

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

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Bryce's POV

I took as many of them down as I possibly could but they continued to lunge at her. One right after another. Ripping pieces of her flesh from her body before she could heal. She did not stop fighting until the last rogue fled from the cabin grounds. Only then did she realize that she could rest. Her body fell limply to the ground and she shifted painfully back into her human form.

I lift my nose into the air and inhale deeply. I can still smell the scent of my brother in the air, along with the strange scent from earlier. I kneel down beside Evelynn and swipe the hair from her eyes.

"Just hold on," I beg of her. "Erica will never forgive me for putting you in danger."

The crunching of leaves and twigs catches my attention and my eyes flicker towards the sound. Much to my relief, it is just my brother stepping out of the trees with a bundle of blankets in his arms.

He walks quickly to Evelynn's side and bends down to show her the baby that is wrapped in his arms. They exchange a small set of words with one another but I do not even know what they are saying. My eyes are focused on the screaming bundle that is in Ace's arms. He looks just like my brothers and me but he has a full head of golden blonde hair just like his mother. He shares our blue eyes, though they are not as bright as those of his twin sister.

I finally pull my eyes away from the baby wrapped in Ace's arms and look down at Evelynn, just in time to see her take her final breath. I look up at Ace and he has tears falling from his eyes.

"We can't leave her here," I say to Ace and he nods to me in agreement.

"She deserves a proper burial," Ace says as he adjusts our son in his arms.

With great care, I pick up Evelynn's limp body and carefully place her in the back seat of the car. Turning around, I look at the bodies of dead rogues that litter the ground around the cabin. Guilt rises like bile in the back of my throat. I did all that I could to save her. There were too many rogues.

Ace climbs in the driver's side of the car and hands me our son. Holding our little boy close to my chest so he doesn't move around too much while Ace takes the winding back roads at full speed.

“Why are you in such a hurry?” I ask while I bounce our son up and down in my arms.

“We need a blood test,” Ace says through gritted teeth.

“A blood test? For what?” I look down at the boy in my arms. There is no denying that he is our son.

“It is just a feeling that I have,” Ace gives me a weird glance out of the corner of his eye.

Shock washes over me. “You don’t think that she switched the babies do you?”

“I wouldn’t put it past her,” Ace growls. “This feels too easy.”

“Easy?” I scoff so loudly that the little baby in my arms begins to cry. “You call that easy? If had been easy then Evelynnn would still be alive.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Ace says as he runs his hand down his face. “I just meant that whoever that woman was handed over the baby didn’t put up much of a fight.”

“Would you have let her live if she didn’t?” I roll my eyes at him. “She was probably scared for her life.”

“We are still getting a blood test,” Ace growls. “I need to be sure.”

We pull into the hospital parking lot and Ace pulls right up to the front door.

“I don’t think we can park here,” I say with a smirk on my face.

Ace looks at me like I have lost my mind. “We are the Alphas of this f*****g pack,” Ace snarls. “I can park wherever I want. Now hand me the baby.”

I look between Ace and the baby in my arms and hold the baby out of reach. There is no way that I am handing a baby over to Ace when he is in such a bad mood.

“I can take care of the baby,” I say quietly.

Ignoring Ace’s grumbles, I get out of the car with the bundle held tightly in my arms. I make my way into the hospital with Ace following quickly on my heels. As I make my way to the front desk, I pause for a moment. How do we know that we can trust this hospital?

Ace climbs in the driver’s side of the car and hands me our son. Holding our little boy close to my chest so he doesn’t move around too much while Ace takes the winding back roads at full speed.

Ace bumps into my back and I stumble forward several steps. “What the hell?” I growl as I cradle my son’s head in my hand.

Ace gestures for me to move toward the front desk but I shake my head back and forth.

“What is your problem?” Ace pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration.

I stand next to my brother and grit my teeth. Several people are looking at us curiously and I know that they are wondering what is going on.

“What if we can’t trust them,” I whisper to Ace.

Ace looks at me with his eyebrows furrowed together and then it looks like a light goes off in his head. I nod my head toward the door of the hospital, trying to indicate that we need to leave. As if on cue, the baby in my arms starts screaming loudly.

The nurse from behind the front desk rushes to my side and tries to look at my son but I hold him out of her view. “Alphas,” she says with a slight nod of her head. “Please let me help you.” She holds out her arms for my son but I take a step away from her.

“This child does not leave my sight,” I say through gritted teeth.

Ace steps between myself and the nurse. “We need a paternity test,” he says to her in a low whisper. “And we need to be discrete.”

The nurse looks at me with a blank expression before she motions for us to follow her. We follow the nurse through the winding hallways of the hospital until we find ourselves in a back room laboratory. She waves her hand for us to come inside the room and closes the door behind her.

Before she has a chance to speak, Ace slams her against the wall and pins her down with his arm. “Look,” he says in a threatening tone. “We are choosing to trust you. If you betray us we will kill you. Do you understand?”

The nurse nods her head quickly up and down. “You can trust me,” she whispers with fear in her eyes. “I swear it.”

Ace releases her from the wall and glowers in her direction. “Run the test.”

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Erica’s POV

“A DNA test?” I screech through the phone. “Why on earth would you need a paternity test?”

“I just need to be sure,” Ace says.

“Sure of what?” I scoff. “Do you think that I was unfaithful?”

“Of course, not,” Ace bellows through the phone. “I need to know that my mother didn’t switch the babies.”

“Babies?” I ponder what he has just said. “Are you saying that you are questioning whether Raven is ours or not as well?”

“I am saying that it is not beyond the realm of possibility. As much as I want to see myself in Raven, as much as I want to see you in Raven... I don’t,” Ace’s voice trails off.

“How can you say such a thing?” I gasp. “I watched them pull Raven from my body and lay her on the ground beside the tub. I know for a fact that she is mine.”

“Please, Little Fox,” Ace begs through the phone. “It would put my mind at ease. It is a simple test and Raven will not be harmed.”

“And what if neither of these children is ours?” I pose the question. “What do we do then? I have already grown attached to her.”

Ace sighs heavily. “Then we will raise her as our own but we will not stop looking for our children.”

“What of the boy child?” I ask hesitantly. “Does he not resemble you?”

