

## Chapter 141 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

LUCAS

I watched in surprise and confusion as Ember stormed off upstairs angrily. I could hear how hard she slammed her room door—it made a loud bang that made me flinch. I turned to Tristen, confusion and concern etched on my face. He had a grim expression as he stared at his feet in silence.

"What just happened? What's going on?" I asked, my voice rough. "Why is Ember so mad? What was she talking about?"

He remained silent until I held his shoulders roughly, demanding an answer. "What did you do?"

Tristen shifted uncomfortably, his eyes darting away from mine. "It's nothing," he mumbled, his voice barely audible. "She's just stressed out, that's all."

My brows furrowed in confusion. Stressed out? She did look stressed out, but this was more than just being stressed. Something significant must have happened; Ember wouldn't act up like this over nothing. She wouldn't throw away everything we had just because of a little stress. She wouldn't have told me to stay away from her and said she was done.

I frowned, wondering what could have made her react this way. Tristen had a guilty look on his face. There was definitely something he was hiding from me, something he wasn't telling me. Something had happened between Ember and Tristen, and he didn't seem willing to talk.

"She's not just stressed out, Tristen. Give me an answer. What in hell's name is going on?" I demanded with a deepening frown. He looked at me with an expression I didn't understand and averted his gaze.

"I'm starving; we should probably go get something to eat," he said, walking away, but I held him back.

"What aren't you telling me?"

"I'm confused too, Lucas," he said, but I could tell he was lying. Tristen was never good at hiding things, especially not from me.

"What business do you have with Priscilla? She mentioned something about knowing your deal with Priscilla. After what happened last time, I didn't expect you to get involved with Priscilla again. What deal is she talking about?"

I knew Priscilla and Ember didn't have a good relationship.

What could she have done this time?

Why was Tristen involved?

And why was I being attacked by Ember?

Tristen looked at me, panic and guilt evident in his expression. I frowned even harder and glared at him. My grip on his hand tightened. "Give me an answer now!"

He hesitated for a moment, chewing on his bottom lip as if unsure of what to say. But then, with a heavy sigh, he finally relented. "I... I'm sorry, Lucas. I shouldn't have done that," he admitted, his voice barely a whisper.

I gave him a confused look. What had he done?

"Shouldn't have done what? Start talking, Tristen. Your actions have cost me my relationship with Ember," I growled at him.

"I... I made a deal with Priscilla. And I had sex with her."

My heart skipped a beat; disbelief washed over me. "What?" I exclaimed, unable to mask the surprise in my voice. "You slept with my ex-girlfriend?"

I stared in shock, unable to believe what I was hearing. Tristen's shoulders slumped, guilt written all over his face. "She made me do it," he confessed, his voice barely audible.

I felt irritated and disgusted by his actions.

"And Ember exploded over that?"

He shook his head in guilt. "That's not all. I... I did something horrible. I shouldn't have; I'm really sorry. I don't know what I was thinking."

I grabbed him by his shirt and growled in his face. "Start talking!"

"The other night... I planned with Priscilla to spike your drink so you would be drugged and have sex with her. I planned on making Ember walk on the scene. I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have. Priscilla... she wanted you, and I wanted Ember. I planned to separate you two."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I felt like the ground had been pulled out from under me. Shock and rage surged through me.

"The plan didn't work. Priscilla still couldn't get you, and she threatened to expose me. I... I didn't want you to know, so I agreed to sleep with her. I don't know what she told Ember, but that's all I know. I'm so sorry."

Before I could even process what was happening, my fist collided with Tristen's face with a sickening thud.

He staggered back, his hand flying to his cheek. "I know, I deserve that."

"How could you!" I yelled in anger.

"I'm sorry."

I attacked him again, hitting him in the face, and he fell to the floor with a loud groan. His lips were busted and bleeding now, but all I saw was red. How could he do this to me?

He was my brother, and Priscilla was that... woman. I wondered what she could have said to Ember. Ember deserved to be angry; I wondered how she felt.

The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. I launched myself at him, my fists raining down on him. I didn't hold back; I couldn't. Each blow was fueled by my pain and anger.

He didn't fight back, didn't even try to defend himself. Instead, he let me hit him, his only response was a string of apologies that fell on deaf ears. But no matter how hard I hit him, no matter how much I screamed and raged, it didn't make the pain go away. If anything, it only made it worse.

"I deserve this," he muttered, his voice barely audible. "I deserve all of it."

His words made me feel worse. I lost Ember because of my foolish brother and that woman. I wanted to go up, I wanted to apologize to her, I wanted to tell her everything, I wanted to hold her, I wanted to hug her, but I knew how Ember was.

She would never listen; who would? She must be hurt and disappointed by Tristen's actions. I felt ashamed of my own brother.

I turned away from him without another word and stormed out of the house, anger boiling and consuming me from the inside out.

How could Tristen do this to me? How could he betray my trust like that?

Now Ember wouldn't talk to me; she didn't even want to look at me. The thought of losing my mate because of my brother's foolish actions made my heart clench in pain. I couldn't figure out which hurt more, losing my mate or my brother's betrayal. I wanted to scream, to lash out at the world and everyone in it.

Without a second thought, I shifted, my bones cracking and shifting as my human form gave way to that of a wolf. The transformation was swift and brutal; my senses sharpened as I surrendered to the instincts that pulsed through my veins.

I ran unhesitatingly into the forest. As I raced through the forest, the anger in me began to turn into numbness. I didn't want to feel anything anymore, didn't want to think about the pain and

betrayal that Tristen had caused me. All I wanted was to lose myself in the wild, to forget about everything else, and just be.

As I ran, the trees blurred together in a dizzying blur of motion. The cool night air blew through my fur. I wanted to forget everything.

## **Chapter 142 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

ANNA

As I stepped through the door, I felt uneasy. Something was wrong. I felt a bit strange and my wolf howled in pain. Was something wrong with the boys?

It felt like one of them was in pain. I felt restless and panicked. I needed to check up on them. It felt like he was heartbroken. Did something happen? I needed to know what was going on.

I walked into the house and immediately perceived a faint smell of blood and sweat. My heart skipped a beat. I followed the scent, my heart pounding in my chest. I walked in to see Tristen sitting on the floor by the corner, covered in blood and bruises. My eyes widened in surprise, and I rushed to him.

"What happened? You're covered all over in blood. Did you get in a fight with someone? Are you okay?" I threw questions at him, my voice trembling with concern.

He looked up at me, his eyes filled with pain and sorrow. For a moment, it seemed as though he wanted to say something to me. But then, with a shake of his head, he brushed off my concern.

"It's nothing, Mom," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "Just a little scratch, that's all. I'm fine." He clearly wasn't fine. Was this the reason I felt uneasy, restless, and worried earlier?

"No, you're not. You're injured all over. We need to get you to the doctor to treat your injuries."

"As I said, they're just scratches. They'll heal in a few hours."

"Well, how did you get these scratches?" I asked worriedly. He looked like he wouldn't budge and open up. Something was obviously wrong. I knew my sons; they were strong and not easily beaten. What could have caused this? Or... who?

"You're worrying too much, Mom. I've had worse injuries."

