

## Chapter 71 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

EMBER POV

Someone, please spell confusion...

I was so confused, and I didn't even have any idea which was the right route to go. I thought of calling Zealina, only to realize that I had dumped my phone at home. This was not going the way that I had imagined that it would, and I was too scared to even do anything about it.

"Are you ok?" I felt someone asked.

I turned over to see a child of about 7 running alongside me. "You... I mean, why are you running with me?"

The child smiled lightly, showing pearly white teeth. "Well, I thought it was cute to do so. I mean, you seem to have so much energy, and you could easily shift into your wolf form, so what exactly happened to you?"

Oh, Moon Goddess! "I'm heading over to the pack center, where the fight is ongoing. It would be too much hassle shifting into my wolf form so many times. The child nodded as she grinned.

"But, that is not the direction of the pack centre." She pointed out.

I gasped as I dwindled to a halt. "Really?"

She nodded, moving in front of me. "Yes, it's to the right. You would probably get missing again, so let me help you out. I don't want my mom to scold me for not taking care of a fellow pack member when I had the chance."

I frowned as I looked at the child. She was too young to be in a fighting environment. It could be the reason she had been told to go back home. But, at the same time, I didn't want to keep running around listlessly till nightfall. If this girl was going to assist me, then, I would gladly let her do so.

"Stop thinking too much! Come on, beauty!" She whined.

And, just like that, I was following her back to the route I had come from. When we got to a bamboo tree, the child grinned as she led me to the right of the patch. Before long, I could make out so many people as they made their way to the other side of the pitch.

My wolf threatened to come out as she sensed the pain of her mate like it was hers. I struggled to rein her back in check and slowly made my way to the crowd. It was then I heard someone call, Isabel, and I turned to see the little girl sheepishly run over to her mother.

I should have gone over to spare her from the trouble, but I just couldn't move there. All my wolf wanted was her mate, and I could at least, make her see him before any other thing. With that, I pushed against the crowd till I got to the front of the match.

Lucas was in his wolf form and he was growling wildly at Alex's wolf. I could see the patches of blood over his fur and rib, and there was something in his wild mouth like pins. It was the scariest I had seen Lucas since I had known him, and I didn't know if I should run out of there or not.

As though the goddess had whispered into his ears, he turned over to face me. He brought his tongue out despite the pins and my heart shook at the intensity of it. "Lucas," I cried in a voice that was just about a whisper. He simply blinked at me in response and then turned to face his opponent.

Alex was ready and he clamped his fangs into Lucas's arm. I placed a hand on my lips in horror and watched completely helplessly as Lucas used his front paws to smack Alex on the ribs. At first, there was no form of response from Alex, but then, after a particular kick, he screeched in pain, and moved to the other side of the circle, almost hitting the pins with his foot.

I made a move to get to Lucas, but a hand pulled me back quickly. I turned to see Zealina and it all became clear why she sounded so harsh earlier. This shit had brought on her mind, and she didn't know the best way to react.

"Look," I tried off.

She nodded in understanding as she pulled me back to where the rest of the people were standing. I tried eye not to cry, but I could feel my eyes burn in pain, and it was enough to break me into two. This was not right at all, and how was I going to make things fine this way?

"We can't just let them kill themselves, right?" I asked softly.

Zealina sighed as she held me close. "There is nothing that we can do. Look at Alpha Dominic and the rest of the triplets at that side." I looked at the place that they had shown, and true enough, Lucas and Tristen were right there. They looked like they were about to kill someone and it broke my heart even more. "They had consented to this, and if anyone tried to break it up, there was going to be a serious problem. We can only pray to the moon goddess that Lucas doesn't die on that pitch."

My heart hurt the moment the words were spoken. I felt like I was breaking into a million pieces, with nothing to help me come up, and that was the worst feeling ever. I just didn't know what to do anymore.

"It's going to be fine, Ember," she said softly.

I sniffed. "Thank you, Zee," but nothing is fine. I wasn't going to bother her with my thoughts so I turned back to the match and it was nasty as ever. Lucas had the upper hand this time as he

slammed right into Alex, butting him with his head, and also, he was strangely moving them to the pit.

What was he doing?

If there was any mistake then they would both die!

I turned to Zealina and she had her eyes wild. 'No!' My wolf cried.

It was at that same moment that, Alex wildly shoved at Lucas, breaking his ankle in the process. I shoved my head deep into Zealina's shoulders as painful tears rocked me. Zealina held me tightly as she tried to offer solace, but I was not able to see the match anymore. It was just too much. How could someone suffer this badly because of a damn title?

If anything were to happen to Lucas, then I might never be able to forgive myself for it. I found solace in sleeping, instead of being a mate to the triplets. No, this couldn't be the end.

It was at that moment that an awful scream was heard, and I shot my head upward to the circle. I could barely follow the gnashing of teeth as Lucas and Alex moved to the other side of the circle. It seemed to me that Lucas was winning and I hoped it remained so.

He grabbed a hold of the pin with his back paws and tried to sink it into Alex's foot, but Alex was quicker, moving to the side, and hitting him in the ribs. I watched in horror as Lucas flew dangerously towards the pit.

Loud gasps echoed across the crowd.

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EMBER's POV

Fear...

It spread like a wild fire throughout my body. I wasn't sure that I was capable of breathing. The whole world paled in significance to it all. I wished to scream, or maybe, I was screaming? I didn't know and I couldn't tell. Everything was simply distorted.

"Lucas..." A voice that sounded dangerously like Caleb screeched.

I did not turn. I watched in horror as Lucas flew dangerously towards the pit. He landed with half of his body inside and the other gripping on the surface. His paws were clammy on the surface, and I could feel my wolf threaten to come out to protect her mate.

"Don't do anything," a voice spoke in my head.

It took me a moment to realize that Lucas was speaking into my head. It was as though he knew exactly what I wished to do, and he was trying to save me from it. I had no idea how to feel with that, other than, I was batshit scared.

"If you don't want me to do anything, save yourself right now," I cried back.

I shouldn't have said anymore, as he pulled his weight through the pins. The blood spilled around like it had a mind of its own and I just couldn't help but watch in helplessness as he finally pulled out.

No words were heard, and I knew that everyone was thinking the same thing. Lucas would throw in the towel. He was far too hurt to fight. I shifted my gaze to the side and noted that Alex was smirking through his fur. It was the weirdest look on a wolf, but he must have imagined that he had won.

Taking my eyes off them, I turned to Alpha Dominic, who was cursing beneath his breath. Did he just realize what he had done now? What type of father would allow his children to battle this way for a long-old tradition?

This was not the time.

I looked back in time to see that Lucas was halfway through the air. He landed gracefully on Alex's black wolf, knocking him down the pit in a flourish. He turned midair and landed on his paws.

