

Chapter 171 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

Priscilla's POV

Running away from Tristen and the pack was one of the best and worst decisions I had made in a long time. As a pregnant she wolf who had barely finished high school, things were hard for me.

I packed my things in the middle of the night with the little money I saved and ran out of the pack. I felt too guilty and ashamed to stay back; I couldn't even look at Tristen in the eye.

I knew staying back would force him to father my child, and this would limit him from so many things. He still had a life to live; he was still young. I couldn't be selfish. As much as I wanted my child to have a father figure in his life, I couldn't stay back and watch Tristen sacrifice it all for me. Throw away all his dreams and hard work because of a single mistake I made.

It was all my fault, after all, and I wasn't going to sit around and watch him pay for this mistakes. For the mistake I made.

Leaving in the middle of the night as a pregnant and helpless young lady was both dangerous and scary. I got to the border, and as I was about to leave the territory, somebody pointed a flashlight at me.

"Freeze there." I froze and stopped in my tracks.

"What are you doing?" The guard yelled, and I shook as he came closer to me. Surprisingly, he lowered the flashlight pointed at me.

"Priscilla?" I recognized that voice. He was a guard who worked at the pack house; I knew him.

"What are you doing here? Out here, all alone. When it's so late," He questioned, and I took a breath of relief. Thank God it was someone I knew.

"Nothing, just help me leave the territory quietly, please," I said, and he noticed my bags.

"Are you leaving?" He asked, and I answered immediately. "Yes, I am. And I need to go now."

"Why? Did you cause trouble or something?" He asked, looking at me suspiciously.

"No, I promise I didn't do anything" I shook my head.

"Then why are you leaving?" He said, and I sighed out, frustrated.

"Just help me out, okay? I'll be back. I just really have to go now," I lied. I knew I had no intentions of coming back; I just wanted to get out of there as soon as possible.

"Okay, you stay safe," The guard said wearily.

"I will," I replied impatiently, and he opened the border gate quietly. He helped me point light as I ran away and out of the pack territory.

I ran for what felt like hours until I felt my lungs burn. I reached a lake, and I knew I was out and far from the park's territory. I collapsed, exhausted, on the floor. I couldn't find the strength to keep going. My legs gave out, and I collapsed onto the grassy ground, darkness closing in around me.

"Mmhn," I moaned. My head felt like it was banging, and I raised my hand to touch it. I pushed my eyes to open slowly, taking in the brightness of the environment I was in.

I was waking up in a cozy bed, surrounded by unfamiliar walls. I sat up slowly, trying to remember how I got there.

"What happened? Where am I?" I mumbled in confusion, but then memories of what happened last night came to my head. I had run away, and I collapsed by a lake. I quickly touched my still-flat stomach; I hoped I hadn't hurt my baby.

A kind-faced woman suddenly entered the room, looking worried. She looked like she was in her mid-60s with a bit of dull pink dress and black-gray hair tied in a bun. She walked in with a tray that had some pills and a bottle of water in it.

"Oh dear, you're awake," She said with a warm smile, and I looked at her confused.

"How are you?"

"Hello, dear. I found you by the river last night, unconscious and shivering. I brought you here to safety; my name is Shiloh," she explained, offering a gentle smile.

I was a bit amazed by her kindness and generosity. "Thank you...thank you so much for saving my life," I stammered, not knowing how to react.

Shiloh's expression softened, and she sat beside me on the bed and dropped the tray. "You're welcome, child. I'm just glad I was there to help. You're safe now. Take these drugs now; they should help with the pain you feel."

She said, and I hesitated, looking at the pills suspiciously. What if it hurt me or my baby?

Shiloh seemed to notice what was going on and gave me a little smile. "don't worry, it's not dangerous. If I wanted you dead, I wouldn't have bothered to rescue you in the first place," She said, waving her hand. "if you still don't believe me here, I'll take it before you do."

She was about to reach for the pill, but I quickly stopped her with a smile, thinking it would be rude for her to do such; after all, she saved me.

"No, I believe you, Shiloh. There's no need to do that, thank you." I smiled and took the drugs with the water.

Sophia's eyes sparkled with kindness as she asked, "So, dear, where are you from? What brought you to our riverbank? Are you from our pack? Did you get lost? Your scent isn't familiar."

I hesitated, unsure of what to say. I didn't want to reveal my true identity or the truth about my situation to her or anyone. So, I took a deep breath and lied, "To be honest, Shiloh, I don't know. I can't remember anything," I said; I had always been good at lying.

"Oh dear," Shiloh had a sympathetic look on her face

"I must have hit my head so hard and lost my memory. I can't remember anything about my past or how I got here."

Shiloh's expression was a very sad one, and she placed a gentle hand on my arm. "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry. That must be incredibly difficult for you. Don't worry, you're safe now. You can stay here with me as long as you need, and we'll try to help you figure out your past together."

I felt a pang of guilt for deceiving Shiloh; she seemed like genuine, but I was desperate to keep my secrets hidden. I smiled weakly, trying to appear grateful and vulnerable. "Thank you, Shiloh. Your kindness means the world to me. I'm just so grateful to be here and have your support. I don't have any family or anywhere to go; thank you for being willing to accept him into your home."

Shiloh smiled back, her eyes shining with warmth. "You're welcome, dear. We'll get through this together. Now, let's focus on getting you settled and comfortable. You can stay in this room as long as you need, and we'll work on helping you regain your memory."

I nodded, feeling relieved.

I knew I had to be careful to keep my lie going, but I was also grateful for Shiloh's kindness and generosity.

She seemed to sense my worries and gave my arm a gentle squeeze. "Don't worry; We'll take things one step at a time. You're safe here, and we'll help you uncover your past when the time is right."

I nodded.

"Do you remember your name at least?"

"Priscilla, my name is Priscilla." I introduced myself, and Shiloh nodded.

"Priscilla, that's a wonderful name," She said.

"Thank you," I blushed.

"You should get some rest now; I'll leave you; call me if you need anything," Shiloh said to me, and I nodded and thanked her.

As soon as Shiloh left the room, I let out a breath of relief. That was a close one. I didn't know where I was and which pack precisely I had gone to, but I knew I was away and gone from the former one, and I was never returning.

I looked out the window; I was lucky to have been found by someone else kind like Shiloh; she even offered to let me stay in her house.

This was my chance to start all over again, and I was going to make good use of this opportunity.

After that day, I started living with Shiloh, and I learnt I was in a neighboring pack; it was right beside the pack Tristen lived in.

Shiloh introduced me to everyone as her long-lost niece, and she treated me like her own daughter.

A few months passed, and I couldn't hide my pregnancy anymore. I had to come clean. Shiloh was beyond shocked, and I tried to tell her I didn't know who the father was as I had lost all my memory. She was both surprised and sad for me.

"Don't worry, dear, you have me," She said and hugged me.

Shiloh was the one thing my life was lacking. She stood by me through the most challenging time, and when the time was ready for my baby to arrive, Shiloh held my hand throughout the process.

It was an excruciatingly painful process as I got torn open and bled a lot, but the moment I got to hold my son in my arms. The moment I got to see his beautiful emerald green eyes open, I knew it was all worth it.

"Trevor," I whispered to Shiloh. "His name is Trevor."

