

Chapter 81 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Hailey's POV

Did he really just shut the door in my face? I thought in disbelief.

"Alex, open the door, and let's talk about this," I said, repeatedly banging on his door. He didn't respond or open the door.

"You can't keep ignoring me, I'm your wife!" I yelled angrily. I stopped banging and waited for him to open up or say something, but he never did. I continued to angrily hit the door with my fist, but then I noticed some maids stopping to stare. They stole glances at me, and I knew they would turn it into their topic of discussion if I stayed here any longer and Alexander didn't answer.

With my head held high, I walked confidently past his study towards our room. Some maids hurriedly left, while some bowed their heads as I walked by. They were lucky they corrected their mistake immediately, or I would have dealt with them so harshly that they would wish they were never born. I angrily slammed the door of our room shut and paced around.

I may have gotten the title of Luna, but I have definitely lost the boys, especially Alexander. I had thought he was just speaking out of anger when he told me he would never fulfill the role of a husband to me, but true to his words, he never did. He ignored me like a plague for the past six years. Whenever I tried to get close to him, he would coldly brush me off. But whenever we were around his parents, he would treat me nicely, and his brothers would do the same, giving off the impression that everything was fine with our relationship. They perfected this act so well that I wondered if they had bipolar disorder and if it was a triplet thing that I never knew of.

I knew they weren't sick in any way. They were just treating me this way so that I would willingly leave. But if they thought I would leave, they would have to think again. No matter how badly they treated me, I would never give up my position as Luna. We would continue to live like this until they gave up and started treating me the way they used to. I'm definitely not a quitter, and that should be apparent by now. I get whatever I want, and if I say I want Alexander's love and affection, I will definitely get it, even if it takes another six years. There is no rush since we will be staying together for a very long time.

A year after we got married, Alexander brought up a rule when his parents and the council pressured us for an heir. He vehemently refused to consummate our marriage, even after I tried to seduce him several times. But when he saw that he had no other choice, he made a rule that we would only sleep together when I was in heat or ovulating. At first, I was happy that he had agreed to consummate our marriage, but he would only have sex with me when he was drunk or high.

The sex was not exciting or passionate. Even when I tried to spice things up, he never let me. He did it like he was being forced to do a chore. After a while, it became frustrating, and I wanted more. I tried everything possible to make things the way they were before, but it just wasn't working. It even got to a point where he called me by that bitch- Emma's name when he was drunk and having sex with me.

It was so annoying and degrading. Even after her death, she was still making me so mad. If she wasn't already dead, I would have gotten up at that moment and clawed her to death. That's how infuriated I was. I had been overjoyed when she finally left, even ecstatic when she died, thinking I would finally have the boys all to myself. But no, she just had to keep ruining my life.

Feeling incredibly hot, I decided to strip off my clothes and step into the shower. The weather was scorching, and on top of that, Alex had just denied me sex when I really needed it. This only fueled my anger, making me feel like I was burning up. I needed a refreshing bath to cool down and clear my head. After taking a long, much-needed cold bath, I stepped out of my bathroom. Well, it was technically mine since Alex rarely slept in the same room as me. He only slept in our room when his parents were around, and even then, he slept on the couch instead of the bed with me.

That's how much he repulsed me. That's how much they all wanted me out of their lives. I had considered speaking to their parents about how I was being treated, but then I thought about what Alexander might say if he was asked. He might reveal the truth to everyone that I wasn't really his mate. If anyone found out I had lied about something so sacred, I could lose my position and be driven out of this pack. I couldn't let that happen after everything I had gone through to get to where I was.

Reporting them to their parents was completely out of the question. It was a huge risk I couldn't afford to take. I had to deal with this problem on my own. But how? I wasn't entirely sure yet. I could be completely vulnerable, naked, and even offer myself to Alexander, but he would never budge. He was stubborn and cold, unmoved by anyone's attempts no matter how hard they tried. I wondered why Julian or Philip didn't lie as well, claiming that I was their mate. I had expected them to step forward and tell their parents, but they never did.

Sighing, I brushed my curled hair to one side after putting on my dress. I made my way downstairs, the sound of my heels clicking loudly behind me.

"Luna," someone cheerfully called out. I turned around to see a very familiar face.

"I'm so sorry, Luna. She came in without an invitation. I tried to stop her, but she wouldn't listen," the maid in front of me pleaded nervously.

"It's fine. You may leave," I dismissed her with a wave of my hand. She bowed and hurriedly left the room.

"Wow, Luna, you look magnificent. Us mere werewolves can never..."

"Cut the drama and have a seat, Ari," I ordered, interrupting her. I took a seat on the large sofa and crossed my legs. Ari was my designer now. She was one of the best designers around and owned a very popular brand. She had gone to fashion school immediately after we graduated. I liked her and decided to remain friends with her. I only associated with people who shared the same mindset as me, and Ari was the best. She had been John's ex-girlfriend back in high school. She was so crazily in love with him that I wondered what she ever saw in him.

She took a seat with a smile. She must have just returned from her trip.

"How was your trip?" I asked.

"It was fine. It was exciting and fun, and I never wanted to come back. But I had to because my dear friend needed my expertise," she said with a smile.

I glanced around. "Where are the gowns?" I asked curiously. The boys and I had been invited to a party outside the pack. We received such invitations often, and as usual, I wanted to outshine everyone at the party."

"Relax, my assistant will bring them in shortly. I know your taste very well. I've brought you a special limited edition gown. It was expensive, but it was worth it. I'm sure money won't be an issue for you. I promise you'll stand out in this dress just as you desire," she assured me. Her assistant soon arrived with the dress neatly packed in a box, along with a matching pair of shoes. Opening the box, I couldn't help but smile at its contents. Ari was truly the best when it came to fashion ideas.

"Where are the suits for the boys?" I asked, noticing the absence of their suits. She looked at me with a confused expression.

"The Alpha and his brothers informed me that they wouldn't be attending, so there was no need for me to make them any suits," she explained. My smile faded, and I scoffed. Did they really think I would go to this party alone or give up on the idea just because they weren't coming? Parties were the perfect opportunity for me to showcase my status and wealth—I wasn't going to miss out on that because of them. Definitely not.

"Prepare their suits. They will be coming with me," I asserted. They would accompany me whether they liked it or not, and besides, they would never be able to refuse once they heard what I had to say. A content smirk formed on the corner of my lips at my idea.

Chapter 82 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

John's POV

The constant ticking of the clock, my heartbeat, and shuffling feet were the only noise that reverberated across the room. I paced in front of the bathroom running my hand through my hair anxiously. The door suddenly opened and I stopped pacing. Ria came out of the bathroom slowly. She stretched out her hand which contained a pregnancy test towards me. I took it with shaky hands.

She burst into tears startling me from my reverie. I didn't need to look at the test to know that it was negative. I quickly pulled her into my arms.

"The doctor definitely said the treatments will work this time. Why didn't it work?" she cried out, her body shaking with sobs.

"It's fine, we can try another doctor next time," I consoled her.

"We've been to seven different doctors. What makes you think this would be any different?" she said, pulling away from my arms. She walked towards a chair and sat on it. Covering her face with her hands as she cried. I followed right behind her and sat beside her.

"We will visit ten more doctors if that is what it will take. I don't mind at all. We will have our own child in due time," I pulled her into my arms again, patting her hair fondly.

"When? When will that be? We've been trying for two years and we have nothing to show for it," she sniffled.

"We will have our own child when the moon goddess wishes. Let's keep being patient," I said.

She glanced up at me with teary eyes.

"I'm sorry honey, this is all my fault. You are going through this because of me...,"

"Stop it, Ria," I cut her off firmly. "I've told you to stop saying such things. We are in this together and we will pull through together,"

She nodded with a small smile placing her head back on my chest. We both sat in comfortable silence. Ria and I have been married for the past five years and it was simply amazing. She was amazing. She had been with me through thick and thin when I was at my very lowest. She literally saved me.

We had found a liking to each other in high school and we had just gone with the flow. She had told me beforehand that she wasn't the one for commitments. And, we had agreed on that. But, after spending a lot of time with her and finding out how awesome she was, I fell in love with her unknowingly. I was hesitant in speaking to her about it for a while and when I finally found the courage to, she informed me that she was going abroad to further her studies after high school.

