

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

## Chapter 111

Erica's POV

It is as if everything is moving in slow motion. I sit on the couch and watch as warriors check the house for anyone that isn't supposed to be here. Wrapping my arms around my belly I try my best to protect the life that is growing within me.

My mother sits beside me and rubs my back but for some reason, it is only making me more agitated. My body is shaking uncontrollably from both anger and fear. Someone that wants to hurt my child was here in the pack house.

I make a running list in my head of everyone that would want to wish me harm but only one person comes to mind. Alice. Aside from her and Alpha Devin no one else knows that I am a white wolf.

Chris finally comes and sits beside me. He wraps his arms around me and the tingles from the mate bond soothe my anxiety slightly.

"We are going to find out who did this," Chris assures me.

"I feel like I already know who did this," I say hesitantly. The last time I accused his mother of something he ran off.

"I know what you are going to say," Chris stops me before I can continue. "And the thought has crossed my mind as well."

"Wouldn't her scent be all over the pack house if she were here?" I think out loud.

Chris shakes his head back and forth. "Remember when I was in your apartment and you didn't catch my scent right away? It is because I masked my scent with wolfsbane."

"Wolfsbane is deadly," I gasp.

"Only in large doses," Chris tells me. "If you only ingest a small amount it can mask your scent but it also suppresses your wolf."

I chew on my bottom lip while I am lost in thought. Surely she wouldn't have been able to sneak into the pack house completely undetected.

"How did she even know that I am pregnant?" I ask Chris. Fear begins to rise in my chest and it seeps through my pores filling the air around us.

“I don’t know,” Chris says with a concerned look on his face.

My mother gets to her feet and begins to pace the floor in front of us. “What if she isn’t working alone? Surely she has people within the pack that are still loyal to her.”

“That would mean that Alice has contacts in both the hospital and, here, in the pack house.” I choke on my words. Suddenly I don’t feel safe anywhere.

Suddenly, the front door of the pack house bursts open and a very naked Ace and Bryce come running inside. My mother squeals in shock and covers her eyes with her hands.

Ace and Bryce grab a pair of shorts from the hall closet and slip them on while mumbling apologies under their breath.

“We ran the whole way back,” Ace pants slightly.

“Where is Aaron?” My mother asks as she peeks through her hands, making sure that my mates are now covered.

“He decided to go ahead to the West Pack,” Bryce says as he makes his way over to me. “We thought that it would be for the best.”

“Do you think that they will accept him?” My mother’s voice is laced with worry.

“We called ahead to the acting Beta.” Ace tries to sound confident. “Hopefully there won’t be any issues.”

“So where is this letter?” Bryce asks he pulls me onto his lap and nuzzles his nose into my neck.

Chris hands the letter to Ace and then Ace hands it to Bryce. I hide my face in Bryce’s neck. I don’t want to see the letter again. It will only serve to give me more anxiety.

“We all know who did this,” Bryce says with a growl.

“Mother,” the three of them say at the same time.

I am a little shocked to hear them all agree that the three of them are so eager to admit that their mother is behind all of this. But she is honestly the only logical choice.

“What’s the plan?” Bryce says as he hands the letter back to Ace.

Ace’s eyebrows furrow together while he thinks of a plan. “It is clear that we cannot leave Erica unattended. Since we don’t know who we can trust and who we cannot, one of us has to be with her at all times.”

Every fiber of my body wants to protest. I am a grown adult that has been taught how to fight and protect myself, but deep down I know that the brothers are right. I will be safer with one of them by my side at all times.

“Secondly,” Bryce chimes in. “We need to find the rats in our pack.”

Chris shakes his head up and down in agreement. “Someone has been feeding our mother information and we need to find out who.”

“We could always use our Alpha aura and command them to tell us the truth,” Bryce says as he holds me closer.

“Dad always said to use that as a last resort,” Chris says with a worried look on his face.

“Father is no longer in charge,” Ace growls in Chris’s direction, “and our mate’s life is at stake.”

Chris snaps his mouth shut and knows better than to argue with Ace when he uses this tone. But he and Ace glare at one another for several seconds. Their eyes glaze over and I know they are speaking to one another through the mind link.

“We should start with the doctor,” Chris finally says aloud. “If anyone would know that Erica is having a boy it would have been him.”

I have been sitting on Bryce’s lap in silence for far too long. “If the doctor knew what we were having why wouldn’t he have told us?”

The brothers all look at me with confused looks on their faces. “What are you trying to say, Little Fox?” Bryce says as he holds my head up against his chest.

“What if she visited the oracle again?” I say hesitantly. “What if the oracle gave her another vision?”

“Maybe we need to visit the oracle as well,” Ace says seriously. “She may be the only one with the answers that we need.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

### 112

Erica’s POV

The wheels of the airplane skid against the runway as we land at the private airport in the East Pack. I don’t know if it is my nerves bubbling in my stomach or if it is the baby, but I

feel like I could vomit at any moment. A thousand “what ifs” are running through my mind and I don’t know how to calm the storm that is beginning to rage within me.

Bryce unwraps his arms from around me and yawns sleepily. I swear that man could sleep through the apocalypse. “Are we there?” He says as he smiles at me. His eyelids are still heavy from his long map and he looks adorable.

“We just landed,” I tell him.

“Good,” he says as he stretches his arms wide to his sides. “Let’s get this over with.”

“Aren’t you a little bit nervous?” I snap at him.

“Why would I be nervous?” Bryce laughs. “We already know who is behind all of this. This is just confirmation.”

I let out a frustrated groan and suddenly wish that one of the more serious triplets had been sent with me. It took nine rounds of rock, paper, scissors, and five ten-second fights for the triplets to decide that Bryce would be the one that would take me to the East Pack to see the oracle.

The Alpha of the East Pack was more than happy to accommodate us. I am sure they hope a treaty will come out of this now that the triplets are Alphas of two of the four packs in America. The only catch is that we were invited to stay in the pack house and I am sure that we will run into Amber sooner or later. It is not a situation that I am looking forward to, but Bryce doesn’t seem to care. It is almost as if he has forgotten that she was even part of his life.

The plane finally comes to a full stop and the doors open. Bryce grabs my hand and gives me a gentle squeeze. I know that he must be able to feel my anxiety in the air around us. Squeezing his hand back, Bryce leads me off of the airplane.

