

Chapter 51 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

"Sir, you really aren't allowed there," I heard the sales girl's voice again, but they didn't listen.

"We should listen to her," I said.

"Should we?" Julian said, placing feathery kisses on my back. I arch my back.

"We are going to get into trouble," I said again.

"Are we?" Philip smirks.

"Leave already," the words come out as suppressed moans.

"You say something, but your body says something else," Alexander said, twirling my hardened nipples in his hands. I moan loudly, surprised by the way my body is easily reacting to them just a few words and some touches. It's clear that they only want to tease me.

"Please sirs, I might lose my job," the girl said again.

"Get dressed and come out soon," Philip said, spanking my butt. I gasp, shocked, and he winks at me before leaving.

I calm myself and steady my breath before stepping outside. I'm wearing a long black strapless gown that pushes my boobs up and hugs my waist like a second skin.

"No way, you are not wearing that. Next," Alexander hurriedly refused. I walked back in and changed into a silver backless gown. The front looks decent.

"Turn around," Julian said, and I turned.

"No, no, too much skin. Next,"

I walked back in again and changed into a short lemon-green gown.

"No, your legs are on full display for everyone to see. Next," I sighed and walked back in.

"No way, Next!"

"How can you wear such a dress? I can almost see your butt. Next!"

“That dress is showing too much of your cleavage and figure. You can never wear that. Next!”

I stood by the door, frustrated. This is the tenth dress I'm trying on, and they've liked none of it. My arm and legs are beginning to hurt from changing so much.

“Maybe she should wear a very long skirt and a turtle neck shirt. What do you think?” Julian asked, smiling sweetly at me. I glared at him.

“Why do you only have such revealing clothes anyway?” Philip mutters.

“If you will allow me. I have a dress in mind that will suit you perfectly,” the girl said and went off, only to come back with a dress in a box.

“This is our limited edition. I hope you like it. You might need help to change into it. May I help you?” she asked politely. I nodded, feeling grateful. My arms hurt anyway.

We walked in together, and she helped me slip into the dress. She gasps in awe.

“I was right, miss. It seems like this dress was made for you. You look stunning,” she compliments. I stared into the mirror, wondering if it were me who was really standing there.

I took off the dress carefully after a while, and she folded it neatly back into the box. We stepped out, and the boys looked at me confused.

“Well? Where is the dress?” Julian asked impatiently.

“I've tried it on, and it fits,” I replied.

“But we haven't seen it yet,” Alexander said.

“You will see it when I wear it later,” I said, and they frowned.

“Are you guys sure you want to pay for this?” I asked curiously. I wouldn't want them to regret spending money on me later on.

“Get her some shoes to match the dress,” Julian said, ignoring what I just said. The girl brings some black heels for me.

“Boys, are you guys done with whatever it is you are doing?” Hailey said, walking towards us.

“We are. How many dresses did you get?” Julian asked.

“Just six. I couldn't decide which one to choose, and I also bought shoes to match,” she replied. Six dresses and shoes in such an expensive-looking store? Alexander pulled out his credit card and paid for everything.

We all left the store. We ate at their restaurant before finally going to the hotel to get ready. I hurriedly headed towards John's room searching for Ria. She's the only person who can make me up since I don't have any make-up items and I definitely can't borrow from Hailey.

“Hey Emma,” John said, opening the door.

“Where's Bai?” I asked.

“Ria? She's in her room. Why?” John inquires curiously. I rushed towards Ria's room when she was just stepping out of the door.

“Emma? I heard your voice from inside,” she said.

“Ria, I really need your help. I have to go to an important party and I don't have any items or idea on how to apply make-up,” I said.

“You want me to help you?” she asked. I nodded my head vehemently.

“Come in,” she said, opening her doors. John tried to follow us in, but we shut the door. I quickly sat on a chair and she got to work.

“How long have you known John?” she asks curiously.

“For a very long time,” I replied.

“And how would you describe his personality?” she asked.

“He's nice, very nice, actually. He's easy-going and very smart. He might be a little timid, but overall he's an awesome person,” I answered.

“I see,” she mutters.

“Is something wrong?” I asked.

“No, I was just curious. There you are all done,” she said with a smile.

“Thank you,” I mutter gratefully. I walked out of their room and slipped back into mine. The boys must also be getting ready because they are not in the living room.

I carefully slipped into my dress and took a deep breath before heading outside.

“Emma are you....,” Alexander trailed and his eyes widened. I am wearing a long off-shoulder V-neck mermaid dress. It had gold sequins that glittered brightly and matched my curled golden hair. I wonder how much this must cost. They stared at me for a while.

“You look stunning,” they compliment. They are all wearing black matching suit. They look as handsome and sexy as ever. Hailey suddenly walked in wearing a long blue fitted gown. Her cleavage is on full display. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw my dress, but then it slowly contorted into anger.

“That was the limited edited dress I was looking for. How the hell did you get your hands on them,” she mutters angrily.

“The sales girl gave it to me,” I replied.

“Why?” she asked angrily.

“Maybe if you had been nice to her, she would have given it to you. Stop speaking rudely to Emma and let’s go,” Alexander said, walking out, and I hurried after him. Hailey sulkily gets into the car and we drove off.

At blue moon pack, a large, meticulously designed hall was set up for the very high-class and important event which is their Alpha's birthday. A chandelier dangled on the ceiling providing bright sparkly lights.

This party definitely displays the blue Moon's pack and wealth. The tables, champagne glasses, and paintings decorated the whole place. That wasn't even what left me in awe. The room is filled with people dressed very expensively. From women's jewelry, earrings, and necklace to men's watches. They are all shown together, illuminating the room.

Thank goodness I dressed properly to match their standards, else I would have been so embarrassed.

“Boys,” the Alpha of the Blue Moon pack called out, walking towards us. The boys sighed.

“Alpha,” they said.

“Happy birthday, and thank you for inviting us. This is from all of us,” Alexander said, handing him a wrapped box.

“It's nice to know you made it,” he smiled and glanced at me.

“Who is she?” he asked curiously. I fiddled with my hands nervously.

"She's a member of our pack and kind of like a friend," Hailey said hurriedly before the boys could speak.

"Hailey, you've grown so much since the last time I saw you," he said, and Hailey smiled.

"Come with me. There are people I would like you to meet," he said. The boys glance at me worriedly, but I nod and smile for them to go. I can't keep them by my side throughout the night without socializing.

They left and I stood awkwardly looking at everyone.

"You are bored, right?" Xander comes in front of me.

"Good evening. Lovely party," I said with a smile.

"Liar, I could see you yawning," he chuckled. I smile awkwardly.

"You look beautiful. I almost could not recognize you," he said.

"Thank you. You also look good," I replied. Music starts to play and people begin to dance in pairs.

"Will the most beautiful girl in the room do me the honor of dancing with me?" he asks, stretching his hand.

"I don't know how to dance," I replied.

"I will guide you. You can step on my shoes all you want," he said smiling at me.

I glanced around. I don't know anybody here and the people I know are busy. I can't spend the entire night looking bored. It won't hurt to dance with him right? I looked towards him still smiling at me. I smiled back and placed my hand in his as he gently leads me to the dance floor.

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Emma's POV

He gently placed his hand on my waist and I tensed. I glanced around nervously. People were beginning to stare.

"Relax," he chuckles, pulling my attention from the people around us. He placed my hands behind his head.

“Just sway with me. Follow my lead, don't look towards anyone,” he said and I nodded. We both sway to the music together.

“How long have you known the triplets?” he asked.

“For a long time. Maybe eight to nine years,” I replied.

“That long, huh,” he mutters.

“Yes, why do you ask?” I inquire curiously.

“I was just curious. You've known each other that long, and we didn't meet until now,” he said. I didn't really pay attention, I was glancing around at the people who were staring at us.

“Eyes on me Emma,” he said, placing his hand on my chin and gently turning me around to face him.

“Sorry, I was caught up in my thoughts,” I apologized. He smiled.

“I noticed. Don't worry about them, they will get bored soon enough and move on to the next available gossip,” he assured me. I stepped on his shoes again. I've lost count of how many times I did that.

“I'm so sorry about this. Your feet must hurt,” I said apologetically.

“I made you dance with me, and I already said it was fine if you stepped on my feet a hundred times. I'm not complaining,” he replied, smiling at me. I smiled back. He's so nice, I wonder what happened between him and the triplets.

“You said you were friends with the triplets before, right?” I asked. His smiley and happy expression changed slightly, but he was quick to force a smile. I guess something big really did happen.

“We were. I believe we still are. Why do you ask?” he replied. Before I could give him an answer, I saw Alexander from the corner of my eye. I could feel his anger, but he had a smile on his face. A smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, instead it looked cold and dangerous.

“Alex. Fancy seeing you here. Are you enjoying the party?” Xander asked, not sounding like he was really pleased to see him.

“No, I'm not because I keep viewing a face I really don't want to see,” he deadpans. Anyone passing by would think they were just two friends exchanging pleasantries. But I could feel the tension in the air. My eyes dart from Xander to Alexander.