I was devastated but there was nothing I could do. Her parents had already made plans for her. I hid my feelings deep within me and made up my mind never to tell her about it. What was the use of telling her when I was going to get rejected? After all, we had agreed not to have feelings for one another. Even though the thought of losing her hurt, I tried to start living without her. As the day of her departure grew closer, I became restless with each passing day.

On the day of her flight, I realized that I could not live without her, it would be too torturous for me. I ran to the airport hurriedly. I knew I could not let her leave without finding out how I really felt. Even if she rejected me, I wanted to be able to live knowing I confessed my feelings. With courage, I headed towards the airport but to my utmost disappointment, her flight had already departed. I headed back home dejectedly with the thought of having lost her forever. I never knew I loved her to that extent. It hurt her so much that I could not breathe.

While thinking of how miserable my life was going to be and how I was going to be able to live without her, I met her sitting on my doorstep. I had been confused as to why she was at my house when her flight already departed but deep down, I was ecstatic to know that she wasn't really gone from my life for good. She confessed to me that she was also in love with me. And that she was scared to admit it since she had never felt that way before, she was also scared of my response since we had agreed to not let feelings get involved.

I was so elated that I did not know what to say at that moment. Words failed me. I pulled her into a passionate kiss. I didn't need words to express how happy I was. She could understand my gesture. We had gotten married when we were in our first year in college. Her parents were displeased because she forfeited her plans to study abroad just to be with me. She was their only child so I could understand how they felt. But, they didn't have a choice but to accept our wedding since it was a matter of their only daughter's happiness. We had a small wedding much to the dismay of her parents.

We started living together while still in college. We graduated two years ago and while she took over her father's company, I taught as a professor in the college I attended. Graduating with a first-class degree made them offer me a job immediately. We moved into a bigger house together in order to start up our new family but unfortunately, that wish of ours was not coming through. We had been to several doctors with the hope of them being able to help us out. But, we were left with only disappointments after every treatment they gave to us for the past two years. It was beginning to take a toll on Ria. She would cry almost every night and it broke my heart to see the once lively, cheerful, and bubbly Ria become the shadow of her former self.

"Even if this does not work out, I just want you to know that I love you and that will never change. I'm content with having just you by my side," I said sincerely. Even though I also wanted a child of my own, I didn't want that at the expense of Ria's mental health. She would always come first.

"It has to work out. I want to have a child of my own too," she whispered. I sighed. I could detect the fear in her voice. Her mother also had the same issue of conceiving which was why they had only her.

"I know you love me honey but one day, you will also grow tired of living with only me. I just know it," she continued.

"I will never get tired of loving you baby, never," I said with a kiss on her forehead. I trailed kisses along her face, to her jaw down to the crook of her neck. She giggled.

"Stop, else you are going to be late," she said with a giggle.

"How about I come back early with a takeout from that restaurant you love so much and we can spend time together over a bottle of wine?" I suggested.

"I would like that very much only if we are having..."

"Fruit wine. You can't have any alcohol with your medication. I know that perfectly," I cut her off with a smile. She smiled back.

"Deal Mrs. Moore?" I asked.

"We have a deal, Mr. Moore," she replied flirtatiously. I could not help but pull her into a deep kiss right at that moment. She got on top of me as we made out on the sofa.

"Okay, professor, you have to go now or you will be very late," she said trying to get off me. I groaned.

"I don't mind going late if the reason for being late is you," I replied. She laughed loudly. The doorbell suddenly rang and I got up to get it.

"Good morning, I have a delivery for Mrs. Moore," the delivery man said politely.

"I will get it for her," I replied and signed the necessary documents. I passed the package to her.

"The delivery man delivered this to you," I said.

"I wonder what it is," she muttered as she unwrapped it. She pulled out what looked like an invitation card and read it curiously.

"It's an invite for the both of us to a party later this evening. It's from a business associate from the next pack," she summarized the entire content. I nodded.

"Looks like we will have to reschedule our plans for another day," I said as she picked up her laptop and ear pods. She was the boss so she could decide to work at home anytime she liked.

"Bye honey, I have to get going now," I said after taking a look at my watch and realizing I was running late.

"Bye, I love you," she called out after me.

"I love you too," I replied as I headed out the door.

Chapter 83 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Ximena's POV

I grabbed my bag and headed out of the hospital after I was done with my shift. I got into Cole's car with a contented sigh. I was so tired.

"Hello beautiful," Cole said with a smile. I groaned out in response. He chuckled.

"How is my favorite doctor doing?" he asked as he started the car and drove towards our house.

"Tired. Extremely tired," I replied with a yawn.

"Are you the only Gynecologist in this hospital? Why do they overwork you so much? Should I just pull out my investments and build you your own hospital?" he inquired.

"Don't be ridiculous. My clients specifically ask for me," I replied. He had told me severally that he wanted to build me my own hospital but I had always refused. I liked my job even though it was very stressful. It makes me fulfilled and I don't want any hospital at least not now.

"That's because you are simply the best, doctor Ximena. Everyone knows that. What did the director say?" he asked referring to the phone call I received earlier.

"Oh, that!" I exclaimed, thinking back to when I arrived at the director's office. I had been curious as to why he called me. Curious yes, but worried, definitely not. I never did anything worth worrying about. I walked in and greeted him politely.

"Doctor Ximena, have a seat," he said pointing towards the chair in front of him. I took a seat as he said.

"I heard about what happened last night. Coffee?" he asked as his assistant served him coffee.

"What happened last night? Yes please," I replied acting oblivious to his question. I knew exactly what he was talking about. His assistant served me a cup of hot coffee and I muttered a 'thank you.'

"I heard about the commotion that happened between you and some men last night," he said as he took a sip from his coffee.

"Really?" I inquired as I also took a sip from my coffee.

"You fought with some gangsters in the waiting room yesterday while one of them was seriously injured," he replied.

Fought? I scoffed. Did he just call what happened fighting?

"With due respect sir, I never fought. I was just teaching some gangsters manners. They were noisy and they were disturbing the peace of the hospital and other patients. We resolved everything amicably. Why? Am I in trouble? Getting suspended perhaps? For putting the good fare of the hospital first?" I asked gazing at him skeptically.

He shook his head dropping his cup of coffee on his desk. "No doctor Ximena, I never said you were wrong or that you were going to be suspended," he hurriedly said.

"Right? I was taken aback for a minute," I retorted.

"You got it all wrong. In fact, you were right. You were right to have reprimanded those gangsters. Nicely done," he said with a smile.

"Good to know, if that is all, I will be on my way now," I replied and headed out of his office without waiting for a response.

Cole laughed loudly as he drove when I recounted the occurrence of what happened earlier to him.

"Told you, you were the best, they will never be able to let you go. Which other Doctor dares to speak with the director like that? We both know how strict and stuck-up he is," he said in between laughter.

"This is all thanks to your huge yearly investments Mr. Cole," I responded.

"No, it's all thanks to your out-of-this-world brilliance. If he suspended you, he would lose so many clients, it's all about business for him. And besides, who would win him as many awards that you won? You think I invested that much yearly to cover up for your thuggery acts?" he asked playfully.

I gasped dramatically. "What? Thuggery? How dare you? Come here," I said as I tickled him uncontrollably.

"Stop it Ximena, I'm driving," he chuckled but I didn't stop. He called me a thug and he was going to pay dearly for it. I tickled him with both of my hands nonstop. After seeing that he had learned his lesson, I finally stopped. He pulled over on the driveway.

"You are in big trouble," he muttered as he unbuckled his seat belt. I ran inside at lightning speed, I knew exactly what was going through his mind. I giggled as I ran around the living room. I had been tired but with Cole, all the fatigue vanished.

"Mummy, Daddy, what are you both up to?" Madison asked as she came downstairs with Mason.

"Tell your daddy to stop. He's been childish," I said loudly as I continued running.

"Your mummy is the childish one. She tickled me first. I'm just trying to pay her back," he replied.

"Kids, help me out," I screeched.

Mason sighed and Madison's face palmed herself.

"Daddy, aren't you tired after our activities in the amusement pack?" Mason asked. Cole suddenly stopped and the kids smirked.

"Am I missing something?" I asked curiously.

"We and Daddy had a fun time today, didn't we?" Madison asked sweetly. The look on Cole's face told me he definitely did not have a very fun time. I knew the twins were planning something when they were whispering to each other yesterday.