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Priscilla's POV

"Trevor, his name is Trevor."

And so I had my baby boy. He looked exactly like his father and reminded me of Tristen in every way. He has his eyes and hair. It was like he was Tristen's replica, and it made me want to tear up. If only Tristen could see his son and how much he looked like him.

Shiloh was like the mother figure I needed in my life. She was there for me through the tough times and was as encouraging and supportive as ever. Even during my pregnancy, when my hormones and emotions were all over the place, she never complained.

She helped me raise Trevor. We were living together as a happy family, and six months after giving birth to Trevor and living off her, I decided it was time for me to get a job.

Shiloh was an elderly woman, and having her work and provide food for Trevor, her, and myself didn't sound so good. I couldn't have an old woman catering and feeding me when I was young and capable of working myself.

I went Job hunting and found a job as a waitress in a big restaurant nearby. The pay was mouth-watering, and I immediately jumped on the offer. Shiloh offered to watch after Trevor as I couldn't afford to pay for a babysitter while I worked.

The years passed by, and it was one of the most peaceful and happy ones I'd had in a while. Being a mother changed me for the better. I started seeing life from a different perspective, and every moment with Trevor was everything.

I cried when he took his first step, I cried when he uttered his first word, "mama," and I cried on his first birthday, which we celebrated at the restaurant I worked out. My boss was a baby lover as she wasn't capable of giving birth herself and absolutely adored Trevor. She threw his first party, which I was so grateful for. My baby was growing so fast, and soon he turned three.

A few weeks after his third birthday, disaster struck; Shiloh was diagnosed with cancer and hospitalized. I broke down; the doctor said her cancer had reached the third stage, and Shiloh herself was aware of her condition all this while.

I couldn't stop crying. Shiloh knew she had only a few more years to live; she didn't want me to be sad and chose to keep it a secret. I kept crying and asking why she didn't tell me we would have gotten medications for her.

She apologized and said she didn't want me to be worried for her. After all, I had my hands full with Trevor. After a few more days in the hospital, Shiloh passed away.

It was one of the worst days of my life. I was crying and trying to handle a crying baby as well. I was left all alone in an empty house.

I buried Shiloh in the cemetery she begged me to bury her in and had a little burial ceremony with just me, Trevor, my boss from work who was close to Shiloh, and two other of her friends.

I was depressed and quit work. My boss told me I was welcome back anytime. I stayed at home for days, mourning her death. Till the day a man knocked on my door; he was a lawyer with Shiloh's will.

To my surprise, she willed 80% of her property, which included her house and the money she'd been saving for cancer treatment over the years, and the remaining 20% to be donated to a nearby orphanage she visited regularly.

I bawled my eyes out after I learned she had given her cancer treatment money to Trevor and me. No amount of words could console me and make me feel better. I had to pack it all together because of Trevor; I didn't want him to see his mommy break down.

Because of the generous amount Shiloh left behind for Trevor and me, we could leave a whole year without having me work comfortably. A year after her death, I decided it was time for me to get up and back on my feet.

I returned to the restaurant, but unfortunately, they weren't hiring but because of my close relationship with my boss. She helped me talk to a friend of hers who was a manager at a hotel, and I secured a job there.

I had Trevor go to kindergarten; he was smarter than most kids his age already and knew what and what not to do.

I would drop off Trevor in the morning and head up to work. My shift was until mid-afternoon, and by then, Trevor was done. It was perfect and very convenient for me.

The pay at the hotel was also significantly higher than what I was being paid at the restaurant I worked in a year ago.

Life was going great, and it's been four and half years since I left the pack.

It was a windy afternoon, and I was on my shift when the manager called for an emergency meeting with staff in my line of work. We reported immediately to his office, and Mr Hanswell, the tall, bald, strict manager of the very famous Five Star hotel I worked in, stared at the 10 of us.

"We have a very important guest in our hotel, and he will be staying here for a while. You ten will serve him, and the job will be rotated equally among you. I called this meeting specially to warn you to be careful around him. One good word from him will make our business flourish, and one Bad review from him could ruin the whole thing and leave us all jobless," He said strictly, and we gulped.

"I am warning you all to be on your best behavior. One complaint about you from him, and I will have you fired immediately! You can all leave."

"Yes, sir!" We bowed and turned to leave.

"Except you, Priscilla." He said, and I froze and turned back.

"I need you to go and take his orders for lunch. Write down everything he says exactly the way he says it. I want no mistakes. Go to the VIP presidential suite now," Hanswell ordered, and I nodded and left shakily.

I got my pen and little note and adjusted my uniform before taking the elevator to the presidential suite. I couldn't afford to mess this up. One little mistake would get me fired, and I needed this job. I walked to the vvip section and took a deep breath before ringing the bell.

The bell rang loudly, and I stood there for what felt like an eternity, contemplating whether I should ring again or not.

What if he didn't hear the first time?

What if he did and ringing again annoys him to the point he makes a complaint to the manager?

I stood there contemplating when the door suddenly opened. I panicked and immediately bowed.

"Good day, sir. I'm Priscilla, and I work at the hotel. I'm at your service, and I'm here to take your lunch order," I blurted out nervously, holding my pen to write.

However, I heard a voice that made me raise my head in shock. "Priscilla?"

I froze and looked up to see him staring at me dumbfounded. My eyes widened, and I took a step backward.

"Tristen"

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Priscilla's POV

As the door swung open, we both stared at each other in shock. I couldn't believe my eyes - Tristen, the Tristen that I'd run away from, was standing in the hotel room I had rung the bell for.

I stood there, frozen in shock, as Tristen's angry gaze bore into me. It had been five long years since I'd run away from the pack, leaving everything behind without a second thought. It had been five years since I saw him or anyone from the pack. It had been five years since I'd heard that voice or seen those eyes. I thought I had closed that chapter of my life. I thought I was through with that phase, I thought it was a new beginning for me and I would no longer be reminded of my past, but now..

Now, here he was, standing in front of me, his eyes blazing with fury and anger.

Tristen was here; I stood there, my foot rooted in the ground. I never thought I would ever see him again. He looked different; he didn't look like the high schooler from five years ago. He had

changed; even his aura was different. He looked taller, more fit, in better shape, and more handsome than I'd remembered.

My mind raced as I tried to process this unexpected situation. I had thought I was safe; I felt I had escaped, that I had left the pack and its history and everything that held me back. But now, here I was, face to face with the past I had tried to escape.

Panic set in, and I tried to turn and run, but Tristen was too quick.

It was like he read my mind, predicted, and knew what I was about to do. His reflexes were too fast, his moves too smooth for me to stop or avoid. He grabbed my arm and pulled me into the room, slamming the door shut behind us. I felt a surge of fear as he spun me around to face him, his grip on my arm tightening.

My heart was racing in fear; his face was right in front of mine. This man, I couldn't deny it; Tristen looked as attractive as ever. Over the five years I had run and lived in the foreign pack, I had never found anyone as handsome as Tristen, nor did I find myself attracted to any male or get involved in any romantic or sexual relationship with anyone.

"Tristen" I breathed out in disbelief. I thought I was dreaming until he grabbed my hands and pinned me to the door. I wasn't dreaming; I didn't need anyone to pinch me for me to know this was real. Tristen was real, I wasn't imagining things or hallucinating; he was real and standing right in front of me.

