



Chapter 0588

"Oh sh*t!" I thrust my hips up out of the warm water, almost making Cam stumble.

"Is it too hot? We thought warm water might help with all of the soreness."

"Nope! Just give me a second, I wasn't expecting it to sting so bad." I take a deep breath and try to move out of his arms, but he's not letting me go.

"Let us take care of you. You are finally ours, completely." I just nod. Even if I really wanted it, there's no way he's going to let me break this little bubble of submission I have given them. Dakota and Oliver have moved to the shower and the sight of both of them in the steamy space, with soap and water running down all of their chiseled curves has me drooling.

"Control those thoughts, Bitty..."

"You aren't ready for another round and just that little flutter of heat from you has me at full mast." Dakota finishes Oliver's sentence, looking over his shoulder at me. I am pretty sure I blushed, but the steam from the tub is hopefully making the rest of my skin red enough that it's not noticeable.

Cam sits down in the bath water with me again and this

time I expect the sting on my lady bits. I take a deep breath and let it out as I relax into the warmth and let my muscles soak. Cam doesn't let me go until Dakota climbs in the tub. I am passed over so Cam can get in the shower too. Oliver joins shortly after DAKota and starts to rub my feet and calves. I am in heaven.

Once Cam comes back, they work together to wash my whole body and my hair as gently as possible. The amount of attention I am receiving is so strange and yet, not at all unusual. This is what unconditional love looks like. When they are satisfied that I am clean and relaxed, we all get out, me being handed from one to the other, never setting a foot on the cold floor. We walk back to the bedroom, where I am finally set on my feet on the plush carpet and someone towels my hair, while another does my body. My third mate disappears for only a moment, then a t-shirt is placed over my head. A massive t-shirt that goes to my knees. This one is Cam's, I can smell the citrus strongly. I take another deep breath, the smell is almost overwhelming hoe potent it is. And then I can smell the cinnamon from Dakota to my right and the honey from Oliver to my left, both just as potent. 3

Then it hits me, I take another breath and fill my lungs. I haven't smelled them like this in a long time. I could always tell who was who, but the last time they were this potent was before I left for training years ago. Like they have been muted or someone turned down the dial on their scent.



"Woah! You guys smell amazing." I breathe out and they all laugh.

"I would hope so, we did just shower after getting you all dirty." Dakota nuzzles his nose into my neck and wraps his arms around me. I can't help but smile.

"No, I mean your scents are really intense right now." I breathe in again. "Like they were muted or duller before. I didn't notice until now."

Dakota takes a deep breath in. "You're right. You've always smelled like vanilla, like a dessert." He nips at my neck and I jump away, bumping into Oliver, who catches me easily and take his turn.

"It is stronger. That's probably a mate bonding thing." He shrugs, moving us towards the bed.

"I just wonder if that's normal or something else that's weird for just us. I also wonder if her heat will kick in normally or if it won't happen til next year." Cam climbs into bed. Oliver more or less shoved me in after Cam. 1

"That's right, Happy Birthday, Baby." Oliver kisses the side of my head as he climbs in behind me.

"Happy Birthday, Sweetness." Dakota leans over Cam to give me a kiss.

"Happy Birthday, Love." Cam kisses me on the temple and wraps me in his arms as we all settle in.

Chapter 0589

It does not take any time for me to fall asleep. I think I might have been out before my head hit the pillow, but for the first time in a really long time, I had no dreams. Zero. I always slept better when I was with the guys and now I know it's because more than half of them were my mates. But, this is different. I am aware that I'm asleep and not dreaming, but I don't seem able to wake myself up or move. I wonder if I am recovering? Do mates normally have s*x for hours and hours on end when they first mate? I guess if Xander and Oscar are any indicator, they could barely keep their hands off each other. When they finally found Mina, they stopped pretending all together.

I can't talk to my wolf, but maybe I can't do that when I'm sleeping either. Who knows. I'm done trying to figure me out.

"I don't have long, Sweet Girl. I can already feel her trying to push past your barriers."

"Huh? Who are you, random voice in my head?" There is nothing to see or look at, but the voice is melodic and safe. I guess I can only go with it right now.