"Naughty kids, you took your daddy to the clown haunted room again didn't you?" I inquired. Their smiling faces told me they did. I wondered how many more places they took him. I squealed when Cole grabbed me from behind and started to tickle me. I laughed so hard that my eyes became teary. We all lay on the sofa as I panted hard when Cole finally stopped.

"The twins and I had a good time. That trick was just for you to let your guard down and it worked," he said as he winked at the kids. I scoffed.

"Kids, you sold me out just like that?" I muttered.

"Sorry mummy, but we could not help it. It felt good to see Daddy win for once since he always loses to you," Madison said.

"You are right baby, I guess it didn't hurt to let him get his way for today," I giggled. He scoffed.

"Kids, go to your room and let your nanny get you ready. Your clothes are on your beds," he said to them. They nodded and ran towards their rooms.

"You too Ximena, I called you a make-up artist to help you in getting ready. We should get ready and leave on time. A host can't be late for his own party," he said to me. I nodded and headed towards my room. I went to have a bath and a few minutes after I came out, I heard a knock on the door. I opened it and the make-up artist came in. She did my make-up and helped me slip into my dress. It felt like a second skin on my body. It was the perfect fit.

The lower part of the pale blue gown was encrusted with thousands of crystals that glittered brightly. The upper off-shoulder part was embroidered with silver thread and more crystals enhancing the swell of my breasts. The long slender see-through sleeves ended with more crystals at the end. I sparkled brightly. The make-up artist brushed my sleek long golden hair and packed it in a low bun behind me to show off more of my neckline. I liked the way she applied my make-up. It was simple and classy just the way I liked it.

She left after she was done and shortly afterwards Cole came in. He slowly took in my appearance.

"You look breathtakingly gorgeous," he complimented in awe.

"I know. You look nice as well," I replied putting on my earrings in the mirror. He smiled as he walked towards me.

"Let me," he said gently turning me around. He took out a small box and clasped a diamond necklace on my neck, earrings on my ear, and a bracelet on my wrist.

"Cole, you really didn't have to. I can't take this," I said. He spent way too much. I already took the dress and from the way it looked and felt, I could tell it costs a fortune.

"Do you like it?" he asked as he stared at me from the mirror.

"Cole I...,"

"Do you like it?" he repeated cutting me off.

"I do," I replied.

"That's all I want to hear. It looks good on you like it was meant for you," he said. I noticed he was also wearing a blue tie on his black suit.

"Did you wear a blue tie because you got me a blue dress?" I taunted. He scoffed.

"I have no idea what you are talking about. My designer made this, how was I supposed to know she was going to design a blue tie?" he retorted.

"Liar," I smirked.

"Shall we? We are running late," he said clearing his throat loudly. I smiled taking his outstretched hand in mine after picking up my blue feathered mask from the chair since it was a masquerade-themed party.

Chapter 84 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Alexander's POV

I was sitting in my study going through some files regarding the welfare of the pack. The council had been breathing down my neck for the past month over these files but I needed time to go through them properly before I could approve them. I wasn't going to just sign files without reading them, the lives of my pack members lay in my hands and I can't afford to act carelessly.

I suddenly heard a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said, removing my glasses and rubbing my eyes tiredly. An omega walked in slowly.

"Good evening Alpha," she greeted with her head bowed.

"Evening?" I replied wondering why she was here.

"The Luna asked me to bring your clothes," she said. My eyes darted toward the bag she was holding. I furrowed my brows.

"Clothes for what?" I asked.

"It's for the party later tonight," she responded. I sighed. Hailey was simply impossible. I had specifically told the designer that I won't be going anywhere. I didn't want to go anywhere with Hailey unless it was absolutely necessary and by that, I meant only if it concerned the pack. That was the only thing holding us together anyway.

"Take the clothes back. I won't be needing them," I responded, putting my glasses back on and picking up a file. After standing for a while not knowing what to do, she finally bowed and left. I concentrate fully on my work, not bothering to think about what just happened. I was finally getting somewhere with my work when the door was suddenly flung open.

"My apologies for interrupting. Do you have a minute husband?" Hailey asked as she stood in front of me with her arms crossed.

"I don't. Leave," I ordered curtly.

"The maid told me you rejected the suit I got specially made for you? Why? Do you have another suit you want to wear?" she inquired.

"I don't have any suit, I don't want any because I'm not going anywhere," I deadpanned.

She laughed. "You must be kidding me. We have been invited to the party of the year. Do you know how big and important this party is? All the famous and trendy media will be there. It will be rude to reject an invite to such a reputable party," she replied.

I scoffed, glancing up at her. "Rude? You and I know you just want to show off yourself to the media. That's your only purpose of going to the party," I said.

"And is that a bad thing? I deserve to go to this party and I'm going for it," she said stubbornly.

"By all means. You can go to the party where you can show off your new clothes and pieces of jewelry but count me out of it. If you are done here, then get out," I said nonchalantly.

"I'm going to the party with you by my side," she said firmly.

"I'm not going anywhere," I answered.

"I don't think you are in any position to argue about this with me," she said. Her delight was very obvious from the sound of her voice. It didn't sound good at all.

"Look, I'm not in the mood for your...",

"You seem to have forgotten that your parents will be arriving from their trip in the next three days. If I go to this party alone, they are definitely going to see pictures of me without you. How about I tell them that you vehemently refused to come along with me? I will fill them in on every detail since we got married. The council will find out that our marriage is in serious crisis. I wonder how they would take that, the pack, your parents, the council," she gasped covering her mouth dramatically. "It will be a complete disaster. Are you going to let everything you worked for go down the drain for just a party?" she asked, staring at me intently.

I stood up from my chair and pinned her on the wall at lightning speed.

"Are you threatening me?" I growled angrily.

"Oh no husband! I wouldn't do that. I was just calmly explaining to you what will happen if I don't get what I want. You know more than anyone what I can do when I get angry

Alex, you wouldn't want me to get mad now, would you?" she asked, touching my hair with her finger. I swatted her hand away and she chuckled.

"How about I sever this little head of yours from its original place?" I threatened in a low tone.

"You could but you won't. There will be too many casualties involved," she retorted confidently. I glared at her angrily.

"Look on the brighter side Alex, we will be spending some quality time together. We will have lots of fun. I promise," she whispered, staring at me seductively. She raised her knee and rubbed on the spot between my thighs. I grabbed her leg and flung it backward. She smiled and started to run her hands around my chest and arms. I flung her hand away forcibly and stepped away from her.

"I will send the maid back here with your clothes. Get ready soon," she said with a wink as she blew me a kiss. I punched the wall angrily after she left. I sat back in my chair angry and frustrated. This has been my life for the past six years. I had thought lying to my parents and mating with Hailey would solve every problem I had. It did solve most of my problems with my parents, the pack, and the council. But it did nothing to solve the most important problem I had. Me.

Every single day was torturous for me. I was barely pulling through by burying myself in my work. I could not stand Hailey at all. I had never thought it could be that hard but it was. Having to wake up next to her every morning was something I definitely was not looking forward to. And to think I would have to spend the rest of my life with her. Living like this. I had thought I was just going to get married to her for the sake of the council even if our marriage was not based on love so, I had lied without thinking it through.

I never thought about the fact that we would have to give an heir to the pack. I didn't have a choice but to consummate our marriage. I did it with the thought of having an heir in mind, not for pleasure or satisfaction, and that after my duty had been fulfilled, I could go back to ignoring her and pretending she does not exist. I used to like her once, she was one of the most important people in my life. I didn't realize how or when she changed so much and when our relationship turned so sour that we were now threatening each other. She must have always been like this but she hid her true self or she showed it to us but we were just too blind to see it.

I heard a knock on the door before the omega walked in. She bowed and dropped the bag before leaving and gently shutting the door behind her. I glanced at the bag. I could decide to stand by my word and not go to the party with her but could I really risk that? What if she really told everyone about what really happened? Hailey is crazy and she might do it. Can I really risk everything I've worked so hard for going down the drain?

Definitely not. I've endured way too much already. I can't let everything I've done all these years be in vain. It was just a party and it wouldn't hurt to go for it. I picked up the

bag standing up from my chair to go get dressed when the door was flung open again. I sighed wondering who the uninvited guest was this time around.

"Philip?" I asked curiously. Why was he here?

"Alex, why did you send me a suit and what party are you talking about?" he inquired, stretching out a bag that looked similar to mine towards me.

"What?" I asked with confusion.

