came to who would be organised enough to capture the Luna. The next three suspects insisted on being interviewed all together. Sandra, Tonya and Avery. The triplets' most recent ex girlfriends. These girls were allegedly dumped for Chasity.

They strutted into the room on five inch heels. They were all different colour mini dresses. The redhead with piercing green eyes was Sandra and she wore red. She seemed to be the ringleader and was the eldest Alpha's ex. Tonya had olive skin and straight, black hair with deep brown eyes. She wore blue and was Felix's ex. Avery was a pixie-like blond with large blue eyes. She was dressed in yellow and was Calix's ex.

The girls all sat facing Danny. They had defiant looks on their expertly made-up faces. They did not utter a greeting. They just waited

for Danny to say something.

"Hey girls, I'm the P.I. and my name is Danny. It's nice to meet you," he said, grinning. The girls nodded feebly and smiled faintly.

"So, were you the triplets' exes?" Danny asked.

"Yes," said Sandra the leader. "I am Alex's ex. Tonya used to date Felix and Avery was with Calix."

"What were the triplets like as boyfriends?" Inquired Danny.

"They were romantic, attentive," said Tonya.

"How long were you dating the triplets?" Danny asked.

"Maybe five weeks," Avery said, eyeing the tape recorder.

Chapter 38: Deidre and her D...

"Did you girls know Chasity while you were dating the triplets" Asked Danny.

"Yeah, vaguely," said Sandra.

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

"The triplets complained about her from time to time. Also, we had thought her name was Charity with an R not Chastity with ans

because the triplets called her Charity," said Avery. The other two girls nodded.

"On the triplets 'twenty first birthday, did you know it was also Chasity's eighteenth birthday?" He asked.

They all shook their heads.

“When did the triplets break up with you?” Asked the P.I.

The girls were getting agitated by all these questions and it showed. Good. Danny liked to agitate people a bit. They were more

truthful that way. Too emotional to fabricate effective lies.

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

“And it was via text!” Complained Avery.

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

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

The girls got nervous. “We just talked to her that’s all!” Insisted Avery.

“We told her the truth,” said Sandra with a satisfied smirk.

“What truth did you tell her?” Danny asked rubbing his chin.

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

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

Tonya fidgeted uncomfortably in her chair. “I’m paraphrasing.”

“So after you confronted Chasity...”

They cut him off. “She vomited on us!” Blurted out Avery.

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

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

“What did you girls think when you found out Chasity was missing?” Danny said.

"That she'd run off to find her parents!" Said Sandra immediately.

"Hmm so what were you girls doing around the time Chasity was allegedly kidnapped?" Asked Danny.

"We went to a bar, after the party, after we'd cleaned up a bit," said Sandra. "We needed to destress," added Tonya. Avery smiled.

"Ok, what bar?" Danny asked. He would definitely find out if they had really been there or not.

"The Serpent's Tongue," said Sandra.

Danny stiffened. "That's a pretty rough crowd. You girls were comfortable there?"

Sandra shrugged.

"Anything interesting happened at this bar?" Danny said.

"Yeah!" Piped up Avery and her two friends stared at her. "We met a celebrity, a supermodel! Well, an ex supermodel. She's retired. Deirdre Binx. She was with this young hot guy. All those retired supermodels have boy-toys!" Said Avery with a laugh.

"Did you talk to her?" Ask Danny,

"Of course!" Said Avery. "I asked for an autograph. She talked to me for like fifteen minutes! The model looking boyfriend had left to

go somewhere so we all got to chill at the bar with her!"

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

"Before." Asked Danny. "What do you mean?"

"Deidre knew the party throwers 'family and she was there at the party for a short time. She was there early! And left before the triplets and Chasity came and the whole womit incident happened," hulled ronya.

"What was a big celebrity doing hanging around ?" Asked Danny.

"She said she was visiting an old friend," said Tonwu.

"Did she say who." He asked. They shook their heads, Danny knew Deidro and been the best friend of Chalice, Chasity's mother. How interesting that Chasity goes missing on the night Deidre swung into town. He know who he would be interviewing next.

End of Flashback

The triplets were quiet, listening to the conversation playback on the tape recorder. “The interesting thing,” said Danny. “Is that Deidre was photographed at a Hollywood event that night.” “So the girls were lying about running into her?” Asked Alex.

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

The triplets fixed Danny with confused stares but Chance nodded as though it were all starting to make sense to him.

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Chapter 39

Chapter 39: Interum Vivere

Chasity's POV

I woke up in the immaculately white room in my spotlessly white clothes. I felt like I was in a weird dream. Everything monochromatic. It was a little difficult to look at. Sharp. It hurt my eyes. The only relief was the colours of photographs of all the

supermodels in their vibrant makeup and clothing. I sighed.

