

The Alpha Triplets and the Rogue — by solange-daye

CHAPTER 1 Kicked out of the Pack

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 stay 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.