"Of course, I'm worrying too much. I am your mother; it's my duty to worry about you." I huffed out, but he just averted his gaze and remained silent.

I reached out, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Tristen, please," I urged, my voice soft but insistent. "You don't look so good. Is anything wrong? You can tell me. Whatever it is, I'm here for you."

For a moment, he hesitated, his gaze flickering with uncertainty. But then, with a heavy sigh, he shook his head once more. "I appreciate it, Mom," he said, forcing a small smile onto his bruised face. "But really, I'm fine. It's nothing to worry about."

But I knew better than to believe him. The bond between a mother and her child was unbreakable, and he was obviously not fine.

"Alright, I won't push it, but let me tend to your injuries; your face is all swollen."

I got up and left to retrieve the first aid kit from the cabinet. Returning to Tristen's side, I sat down beside him and began to gently clean the cuts and bruises that marred his face.

As I worked, Tristen remained silent, his eyes fixed on some distant point in the room. But I could see the tension in his shoulders, the way his hands trembled ever so slightly.

Finally, as I applied a soothing ointment to a particularly nasty bruise, Tristen let out a ragged breath.

"Mom," he whispered, his voice barely above a whisper. "I never meant for any of this to happen."

I paused, setting aside the first aid supplies and turning to face him. "Tristen, talk to me, love. What happened?" As if a dam had burst inside him, the floodgates opened, and the words came pouring out in a torrent of emotion.

"I... I betrayed Lucas," he confessed, his voice thick with tears, and he broke down in tears. I blinked, a bit taken aback as I watched my son cry.

"I ruined his relationship with Ember. He's never going to talk to me; I'm a horrible person. Ember will never talk to me. I... Priscilla, I set them up. I asked her to spike Lucas' drink; I was jealous; I wanted Ember. I wanted to drive them apart..." He hiccuped, and I just remained silent, letting him pour out all his emotions. My heart broke for him as I listened to his words.

"I should never have done that. I... Priscilla and I... We..." He choked on his tears.

His tear-streaked face reflected the pain and guilt that weighed heavily on his shoulders. Without hesitation, I pulled him into a tight embrace, offering whatever comfort I could.

"It's okay, sweetheart," I murmured, my voice soft with reassurance. "I'm here for you. You don't have to go through this alone."

For a moment, he clung to me, his body shaking with the weight of his emotions.

"Oh, Tristen," I whispered, my own voice choked with emotion. "I'm so sorry, sweetheart. But you can fix this. You can make things right again."

He shook his head, his tears soaking into the fabric of my shirt. "I don't know how, Mom," he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. "I've hurt him so badly. How can I ever make it up to him?"

I pulled back slightly, cupping his tear-stained cheeks in my hands and forcing him to meet my gaze. "You start by apologizing," I said firmly.

Then, with a shuddering breath, he pulled away, wiping at his eyes with the back of his hand.

"I'm a horrible brother. I ruined everything. He'll never forgive me, neither will Ember."

"Tristen," I said gently, reaching out to tilt his chin upward. "You made a mistake, yes. But that doesn't make you a bad person. We all make mistakes, sweetheart. It's how we choose to learn from them and grow that matters."

Tears welled up in Tristen's eyes, his lower lip trembling with emotion. "But what if I can't fix this?" he asked, his voice cracking with uncertainty. "What if Lucas never forgives me?"

I wrapped my arms around him, pulling him close in a comforting embrace. "You can't control how others will react, Tristen," I said softly. "All you can do is take responsibility for your actions and do your best to make amends, okay? Both Ember and your brother deserve a heartfelt apology from you. Try to make up for your wrongdoings."

For a long moment, we sat there together in silence. Then, suddenly, Tristen's body began to shake with silent sobs, his tears soaking into the fabric of my shirt. I held him close, murmuring words of comfort as he let out all the pain that had been building inside him. His shoulders heaved with each sob, his grip on me tightening with every passing moment.

I wasn't in support of what he did, but I could understand how he must have felt.

Finally, as his tears stopped, Tristen pulled away, wiping at his eyes with the back of his hand.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said, his voice hoarse with emotion. "I didn't mean to burden you with all of this."

I shook my head, reaching out to gently brush a tear from his cheek. "You could never be a burden to me, Tristen," I assured him and smiled at him, brushing a stray lock of hair from his forehead.

"I'd better go check up on Ember." I stood up and gave him a little kiss on his head.

"Remember to apologize and make it right with them," I said before turning around to leave.

## Chapter 143 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

EMBER

I stormed upstairs after confronting Lucas and Tristan. I was completely heartbroken, angry, and disgusted by his actions. A part of me was crushed. I walked home hoping and praying Priscilla was wrong, wishing she was lying, and this was another one of her plans, but I was wrong.

To my greatest horror, she said nothing but the truth. Tristan was a despicable person. How could he make such a deal with Priscilla? Why would he do something as stupid as that?

I didn't know how to feel. I didn't know what to think at the moment. I didn't want to see any of them. I didn't want to face them or dare talk to them. I just wanted to be alone at the moment. I needed a break from all the drama happening around me.

I walked to my room and slammed the door angrily. I felt like the door would break with the amount of strength I'd used in slamming it shut.

I ran my hand through my hair, frustrated. I hated all of this. I kicked the pillow on the floor, annoyed. I needed to distract myself, to get all of this off my mind.

I walked to my table to drink the bottle of water that sat there. "Damn you," I cursed harshly under my breath.

I felt my wolf howling in pain, but I ignored it. I ignored the pain and feeling of hurt I felt from the mate bond. Lucas must have been hurt, but I didn't care; I was hurt too.

My wolf wanted to be near her mate; she was howling and gnawing, and I tried to distract myself from what I was feeling. I didn't want to be anywhere near Lucas or Tristan at the moment. As much as it hurt me and my wolf, I didn't want to see them or talk to them. I just wanted to be alone.

I decided to clean my room to distract myself from thinking about Tristan and what I felt from the mate bond. Anything at all, anything but thinking about that issue.

I picked up the clothes scattered around my room one by one, placing the dirty ones in the laundry basket. I walked over to my wardrobe to rearrange and fold the clean ones scattered in there, picking them up one by one, and folding them with careful precision.

I tried to push the feelings and thoughts that tried to overwhelm me.

As I picked up each shirt, pant, and sock, I focused on smoothing out the wrinkles and neatly arranging them. It was a repetitive task, but it helped keep my mind occupied and stop it from wandering back to Tristan or Lucas.

Next, I stood up and went to my desk. Papers and books were all over the place, so I started sorting them out. As I arranged everything neatly, I tried to push aside the throbbing ache I felt whenever the bond acted up. Putting each item in its place, I tried not to think of everything going on around me. I just needed something, somewhere, or someone to let it all out on, so I began to do random things in my room.

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After arranging my desk and making sure everything was organized, I walked to the windows to clean them, my mirror, my door handle, and anything I could get my hands on. I got on my knees and scrubbed the floor, getting rid of every little stain in sight. I just needed to keep my mind and body busy. I could feel my wolf whimpering; I was hurting but I ignored it all.