As we exited the plane, I see Alpha Jet and his mate waiting for us at the edge of the airfield. Bryce tosses both his luggage and my own over his shoulder as we walk towards the Alpha of the East Pack and his mate.

“Alpha Bryce,” Alpha Jet says with a smile on his face. “What a pleasure to see you again. Who is this that you have with you?” Alpha Jet asks as he gestures toward me.

Bryce looks at me with a smile on his face before he turns his attention back to Alpha Jet. “This is our mate Erica.”

“So the rumors are true,” Alpha Jet says absentmindedly. “You all three share a mate.”

“Yes,” Bryce tone is low and growly. “Is that a problem?”

Alpha Jet raises his hands. "It is just a rarity among our kind. But if it works for all of you... Good for you."

"Are we here to talk about my brothers and me sharing a mate? Or are we here to determine who is threatening my mate and my unborn child?" Bryce growls.

"I apologize," Alpha Jet lowers his head. "I was out of line."

Bryce grunts a "whatever" under his breath as we follow Alpha Jet and his mate to the car that is waiting.

Much to my surprise his mate climbs into the back seat and gestures for me to climb back there with her. Bryce and I share an odd look before he climbs in the front passenger side and I get into the back.

The Luna of the West Pack turns to me and smiles brightly at me. I finally take the time to look at the woman that is sitting next to me. Her blonde hair is pulled back into a neat bun and her brown eyes sparkle excitedly as she looks at me. She appears to be close to my age even though Alpha Jet is in his late fifties.

"We didn't get a chance to be introduced," she practically squeals with excitement. "I am Malinda."

She thrusts her hand in my direction for me to shake. Hesitantly I shake her hand before I quickly pull it away. "I am Erica," I say even though I am sure she already knows.

"I have to say you are much prettier than Amber said you were," Malinda says with a smile plastered on her face.

"Oh, thank you." is all I can muster to say.

I turn my head back to the front of the car and try to ignore the peppy blonde that is sitting next to me, but she is making it very difficult.

"Amber and I grew up together," she continues to chatter beside me. "You can imagine my surprise when Jetty chose me for his second chance mate."

My eyes light up when she says "Second chance mate." Now things are getting interesting. It makes me wish Ashley was here because she would live for this gossip. I will have to remember to text her later filling her in on all of the sordid details.

"Malinda," Alpha Jet says sternly from the front seat of the car. "I am sure that Erica doesn't want to hear about our life story."

"Oh," I say cheerfully from the back seat. "I really don't mind."

I can hear Bryce place a well-placed cough into his hand and I know that he is fighting back laughter. Perhaps I was sent to the East Pack with the right mate after all.

Malinda sticks her tongue out in a childish fashion at her mate and turns to me to continue our conversation. “Of course,” she says as she puts a well-practiced frown on her face, “we were all devastated when Luna Edna passed away without giving Jetty an heir.”

I take a moment to glance in the front seat at Alpha Jet and his face is beet red and his knuckles are white on the steering wheel.

‘Stop egging her on,’ Bryce says through the mind link and I can’t help but smile.

‘I haven’t egged her on,’ I say defensively. ‘She is giving me all of this information freely.’

Malinda grabs a hold of my wrist and pulls me out of my conversation with Bryce.

“Can you believe the oracle is one that paired us together? It is almost as good as having found my fated mate.”

“Malinda!” Alpha Jet practically screams. “That is enough.”

Malinda slinks down in her seat and crosses her arms over her chest in a huff. I open my mind link with Bryce one more time.

‘I am eager to meet this oracle now,’ I tell him.

Bryce only growls through the link in return.

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Erica’s POV

The feeling of my stomach churning wakes me from my sleep. I don’t think I will ever get used to being sick every morning. I can only hope that this morning sickness does not last too much longer.

As my eyelids flutter open, I realize that the bed feels empty, and I remember that I am not at home with all of my mates. Tickles are spreading from my stomach through the rest of my body. Looking down I see Bryce whispering to my stomach while he traces little circles around my belly button.

The tingles from the mate bond soothe my nausea and I quietly watch Bryce. But now that I am awake the circles that he is tracing around my belly button begin to tickle and I let

out a soft giggle. Bryce's eyes flicker up to my own and his cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"We will talk later," he whispers into my stomach and I can't help but chuckle harder.

"What are you doing?" I ask him.

"Just having a conversation with my daughter," he says brightly.

"After everything you are still convinced that it is a girl?" I say as I run my fingers through Bryce's soft hair.

"I am positive that it is a girl," Bryce says with utmost certainty.

He takes his hands off my stomach and the sick feeling returns. I groan miserably as I try to roll off the bed to run to the bathroom. Only, Bryce grabs me around the hips and pulls me back on the bed.

"Where do you think you are going?" He says as he pulls me back into the bed.

"Bryce," I whine. "I need to puke."

"Again?" He says as he lets go of me.

"Apparently, it is never-ending," I groan. "The only thing that seems to make it feel better is the tingles from the mate bond."

A glimmer of excitement flashes through Bryce's eyes as he pulls me back on the bed again. I land beside him with a soft thud and try not to vomit all over the sheets. Closing my eyes I try to ignore the bubbling feeling in my stomach. That's when I feel the tingles of the mate bond beginning around my knees and traveling up my thighs. The nausea begins to subside again and I slowly open my eyes.

"Does this help?" Bryce says as he runs his tongue along the inside of my thigh.

"Mmhmm," I hum. I can feel my panties getting wetter the longer his tongue remains on my thighs.

"What about this?" Bryce asks as he grabs the waist of my panties and pulls them off me slowly.

"Bryce," I breathe out. "Your brothers..."

"My brothers would want me to make you feel better," Bryce says with a grin on his face and I know that he is right. "Plus, I am the only one that hasn't gotten you all to myself."

Settling himself in between my legs, Bryce runs his nose up and down my slit before he delves his tongue into my core. His tongue expertly runs over my slit and I moan loudly, not caring who might be able to hear me.

Slipping one of his fingers inside my core, he pumps it in and out while he flicks my clit with his tongue.

“You are always so ready for me, Little Fox,” Bryce moans. “Do you still feel sick?”

