

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

## Chapter 1

Erica's POV

"Don't come back to the West Pack," she pants. "It isn't safe."

"What do you mean I can't go home?" I yell loudly over the chaos that is coming from the other end of the phone call.

"There has been a bit of a..." I can tell that my mother has stopped running in order to speak with me more clearly. "There has been a misunderstanding and your father and I have been banished from the pack."

"Banished as in rogue?" I gasp out in fear. Werewolves that are forced to go rogue have been known to lose their minds. Living outside the confines of a pack can cause a werewolf to become more wolf than human.

"I am sure that it is only temporary," my mother begins to sob. I can hear my father gently trying to coax her to stop crying.

The sound of wolves howling in the distance comes through the phone and I can hear my father's gentle voice turns into begging for my mother to continue to run. "We only have five minutes to make it to the border," my father says desperately.

Helplessly I listen as my parents run for their lives. The only sounds coming through the phone is the sound of my mother panting heavily as she rushes through the forest. The sound of heavy footsteps and rustling leaves blares loudly through the speaker of my phone. I can barely hear my mother's voice as she pants heavily into the phone.

"Promise me that you won't go back," my mother yells out. "It won't be safe for you."

"Where do I go? What should I do?" I ask as panic fills my voice.

"You will go to the North Pack. Arrangements have already been made," my mother explains.

My stomach falls when my mother says that I will be going to the North Pack alone. "What about you? Surely Alpha Devin would take you in as well," I cannot keep the desperation from my voice.

"The treaty with the West Pack forbids it," my mother says before the line goes dead.

“Mom,” I yell into the phone. “Mom!” But there is no response.

Looking down at the phone in my hand, I try to practice my breathing techniques to calm my panic but there is no amount of breathing that is going to make this situation any better.

Quickly I scroll through my phone and click on my mother’s number but I reach nothing but a dial tone in response. Scrolling through my phone once more I click on my father’s name only to receive the same dial tone.

Tears fill my eyes and I curse the treaty between the North Pack and the West Pack.

There are four Packs that make up North America. The North, South, East and West Packs. The North Pack is the largest of the four and only has a treaty with the West Pack. It has been in place for hundreds of years. It is said that the treaty is bound by witchcraft and a curse would befall whomever broke the treaty. None of the Alphas would dare test the validity of the treaty, not even Alpha Devin of the North Pack.

If only my parents would have explained the situation to me before they were forced to run. I could have met them at the border. We could have lived among the humans until whatever this misunderstanding is clears up. Surely my parents didn’t do whatever they are accused of. They are high ranking wolves within the West Pack. My father has been the Beta of the West Pack since before I was born. Why would he risk his title?

I think about what my mother said about me going to the North Pack to say with Alpha Devin, Luna Alice, and the triplets alone. I cannot help but groan inwardly. I think that I would rather be a rogue.

The last time that I had been to the North Pack was two summers ago. The summers in the West Pack are blistering hot, so every summer my father would drag us to the North Pack to stay with his best friend, Alpha Devin. We had been visiting the North Pack every summer for as long as I could remember and for as long as I could remember the Alpha’s triplets; Ace, Bryce, and Chris, tortured me.

At first it started as harmless teasing but as they got older they became more creative with their tricks.

It was that summer, two years ago, that I decided that I had enough and wouldn’t be returning to the North Pack for any reason. Now it looks like I will be eating my words. My mind fills with painful memories of everything that the triplets made me endure.

I don’t understand why I just can’t find a job and stay on campus for the summer. I only have one more year of school left. There is no reason why I couldn’t just stay here for the summer.

Slowly I pack my bags and look around my small dorm room that has been my home for the past three years. For some reason it feels like I won't be coming back. I shake my head and try not to think about the thought of not finishing college.

I want more than just to be someone's mate.

Once what little of my things are packed I lay on my bare bed and look up at the ceiling and wonder what my father and mother have been hiding from me all of these years. Somehow this doesn't feel like a situation that is going to be easily diffused.

My phone dings loudly beside me and I jump up hoping that it is my mother messaging me back. I look at the message that is flashing across my screen and I cannot help but groan. It is from Ace.

Ace: 'We will be at the airport to pick you up tomorrow.'

I stare at the phone in disbelief. Tomorrow? It doesn't give me any time to say any goodbyes.

Me: 'What time is my flight?'

Ace: '9:20 am. Tickets will be waiting for you at the counter.'

Me: 'Thanks.'

Ace: 'Looking forward to seeing you again, Fox.'

Ugh. I had forgotten all about the stupid nickname that the triplets gave me several years ago.

Goddess I hate them.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 2

Erica's POV

\*\*I let the hot water of the shower wash down my body, rinsing the grime from traveling off my skin. Turning off the water to the shower I wrap a towel around my blonde hair and I hear giggling coming from the next room.

"Oh no," I panic as I wrap a towel around my body, not bothering to actually dry myself off.

I fling the door to the bedroom open and the scene laid out before me is exactly what I expected to see.

“What are you doing?” I growl at the triplets as I watch them dig through my luggage.

“We are just helping you unpack,” Chris says with a sly grin spread across his face.

“It looks like you have filled out a little bit over the summer,” Bryce says as he holds up one of my bras. “Or are you filling this with tissues?”

I can’t believe what I am seeing and hearing. They are nothing but perverts. “OUT!” I scream at the three of them. If I had a wolf it would have been a growl.

The triplets scramble to their feet with their arms full of my clothes and run out of the door leaving me with nothing to cover my body. The sound of them chuckling as they run down the hall with their arms full of my clothes sets my teeth on edge and I feel murderous.\*\*

My head bounces against the cool window of the airplane causing my eyes to fly open. The dream that I just had echoes in the recesses of my mind. It is just a reminder of what the triplets are capable of. My stomach falls as I think about the years of torture that I endured and I know they will probably treat me worse without the protection of my parents.

A lump forms in the back of my throat. I know that the triplets will be waiting for me at baggage claim and they are the last people on earth that I want to see right now when my life is in shambles.

As I exit the plane and grab my luggage, I look around and try to see the triplets. I don’t see them or their massive bodies anywhere I look.

