

Chapter 16 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I could barely get any sleep last night, which probably made me wake up early before Hailey and the boys. I'm so happy that they didn't wake me up today in their cruel way. I hurriedly got up from my bed, regretting it, immediately. My stomach felt sore due to laying on it throughout the night, and pain shot through my back. I winced painfully. Will there be a day when I can wake up normally without pain shooting through my whole body? Probably the day I get out of this pack.

I rushed to the bathroom and took my bath, wincing all through. I rummaged through my few old clothes and settled for black jeans and a gray shirt. Thankfully, the spots from the ant bites are almost gone. I picked up my worn-out backpack and rushed out of my room.

I hurriedly start doing my chores, desperately praying Hailey and the boys don't come down before I finish with it. I finished cleaning the floor and prepared breakfast for them. I looked towards their room, satisfied that no one was awake, I bolted through the door, my back screaming in protest.

"And where do you think you are rushing off to?" Alexander's voice halts me to a stop.

Oh, no! I thought they were still sleeping. Why are they awake so early? I thought I could go to school without any trouble today. I guess this is only wishful thinking, that can never happen.

"Do I have to repeat myself?" he asks harshly.

I turned around to see a sight that leaves my mouth dry.

The boys were all shirtless, their mouth-watering bodies on full display. The broad chest was clean shaved, moderate biceps, and six packs, wait is that eight? I started counting all the way down until I met with Alexander's shorts that hung dangerously low on his waist.

"I'm going to school," I managed to mutter, taking in their drool-worthy bodies.

"Was that what took you so long to answer, you wretch," Julian said with anger.

How can I forget about what they truly are? Tormentors. They are all handsome, no doubt, but with dark and evil hearts.

"I'm sorry," I said, snapping back to my senses and not getting carried away with their good looks.

“Sorry for yourself, and since when do you dare to leave this house before us?” Philip asked, glaring at me.

“I... I t...h.o...ught,” I stuttered.

“You thought what pig?” Julian said, cutting me off. “Can you even think? Do you have a brain?” he said.

I just stood in one spot, not daring to move.

“Why are you standing there like a statue? Go make breakfast,” Julian yelled, making me run towards the kitchen immediately. Hailey came out of her room fully dressed and dolled up. She took her seat with the boys at the dining table while I served them breakfast.

“What kind of food is this? It tastes so bland and cold. Do we look like your pig family?” she said, angrily spitting out the food and throwing the content of the plate at me. The boys followed suit and threw theirs as well.

The hot food and tea landed on my exposed skin and almost burnt it, the food was steaming hot, so I was stunned when I heard what she said.

“Why are you still standing there? Go and make another one,” she shouted.

I hurried to the kitchen and made some scrambled eggs and bread. I served it to them again and bent down to clean the mess on the floor. She kicked me hard on my shoulder, making me stumble and fall on my injured back. I cried out in pain.

“Oooops, my leg slipped,” she said, smirking.

I got up quickly, my back felt as if it was on fire, but I continued to clean the mess. Alexander stood up and walked to the kitchen, intentionally stepping on my fingers in the process. I screamed again, my fingers made a crunching sound. I'm sure one of my bones was broken, but Alexander just ignored me and walked away coldly.

“Why do you keep screaming you dirty pig, you are giving me a headache,” Julian deadpanned, pushing me to the floor. I stumbled and knocked everything I just cleaned from the floor over my body.

“Let's go, guys,” Julian said and started to leave the room. “Filthy rag,” he stopped walking and called out.

Is he calling me? I stared at him with teary eyes.

“Don't you know your name? Get your backpack and follow us,” he ordered.

I wondered why he would want me to follow them outside, but I dared not question him. I grabbed my backpack and joined them outside. Julian and Hailey were in the front seat, while Alexander and Philip sat in the back.

“Stand in front of the car,” Hailey ordered.

My heart started beating wildly. Why would they want me to stand in front of their car? Are they tired of bullying me and want to run me over? I walked nervously to the front of their car.

“Please don't kill me,” I pleaded, crying shakily. I know they can't kill me because they wouldn't want to face the wrath of the Alpha. Not that he cared too much, but because this is his pack, and he's responsible for whatever happens to every one of its members. But with Hailey, I can never be too sure what she can do.

“Please don't kill me,” Julian mimicked me, and they all burst into laughter.