I shake my head no and lift my hips back up to meet his mouth. Bryce chuckles against my core before taking my clit into his mouth and sucking on my tiny pink bud. This time, my back arches off the bed and I call out in ecstasy. My core clenches around his fingers. I am ready to chase my release but Bryce removes his fingers and his mouth from my body and whimper at the loss of his touch.

Bryce slides his boxers down and his erection springs free. My mouth waters at the sight of it and I push myself up on the bed, just wanting a little taste, but Bryce pushes me back down.

“As much as I want to feel your lips wrapped around my c\*\*k, we don’t have much time. We have to be at the oracle in an hour.” Bryce says with a frown on his lips.

“f\*\*k the oracle,” I growl needing to feel his hands on me again.

“That is just the hormones talking,” Bryce chuckles. “You would be mad if we are late and you know it.”

Carefully Bryce lines himself up with my p\*\*y and slides himself in. His movements are gentler than usual and it is teasing me.

“Bryce,” I whine. “Faster.”

A concerned look crosses Bryce’s face. “I don’t want to hurt the baby.”

“You won’t,” I breathe out. “Now f\*\*k me.”

“If you say so,” Bryce says with a smile on his face.

He thrusts his d\*\*k inside of me with a passion that I have not felt from him before. His movements are fast but gentle at the same time. Wrapping his hands around my ponytail he tilts my head back, exposing the glowing mark on my neck. His tongue traces the crescent moon mark causing my whole body to go rigid.

My fingernails dig into his back as he continues to lick and suck on my mark. The tingles from the mate bond turn into bolts of electricity that only serve to heighten the feelings that I am feeling within my core.



I can feel myself tightening around Bryce's c\*\*k. As my pleasure climbs higher, I can feel his c\*\*k twitch inside of me and I know that we are going to find our release together.

"Come for me," Bryce says through gritted teeth as he continues his fast pace.

Those words are all I need and I find myself tumbling down in pleasure. My toes curl, and my fingernails carve into the smooth skin of his back. With a final thrust, Bryce coats my insides with his seed and collapses on top of me. We are both panting heavily as we hold each other.

"You are starting to show," Bryce says as he rolls off of me and touches my stomach gently.

"Impossible," I say as I look down at my stomach. "I wasn't showing yesterday."

"Then what is this?" Bryce rubs the little mound that is forming under my belly button.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 114

Bryce's POV

Erica's pregnancy hormones are making her s\*x drive insatiable. After our quickie in bed, we hopped in the shower, and she immediately dropped to her knees and wrapped her pretty little mouth around my c\*\*k. I tried my best to reason with her but with her lips on me, I found it hard to protest. Before I realized what was happening, her legs were wrapped around my waist and my c\*\*k was buried deep within her.

Pressing her back against the cool tiles of the shower, I hold her still by her a\*s and slam my c\*\*k in her over and over again. o\*\*\*\*m after o\*\*\*\*m rocks her body, until she is trembling under the now-cold water of the shower.

I am sure she is spent. So, I allow myself to get lost in the folds of her p\*\*\*y. My d\*\*k hardens and I thrust into her one final time. Erica's legs unwrap from around my body and she almost drops to the ground of the shower.

"I need to go back to bed," she says sleepily.

"Oh, no," I fuss at her. "We have to be at the oracle in ten minutes. The brothers may not be angry that I f\*\*\*\*d you without them but they will be pissed if we miss this meeting."

Erica steps out of the shower and pulls a towel around herself. She tries to put on her jeans but they won't button over her growing belly.

“I told you you were showing,” I smirk at her as I throw her a pair of my sweats.

“I can’t wear this to the oracle,” she exclaims. “I have to look nice.”

“Then I suggest that you go naked.” I wink in her direction and she rolls her eyes at me.

Digging through her small suitcase she pulls out a black sundress. She tugs it over her head and groans loudly. The fair of the skirt only accentuates her growing belly. She is practically glowing. I have never seen her look more beautiful.

Before she has a chance to protest, I grab my phone and snap a few pictures before sending them off to my brothers. They both immediately respond with heart emojis. Erica catches me smiling at my screen and rips my phone out of my hand.

“Ugh,” she protests, “I look massive.”

“You look beautiful,” I counter, “I can’t wait until you can no longer see your feet.”

Erica looks at me with a horrified look on her face. “Please don’t tell me that you have some sort of sick pregnancy fetish.”

“Normally... No.” I laugh. “But with you, I might just develop one.”

“Gross,” she wrinkles her nose in disgust but I don’t miss the smile that plays at the corners of her lips.

“Come on, Little Fox. We are already running late.” I say before I put a kiss on her forehead and lead her out of the room.

Alpha Jet let us borrow one of his cars to make the short drive to the edge of their territory to find the oracle. Not many werewolves are born with the gift of sight and those that are, are usually a witch hybrid. Right now the oracle in the East Pack is the only known oracle in North America. Though she was born inside the East Pack she prefers her solitude and lives on the outskirts of the territory.

We turn down an old dirt road that leads up the side of a mountain. The road is rough and I can tell it is messing with Erica’s stomach. She covers her mouth with each bump we hit on the road and secretly I pray that she doesn’t vomit in the car.

Finally, we pull up to a little cabin on the side of the mountain. Before I can open her door for her Erica has flung her door open and is emptying the contents of her stomach all over the ground beside the car.

“Don’t look,” she cries between heaves.

Instead of listening, I walk around to her side and hold her hair back from her face. Leaning against the side of the car I rub her back and tell her that it will all be okay.

Once she is finished puking we are officially late to see the oracle. Tears are streaming down her face as we walk up the stairs.

“It is all my fault that we are late,” she cries into my shoulder. “I should have listened to you this morning.”

“Shh,” I coo to her. “It will all be okay.”

A raise my hand to knock on the door but before I can hit the door it swings open on its own. A woman who looks younger than Erica is standing in front of us. Her hair is as dark as a raven and her eyes are void of any color. She is much shorter than Erica, probably no more than five feet tall. Her skin looks thin and frail like it hasn’t seen the sunlight in her whole life.

Erica and I stand together in stunned silence as we look at the little woman in front of us. Erica clears her throat awkwardly and drags me out of my thoughts.

“We are here to see the oracle,” I say stupidly. Of course, that is why we are here.

“I am the oracle,” the woman says with a smile playing on her lips. “You are late.”

Erica’s face flushes with embarrassment and she shuffles her feet around on the ground. “It is my fault,” she begins.