“Great.” I mumble to myself as I wander around the baggage claim looking for any sign of the triplets. Finally, I drag my luggage out of the airport. “They f\*\*\*\*\*g forgot me.”

I stand on the edge of the sidewalk and try to hail a taxi. I can feel hot tears begin to form in the corners of my eyes. I cannot believe that they forgot me. Actually, that’s not true. They probably forgot me on purpose. I raise my hand trying to wave down a taxi but each one of them drives by me without even slowing down. My hand falls to my side and I can feel a rush of tears running down my face.

“I told you she would cry,” a deep voice comes from behind me.

I turn around and bump into a massive chest and I know instantly that it is one of the triplets. I take a step back from the body that is standing in my way so I can look up to see which triplet’s a\*s I need to kick.

The three brothers are standing side by side and I can no longer tell them apart. Three pairs of identical blue eyes are staring at me with an amused smirk on all of their faces. Over the years they used to dress differently or cut their hair differently so it was easier to tell them apart. Looking from one brother to the other I can see that they have all decided to wear the same light blue t-shirt and their dark hair is all cut the same. It is not until they begin to talk that I get an idea of which one they are.

“Now, now, Brother,” the one on the left says. “Let’s not make the little Fox cry harder.”

That one must be Bryce. He was always the one to compliment me in a backhanded kind of way. He slaps a twenty dollar bill in the hand of the one in the middle.

“Can we just get out of here,” the one on the right says. “I am tired of being here.”

That one must be Ace. He is the one with the most level head of the three.

I wipe the tears that are falling from my cheeks and glare at the three brothers that are standing before me.

I slap the one in the middle, who must be Chris, across the chest, somewhat playfully and I burst into embarrassing sobs. Ace pushes Chris out of the way and wraps his arms around me. “I told you two that now isn’t the time for a joke. She has just lost everything.”

I sniff as I look up into his icy blue eyes and I notice that there are small flecks of green mixed in with the blue. “Thanks, Ace,” I say as I pull myself out of his arms.

Bryce and Chris groan loudly and slap twenty dollars each into Ace’s hand. I stare at them in confusion before Bryce fills in the blanks.

“Ace is the only one that thought you could tell us apart,” Bryce shrugs his shoulders. “So we made a bet.”

“Wait... wait...” Chris interjects before taking his twenty dollars back out of his brother’s hand. “She only recognized Ace. Which one am I?”

I roll my eyes in anger. I don’t feel like playing their silly games right now.

“Come on,” Chris says playfully. “We won’t leave until you tell us.”

“Bryce, Chris, and Ace,” I say pointing to each of them as I say their names. “Can we go now?”

“I told you she would cry,” a deep voice comes from behind me.

“Damnit,” Chris says as he slaps his twenty dollar bill back in Ace’s hand. “I thought for sure you wouldn’t be able to tell us apart after being gone for two years.”

“I cut my hair for nothing,” Bryce complains as we head towards the parking deck.

As we walk to their shiny, black SUV I keep my mouth shut. I don’t want to end up in the middle of another one of their pranks. Luckily the three of them are so busy arguing with one another that they barely notice that I am here.

Ace loads my suitcase in the back of the SUV and slams the door shut. “Goddess, Erica.” He acts like he pulled a muscle in his arm. “How long are you planning on staying?”

“Just through the summer and then I am heading back to school,” I murmur as I climb into the back seat.

I wait for a few moments before I realize that Chris and Bryce are flipping a coin. Bryce climbs into the back seat with a smile on his face. “I won,” he says simply.

“Won what?” I raise an eyebrow at him.

“The chance to sit beside you,” he wiggles his eyebrows up and down.

“Your pretty boy moves might work on other females but they won’t work on me,” I groan as I plaster myself up against the door, trying to put as much distance between Bryce and I as possible. But it is no use. Bryce just moves to the middle of the back seat. He spreads his legs open wide and leans back in the seat. His leg brushes up against my own and I feel like I want to puke.

“So you are saying that you think I am pretty,” Bryce laughs as he places his hand on my knee.

“Please don’t touch me,” I say as I squeeze myself closer to the door.

“Leave her alone, Bryce,” Ace’s voice is sharp as he looks in the rear view mirror at his brother.

Bryce raises his hands and scoots back to his side of the rear seat. I let out a sigh of relief and pry myself away from the door.

The ride back to the North Pack pack house is loud and obnoxious. The brothers are joking around and hitting one another as Ace races down the highway. I find myself gripping the sides of my seat in fear as Ace weaves in and out of traffic.

Suddenly, I realize that this is my life now. Until whatever issues are resolved in the West Pack with my parents, this is what the next few months of my life will be like. Me alone with the three people that I hate most in this world.

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

## 3

Chris's POV

The drive home from the airport is extremely uncomfortable. It is the first time my brothers and I have been alone with Erica without our parents nearby. My brother's try to ease the tension in the car by cracking jokes and being their normal selves but I can't quite seem to get in on the action.

When I saw her in the airport she took my breath away. My brothers and I had agreed that we would pretend like we forgot to pick her up. I bet that it would make her cry and I was right. But when I saw the tears shining in her hazel eyes I no longer thought that the twenty bucks was worth the bet.

Her blonde hair was pulled back into a messy bun with a few stray strands that framed her heart shaped face beautifully. She had definitely turned into a woman since the last time that we saw her, almost two years ago. She has filled out in all the right places and her beautiful hourglass figure made my c\*\*k twitch in my pants. She is perfect. Everything that I hoped my mate would be.

If I am being honest. I have always had a bit of a crush on Erica but, like an i\*\*\*t, my brothers and I had spent every summer tormenting her childishly. Now that I look at the full grown woman in front of me I wish we had been just a little kinder to her.

Glancing over my shoulder I look at her and Bryce in the back seat. Bryce lays his hand on her knee and it makes me want to rip his hand from his body and beat him with it. Goddess. What is happening to me? Am I really ready to fight with my brothers over a girl?

Not a girl. A woman.

Ace pulls up to the pack house and puts the car in park. "Rock, paper, scissors to see who has to carry in her stuff?" He says arrogantly.

"Don't bother," Erica pipes up. It is the first thing that she has said since we left the airport. "I can carry my own stuff."

