

## Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J Chapter 41

Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J

Chapter 41

Chapter 41: Sount

Chapter 41: Sænt

Third Person Calix was preparing to work his irresistible charm on this human bartender. He sighed to himself, making sure she heard him. His

mind-linked his brothers to be quiet and let him do the talking. They scowled at him but were quiet. Danny and Chance were on either end of the triplets. All five were leaning on the bar with a beer in front of them each. Destiny, the human bartender, turned to Calix when

he sighed.

“Can I get you anything else?” Asked Destiny.

Calix frowned and shook his head. He put his head in his hands. Bartenders were therapists who happened to sell and mix drinks. They couldn't resist the troubled.

“Wanna talk about it?” Asked Destiny.

The last handsome werewolf she had befriended was being a jerk today. She should really stay clear of all of them but she decided what the heck? This one seemed sweet. There was something unassuming about his demeanour, something safe and gentle. He smiled

slightly and shrugged.

“I'm all ears,” said Destiny, pulling up a chair on her side of the bar and sitting with her chin propped up on her hands.

“I'm trying to find this girl,” said Calix. “The Luna, Chasity!” Said Destiny. Everyone on the pack lands knew she was missing. Even several neighbouring packs were

aware,

“I do want to find my mate but I was trying to find someone I heard was in town but it's probably a stupid rumour,” muttered Calix. “You're going to think it's so dumb.”

“I won't!” Promised Destiny.

"You see, I'm a huge fan of that model competition show where they pick a couple girls from several packs across werewolf country," said Calix, his eyes lighting up.

Destiny snorted with laughter, covering her mouth. "She-wolf Supermodel Search?"

"That's the one!" Said Calix. He blushed. "I know, don't judge me."

"I can't imagine an alpha watching that," giggled Destiny.

"It's Baby Boy Calix's favourite show!" Exclaimed Felix with a smirk.

"He never misses a single episode!" Added Alex.

Calix glared at his elder brothers. He'd asked them both to be quiet.

"Anyway," said Calix. "The retired supermodel who coaches them was in town supposedly."

Destiny nodded emphatically. "She doesn't coach anymore though! She moved on to host a show on the Chomp Network."

"Snack Pack Attack!" Exclaimed Chance. "I love that show!"

"What's that about?" Wondered Danny out loud.

"Pairs of chefs from different packs compete. Every episode they have to make a snack in record time and the judges pick the best

one..." began Chance.

"I don't watch that," said Calix quickly. "I only watch Deidre Binx's show!" Insisted Calix. Destiny's eyes lip up. "Deidre Binx!" "Yeah, that's her name!" said Calix.

"She was here!" Whispered Destiny excitedly, jumping up and down a little.

Calix's eyes widened. "Is she still in town? Do you think she'd sign an autograph for me?"

Destiny paused, thinking about it. "Her boyfriend or whoever he is...he's moody. He's pretty grumpy," mumbled Destiny.

"Was he mean to you?" Asked Calix.

"He was nice at first but he showed up today acting like a jerki" Said Destiny.

"Where is he?" Asked Calix.

“Oh, he left,” mumbled Destiny, wiping a wet beer mug with a dish towel. “So if he’s in town then Deidre Binx is too,” Calix concluded.

“I shouldn’t tell you this,” whispered Destiny. “But I know where they’re staying!”

Calix leant in. Destiny whispered in his ear. A smile slowly spread onto the youngest alpha’s face.

This was the address that Destiny had whispered to Calix but it looked like it was one of the huge mansions in the same area where Moxie and Roxie had thrown their party. The house was made of grey stone and brick. It stood out against the lily-white freshly fallen snow. The youngest alpha went neglected to ring the doorbell. He prowled around the side of the house, checking windows and doors to see if anything had been open. There was no such luck. At least, not on the ground floor.

“Look, Calix,” hissed Alex, pointing upwards.

At the side of the huge house, on the first story above them, there was an open window. A wide open window. Should they just sneak in? Calix was already climbing onto Felix’s shoulders so that he could reach the open window. Felix hoisted him up through the open window. Calix gave them a thumbs-up from the upstairs window.

“Should we all go through the window?” Asked Felix.

“Calix,” hissed Danny quietly. “Let us in one of the doors on the ground floor.”

Calix nodded. He pointed to the back. Danny, Chance, Felix and Alex made their way to the back door of the house to wait for Calix to let them in.

The youngest alpha was taking his time exploring the first floor on his way to the ground floor back door. The mansion had grey stone walls and floors with high ceilings. All of the decor had a medieval feel to it. It reminded him of a castle. He wondered what year the house had been built. Every item in the house seemed like an antique, a relic from the past. A few of the rooms had impressive fireplaces. The ornaments and paintings that adorned the house depicted two things mainly beautiful women and foxes. The youngest alpha did not notice it at first. He marvelled at the oil paintings and the marble sculptures, impressed by the talent of the artists. After several paintings and sculptures in a row Calix noticed the theme. There were foxes present in almost every art piece especially the paintings. They were usually skulking in the background or peaking out from behind a tree trunk or just coming out of their den. That made sense. Foxes were stealthy. The beautiful women were always prominently displayed, lavishly dressed and out in the open, being admired or fawned over. What an interesting fascination the art collector had? Was it all from the same artist? The styles suggested otherwise.

