

Chapter 11 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I woke up to my head throbbing in pain. It felt like my head has been banged continuously against the wall. I felt hot all over, making the ant bites sting again. I heard muffled voices, so I tried to stand up and open my heavy-lidded eyes.

"Mmmmm...", I groaned, closing my eyes and laying back down on the bed.

"Emma, are you awake?" I heard the muffled worried voice of John. His voice sounded like he was underwater.

I opened my eyes again slowly, this time around, my vision felt blurry. I tried to focus on John's gray eyes that were in my view.

"Thank moon goddess, you are awake," he said happily.

"What happened?" I asked, my voice coming out hoarse and weak.

"You don't remember?" he asked, worried.

"Last thing I remember, Philip kicked a ball towards me that flew right for my head," I groaned again. John helped me up, and I rested my back on a pillow behind me.

"That's right, after that, you blacked out, and I brought you to the school nurse, I was so worried, your head was bleeding, and you would not wake up," he explained sadly.

"I'm fine now," I replied.

"You are not fine, how many fingers am I holding up," he asked curiously as he held up three fingers. Leave it to John to be dramatic.

"It's one right," I replied stiffening to a laugh.

"You must have really messed up your head, I held up three fingers. Wait here, I'll go get the nurse," he said and hurried out of the room.

"Wait, I was just jok.....," I sighed as he shut the door behind him.

He came back a few minutes later with the nurse. She's like 5'6ft tall, with strawberry blonde hair which she packed in a ponytail making her look charming and young. She didn't look three to four years older than us.

"Emma, you again," she said with a smile.

Yes, me again. I am a very regular patient here thanks to Hailey, of course.

“Because of the impact of the ball, you have a slight concussion which will make you feel dizzy for a while, I will give you some drugs to help with the pain. The good news is that you don't have any disease, so I would give you your test reports, so you can present them to the principal, you should be careful not to get into such accidents again. You were lucky this time around, such head injuries are very dangerous,” she advised.

Accident? This was no accident. My head was even bandaged. Philip sure did a number on me.

“Thank you so much nurse,” I replied, feeling grateful.

“I'm just doing my job, you can leave now, probably take the rest of the day off, you need it,” she said.

John and I both thank her before leaving.

“Want to go rest for a while at my place?” he asked when we stepped out of the nurse's office.

I feel so bad making John skip school most of the time, on one hand, I really wanted to get out here and go somewhere peaceful, on the other hand, I don't want John to miss classes.

“You look conflicted, I know what you are thinking about but don't worry, I really want to leave this place, I don't want to attend chemistry classes today, I didn't do the assignment. I'm just using you as a cover-up, so you see it's a win-win for both of us,” he explained, patting my back.

I chuckled. I knew he was just saying that to make me feel better. “Thank you,” I mumble.

“You are welcome, hurry to the principal's office, I will be waiting outside,” he said.

I nodded and walked towards the principal's office. I knocked and waited for a reply before going in.

“Yes?” the principal asked, looking up from the stack of files on her table. Her glasses rested on the bridge of her nose.

“I brought the test results from the nurse,” I answered and presented them to her.

“Hmmm... it was not a disease after all,” She said, reading the reports.

“You can go now,” she ordered.

She didn't even ask why her student's head is bandaged. So much for a principal. I thought as turned around and walked out of her office, contemplating if I should slam the door, but my fear would not even allow me to do such a thing. I closed the door gently behind me.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" Hailey suddenly came in front of me, her hands folded in front of her, a sinister look etched on her face.

"A bandaged pig," I hear the voice of someone I recognized. It was the same girl that John had gone to prom with, seems like she was still furious at me.

I tried to run in the other direction, I don't have the strength for her antics now. My head was still throbbing and I still felt dizzy. I ran, only to bump my head on a wall. I groaned in pain feeling dizzy again, thankfully, the boys were not with her.

"Get her," I heard her command.

I ran towards the parking lot as fast as I could, my head throbbed, and my heart was pounding loudly so that I could hear it in my ears. I looked back to see the girls still chasing after me. I get to the parking lot to see John staring at me with a confused expression.

"Run!" I scream at top of my voice.

"Whoa! Calm down, who is chasing..." He trailed off when he saw the girls. "Shit!" he mutters and grabs my hand, together we sprinted towards the school gate.

"Hailey and your crazy ex-girlfriend are the ones chasing me," I answered as we ran, still panting.