I can feel my face heat with embarrassment at the memory of the last time that she came to visit. We had carried in her luggage and pulled out all of her bras and panties. In fact that wasn't the first time that we pulled that prank on her. It was no wonder she didn't want us to help her.

“I will carry her stuff,” I say gruffly. Ace looks at me in shock but Bryce seems perfectly fine with my decision.

Pulling her luggage out of the trunk, I realize how light it is. Ace must have been joking earlier when he asked how long she was planning on staying. By the feel of this luggage it doesn't feel like she is planning on staying for long. I easily carry her luggage up the stairs of the pack house and wait for her to follow behind me. She has been given a different room this time since her parents won't be staying with us. Mother insisted that her room be as far away from ours as possible.

Erica somberly climbs the stairs and lets out a deep sigh when she sees me waiting for her at the top of the stairs.

“You are staying in the guest quarters,” I explain as we both walk through the door. “Mother's orders.”

“Okay,” is all she says in response. I can tell that she is feeling depressed and I want nothing more than to cheer her up.

I show her to her room that is on the opposite side of the pack house. It is much smaller than the room she usually stays in but at least she has her own bathroom. Erica walks into the bedroom and sits her purse down on the bed and looks around the room. There is nothing but sadness spread across her face.

“Well,” I say as I toss her luggage on the floor. “You know what time dinner is.”

“Right,” she says as she lays back on the bed and stares at the ceiling.

Part of me wants to go to her and make her feel better but I know how much she hates us. So, I slip out of the door and close it gently behind me. I stand outside of her bedroom door for a moment and listen. I can hear her quiet, muffled sobs through the door.

I walk back to our side of the pack house and see my mother standing there with a concerned look on her face.

“Did you get her settled into the guest quarters?” She asks me.

“I put her s\*\*t in there, if that is what you are asking,” I snap back at my mother.

“Watch your language young man. You may be almost eighteen but that doesn't mean that you can use profanity around your mother.” She points her finger in my face while she speaks to me.

“Yes, mother.” I groan before I begin to walk away.

“Wait,” she yells out after me. “I need to talk to you and your brothers.”



“What about,” Ace says on cue as he walks up behind me.

I don’t have to look behind me to know that both of my brothers are standing behind me. We all stand and wait to hear what our mother has to say.

“I want you three to stay away from that girl,” her voice is sour. “We don’t need our pack to be associated with the drama that is going on in the West Pack any more than what we already are. Don’t be fooled by a pretty face.”

My mother stares at Bryce while she talks knowing that he is the playboy between the three of us.

“What exactly happened at the West Pack,” Ace asks curiously.

“That is a matter between Alphas,” my mother says shortly.

“But aren’t we Alphas,” Bryce says smugly.

“You know what I mean,” she snaps at us.

“I mean it. Stay away from that girl.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 4

Erica’s POV

I stare at the phone in my hand. My mother’s phone number flashes on the screen but the phone doesn’t ring on the other end. I am only met with a dial tone. I cannot believe that they changed their phone numbers without telling me first. It is like they have disappeared into the abyss, leaving no trace to where they have gone. Someone must know where they have gone.

The clock on my wall chimes letting me know that it is six o’clock. Crap. I should have already made my way down for dinner at this point.

I wipe the tears that have stained my cheeks and check my reflection in the mirror. My eyes are puffy and red and my blonde hair is a mess on top of my head. I know that I should care more since I am having dinner with Alpha and the Luna of the North Pack but I don’t care.

Opening the door to my bedroom, I see Ace standing on the other side of the door with his hand raised as if he were getting ready to knock on my door.

“What do you need?” I ask grumpily.

“I came to get you for dinner,” he says gruffly. “There is no need to be rude.”

“I was just on my way down,” I mumble as I walk out of the door.

Ace mumbles something under his breath about an “ungrateful rogue.”

I want to turn around and punch him in the face but I refrain. I cannot forget that this family is helping me in a time of need. No one else would have taken me in knowing that my parents were banished from the West Pack. I think back to the phone call that I tried to make earlier and I wonder where my parents have gone.

Ace opens the door to the dining room and I see that my plate has been set beside Bryce’s. Bryce pats the seat beside him and motions eagerly for me to come and sit next to him. He seems overly excited to see me at dinner and I cannot help but wonder what he is up to.

Before I sit down I inspect my seat carefully, making sure that there aren’t any hidden whoopie cushions or that the seat hasn’t been tampered with in any way. I can hear Bryce snickering beside me as I finally sit down. “You act like it’s a trap,” he whispers to me.

My face flushes with embarrassment as I realize how silly I must have looked inspecting the chair. “Sorry,” I mumble. “Force of habit.”

“It is no problem, Dear,” Alpha Devin addresses me kindly. “I know how hard my sons have been on you in the past.”

I offer the Alpha a small smile as I place my napkin in my lap and wait patiently to be served. The Omegas bring in the oversized dishes and set them in the middle of the table. After serving the Alpha and the Luna, the Omegas hurriedly fill the plates of the triplets. I sigh when I realize that my plate has been left empty as the Omegas rush out of the dining room.

“The Omegas only serve the ranked members of packs,” Luna Alice says as she nods to the trays of food in the middle of the table. “I do hope you understand.”

A lump forms in the back of my throat. I am no longer a ranked member of any pack now that my parents are rogues. My status within this pack will be questioned at every turn.

“Of course,” I say as I place a small piece of meat on my plate and grab a small bowl of salad.

“Oh, Erica,” Bryce says slyly. “Would you mind filling my plate again?”

“Me too,” Chris says with a smirk on his face.

“Of course,” I say again through gritted teeth. Reaching forward, I place more meat and salad on the triplets plates and sit back down and begin to eat my food.

Suddenly the door to the dining room swings open and a girl with bouncing, curly blonde hair bounds into the room. “Sorry I am late,” she says in a sing-song voice.

Luna Alice lets out a frustrated sigh as she looks at the girl. “Ashley,” the Luna begins with a stern look on her face. “You know it is always important to show up when dinner begins.”

“Yes, yes, Aunt Alice,” the girl named Ashley says with a wave of her hand. She flops down in the seat across from me and suddenly her eyes fly up and meet my own. “Oh my Goddess!” She screeches. “Is this her? The rogue?”