I believed it was my third day of being kidnapped but I had become unsure. I felt that Dante or Maurice or “Boss” was putting something in my food. Something to make my senses and perception dull. There was no reason why I should not be able to connect with my three alpha mates if I was still on their territory.

Suddenly, I felt my neck throb, and I felt the marks. The three silvery marks were burning. I rushed to the bathroom to look in the mirror. The marks were angry and red. There was something sticky on them like a salve. I gasped. I grabbed a piece of tissue and wiped off the cream. Someone had put something on my marks! I washed my neck with cool water. That soothed the burning. I kept treating the area and the searing pain slowly subsided. The skin was still irritated but it was just a bit pink.

My golden skin was back to looking healthy after it had begun to glow. It wasn't gleaming anymore like it did on my trip with the triplets. I was back to shitty eating habits and stress, that's why. And now, I couldn't afford to be unhealthy! I gingerly touched my lower belly. I wondered how far along I was.

Dante came into my room just then and quickly rushed into the bathroom, his eyes wild. He must've thought for a moment that I'd escaped. I stared at him blankly. I was seething but I didn't want to start an argument.

"I'm right here," I said plainly.

"I can see that," he snarled.

Prick.

"Did you put something on my marks?" I asked softly.

Dante fidgeted uncomfortably. It was a very quick almost imperceptible movement but I spotted it. He did put something on

them.

"Why would you do that?" I asked.

Dante just glared at me.

"You're a werewolf, you know just as well as anyone else those marks cannot be removed. They're permanent," I said, trying to stop my brown eyes from turning black with rage. How dare he try to remove my mates' marks. That was beyond heinous. I'd never even

heard of such a thing.

Dante shrugged. "It was magic. I thought it would work," he said.

I must have lost my mind for a second. Temporary insanity. I lunged at him and tackled him to the ground, canines bared. I wanted to rip him to shreds.

Third Person

"Doppelgängers," said Chance, from where he sat at the booth in the cafe.

The triplets and Danny just stared at him. The triplets were sitting across from Danny and everyone's coffee remained mostly untouched besides the P.I. who was on his third cup.

"Doppelgängers!" Chance said. "Lookalikes!"

Silence.

"Celebrity doppelgängers?" Said Chance.

"You're not making any sense. Explain what you're talking about," said Alex sternly, knitting his thick naturally arched brows together.

"A doppelgänger is a lookalike, a double of a person..." began Chance,

"Look who you're talking to!" Snapped Felix. "We

know what doppelgängers are. We get what you mean by lookalikes but so what?"

Felix widened his eyes and gestured to his identical triplet brothers

Calix tried to be helpful. "Ok, so the retired supermodel who may or may not be dead has a doppelgänger!"

"Almost." said Danny. "Deidre is dead! Chance saw her body and I trust him. The first doppelgänger of Deidre, the first lookalike

would be the one who went on to become a famous supermodel after the real Deidre died or rather was murdered."

"Good, ok," said Alex, nodding, complimenting Danny's deductive reasoning not the murder.

"So there's a third one then, since you have a pic showing one Deidre at the party we all went to with...Chasity," said Felix, sighing deeply. He had dark circles under his baby blue eyes and his skin was a bit paler than usual. Being apart from their mate had hit the middle triplet particularly hard.

"And you also have a pic showing Deidre at some bar, the Serpent's Tongue, around the same time," Felix surmised.

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

Alex smiled.

"Look at Baby Boy Calix, figuring s**t out," said Felix clapping his younger sibling on the back.

"Someone killed Deidre and took over her life, continued on living as her. Realised all her potential, became a supermodel. The

person even took her life's dream," said Alex.

"That's sad," said Felix softly. "The Deidre doppelgänger is better at her life than she was."

"Well, that might be because the doppelgänger is obviously superhuman in some way," said Calix.

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

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

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

"You're missing one," smirked Felix. "In summer, there's nothing, it's just empty," said Calix.

"Now, that is sad!" Said Felix.

"Focus!" Said Alex. Calix and Felix straightened.

"Sorry, Alex, I haven't slept properly in days. It's impossible without Chasity," mumbled Calix, the youngest Alpha.

"The sooner we figure this out, the sooner we can save Chasity and all take a nap," said Alex, ruffling Calix's hair,

"When I get my hands on Chasity, there'll be no napping," said Felix slyly.

Alex nudged Felix sharply in the ribs.

"Hey!" Felix protested. Alex nodded towards Chance, Chasity's grandfather who was glaring at Felix.

Felix smiled at him sheepishly. "Uh, that's because we'll stay up talking. We have really long deep chats together. Our relationship is very spiritual, intellectual as well," explained Felix.

Chance's glare remain unchanged.

