

Chapter 151 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

EMBER

The teacher walked in, and the first class began. It was quite an exciting and interactive class. Throughout the whole lesson, I kept feeling someone staring at me. I didn't need a wise man to tell me it was Lucas and Tristen. They kept staring at me and stealing glances at me while I tried to ignore them. It was no use staring back at them.

The class ended soon, and it was break period. I gathered my book on my desk, and from the corner of my eyes, I could see Tristen walking towards me. I was in no mood to have any conversation with him. There was no reason to stand around and have petty talks with him. I quickly took my stuff and dashed out of the room, avoiding Lucas and Tristen. It was break, period, and I was pretty hungry. I dropped my books and all other materials in my locker and saw Zealina approaching me.

"Hey! You left me!" She huffed, and I immediately apologized.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to; I just had to leave the class fast; I was avoiding someone." I pursed my lips. Zealina pulled my arms.

"I'm famished; let's go get lunch," she said, pulling me to the cafeteria. We walked into the cafeteria, and it was pretty filled up. We got in line with our trays to get our meals, which consisted of rice, chicken soup, and a fair share of veggies and meat.

Afterward, Zealina and I got our food and walked to take our seats at the middle table, which is supposedly the best seat in the cafeteria and where the popular kids sat. It was closer to ventilation and far from the trash bin at the end of the room.

By this time, we had all eyes on us, and people murmured about how we had changed and commented on our sitting position. I heard some compliments from some of the boys and some jealous comments from some of the girls and ignored them all.

I was about to take my first spoon of food when Zealina hit me lightly. "Hey, look who it is!" She whispered, trying not to point.

I raised my head to see the famous girls and sweethearts of the school walking in. It was Priscilla and her cheerleading crew walking in with their trays. Everyone stared at them, and the murmurings increased. Where Zealina and I sat was tagged as the Cheerleader's spot as they were known to always sit there. It was why the place was so popular, but I didn't care. The spot wasn't theirs, and anyone could sit there as long as they came early.

People started talking as they stared between me and Zealina and Priscilla and her crew, wondering if they would drive us away from the spot.

Priscilla looked at Zealina and me with an irritated look and looked like she was about to speak for a moment when a look of realization flashed in her eyes, and her irritated expression turned into one of shock.

A little smirk appeared at the corner of my lips at her expression; she must have been surprised to see it was me. She blinked fast and looked away, then turned to a group of friends with a smile that didn't reach her face.

"Let's go to the other seat," She said, and the girls frowned.

"What? That's our seat!" One protested.

"Yes, Priscilla, let's go tell those losers to get the hell out of there," another said, but Priscilla ignored them.

"The seat is not so good anyways; keys go to the other one," with that, she walked away with her tray to take the one behind Zealina and me.

Her friends trailed after her, glaring harshly at us, but we ignored them. People in the cafeteria who had witnessed the scenes and expected Priscilla and her crew to ask us to leave began to mumble in surprise.

"What just happened?"

"Doesn't that seat belong to the cheerleader squad?"

"Who is that beauty?"

"Is she a newbie? Does she not know who Priscilla is?"

"I think that's Ember."

"No way, she is so pretty."

"Is Priscilla scared of her?"

"It seems so."

Different comments flew here and there, and I could see Priscilla fuming from the corner of my eyes.

Someone suddenly dropped a tray on the table, and I looked up to see Ernest and a boy I recognized from the boy's football team.

"Hello, Ember, Zealina." He greeted us, taking a seat beside Zealina, and his friend mutely waved and sat beside Ernest.

"Hi, Ernest," Zealina with a wide smile and kissed him on the cheeks.

Gosh, they were so cute!

"Well, it looks like someone had the best winter break." He winked, and Zealina chuckled.

"Well, you can say that again!" She sighed.

"Well, you ladies look exquisite," He complimented. "And Ember." He turned to me. "Your hair color suits you so well. It compliments your eyes; it looks perfect."

I smiled lightly. "Thank you, Ernest, that's so sweet of you."

"Have you noticed how every boy in sight has been fawning over you today?" He suddenly said, and I raised a brow at his words.

"Huh?" I took a piece of chicken and brought it to my mouth.

"Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about, Ember. Everyone in school is talking about you and how much you've changed. The glow-up is incredible, not just your looks; even your aura has changed. It's made you ten times more attractive, and I'm sure by the end of today, you will have a dozen more secret admirers all over school," Ernest said, and I laughed out loud.

"You can't possibly be serious," I said, laughing, and he looked at me amused.

"Oh, but I am." I rolled my eyes at him.

"There's no secret admirer, Ernest," I said calmly. "But thank you for the compliment, although you exaggerated a lot," I said again, brushing him off.

"Oh, that reminds me, wanna come watch us practise today?" Ernest suddenly chirped.

"Practice for what?" Zealina beat me to the question.

"Another football match?" I threw the question at him.

"Yes, we're having a very important game coming up," Ernest replied.

"Also, and Tristen is our star player." I froze when Ernest's friend mentioned Tristen.

They all noticed I immediately got uncomfortable, and his friend coughed awkwardly. I guess I had successfully made the air tensed up.

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EMBER

"We're having an important match coming up," Ernest said to me, and I nodded, listening to him.

"Hmm," I hummed, taking a bit of my food.

"Yeah, Tristen is our star player." His friend, Jason, chirped in, and I froze. There was an awkward silence following what he said.

Ernest cleared his throat and gave a silent glare to Jason, who shrugged and gave a nervous smile.

"Uhm, sorry about Jason here. He didn't know things between you and Tristen are.." He trailed off awkwardly, and I coughed to ease the tension.

"It's fine; there's nothing Ernest. " I smiled lightly and turned to Jason. "You can go on with what you were saying. " I leaned towards them. "I don't mind you talking about him. I'm quite interested in hearing about your upcoming game."

"Well, Tristen is the best on our team," Jason started, and I nodded, listening to him. Well, I wasn't lying; my curiosity was piqued, and I was interested in the conversation.

I knew Tristen was on the school's football team, and I knew he was pretty good at it. Of course, he was; he was the son of the Alpha. Was there anything he couldn't do?

He was flawless.

I scoffed and rolled my eyes internally at the thought.

"And this match isn't like any other match; it's a very important match for the team, the school, and Tristen especially," Ernest said, and I raised a brow.

"Tristen? Why? Because he's your star player and might get some recognition if you win this game?" Zealina beat me to ask the question I was about to ask. I turned to her and smiled; it was like she read my mind. I chuckled and turned to Ernest, backing up Zealina.

"Yeah, Ernest, do tell us what makes this particular match important." I took a scoop of the hot soup and brought it to my mouth, blowing it to cool it down before sipping it from the spoon.

"Well, if we win this match, it will be a huge once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for Tristen," Ernest spoke enthusiastically, his eyes glittering in excitement. I raised a brow at this.

"Really? How so?" I dipped my drink quietly.

"Well, if we win, Tristen will get approval for early graduation and get the same opportunity as Caleb and further his football career at a top league school!" Ernest exclaimed, and I sat there surprised.

That was big news.

"Isn't that awesome?"