"Priscilla!" It came out harsh, and I shivered and flinched involuntarily. "Why did you run away, Priscilla?" he growled, his voice low and menacing.

I tried to shake off his hold, but he only gripped me tighter. "It's not your business, Tristen," I spat, trying to sound braver than I felt.

His face turned red with rage, and he shook me hard. "Not my business?" he repeated, his voice rising. "What do you mean it's not my business! Don't annoy me. We had a deal, and you just disappeared without a word. You left us wondering what had happened to you if you were alive."

I felt a bit embarrassed on hearing his words. I had left without explanation, knowing that

"You were pregnant with my child, Priscilla. How could you leave with my child? Did you think I wouldn't care? Did you think I wouldn't want to know what happened to my flesh and blood?" He almost yelled at me. "Do you know how worried I was for both you and our unborn child? Do you know how many days I spent searching for you? Do you know how many times I broke down because of you? Do you know how many times I fell into depression? Not even a note or warning, how could you be so wicked? How could you be so inconsiderate, Priscilla?" I felt terrible as he said those words to me. I could feel the anger and pain in his voice as he spoke, and looked like he was holding back and trying not to say what would hurt me.

I felt worse and more embarrassed. I had forgotten that Tristen didn't know the truth. I had been so focused on escaping the pack that I hadn't thought about how my actions would affect him. I never knew how much he truly cared about Trevor and me. He never showed any feeling of care or love towards me until the day we found out I was pregnant.

I did it for him, I did it because I felt guilty. I did it because I didn't want to hold him back. I bit my lips and averted my gaze. How was I supposed to tell him that? How was I supposed to make him understand?

"It was my child too, Tristen," I said, trying to stand my ground. "And as an adult, I had the right to make decisions about my own body and my own life. I didn't want to be tied down to the pack, and I didn't want to raise a child in that environment."

"Do you realize how stupid you sound right now?" He chuckled darkly, his grip on me tightening even more and I let out a little groan, making him know he was hurting me, but he ignored me and pretended like he didn't think he was hurting me.

"You're hurting me," I spoke out. His reduced his grip on my wrist but his eyes kept on glaring at me.

"What you feel is nowhere near how I felt when I learned you were missing with our child. Do you have no conscience at all? No heart? How could you? I promised to take care of you, too, to take responsibility for everything." He sounded heartbroken, and I looked down. I knew I had hurt Tristen, but I didn't think I hurt him this much.

"I'm sorry"

"I don't need your apology!" He interrupted me.

Tristen's eyes narrowed, his gaze piercing. "Where is my child?" he demanded, his voice boiling with anger and his aura filled with dominance. "It's been five years, Priscilla—five years since you disappeared with my child. I thought you were dead or worse. And now, here you are, alive and well, and you're telling me you had the right to make decisions about my child?"

"My child, too," I shot back.

"Where is he? Let me see him or her. Take me to my child now. You owe me that, Priscilla; I at least deserve to see my child," Tristen said, and my eyes widened. No, I couldn't let him meet Trevor. He would recognize him as his son immediately as Trevor looked exactly like Tristen.

There was no doubt he was his son, but I couldn't let Trevor meet his father. I was being selfish, yes, but I couldn't let Tristen take my son away from me. No, never!

I took a deep breath, trying to prepare myself for the fallout. "I lost him, Tristen," I said.

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Priscilla's pov

Tristen was shocked and angry when I told him she had lost the baby. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You lost the baby?" he repeated, his voice strained.

I nodded, looking down at the ground. I had to lie; I needed to protect my child. I couldn't let Tristen find out about Trevor's existence, I didn't care what I had to do, or what I had to say, I wasn't going to let him take Trevor away from me.

"You're telling me you lost my child?" he growled, his voice rising in anger. "How could you be so irresponsible, Priscilla? Didn't you care about our baby at all? You promised me that you would keep him! How could you go back on your words."

"I tried-"

"No, you didn't! You're just selfish and all you think is about yourself. I.. I got my hopes high after seeing you again, but you! You"

My eyes flashed angrily, and I snapped at him. "It's not your business, Tristen," I said firmly. "And even if it was, you have no right to lecture me. You should just stay away from me."

Tristen's face twisted in rage, and his grip tightened again, and I tried to put up a brave face. "You're telling me to stay away?" he repeated, his voice full of anger. "After what you've done? You're not even sorry, are you? You're not even sorry for losing my child."

"He's my child too, and I'm also not happy losing him!"

"I doubt that," he argued back.

"Tristen I"

"You're not even sorry, are you?" he sneered, his voice full of anger and hurt. "You're not even sorry for losing my child. You're just standing there like you don't even care."

I pushed him away, annoyed by his words, and glared at him. "I don't care about what you think of me or what you have to say to me; just stay away from me, Tristen."

Just then, my eyes flickered, and I looked at Tristen with a strange expression. My wolf was growling, and I felt a weird feeling deep in my chest. My hand flew to my chest

I felt a strange sensation wash over me. My wolf, which had been quiet for so long, began to stir inside me. I tried to ignore it, but it was hard to shake off the feeling. My body begged to shift, and I could feel my wolf rising to the surface.

I looked at Tristen, and my wolf growled softly, "Mate." I was taken aback - I hadn't expected this to happen! I thought I was done with the pack and everything with it, but it seemed my wolf had other plans.

There was no way this could be happening. Mate?

I looked at Tristen with wide eyes, it couldn't be possible. No, Tristen? My mate?

And from his expression and the way he stared at me, he didn't seem to understand what was happening. Curses! Was the moon goddess playing pranks?

I tried to push the feeling away, but it was too strong. My wolf was telling me that Tristen was my second chance mate, and I couldn't deny it. I felt a flutter in my chest, and my heart started racing.

"Priscilla?" Tristen called, but I couldn't face him. I needed to get away from here. I picked up my book and pen and ran out of the room without another one. And this time, Tristen didn't come after me or stop me; I was grateful for that. I ran to the elevator, desperate to get far away from him as far as possible.

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As I got out of the elevator, I bumped into the manager and I froze. I quickly bowed, and he stared at me with his eyes narrowed while I took shaky breaths.

"Priscilla, you're coming from the VVIP presidential suite is that right?" He said, and my eyes widened. I had been occupied with what was happening and the history between Tristen and me; I forgot my primary purpose there and what I was sent upstairs to do. To take his lunch order, I had forgotten about it. I bit my lower lip. This was a mess; I was going to be fired at this rate.

"Y.. yes sir. I went to the VVIP presidential suite just as you ordered" I nervously replied the manager, trying not to look him in the eye so he wouldn't notice how nervous I was and suspect anything was going on. I needed this job to take care of both myself and Trevor; I couldn't lose this job, mainly because of Tristen.

"Hmm," The manager hummed, stroking his long beard. He stretched out his hands and I stared at him confused.

"Huh?"

"His order? Let me see it. He is a very important guest; I would like to talk to the chef personally; I can't afford to have the chef mess up his first food here at our hotel. Give it to me girl" The manager demanded in a strict voice.