"All signs are pointing to Deidre. No more stalling. Let's find her and get the truth somehow," said Alex redirecting the conversation.

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

"You mean Chasity's parents," corrected Alex.

"And yours," said Danny, frowning.

"What?" Asked Felix sharply.

"They double dated there from time to time seeing as your mom and Chasity's dad were step siblings who actually got along," said Danny, reaching into his briefcase.

? He took out a photo and showed it to the triplets. Two girls in embroidered bellbottom jeans and crops tops with billowing fishtail sleeves were standing with two men in pale jeans and plain white tees under jean jackets. The triplets easily recognised the younger

versions of their parents as one of the couples. The other couple comprised of a blond man with wavy long hair and a mocha skinned aid with curly dark hair. Chasity's parents. All four youngsters were smiling for the camera and huddled together.

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

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

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

Felix sighed. So his parents had even liked Chasity's parents once upon a time including Chasity's mother. That made his parents' mistreatment of Chasity even worse. He wished she were sitting right here, between him and Alex, pondering over her menu, taking forever to order. Her smell would be heavenly as always and she would snap at him for trying to order for her. Then she would feel guilty

and be sweet to him. He missed her sassiness.

"Felix!" Said Alex.

"We're going!" Said Calix.

"Where?" Asked Felix.

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

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The serpent's tongue was a hole in the wall of a bar. It was on the outskirts of the parklands, not the ideal location for a business establishment. The indoor heating there was not working well so it was exceptionally cold inside the bar. It was snowing outside. The triplets' pack lands had a six month winter, usually spanning from October to March. During the other six months, it was still quite cold but the snow was gone, the flowers bloomed and the ice melted so the rivers ran and fish swam upstream to spawn.

The triplets were shocked to see a graffiti painting on the side of the bar depicting the full moon with the snake curled around it. There was a latin phrase painted in red letters on the moon: Iterum vivere.

"What does that mean?" Asked Danny, snapping a picture of it. "Live again," said Chance. "It's latin for live again!"

The five walked into the cold bar. There were shabby wooden barstools at the bar and surrounding all the high tables. The countertops were all a dark green. The walls were plastered with autographed framed photographs of celebrities. Many of the celebrities had also written lines praising the bar.

How did the people who own this place get all these high profile people to come here and lie on their autographed photos? This place is a dump, said Felix in the minds of the five.

Calix and Alex nodded. It was suspicious. They all sat at the bar. The bartender was human to their surprise. She introduced herself as Destiny. She was a petite, pale, freckled young woman with vibrant red hair. She encouraged them to all get some beers. The temperature of the place kept all the bottles chilled. There was no need for a freezer really but there was one. Destiny did not seem the slightest bit afraid surrounded by all these werewolves. To the contrary, she seemed one of the most relaxed people there as if she were quite at home in the freezing cold werewolf bar. She was not even dressed warmly. She wore a knee length checkered pink and white uniform with a white apron and pink loafers. Her legs were bare.

"How are you not an icicle by now?" Asked Calix, sipping his beer.

She laughed and put her hand to cover her mouth. Calix glimpsed the snake around the moon tattoo near her elbow. Calix frowned.

Had moon snake venom made this human powerful enough to handle the same weather as werewolves. Suddenly, the placid smile slid from Destiny's face.

"Dante!" Said Destiny. "What happened to you?"

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Chapter 40
Chapter 40: Reminiscent

Chasity's POV

"You're a werewolf, you know just as well as anyone else those marks cannot be removed. They're permanent," I said, trying to stop my brown eyes from turning black with rage. How dare he try to remove my mates' marks. That was beyond heinous. I'd never even

heard of such a thing.

Dante shrugged. "It was magic. I thought it would work," he said.

I must have lost my mind for a second. Temporary insanity. I lunged at him and tackled him to the ground, canines bared. I wanted

to rip him to shreds.

Dante was so stunned. He actually froze as we fell to the ground with me on top of him. My claws came out as I scratched at his torso and his face. He recovered and grabbed my wrists, squeezing until it was painful. I screamed. He stood up and tossed me back onto my bed. He roared at me, his own eyes turning my black. His canines were pointed and extended to his lower lips. I was panting. Slowly, my eyes lightened from black to their usual warm brown. My nails and teeth returned to normal. My wrists were throbbing. Dante returned to normal too, still glaring at me, now with pink scratches all over him. I stared at him, waiting for the scratches to fade.

"Don't ever do that again!" He warned.

I knew he could have killed me if he wanted to. He was much stronger. He was alpha material. I was no match for him really. I

doubted he would kill me though. One of my alphas would obviously kill him in retaliation and he still did not know if I was pregnant or not. My eyes filled with tears. It was all so unfair. I hadn't asked for any of this.