"You know you are in danger. She wants you just as bad as he does. Use that against them. They both think they are the one in control, but neither of them can gain what they

want without the other.”

“Is there any possible way that I could get a straight answer about something...anything, that is going on right now? I am so lost and confused and it actually sucks. I know people want to kill me or sacrifice me, or both maybe and I kind of understand that dmented thinking, but what could I be doing to protect the people around me from getting hurt in the process? How do I keep everyone safe? Am I strong enough to survive what is coming for me?” 1

“You were born for this. You are coming into your powers now. Many of which you have already started to unlock. I am so proud of you. I’m sorry it has not been an easy journey, but you would not be the warrior and Alpha that’s needed without your struggles and strength to overcome them.”

“We don’t need to talk about that, because if you made any of that happen on purpose, I am done here. I get that my training and experiences led me here and all of that fluffy sh*t, but no one deserves to be purposely put through the things I went through. I can’t wish my past away, but I don’t want to hear ‘it was for my own good,’ or ‘it made you stronger.’

“I did not orchestrate the bad situations, but I did influence the reactions and lack of actions towards your situations. I am sorry, but I needed to know if you were worthy.”

“F*ck you! You can take your disembodied voice and f*ck

right the f*ck off.”

“I understand your feelings might be more harsh towards me, but do know that my intentions have always been good. I want to save as many of my innocent pups as I can and you are the only way.”

“Are you going to tell me how to win in this war that we have been flying blind in for years. Or do I just get to keep making things up and finding out what works?”

“Your body and mind will be ready soon and I won’t need to explain anything, you will know what to do when the time comes. For now, your mates are getting worried and they need to see that you are alright. I will speak to you again soon.”

“What in the hell is going on?” That question is gravely as it comes out of my actual mouth.

“Oh thank the Goddess! I don’t think I could have taken another day. I thought we hurt you Sweetness.”

“What happened?” I try to roll over, but I am being held in place by a massive arm and leg holding me down.

“You’ve been asleep for days, Love.” I tilt my head and can see Cam seated in a chair next to the bed. I appear to be in the center, with Oliver wrapped around me like a twist tie. “You were fine the first day and we just let you sleep, taking turns to stay with you.”

“The second day you broke out in a sweat and had the kind of fever that made your whole body turn red.” Dakota continues the story. “We even carried you to the bath and dunked your body in an ice bath, you didn’t move a muscle. We only knew you were okay because your breathing never changed.”

“Then you decided that you didn’t have enough party tricks so you decided to turn into a glowstick.” Oliver grumbles into my hair.

“What does that even mean?”

He shifts me and I notice my muscles still don’t want to work right. He turns me to face him.

“It means that your body started to glow, but from under your skin. Gentry said it was probably whatever enhancements you were supposed to get when you mated. So we waited and worried. You did drink for us, which must just be your body’s natural self preservation.”

“We started taking shifts to keep an eye on you. Yesterday, the three of us all collapsed and when we came to, there were some differences.” Dakota says playfully.

“What do you mean?”

“Just tell me you liked Oliver’s tattoos. You thought they were sexy right?”

“What are you babbling about?” I roll my eyes as he moves



into my view, pulling his shirt off of his head.

“OH SH*T! What happened to you?” I try to sit up but my body won’t move. “Oliver, let me up. I want to see.”

“I’m not holding you down Bitty. That’s the problem, you really haven’t moved much. I don’t know if it’s because you’ve been sleeping, your new powers or all the things we did to you. Maybe a combination.”

I look back to Dakota and then Cam, who also peels off his shirt. He literally has to peel it, like it doesn’t fit anymore. I gasp. “Oliver got his over time, how in the hell did you two manage to do that in days. Wait, how many days? I feel like I am sleeping through this whole war. Maybe no one needs me at all.” I say half joking to myself.

They are both in black pants, that’s all. They are bigger, more muscular. They already took up a ton of space, now it’s going to be worse. The tan skin of their arms and upper chest is covered in tribal tattoo artwork. They look mouth watering.