The whole center was filled with shock.

There was no form of understanding of what had happened. And, at first, I simply waited for Alex to come out of the hole, but he never did. Instead, there were scratches of blood and fur on the pins.

"Oh, Moon Goddess!" Someone screamed suddenly.

"The next line to the throne is none other than Lucas!" Came the intense response.

Lucas has won?

He stood right there like he was not hurt all over, and the whole pack was going down on their knees in obeisance and awe. It made me realize that truly he was safe, and I didn't need to worry about anything anymore.

But, my limbs would not move.

"Ember, did you hear that? Lucas is safe. He is not going to die anymore!" Zealina screeched.

I blinked as I turned to her. She was grinning as she and Ernest laughed into my face. "He is never going to die," I said weakly.

She laughed. "Yes, that is what I meant, Em!" She said happily.

I turned just in time to see Tristen and Caleb howling together with their brothers. They had also shifted to their wolf forms, and the tears in their eyes made me weak to their knees.

I couldn't imagine what they would be feeling now, but I knew that it was an intense gratification that made everything feel so worthwhile and right. I couldn't believe the way everything had changed for the better. It was a fucking miracle.

My feet moved first, and I could hear Tristen saying, 'The goddess was on their sides' using his wolf tongue.

I could feel the diverse emotions as Caleb nuzzled Lucas in his wolf form. In the circle, I suddenly couldn't take a step forward and just stared at them. They were my fucking mates, and for the first time, I understood what it meant to lose a mate.

It was too intense, and I just wished with all my heart that I never had to go through that again. It didn't matter how they were. It didn't matter if the boys could be so crazy when they wished to be. It didn't matter if they had broken me beyond repair. All I knew was I never wanted them to leave my side again.

Three wolf eyes looked up at me. I could see the diverse emotions in their eyes as they wished to claim me right there in front of them all. I nodded softly, and Caleb and Tristen pulled back a bit, giving I and Lucas space.

I bit my lips as I turned to him. He was even more bruised up on a close range. I had no idea how he was able to handle the pain in his heart or stand on his paws.

"Lucas....I..."

There was nothing that I said that seemed to make sense, and I just couldn't stop myself from running to him, holding his big bad head in my hands. We collapsed on the floor together as he shifted butt-naked on the cold ground.

My tears had no limits as they poured right into his hair. I let my hands touch his bruises. They were deeper on his human skin, even though I knew it would heal.

"Why did you do this?" I cried. I raised his head a bit, to peck him all over his face. "I thought I would lose you, idiot. Do you not understand that..." I trailed off in pain, holding him hard.

I wanted to tell him how much I loved him, but it didn't seem like the right time. I didn't even know when it would be the right time anymore, but all I knew was that, every part of my heart was going insane as I thought of him, dead.

I held him harder as tears poured through my eyes. It was not right to hurt this badly, and I wished I could take the pain away.

"I'm sorry," he said weakly.

I nodded as I held him even closer to my body. "It's ok," I said repeatedly.

I looked over and Caleb and Tristen who were wearing shots now as they looked at us. I could see the pain in their eyes, and I wondered what mine looked like. I felt like a deranged person right now.

They mouthed, "Thank you."

That only made me rest my head on Lucas's head as he held me weakly. I was not letting go of him in case there was going to be a problem. I didn't care about the crowd or what the people would think about me, but I just wanted to remain here.

My fingers went through Lucas's hair softly. "If anything had happened to you," I said as I cried. "I don't know what I would have done. Maybe, there would be two dead bodies here today. I hate this so much. Don't do this again!" I cried.

He sniffed in response.

"What was the use going this far, Lucas?" I asked quietly.

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LUCAS POV

I couldn't reply to that one question, instead, I held onto Ember tightly as if my life depended on it. I was slightly weak but didn't wish to let go. She was my everything, and seeing her cry so hard scared me shitless. I had no idea when everything shifted and she became my centre, but I never wanted it to change even for a minute.

"Let him go," Father's voice rang out.

"Stay away from us," Caleb snapped as he moved closer to where we were lying on the dirt.

I wanted to say so many things but I was too weak, and it was hard to keep tabs on the words that were coming out of their lips. So, I didn't even try. I allowed the softness of Ember's hands to lure me away from the world.

But, just when my eyes started to close, I was pulled up and dropped into a comfy stretcher. I looked behind me, in search of Ember, and saw her with my brothers, looking as anxious as ever.

"Please, come with me," I managed.

Tristen mumbled something in her ears and then Caleb squeezed her hands as she followed through. I noted that my brothers wouldn't be coming with her, and I don't know why it hurt a bit.

"Live, man!" Tristen called out as though he had read my thoughts deeply.

I simply nodded as I linked hands with Ember as she got closer to where I was. Maybe, I should stop jumping to unhealthy conclusions. I would be fine. I had just killed a man, my half-brother, and that was messed up, but I would have to bear with it.

"What are you thinking?" Ember asked softly.

I sighed weakly. "How I would spend the next few days in bed. I'm not looking forward to it."

"What if I would be in bed with you?" She teased softly.

I managed a weak smile. "I think I like the sound of that."

She laughed through her botched nose, and we both made our way to the other small van. The rest of the ride was a breeze as I focused on holding onto Ember's hands through the worst of the mess. She was my everything, and that was never going to ever change.

The driver finally arrived at the pack hospital, and I was wheeled to the clinic. Everyone had evacuated for me, and I knew my father had something to do with it. I didn't like him doing anything for me anymore, but I was also aware that it was the right way to go. Now, I was more vulnerable, a lot of the pack members might try to harm me to get me out of the way. It wouldn't be everyone who would appreciate me being the next in line. It was best to be on the safe side.

"I would be outside," Ember said softly.

I nodded slowly as I let go of her hand. Her presence had taken most of the stress away, and I was grateful for it. The next few minutes were chaotic, and as Doctor Jake fused on me, I became even more proactive.

"Lucas," Mom said fondly as she stepped into the room.

I shifted my gaze to hers and she was standing at the door, looking at me like she couldn't believe what just happened. I looked away from her, tired of all the lies I had been fed with. Where was she when me and my brothers needed her the most? I know none of this is her doing, but for emotional support, the least that she could do was be there when I needed her the most. It was not too much to ask, right?

I felt her touch on my leg, and I shifted it away from her, feeling as though my heart were about to explode.

"You're mad at me, right?" She asked softly.

I said nothing.

She sniffed in pain, as she signalled for the doctor to give us some privacy. I bit my lips, adamant about not looking at her even once. She softly rose to her feet once more and then moved closer to me. Her hands were light on my chin as she turned my face to hers.

"I'm sorry," she said at last.