I gave a little fake smile. "Yeah, great. I'm so happy and excited for him," I lied smoothly, and Zealina looked at me like she was going to laugh while I glared at her from the corner of my eyes.

"I didn't expect you to be so interested in football stuff since you're a girl, you're not in the cheerleading group, and especially your situation with Tristen.." he trailed off and then shook his head.

"Well, since you're so interested and excited, why don't you come that day? To come watch and support?" Ernest asked, taking me by surprise.

"You're inviting me to come watch you play?" I asked to be sure, and he nodded.

"Yeah, well, not just you and Zealina too. If you'd be free and you don't mind." He scratched the back of his head nervously, and Zealina chuckled.

"Of course, I'll be happy to watch and support the boy!" Zealina said, clapping excitedly and Ernest turned to me.

"Well, Ember, what do you think?" He questioned, and I pursed my lips. I wasn't interested in watching Tristen play, but I had other plans. My eyes shone, and a sinister smile appeared on my lips. I turned to Ernest and nodded.

"Sure, I don't mind. I'll come to watch you play," I said, and Ernest stood up.

"That's great!" He said and walked towards where Zealina was seated and gave her a little kiss on her cheeks. Zealina blushed and turned red.

"Well, I'll see you lovely ladies later." He waved us goodbye. "Come on, Jason!"

Jason stood up and turned to us. "it was nice having lunch with you, Zealina, and Ember."

"You were a good company as well," I replied politely.

"Hmm, see you later, Jace," Zealina mumbled, her mouth full of food. I smacked her playfully.

"Where are your manners, Zealina!" I huffed, and she just shrugged casually.

We returned to eating, and soon, the bell rang, signaling the end of lunch break.

"Have to get to class now," Zealina said, and I got up after emptying my drink bottle.

"Yeah, let's get going so we won't be late." We left the cafeteria and stopped by our lockers to pick up our materials, and I suddenly felt the need to go to the washroom. I stopped by the locker and turned to Zealina, who shot me a confused look.

"Have to go to the washroom, save a seat for me. Far away from... You know," I whispered the last part, and she giggled.

"Sure, take your time. Don't be late for class, though," I nodded.

"I won't be." I turned and left to the female washroom. I entered and got down to my business. I went straight to the sink to wash my hands, and just then the door was pushed open. I turned to see Priscilla and two of her friends from the cheerleading squad standing there.

Priscilla looked surprised, and when she met my eyes, she quickly averted her gaze and looked down at her feet. I ignored her and continued washing my hands, pretending I was staring at the mirror while watching her from the corner of my eyes.

"L.. let's go," I heard her say to her friend.

"But you said you wanted to adjust your makeup," The red-haired beside her said, but Priscilla had already turned around.

"My makeup is fine, I look perfect, I don't see a reason to re-adjust it. Or do you think I'm ugly?" She asked the girl sternly, and the girl looked scared and shook her head.

"You're right; you look just perfect," she agreed with Priscilla instantly.

"Don't tell me it's because of her you're refusing to go," the other girl spoke up while I pretended like I didn't hear a thing, adding more soap to make my hand washing even longer.

Priscilla stopped and turned to the girl. "I don't know what you're talking about. I don't see anyone, we're late for class, let's get going now," She said to the black-haired girl.

"Well, I have to use the washroom," the girl protested.

"Then we'll meet in class," Priscilla responded strictly and walked away with the red-haired following immediately, trailing behind her. I rolled my eyes at them.

The black haired girl walked in confidently and openly glared at me. "Bitch" I heard her mumble.

"Yeah, your mom," I mumbled back and left the washroom without another word. She probably would have been shocked that I responded.

I walked towards my locker to get my books and other materials, and I saw Priscilla in the hallway. Her locker was on the other side and right in front of mine. It looked like she had come to get something as well.

She noticed me and shut her locker, avoiding my gaze again. She quickly walked past me and disappeared down the hallway.

She was avoiding me, and I smirked. "Good"

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The day went by quickly, and soon, it was the end of our first day of the semester. It was time to go home. I stood outside, a few metres away from Zealina, as I watched her hug and kiss Ernest goodbye. I felt my cheeks turn red as I watched them kiss shamelessly In front of the school.

They were so sweet together; they kind of reminded me of Lucas and I . I felt a pang in my heart; he had ruined everything, ruined us, and I would get revenge. Yes Pricilla seduced him but I bet he didn't mind jumping at her shameless offer.

I gave them a little distance, feeling like a third wheel. Soon, our ride home arrived, and Zealina had to leave Ernest. She reluctantly left his arms after giving him another quick kiss on his lips that left Ernest smiling. He looked so much like a man in love; it was so sweet I almost squealed.

"Come on, we have to go home," I said, pulling Zealina away. She pouted and waved at Ernest while I pushed her into the back of the car to take us back home.

"Well, that was something," I said to Zealina and rolled my eyes while she frowned playfully at me.

"You didn't have to stand there and watch all that," She huffed.

"Yes, I did!" I smacked her. "You forgot we live together now." She pulled me into a tight hug.

"Of course not; you're practically my sister now. You're pretty annoying, but I like you that way," She mumbled, and I groaned. She was so strong; her hold on me was so tight.

"You won't have a sister anymore if you keep squeezing me like this," I complained, and she finally released me. I pulled her ear, and her face squeezed in pain.

"Ow! Ouch! Ember, that hurts" She groaned.

"That's how I feel when you take me and squeeze me like a stuffed animal," I said, releasing her ears that had turned bright red.

"That hurts; no more hugs for you again!" She huffed, and I rolled my eyes at her and chuckled.

"Yay, lucky me!" I exclaimed.

"You're so mean! My hugs are sweet; Ernest says it all the time:" She stuck out her tongue to me".

"Yeah, that's because Ernest is way stronger than me, and your killer hugs don't hurt him as much as they hurt me," I said, and she pouted.

"How could you say that!"

"Hey, I'm just telling you the truth; Ernest probably didn't tell you because he didn't want to hurt you." I shrugged casually.

"Well, no more hugs for you, Ember! You've had your last one." I chuckled at her words.

"Yay, thank the moon goddess, I get to live longer!" I said teasingly, and we both burst out laughing.

We remained silent while being driven home. It wasn't an awkward one; it was a peaceful one as we both stared out the window, watching things go by in a blur as the car sped through.

We both had different things on our minds as I thought about how my first day had gone.

It went better than I thought; I was getting attention, the good kind, from everyone. I was getting compliments and was being told how good I looked and how I'd glowed up over the winter break. It made me feel happy and more confident in myself. I thought about Lucas and Tristen's reactions. They both looked surprised, just as I'd expected.

Seeing Lucas especially brought back memories and made me feel a little pain in my heart. I remembered how my heart raced at the sight of him after a long while and how I felt when he held my hand. He had attempted to talk to me. I knew he wanted to apologize, to make things clear, but I wasn't interested in doing so. My heart wasn't ready to confront him yet. I guess I was still weak...

Tristen, on the other hand, made an effort or moved to talk to me. I didn't know if it was because he was feeling so guilty or if it was because he was pride-filled; I didn't care what it was; I was going to have my revenge on them as I'd promised myself.