Suddenly there is a scuffling noise on the other end of the phone. I can hear Bryce demanding to speak to me and I know that they must be fighting for the phone. The thought puts a smile on my face. Eventually, the muffled sound on the other end of the phone ends and I hear Bryce’s voice on the other end of the phone.

His voice is breathless as he begins to speak. It must have been quite the fight for the phone. “He looks just like us, Erica,” Bryce says with an edge to his voice. I can tell that he doesn’t fully agree with Ace.

A smile spreads across my face as I think about a miniature version of the triplets running around, with a head of golden curls. I just know that they have found the right child.

“I would like to speak to my mother,” I say. I know that she will have some insight into this whole matter that we haven’t thought of yet.

The other end of the phone suddenly goes silent. Something is wrong. Something that they are keeping from me. I wait in silence for Bryce or Ace to say something but neither one do.

“What happened?” I choke on the words as they come out of my mouth. “Where is my mother?”

“There was an attack at the cabin,” Bryce says quietly. “I did all that I could but there were just too many of them.”

“I don’t understand,” I whisper through the phone.

Ace’s voice comes across the line. “Mother had a small army of rogues waiting for us at the cabin.” He chooses his words slowly and deliberately. “They were ordered to attack your mother only.”

I swallow the lump that is forming in the back of my throat and fight back the tears that are threatening to fall. I know exactly what the brothers are trying to say to me. My mother is gone.

“Erica,” Ace’s voice comes over the phone. “Erica, are you there?”

I nod my head even though I know that Ace cannot see me. I am lost in thought as I think about my mother and how I never got to say goodbye.

“Your mother wanted to help us find our son,” Ace breaks through the silence again. “She fought amazingly.”

I stay quiet. I cannot think of the right words to say. My mother put her life in danger to try and save my son and now she is gone. Despair fills the room around me. I had just gotten my mother back from being banished and now she is gone again.

Chris must have felt my sorrow through the mate bond because he immediately storms into the bedroom. He scans the room for any sort of danger but when he doesn’t find any his eyes land on me. Carefully he takes the phone from my hands and hangs up the call.

“What happened?” He asks, but I have a feeling that he already knows the answer.

“My mother...” I begin but my voice gets caught in my throat. Soft sobs begin to take over my body as I think about my mother.

Chris gathers me into his arms and holds me while I cry. He doesn’t say anything more or ask questions. He simply holds me while I cry. My phone rings over and over again, but I push it away from me and refuse to answer it.

After what feels like hours. I am left a sniveling mess. My eyes are puffy and red and my throat is hoarse from crying.

Once Chris is sure that I am done crying he wipes the dried tears from my cheeks and gives me a sympathetic look. “What do you want to do?”

I close my eyes and take in a deep breath. Sitting around and crying isn't going to solve any problems. "We need to contact my father at the West Pack and we need to make arrangements for my mother's funeral."

Chris shifts awkwardly on the couch. "I am sure your father already knows," he mumbles. "He would have been able to feel her die."

Of course, he would already know. How could I be so stupid? Quickly I grab my phone and dial my father's number.

"Hello?" My father's voice sounds hoarse and a bit slurred.

"Dad," I say as tears begin to fill my eyes once again.

"How did she go?" My father asks.

"Bravely," I sob. "She died trying to protect my son."

A loud sigh comes through the phone and I know that my father is trying to choke back tears. "She wouldn't have had it any other way," he finally says.

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Erica's POV

It has been a week since I walked Raven into the hospital of the East Pack and hunted down the one nurse that I trusted. When I asked her for a DNA test she gave me a look of pity. Surely she thought that the triplets were denying that they were the father of this child that looks nothing like them.

"Since the triplets are identical, we won't know which one of them is the father," she tried to explain to me delicately.

"I understand that," I grunted out in frustration. "I just need to know that she belongs to us."

After that, the nurse didn't ask any more questions. She swabbed the inside of Raven's cheek and then the inside of Chris's and mine without looking any of us in the eyes.

"The results should be back within a few days," the nurse said.

Chris and I nodded silently before we left the hospital and prayed that we could trust the nurse.

I pace the floor of the guest bedroom in the East Pack pack house. The results should have been back by now. Everything is coming to a head. There is so much that I have to do. My mother's memorial service is to be held in the West Pack in just a few days' time and the triplets are still insisting that I don't go. They are stating that if we get confirmation that the twins are ours, their mother may be waiting for us.

I cannot deny that might be right. My mother's memorial service would be the perfect place for an ambush. It would be dangerous for me to attend but I cannot imagine not going. My mother had been there for every important moment of my life. It would be a dishonor to her memory if I didn't show up.

I have been trying to remain in contact with my father but he is drunk more often than not when I call. The loss of my mother is taking its toll on him. I had initially asked him if he wanted to help plan her memorial but it soon became clear that he can't remain sober long enough to help plan anything.

Flopping down in the chair behind the desk in the corner of the room. I sift through the papers that were sent up from the West Pack. Since my father is now indisposed, I have been trying to take over some of the Alpha duties of the pack. Sighing heavily, I lay my head on the cool wood of the desk. I wasn't at all prepared for this.

The wood begins to vibrate on the desk and it pulls me out of my thoughts. Without checking the caller ID I press the send button on the phone and hold it lazily up to my ear.

"Hello?" I moan through the receiver.

"Luna Erica, it is Nurse Anabelle," she says quietly into the phone. "I have the results of the DNA test."

I perk up at the sound of her voice and almost fall over in the chair that I am sitting on. "What are the results?" I ask urgently.

Anabelle pauses and I wait impatiently for her to tell me. "I think it would be best if we meet in person."

My heart sinks in my chest. I have a bad feeling about this. "If she isn't mine, just tell me," I hiss through the phone.

"It's not that she isn't yours," Anabelle says nervously. "It is just that some things are probably better off said in person. It is hard to tell who is listening."

"But she is mine?" I breathe out a sigh of relief.

"She belongs to the triplets... But there is something that I need to discuss with you." Anabelle's voice is shaking and I know that whatever she must have to tell me is important.

“Okay,” I say trying to use a soothing voice. “When is the soonest that you can meet?”

“Today after my shift is over,” Anabelle whispers. “I will meet you at the pack house.”

Before I have a chance to respond Anabelle hangs up the phone and I am met with silence. As soon as I lay the phone back down on my desk, Chris bursts into the room with his phone in his hand. There is a giant smile on his face.

