

Chapter 41 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I close my eyes in ecstasy, the sensation feels so good and wild.

"I'm dying to dip my fingers into you, I want them covered in your wetness. Do you want that?" Julian whispers, teasing me with his fingers. I nod eagerly.

Alexander swiftly raises me up and Philip pulled my trousers down. Alexander continues to suckle my breasts, while Philip delves his tongue into my mouth and licks my neck. I'm sure I must be a panting and moaning mess.

Julian dips his hand into my panties. I held my breath in anticipation. He inserts a finger inside me and I yelp. He stills. I open my eyes.

"What happened?" I ask panting.

"Y...you are a virgin?" Julian stutters in disbelief. Alexander and Philip also stare at me in shock. Why are they staring at me like this? Is something wrong? Do they not like me anymore because I'm a virgin? Hailey's words ring in my ear, making me feel more insecure. "They will get bored by you and move on,". Was she right? Do they realize I'm not worth their time anymore?

"Emma," Philip calls. I was spacing out again. The feelings I felt earlier are over now, and I'm back to my senses. I hurriedly put on my shirt.

"What if I am?" I finally reply, getting down from the kitchen counter.

"We were just curio...", Julian starts, but I cut him off.

"I'm sure you regret everything that happened, and it's fine. It was a mistake anyway," I uttered, pretending I was not hurt, and started to walk to my room.

"Wait," Alexander pulls me back.

"What are you talking about? Was what happened here a mistake to you? Because it wasn't to us," Julian replies, looking hurt. It wasn't?

"We were just surprised that you are still a virgin. We never thought you were. Not many people still are in this day and age," Philip explains.

"So you are not angry?" I mutter, staring at them skeptically.

Julian chuckles. "We are not in fact, we are thrilled that our mate is still untouched. If you were, I would have broken the bones of the bastard who dared to touch you,"

Alexander replies. I sigh in relief. Thank goodness, they don't regret anything. I was already preparing myself for another heartbreak. But I won't tell them that.

"Don't be too sure. Who knows, I might decide to lose my virginity to someone apart from you guys tomorrow," I mutter, crossing my arms defiantly.

"You won't. You are not that type of girl," Julian replies confidently.

"You can never be too sure," I answer, and their faces darken.

"You won't dare do that Emma, you are ours alone," Alexander growls possessively.

"Yours? You seem to have forgotten that I rejected you and nothing or nobody can change that," I said to them.

"You might have rejected us with your words, but your body begs to differ," Philip insists. I blush when I think about how I was moaning their names just now, but I won't lose this argument.

"It's just physical attraction. Any girl will be attracted to you guys sexually. It's completely normal for everyone," I answer.

"So you agree we are handsome and that you are sexually attracted to us," Julian smirks, and my arms fall to my side. Is that the only thing they got from my explanation?

"Whatever, I'm going to sleep," I gave up, turning around.

"Hey Emma," Philip calls and I turn around.

"Wha...", the words die down in my throat when Alexander kisses me deeply, cupping my butt. Julian kisses me, gently kneading my breast, and I moan. Philip also trails kisses from my nose, lips, and neck. I closed my eyes in pleasure, but he suddenly stopped.

"Goodnight mate," they mutter together with a smirk. I stare at them in disbelief.

"Were you not going to sleep? Go on, or do you want more?" Julian inquires.

"If you do, all you need to do is just say the words," Philip said. My heart beats wildly in my chest. Oh! God save me from these handsome and sexy devils before my heart stops working out of excitement. I turned around to leave.

"You forgot this," Alexander said, playing with my bra. I hurried over and snatched it from him, completely mortified. I run to my room and lock the door. I won't make the same mistake I did last time. I went to take a shower and saw my face in the mirror. I look like a very red tomato. I take my bath and lay in my bed. This bed feels so

comfortable. I've never slept in such a soft bed. I moan in relief and the scenes from earlier come rushing back to me.

I covered my face with my pillow and screamed excitedly, thrashing around the bed. I calm down when I remember the triplets are just next door. I'm beginning to slowly believe them now, and I'm terrified about them breaking my heart. I can't fully trust them yet. I went to bed with a conflicted heart.

The following day, I woke up early. I won't lie, it feels so good to my body not to feel sore all over and think I will die at any time. It also feels good to know that I won't have to worry about getting bullied each time I wake up. I dress up quietly and sneak out of my room. I don't want the boys to see me and start to tease me again. I paused when the living room was completely quiet. There was no sign of the boys.