“Really? You must really be in a bind then,” he answered with a taunting smile.

“I am,” he replied curtly, harshly removing Xander's hands from my waist.

“If you will excuse us,” he said, taking my hand. Xander grabbed his arm.

“Where are you taking her? You can't just come from nowhere and drag my dance partner away,” he said, looking displeased. Alexander took a look at the hand on his arm. He gave him such a cold glare that I felt chills run down my spine. It felt like we were surrounded by icicles.

People were beginning to stare at us and whisper. The party is now divided into two. Some people enjoying themselves, while some watched us keenly. I could even see them start to take out their phones in case a fight breaks out between two Alpha's sons, they would want to be the first to post it online.

This isn't good. Alexander is starting to get angry, and his anger is uncontrollable. Xander didn't back down either, so I had to intervene.

“Alexander, let's go have a seat. My legs are beginning to feel numb,” I said to him before turning towards Xander.

“Thank you for keeping me company, but I have to go now,” I said with a polite smile. He lets go of Alexander's arm.

“Are you certain?” he asked.

“Absolutely,” I replied.

“See you around then,” he said, and Alexander pulled me towards their table. I walked awkwardly behind him in my heels.

“Can you slow down? I'm going to fall,” I mutter worriedly. He's still visibly very angry.

“You won't fall. Just walk quietly or would you prefer if I carried you instead?” he replied, still walking ahead.

“No, I can manage in these heels. Thank you,” I said and snapped my mouth shut, not speaking again. I know him and he doesn't bluff. If I had continued to speak, he would have carried me in front of all these people. I can't imagine what they would think if that happened. I would become the new subject of pure gossip.

We walked towards their table where Julian and Philip were sitting. They both gave me a disapproving look. We both sat on the chairs available.

“Why were you dancing with Xander?” Julian asked.

“Because he politely asked me to dance with him and I didn't want to seem rude by refusing,” I replied. I'm starving. Doesn't this party have any food? I glanced around.

“But you looked happy. You were chatting and laughing,” Philip mutters.

“That is because I was,” I said, still glancing around and not really paying attention to our conversation. The silence from them makes me turn my head towards them. They stared at me like annoyed children that just got their candy taken from them.

“Is this about me dancing with someone, or is this about Xander?” I inquired, obviously confused.

“Both!” They bellowed. A few people looked our way and I smiled at them politely.

“Why are you guys getting angry? It was just a harmless dance and, besides, the only people I know were busy. He saw that I was bored, and he offered for me to dance with him,” I explained calmly.

“But you said we could go,” Julian said.

“I did. I didn't want to stop you from socializing because of me. I would hate to be a burden,” I replied.

“You can never be a burden, Emma. You should have just come to us,” Philip said gently.

“You were busy. I didn't want to intrude,” I said.

“Just one word from you, and we would have dropped everything and come running. We were beginning to get bored anyway,” Alexander replied, brushing some strands of hair from my face. I blushed, shy by the public display of affection.

“Why do you hate Xander?” I asked.

“We don't hate him. We just don't....agree on something,” Alexander said, smiling at me. Philip and Julian both nodded in agreement.

“Do you want to dance? It will be a shame to look so gorgeous and not flaunt it,” Julian grinned.

“Come on, to the dance floor,” Philip said and pulled me up. Alexander takes my hand, and we walk to the dance floor together. He placed his hand on my waist, mine behind his head as we gently swayed to the music. Julian and Philip also danced together. I laughed in amusement when the music crescendos and Julian twirled Philip repeatedly.

They did some funny amusing moves that cracked me up, making me completely oblivious to the stares we were getting. I laughed so much that my ribs hurt. I can't remember the last time I had so much fun or laughed so much.

Alexander stared at me, smiling as we danced.

"What?" I mutter shyly.

"You look beautiful when you laugh. Laugh more often, your laughter sounds like music to my ears," he said, still smiling. And I have never seen him smile so much or look happy. He always had a cold, unchanging expression on his face. He looked breathtaking when he laughed sincerely. The corner of his eyes crinkled up a bit.

"You look handsome when you smile," I blurted out without thinking. My eyes widened in realization. I just said my thoughts out loud.

"I know. You didn't need to say anything. Your expression says it all," he replied with a chuckle, and I blushed. I'm suddenly feeling so hot in this dress. My stomach chose to pick that moment to make a loud rumbling noise.

I clutched it tightly, embarrassed. Alexander laughed heartily.

"I've never seen you laugh so much," I mumble.

"That's because you make me happy. I only laugh when I'm extremely happy," he replied and then asked. "Should I get you some food?"

"No, I can get it myself," I said and untangled my hands that were behind his head.

"Emma, where are you going?" Julian asked.

"To get some food," I replied.

"Come back soon. We have lots of dance moves to show you," Philip said in a singsong voice.

"Common Alex, let's dance," Julian said, trying to take his hand.

"No way. I'm not doing any of those silly moves with you guys," he deadpans.

"Don't be so uptight. Loosen up and have fun," Philip insisted. They continued to pester and shake him to the rhythm of the music. I giggled at them walking towards the buffet. They were so many different types of food that I began to salivate.

"If it isn't the little whore slave," I heard Hailey's voice say viciously. Oh god! I didn't want to turn around or look at her face. She was quite upset that her dream dress was given to me. I just hope she doesn't use me to cause a scene here.

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Emma's POV

"You seem to be having fun," she said, casually placing food on her plate.

"Way too much fun. I could hear you laughing and giggling from a mile away. It disturbed and annoyed my ears so much that I had to go stand beside the musicians, so I wouldn't have to hear your voice," she sneered evilly.

"I'm sorry," I mumbled. I don't know what I'm apologizing for. Laughing? But I apologize anyway. I have to try to appease her, so she won't cause a scene here.

"Sorry for your miserable self. I can't believe the boys paid for such an expensive gown for you. You are wearing such an expensive limited edition gown, yet you look ugly and unpalatable in it. Looking at you is making me lose my appetite," she dropped her plate noisily on the table, glaring at me with disdain.

"You can wash up and cover a pig with money, but that doesn't change the fact that it's a pig and will eventually go back to the mud, which is exactly your case. Absolutely no class. You wearing this dress is an insult to the designer. Take it off immediately," she ordered.

My head whipped towards her so fast that I thought I had a whiplash.

"W...what?" I stuttered confused.

"Are you deaf? Take off the dress now," she replied angrily.

"But, this is absurd. How can I take off my dress in front of everyone?" I mutter in disbelief. She gasped, covering her mouth with her hands.

"Did you just speak back to me and disobey a direct order? And did you just call what I said absurd?" she utters angrily.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. It came out wrong," I pleaded anxiously. If I speak, it's a problem. If I don't speak when she's speaking to me, it's also an issue. I have no idea what I'm supposed to do.

"No, you meant every word you said, and I'm sure you wanted to say more. You are dead meat," she spat bitterly. I felt a bitter taste in my throat. I suddenly lost my

appetite. How did coming to get food turn into this? I should have just allowed Alexander to get me the food. Now I have to face her cruelty all alone.

“You will regret ever daring to speak against me,” she smirked evilly, coming closer to me. I wonder what she wants to do. She grabbed my hand and poured the entire content of my plate into her dress. I gasped in shock. She quickly walked back to where she was standing before.

“What did you do, Emma,” she screeched loud enough for everyone to hear, and as expected, they gathered around us. This is exactly what they've been looking for. A scene.

“Why did you do this? I was just admiring your dress, if you didn't want me to see it, you could have just said so. Why would you throw your food at me? What have I ever done to you?” She cried immediately, gaining the sympathy of everyone present.

“Hailey, do you know her? Whose daughter is so vicious as to do this at someone's party?” A woman with cold-looking eyes and a proud look asked. Everyone seems to know her here. It's not a surprise, though, given her social status.

“Yes, I know her. She's our maid back at the pack house. We brought her along, so she wouldn't feel bored, but I guess we were wrong. Just take a look at my dress,” she cried. The food on her gown is beginning to dry up, forming ugly patches on her dress. Her tears looked and sounded forced to me.

“A maid?” the woman frowned in displeasure.

“A maid had the nerves to do such a thing to her master,”

“Some maids these days are just so bold and audacious.

“It was their mistake for bringing a maid to such a party anyway, it's not for people of her class. She won't know how to behave,”

“Doesn't she have parents who can teach her some manners?”

“Such a vicious girl,”. So many comments come flying toward me. The part about my parents hurt me the most. If I had parents, I wouldn't have been here. I could see Hailey's eyes shining with happiness upon my misfortune. The Alpha was giving his birthday speech, but our little gathering made him stop completely. He and the rest of the people walked toward us.

Great! Just great! More people to witness my humiliation.

“Emma? What is going on?” Julian asked as both Alexander and Philip came into my view.

“Thank goodness you boys are here. Just take a look at my dress,” Hailey complained to them.

“What happened? How did such a thing occur to your dress?” Philip asked.

“Emma happened, of course. She threw her food at me because she hates me.

“Sorry, what?” Julian mutters.