“Why didn’t you answer your phone?” He asks as he runs up to me and scoops me into his arms.

Playfully I slap Chris on the shoulder. “Put me down,” I squeal.

Chris tosses me gently on the bed and I land with a little bounce. He places a bunch of kisses all over my face making his way down my neck before sucking on my mark. A soft moan leaves my lips. It has been such a long time since any of the triplets have touched me in such a way. Chris and I have been refusing to let Raven out of our sight. Having our baby with us constantly has kind of put a damper on the mood.

“Why are you in such a good mood?” I ask in a breathy voice.

Chris lifts himself off of me and his eyes light up like a boy Christmas morning. “I got so wrapped up, I almost forgot to tell you the good news. The baby boy that Ace and Bryce found is ours.”

Using all of my strength, I push Chris off of me and he flies off the edge of the bed and hits the floor with a thud.

“Where is he?” I ask as I scramble off of the bed. “I need to see my son.”

“Bryce is on his way here with him,” Chris says with a toothy grin spread across his lips.

My joy immediately turns to sadness. “Just Bryce?” I am growing tired of not having all of my mates together at once.

Picking himself up off the floor, Chris holds his arms out for me. “I am so sorry, Little Fox. I know you want us all together. But we cannot continue to neglect our duties as Alphas. As of right now, there are three packs that are in need of an Alpha and there are three of us.”

“What are you trying to say?” I stomp my foot in protest. “That I am to spend the rest of our lives together bouncing from pack to pack just so I can be with my mates?”

“It won’t be forever,” Chris tries to explain to me. “Only until we find suitable leaders for both the East and West Pack. Then we can all return to the North Pack together.”

Both pain and joy fill my heart at the same time. I didn't think that it was possible to feel those two emotions at the same time. Pain for the loss of having my mates all together at the same time but joy for the fact that my son is finally on his way back to me.

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Erica's POV

Waiting for Nurse Anabelle to show up at the pack house was torture. Chris doesn't understand my worry. Anabelle confirmed that Raven is our child. Chris thinks we should be rejoicing. But I have a feeling in my gut that I can't shake. Something is wrong.

As the hours tick by the more my nerves grow out of control. Raven doesn't even want to be in my arms. It is as if my emotions are suffocating everyone that I come into contact with. Amber has long since left the pack house and her father made some excuse about needing to check on the warriors. I can see the sweat forming on Chris's brow and I know that he is dying to get away from me as well. Though he would never admit it.

"Would you please sit down and take a few breaths," Chris finally begs me. "You are making it hard to stay in the same room with you."

I stop pacing the floor and glare in Chris's direction. "What if there is something wrong with her?" I say looking at Raven with tears in my eyes.

Chris looks down at the baby in his arms and lets out a thoughtful sigh. "How could you think that there is something wrong with her? She is perfect."

I look at Raven and I know that Chris is right. There is no way that there is something with Raven. She is the perfect baby. She rarely cries and seems to emit happiness into everyone that comes into contact with her. If I didn't know better I would guess that she was the child of light that the oracle spoke of. But that would be impossible. The child of light is meant to rule the four packs as one. A female has never run a pack, much less four at once.

The doorbell rings and it breaks me out of my thoughts. I take several deep breaths and try to keep my emotions under control. The last thing that I want to do is to stress Anabelle out when she has important information to give me.

Chris dashes past me and opens the front door. Nurse Anabelle is standing on the other side with a stack of papers in her hands. She plasters a fake smile on her face as she walks into the living room. But she isn't fooling me. I know what she has to say is serious.

“Alpha, Luna,” she says with a slight nod of her head. “I brought over all of the DNA results that you asked for.”

‘She is stalling,’ I say through the mind link to Chris and he nods his head.

“What was so important that it couldn’t be told to me over the phone?” I finally break the silence in the room.

“Right,” Anabelle says nervously. She glances over her shoulder and looks around the room. “Are we alone?” She asks cryptically.

“We are,” Chris says as he hands Raven to me. I know that he is preparing to attack her if necessary. There is something off about the way that she is acting.

Raven coos gently while she snuggles into my arms and it relieves some of the tension that is building in the air around us. Anabelle watches us carefully but doesn’t say anything.

“Well,” Chris snaps at Anabelle causing her to jump where she stands.

Anabelle invites herself into the living room and sits down on the couch. She shuffles through the papers in her hands and pulls out two different sheets. “This is Raven’s DNA matched with Chris’s. It shows that there is a 99.9% chance that he is her father.”

“Okay,” I say drawing out the ‘O.’ “I thought that we already established that she belongs to us.”

“No,” Anabelle says as she pulls out the second sheet of paper. “I said that she belonged to the triplets. I never said that she belonged to you.”

My eyebrows furrow together in confusion. “I don’t understand what you are saying.”

Anabelle hands me the other sheet and I look at the series of lines and percentages. The paper only confuses me further.

“Does this say that there is a 0% chance that I am Raven’s mother?” I whisper aloud to myself.

Chris rips the paper from my hands and looks over the same numbers as I did. He shakes his head in confusion. “This can’t be possible.” He looks up from the paper at Anabelle. “How is this possible?”

“I watched them pull her from my body,” I cry. “I know she is mine. She came from me.”

“You may have been the one to carry the pregnancy but you are not her biological mother,” Nurse Anabelle tries to explain. “It is as if you were a surrogate.”

I look down at the baby that is nestled in my arms. I see so much of myself in her or at least I thought I did. The slope of her nose matches mine, the way her eyes slant slightly down when they are wide open, even the way the blush creeps across her cheeks when she is crying. All of those things reminded me of me.

“Run the test again,” Chris says as he tosses the paper in Anabelle’s direction.

Anabelle holds out the stack of paper for Chris to look at. “I ran it over and over again but that isn’t the only weird thing that I came across.”

“There is more?” I groan.

Anabelle holds up the piece of paper with all the lines on it. “Each one of these lines is a different genetic marker. I have never seen so many markers show up on a single test before.”

“Does that mean that there is something wrong with her?” I lay Raven down on the couch and unwrap her from her blanket. I inspect every inch of her little body. I count her fingers and toes and run my hand over the top of her perfectly round head. She looks perfect.

“I don’t think it means that anything is wrong with her,” Anabelle says shyly. “I think it means that she will be special.”

“One child of light and one of dark,” I mumble under my breath as I look at Chris. “She is the child of light.”