"S.. sir he didn't have any lunch order." That wasn't a lie as Tristen was so surprised and angry at me; he didn't have any lunch order to make. "He was quite tired and had no appetite for food at

the moment," I added, trying to make it sound more believable. I would be fired and jobless as soon as Tristen says otherwise or makes any complaints. I couldn't afford to let that happen. I needed to be careful.

"Hmm, that's usual. Did he mention anything about not liking our food or chef?" He questioned staring at me intently. I immediately shook my head.

"None, sir, no complaints at all from the guest about our food or chef" I responded and he shook his head.

"Alright, you can leave now." He waved his hand to dismiss me as he entered the elevator. I let out a sigh of relief as I walked away.

Pheww, that was a close one.

Tristen's POV

I left the pack after my and my brother's coronation as I needed a break from everything. I needed a vacation and I heard about a very famous hotel in a nearby pack; I decided to travel and stay there for two weeks, to relax and clear my head. However, my vacation took a wild turn when the doorbell of my suite was rung and I walked to open the door and saw someone I never thought I would see again.

Priscilla!

She was standing there in a uniform, holding a paper and pen, her hair tied behind her in a low ponytail. She looked taller and thicker, more beautiful and mature than the Priscilla I knew in the past. And when she looked up to see me, the shock in her eyes and expression was evident. I could tell, just like me, she wasn't expecting to see me.

I grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her into my room before she ran away and threw questions at her. I wanted to know why she left five years ago without a word. However, I got no answer from her and was left disappointed.

The breaking point was when she told me she lost our child. I couldn't take it; I watched her pick up her things and scurry away as I sat on the sofa, staring at the wall.

She looked so nervous when she spoke. Could she be lying?

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Tristen's POV

My encounter with Priscilla was unexpected, and at that moment, I felt so many emotions. Anger was the strongest of them all, but for some reason, I felt relieved.

I thought I wouldn't ever get to see her. I thought she had been kidnapped or, worse, was dead. After all these years, she was alive and looked like she was doing well.

She looked and acted so different, but with one glance at her, I could tell it was Priscilla. We were never on good terms or really friends, but when I found out she was carrying my child. How I felt at that moment, I couldn't explain, I couldn't describe it.

All I knew was I wanted to protect her; I wanted her by my side, and at that moment, I thought of many possibilities. Many scenes flash in my head—including a family with her.

She ruined it all by running away; she ran away and left without a word or a single reason. I was worried sick, and I couldn't stop blaming myself. I felt I had been too harsh, and she thought I hated her and ran away. I still couldn't forgive her until I saw her after opening the door.

Her eyes widened in surprise as she stared at me. I felt a strange feeling, and my wolf let out a growl for some reason. She looked better than I'd imagined. She wasn't the little bratty teenager from years ago. The wisdom she had acquired over the years was evident in her expression and demeanor.

The way she walked, the way she talked. Had Priscilla always been this way?

How did she end up here?

I had so many questions for her, and she didn't look like she was willing to give me any answers. And when I asked her about my child, I could see her panicked. I could easily read through people, but with Priscilla, I couldn't tell.

She said she had lost him, yet something didn't sit right in me. Was she lying?

Why would she lie about losing our child?

Could she be hiding him or her from me?

I took a deep breath and went to my pool. I took off my shirt and dived in the cool water. What could be Priscilla's true intentions?

She looked nervous around me and wanted to leave as soon as possible. A part of me felt like she was lying; she was hiding something. I needed answered. I needed to know why she left the pack, how she ended up in this pack, and this hotel.

Did she lose the baby, or did she abort him after promising not to?

I needed to investigate. I left the pool and dialed a number.

"Tell your manager to see me immediately," I said before the person could breathe a word and hung up.

I sat down, and my eye caught something. It was a flyer for a festival happening later today in the hotel.

"Hmm," I hummed to myself. "Might as well have fun since I'm here on vacation."

Just then, the doorbell to my suite was rung, and I got up to get the door. I saw the tall bald man dressed in a tux standing outside my suite. He bowed immediately, and the door was opened.

"Alpha," He called respectfully. "Thank you for blessing our hotel with your presence; I heard you called for me."

"Hmm," I hummed, resting by the door.

"I have questions, and I need you to answer them," I said coldly, and he nodded.

"Of course, Alpha. Anything you want to know," he said, sounding slightly nervous.

"That girl that works here, Priscilla," I started going straight to the point.

"P.. Priscilla? I sent her here early to get your lunch order; she said you were quite tired and had nothing to order for lunch." He gulped and I raised my brow at him.

Priscilla said that?

I scoffed, and the manager started sweating. "S.. she must have offended you. I.. am so sorry, Alpha; accept my deepest apologies, and please pardon us. She is just a new employee who has barely worked for a year here. I will make sure to punish her and have her fired right away-"

"Stop!" I raised my hand, stopping him from blabbering even more. "She did nothing; there's no need to have her fired. I am just intrigued by her, and I have questions," I mumbled, and he let out a breath of relief.

"Y.. yes sir. I will tell you everything I know." He was such a wimp, shivering In front of me.

"Who is she? What pack is she from? How long has she been working here? Does she have any relatives here? What's your relationship with her? Tell me everything you know about her." I shot my questions at him. He looked surprised and nodded.

"I have no relationship with Priscilla other than being her boss, Alpha, and I know absolutely nothing about her. A friend of mine who owns a restaurant nearby recommended her as she also worked in her restaurant. She begged me to take her in, and I did." The manager explained, and I frowned. He knew nothing about her?

"Alright, you can leave." I waved him off and slammed the door. It seemed like I would have to conduct an extra search and investigation.

I decided to take a little nap, and when I woke up, it was evening time already. I threw on my clothes and decided to walk around. I took the private elevator down, and then I remembered about the festival that was being held in the hotel. I decided to head there, and every lady kept giving me seductive looks and winked at me, biting their lips. Some even walked up to me to flirt with me, but I had no interest in them.

After what happened years ago, I'd unknowingly been avoiding ladies. For some reason, none of them could attract me or even lure me to their bed.

The festival was quite pretty and was also very colorful. The hotel was quite massive and spacious, and the festival grounds were so vast.

I headed to the bar to get a coconut drink when I heard a voice that made me freeze. I turned to see two women standing not so far from me, holding drinks in their hands as they chatted casually. I recognized one of them.

"Priscilla," I mumbled as if she heard me; she turned her head from the blonde woman she was talking to me. Her smile froze and slowly fell, disappearing.

I pushed my lips to a thin line, and she stared at me, her look of surprise turning to an uncomfortable one. I watched as her smile slowly turned to a frown. The woman she was talking to noticed she no longer had Priscilla's attention, and her attention was elsewhere. She slowly turned and saw me standing a few feet away from them. Her brows were raised as she stared at me in surprise. I took my drink and walked towards them. I watched Priscilla frown, and the woman beside her couldn't stop smiling from ear to ear as she blushed.

"A.. alpha Tristen," She called shakily as I stood in front, her face bright red. "Omg, it really is you."

I ignored her and turned to Priscilla, who, unlike the blonde woman, didn't look happy to see me.

"Hello, Priscilla, it seems like we meet again." I gave her a small smirk, and she narrowed her eyes at me.

"What do you want, Tristen?"