“You heard me right,” Hailey replied.

“I’m asking because this is odd. Emma would never do something like this,” Julian defended me, and everyone turned to look at me.

“Are you saying I lied? I walked in here after her wanting to talk, but she poured her food on me. She said so many mean things to me,” Hailey said. I stared at her in shock and wonder. How can someone be such a chronic liar?

“We are not saying you lied. It must have been an accident or a misunderstanding,” Alexander said. Nobody dared to speak when they were speaking.

“It wasn’t an accident. She meant what she did. She did everything intentionally,” she insisted. The boys looked towards me and I shook my head negatively.

“I’m sure it was a mistake. Let it go and just clean it up. You are causing a scene,” Alexander said to her. She stares at them in disbelief.

“You should punish her for doing such a thing, yet you are defending her?” she said angrily.

“We are not defending anyone. It’s just a dress that I know you definitely won’t wear after today. Why make such a fuss because of it?” Philip said, getting annoyed.

“I’m sorry to interfere, but she’s right, you should teach your maids a lesson before they start to get out of control,” the proud-looking woman said, glaring at me. All the people present here are really not in my league. No matter how I dress up and act like them, it can never change who I really am or what I don’t have. Status. And they will always pick sides with people like them. Like Hailey. They all stared at me like I was nobody in their presence.

“We don’t remember asking for your opinion,” Alexander growled without turning to look at her.

I’m done. I shouldn’t have come at all. I was finally having such a good time, but Hailey had to ruin it as usual. I ran out of the room in my heels. I could hear them calling my

name, but I didn't listen as I desperately prayed to reach the exit soon so that I could finally leave.

"Emma!" The boys called, but I continued to run. They caught onto me and Julian grabbed my hand.

"Stop running away," he said, holding my hand firmly.

"Let me go, I want to leave," I replied.

"Then we will take you. You didn't have to run away like that," Philip mutters.

"Didn't you see what just happened in there? You guys are not in my league. Go back in and mingle with people that are," I said, trying to leave, but Julian's hold on my arm won't let me.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Alexander said coldly. He is finally back to his cold and expressionless self.

"I am nothing but a slave in your pack. You are my masters, going to be the future Alphas. You need someone of your status to stand beside you. Can't you see? We are worlds apart and people will never allow us to be together," I said. These words cut deep into my heart, but no matter how painful it is, someone has to say it.

"Someone like Hailey in your opinion, right?" Philip asked, looking hurt.

"A possible option," I replied.

"When are we going to stop going on about this different status of a thing? Haven't we already proved to you enough that we don't care? You are our mate, and we care for you and want you. That is all that matters. Stop thinking about what people will think or say, it's our choice, and they can be damned for all we care," Julian said, sounding determined.

"We will tear down an entire universe if it means getting to be with you," Philip said.

Alexander, who was watching us with his hands in his pocket, finally, speaks.

"We've made it clear that we want to be with you. If you really don't want to be with us, look into our eyes and tell us straight up. We won't bother you anymore. Your choice," he said.

I stared into their eyes, shocked by their words. How can I tell them I don't want them when the mere thought of losing them is already driving me crazy? I want to be with them and that's it. Let the world and everyone in it be damned.

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Emma's POV

"Emma, we are waiting for your answer," Alexander's impatient tone jolts me out of my reverie. I glance at the three of them.

"Well? What's it going to be?" Julian asked. I take a deep breath. There will be no going back from this. I clench my hand into fists.

"I want to be with you, isn't that already obvious from my actions?" I finally replied.

"You confuse us with your actions. You are like flickering lights. One minute you are on and the next it's just utter darkness. So confusing," Philip mutters.

"Well, that is because I try to fit in your world but something or someone makes me realize that I really don't belong there," I explained sadly.

"Tell us how you feel. Let us worry about the rest," Alexander urged.

"I want to be with you. I have for a very long time now. Did you think I did not feel the mate bond either? I did. I was just scared to admit it," I said sincerely.

All I can say for now is that I want to be with them. That is what my heart is telling me. Love? I don't know about Love yet. They've also not mentioned that they love me, either. I'm probably getting ahead of myself right now. We've barely started anything tangible.

"What about now?" Julian asked curiously. My gaze moves towards him.

"What?"

"Are you no longer scared?" he inquired.

To be honest, I still am, of Hailey, the pack members, and the students. I am terrified of what everyone will say about me, but the need to be with them overshadows all that fear.

"I am, but not of the people but of what I will go through if I'm not with you," I reply confidently. Philip lets out a sigh of relief.

"You sure took your sweet time. You know, for a second there I thought you were about to say no,"

I chuckled, tucking some strands of hair behind my ear. The wind was making a whooshing sound, blowing my dress and my hair. The sky looked darker, looking like it was going to rain.

“No more hesitance?” Alexander asked. I nodded.

“No more hesitance”

“No more pushing us away? Promise to let us know and handle whatever is going on?” Julian asked.

“I promise,” I reply.

“So, you won't behave like flickering lights anymore?” Philip also asked. We all chuckle.

“I won't,” I responded. I brushed off some more hair from my face and shivered slightly due to the wind. Alexander was closest to me, he took off his jacket and covered me with it. It looks oversized on my small frame, but it instantly warms me up.

“Thank you,” I whisper.

The sky responded instead, making a deep rumbling noise and rain began to pour down heavily. I gasped in shock.

“Princes, the Alpha has asked you to come inside. You will get wet,” a man calls out loudly from the comfort of the patio.

“No thank you. We are going back to the hotel,” Julian responds equally loudly, despite the heavy thundering of the rain.

“Our regards to him,” Philip said, pulling me along with him as we all left. We got into the car and Alexander drove off. We've all gotten wet from the rain. My hair and dress are dripping onto the seats.

We got to the hotel and we ran inside. The living room is in total darkness.

“Lights on,” Alexander commands, and the entire living room completely lights up on his command.

“Wow,” my eyes popped up as I stared at him in awe. I was stunned. I have been living here for a while, but I had no idea it was automated, and listened to his command. We took off our muddy shoes and changed into our indoor shoes.

I got in.

They got in after me.

I took off his jacket and hung it on the coat rack. I rub my arms due to the cold.

“Does it have a heating system too?” I asked curiously.

“It does,” Philip replied, his eyes slowly taking in my appearance. I wondered why he was staring at me like that. Is there something on me? I thought as I took a glance at myself.

I was still dripping, but the rain made my dress stick to my body like a second skin.

“But we have a better idea to warm you up,” Julian said, making me look toward him. His eyes darkened so much that it gave me goosebumps.

I glanced toward Alexander, and he was busy taking off his shirt while looking at me.

“That dress looks uncomfortable. Need help taking it off?” Philip asked, taking slow steps towards me. I had a feeling he would take it off even if I refused, but I'm not complaining. It was freezing cold outside, and I was shivering in my drenched dress. But being in the midst of these hot and sexy men with their heated gazes on me is making me feel scorching hot. Most importantly, heat pooled in my belly and between my thighs.

I gulp, feeling dizzy from the overwhelming feeling. I stared at Alexander's drool-worthy body. His muscles flexed and glistened under the lights as he dropped his shirt. It fell with a thud. I wonder how it would feel to let my hands roam over his chest. How it would feel to lick and suck his nipples and feel them harden on my tongue as he had done with mine. I can feel something warm flowing down my thighs, making me feel wet and lusty. I clench my thighs uncomfortably.

“You definitely need help taking it off,” Philip said. I turned around and walked to my room, silently praying they would come after me. I heard the door open after a while. Philip yanks my body towards him. He pressed his lips to mine and I opened up like a flower in full bloom. He kisses me urgently, grabbing my ass. He groans and unzips my gown hurriedly. I placed my hands behind his neck as our tongues fought for dominance.

He pushes me onto the bed and gets on top of me, hovering over me.

“I am dying to see those beautiful breasts of yours, Emma,” he said, unclasping my bra and flinging it across the room. I squirm beneath him as he stares at my breast hungrily. My nipples become heavy and painfully hard. I want his mouth on them so bad. gods! where are these lewd thoughts coming from? I purr, grazing my hardened buds on his chest.

He curses and places light, feathery kisses on the upper swells of my breast. I shuddered as a shaky breath left my lips, pushing my breasts up into his mouth more.

He licks and nibbles on my nipples. He rolled the hardened buds on his tongue, and I saw stars.

“Yes, Philip right there!” I cried out, pressing his head to my breasts to take more. I never knew my nipples could be so sensitive.

I jerk when I feel a hand between my thighs.

“Your juices are overflowing Emma,” Alexander said huskily, his mouth hovering so close to my core that I could feel his words vibrating down there. I shudder.

“I would love to lick and suckle you down here. Can you handle it?” he asked.

“D..down there?” I stutter.

“Yes,” he replied impatiently. “All you have to do is focus on me. Don’t stray, do you understand?” he ordered. I nod my head. He only touched me with his fingers before, and my wolf clawed out. I wonder if I would be able to bear the pleasure of his tongue.