I collapsed exhausted on my bed. There was nothing to do anymore. Feeling tired, I decided to take a shower. I got off and slowly undressed before heading to the bathroom. I walked over to the shower and turned on the water, letting it rain on me.

Standing under the cold spray of the shower, I couldn't help but go over everything that had happened in the last few weeks, since Priscilla appeared. My relationship with Lucas... if there was still a relationship between us.

The icy water slid down my skin, sending shivers down my spine.

All I wanted was a break, a little peace. I closed my eyes and let the water wash over me. I couldn't help but feel like my life had become too dramatic, too overwhelming to bear. I stood there under the cold shower for a few minutes before finally deciding to leave. With a heavy sigh, I turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. I took a towel to dry myself and threw on clean clothes. Maybe I needed to relax a bit; maybe a little sleep would help.

I settled on my bed and lay down, staring at the blank ceiling and trying to sleep, but I couldn't. I gave up on trying to sleep and lost myself in deep thoughts. Suddenly, a knock echoed, jolting me from my thoughts which made me freeze.

I sat there for a moment, wondering if it was my door that was being knocked. The person knocked again, this time more aggressively and louder. I got off the bed and walked to the door slowly, wondering who was knocking.

With hesitant steps, I made my way to the door, praying it wasn't one of the boys. I didn't want to face any of them at the moment; I wasn't in the right state of mind to talk to any of them.

I turned the door handle and pulled the door open to see the Luna standing in front of the door with a little smile. I felt a little relief wash over me, and I gave her a little bow to show my respect as I silently wondered why she was suddenly here.

"Good evening, Luna. How can I help you?" I mumbled with my voice low. I didn't want to talk to the Luna either; I just wanted to be alone.



"May I come in?" She asked, and my brows raised in a questioning way. I nodded quietly; she was the Luna after all, and I couldn't refuse. I moved away from the door. I stepped aside and pulled it wide enough for her to come in.

She walked into the room gracefully and sat at the edge of my bed. I turned to her with a questioning look, wondering what she wanted. She patted the space beside her and gestured for me to come and sit.

"Can we talk?" She didn't need to ask me; she was the Luna and in a higher position here. I hesitated for a moment before joining her without another word, the mattress dipping slightly under our combined weight.

She turned to me and took a deep breath. "Ember," she started. "You must be wondering why I'm here and demanding to speak with you. I... actually want to check up on you. How are you doing?"

I frowned. Did she really come up here just to see how I was faring? That didn't seem right.

"I'm doing well, Luna. Thank you for checking up on me, but I didn't think you'd come up here just for that. Is everything okay?" I got straight to the point, not wanting to drag anything.

"I heard what happened between you and my sons, from Tristan."

I froze. So, this is why she came up here.

## **Chapter 144 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

EMBER

"I heard what happened between you and my sons from Tristen," the Luna said to me, and I froze. So, this is why she came here. She gave me a sympathetic smile, her eyes brimming with unspoken concern.

"I just wanted to apologize for Tristen's behavior," the Luna continued, her tone filled with genuine regret. "I know he did wrong, and believe me, he regrets it. He will try to make up for his wrong. I know he hurt you."

I sighed, feeling a knot forming in my stomach. "I'm fine. I'm not hurt," I replied, trying to keep my voice steady.

She shook her head. "I understand how you feel. I also want to apologize for how I've been behaving lately."

"It's okay. You don't need to apologize," I forced out, my voice strained.

"They are my sons, and you're part of my family since you're my son's mate. They are very hurt. I met Tristen in a bad state, crying. He's lost his brother's trust and hurt you as well."

"Lucas is also in pain. I heard you said it was over. Listen, Ember, we can make it up to you. I really am sorry for how things have been lately between us. I know my behavior played a part in the downfall of your relationship with my son."

I bit my lip, fighting back the urge to snap at her. I didn't want her apologies; I just wanted to be left alone with my thoughts.

"It's fine. You're the Luna of the pack; you don't have to apologize to me," I mumbled.

"But I feel terrible about it," Anna persisted, her eyes pleading for understanding. "I know how much Tristen's actions must have hurt you. He does feel regret and is genuinely sorry. Lucas as well..."

"I know they have hurt you, but I want you to know they are hurt as well. They regret it, and I'm sure Priscilla does as well."

I froze when she mentioned Priscilla. Tristen really did tell her everything. I averted my gaze, looking down at my feet. I didn't know what to say to her. I didn't have anything to say, neither did I wish to say anything. I just wanted to be left alone at the moment.

"Tristen, I refused to believe he would do such a thing. I was shocked and dumbfounded. He made such a deal with Priscilla and tried to drive Lucas and me apart!" I choked out, feeling like I couldn't keep my emotions bottled up any longer. I was frustrated and hurt; I wanted to scream and kick around.

The Luna looked down with a look of guilt and disappointment on her face.

"Tristen is a good child. You know him; he has a good heart. Whatever made him act that way, I have no idea, but I apologize for his actions. He didn't mean any harm and he feels sorry as well. He regrets everything he did, Ember, believe me."

"He played me!" I screamed at her, feeling a teardrop run down my face while the Luna kept quiet and looked at me dumbfounded. I chuckled, wiping my tears away harshly.

"Dumb tears, dumb Ember. You can't keep your emotions in check and stop yourself from crying; you really are pathetic," I mumbled lowly to myself.

The Luna took my hand gently, and I raised my face to look at her. She had an apologetic look on her face.

"Ember, I know we have hurt you so much you have to cry, but I promise we never meant to. But Tristen, Lucas, and I never want to see you hurt or crying. I'm sorry this had to happen; please, forgive us."

She reached out to place a comforting hand on my shoulder, but I flinched away instinctively. I pulled my hand away from hers, and her expression turned to one of disappointment and sadness. I averted my gaze again and looked at my feet like it was the most interesting thing I'd ever seen at that moment.

"You don't have to apologize; you're the Luna," I repeated again coldly.

"I am also their mother, and I did wrong. I am acknowledging the fact that my actions were wrong, and I want to make it up to you in every single way I can," she said, sounding sincere.

"Please," she whispered, "if there is anything we can do to make it up to you, anyway we can, please tell me. I'll do anything I can, Tristen too, to show you how sorry we truly are."

I looked at her with a blank stare for a moment before an idea suddenly popped into my head. I blinked my eyes rapidly; this was my chance.

"Well, there is one request I'd like to make, and I'll be happy if you grant my request. If you do, I'll put all of this behind me."

The Luna gave me a look of surprise, and her face lit up immediately. She nodded her head.

"I will happily grant it; let me know what it is," she replied immediately.

I took a deep breath. "I want to leave the packhouse," I said, my voice barely above a whisper.

Her eyes widened in shock, and for a moment, she seemed at a loss for words. "Leave the packhouse?" she repeated, her voice tinged with disbelief. "What?"

"I want to leave the packhouse, Luna. I'd be happy if you allow me to," I said louder for her to hear.

"But why? You've lived here for a while now; I thought you liked it here. You want to leave the packhouse because of what happened with the boys?" she asked, dumbfounded by what I'd just said.

"Is that it?"

I swallowed hard, feeling a lump forming in my throat.