Calix! What are you doing? Let us in! Demanded Alex, his tone annoyed.

Calix hurried to find a staircase but then he caught a whiff of something. A beautiful scent. Only one person in the world smelled that good to the alpha. It was his mate! He tailed the scent, all thoughts of finding a staircase and getting to the back door forgotten. The aroma actually led him to a staircase. It was stronger downstairs. He found a dining room with a huge fireplace. There was a long table made from very heavy wood, simple and sturdy. There were only two chairs very far apart at the huge table. Her scent coated the tabletop.

CALIX! Felix was impatient. Calix knew how crazy the middle alpha could get about their mate. Calix hurried to the back door through the maze-like mansion. He opened the latch from the inside and let his brothers, Chance and the P.I. in.

I found Chasity's scent, he said over mind-link to the others, in case there were people here although he had not yet encountered any.

They followed Calix to the tabletop where he had smelled Chasity. Felix rubbed the straight bridge of his nose with his index finger

Something is weird about it. It's different somehow. It's still amazing but there's a new element to it,

Felix said over mind-link.

They're using magic to mute the scent and weaken it to hide her better, I said Chance, his eyes narrowed in anger.

Yeah, agreed Danny. Her scent has been watered down. It'll help the kidnappers hide too so you won't smell her on them.

Felix let out a low growl. Alex shot him a warning look, putting a finger to his own lips.

said Felix. The middle alpha was

When I get my hands on the people who took Chasity, I'm going to peel their skin off their flesh, seething

Calix started showing the others all the depictions of foxes and girls wondering if that meant something. They moved room to room. They came across a bedroom with an adjacent bathroom that smelled so strongly of Chasity that Calix curled up on the bed just to be surrounded by her scent for a little while. Alex patted his back.

We don't have time for this, ok, Calix, we have to keep moving,

said Alex gently. It seems like she was here but isn't now.

They must have taken her to a second location. I can find out from the real estate company who was leasing this house or who

owned it and we can get from there, said Danny.

Fumed Felix, annoyed he couldn't figure out what it was. Yes they were

Something else is different about Chasity's scent though! masking her scent but her scent itself was different it was...

Alex's hand shot out and grasped Felix's upper arm. Everyone was startled by the sudden movement.

What?! Asked Felix.

I know why Chasity's scent is different, Alex said. The eldest alpha's heart was racing.

Why's it different? Asked Calix, getting worried.

The eldest alpha looked at his younger brothers, eyes glassy and wide. They needed to find Chasity and get her away from those

kidnappers as soon as possible. She would need them more than ever at this time.

The new element is another person...a baby...Chasity's pregnant.

Chasity's POV

I was becoming certain that this chic room with all the beautiful models staring at me from their framed photographs was in a different house. I hoped I was still on the pack lands and within range of my alphas. Dante had not come back since I had scratched him. Maurice had not checked on me today either. There was a knock at the door. I jumped a little. A kidnapper was knocking? A kidnapper

who respected my privacy? That seemed contradictory.

"Come in?" I said, my tone very unsure and practically a question.

The door opened. It was a girl. Her skin was as pale as the moon and her hair as dark as the night's sky. She was tall, thin and willowy.

She observed me with large round dark brown eyes. She was dressed in all white also, white overalls over a white T-shirt. She was the

first woman I had seen and the boss was female according to Dante. My heart was racing and my breathing hitched in my throat.

“Are you Boss?”

## Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J Chapter 42

Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J

Chapter 42

Chapter 42: Haute Couture

Chapter 42: Haute Couture

Chasity's POV

“Are you Boss?” I asked the tall, willowy girl with her almost silvery pale skin and midnight black hair.

She smiled and giggled, covering her mouth with her hands.

“No of course not. I’m not Madamel Madame is out,” she said softly.

“Is this a brothel?” I asked, my stomach in knots. Madame? Was this young girl a former kidnap victim too made to work for Madame,

“No, no,” said the girl. “I’m June.”

“Hey June,” I said softly.

“Hi, Luna Chasity,” she replied with another faint smile. “This is a modelling agency and a spiritual centre.”

Huh?

“What a strange combination,” I commented.

love her

“Madame handpicks us to model for her agency but she also acts as a spiritual adviser. Some people in Hollywood teachings. She has quite the loyal following because if it,” said June.

“So she kidnapped me so I can model?” I asked incredulously, feeling as though this situation was even weirder than I had ever imagined. “I’m short,” I added as if that would help make them let me go. I had no interest in being a model, especially not for Madame Boss.

June giggled again. “No, of course not! You won’t be one of her models but you’re very special to her. She told me how special you are and that I have to help take care of you.” June explained

I felt so uneasy. June was trying her hardest to be friendly toward me despite my unenthusiastic response. I was so tired of all the vague half answers.

“I want to meet Boss or Madame or Madame Boss,” I said simply.

“As soon as possible,” I added seriously. To my utter surprise, June opened the door wide, holding it open for me.

I cautiously approached, hoping it was not some trap.

“You’re taking me to see Boss?” I asked June. I was hopeful but wary at the same time.

“Eventually,” said June. “For now, let’s meet the others.”

Third Person

The new element is another person...a baby...Chasity’s pregnant, said Alex to his three brothers over mind-link.

Felix felt as if a band was constricted around his heart and his lungs. He couldn’t breathe properly and there was so much pain in his

chest. He knew his brothers felt the same way.

