

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

## Chapter 151

Ace's POV

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

My mother holds up a book of matches and laughs maniacally. "Don't come any closer," she threatens me.

"Or what?" I look at her in confusion. "You are going to burn the house down."

Then it hits me. Through my rage and anger, I didn't smell it at first. First, the smell is faint but the longer I stand in the doorway of the farmhouse the stronger it gets. Gasoline. I look down at the floor and there are puddles of brown shimmering liquid all over the floor. Did she soak the whole house in gasoline?

"If I light this match the whole house will go up in flames," my mother says angrily.

"You are willing to burn alive?" I laugh not believing her. "That is a much more painful death than I have planned for you."

My mother throws her hands in the air and they drop lifelessly to her sides. "I have nothing left," she screeches at me. "My mate is dead, my sons have abandoned me, and the only chance that I had at fixing the problems was stolen out from under me."

I throw back my head and laugh loudly. "My son," I cackle. "You thought that stealing MY son was going to solve all of YOUR problems."

"You have no idea what that child will mean to the werewolf community. He will be like a King amongst the packs." She is trying to pull me over to her side.

Slowly, I take several steps toward my mother. She is moving erratically through the living room. Trying to find a way to escape, but I am blocking her only exit. My mother's eyes plead with me as I back her into the corner of a room.

I haven't seen my mother's wolf in years. She never participated in any of the pack runs or had runs with my father. I am not even sure she knows how to shift into her wolf. She should be easy enough for me to take down in my human form.

"Don't you want your son to be the King of the werewolf world?" Mother asks me as she backs against the wall.

“There is only one problem, Mother,” I snarl at her. “You stole the wrong child.”

My mother’s eyes narrow as they meet my own. She doesn’t believe me.

“What are you talking about,” her voice is breathless.

“Kieran isn’t the child of light,” I admit to her. I know that my brothers wouldn’t agree with me telling our mother that about Raven but she is getting ready to die anyway.

Mother begins to pace back and forth in the small corner that she is trapped in. “That can’t be.” Her voice is so high-pitched that it is almost squeaky. “The oracle assured me that it was the boy.”

“The oracle was a fraud,” I roll my eyes at her.

“No, no, no, no,” she mutters quickly.

My eyes flicker in the direction of her hands which are trembling. Her fingers fiddle with the book of matches in her hands. She rips out one of the matches and flicks it against the back of the book. A flame flickers to life at the end of the match.

I can see the reflection of the flame in my mother’s eyes and she looks crazed. She is going to burn this house to the ground with both of us inside.

“I have nothing left,” she whispers to herself before she drops the match to the ground.

It is like everything is moving in slow motion. I lunge forward and try to catch the match before it hits the ground but I am not quick enough. The match hits a puddle of gasoline on the floor and immediately the fire begins to spread. My mother is laughing loudly as the flames spread around her feet.

Even though my mother deserves to die, I cannot let her die like this. Part of me doesn’t want to lose both of my parents on the same day. The flames are spreading throughout the room and they are beginning to burn my ankles.

Reaching through the flames, I grab ahold of my mother’s wrist and I try to pull her to me through the flames. But she doesn’t budge from her spot in the corner of the burning house.

“Leave me to die,” she yells dramatically over the now roaring flames.

I look behind me and there is still a path to the door. There is still time for me to escape. My eyes flicker back to my mother and she is writhing silently as the flames travel up her legs.

“Let me help you,” I yell out as I hold my hand out for her again.

‘What are you doing?’ Azul growls in my head. ‘She deserves to die. Think of what she did to our mate.’

Guilt rises in my chest as I think about Erica and what she has endured at the hands of my mother. I shouldn’t be trying to save this woman in front of me.

‘You are right,’ I respond to Azul. ‘She deserves to die.’