Priscilla, on the other hand, the queen bee, must be so upset that someone has stolen her crown, and I, of course, was the one. She didn't dare to look me in the eye today, and in every one of our encounters, she avoided me like a plague. It almost looked like she was scared, afraid to face me.

Her reaction made me happy; I actually want her to be scared of me. She was not going to get off the hook, and she was not going to escape what was coming her way. I would make sure she got what she deserved.

"Ember," Zealina called beside me, snapping me out of my thoughts and bringing me back to reality. I turned to her with both my brows raised.

"Yes? Zealina?" I answered her, and she looked like she was confused; no, she looked like she was troubled.

"About what you said earlier," she started while I listened silently. "What you talked about with Ernest, you agreed to come to watch their game."

I nodded. "Yes, I did. Is there any problem?"

Her brows furrowed. "Well, you aren't really the football type, and you'd never shown any interest in football since I've known you. Since when did you grow an interest in football and all?" Zealina asked, and I turned to the window. I sighed; she knew me so well.

I wasn't interested in football or watching the game. The only reason I'd even agreed to come was because of the fact that Tristen was a player in the team, not just any player. He was their star player, and this match was very important for him, one that could determine his future.

He needed to play well in this match, and that was why I was so interested in the game. It was the perfect opportunity for revenge. I wasn't interested in the game; I only wanted revenge.

But I couldn't tell Zealina that; I didn't want to get her involved in the mess I was in.

"I know I haven't shown much interest in football, but hearing Ernest talk about it made me think again. And besides, I've always thought about joining the female football team," I lied, and Zealina looked surprised.

"Really? You've thought about that?" She asked, and I nodded.

"Yeah, I'm just trying to find a new hobby. My life's pretty boring; maybe football could be that one thing to spice things up, you know?" I said nervously, and she nodded, but she still looked worried.

"But Ember," She called. "Tristen is on the football team."

"I know," I replied curtly.

"Wouldn't that.." she paused. "I mean, he-"

"It's fine, Zealina; you don't have to worry about me. Tristen being on the football team changes nothing, really." I gave her a small smile.

"Are you sure you're fine with being around Lucas and Tristen?" She asked, and I felt terrible for lying to her. She cared so much about me that it almost made me tear up.

"Yes, Zealina, what has happened has happened; I'm fine with being around them, okay?" I assured her, and she nodded.

She finally took a deep breath and relaxed. She believed me.

"Okay, Ember, be careful."

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EMBER

After the conversation between Zealina and me, the rest of the car ride home was silent. It was a comfortable one, and we were both carried away in thoughts. Zealina stared out the window, her hand under her jaw supporting her while I stared at my phone.

I thought about the upcoming game on Saturday and the best possible way to get my revenge on Tristen. He was the star player, and all eyes were going to be on him. I would make sure my revenge was an embarrassing and painful one for him, one he would never forget.

Soon, we got home, and we were immediately welcomed by Zealina's mom, Mary. She was in an apron and had two gloves on her hand. Her hair was packed behind her in a short, messy bun. She welcomed us and told us to go clean up while she was preparing lunch.

I left my room and got rid of my clothes. I threw them in the laundry basket and showered. I packed my hair into a neat bun and wore comfortable shorts and a white tank top. I wore my home slippers and walked downstairs.

Zealina was already seated at the table, and Mary arranged the table. She placed our food, drinks, and dessert, and Zealina began to tell her mom how the first day of school after winter break went.

She started, rambling and telling Mary everything that had happened that day while Mary listened to her attentively with a soft smile, making little comments here and there.

She gave us so much attention; she was such a fantastic mother. Zealina mentioned how the boys were all over me and how I received attention and compliments all day. Soon, I didn't realize when I joined Zealina in blabbing about how our day had gone. I didn't know talking about your day could be so fun. Something so simple with Zealina's family made me so happy. I felt so loved, like I belonged there.

Soon, we were done with lunch; I helped Mary clean up and do the dishes.

I soon excused myself and left for my room. I made sure no one was coming and locked my door. Turning off the light, I sat on my bed and plugged in my earbuds

I picked up my MacBook and joined my anonymous therapy session. I had been in a therapy session for almost a month without anyone's knowledge.

I had been hurt so badly that I needed therapy, but I would never confess it. At least I could heal silently from all the things I endured in the past, from losing my dad abruptly to getting bullied and having shitty mates. This was a secret no one knew about, not even Zealina. I needed to heal from everything, and I didn't want to bother her.

She and her family had already done more than enough for me. After my session, I felt exhausted and slept off.

I woke up the next day to the sound of Zealina's banging on my door to wake me up for school.

We grabbed a sandwich and waved Mary goodbye before leaving for school. Nothing extra happened that day.

After we got home, I changed into a pair of jeans and a crop shirt and informed Mary that I would be going out to the forest for a run in the woods

I wasn't going for a run. I was going to secretly practice spells, one for revenge against a particular person.

I walked far from the house till I came across a little pond. Perfect, I had walked a safe distance away. No one would notice or see me here.

I dipped my hand into my bag and brought out a book; it was the spell book I had hidden. I didn't think I would use it, but here I was now. I sat in front of the pond and flipped the pages till I found one spell that caught my eye.

"Interesting," I mumbled. It looked familiar, and I read what was written there.

"Good, this will help," I said to myself.

I moved towards the edge to see little fishes swimming in the pond, and I decided to practice my spells on them. They were perfect.

I closed my eyes and began to chant, the words flowing from my lips.

I had to focus on a particularly challenging spell—the ability to infiltrate someone's mind and take control of their body movements.

It was a delicate and complex spell, one that required precision and finesse. If I could master it, it would be very helpful for my revenge.

With a deep breath, I centered myself and began to visualize the spell taking shape in my mind's eye. I pictured the shape threads of energy weaving together, forming a connection between my consciousness and that of my target. It was like threading a needle with the finest of threads.

Spotting a lone fish gliding through the crystal-clear waters of the pond, I decided I would practice it, focusing all of my energy on establishing a connection.

With a mental command, I reached out and invaded its mind, feeling the thrill of the power course through me as I guided its movements with my thoughts alone. I had possessed and controlled the fish.

Satisfied that my powers still held firm, I released the fish from my grasp and watched it swim away like it was scared. I smirked, wise fish.

I gather my books and belongings, pushing them into the little bag I'd carried to avoid suspicion and questions from Zealina and her family.

I shifted and ran back home. I snuck into my room and fell on my bed. Things were falling into place. I couldn't wait for Saturday.

Soon, days rushed by, and it was finally the day of the game. "Ember! Come on, we can't be late!!"

Zealina yelled, and I groaned. She burst into my room, and I glared at her playfully. "Hey, do you not know how to knock before entering someone else's room?" I said to her.

"What are you doing? We have to get going now?" She said to me, pulling me out of the room.

"Hey, hey, slow down! We still have time," I said, but it fell on deaf ears; she ignored me and pulled me downstairs.

"We have to get to Ernest's house; they are all waiting for us there," Zealina said, picking up her bag. She was dressed in blue jeans and a big black top, while I was dressed in black baggy jeans and a matching black crop top.

"Bye, mom!"