"I got into my room and I met this laying on the bed with a note saying you got this made for me and we would be going for a party this evening," he explained showing the note to me.

I scoffed when I realized what was going on.

"Do you think I have the time to meet with a designer over a suit for a party?" I asked, pointing towards my suit. He thought for a minute before his eyes widened in realization.

"That shameless woman! She didn't have the nerve to send me this herself which was why she wrote your name instead. Did she think I would wine and dine with her? Unbelievable. I'm going back to bed," he said, turning around to leave.

"Go put on your suit. We are going to the party together," I replied which made him halt in his steps.

Chapter 85 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Julian's POV

My vision was slightly blurry as I tried to steady my steps while walking into my room. I must have had a bit too much to drink. Stepping into my room, the first thing my eyes met was a bag lying on the bed, with a note on top. I picked up the note, blinking several times to get rid of the dizziness. Confusion creased my face as I read it. Carrying the note, I made my way to Alex's study.

"Alex, why did you write me a note and what party..." I trailed off upon opening the door and finding Philip there as well.

"You're here too?" I asked.

"Did you also get a note and a suit?" Philip inquired.

"I did. Did you also get one?" I asked, and he nodded. I turned to Alex, narrowing my eyes.

"What is this about?" I asked him.

"I never sent any suit or note. Hailey did," he replied. I tightly clenched the note in my fist. Just hearing that name already made me furious.

"Why? And what party is she talking about?" I asked angrily.

"It's a party celebrating a businessman's new venture. Top-class people have been invited, and it's also a charity event," Alex explained.

"So? How does that concern me?" I asked.

"We've all been invited, including Hailey," he replied.

"I still don't see how that concerns me. Let Hailey go to the party; that kind of stuff suits her perfectly," I retorted, turning to leave.

"We have to go, Julian. We are going," he said firmly, stopping me in my tracks.

"What did you just say?" I asked in disbelief.

"We are all going. You, me, Alex, and Hailey," Philip repeated Alex's words, emphasizing the names.

"You too? You're seriously going to the party?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes," he curtly replied. I stared at both of them in disbelief. I knew how much they despised that woman. Why on earth would they agree to go to a party with her and be seen with her? This is so unlike Alex. Parties were not his thing, and to think he agreed to Hailey's wishes is simply unbelievable.

"Why?" I asked, but they didn't respond or offer any explanation.

"You both can go to the party, but count me out," I said, turning around to leave.

"Hailey said..."

"Hailey can go fuck herself," I growled furiously, cutting off Philip abruptly.

"Julian, calm down and listen to us. Hailey..."

"Hailey this, Hailey that. I'm sick and fucking tired of hearing that name. Since when have you started acting on her every whim too? Are you scared of her now?" I inquired, cutting off Alex.

"Don't you dare! I'm not scared of anyone. Need I remind you that I'm still your Alpha? I might be your brother, but right now, I'm speaking to you as your Alpha. So sit down and listen to me while I'm still being nice," he replied, equally angry.

"Alex, please don't go there. We shouldn't fight over her. She's not worth it," Philip pleaded, coming between the both of us. He seemed to notice my seething anger.

"No, Philip, let him speak. Alpha, right?" I scoffed, walking toward him.

"Guys, stop," Philip pleaded.

"You've got something to say? Say it," Alex replied. I was so angry that I spoke without thinking.

"You're only an Alpha because you lied and hid behind a woman. You're nothing but a coward who can't stand up for himself."

"What the hell, Julian?" Philip whipped his head towards me in shock. I realized my mistake after uttering those words.

"Alex, don't take what he said seriously. We both know he didn't mean it. He's drunk and angry," Philip pleaded. Alex glanced at me before speaking.

"No, Philip, he meant it. He wouldn't have said it if he hadn't thought about it. Coward, huh? It's quite amusing coming from you," he said to me.

"And what is that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"I admit, I lied. Yes, I completely agree, but I did it to secure our father's throne. I didn't have a choice since the council was already closing in on us. Do you think I enjoy being mated with her? Waking up every morning to realize that I'm married to her is pure torture for me. Do you think you're the only one who despises her? I did what I did so you both wouldn't have to. Coward? At least I did something to help our parents and the pack. What have you done, except get drunk all day long?" he retorted calmly.

I glared at him, panting hard from anger. The way he spoke to me so calmly irked me the most, not the indirect insult. I admired his composure, even during an argument. But I definitely wouldn't admit that to him. We were having an argument right now, and I was mad at him. Very mad.

"What did you just say to me?" I asked, getting dangerously close to him. Philip gently held me back with his hand as he stood between us.

"Exactly what you heard. I never said anything that wasn't true," he replied nonchalantly.

"You!" I growled loudly, throwing a punch at him, hoping it hit his face and formed a huge red bruise. I would be satisfied once I succeeded in riling him up. Unfortunately, the punch hit Philip. Hard. He held his jaw painfully. I was sure it hurt because I threw the punch with so much force. He had a bleeding cut on his lip, but I was sure it would heal soon enough.

"Phil, are you okay?" I asked, trying to help him off the floor where he had crashed. He swatted my hand away.

"What the hell, man? I told you both to stop already," he responded, looking very angry.

"It wasn't my fault. Why did you get in the way anyway?" I muttered. Alex stood silently without saying anything.

"Seriously? Would it kill you to admit your wrongdoings for once in your life?" Philip asked in disbelief.

"You should have gotten out of the way. Don't be a wimp; it will heal soon," Alex replied.

"I can't believe the people I was just holding back from tearing each other apart are now agreeing on something to prove me wrong," he said incredulously.

"When did we want to tear each other apart?" I muttered. He scoffed. A knock sounded on the door, interrupting us from our conversation. The person came in after not getting a response for a while.

"Good evening, Alpha. The Luna sent a tie that would match her dress for you," she said.

"Get out and tell her she can wear the tie herself," I replied.

"Drop it on the table and leave," Alex said. I glanced at him in surprise. The maid left it on the table, bowed, and took her leave.

"Hailey told me that if we didn't accompany her to the party, she would disclose everything to our parents and the pack, including the true reason behind our marriage," Alex explained.

"She's bluffing. She wouldn't take such a risk with everything she has," I reassured them.

"I'm not sure if she's bluffing or not. She seemed quite serious to me. Even if she is bluffing, can we really afford to take that chance?" Alex asked, glancing at both of us.

I pondered it for a while. Alex was right; he had sacrificed and endured so much with her over the years. I couldn't be selfish enough to jeopardize all of that now.

"I hate this," I muttered. All I wanted was to peacefully rest in my room, not spend the entire evening with Hailey while struggling to keep myself from strangling her with every passing second.

"We all do, but we don't have a choice. This will be over soon. It's just a party, something we can endure after spending six years under the same roof as her," Alex said. I nodded in agreement.

"Fine. I'll go and get dressed," I replied. Alex nodded, but I lingered awkwardly for a moment.

"Anything else?" Alex asked when it became apparent that I had no intention of leaving.

"I just wanted to say that I'm... um...," I trailed off. He raised an eyebrow, silently urging me to continue.

"I'm sorry for calling you a coward. It was wrong of me," I mumbled.

"What? I didn't hear you clearly," he said with a straight face. I wanted to punch him in the face again. I knew he heard exactly what I said, but he just wanted me to repeat myself.

"I said I'm sorry," I repeated. I was in the wrong, and I had upset him. It was only right to apologize.

"I don't think I heard...," he trailed off after I glared at him furiously. He chuckled.

"What I said was equally wrong. I apologize," he said.

"Isn't anyone going to apologize to me as well? Julian, you punched me, and Alex, I took the punch instead of you," Philip complained.

"Go and get dressed, Philip," we both said simultaneously. Philip angrily threw his shoe at me, but by the time it reached the door, I had already left.

Chapter 86 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Hailey's POV

"Oh my! You look absolutely gorgeous. This dress was made for you and I'm sure the Alpha won't be able to take his eyes and hands off you," Ari gushed as she helped me with my dress. The dress was indeed beautiful and a perfect fit as she said. I turned around in front of the mirror admiring the dress.

"Of course, he won't be able to. He adores me way too much," I lied. Ari sighed.

"I want a love story like yours. I'm so envious and I'm tired of being single," she lamented. I smiled at her without saying anything. I'm sure Alexander won't notice me even if I wore the most beautiful and expensive dress to ever be created. But, I lied to everyone that Alexander loved and adored me a lot to make them all envious of me. I definitely cannot let anyone find out about the real status of our relationship. I would be humiliated and reduced to nothing in front of everyone.