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Erica’s POV

Nurse Anabelle looks between Chris and me with a confused look on her face. “What does the child of light mean?” She asks innocently.

“It is not anything you need to repeat,” Chris snaps at her.

He pulls a lighter out of his pocket and lights the papers in hand on fire before tossing them into the fireplace. I know exactly what he is doing. He is destroying the evidence that Raven isn’t my child.

“How many people know about this test?” He asks Anabelle.

Anabelle shrinks down on the couch and refuses to meet his gaze.

“I asked you a question,” Chris snarls at her.

I watch as Anabelle swallows hard before her eyes flutter up to meet Chris’s. “I didn’t tell anyone else about it,” she stutters in fear. “I swear it. Please don’t kill me because I know the truth. I have a family.”

Chris laughs loudly. “If you keep this secret then I won’t have any reason to kill you. Make sure all of the evidence and samples at the hospital are destroyed.”

Anabelle nods her head furiously up and down. “I will head there right now and make sure that everything is wiped.”

Getting up from the seat beside me, Anabelle collects the papers that haven’t been burned and tosses them into the fireplace as well. Without another word, she heads toward the door. I watch her walk away and I am unsure if she can be trusted. If anyone finds out that Raven is possibly a descendent of the Moon Goddess people will never stop trying to take her from me. I am certain that the Moon Goddess gave her to me for a reason.

“Anabelle,” I call out to her just as she reaches the door.

Anabelle turns and glances over her shoulder with a worried look on her face. “Yes, Luna,” she forces the words to come out of her mouth.

“You said you have a family? Do you have a child?” I ask her.

“I do,” Anabelle says as she turns around to look at me properly.

“Imagine if someone took your child from you. This is what that secret means to myself and the Alphas. It is the difference between me keeping my child and her being hunted for the rest of her life. This is the importance of you keeping this secret.” I explain to her.

“You have my word that your secret is safe with me,” Anabelle says with a slight smile on her lips.

“Thank you,” I whisper.

Anabelle turns and leaves without another word and I let out a small sigh of relief. Even though Raven is not genetically mine, I still love her as if she was. I carried her within my body for six months. I watched my stomach grow as she and her brother wiggled and kicked within me. I run my fingers over Raven’s forehead and silently tell her that I will always be her mother. No matter what.

“What are you thinking?” Chris asks me.

I raise my head and find him watching me intently. “I am just thinking about how it doesn’t matter if she is mine or not. I will love her as if she is.”

Chris opens his mouth to speak but before he can the front door of the pack house opens and Bryce comes bustling in. He has a baby car seat carrier in one arm and a diaper bag thrown over the other. His hair is sticking straight up. It looks as if he has been running his hands through it all day. He looks utterly exhausted.

“It’s okay,” he yells loudly. “I will just carry all of this by myself. I have only been on a six-hour flight with a screaming baby the whole way.”

Chris rushes over to help him but I am frozen to the spot where I am sitting. I look at the baby in the car seat carrier and my heart jumps into my throat. He is the spitting image of the triplets, except with golden blonde curls. But a question is still nagging in the back of my mind. Is he not mine either?

I look down at Raven in my arms and back at the baby that Chris is now carrying toward me. They could not look more different.

Bryce rushes forward and holds out his hands, impatiently wiggling his fingers, waiting for me to put Raven in his arms. “I haven’t seen my girls in over a week,” he says with a giant smile on his face. “Let me hold Raven. I have missed her.”

Rolling my eyes at him, I gently place Raven in his arms. Bryce holds her close to his face and places a lot of little kisses all over her face. Seeing the two of them together puts a smile on my face. “I missed you too,” I say sarcastically.

Bryce stops kissing Raven, leans down, and gives me a chaste kiss. “I missed you too, Little Fox.” He winks and wags his eyebrows at me.

Chris approaches me with our baby boy and my anxiety fills the air. He holds the little boy out for me to hold and I shake my head ‘no.’

“What is wrong?” Bryce asks, clearly confused. “I thought you would be excited to see him.”

I ignore Bryce and look at Chris. “What if he isn’t mine either?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Bryce laughs. “If he is ours then he must be yours too.”

Chris and I don’t share in Bryce’s laughter and my emotions become thicker in the air. The closer Chris comes to me with our son the more unsure I am about everything. What if he also belongs to the Moon Goddess?

Slowly Chris sits down beside me and just holds our son in his arms. He coos gently in Chris’s arms as he looks in my direction. Tears fill my eyes as Chris gently lays him in my arms.

“Remember what you said about Raven,” Chris reminds me. “It doesn’t matter that she isn’t yours. You will love her just the same.”

I nod and sniffle as tears run down my face. “I want to have him tested as well,” I tell Chris. “I need to know the truth about them both.”

“Anything you want,” Chris says sweetly. “I will call Anabelle back to the pack house.”

Chris gets up to make the phone call and I hold my son to my chest and sob. Bryce stands in the middle of the floor and stares at me with a worried look on his face.

Finally, Bryce snaps out of his trance and looks back at Chris. “Does anyone want to explain what the f**k is going on?”

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Chris’s POV

Vomit rises in the back of my throat as I enter the dungeons. I look from cell to cell and gag again at the sight of the rotting corpses. If I had my way I would burn this whole place to the ground and never look back.

Chris’s POV

Vomit rises in the back of my throat as I enter the dungeons. I look from cell to cell and gag again at the sight of the rotting corpses. If I had my way I would burn this whole place to the ground and never look back.

“Which cell is he in?” I ask Bryce and Amber’s father, Hudson.

Hudson points to the cell in the far corner. “It is the only one that was empty,” he informs me as we make our way through the dungeon.

Pulling the keys to the cell out of his pocket, Bryce simply shrugs his shoulders. Before he opens the cell that belongs to Doctor Wilson, I need to know something.

“How long have these bodies been down here?” I turn and ask Hudson.

Even in the darkness of the dungeon, I can see a red blush across his cheeks. He is embarrassed at the treatment of the East Pack’s prisoners. As he should be.

“It is hard to say,” Hudson says. “Since before Alpha Jet left with the Luna.”

“Are any of these pack members or are they all rogues?” I ask even though Bryce is becoming impatient beside me.

“Rogues,” Hudson responds but it sounds more like a question than an answer.