“Who wants to get your disgusting blood on their hands? Definitely not me,” Hailey retorted, still trying to control her laughter.

“Now, since you dared to serve us stale food, get ready to deal with the consequences, you will run to school, and we will drive behind you,” Hailey said grinning evilly.

What? My heart sank. Every part of my body still hurts, and she wants me to run all the way to school. The loud blaring of the horn jolts me back to reality.

“Run fat pig or risk breaking one of your legs,” Hailey screamed at me as Julian started the engine. I pulled my backpack closer and sprinted towards the school. I ran and ran. I stumbled and fell, but the fear of them disabling me made me get up and start running again.

“Run fat pig! Run,” Hailey cackled behind me. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me to the school, with them following closely behind me. I finally reached the school, panting heavily and sweating profusely.

“That was a good show pig, I had a nice laugh,” Hailey said as she left with the boys happily to class.

After resting for a while, pain shot through my back. The adrenalin that pumped in my veins and made me run had worn out, leaving behind a tremendous amount of pain. I went to my locker to take out my books and met John waiting for me there.

“Why are you sweating so much? The weather is mostly cool today,” John said, staring at my drenched T-shirt.

I looked at him sadly and still panting. He immediately understood.

“Hailey again,” he muttered worriedly and handed me a bottle of water from his backpack. I accepted the bottle and gulped down the entire content.

“We should head to class,” I said, no longer panting. My heart beat steadier.

He nodded and we headed to class together. We got to class and I sat on my chair with a sigh, finally able to rest my aching back. We were having math class. I hated math class because I had it with Hailey and the triplets. They would torment me during class, which also made me hate the subject.

Hailey sat behind me and did all sorts of things on my back. I had to quietly endure everything. She would wrap my hair tightly around her fingers, making me bite my lips to stop myself from screaming. She would prick my neck with her pen or kick my legs under the chair and would keep a straight face as if she were listening to the teacher while I would squirm uncomfortably in my chair.

Math class was finally over, and I almost jumped up for joy. I tried to stand up, but I could not. I tried severally, but I still could not stand up.

“What's the fat pig doing?” a student said, bringing the attention of everyone to me.

“I think she can't stand,” Hailey said, smiling.

“Is she too fat to stand up? Are the school chairs too small for you now?” John's ex-girlfriend said.

Every one of them hurled abusive words at me that broke my heart, but I just sat in one place with my head down, not able to say a word. After they were done, they all left for the school cafeteria.

“Emma, what's wrong? Why can't you stand?” John who was the only one left asked worriedly.

“I think Hailey poured glue all over my chair,” I said dejectedly.

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Emma's POV

This has Hailey written all over it. I'm sure she came up with this plan of smearing glue all over my seat. I had been too tired to even check my seat before sitting.

“What am I going to do now?” I asked John worriedly.

“The glue was thankfully not smeared around all the chair but only in the middle,” he said, observing the chair.

“So?” I asked.

“So, I should be able to dissolve the glue with this,” he said, bringing out a small bottle. “Let's just pray it shouldn't be strong glue,”

“What is in that?” I asked curiously. He opened the lid and the strong scent hit my nose. I didn't need to be told what it was again.

“Alcohol? Why do you have alcohol in your backpack?” I asked in a hushed voice.

“For many reasons, it even proved to be useful to you,” he said, pouring it all over the chair.

“Have you done this before? How are you sure it would work?” I asked curiously.

“No, I haven't done anything like this before, but I've seen it on the internet, it should work, we only need to wait for a few minutes,” he said confidently.

“I hope so,” I said.

After a few minutes, I tried to stand and I did. I sighed happily, stretching my numb legs.

“See, my internet hacks never fail,” he said, smiling proudly.

I nodded in agreement, smiling gratefully at him. What would I do without John?

“Let's go get something to eat, I'm starving,” he said.

I didn't have a single penny to call my own. My student's account was also empty.

“I don't have...,” I started, but John cut me off.

“Bills on me,” he said.

“Are you sure? You've been spending money on me all this while,” I asked, not wanting to be a burden on my best friend.

“Haven't I told you to stop worrying about stuff like that? Whenever I ask you to have a meal together with me, I will never ask or expect you to pay. So, just calm down, okay? I can handle the bills,” he said.

I nodded my head. “But I would rather not eat in the school cafeteria, it never ends well,” I said fearfully.