Rogue? I think to myself, is that how the people of this pack see me?

“Ashley,” Alpha Devin hisses at her.

“What?” Ashley says with a weird look on her face. “Am I not supposed to bring up the fact that she is a rogue?”

I place my fork gently on my plate and look down at my hands. Tears are threatening to stream down my cheeks as I keep my eyes focused on my hands. Once I feel like I am composed enough, I decide to take my leave of the dinner table. “Take you for dinner,” I manage to choke out. “But I think I will head back to my room now.”

Alpha Devin and Luna Alice share a look and I know they are speaking to one another through the mind link that all werewolves of the same pack share. By the look on Alpha Devin’s face he is not pleased with the conversation that is taking place.

“If you will wait,” Luna Alice says with a wicked look on her face. “We need to discuss your payment arrangements for staying with us.”

“Payment arrangements?” I c\*\*k my head to the side in confusion. I don’t recall my parents mentioning anything about a payment arrangement.

“Of course your parents explained the situation,” Luna Alice says in a sickeningly sweet voice.

I hold my shoulders back and try not to look upset. “No, they did not.”

“We cannot seem like we are taking in rogues off the street,” Luna Alice’s face looks like she just touched something sticky. “So, it will need to appear that you are working here to pay for your... arrangements.”

“I see,” I try to sound strong. “And exactly what will I be doing to work off my debt?”

“Just some odds and ends here around the pack house,” Luna Alice says with a wave of her hand. “You can report to the head Omega first thing in the morning.”

I nod my head and leave the dining room with my head held high. So that will be my place in the North Pack; an Omega. No wonder Bryce looked like it was Christmas.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 5

Bryce’s POV

I stare at my mother in disbelief. Does she really expect Erica to work as an Omega in the household? She is the daughter of a former Beta. My eyes flicker between my mother and Erica who is trying her best to carry herself like the Beta heir that she is.

Offering my mother nothing but a few short answers, Erica gets up and leaves the dining room with her head held high. It is clear that she isn’t going to let the mistakes of her parents bring her down. I had to respect that. As one of the children of the most powerful pack in North America it is hard not to live in the shadow of my parents accomplishments and mistakes.

Once Erica is out of the room, I look around the table at my brothers and I can tell that they are just as conflicted as I am about having Erica work as an Omega in our household as we are, but none of us are willing to speak up against our mother. Not even our father has uttered a word since Erica left the room.

“If no one else is going to say it, I will,” Ashley pipes up. “But that was f\*\*\*\*d up.”

“Language, Young Lady,” our mother hisses at her.

Ashley is the only cousin that we have. She will turn eighteen in about a year and will be able to find her mate. It is suspected that her mate will be high ranking so she is here to learn how to be a ‘proper Luna’ from my mother. So far the lessons have been less than helpful to her. Ashley is crass and about as un-lady-like as they come.

“No,” Ashley stands up and throws her napkin over her plate. “Are you trying to break that poor girl? Her whole family has been banished from the West Pack, her parents are missing, and now you are forcing her to be an Omega? No, this is a f\*\*\*\*d up situation.”

It seems that Ashley has said the words that my brothers and I are all thinking, because we each have a smile on our face.

“That is enough from you,” my mother spits at her. “You are excused from dinner.”

“Good,” Ashley yells back at her. “If this is what being a Luna is all about I think I would rather be mated to an Omega.”

Without another word to any of us Ashley storms out of the dining room, slamming the door aggressively behind her.

My brother’s and I pick at our food before Ace’s voice comes through the mind link.

‘Triplet meeting after dinner,’ is all he says.

Chris and I both nod in return before we all excuse ourselves from the table. Chris and I make our way to Ace’s room while he stays behind to speak with our parents.

“I don’t like it,” Chris says with a low growl. “I mean... I don’t like Erica being here but I don’t think we should be treating her poorly.”

“Especially now that she is a full grown woman,” I add. Chris looks at me with his eyebrows knitted together. “Come on, Bro,” I laugh. “You can’t tell me that you haven’t noticed her. Since we saw her two years ago she has turned into a fine a\*s woman.”

Chris grunts in response. “We are meant to stay away from her,” he reminds me.

“You can stay away from her all you want,” I say, rubbing my hands together. “But I have other plans.”

Ever since we picked up Erica from the airport I have been imagining what she would look like without her clothes on. Just thinking about the way that her a\*s fits in her jeans is almost too much for me to think about. Not to mention the way her breasts strained against the t-shirt she was wearing to dinner. I plan on finally finding out what she tastes like this summer and not even my mother can stand in my way.

“Do your plans take into account that she hates us?” Ace says from his doorway.

“No one can resist me,” I say as I wiggle my eyebrows up and down.

“We are all going to stay away from her,” Ace says as he walks into his bedroom. “I have just got done speaking with mother and father and her rank within this pack is an Omega. Father seems a little resistant to the fact but Mother will not be swayed.”

“Since when does that matter,” I spit back at him. “We have all slept with our fair share of Omegas.”

“She is off limits,” Ace growls at me and he looks like he is ready to attack. “It is what is best for this pack and our family.”

Once again Chris only grunts in agreement but I don't understand what the harm is. "How so?" I question Ace.

"She is technically a rogue. We cannot be seen with a rogue." Ace points out and I guess he has a point.

"Fine," I grumble. "She is off limits."

Ace straightens his shoulders and stands a little taller. "So we are all in agreement. We treat Erica no differently than we have in the past."

I can't help but smile. At least we can still have a little bit of fun. I remember digging through her luggage two years ago and spreading her bras and panties all over the pack house. Was it immature? Probably. But was it incredibly hot going through her personal things and touching her most intimate objects? Hell yes it was and I can't wait to see her running around the pack house without a bra on because she cannot find hers.

"What are you smiling about?" Ace asks me suspiciously.

"I am just thinking about how hot she will be working in the pack house without her bras and panties. Who wants to distract her while I go and find her things?" I look at my brothers and we all share a sly smile.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 6

Erica's POV

I stand outside of the dining room, leaning up against the wall trying to calm my emotions. I can hear raised voices inside of the dining room and I take that as my cue to get back to my room. Pushing off against the wall I begin to make my way back to the bedroom.

