3-Alpha Finch Conrand 37M, Widowed,

Finch's POV

"Anderson, left hook," My Beta, Turk, is instructing my eldest triplet as he fights my youngest triplet. "Finley, keep that guard up. You hear me telling Anderson what to throw you should be reacting to it. Anderson, let your wolf out if you can't handle Finley."

I chuckle. My wolf, Duke, is also laughing. He has never been very connected to the boys. I think he sees them as the reason his mate is gone. I don't resent them, but I think Duke does.

"Remember when you told us to be nice to Finley because we were older and stronger?" Carter, my middle triplet son, asks as I stand next to him.

"I do indeed," I raise my eyebrows.

"You lied," Carter turns to look at me and I see his jaw healing.

"You can't be mad at him for putting in more effort than you and Anderson put together," Turk reminds Carter.

Carter clears his throat and looks down.

I give him a shoulder squeeze as Finley finally blocks Anderson and lands a strong right to the chest.

I clap as Anderson lays at his brother's feet.

"Good job, Fin," I smile.

Both Anderson and Carter look annoyed.

"Yeah, Dad doesn't play favorites," Anderson rolls his eyes as he gets up.

"It's the hair in your eyes, Anderson,'' Turk teases him. "Either cut it like your brothers or pull it back."

"Don't be jealous," Anderson smirks as he flips his long hair.

"So, how does it feel losing to Finley?" I ask Anderson and Carter.

Finley laughs. "They can't stand their little brother kicking their asses!"

Finely wipes the sweat off of him.

"The heart of an Alpha," I say, clapping him on the shoulder.

"We are Alphas too," Anderson and Carter groan in unison.

"Yes, but you don't try. All your efforts are in chasing tail and getting laid," I warn them.

"Speaking of," Carter checks his watch. "Fresh meat arriving in 55 minutes! We should go to the dining hall and see who we can see."

"I bet we each get a girl in our rooms," Anderson smirks doing a little dance. "Dorm sex alright!"

Finley shrugs. I know he likes girls, but he is less about racking up his body count.

"Hey, maybe one will be your mate," I tell them. As identical triplets, its very likely they will share a mate.

"And we will reject her for a while," Anderson scoffs.

"We are not ready to be tied down," Carter flexes.

"You boys better not reject your mate, if you do, I promise you, no Alpha," I warn them sternly.

Rejecting your mate is a greater sin than cheating on them. It's a rejection of our goddess.

"It's not forever," Carter promises. "We will make sure our Luna is fated."

"Yeah, Dad, we just want some individual pussy before we have to share one forever," Finley shrugs, but looks at his brothers with narrowed eyes. "We are going to make sure our mate is well taken care of by friends, but not boys."

Both Anderson and Carter nod at him.

"See, if we reject her, she doesn't feel it if we get a little, but we would feel it if she did." Anderson is explaining things to me as if I was born yesterday. "So, we go play while in college and then after graduation take back our rejections. Therefore, giving Conrad Pack their fated Luna."

Turk and I exchange shocked looks.

My sons can't be this stupid. I mean, I know blonde jokes, but they can't be this stupid.

"Please tell me you three are not in agreement on this?" Turk asks, moving his eyes to my three sons.

"I mean, yeah, we had to convince Fin, but yeah," Anderson nods.

"This is not a good idea. How do you know she will forgive you? If she accepts your rejection, she might fall in love, chose someone, find a second chance," I list off my reasons.

All three seem to be sharing their thoughts on what I just said.

Duke- Even all together these morons couldn't win a challenge against me. I never thought to call them morons, but here they are acting more stupid than morons.

Me- I don't understand their thinking. What is going on?

Duke- It's like the TikToks where the girl is asking about pickling cucumbers, or the one about where hair grows from. I can't believe this level of stupid exist in my own bloodline.

All Duke does is a low growl.

"Can you three hear me?" I ask loudly, breaking their mindlinks.

"Yes, Father," they all answer in unison.

I slap all three upside the head and dismiss them.

They walk away as Turk and I watch.

"Do you think they are going to do it?" Turk asks me.

I shake my head.

"Yep. If they meet their mate, they are going to reject her," I take a deep breath.

"They are going to have to realize their mistakes," Turk shakes his head.

"You don't have an heir and if I disown my heirs, what are you and I going to do? Live forever?" I ask him.

"That is a matter for the elder board. But I fully agree, you can't let them reject their mate and be Alpha," Turk tells me.

We head to watch the warriors.

I look out among my elite warriors. I see that if my sons aren't my heirs, one of these warriors could lead us next. I look over and Turk is thinking the same thing.

I lost my mate because having the triplets was too much on her. Turk has never found his mate. We are 37. I know I have college age sons at 37, but they were born when I was 18 so there ya go.

Having never found a mate at 37, Turk really should be surveying these warriors.

I want to have faith in my sons. I want them to make good decisions and I want them to follow me when they turn 23 as I followed my father. I remember the boys had just turned four when I took over. As a single father, I was underestimated. I believe I have risen to the challenge.

The University was started by my Great-Grandmother. She was a teacher before mating to an Alpha. She wanted a place where Supernaturals could come together. According to her, it's hard to hate Uni Friends.

I can say from experience, she was right. Having gone to University with Alphas, Witches, Warlocks, Faeries, and even Vampires has helped me. I know many conflicts have been resolved before they got bloody because both sides attended Conrad.

"Peter and Jack," Turk slaps my arm and we both take off running at the warriors who are doing more than sparring.

"ENOUGH!" I order, pulling Jack back and Turk hold Peter.

"Order him to keep his pecker in his pants," Peter yells.

"I'm a free man," Jack yells back.

"MY OFFICE!" I order and they both follow me and Turk.

We go to my office at the training building.

"Explain what we just saw," Turk orders them.

"He fucked someone today," Peter snarls.

"Why in the hell is that…." I stop myself and narrow my eyes at the two of them. "You are both 21 years old."

Turk catches on. "Yet another warning to the boys."

"I'm not gay!" Jack insists.

Peter, Turk and I all roll our eyes.

"Three years of this shit," Peter huffs.

"Then accept the rejection," Jack shoves Peter.

"Hey, lay a hand on your mate like that again and find yourself in a cell," I tell Jack.

"I'm not going to stop. I will never accept Peter as my mate," Jack shakes his head.

"And I will never accept your rejection," Peter smirks.

"Both of you stop," I order. "Three days in the same cell for assaulting each other."

Jack looks terrified.

"Thank you, Alpha," Peter bows.

"Don't thank me yet, he might kill you," I shake my head at him.