"I just need some time away," I explained, my voice trembling slightly.

"The drama and the tension have become too much for me to bear. It's suffocating me. I need some space to clear my head and figure things out."

"Isn't it possible to do that here, in the packhouse? We'll give you all the space you need. We won't bother you or come knocking," she spoke so fast like she was panicking. I shook my head

at her words. "I understand where you're coming from, Ember, but leaving the packhouse isn't the answer."

I shook my head, feeling frustration building inside me. "I need space, away from the packhouse. I just need to heal from the constant reminder of what happened. I... I need to leave the packhouse. Please grant my request and let me leave, Luna. I'll be so glad if you do."

Since I stepped into the pack house there had just been one drama after the other and I was completely drained. I wanted to stay away from the boys as much as possible.

I still loved Lucas but I had to put my mental health first. Being with any of the triplets would result in another drama I wasn't prepared for.

The Luna studied me for a long moment, her expression unreadable. "I understand," she said finally, her voice soft and understanding. "If that's what you need, then I won't stand in your way."

Relief flooded through me, and I gave her a little bow. "Thank you, Luna Anna-

"But," I froze and turned to look at her. But?

"I'll only let you leave the packhouse if you agree to stay in the pack territory," she said. "For safety reasons."

I nodded, not wanting to argue.

"And whenever you're ready to come back, know that you'll always have a place here with us."

## **Chapter 145 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

Ember's POV

"And whenever you're ready to come back, know that you'll always have a place here with us," the Luna said with a little smile. I forced a smile onto my face, and she stood up, turning to me.

"I really don't want you to leave the packhouse, and I don't think the boys will be happy about it either. I would have been happier if you had chosen to stay, but I'll respect your decision," Anna sighed, her shoulders slumping slightly. "I can't force you to stay, Ember," she said resignedly. "But know that you'll always have a home here with us."

"Thank you, Luna," I said gratefully, and she nodded and turned to leave.

"Take care of yourself, Ember," she said, and with that, she left, closing the door of my room softly behind her.

I let out a deep breath after the Luna left, staring at the door for a while. I sat there wondering where I would head after leaving the packhouse.

Zealina!

I picked up my phone, feeling a bit nervous. I dialed Zealina's number. She was my closest friend, and I knew she would understand why I needed to get away for a while. She was the only one I could think of at the moment, and the only place I could run to at the moment was her place.

The phone rang for a few seconds before I heard a beep indicating she was on the line.

"Hey, Zealina, it's me, Ember," I said when she answered, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Ember! I knew it was you," Zealina's voice came through the phone, filled with excitement as she chuckled. "What's up?"

"I, uh, I was wondering if I could come over and stay with you for a while," I asked nervously, hoping she wouldn't mind.

"Is there anything wrong?" she sounded worried.

"I'll explain. Can I come over?" I brushed off her question.

"Of course you can," Zealina said sweetly. "I've missed having you around. When are you coming over?"

A wave of relief washed over me at her response, and I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. "Really? Thank you, Zealina. I just need some time away from the packhouse," I explained, grateful for her understanding.

"Of course, Ember. You know you're always welcome here," Zealina replied warmly. "Just let me know when you're on your way, and I'll be ready for you."

"Thanks, Zealina. I'll pack my stuff and head over soon," I said, feeling happy I had such a supportive friend.

"Take your time, Ember. I'll be here whenever you're ready," Zealina reassured me.

"Okay, I'll see you in a bit. Bye!"

"Bye, Ember!" she exclaimed, and I hung up with a little chuckle.

Knowing that I had Zealina's support and a place to stay while I figured things out gave me a little hope and peace inside me. I needed to start packing. I wanted to leave as soon as possible

and hoped to avoid Lucas and Tristen if possible. I wanted to leave quietly without anyone noticing me.

‘Damn... we’re really leaving this place’ Layla sighed.

‘Yeah, you don’t want to?’ I asked my wolf. I suddenly felt a bit guilty cause I just realized I never cared to ask what she wanted and how she felt about everything currently happening.

‘I mean-‘ she hesitated.

‘I don’t mind, I could really use some space too’ she replied finally.

‘I’m glad you agree with me on this’ I told her gratefully.

‘Of course I would, I feel how bad you’re hurting and it breaks my heart. And honestly, I really can’t stand being around Tristen’s wolf at the moment’ she replied, chuckling painfully.

Gosh, I could tell she was also hurting badly.

‘Layla?’ I called softly.

‘Yeah?’ She replied.

‘I’m really sorry for everything’ I apologized heartily.

‘When did you get so emotional Ember? It’s fine don’t worry about it’ she giggled.

‘Now how about you finish up packing, yeah?’ She added.

‘Sure’ I chuckled.

I took out two boxes so I could fit my clothes and everything else I needed comfortably. I searched through my wardrobe for anything I could lay my hands on. I took out my dresses, skirts, shirts, pants, underwear, shoes, and everything else I needed. I squeezed them into my two boxes.

As I carefully folded my clothes and packed my toiletries, I couldn't help but reminisce about the countless moments I had shared within these walls.

Finally, as I zipped up my suitcase, I took a moment to survey the now-empty room. It was strange to see it so bare and empty.

With my suitcase in hand, I made my way to the door. I hesitated for a moment, my hand resting on the doorknob, before steeling myself and pushing it open.

Taking one last look around before stepping out into the hallway, I walked down the corridor with my two boxes and I pulled them behind me quietly.

And then, as I turned the corner, I saw him – Lucas, shirtless and standing in the hallway. For a moment, time seemed to stand still and freeze as our eyes met. I felt a jolt of emotions and memories of us. I quickly pushed those thoughts away. I can't stay.

He looked at me, sadness evident in his expression, and then at my boxes. His expression changed to a knowing one, and his eyes widened.

Lucas opened his mouth like he was about to say something, but I didn't give him the chance to. I averted my gaze and continued walking. I walked past him, ignoring him and pretending like I hadn't seen anything.

My heart felt heavy, and my wolf was howling in pain. I ignored the pang of sadness I felt from the mate bond and walked out of the packhouse without turning back. I had made up my mind, and I was going to leave.

I stopped when I saw Anna standing in front of me with a sad smile. I paused and gave her a little bow.

"Stay safe, child."

"I will. Thank you, Luna Anna," I said and left without another word.

Lucas's POV

I let out a howl as I ran through the forest, my paws pounding against the earth. I felt a rush of wildness coursing through me and adrenaline in my veins. The cool breeze brushed against my fur as I darted between trees with superhuman speed.

I had to clear my head, but I couldn't stop my heart from aching. My brother had betrayed me, and I was losing my mate.

Despite the ache in my muscles and the fatigue weighing me down, I pressed on, running like my life depended on it until I finally decided to go home.

The forest blurred past me as I pushed myself to go faster, the familiar sights and smells guiding me back to the packhouse.

As I returned home from the forest, my body shifted back from the form of a wolf to that of a human. Pain throbbed through me, both physical and emotional. I had been wandering through the woods trying to heal my shattered heart.

Entering the hallway of the packhouse, my eyes landed on Ember standing there with two boxes in her hands. I stood there frozen in place as our eyes met for a moment before my gaze darted down to her hands. My heart sank as the realization hit me; she was leaving.