I scoffed. "What good would that do, Mom? You left us to the wolves, and now, you are back, acting as though you didn't have an idea what was going on in this damn pack."

"I didn't," she swore.

I raised a brow at her in disbelief. "You don't expect me to believe that, right?" I asked in shock. She said nothing this time. "You know how much I understand the way your and father's dynamics work. He tells you every little thing about what is going to happen in the pack. Now, how come he didn't tell you that he staked my and my brother's life on the line for his ego?"

She sighed as she sat at the edge of the bed. Her fingers slightly touched my wounds, as her eyes misted. "Your father sent me out of the pack on an assignment. I would never have agreed to this, but I didn't know. He always..." She paused as she sighed. "He always wants things to go his way, but he is traditional. I didn't imagine that he wouldn't care for your lives when he did this. I can't even imagine what could have happened if I had lost you today."

I shook my head. "That did not happen, mother."

She sniffed, but there were no tears in her eyes. "I know that you have been so angry thanks to everything currently happening. But, you should try not to hate your father because of it."

"Oh, so that is why you came?"

"No," she refuted at once. She touched my cheeks once more. "I needed to see if you were alright. Why do you keep acting as though I have not been there for you at all? You forget real fast that I was the one your father betrayed by bringing that boy into your pack."

I flinched as though I had been slapped. It only made me realize even more that I was being harsh on my mother. I was annoyed and irritated, but she was right. She was the one who had been wronged the most, and now, she was here trying to make a son have a soft heart for his father. I looked at her smooth textured face with a sigh. It must be difficult.

Moving slightly to the side, I was able to hold her hand back in a weak grasp. Her eyes softened at the gesture, and I was inwardly glad. "I shouldn't have spoken to you like that," I said softly.

She shook her head. "You're angry," she said softly.



I nodded. "Yes, but directing it at you is a no. You have been there for me for so many years and all I want is for you to be happy, and nothing more."

She smiled at that. "I'm happy that you've regained your position as the future Alpha. It would have been a major blow to me if you had lost out today." I nodded in understanding. "It only begs the question if you would ever forgive your dad."

I squeezed her hand a bit and slowly let it go. "I have no idea about forgiveness, Mom. But, I know that I'm disappointed in him. He handled everything so poorly, and made me realize that he wasn't the idol I had placed him to be." I sighed, as I shifted a bit to remove slight pressure from my rib. "But, what happened today was perfect. I was thinking of a way to get Alex out of our lives, and that happened. Now, we don't have to deal with him," I said coldly.

Mother smiled at me as she slowly rose to her feet, pecking me on the forehead

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EMBER's POV

I pulled my hands around me, wishing I could be with Lucas right now. He had been home for about an hour, and his mother and brothers had barely left his side. I have not even been able to have a good conversation with the boys because they had been so busy setting things right.

"Should I just stand here?" I thought as I looked out the window at night.

The moon was fuller now, and it made me feel like all of my problems could be sorted out. Maybe, I should just move, and stop thinking about these things. My mate needed me, and it would be best to be with him.

I shivered lightly as the memories of the fight sprung up in my mind's eyes. That had been so scary, and I hoped I never had to experience something like that again. I shook off my thoughts as a cloth as I made my way out of the room, closing the door behind me.

The maids were busy as always, but they tried their best not to make so much noise as they moved around the parameters. I was glad for the very same because Lucas didn't need too much stress.

I made my way toward the right, and then, finally got to Lucas's room. I couldn't hear anything from the outside, and I honestly hoped he had not slept off or something. With a sigh, I pushed open the door and stepped in.

Lucas was seated on a chair with his back turned to me as he gazed at the parked motorcycle outside his room.

"Are you thinking that you're never going to ride that again?" I asked quietly as I stepped in.

He swerved his chair around, his brows knitted pensively. "I'm a werewolf, and I will heal," he stated as a matter of fact.

I said nothing as I closed the door behind me. He was shirtless, except for a bandaid that had been carefully stationed on his chest. My heart hurt so much as I looked at it. There was blood coated around its surface, which simply meant that something was wrong.

"Where do you keep your band-aids?" I asked softly.

He squinted his eyes a bit in confusion. "What are you using it for?"

"Just tell me where it is first."

He rolled his eyes at me as he pointed over to the cabinet beside the wardrobe. I moved quickly to the spot, a bit angry that everything was so different here. I finally grabbed hold of the box and made my way over to Lucas.

He still had the same expression on his face, and I had no choice but to roll my eyes in disbelief. "Stop the drama already," I whined.

"I'm just confused." He made a show of gesticulating, but he screeched in pain, instead.

"Don't move," I snapped at once as I slowly touched his bandaid softly. He sighed in relief, as I worked my magic with my fingers.

"I never knew you could care about me this way," he teased. "I mean, the fact that you cry for me, and act like if I'm not by your side, you would be broken into two, it's crazy man."

I gritted my teeth as I looked into his blue eyes. "Don't talk nonsense. Now, be quiet, so I can do my work."

He chuckled in response. "Okay, little nurse," he teased.

That was enough. I couldn't be doing something for him, and he was making a mockery of my feelings. I retreated my hands from him as I slowly made my way out of there, but he pulled me back by my hand and I all but tumbled into his lap.

My fingers slightly brushed his injury and despite everything, my wolf became alive with needs. It was too intense not to be able to look at this man and not fall in love again.

He was annoying, but he was my man...

And, now, I was feeling as though I was floating into space with no one to keep me grounded. It was the most beautiful feeling ever, and I didn't want to stop thinking about it even for a minute.

"You have beautiful eyes," he said softly.

Every inch of my body colored in the awareness of his words, and I just wanted to sink into it to the last of my abilities. I locked my lips softly, enjoying how he made my body feel so alive and full.

"I should go," I said stupidly.

He shook his head. "No, stay," he said softly. I looked away from him, and he turned my face with the inch of his fingers to face him. "I know I crack bad jokes, but you don't need to take me so seriously. I enjoy it when you're around because you're my mate. Being close to you makes all of my problems dissolve like wax, baby," he said softly.

I chuckled lightly, enjoying his words. He made a slight grunt of pain, which made me pull back softly to my feet. "I won't leave, but you have to obey me right now."

He smirked. "Your wish is my command, baby," he cooed.

I fought the blush that crept up my face. "Ok, first thing first, we have to move you over to the bed. I know you like it there, so let's help each other," I said softly.

Just like that, we maneuvered around the chair to the bed. He was heavy, even though he tried his best not to lean all his weight on me. Male werewolves were always something else. And, my man was the Alpha, so he weighed a ton.

I finally lay him down on the bed and made a move to pull the pillows up, helping him right on it. Despite myself, I felt myself feeling intense heat between my legs at all the touching we were doing. Was he feeling the same way too?