I frown. Where did they go so early? A few minutes ago, I was worried about them spotting me and tried to sneak out. Now, I'm sad that they are not here. I must really be running out of my mind. I need to speak to someone and get my mind off things. Who is apart from John to discuss things with? I remember sighting him walking toward his room. I walked towards there and gently knocked on the door.

No response.

I knock again, louder this time, but still no response. Are they still sleeping by this time? I thought, placing my ear at the door. I lean forward and the door opens. I walk inside the living room. I now notice that our room is much bigger and prettier than other rooms. No wonder Hailey wanted to stay with us. Perks of being the Alpha's sons.

Suddenly, I hear low groans and pants.

"Oh shit," I hear John groan. Is he sick? Is he in pain? Was that why he hasn't come out of his room yet? I worriedly pushed open his door, and my eyes widened in shock when I saw what was in front of me. John, the girl I saw the other day and some other guy I don't know are all together....naked. John has his... thing in the guy's mouth and the girl... I don't even know what to think. I stand staring at them frozen in shock, my mouth agape. John's eyes fly open.

"Emma, what the hell. Can't you knock?" he screams, quickly trying to pick up his trousers. I notice their clothes littered all over the floor with empty bottles of alcohol. The boy and girl continue making out. I turn around with my eyes closed. What's the use anyway, I already saw everything and I can't unsee it.

"I...I'm so sorry, the door was not locked. I will leave now. Sorry bye," I blabbered and hurriedly ran out of the room embarrassed as hell. I just saw my best friend, naked in bed having a threesome. I don't know what to think. This is the first time I'm being in a situation like this with John.

I walked outside and sat by the poolside. Some students are already there swimming so early in the morning. I try to take my mind off what just happened. I sat for a while staring at nothing in particular, when I suddenly felt the seat beside me deepen.

“Beautiful morning, isn't it?” John asked. I try not to glance at him, else I remember what I just witnessed.

“It is. You seem to have had a fun night,” I muttered and mentally chided myself for saying such a thing. He chuckles.

“You seemed to have also had a very interesting day yesterday. You arrived very late with the triplets,” he replies, changing the topic. When did this become about me?

“I had a situation. I fell into a ditch while searching for the treasure and the triplets saved me,” I explained.

“What? Are you okay? Did you get hurt?” he inquires worriedly.

“I'm fine now. Don't worry,” I reply, and he sighs in relief.

“I'm so sorry, I should have looked over you properly since this is your first time traveling,” he said.

“You don't have to apologize. You also came here to have fun. I will feel very bad if I'm holding you back,” I reply sincerely. We sit silently till he speaks.

“I'm bisexual,” he blurts out.

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Emma's POV

“W...what?” I stutter dumbly.

“I'm bisexual, you know, I like girls and I also like boys,” he explained nervously.

“I know what bisexual means. I thought about it when I saw you just now. But why didn't you tell me?” I mutter curiously.

“I was nervous. I didn't know what you might think. If you didn't catch me in the act, I don't think I would have found the courage to tell you,” he replies.

“But why? We are supposed to share everything together. I'm your best friend aren't I?” I inquired.

“Precisely why I was scared. I thought you will dislike me like the other kids,” he answers, not looking at me.

“Other kids?” I mutter confused.

“People think I'm a freak because of my sexuality. That's why I don't open up to anyone or display in public what I really am,” he explained.

“But this is the 21st century. Who still has such archaic thoughts?” I asked surprised.

“We are in high school Emma, kids will refer to me as weird, trust me. I can't wait to leave high school, so I don't have to hide anymore,” he mutters. I feel so sad, I never knew he felt this way. All this while I cried and complained to him, he tried to cheer me up, and I never noticed.

“I can see the wheels turning in your head,” he chuckles, referring to my spacing out again. I sigh.

“I'm sorry, I never knew how you were feeling all this while, but I want you to know that I don't care about your sexuality. You have a very good heart and are a very nice person. I feel blessed to have you as a friend, and I really hope you stop feeling that way about me. Promise me you won't hesitate to tell me about anything from now on,” I said. I could not tell him to not care about what others think when I can't do that myself.

“You really don't care?” he asks curiously.

“I don't, but please try to lock the door next time. I think I will have to wash my eyes with bleach to unsee what I just saw,” I said, and he bursts into laughter. I'm glad to see he has returned to his old self.