As I opened my mouth to speak, to plead with her to stay, Ember avoided my gaze and hurried past me. My words caught in my throat as I watched her go. I knew it was useless; there was no use in calling her or pleading for her to stay. She was hurt; she wouldn't.

My hands curled into a fist as I angrily punched the wall beside me, wishing to tear down the whole thing. The weight of her leaving crushed me.

A lump formed in my throat as I realized that I had lost her. I'd lost my mate. I watched her leave helplessly; I couldn't stop her. My feet were rooted to the ground like they were glued; I couldn't do anything.

## **Chapter 146 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

Ember's POV

In a few minutes, I had arrived at Zealina's place. Their house wasn't much, but it was more than enough and comfortable for them. I took a shaky breath and knocked gently on the door. I stood there for a few seconds before I saw the doorknob twist and the door pulled open from behind.

Zealina appeared with a bright smile on her face. "Ember!" She rushed to pull me into a hug.

"How are you?" She said, pulling away, and I gave a weak smile. Her smile disappeared, and her expression turned worried. Her eyes searched mine for answers, and I just took a deep breath and stared at my feet.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I mumbled, but we both knew I was lying.

"What happened?" She asked me, her face filled with concern.

I shook my head. "I'll explain later," I mumbled. "Can I come in?" I asked, looking over her shoulder, and she laughed nervously.

"Of course, silly me. You can come in. Here, I'll help..." Her voice trailed off as she stared at my bags.

"What!" She exclaimed dramatically, and I rolled my eyes at her. "Why do you have so much luggage? Were you kicked out? How many clothes are in there?" She threw questions at me.

"Zealina!" I huffed at her, and she gave me an incredulous look.

"What? You didn't tell me you were staying here forever? I didn't tell Mom and Dad."



"It's not forever, Zealina. It's just for a while. And you didn't inform your parents? I hope they won't mind," I pursed my lips nervously, and Zealina pulled me.

"Of course, they won't mind. I already informed them; I just didn't tell them you'd be staying forever," she pouted cutely, and I rolled my eyes at her.

"It's not forever, Zealina. It's only for a while, okay?" I corrected her. "You don't need to tell them I'm staying forever. I don't want to be a burden to you."

"Oh, sweetheart, come here," Zealina cooed, pulling me into another hug.

"You can never be a burden to me." She pulled back. "Now, let's get you inside."

She took one of my boxes and led me into their cozy house. I followed Zealina with my other boxes and the little bag I had on me, and she took me to a small room.

"Here, this is yours. I arranged it just for you, and that bathroom's also clean and yours to use."

The room was spacious and bright, with large windows that let in plenty of light. The walls were painted a light shade of pink, with framed photographs of little Zealina and colorful artwork hanging on the wall.

A cozy bed was centered in the room, and a small desk was in the corner, complete with a comfortable-looking chair and a lamp.

As I took in the room's comforting atmosphere, I couldn't help but feel grateful for having such a good friend. Zealina had gone out of her way to make me feel welcome and at home.

I turned to her and couldn't stop myself from thanking her for everything.

"Aww, don't thank me. You would do the same for me," she said nonchalantly and narrowed her eyes at me. "Right?"

"Of course," I chuckled.

"You should go get settled in, and then we can talk about why you left the packhouse." Zealina left me to unpack and get settled in. I took a shower and changed into a comfortable pair of clothes.

I walked out of the room with my hair packed in a messy bun to join Zealina. She was sitting on the couch, and I walked towards her to take my seat beside her.

"Wait here," she suddenly said and rushed into the kitchen. She came back a few seconds later with two little pink tea mugs. She handed me a cup of hot chocolate, and I smiled thankfully at her and accepted it.

"Now tell me what happened," she said, paying utmost attention to me.

I took a deep breath and decided to tell her everything. I let everything out, everything I'd heard, seen, and been through the past few weeks. From Lucas' actions to Priscilla's revelation, Tristen's betrayal, and their reactions when I confronted them, how I ended everything with Lucas out of pain and anger. I spilled everything, not leaving a single thing out. Zealina's facial expression was filled with shock as she looked at me in disbelief.

"... I just needed a break," I concluded. "I needed time and space away from them all. It was all too much for me to handle. I just wanted peace, I needed peace. You understand?" I whispered the last part, and she looked at me with a sympathetic expression.

"I understand. I'm so sorry you had to go through all of this," I gave a little shrug. "I'll be fine." Just then, we heard the door being pushed open and turned to see Zealina's parents walking in.

I immediately stood up out of respect. Zealina bounced off the couch and ran to her parents excitedly. "Mom! Dad! You're back!" She called excitedly, and her Dad chuckled.

"Yes, sweetheart," he said in a deep voice, and they finally noticed me.

"Oh, Ember is here, I told you about how she'd be staying with us for a while," Zealina said, pulling me towards her parents when I stood there nervously.

"Hi."

"Ember, sweetheart!" Zealina's mom surprisingly pulled me into a hug. "Welcome to the family. I hope you're comfortable and enjoy your stay here."

I immediately felt myself relax. I guess I was worried for nothing. Zealina's parents are the nicest.

"Thank you. Mrs... Uh..."

"Call me Mary!" She said, and I smiled, embarrassed.

Although I've been friends with Zealina for a while, I don't really have any relationship with her parents.

"Welcome to our humble home, Ember. I'm Zealina's Dad," her Dad said to me, and I gave a little bow.

"Thank you for letting me stay here and for your warm hospitality," I said respectfully, and he nodded.

"A friend of Zealina's is a friend of ours," he chuckled, and I smiled at how lucky Zealina was. Her parents were angels.

"We'll be upstairs, sweetheart. Don't forget the bonfire; we'll go set it up in two hours," Mary said and walked away with her husband, waving at me with a huge smile.

Zealina definitely got that from her mom. I turned to Zealina, confused, as soon as her parents left.

"Bonfire?" I asked curiously. "Your mom said something about a bonfire in two hours. What's that about? Come on, tell me," I persuaded her, and Zealina glared at me playfully.

"You're going to rip my arm out if you keep that up," I chuckled and let go of her hand.

"Come on, I want to know," I pouted, and Zealina rolled her eyes.

"It's a family tradition. It's the new year tomorrow. We set up a bonfire on New Year's Eve and gathered around to bond as a family till midnight. Then we get to wish each other a happy New Year under the stars," Zealina explained, her eyes sparkling in excitement, and my shoulders slumped.

Tomorrow is New Year. I thought I would get to spend the New Year with my mate.

I had imagined myself earlier in Lucas' arms, screaming happily 'HAPPY NEW YEAR' to each other and kissing under the starry sky.

I never imagined my life would get this complicated and dramatic. I never expected my life to take such an unexpected turn.

A part of me was sad, but a bigger part was angry and hurt. Things between Lucas and me were... rough.

We were nothing now. We had no relationship, and I had left and thrown everything away.

I bit my lower lip and looked away. If only things were just normal. If only...

## **Chapter 147 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

Ember's POV

"Come on, girls!" Mary yelled from outside. "The bonfire's ready; where are the marshmallows?"