Just as I am about to round the corner, I hear the door to the dining room slam. Out of curiosity I peek my head around the corner and see the girl with bouncy blonde hair pacing back and forth in the hallway.

"Are you okay?" I yell out to her as I watch her anger build.

The girl looks up and stares at me with tears in her eyes. Quickly she wipes away the tears and comes strolling over to me. I wait for whatever insult she is going to hurl my way but she surprises me.

“Me?” She says as she points to herself. “I should be asking you the same thing. You are the one that was rudely disrespected in there.”

“Oh that...” I try to say with a bit of humor in my voice. “I am used to that when I come here.”

The girl holds out her hand and flashes a bright smile in my direction. “I’m Ashley.”

“I’m Erica,” I say as I clasp my hand in hers.

“I am really sorry for what happened in there,” Ashley says, refusing to let go of my hand.

“It’s okay,” I respond quietly. “I know what I am, or rather what I am supposed to be.”

I hear chairs scuffling in the dining room and I pry my hand out of hers. “It was nice meeting you,” I say as I try to walk away. “I am sure I will see you around the pack house as I am working off my debt.”

I turn the corner and I can hear the patter of Ashley’s feet running to catch up to me. “You really don’t like the triplets do you,” she asks once she catches back up to me.

“I don’t dislike them,” I lie. “They just like to give me a hard time.”

“Oh, no.” Ashley says with a smirk across her lips. “You hate them. I can tell.”

“Hate is a really powerful word, but accurate.” I laugh. It feels good to finally admit to someone how much I dislike the triplets.

“We should be friends,” Ashley says with a bright smile on her face.

“Why would you want to be friends with a rogue?” I say quietly keeping my eyes glued to the ground.

“Are you kidding me!” Ashley squeals loudly. “Meeting you is like the most exciting thing that has ever happened in my life.”

“I don’t think Luna Alice would appreciate us hanging out,” I laugh.

“I don’t care what she would or wouldn’t like,” Ashley flips her bouncy curls behind her shoulder. “Come on.” She drags me off in the direction of the main part of the pack house.

“I don’t think I am supposed to be on this side of the pack house,” I hesitate but Ashley’s grip on my arm is impossibly strong.

“Oh hush,” she whispers. “You are with me.”

Ashley leads me to the room that I used to consider my own. She opens the door and I find the subtle grays and whites of the room replaced by hot pinks and bright purples. I stand with my mouth gaping open at the difference in the room.

“Do you like it?” Ashley squeals as she continues into her room. “Aunt Alice let me decorate it myself.”

“It’s really... bright,” I respond feeling like I need a pair of sunglasses if I am going to be spending any time in this room at all.

“Exactly, Aunt Alice hates it.” Ashley ushers me into her room and sits me down on the chair in front of her vanity. “I have some new make-up tips I want to try out and your skin is the perfect canvas.”

Before I have a chance to protest Ashley is aggressively applying make-up on my face.

“So...” she begins and I already know what she is going to ask. “What’s it like being a rogue?”

Yep. That is exactly what I thought she was going to ask. “I wouldn’t really know,” I answer hesitantly. I don’t know if I should trust this bouncy blonde in front of me. Looking around the room I make sure that the door is closed. “I don’t have a wolf.”

Ashley’s eyes widen as she looks at me. “But aren’t you like twenty?” She leans in and whispers quietly.

“Actually... I turn twenty in about a week,” I tell her quietly.

“Why didn’t you shift when you turned eighteen?” Ashley asks curiously while she continues to paint my face.

I shrug my shoulders and wrap my arms around myself. “I don’t know. But the triplets can never know. They would never let me live it down.”

“When is your birthday? We will have to celebrate?” Ashley continues to apply my make-up like nothing ever happened.

“It is on the thirteenth.” I grumble.

“You know that is the same day as the triplets?” Ashley responds with a bored tone in her voice.

“Don’t remind me,” I groan. Every birthday I can remember, except for the last two, I have had to share with the triplets. I do not look forward to sharing another one with them. Especially not their eighteenth birthday.



“They are having a massive party for the night of their first shift,” Ashley tells me as she puts the finishing touches on my make-up.

Holding up a mirror I am stunned at how I look. Instead of the sad, unhappy girl that has been staring back at me for as long as I can remember. A full grown woman is staring back at me. Ashley has given me a light smokey eye that accents my blue eyes perfectly. She has added only a little bit of blush to my cheeks but she has managed to cover the sprinkling of freckles that are spread across my nose.

“Thanks,” I say in awe. “You will have to show me how to do this one day.”

“Anytime,” she says cheerfully as she flops on her bed. “Want to have a sleepover?”

“I can’t tonight,” I tell her but I don’t have a good excuse why. “But maybe some other time.”

Luckily Ashley doesn’t push the issue.

As I walk back to what I now realize is the servants’ side of the pack house, I think about how nice it would be to actually have a friend. Just as I reach the door the triplets come barreling out of my door with smug looks spread across their lips.

“What were you three doing in my room?”

“Nothing,” all three of them answer at the same time before they take off running through the halls.

Rushing into my bedroom I see that my luggage is opened and my things are scattered all over the room. I immediately look through the pocket where I keep my intimate items and it is empty.

“s\*\*t,” I groan, knowing that my bras and panties will be all over the pack house by morning.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

### 7

Erica’s POV

Loud banging on my bedroom door wakes me from a restless sleep. I tossed and turned all night long thinking about the triplets having my bras and panties.

Groaning as I get out of the bed I open the door to see a short, grumpy Omega standing in front of me. She is dressed smartly in a pair of black slacks and a white button down shirt. Her gray hair is pulled into a tight bun on top of her head.

“Do you think you can just sleep the day away?” She huffs at me. “The Luna told me that you would probably give me troubles but I never imagined that it would be on your first day.”

Never in my life have I been spoken to in such a way from an Omega but I have to remember that I am no longer a ranked member of a pack. I am nothing more than a rogue.

“I am so sorry,” I apologize to the Omega. “I wasn’t told what time to report.”