"Bye, Mary!" We waved at Zealina's mom and left the house. The ride to Ernest's house was about 30 minutes. We got there to see the boys had already arrived with their girlfriends. There were four boys in number, plus Ernest making five of them, and two of them were with their girlfriends, Quince and Olivia, some girls I recognized from school but I'd never talked to them.

The boys were all players in the school's football team, and they looked like they were partying. There were drinks on the table, and some of the girls looked drunk. The music was playing loudly from the speaker, and while Olivia and her boyfriend were dancing, Quince was on the couch, making out with her boyfriend.

Oh boy...

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EMBER

Ernest welcomed us inside with a smile, and Zealina practically flew into his arms, hugging him like he would disappear.

"I missed you so much," She mumbled, and I rolled my eyes at her.

"I missed you too, babe," Ernest said, chuckling.

"Hi, Ember. You can come in and meet the gang; the match starts in about an hour and 30 minutes," Ernest said, moving out of the way with Zealina, and I walked in.

"Thanks for having us here," I said politely.

The girls and guys inside all noticed and welcomed Zealina and me.

"Hi gorgeous," one winked at me, and I giggled.

"Aren't you with Lucas?" Someone said, and I froze, feeling uncomfortable. I turned to him and forced a fake smile on my face. He got the memo and scratched his head awkwardly, looking away.

"Oh.. w.. we'll have fun. Nice to meet you, Ember," He mumbled.

"Same here," I said and went to grab a drink.

"Hey girls, we should do each other's makeup up," Quince said from behind, walking towards where I was with Olivia, and Zealina appeared from nowhere.

Quince was a tall and black-haired girl who looked like she was confident and social. She was pretty, with multiple piercings on her nose, ears, and eyebrows; I thought they were lovely.

Olivia, on the other hand, was the warmer, shorter, and shyer type. She was a pretty brunette with glasses and a warm smile.

"Yeah, I agree, since the boys are busy and Ernest won't pay any attention to me," Zealina pouted.

The girls and I entered a room in Ernest's house and did each other's hair and makeup. I had to admit that hanging out with Quince and Olivia was quite fun. I felt like we would get along. They were so open and honest, about everything. We made jokes and talked about random things, and before I knew it, an hour was up, and we were ready to go.

The boys gave their girlfriends their jerseys, and I felt like the odd one out. We got into different cars, and Zealina and I went with Ernest, who drove us to school.

Ten minutes later, we arrived at the location, which was buzzing with people and excitement.

"We have to go to our coach now; I'll see you later, sweetheart," Ernest said and placed a kiss on Zealina's forehead. The other guys excused themselves as well and left us. Zealina, Quince, Quince, Olivia and I decided to watch the game together. We were pretty excited and pumped up for the game.

We got to the front row to watch the game and cheer for the boys. We stood and cheered, screaming loudly with the crowd. We were lucky to have found a comfortable front-row seat. The girls and I blended together so well, and I could see us becoming close friends. We talked about random things while waiting for the game to start. A few minutes before the start of the game, I decided to go get snacks for everyone to munch on as I realized we had nothing to eat or keep ourselves busy with.

"Make sure my seat doesn't get stolen, okay?" I said to Zealina sternly because I knew how easily she could get carried away.

"Yes, yes, don't forget the soda. I want-"

"I know," I interrupted her with an eye roll.

"Hey, let me talk!" She shouted at me as we had to raise our voices to hear each other clearly. The crowd was cheering so loudly that we had to talk at the top of our voices to be able to hear clearly.

"No! You talk too much!" I screamed at her, laughing as I ran away.

"Let me catch you, Ember!" She yelled, and I giggled and walked away from the stadium to where the snacks were being sold. I had a lot to buy and carry as I had to get snacks for all four of us.

I walked to the food court and got our orders in a paper bag. Four popcorn, four canned soda drinks, and some sweets for Zealina, of course.

I was on my way back to the stadium when I bumped into someone. I stumbled and almost fell. "Sorry for the-" The words got stuck in my throat as I saw who I'd bumped into.

"Lucas"

I stood there frozen, and the paper bags fell from my hands as my eyes widened. What was he doing here?

He looked at me, his eyes dark and devoid of any emotion. I swallowed and lowered myself to pick up the paper bag filled with popcorn. I was going to pretend like I hadn't seen him and ignore him. I stood up and was about to leave when he moved to the side, blocking me from leaving, and I was forced to look up and look at his. His eyes bore into mine so profoundly, like they could read me and see everything.

I blinked, snapping out of it, and frowned. I wasn't willing to talk to him.

"What are you doing here, Ember?" He threw the question at me, and I looked away.

"What?" I blurted out, and he kept quiet, probably surprised I answered him.

"Since when did you have an interest in football?" He asked, and I glared at him.

"Since when did what interests me become your business?" I shot at him, and he looked both surprised and hurt

"Ember-_"

"Leave me alone, please. I'm on a mission; I have to get back to my seat," I interrupted him and gave him a fake smile.

I was about to leave when he suddenly grabbed my wrist. "Hey! What are you doing? Let me go!" I yelled at him, but he ignored me and began to pull me away. I tried to resist, but he was way stronger than me and effortlessly pulled me away from where I was standing and into one of the bathroom stalls.

He shut the door behind me as soon as he dragged me inside, and I narrowed my eyes at him.

"What do you think you're doing?" I growled, and he turned to me with a sigh.

"I need to talk to you, Ember," he spoke softly. "please."

"I have nothing to say to you, Lucas." I brushed him off and walked towards the door, but he pulled me back and pushed me against the wall. My eyes widened; he was so close. His face was inches away from mine.

"W.. what? Get away from me now," I stuttered nervously, feeling self-conscious under his watchful gaze. Lucas pulled back a little bit, but not entirely. He was still too close to me and was in my personal space. I didn't feel too comfortable. Someone could walk in on us and misunderstand the whole situation.

"I'm not letting you go until you tell me why you're here and what you're planning," Lucas said, and I scoffed.

"You can't be serious."

"Oh, but I am. I have all the time in the world, and I won't leave until you give me a chance to explain myself and also stop whatever it is you're scheming," he said, and I could feel his breath on my face.

"Someone could walk in on us!"

"I don't care."

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EMBER

"What do you mean you don't care?" I flared up at him.

"Would you just let me explain myself? Ember, please, I need you to listen to me." he looked genuine, but I looked away, blinded by anger.

"I don't need any explanation; I don't want to talk to you. Just let me go," I growled.

I stood with my arms crossed, my eyes fixed on Lucas in anger and hurt. His eyes filled with a desperate plea, and I knew he wanted to talk.

"Ember, please listen to me," he said, his voice laced with urgency.

But I was having none of it. "No, Lucas. I don't want to hear it. You've broken my trust, and I can't just forget what I saw or just put it all behind me like nothing happened."

He took a step closer, his hands outstretched. "Ember, I know I hurt you, but please, just hear me out. It's not what you think."

I turned away, my eyes welling up with tears. "I don't want to hear your excuses, Lucas. You chose to be with her, and that's all that matters."

Lucas's face contorted in anguish. "Ember, that's not true. I swear on my life I didn't want to be with her. I was drugged, Ember. Someone slipped something into my drink, and I don't remember much. But I know I didn't want to hurt you."