I gasp when his tongue takes the first lick. I press my thighs tightly together, feeling a sudden rush of electricity through my body. He growls, separating my thighs and pinning them with his hands.

“Relax and keep your mind open,” he said. He suddenly delved his tongue inside my core and lapped it up hungrily. He circles my buds and latches onto them.

“Alex!” I cried, thrashing around the bed. I purr, my wolf threatening to claw her way out.

“Relax Emma,” Philip said, still licking and sucking on my nipples. I grab his hair tightly. Every time he sucks on my bud, I would raise my hips to meet his tongue. I got lost in the pleasure that I forgot all about my wolf needs to come out. He sucked and sucked like he was lapping nectar from a flower until I cried out his name.

“Alex! Alex! This feels so good,” I moan loudly, rocking my hips to meet with his tongue. Philip was still sucking my nipples hard.

“Oh god! Philip, Philip, Alex!!” I moan their names in ecstasy. Alex's tongue suddenly slows down.

“W...what are you doing? Don't stop,” I whine. This is feeling so good that if he stops now, I'm going to get really pissed. Philip got off me and Alexander went to sit on a chair in front of me. What the hell do they think they are doing?”

Julian suddenly looms over me. I was kind of wondering where he had been.

"I'm about to take you, Emma. This is your last chance to have a re-think. Are you sure about this?" he asked seriously, although I could see he was struggling to control himself.

"I'm completely sure," I replied confidently.

"You won't regret it?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied urgently, wrapping my legs around his waist and pulling him in for a kiss. I kiss him hungrily, he matches my pace. He squeezes my breasts in his big hands. I thrust my hips up to rub against his erection.

"Please, Julian," I moan. This feeling is new. I haven't felt this urgent need to be touched before, which is messing with my brain. I could hear the ripping of paper. I open my heavy-lidded eyes to be met with Julian's dark ones.

"This is going to hurt for a bit," he said and started to slowly enter me. I winced when I felt him break through something. It felt like he was ripping me in half.

"Ahhh," I cried out as he fully entered me. Tears spilled from the corner of my eyes. He suddenly stops, his neck muscles corded like he was in so much pain. He pants hard. Everything suddenly seems to feel good, so I roll my hips against his. He took that as my signal and began to slowly thrust in and out.

"Julian! Oh, god! Yes!" I moan loudly as Julian's thrust becomes fast and urgent. I can see Alex maintaining eye contact with me as he pleasures himself. Philip was also doing the same. He suddenly takes my hand and guides it down his cock slowly.

"Oh fuck Emma!" Philip groans as he works for my hand faster. Julian's thrusts became so fast that I used my free hand to claw at his back.

"Shit Emma, you feel so tight," he curses as he thrusts relentlessly. Maintaining eye contact with Alex and watching him pleasure himself felt so erotic that I felt myself getting wetter. I feel something trying to unfold from my core as I clench around Julian.

"Fuck Emma, cum for me!" he orders. My hands-on Philip moves faster, and Alex also moves faster. I scream loudly, the heat in my belly finally uncoiling. Julian also growls loudly as he thrust into me faster.

"Fuuck!" he groaned as he came. Alexander and Philip also followed. We lay, panting hard for a while.

After some minutes, I could feel Julian's cock filling me up again.

"Want to go again?" he smirks as I hear the ripping sound of paper again. I moan in response, grinding on his erect cock. They all smirk devilishly at me.

I guess I'm not as innocent as I thought.

Chapter 55 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Alexander's POV

"Julian, pass me the eggs. Did you break them properly?" I asked, stretching my hand to take the bowl from him.

"Yes chef, I did exactly as you said. No shells in them at all," he replied, and I rolled my eyes.

"Why are you covered in flour?" I stared at Philip, surprised.

"You asked me to filter the chaffs. Remember chef?" he answered. I sigh. I'm the one cooking, but they are the ones wearing aprons and covered in flour.

We are currently in the kitchen making breakfast for Emma. Well, I am. Philip and Julian are just making a mess of the kitchen.

Last night actually happened.

I've always heard people saying having sex with someone you have feelings for feels so much better than someone you don't have feelings for. I always thought they were exaggerating, but last night proved everything I've always believed in the wrong.

I've never felt this way for anybody else before. For me, sex was just something to pleasure myself with. I didn't involve myself with feelings. I never did, but last night was magical. Everything felt so real and good. I've never gotten so much pleasure from pleasuring a girl before. The way she moaned, gripped my body and felt around me. It felt too good to be true.

She's like a dream come through. I'm definitely addicted. I mean, who wouldn't be? Have you seen her? She's the epitome of perfection. I find myself getting hard again. Julian clears his throat loudly. I looked towards him.

"Focus Alex," he mutters pointing towards the pancake on the pan.

"Shit!" I was so engrossed in my thoughts that I didn't notice the pancake was burning. I quickly scooped it off the pan.

"Our sexy little mate will be the death of us," Philip sighed, biting into an apple. They must have been having the same thoughts as me.

Emma is really pure and innocent. After she revealed her fears to us yesterday, I realized we have not really been paying attention to how she is feeling. And that is

going to stop. We are the kind of people that don't really care what is being said about us, but Emma isn't like that, and I understand her feelings. She is bound to feel that way.

"Guys, remember how we promised never to hurt Emma again?" I asked mixing another bowl of batter since, well, I burnt the other.

"Yeah?" they both replied.

"I think we should start to fulfill our promise now. You all heard what she said yesterday, and she's right..."

Julian starts to choke loudly, cutting me off. I hurriedly turned towards him.

"What the hell happened?" I asked Philip.

"We were playing catch with popcorn. I guess one went down the wrong pipe," Philip replied, handing him a glass of water. These two are just unbelievable. If it wasn't for our facial resemblance, I would have doubted if we were really brothers, talk more of triplets.

"What's wrong? It sounded like someone was dying," Emma ran out of the room anxiously, wearing only a white t-shirt.

"He's fine. Nobody is dying, he only choked. Everything is completely fine," Philip replied.

"No, I'm not fine," Julian said, sounding like he was in pain.

"Where does it hurt?" Emma asked worriedly, walking past me towards him. I could get a view of her ass. Is she trying to seduce me so early or what? Because if she is, she's doing a good, hell of a job.

"Here?" she inquired, touching his stomach. He nodded his head.

"It hurts right here, if you kiss it, I will get better right away," he smirked pointing towards his cock.

"W...what?" she stuttered, her face scarlet red. He definitely caught her off guard. She's just too cute and innocent. She's shy, even though we had sex just last night.

"Go on," he urged. She covered her bright cheeks, trying to run away. He caught her from behind and she squealed. She slipped from his grasp, and they chased each other around the room. She's chuckling and laughing happily.

"Guys, breakfast is ready," I called out to them.

"I will help you set the table," she said, running towards me.

"Whoa! Did you make this all by yourself?" she said, staring at the food in awe.

"Of course not. He was helped out by assistant chef Philip and Julian," Philip screams across the living room.

"I can see the broken plates, dirty dishes, and littered kitchen. You both did a fine job. Well done," she replied sarcastically, and I laughed out loud. She knows them far too well.

Philip and Julian scowled at us. "Someone has a sense of humor," I said with a smile. She smiles back.

"Nice shirt," I mutter, my eyes trailing over her straight smooth legs. She looked ravishing. She blushed.

"I didn't have enough time to change. Julian's choking made me rush out like this," she replied.

"It looks good, anything you wear looks good," I responded. I'm glad she's starting to let go of her insecurities and is feeling much more comfortable around us. My eyes fell on her nipples that were peaking from her shirt.

"We better go have breakfast before I decide to eat something else," I said, tearing my gaze from her chest. She looked confused for a while before her eyes widened in realization. She quickly grabbed a plate and ran out of the kitchen. I chuckle at her reaction.

We set the dining table and sat to start having our breakfast. The door suddenly flings open. Hailey stormed in looking furious.

We all stared at her without saying anything.

"Aren't you boys forgetting something?" she utters angrily.

"Forget what exactly?" Julian asked, pouring syrup on his pancake.

"Seriously? You boys left me at the party all alone, even though it was raining heavily. Do you even know how I got home?" she asked in disbelief.

"You are not a child, Hailey. You don't have to keep following us around like one, and besides, you are here now. Aren't you?" Philip responds.

"You are not going to apologize? I had to take a cab to the hotel. The cab smelled awful. I came back all alone. What if I got kidnapped or something?" she said.

“Stop being dramatic. Apologize for what? You are not the daughter of a prominent Alpha to get kidnapped, and we are not your bodyguards to follow you around,” Julian answered, casually eating his pancake.

“J...Julian, you are saying this to me?” she asked surprised, walking towards where he was sitting.

“Want some syrup Emma?” he said, putting syrup on her pancake. I smiled.

“Julian! I'm speaking to you, and you are ignoring me for this bitch!” she yelled, pushing Emma's chair and making her lean forward, almost hitting her face on the table. The smile vanishes from my face. I dropped my cutleries irritated.

“It would do you good to keep your voice down and calm down,” Philip said in a warning tone.