Chapter 176 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

Priscilla's POV

I left Tristen's room with my heart beating loudly. After returning to my station, I was told by my only friend at work, Stacy, that the hotel was hosting a little festival that evening.

"Come on, it'll be fun, Priscilla!" She said, holding me, but I shook my head. I had to head home after work. I needed to pick up Trevor after all, but Stacy wasn't having it.

"You've been working yourself to death. Come on, you need a little break, Priscilla. I'll buy you your favorite drink." She winked at me, and I let out a sigh.

"Stacy, I have to go home," I tried to explain, but she was too stubborn and wouldn't hear me out.

"Just stay for one hour, just one hour after closing hours, please." She pouted, and I rolled my eyes.

"Fine, I'll see what I can do," I said reluctantly, and she jumped on me, squeezing me in a hug.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, Priscilla! I promise it's going to be so much fun!" She exclaimed, and I chuckled.

"You'd better get back to work and not let the manager catch you snooping around," I said, and she nodded and ran away.

I took out my phone and dialed my neighbor's number. She was a sweet single mother who had twins around Trevor's age, and her kids were good friends with Trevor. They also went to the same school as him.

I begged her to help me pick up Trevor alongside her kids and watch him for a few hours. She asked what was wrong, and I told her that I would be a bit delayed as we had a special guest. She thankfully understood me and agreed to watch and babysit him for a few hours.

Now that I knew Trevor would be safe and taken care of, I could stay for a little while after closing hours. Stacy's and My shift was over before we knew it, and she ran to my station, dragging me out and to the festival.

The festival was something, it was colorful and looked fun with many exciting activities; I didn't know which to watch. We decided to head to the bar, and as promised, Stacy bought me my favorite drink. We stood around talking about random things till Stacy mentioned our special guest.

"I heard he's so hot, I haven't seen him in person. I would probably pass out when I see him," She said, and I rolled my eyes, not interested in talking about Tristen.

"He's not all that hot," I argued, even though I knew I was lying. Tristen had grown manlier and sexier, but I didn't want to admit it.

"How do you know? Wait," Stacy gasped. "You went to his suite to get his lunch order. What did he look like? What did he smell like? His voice? His smell? Oh my, Priscilla, you're lucky you got to meet him. Did you try your luck?"

"My luck?" I raised my brows as she threw those questions at me.

"Did you flirt with him? I heard he's single." She winked and I nodded, turning red.

"O.. of course not." I shook my head, and she teased me. We both left the topic and soon started discussing about how annoying and mean the manager was.

I took a sip of my drink and raised my head to look at the festival when I saw someone that made me freeze.

Tristen was there, standing behind Stacy and staring at me unblinkingly, and my smile fell. Stacy turned back when she saw him; she turned red and almost screamed out of excitement.

"A.. alpha Tristen," She called shakily as he stood before us, her face bright red. "Omg, it really is you."

Tristen ignored Stacy and turned to me, who, unlike Stacy, wasn't happy one bit to see him.

"Hello, Priscilla, it seems like we are meeting again." he gave me a wicked smile, and I narrowed my eyes at him.

"What do you want, Tristen?" I threw at him, annoyed. What was he doing here? Was he stalking me now?

"Can't a man approach a pretty lady?" He threw smoothly, making me raise my brow. Was Tristen calling me a pretty woman?

"O.. oh my," Stacy breathed out, and Tristen then turned to her.

"Get lost," he said so rudely. Both Stacy and I flinched.

"She's not going anywhere; she's my friend," I said, annoyed that he talked to Stacy like that.

"I.. better excuse you two," Stacy mumbled lowly, the excitement in her voice gone. I felt terrible; she had such a good image of Tristen painted in her head, and his first words to her were to get lost.

"Stacy, you don't have to leave," I said, and she gave me a little smile.

"He's our guest; we can't afford to get on his bad side. Remember the manager's words," She said in a warning tone. "I'll be by the barbeque stand; it smells delicious. I'll save some for you". She said and hurriedly left, leaving both Tristen and me alone.

I turned to Tristen with a frown. "You didn't have to be so rude."

Tristen shrugged casually. "I don't know her. She's no one important; I don't have, so be polite"

"You don't know me either, and I'm not in any way important to you. I'll take my leave as well." I gave a little bow and was about to leave, but he held my arm, and I turned to him with a questioning expression.

"I do know you, you're Priscilla, and we have a lot to talk about," he said to me, and I forced myself out of his grip. He didn't hold me as tightly as he did earlier.

"No, we have nothing to talk about, and I do not know or want to talk to you about anything at all," I said and was about to leave, but he said something that made me stop.

"Please," he said softly, sounding desperate. "Please, Priscilla. I won't ask questions that will make you uncomfortable. We're two adults; let's act like one and have a proper, friendly conversation. Shall we? I'll buy you a drink," He said in a way I couldn't refuse.

What's the harm in having a little drink and conversation with Tristen?

"Alright"

I left with him, and we got a drink and a seat in a private and more quiet side of the festival.

"So, how have you been, Priscilla?" he said like we were old friends catching up. I smiled and let out a deep breath.

"A bit stressed out, but I'm doing quite fine; how have you been, Tristen? How's everyone back at the pack? How's the last five years been?" I said, genuinely interested in knowing what he had been up to.

"Well, the last five years have been quite interesting. Everyone back at the pack? Well, we all graduated from high school and college. Ember and Lucas got married."

"They did?" I blurted out, surprised, and he smiled softly and nodded. He looked so handsome and charming at that moment.

"Yes, they did."

"Wow, that's so nice. I'm happy for them," I said. I really was; they loved and deserved each other.

Tristen told me how he and Caleb were now on the national football team, and I was so happy he got to chase his dreams. We surprisingly had a pleasant and flowing conversation, making me wonder if I was doing the right thing by hiding Trevor from Tristen.

He looked like a different and better person, and I bit my lower lip, feeling guilty.

Chapter 177 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

Priscilla's POV

"...And we scored our first goal," Tristen said, chuckling, and I smiled softly. I couldn't tell why, but his laugh sounded so smooth and comforting at that moment. I took an extra look at Tristen;

he had really grown to be a fine man. Everything about him was so attractive; I had been so distracted by Lucas I failed to pay Tristen any attention, and I was finally seeing him in a different light.

Every little thing he did was attractive and drew me to him. As he spoke, his tongue peeked out and ran slowly over his lower lip. The action made me do the same as I quietly thought about how his lips would feel on mine.

I blinked and shook my head, my cheeks burning at the thoughts that filled my head.

"Is everything okay, Priscilla?" He asked, looking worried at my now red face, and I nodded, looking at my feet embarrassingly.

"Yeah, uh," I cleared my throat. "I'm fine."

"You know, you've turned out to be such a fine and attractive woman," Tristen said, and I raised my head to look at him in surprise.

"Really?" I mumbled.

"Yeah," He chuckled, running his fingers through his hair, and my face was bright red. Tristen was complimenting me.

"You look good enough to eat," He said smirking, and I blushed.

The thought of Tristen buried between my legs, eating me up, and making me scream made me feel a weird sensation I hadn't felt in years. I squeezed my legs shut, and I said the dumbest thing I had ever said in my life.