I know she’s ok, murmured Felix. She has to be, she has to be, she has to be, the middle alpha repeated like a mantra, almost as if he

said it enough times, it would surely become or remain true.

We’re gonna find her, said Calix confidently. And once we do, we’ll never let her out of our sight again.

Yeah, we’ll find her and the rest of her pregnancy will be spent safe with us, said Alex reassuringly.

Felix could not help but wonder how scared she might be, for herself but also for the baby. Chasity was soft-hearted at times. What if she felt sick? What if she were nauseated, vomiting, in pain? Who would take care of her? Was she being fed enough for two? Was she warm enough at nights? It was always cold on their pack lands even when the six-month winter ended.

Felix, stop torturing yourself with questions. Let's focus on the investigation. The sooner we find Chasity, the sooner we can put this

all behind us and make her kidnappers pay!

Felix gritted his teeth. His elder brother was right. After the five had combed and swept every inch of the castle-like residence, they

realised it was truly devoid of all people. Chasity was no longer here. They hoped she was still close.

"Find out who owns this house and if they were renting it out to anyone!" Said Alex to Danny.

Danny nodded. "Will do. Also, I'm arranging for us to meet Dexter Sharpe in the interim while we're tracking down Deidre Binx."

"That's the conspiracy theory guy who was friends with Chase, Chasity's father?" Asked Calix.

Danny nodded.

The triplets, Danny and Chance didn't waste any time. They met with Chase's old best friend as soon as he would allow it. Luckily for them, Dexter Sharpe agreed to meet with them the very same day. They met him at his home which was not too far away from the lookout point Domino. Calix smiled sadly as they drove past the lookout point. He touched the mark on his neck. Her smell, her eyes, her hair, her voice. They were all so vivid in his memory and his imagination. He could summon the memories of her so easily. He was terrified of them fading as time passed. It would be like losing her twice. He reminded himself she was not lost forever.

The house was dilapidated. It was a narrow but long one-storey wooden home that had not been painted or perhaps every bit of paint had peeled off. The wood had black spots here and there. Calix peered at it more closely. Black mould! Chance pulled him

back.

"Be careful, son, you could get sick!" Warned Chance, tugging on his shoulder. Calix was an Alpha. He was much tougher than that but he just smiled at the older werewolf, grateful for the concern.

"Thanks, Grandpa," said Calix sincerely, moving away from the mould.

Chance beamed.

Felix was already standing on the shaky porch and banging on the rickety door. The door opened abruptly and Felix halted his fist in midair. He grinned sheepishly at the man behind the door as he lowered his fist and put it in the pocket of his coat.

“Dexter Sharpe?” Felix said, raising his eyebrows.

The man stepped out a little from behind the door. He was tall and thin with a gaunt face and large watery blue eyes. His hair was thin and brown. He had very fuzzy eyebrows like two caterpillars that had taken up residence above his eyes. He did move his fingers often, wiggling them, as the triplets’ mother had described. Alex wondered if he had a nervous system disorder. The man had a strange affect but seemed good-natured enough. Instead of answering Felix directly, he launched into a performance.

“Dexter Sharpe?” Parroted the man. “You are under arrest! You have the right to remain silent! Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law! You had the right to an attorney. If you can’t afford one, one will be appointed to you...”

“Ok,” said Felix holding his gloved hands up, palms facing forwards, signalling for Dexter to stop. “Our mate, Chasity, is missing!” Said the middle alpha slowly as though each word was physically painful to utter. The man stopped his quoting and nodded, his expression grave.

“Time is of the essence,” said Felix, pleading with the man with his eyes. “Are you Dexter Sharpe?” Felix repeated softly.

“Yes!” Said the man. Felix breathed a sigh of relief. Dexter led them into his house. It was crammed from ceiling to floor with tall shelves and each shelf filled with video tapes, cassettes, CDs, DVDs and books.

There was a television on a stand with more books piled around it. There was a living room set somewhere under the piles of media. Dexter moved a few stacks of DYDs off of a seat on the couch. Calix insisted that Chance as the eldest present take the seat. The rest stood.

“We’re sorry for any inconvenience if you were busy or anything...” began Calix.

“Oh, no!” Said Dexter. “I am ready for this moment!”

“So you have an idea of why we’re here?” Asked Alex.

“It’s all over the news! I have all of it recorded! Would you like to watch it?” Asked Dexter.

“No! That’s ok!” Said Felix quickly.

"Your story...the triplet alphas...Chasity's disappearance! It's all over the news!" Said Dexter, twiddling his thumbs nervously.

"What do you know about Chasity?" Asked Calix.

"Past, present or future?" Inquired Dexter, gesturing behind him, next to him and in front of him respectively.

"Start at the beginning," instructed Felix.

2/3

Dexter shrugged. He looked sad all of a sudden. "Chase was my best friend. My only friend," whispered Dexter.

"I'm really sorry," said Calix softly.

"I'm really sorry! About your mate! Little Luna Chasity!" Exclaimed Dexter.

"Well, she's not dead!!" Said Chance suddenly, the older werewolf clutching his chest. Calix rubbed his back.

