

War of Threes

Chapter 4 - Gael

Guau! (Wow!) That is all I can think when our mate steps into the conference room. She is beautiful. She is nearly as tall as Hakeem, her body slender, her movements graceful. Her beautiful hazel eyes are large in her face, her skin pale, and her cheeks have a light flush from smelling her mates. Her full lips have formed a perfect “o,” sparking thoughts of that mouth on me and my pants become quite tight. Her long chestnut colored hair falls down her back and perfectly frames her heart-shaped face. Her legs are encased in a pair of skinny jeans and one of her shoulders is bare from the loose fitting peasant top she wears. Her creamy, pale skin seems to glow in the light from the room.

Hakeem and I both stand at the same time. Our movement seems to break our *cielito* (little heaven) out of her trance. She quickly looks to the old woman at her side, who gives her a warm smile. She helps the woman to the closest seat to them, then turns to us.

She moves towards us, her scent of peppermint and eucalyptus overpowering my senses. I breathe her in deeply. I can't make myself look away from her.

Hakeem and I move to her. With both take one of her hands, me placing it over my heart and Hakeem bringing it to his mouth for a kiss. She lets out a shuddering breath, her eyes dancing between the two of us.

“What is your name, *princesa*? (princess)” I asked her.

“Meredith Welpé.” Her voice is lilting and bright. I can tell that her laughter will be magical. I can't wait to hear her voice filled with every emotion that she possesses. I can't wait to hear it say my name.

“Meredith.” Her name flows from my tongue and I can see the effect that it has on her from her increased breathing and the slight smell of arousal in the air. “I am Gael Guia, alpha of the Diana Pack.”

“Gael,” she breathes out. She moves her hand to my cheek and I can't help but nuzzle into it, a low purr escaping from my chest.

Turning to our other mate, she says, “And you?”

Hakeem has to swallow before he is able to respond. “I am Hakeem Dhib.” Again, she moves her hand up to his cheek. Hakeem holds it steady as he turns to kiss her palm. She shudders, her eyes closing in bliss.

Meredith pulls us both closer to her, her eyes still on Hakeem. Her hand falls to my waist, keeping me close to them, as she kisses Hakeem. What starts chaste soon becomes deeper as Hakeem pulls her body into his, his hands going around her waist and tangling in her hair.

In this close proximity, both Hakeem and my erections are evident. I roll my hips slightly as I lean in placing kisses on Meredith's neck and cheek. She moans, the sound going directly to *mi rabo* (my dick), and turns her face to mine, kissing me deeply.

Were it not for the loud "What the hell?" I'm not sure that we would have stopped.

Hakeem and I both turn to the owner of the voice, Zak, with a low growl rumbling from our chests.

Zak holds up his hands, showing not aggression, but confusion and concern. "Gael, Hakeem, Meredith, I'm glad that you found your mates, but how is it possible? Meredith isn't even 18 yet. How does she feel the matebond?"

That breaks through the lust-fueled haze that has settled over me. I turn back to our mate and realize just how young she does look. Seventeen? *Que fuerte!* (That's crazy!)

Hakeem and I both look at our mate and pull back slightly, though we do not let go of her. She looks confused as well and turns her head to look at the old woman she walked in with.

The woman practically cackles with mirth. "It looks as if Selene is not done with the surprises she has in store for us. Meredith, tell me child, how exactly did you know that these two were your mates? Did you smell their scents? Feel the sparks?"

Meredith looks back at us, her brows knit in thought. She bites her bottom lip between her teeth.

"*Madre Santa, compañera*, (Holy Mother, mate)" I breathe out, my voice nearly as tight as the front of my pants feel.

Hakeem immediately moves his face to hers, enveloping her mouth in a kiss. His skilled mouth moves over hers, causing her to still in surprise before a moan leaves her. He slowly moves along her jaw to her ear. In a low voice, he warns, "Don't do that with your lip, little Merry, or we can't be held responsible for what we do."

And just like that, her arousal spikes and scents the air, making me groan. "Hakeem, don't tease us. We've got to get answers before we can play. I'm sure our hosts are getting enough of a show without us mating her right now."

He turns to me, his eyes completely black with his lust. I'm afraid that I am too late in my warning and that he is too far gone, but he nods and moves back slowly, reluctantly letting go of me and our mate. I do the same. We need space if we are going to get answers.

Meredith whines at the loss of our touch and I give her my best suggestive smirk. “Do not worry, *princesa*. We will be touching you all night long. But we need answers now.”

Meredith appears to understand, for she takes another step backwards, away from us and begins to think. She turns back to the old woman, who I have just now realized is the pack Oracle. That means that Meredith is the apprentice. Our little mate has a direct line to the goddess and all of the powers that come with it. *Interesante*. (Interesting)

“No, Lucille. No sparks, and I didn’t smell them until I was in the room with them. But something...clicked?...when I saw them. Something told me that they are my mates.” Meredith turns back to us, confusion evident in her gaze.

“And you, Alpha Gael and Alpha-Mate Hakeem? Did you scent her? Do you feel the sparks?”

“Yes,” I say and Hakeem nods his agreement.

“But how is that possible?” Charlie questions from beside us. “I know that Devin found Xander before his birthday, but that was only by a few days. Meredith has years before she is supposed to find her mate.”

“My guess? I think that the Silver Lady is attempting to make our side as powerful as possible before this war starts.” Oracle Lucille looks around the room. “We know that Zak gained power from your mating. I have never seen an alpha be able to make another alpha submit in such a manner as he did with Mathias.”

My eyes immediately shoot to Zak. He made Mathias submit? Curiouser and curiouser.

The Oracle continues. “I wouldn’t be surprised if we don’t start seeing more mate trios on our side if that is the case. We know that mate pairs gain power once they are mated. That is why choice mates are accepted. It must be even more so with trios.” She turns to us. “I think that the goddess is trying to give us every advantage that she can.”