A blood-curdling scream shakes the windows of the house as the flames engulf my mother. I glance behind me and the path to the front door has almost disappeared. My mother is screaming out for me to help her now. Her pride has disappeared now that she is dying. Only this time I do not reach my hand out to save her from the flames that are surrounding her.

Pain begins to radiate up my legs and I realize that flames are traveling up my legs. I give my mother one final look before I run through the flames to the front door.

“Ace,” I hear my mother’s screams through the burning flames.

As soon as I run through the door, I can hear the walls crumbling behind me. The sound of sirens echoes through the air and I know that I have only a moment to get out of there before the authorities arrive. I am not on pack lands and I could be implicated.

Hopping into my car I speed down the back country roads. Looking down at my phone I dial Chris’s number. The phone only rings once before his loud voice fills my car.

“Well?” Chris growls through the phone. I can tell that he is still mad at me for knowing where my father was hiding out.

“They are both dead,” I cough.

“Are you sure?” Chris demands to know.

“I killed them both myself,” I lie, but I know there is no way that my mother could have survived that fire. “Pack up the family and move them back to the North Pack.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 152

Erica’s POV

My leg shakes uncontrollably on the plane as I try to keep Kieran calm. Raven is sleeping quietly in Bryce’s arms. The two twins could not be more different. Raven is quiet and pensive. Even at just over a month old she takes in the world around her, as if she is

studying everything. Kieran, on the other hand, never seems to be content unless he is in my arms. Even then he still fusses like he is uncomfortable. They are complete opposites.

The pilot makes an announcement over the speakers that we will be landing in a few moments and that we need to buckle our seatbelts. Carefully I buckle Kieran into the baby car seat that is in the seat next to me. As soon as he realizes that he is out of my arms he begins to scream. His precious little face turns beet red with anger.

“Aren’t you glad that we have a private plane?” Chris jokes as he takes his seat across from me.

“You have no idea,” I mumble under my breath. “I can’t imagine how angry other passengers would be with Kieran’s constant screaming.”

“Do you think he will ever chill out?” Chris jokes.

But I don’t find the joke very funny. “What if he cries all of the time because we are strangers to him?” I worry aloud. “He was stolen from me as soon as I birthed him.”

Chris quickly realizes his mistake and leans over and pats my leg. “He loves you,” Chris yells over Kieran’s screaming. “That is clear every time you put him down.”

The plane’s wheels hit the runway roughly and it jerks us in our seats. Kieran’s screaming only gets louder. The plane taxis to a stop and I bend over Kieran’s seat to look out of the window.

I see Ace standing by a brand-new SUV with his arms crossed over his chest. Even from the plane’s window, I can see him fidgeting awkwardly. A wave of nervousness comes through the mate bond and I know that it is from Ace. We haven’t seen each other for weeks.

Even though I have seen his carbon copies every day, I am still anxious to see him. He killed his parents for me and deep down I hope that he doesn’t regret his decision to do so.

The plane comes to a stop and the doors open. I try to hop up from my seat, forgetting that I am buckled in. Chris chuckles as he reaches across and unbuckles my seat belt.

“Go to him,” Chris says. “I will take care of Kieran.”

I look back at the screaming baby in the carrier. I know that Kieran would be more comfortable if he was in my arms, but my mate is waiting for me just at the bottom of the stairs coming off the plane.

“Go,” Chris smiles at me again. “Kieran will survive without you.”

Leaning forward I place a quick kiss on Chris's lips and run toward the door to the plane. Standing at the top of the stairs, a smile crosses my lips. "Ace," I scream from the top.

Ace looks up at me and a smirk crosses his lips. He begins to run to the plane and I notice a limp in his step. As quickly as I can I run down the stairs of the plane and throw myself into Ace's arms. Even though he is injured he spins me around. It feels like a fairytale.

Placing me back down on the ground, Ace pushes my hair out of my face and cups my cheek. "Goddess, I have missed you," he says before he plants a kiss on my lips.