I grabbed the edge of my gown and headed downstairs. I met the boys standing downstairs and discussing. They were all wearing the suit Ari designed and Alexander was wearing the blue tie I sent to him. They glanced at me but continued to converse. Alexander didn't even bother to help me down, the gown was beautiful but uncomfortable to walk in. I struggled my way down to meet with them.

"You all look good. Do you like the suits...," I trailed when they turned around and walked towards the car. Ari glanced at me looking confused. I chuckled.

"They are just worried we will be late. You know how they like keeping to time," I explained. She nodded and I hurried after them. I met them already sitting in the car, I got the door myself and sat down before the driver zoomed off. I tried speaking to them, but they didn't respond. I scoffed in disbelief.

"Are you all giving me the silent treatment?" I asked but they didn't respond again. I decided to threaten them. It worked the first time which was why they were here in the first place.

"You seem to have forgotten that I always get what I want. If I don't...,"

"What will you do? Threaten to tell our parents and the pack again?" Julian asked. Of course, I definitely won't do that. I was just bluffing to get them to attend the party with me. I could lose my position if I made that mistake. I wouldn't do it but I just wanted them to think I did. That way, I could control them a bit longer because I knew they wouldn't like me to tell on them either.

"I might and besides that managed to elicit a response from you. So much for a silent treatment," I said smugly.

"You should have recorded it because that is all you will get from me throughout this night," he retorted and pulled out his phone. They all stared at their phones like I was non-existent. I gritted my teeth angrily till we got to the party's venue. I wore my mask before heading out the door and so did the boys walked out too. Guests were just starting to come in which was why a lot of cars were lined outside. We walked in and gave a man our invitation card. He checked through before allowing us to enter the main hall. I turned towards the boys.

"You all can head in without me. I will follow shortly," I said to them, and as I expected, they left without uttering a word.

"Where is the main entrance to the hall?" I asked the man. He looked up at me in surprise. I knew this type of event always had two doors. The normal back door that everyone uses and the main entrance that led to the stage. I wanted to make a grand entrance by using that door, everyone would be able to notice me in my dress. I wanted them to stare, talk and envy me.

"Is there any problem Miss?" he asked curiously.

"Mrs. Martinez," I corrected him. "You dared to question me?" I asked angrily.

"I'm so sorry Mrs Martinez, I didn't notice you sooner. I will bring someone to attend to you," he said politely. I smirked in contentment. They must not have recognized me sooner because of my mask. He started to make a phone call.

"Quickly, escort the woman in a blue dress to the entrance. She's Mrs. Martinez," he ordered before hanging up.

"My deepest apologies once again," he pleaded.

"It's fine as long as you don't repeat it next time," I replied.

"I promise I won't. When you get inside, take the stairs to the right. You will see someone to direct you," he explained. I nodded and started to walk away. He bowed deeply as I left. I walked inside and before I could do as he said, a man approached me.

"I will get your coat and show you to the door," he said politely reaching for my coat.

"I was supposed to....," I started trying to tell him what the man outside said.

"I will show you the right way," he insisted. He must be the one the man called else why would he insist so much in leading me to the door? I nodded and followed after him. I had waited for all the guests to go in before heading towards the main entrance to make my grand entry. I'm sure I'm going to stand out more than the organizer himself. I smiled happily at the thought.

I breathed in deeply as we both stood in front of a magnificent door. I struck a pose while he pushed the door open. I heard a round of applause as I made my way inside. I smiled, walking slowly and waving at them. The guests clapped and cheered.

"Allow me to introduce the phenomenal, breathtakingly gorgeous, and kind Mrs. Ximena Cole Martinez, the co-host of today's party," a man introduced and the applause and cheers got louder. The light dimmed in front of me.

Something was greatly wrong. Who was Ximena Cole Martinez that he was introducing? It was supposed to be Hailey Alexander Martinez right? Did they get the name wrong? I glanced towards the guests and their backs were turned to me as they

all stared up at the stage. The camera flashed brightly and shuttered towards the stage. I gently put my hand that was waving at them down. What was going on here? They were not staring at me or clapping and cheering for me, so who were they cheering for?

Most importantly, who was the bitch that stole my limelight? I had practiced so hard for this day, I even dressed the part that I just could not wait to get everyone's attention on me. I was happily waiting for this day only for it to be snatched away. No one even noticed my presence in the hall or when I started to make my way toward the front stage to see who had managed to incur my wrath.

And there she was, standing in the same dress as me. The woman who stole all the attention that was meant for me. I could not make out who she was but she had pissed me off badly. We have never met yet but I deeply resent her already. Ari had told me that it was a limited dress so why was this woman also wearing it? I had taken pride in knowing that I was going to be the only one to wear this dress until I saw it on her too. Hers even sparkled brighter than mine, coupled with her diamonds. Ari was definitely going to pay for the humiliation I was feeling right now.

She made her way to the host Cole Martinez, he gave her a hug and held her hand. Together, they stood while Cole was saying his speech. I had never met this Cole Martinez before now and I don't know what he looked like but I heard he was filthy rich—a billionaire.

He made his first million when he was still in high school. The reason he invited us was because his father had some deals with the triplet's father. I doubted he knew the triplets or me. He was a legend in the business world, he dominated both the human realm's business market and the werewolf realm's. He was widely known, despite being an omega. I read about him before coming to the party. I never knew he was married until today.

I stared at the woman beside him. She must be living lavishly which was why she could afford the expensive dress and diamonds. My hatred for her grew. I disliked seeing someone living better than I was. But first, I need to know who this Ximena bitch is. No one messes with me and goes scott-free. I grabbed my dress and headed towards the both of them when I saw them getting off the stage.

Chapter 87 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Hailey's POV

"Want some drinks ma'am?" a waiter asked, obstructing my view from Cole and his wife with a tray filled with glasses of champagne and wine. I tried to walk away from him towards the couple that were already living on the stage but he kept standing in my way.

"Get out of my way. I'm not thirsty," I replied absent-mindedly, still trying to keep my gaze on them. I stepped on my long dress by mistake and slipped. I fell forward towards the waiter and the drinks all spilled on me.

"What the hell?" I screeched in shock. The red wine stained my blue dress forming ugly patches. The waiter looked at me in shock.

"I...I'm so sorry ma'am, It was not on purpose," he pleaded as he stuttered anxiously.

"It was. How can you be so unprofessional? I told you countlessly that I didn't want your drinks," I replied angrily. People were beginning to stop and stare at us. I would have given him such a resounding slap before he even opened his mouth to apologize. But, I stopped myself because we were in a public place and we were already drawing attention to ourselves. I was fuming with anger on top of that, I lost the people I wanted to go after just because of this damn waiter.

"I'm so sorry ma'am," he pleaded, pulling out wipes from his pocket to wipe my dress.

"Don't touch me! Is your sorry going to fix my dress or time that you've wasted? You don't know who you just messed with. You will be much more sorry by the time I'm done with you," I threatened furiously. He pulled away nervously as people began to whisper.

"It wasn't the waiter's fault," I heard a voice say. Everyone became quiet as I turned around to see who just made the mistake of siding with the waiter. I glanced around but I didn't see anyone. My eyes trailed below only to be met with... a kid. I scoffed in disbelief.

"Scurry away kid, nobody asked for your opinion," I said rudely.

"I was just saying what I saw. Isn't an eyewitness allowed to speak?" he retorted, removing his mask. I glared at him angrily.

"Didn't your parents teach you not to speak when elders are speaking? Where is your manners?" I inquired.

"My parents taught me not to keep quiet in the face of injustice. The drink spilling on you was not the waiter's fault but yours," he replied calmly. The nerve of the little rascal, I thought as I balled my hand into fists. I wanted to smack his little head.

"Go away kid, this does not concern you," I said angry that he was stopping me from dealing with this waiter.

"Let the child speak. He must have seen everything and you must have misunderstood completely," one of the guests said. I glanced towards the small crowd gathered around us and got bigger by the second as they nodded in agreement.

"The waiter was asking you politely if you wanted a drink but you refused, you slipped on your dress and fell against him. You also spilled drinks on him, if anyone should be apologizing, it should be you not him," he explained.

"How dare you! You don't even know what you are talking about," I retorted.