I spun back around, my eyes flashing with anger. "Don't lie to me, Lucas! I saw you with her. I saw the way you looked at her, the way you touched her."

Lucas's face crumpled, and he dropped to his knees, his eyes streaming with tears. "Ember, please. I know I hurt you, but I love you. I would never intentionally betray you. Please, listen to me."

I glared at him, my heart still racing with anger and hurt. But as I looked into his eyes, I saw something there that gave me pause. A desperation, a sincerity that made me wonder if maybe,

just maybe, there was more to the story. And with a heavy sigh, I nodded, my arms still crossed, but my heart was slightly open to listening.

"Go on," I mumbled, looking away.

Lucas went ahead to confess and tell me everything. He was truly innocent and drugged, and he wasn't even in his right senses when he was with her.

I stood in stunned silence as Lucas's words hung in the air like a thick fog. He didn't mean to hurt me? He was drugged and forced to sleep with Priscilla? My mind raced with questions, doubts, and emotions, but my voice was frozen in shock.

Lucas's eyes pleaded with me, his face etched with pain and regret. "Ember, I swear on my life, I didn't want to hurt you. Someone must have slipped something into my drink. I don't remember much, but I know I didn't want to be with her. I love you, Ember, only you. Seeing you avoiding me and not wanting to talk to me hurts me so bad. Please, Ember, give me another chance."

Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as I struggled to process this revelation. The pain and betrayal I felt just moments before began to vanish. Lucas, my Lucas, wouldn't do this to me intentionally.

Without a word, I flung myself into his arms, tears streaming down my face. He held me tight, his tears mingling with mine. We stood there, clinging to each other, as the world around us melted away.

We pulled back, our eyes locking in a deep gaze. "I'm so sorry I ever doubted you," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

He shook his head, his eyes glistening. "No, it's not your fault Ember, it's Priscilla, that bitch"

"I know, I'm sorry I let you down, I didn't trust and believe y-"

He cut me off by crashing his lips on mine. My eyes widened for a moment before I held his shirt and kissed him back softly. Tears rolled down my eyes; I missed this. I missed Lucas.

The kiss was slow and loving. A way of communicating without words. He pulled back and cupped my cheeks, staring at me with loving eyes.

Lucas placed kisses on my cheeks, my nose, my lips, my eyes, all over my face, and chuckled before letting me go. "I missed you, Ember, so much you have no idea," He said, and I gave a watery smile.

"I missed you even more," I confessed, blushing, and he suddenly swept me off my feet.

"Lucas!" I yelped, my arms flying around his neck for support. "What are you doing?"

"Taking you home, of course," he replied with a bright smile.

"The game? Aren't you staying to watch the game?" I asked with my brows furrowed; how could he possibly be leaving now?

"I'd rather watch you." he winked and carried me out of the bathroom. Luckily, no one was around to see us both coming out. Lucas carried me to his car and drove home.

I stared at the manor; it had been weeks since I'd been here. I left here with a broken heart, and now I was back with a fixed one. I stood outside feeling mixed emotions; my memories here were bittersweet.

"Come on," Lucas tugged me gently, holding my hand, and we walked inside. The manor was quiet; it seemed that not many other than the maids were home. Lucas led me to his room and pinned me against the wall.

He pulled down my dress, revealing my curvy shoulders and chest. He kissed my skin and groaned out. "I've missed you; I've missed this," he confessed desperately.

"Me too," I mumbled, I couldn't deny it. I'd missed the feeling of his touch on me.

He yanked my bra, and immediately, my softly colored bud was revealed to him.

"Goodness, why are you so perfect?" Lucas groaned.

Before I could respond, he slid his wet mouth upon my nipples. I gasped in delight, my back arching against the wall. He teased the bud with his teeth before his hot twirl swirled on the pearl. I struggled, my fingers sliding into his hair, bringing him much closer to me.

"O-oh..." I could barely speak. He pulled back and helped me take off my trousers till I was left in just my underwear and carried me to his bed.

He started by lowering his hand until he pushed the lace aside. His knuckles tenderly caressed my already wet entrance, feeling the soft curl of hair. He lowered his head and captured my mouth just as his fingers slipped between my folds.

I gasped into the kiss, his middle finger pressing up and down. His fingers grew slick from my juices. He stroked back and forth until he found it. I buckled at his touch, moaning into his mouth.

"Lucas r-right there—"

"Keep your legs open for me," Lucas growled.

His fingers played with my bundle of nerves, causing me to buckle and flinch with pleasure. I was so close.

I squeezed my eyes shut, My hand gripping his arm. I rolled my head back as he continued to rub upon the most sensitive part. My breathing grew heavy, and I was unable to speak.

I felt dizzy with pleasure. I felt something building up. My insides clenched and unclenched, needy to grip onto something.

"A-ah... Lucas..." I whimpered. I wriggled in an attempt to flee from the overwhelming sensation but to no avail.

I was becoming breathless now. My pleasure was at its peak. I could feel it. I was gasping and writhing, but he was relentless.

"N-no—" my head rolled back. I felt my legs dig into the mattress, but he held me in place with his hand.

I could feel it now. Within seconds, I burst, my moans filling the room. My toes curled, my entire body shuddering with ecstasy. I let out a soft breath.

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EMBER

I lay there, breathing heavily, my body tingling. Lucas gazed at me with lust-filled eyes.

He brushed a strand of hair from my face and leaned down to kiss me softly.

"Are you okay?" he asked gently, his hand tracing light patterns on my skin.

I nodded, still catching my breath.

"Yeah... I'm okay," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Okay, good," he smirked. Mischief was evident in his eyes.

Lucas took his sweet time. My insides were tightening again and again on his fingers, eager for more. So, he gave me more. He fingered me quicker, rougher.

I came a few seconds later. Soon, my body stopped shaking and relaxed against the big fluffy bed.

Lucas let out a slow breath and swiftly replaced his fingers with his hard throbbing cock. I choked.

"Luc..." I gasped out,

He ignored my cries and pushed deeper inside me. He picked up his speed until I was a moaning mess underneath him.

"Clenching so hard," Lucas gritted.

He grasped my breasts with his hand. The twin orbs were tight and taut with desire, begging for his attention. He bent his head and captured one in his mouth. Harshly, he bit on it.

"Ah..argh!" I sobbed, pushing at him, but he suddenly became kinder.

He licked the pain away, twirling his expert tongue around it. Then, he kissed the orb and moved to the right breast. He lapped his tongue around the new pearl, causing me to whimper. My thighs tightened on his powerful waist, but it only tormented him more. I tightened my insides, contracting and unclenching around his hard member.

I squirmed with pleasure, slowly losing my mind.

"They're so tight, even the softest silk will feel painful," Lucas murmured upon my breasts.

I shakily glanced at him. He was such a wicked man. His voice was gentle, but his actions were not. He treated me tenderly with his words while he pushed my body to its limits. I couldn't come to my senses, for I was drowning in the sexual satisfaction he gave me.

"Ember..." He whispered on my breast, kissing a trail to my neck.

At his coaxing, I flinched. I struggled against his muscular body. A gasp ripped through me as I felt myself tremble intensely. I was close. Again.