Bryce is shuffling back and forth on his feet, anxious to get into the cell and get more information from Doctor Wilson. I chose to ignore Bryce’s small tantrum and keep my attention on Hudson.

“I need you to track down who these prisoners are. Their bodies have been down here long enough. Burn the rogues but if any are pack members allow their families the opportunity for a proper burial.” My voice is more commanding than I mean for it to be and Hudson is forced to bare his neck to me in submission.

“Yes, Alpha,” he says as he quickly removes himself from the dungeons.

I want to inhale and take a deep breath but the stench of the cells is keeping me from being able to breathe correctly.

“I breathe in and out of my mouth,” Bryce says with an amused look on his face. “It helps.”

I try Bryce’s tip but it still makes me gag. The smell is so wretched, I can taste it on the tip of my tongue. “Let’s just get this over with,” I grumble.

Pulling on the chain in the center of the room, a dim light flickers on and emits a small buzzing sound. Bryce stands in front of Doctor Wilson with his hands on his hips and a sneer on his lips.

“Well, well, well,” Bryce says in a smartass tone. “I am surprised that you have survived this long.”

Doctor Wilson tries to raise his head but it just rolls lazily to his side. “Just let me die,” he whispers.

Pulling up a chair, Bryce sits down in front of Doctor Wilson and pulls his head up so they are looking one another in the eyes.

“Now why would I do that,” Bryce laughs. “You still have information for me.”

“I have told you all that I know,” Doctor Wilson cries out. “Just let me die.”

Bryce lets go of the doctor’s head and it falls forward toward his chest. “Where is our mother?”

A weak growl emits from the doctor’s throat. “I already told you that I don’t know.”

Bryce clicks his tongue against his teeth and gets up from the chair. Slowly he walks over to the table in the corner of the room and picks up a rusty pair of bolt cutters. He flips them around in his hands and he waltzes back over to Doctor Wilson.

“You see,” Bryce finally says. “That is the wrong answer.” Snapping the bolt cutters open and shut several times Bryce looks over the doctor’s body. “You are running out of digits for me to cut off.”

I tear my attention away from Bryce and finally look at Doctor Wilson. My throat burns with bile as I look at him. This is the man that did every check-up when I was a child. He took care of me when I was sick. Now he is chained to a chair with silver cuffs. He has lost an enormous amount of weight and he looks frail.

Doctor Wilson tries to ball his hands into fists to protect what little fingers he has left but he is too weak to even make a fist. Bryce approaches him and snaps the bolt cutters down on the doctor’s pinky finger. The finger falls to the ground and blood slowly drips from the wound.

“For Goddess’s sake,” I say ripping the bolt cutters away from Bryce. “Is this how you have been trying to get information out of him.”

Bryce shrugs his shoulders. “Dad never taught us how to torture.”

“Get me a cup of water,” I groan at Bryce.

Bryce leaves the cell grumbling under his breath something about me ruining all of his fun. I shake my head in frustration before I take a seat in front of Doctor Wilson.

“I am not going to apologize for what my brother has done to you,” I say to Doctor Wilson. “You brought this on yourself.”

Bryce brings back a glass of water. I hold the cup up to the light and the water looks brown. Holding the cup to Doctor Wilson’s lips he tries to take a gulp of water. Eventually, he gives up and tries to lap the water out of the glass like a dog.

“Doctor Wilson,” I say begin. “We need to find our mother in order to keep the packs and my family safe.”

I hold the cup just out of reach of the doctor and wait for him to respond. He looks at the water greedily and licks his lips. “I don’t know where she is,” he says once again, not taking his eyes off the glass of water in my hands.

I tip the glass slightly and some of the water spills out on the ground. Doctor Wilson’s eyes grow wide as I let more and more of the water spill onto the floor. He licks his lips again and a whimper leaves his mouth.

“I don’t know where she is but I know who she is with,” the doctor says quickly.

Once again I hold the glass to his lips and this time I tilt it up slightly and help him take a huge gulp of water. “Who is she with?” I ask eagerly.

“If you were on the run where would you go?” Doctor Wilson says with a smirk on his face. “Who is the one person you would want to hide with?”

Anger fills my gut as I realize what the doctor is saying. I toss the glass up against the wall and it shatters loudly. Bryce jumps back slightly from my little outburst.

“Kill him,” I tell Bryce as I get up from the chair and leave the cell.

A large grin spreads across Bryce’s lips. “Gladly,” he says as he walks over to Doctor Wilson.

Doctor Wilson finds the strength to lift his head and he looks at me. “But I told you what you wanted to know,” he pleads for his life.

“And you could have told us weeks ago,” I say as I step out of the cell.

Without hesitation Bryce steps behind the doctor and I hear the snapping of the doctor’s neck echo through the dungeon. The sound of Bryce’s footsteps comes from behind me as he runs to catch up.

“Where is Mom?” He asks me stupidly.

“Who is the one person you would run to for help besides Ace and me?” I ask him.

“That’s easy,” Bryce chuckles. “Erica.”

“Where is Dad?” I growl.

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Bryce’s POV

I wipe the blood and grime from my hands onto my pants as I enter the pack house. Erica hasn’t spoken to us much since we all collectively agreed that it wouldn’t be safe for her to attend her mother’s memorial service. Knowing what we know about Raven it isn’t safe for us to leave the East Pack until we hunt down my parents.

As I walk into the pack house I see that Nurse Anabelle is leaving. I offer her a small wave as she passes by me. Anabelle pauses in front of me with a smile on her face. I can tell by the look on her face that she wants to tell me something but she merely stares at me instead.

“Is there something you needed?” I ask her curiously.

“Um...” Anabelle pauses and taps her chin with her finger. “I think the news would be better coming from the Luna.”

I don’t spare Anabelle another moment. Rushing past her I head toward the stairs, following the scent of lavender that I love so much. Bursting into the guest room that we are all sharing I see Erica sitting on the bed with several papers in her hands. Tears are rolling down her cheeks but I don’t feel any sorrow in the air around her. Only happiness.

“Hey,” I say awkwardly. “Is everything okay?”

Erica lifts her head and looks at me quickly wipes the tears from her cheeks. She doesn’t answer me, she only hands me the papers that are in her hands.

I look at the numbers, lines, and percentages on the papers. My eyebrows furrow in confusion, I have no idea what any of this means.

“What exactly am I looking at here?” I ask her, even though I feel stupid.