"I know, I know. Neither is Chase," said Dexter

Third Person (Somewhere in LA)

"Deidre Binx. Supermodel. Fashionista. Mentor. Guru!" "That's what I want it to say," said the Charles von Charles. He was wearing all

leopard print today, everything faux. He wasn't an animal! He supported animal rights. He cradled his white Persian cat, Haute, to his chest. His black Persian cat, Couture, was strutting across his desk at his label, Charles von Charles.

"Do you see how Couture walks!" Exclaimed Charles. "The confidence neigh the arrogance, the I belong here and you don't of it all.

"That's how I want the girls to walk in my show!"

His assistant, Soya, was scrupulously taking notes, typing on his iPhone with one hand and writing on a planner with the other. Thank goodness his assistant was ambidextrous. That was the best hiring decision Charles ever made. Except for her. She was the best hiring decision Charles von Charles ever made. Soya would have to settle for second. He looked adoringly at the framed photograph of the supermodel on the wall of his office. There were many other supermodels gracing the wall, only the best girls, proficient in runway and in print. He discovered them and he also dressed them.

ms

as a

Haute dashed out of her father's arms and onto his desk to join her brother Couture. Haute was a snobby white fluff ball with blue eyes and Couture was a snobbier black fluffier ball with green or yellow eyes depending on the lighting. They did not work in harsh lighting. They were models too! Charles Smiled at his fur babies and then he looked back at his top model. Even retired she made him millions and millions picking and choosing what jobs she still did. Just the mention of her name made clothes and makeup sell.

And to think, Charles had found her soaking wet and confused, standing in the rain, staring into space, seeming ungainly on her long legs almost as if she didn't know her own body. He had made his chauffeur stop his stretch limo for her. Charles remembered it so

well.

He rolled down his window. Haute and Couture were not even been born yet. Their mother, Avant and her brother, Garde, were in

the car.

"Excuse me! Excuse me, Miss!" He called from the window, raising his voice so she could hear him above the wind and the rain.

She stopped in her tracks and turned her large almond-shaped eyes on him. Her skin was the colour of mocha, smooth and perfect. Her eyes were dark chocolate. Her face was oval-shaped, her neck long, her limbs willowy and fragile-looking. She had her hair pulled back but it was falling out of its ponytail. Her simple grey tunic dress was drenched but she made it look like fashion. She was fashion. Charles decided she was.

"What job do you do?" He asked, curious.

"Nothing," said the girl.

"How old are you?" He asked.

"Old enough."

"Do you want to model?" Charles.

"I want to get out of the rain," she said simply.

Charles' jaw dropped. She was ballsy. She was frank.

"Then get in the car," said Charles, opening the door.

She got in. Avant and Garde hissed in unison. Charles hushed them and waved for his chauffeur to continue driving. He had found a diamond in the rough or so he thought.

## **Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J Chapter 43**

Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J

Chapter 43

Chapter 43: Bodysnatchers? Chasity's POV

I followed June. I couldn't believe she was letting me out of the room. Should I make a run for it? We walked down a maze-like series of white-walled hallways with marble floors. I gasped when we came to a huge open high-ceilinged area. It was like we had stumbled upon an ancient temple right in the middle of this chic upscale house. There was a huge white stone fox statue right at the far end of the room. It was the centrepiece in an array of artwork. To either side of it were huge intricate paintings depicting colourful forests filled with flowers, girls and foxes. I

stared at the white stone fox. It was positioned as though it was about to land gracefully from a jump with one of its front paws just touching the floor. It was steady on a white base. Its hind legs were midair and its tails were pointed upwards. It had two tails. It was a two-tailed fox. I was strangely mesmerised by it. I walked up to it, so engrossed in examining its every detail that I did not realise all eyes were on me.

"Um, Luna Chasity!" Called June.

I looked around. I gasped and actually recoiled a little in surprise. There were several girls sitting on mats in the room as if they were in yoga class. Had they been praying? Exercising? I didn't want to offend anyone. I wasn't in the best position to ask a lot of questions but my curiosity got the better of me.

"What does the two-tailed white fox mean?" I asked, unsure what I meant. I didn't know how to outright ask if they worshipped the fox.

"The fox isn't a deity if that's what you're wondering," said a girl, standing up on her pink mat. She was tall and graceful with long wavy black hair and thick perfectly arched eyebrows. She had dark eyes and an olive complexion. She was wearing all white just like June.

"This is April," said June, gesturing towards the girl who had spoken.

"What happened to May?" I demanded before I could stop myself. I laughed at my own feeble joke. The silence that followed was awkward.

April and June exchanged panicked looks, their eyes wide.

Huh. What had happened to May? Had there really been a May? Wow. I was only joking. Were they all named after months?

“What is this place?” I asked.

“This is the School and Spiritual Centre,” said April. “Madame teaches us about modelling her. We walk for her and she makes us study the movements of cats and foxes so we will be inspired to move like them on the runway. She gives us spiritual advice too. This particular room is where we meditate.”

I wanted to ask if they had all come here willingly but April seemed very pro-Madame and not trustworthy. She seemed deeply indoctrinated. I doubted very much that the only reason for the huge stone fox was as an example of how to be graceful on the runway. Did these girls know that I was kidnapped?

Suddenly, there was a series of gongs and chimes. The girls all whispered excitedly, getting up from their so-called meditation mats.

“What’s happening?” I asked April and June. “Madame is here.” Third Person “Chase was my best friend. My only friend,” whispered Dexter. “I’m really sorry,” said Calix softly. “I’m really sorry! About your mate! Little Luna Chasity!” Exclaimed Dexter.