The oracle tilts her head to the side and stares blankly in Erica’s direction. “It is not all your fault,” she says with a bit of a giggle in her voice. “You had some help being late.”

Erica hides her face in my shoulder so the oracle can not see her blush.

“There is no need to be shy, Child,” the oracle says to Erica. “I you would blush at the things that I have seen.”

Erica eventually pulls her face out of my shoulder. “Will you still see us, even though we are late?” She asks the oracle.

“Of course,” the oracle’s tone turns serious. “I knew that you would be late. But you must obey the rules.”

“Rules?” I ask with an edge to my voice.

“There are rules you must follow to come into my sanctuary,” the oracle matches my tone.

“What are the rules?” Erica asks innocently.

“Only one of you can enter at a time,” the oracle says seriously. “A vision you both will receive but I cannot determine what I see or hear. One question you are allowed to ask but I cannot guarantee an answer.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 115

Erica’s POV

Bryce and I share an unsure look. We weren’t told that we had to visit the oracle alone. I had assumed that I would have Bryce by my side when-I asked my question. The look on Bryce’s face tells me that he felt the same way.

“My mate is not going anywhere without me,”

Bryce growls at the oracle.

Blinking her eyes several times slowly. The oracle lets a sly smile spread across her lip. She doesn’t say a word, instead, she steps away from the door and closes it in our faces.

“Bryce,

” I whine. “We cannot leave here without speaking to the oracle.”. Cradling my belly in my arms, my stress fills the air around us. “I have to know about our child.”

“What if this is just a waste of time?” Bryce groans. “I don’t want to leave your side for even a minute.”

“I have to know. There has to be a bigger reason that your mother is coming for our child. She knows something that we don’t and my gut tells me that the oracle can give me the answers that need.” I try to reason with Bryce.

Before he has a chance to respond, the door to the oracle’s cabin reopens, and she holds her hand out for me. “I have the answers you need,” she says.

I inhale deeply and release it slowly before I grab the oracle’s hand. Before I have a chance to look back at Bryce she pulls me with great strength into the cabin and the door shuts swiftly behind us.

I don’t know what I was expecting when I walked into the oracle’s cabin. Perhaps I thought I would see jars of specimens and books of spells all over the walls. But this doesn’t appear to be any different from the cabin that Ace took me to on our

first date.

The cabin is no more than a single room. With a small fireplace in one corner and a bed in the other corner. There are no personal effects to tell me anything about the woman that is now making' tea in a kettle over the fireplace.

"You look younger than I expected," I say trying to fill the silence in the cabin.

"Looks can be deceiving," the oracle says as she gestures to a little table in the very center of the cabin.

The raven-haired woman takes a seat at the table and silently waits for me to take the seat across from her. As I sit down on the chair I can feel myself being bound to the chair by some sort of magic.

"What is happening?" I cry out but the oracle merely tilts her head and looks at me curiously.

"That is an odd question," she says.

"Wait," I scream out in a panic, "that is not my question."

My arms are bound to my sides and my legs feel like they are glued to the floor beneath me. My panic seeps out of my pores and I feel like my heart will pound out of my chest.

"No, no," the oracle says with certainty. "I think that question will do nicely."

"No," I cry as I struggle against the invisible bonds holding me down. "I came here about my child!"

The oracle c\*\*\*s her head to the side and looks at me curiously. "Why else would you be here?"

I am so confused now that I don't know what to say. The oracle is busying herself with lighting a fire and placing different items in a large cauldron over the fire. Black smoke fills the room and I cannot see but a few inches in front of my face.

The smoke curls and twists in the air until figures appear in the air around us. Squinting my eyes, I try to make sense of the figures that I see in the air, but what I see I do not understand.

Smoke swirls into the curvy figure of a woman walking with two smaller figures on each side. My eyes grow wide as I look at the smoke.

"This can't be my prophecy," I whisper to myself.

Suddenly the oracle is standing beside me. Her eyes are glowing brightly green. She is looking in my direction but not at me. She swivels her head from left to right, taking in the smoke that is bellowing around the room.

“Two children will be born. One of dark and one of light. One boy and one girl. One will be blessed by the Moon Goddess while the other not. But be warned, others have sought prophecy of the blessed child and will seek them out, for only they “

can rule the four packs as one.

The smoke settles around the room, falling like heavy ash on the floor. The oracle coughs and sputters as she wipes the ash from her cloak. My hands and legs are no longer bound to the chair that I am sitting in. I rub my wrists trying to alleviate the pain that is shooting through my arms.

“This can’t be my prophecy,” I say again as I get to my feet.

“Why?” The oracle asks with a sly smile on her face.

“Because I am not having two babies. I am only having one,” I tell her but something in my gut tells me that I am wrong.

“Are you?” The oracle says as she busies herself with the broom, sweeping up the ashes around the cabin.

“The doctor said so,” I say as vomit rises in my throat.

“Believe what you wish,” the oracle says as she brushes more ash off her cloak. “Now, if you would like one of your mates to also meet with me then you need to leave.”

Shocked at her sudden abruptness, I want to argue with her and demand another prophecy, but instead, I obey her and I head toward the door of the cabin.

Bryce rushes to me as soon as I open the door. He holds me at arm’s length and checks me over.

“You were in there forever,” Bryce says with a worried look on his face.

“I was in there for mere minutes,” I tell Bryce but as I look around at the setting sun I realize that I am wrong.

Bryce furrows his eyebrows. “You were in there for hours.”

“Come, come,” the oracle says from the door of the cabin. “Before it gets dark.”

“Will you be okay?” Bryce asks but the oracle doesn’t give me a chance to respond before she pulls him into the cabin and slams the door behind them.

Letting out a frustrated sigh, I sit down on the steps of the cabin and try to wait as patiently as I can. The rustling of leaves comes from the forest. I glance out into the trees and see two figures walking towards me. Panic rises in my chest as I look from side to side. There is nowhere for me to run but into the forest.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 116

Erica’s POV

I should run. I know that I should run but it feels like I am glued to the spot. I can feel my nervousness filling the air around me. There is no way that I can hide how I am feeling. Now that I am pregnant my emotions are much harder to control. I take in several deep breaths, trying to calm my anxiety.

‘Can we shift?’ I ask Envy, knowing that I will be much faster in wolf form.