“You should have seen your face. It was epic,” he said in between laughter. I chuckle dryly.

“So, who was that guy?” I ask curiously.

“I don't know. Ria and I met him at a club downtown. This trip is officially the best trip I've ever had,” he mutters happily.

“You brought over a stranger you met at a club? And you went to a club?” I ask in disbelief.

“Firstly, I didn't bring him. Ria did, and she was right. I ended up loving it and secondly, of course, I went to a club, we came here to unwind and have fun. I'm doing just that. You should come with us next time,” he replies.

“What if he's a psychopath or worse, a serial killer,” I mutter, still shocked by the thought that they invited a stranger to their hotel room.

“You read too many books, Emma. Serial killer, really? I definitely need to drag you to a club, so you can loosen up a bit,” he answers. I shake my head vehemently, those are really not my scenes. I will rather stay curled up in my room. He sighs.

“So, you and the triplets, huh,” he smirks.

“What is that supposed to mean?” I ask defensively.

“I saw you for entering your hotel room yesterday,” he deadpans.

“Nothing happened,” I quickly reply.

“I never said anything happened. You're getting all defensive means something really happened,” he said, and I stared at him, tongue-tied. He sighs.

“Are you sure about what you are doing?” he asks worriedly.

“I don't know, but I'm starting to feel something for them, John. I can't control it anymore,” I muttered.

“Do what makes you happy, but be careful. I don't want to see you hurt anymore,” he said.

“I know. Thank you for always being there for me,” I said gratefully.

“Don't thank me. That's what friends are for,” he muttered with a smile.

We sit for a while, chattering and laughing non-stop.

Hailey's POV

I glare at that slave bitch. While I'm here living in misery. She's chatting and laughing happily after taking absolutely everything from me. Anytime the triplets and I travel, they are usually assigned the best rooms and I would always stay with them together in their room. They usually referred to me as their queen and spoil me rotten. They used to listen to everything I said to them, and we used to have mind-blowing sex.

But after this slave entered our lives, everything changed. They paired with her in the same room and left me behind. I had even asked them to allow me to stay with them, but they blatantly refused me. They've never refused me before and this is happening all because of that slave girl. I had even made her fall into a ditch. I've been to that part

of the woods several times and I already know exactly where the ditch is. I made her fall deliberately thinking she would get killed by one of the rogues, but the triplets saved her. She doesn't have any right to smile after what she did to me. I will make sure of that.

I walked up to them angrily.

"If it isn't the two weird friends," I sneered and they both looked towards me shocked.

"H... Hailey," she stutters.

"Oh, so you can now sit and call me by my name because you stay in the same room as the triplets, right?" I growled angrily. How dare she take my name with that filthy mouth of hers. She quickly stands.

"No, I was just surprised to see you," she replies with her head bowed. Good to know she still feels scared of me. I'm sure she knows I made her fall into the ditch on purpose, and I will only do worse if she doesn't stay away from what's mine.

"You seem to have forgotten that you are still a slave, the fat pig. Did some few seconds in Wonderland make you forget that?" I screech. She keeps quiet, and I grab her by the hair.

"Answer me!" I yell. People are beginning to stare, but I could not care less. I'm dealing with my maid, and I have the right to. It's nobody's business.

"No, please stop," she cried out in pain. Her friend sits, not knowing what to do. But I don't care about him. I didn't come here for him.

"Have you forgotten what pain feels like? Do you think because you managed to seduce the triplets with your filthy body, everyone else will treat you like a queen? You whore. You are a slave and always will be and when the boys finally come back to their senses, you will be sorry you ever crossed paths with a girl named Hailey," I said angrily, pushing her towards the chair with her hair.

I started to walk back towards the pool.

"What are you doing? You are going to fall," she said, shocked. I almost slipped, and she quickly got up and held my arm.

"Emma, what are you doing? I was just trying to speak to you. Don't let go of my hand, you know I can't swim. I'm going to drown and die," I plead. She looks confused. I let go of her hand and fell back into the pool with a splash.

Bingo. She fell right into my well-thought-out plan. I can't swim. That is probably the only thing I can't do, and everybody knows. I knew she was going to try to stop me. Foolish

girl. Me falling into the pool won't be questioned by anyone because they won't think I would endanger my life. Little do they know, I can do anything to get what I want. Every single person present is going to think Emma did it. I had sent for the boys before now to spice up my plan, and when I noticed that they had arrived, I fell into the pool. I've been together with the boys since we learned how to talk, and I'm sure they will believe me after seeing things for themselves. There's really no way out for that foolish Emma now.