Wrapping my hands around his neck, I intertwine my fingers and deepen the kiss. Ace moans loudly as we kiss and he wraps his arms around my waist to keep my body pressed against my own. His tongue explores the inside of my mouth and heat pools in my core. I had forgotten how similar but different the brothers taste.

Behind us, Bryce and Chris clear their throats. I pull away from the kiss and I feel lightheaded. Ace keeps his body pressed firmly against mine until Bryce begins to chuckle loudly.

"Who is watching the twins tonight?" Bryce jokes.

"What do you mean?" I ask cluelessly.

Bryce leans forward and kisses me on the cheek before he whispers in my ear. "I want to fill every inch of you tonight."

My core clenches when I hear his words. It has been so long since I have felt all of the triplets touching me at once and there is nothing more I want than that right now.

Ace gives me a wink. "I think I have found a nanny," he says with a smile on his face. But I don't return his smile.

"I don't know about that, Ace," I say as my heart flutters in my chest. "How do we know who we can trust?"

"My mother is gone," Ace says. "There is nothing else to worry about."

"But what about her army of rogues," Bryce butts in. "We have seen firsthand what they can do."

"Without a leader, the rogues won't be able to organize themselves," Ace tries to assure me. "The twins will be safe until Raven is old enough to take the throne."

"Throne?" I take a step back from Ace and give him a confused look.

“Perhaps this is not the time to talk about this,” Chris chimes in. “We can talk about this once we get back to the pack house.”

Kieran has finally fallen asleep in his carrier as we load him into the SUV. Raven’s eyes are opened wide like she is listening to the whole conversation. Bryce and Chris snap the car seats into the SUV and I climb in the third row with Ace quickly following behind me.

Chris and Bryce make small talk in the front seat of the car, while Ace’s hands explore my body in the backseat.

“Ace,” I giggle as he runs his tongue over my mark. “The babies are right there.”

“I am just getting you ready for when we get home,” Ace says as he slides his hands between my legs. “My brothers have had their turn with you. Now it is my turn.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 153

Erica’s POV

Months have passed since we returned to the North Pack and as much as I would like to say that I have reached some sort of normalcy, that would be a lie. It doesn’t matter how many nannies the triplets bring in to help me with the twins I refuse all help. I cannot bring myself to trust anyone. Alice made sure of that.

Nightmares of my k\*\*\*\*\*g plague my nights and I wake up screaming more often than not. My rational brain tells me that the threat disappeared with Alice’s death but my gut tells me that there are still those out there that wish harm on me and my children.

Tonight is no different than the nights before. A dream of Alice coming for Kieran wakes me from my sleep. I sit straight up in the bed. The brothers are sleeping soundly beside me. I chuckle a little when I see that Bryce is spooning Chris.

I squeeze my way out of bed. Ace reaches out for me in his sleep and I quietly slide my pillow into his arms. Snuggling deeply into my pillow, Ace inhales deeply before he begins to snore lightly again.

The soft glow of the clock on the bedside table lets me know that it is just after 4:00 AM. Quietly I shuffle out of the bedroom, and into the room next door. Kieran is sleeping on his stomach with his little butt up in the air. Raven is wide awake in her crib, staring at the ceiling like she is contemplating the day that is ahead of us.

A small part of me wonders if she understands the importance of this day. After months of arguments and discussions, the triplets and I have decided to reveal the truth about Raven

to the four elder councils. If she is truly meant to rule us all one day it is time that we prepare the other four packs. We can only hope that the elders of the four packs listen to what we have to say.

“Hello, Little Bird,” I whisper to Raven, and she does happily when she sees me. “Are you nervous about today too?”

Raven c\*\*\*s her head to the side and looks up at me with her bright blue eyes. She raises her arms begging me to pick her up.

I gather my child into my arms and I move the top of her nightgown out of the way to reveal the birthmark that has been growing darker by the day. At first, it was no more than a tiny red mark on her back. Now it has taken the form of a crescent moon. The mark of the Moon Goddess.