"Lucas, please!" I sobbed. My entire body shuddered, and I shoved at him. Quickly, I felt warmth in between my thighs again. This time. From me.

I came apart, panting for air. But he did not stop. At my heightened senses from just climaxing, he only plunged deeper. My throat was hoarse from screaming and crying out his name, but he did not stop.

"Fuck," Lucas cursed.

I jolted when him cum. I relaxed, thinking it was over, but he did not finish.

"I've never seen a face so lovely..." Lucas murmured, cupping my flushed cheeks.

I leaned into his touch. I froze when he hardened. Again. When I glanced at him, I saw his dangerous expression. His eyes were erotic, his body as warm as mine, but his stamina was unwavering.

"Once more, love," Lucas whispered, kissing the side of my head.

I felt tired already. We were supposed to be at the game, but somehow, we ended up here.

"Just this one." He pulled me off the bed, and my leg shook as I stood. He turned me over and took my waist, bending my back to him.

"Lucas," I called; he ignored me and ran his hand over my ass. "Lean on the bed, love," and I did.

He stepped closer to me, holding the side of my waist. With his other hand, he held the length of his manhood, which had turned warm and hard. Moving it up and down, he brought it closer to my entrance. Teasing me as he rubbed the tip of his manhood on the lips of my entrance. The glistening wetness between my legs made it easier for him to move, and he heard me take a sharp breath once he started to increase the tempo of his movements.

But he only teased me, stirring my mind and thoughts to a puddle of nothingness. He pulled up the back of my hair, going back to rubbing his length to groan at the feel of my wet entrance.

"Ah fuck" I groaned at the sensation I felt. "Lucas, please."

Every time, his length pushed into my wet folds, but not entirely, just enough to tease me.

I couldn't hold back anymore. The teasing had gone too far, and I wanted him to do something about it, and he did just that when he rammed himself into me from behind. I gasped, my lips parting and my hands tightly clutching the edge of the bed. He pulled out of me halfway, his movements slow, before thrusting himself back into me. The slow movements had my mind clouded, desiring him more and more.

"Ah!" I cried when Lucas pushed himself further before moving his hips in a way to create a circular movement that had my hands and toes curling.

He continued to push in and out before increasing the pace to hear my breath hitch repeatedly. He pulled out of me completely, flipping my body around and picking one leg of mine to hold by my thigh. Positioning himself back to my entrance, Lucas continued thrusting into me. I clutched on his shoulders this time. My nails dug into his skin with every thrust that pushed me to a higher space.

I cried out his name with every thrust into me. Thankfully, there was no one around, or everyone would have heard me scream

His movements picked up the pace, and he pushed his length into me, going deeper until I finally parted my lips with no voice coming out of it, my toes curling more as he spent himself into me. Luckily, we didn't forget to use condoms.

Lucas held me in his arms before finishing himself with the climax. My body fell slack, and he pulled himself out of me while dropping down my leg, which he had raised previously.

Well, that was intense...

Lucas smiled. He layed beside me and pulled me closer, his touch comforting. We stayed like that for a while, wrapped in each other's arms, the weight of recent events slowly fading into the background.

"I'm sorry for everything, Ember," Lucas murmured, his voice completely sincere. "I never wanted to hurt you. I love you so fucking much."

I turned to him, meeting his gaze. "I know," I said softly, my heart heavy with the realization of how close I had come to losing him over a misunderstanding.

Lucas kissed my forehead gently. "I promise to make it up to you," he whispered.

I smiled broadly. "I believe you,"

We lay together in silence, the room filled with a comforting stillness. For the first time in weeks, I felt at peace, knowing that our love had weathered the storm. With Lucas by my side, I felt ready to face anything.

"I love you, Ember," Lucas whispered.

"I love you too," I whispered back. I meant it; I never want to lose Lucas again.

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THIRD PERSON POV

Zealina sat with her new friends, Quince and Olivia, in the crowded stadium, cheering on their school's football team. They had been having a great time, laughing and shouting along with the other fans. But as the game went on, Zealina began to notice that Ember had been gone for a while.

She left to get them popcorn and sodas almost half an hour ago, and she hadn't returned yet. Her seat was still empty and being kept for her, and the game had already begun.

Ember seemed so excited about the game that Zealina didn't think she would miss the beginning.

At first, Zealina thought nothing of it, assuming Ember had run into someone she knew or went to use the restroom. She turned to Quince and Olivia, who were focused on watching their boyfriends play. She decided to focus on the game as well.

But as the minutes ticked by and Ember still hadn't returned, Zealina started to get worried. They were already mid-match, had Ember given up on football and gone to do something else?

Maybe she had gone home.

Zealina checked her phone for any missed calls or unanswered messages from Ember, but she got none. Ember would have at least sent a message if she was going home. It was unusual for her to go missing this way. She got up from her seat, scanning the crowd to see if she could spot Ember anywhere. Maybe she had gotten lost or couldn't get through the thick crowd and decided to sit elsewhere.

"Hey, where are you going?" Olivia asked, looking up at Zealina with a concerned expression.

"I'm just going to look for Ember," Zealina replied. "She's been gone for a while, and I'm getting worried."

Quince waved her hand dismissively. "Don't worry about it, Zealina. She's probably just fine. Focus on the game, we're winning!"

Zealina hesitated, unsure of what to do. But Olivia and Quince kept reassuring her that Ember was okay and probably busy. She was an adult who could take care of herself, after all and she wasn't new to the school area to have gotten lost. They promised to help look for her after the game, and soon, the excitement of the game eventually won her over. She sat back down and joined in the cheering, trying to push her worries about Ember to the back of her mind.

The game was intense as the boys played and fought hard. This match was life-changing for Tristen, and he had scored many goals. He was the leading and star player of the team, after all. Tristen did so many tricks; the same went for Ernest, and the other boys which made the girls cheer loudly.

The cheerleaders, including Priscilla did their little dance and cheering by the side, and the stadium was loud and noisy. All were chanting the name of their school and encouraging their boys to play better and win.

As the final whistle blew and their school was declared the winner, Zealina jumped up and down, cheering along with Olivia, Qand Uince, and the rest of the crowd.

"We won!!!" Quince screamed, hugging the girls, and they all laughed, their faces lit up with smiles.

This meant that Tristen would be awarded the scholarship and early acceptance into the best football league training. His football career and good future were now secured and promised.

Zealina was thrilled that they had won, but a small part of her was still worried about Ember. She made a mental note to try and find her as soon as the celebration died down and when everyone had come down.

The music came up, and the cheerleaders went to the middle of the field to do their celebration dance. They did different stunts and dances, and people cheered and screamed for both the cheerleaders and the boys who played.

She scanned the field, her eyes searching for Ernest. He was one of the star players on the football team and performed so well in the match. When she spotted him, grinning from ear to ear and holding his helmet in the air, she couldn't contain herself.

With a squeal of delight, Zealina sprinted towards Ernest, her feet pounding the ground. She launched herself into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. Ernest, taken aback by the sudden tackle, stumbled backward, laughing, as Zealina showered him with kisses.