Erica swallows hard as she takes the papers from me. “These are the maternity tests between Kieran and me,” she says quietly.

I take the documents back from Erica and look them over again. “Is 99.9% good?” I raise an eyebrow in confusion.

“It means that he is mine,” Erica says with a bright smile on her face.

“So those were happy tears?” I will never understand why women cry when they are happy.

Erica gets up from the bed and wraps her arms around my neck. She pulls me in close and stands on her tiptoes. Her nose brushes against mine and I feel her breath hitch as the sparks from the mate bond connect us.

“Where are the twins?” I mumble.

“Chris took them downstairs while I was talking with Anabelle. Kieran wouldn’t stop crying,” she chuckles lightly.

Lifting up the hem of her shirt, I run my hand along the skin of her lower back. A breathless moan escapes her lips as my fingertips caress her skin. I can feel my c**k growing stiff in my pants and I want nothing more than to strip her clothes from her body and have my way with her. But none of us have tried anything with her since we found her in the cabin.

Her scent becomes thick in the air and I know that she wants me as much as I want her. I groan loudly and wrap my arm around her waist and pull her in close. Leaning down I capture her lips with my own. She eagerly opens her mouth and lets my tongue explore her mouth. She tastes like heaven and I don't want to stop kissing her.

Unwrapping her arms from around my neck, Erica places her hands gently on my chest and pushes me backward. I break away from the kiss and push my bottom lip out in a childish pout. Erica's face is blushed and her breaths are shallow.

"As much as I want to continue this," she whispers, "You smell like the dungeons."

Lifting my shirt to my nose, I inhale deeply and almost choke on the smell. "I will take a quick shower," I say quickly as I pull away from Erica and make my way into the bathroom.

As I go to shut the door, I turn around and see Erica twisting the bottom of her shirt in the doorway. Her eyes are glued to the ground as she begins to speak. "I thought that I could join you."

My eyes light up with excitement. I take a step toward her and reach for the hem of her shirt to pull it over her head. But Erica holds down the shirt not letting me take it off.

"I don't look the same," she says with a whisper.

I look her up and down. Sure she is a little curvier now that she has had the twins but she is still just as attractive to me as she was before.

"You look beautiful," I say as I pull off my own shirt.

Tossing my shirt into the hamper I pull Erica close to me. I tilt her chin up so her eyes meet my own. No words are expressed between us. The look that we share with one another is all that needs to be said. Reaching down, Erica pulls her t-shirt over her head and tosses it on the ground beside her.

Goddess, she looks beautiful. There are marks on her stomach from carrying our children but they only add to her beauty. Her breasts are spilling out of her bra and they look uncomfortable. Reaching around her back, I quickly unhook her bra and it falls to the ground.

Taking Erica by the hand I pull her into the bathroom and kick the door shut behind me. Quickly I kick off my pants and boxers and begin to fumble with the button on Erica's pants. I am so excited that I can't get my fingers to work correctly. I feel like a teenager that is about to lose my virginity.

Erica places her hand on my own and steadies my trembling fingers. Dropping to my knees, I pull down her jeans and panties. The smell of her arousal permeates the air and my c**k gets rock hard. Erica steps out of her pants and steps into the shower. She beckons me forward with a finger and I scramble to my feet as quickly as I can.

"Ace and Chris are going to be so jealous," I mutter as I turn on the hot water and step under the water.

Erica begins to run a rag over my body and I moan loudly. The longer that she touches me the more I find myself losing control. Spinning around in the shower I pin Erica against the wall of the shower. Grabbing her wrists I hold them above her head, making it hard for her to move.

"Bryce," my name is a whisper on her lips. "I need you."

"Say no more," I grunt as I take one of her full breasts in my hands. Bending down, I take her n****e in my mouth and bite down lightly.

Erica squirms under my touch and lets out a little squeal. I let my hands trail down her body, letting the tingles of the mate bond turn her on more. Slipping my hand between her legs I rub my fingers between her folds until I find the swollen bud at the tip of her apex.

Rubbing my finger in soft circles around her clit, Erica squirms under my touch.

"Tell me what you want, Little Fox," I breathe next to her ear.

"You," she whispers and I plunge one of my fingers inside of her core.

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Erica's POV

With my hands pinned above my head and Bryce's fingers stroking my core, I am putty in his hands. It has been so long since either of the triplets has touched me that I can already feel the familiar pressure beginning to build in my stomach. The tingles of the mate bond are spreading throughout my body like wildfire.

“Bryce,” I gasp as he nibbles and sucks on my mark.

Releasing my hands from above my head, he grasps one of my breasts in his hand and gently twists my n****e. Both pleasure and pain shoot through my body and an o****m washes over my body without warning in an instant. Bryce continues to pump his fingers in and out of my core while my body quivers and shakes from the aftermath of pleasure.

A deep red blush covers my body as Bryce removes his fingers from my core and sucks my juices off of them.

“That was quick,” he says with a smirk on his face.

“It has been a long time since I have been touched,” I mumble under my breath.

“Then I think it is high time that we fix that,” Bryce laughs.

He throws his head back under the water, rinsing his body off one final time. Water drips from his long eyelashes as he bats them quickly under the shower. He flashes me his brilliant, lady-killer smile. My eyes wander down his body and I notice a new tattoo on Bryce’s chest. A beautiful white wolf howling at the moon is on the opposite side of the number two on his chest.

I reach up and run my fingers along the edges of the tattoo and his skin ripples under my touch.

“When did you get this one,” I ask curiously.

Bryce holds my hand against his chest and I can feel his chest rising and falling. His heart is racing under the tips of my fingers.

“I got it when you were missing.” Bryce lips my hand to his lips and kisses each one of my fingertips. “In case I never saw you again, I always wanted to remember you.”

“This is me?” I say as I look down at the tattoo.

“Well,” Bryce chuckles. “It is Envy, but yes. It is you.”

I am overtaken by my own emotions. Both joy and sadness flood my senses. “I cannot believe you did this for me.”

Wrapping my hand around his neck, I pull his face close to mine. I can feel his breath mixing with my own. I wrap my fingers in his hair and press my lips to his. He opens up his mouth and I slip my tongue inside. He tastes sweet like chocolate and I have missed this so much.