"She's crazy, no doubt, but she's not my ex-girlfriend," he replied.

Adrenalin pumped through my veins, I felt a rush of excitement as my legs carried me out of the school premises as fast as they could. I stopped and looked back when I reached the school gate to see Hailey had stopped chasing me. She was huffing and panting with an angry expression on her face. John's crazy ex-girlfriend was still chasing us with one other girl I know loved to bully.

We continued running. We stopped when we were sure no one was following us. John and I were panting hard. I was exhausted, and my head, and body ached. I was a sweaty mess, but I didn't care at that moment. I turned to look at him and we both burst into laughter. I laughed until my ribs hurt and tears came out of my eyes.

"Did you see Hailey's face, it was epic," he said in between laughter, clutching his stomach.

"I did, I was able to outrun her because the boys were not there, I'm sure she must be reporting to them by now," I said, still laughing. I laughed so hard until I started crying uncontrollably.

"Hey, Emma, what's wrong," he asked concerned as he rubbed my back trying to console me.

"I don't know what came over me, why did I run away from her? It must be the medicines that the nurse gave to me, when I saw her, my instincts just told me to run because my head hurts, and I would rather not get punished again," I rambled crying bitterly.

"When I get home today, they are going to deal with me, what am I going to do, John? I just hope they don't crack my skull open," I continued to sob.

John looked at me with pity not knowing what to say, "calm down, stop crying, do you want me to get you anything to make you feel better?" he asked worriedly.

"You will pay?" I asked sniffing.

"Yes, I will, what do you want?" he asked.

"Okay, can you get me a hamburger and ice cream, strawberry to be precise," I said in a small voice.

He chuckled. "You never cease to amaze me, Emma," he said as he walked towards the restaurant close to our school.

"Thank you, I will really appreciate it if you can get two strawberry ice cream," I called out to him.

He only laughed and shook his head unbelievably at me. I sat down under a tree and waited for him, sniffing and trying to calm down.

He came back sooner than I expected and handed me two hamburgers and two containers of strawberry ice cream.

"Thank you, have I ever told you, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me?" I asked.

"I believe I am, but you don't say it often," he answered smiling at me.

"Okay smart ass, don't let that get into your head," I replied and we laughed loudly.

"Emma?" he called.

I turned to look at him, “what?” I asked in between mouthfuls munching my hamburger.
“Have you ever thought of leaving the pack house and staying elsewhere,” he asked.

Chapter 12 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I paused, holding the burger midair, and stopped chewing. I turned to look at John.

“Leave the pack in what sense?” I ask.

“Leave Hailey and the triplets, stop living with them,” he said.

I sighed and dropped the hamburger, “I think of that every day, but I can't leave the pack house unless I become an adult when no one can tell me what to do anymore, if I dare leave now, I will be in bigger trouble,” I answered.

“Hmmm,” he hummed in response. “Anyway, do you know what the good news is!” he exclaimed loudly. He turned to look at me, his gray eyes probing me.

“What?” I mutter, drinking my ice cream. He looks at me like he can't believe what he's hearing.

“Come on Emma, don't be a mood killer, did the drugs the nurse gave you really dull some of your brain cells?” he asks, gawking at me in disbelief.

“Why don't you just tell me, I don't...,” my eyes suddenly widen in realization.

“My birthday,” I squealed excitedly, the action making me hold my head for a while to calm the pain.

“Are you okay?” he asked in surprise when he saw my face contorted in pain.

“I'm fine,” I assured him.

“I can't believe you forgot, you must have hit your head terribly,” he joked.

“Oh my! It's really happening, my birthday is in two weeks' time,” I utter, feeling excited.

“It is,” he says, smiling widely.

“Are you sure I'm not dreaming?” I asked, feeling so happy that I couldn't believe it.

He pinched my arm hard.

“Ouch, John!,” I exclaimed, rubbing my arm.

“There, you are not dreaming,” he says.

“This is really happening, I can almost taste my freedom, it all feels so surreal,” I said, all the pain I had been feeling magically disappeared. I guess that's how happy I was.

“Well done Emma, you held on tight, you are a very brave girl, you came out strong despite everything you've been through,” he compliments patting my arm comfortingly.

My eyes suddenly welled up with tears, tears of happiness as well as sadness.

Happy because after many years of suffering, torture, humiliation, and being looked down upon, I will finally be able to get out of this hell and live my life peacefully elsewhere without a care in the world.