“Or what? What are you going to do?” she screamed louder.

The last ounce of control I had left in me snapped.

“You are really bad news, Hailey. I should have known sooner,” I mutter calmly.

“Excuse me?” she inquired.

“All those times you came crying to us. All those times you told us Emma was saying bad things about us, and she was the one selling us out to the media. It was all a lie, wasn't it?” I asked.

“Of course not...,”

“You made us torture an innocent girl, all for what? Your hatred for her? Can you even mention one thing she did that can guarantee your hatred?”

“Look Alex, I don't know what lies this bitch told you, boys...,”

“Do not call her that! And it will do you good to keep your voice down when speaking to me,” I growled slowly.

“Philip, won't you guys say anything?” she asked them nervously.

“I'm the one speaking to you. Answer me and don't drag my brothers into this,” I warned. I've known she was always like this, but I ignored it because of our history and also because she is our childhood friend and future beta. She has been spoiled by us and our parents since we were kids, especially my mum. But the stunt she pulled at the party yesterday is unforgivable.

She embarrassed Emma in front of so many important people.

“Emma is our mate, and you will accord the same respect you have for us to her also...,”

“You can't be serious...,” she cuts me off.

“I'm still speaking!” I said, slamming my hands on the table. My voice boomed through the living room.

“Never cut me off again. Emma is our mate and you will stop referring to her as a maid. You serve her now and if you don't like it, you can leave,” I growled, turning to look at my brothers. Julian is the closest to her since we were kids and I would like to hear his opinion.

Chapter 56 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

Okay? What is going on here?

“Julian, you of all people know me. Do you really think I did all that Alex is accusing me of? Why would I do something like that?” Hailey asks, standing beside Julian and gazing at him intently. My elbow still hurts after hitting it on the table while trying to save myself from having a broken nose when Hailey forcefully pushed my chair.

“Attention, supremacy, because you think everyone else is beneath you, and you can treat them condescendingly,” Julian replied. She gasps in shock.

“Julian,” she whispered.

“It's true, Hailey and someone has to say it. You and I know Alex isn't accusing you of anything falsely, you did it, but you just won't admit it,” he said to her.

Her face paled. She glares at me angrily.

“What you did yesterday was way out of line. You spilled the food all over your dress, but you blamed Emma for it,” Philip mutters.

“No, I didn't. She really spilled the food on me on purpose because she hates me. Believe me,” she said sorrowfully. You would think I really did spill the food on her.

“We checked the security footage,” Alexander deadpans.

“W...what?” she stutters nervously.

“Did you think that they would not have security footage at such a party? Did you know that the Alpha of prominent packs was in attendance yesterday? I'm sure you were well aware that was why you did what you did. You wanted them all to have a bad first impression of her so that when we do introduce her to them later on as our mate, they don't approve,” Philip responds.

I didn't even think that far. Hailey must have a very calculative brain to be able to come up with such a full proof plan.

“It must be a glitch in the system or something,” she answered confidently.

“So the glitch made you spill food on yourself and then blame Emma for it,” Julian replied.

“Well, yeah. Are you really sure the footage was not tampered with?” she asked.

“Hailey please!” Julian yelled, pushing his plate away. “You've been caught in the act and you are still lying. Why can't you just stop and own your shit?” Julian inquired, standing up to face her.

“Julian, I'm sorry...”

“No, you should be apologizing to the person you wronged, not me or my brothers,” he said, his face giving away no emotion at all.

“To her? You must be kidding me. Do you want me to apologize for this? Never! Not even in your wildest dreams. I would rather shave my head bald,” she utters bitterly, giving me a condescending look.

Wow. That was harsh. We all know how Hailey absolutely loves her hair. If she decides to shave it off and then apologize to me, she must really hate my guts. More than I imagined.

“Fine then, if you can't apologize, then we are done here. You have been cut off from our lives for good. The only relationship we have left now is strictly professional. Future Alphas and our beta,” Alexander replied.

My head whips towards him so fast, I thought it might roll off. They are cutting Hailey off? For good? If my face showed my shocked state, Hailey's was much worse. She had an ugly expression on her face. The most ugly and menacing one I've ever seen.

“You can't do that to me. We've been friends for more than fifteen years. It has always been the four of us together. You are going to sever ties with me and everything we had all for her?” she mutters incredulously.

“That’s the problem with you, Hailey, you are still living in the past. Move on! You don’t expect us to be as close as before. We have a mate now, and it’s not fair on her,” Julian explained.

She bursts into tears.

“I can’t believe you boys are leaving me for her after all we shared, don’t you love me anymore?” she cried pitifully.

This scene is a little satisfying to watch. Maybe a lot more satisfying than I care to admit. My heart is literally jumping for joy. Does that make me a bad person? Being happy over someone else’s misery. Even if, well, that person is Hailey.

“What we shared is now in the past. You don’t expect us to maintain our relationship with you even after finding our mate,” Julian said.

“Here we go again with the emotional blackmail. Nobody hates you. We care for you as our childhood friend. We are only telling you the truth, if you don’t want to get along with Emma, then we can’t be with you either,” Philip said.

Hailey sniffled, sobbing hard. Her make-up is all smudged and her face is red from crying so much.

“You all are making a big mistake. You will regret this and as usual, you will realize your mistake and come running back to me,” she said and ran out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Julian sighed, sitting back down.

“That went well,” Philip mutters sarcastically.

“It was high time someone spoke to her. She was starting to get too comfortable,” Alexander replied.

“The pancakes have gotten cold,” Philip said, pushing his plate away.

“Emma, are you okay?” Julian asked, staring at me. I was just staring blankly at them, not knowing how to respond to what just happened.

“You boys severed ties with Hailey for me?” I asked.

“Of course. We promised you yesterday that as long as you want to be with us, you won’t have to worry about anything. We will take care of all the hurdles in our path. It had to start with Hailey,” Alexander explained.

“But why? You've been friends for fifteen years,” I said. As satisfying as that was, I would not want them to regret anything later.

“That we've been friends for a long time does not mean we will overlook all her excesses. You are our mate now, and you are way more important than her. You come first and if she can't respect that, it means we were never truly friends,” Julian said with a smile.

“Excuse me, I have to take this,” he said, picking up his phone that was ringing and headed for the balcony.

I have no lota of doubt left in me now. What they just did proves how much they truly care for me. And I am happy and grateful. I can't wish for anything more.

“Did you really check the security footage?” I asked curiously. They followed me out immediately after I left. When did they find the time to take a look at the footage?

“Actually, we didn't,” Philip said with a smile.

“You didn't? But Alex said...,”

“I didn't check any footage. I knew Hailey was definitely going to flop if I mentioned that, and I was right,” he replied.

So, they tricked her into confessing, but even though she didn't confess, she made a mistake, and they were quick to catch onto it.

I definitely didn't make a mistake in giving myself to them last night. Last night. I didn't have enough time to think about it properly when I woke up this morning. It was pure bliss. I never knew my body could feel so much pleasure. It had hurt at first, but after some time, the pain faded away.

I still feel a dull ache between my thighs, but I'm happy. I'm happy everything that happened, happened.

“Whoa!” Philip exclaimed, shielding his face from my view.

“Is something wrong?” I asked curiously.

“You are glowing so much that my eyes can't bear to take it,” he replied, and I chuckled.

Alexander started to clear the dishes. I stood to help him out.

“No, not when I'm here. Sit back and relax,” Philip said, taking the plate from me and walking towards the kitchen.

"You heard him. You aren't allowed to touch anything," Alexander added. I smiled. I wonder what Julian is still doing.

I walked towards the balcony. I've actually never been out here before, but the scenery is amazing. The air smelled crisp and clean until I caught a whiff of smoke. Where is the smoke coming from? Is something burning? I followed the scent until I caught sight of Julian lounging on a chair and taking a drag out of his cigarette casually.

I stared at him, surprised. I didn't know he smokes. He peers at me curiously.

"What are you doing out here?" he asked. I wanted to speak, but I started to cough vehemently due to the smoke.

"Shit! Are you okay?" he asked quickly, dumping the cigarette on the ashtray.

"I'm fine. Are you okay, though?" I asked. I heard he was the closest to Hailey, perhaps he's regretting it now.

"Why wouldn't I be?" he replied.

"Aren't you relieving your stress by smoking out here alone?" I asked. He looked confused for a while before his eyes widened in realization. His phone suddenly rings.

"Excuse me," he said, picking up the call. He listened for a while.

"Mum, calm down. I can't understand what you are saying," he said and putting the phone on speaker scrolling through it. His face pales.

"How the hell did this get out?" I heard his mum ask worriedly.

Chapter 57 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Hailey's POV

"What the hell are you looking at? Scram!" I yelled, glaring furiously at the students who were walking past the corridor and staring at me. They quickly averted their gaze.

"Get the hell out of my way," I mutter through gritted teeth as I shoved past some girls in front of me. I am so furious that I won't be surprised if steam is coming out of my ears. I am literally burning in anger. How dare the boys? Humiliating and embarrassing me in front of that low life.