"I said exactly what I saw. I saw everything clearly," he responded as he put his mask back on.

"What's going on here?" Someone asked. The crowd dispersed as I saw Cole Martinez walking towards us.

"Cole, it's good that you are here. This waiter of yours is so unprofessional. He spilled drinks all over my gown and is unwilling to apologize and this boy here is telling everyone that I'm lying," I complained to him. It was his party, he should be able to discipline his staff and this noisy boy.

"Do I know you ma'am?" he asked politely.

"I'm Hailey," I said with a smile as I removed my mask. He wouldn't have been able to recognize me with my mask on. He stared at me deep in thought.

"I'm not sure I know anyone by that name," he replied. My smile faltered as I stood in embarrassment.

"Mrs. Hailey Alexander Martinez," I introduced myself through gritted teeth. He pondered over it for a while before his eyes widened in realization. He removed his mask. I looked at his facial appearance carefully and I must admit, he was very handsome.

"I'm sorry I didn't recognize you sooner Luna Hailey, did my son say anything to upset you?" he asked curiously.

I smiled when he referred to me by my title but that smile vanished when I heard the word son. This little brat was his son?

"Daddy, I didn't say anything wrong. I was just telling the truth. The waiter was treated unfairly. He wasn't at fault. We can all check the security footage if you think I'm not telling the truth" the boy replied confidently. I whipped my head towards the boy in surprise. I completely forgot that there were security cameras everywhere around the hall.

"That sounds about right to me. Does everyone agree with him?" Cole asked the waiter and me. The waiter nodded and I gave him a dirty glare.

"It's fine. I wouldn't want to cause a scene at your party because of a dress. I will just clean it up," I said to him not because I felt that way but because I knew the truth will be revealed when the footage is checked. Goddess forbid if I was asked to apologize to the waiter. I couldn't let that happen. I would be humiliated in front of everyone.

"Are you sure about this?" Cole asked and I nodded with a false smile.

"Completely sure," I replied.

"Fine then. See you and your husband around, enjoy the party," he said before taking the boy's hand, after which they left together.

"Where is your sister, Mason?" he asked.

"She was with mummy when I left her, look over there," Mason replied pointing towards the Ximena lady and a little girl.

"Where have you both been?" Ximena asked. I stared at her in shock. That voice. Why does she have that voice? I could recognize that voice even if I was asleep so I was sure this was not a dream or was it? I pinched myself countless to confirm as I stared at her. Calm down Hailey, I said to myself. I shouldn't just jump to conclusions. I have to confirm this new finding first before thinking of what to do.

Cole smiled as they both walked towards some guests chatting and smiling. I walked towards them. I was going to see the face behind that mask and no one is going to step in my way again. I will make sure of it. Ximena excused herself and walked towards a quiet area with her phone. I grabbed a glass of champagne from a waiter without looking away from her. I walked behind her slowly waiting for her to end her phone call.

She finally ended it and turned around. I bumped into her on purpose and spilled the drink on her chest and mask.

"What the fuck?" she cursed as she stared at her dress.

"I'm sorry, the drink slipped from my hand," I apologized coldly. If it was really who I thought it was, I would never apologize to her sincerely. She removed her wet mask and my heart stopped at the sight for a second.

"You don't sound like you are sorry," she replied, cleaning her stained dress with some wipes. I stared at her, my mouth agape in shock.

"Why are you staring at me like that? Is that how you apologize after spilling a drink on someone?" she asked. Why was she talking to me like that? Didn't she recognize me?

"E..mma?" I stuttered in shock. Saying the name out loud really meant this was reality. I was definitely not dreaming. It was really her. B..but she was dead, right? How come she's here?

She glanced around us. "What are you talking about?" she inquired.

I frowned. What the hell was going on here? Did Emma have a twin that we were unaware of? Was she pretending or did she really not recognize me?

She wiped her mask before turning around to leave. I grabbed her arm, roughly stopping her in her steps.

"Where do you think you are going?" I asked harshly.

"What type of crazy psychopath did Cole invite to this party? Let me go," she ordered. I held her hand firmly in place.

"Won't you let go?" she asked as she roughly removed her hand from mine, making me stagger back. She stared at me before shaking her head and walking away. That was really Emma. She was married to Cole now with Kids? I thought in disbelief. I turned around and suddenly saw the boys walking towards me. I glanced toward Emma and the boys. She was not wearing her mask and they would be able to recognize her even from a far distance.

I glanced at them worriedly. I can't let them see each other. What do I do?

Chapter 88 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

John's POV

Ria and I walked together after she finished her discussion with some businessmen. She saw this party as an opportunity to scout for wealthy business people who could invest in her business. That was just Ria - a typical businesswoman who could pitch her ideas anytime and anywhere as long as she had the right people to pitch to. We had already made our donation to the account sent to everyone. It was for a good cause, and we were glad to be part of it.

"Honey, don't they serve water here? I've only been seeing alcohol," Ria said, glancing at the tray carried by a passing waiter.

"I will ask," I replied and called a waiter over. Shortly after, he arrived with two glasses of water. I handed one to Ria while I held onto the other.

"What a doting husband you've become, John. Such a heartwarming sight," someone said. We both turned towards the voice. Ria and I exchanged surprised glances.

"You're also having water because your wife is having water," he chuckled.

"It's been six years, and you haven't changed. You still have the same dry sense of humor," I retorted. He removed his mask and smiled at us.

"Did you disappear off the face of the earth?" Ria asked him.

"Why? You missed me, didn't you? Why didn't you come and visit even once? I would have given you a warm welcome," he replied.

Hailey, or was it Luna Hailey now as she liked everyone to call her, suddenly stepped in front of us with a wide, forced smile.

"John, Ria, what a lovely surprise. I didn't know I would meet you here," she said.

"Boys, over here. Look who I found," she beckoned to the triplets who were approaching from the opposite direction. They stopped in front of us.

"Good evening, Alpha," Ria and I greeted stiffly. Alexander nodded. If it wasn't already obvious, we weren't exactly on good terms, and everyone knew the reason, including him.

"Wow, I'm jealous. I'm also an Alpha. Why didn't you greet me as you greeted him?" Xavier complained.

"Shut up, Xavier," Ria replied.

"If you weren't my cousin, you wouldn't be standing here after saying that to me," Xavier said with a smile.

Xavier and Ria were cousins. I was unaware, and it came as a great shock after we started dating. Ria and her parents left their pack after her younger brother, and only sibling died of an illness they knew nothing about. They couldn't bear staying in the same place, so they moved to our pack. Our Alpha allowed them to stay because he was close friends with Xavier's father and understood their plight.

No one ever knew Ria was Xavier's cousin because they never behaved like a family. They were always arguing and fighting over petty stuff.

"I should be glad we are related by blood then. Come over here," Ria said, trying to smack his head. Xavier moved out of the way.

"Hold your wife properly; she's so quick to get physical," he said, walking towards Julian. Ria stopped chasing him when she saw who he was standing with. Xavier sniffed Julian all over.

"What do you think you're doing? Don't you know everyone is watching us?" Julian asked, stepping backward.

"He still hasn't grown up even after all these years of being crowned the Alpha. I worry for your pack," Philip said.

"Have you been drinking? To be able to sniff this much alcohol from you means you drank a lot. Just how much did you drink?" Xavier inquired.

"It's none of your concern," Julian retorted in response.

"Are you sure you're okay? You don't look fine to me," Xavier expressed with a worried tone.

"Just drop it already," Julian replied rudely.

"Julian is just tired. We've had a really long day, right?" Hailey asked, wearing a smile. Julian turned around and left without uttering a word. Philip seemed torn, unsure whether to follow him or leave him alone. Alexander stood calmly, as usual, his expression revealing no emotions.

To be honest, I didn't really care if he was fine or not. He deserved whatever was happening to him. What he did was unforgivable, unforgettable, and inhumane. Just thinking of what they all did makes a huge lump form in my throat. I clenched my hands into tight fists. They were responsible for her death. Her blood was on their hands.

They didn't need to have killed her with their own hands for them to be labeled as her killer. She had suffered so much, and I thought when she found them as her mates, she could finally be happy. We had so many plans and dreams we wanted to fulfill, but everything was cut short by her untimely death. She did not deserve that. She never deserved to live such an unhappy life without an ounce of happiness. She was a good person, one of the best I've ever met. She died at such a young age when she deserved all the happiness in the world. Only for Alexander to get married to the woman that had always hated her immediately after her death.