Sad because I would live behind the person who has always been there for me, took care of me, being my support and backbone when nobody else did. I will be living behind John, my best friend, the only person who truly cares about if I live or die.

“What's wrong Emma? Shouldn't you be celebrating? Why are you crying now?” he asked, concerned. He must be getting worried about my various mood swings.

“I just remembered that when the time comes to leave, I won't just be leaving Hailey and the triplets behind, I will also be leaving you,” I said, my voice choked up with tears.

“Come here,” he said, moving closer and opening his arms to give me a hug.

“You should not be worried about it, I will visit you often wherever you are. You should be excited about finally getting to leave this part of your life behind,” he said comfortingly. I nodded my head in agreement, unable to say anything as I was still crying.

“Awwwn, dear Emma is crying, do you really love me that much,” he joked.

I punch his arm slightly, wiping my tears.

“Okay, enough of the sentiments now, drink your ice cream, it's beginning to melt,” he says, pointing at my ice cream.

I hurriedly drank up my ice cream and ate my hamburger, while John was just staring at his.

“Aren't you eating yours?” I ask curiously.

He shook his head, "I'm not hungry and besides, I'm dieting, this body doesn't come easy," he said flexing his muscles and his abs with a smile.

"Do you want mine?" he asks.

I hurriedly take it from his hands, "It's bad to waste food, so I'll just eat it," I reply, munching on his hamburger. I don't even know if I will be able to have dinner tonight, not with what I did to Hailey. She must be thinking of a suitable punishment for me by now, and I can't endure harsh punishment on an empty stomach.

He smiled and also handed me his chocolate ice cream. I scrunch my face when I taste his ice cream.

"I don't know why you like chocolate ice cream this much, strawberry tastes way better," I said.

"No way, chocolate tastes way better," he insisted.

"No strawberry," I retort, still drinking it.

"Okay, hand it over then since you don't like it," he said, stretching his hand to snatch it from me.

"Don't be petty," I said, slapping his hand away. He chuckles, and we sit there for a while, enjoying the peace and quiet.

"We should start walking home now, it's getting late," he suggested.

I looked around and saw that it was indeed getting late, I was so engrossed in my thoughts due to the peace and quiet this place offers that I didn't notice. He stands up and offers me a helping hand. We walk in silence. My thoughts were all over the place, I was so happy that I twirled continuously until I felt dizzy.

"Emma, stop twirling, you are going to fall," he advised.

I giggled excitedly, just two more weeks and I won't have to see Hailey or the triplet faces again.

"Let me fall," I replied in a sing-song voice.

"You must be thrilled," he stated as he walked me to the junction.

"Happy is an understatement," I replied.

"Don't be too happy that you forget to change your bandages and take your drugs on time," he said.

"I won't thank you for reminding me," I said.

"If I don't remind you, who will," he answered.

"What will I do without you?" I replied, thankful. He's truly the most caring and thoughtful friend.

"Nothing," he replied, smirking.

I rolled my eyes at him. Soon enough, we arrived at the junction of my house.

"Thank you for walking me home," I said.

"You are welcome, good night Emma," he answered, waving at me.

"Nighty night," I replied happily. This is probably the first time in my life that I'm not scared to death to enter the pack house. I'm scared no doubt about what Hailey would do to me, but the happiness I'm currently feeling overshadowed the fear. I stared at the pack house with a smile on my face, within two weeks, I will be out of this hellhole. I walked inside with determined steps, but the sight before me made me halt in my steps.

Hailey was crying profusely, while Julian was comforting her and wiping her tears, Philip and Alexander were standing in front of them, with ugly expressions on their faces. That was not even the shocking part.

What made me start trembling in fear was the state Hailey was in. Her clothes looked rough and dirty as if she fell down multiple times, her hair was disheveled, her eyes puffy from crying and there was an ugly handprint on her pale cheeks. I suddenly got an ugly feeling, this didn't look good at all.

Philip was the first person to see me, he instantly walked towards me and slapped me hard, the impact making me stumble and crash on the table, hitting my bandaged head. My cheek felt numb, but that was the list of my concerns. I struggle to stand and crawl toward Hailey.

"What happened to you?" I asked in a trembling voice. But she glared at me and kicked me on my stomach, making me fall again. Julian stormed towards me and grabbed my hair.

"You are asking as if you don't know what you did to her? Huh? You dumb bitch!" he yelled in my face.