“Wait for me on the stairs, I will get the food and be right back,” he said.

He sprayed some deodorant to cover the scent of the alcohol before leaving, while I headed towards the stairs. The only quiet place in the entire school where students rarely came except for me and John. We liked the place because it was peaceful and quiet, away from the students and all the chaos.

I sat down quietly and waited for John. I suddenly heard footsteps approaching me. At first, I thought it was John, but I can never be too sure, so I hid. As expected, it wasn't John but two horny teenagers who came to a quiet place to make out. I hid quietly and after ten minutes of intense make-out session, they left. Shortly, John appeared with two trays of food.

I came out of my hiding place.

"Why were you hiding?" he asked curiously.

"Some people were here," I said and told him everything that happened. He laughed at my facial expression when I was recounting what I say to him. He handed me my tray of food, which I took gratefully. We chatted as we ate.

"School will be over in a few months," he said, munching his sandwich.

"I know right, I'm so happy," I replied.

"Are you going to miss school?" he asked, and I looked at him like he had grown two heads.

"Are you seriously asking me that question? Why would I miss somewhere that has given me nothing but pain and misery? The only memory I will take along with me are the ones shared with you," I answered.

"What are your plans after school?" I asked him.

"Honestly, I don't know. I haven't thought that far, all I know is that I want my grandmother to regain her health," he muttered sadly.

"And she's going to, everything is going to be alright," I said comfortingly.

"How about you? What are your plans?" he asked.

"You already know. All I want is to come of age and leave this place," I said dreamily.

"Speaking of coming of age, your birthday is in a few days," he says excitedly.

"I can't believe it, the day I have longed so much for is almost here that I can almost feel it," I answered.

“So, what do you have planned?” he asked.

“What do you mean by that?” I replied, furrowing my brows confused.

“Are you not going to throw a massive party to celebrate your coming of age? You know, shut down the entire place?” he asked happily, but I just stared at him.

“Don't tell me you don't have anything planned?” he asked, the previous excitement is gone from his voice.

“No,” I simply replied.

“But why? Won't you celebrate your freedom as you finally get to leave this place after all these years?” he asked surprised.

“No, I have no intention of celebrating my eighteenth birthday, I just want to leave this place in peace, not a day more, not a day less,” I replied.

“What about your mate? What if you find your mate on your eighteenth birthday? Will you still leave?” he inquired, curious.

“Mate?” I asked.

He shook his head in response.

“I don't care about any mate. All I want is to finally be able to leave all this behind and live a happy life somewhere else. Why would I jeopardize everything I ever lived for just for someone I don't know,” I said.

He nodded his head in understanding.

“Well, I have a surprise for you on your birthday, you should look forward to it,” he said smiling at me.

“I am looking forward to it,” I said, smiling happily. My heart filled with joy.

School closed, and I rushed home and met with a pile of chores as usual. I did all of them diligently with a smile on my face, humming a tune.

“Has she finally gone crazy?” I heard Hailey whispering to Julian. Julian only shrugged in response.

I've gone crazy. Completely crazy with Joy.

Alexander walked to the kitchen where I was washing the dishes and dropped his plate carelessly on the sink. Water splashed on my body, but I ignored it and continued washing.

“Hey, pig! Go upstairs and clean all our rooms,” Hailey ordered.

I politely obeyed, not daring to say anything. I'm happy I would be able to leave soon, but not crazy enough to talk back at Hailey and risk being dealt with. I still want to leave with all my body parts intact.

I went upstairs and cleaned their room one after the other diligently. I cleaned Hailey's room last and had the urge to disfigure her room and clothes as much, but I didn't dare do it.

“Fat pig, is this how to wash clothes? Look, everything is still dirty. Handwash them again,” she yelled.

I took the clothes and carefully looked at them. She had stained them all deliberately just to overwork me. I washed the clothes all over again. After that, I was asked to prepare dinner. I prepared dinner for them and served it to them.

“You still haven't learned your lesson?” Hailey said, glaring at me.

“What type of food is this? I'm beginning to get a stomach ache,” she said, dramatically, clutching her stomach.

“What did you add to the food?” Julian growled at me.

“I...I didn't...,” I stuttered, but was cut off by a slap from Philip. My cheeks felt numb, and I heard continuous ringing in my ears.