They had set up the bonfire, and Zealina and I had gone to get the marshmallows. It seemed like it was going to be a lot of fun. There were marshmallows and chocolate, and Zealina's Dad had even brought out his guitar and offered to put on a performance for us. I wasn't even aware that he could play the guitar, and was pleasantly surprised and excited to hear him play.

I spotted Zealina from afar, stuffing marshmallows into her mouth, and I shook my head at her behavior. I walked towards her and playfully hit her.

"Hey! Save them for later," I said, and she giggled with her mouth filled with marshmallows. She ate them like a little thief and dragged me outside to the back, where her parents sat on logs before the campfire.

"It sure is a beautiful night tonight," Mary murmured, looking up.

"Yeah," I breathed out softly, agreeing with her. It was a starry night, with different shining stars in the sky tonight.

"Hey, look, that one looks like a horse," Zealina pointed up.

"No, it looks like a cloud," her Dad spoke up from where he sat.

"No, I think that's a diamond," Zealina's mom argued, and we all looked up and tried to figure out different shapes of the stars. We even named some after ourselves, and for a moment, I forgot about all my worries and the dramas of my life.

Sitting out there and naming stars with Zealina and her family, I felt relaxed and finally at peace.

"The fire's dying. I'll get more dry wood," Mary noted and got up to collect more dry wood for the fire.

"We should start toasting the marshmallows now," Zealina giggled, and I rolled my eyes at her. We all got two marshmallows on our sticks, and Mary returned with a handful of dry wood for the campfire.

"That should do it," she mumbled, blowing on the flames, and they rose. We sat around the fire, roasting our marshmallows, with Zealina's mom and Dad telling us little stories from when they were teenagers.

"And he fell out of my window because he didn't want my dad to see him!" Mary said, and we all burst out laughing, except Zealina's Dad, who looked a bit embarrassed as he playfully glared at his wife.

"You snuck into my room and had to hide in my closet too!" he said, trying to defend himself, and we turned to Mary, who blushed like a teenager.

"You really did that, Mom?" Zealina teased her mom while trying to hold back her laughter.

"Remember that one time you tried to kiss a bee to impress the little boy you liked in middle school?" Mary said, and Zealina looked horrified while I burst out laughing.

"You did what?" I couldn't hold back my laughter, and her parents joined in.

"Her lips were swollen for weeks, and we had her grounded," her Dad said, and Zealina's ears turned red in embarrassment.

"Hey, no fair!"

"Time for drinks!" Mary said, standing up to pass each of us a glass. "I hope you can handle it," she winked at me, and I smiled.

Of course, I could; I was a werewolf, and we had a high tolerance for alcohol.

Mary poured us a glass of the sweetest red wine I'd ever tasted, and Zealina's Dad played his guitar. He was surprisingly good, and Mary had good vocals.

I could see why the moon goddess paired them. They were perfect for each other. I smiled at Zealina; she was so lucky. She had the ideal family.

One night with them, I'd already forgotten about all the drama, hurt, and heartbreaks I'd been through the past few weeks.

I really needed this. Soon, Zealina and I joined her mom in singing a really catchy song while her dad played the guitar. She pulled me up, and we started to dance around the bonfire.

"It's midnight, guys!" Mary exclaimed, and we all paused to look at her.

"It's midnight; it's a new year." I felt my eyes water, and Zealina hugged me. On cue, we all yelled.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" My heart was so filled; I felt so happy and free, comfortable, finally.

I hugged Zealina, and a tear rolled down my face. "Zealina," I whispered to her. "Thank you so much for everything. Happy New Year."

She hugged me back tightly. "Happy New Year, Ember."

We stayed out for a few more minutes until Zealina's Dad decided it was already very late, and it got freezing during midnight around this season. We decided to head inside.

"Goodnight, Zealina," I wished her, and I turned to her mother since her dad was just clearing the bonfire site.

"Thank you, Mary, for having me. Happy New Year," I said to her, and she smiled softly, running her warm fingers down my cheeks.

"You're always welcome here. Happy New Year, Ember. Have a good night's rest," she said, and I nodded.

I walked to the room I was given and fell to my knees. I couldn't stop the tears from falling. I was finally alone, in my comfort zone; I cried so much my head ached. I let it all out. I let out muffled screams as I didn't want to bother Zealina or her family. I walked to the bathroom after

what felt like hours. My head hurt so bad. I held onto the sink and stared at the mirror. I stared at the hurt and broken girl in the mirror, and my grip on the sink tightened.

I stared at the girl in tears; I stared at the girl who'd been wronged. I stared at the girl who could do nothing but cry. I stared at the girl who had been hurt, who'd been stabbed and betrayed, whose trust had been let down. I stared at the girl who was hurt by love. I stared at the girl who everyone around her let down.

I wiped my tears. I wasn't going to cry anymore. I wasn't going to let anyone hurt me anymore. I wasn't going to throw tantrums and scream anymore. I wasn't going to show emotions anymore. I wasn't going to remain weak anymore.

I stared at the mirror; gone was the girl who would cry at everything. Gone was the girl who would get hurt by everything. Gone was the girl who could do nothing. Gone was the girl who couldn't stand up for herself.

It's a new year, I thought to myself.

There's no better time to become a new person. I was going to let my old self go. I was going to hurt anyone and everyone who hurt me. I was going to get my revenge on everyone.

And not just Tristen; I was going to get revenge on everyone who ever hurt me, I vowed to myself.

## **Chapter 148 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

Ember's POV

I stumbled into the shower and turned it on. I felt like a drunk person. I stood under the shower and let it rain on me. I felt tired and numb. It was in the middle of winter, and I was standing under ice-cold water with little to no effect on me.

My back hit the cold bathroom tiles, and I leaned against it tiredly. My head hurt, but the pain was minor compared to what I felt in my heart. This new year wasn't how I had imagined things to go. I had thought I would spend the new year with Lucas in his arms. I had imagined us screaming happily as a couple and kissing on New Year.

However, he had hurt me so severely, Tristen and Priscilla. I wasn't going to let it slide. I wasn't going to forgive them. I would surely return and have my revenge; only then would I be satisfied. Only then would I relax.

Standing beneath the icy stream of the shower, I let the cold water run down my body, feeling it seep into my skin and send shivers down my spine. Despite the biting chill of winter outside, I felt no cold and wasn't shivering like I would; my senses were numbed.

I closed my eyes and let my thoughts wander. Images of betrayal and deceit flashed through my mind; they had wronged me and hurt me in ways I never thought possible, and a burning desire for revenge consumed me.

I curled my hand into a fist, but then a smile crept to my face, and I felt myself relax. I was a half-witch; after all, it was time to use my powers. My mind raced with thoughts; after all, I couldn't let the powers go to waste.

For what felt like hours, I stood beneath the pouring shower, and I plotted my vengeance. I imagined every detail, every step of the plan, each one more satisfying than the last. It would take time, patience, and careful execution, but I was willing to go through whatever to ensure they got what they deserved.

I took the sponge from the corner and began to scrub my body harshly. And I needed to get stronger, physically and mentally, after cleaning every part of my body. I shampooed my hair and washed it. It was a new year, after all, a new beginning.