I didn't go to my room, else I might just end up burning this hotel down to the ground. I headed outside. I sat on the bench under a tree. This is madness at its peak, dumping me for that git.

“Fancy seeing you here,” Xander said, sitting beside me.

“I should be saying that to you,” I replied, not glancing at him.

“You look like shit,” he points out to my obvious look with a chuckle.

My eyes lit up when I suddenly got a brilliant idea.

“Hey Xander,” I call, turning my head to look at him. He looks back at me with a questioning gaze.

“You like Emma, right?” I asked, even though I already knew he likes her. Goodness knows what they all see in her. Have they no class?

“What?” he asked, looking confused.

“Don't pretend like you don't know what I'm talking about. Tell me. I might be of help,” I prod slightly. He chuckles.

“I've known you for a while, Hailey and I can confidently say that you never help anyone unless you are gaining something from it,” he said to me.

“And what is that supposed to mean?” I mutter with a scowl.

“Exactly what you think it means,” he replied curtly. A dried leaf falls on my leg. I brush it off angrily.

“It was just a harmless question. What would I have gained from that?” I replied, getting annoyed.

“A lot. I know the triplets like Emma, and you want me to admit to liking Emma, so you can use me to separate them. Am I right or am I right?” he asked with a smile. I scoffed. Talking to him was a total waste of time.

“I like Emma, but not in that way. I think she's a really cool and nice person. If the triplets like her and want to be with her, just let them be and be happy for them as their friend,” he said. I felt my anger starting to flare up at what he said. Let them be? Friends? She came in between us. We were happy together before she wedged her miserable self in between.

“They don't like her. They are just confused. All this will pass soon, and they will come back to me. The triplets and I are not just friends. We have something more than that,” I replied confidently.

“Really? It doesn't seem that way. They care for and protect Emma in a way I've never seen them do before. You should really stop whatever you have going on in your head,” he mutters.

“I don't have anything going on in my head,” I replied swiftly.

“Don't think I don't know you were the one who set the trap for her to fall while we were treasure hunting. Do you know how serious that was? She could have gotten mauled by a rogue all alone in the woods, but you knew that didn't you?” he asked, sounding disappointed.

He doesn't have any proof that I did that on purpose, and even if he did tell the triplets, they will never believe a word that comes out of his mouth.

“You made me go towards another direction on purpose so that you could carry out your plans,” he continued.

“Oh please, don't lecture me. Since when have you turned to a goody two shoes?” I replied arrogantly.

“You know what? Only the triplets know how they cope with you. Just a few minutes, and I'm already feeling so stressed. I still have work to attend to,” he replied, getting up and turning around to leave.

“Just like you did five years ago? You still remember, don't you?” I said, and he halts.

“I guess you still remember vividly,” I smirk.

“Clean your face up. It looks like a painter just used your face as a palette,” he said before he continued to walk.

I glared at him viciously. They are all going to regret whatever they've all said to me. I am going to become the Luna for the boys, whether they like it or not. It will happen! It must.

Emma's POV

Julian's face pales as he stared at the phone in his hands.

“How did this get out?” their mother asks worriedly.

“I have no idea, Mum,” he replied.

“Where are your brothers?” she asked.

Alexander comes towards us right away also looking... worried?

"Did you see the news?" he asked, and Alexander nodded. What is truly going on? They both walked back to the living room, and I followed behind them. This is the very first time I hate and regret the fact that I don't have a cellphone.

"Where is Philip?" Julian asked, glancing around.

"I think he stepped out. Is everything okay?" I inquired nervously.

"Out? We have to go now. Stay here and don't move an inch. We will be right back," Alexander said to me. He and Julian hurriedly left the room. As soon as they left, the room felt so quiet that I could hear my own heartbeat.

I sat on the chair, tapping my foot against the floor anxiously. What got them so worried? This silence and being left in the dark from all that is happening is beginning to take its effect on me. I can't sit here anymore without finding out the truth.

I stood and walked towards John's room. He's the only person who can inform me about what's going on. I knocked on his door, patiently waiting for him to open up.

"Emma?" he asked in surprise immediately. I walked in.

"What is going on? Is something happening that I don't know of," I said to him.

"You didn't hear the rumor circulating around regarding the triplets? I thought that was why you were here," he mutters.

"I haven't. If I had known, I would not be asking you," I replied, getting frustrated. He sits on a sofa, and he pulls me along with him. He sighed.

"The boys have been accused of murder. It's been all over the news for a while," he said, gazing at my reaction intently.

"Huh?" I mutter in shock. "Murder? Like they killed someone?"

"I believe that's what murder means. It says it happened five years ago, but the article says they were found innocent even after Xander testified against them," he said, passing his phone to me. I read the article in fear.

"Xander?" I gasp in shock and he nods.

"If they were innocent, then why is this article here again?" I mutter confused.

"I don't know. The person is saying they only got away because of their father's influence and is calling for justice to be served. He strongly believes they did it," he said, his voice solemn.

"The triplets would never do that. If they really did, they won't be found innocent by the court. And Xander also took back what he said. The person who posted this article clearly has a problem with the boys. It's not true," I mutter, shaking my head in denial.

"How can you be so sure?" he asked, and I stared at him in disbelief.

"They might be bullies. Yes, but they would never commit murder. I trust in them completely," I said to him confidently. He sighed.

"I believe you know what you are talking about," he mutters.

"This must be because of me. The person who did this must have a problem with me," my voice trembles.

"What are you talking about, Emma? Not every bad thing that happens is about you," he said to me.

"I'm sure of this. Why would the person wait after five years to bring everything out once again? I'm much more convinced now that this is all a lie to get back at the boys," I replied.

"But who would hate you and the boys that much?" he asked curiously.

I glanced at him, my eyes conveying everything I wanted to say. He nodded his head.

"No, you really think she would go to this extent?" he inquires, looking shocked.

I trembled, my heart beating wildly. I saw the look in her eyes this morning, and she would result to anything to get back to me. Could she really be the one to reveal such a thing? Would she really tarnish the boy's and the pack's reputation to prove her point?

Chapter 58 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

"Uhhh Emma?" John called out to me.

"Hmmm," I replied, glancing towards him.

"What are these on your neck?" he asked, his eyes trailing over my neck.

“Hickeys of course. What else would it be?” I said absentmindedly. I'm much more concerned about the boys than what is on my...neck? I stilled when I noticed the room was in silence. My eyes widen in realization. What did I just say?

“Okay, someone has gotten audacious,” he said, his voice filled with amusement. I slowly turn towards him.

“Forget I said anything?” I whisper pleadingly, even though I doubt he will.

“Hell no. You have to tell me everything about these hickeys on your neck,” he probes impatiently. I tried to get up and run away, but he pulled me back to the chair immediately.

“Don't even dare leave me hanging after spilling that juicy detail,” he said, holding onto my hand tightly.

“Okay fine. I won't run,” I promised, and he slowly lets go of my hand, listening attentively to what I had to say.

“So last night the boys and I went to a party and then when we came back, this happened,” I said, tugging my shirt up to hide the marks. He scowled at me.

“That's it? The marks magically appeared?” he asked skeptically. I blushed brightly at his intense stare. I'm sure he knows what happened. He just wants to hear me say it.

“From the way you are blushing, I already figured out what happened,” he said with a sigh. I know what he must be thinking, I had told him I would never accept the boys, but I went ahead to sleep with them.

“I know what you must be thinking. But John, I could not resist anymore. I yearn to be with them badly. I don't know how to explain it, but it feels like torture when I'm not around them and what happened, well, happened,” I explained.

“I understand. I heard the mate bond can get really crazy. Are you completely sure about this? You won't regret it?” he asked, concern evident on his face.

“I'm sure, and I don't regret anything that happened,” I replied confidently.

“Just be careful. Don't get hurt,” he pleaded.

“I will,” I replied.

“Emma, I never knew you could be so naughty. It's true what they say, you can never know someone completely. That greatly applies to you,” he said teasingly. I blush remembering everything I did and said yesterday. I'm beginning to feel hot all over again.

I shook my head, pushing those thoughts to the back of my head. I have more pressing matters at hand.

“The triplets reprimanded Hailey this morning because of me. They had a huge fight, and they said they would stop speaking to her if she didn't apologize for all she did to me. Hailey refused and walked out angrily. She said we were going to regret it,” I explained worriedly. He stared at me in shock.

“Angry Hailey is always bad news. Was that why you think she did it?” he asked.

“I don't know. On the one hand, I don't think she would because she cares about the boys. On the other hand, I think she did because of what happened this morning and her hatred for me. But the latter outweighs the former,” I said.

“I won't put it past her doings. We very well know that she can do anything to get what she wants,” he replied, and I nodded. I suddenly remembered the boys asking me to stay put.

“I have to go now. I will see you later,” I said to him and left the room hurriedly. I wonder if the boys are back now. I met Hailey on the way to my room. I don't know how I got the courage, but I find myself moving towards her.

“Hailey,” I called. She turns around and frowns when she sees me.

“Can we talk?” I asked. She glanced around us for a while.