"I really don't know what's going on," I mutter, my head felt excruciatingly painful and I just hope it doesn't start bleeding again.

“You pathetic liar! look what you did to me,” Hailey stands up and kicks my stomach again, making me howl in pain. She holds her head and falls back on the chair dramatically.

“Hailey!” the triplets called at the same time. They quickly rushed towards her.

“Don't stress yourself, just sit back and relax, we will deal with her for you,” Alexander said in a menacing tone.

“Please believe me, I really don't know what is happening,” I begged tearfully.

“Hailey repeat what happened to this bitch, so she won't be able to deny it,” Julian sneered.

Hailey nodded her head pitifully and started speaking. “I saw this dirty pig earlier today and asked her to get me food from the cafeteria and bring it back quickly because I was starving, but she said I should go get it myself,” she sniffled and continued, “When I asked her to repeat what she said she slapped me and beat me up because you guys were not there with me, she dragged my hair and beat me up mercilessly because I wasn't ready, and I didn't expect she would result to that, I...I,” she stops speaking and starts crying again.

I was shocked to my bones. If there was a competition for the best liar in the entire world, Hailey will be crowned the winner of them all.

Chapter 13 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I stared at Hailey in horror. How can someone be so cruel? I don't need to look at the boys to know I'm done for, I was expecting her to punish me severely for daring to run away from her, but I totally was not expecting it to be to this extent.

She continued crying while Julian handed her tissues and comforted her. Philip glared at me, while Alexander just stood calmly with his hands in his pocket and a cold expression on his face.

“Do you know who you dared to touch with your filthy hands?” Alexander asked his voice dripping with coldness. It felt as if the room dropped drastically in temperature. I felt goosebumps and shivers run down my spine. I managed to stand on my trembling feet.

“Answer me when I'm talking to you, damn it! Do you know the gravity of what you've done?” he yells, suddenly, making me flinch.

"I really didn't do anything. I would never dare do something like that," I pleaded, whimpering on my knees.

"You are not ready to admit your crime right?" he asked, nodding his head slightly with a cold smile on his face like he was thinking about what to do with me. The smile crept me out so much that I crawled towards Hailey, begging, with tears streaming down my face and my hands on her feet.

"H... Hailey, please tell them the truth, you and I know I'm innocent plea....," I didn't get to finish my statement when I felt myself being lifted in the air by my shirt collar and thrown against the wall like a rag doll. I let out an ear-piercing scream as my back collided against the wall, I can hear my bones crack as I hit the floor with a thud.

I rolled and wailed loudly on the hard floor, touching my head, arm, back, and stomach. I don't even know which part of my body to clutch everywhere hurts like hell, I threw up all the content in my stomach, everything mostly bloody.

"Shut the fuck up!" Philip barked at me, shutting me up immediately, I just whimpered and rolled on the floor.

"Are you ready to say the truth?" Alexander asked again.

"I swear, I really don't know anything, I really don't know," I mutter painfully. Even opening my mouth to speak hurts, but it's better to be in pain than not answer Alexander's questions. It never ends well.

"So what you are saying now is Hailey is lying to us, she slapped herself, inflicted injuries on her body, dirtied her clothes, ruffled her hair, and cried all the way home just to trap you? Who the fuck do you think you are? You worthless Omega," he roared.

"I really don't know how she got injured, please believe me," I continued to plead like a broken record.

"Give me a straight answer! Is she lying or not?" he asked again.

I know he's just waiting for me to mistakenly utter that Hailey is lying before they all descend on me. What am I going to do now? Whether I say the truth that Hailey is lying or I lie that she's saying the truth, they are not going to believe me either way. I'm trapped. I now understand what being stuck between the devil and the deep blue sea means, there's absolutely nowhere to run.

He stormed towards me and dragged me to the wall, he holds my neck tight with his hands and raised me up until my feet dangled in the air. Alexander is usually calm and composed, and seeing him angry to this extent scared me so much.

"Your silence means she's saying the truth," he said, a crazy look in his eyes.

“You know what I hate the most in this world? Liars, I really hate and don't tolerate lies, and you just made the biggest mistake in the world by lying to my face,” he said, squeezing my throat painfully hard so that it cut off my air supply. I scratched at his hands severally, but he would not budge.

He banged my head on the wall so that I heard blood dripping on the floor. The room was so quiet that only the sound of my dripping blood could be heard. My vision felt blurry and my breathing slowed down, my eyes started drifting close.