“Did you want to poison us?” Julian said, grabbing my hair while Alexander just sat with his usually calm expression.

“Of course she did, I'm sure she added something,” Hailey said with so much hatred in her eyes.

Julian slapped me again and pushed me to the floor, the impact making me cough out blood.

“You filthy pig, how dare you?” Philip said, kicking me on my back, which made me wince.

“You are starting to really piss me off, and should be punished accordingly,” Julian said, still gripping my hair.

"I have an idea," Hailey said, smirking evilly. "Let's not let her sleep in her pigsty this night, she should sleep outside without any blanket, the cold should teach her a lesson," Hailey said.

Julian agreed and dragged me outside by my hair and shut the door in my face. I looked around and finally sat on the cold, hard floor. I will be finally of age in a few days and get to leave this place, not to ever see Hailey or the triplet faces ever again. Even as I sit in the cold, my feet and cheeks numb from the cold, I sit with a smile on my face. It's only a matter of a few days, all this will be over soon.

Chapter 18 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I woke up with a wide smile on my face for the first time. It's finally happening. The day I've always longed and hoped for is here, literally staring at me in the face. I don't know whether I should cry, laugh or jump for joy. I'm feeling a surge of emotions rushing through me right now. My heart is palpitating so fast that I can hear it.

I stepped into the bathroom and saw myself in the mirror. I had an ear-splitting grin on my face. My cheeks hurt from smiling too much, but I don't care. I took off my T-shirt, the ant bites and whip marks had all faded, leaving only the frost bites from sleeping outside without any blanket or source of heat on my pale skin. I took my bath humming a song happily.

I had already packed and folded all my clothes neatly in my traveling bag after I kept tossing and turning all over my bed, unable to sleep from the excitement of the previous day. I picked up a pair of blue jeans and a yellow T-shirt. I hurriedly left my room to do my chores. I wouldn't want Hailey or the boys to beat me up on my birthday. Today is Saturday so we were all at the pack house.

I rushed to the kitchen and washed the pile of dishes off the sink. I was on my way to the laundry room when I heard Hailey yell my name. Well, sort of.

"Fat pig," she yelled.

I rushed to where she was. She was still wearing her flimsy nightgown and she had a facial mask on her face.

"Where the hell is my breakfast?" She asked, glaring at me.

I had wanted to tell her that we were out of groceries, but she was asleep, and I didn't dare disturb her. The last time I made such a mistake, I couldn't stand well on my feet for two weeks.

"W...we are out of groceries," I stuttered, fiddling with my fingers and looking down at my worn-out shoes.

"Why didn't you say so earlier, you dumb bitch?" she screamed at me.

"You were asleep and..."

"Here," she tossed some money from her wallet at me. "I want my breakfast ready by the time I'm done taking my bath, be a second late, and you will be sorry," she threatened and stumped to her room.

I sigh and start picking up the money that was laying all over the floor. I rushed towards the grocery store, thankfully it wasn't that far. I noticed that the sky looked clearer, the air smelt fresher and colorful birds were chirping happily. Am I seeing things from a new perspective because today is the best day of my life? I skipped to the store, laughing happily along the way, people looked at me like I had gone insane, but I didn't care.

I got to the store and got everything I needed fast. I paid for them and got ready to leave. Coincidentally, I bumped into John on the way out.

"Hey John," I said, surprised to see him here so early.

"Whoa Emma, you are glowing, so brightly I can't open my eyes properly," he said, squinting his eyes dramatically.

"I will take that as a compliment," I said, laughing gleefully.

"Anyway remember what we talked about? I need to get going right now" I said.

"Of course, I remember, I will see you later Emma the birthday girl," he said chuckling.

I chuckled and waved at him, sprinting back to the pack house as fast as I could. I got in and thankfully Hailey just got out of the bathroom. She takes very long to get dressed, so I'm sure I will be able to get the food ready on time, and it will still be steaming hot by the time she finishes and decides to come down.

I made the toast quickly, fried some eggs, squeezed fresh oranges, and made orange juice. Apparently, Hailey likes it freshly squeezed. They all trooped down immediately after I finished. They all sat down and I served them breakfast.

"Where is my change pauper? I'm sure you've never seen so much money in your miserable life," Hailey said, smirking evilly. I walked towards her and handed over her change which she snatched from my hands, almost injuring me with her long nails.