"Help!" I screamed, choking on water and flailing my arms around widely. I try to hold my breath, but I'm beginning to lose consciousness. Julian suddenly jumps into the pool and pulls me out. I acted like I was unconscious, and he breathed into my mouth and pressed my chest repeatedly. I coughed and spit out the water I had stored in my mouth to make my story more believable. They all sigh in relief. People had already gathered around.

"Are you okay? You had us all scared for a second," Philip asked worriedly. I started to cry, seriously.

"What's wrong?" Julian inquires.

"Emma pushed me," I mutter in between sobs

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Emma's POV

I'm dumbstruck right now. I just stared at Hailey in shock, unable to form any coherent sentence. I was just trying to help her out and everybody was staring at me like I really did push her. I don't blame them though, I was standing at the edge of the pool holding her hand, so it will seem like I really did push her. She must have really thought this plan true, and I dumbly fell for it.

"What did you just say?" Julian asked, sounding shocked.

"I said Emma pushed me. Everyone saw it. I was just trying to speak to her about something, but she blew up on me. I was backing into the pool when I slipped. She held my hand and I thought she was going to help me since she knew I could not swim, but she let go of my arm, letting me drown. I'm sure she has been wanting to kill me all this while. You all saw it didn't you?" she explains, trying to stifle her sobs.

I bowed my head silently crying inside. It's over. Nobody will believe me over Hailey after seeing everything that happened. Nobody will believe Hailey will really endanger her life. I wonder how she could endanger her life like this. Does she really despise me that much? I can't think of a single thing I've done to her to deserve this. There are other maids in the pack house and they don't get treated like this. I could not bear to look at the triplets. My heart is beating fast, anticipating what they will say.

"We saw everything that happened," Philip said. I whipped my head up sharply to look at him. He was standing with Alexander, while Julian was crouched on the floor beside Hailey. He has covered her up with a towel. My heart sank. They believed her. To think I was thinking about finally giving them a chance. I thought we had something special going on after what had happened between us, but I thought wrong again. I tried to at least say a word in my defense but my tongue felt heavy and numb. I couldn't bring myself to say anything. Tears threatened to spill from my eyes as I prepared myself to start getting bullied again.

Hailey suddenly stops crying. She gave me a smug smile.

"You did right? I've been telling you, boys, for a very long time that this girl is up to no good. She's a shrewd and cunning girl pretending to be naive," she said and suddenly glares at me.

"Wait until my father hears about this. You will be sorry you were ever born by your miserable parents. I.,"

"Stop it!" Julian growled, cutting her off. I flinch and Hailey gazes at Julian in shock.

"We won't stand here and watch you slander Emma in front of everyone," Philip said to her in a warning tone.

"B...but she pushed me. You should punish her severely for that," she said in disbelief.

"She didn't push you. From what you said, you thought she was going to save you, she must have wanted to save you from drowning and her hand slipped. If she really wanted to kill you, why would she hold your hand in the first place? She could have just watched you slip and fall into the pool. Why would she go through the trouble of trying to hold your hand, and besides, Emma is not someone like that," Alexander said calmly and logically.

I glanced at him. My tears clouded my vision, so I wiped them away. Did they believe me without me uttering a word? They believe me over Hailey. My heart swells with joy. Was I wrong about them all this while?

Hailey stood up suddenly but swayed slightly, closing her eyes and grabbing her head. Is she really feeling dizzy, or is she faking it? If she's really acting, then she's doing a really great job.

"Are you okay? Have a seat," Philip said, taking hold of her hand. I understand that they really care for her, after all, they all grew up together. Hailey slapped his hand away. People were beginning to film us chattering excitedly. They were watching a free and interesting show after all.

“Do you even care about me? Do you care if I die or live?” she mutters, glancing at every one of them in shock.

“What are you talking about? Of course, we care about you,” Julian replies, looking confused.

“Stop being dramatic,” Alexander sighs.

“No, you don't. You don't care about me anymore. I almost drowned,” she sobbed, pointing towards the pool. “And yet, you take her side? You don't believe me, even though you saw everything yourselves,” she mutters.

“This is not about taking anyone's side, Hailey, we only acted based on what we saw and thought,” Philip said gently.