"Ok, so we have to get right into it," I said softly.

With that, I moved over to his side and proceeded to clean the wound after taking off the bandaid. It was so deep and it hurt me so much. But, as I cleaned it sweetly, I couldn't stop looking at Lucas's eyes.

He held me captive, and I just wanted to swoon in peace. How could a man be so hot? It was not fair in the least.

"Do you feel pain?" I asked in a bid to distract myself.

He shook his head with a grunt. I smiled at him as I softly applied the bandaid around him. "Oh, soldier," I teased. "That one was soaked, so you have to mind how you move the arm. I know that other parts of your body are in pain, but you can relax when you have a beautiful mate who can take care of wounds," I teased.

"Can she also kiss?"

My eyes went round as I rose to my feet. "You're not allowed to have such thoughts till you're ok," I scolded.

Using his slightly good arm, he drew me over to his chest, and I gasped as I over to the bed. I could barely catch my breath as I felt his lips on mine with such softness.

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They were so delicious, and I just couldn't think straight.

Using my slightly good hand, I pulled her closer to me. I needed to be inside her, and for her to be inside me. I sucked her lower lip even more, loving the taste of her.

I felt her settle around me, her hands going over my neck as she let me kiss her as hard as ever. I didn't wish for it to stop. She was driving me so crazy and that was saying something...

My fingers moved on their own and I found myself groping her top through her blouse, and it was the most beautiful thing ever. I just couldn't breathe.

"Lucas," she pored.

"Baby..." I teased against her lips.

She moaned as she slid her hand down to my shoulders, pushing me off a bit. "We should stop," she said softly.

I blinked as I pulled back. "Why? What's wrong?"

I watched as she slid her hair behind her ears slowly, making her look cuter than ever. "You," she said as she hit my hand lightly. "I don't think you need to exert yourself more than it is necessary. We can cuddle, but if we go too far, then, I would rip out all of your bandaids, and we would make disgusting bloody sec," she rang out as she made a face.

I chuckled. "Is that a bad thing?"

She smiled with me, and slowly went into my arms, as she slid her legs into the comfy mattress. "You know the answer to that, so let's cuddle."

I smiled lightly, pecking her on the forehead. "What would I do without you?"

"Nothing," she said with a smile in her voice.

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"Get up!" A voice cried.

I blinked lightly as I slowly turned over to the other side of the bed, only for a pillow to hit me playfully at the side of my head.

"Don't do that. He would be remarkably hurt," Ember cried.

I groaned as I pulled myself up in a sitting position, only to see Mother, Ember, and my brothers peer at me in amusement. Ok, Ember looked like she felt sorry for me.

"What's going on?" I asked as I grunted in pain.

Caleb turned to our mom. "Mom wants to attend Alex's memorial like we care about him.

I frowned. "I won't be coming with you guys."

"It's not up for conversation, son. I know you were mad at him, but he was your brother, and that is the least he deserves," mother pointed out.

Pushing my hair back, I tried hard not to scream in pain. It felt so bad that I had to listen to all these all the time. I just didn't wish to hear anything about Alex. He would not have cared if we lived or died, so why do I have to be pretentious?

"Mom, can't you see we don't need to do all these? He is father's son, and I'm sure he would be able to handle it if he is the only one from this damn family that goes for the event," Tristen pointed out.

Caleb his hands on Tristen as he said, "Exactly!"

Mother scoffed, and we watched as she moved over to the door. I knew what that meant. We didn't have a choice, and we were needed downstairs. It was times like this, that I wished she had more nerve to snap at father.

"Do you even care?" I asked softly.

She turned back. "What?"

I shrugged. "I mean, you were angry with him a few days back, but now, you're suddenly pushing to get things done. Don't you care about how I feel, even when you know I was the one who killed him?"

Her eyes were calm as they looked at me. "I care, son. I know that you all didn't like him that much, but there is something that is called responsibility, and we need to carry it out. Get dressed." She added as she walked out of the room.

My brothers frowned in response, but we all knew that there was nothing we could do, and when Ember jumped into bed with me, placing her head on my thigh, I believed that there could be nothing else that mattered so much

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It was the memorial, and we three stood behind our parents as we said the last rites. I wasn't saying a word, though. I just didn't care about things like this, no matter how much I wanted to.

"It's done," the witch said as she placed a black sand on the makeshift remains.

I turned back at once and moved slowly to the side. As usual, the whole pack was gathered, and they gave utmost respect. I turned my attention to Ember, who was with her friends Zealina and Ernest. I hated how close Ernest was standing close to her, and it didn't matter to me that he was mated to Zealina. No one had the right to be so close to her.

In minutes, I was right in front of them. "Hello," I called out.

They looked at me in shock, with Ember coming closer to me. "Hey, future Alpha," Zealina teased.

I scoffed as I placed a hand on Ember, pulling her away from them. As we moved, I noticed that my brothers were trapped talking to their mother and a few elders in the pack. They had a pensive expression that didn't make me feel better.

"Why did you take me away from them?" Ember asked quietly.

I sighed as I pulled her to one of the stalls that had an ice cream as a major appetizer. "Well, I had to," I said simply.

"Just for the sake of it?" She asked.

"Right. You got that absolutely right!" I cried.

The next minute, I got her a strawberry latte and a vanilla cone flavor for me. We became quite silly as we fed each other, being careful not to hurt my hand through the suit I wore. She was also wearing a suit and that screamed perfection to me.

"I like it when you're with me, but you get to other people."

She rolled her eyes at me. "You don't need to be so jealous. I'm yours," I said softly.

I leaned closer to her ears, enjoying the way her heart skipped a beat at my closeness. "No, the thing is that your scent is exactly like an unmated female, and that makes all the males go gaga as they look at you. And, I don't like it. I feel like plucking their eyes out," I said darkly.

She shivered, and I could tell that she was about to let out a throaty moan, but she had to keep herself in check.

"Lucas, we've been summoned!"

The moment slid out my hands like a pack of cards as I turned to my brothers. They both took turns holding Ember's hands for a minute and then, we were on our way.

"What is the matter?" I asked softly.

Tristen grunted in response. "Father has sent for us," he clarified.

I didn't wish to talk to him, but the man in question was the Alpha of the pack, and no one said no to him. I would have to go, no matter what my grievance was, and I just wasn't looking forward to it.

## **Chapter 76 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

LUCAS POV

They walk over to the miniature office stand that was meant for the Alpha and his family on the other side of the grounds. The whole thing looked pretentious to me. It didn't help I and my brothers were coming in here like it was another day at the pack.

'What do you think he wants to talk about?' Caleb asked through the mind link.