“Is there another Hailey here?” she mutters, still glancing around.

“No, I was referring to you. Look, I know you hate me but whatever you are doing, just stop it already,” I utter confidently.

“Excuse me? Have you lost it?” she asked in disbelief.

“I'm perfectly fine. You were behind that article, right?” I asked, staring at her intently.

“You must have gone completely crazy. I don't blame you, though, I blame the boys for associating with the likes of you. That is the only reason you have the audacity to stand before me and spout trash,” she spat viciously.

“And what is wrong with the likes of me?” I inquired curiously.

“You are a slave, an omega, lowest in the social ladder. You are not worthy to stand before me,” she retorted angrily.

“But the boys think I'm worthy of standing before them,”

"You...", she starts, but I cut her off.

"I don't care what you say or do to me, but don't drag the boys into this. Please," I pleaded politely.

"How dare you! You have the guts to stand before me because the boys support you, right? There have been girls like you who thought they could come in between us, but in the end, they tucked their tails between their legs and ran away in shame," she utters with disdain.

"Were any of those girls their mate?" I asked curiously. Her face turns livid with anger. I sighed. I didn't come here to argue with her. I only wanted to plead with her, so she could take the article down if she was the one.

"They can never have a mate like you. They will never settle for less when they can have more. You will only end up in tears again," she replied. People were already stopping to stare. I didn't want to cause a scene.

"If it were you, take the article down before the boys find out. They might send you packing instead of scolding you," I said to her and without waiting for her to respond, I walked away. But I could tell she was fuming in anger.

I take a walk outside when I catch sight of Alexander and Julian. I hurriedly headed towards them.

"Emma, we told you to stay put," Alexander said with a frown.

"I couldn't wait any longer. Where is Philip?" I asked curiously.

"We can't find him," Julian replies, getting frustrated.

"What do you mean by that? Where is he?" I inquire nervously.

"We would not be here if we knew," Alexander retorted.

"What is going on? I saw the news," I said to them, and they stared at me shocked.

"How?" Julian asked.

"What do you mean? It's everywhere," I said. Alexander's phone started to ring.

"It's Mum again," he mutters, putting the phone back into his pocket.

"Can you please tell me what's happening?" I asked, clearly frustrated by the silence. They both glance at each other.

"You didn't really do it, did you?" I asked, gazing at them doubtfully. I'm bound to start having doubts since they won't speak up.

"Of course not. We might be many things, but definitely not murderers," Julian replied with a frown.

"So, what is going on and where is Philip?"

"We said we don't know. We've been looking for him everywhere, too. You should hear this from us not from anybody else, so you won't misunderstand," Alexander said. I gulped nervously.

"This happened five years ago. It was in this exact same pack. We came on a trip, and we decided to go hunting in the woods. Xander also came with us. We were friends then. Something happened and we all split up. I was with Alex while Philip and Xander were together. We suddenly heard a scream and we followed the sound. Only to meet with Philip all covered in blood, with Xander staring at him with fear. There was a boy about our age laying cold and unmoving on the floor. Philip said he didn't do it, he was just trying to help the boy from the rogue that attacked him, and Xander also agreed with him. We believed him way before Xander even backed him up.

Alexander continues. "But when the police came, he changed his statement, saying that he saw Philip kill the boy. We had to swoop in and say we were present when the attack happened. We were all arrested for murder but as minors, we weren't tried but locked up in a juvenile home. I don't know why, and I don't care, but Xander changed his statements after a few months, and we were released. Philip still feels guilty occasionally that all this was his fault. Which is probably why we can't find him anywhere," he sighed, clearly frustrated.

So that is the reason. If so we need to find Philip quickly.

"You both look over there and I will look around that area," I said to them. They nodded and left. I see someone walking towards the hotel. A physique I know too well. I hurriedly ran towards him trying to catch up.

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Emma's POV

"Philip, wait up!" I called out loud enough for him to hear. But he walked into the hotel quickly.

"Didn't he hear me?" I frown, mumbling under my breath. I quickly followed him. I didn't have the time to inform the boys that I found him because I didn't want to end up losing sight of him.

I followed him until we got to our hotel room. He unlocked the door and got in.

“Philip? Didn't you hear me call out to you?” I asked him curiously.

He turned around, startled to see me. I gasped when I saw the state he was in. He has a black eye and his cheek looks red and swollen. His clothes are stained with dirt and blood, which is undoubtedly his.

“What happened to you?” I asked him worriedly, walking towards him and trying to take a look at his wounds up close. His lip is busted.

“How long have you been following me?” he asked nervously.

“From the front of the hotel. Why?” I asked, gazing into his eyes.

“It's nothing. Just curious, that's all,” he replied, averting his gaze from mine.

“Where have you been and why are you so injured?” I mutter worriedly, touching the bruise on his eye. He continues to glance around the room, not replying to what I asked.

“Philip?” I called, using my hand to gently turn his face towards me.

“We've been looking everywhere for you. Alexander and Julian are so worried. Your mum has been calling non-stop. Where did you go, and why are you like this? Did you get attacked or something?” I asked.

“I'm fine, and I didn't get attacked. These are just small cuts. It will heal soon. See, it has started healing already,” he said, showing me his bruised black eye and he was right. It's starting to look better. Benefits of being an Alpha's son. He heals so quickly, but that does not change the fact that he came in looking like a wreck. I shook my head as I insisted he answer me.

“That is not the answer to my question. How did all this happen?”

“Let it go, Emma. I already said I'm fine,” he responded stubbornly. I scoff in disbelief.

“Fine? You look like you've just fought with a group of elephants, and they trampled on you, badly,” I said. He chuckled, turned around, and walked to his room. Did he just walk out of our conversation? Is he trying to avoid my questions?

I'm not letting him get away from me so easily. I hurriedly followed him. The door to his room was still open, so I stepped in. I could hear the shower running. Is he taking a shower? I thought as I moved closer to the bathroom.

"Philip? Are you in here?" I asked. The sound of the running water slightly muffled my voice. I decided to let him have his shower and thereafter, I can continue pressing for answers. I turned around to leave, but a hand suddenly pulled me into the bathroom.

I gasp, shuddering when the cool water hits my skin. I wiped my face with my hands and looked up at him.

"Y...you've healed," I said, surprised that the bruises are all gone. I could see his honey-brown eyes clearly. I traced his cheek with my finger where an ugly bruise was before, but now, his cheeks are as flawless as ever, even smoother than mine. His hair stuck together because of the water. I'm sure mine also looks the same.

"I told you it will heal. Like it never happened," he whispered, pulling me closer to his body. He stared deeply into my eyes. I blushed, realizing he was fully naked. I fought the urge to look down. I focused on his face. My clothes are soaking wet.

"Why did you pull me here when I'm still fully clothed?" I asked him.

"You wanted to come in without clothes? Don't worry, we can change that," he replied.

"I didn't mean it like that..." I gasp, cutting my sentence short when he grabs my breasts through my shirt.

"Would you like that?" he asked, nibbling my ear lobe softly. I could not help but quickly nod.

"I can't hear you," he whispers into my ear.

"Yes, I would like that very much," I replied shamelessly. He places a kiss on the corner of my lips. I whimper, trying to get him to kiss me on the lips. He smiles, still placing kisses on the side of my lips, clearly teasing me.

"Don't..." I start, but his lips hurriedly cover mine, devouring them, I match his pace, gliding my lips smoothly over his. I learned a thing or two from them. He tugs at my shirt. I raise my hands, and he pulls it off and tosses it on the tiled floor. He gently pushes me against the wall and slowly goes down while maintaining eye contact.

He nudges my legs apart. He smiles at me before thrusting his tongue into my already wet core. I moan, grabbing his head with my hands. The water already made me slippery, and now my need is even more demanding. He licks and sucks, staring at me deeply. I close my eyes, moaning and lost in pleasure.

He suddenly stands up and turns my back towards him. He strokes and kneads my nipples, making it hard. I moan loudly. I reached out for the walls, my hands balancing me as I felt weak in the knees, my core flowing with juices.

I feel his hot hard erection on my lower back and I rub against it, biting my lips in ecstasy. He suddenly thrusts into me without warning. I gasp as my heart skips a beat. He turns my head towards him as he leans down and captures my lips in a deep kiss. His towering height gave him an advantage of overpowering me easily. His tongue invades my mouth, stroking every corner.

I start to impatiently grind against him. He thrusts into me fully.

“Oh fuck!” he growls in my ear. “So fucking sexy and tight,” he groans, thrusting in and out.

“Ahhh faster Philip!” I moan loudly.

His strong arms hold my waist in place as he roughly takes me from behind. His feet spread apart my ankles, giving him better access.

“Oh my! This feels so fucking good,” I cried out. I can't believe the kind of words that are coming out of my mouth. He grabs my breasts from behind as he continues to thrust hard and fast into me. He turned me around, and I almost cried out at the emptiness I felt. He hoists me up, and I hurriedly wrap my legs around him, my back against the wall.