“Well, she’s not dead!!” Said Chance suddenly, the older werewolf clutching his chest. Calix rubbed his back.

“I know, I know. Neither is Chase,” said Dexter

“What do you mean?!” asked Chance indignantly, looking at Dexter as though he were a mad man. Chance narrowed his eyes. “I watched him buried. I found his body and Deidre’s and my own...m-m-my own...” :

Chance could not continue. Calix rubbed his shoulder. The older werewolf blew his nose in a tissue, overcome with emotion. He dabbed his eyes.

“I know you found bodies that looked just like theirs,” said Dexter.

Alex felt a chill creep across him. “What do you mean? Are you saying those bodies were planted there to be found? That those were not them? That they’re alive somewhere?” Alex asked a series of questions, eyes narrowed.

Dexter listened to the eldest alpha intently and answered each question one by one. “I mean that magic can easily make one thing look like another. Chance buried three bodies that greatly resembled Chalice, Chase and Deidre. Even perfect resemblances

perhaps but was DNA done to ensure these bodies were who we thought they were?" Asked Dexter.

"Yes, I'm saying those bodies were planted there to be found by someone not necessarily Chance. Anyone who would publicise the alleged deaths," continued Dexter.

"No, those were not them. Yes, they're alive somewhere. That is my belief," said Dexter. Alex was silent. Was Dexter onto some brilliant discovery or was he simply unhinged? "Where are they then?" Alex asked.

"That I can't tell you but I can tell you that the Deidre Binx who became a supermodel is an imposter and the real Deidre Binx has to be alive somewhere for that type of dark magic to work!" Whispered Dexter

"Explain how it works," said Calix eagerly. Was the youngest alpha buying this?

"I have it all documented.....," Dexter began to shuffle a huge stack of papers. "No, no, please, explain in words, paraphrase if you must," insisted Felix.

Dexter took a deep breath. "The rich and famous in werewolf country have bodysnatchers among them!" Warned Dexter.

Alex and Felix were silent. Chance had stopped crying but he did not look moved by this. Danny was looking at a row of DVDs. Only Calix seemed to be listening intently. The youngest alpha prompted Dexter to continue.

"The bodysnatchers are immortal just like werewolves but they have limitations. They need fresh bodies every time the old body wears thin. They are like parasites and the bodies are hosts. They pick bodies that are desirable in some way, maybe the person is beautiful, important or they envy the lifestyle the person has already or what the person has the potential to have," explained Dexter.

"They may fake the person's death in one place and carry on their life with that body in another place or they may just carry on living in the same place as them seamlessly. The first step is scouting or vetting," said Dexter. "Meaning they get information about what candidates are out there. The second step is selection. They pick the body they want and kidnap the person. The kidnapping is technically the third step, procurement. So after scouting, selection and procurement, they need to do step four. Preparation of the body for its host. The body must be empty spiritually speaking. They take the essence of the person out of the desired body and put it somewhere else."

"Somewhere else?" Asked Calix.

"In an animal, a different empty body, a statue, a doll, preferably in an animal. The next step is transference, transferring the consciousness of the bodysnatcher into this new

host body. The old host body might killed. The new body is now the bodysnatcher' until the snatcher needs another body!" Warned Calix.

"Ok, thank you," said Felix somewhat impatiently as he stood suddenly to leave.

"So Chalice and Chase and the real Deidre are in an animal or a doll or a statue or just re-trapped somewhere. It makes sense that Deidre's body could be being used by some diseases out of the way," said Calix, sounding fascinated.

Before Calix could hear the rest, he was being pulled away by his elder brothers. Calix glared at them later in the car.

"Calix, Dexter was filling your head with conspiracy theories and whatnot," snapped Felix." We didn't come to write a paranormal gossip tabloid rag. We're looking for Chasity!"

"I know, so am I," retorted Calix. "And I believe him. Chasity's parents are alive somewhere and so it the real Deidre Binx. The only person we need to confront next is the fake Deidre Binx!"

Felix sighed. Alex was of two minds. "Whether or not this bodysnatcher thing is true, we still need to confront Deidre so we will do that! But first, we need to visit A Fork in the Road cage-fighting club. They scheduled to have fights tonight, and I wanna see whose there. Some of them may have something to do with Chasity or her parents."

The eldest alpha was quite right about that as a certain Dante was fighting tonight.

## **Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J Chapter 44**

Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J

Chapter 44

Chapter 44: Mother Chasity's POV

I was terrified. I hid behind the group of models. Thankfully, their heights ranged from five feet and nine inches to five feet and eleven inches. At five feet and four inches, I was obscured from view as I crept along behind them, not even daring to peak out from behind someone's shoulder yet. I remembered when I would hide behind my six-foot-four triplets from the Luna. I smiled to myself. One day I would be reunited with them. I had to believe that. I would tell them I was having their baby and hopefully I could marry them before the birth. I wanted the wedding out of the way. I didn't even mind going on honeymoon while pregnant. Someone clapping their hands snapped my out of my daydream.