I went back to stand quietly in a corner watching them eat. They kept sending me on errands as they ate. When they finished eating, I quickly cleared the table.

“Fat pig! We are going out, to make sure you clean the entire house,” Julian ordered.

I nodded my head looking scared, but I was backflipping and cartwheeling happily in my head. I knew they always went out unfailingly on Saturdays that was why I asked John to come after they left. I heard Julian's car drive out, and I happily skipped to my room and opened the back door for John, who had been waiting there.

I opened the door to see him standing with a cupcake and two 1 and 8 candles indicating my age. He started singing a birthday song, which had me laughing happily and clapping my hands. At the end of the song, he tried to hit a high note but failed miserably, making me double over and laugh.

“That was hilarious,” I said, still laughing.

“It was, I'm never singing again, blow out your candles quickly,” he prompted me.

I blew out the candles and we both clapped happily. We shared the cake and started eating.

“Thank you very much, I don't know what to say. I didn't think I would be able to have this much fun, I thought I would probably be alone” I said gratefully.

“It's fine, this is the least I could do since you will be leaving soon,” he said, his gray eyes expressing his sadness.

“Don't be sad, you will know where I'm going to, and you can visit anytime you want,” I said comfortingly.

“You are right. I'm thrilled for you Emma, you have really been through a lot,” he says, smiling widely.

I have been through a lot. Eighteen whole years in this hellhole after my parents abandoned me to pay off their debts. I have gone through so much in this pack that I can't help but want to leave immediately.

“I have,” I agreed, tears welling up in my eyes.

“Don't cry Emma, it's a happy occasion,” he comforted me.

“I know, and I'm thrilled, these are not tears of sadness but tears of joy and happiness,” I explained, wiping my face with my hands.

“I just can't believe this is really happening, the day I've impatiently waited for that I thought would never come to pass is finally here, I can finally leave all this behind and start a new life somewhere peaceful,” I said dreamily.

"I told you everything would work out just fine in your favor," John said.

"And you were right, I can't wait to leave Hailey and all her hate-infested moves on me. I will also leave the triplets and their brutality behind," I muttered, eating my cake.

"I can't wait to wake up without seeing their faces or hearing them calling me awful names, it would be so thrilling. I think I would probably commemorate that day," I uttered.

"What about you? Have you thought of what you would do after high school?" I asked curiously.

"I think I'm just going to remain here, go to college and pick a side job or something. I haven't really thought about it, but all I know is I can't leave my grandma and go anywhere. She's all I have," he muttered thoughtfully, still eating his cake.

I patted his shoulder comfortingly. I didn't truly understand how he feels, since I've not had someone so dear to me before. I didn't have a family who loved me or who I loved. I've always been alone, the closest person I've had in my entire life is only John.

"When are you leaving?" he asked.

"As soon as..." I stopped when I suddenly heard voices.

"Are they back already? Why did they come back so soon? They normally come back very late at night?" I rambled to John, really starting to panic. I listened closely but could not hear any voices again. I suddenly heard loud footsteps coming toward my room.

"They are here," I mumbled, my heart beating wildly.

The door suddenly flung open and the triplets struggled to come in at the same time. They finally come into their huge bodies barely fitting in my small room. I was panicking, but I noticed something different in their gazes. They weren't looking at me with the usual disgust or hatred.

Instead, what I saw was, want?

What is going on here, I was starting to get perplexed.

"Mate," the three of them said simultaneously.

My wolf purred happily.

"All mine," I felt my mouth open and responded on its own accord.

Chapter 19 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Alexander's POV

We had come back home earlier than planned because my brothers and I were not in the mood to stay out longer.

Hailey had insisted that she wanted to stay, but I coldly told her that we were leaving and that she could stay there alone if she wanted to. She had whined and begged like a kid, but I had blatantly ignored her and went to start the car. When she saw my brothers join me, she knew that I was not bluffing and quickly ran to sit at the back, not wanting to get stranded.

She huffed, crossing her arm over her chest, but I simply ignored her and drove towards the pack house. When we got in, the smell of something sweet, and tantalizing, hit our noses.

“Do you smell that?” Julian asked, sniffing the air.

“Smell what?” Hailey asked.

“I do, it smells like a jasmine flower scent,” Philip responded.

“Mixed with vanilla flavor,” I completed.

“Exactly! What is that sweet scent?” Julian asked.