I shrugged, feeling my wolf get more apprehensive all of a sudden. He had been so quiet since the fight, and I assumed he had been recuperating just like me, but maybe, I was wrong. I couldn't tell.

'It probably has to do with Alex,' I said with a grunt.

Caleb and Tristen both gave me a nod. We all knew that whatever was on the other side of the door would be so messed up. Tristen finally knocked once, and then, he pulled the door, stepping in first.

Father was seated at the head of the table, holding a wine glass. The whole place didn't look as though it had been thrown together as a last-minute procession. It was all so elegant and right.

I watched as Father took a sip of his glass, and then, rose to his feet. He walked slowly towards the small leather that overlooked what was going on outside. We could see everything from here, but no one would be able to see anything from the outside. Well, it didn't seem to matter anymore.

"Please, let's sit," he said suddenly.

My brother frowned as he said those things, and then, turned to look at me. I gave them a small nod to show that it was ok if they did as our father had said. We made our way to the couch and sat down calmly.

Father took a sip of his drink, before placing it on the side table. "You might probably hate me this period because of what happened to your brother, but I lost a son..."

"So, that makes everything ok now?" Caleb snapped.

Father sighed. "You know that is not what I meant."

"No, we don't," Tristen snapped. "I believe you would have said the same to Alex if it was my brother who died there yesterday. You don't care about any of your sons and I have realised that already. So, can we skip the fake love?"

I watched as Father looked positively pale. That was good. He had to realize that whatever he said would be used against him if he kept blabbering. None of us wish to be disrespectful to him, but he couldn't just continue his useless ways of belittling us without a care of the world.

He licked his lips as his gaze turned over to the drink longingly, but he didn't drink it though. "You know..." he said suddenly. "I have been a great father to you since your birth, and I have loved you so much. But, the traditions are age-long. I can't just change things just because I'm the Alpha of the pack. It's the reason we have pack elders in this matter." He paused, and I mind-linked my brothers not to interrupt him anymore.

"My weakness caused Alex a lot. I knew he was power-driven, but I was the one who made him that way. I was not a present father because he was my shame, and reminded me of the sins I had committed. It sounds pathetic, but it was the fact at that time."

I shifted lightly on the couch, hating the stitches even more at this moment. Tristen seemed to sense that I was in pain, and placed his hands on my thigh in a form of encouragement. I gave him a small smile as an act to pretend that I was ok.

Slowly, I turned over to Father. "It saddens me that it has all come to this, but I don't feel remorse for your son's death. Maybe, I never would... But, the truth is that you're the one who we are really disappointed in. I don't even know if you care about our feelings, but I have said it now."

Father made a move to speak, but I shook my head to show I wasn't done yet. My throat was painfully dry at this point, and I tried to swallow repeatedly to moisten my lips. This was not right at all.

"You were so robotic on the day you could have lost me forever," I held my hands up, silencing him. "Don't even deny it. It's the fucking truth, and just because you're the Alpha, it won't stop me from saying things the way it is."

I closed my eyes a bit and felt my brother's hands on mine. "So, just tell us what we are here for. It would save the stress and pain that we have to live with."

"Son.."



My eyes pulled open, and I looked at him in pain. He looked at me and then, at my brothers with a sigh.

"You've made up your mind about how I truly feel and I know that no matter what I say, you won't listen to a word I say. So, I wouldn't even bother trying." He took a sip of his drink at last and placed it back.

"I would rather spend my last days being supportive of you, and the father that you have always wanted. The rest would be up to you. Hopefully, our strained relationship wouldn't make the pack suffer. I'm still the Alpha after all, and we need to be sensitive to everything," he added with a flourish.

My brother turned to me, and back at our father. "The pack always comes first before anything. Unlike you, we would not break the heart of the pack by behaving coldly. This is our lives, and we would fulfill it in style," Tristen pointed out.

Father nodded as he shot to his feet. Caleb helped me stand, and we all watched our father take his seat behind the desk. He looked like he had suddenly aged overnight. It made me wonder if any of his words had truth in them. It was not easy to take the time to sculpt lies to sell to others.

"Well, that should be all," he grunted. He picked up one of the portraits that had a picture of Alex and slowly caressed it. "One day, you will understand your old man. I may be the Alpha, but I'm just a man at the end of the day. No one knows what would happen the next minute, we simply strive to do better for our families."

We said nothing to this, as we slowly made our way out of the little office. Outside, people were leaving in droves, and I thought it was a good thing. The last thing we needed was for a curfew to be done.

'Do you think we were too harsh on him?' Caleb asked through the mind link.

I frowned as I smoothed my suit lightly. "I don't know about that," I said loudly as I turned to face them. "You have every right to feel the way you do. It's so selfish for dad to do things, and expect us to magically understand them because we are men! It doesn't work like that..."

"Right," Tristen agreed, cutting me short.

He sounded so distracted, so I followed his gaze to the middle of the event, and I could see Ember, with her hair wild as she moved around helping people down the miniature castle. It was a sight that left me in awe.

## **Chapter 77 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

EMBER's POV

"Oh, Moon Goddess!" I grumbled as I sat back on the student table.

My head hurt so hard, but it wasn't because of a headache from the memorial, but my own emotions. I sighed as I watched the rest of the student troop in. This was not the time to sulk, but I just couldn't help it.

My wolf was going out of control as she craved to be near her mates, and be claimed by them. It would be a miracle if I don't get thrown into the heat next. I wished with all my heart that it wouldn't amount to that, because the last thing I wanted was to embarrass myself further.

"Hey, Ember!"

I turned to see Gianna, one of the girls from the academy waving at me. I gave a small smile. "Hey, Gianna!" I called back.

She moved over to my desk, placing her hand on the table. "I'm curious about how you're faring with the whole drama. I mean, it must be hard to be in love with men who could kill before you can blink."

I frowned lightly. "I don't get your point."

"Well," she shifted her gaze to other girl beside her and they shared a laugh. "You made it look so easy to get the Alpha's sons, so I was just wondering how you handled the rest of the drama that comes with it."

I looked into Gianna's oval shaped face with rage brimming inside of me. "You have no right to ask me such a question, Gianna. I wouldn't be too invested in your personal life if you were to find a mate, so let it be."

She scoffed as she strengthened. "You've always been so full of yourself," she observed as she left.

I stared after her, wondering what was with the pack ladies being so aggressive when it came to the boys.

'It's because you haven't been marked yet, Ember. If you had, you wouldn't have to go through all of these,' my wolf slipped in.

I blinked.

This was the first time in months that she had tried to talk to me at all. I was about to respond to that, but the instructor stepped into the class. The conversation would have to be delayed so I can at least concentrate on the subject of maths, and how it could help us to balance as wolves. A crazy topic if you would ask me, but I had no choice, but to listen to all that was being said.