"Babe," Ernest chuckled, spinning her around, and she giggled. He let her down, and she tiptoed and captured his lips in a kiss without caring about where they were. Ernest wrapped his arms around her, pulling her closer as he deepened the kiss.

Their teammates and the crowd around them cheered and clapped, whistling and catcalling as Zealina and Ernest shared a long, victorious kiss. Ernest's face was flushed with happiness, his eyes shining with pride and love as he held Zealina tight,

Finally, Zealina pulled back, her face flushed and her hair disheveled, but her eyes sparkling with joy. "I'm so proud of you, Ernest!" she exclaimed, her voice hoarse from screaming. "You guys were amazing out there! You played so well, and you deserved that win!"

Ernest grinned, "Thanks, babe. We couldn't have done it without our number one fan cheering us on." He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, his touch sending shivers down her spine. "You're the real MVP. I'm so lucky to have you in my life."

Zealina blushed, her heart racing with happiness. She loved Ernest so much, and moments like these made her feel like the luckiest person in the world. She wrapped her arms around him again, holding him tight as the crowd continued to cheer and chant their team's name.

She could also see Quince and Olivia hugging their boyfriends and congratulating them for their wins. Everyone was grinning from ear to ear, and the coach came to give them a speech. He shook and hugged every player on the team, telling them how proud he was of them and how well they played, especially Tristen.

He looked proud of the team, and the boys were also pleased to have him as their coach.

"Alright, boys! Let's go celebrate! Bills on me for this win!" He yelled, and everyone shouted in agreement.

"COACH! COACH! COACH!" They chanted and even carried him while the older man chuckled.

I remembered I still hadn't seen Ember and decided to look around, but there were too many people. I couldn't possibly find her in this crowd. I sighed and dialed her number, but it wasn't going through. Ernest noticed my troubled face and asked what was wrong.

I explained how Ember had left to get us Popcorn and Soda at the beginning of the match and still hadn't returned.

"Don't worry, babe; She's probably busy. She can take care of herself." He said the same thing Quince and Olivia had said earlier.

"Alright," Zealina decided to relax.

"Come on, let's go celebrate our win!!" Ernest yelled, whisking her in his arms, and she giggled, letting him carry her out of the stadium

After the whole celebration, the football team and cheerleading squad decided to go out and celebrate their victory. They headed to a restaurant, and the Coach paid in full as promised.

As they all settled down to eat, the boys had their girlfriends sitting beside them, and the ones without a girlfriends had a cheerleading friend beside him.

Unfortunately for Tristen, Priscilla was seated right beside him, and he felt annoyed and uncomfortable. He tried not to show his annoyance and focus on the delicious meals being served on the table.

The coach raised a glass to toast, and we all did the same. "To my boys and our victory!" He yelled.

"To us!" We chorused before taking a sip of the wine each.

Tristen had just grabbed a plate and was about to take a seat when Priscilla suddenly whispered in his ear, "Tristen, there's something you should know."

Tristen's eyes rolled in annoyance. What did she want now?

"Leave me alone, Priscilla," he growled, trying to shake her off.

But Priscilla was persistent. "I just need to tell you something, Tristen," she said, her voice serious unlike her usual sweet and sultry one. "It's really important."

Tristen ignored her and focused on his meal. He had just taken a spoon of rice when he heard her say

"Tristen, please, just listen to me," she said, her voice rising, drawing the attention of a few people around them.

He clenched his fist around the spoon in anger and irritation. He didn't want all eyes on them and finally turned to her.

"What!"

She looked offended. "I need to speak to you in private," she spoke in hushed tones. "Please," her voice lowered, and she looked pathetic.

Tristen sighed. What now? He thought to himself. But he didn't want to draw attention from their teammates, so he reluctantly got up and excused himself. Leaving the table, I followed Priscilla to a quiet corner of the room.

Finally, Tristen stopped and turned to face her. "What is it, Priscilla? Can't you see I'm trying to celebrate with my team?"

Priscilla's face fell, but she didn't give up. "I know you're mad at me, Tristen, but I just need to tell you how I feel. I've been wanting to tell you for weeks, but I've been too afraid."

Tristen sighed and rubbed his temples. "What do you want now!"

Priscilla's expression turned serious. "Tristen, I think I'm pregnant," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

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"Tristen, I think I'm pregnant," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Tristen's eyes widened in shock; his mind went blank. A look of disbelief appeared on his face due to the unexpected news.

"What? How is that possible?" he asked, trying to keep his voice low.

Priscilla's face crumpled, and she began to cry. "I don't know, Tristen! It just happened!" Tristen's anger and frustration boiled over, but he tried to remain calm, knowing that yelling at Priscilla wouldn't solve anything. He took a deep breath and tried to process what he was being told. Pregnant? How was he supposed to deal with that?

"And? Why am I being told?" Tristen said calmly, quietly hoping it wasn't what it thought it was. He felt his heart racing all over.

Priscilla looked at him like he had grown an extra head. "It's yours, of course!"

"You're joking," Tristen scoffed. "How am I supposed to believe that?"

"We had sex, Tristen," Priscilla almost screamed at him.

"You forced me to! Besides, I'm not the only one you spread your legs for," he retorted, and she looked mortified at his words.

"I didn't have sex with anyone after you, the timing and everything, Tristen. And besides we did it raw, I've never done that with anyone" she looked like she was going to break down and start crying.

Tristen's skepticism was evident on his face. "Priscilla, come on. You're not exactly known for your honesty," he said, his voice firm but controlled. "How do I know you're not just making this up for attention?"

Priscilla's face fell, and she looked at him with tears in her eyes. "I'm not lying, Tristen. I swear. I wouldn't make something like this up."

Tristen raised an eyebrow. "Really? You wouldn't? Would you like me to remind you of what went down with Lucas did and how you pushed the blame to only me?"

Priscilla's face flushed with shame, but she persisted. "That was different, Tristen. I was hurting, and I didn't know how to cope. But this... This is different. Please, just listen to me. I swear it's your child, Tristen. I always use protection. When it came to you, you fucked me without one."

Tristen sighed and rubbed his temples. He didn't believe her, but he also didn't want to be a jerk about it. "Fine. Let's go get a pregnancy test. Do you agree with that?"

Priscilla's eyes immediately lit up, and she nodded. "Yes, yes, of course. I have nothing to hide. I'm not telling any lies."

Tristen's eyes narrowed, his mind still skeptical. "Follow me to the drugstore, Priscilla. We'll pick up a pregnancy test and settle this once and for all." He didn't believe her, but he needed to know for sure.

Priscilla nodded, her eyes welling up with tears. "Thank you, Tristen. I promise I'm not lying."

Tristen raised an eyebrow but said nothing. He just gestured for her to follow him, and they left the corner they were in and walked back into the party.

"Hey, guys, we've got somewhere to be," Tristen announced, his voice firm but his eyes avoiding his teammates' curious gazes.

The team looked at them in confusion. "What's going on?" one of them asked, but Tristen just shook his head.

"Nothing serious, I just have something I need to take care of," He said. Zealina's eyes darted between Tristen, who had a frown on his face, and Priscilla, who stood behind him nervously.

What was going on?

"You sure, bro?" Ernest asked.

"Yeah, celebrate without me, guys. I'll catch up with you later."