Is this it? Am I really going to die like this at the hands of the triplet over something that is not true? Won't I be able to fulfill all my dreams and live my life peacefully as I had planned?

He suddenly lets go of me and I fall to the ground with a thud. I started coughing loudly, holding my throat, panting, and trying to get some air.

“Philip, Julian!” he called out in a loud voice. “She's all yours,” he said without looking back and headed towards his room.

Philip and Julian suddenly towered over me, I looked up at them with teary and pleading eyes. Julian dragged me by my bloodied hair towards the kitchen. He suddenly went towards where the cutleries were kept and got a kitchen knife.

“W...what are you doing with that?” I asked, panicking.

“This will teach you never to even dare look in Hailey's way ever again, Philip, hold her steady,” he commanded.

I widened my eyes in horror and looked in Hailey's direction, who was just sitting with a smirk on her face.

“No, please Hailey, help me, tell them I didn't do anything, they will listen if you tell them to stop, please help me, or they will kill me,” I begged, wailing loudly. Hailey just smiled evilly and muttered, “Go to hell bitch,”

I turned to look at Philip, who had grabbed my painful arm.

“Please stop,” I begged, but he didn't listen and pinned me down for Julian to continue his assault. He pushed me on my stomach, and he tore my clothes, when the knife touched my back, I blacked out from the horror.

I woke very late at night, the triplets, and Hailey had left. I hurriedly touched my back, but to my relief, they didn't push through with their plan. I stare at the room, everywhere is a bloody mess, my dried blood everywhere. I coughed, and it was bloody, I crawled to my room. My whole body felt sore and my ribs and head hurt a lot, with one last bloody

vomiting spree, I curled into a ball and closed my eyes, I didn't even have the strength to take some painkillers or clean my bloodied self.

I woke up the next morning to a bucket of cold water being thrown at me.

“Wake up, you lazy bitch,” Hailey yelled.

I woke up startled. Standing up felt like my body was being thrown at the wall all over again, the pain felt excruciatingly painful. I looked at her fearfully.

“You dared to run away from me and you thought you could go Scott free,” she sneered.

“You got what you deserved, this is just the beginning. Just wait until I officially mate with the boys and become Luna, your life will become worse than this, you will regret ever being born,” she said, her voice dripping with venom.

“What are you still waiting for? Get your stupid self up and go clean up your filthy pig blood,” she yelled, making me jump and run to the kitchen. I stared at the chores, wondering how I'm going to do them with how my body was feeling. I bent down my bones screaming in protest and started scrubbing the floor, after I was done, I washed the huge pile of dishes in the sink and made breakfast for Hailey.

“What is this? Do you want to poison me? Do you think I eat pig food as you do,” she yelled, throwing the food at me and storming off to meet the boys in the car. I bent and started cleaning again. Leaving it without cleaning will only land me in more trouble. I wore my clothes without taking a shower, my body ached too much to consider doing that. I don't think I can go to school in this state, so I head toward John's home.

Walking alone is so painful that I had to occasionally stop and take a deep breath, my head started bleeding again, and I thought I was going to die before reaching John's home. I prayed that he should still be at home and not already be in school. He's the only one who can help me now. I sighed in relief when I saw his home close by, just a few more steps and I would be right there. I staggered to his house, my vision blurry, I rang the doorbell and rested my back on the door for support as I waited for someone to answer.

The door suddenly opened, and I fell into someone's arms.

“Emma!” I heard John's voice scream in shock.

I just smile at him happy that I made it as I closed my eyes and succumbed to the darkness that shrouded me like a thick blanket.

Chapter 14 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

The gentle pitter-patter of the rain wakes me up. I groaned, clutching my head. Surprisingly my body didn't hurt as much as it did the previous day. It still hurts, no doubt not after everything that happened, but it didn't hurt so much that I feel like I'm going to die anymore. But my throat did feel dry as a desert.

I frowned, suddenly realizing something, my bed doesn't feel this soft and my room certainly doesn't smell this nice. I opened my eyes, squinting a bit due to the sudden light that reflected on my face. I opened my eyes wider and slower this time around, I looked around still trying to process where I was.