I gasped. I knew exactly who she was. I had even glimpsed her show a few times when one of the Calix's old girlfriends would obsessively watch it, cuddling with him, while I cleaned the living room. I felt a pang at that. I had to minimise stress for the baby. I

pictured myself watching television with Calix cuddling me. Felix's head would be in my lap as he stretched out on the couch. Alex would be on the other side of Calix and eventually I would stretch out and put my head in Alex's lap so he could play with my hair like he liked to do. I sighed.

She was almost six feet tall. She was dressed in a white pantsuit that fit her impeccably well and contrasted with her mocha chocolate skin. She had almond shaped brown eyes, high cheek bones and full lips. Her makeup was expertly done, smoky eyes with nude lips and countered cheeks further accentuating those cheek bones. Her hair had been straightened. It was black, sleek and glossy and hung a little past her shoulders. She raised a perfect eyebrow at the girls. Something about her mannerisms reminded me of a haughty cat. She was very feline for a she-wolf.

"Girls!" Called Deidre Binx, the retired supermodel turned model coach, clapping her manicured hands again. She was wearing thigh high white stiletto boots.

She was boss or Madame. "Good evening, Madame," chorused the girls. The girls had confirmed it for me.

"We have a very, very special new little Sister and I want you to give her a warm welcome. Step forward, Chasity!" Announced Deidre as though we were good friends and this had all been previously discussed.

I stumbled forwards, my mouth agape. "Welcome, Sister Chasity," said the girls in unison. "Welcome, welcome, Daughter Chasity," said Deidre softly. I was so confused. "Thank you, Mother, for bringing us a new Sister," said the girls in perfect harmony. "You are welcome, my daughters. Mother is pleased," said Deidre. I was pretty sure I was looking at them like they were all lunatics.

"I am so glad Chasity is settling in so nicely," commented Deidre. "I have a story to tell you, Daughters. Would you like to hear it?"

"If it pleases Mother," said the girls in their sing-song voices.

They all sat on their mats, cross-legged. A male servant in all white brought me a white mat. All the others had colours. Did the colours mean anything? I sat on my mat, cross-legged, at a loss for how else to react.

"When Madame was your age, she had two best friends. We three were inseparable!" Reminisced Mother, I mean Deidre, as she sat on a high stool brought forward by another male servant in white. All of the helpers were men. They seemed to be male models. My heart belonged to the triplets but one glance at each of them and I realised they were all jaw-droopingly handsome like my triplets, all from different parts of the

world based on their looks and the snatches of their accents I caught. What was this? A supermodel cult?

“Her very best friend was called Chalice,” Deidre said, gazing at me lovingly.

My inner she-wolf growled, sensing falsehood. Deidre did not seem sincere to her. I agreed with my she-wolf. I didn’t like hearing my mother’s name come out of her mouth. I remembered my mother, her gleaming skin and bright eyes, her laugh and smile. I smiled to myself.

“Chalice had a little girl of her own one day, Chasity,” said Deidre. The girls “aww-ed” at me. “Alas, my best friend, my soul-sister, Chalice was lost to me forever,” murmured Deidre. What? I yelped inwardly. My inner she-howl let out a mournful howl. “What?” I said, standing up.

The girls gasped. Deidre looked affronted but she quickly recovered her plastered-on smile.

“You’re supposed to say, ‘Mother, if it pleases you, may I ask a question?’ Hissed April angrily at me from her mat.

I gave her a look of disdain but quickly turned my attention back to Deidre. “What are you saying about my mother?” I asked, narrowing my eyes. “I’m saying she’s lost to me...” said Deidre. My heart was racing. “Meaning?” I demanded.

I knew what she meant but I couldn’t believe it. I just couldn’t. I’d waited nine years to turn eighteen and try to find my parents. They couldn’t be...

“Dead...Chalice, your mother, is dead, as is your father,” said Deidre, looking confused as though shocked I didn’t know.

The ground came up to meet me as I fainted Third Person

The triplet alphas were on their way to A Fork in the Road, a cage-fighting club. Their page online had advertised someone named Dante the Destroyer was fighting someone named the Blanch the Avalanche. Felix was driving, Calix was in the passenger seat, Alex was in the back and Danny and Chance were meeting them there.

Suddenly the middle alpha pulled over and parked. He was panting.

“What? Felix, what’s wrong?” Asked the eldest Alpha, Alex, worried about his younger brother.

Alex stretched over Felix’s front seat, gripping his shoulders and giving him a little shake. “Felix, talk to me,” said Alex.

“C’mon Felix, what is it?” Asked the youngest, Calix, who had been giving them the silent treatment previously due to their “narrow-mindedness” about the body snatchers.

“I felt dizzy just now,” admitted Felix softly. Alex frowned. He knew how hard it was for Felix to admit any weakness whatsoever. “I’ll drive,” offered Alex. Felix begrudgingly switched with Alex.

“It’s Chasity,” said Felix, his voice sounding strained. “She must be giddy. Ugh, my Baby, we have to hurry and figure out where she is. My Baby and my baby,” added Felix, referencing her bun in the oven and smirking a little.

“Or my baby,” said Calix. “Let’s call it our baby,” Alex said to his younger brothers.

“Felix, you haven’t been sleeping much or eating as much as usual. Those are contributing factors probably to the dizziness, I would think,” said Alex.

Felix shook his head. “My Baby Chasity is dizzy or something,” insisted Felix. “Our Chasity,” said Alex, smiling. “Then how come we aren’t all dizzy,” said Calix. “Chasity and I are just attuned to each other,” said Felix smugly.