When I was told that I wasn’t Raven’s mother I was confused but now I realize that she is a direct descendant of Selene herself.

“Do you want to come do more research with Mommy?” I ask as I snuggle my nose in her neck and inhale her scent of fresh rain. Raven latches onto my arm and lays her head on my shoulder. “I will take that as a yes,” I giggle to myself.

Quietly, I pad down the hallway of the North Pack pack house to the library. Ace had all of the books on mythical creatures moved into this library. We have been searching for months for more information on Raven but we keep coming up short. She seems to be the first of her kind.

With Raven resting peacefully on my arm I pull the book about mythical creatures off the shelf. The book that only I can read. I flip to the page about white wolves and wonder what is written on the missing half of the page. Who would rip a page out of a book that they couldn’t read? Unless, of course, it was read by someone like me.

The only other mythical creature that I can think of was the oracle but she is long gone. But then inspiration strikes. Alice had access to both the book and the oracle. Quickly I get to my feet and rush from the library with Raven still sleeping soundly on my shoulder.

Walking as quickly as I can without disturbing Raven I make my way to the office that used to belong to Alice. It is technically my office now but I haven’t been able to step foot inside. Standing outside of the office panic rises in my chest as I place my hand on the doorknob.

Stepping into the office that hasn’t been touched since Alice was banished from this pack is odd. There is a fine coating of dust on every surface. It is the only room of the pack house that isn’t sparkling clean. Slowly, I walk into the office and sit behind the desk. I sift through the papers that are laying on top of the desk trying not to stir up too much dust.

There are many important documents that should have been handled by me months ago but nothing that looks like a page ripped out of the mythical creature book.

I open up the drawers of the desk and realize that this is going to be a job for two hands. Alice didn't seem to have any sort of filing system she just shoved everything in the drawers haphazardly.

A knock on the door drags me out of my search and I look up to see Ace standing in the doorway with a confused look on his face.

"Did you really think that stuffing a pillow in my face was going to keep me from realizing that you were gone?" He says with a pout on his lips.

I look at the clock and it has been about an hour since I first left the bedroom. "It worked for a while," I muse while I continue my search.

Dust is beginning to stir up in the air and Raven begins to cough lightly. Ace immediately comes to my rescue and takes Raven from my arms. I don't waste any time getting back to work as I dig through the drawers with both hands.

"What are you looking for?" Ace asks as he moves Raven away from the cloud of dust that I am creating.

"The missing piece," I mumble under my breath. "Your mother had access to the oracle and the book. Why else would that page have been ripped from the book?"

At first Ace's expression is confused. It is as if he cannot tell whether I have gone crazy or not. I can only imagine how I look to him right now. It is barely the c\*\*\*k of dawn and I am pulling mounds of papers out of his mother's desk and carefully inspecting each one.

"Do you want some help?" He asks me.

"You won't be able to read it," I say without looking up from my work. "Only I..."

I pause midsentence as I empty the bottom drawer of Alice's desk. It obviously has a false bottom, the little fingerhole is a dead giveaway. Pulling up the bottom of the drawer I reveal a stack of papers and plans. I look through each piece of paper carefully.

"If your mother wasn't already dead we would have enough evidence to put her away forever," I say in awe to Ace.

Holding out the papers to him, he looks at each one with a shocked expression on his face. "Are these bribes?" He almost growls.

"Look at the dates," I tell him and this time he actually does growl, waking Raven in his arms. "She sold you to the other packs before you were five years old. That is why the



other packs were so angry. Not only were they promised Alphas for their packs they paid for you three too.”

Ace looks at me with wide eyes. “It looks like today’s meeting just got a lot more entertaining. Did you find what you were looking for?”