I jolted when Ria gently touched my arm, pulling me from my thoughts. I glanced at her, and she warmly smiled at me. I held her hand and smiled back. She seemed to have noticed my mood; she always knew when I was deeply troubled.

"Are you good?" she whispered to me. I nodded. She gently tugged at my arm, and we started to walk away. Xavier was engrossed in conversation with Alexander and Philip, oblivious to us slipping away. We both stood in comfortable silence, observing the guests.

"That reminds me, I heard Mr. Cole's wife is a well-known gynecologist. She studied abroad, and her medical expertise is top-notch. Her treatments have never failed," Ria said.

"Really? How did you find out all this?" I asked.

"A friend of mine recommended her to me. She was also treated by her," she explained.

"Let's go and talk to her then. She's here, isn't she?" I inquired. Ria nodded, pointing towards a woman standing outside with a glass in her hand. We could see her through the glass walls. We both headed towards her, but my shoelaces got untied, so I bent down to tie them.

"I'll be right behind you," I assured her. She nodded before walking away. After tying my shoelaces, I walked towards them only to witness Ria backing away from the woman in shock.

"Ria?" I called out. She didn't respond, so I held her shoulders from behind to stop her. Startled, she looked up at me.

"Are you okay, baby?" I asked, filled with worry. She pointed towards the woman with trembling hands, struggling to form coherent words.

"She... Em... Her... Alive," she stammered. I frowned. What happened to her? One minute she was fine, and the next she was behaving strangely.

"What's wrong? What happened? I can't understand a thing you're saying," I anxiously replied. Beads of sweat appeared on Ria's forehead. She looked as pale as a plain sheet as if she had seen a ghost. Whatever she saw or heard must have truly shocked her to the core. I rarely saw her like this.

"Baby, you're scaring me," I asked, my voice filled with concern. She continued pointing towards Cole's wife, who stood before us wearing a mask.

"What did you do to my wife? What did you say to her? She was perfectly fine before she met you," I confronted her, my words laced with frustration. She shook her head, denying any wrongdoing. But could it be possible? Did she perhaps reveal to her that we couldn't conceive children of our own? That would be the only reason for such a strong reaction.

"Answer me. What did you say to her?" I anxiously inquired. I understood how much Ria longed for children, and although I desired them too, I didn't mind if Ria couldn't conceive. We could explore other options, like adoption.

"Believe me, sir, I never said anything to her. She approached me, and when I introduced myself, she started acting this way. I tried reaching out to her, asking what

was wrong, but she wouldn't allow me," she explained. Her voice struck a chord within me, leaving me numb. Why did she sound exactly like her?

"Her friend informed me about her. Take my card, and please give me a call. I must leave now," she said hastily, placing a card in my hands before hurrying away. I was so overwhelmed by the shock that my thoughts became jumbled. I couldn't see her face, but her voice and appearance were hauntingly familiar. Was it truly her or someone who shared the same voice and appearance? Perhaps a twin? What were the odds?

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Ria asked. I nodded silently, unable to find my voice. It had to be her, there was no doubt. But how could this be? How did she survive?

Chapter 89 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Ximena's POV

As I exited the party venue, I reflected on the eventful day I had just experienced. From encountering a crazy woman to meeting a peculiar couple, my feelings toward each of them were vastly different. The woman who had spilled her drink on me immediately struck me as trouble, and I had no desire to associate with her or ever cross paths again. On the other hand, the couple seemed genuinely surprised to see me, leaving me curious as to why. It was strange because I had never met any of them before.

Their reaction, as if they had seen a ghost, took me by surprise. I had intended to stay and talk further with the couple, but one of my patients urgently requested to see me, and I couldn't refuse. I hastily gave them my card, hoping they would reach out to me.

Relieved, I took off the heavy diamond necklace from around my neck and rubbed the spot tiredly. Finally, I could breathe freely. Though it appeared lightweight, the necklace was actually quite heavy. It was beautiful no doubt, but it was heavy. Looking up at the sky, I observed the moon shining brightly. It seemed to beckon me softly, enticing me to go for a run in the woods.

Approaching a tree, I began removing my clothes, neatly folding them and placing them along with my jewelry on the ground. Closing my eyes, I embraced the painful pleasure of my bones shifting and rearranging. White fur sprouted from my skin as I stood on all fours. Adrenaline coursed through me, and I took off, my paws brushing against the soft grass. The wind rushed past my fur, and everything became a blur as I picked up speed. Contemplating the day's events, I decided to consult my wolf companion, Freya, to see if she knew what was happening, as I was clueless.

"Freya?" I called out to her, and she growled in response, slowing her pace.

"Do you know anything about the woman and the couple we encountered today? Have you ever met them before without my knowledge?" I asked curiously, considering the possibility that they might have encountered me in my wolf form, which I couldn't recall.

"No, I have never met them before. This is equally surprising to me," she replied.

"That's strange. They all looked at me as if they had known me for ages, yet I have never met them," I remarked. Freya turned her head towards the back, scanning the area.

"What's happening?" I asked, surprised by her reaction.

"Someone is here. We're not alone, and I can sense it," she replied, fully alert. Suddenly, I caught a glimpse of a blurry figure darting past us.

"You're right, Freya. Someone is here," I confirmed, realizing that this person clearly didn't want to be seen and was playing a game of hide and seek with us.

"Let's get out of here. It's better to be safe than sorry," I suggested to Freya. I had people who cared about me, and I didn't want to endanger my life and leave my children behind. She agreed, and we ran back toward the party venue. I sensed someone chasing after us, closing in. The danger felt real. Freya picked up her pace, and we finally stopped at the tree where I had left my clothes. I shifted back into my human form.

I collected my clothes, but then I felt a strong presence behind me. Swiftly turning around, I was met with the sight of a dark figure looming in the darkness. It was too dim to see the person clearly, but I could discern the silhouette of a man. He stood motionless, his eyes fixated on my exposed body. I hastily dressed while keeping my eyes locked on his, never breaking the connection. My hands searched frantically for my diamond jewelry, but they eluded me.

I tore my gaze away from him, shifting it towards the ground where my hands rested. Desperately, my fingers dug into the soil, though I knew it was futile since I had placed the jewelry on my clothes. The realization that I had lost them was difficult to accept. Cole had given them to me, and losing them on the first day seemed terribly unfair and ungrateful. As my eyes fell upon a man's shadow in front of me, I turned slowly, and my breath hitched when I discovered him standing dangerously close. How had he approached me so silently and swiftly?

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I questioned, peering into his deep, ocean-blue eyes. His tousled brown hair appeared as though he had run his hands through it countless times. His thick eyebrows twitched as his bewildered gaze wandered over my body, without providing an answer to my query. Handsome as he may be, his behavior could not be excused. He had shamelessly stared at me while I was naked.

"Are you a pervert?" I asked, frowning.

"How can this be?" he audibly whispered, his expression shifting to one of shock. He closed his eyes momentarily and then reopened them.

"How can what be?" I inquired.

"Emma? Is it really you?" he exclaimed with a mix of happiness and disbelief, his initial shock dissipating. What was happening here? Had I stumbled upon a deranged perverted man?

"Listen, Mister, I don't know what you're talking about. Who is Emma...?" He interrupted me, jubilantly pulling me into a tight embrace.

"Emma! I never thought I would see you again in this lifetime. I missed you so much," he declared, peppering my neck with kisses. I struggled to break free from his grip, but he held on tightly.

"Release me this instant. Have you lost your mind?" I demanded angrily. How dare he hold me in such a manner? What kind of woman did he think I was?

"No, I will never let you go again," he insisted, shaking his head and repeating those words incessantly. With a sigh, I kned him in the groin and stomach, causing his grip to loosen. My fist collided with his face as I delivered two powerful punches. He held his jaw, gazing at me in shock. I had wanted to be kind, but he was pushing the boundaries. Something shiny fell from his hands to the ground. I looked down, astounded to see my jewelry. Glancing back up at him, I was taken aback.

"No, no. You've misunderstood completely. I did not steal that. I intended to return it to its rightful owner," he hastily explained. It seemed as though he knew my thoughts without me uttering a single word.

"Are you not only a perverted crazy man, but also a thief?" I asked in disbelief. How could such a good-looking young man possess such terrible traits?