Calix got upset. They were all short-tempered of late. Little to no sleep. Less food. No s\*x. They were accustomed to having all three necessities taken care of.

“Yet I took her virginity and I was her first kiss,” said Calix, just as smug as Felix. Felix snarled. “You were not her first kiss! I was!” The middle alpha recalled his argument with Chasity before Christmas leading up

To their dramatic kiss then Calix’s mistletoe kiss followed by Alex’s kiss in the small makeshift bedroom Chasity used to sleep in.

“Nope!” Said Calix. “I kissed her back when she was fourteen and I was seventeen. It was when the clock struck midnight on New Year’s.”

Felix gave a low growl. Calix snarled.

Alex made the car screech to a halt. “Enough! We’re here anyway, A Fork in the Road, cage fighting club.”

There was a neon blinking sign above a large one storey beginning. The blinking sign read Fight Tonight!

## **Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J Chapter 45**

Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J  
Chapter 45  
Chapter 45: Throwing Tantrums Chasity’s POV

I woke up back in the chic bedroom. I flew off the bed and launched myself at the door. I tugged on the knob with such force it came off in my hands. I roared in anger. Why?! What did Deidre Binx want from me? She claimed to be a friend of my dearly departed mother but she announced her death to me callously and kidnapped me! I started tearing apart the room. I smashed every framed photograph by tearing it off the wall and hurling it across the room or smashing it on the floor. There was glass everywhere.

Dante ran into the room after some initial difficulty with whatever damage I had done to the doorknobs. He was panting, worry evident in his face.

“What the f\*\*k are you doing?” He screamed.

“ME?!” I screeched. “What the f\*\*k are you doing? Why are you doing this to me? What do you want from me? Just let me go!!! Please!!!” I screamed, tears streaming down my face.

Dante seemed to be at a loss for words. I tried to rush past him out of the door, but he grabbed me, holding my arms still. I kicked and screamed with all my might.

“Please! Chasity! Stop! You’re not making this any easier on yourself!” Yelled Dante. “Who are you to Deidre?” I shrieked. “How does any of this concern you?” “Deidre is helping me,” snapped Dante. “WITH WHAT?!” I screamed.

“With getting my mate back!” He answered, his tone sounded defeated. He was panting. He released me.

I slumped onto the floor. Maurice was standing in the doorway blocking the exit.

“What?” I asked softly. I was totally spent. “...I chose you,” said Dante. “What does that mean?” I whispered, my eyes narrowed. “I chose you because you resemble my mate. I’m sorry,” said Dante, sighing.

“What happened to her?” I asked quickly, genuinely curious. I was leaning against the bed as I sat on the floor.

“She died,” he said softly. “How?” I asked. Dante sat on the floor also. His eyes had a faraway look to them.

“Werewolf hunters,” said Dante. Tears welled up in his eyes. He quickly wiped them away and took a deep shuddering breath. He shut his eyes tightly causing more tears to fall.

“I’m sorry,” I managed to say as my breathing rate and pulse slowed.

"Her name was Georgia but her nickname was Goldie," he said. He put his head in his hands.

"She wasn't very good at controlling herself. She had a short-temper. She shifted once in a human town in the middle of a diner and accidentally killed two people we had gotten in an argument with. One was the waitress and the other was the owner of the place. She wasn't perfect but I adored her beyond words," Dante paused. He took a deep breath.

"The town was tiny human town in the middle of nowhere. I didn't know they had a history of werewolf and vampire hunting," explained Dante

I stared at him, engrossed in the story.

"We sped away from the scene of the crime basically. These two cars raced after us. Apparently a group of people in the diner had either been hunters or known hunters. I'm not sure," said Dante, sniffing.

"They rained silver bullets dipped in wolfsbane on our car. One hit my Goldie right in the chest through her back. I was just relieved she didn't suffer long. I crashed the car. I was too distraught to focus or to want to live. The car went up in flames. I thought I would die too, but I didn't," he said, his eyes widening.

I stared at him.

"I woke up in the ICU covered in bandages. As fate would have it we had crashed into a tree near a retreat for some spiritual group. The people hosting it organised the ambulance. They were werewolves. My Goldie, my little Georgia, she was already gone. They worked on me till I got

better. My burns healed. Everything healed but I had no zeal for life anymore. Not without my mate. The leader of the weird group, the Mother or Madame took an interest in me. She helped me get revenge. We went together with some other members in the group and slaughtered every

single one of those werewolf hunters in cold blood Her mate had died too! And she said I reminded her of him. She said she...changed every fifty years or so," said Dante.

"What?" I said, narrowing my eyes and furrowing my brow. Changed? "She said she would do for me what I had done for her," Dante said, his voice shaking. "Which is what?" I asked, confused. "Replace my mate," said Dante, his eyes shimmering with tears.

It dawned on me. Him trying to erase my marks. Nicknaming me Goldie. He wanted to play house and have me replace Georgia but that was never gonna work. I couldn't replace her.

"I can't be your mate, Dante," I said gently. "I'm just not." Dante sighed. "There's more to it," he said simply. "I won't cheat on the triplets," I insisted.

"That's not a problem. You won't be you anymore," explained Dante, still not making sense to me.

What did that mean? Were they going to brainwash me? Erase my memories? What was going to happen to me and my baby? Surely Dante was not that huge of a monster to harm my baby or put my baby at risk.