He and Priscilla left the party and drove in an awkward silence to the nearest drugstore. Tristen didn't say anything as they walked in and picked up a pregnancy test. He paid for it and handed it to Priscilla, his eyes still skeptical.

They drove back to her apartment, and the tension between them rose even higher. Priscilla fidgeted with the test in her hand, her eyes darting to Tristen's face, but he remained expressionless.

Finally, they arrived at her apartment, and Priscilla went into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Tristen waited outside, his mind racing with possibilities. What if she was lying? What if she was telling the truth?

What would he do if Priscilla was truly pregnant for him, as she claimed? He scolded himself mentally for having unprotected sex with her in the first place.

The minutes ticked by, and Tristen's anxiety grew. He paced back and forth in front of the bathroom door, his heart pounding in his chest.

There was no denying that it was going to be extremely difficult if she was indeed pregnant. He would be leaving the pack in a week to further his career and all of a sudden he had a baby on the way? What was he going to do?

Finally, the door opened, and Priscilla emerged, the test in her hand. He set the timer while they patiently waited for the results in silence.

Immediately the alarm rang, Tristen's eyes locked onto the small window, and his heart stopped. Two pink lines stared back at him, confirming that Priscilla was indeed pregnant.

Tristen's world went silent, his mind reeling with the implications. He was going to be a father. The thought sent his head spinning. He wasn't ready for this.

Priscilla was genuinely pregnant. She was pregnant for him.

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Priscilla's POV

I stared at the pregnancy test in disbelief, my mind racing with thoughts and emotions. I had suspected I might be pregnant, but seeing the positive result made it real. I felt a mix of fear, anxiety, and uncertainty.

Seeing the two pink lines that meant positive made my heart race. I didn't know what and how to think at the moment. My hand shook, and I took shaky breaths and decided to leave the

bathroom. I never thought it would end the way. I never thought I, of all people, would end up pregnant, and for Tristen.

I was stupid, and I had acted without reasoning. I had forced him to have sex with me, and now I was pregnant. I knew Tristen didn't love me and was irritated by me; I would hate me too. I didn't know how he would react to this news, and from his earlier reaction, I didn't think he would be happy about this.

Tristen's face fell, his eyes narrowing into a frown as he saw the lines. "You're pregnant," he said, his voice flat and unenthusiastic.

I felt a sting from his reaction, my heart sinking with disappointment. I had hoped for some excitement, joy, and indication that he cared. But instead, he looked like he had just been sentenced to prison.

"I am," trying to keep my voice steady.

"I just didn't expect this to happen," he said.

I felt a lump form in my throat as I realized he wasn't happy about the pregnancy. He didn't want this child, didn't want me.

"Neither did I," I said, my voice barely above a whisper.

Tristen sighed, his eyes avoiding mine. "Priscilla, we never planned on having kids. We're not even in a good relationship at the moment."

I felt a little bit hurt, his words like a slap in the face. He was right; we weren't in a good place.

"I'm not keeping the child, Tristen," I said firmly, my mind made up. "I won't burden you with a responsibility you never wanted."

Tristen's eyes widened in shock, his face pale. He looked like he had been punched in the gut, unable to breathe or speak. His mouth hung open, and his eyes were fixed on me as if trying to process what I had just said.

"How...how can you even think of doing that?" he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. "That's our child, Priscilla. Our flesh and blood. How can you just get rid of it like it means nothing?"

I saw the shock and disbelief in his eyes, and for a moment, I felt a little guilty. But I knew I had made the right decision. I couldn't bear the thought of raising a child with a man who didn't love me, who didn't want me.

It was apparent he wasn't happy with the news; I didn't want to be a burden to him.

"Tristen, you don't have to pretend to care," I said firmly, trying to keep my emotions in check. "You never wanted a child with me. You never wanted me, period. I won't force you into being a father, and I won't burden our child with a father who doesn't care."

Tristen's face crumpled, and he looked like he was about to collapse. He stepped back, his eyes never leaving mine, and shook his head.

"I.. it's.. my child, our child. We can't just get rid of him."

"Yes, we can." It hurt me, but raising a child who his father would eventually hate hurt more. I couldn't put my child through that. I had forced Tristen to have sex with me. It was my fault I had gotten pregnant, and I would take responsibility for it. "And we will," I stated

"No...no, Priscilla. Please. Don't do this. I'll do anything. Anything at all. Just don't take away our child."

I saw the desperation in his eyes, and my heart hardened. I averted my gaze, but he held my hand and pulled me to look at him.

"It's my child also; I should have a say in this matter, Priscilla. You can't just abort our baby," He said, looking frustrated and annoyed.

I shut my eyes, and a teardrop ran down my face. "You don't love me, Tristen," I said to him, and he remained silent. It's true, he didn't love me. "You don't care about me either, and I can't bring my child to suffer. You-"

"Priscilla, it's my child too, and I won't let you get rid of him!" He said, his voice louder.

I pulled away from him. "It's my fault. I forced you into doing it; I got pregnant. It's all my fault, and I should take responsibility for it."

"I don't care about all of that. What matters is that you're carrying my child." his tone was soft as he spoke.

"I... I"

Tristen's face was etched with concern as he looked at me, his eyes pleading. "Priscilla, please know that I'll respect your decision, whatever it may be," he said, his face softened.

"But please, if you could find it in your heart to keep our child, I would be eternally grateful. Trust me I intend to be very much present in our son's life and I wouldn't mind giving up the scholarship, if it meant being here with you to support every process of your pregnancy," he added, his voice cracking.

I saw the sincerity in his eyes and nodded. "Okay, Tristen. I'll keep the baby."

Tristen's face lit up with relief, and he took a step closer to me. "Thank you, Priscilla" he whispered.

He opened his arms, and I hesitated for a moment before stepping into his embrace. He hugged me tightly, his arms wrapping around me. I held his shirt and hugged him back, inhaling his scent

"Thank you," he whispered again, his breath warm against my ear.

He pulled back and kissed my forehead softly.

"I have to go now; you stay safe," he said, and I mumbled. "okay."

Then he turned and walked out of my apartment.

I went to my room and took out my bags. I needed to leave the pack. I couldn't face the judging eyes of everyone. I had already done enough harm and damage to Tristen and his family; I didn't want to cause more trouble.

That aside, they had just won a very important match, and he would be awarded a scholarship, his football career would be sponsored, and his education furthered. He would leave for college soon. This was his ticket to making his dreams come true, and I didn't want to be a hindrance; I didn't want to hold him back.

I touched my still, very flat stomach. I was pregnant, I had a little life growing inside me, and it felt overwhelming; I had a child in me.

"Don't worry, baby, Mommy will protect you," I mumbled whilst caressing my stomach. I took out my boxes and threw in all my clothes and belongings. I was alone in the pack, after all. I could start a new life again in a new pack where no one knew me or my past.

Just me and my baby. I had to keep my side of the promise; I couldn't get rid of the child. Tristen and my child, I had promised him.

I was going to leave quietly and never return. After packing, I felt exhausted and dozed off. I woke up hours later, and it was already nighttime. It was the perfect time to leave. I got my bags and ran out of the apartment. And I didn't look back...