I shake my head no, but as I do I notice a piece of paper that I missed at the bottom of the drawer. I pick up the piece of paper and it begins to glow in my hands. A dark red crescent moon and words appear and I know that I have found exactly what I need.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 154

Erica’s POV

My hands tremble as I hold the piece of paper in my hands. I am too afraid to read what it says. This could be all of the information that we need to present to elder councils.

“What does it say?” Ace says as he makes his way back into the office.

“I don’t know,” I tell him.

“Can you not read it?” Ace looks at me in confusion.

“I can,” I swallow the lump that has formed in the back of my throat. “I am scared. What if it doesn’t tell us what we need to know?”

Ace places his hand on my shoulder and I take a deep breath. “We won’t know until you read it,” Ace chuckles but I can hear the nervousness behind his laugh.

I look down at the paper and run my fingers over the golden print. It begins to glow brightly again in my hands. The lump forms in the back of my throat and makes it hard to talk.

“Not only is a white wolf blessed by the Moon Goddess but it is also said that one day a pure white wolf will give the earth the greatest gift. The child of Selene will be born to a white wolf and will bear the mark of the Goddess herself. When this child becomes of age she will unite the werewolf packs under one rule. Those packs that do not follow this pack will be cursed by the Moon Goddess.”

The words come out of my mouth choppy because I am fighting back the tears. It is the information that we were looking for and Alice had it all along. There is no telling how long she has known that my child would unite the packs together. Ace squeezes my shoulder and I look up at him through my tears.

“This is about her,” I tell him. “This is about Raven.”

“Now we need to tell the elders,” Ace says with a smile on his face.

The morning drags on. The elders from each of the packs trickle in slowly. Most of them have no idea why they have been asked to come here. Those that do know have been sworn to secrecy. The news that Ace killed his own parents spread quickly throughout the packs and no one is willing to defy him. Even the South Pack has fallen in line.

Soon all of the elders have arrived and they are all seated around the table in the conference room. My father is there to represent the West Pack. He has finally sobered up, even though he hasn’t stopped mourning the death of my mother.

Beta Hudson is here representing East Pack. His daughter Amber is at his side. Despite our rocky start, Amber and I have become close friends, much to Bryce’s chagrin.

Alpha Kristof is here from the South Pack, but little does he know that he is getting ready to be removed from his position after what we found in Alice’s office.

Alpha Kristof looks around the room and scoffs loudly. “Where is Alpha Jet,” he exclaims loudly.

“Alpha Jet is on the run for his crimes,” Ace says as he stands up. “Crimes that I am sure you are familiar with.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” Alpha Kristof rolls his eyes in Ace’s direction.

Ace tosses copies of the document that described the sale of Chris to the South Pack to everyone at the table. Alpha Kristof’s signature is clear as day at the bottom of the document.

“The last I checked, the purchase of people is frowned upon. Even within the werewolf community,” Chris snarls in anger.

Alpha Kristof begins to stutter as he tries to come up with his defense. “You have to understand the position that the rest of the packs were in. None of us had heirs and the North Pack had three.”

“So you bought me?!” Chris screams at him.

Ace snaps his fingers and the room falls silent. “It would appear that someone needs to be escorted out of the meeting.” Ace gestures to the guards that are waiting at the door.

“I deserve a fair trial,” Alpha Kristof screams as he is pulled out of the conference room.

“And you will get one,” Ace says over the snarls and growls coming from around the room. “But you will not walk free until your trial.”

We all watch in silence as Alpha Kristof is escorted from the room. Several of the elders stand to leave but Bryce gestures for everyone to sit back down.

“This isn’t the only reason that you were brought here today,” Bryce does his best to put on a diplomatic front. “We need to speak to you all about our daughter, Raven.”

All of the elders look at one another with confused looks on their faces. I stand where I am with the mythical creature book in my hands.

“Is there anyone here that is able to read this book?” I ask.

A few of the elders laugh among themselves when I ask the question. The triplets all growl angrily and the elders immediately stop laughing.

“This is a special book,” I say as I open the book the page of the white wolf. “It can only be read by a mythical creature.”