"Would you eat me?" I blurted out, and my hand rushed over my mouth. I looked away immediately, embarrassed, and Tristen stared with his mouth open in shock while I mentally scolded myself. How could I say such a thing?

I couldn't stop myself or hold it back; I just had to see it, and Tristen's next words almost made me fall off my seat.

"I mean, If you would let me," I whipped my head towards him, my eyebrows raised in surprise. Before I could say anything, he raised his hands towards me while I stared at his open hand in a questioning manner.

"Let's get out of here?" He gave me a smile that I couldn't say no to. I didn't know what gave me the extra confidence I had that evening. I couldn't tell if it was the wine I had drunk earlier or if this was entirely on me. But I shunned any thoughts and placed my hand in his hand.

"Yeah, let's get out of here."

Tristen and I walked away from the noisy festival, and by this time, I had totally forgotten about Stacy. We passed the back route, which was less crowded, and took his private elevator, which led us straight to his suite.

When we got in, he pushed me to the door, and I felt his lips on my neck. "Well? Would you like to be eaten?" He asked in the most seductive tone I had ever heard, and I could feel myself cum already.

"Tristen," I mumbled lowly. This was torture; how did I get myself in this messy situation?

"Tell me, do you want to be eaten? Huh," he drew out lazily

His words enthralled me from within. I licked my lips.

His deep gaze flickered to the slow, tiny action. When his fingers dug into my waist, my breath quickened. His mouth was on me, and my skin hummed to life. I wanted that mouth everywhere. He trailed a kiss from my throat to my neck, sucking and biting. I whimpered, clutching his shoulders

He pulled back, and I held his stare, feeling everything else drown into nothingness. Without another word, I grabbed his shirt and yanked him to me. I kissed him haphazardly, with as much desperation as I could muster.

Tristen instantly responded; his hand slid into my hair, angling my head, and I let out a soft moan.

He paused. Suddenly, he kissed me a bit harder, with more desire and desperation, like a man starved. He kissed my bottom lip; then his tongue thrust into my mouth while my hand gripped his shirt. He licked my insides, our tongues mating

He whispered in my ear before he again covered my lips. This time, though, he was very gentle, teasing and licking and pecking my lips as he slipped his hands under my shirt. He placed his hand on my abdomen and trailed it up to my breast. My nipples were already hard from desire.

My senses were on overload. The softness of his kiss and his tender touch felt extremely good. I kissed him back as best as I could, and my body arched into his hands without my intention.

Soon, my dress was on the ground, and before I knew it, I was standing in front of him naked.

"Beautiful," Tristen mumbled, and I blushed, feeling shy. I tried to cover myself, but he held my hand and growled, "Don't."

He carried me to the king-sized bed and gave me a private strip show. I watched as he stripped naked, my eyes never leaving him, and he soon walked up to me like a predator walking towards his prey.

Once he knew that he had my full attention, he slipped his hands down to my sex and which was already wet with desire.

Tristen's eyes blazed with something indescribable, and as he pushed a finger inside my wet pussy, he simultaneously pushed his tongue through my lips. The tingling feelings I was experiencing in my body were sensational. He then slid his fingers in and out and, after a while, inserted another finger while his thumb caressed the little bud just above my entrance.

My mind felt like a bomb was about to explode as his fingers played havoc with my pussy. I was incredibly sensitive to his touch, and my moans turned wild as I neared that explosion. However, just as I was about to explode, Tristen stopped.

"Tristen... Please! Oh, please," I begged as I kissed him intently. I desperately wanted to feel that feeling again! What I felt years ago. I hadn't been with anyone since him. I hadn't felt any pleasure, I hadn't cum.

"Just wait, Priscilla, it's not time yet..." he said over my lips.

Removing his soaked fingers from inside me, he turned over so that he was now resting on his elbows, with me in between them and his face just above my exposed breasts. He started playing with them, with his tongues, sucking and licking each one before moving his lips down towards my belly. But he didn't stop there. He kept going down until his nose was right over my vaginal lips.

"I'll ask for the last time. Do you want to be eaten?" He gave an evil smile, and it didn't take me a second to blurt out, "Yes."

"Good girl."

I was still trying to decipher what just happened, but he didn't give me a chance because, the next moment, he put his head down, and his warm, wet tongue started licking me there!

I was shocked and embarrassed at first, but my brain was forced to be shut down as his tongue tasted me. His mouth was licking and sucking - it was all too much for me to handle.

I thrashed from the pleasure; my hands went to his head, but I didn't know whether to push him away or to pull him closer.

All of a sudden, I started to feel that bubbling feeling again begin to increase. I moaned, arched my body, reacting to his every teasing. He kept the torture up without letting go.

"Tristen..." I whispered in between moans. "Tris.. I... mmmm." I could no longer form the words as the feeling increased and increased.

Tristen knew I was getting closer and closer, and so he slid two fingers inside me as his tongue did its magic. I couldn't describe the feeling, how I felt at that moment

It was only mere seconds after that that I was finally relieved of the torture. He made me feel like I had reached the highest point of heaven, it was the most amazing feeling I had ever experienced.

But he wasn't done yet...

Chapter 178 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

Priscilla's POV

Before I knew it, I was on my knees, my back, my stomach, every position I could think of with Tristen thrusting in and out of me. Every push and pull was better than the last, and I moaned and screamed the whole night till my voice was hoarse and my body spent.

It was one of the best nights I've had in a while. I drifted up to sleep after he finally pulled out of me.

I had a surprisingly peaceful night and slept for hours. I couldn't tell if it was because of the sex marathon we had the previous night or if it was because Tristen kept his arms wrapped around me and had me in his arms until I fell asleep.

I let out a low moan, and my eyes snapped open in realization. I had had sex with Tristen; I bit my lower lip. I knew what I did was wrong; he was a guest at the hotel, and I had violated the rules by being in his bed. If the manager found out about this, he would have me fired in the blink of an eye. I had put my job on the line for this, and a part of me didn't regret this at all.

I suddenly panicked when I realized it was morning already; I had spent the whole night with Tristen and forgotten about Trevor. I looked around and saw a used condom in the bin nearby and unknowingly let out a breath of relief. I was about to get out of bed when Tristen's grip on me tightened.

"I know you're awake, Priscilla," He groaned out in the sexiest voice I had ever heard. I thought the man was already sexy, but his morning voice made me feel a familiar sensation down there, and I immediately pulled my thighs together.

"Tristen, I need to go," I mumbled, and he suddenly pulled me to roll over on my back and came on top of me, blocking me with both his hands; he left no chance for escape.

His morning hair was messy, and his sleepy eyes were mesmerizing. Who was this man?

He looked like something that came out of a fantasy novel. How could a man be so attractive and perfect in every way? It was like there was nothing he couldn't do, and his skills in bed were extraordinary. I blushed furiously, just thinking of how he made me scream and cum with just his tongue and finger. I could swear this man had no flaw.

"Where?" He groaned out. "Where do you need to be? You only need to be here, with me, in my bed and my arms," He said, and my eyes widened, and my ears turned red.

"Tristen.." I mumbled.

"Have you always been like this, Priscilla?" He threw the question at me, and I raised my brows in a questioning manner.

"Huh? What are you talking about?"