Walking into my room uninvited, the Omega looks around my room with disgust. I have yet to clean up the mess that the triplets made of my things. “You are to wear black pants and a white shirt. If you don’t have any, some will be issued to you. You will report to me in the kitchen every morning at 5:00 AM. From there I will give you your tasks for the day.”

I look at what the Omega is wearing and realize I didn’t bring the appropriate clothes. “I don’t think I have the appropriate items to wear,” I say quietly.

“I should have known,” the Omega hisses at me and she tosses a set of clothes on the bed. “Today you will be cleaning the triplets’ bedrooms.”

Unable to stifle the groan that leaves my mouth, the Omega shoots me a dirty look before she continues. “The boys like to sleep in so you will be working with me in the kitchen until they are awake. I can assume that you don’t know how to cook?”

Swallowing my pride I answer the Omega with a tone of respect. “Yes, ma’am, I am able to cook simple things.”

The Omega grunts in my direction. “That’s something. Now get dressed and meet me in the kitchen in five minutes.”

“Five minutes,” I sigh. That doesn’t give me enough time to shower.

I slip off my pajamas and quickly put on the clothes that the Omega gave me.

Throwing my hair into a messy bun, I glance in the mirror and shrug. This will have to be good enough. I silently curse myself for not asking her name. I cannot call her ‘the Omega’ the whole time that I work here.

Running out of my room, I make my way towards the kitchen, not wanting to make another poor impression. Just as I am about to turn the corner to the kitchen I bounce off

something hard and get knocked to the ground. I look up and see Bryce smiling down at me. “Good morning, Fox,” Bryce says as he offers his hand to help me up.

Swatting his hand away I pick myself up off of the floor. I brush past him without giving him the satisfaction of responding, and head straight into the kitchen.

The Omega is standing there looking at her watch, tapping her foot impatiently. “You are one minute late,” she snaps at me.

“I am sorry, Ma’am,” I stutter out. “I ran into one of the triplets.”

“Yes, Bryce,” the Omega says. Without giving me a second look she thrusts a bucket of cleaning supplies into my arms. “You will be cleaning his room first this morning.”

I nod as I take the bucket of cleaning supplies and move to head out of the kitchen. Before I reach the door I turn to the Omega and she meets my eyes with a glare. “My name is Erica, by the way,” I tell her meekly.

“Rita,” the Omega grunts back at me and she continues her cooking.

Lugging the bucket of cleaning supplies up the stairs, I stop outside of Bryce’s room. I haven’t been in this room for many years.

Suddenly I am plunged into a memory from the past.

**\*\*Flashback\*\***

“Eight, Nine, Ten! Ready or not, here I come.” I hear Ace shouting down the hall.

I still haven’t found a place to hide. He said that if he finds me first I have to give him a kiss. YUCK!

Slipping inside the closest room, I realize that I am in Bryce’s room. There are clothes all over the floor and dirty dishes piled up on top of all of the dressers. I wrinkle my nose at the smell. It smells like stinky boys in here.

I spot an oversized wardrobe in the corner of the room and I realize that it will be big enough for me to hide in.

“I am coming to find you Little Fox,” Ace’s voice echoes through the halls of the pack house. “You better pucker up!”

Without hesitation I jump into the wardrobe and steady my breathing. I don’t want Ace to find me first. I hear the door to the bedroom open and soft footsteps coming inside.

“I know you are in here, Little Fox,” Ace laughs. “I would know your scent anywhere.”

Suddenly I hear the lock on the wardrobe click shut and the sound of laughter coming from the outside. The air inside of the wardrobe begins to feel too thick and I let out a terrified scream. Pushing on the doors to the wardrobe they will not budge. They locked me inside.

“That is what you get for hiding in my room,” Bryce howls with laughter as I continue to push on the doors.

“Please let me out,” I beg. Tears are streaming down my face. “I promise not to hide in your room ever again.”

“It is too late,” Bryce yells through the heavy wooden doors. “Now you are mine forever. No one will think to look for you here.”

**\*\*End Flashback\*\***

The door in front of me swings open and breaks me out of the awful memory of the last time I was in this room. Bryce is standing in front of me with nothing on but a pair of gray sweatpants. His chiseled chest is fully on display.

“Are you going to stand out there all day or are you going to come in here and clean my room?”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 8

Erica’s POV

“Are you going to stand out there all day or are you going to come in here and clean my room?” Bryce’s eyes are full of amusement as he opens his door making room for me to come inside.

I look around the room and it looks just like it did ten years ago. Clothes are all over the floor, dirty dishes are piled up on every surface, and there is a thick layer of dust that covers everything. The stench of a teenage boy hangs heavily in the room and I wrinkle my nose in disgust.

“When was the last time your room was cleaned?” I murmur underneath my breath.

“Mother tried to teach us a lesson a few years back and made us responsible for cleaning our own rooms,” Bryce tells me. “But it didn’t work.”

I don’t have to turn around to know that Bryce is standing directly behind me. I can feel the heat radiating off his bare chest. Trying to ignore his presence I sit my bucket down

and begin to get to work. Bryce follows me closely around the room as I pick up all of his dirty clothes off of the floor. My face flushes with embarrassment as I pick up a pair of Batman boxer briefs.

“They look even better on me,” Bryce laughs as he flops down on one of the chairs in the corner of his room.

“I will take your word on it,” I groan as I continue to clean up clothes.

My arms are piled up with his dirty laundry as I search through the room for his laundry hamper. I try to hold my breath trying not to breathe in the heady scent of his clothes. Finally, I find his empty laundry basket in his bathroom. I dump the clothes into the basket and return to the bedroom to see Bryce laying out on his bed.

His head is resting on one of his arms and his legs are spread open wide. I stand there in shock as I look at the Adonis that is laying on the bed in front of me. Impure thoughts run through my head and I have to shake my head to brush them from my mind.

“Would you like to join me, Little Fox?” Bryce says as he rubs the bed beside him.

“Keep dreaming,” I say angrily. “Don’t you have anything better to do than to watch me clean your room?”

“Nope,” Bryce replies playfully. “There is no place that I would rather be than right here.”

I roll my eyes in Bryce’s direction and continue to clean up his room. Placing all of the dirty dishes in a pile, I gag at the amount of mold and stale food that is left on them. If it were up to me then I would toss them all. In fact, I feel it would be best to just set fire to the whole room and burn to the ground.