She nods her head, sobbing loudly.

“I can't believe this. We've been together for a very long time, and you believe a stranger over me? How can you still call yourselves good friends after this and lie to my face that you care for me?” she cried. I stood watching the scene without knowing what to say. Why is Hailey just crying without hurling insults at me or yelling? This does not look right, but I just can't place my finger on what is wrong. Hailey threw the towel on Julian's face and ran to her room.

Julian sighed, picking up the towel and dropping it on a chair.

“Come on, Emma, let's go,” Philip said. I looked toward John, and he gave me a smile of approval. I followed the triplets to our room. I sat in silence for a while until I finally found my voice.

“Why did you defend me?” I asked. Alexander was standing by the fridge trying to get a glass of water, Julian was washing his hands by the sink and Philip was sitting on the couch next to me. I noticed their outfits now. It seemed like they were coming back from the gym when they saw us. Why did they come to the pool straight from the gym anyway?

“Pardon,” Julian muttered, closing the tap and wiping his hands.

“You defended and believed me against Hailey even though I didn't say anything in my defense,” I replied.

“As I said, we didn't take anyone's side. We just said everything the way it was,” Alexander answers, closing the fridge.

“But before, you never believed me. You wouldn't even give me a chance to explain myself before listening to Hailey and punishing me,” I mutter sadly. Their expressions

changed. Memories from the past still haunt me. I haven't fully healed yet. Alexander and Julian both walked toward me.

"That was when we behaved foolishly. We didn't know you well enough, but now we do, and we are so sorry about everything we have done. We now know you aren't capable of doing the things we had accused you of. Please forgive us for our past mistakes," Julian pleads.

"I might tell you that I've forgiven you boys, but I can't forget. The wounds are still fresh, and I need some time to heal," I said to them. They looked at me sadly.

"We understand. It was our fault, I guess we will have to live with the consequences," Philip mutters. I can't bear to be in the same room with them right now. I'm too vulnerable. I excused myself and left the room.

I open the door only to see John retreating.

"John, were you trying to come to see me?" I ask curiously.

"N...no, why would I? I was just passing by," he stutters nervously. I'm convinced something is wrong somewhere.

"You promised you would never lie to me, tell me what happened right now," I demanded and he sighed, giving me his phone. Anytime he passes me his phone, it is never good news. I take in a deep breath and press play.

I watched the scene earlier at the pool today repeat itself. But this time, Hailey is made to be the victim and I am the bully. I scroll to the comments underneath.

"She's so evil. She came in between friends and ruined their friendship,"

"I'm sure she's a whore. She has seduced the boys with her body, else they will never defend her like this. I wonder what they see in that ugly fat pig,"

"Shouldn't she be arrested? She tried to kill someone,"

John snatched the phone from my hands. "Don't read it anymore. How can people be so cruel with their words?" he said.

I smiled bitterly, it has been so long since I'd been called names. I knew something was wrong when Hailey didn't yell like she used to, and I was right. This was what she was planning, to twist the story in her favor. What I really want right now is to unwind and forget all that has happened.

"We are still going to the club tonight right?" I asked him.

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Emma's POV

"I'm not wearing that," I utter, shaking my head firmly.

"There's nothing wrong with this dress. It's sexy," Ria, John's...friend said. I stared at her in shock. I'm currently in John's room after telling him that I would accompany them to the club. I arrived and Ria vehemently refused to allow me to follow them if I didn't get changed. She's currently holding a strapless little black gown that would barely cover my ass.

"I'm not wearing it. It's too revealing," I insisted. Ria sighed.

"Then do you intend to come with us dressed up like that?" she said, eyeing my clothes, looking clearly displeased.

"What is wrong with my clothes?" I frown, glancing at my long black skirt and shirt.

"Seriously? You look like a nun. You are going to a club for fuck's sake. You are going to stand out way too much in those clothes in a bad way," she replies, and John bursts into laughter. He's sitting on the bed watching us.

I guess she's right. My clothes aren't appropriate for where we are about to go, and I don't want to end up embarrassing them.

"Fine but these clothes are too skimpy. Find me a more modest one," I said and she smiles happily, showing her dimple. Ria has this cute and innocent look, making you think she could not hurt a fly or think of doing anything...unholy. But what I witnessed the other day made me believe the 'never judge a book by its cover' saying.

"There you go, modest and sexy. Quickly, go put it on," she said, shoving the dress in my hands and happily pushing me into the bathroom.