Reaching behind me, Bryce turns off the water and lifts me up by my thighs. Letting out a little squeal, I wrap my legs around his waist. I can feel his member brushing up against my core as he steps out of the shower with me wrapped around his body. I wiggle my hips and Bryce groans loudly.

Suddenly, a knock on the door interrupts our moment. "I know what you two are doing in there," Chris's voice booms through the door. There is a hint of humor in his voice, letting me know that he isn't upset.

"You will get your turn," Bryce yells back through the door causing me to shake with laughter.

The sound of Kieran crying also comes through the door and I immediately try to unwrap my legs from Bryce's waist.

"Ah, ah, ah," Bryce says as he holds me tightly to him. "Chris can handle the twins for a few moments," he says as he brushes a strand of hair out of my face.

I am torn between wanting to comfort my son and wanting to fulfill the needs of my mate and myself. Bryce leans me up against the sink and slowly pushes himself in me. Inch by inch. I moan loudly at the feeling of Bryce's c**k filling my core.

Chris chuckles loudly. "Save some of that fun for me," he yells through the door.

Bryce pulls himself out and slams back into me. I use my hand to muffle the sound of my screams of pleasure. I hear the door to the bedroom shut and Bryce rips my hand away from my mouth.

"I want to hear you scream," Bryce grunts as he continues to thrust into me.

Soon he pulls out of me and unwraps me from his body. Flipping me around, Bryce bends me over the sink. Reaching around me, he rubs his fingers around my clit before he inserts himself back through my folds.

Bracing myself up against the sink, I push myself against him and meet each one of his thrusts. Pressure begins to build in my core as my pleasure begins to peak once again.

"f**k," Bryce groans as he quickens his pace.

His fingers circle my clit with the same intensity as his thrusts. Bryce's fingers are digging into my hip as he steadies himself with each push. The tingles from the mate bond are spreading quickly throughout my body and I am in sensory overload. My core tightens around him and I feel his c**k twitch inside of me.

"Bryce," I scream out as another o****m rocks my body.

“That’s right, Little Fox. Come for me.” Bryce groans loudly.

His c**k grows thicker inside of me and I know that he is about to release his seed inside of me. His fingers leave my clit and he grabs hold of both of my hips and shoves himself deeper in me. His movements are still and his c**k twitches in my core.

Bryce slips his c**k from me and leans his head up against my back. We are both sweaty and breathless. I turn around in his arms and scoot myself back onto the sink. Wrapping my legs around his waist I pull him closer to me. Bryce’s c**k is already hard again waiting for round two.

“Round two?” I raise my eyebrow at him and gesture toward the bedroom.

“As much as I want to prove that I can last longer than ten minutes,” Bryce chuckles. “I do believe my brother is downstairs waiting for his turn.”

The thought of Chris’s c**k makes me feel ravenous and I nod my head eagerly.

“I would like that,” I say with a smile on my lips.

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Ace’s POV

Even with thousands of miles between us, I can feel my brothers pleasuring our mate. My c**k is rock hard as I feel her arousal through the mate bond. I toss and turn in my lonely bed, trying to get comfortable. I know that I could feel jealous that I am not there to partake in her pleasure, but I am not. Sexually frustrated, yes. But not jealous.

My phone buzzes on the bedside table. I look at the clock on the table and the glow of the dial tells me that it is just past midnight. Sleepily I grab my phone and look at the caller ID, it is Bryce.

“What?” I growl through the phone.

I can hear nothing but a baby crying on the other end of the line. Then Bryce’s exhausted voice comes through the speaker. “Why are you awake so late?” He asks me with a chuckle.

“Probably because my c**k is rock hard because you all cannot keep your hands off our mate,” I growl through the phone.

“You aren’t telling me that you are jealous?” Bryce continues to laugh at me.

I ignore Bryce's jabs at me and roll out of bed. "Why are you calling me so late? Shouldn't you be with our mate right now?"

"She is with Chris," Bryce says as if he doesn't care. "I had my turn earlier today. Now I am watching the twins."

The sound of a baby crying is still in the background of the phone call. "Is that Kieran?" I laugh.

"This kid never stops crying," Bryce says in exasperation. "He wants to be attached to Erica constantly."

"Can you blame him?" I laugh. "If I could be attached to her side forever, I would. So are you calling me just so I can hear him cry?"

"No," Bryce says with a hint of awkwardness in his voice. "We got some more information from Doctor Wilson earlier today."

"And you are just now calling me to tell me?" I hiss through the phone.

"I got... distracted," he says shyly.

"You got laid," I groan.

"Precisely," Bryce laughs. "Anyway, Doctor Wilson led us to believe that Mom is with Dad."

I hop to my feet and begin to pace back and forth in my bedroom. "Dad wouldn't betray us like that," I yell through the phone.

I have always looked up to my father. As Alpha of the North Pack, he was admired by everyone that he met. He was kind and just to the pack members. He was so loved that it would take the three of us to fill his shoes. There is no way that he would betray us, the North Pack, and the rest of the packs by teaming up with my mother.

"Go back to Doctor Wilson and ask him for more information," I demand.

"That isn't possible," Bryce chokes out.

"And why not?" I snarl at my brother.

"He is dead now," Bryce says nonchalantly. "Once we got the information we needed him there was no need to longer keep him alive."

Slapping my forehead with my hand, I slowly run my hand down my face. "You did what?"

“It was Chris’s idea,” Bryce defends himself. “Once we got the information we needed from him there was no need to keep him alive. So, we need to find Dad.”

I stop pacing the room and flop down on the bed. I know where our father is. I have known for months now. It never occurred to me that Mom would run to him. It feels like too much of an obvious choice. Thoughts race through my mind.

“I know where Dad is,” I finally say.

A growl erupts through the phone. “How long have you known where he is?” Bryce screams.

“I didn’t think it mattered,” I try to defend myself. “I will go to Father myself and prove to you that he wouldn’t hide Mother from us.”

“We will see who is right,” Bryce scoffs.

Kieran begins to scream loudly again and Bryce hangs up the phone without even saying goodbye.

The drive to the outskirts of the North Pack is long and tedious. I decided to make the trip by myself. I doubt my mother would have taken her army of rogues with her to be with my father. If there is one thing that my father cannot stand it is rogues.

The farmhouse that my father is living in is only a few blocks away. A knot forms in the back of my throat. What if my brothers are right? How will I convince my father to hand her over?