After several trips to and from the kitchen with the dirty dishes, after several s\*\*\*\*l innuendos from Bryce, and what feels like hours later the room finally looks somewhat presentable. The last thing that I need to do is change the sheets on the bed.

“Where do you keep your extra sheets?” I ask Bryce who is still laying seductively on the bed.

A flicker of amusement glimmers in Bryce’s eyes. “In the bottom of the wardrobe.”

Of course they would be in the bottom of the wardrobe, the one piece of furniture that I have been avoiding since I walked in this room. Bryce hops off the bed and rushes over the wardrobe and flicks the lock, opening the door. I swallow my fear and walk over to the massive wardrobe and move some of the clothes out of the way and look in the bottom of the wardrobe and it is empty. There is nothing there.

Oh, no. It is a trap. I begin to sweat and panic rises in my chest. I try to take a step away from the wardrobe but I bump into something hard behind me. Glancing over my shoulder I see Bryce standing there with a grin on his face.

“Remember the last time you were in my room?” Bryce says as he wraps his arms around my shoulders. “You promised that you would never come in here again.”

“You can’t be serious,” I shout at him. “I was ten. I had no choice but to be in this room.”

Bryce chuckles beside my ear as he lifts me up. I begin kicking my legs back and forth as he tries to stuff me in the wardrobe. “You still broke a promise,” Bryce says and he traps my legs with one of his arms and stuffs me in the wardrobe. “Now I get to keep you here forever.”

My body slams against the back of the wardrobe and the door slams shut behind me. The sound of the lock clicking echoes in my ears and panic rushes through my body.

“Bryce,” I try to keep my voice calm. “Please, let me out. I don’t like small spaces.”

I can hear Bryce’s laughter on the other side of the door. “You better get used to it, Little Fox.”

Then I hear the sound of Bryce’s footsteps leaving the room and his bedroom door slamming shut behind him. I try to practice my breathing. “In... one... two... three... Out... one... two... three...” But the longer that I am in that wardrobe the smaller the space feels like it is becoming.

Screaming at the top of my lungs I yell loudly. I bang my fists up against the hardwood. “Please! Someone let me out of here! Help! Someone, please.”

My back scoots down the back of the wardrobe and I curl myself into a small ball trying to make myself fit in the space as it continues to get smaller. Tears stream down my face as I try to think of a way out of the wardrobe. Surely someone will realize that I am missing and come looking for me.

Suddenly I hear the lock on the wardrobe click and I burst through the door and fall flat on my face.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 9

Chris’s POV

“Please! Someone let me out of here! Help! Someone, please.” I hear a small voice screaming from inside of Bryce’s room.

“Goddess Damnit,” I groan thinking that he has locked another she-wolf in his room for the day. But when I try the doorknob the door swings open easily.

Walking into his room, I let out a loud whistle. It looks good. I have never seen it so clean. I remember Rita saying that Erica was to be assigned to clean each of our rooms as her first assignments here in the pack house. Forcing her to start in Bryce’s room is like baptism by fire, I don’t think he has cleaned his room in the past ten years. But I must say that Erica did an impeccable job.

I look around the room and I don’t see a she-wolf in distress. Chalking it up to my imagination. I turn to leave the room, when I hear muffled sobs once again. I can hear the sound of scratches coming from within the wardrobe in the corner.

I groan angrily. “f\*\*k, Bryce,” I say as I flip the lock on the wardrobe. “This is a new low.”

Just as the lock flips open the right door to the wardrobe flies open and a mess of blonde hair comes toppling out. The she-wolf falls flat on her face and the scent of lavender wafts into the air. Damnit, I groan as I help the she-wolf to her feet. It is Erica.

“What the f\*\*k were you doing in there?” I ask her trying to hide the smirk on my lips. I know damn well that Bryce locked her in there. “We don’t play hide and seek anymore.”

Erica steadies herself on her feet and wipes her tear stained face. She looks at me with a pissed off look spread across her face and slaps me across the face.

“Whoa, there Little Fox,” I chuckle. “I’m not Bryce.”

“I know which one you are,” she screams at me.

Tilting my head back, I let out a loud laugh. “Is that so?”

“You are Chris,” she says as she straightens her shirt and smears blood across the front of her white shirt.

She must have been in there for a while. Her knuckles are bloodied and bruised from beating on the wood on the door. Grabbing her hand away from her body, I closely inspect the knuckles on her fingers. I feel a rush of excitement as I brush my lips across the bloody knuckles.

Suddenly there is a sharp sting across my right cheek and I realize that Erica has slapped me again. I touch the stinging side of my face and act like I am in a tremendous amount of pain. “What was that for?” I pretend to cry.

“Touching me,” she hisses back at me. “Don’t ever touch me.”

Erica grabs the bucket of cleaning supplies that was abandoned by the door and heads out of Bryce’s room. Following her out I watch as she stands outside of my bedroom door. She chews on her plump bottom lip, probably trying to decide if she is going to go in or not.

“What are you waiting for?” I tease her. “I don’t have any wardrobes in my room.”

Erica lets out a little sigh and pushes open the door to my bedroom and takes a look around. She looks around my room and her shoulders slump over. “Don’t any of you pick up after yourselves?”

I scratch the back of my neck awkwardly as I look around my room. My floor is covered in dirty clothes and several dirty dishes set on my dresser. “I... uh...” I suddenly feel bad for leaving my room in the state that it is in just to give Erica a hard time. Usually, I keep things pretty tidy.

“At least it’s not as bad as Bryce’s room,” she mutters to herself as she sets down the bucket and begins to gather the dirty clothes from the floor.

“I’ll leave you to it,” I tell her as I walk out of the room. Erica grunts in response, not really paying attention to me.

As I walk down the hall I hear Bryce’s loud laughter coming from Ace’s room. I fling the door open to catch the tail end of what he is saying. “I bet she is still in there...” Bryce chuckles.

“No,” I sigh. “I let her out.”

Bryce turns his head and gives me a disappointed look. “You ruin all of the fun.”

“Dude, she was flipping out,” I defend my actions. “Her knuckles were bloodied from banging on the door trying to break out. I think you took it too far this time.”