‘Not while you are pregnant,’ Envy responds. ‘It would cause danger to the babies.’

‘Babies?’ I respond.

But before Envy has a chance to answer me, the figures coming out of the forest move closer to me. The setting sun reflects off the hair of one of the people walking toward me and a glimmer of red shines brightly in the light.

“Amber,” I grumble under my breath.

The other person that is walking with her is covered in a black cloak, because of the setting sun I cannot make out the face underneath the hood. I swallow the lump that is forming in the back of my throat as the two figures get closer.

Amber is wearing an evil smile on her face as she waltzes toward me. “Well, well, well. What do we have here?” She says loudly.

“Amber,” I say as sweetly as I can, trying to keep my nerves under control. “What brings you all the way out here?”

“I am here to collect what is mine,” she says in a matter-of-fact tone.

Laughter bubbles up in my chest. “What could you possibly be here for?” I laugh.

"I am here for my mate, of course," Amber says as she comes to a stop just a few feet in front of the cabin.

"You must be mistaken," I growl at her. "Bryce is my mate."

Leaning my head to the side, I show her the glowing crescent moon mark on the side of my neck. Amber takes a step back in shock as she looks upon my glowing mark.

"The oracle said he would be mine," Amber says as she looks at the cloaked person beside her.

Laughter bubbles in my chest once again. "This oracle is nothing more than a fraud," I yell aloud but the words feel like a lie.

Amber gasps out offended. "How dare you speak of the oracle in such a way? She is the pride of our pack."

Stepping forward, Amber lets her claws extend from her fingertips and I know that she is ready to fight. I can only hope that I can survive fighting as a human. Just as Amber is about to lunge for me the person in the cloak reaches forward and pulls her back.

"We need her alive," the figure says quietly and I immediately recognize who the voice belongs to.

"Alice," I say with a sneer on my lips. "Aren't you supposed to be in the West Pack?"

"That is Luna Alice to you," she snaps at me.

"I am afraid not," I try to sound confident. "I outrank you now."

Lowering her hood slowly, Alice reveals her face to me. Her eyes are sunken into her head and hollow. Her normally well-kept hair is knotted mess on top of her head. The cloak that she is wearing is tattered around the edges. She looks like she has been on the run for several weeks.

"After my son's killed the Alpha of the West pack. I was no longer welcome there," Alice snarls in my direction. "So, I came back to my home pack."

"Your sons didn't kill the Alpha of the West pack," I chuckle. "I did."

Alice growls at me before she takes several steps forward. "You have taken everything from me," she says with tears in her eyes. "Now I am going to take something from you."

"I would like to see you try," I say finally finding the strength to get to my feet.



Suddenly, a foul stench fills the air. It smells like rotting flesh. “Rogues,” I whisper to myself as I quickly glance at the trees around the cabin.

“You didn’t think that I would come alone, did you?” Alice laughs as she glances at Amber.

With a snap of her fingers, Alice summons an army of rogues from the trees. The rogues begin to surround the porch of the oracle’s cabin. There is nowhere for me to escape unless I can make it into the cabin.

Spinning around, try to twist the door knob of the cabin door but it is locked. Balling up my fists I bang on the door as loudly as I can.

“Bryce,” I yell through the door. “Bryce, I need you. Help me!”

The cold and clammy hand of one of the rogues spins me around. He looks my body up and down before he runs his finger down my cheek, making me shudder in disgust.

“Don’t f\*\*\*\*\*g touch me,” I growl at him as I slap his hand away from my face.

“You will be fun to break,” the rogue says and bile rises in my throat.

“Now, now, Boys,” Alice’s voice comes from behind them. “We can’t play with her until she gives birth to the heir of the four packs.”

“Do you really think that I am going to hand over my baby?” I ask in shock.

“Do you think that we will be giving you a choice?” Alice retorts with an evil smile spread across her lips. “Now are you going to come easily or will we have to rough you up a bit.”

I think about the little life that is growing inside of me and concern fills my body. If I don’t go easily they could hurt my unborn child.

“You know the triplets won’t stop looking for me until they find me,” I tell Alice.

At the mention of her sons, the evil smile that is on her lips falters a little. “They are no sons of mine,” she finally says. “Amber, you better get back to the pack house. Bryce will need to be comforted when he finds that his mate is missing.”

Two of the rogues that are standing closest to me, grab me by the arms and lead me to Alice. She pulls a syringe from inside her cloak and I instantly know that it is wolfsbane.

“You can’t,” I cry out. “You will hurt my baby.”

“We have to mask your scent you fool,” Alice groans before she jabs me in the neck with the needle.

The liquid burns in my veins as it travels throughout my body. I call out to Envy in my mind but there is no response. My knees feel weak and buckle underneath my weight. One of the rogues scoops me into his arms and takes off running through the forest.

I try to look over his shoulder at the cabin that is disappearing into the distance but my eyes feel heavy and darkness overcomes me.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 117

Bryce's POV

The oracle drags me into the cabin and the door swings shut behind me. Placing my hand on the doorknob, I try to spin it open but it doesn't budge.

"Open the door," I command the oracle but she doesn't pay attention to me. "I said to open this door!" I shout loudly.

"I cannot do that," the oracle says sadly. "I have been instructed to keep you here until the sun sets."

"Instructed by who?" I growl out in anger.

"You have to understand that I didn't have a choice," the oracle frowns in my direction.

"You don't have a vision for me, do you?" I ask already knowing the answer to the question.

The raven-haired woman looks in my direction with her colorless eyes. "When I was born my parents wanted me kill. They thought that I would be without a wolf because my eyes are void of color. They didn't want the embarrassment of having a wolf-less child, so they attempted to drown me in the river. Alpha Jet's father is the one that pulled me out of the river and he and his mate raised me within the pack house. I was raised beside Jet."

Frustration begins to build in my chest as I listen to the oracle's story. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because I need you to understand my position before you kill me," she says but there is no fear in her eyes. Only acceptance.

"Why would I kill you?" I can feel my frustration turning to anger and I want to kill the woman standing before me just so I can get back to my mate.

The oracle takes a deep breath before ignoring my question. "As Jet and I got older I started to have visions. The man that I thought of as my father saw my visions as an opportunity. So he locked me away up here and spread the rumor that the East Pack had an oracle. People would come from packs all over and pay for me to read their futures. Only I couldn't always provide a vision. So, I was forced to fake it."