I tried to recall what happened that might have led me here. Hailey had lied effortlessly about me to the triplets as usual, they had bashed me up terribly to the point that I passed out. Hailey forced me to prepare breakfast for her, which she didn't eat but fussed about when there was absolutely nothing wrong with the food. I left home but didn't go to school, instead, I went to.... right John's place. I still remember vividly the look of horror on his face, I must have really scared him.

But this isn't John's room, so where am I? I looked around, trying to see if there was anything I can recognize. All I can is a bowl of water beside me with a towel, bandages, and pills. I stood up abruptly, causing me to feel light-headed, and sit back down on the bed. I stood back up carefully this time and slipped on a pair of comfy shoes that are way bigger than my feet. I noticed my clothes had been changed, making me wonder who did.

I walked carefully to the door. Just when I put my hand on the doorknob to get it open, the suddenly opened slowly, startling me.

"J...john?" I called out, my throat crying out in protest to my speaking. My body blocked him from fully opening the door, so I stepped back to allow him fully enter the room.

"Emma, why are you standing? You should be resting," he scolded and led me towards the bed. I didn't argue or complain, I just followed him quietly and sat down. I gestured to him that I wanted water, my throat hurts, and I don't think I can speak without wincing in pain.

"You want water?" he asked tenderly. I nodded my head. He poured water from a jug into a glass cup and offered it to me. I hurriedly take the cup and gulped the water down greedily, not allowing a single drop to escape.

"Another one," I said, my voice coming out raspy. He poured me another glass and I gulped it down again, almost choking.

"Easy Emma, drink slowly," John said, patting my back comfortingly.

"That feels so good, I was so thirsty," I said feeling relieved, the water soothed my parched throat.

"I expected that you would be thirsty after such a long time," he mumbled the last part I could only see his mouth moving, but I could not hear him.

"Did you say something?" I asked.

"Yes, I said, do you want something to eat?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"I will be right back," he said and left the room. He came back a few minutes later with a plate of hot spaghetti and meatballs. The sweet scent wafted in the air, making me salivate. He placed it on a table in front of me and I quickly dig in. I literally moaned when I took the first bite, it tasted so delicious. I couldn't even remember the first time I had a proper home-cooked meal. I rushed the food.

"Eat slowly, you will burn your tongue," he advised.

"I can't help it, this tastes so delicious," I said in between mouthfuls.

He chuckled, watching me eat with amusement. I finished the food quickly and sighed in relief.

"Thank you," I said gratefully.

"You are welcome, how are you feeling?" he asked.

"I feel better than I did this morning, what happened?" I asked.

"You appeared at my doorstep looking pale and all bloody, you passed out, and I brought you inside," he said.

He breathed in shakily.

"You wouldn't open your eyes, but you kept vomiting blood, I was so scared, so I changed your bandage, cleaned your wounds, and changed your clothes since everything was in a bloody mess" he continued sadly.

"I'm so sorry for the inconvenience," I said.

"Inconvenience? Really? You can never be an inconvenience Emma, If I can't at least do this for you as your best friend, what would that make me," he said disjointedly.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean for it to come out like that, I just feel bad that you have to go through all this because of me, you even missed school just to be here with me," I said tearfully.

"You don't have to think like that Emma, I'm always here for you because I know if the case was reversed you would do the same if not more for me," he said.

I nodded my head in agreement. "Which room is this anyway, I know this is not yours?" I inquired.

"It's the guest room, I can't sleep in the same bed as you without your permission," he said.

"Wait a minute, what do you mean by that, what time is it?" I asked, I didn't want to believe what I knew was happening.

"It's 5 pm now," he answered.

"Shit, I have to hurry home, Hailey and the triplets must be home already," I said, getting up to leave.

He sighed, "Sit down Emma, it's raining, and I changed your bandage yesterday, it will be very bad if it starts bleeding again," he said.

"Y...yesterday? I slept overnight?" I asked in fear, hoping this was a dream that I will soon wake up from.

"Yes, you are just waking up since yesterday, I almost took you to the hospital, but I know you would not like that because of Hailey, so I just took care of you here," he explained.

I felt my knees go weak, and I suddenly stumbled and fell back down on the bed. This is not a dream, I really spent a night outside the pack house. This isn't good.

"Do you think they noticed?" he asked, but the look I gave him realize the kind of question he just asked. Of course, they noticed even if nobody did, Hailey definitely will, and I'm sure she can't wait for me to return before punishing me again.

"I'm sorry that was a stupid question, I really tried to wake you up, but you would not budge, you were in an awful state," he says worriedly.