“What are you boys going on about? I can't sniff out anything,” Hailey said, sniffing the air continuously, clearly annoyed.

We were all confused but rushed down from our room towards the sweet scent. We didn't know what it was, but we wanted more. The scent leads us to Emma's room, and we kicked the door open together. Immediately we opened the door, and the scent grew stronger, clouding our senses. We all felt like we would go crazy if we didn't find the source of this sweet scent. So, we struggled to get in together. We immediately met with the sight of a frightened Emma.

She was shivering out of fear, probably thinking we were there to hurt her again. The sweet, unbearable scent that was clouding our senses was coming from her. My wolf growled loudly, 'mate' he said.

I could not bear the thought of not saying the word out loud. So, I agreed with my wolf.

“Mate,” I and my brothers both said simultaneously. They must have communicated with their wolf and could not resist the bond, just like me. After all, we are all triplets.

I saw confusion flash before her eyes but found herself responding to us. “All mine,” she said. She must have felt the mate bond and could not resist it either.

The mate I and my brothers have always wanted and longed for is here standing right in front of us. We couldn't be any happier.

Emma's POV

What is going on here? Why are the boys calling me their mate? And why did my wolf respond? My heart started beating wildly. Please let it not be what I'm thinking, please moon goddess.

"Noooooo," I screamed out loud, shocked and dumbfounded.

"Are you okay?" I heard Julian ask in a worried tone. Julian? Worried about me? This has got to be the biggest joke of the century. How can this be?

How can the moon goddess be so cruel? How can she mate me with these three monsters? My biggest tormentors. The reason for my tears and nightmares.

This has got to be a dream, right? I'm probably just having a nightmare, right? Somebody should please wake me up. I closed my eyes and pinched myself, expecting to wake up and most likely see that this was all a dream. But when I opened my eyes, I was still in the same room. I closed my eyes and repeated the process, but nothing. So, this is reality? Not a dream?

I realized the gravity of my situation as my blood turned cold as bathed in a pool of ice out of fear and anger. Why? Why me again? I cried dejectedly.

The boys came over and touched me in an attempt to console me.

"D..don't touch me," I muttered fearfully, flinching away from their touch and sitting hopelessly on my bed.

What was supposed to be a happy occasion turned out to be the worst day of my life. The freedom I longed for, which was just at my reach, vanished before my eyes. I glared at the three of them. They are truly the spawns of the devil. They have taken away everything from me, and now they've also taken the last thing I have left, my last hope. Freedom.

I started wailing profusely. All the atrocities they've committed against me flashed before my eyes. The bullying, the beatings, the name callings. They beat me up so much that I bled until passed out. They overworked me until my body ached, and I could hardly get out of bed. And now that I've been mated to them, what will stop them from dealing with me or possibly end my life for good now?

I even lost confidence in myself. My self-esteem became so low that I would look at myself in the mirror countless times before daring to leave the house. I started having trust issues and doubted everybody who wanted to come close to me, thinking they all had ulterior motives. I pulled my hair in frustration, sobbing loudly.

“Emma, please talk to us and stop crying,” Philip said in a pleading tone.

Emma? I wanted to laugh.

“Emma? So, it's Emma now, right? it's no longer a fat pig, dirty rag, dumb bitch, or bloody whore,” I spat bitterly.

“You didn't remember I was Emma when you hurled insults at me, beat me up until I bled, or threw a ball on my head,” I said, glaring at Philip.

“You don't remember when you instigated other students against me, made them hate me, grabbed my hair until I thought I would go bald, beat me until I passed out and almost stabbed me with a knife,” I said, glaring at Julian

“Oh, you didn't remember I was Emma when you slammed my injured head against the wall until I bled, ignored when your brothers maltreated me and treated me like I didn't exist?” I ask, glaring at Alexander, who, for the first time doesn't have an aloof expression on his face. He looked like he was sorry and ashamed.

“My life is over. You guys are going to kill me. My life is over,” I continued to chant, crying bitterly.

“We are sorry for everything, Emma, it was a mistake. We are deeply sorry and apologize for everything we ever did to you?” Philip begged, trying to touch my hand.

“I said, don't touch me. Oh, so now you don't find me dirty and disgusting anymore? What was that you used to say?” I asked, but he didn't respond.