"Dante, listen, please, I can't replace anyone. I'm so sorry for what happened...but I need my triplet alphas! We're bonded for life. I marked all three of them and I bear all three of their marks," I said as gently as I could, sincerely feeling sorry for him.

Dante shrugged.

I tried one more time. "Dante, listen, I'm pregnant for my triplet alphas. I'm engaged to them. It's a done deal."

There was a long pause of utter silence. Dante wiped his eyes.

"Engaged is not married. That's not a problem. Pregnant?" He said, nodding. "Now, that would be a problem," he said coldly.

My wolf snarled and I trembled a little. Triplets wherever you are come get mr right away! || mind linked hoping someone anyone could here.

Third Person

The Alpha triplets were shocked to find A Fork in the Road cage-fighting club packed with people, both werewolves and humans. There was even a witch or wizard or two and a sprinkling of vampires. Everyone was cheering and yelling. Most were standing, crowing around the cage where the fight would take place. The cage was cylindrical with a domed roof like a huge bird cage. The triplets noticed everyone was dressed to signify who they were supporting. Red for Dante the Destroyer and Icy Blue for Blanche the Avalanche. The triplets were thankful none of them were wearing red or blue. Felix was in all black as usual, Alex in all grey and Calix in all white. Each triplet essentially work a plain t-shirt with a pair of sweatpants, not wanting to dress up for a place like this. There were bets being placed. The walls were cluttered with pictures and memorabilia from past fights. There were booths lining the walls and these were almost all taken too.

"Get us a booth," said Felix to a short blonde human waitress walking by. She turned to scow! at him then got a proper look at him. Her eyes practically bulged out of her head. She licked her lips looking him up and down. She smiled and said, "Right this way, Sir."

She realised there were three of them and fanned herself with a menu.

“Lacey, what are you doing?” Said a pretty brunette she-wolf also in a waitress uniform. The uniform was a mini pink dress with short sleeves and a black apron over it. They all wore high-heeled black pumps with their hair in ponytails.

“What, Melissa?” Said Lacey, clearly annoyed at being interrupted. Was Mel trying to steal her customers.

“You can’t put them back there! These are the alphas,” said Melissa in hushed tones though the triplets could hear.

Lacey gasped and glanced the triplets again “She’s human sorry,” said Melissa quickly. “She had no idea.”

Melissa motioned for the triplets to follow her. She walked up a few steps leading to a slightly raised platform of booths that seemed as though it were for VIP guests only. The men here were in suits and seemed to be bidding thousands on the fight and ordering bottles of champagne by the bucket-load. Melissa turned to the triplets.

“Please, Alphas, choose where you would like in this section. I’m not sure if you wanna be up front or lowkey?” Said Melissa.

“Up front,” said Felix glaring at the cage. “Lowkey,” said Calix, glaring at Felix. “A comfortable medium would be nice, Melissa,” said Alex, reading her name-tag.

She blushed, nodded and put them in a middle booth with a clear view of the cage. “Anyone else joining you?” Melissa asked.

“Two more, Chance and Danny are their names,” said Alex showing Melissa a picture on his phone. “Please, very discreetly find them and bring them to us as soon as they get here,” instructed Alex, slipping a hundred dollar bill into her apron pocket.

Melissa grinned. “Yes, Alpha, thank you.” “Chasity would be so pissed if she were here,” said Felix sadly. “About Alex talking to the waitress. It’s just business,” said Calix. “Yeah but she gets jealous easily,” Felix said smirking. “If Chasity were here we wouldn’t be here,” muttered Alex, sighing. They all sighed in unison. Melissa reappeared with Chance and Danny. “Thank, Melissa, you’re a real one,” said Calix winking.

Melissa blushed and scurried away but had to come straight back realising she hadn’t taken anyone’s orders. All five ordered beers for now though no one was particularly interested in the drinks or food right now.

“What’s the point of being here when we need to be finding Deidre and questioning her?” Asked Calix, annoyed.

“We said from the beginning that we needed to check out all three people and all three places Mom spoke about when she told us about Chalice and Chase,” said Alex.

Felix was looking at the cage. The others followed his gaze. The announcer had a booming theatrical voice. The fans in red crowded one side of the cage and the fans in blue crowded the other.

“Fighting tonight, in this corner, we have six foot six, hard as bricks, two hundred and forty pounds of not playing around, Blanch the Avalanche!!” Bellowed the announcer.

The fans in blue yelled at the top of their lungs.

Blanch was a pale platinum-blond werewolf with icy blue eyes clad in blue shorts. He was missing an eyebrow. He bared his fangs and everyone cheered.

“Fighting tonight, in the other corner, we have two hundred and twenty pounds of lean, mean, fighting machine. At six foot four, let’s get him out on the floor it’s Dante the Destroyer!!” Yelled the announcer.

Felix snorted at all the cheesy lines. The fans in red screamed and jumped up and down. Dante entered the cage, bare torso, red shorts, black eyes.

Felix stared at him. He wrinkled his nose. He got down from the VIP seating platform and walked into the crowd of fans wearing red. His brothers, Chance and Danny quickly followed him. Felix reached the cage and he was certain. Before the announcer could tell the fighters to begin. Felix roared in anger. Dante smelled like his mate, his Chasity. The alpha was murderous!