"Did you fake the prophecy that was given to my mother all of those years ago?" I scream at the woman who is now shaking in front of me.

"No, no," the oracle rushes toward me. "I remember that day."

"So we will be ushering a war being mated to Erica?" I ask the question that has been bothering me.

"Yes and no," the oracle c\*\*s her head curiously to the side. "Knowing the future can be tricky. One can change the outcome of what I see. The choices you and your brothers make will decide the outcome of your future."

"What about Erica? Did you give her a fake prophecy?" I demand to know.

"The vision that I gave your mate is a real one," she says with a serious look on her face. "It is why I cannot let you leave."

"What did you tell my mate?" I scream.

"Once the prophecy leaves my lips, it cannot be respoken," the oracle tells me. "But I can tell you that a similar prophecy was given to one other."

Before I realize what I am doing, I grabbed the oracle around the neck and let my claws extend into her flesh. "Who?" I growl.

The oracle grasps my hands, trying to pry them from my neck. "Your mother," she coughs and sputters out.

I toss the oracle across the room and she falls up against the wall next to her fireplace. Her head bangs against the bricks of the fireplace and blood immediately begins to stream down the side of her face.

Reaching into my pocket, I look for my phone but I realize that I have left it in the car. The oracle wipes the blood that is dripping down her face as she watches me.

"By the time you kill me and leave this place she will be long gone," the oracle coughs and blood sputters from her mouth.

I push against the door again, trying to get it open. Leveraging my shoulder against the door, I try to slam my body against the door, but I bounce off of the door as if it were made of steel.

“The only way to break the magic of this place is to kill me.” The oracle sounds like she is pleading with me to take her life.

I have never taken a life before and I am not sure that I want to begin with this little woman that is lying helplessly on the ground. “I won’t kill you,” I growl at her.

“Then your mate will be lost forever,” the oracle coughs again. “Please, end my life to save her. I don’t want to do this anymore.”

“Why would I do you that favor?” I yell at her.

That is when I hear it. “Bryce,” I hear my mate calling my name. “Bryce, I need you. Help me!”

Hearing my mate call for me ignites a fire within my soul and march over to the oracle. “Your mark will call for her. Follow your mark and you will find her.”

Before I can stop myself, I grab the oracle by the sides of her head and twist. The sound of her neck snapping echoes in the small cabin and the walls burst into flames around me. I stare at the lifeless body at my feet in shock at what I have just done, but before the fire can reach me I run for the door. The door flies open on its own.

I rush outside of the burning cabin and look around. There is no sign of Erica anywhere. “Erica!” I call out into the night. “Little Fox! Where are you?”

Lifting my nose to the air I search for the scent of lavender but the only smell that reaches my nose is that of rotting flesh. That is when I realize that rogues took my mate, but my gut tells me that Alpha Jet and my mother are probably behind this.

Jumping into the car, I speed down the dirt road and dial my brothers while I head back to the East Pack’s pack house.

“What happened?” Ace screams into the phone.

“It was a f\*\*\*\*\*g setup,” I growl through the phone.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 118

Erica’s POV

My head is pounding and I am finding it difficult to open my eyes. Wherever I am, I am on the move. My head bounces roughly against the seat of a car and the sound of tires against a gravel road is the only thing that I can hear. Rotting flesh is the only smell that is reaching my senses, so I know I am still surrounded by rogues. Needing to wipe the sleep from my eyes, I try to move my hands but I find that they are bound behind my back. Prying my eyes open, it is as if I am looking through a haze. Everything looks blurry and disoriented.

“I think she is awake,” a gruff voice says from beside.

“Impossible,” Alice’s voice comes from the front of the vehicle. “She should be out for at least a few more hours.”

“Should I dose her again?” The man beside me asks.

“We cannot risk it,” Alice says grumpily. “The boy has to be born unharmed.”

Roughly, the man that is beside me pulls me into a sitting position. The haze begins to clear from my eyes and I can see somewhat clearly. I gaze at the man that is holding me by the shoulder and I try to remember everything about his face. Every inch of his skin appears to be caked with dirt. He looks as if he hasn’t showered in years. His long hair is matted with sticks and leaves sticking out in odd directions. His brown eyes are dull and full of disdain for me. He stares at me down his crooked nose and a sly grin spreads across his face.

“Do you like what you see, Luna?” He says as he wiggles his eyebrows at me suggestively.

“Don’t call her that,” Alice snaps at him from the front seat. “She is not and will never be a Luna.”

A growl rumbles in my chest at her disrespect toward me. I try to throw my Luna aura over the car and demand that they stop but it doesn’t work.

“We are rogues, Sweetheart,” the rogue beside me laughs. “We aren’t commanded by anyone. Now turn around.”

Fearing for the life of my unborn child, I do as I am told. I turn toward the window of the SUV that I am riding in. It is still dark outside and we are traveling quickly. Pine trees line the bumpy road that we are traveling on, but there is nothing to tell me where we are or how long I was out.

The rogue pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and ties it tightly around my eyes. I gag at the smell of the fabric.

“I am going to puke,” I warn them all but I don’t feel the SUV coming to a stop. “If you don’t pull over right now I am going to puke,” I say louder this time.

My forehead begins to sweat and my mouth starts to water. Heat overcomes my body and I know that I only have a few moments before I empty the contents of my stomach all over the SUV.

“Please,” I choke on the bile that is rising in my throat.

“I don’t think she is joking,” the rogue beside me says. “She is looking a little green.”

“Choke it down,” Alice says coldly. “We aren’t stopping until we get there.”

Unable to hold it down any longer, I spread my legs and vomit on the floor of the SUV. The smell of the handkerchief that is wrapped around my head doesn’t help the situation and the vomit just keeps coming up.

“You’ve got to stop the car,” the rogue beside me chokes on his words. “I can’t handle vomit.”

“Stop the f\*\*\*\*\*g car,” Alice screams and the tires come screeching to a halt on the road and I am flung forward in my seat.

I hear doors opening and slamming shut around me. Someone grabs a hold of my arm and yanks me out of the SUV. I cannot find my footing fast enough and I fall to my knees on the ground. Gravel digs into my skin and I cry out as pain travels from my knees up to my hips. I am pulled to my feet and thrust into the arms of someone else.