"This sexy, this attractive, this breathtaking, this seductive, damn it, woman, I can't get enough," He cursed out harshly and buried his face in my neck, placing a kiss that made me shiver.

"Tristen, I.. need to go." I swallowed my words. I needed to go; my shift started by noon, and I still had time to rush home and get a change of clothes before my shift started. I also needed to check on Trevor. I wasn't too worried since I left him under the care of my neighbor, but I felt so irresponsible as a mother at that moment. I should have at least called to get updates on our he was fairing.

"Do you know?" Tristen pulled back, staring at me with an expression I couldn't describe, ignoring what I had said earlier about leaving.

"I haven't been with any woman since you, Priscilla," He confessed, and I stared at him, surprised.

"After what happened, I unconsciously began to avoid women. I couldn't stand them and hadn't taken one to bed in over five years. And now, for some reason, I feel drawn towards you. I don't know what this is, but it feels good, it feels so fucking good" His confession made my eyes water and my chest full. I hadn't expected this from Tristen. I thought it would be like the last time I would wake up alone and unwanted by him, but this time, it was different.

I couldn't deny the attraction either; I felt drawn towards him. Everything he did, I saw it in a different light; I saw him in a better night.

"Let me in again," he breathed out like a starved man.

"Tristen," I called, whispering. My heart was heavy, and no words could describe how I felt at the moment. Like my body had a mind on its own, it listened to Tristen's words like a slave obeying her master's commands. I parted my legs for him with no words; I was already undressed and naked under him.

"A- ahh!" I moaned loudly as his eyes flared, and he impaled me again. He thrust in so swiftly, and I looked down to see a condom on his hardwood.

"H.. how did you get that on so fast?" I mumbled. I hadn't seen or heard him rip out a condom or put one on. He was already prepared to go again this morning, and for some reason, I couldn't refuse him.

Tristen let out a small chuckle, and I clenched around his cock, making him take a sharp intake of breath.

"Don't worry about that," Tristen whispered against my mouth, thrusting in even deeper, and I let out a groan.

"Now, you just forget about the condom and focus on my cock moving in and out of your tight entrance," He said to me, covering my lips with his, and I felt even more aroused. His dirty talking did as much as his fingers and tongue did on me, and for another hour, he had me in his bed, screaming and cumming.

Tristen finally left me after pulling out for the nth time that morning and went to clean up in the bathroom. I gathered all my energy to clean my thigh and the remnant of my sticky cum with wet clothes before pulling on my uniform. I left the suite quietly while Tristen was in the bathroom so he wouldn't be able to stop me.

I need to tell him. He has to know before it's too late. My wolf screamed inside my head. She was right, I can't keep Trevor a secret anymore. I was already falling for Tristen and if I wanted to pursue a future with him I had to stop lying already.

I made a silent note to tell Tristen about his son right after my shift. I could already tell it was going to get messy and I was mentally preparing myself for it.

I slipped out of Tristen's room, my heart racing with both excitement and guilt. I had never done something so reckless before, and I couldn't believe I had given in to my desires. As I hurried down the hallway, I bumped into Carolina, one of the hotel staff. Her eyes widened in surprise, and I knew I was in trouble.

"Oh, Priscilla, what are you doing here?" she asked, her voice laced with suspicion. Her gaze lingered on my disheveled hair and the guilty look on my face.

I panicked, my mind racing for an excuse. "I, uh, I was just...delivering extra towels," I stammered, knowing how weak it sounded. I tried to brush past her, but she blocked my way.

Carolina raised an eyebrow. "At 8 am? it's not even your shift yet, And coming out of Tristen's room?" Her tone was accusatory.

"I. I"

"I know what you were up to last night with the guest, Alpha Tristen. You slut! Wait till the manager hears of this; you will be fired, I promise you."

Oh no

Chapter 179 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

Priscilla's POV

"I know what you were up to last night with the guest, Alpha Tristen. You slut! Wait till the manager hears of this; you will be fired I promise you."

Oh no

My eyes widened at her words, and I tried to pretend like I didn't know what she was talking about.

"What? Why would you call me a slut? You could get fired if I report to the manager," I threatened, hoping to scare her and make her drop the topic, but she didn't budge. She looked at me like I had grown horns on my head and scoffed.

"You are in no position to threaten me, Priscilla. I am the one who should be giving out threats and not you! I know what you were up to last night. I saw you follow the Alpha from the carnival last evening," She spoke, and I froze. She saw me with Tristen last evening. I had been caught, and I was going to get fired. I felt my heart racing; I should have never followed him.

"We can take this issue to the manager right now, and if you insist that I'm lying and you are innocent and had nothing to do with the Alpha, then we can have the security cameras checked, Priscilla, and then we'll know for sure," Carolina threw at me with an evil smirk. I rushed to her and held her shirt, looking at her with a pleading expression.

I felt my face flush with shame. I knew I was in trouble. "Please, Carolina, don't say anything, I.. I can explain" I begged, my voice trembling.

She raised her brow cockily at me. "Oh? Can you explain? Sure, you can explain how you, an employee here, slept with a guest of the hotel. And not just any guest, the most important guest we have in our hotel at the moment, Alpha Tristen. There's a lot of explanation for you to do to the manager; I'm sure he'll let you explain" I felt sweat tickle down my back at her words.

I was in so much trouble and I had to stop Carolina from telling the manager, or I would indeed be fired.

"If the manager finds out, I'll be fired for sure. I need this job, Carolina. Please, don't tell him, I.. I'll do anything, please, just act like you saw nothing, like you know nothing, please Carolina." I pleaded desperately.

Carolina smirked, enjoying the power she had over me at the moment. "Anything you say?"

I blinked, realising the gravity of my words. "A.. anything possible for me to do, please just don't spill".

"I won't say a word...if you agree to do whatever I tell you to," she said, her eyes glinting with mischief. "You see, Priscilla, I've always thought you were too full of yourself. You think you're so much better than the rest of us. But now, you're in my debt."

I hesitated, knowing I was trapped. But I had no choice. I nodded, feeling uneasy. What had I just gotten myself into?

Caroline and I had never been friends, we had never been enemies either. We just never really talked. I never knew how much she truly despised me. She was taking advantage of the very important information she had, and I pursued my lips uncomfortable.

Carolina's smile grew wider after I nodded in agreement, and I knew I was in for a world of trouble.

"Good girl," she said, patting my shoulder. "I'll be in touch soon. And remember, Priscilla...I always keep my secrets." She was about to walk away when she paused and turned to me.

"Oh wait, when is your shift starting?"

"By noon," I answered coldly. I didn't want to get on her bad side, but I wasn't happy complying with her conditions as well.

"My shift starts in 30 minutes. I'll give you an hour. I want you to work my shift; it ends by 2 pm," Carolina said, and my eyes widened at her words.

"What?"

"You heard me. I want you by my station by 10 am. No one must notice, or the manager will hear. If I don't see you before 10:05 am, trust me to report to the manager's office." She gave an evil smile and patted my shoulders before walking away.

I glared at her back as she cat walked like she hadn't just ruined my day. "Damn it!" I cursed out, stomping away. Flashes of what happened last night appeared in my head, and I gave a bitter smile. "I guess there's a price to pay for everything, huh? This is what I have to sacrifice for a pleasure-filled night with Tristen," I mumbled, walking out of the hotel from the back gate as I didn't want to be noticed by anyone looking like this.