The class passed really quickly. I realised that I had not even understood a thing because I was busy daydreaming about the boys. They were getting a hold of my thoughts and actions and it was becoming difficult to push them at bay.

"Oh, goddess!" I grumbled as I picked up my bag, and moved away from the class.

My body was on fire with the mere thought of them. I can't continue running away from them forever, because I knew that at some point, I would have to give in to my emotions.

Forgiveness was coming readily now, and it had shown its head at the trial. Somehow it was a matter of time before I submitted completely to the boys. It didn't help that they were so hot that they could burn with their very touch. Ugh!

"Ember!"

I turned to the right of the hall, and watched as Zealina ran over to me, holding her books closely to her chest. I couldn't stop the smile that illuminated my face. She was so cute, and I couldn't stop gushing at her.

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"You don't need to run, Zea," I pointed out.

She rolled her eyes as she came to a stop in front of me. "I had to run because to be very honest, you have been a bit crazy since you came back to school."

I hit her on the arm playfully. "I swear that mouth of yours is brutal," I teased.

Zealina laughed in response. "But, seriously, I have been calling you for some time, but you didn't even hear me. Why are you lost?"

I shrugged in response. "I was just thinking about things. You don't need to worry about me, though."

She gave me a sad look as she squeezed my arm. "It's about Alex, right? I mean, you must be feeling so sad that his life got wasted like that." I said nothing. She sighed even more dramatically as she looked around to be sure we were not within ear shot. "I have told you previously that you can always reject the boys. If they are..."

"No!" I blurted out.

Her eyebrows rose in amazement. "Really? Has it gotten to the extent that you have to defend them so vehemently?"

"I'm not defending them," I denied as I started walking over to the exit.

Zealina fell into step with me as we passed the students. "Ok, what are you doing then?"

I gave her a look and she grinned in response. It was nice to go back to talking like normal werewolves, instead of ladies who were sexually frustrated in life, and threw mean jabs at each other to be able to survive.

"Look, I get that you like them a lot, but I don't. I respect them of course, but they are too mean," she said with a shiver.

It was my turn to touch her by the arm. "They are just protective of what is right, and we can't fault them for it. Plus, they are too hot to care about anything."

Zealina laughed. "You're probably right. Ok, let's drop this boring topic and go over to the beach."

"And, school?"

She shrugged as she drew her legs back to a stop. "Oh, we are skipping, darling."

"But..."

Zealina pulled me by the hand without waiting for me to finish whatever it was that I wished to say. She could be so crazy sometimes, but right now, I wasn't complaining. I needed some distraction, or I might end up tracing the boys and marking them in the school grounds. That would be awful.

Zealina and I took the cab to the back, and we laughed as we looked at the sunset. It looked as though the moon would be out earlier than possible today, and I liked it. This only showed that the moon goddess was going to be out to protect her children from dangers.

"There they are!" She said suddenly.

I blinked as I dug my legs in the sand. Ernest and some of his buddies were on their way to us with a couple of drinks in their hands.

"You told them where we are?" I asked in disbelief.

Zealina shrugged in response. "Come on, it's boring without the boys. Let's have a miniature party because we've gone through hell..."

"I'm unmated." I said quietly.

She slapped me in the app. "Come on, everyone knows that you're the Alpha's beloved son's property. There is no need to be so stiff. Live a little, and then, we can head back."

I bit my lip, not quite sure of that. But, as the boys drew closer, I knew I was trapped. The best thing for me was to enjoy this outing while wishing that the boys had been there to make it all worthwhile.

## Chapter 78 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets

EMBER's POV

I pulled my bag closer to me as I walked through the dirt to the pack house. I had lost count of time when I was with Zealina, and I hoped the Alpha didn't realize that I was missing. Maybe, the boys covered for me at the dinner tonight. I hoped so.

As I drew close to the porch of the pack house, I could make out three figures standing with their hands deep in the pocket of their pants. Lucas was trying to pull it off, but he was still in slight pain. Though, I knew he would be fine by tomorrow. It was just scratches that remained.

"Hi," I said as stepped on the porch too.

The three of them gave me a harsh look in response. "Is there something wrong?" I asked confused.

Caleb stepped forward, his eyes like ice as he said, "Where were you?"

"Huh?"

Caleb touched me on the arm, but I shoved it backward, suddenly angry with their tone. Why would they talk to me like this like I was owing them money or something? It didn't seem right in any way or form.

"Look, what I mean is that, where did you go that you had to come back late?"

"Do I answer to you now?" I snapped back.

His eyes darkened dangerously, but I didn't care. I wouldn't tolerate the rudeness that they exhibited freely. I watched as Tristen placed a hand on his shoulder, and then shone his eyes at me.

"Don't get too angry, darling. This man right here doesn't know how to put his words right," he said softly.

I rolled my eyes. "Since when?"

Tristen grinned. "Since it has to do with you. He is so worried about you, and it's so late. We don't know what could have happened to you or if... I don't even want to finish that thought man. Just try to understand."

All the anger in my body seemed to evaporate, and I took a good look at the boys, feeling as though I could make things right for the first time in a long while.

"It's fine," I sighed. I pulled my bag closer as I looked at Caleb once more. "I didn't like that tone, but it's alright. I was with Zealina and her friends. They kept me so late at the beach. It was one of the things that we used to rewind..." I trailed off with a smile. "It's nice to know that you're worried about me."

"We always are," Lucas drawled for the first time.

I grinned at that, and before I could blink, I was tossed on the shoulder of Caleb. Gosh! My wolf went into an overdrive of howls as she became closer to her mate. It felt so good to be held by them, and every part of me was about to go crazy in need.

Oh, goddess!

It didn't help that I had been thinking about them all through the day. The cold air became hot on my skin as he led me into the house. He took me up the stairs as he discussed with his brothers. I couldn't even make out what they were saying because my body's needs were louder than their words.

Fuck!

The sound of a door opening told me that we had entered a room. The next minute, he slammed me against the bed. I gasped as I swung up in full glory. Caleb grinned at me in response, and it made me feel as though I was floating on cloud nine.

"What are you doing?"

Lucas and Tristen came around at that moment, and it was the most exhilarating, as they stood as three in front of me. Ok, this was getting intense!

"I just wish to hold you so close that I lose sense of time," Tristen answered instead.

My body heated up in need. This was just too much, and I just couldn't help but salivate with need. My wolf was taking control of my body, and it was the most intense I have been since I was born.

"Do we have your permission?"

"Yes," I cried out.

The boys smirked as they moved slowly. I couldn't take my eyes off each of them at the same time. Caleb climbed the bed at once, and he softly, pulled my face to his as he kissed me. Lucas sat down beside me instead. He pulled closer to me, and I held him tight, hoping he wouldn't hurt himself because of me.