I can feel the warmth of blood running down my lower legs as I try to keep myself on my feet. I am still gagging on the vomit that continues to rise in my throat. Every time I try to bend over to empty my stomach I am pulled back into a standing position and I puke down the front of my dress.

The sound of footsteps crunching on the gravel catches my attention. Whoever it is, is moving closer to me. Sharp fingernails scrape across my skin and the handkerchief is pulled from my face. Alice is standing in front of me with an annoyed look on her face.

“You stupid b\*\*\*h,” she hisses at me.

Rearing back her hand she slaps me across the face. My head snaps to the side with the force of her hit and I know that she has left a mark. Blood trickles from the corner of my mouth and spit it out in Alice’s direction.

“You are lucky that you are pregnant,” Alice growls. “If you didn’t have what I need you would be dead by now.”

“You will never get my baby,” I snarl back at Alice. “My mates will come for me.”

“My sons will never find you,” Alice laughs. “We are so far gone from the East and North Packs that only your bones will be left by the time they find you.”

“Why can’t you just leave us alone to be happy.” Tears begin to stream down my face.

“You are truly a stupid girl,” Alice continues to laugh at me. “Turns out you weren’t as useless as I thought that you were. You were truly the key to tying the packs together. I can admit that now, but once your son is born, you will no longer be needed.”

“You were given a prophecy about my child,” I gasp quietly.

“I was given much more than that,” Alice laughs.

The floor mats of the SUV are chucked onto the side of the road, and I am shoved back into the SUV. They do not bother to cover my eyes this time, but I am too fearful to pay attention to where we are going. Leaning my head against the cool glass of the window I watch as the trees whiz by us.

I close my eyes and call out to my mates through the mate bond. ‘Please help me.’ Patiently I wait for a response but there is none. I must be too far away from them. I squeeze my eyes shut and tears stream down my cheeks.

‘Our mates will come for us,’ Envy tries finally awakens in my head.

‘And what if they don’t,’ I ask her in return.

‘Then we will have to find a way to save our babies alone,’ she responds as she curls up in my mind.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 119

Bryce’s POV

I take the turn into the driveway of the East Pack pack house as fast as the car can take it and the wheels skid to a stop in front. I slam the car into park and storm toward the pack house angrily. Before I reach the door, Alpha Jet comes racing out of the pack house with a concerned look on his face. He looks from me to his now battered car that is sitting in the driveway and I can see the anger building within him.

“What the f\*\*k did you do to my car?” He gestures to the car.

I look back at the car in the driveway and realize that it is a little worse for wear. I must have hit the potholes a little hard on the back road to the oracle's cabin. "Who gives a f\*\*k about your car?" I snarl at him. "Where the f\*\*k is my mate?"

Alpha Jet looks taken aback when I question him about my mate. "I... I... I don't know what you are talking about," he stammers.

I can tell by the look in his eyes that he is lying to me. "It would be a shame for you to die without an heir to your title," I growl at the old man.

Beads of sweat begin to form on Alpha Jet's forehead as we stare each other down. He and I both know that he doesn't stand a chance against me in a battle. He is overweight and his health is failing.

"Let's try this one more time," I growl so loudly that the windows of the pack house begin to rattle. "Where is my mate?"

"You don't understand," he raises his hands in defeat. "Your mother has amassed an army of rogues. All of which are willing to do her bidding."

Grabbing Alpha Jet by the collar of his shirt I slam his body up against the door frame of the pack house. "Start at the beginning," I command him and he bares his neck to me in submission.

Luna Malinda runs out of the pack house and screeches at the top of her lungs when she sees that I have her mate pressed up against the wall.

"What are you doing?" She says as she tries to pry my hand off of her mate's neck.

With a single finger, I push her backward with a poke to her forehead. Luna Malinda stumbles back dramatically before she falls to the ground.

"What do you know about this?" I snarl in her direction.

Luna Malinda shakes her head and tears begin to coat her cheeks. "I don't know what you are talking about," she cries out.

"She is innocent," Alpha Jet chokes out. "She knows nothing."

"Then why don't we enlighten her," I say as I direct Alpha Jet into his pack house.

"Please," Alpha Jet begs of me. "Don't tell her the truth."

"Oh," I laugh. "I won't be telling her the truth. You will."



Alpha Jet hangs his head in shame as he walks over to his mate and offers his hand to help her off of the ground. Luna Malinda lays her hand on his and he helps her gently to her feet. There is concern and confusion written all over her face as she looks at the man that was supposedly her fated mate according to the oracle.

“What is he talking about?” She asks timidly. “The truth about what?”

Alpha Jet looks back at me with pleading eyes but I ignore his pain. “We can talk about the fake prophecies and the money that you made off of them later,” I say with a smirk on my face. “First you need to tell me where I can find my mate.”

Luna Malinda gasps loudly and rips her hand out of Alpha Jet’s. She storms into the pack house and Alpha Jet chases after her.

“Malinda, My Love,” he calls after her. “It is not what you think. I made you a Luna.”

I grab Alpha Jet by the arm and refuse to let him chase after his mate any longer. “As I said, we can talk about all of this later. Right now I need to know where my pregnant mate is.”

Alpha Jet leads me through the main living area of the pack house and into his private office. He glances around the hallways to make sure that no one is around before he shuts the door behind him. He gestures for me to take a seat across from him but I would rather stand.

Letting out a frustrated sigh, Alpha Jet sits down at his desk and hides his head in his hands. “How much did she tell you?” He asks and I can only assume that he is speaking about the oracle.

“Enough for me to know that this whole pack is a fraud,” I growl. “Now, again, where is my mate?”

“I don’t know,” Alpha Jet says remorsefully. “If I would have known that she was pregnant I would have never agreed to her plan.”

“And what plan is that?” I demand to know.

“You have to know that we are desperate,” Alpha Jet begins. “You three triplets are the only male heirs in all of the United States, now that you killed the heir from the West Pack. Your mother was just trying to do what was best for all of the packs.”

“Stop beating around the bush,” I glower at him. “Get on with it.”

“It is complicated,” Alpha Jet.

“Then explain it to me as if I am a child,” I hiss at him.