When I finished my bathroom routine, I stepped in feeling refreshed and like a new person. I pulled out a towel to dry my hair and walked towards my bag, pulling out something I never thought I'd use.

It was a journal I got from my dad. "Now is the perfect time to use you," I mumbled quietly to myself, holding the little book.

I got a red pen and decided to make a list of those that I would get my revenge on.

Tristen, Priscilla, and Lucas?

I paused; for some reason, I didn't feel like Caleb belonged on the list.

"Well, that's all for now, I guess," I sighed, satisfied, closing the book and dropping it on the desk.

I crawled into the bed with a little smile on my face. Things will definitely get interesting this year.

I slept off with the thought on my mind.

The following day was pretty nice; I wasn't woken up by anything or anyone. It was one of the most peaceful nights I had had in a while. I stretched out of bed and went to do my morning routine. I packed my hair in a lazy bun and threw on long blue leggings and a black sweater. It was pretty cold.

I walked downstairs to see Zealina arguing with her dad about some things in the kitchen while her mom made Breakfast.

Mary sighted me and waved with a huge grin on her face. "Amber! Good morning, breakfast is almost ready," She said, and I greeted her back with a smile.

"Good morning, Zealina's mom. " She raised a brow questioningly at me and said.

"I told you, it's Mary. You don't have to be so shy or formal around me. You're just like a daughter to us." I felt warmth spread throughout my chest at her words, and I smiled.

"Yes, Mary"

I was pulled into a hug from behind before I could complete what I was saying. "Zealina," I groaned, and she giggled, squeezing me even tighter.

"You're going to kill me if you keep that up!" I squealed at her, and she finally let me go. I turned to glare silently at her, and she just gave me a cute, toothy smile.

"Hon, girls, breakfast's ready!!" We heard Mary yell from the kitchen, and Zealina squealed excitedly.

"It's New Year's breakfast; I love New Year's breakfast," she said, her eyes sparkling excitedly. She pulled me towards the dining table Mary had set, and my jaws dropped. I could feel my mouth watering just by staring at the sight before me.

Mary had gone all out; preparing all these with no help must have taken hours.

I was immediately enveloped in the comforting aroma of roasting turkey and simmering spices.

The dining table was a masterpiece of festive abundance, adorned with an array of mouthwatering dishes that would make any food lover's heart skip a beat. At the center of it all was a magnificent turkey, its golden skin shining under the soft sunlight.

Bowls of velvety mashed potatoes, fragrant stuffing, and vibrant green beans surrounded it. The food looked so exquisite and uniquely made.

The stuffing, for example, was a blend of wild rice, dried cranberries, and savory herbs, with little chunks of roasted venison adding a deliciously wild touch. And the cranberry sauce? It was a homemade creation bursting with the tart sweetness of fresh berries, coupled with a hint of cinnamon and orange zest.

"Wow," I mumbled, blinking rapidly. Was I hallucinating?

Was I so hungry I'd started to hallucinate?

"Here, you can sit next to me," Zealina said, snapping me out of whatever trance I was in. I stared at Zealina, who didn't look too surprised.



"All of this for breakfast?" I asked, surprised. It looked like we were having a Thanksgiving feast.

"It's not just breakfast," Zealina corrected with a severe look. "It's New Year's breakfast. Our first meal for the year is a family. Don't be too surprised, Ember; it's a family tradition. Mom doesn't mind, and she does it every year without any help."

I nodded, dumbfounded. Wow, it must be so lovely to be a member of Zealina's family; she was lucky to have such sweet parents.

We soon dug in; my plate was filled with all sorts of varieties of food, and in a few minutes, I felt like a balloon that was about to blow up. I stood up, stumbling, and took shaky steps to the couch. I collapsed on the sofa as soon as I'd reached, and Zealina did the same beside me.

"That was awesome!" Zealina exclaimed, and I nodded.

"Yeah, it was," I agreed. Who knew breakfast could be so much fun?

"And this winter break is going to be the best! Because you're here, oh, I can't wait." She squealed, and I smiled without something else on my mind.

"Neither can I," I smirked.

## **Chapter 149 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

Ember's POV

The winters went by in a blur, and the holiday was over before I knew it. It was the most exciting winter break I'd ever had. Living with Zealina and her family had been bliss. I was no longer a stranger in their house, and their house felt like home.

I was welcomed fully and felt like an actual member of their family. Her parents were like parents to me, and Zealina was literally my sister. We did everything together: breakfast, lunch, dinner, and we tried crazy things together.

We went hiking with Zealina's Dad, and he even trained us in simple combat; it turned out he was a fantastic fighter and was pretty much still in shape for his age.

We went through intense training, but he always went easy on us, making sure we got everything; he was the best combat teacher ever. We would train every evening in the backyard, run for miles, and climb mountains on weekends. We even went fishing and swimming. I had the best time of my life, with Zealina beside me. We had crazy adventures with her dad and even hunted in our wolf form. We ran and tried to catch different animals we could. We once saw a deer and had Mary cook it.

Zealina's mom, Mary, wasn't excluded from all the fun. We had different cooking adventures with her. She was like the mother I never had. We had different talks together, and she taught me how to bake. We baked pies together, and cakes and bonded over every and every little thing we did together. Just like her husband, she was a good fighter and was also in great shape. Mary and her husband were the best, and seeing them acting all lovey-dovey almost had me cry. They were so sweet and perfect together, made for each other like golden mates.

I imagined growing up and having a peaceful life like this with my mate. Teaching our kids how to bake, fight, cook, go on camping and hiking trips, go for a run, and hunt. It sounded fun, like something you'd read out of a novel, a tiny perfect life with my little family.

Every once in a while, Lucas would come to my mind, and I would try my best to push him out of my mind and not think of him. I was going to make him pay, along with Tristen and Priscilla.

Zealina and I had many wild adventures together. We went out for shopping and trained and worked on our bodies. I could confidently say my body was to die for. It looked perfect to me, and it had boosted my ego and made me a bit more outgoing. I worked on myself physically and mentally, emotionally as well.

I learned from Zealina and her mom I made sure I was in good shape, big where I was supposed to be and tiny where I was supposed to be.

I looked in the mirror and could almost not recognize myself. I was glowing and seemed extraordinarily gorgeous. I wasn't a narcissist, but I felt like one at the moment; I felt like I'd grown taller and more slender. My waist was tinier, my hips wider. My body was curvier than I ever thought it could be, and my face card was everything. My eyes seemed to be shining, and I looked happier than I'd ever been.

My hair was the star of the show. I'd cut my long hair a bit shorter to shoulder length and had the curls straightened out. I'd also dyed my hair, and it was a soft color of dull ginger that seemed to bring out my eyes even more.

"Wow," I mumbled to myself.

"Yes, wow, you're gorgeous," Zealina suddenly said from behind, making me flinch. I turned to her with a bit of a playful glare. "What did I tell you about sneaking into my room and scaring the life out of me, huh?" She pouted cutely at me and shrugged.

"I didn't sneak in. I walked in normally; you were just too busy thinking of how much you've glowed up to hear or notice me walk in," Zealina said causally, and I sighed.