He pecked my breast through the layers of clothing. "I'm ok, darling," he reassured me.

I smiled lightly as I rubbed his arm softly. "Ok, baby," I said softly.

Caleb turned me towards him once more as he kissed me so softly. I felt someone undoing the straps of my sandals. I remembered how that leg had dug into the sand moments ago, and the whole thing ticked me as Tristen moved. The sensation with the three of them was too much and I just couldn't breathe.

"Stop," I managed.

They only applied more pressure and my tongue slipped into Lucas's mouth with need. I couldn't believe the way my body was responding. It was a bit too much. I just couldn't think straight at all.

Caleb came up for air and proceeded to peck every part of my face. I closed my eyes as I savored the pleasure from him. This was a bit too much and I just couldn't breathe.

I felt Lucas tug at my top, and I quickly helped him remove the lacy material, exposing my bare chest to his greedy eyes. He looked at it as though he wanted to eat me up at that moment and it made my body go insane with need. This was the most intense ever, and I didn't wish for it to ever end. I wiggled my breast at him, he pulled his lips closer and the nipple slapped his mouth greedily.

A moan escaped my lips.

"I like it when you moan, can I kiss you?" Caleb asked greedily.

I grinned at that and leaned closer to him. His fingers were lightly on my chin as he pulled me closer, kissing me even harder. FUCK!

This was the best way to live life!

I felt Tristen kiss my inner thighs, and it made my core tick with need. My hand moved to Lucas's hair as I pulled as hard as I could.

I opened my eyes wildly as I pushed them away from me. They looked at me with hazy eyes, and I smirked in response.

"Let's try something else," I suggested.

Their eyes sparkled. "What would that be?" They asked as one.

I smirked as I let them slowly move up the bed. With careful moves, I slowly moved from one to the next, kissing them softly, as I grind on them with my clothes on. This was so insane and I honestly don't understand what had made me so bold all of a sudden.

'Mark them!' My wolf cried.

I ignored her as I made my way to the boys. Tristen's lips were the softest of the bunch and I just kept licking at it. I felt the boys move over us, thanks to us being in the middle, and before long they were kissing every part of my chest and tummy.

"Ugh! You're so hot..." Caleb cried in pleasure.

## **Chapter 79 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

EMBER's POV

"No!" I screamed in fright.

My eyes slid open as I flayed my hands on thick skin. I gasped in shock, trying to stop myself from screaming, only for me to set my eyes on three pairs of eyes. Lucas, Caleb, and Tristen were looking at me with brows knitted with worry. My scream had woken them up from their sleep.

Caleb placed a good hand on my arm. "Are you ok?" He asked softly.

I let my fingers caress my throat as I tried to control the pain I had gone through in the dream. I couldn't even bring myself to speak, so I just nodded as though that would make sense out of everything.

"Was it a bad dream?" Lucas queried. I turned to him and watched as he hit his forehead in irritation. "I'm so stupid. Of course, it's a nightmare. Do you wish to talk about it?"

I groaned as I tried to push my way off the bed. "No!"

"Ember..." Tristen drawled.

I looked around as I grabbed the shirt that was on the floor. I didn't think twice before wearing it. "Just leave me alone, ok?"

"But..."

I placed both my hands on my ear as I felt the shirt hitch up. I didn't care though as I made my way out of the room, hitting behind me.

I haven't had this nightmare in a while so I already assumed it was over. Clearly, I was wrong...

When would the dreams end? I just didn't get it. Why did she keep coming, and telling me that I was in danger? I was a normal soul and there was definitely nothing wrong with me.

Ok, there is nothing normal about you Ember!



But, that is not the issue. The issue is I needed normalcy in my life, and the boys were starting to be the best version of my life, and I didn't want something or someone to come from nowhere and ruin it for me!

My hands went over to my eyes as I tried to massage the knots in it. It was barely working, but I still did it anyway.

"Ember! Please, wait!"

I turned to see the boys out of their room as they tried to push up their pants. "I told you to leave me alone for some time, right?" I snapped in irritation.

With a grunt I ran down the path, moving down the steps by skipping 2 at a time. I didn't turn back once to look at any of them. I just needed to be alone with my thoughts and emotions.

I had to figure out what the fuck was wrong with me!

Outside, I felt as though my body was pushing out of my comfort zone, and before long, my bones snapped, and I felt myself moving up, before hitting the ground on all fours. I howled at nothing in particular as I raced through the pack house to the main road.

A few of the pack members delved to the side as they spotted me. I couldn't blame them. When one saw a slightly unstable wolf, it was foolhardy to remain on its path. Right now, I am the unstable one...

'Are you listening to me?'

'Get out of my head, Tristen!' I snapped angrily.

There was a grunt. I jumped over a pair of wood, shaking my fur as I ignored the sounds coming from my mind. The boys didn't understand privacy or something.

I didn't want to hurt them, so they had to leave. If I said something bad, I would never be able to forgive myself. But, right now, I said the words first before I thought about what it meant. It was how bad I was feeling at the moment, and I just couldn't change it.

Another slow grunt. 'Ember, I know you want to be alone and handle whatever you're going through on your own. But, we are mates. I just can't leave you like this. My wolf is anxious about your mood, and he wishes to comfort you. If you can't handle me and my brothers at the same time, at least deal with just one of us. It would make you feel better, and...'

'And, nothing! Oh, I don't want to say something that would cost us our relationship. So, just shut up already! I came out here to think and understand things. You're muddling my thinking process!' I cried.

'Babe...'

I concentrated mentally on blocking Tristen's voice. He could be so annoying. Howling at the bee that was pecked on the side of a weird-looking tree, I made my way to it. My paws sunk into the dirt slowly, taking in all of the rubbish that came with it.

I didn't mind much as I moved. Before long I was in front of the tree. The bee turned into a beeline. My long tongue moved, slurping them into her mouth. As she slurped, her ears slapped against her face.

I smiled lightly. It was a good way to distract me from the voices in my head, and I wouldn't change it for anyone. The moon goddess knew what she was doing when she made us part wolves. I had no idea what I would do without my wolf. She kept me on my toes and so happy.

Bang...

My head moved quickly as I tried to find out where the sound was coming from. I saw nothing but grass and trees.

"You're in danger, Ember!" Mother's seemed to transcend through space as it moved to my subconscious.

'Are we in danger, wolf?' I asked through the mind link.

I prowled away from the tree as I kept my paws light. If whoever it was, was an imposter, I wanted to catch them by surprise instead.

'I don't know yet, but I'm here to protect us,' my wolf said softly.