"It's fine, it's not as if it were your fault, I should really get going on now, I'm sure that Hailey must be back from school," I said, standing up and pacing around the room.

"Stop pacing, aren't you feeling dizzy because I am," he said, but that was the least of my concerns right now.

I suddenly remembered something.

“What about your grandmother? I totally forgot to ask about her, is her health better now? Does she know I'm here?” I asked curiously.

“How can you remember with all that has been going on with you? Her health improved a little bit, and she knows you are here, but don't worry I just told her this morning that we are studying for our exams together, she can't leave her room anyway, so she can't see the state you are in to ask questions” he said.

“Where is she?” I asked.

“She's currently resting in her room,” he answered.

“I should get going now, I will meet her some other time, I wouldn't want to disturb her,” I said. John's grandmother is really sick, and she needs all the rest she can get.

“You are leaving now? But it's still raining, your bandage can't get wet, and your wound might get infected,” he said with concern.

“You don't have to worry, I will change the bandage later,” I said.

“That was what you said the last time, you even said you would take your drugs on time, but you came back looking worse than before,” he said

“What even happened that made you look like that? What did they do to you?” he asked.

“I will tell you some other time, right now, I need to hurry home,” I said, getting nervous.

“I understand,” he sighed, and escorted me to the junction with an umbrella.

“Goodnight,” he said and handed me the umbrella.

“What about you, you will get wet,” I said worriedly.

“Don't worry, I will just use this medium to exercise and run home, besides, you need it more than I do,” he said, pointing towards my head.

He ran off before I could thank him. I got home, it was so dark and quiet. I was so happy that nobody was in the pack house and quickly tip-toed to my room. My happiness was short-lived when someone switched on the light.

Chapter 15 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I turned around frantically looking for the person who switched on the light. I was very sure Julian's car was not in the driveway when I came in. And the pack house was very quiet, so who could have turned on the light?

"Where do you think you are coming from?" A voice I can recognize even in my sleep said. He suddenly appeared in front of me.

"I...w...as s so in...jured," I stuttered, starting to panic.

"I...I," Julian mimicked me. "Are you dumb now? Can't you fucking speak?" He yelled, making me flinch.

"I...I've b...een un...con...," I stare at him, unable to form a coherent sentence.

"Cat got your tongue? Or are you just plain stupid?" he says in anger.

I just stood there shaking in fear, my stomach clenched painfully that I wanted to throw up.

"This bitch never learns," I heard Hailey's voice sneered.

"You dared to stand when he's talking to you? Are you stupid?" she screamed, coming in front of me.

"I...I'm sorry," I said and quickly got down on my shaky knees.

"You dared to spend the night out? I don't care what happens to you even if you die, but what about the chores? Who do you expect to do them?" Julian asked.

Before I could respond, Alexander walked into the room, his usual cold expression on his face. Just the sight of him made everything that happened the previous day keep rushing back. I have never seen Alexander that angry that he completely loses control before. He has always been the calm and cold one, so I was shocked when he snapped. He looked much more terrifying than the others when he was angry, and I pray I never get to witness that side of him again.

He snapped because he saw Hailey hurt. Does he really like her that much? A kick from Julian sent me crashing to the floor and snapping out of my thoughts. I had been so engrossed with what happened with Alexander that I zoned out of what Julian was saying.

"Answer me when I'm talking to you! Who did you expect to do the chores? Me? Hailey? Philip? Or Alexander?" he asked. Every name that came out of his mouth met with a kick to my body.

"I...I wouldn't dare think you would do that," I said in my defense.

"Then where were you and who did you leave the chores for?" he growled.

"I... tol..d y...you, I..wa...s un...conscious after yesterday," I stutter.

"Liar, I'm sure she was busy whoring around with men," Hailey spat with disdain.

My eyes widened at the accusation, "I... di..dn't whore...," Hailey slapped me across the face, cutting me off.

"If I said you were whoring around then you were, how dare you counter me?" she asked furiously kicking my stomach with her high-heeled shoes.

"This bitch is starting to grow wings, you think you can talk back at me now? Well, I'm going to clip those little wings of yours that make you think you are worth the dirt beneath my shoes," she yelled angrily and stormed off. She returned later on with a whip.

I shuddered at the big and long whip, Is she really going to hit me with that?

"Since you now talking back at me, you should be equally punished," she said, grinning wickedly.