“I will answer for you instead because I remember everything vividly. You said I should go roam in the dirt with my pig family because that was where I belonged. How come you want to touch a dirty pig now?” I asked them, but they all hung their head low, not saying anything.

“What kind of ill fate is this? I thought I would finally be able to leave all this behind and move on with my life, but fate seems to be having fun toying with my emotions,” I said bitterly, tears flowing freely down my cheeks.

“Leave? You can't leave,” Alexander spoke for the first time.

“What are you going to do? Beat me up again, maybe until you crack my skull open this time?” I asked bitterly.

“Trust and believe us, you will be safe here,” Julian said.

“Trust? Belief? Save?” I scoffed at the thought.

“When have you ever trusted me? When have you ever believed anything I say? When have you ever spared me from your cruel torture? I asked.

“I can't do this. I can't deal with all this. You all have toured me so much that I'm sure you will make my life a living hell if I stay here as your mate,” I said, trying hard to control my tears.

“What do you mean by that?” Philip asks anxiously.

I stared at the three of them for a few minutes before saying what I had to say.

“I, Emma Garcia, refuse Julian Martinez, Philip Martinez, and Alexander Martinez as my mates. I refuse to accept them,” I finished, crying profusely. I saw their eyes widen in shock.

I couldn't bare to stare in the same room with them anymore, I felt suffocated, so I ran out of the room.

I heard them calling my name regretfully in their voices, but I didn't care as I ran as fast as I could. I also heard John's voice. I had completely forgotten he was in the same room as me. I had been in too much shock to notice him. But I didn't turn back, I cried profusely in the middle of the night, walking around aimlessly and cursing out my ill fate. I had started this morning happily thinking I would be able to leave this hellhole soon, not knowing that I had just sunk in deeper with no way to escape.

Chapter 20 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Alexander's POV

'I Emma Garcia refuse to accept Julian Martinez, Philip Martinez, and Alexander Martinez as my mates.'

Those words kept repeating in my head over and over again.

“What are we going to do now?” Julian asked dejected after Emma ran out of the house.

“I really don't know,” I reply. This is the first time in my life that I'm feeling like this. I feel angry at myself and ashamed of everything I've done. I saw the pain and hurt in her eyes when she found out that we were her mates, but I didn't think she would go as far as to reject us. She had even planned to leave the pack house quietly without letting us know. If she had left, I just don't know what I might do.

“Did you guys see how hurt and angry she was?” Philip asked. We all sat in her room trying to wrap our heads around what we just encountered.

Her friend whom we met had run after her to try to calm her down. What was his name again? Jack? Jude? Justin? I don't even remember her best friend's name.

“Do you blame her? I mean we've been nothing but cruel to her, especially me,” Julian said sorrowfully.

“I really regret everything. I wish we hadn't treated her so badly. I wish I could just go back and fix everything,” Philip lamented bitterly.

“We couldn't have known, I mean who would have thought that Emma of all people will be our mate,” Julian replies.

I turned and took a look at her room. It was tiny and had a little window that, I doubt, can provide little or no ventilation. The bed that we were sitting on felt so hard that I wondered how she was able to get any sleep with her injured and bruised body on it. We've really neglected and treated her so viciously.

“What if she really leaves?” Julian asked.

The possibility of that brought pain to my heart and I already feel restless. I can't bear the thought of losing her.

“She can't leave. She can't do that to us. We can't let that happen,” I said, not daring to think of that ever happening.

“We have to make everything right. We have to do whatever it takes to get her to forgive and accept us. We can't afford to lose her,” I said to my brothers.

They all nodded their head in agreement.

I took a look at my watch. It was 12pm in the middle of the night. It was so late, and she still hasn't come back. Did something happen to her? Is she hurt?

I couldn't help but start thinking about all the possible scenarios that could have happened. I was still thinking when I heard the door open and the sweet, familiar scent I now know too well wafted through my nostrils.

“She's here!” the three of us exclaimed excitedly and ran out of her room to meet her.

“Why did you come back so late?” I asked. She flinched when she heard my voice and slowly turned to look at me. What I saw broke my heart into a million pieces. She looked petrified and was shivering out of fright. She would be, after all, we always welcomed her with insults and beatings whenever she returned home late.

She quickly knelt down on her knees.

"I...I'm sorry I'm late, It won't happen again," she said, not looking up at us.

"Why are you kneeling?" I asked surprised.