I moved around for some time and found nothing amiss. Maybe, it was my imagination? I should head back to the pack, though. Staying out here was not making me comfortable anymore. And, the boys were not here to protect me. I may be rude, but they were my heartbeats.

After moving 10 steps down, a shadow slid across my back, stopping me cold. Something was out there. I twisted around at once as I tried to make out what it was that seemed to be trailing, and saw nothing once more.

I howled in response, placing my paws staunchly on the floor as I looked at the distance the sounds were coming from. It was at that moment that I saw a white wolf stepping out of a bamboo tree to the light.

Who is it?

I thought of changing, it but crossed it out at once. My paws moved back as she came closer to us. 'Relax,' I soothed my wolf.

This was just right.

As she moved closer, I realized that she was a she-wolf. I had never seen her before. Every single part of her was without blemish, and when she strutted, she did that with such elegance.

I howled and she lifted her chin lightly, almost in defiance. In minutes, she was in human form, but she was not naked. Instead, she was adorned in a black tracksuit. I took a deep breath as I signaled my wolf to shift.

My body snapped back to human form, but unlike her, I was completely naked. "Who are you?" I asked the woman.

"I'm your mother," she said carefully, looking at me with sympathy.

My mother was right in front of me and this was obviously not a dream either!

What in the world was happening??

## **Chapter 80 - Bullied Mate Of The Alpha Triplets**

EMBER's POV

I stared at the woman in front of me, not quite believing what I was hearing. Was this some sort of cruel joke?

I took a step back as I glared at her. "I would like you to leave the pack immediately, or I would alert the Alpha. Trust me, you don't have an idea what they would do to you if they got you here," I snapped.

"Ember..." She called as she took a step towards me.

I held my hand up, stalling her moves at once. "Don't try it," I snapped as I turned away from her.

I tried to move a step, but it seemed as though there was a wall stopping me. What the hell was going on? I raised my hand as I tried to push through the mist, only for me to see something in the shape of a nylon. It was the scariest thing that I had ever seen and I pulled my hand back at once.

Turning to face the woman whose hair was as white as snow all of a sudden, I glared at her. "You did this?"

She nodded grimly. "I just need you to listen to me," she pleaded.

I scoffed as I pulled at my hair. "You want me to listen to lies you must have webbed together with my enemies? Do you think I'm an idiot!" I cried in anger.

She shook her head. "I would never say that because you're from my loins. You're my flesh and blood..."

"Ugh!" I cried as placed my hands on my ears in rage.

I gritted my teeth as I looked at her coldly. "What the fuck do you keep yapping about? My mother is fucking dead! So, get lost."

I made a move to go through the beeline, but instead, all I got was more walls. It almost felt like she was going to trap me here. Should I call the boys?

"Just a few minutes of your time is all I ask, Ember. You're in danger and you need to understand it. Running away from the reality is not going to help you. You need to open your heart to hear what I'm saying. It's not madness, but the truth of the core of your existence. Try to understand," she pleaded.

I stopped trying to push against the wall and looked at her-really look at her. She was stunningly beautiful like Father had always said. Father had told me as a toddler that I would never be able to call anyone momma because she was dead. She died immediately after I came into this world. For years, I had blamed myself for being born because I knew how lonely my father had been without her. In that same desperation, I crafted the image of her in my mind. It was what appeared to me in dreams and made me into the woman I am today.

I closed my eyes for a fraction of a second, only to look at her. "How do I believe a word you say?"

She smiled at that. "You have a tattoo on your back which comes to life in your dreams," she said softly.

I blinked in part. "But, no one knows that."

She shook her head at that. "I'm your mother, Ember. That is the easiest thing to know about you."

I flipped my hands forward, and almost had a heart-attack thinking that I would get hurt by the barrier, but my hands slid through easily like it was nothing. It was the weirdest thing ever.

"I imprinted it myself, so I can be able to watch over you."

"That doesn't make sense. If you cared so much, why did you leave? Father was going crazy thinking that you were dead. So, why are you here now? To see if we were all wiped out of the face of the earth since you're no use in our lives?"

She shook her head. "You misunderstand me," she said softly.

I laughed humourlessly. "Is that your excuse? It's so lame, I want to cry!"

She took a step towards me, only to go back once more. I could see the pain in her eyes that I was not letting her come close to me, but I didn't care much. All that mattered to me was that she betrayed me and my father and I had to live like an orphan for so many years, listening to the taunts of the pack like I was a worthless soul. It was the worst thing ever.

"Like I said, you need to know that you are not safe. It's why I'm here. I'm a witch. I was born a witch, but I imagined that I could live happily ever after with the rest of the werewolf community. Well, I couldn't and had to flee. The leader of the witch coven wants you to join us. She would stop at nothing to see you as a part of our flock. There is nothing ordinary about you, Ember. I tried to stop her, but that was useless. She is out for you and she will be here soon. I needed to warn you about it," she said in a rush.

I stared at her. "You're a witch?"

She nodded. "That is why I was able to pull those stunts right now. However, that's not the issue! Did you understand anything I just told you?"

I went quiet as her words came clearer into my mind's eyes. Some witch leader was after me, but I was not a witch and I have never exhibited any properties remotely close to one. So, how could that be possible?

"I'm not a witch," I blurted out.

She shook her head. "You're one. Why do you think we were so poor? The werewolf community doesn't stand witches, and your father defiled them to be with me. In so doing, I transferred some of my attributes and you became a hybrid-part wolf/part witch. It was the only way for you to survive. But, no one understood that," she said softly.

I massaged the bridge of my nose, and mother suddenly flipped her hands and I was clothed in a blue robe. I looked down at it in shock. All these were getting as real as breathing.

"I have never done something like this before," I whispered.

"I know," she said. "Your father suppressed most of the witch traits in you because he was scared that you would be hurt. You used to do stuff as a child...but, it would come on soon. You're eighteen after all."

I stared at her in disbelief. "How do you know all these? You were not even during my broth?"

She sighed. "It's a secret I want to keep to myself for now."

I paced the length as I took it all in. I still felt like a truckload of information had been offloaded on my head and it didn't sound good. But, there was one thing I wanted to know to move forward from the pain in my heart.

"Why did you walk out on us? Be honest..."

She looked at me for what seemed like a long time, but it was only a few seconds. "Being a witch was starting to hurt my mate, your father. I loved him a lot, and I dreamed of forever with him," she gave me a significant look. "But, he was getting sicker by the minute. I realized that it was because I was around him, and I had to let him go. It broke me, but I had to fake my death to at least give him peace."

"I don't understand," I said as a tear slid down my cheeks. "You met him earlier before you had me. Did you not see the symptoms?"

She shook her head. "It's a curse for all witches, Ember. Your mate would die the moment you got to 20 years of age".