"I already told you, I didn't steal it, and I am definitely not a pervert or a crazy man. I'm perfectly normal. Are you pretending not to know me because of everything that happened between us?" he asked. I attempted to bend down and retrieve my jewelry, but he simultaneously bent down, causing me to bump my head into his. I sighed and tried again, but the same thing happened. I glared at him furiously. I had barely met this man, yet he was already getting on my nerves. He stood up with his hands up in surrender and I retrieved my jewelry on my own.

"You are certainly crazy or delusional because I have never met you before. Moreover, I could never associate myself with someone like you," I said. He scoffed in disbelief.

"You have become condescending and rude," he stated.

"You can say whatever you want, but I'm simply expressing the impression I have of you. Who stares at a naked stranger without looking away? Who hugs someone they know nothing about as if they've been friends for years?" I inquired.

"Look, Emma..."

"Ximena. It's Ximena," I corrected him. I don't know why I blurted out my name, as I never reveal it to strangers, especially strangers like him, but it slipped out naturally.

"Emma, don't pretend not to know me because of what happened. It was a mistake, and everyone is bound to make mistakes...."

"You appear and sound drunk. Do yourself a favor and go home. I will put everything that happened here behind me," I said, turning around to leave. He held my hand to stop me.

"You didn't zip up your dress," he said, coming up behind me and slowly helping me zip it. I felt strangely comfortable, and I didn't stop him from touching me, which was strangely odd.

"Do you want another beating?" I threatened when his hand lingered on my back after zipping up my dress. I walked away without turning back or saying anything. I could feel his gaze on me as I walked, and I resisted the urge to look back at the crazy, perverted, stranger thief I encountered in the woods.

Chapter 90 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Julian's POV

I was stunned as I watched Emma walk away. Part of me wanted to chase after her or hold her back, but I refrained. I didn't want to scare her, making her think I was forcing myself on her. Plus, I was too shocked to react. Our bickering had come out spontaneously, without much thought. It was all a surprise, and I still questioned whether it was really her or if I was hallucinating.

Feeling suffocated in the party venue, I stepped out for some fresh air. As I took a walk to clear my head, I came across someone picking up diamond jewelry from the floor. The moment he noticed me, he fled, and I gave chase, though not with much determination due to my intoxicated state. He dropped the jewelry, unable to retrieve it without risking capture. While he escaped, I stopped to collect the fallen diamonds.

Deciding to wait behind a tree for the owner to return, ensuring no one else got their hands on it, I realized I had nothing better to do. Sitting outside was preferable to returning to the party. After a while, I spotted a small white wolf heading toward the tree

where the jewelry lay. I sprang up in surprise. I immediately recognized the wolf but didn't want to jump to conclusions; there could be many she-wolves that looked like her. My heart thumped loudly in my chest. I knew what I was hoping for was next to impossible but I anticipated it anyway.

I silently observed the she-wolf, my heart pounding in my chest. The wolf began to shift back, and I was dumbfounded by the sight before me. This person was the spitting image of Emma. She stared at me in shock, but I was too lost in my thoughts to consider her current state. It was really her. She hadn't changed a bit. But how? She had died in a car accident. We even held a funeral, and the hospital confirmed the body as hers. Her belongings were found at the scene. We mourned her for years. We were still mourning her loss, so how was this possible?

Slowly approaching her from behind while she wasn't looking, she turned towards me in shock. I pulled her into my arms, embracing her tightly, and inhaled her familiar scent deeply. She still smelled the same, wonderfully nice. She attempted to push me away, but I refused to let go. I had lost her once, and I wasn't about to lose her again. I groaned when she broke free from my grasp and fought her way out, leaving me stunned. Was she still angry with us? Why else would she behave this way?

When she spoke to me, I doubted if it was truly her. Her voice sounded different yet familiar. I know it sounded crazy, but it was the truth. The Emma I knew was kind, timid, and somewhat shy. This new Emma I just encountered was bold, rude, fearless, and condescending. How could a person change so drastically? It made me wonder if she was really the same person or if I had made a mistake. I had considered the possibility of her being Emma's twin, but I dismissed that notion. It simply couldn't be.

It had to be her; I thought as I began walking back to the party hall. But if it was indeed her, why did she appear genuinely surprised to see me? Did she behave as if she didn't know me because she truly didn't? My head spun with shock and confusion. Emma or Ximena, as she called herself, was the only person who could provide answers. I scanned the hall, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, but she had vanished. Where did she suddenly disappear to?

"Julian, we have to go," Philip's voice broke through my thoughts. I glanced at him without answering his question.

"Julian? Can you hear me? Why do you have such a serious look on your face?" he asked curiously.

"I'm looking for her," I muttered, continuing to scan the surroundings.

"Her? Who are you talking about?" he asked in surprise. I turned towards him abruptly.

"Um..." I paused as I noticed Alexander and Hailey walking toward us.

"Let's go, the car is outside," Hailey quickly interjected as they stopped in front of us. I narrowed my eyes on her.

"Why are you in such a rush to leave?" I asked suspiciously. Something seemed off about her behavior. She always enjoyed these types of parties and was never one to willingly leave. It was strange that she had insisted on coming here but now wanted to leave so urgently. It seemed highly suspicious to me.

"What do you mean by that?" she chuckled, glancing at us and realizing we weren't joking or smiling at her.

"I was feeling tired and had a headache. All I want to do is go home and rest. Must you question everything I say or do?" she asked defensively.

"Julian, you were saying something," Philip interjected, ignoring Hailey's response and reminding me of what I was discussing before Hailey and Alexander interrupted. They all turned their attention towards me. I couldn't reveal my recent findings now, definitely not in front of Hailey.

"Was I? I can't recall what I was talking about. It was probably not important," I replied. Alexander turned to leave, and we all followed suit. It wasn't the right time to search for her. I would leave it for now and contemplate finding her later. We entered the car, and the driver started the engine. We rode in silence. I needed to inform them about this discovery as soon as we arrived back at the pack house. I couldn't handle it alone. I would inform them, and together we could devise a plan and think of what to do.

When we arrived at the pack house, we stepped out of the car.

"Guys, I need to talk to you," I said, mind linking them. They both looked at me.

"What's wrong?" Hailey asked when she noticed we had fallen behind.

"Nothing is wrong," Alexander replied. She nodded.

"I'll go up to my room. I need to rest," she said before entering the house. Once I confirmed she had reached her room, we all headed toward Alexander's office. Philip closed the door as the last person entered.

"What's the matter, Julian? You sounded urgent," Alexander asked, taking a seat.

"I saw her," I stated flatly. They both stared at me, unable to grasp my meaning. However, upon seeing the seriousness on my face, Philip's eyes widened, and Alexander sprang up from his seat.

"Y-you saw her? Are you absolutely certain?" Philip stammered. I nodded.

"How? When and where?" Alexander asked calmly. I recounted every detail exactly as it happened.

"All of this occurred in the woods while you were intoxicated, and no one else saw the both of you?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied, before realizing the true meaning of his questions.

"Wait a minute, do you think I was hallucinating because I was drunk? Do you believe I don't know what I saw and that it wasn't real?" I asked, disbelieving his insinuation.

"I never said such a thing," he responded.

"Your question implied it," I retorted.

"Guys, please, this is not the time for arguments," Philip sighed.

"But, you heard what he said. He's implying that I lost my mind and saw a deceased person. I might have been drunk, but I know what I saw. I touched her. She was real," I insisted.

"But how could that be? We saw her dead body. This is all so confusing," Philip said.

"I have no idea, but technically we didn't really recognize the body. We just followed what the doctors said, the most important thing is that Emma is alive. She didn't die like we had thought all these years," I said happily. Her being alive was a huge relief.

"But she didn't seem to recognize me or herself," I continued.

"What do you mean?" Alexander asked.

"She said her name was Ximena, not Emma, and she also said she had never seen me before. I know this sounds crazy, but I'm telling the truth," I replied. Alex nodded.

"Firstly, let's not do anything rash. We will find this woman you are talking about and verify if she was really Emma, and then we can proceed from there. Especially now that you're saying she doesn't remember you. We need to determine if there's a mix-up somewhere before we move forward," Alex explained.

"But to do that, we need to find her first. Where do we even start searching for her?" Philip inquired. We don't know anything about her current life except that she came for a business party. I'm sure we'll find her soon enough. The door suddenly opened, and I looked at Philip in surprise. Didn't he lock the door before coming inside with us?