Rolling his eyes in my direction, Bryce shakes his head. “It is Erica. I thought we agreed to make her miserable.”

Suddenly, I feel a need to protect her. “There is a difference in hiding her panties all over the pack house and scaring the s\*\*t out of her. What you did wasn’t really funny. You should apologize.”

“Bullshit,” Bryce yells out in protest. “She gets everything that she deserves. I thought the point was to try and make her leave.”

“It is,” I murmur. “But I am beginning to think that maybe she should stay.”



“What?” Bryce yells out. “We want her gone before our birthday celebration. That was the whole plan.”

Bryce looks at Ace who is sitting silently in the corner of his room, listening to the conversation. “Maybe Chris is right,” he chimes in. “She really has nowhere else to go. Father would never forgive us for running her off.”

“Whatever,” Bryce groans. “I don’t plan on making her life any easier while she is here. She has been waltzing around this place for years like she is a f\*\*\*\*\*g Princess. It is time she learned her place.”

“And exactly where is her place,” Ace rolls his eyes.

“Beneath us,” Bryce says with a smirk across his face. “Or at least beneath me.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 10

Erica’s POV

Walking into my bedroom, I slam the door behind me not caring who hears. Today was miserable as was the day before and the day before that. Working for the North Pack is a never ending job. I am woken up at the break of dawn and I work nonstop until lunch. I am allowed thirty minutes for lunch and then I am back to work until dinner. I have cleaned the pack house from top to bottom including the triplets rooms, which are disgusting. I can see why none of the other Omegas want that job for their own.

For the past week I have been embarrassingly pulling my bras and panties out of obvious places around the pack house. Each time that I find one I stuff it discreetly in my pocket and hope that none of the other Omegas see. Just when I think that I have rounded them all up, one of the triplets will raid my bedroom and steal them again.

After just a week of their abuse, I have decided to go back to school early. Alpha Devin and Luna Alice cannot keep me here. I will find a job to pay for the tuition that I can no longer afford. I am sure I can find a scholarship to help me as well. If I am going to work to stay somewhere it might as well be at school.

There is a sharp knock at my door and I sit up right on my bed just in time to see Ashley waltzing in my room with her arms full of make-up and clothes. She drops everything beside my door and places her hands on her hips with a smile spread across her lips. I drop back on my bed and stare at the ceiling. I don’t have the energy to fight with her today.

“Get up,” she commands.

“Not today, Ashley,” I moan. “I am exhausted.”

“Too exhausted to celebrate your birthday?” She raises her eyebrows.

I had spent the whole day pretending like it wasn't my birthday. Today is my twentieth birthday. The last chance that I will have to shift into my wolf. If it doesn't happen tonight it will likely never happen and I will be forced to live like a human for the rest of my life. Part of me is hoping that I don't shift tonight under the full moon. Living as a human doesn't sound so bad right about now.

“Yes,” I groan. “I am too tired to be excited about my birthday or even the fact that it is the triplets.”

“Well, that is too bad,” Ashley says as she grabs my hands and heaves me off of the bed. “I convinced Aunt Alice to give you the rest of the day off. I am taking you into town for a makeover.”

My eyes flash open at the promise of a makeover. It feels like forever since I have been pampered. I look over at Ashley and she is sporting a wide grin on her lips.

“Are you ready to go?” She says impatiently.

Looking down at my clothes I am suddenly embarrassed. I look like I have been rolling in dirt all day. “I need a shower,” I say before I quickly get to my feet and run into the bathroom and start the shower.

Having no sense of privacy, Ashley follows me into the bathroom while I begin to undress.

“Do you mind?” I ask her as I hold my shirt up against my bare chest trying to cover myself.

“Not at all,” she says as she hops up on the sink and watches me intently.

Turning my back to Ashley, I begin to strip out of the rest of my clothes and quickly get into the shower. I try to ignore the fact that Ashley is watching me as I wash the grime from my body. But she is making it increasingly hard with her endless chatter.

“You know that you have an amazing body,” Ashley says with a hint of jealousy in her voice. “I don't understand why you hide under those frumpy clothes.”

“I usually don't,” I admit as I turn off the water and wrap a towel around my hair. “I don't like the way the triplets tease me about my curves.”

“Any woman would die for a figure like yours,” Ashley says as she watches me dry myself off. “I am built like a twelve year old boy.”

I let out a snort of laughter as I pull on one of the pairs of panties that I found hanging off a light fixture today. “According to the triplets I am gross,” I say as I remember the triplets making fun of the size of my panties earlier today.

“I don’t believe it. I have seen how they look at you while you aren’t looking. They all think that you are hot.” Ashley wiggles her eyebrows up and down in a teasing way.

“They sure have a funny way of showing it,” I huff.

Pulling on a pair of ripped jeans and an oversized t-shirt, I stand in front of Ashley with my hair wet ready to go.

Letting out a frustrated sigh, Ashley rifles through the clothes in my closet. She pulls out a tight black crop top and tosses it in my direction. “Change.”

I look at the shirt in my hands and swallow hard. This is the shirt that I wear when I go clubbing with my roommate at college. It is not something that I would normally wear from day to day. I look up at Ashley and she has her arms crossed over her chest and is tapping her foot impatiently on the floor in front of her.

Letting out a sigh of defeat I take off the oversized t-shirt and pull the crop top over my head. Once it is on I cross my arms over my stomach trying to hide my exposed skin. Reaching forward, Ashley pulls my arms away from my body and lets out a low whistle. “You look hot,” she says with a smile on her face. “Now let’s go.”

Ashley pulls me out of my bedroom and down the hallway to the front door of the pack house. Suddenly someone grabs ahold of my arm and yanks me backwards. I see Chris standing behind me with his hand firmly around my wrist.

“What are you doing?” I ask him as I try to shrink away from him.

“Where do you think you are going dressed like that?” He asks with a hint of jealousy in his voice.

“I am going out for my birthday,” I spit back at him as I rip my wrist out of his grasp.

A low growl erupts from Chris’s chest as he takes a step back from me. “We want to talk to you.”

“It is going to have to wait,” Ashley pipes up. “We are late for our appointment.”