I guess she was right; I was busy with thoughts and hadn't noticed her walk in. I stared at myself once again. I couldn't see the girl from last year, the old me. She was gone, and I was a new person. Zealina was right; I had glowed up, and I was happy and proud of myself for that.

"You should get some beauty sleep. School's tomorrow, and I bet you're just excited for your first day of the new semester," she said with a mischievous smile, and I rolled my eyes.

"It's just like every other day of school."

"Only that this time, you're the new Ember. I bet all the boys won't be able to keep their eyes off you and will be all over you. You'd have everyone in the school asking you out." Zealina giggled, and I took her hand and dragged her out of the room.

"No!"

"I bet a certain person especially won't be able to stop staring." she wiggled her brows knowingly, and I shut the door in her face with a little smile on my face.

"Rude!" Zealina yelled from the other side, and I heard her stomp away. I collapsed on my bed, wondering how the next day would be. I hated to admit it, but Zealina was right. It was nerve-wracking and exciting, and tomorrow was the first day of a new semester.

My first day in school with the new me, the new Ember, and I was going to see them all tomorrow. Lucas, Tristen, Priscilla, the people who'd pushed me to change. The people I'd sworn to have my revenge on. I heaved a sigh and drifted up to sleep.

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The next day, I woke up quite early, which was unusual as I hated early mornings. I dragged myself to the bathroom and bathed, making sure to go through all my morning routine. I needed to look perfect.

I pulled out the clothes I'd kept throughout the break: a little leather skirt and a black crop top to match. I got matching black boots and sat in front of the mirror to do my little skincare routine and makeup. I packed my hair in a half ponytail, leaving half behind.

I grabbed my bag and stepped out of the room. Zealina was at the table having breakfast; I greeted her mom and dad and sat at the table. Mary gave me a knowing look and smiled.

"Good morning, sweetheart, you look gorgeous," she said as she placed my plate of pancakes and blueberry sauce with syrup, my favorite.

"Thank you, Mary; it smells and looks delicious as always," I said before digging in.

"Always trust mom's magic hands when it comes to food." Zealina sighed and her dad appeared.

"Come on, girls, I have to drop you off now," He announced, walking outside to start the car. Zealina and I hurriedly ate our breakfast before rushing out. We waved goodbye to Mary and ran to the car for her dad to drive us to school.

"Can't wait to see their reactions, Ember; it'll be priceless!"

## **Chapter 150 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

EMBER

Zealina and I got to school in no time and thanked her dad for the ride. As we got out of the car, all eyes were on us. It was apparent they were all staring at us, and for some reason, we were suddenly the centre of attention.

"They're staring," Zealina whispered to me, and I turned to see them all watching Zealina and I as we walked into the school.

"Who are they?" I heard someone say to a girl standing beside him.

"They are probably new; I haven't seen those faces around," the girl replied.

"The ginger hair is so pretty," someone else said, and I felt my face turn red and tried to pretend like I hadn't heard the comment.

"It's Zealina!" Someone else commented.

"Who is the hot chick beside her?"

"Is that Ember?"

"Wow, she looks like a different person."

"Has she always been this attractive?"

"She's so gorgeous."

Compliments were thrown from everyone at Zealina and me, and I couldn't stop myself from smiling.

For the first time in her life, all eyes were on me, not in judgement or hate but of admiration and shock. I felt a rush of adrenaline and excitement. I enjoyed the new positive attention.

It was the last semester of senior year, and it was time for me to show what the queen really was. I would make sure this semester was a memorable one and one to remember. I would make my mark in the school.

I locked my arm around Zealina's, pulling her closer. She stared at me with a brow raised questioningly, and I smiled widely at her.

"They're staring? Let them!" And with that, we walked towards our lockers.

As we were walking down the hallway to our first class, we saw two girls glaring at me. They spoke in hushed tones, but as I got closer, I realized they were talking about me with malice dripping in their voices.

"She's not even that pretty?"

I frowned, and Zealina shot me a concerned glance. I clenched my jaw, my hands balling into fists at my sides as I struggled to contain my anger.

How dare they speak about me like that? Before I knew it, I found myself walking towards them, Zealina trailing behind me. The girls fell silent as they noticed my approach, their eyes widening in shock as they realized they had been caught.

I stopped in front of them, my gaze locked with theirs, and for a moment, the hallway fell silent. The passersby slowed their steps, their curiosity piqued by the unfolding drama.

"Is there a problem?" I asked, my voice steady despite the anger I felt inside me. The girls exchanged nervous glances, and I raised my brows. They weren't so confident to speak now, huh?

"N-no, no problem at all," one of them stammered, her voice barely above a whisper. But I wasn't about to let them off that easily.

"I couldn't help but overhear your little conversation," I continued, my tone hardening. "And I have to say, I'm not impressed. Gossiping about someone behind their back? That's low, even for you."

The girls shifted uncomfortably, their eyes darting around the hallway as if searching for an escape route. But I held their gaze, refusing to back down in the face of their cowardice. The old Ember would have never confronted them. She would have run away and let them say all sorts of things, trying to avoid trouble.

But that was the old Ember; I wouldn't sit around and let these people say terrible things around me. I wasn't weak or scared of anyone any longer.

"You think you can say whatever you want about me and get away with it?" I challenged, my voice rising with each word.

"Well, think again. Because I won't stand here and let you spread lies about me without consequences."

The passersby watched in awe, some murmuring amongst themselves while others stared in stunned silence.

And then, something unexpected happened. One of the girls offered a tender apology. "I'm sorry," she muttered, her voice barely audible above the crowd's murmurs. "We didn't mean to..."

But I cut her off with a wave of my hand, my anger disappearing instantly. "Save it," I said, my tone softer now. "Just remember that words have consequences. Think before you speak next time." I turned and paused. "Oh, and yes, I'm that pretty!"

With that, I turned on my heel and walked away, Zealina walking beside me. She had a massive smile on her face and squeezed me in a hug.

"That was so badass, girl! I'm proud of you!" She giggled, and I shrugged

"Some people just need to be put in their place," I replied, and we walked into our next class. I immediately felt uncomfortable when I sighted the two people I'd been preparing to meet all winter break.

Lucas and Tristen were in the same class as me. They were seated far apart as Tristen sat at one end of the class and Lucas sat at the other. It took no genius to know that the two weren't on good terms. I bit my lips and stabled my breath; I had trained myself mentally for this. It was pretty unfortunate that I had to share one class with them.

Stepping into the class, my eyes immediately locked on Lucas; he was seated near the front and far away from Tristen, who sat at the back of the other end. Seeing him sent a pang of mixed emotions through me. I immediately averted my gaze.

As I made my way to the back of the classroom, Lucas caught my hand, and I flinched involuntarily.

"Ember," his voice sent shivers down my spine, but I immediately pulled my hand away from his grip, now willing to have a conversation. Despite the flutter of my heart at the sound of his voice, I ignored him, focusing instead on finding a seat as far away as possible. Taking a spot in the corner, I tried to shake off the ache in my chest.

It wasn't easy as I tried to act nonchalant and pretend I didn't care.