"You asked me to know my place and always get down on my knees when speaking to you," she hurriedly answers, still scared.

Julian walked towards her and tried to help her onto her feet. The moment she saw that he was coming towards her, she started crying and begging fervently.

"I'm sorry, please don't hurt me. I won't repeat the mistake of coming back late ever again,"

Julian stared at her in shock, not knowing what to say.

"Stand up," he said calmly after a while.

She stood up on her wobbly legs, still not making eye contact with us. Her eyes suddenly widened, and she ran to the kitchen. We all followed her, alarmed to see what made her run to the kitchen.

I was dumbfounded when I found her at the kitchen sink hurriedly trying to wash the dishes. Julian, Philip, and I all stared at each other in disbelief.

"You don't have to do all that now, we have a maid that can do it," I said tenderly. She paused for a second.

"I'm the maid," she simply replies and continued washing. I was dumbfounded. We all stood behind her, watching her every move like a hawk as she finished washing the dishes.

"What would you and Hailey want for dinner?" She asked.

"Hailey is asleep, and we don't want anything," Philip said.

"All we want is for you to sit with us and let's talk," I said, moving close to her.

She flinched and covered her face with her hands, moving backward. My heart sank. She really thought I was going to hit her. She looked at the three of us fearfully, her gray eyes swollen and filled with fear.

"You can go now," I said, sighing. I could see she was fatigued due to all that she had gone through that tonight. She didn't wait for me to repeat myself, she quickly ran to her room.

"That went well," Julian said sarcastically.

"She's petrified of us. She looked at us like we were monsters," Philip said, looking hurt.

"Aren't we? After every horrible thing that we've done. We have to get her to trust us and make it up to her," I muttered.

"You are right, but how long do you think it will take for her to believe we are sincere? My wolf is already whining in protest," Julian said, clearly frustrated.

"Mine too," Philip agreed.

"We have to tread carefully and patiently guys, so we don't end up scaring her away, we have to endure and control our wolves," I comforted them. I know how hard it can be.

"For now, let's go to bed and think of ways to pacify her. It's already so late," I said.

"Good night, guys," Philip said.

"Good night, although I doubt I would be able to get any sleep," Julian grumbled as we all headed to our rooms.

I got into my room, but the lights were off, and I sniffed out a scent I'd known for a very long time.

"Hailey? I thought you were asleep" I said, walking towards my bed and switching on my bedside lamp which immediately illuminated the room.

"I was, but I missed you, so I came," she said in a seductive voice. I sat on the bed and took a proper look at her. She was wearing a flimsy nightgown that barely covered her ass, and her cleavage was on full display. I sat down exhausted on the bed, turning my back to her.

"Didn't you miss me?" She whispered in my ear.

"Not now, Hailey, I'm exhausted," I reply.

"That's why I'm here, I will make you feel better," she said and started massaging my shoulders and kissing my neck.

When she saw that I was not responding to her, she straddled me and pushed me onto the bed. I tried to use her as a distraction and get my mind off things, but it just was not working. She was not the one I was craving her touch. I kissed her back and grabbed her ass. She moaned and took off her nightgown and tried to take off my trousers.

I held her hand to stop her. "Stop Hailey, I'm not in the mood," I said, trying to get her off my body.

"Since when have you ever refused me, Alex?" she asked. That was true, I'd never refused to have sex with Hailey before but now, even when she was naked in front of me, I was not aroused. She noticed I was deep in thought and started kissing me again, but a certain teary gray-eyed girl kept invading my thoughts.

I grabbed her arm harshly, "I said stop it, you should leave now," I said, disgusted by her touch.

"Are you serious right now?" she asked in disbelief.

I dragged her by her arm outside my room, clearly annoyed.

"Wait Alex, I'm naked," she protested.

I took her nightgown from my bed and flung it at her. She looked at me shocked and dumbfounded, but I slammed my door in her face. I went straight into the bathroom to take a bath and get her scent off me.

I lay on my bed thinking about everything that has happened today. Furthermore, I suddenly hear Julian's mind link me and Philip.

"Can you guys sleep?" he grumbled, frustrated.

"No," we both replied.

I tossed and turned on my bed, unable to sleep. I kept perceiving the sweet scent of Emma, messing with my head. My wolf was yearning for his mate. I lay down with my eyes wide open.

"This is going to be a very long night," I mumbled to myself.