Alpha Jet swallows hard and keeps talking. “The plan was to split you three up, so you could each rule one of the packs. That is why you were promised to the highest-ranking female heirs of each pack but the West Pack. When you all found your fated mates, the South Pack threatened to declare war. They claimed that a treaty was broken when you denied their daughter. Luna Alice managed to placate them by telling them that she would take care of your mate. She is just trying to make things right between the packs.”

My head is reeling with this information. What the oracle told my mother was a half-truth. Erica is not the reason that the packs will be at war. Our mother is the one that caused these issues by promising us to other she-wolves.

“You told the oracle what to tell my mother, didn’t you?” I ask.

Alpha Jet nods and I get to my feet. As I place my hand on the doorknob to leave his office Alpha Jet clears his throat awkwardly. “What of Hela?” He asks.

“Who is Hela?” I retort.

“The oracle,” he says with a sad look on his face. “Is she still alive?”

I growl angrily at Alpha Jet. “No.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 120

Ace’s POV

The flight to the East Pack is taking too long. I can’t seem to sit still and continue to fidget in my seat. Chris, on the other hand, is pacing the aisle of the plane. The flight attendant asked him to sit down several times and he only growls at her in return. The last time he growled it shook the windows and the plane plummeted several hundred feet. Now the attendant refuses to approach him.

“Excuse me, Alpha,” she comes to me hesitantly. “We will be landing in the next ten minutes.”

“Okay,” I respond, not really paying attention to her.

“Alpha,” she interrupts my thoughts again. “I need Alpha Chris to take his seat.”

I finally look up at the flight attendant and she is pleading at me with her eyes. I know that she doesn’t want to approach him again and I can’t say that I blame her.

“Fine,” I say getting up from my seat. I make my way into the aisle while gripping the backs of the seats. I hate flying and I hate standing on flights even more.

Chris tries to push past me but I stand my ground. “Move,” he growls in my direction.

“You’ve got to sit down. You are driving everyone crazy. Plus, they can’t land with you pacing up and down like a madman,” I try to reason with him.

The look in his eyes is manic. I have never seen him look so crazed before but he takes a seat in the empty seat beside him and buckles his seat belt. I let out a sigh of relief but I cannot ignore the look in his eyes. Taking the seat beside him, I decide to try and reason with him.

“What are you planning?” I ask him.

“Firstly, Alpha Jet has to die,” he says coldly.

“We can’t just go in there and start killing people,” I say, trying to be the voice of reason.

“Why not,” Chris says with a shrug of his shoulders. “He knowingly put our Luna in danger. That is an act of war among our kind.”

“Maybe this is what the oracle meant when she told our mother that our mate would usher in a war between the four packs. Maybe this is just the beginning of something bigger,” I think out loud.

“Are you saying that Mother will be the one that causes the war between the packs?” Chris asks thoughtfully.

The plane begins its descent and I grind my teeth and grip the armrests of my seat. “She was the one that visited the oracle after all,” I say through gritted teeth. “Maybe she got confused and assumed the prophecy was about us and not her.”

The plane bounces roughly as it lands on the runway and my claws dig into the cushion of my seat. Chris looks over at me and shakes his head as he watches me have a mini panic attack as the plane slows to a stop.

The plane door opens and I finally feel like I can breathe again. Once I have my mate we will be driving back to the North Pack. Grabbing my bag from the overhead compartment, I race off of the plane as fast as I possibly can.

As I walk down the stairs, I can see Bryce waiting for us with an ashamed look on his face. I know that he blames himself for what happened but we couldn’t have known what was going to happen. As far as we were all concerned, Alpha Jet of the East Pack was an unwritten ally. But after what happened we don’t know who we can trust. Who knows how far our mother’s reach is, and how many people she controls?

Bryce is shuffling his feet where he stands as we approach him. I move in to give Bryce a hug when Chris pushes me out of the way. Before I can stop him, Chris rears back his hand and punches Bryce across the face.

Bryce takes the punch but doesn't attack back. It is as if he knows that this is his punishment for losing our mate.

"You were supposed to be f\*\*\*\*\*g watching her," Chris growls as he rears his hand back to punch Bryce again.

This time I step in between them but not in time to stop Chris's punch. His fist smashes into my cheek but I also don't fight back. Bryce and I both know that Chris can be a hothead at times.

"Are you done?" I ask Chris as I rub my cheek.

Chris peers around me but doesn't say a word, he only glares at Bryce.

Finally, Bryce decides to speak up for himself. "How was I supposed to know that it was a setup?" He asks angrily. "What would you all have done differently?"

"I wouldn't have left her alone, to begin with," Chris snarls at our brother.

"It was the only way to speak to the oracle," Bryce tries to defend himself. "She wouldn't see us at the same time."

"Did you at least get a vision out of it," I ask Bryce. "We need as much information as we can get about what our mother is up to."

"About that," Bryce scratches the back of his head awkwardly. "The oracle has been giving out false prophecies for years now, but she assured me that the prophecy that she gave to Erica was a real one."

"So, you left our mate alone and she got kidnapped for nothing?" Chris begins pacing back and forth again.

"I wouldn't say that I got no information," Bryce says as he crosses his arms over his chest. "I found out that the oracle gave our mother a similar prophecy that she gave to Erica."

"And exactly what is that prophecy?" Chris pauses in front of Bryce and snarls in his face.

Once again Bryce shifts awkwardly from where he stands. "I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?!" Chris and I scream at the same time.

Bryce takes a step back away from the both of us. “The oracle said that once she spoke the words of a prophecy that could not be respoken.”

“Then I say that we go and visit the oracle,” Chris says as he cracks his knuckles.

“That isn’t possible,” Bryce hangs his head in shame.

“What did you do?” I groan.

“She is dead,” Bryce whispers. “It was the only way for me to leave her cabin. I had to kill her to break the magic that was holding me inside.”

Chris and I both groan outwardly and smack our hands to our foreheads. Once again, before I can stop him. Chris has tackled Bryce and is pummeling him on the ground. He lands punch after punch on Bryce’s face. I wait for Bryce to finally fight back but he doesn’t.

At this point, I am beyond frustrated with them both. Grabbing Chris by the shoulders, I fling him off Bryce and stand in between them.

“All of this f\*\*\*\*\*g fighting isn’t going to help us find our mate,” I yell at them both. “Now let’s go talk to Alpha Jet and see what he knows.”