I came out after a few minutes, and they all stared at me in shock. I was wearing a tight-fitting long-sleeve jumpsuit with a zip at the front. I asked Ria to give me a modest dress that won't display any part of my body, and she gave me exactly that, just that this jumpsuit looks tight on me because I am curvier than Ria and this accentuates all the curves I have.

"Emma? Emma? Where the hell is Emma?" John asked, searching around frantically after staring at me for a long time. I frown. What is wrong with John? He can see me standing right in front of his eyes. Is that his way of telling me that I look bad? I squirm uncomfortably.

“Oh my god!” Ria exclaimed. “You look sexy as fuck. You've been hiding all these curves with your baggy clothes all this while,” she squealed happily.

“It looks impressive?” I asked unsure.

“Nice? You look breathtakingly gorgeous,” she said. I blush. She's one of the first people in school apart from John to treat me nicely.

She quickly pulled me towards the table and applied makeup on my face. I've never applied it before, so I hope it looks good.

“You can open your eyes now,” she mutters, trying to control her excitement. I stared at myself in the mirror, shocked. Is this really me? Ria curled my hair, and it bounced behind me.

“Gorgeous right?” she said. I nod.

“Thank you,” I said gratefully.

“There's nothing to be thankful for, you already have the body and the face. I just helped you in realizing it. All those girls who called you names will die of envy and jealousy when they see you in this dress. You should keep it, it looks way better on you anyway,” she replied and pulled my front zip down a little bit to show my cleavage.

“Flaunt those babies, they are beautiful,” she winks. Such words coming out from such an innocent-looking face is really shocking. She laughed at my dumbfounded expression and walked to the bathroom to change.

“You look different Emma, but in a good way,” John complimented with a smile. I mutter “Thank You”. Ria comes out of the bathroom wearing the little black dress she had given me earlier.

She looked so pretty and confident as she strikes a pose on the door. She had straightened her short blonde hair.

“Shall we leave?” she said and we nodded. I walked in my low heels and I still stumble. I wondered how Ria managed to walk so fast in her six - inch heels.

We got into the club. I stared around in awe. There are some wild-looking people with lots of piercings and tattoos. Some were dancing and groping each other, while others were making out in front of everyone. The loud music is making me have a headache. John was right earlier, this is totally not my scene.

“Come,” Ria dragged the both of us to the bartender and ordered three shots of tequila. I've never had a drink before.

“Drink it, It will help you loosen up and enjoy yourself more,” John urged, and I drank it. I frowned and a bit into the piece of lime in front of me. The drink burns down my throat. I stared at John, disgusted by the drink. He chuckles.

“It's always like that the first time, okay maybe every time but it works like magic,” he said.

“Let's go and dance,” John mutters, and we walk to the dance floor. John was right about the tequila. I felt good already. I giggle and jump around. After a while, I got tired and went to have a seat. A waiter brings a drink for me. I didn't order it, but maybe John did.

I collected the drink and sipped it. This one tastes sweet like fruit and I like it. It doesn't burn my throat like tequila. I drank every single drop and walked towards John, who was dancing with someone I couldn't see well. My vision is starting to feel hazy. I removed his phone from his pocket without him noticing. I walked back to my seat.

I stared at his phone for a while and dialed Alexander's number that I found on the school website. I don't know why, but I just did. He answered after the third ring.

“Hello,” he mutters in his usual cold voice. I giggled excitedly.

“Hello,” I mimicked his cold voice and giggled again.

“Emma? Is that you?” he asked, and I heard Philip and Julian's voices speaking at the same time.

“Why do you always sound so cold?” I slurred.

“Are you drunk? Where are you?” he asked worriedly.

“I'm not drunk. I'm at a club downtown. I'm an adult and can take care of myself,” I replied drunkenly.

“You sound very drunk, Emma, don't go anywhere. We will be right there,” Julian said.

“You can't tell me what to do. You are not my dad. I came here to have fun, and I am going to do just that. Okay, bye,” I giggled and hung off. The waiter brought another drink and I accepted it.

“Hello beautiful,” a man breathed on my neck, making chills run down my spine.

“Are you enjoying your drinks? I figured you didn't like tequila,” he said, smiling, but his smile looked creepy to me. Was he the one who ordered the drinks? It was not John?

I tried to stand up, feeling uncomfortable. He pulled me back into the chair, making me feel dizzy.