The gravel grinds under the wheels of my car as I pull in front of the farmhouse. I let out a sigh as I look at the dilapidated house. It is a far cry from where my father came from. The paint is peeling on the siding and the roof is patched with pieces of plywood.

As I get out of the car, my father runs to greet me before I can even take a step onto the porch.

“Ace,” he says as he scratches the back of his neck awkwardly. “I thought we talked about you calling before you come out here to visit.”

“I thought that I would surprise you,” I eye him suspiciously. “Can’t a son just pop in on his father?”

“Now isn’t a good time,” my father says quietly. “I have company.”

Pushing past my father I begin to make my way into the house. My father grabs my arm and pulls me backward roughly.

“What are you trying to hide?” I ask with a low growl.

“It is none of your business,” my father snarls in my direction.

“I don’t want to fight you,” I tell my father. “Just tell me that Mother isn’t here and I will leave.”

My father takes a step back from me and shakes his head nervously. “She... She... She isn’t here,” he stutters.

His hesitation and stutter give him away. My father is a horrible liar.

“Do you know what she has done?” I raise my voice to him for the first time in my life.

“Do you know what that child means to the four packs?” My father spits out quickly.

I take a step back from my father and suppress the growl that is forming in my chest. “You knew all along?”

Anger rushes through my body and my claws begin to slip from my fingertips. My bones begin to snap and begin to reshape. Grayish blue fur begins to sprout over my body. A snarl leaves my lips as the clothes rip from my body and I fall onto all fours. My wolf, Azul, takes over and lunges at my father.

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Ace’s POV

I watch from behind Azul’s eyes as he lunges for my father’s neck. Azul’s feelings mixed with my own have me on edge. I don’t want to fight my father, but Azul is out for blood. He is ready to kill anyone that is associated with my mother.

My father sidesteps my attack and Azul knicks his shoulder with his teeth. Azul skids to a stop on the gravel in the driveway and spins around to glare at my father.

My father raises his hands in the air as Azul continues to circle him. “I don’t want to fight my son,” he says with desperation in his voice.

Azul growls and gnashes his teeth together at my father’s words. Azul doesn’t care that my father is begging me not to fight with him.

The sun is rising higher in the sky making it almost unbearably hot to be outside. Azul continues to circle around my father, waiting for an opening to attack, but my father is on guard.

‘Azul,’ I try to break through Azul’s anger but he isn’t listening to me. ‘My father is a trained fighter. We are perhaps playing a game that we cannot win.’

‘He aided in hurting our mate and our pups,’ Azul growls back at me. ‘We would be foolish to leave him alive.’

‘We cannot win this fight,’ I try to tell Azul but he has cut me off and pushed me into the back of our mind.

I am trapped within my mind, watching silently as my father shifts seamlessly into his large black wolf. If I could, I would scream for this to end but deep down I know this fight has been coming for a long time.

My wolf and my father’s wolf circle one another, our eyes locked in a fierce stare. I take in the massive wolf in front of me. I had forgotten how large his wolf is. His wolf is much larger than Azul. He has a thick, muscular build that speaks of years of experience in fighting. His black fur shimmers in the sunlight, and his eyes gleam with a cold, calculating intelligence.

I know that Azul is on the leaner side but he is more agile than my father’s bulky build could ever be. Azul’s teeth chomp together, hungering for the taste of my father’s blood.

For a long moment, the two of us stand perfectly still, each one of us waiting for the other one to make the first move. I can feel Azul’s impatience growing and finally he lunges toward our father with his claws extended and his fangs bared.

My father is quicker than I expected. Dodging to the side and swiping at me with his razor-sharp claws. But I am too fast for him. I dart around my father’s attack and land a fierce blow to his side.

My father grunts in pain, but he doesn’t back down. He continues to dodge and weave, but I don’t miss the limp in his step and I know that he is fighting through the pain. Azul lunges forward and attacks again and again, but somehow my father’s wolf manages to evade or deflects the blows.

We fight for what feels like hours. Locked in a grueling battle. The two of us tore at one another tooth and claw and before long our bodies are slick with both sweat and blood.

Azul refuses to give up. My father’s limp is beginning to become more apparent as he starts to tire. His movements are becoming slower and less fluid. With each hit that he lands, I can feel them losing their power. Azul on the other hand, seems to be growing stronger with each passing attack. Azul is landing each blow with a greater force.

It is only a matter of time before my father makes a fatal mistake. He leaves himself open for just a split second to take a breath. Azul takes the opportunity, lunging forward and he sinks his teeth deep into my father's neck.

My father's wolf howls in agony, his body writhing in pain as his blood spills out on the ground. He tries to fight back, to push Azul away to escape. But it was too late. Azul has him firmly in his grasp, and he refuses to let go.

With a quick shake of his head, Azul snaps my father's neck. My father's body goes limp and still in Azul's jaws. Azul stands over my father's body which is now shifting back into his human form with a feeling of satisfaction.

Azul allows me to push back forward and I look down at my father through Azul's eyes. As pleased as I am to see that my father is now out of the way, something stirs within me. A deep sense of loss and grief washes over me as I realize what I have done.

Azul relinquishes control to me and I shift back into my human form. I kneel down next to my father's body and lay my hand on his shoulder. I have killed my father. The one man that taught me everything that I know about being an Alpha. My father loved, raised, and protected my brothers and me from the dangers of the world.

For a long time, I stand next to my father's body and watch the blood drain from his body.

'We don't have time to mourn,' Azul growls in my head. 'We need to find your mother.'

'She is your mother too,' I snap at Azul. 'She hurt our mate and our pups.'

'You've said that already,' I roll my eyes at him as I step away from my father's body.

I grab a pair of shorts from the back of my car and turn in the direction of the old farmhouse. I see a shadow standing in the doorway and I know that it is my mother. She takes a step out of the door but pauses when she sees me.

"Ace," she cries from the doorway. "What have you done?"

"Me," I gasp out in shock. "What have I done? What have you done?"

Taking several steps out of the doorway my mother looks at me with tears in her eyes. "You killed your father," she cries loudly.

"And you are next," I growl in her direction.

My mother steps backward quickly into the old farmhouse and slams the door behind her. I run to the farmhouse and slam my shoulder into the door. The door slams easily to the ground and I find my mother standing with her arms raised in the air.

“Where is your army of rogues to save you this time?” I taunt my mother.