He enters me again, and I moan at how good it feels. His mouth latches onto my breasts. I grab his soft hair. My body shakes uncontrollably at how hard he is thrusting, but I love it. I turned my head to the other side and I could see our two naked bodies grinding against each other in the mirror. My eyes are so dark that I barely recognize them. Watching him from the mirror feels so pleasurable.

“Philip, you feel so good,” I whimpered as my voice shook from his hard thrusting.

“You feel so tight, Emma,” he groans.

“Oh fuck!” I curse, my eyes widened as he hit something inside me. My body trembles and he hits it again. I grab his arms, my breasts juggling in front of him. He carries me out of the bathroom and drops me on the bed, still thrusting as he walks.

“Ride me,” he orders, gently pulling me up onto his waist. I had no idea what to do, but I grabbed his throbbing cock. He sucks in a sharp breath. I gently eased it inside me.

“Ahhhh,” I moan at how good it completely fills me up. He places his hand on my waist and gently eases me up and down. I throw my head back, following his rhythm. Soon enough, I got the hang of it.

“gods! Emma, go faster!” he moans. I do as he says and increase my pace. His groans and moans make me wetter than I already am. I feel my orgasm approaching. His hand reaches for my waist, and he gets on top of me again.

“Philip, I'm so close,” I whimper, tears filling my eyes out of pleasure and not wanting him to stop. His thrusts become faster and more urgent.

“Cum with me Emma,” he moans, sucking my neck and breasts while still thrusting very fast.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” I scream loudly. I don't think I've said 'fuck' that much in my entire life before. I bit on his back as my body trembled against his. I climax, my walls clenching tightly on him.

He groans as he thrusts harder.

“Fuck,” he rasps as he thrusts into my trembling body one more time. He pulls my naked body against his chest as we both lay, panting heavily.

“Care to tell me now where you've been and how you got those bruises?” I asked looking up at him as soon as my breathing slowed down.

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Emma's POV

He looks at me shocked before chuckling.

“You never give up. Do you?” he asked in amusement.

“Not this time. You have to tell me what happened,” I insisted. He was about to reply when we heard Alexander and Julian's voices. I quickly got up in shock, trying to look for my clothes. Right. I forgot it's all wet.

“What are you doing? Calm down,” he said with a chuckle.

“Is this amusing? Help me find something to wear. They are right outside,” I whispered.

“Why are you whispering?” he asked, placing his hand on the back of his head as his eyes roamed over my body. “I can watch this all day,” he said, biting his lips lightly. I start to feel hot all over again, my core getting moist and throbbing with need. His eyes darken.

“What a lusty little mate,” he said, his voice hoarse. He gently caresses my thighs, I was just about to close my eyes and give in when I heard Julian's voice again.

“Where can I find something to wear?” I asked nervously.

“Closet,” he replied curtly, closing his eyes. I quickly get up from the bed, thinking his eyes are still closed. I gasp when he spansk my ass. I blushed, dragging the sheets from his body and covering myself with them.

I looked away quickly when I saw his naked body, and he laughed out loud. I quickly walk to the closet. I picked a big shirt and oversized joggers. I put them on fast. I threw some clothes at Philip, who was still feasting on me with his eyes.

I heard the door opening and I quickly rushed in front of it.

“Hi,” I squeak at Julian.

“Emma, where is Philip? Is he here?” he asked curiously.

“He's sleeping?” I mutter, not even sounding convinced by my own lie.

“He's clearly teasing you, Emma. They know everything and they've been here for a while,” Philip said with his eyes closed. I glanced at Julian in shock, and he smiled at me. I blushed brightly out of embarrassment. They heard all I was screaming to Philip.

“Drag his ass out!” Alexander yelled from the living room, and Julian moved past me towards Philip. He jumps on the bed and Philip groans.

“Are you coming, or do I have to drag you across the floor?” Julian threatens. Philip lay on the bed without responding. Julian jumped on him again.

“Alright, fine. I'm coming,” he gave up, standing from the bed. He wore the shorts and shirt I gave to him. Julian drags him out by the arm. I followed afterward.

“Where the hell have you been?” Alexander scowls at him.

“Nice to see you too, brother,” he replied dryly, sitting on the sofa.

“We've been searching for you for hours. Mum has been calling repeatedly, clearly worried. Did you even pick up her calls?” Julian asked in disbelief.

“I wanted space to clear my head. My phone was home, and I was busy,” he replied with a yawn.

“Let me guess. You got yourself beaten up again,” Julian deadpans. They knew he was beaten?

“You boys know what happened to him?” I was surprised.

“We knew he would do that. We just didn't know where. He has this habit of wrestling with many wolves and losing purposely, so they can beat him up,” Alexander explained.

"There's a wrestling place a few minutes from here, but we could not find him there. I'm sure he went to a place we don't know of," Julian continued.

"But why? Why would you let people beat you up when you can easily win over them?" I asked, sitting beside him with a confused look.

"It gives me some kind of relief and after what happened this morning I desperately needed it. I apologize guys you were dragged into all this because of me....,"

"What the fuck, Philip? What are you still apologizing for? What happened then is not your fault. It's that rogue's fault for killing that boy and Xander's for testifying wrongly. Why do you keep doing this? We willingly agreed to follow you, didn't we? Did you force us?" Alexander mutters, clearly angry.

"Philip, you know we always got each other's backs. I'm sure you would have done the same for us too," Julian added. Philip smirks.

"You all sound so serious, especially Alex. I never knew you both could speak so emotionally. I'm so touched" he said, wiping a fake tear from his eyes. Alexander and Julian both jumped on him as they wrestled and laughed. I chuckle at the sight. I never knew they could be so...boyish.

"Dude, you have such a weird habit. You could have just told Alex and me, we would have given you such a beating that you will wish you never picked up this habit," Julian said to him.

"I agree. You would not have been able to heal for three days," Alexander replied.

"No guys, thank you for the offer," Philip hurriedly refuses, and they all laughed. I smiled as I stared into space in deep thought.

"Emma? What are you thinking so hard about?" Julian asked curiously, startling me from my thoughts. They all gave me their full attention. I fiddled my fingers nervously.

"Don't you think we are past the stage of you not telling us what's on your mind?" Alexander inquired. I sighed, sitting properly on the sofa.

"I was just thinking that I know so little about you boys. I never knew Philip had such a habit," I admitted my feelings to them.

"Not a lot of people know of this. I just do it when I'm going through a lot of stress. It's no big deal," Philip responded with a smile.

"I bet Hailey knew," I mumbled. They are so close. I'm sure she knows every little detail about their life.

“Oh, so this is about Hailey,” Julian smirked knowingly at me. I scoffed.

“No, of course not. I was just thinking about how I don't know anything about you guys and since you guys and Hailey practically grew up together, I'm sure she must also know. We literally also grew up together, but we were just like strangers. So, what I mean is....”

“Emma, calm down. You are rambling. Just so you know, Hailey knows nothing about this Philip...crisis...,” Alexander trailed and Philip nudged him with his elbow.

“It's not a crisis,” he replied, his tone expressing his displeasure.

“Whatever. Our parents don't even know about this,” Alexander continues.

“Really? Even your mum?” I asked in shock. I know how much they dote on their mum.

“Hell no. If she finds out, she will freak out. It's just us and now you. I hope you can keep this Philip's...not a crisis a secret?” Julian asked with a smile. Philip threw a pillow on his head.

“It's not a crisis. It's actually therapeutic for me,” he mutters, glaring at his brothers.

“That's what I said. No need to get aggressive. You are so weird,” Julian replied, shaking his head in disbelief. He throws another pillow at him, and they start to squabble. Alexander just sits between them with a bored expression. I giggled at the scene.

“Do you also think I'm weird, Emma?” Philip asked me. I glanced at them all for a while.

“I don't think you are weird but the habit sure is. You should stop, even though you heal quickly, it's still dangerous,” I said worriedly. “But I promise not to let anyone catch wind of this, so you don't have to worry,” I continued with a smile.

“I'm not worried about anyone finding out from you Emma, I know you will never do that,” Philip replied.

“The article has been taken down. Mum said they could not find the person who wrote the article. They could find absolutely nothing about him. He disappeared without a single trace,” Alexander informs us.

“Which proves my suspicions that someone did this to screw us over. Did you have an argument with someone?” Julian asked Philip. We all turned towards him. He looked puzzled.

“What? Me? I'm the easy-going one. I never fight with anyone. We should be asking you. You are the troublemaker,” Philip retorted. We all turned towards Julian.

"I'm not a troublemaker," he defended himself, and we all looked at him like he was speaking an alien language. Everyone knows he's the most troublesome.

"It really wasn't me. I've been minding my business these days," he replied, and we all turned towards the last person, Alexander.

"I don't have the time for anything like that," he responded nonchalantly. We all nodded, it couldn't possibly be Alexander. But if it's not the three of them, who could have been the motive for this? Possibly me?

Suddenly, we heard the doorbell ring. I wanted to go get it but Julian stopped me. He walked towards the door and opened it.

"Just the person I've been meaning to see and look you came here with your own two feet," he mutters glaring at the person outside coldly.