“Where are you going? Let's have fun,” he said, licking his lips lustfully like he was about to have a very tasty meal. I felt disgusted.

“Please let me go, I don't want this. If it's about the drinks, I will reimburse you,” I pleaded, and he laughed evilly.

“Do you seriously think I will let you go? I don't want you to reimburse me. I can even pay you after we are done,” he replies, pulling towards him. I couldn't scream. I was feeling so dizzy. I should have never come here in the first place. I shuddered helplessly when he squeezed my breasts. I could do nothing but just sit with teary eyes.

“You know it's wrong to touch a lady when she refuses,” I heard Julian's voice. I turn around and see them standing and glaring at the man.

“Run along boys, you are too young to be in this type of place,” the man replies and Alexander chuckles darkly.

“I doubt you will say that after I knock your teeth out,” he said, cracking his knuckles. The man scoffed.

“I will be right back baby after I deal with these nosy boys,” he said, standing up. He walked towards them and Julian punched his face before he could speak. The club is now quiet as they beat him up mercilessly.

“Please stop. Just take me home, please,” I muttered weakly. They immediately stopped and Alexander picked me up.

“Emma, what happened?” John asked in shock.

“We will take her back to the hotel,” Julian said. I smiled weakly at him and passed him his phone.

The boys took me back to our hotel room. I was feeling weak and tired before but not now when I'm in their midst. I stared at them hungrily, my pupils dilated. They also stare back at me, their eyes darkened. The sexual tension is so thick and obvious that it can be cut through with a knife.

Chapter 45 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I removed my heels slowly, not breaking eye contact. I gulped when I felt their heated gazes on me. My throat is parched like sandpaper. I fan myself with my hands. This room suddenly feels ten times hotter, or is it my jumpsuit?

“Why is your face flushed?” Julian asked, his voice hoarse.

“I don't know. I feel...,” I continue fanning myself thinking of the right word. “Hot very hot,” I continued. Julian's eyes darkened more than it already was if that is even possible.

“You are indeed hot,” he smirked. I blushed.

“What were you thinking, going to a club dressed like that?” Alexander asked.

“Were you trying to seduce us?” Philip inquires. I nodded my head.

“No, I just went out to have fun,” I replied.

“It may seem you had a little too much fun tonight,” Julian answers.

“Why don't you go take a shower since you are feeling hot,” Philip said. I nodded and walked to my room and closed the door. I start to take my clothes off when the door suddenly opens. I gasped surprised.

“W...what are you doing here?” I stuttered.

“We should be asking you that. This is our room,” Alexander replied. I glanced around, confused. I noticed he was right. I guess I must still be drunk.

“Sorry,” I mumble, trying to walk past them.

“Not so fast. Where are you going?” Julian asked.

“Back to my room,” I replied.

“You can stay here if you want. We are not complaining,” Philip said.

How can I refuse when they are gazing at me like that? I gulped, unable to say anything. Julian suddenly comes towards me. He kissed me wildly and hungrily like he was thirsty and lapping water from an oasis. I can feel us moving, but I don't where we are moving because my eyes are closed.

I jolted when I felt warm water trickling down my face. They had brought me to the bathroom.

“You said you were feeling hot,” Julian whispers in front of me, staring deep into my eyes.

“So we thought of bringing you to the bathroom,” Philip continues, placing gentle kisses on my neck.

“Will help in cooling you down,” Alexander finishes, jutting his tongue into my ear. My head rolls to the back of my head. Completing each other's words sounds so sexy. If only they knew I wasn't talking about physical heat. I was talking about the fire burning within me that can only be quenched by their touch. Julian smirks at me. I'm sure they know that already.

Julian continues to kiss me deeply and widely. I moan into his mouth, grabbing a fistful of his hair. I suddenly felt Philip unzip my suit and his tongue latches onto my breasts. I gasp and Julian takes that chance to slip his tongue inside my mouth. Our tongues fought for dominance.

Alexander tried to pull down my jumpsuit, but it wouldn't go down my butt freely. He groaned and ripped it.

“I liked that jumpsuit,” I mutter in shock.

“I can buy you a closet full of them,” he replied, shrugging his shoulder.

“But...,”

He suddenly thrust a finger into me, shutting me up.

“Ahhhh,” I moaned loudly. This sensation feels so new and foreign. I wiggled and thrashed around, but Alexander held me firmly in place.