Dante's expression softened a little. I curled up into a ball on the bed and cried.

"Chasity," was all he said. He was silent for a long time.

"You need to pull yourself together," he said.

"Why would you try to erase my mates' marks?" | sobbed. "Why must you take everything from me?"

Dante sighed. He sat down, slumped against the door that separated my prison of a bedroom from the rest of the house or whatever

it was.

"I'm sorry," he said softly.

"You are," I mumbled.

"I...you...remind me of someone," Dante said.

I stared at him through blurry tear-filled eyes. I blinked, allowing the tears to escape.

"Who?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter...but because you remind me of someone...it helped seal your fate," Dante said.

"Seal my fate?" I asked.

"She asked me to choose," he whispered.

What the hell was he talking about?

"She as in the boss," I said.

He nodded.

"What were you asked to choose? Me?" I asked, horrified. He had picked me out. Who were his other options?

"You were a candidate anyway, but because of...me...she found you the most appealing," he said.

I was fed up.

Just tell me what you intend to do to me. It's the least you could do if you truly are a bit remorseful about it," I said, sniffing

He got up suddenly and cupped my face in his hands. His nose was very close to mine. "Don't you dare," I warned. I belonged to my triplets.

"I'm not going to do anything," he promised. "Your eyes are different than hers but other than that. Yeah. Like a perfect match."

"Congratulations, your reward for the most vague speech in the villain category is on its way," I muttered yanking my face away and scrambling across to the corner.

He snorted with laughter.

"She was funny too," he said.

"Oh, really, did she have hair and a face?" I asked.

I was tired of his bullshit. He was probably making stuff up to distract me from how angry I was about the marks.

"Yeah," he said, grinning. "She had long curly dark blonde hair and really sweet innocent face."

I glared at him.

"Like a little fairytale character," he said.

I was silent.

"Like Goldilocks," he said.

I rolled my eyes.

"The name Chasity is so...bleh. I'm going to call you Goldilocks for the time being," he said.

"You can call me whatever you like but I'll only answer to Chasity," I said dryly.

He scowled. There was the Dante I knew. "Suit yourself," he snapped, storming out.

Third Person

The five looked up to see a large werewolf, tall and broad-shouldered with a scowl on his chiseled face. The man was covered in fine

pink lines, scratch marks. Dante frowned at Destiny, upset that she had made a spectacle out of him. Dante spotted the triplets at the bar. He tried as hard as he could not to stiffen or react to them in any way. He had made an effort to hide her smell when he left the house. He

always did. He couldn't risk going up to the bar though. He sat near the wall on the other side of the bar. He hoped Destiny could take a

hint.

She came over, leaving the bar, drawing eyes to him. He scowled at her. He sighed and tried to look deeply interested in his menu. The menu had almost nothing on it. He grumbled to himself. He chanced a glance at the triplets who were deep in conversation. He felt a little relief.

"What do you want to drink, Da..." Destiny began.

He flashed her his black eyes and she stopped talking. "A beer, ok," he said softly.

"Ok," she mumbled. She brought a beer thankfully without asking which one. She opened it for him with the opener on her belt. She looked at him blankly. He usually made small-talk with her. He was regretting that now. She took a deep breath and walked back to the bar. He strained his ears, listening to the triplets. There were two others with them. One he recognised as Danny, the private investigator the triplets had hired to interview the pack members on the suspect list. His boss's informant had found that out, asking questions around the pack lands. Who was the older werewolf? Dante had not seen him around before. Where had he been hiding? Clearly he was important for some reason. He was at ease with the three alphas and the P.I., eagerly contributing to the conversation. Who was he?

"...Deidre Binx..."

Dante caught the name. He was all ears,

Felix was staring at the P.I. with a frown, his eyes narrowed. "So once we're done with all the leads here, you think it makes sense to hop on a plane to LA? What if Chasity is still here in the pack lands? We locked the pack lands down remember? She's more likely to be here."

"She could be here or she could be anywhere," Alex said. "The point is to connect all the dots and one of the biggest enigmas here is Deidre Binx and her lookalikes. I don't know whether we should be tailing the one spotted here or the one simultaneously spotted in LA so let's try to track down both.!"

Calix nodded. "Cover all the bases. We need to be on the lookout for other members of the Furina Ornata who might know

something. So we should be keeping an eye out for that tattoo!"

"Definitely," said the older werewolf. "Not all members knew each other. Far from it. There were different pockets with different

goals. Only the moon snake and the amazing power-giving properties of its venom connected them.

Finally the pink scratches were fading. The little she-wolf's scratches had taken surprisingly long to heal. Dante was glad they were finally going away. Dante was also glad he was wearing boots that covered his ankles because one of those ankles bore a tattoo of the full moon with a snake curled around it.