I needed to get home as soon as possible. To check on Trevor, get food, a good shower, a change of uniform, and be back by 10. This was such a pain in the ass.

I stopped a cab and gave him my home address. I urged the man to drive faster, and he did. As soon as he got to my house, I paid him and bolted out of the car. I rushed to my neighbor's door

and pressed the doorbell a couple of times before the sweet woman opened up, the little baby in her arms and a soft smile on her face.

"Priscilla, it's you," She said, sounding surprised.

"Hi Mary" I mumbled.

"You didn't tell me I was going to watch Trevor for that long. The poor boy was worried and cried a few times for his mom," Mary said, and I felt guilty for worrying both her and Trevor. I didn't plan on staying that long away from home either.

"I'm sorry, I got really busy at work," I said, apologizing to her, and she nodded understandingly.

"It is fine Priscilla. You look tired. Why don't you get some rest? I dropped the kids off at school already."

"Alright, thanks, Mary." I waved at her and went home. I prepared a warm bath and soaked myself in immediately after I got home. I moaned as I stepped into the water; it felt so good.

I wanted to get a little sleep but I remembered Caroline. I frowned and dragged myself out of the tub. I went to prepare a bit of a quick breakfast and rushed to eat before putting on my other uniform.

I got to work on time, and Caroline glared at me before having me do all her jobs for her. It was finally her closing hour, and I reported back to my station. I was resting for a bit when I was ordered by the head of my station to take the lunch tray upstairs to our guest, Alpha Tristen.

My heart skipped a bit as I pushed the food cart into the elevator and went to the floor Tristen was staying in currently.

I gulped before nervously pressing the doorbell. I waited for a while before the door opened, and my jaws dropped when I saw Tristen in his towel. His hair was wet, and water was running down his exposed chest.

Chapter 180 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

Priscilla's POV

I pushed the food cart up the elevator; my mind focused on the task at hand. I had been working as a room service attendant at the hotel for a few months now, and I was used to delivering food to guests' rooms. But as I approached Tristan's room, I couldn't help but feel a flutter in my chest. There was something about him that made me nervous, and I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Maybe it was because of the passionate night and morning we shared. I felt like I didn't know how to act around him. I licked my lower lip, trying to compose myself. I needed to act professionally and not let my feelings get in the way.

I pressed the doorbell and waited for what felt like an eternity. Finally, the door opened, and Tristan stood before me, his chiseled chest and abs on full display. He was only wearing a towel, and my mouth went dry as I tried to look away.

But my eyes seemed fixed on him, and I couldn't help but blush. I felt like I was staring, but I couldn't tear my gaze away. Tristan's eyes locked onto mine, and he raised an eyebrow, a hint of amusement playing on his lips.

"Priscilla? It's you," he said, his deep voice sending shivers down my spine.

"Yeah," I cleared my throat, averting my gaze. I didn't want to look at him, or I might get distracted and drool over him.

"You slipped away this morning; how sad," he commented, and my eyes widened. I refused to reply and wanted to bury the topic. I tried to ignore and pretend like he hadn't fucked the out of me last night.

"I see you're here with my food. It's about time." Tristen said again, looking down at the cart, and I blinked, remembering why I was there.

I nodded, trying to compose myself. "Y-yes, Alpha Tristen. Your room service order." My voice was barely above a whisper, and I could feel my face growing hotter by the second.

"Alpha Tristen?" Tristen asked, raising a brow, and I still refused to look at him. "What happened to just Tristen?"

"I am a staff in the hotel, and you are our guest. We have policies and rules; I cannot call a guest by his name and talk to him informally, Alpha" I said with a tight smile and bowed my head.

"You're not allowed to call my Tristen and speak to me informally? You must have broken many of the hotel's rules last night," Tristen said in a teasing tone, and I turned red and glared at him.

"C.. can you not talk about that?!" It came out harsher than I had planned.

Tristan chuckled and raised his hand. "Alright, in my room then," he said and stepped aside, allowing me to enter the room.

I looked at him, wondering if his words had another meaning, but tried to brush it off. I pushed the cart gently into his room, and as soon as I entered his room with the cart, he slammed the door shut and turned to me with a mischievous smile.

"Alright, drop the act now, Priscilla," He said, and I looked away.

"If there's nothing else you need, I'll be taking my leave, Alpha." I bowed and tried to leave, but he pulled me to his chest. He wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me closer till his face

was right before mine. I blinked, turning red; this man was breathtaking. The water that dripped down from his hair somehow managed to make him look sexier, if that was even possible.

"Alpha?" He cocked his head to the side, and I tried to move back, but he had me locked in.

"Alpha Tristen," I mumbled.

"What are you doing?" He whispered and his lips brushed mine. I moved away and saw him frown.

"What are you doing?" I whispered back to him.

"Alpha Tristen?" He hummed. "I'd love to hear you scream that while my throbbing cock is thrusting in and out of your little cute wet hole" His cruel blunt words had me clenching down there.

I immediately pushed him away, turning around. I couldn't face him. I tried to stabilize my breath; what was this attraction I was feeling towards this man?

Aside from the undeniable attraction I felt, there was also this guilt that was eating me up. Tristen looked like he had changed. Even when I lied to him, even when I ran away, even when I claimed to have lost our child, he was still here, holding me in his arms and whispering sweet nothings to me.

I heaved a sigh. Deep down, I knew what I was doing was wrong; this man deserved to know about his son. Keeping Trevor away from his dad was selfish of me, and I knew it.

I needed to confess. I turned to Tristen, and he had a confused and hurt expression as I'd pushed him away earlier. "Priscilla?" He called out. "What's wrong?"

I swallowed hard, trying to find the right words. "Tristen, I need to tell you something. Something I should have told you when we first met. It's been eating me out, and I can't keep lying and pretending.."

His expression turned to a serious one, and he walked towards me and pulled me to sit on the bed beside him. "What is it?"

This little action and the amount of concern he showed made me feel worse and tear up.

I took another deep breath, my eyes welling up with tears. "Remember when you asked about our child, and I told you I lost our baby? That was a lie. I was scared, and I ran away from the pack because I didn't want you to give up your future for me. It was all my fault I ended up pregnant, and I couldn't bear to see you suffer and punish yourself for my actions. You had a dream, and you were going to leave it all for me. I didn't want to see you do it, so I ran away, hoping you'd forget us and continue your life."

Tristen's face changed from confusion to shock. "Us? What do you mean? What are you saying, Priscilla?"

I hesitated, my voice barely above a whisper. "I have our son, Tristen. His name is Trevor, and he's four years old. I've been raising him on my own, and I was afraid you would take him away from me if you knew. I know it's stupid and selfish of me to lie when you asked me; I'm so sorry, Tristen."

Tristen stood there, frozen, like he couldn't process what I told him. I didn't blame him. I had kept this secret for so long, and now it was all coming out.

"I'm so sorry, Tristen; please understand and forgive me," I continued, tears streaming down my face.

"I was scared and alone, and I didn't know what else to do. But I should have told you the truth. You deserve to know your son."