“Fuck, you are so wet,” he mutters, licking his fingers. The sight of him tasting me with his mouth makes me moan louder, my core tightens painfully. I slam my thighs shut.

He spreads my legs apart and inserts a second finger. Julian kisses me on my mouth and neck, his canines grazing me as if fighting the urge to mark me. Philip laps and sucks my breast hungrily, palming and kneading the other. Alexander's fingers became faster on my wet core that I could hear the slurry sound. I moan and purr.

All these sensations feel new and overwhelming that I could not keep my wolf away any longer. She purrs loudly, chanting 'mate mate mate' loudly in my head. She wanted her mate so badly that it was impossible for her not to come out. I shift and stare at the boys. It didn't feel painful because of the pleasure that overwhelmed me.

They gawked at me in shock.

“Did she just shift?” Philip asked in disbelief.

“She did,” Julian replied with a chuckle.

“I guess we were rushing things. She has never encountered this amount of pleasure before, so she is bound to get overwhelmed,” Alexander said, patting my head. My wolf purrs, leaning into his touch.

“Little wolf, do you want to go for your first run?” Julian asked excitedly. My wolf paced around them, feeling excited. She yelped and threw herself on Alexander to cuddle with him. They all laughed heartily.

“I guess we will be going for a midnight run then,” Philip said, gently picking me up. My wolf licked and nuzzled him. He chuckles.

We all walked outside and the boys shifted. Their wolves are a lot bigger than mine. It does make sense because they are the Alpha's sons. We ran around under the moonlight together. We rolled over on the grass, nuzzled on each other's bodies, and chased each other around for a bit.

My wolf is finally contented with spending time with her mates that I shift back. Their surprised expressions are the last thing I see before I succumbed to the darkness that was beginning to engulf me like a thick blanket.

I stirred awake, laying on something that felt hard and warm. I sigh contentedly. I frown, why is this bed breathing? And what is poking my legs? I shifted and the bed groaned. I hurriedly snapped my eyes open to be met with the sleeping face of Philip. He looked so peaceful. My hands itched to brush the strands of hair that had fallen on his face off. I wanted to trace his eyebrows, nose, lips, and cheeks with my finger.

I felt a deep groan against my chest again. Who am I laying on? I gently raised my head to see Julian's sleeping face, and to my left is also Alexander. I remember the scenes from last night and I blushed brightly.

I frown, mortified when I remember I had changed yesterday. gods! So embarrassing. The pleasure got to me so much that my wolf could not help it. My wolf has always wanted to be with her mate. I was the one who rejected them. My wolf didn't want to. I had suppressed her all this while, but she finally clawed her way out yesterday.

But, it felt good to have changed and met the boys' wolves yesterday. I gently stood up and carefully replaced myself with a pillow, not wanting to wake them up. I tip-toed out of their room and went to mine to get ready for the day.

I walked towards John's room, but I knocked this time around. I wouldn't want to see anything I'm not supposed to see. He opened the door, he was on the phone, so he gestured for me to come in. I sat in the living room, and he went towards the bedroom.

He comes back after some minutes. "Sorry I kept you waiting," he apologizes.

"It's fine. Was that your grandma?" I asked. I heard some of his conversations and I think he said grandma.

He nodded. "Yes, it was,"

"Is something wrong?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, nothing happened. I just called to check up on her and the nurse," he replied, and I sighed in relief. I'm relieved because John loves his grandmother so much. She raised him, and I know how he will feel if something were to happen to her.

He sat in front of me and took both of my hands.

"I'm so sorry for what happened last night. I should have stuck right beside you like glue. I didn't even notice when you went to have a sit. Because of me, you almost got... I'm so sorry. I would never have been able to forgive myself if something bad happened to you," he said guiltily. I tighten my hands around his.

"It's nobody's fault, just that man who can't keep his hands to himself. Stop beating yourself up over something that is already in the past," I replied.

"So you forgive me?" he asked.

"There's nothing to forgive," I answer with a smile.

John got dressed, but I still have not seen Ria around.

"Where is Ria?" I asked.

"I don't know. Probably with the girl from the club yesterday," he replied, and I stared at him.

"Why are you staring at me like that? It's not like we were dating," he said with a chuckle. We walked outside together and I met with Xander.

"Hi Emma," he mutters with a smile.

"Hello," I replied. I didn't know if I should accord him respect and not call his name. He is the Alpha's son who I had failed to recognize after all.