Alexander stood up with a cold expression on his face, got a glass of orange juice, and left the room with his headset without looking back.

"P...please I swear never to talk back at you ever again," I begged on my knees, tears streaming down my face.

"Shut up whore, Julian, hold her," she said.

"You should not stress yourself, Hailey, let me whip her on your behalf," Julian said concerned. Stress? If anything, I'm the one getting whipped here.

"Don't worry, I want to get the satisfaction of whipping this pig myself," she said stubbornly.

Julian shrugged and held my legs tightly while Philip, who had been sitting and enjoying the show, grabbed my arms. Hailey raised the whip to hit my back and I dodged, the whip hitting the floor instead, I shuddered when I heard the loud noise it made as it collided with the floor.

"You just made a big mistake, I was thinking of stopping at 40 strokes, but now you've just increased your punishment to 70 strokes," she said, her eyes glaring at me viciously.

My heart almost stopped. 70? I'm going to get whipped by this monstrous whip 70 times. Julian and Philip held me firmly, more than before, so I wouldn't be able to escape.

Hailey raised the whip and the first one landed on my back. It hurt so much that I squirmed and cried out. The second one landed, and I closed my eyes and cried loudly in pain.

"Please stop," I cried.

But Hailey continued whipping me mercilessly while Philip lazily counted.

"Stop please," I screamed, it felt like my back was splitting into two. I screamed so much that I got tired of screaming. I just took all the pain, tears flowing down my cheeks.

"Seventy," Philip finished counting, and they both dropped me on the floor carelessly. Hailey was panting heavily.

"Serves you right trash, next time know your place and come do your chores on time," she said. I just lay on my stomach crying and not daring to lie on my back, which was hurting as if it were set on fire.

"Hailey, look your sensitive hands are all red, I told you to let me handle it, does it hurt?" Julian said, blowing on Hailey's hands.

"It really hurts," Hailey said, pouting.

"I know of a way to make you feel better," Julian smirked.

"Oh yeah, and what's that?" Hailey asked, smiling widely.

"Come with me and I will show you," he replied, pulling her towards his room. Hailey stops him and wraps her arms around his neck and he picked her up, she wrapped her legs around him and kissed him. He grabbed her ass, making Hailey squeal in delight, and headed towards his room, Philip following behind.

I lay down, exhausted. I groaned as I tried to get up and finish my chores on time, so I can get some sleep. My back felt like it was splitting into two, and it felt like my skin was torn.

I got up and washed the huge pile of dishes and proceeded to do the laundry. The laundry room was closed again. I'm sure that Hailey is doing this on purpose. I handwash everything with great difficulty since my hands were all sore. My eyes burned with tears when I tried to bend and scrub the floor, but I bit my lips to keep the tears in. After just one day of not being in the house, the entire house was messy. Everywhere looked filthy and unkempt. I sighed and got to work, I scrubbed the floor repeatedly,

folded the clothes neatly that were scattered all over the sofa, and packed the unwashed dishes that were left on the table.

I carried them to the sink and washed them again. After I was done, I dragged my tired and aching body to my room. I'm so tired, but I remembered I promised John I would change my bandage. I went into the bathroom, removed the bandage, cleaned the wound, and replaced it with another. It's a miracle my head injury didn't open up and bleed again. I removed my clothes, scared to look at my back in the mirror, but I took a peek and what I saw broke my heart.

My back is all bloody with long ugly cuts caused by the whip. I tried to clean the wood, but I ended up screaming each time. I know not cleaning with will probably make it infected, so I rolled up a piece of cloth and placed it on my mouth to stop me from screaming too loud and disturbing Hailey and the boys. My arms hurt, but I continued cleaning the bleeding cuts and biting hard on the cloth.

I cried silently, but I continued cleaning until the bleeding stopped. I couldn't afford to take a bath, so I just went to lie on my bed. I saw the pills the school nurse gave me and I swallowed them, the bitter taste not affecting me since I take painkillers every day. I groaned my bed making me uncomfortable laying on my stomach. It feels hard against my sensitive stomach and I missed the comfort of laying on John's bed. I smiled when I thought of him, the only person who makes me happy and the reason I get to laugh once in a while.

But all this will be over soon enough when I turn eighteen and leave this hell hole. I squirmed in discomfort laying in all the comfy positions I know but I only ended up mistakenly laying on my back, I winced and tears fell from my eyes as I wondered if I will be able to get any sleep this night.