All of the elders stand and lean over the table looking at the book in front of them. One by one each of the sit down until a single elder woman is standing reading the book silently. I do not recognize which pack she is from but if she is reading the book then she is surely a white wolf as well.

I smile at her sweetly and ask her to read the piece that has been carefully placed back into the book. Word for word the elder woman reads the excerpt about Raven.

All of the elders look at one another in confusion. “Are you saying that your child is this gift from the Goddess?” One of the elders says.

Another elder chimes in, “Of course, we would need to expect this mark on the child.”

I shift Raven on my hip and expose the mark on her shoulder. One of the elders from the North Pack approaches Raven and tries to rub her mark off. When it does not rub off he looks at it closely with his glasses on the very tip of his nose.

Everyone is waiting on bated breath while the elder inspects my daughter. Finally, he takes a step away from us and pinches the bridge of his nose. “The mark appears to be authentic,” he finally says.

The elders all look at one another. Having a silent conversation amongst themselves. Suddenly they all stand and bare their necks to my daughter. “All hail the Queen.”

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 155

Raven's POV

"Long live the Queen. Long live Queen Raven!" The crowd shouts from below me.

As I stand in front of the hundreds of people that showed up for my coronation nerves flutter through my stomach. I don't know the first thing about being a Queen; there has never been a Queen like me. The first Queen of the werewolf species. A single Queen to rule until the Moon Goddess sees fit to replace me.

Plastering a fake smile on my face, I wave to the crowd and prepare to give my speech. I must have practiced the speech in my hands a thousand times but my hands are still sweaty. Nervously, I wipe my hands on my purple dress as I step to the podium.

"I want to thank everyone for coming," I begin my speech but before I can continue a loud shout comes from the back of the crowd.

Before I realize what is happening, everyone is running for the exit. Screams echo throughout the massive ballroom. My eyes search through the crowd, trying to figure out where the chaos is coming from. I see an old woman running toward me. Her face is covered in burn scars and an evil grin is spread across her face. With a snap of her fingers, a hoard of warriors steps out of the crowd and stands behind the old woman.

Half of them have begun to shift into their wolf form and the other half are advancing with weapons drawn. The closer the woman gets to me the brighter the smile on her face becomes.

My warriors jump to my aid and try to protect me but they are no match for the hoard. I back away from the podium with my speech clutched to my chest. Suddenly, the old woman is standing in front of me with a silver knife drawn.

"Long live the Queen," she says with an evil smile on her face just before she plunges the knife into my heart.

A loud scream escapes my lips as I sit up in my bed. My eyes snap open and dart around in the darkness. I look for any signs that the old woman covered in burns is near me, but I am still in the safety of my bedroom.

My body is covered in sweat, just as it always is after this dream. It is the same dream I have had since I turned sixteen. My parents are constantly reminding me that it is just a dream and I shouldn't be concerned, but it feels like more than that. It feels like a warning.

The glow of my bedside clock lets me know that it is just after midnight. It is officially my eighteenth birthday. Quietly, I climb out of my bed, making my way to the bathroom. I turn the shower on cold and step inside. Goosebumps raise on my skin and I shiver under the freezing water.

My ears perk up as the sound of my bedroom door opening and shutting catches my attention. My wolf, Rose is always on edge after we have that dream.

‘Did you hear that?’ She whispers inside of my mind. ‘Someone is in your room,’

‘I heard it,’ I tell her as I quickly rinse the sweat from my body.

Flipping the handle to the shower, the cold water stops spraying overhead and I listen carefully for any sounds that are coming from my bedroom. But I don’t hear a sound. Wrapping a towel tightly around my body I grab my curling iron. It is the closest thing to a weapon that I have in the bathroom.

I try to control my breathing. In for three counts, out for three counts; I repeat the mantra silently in my head. I have never been taught how to fight. In fact, I have never been taught anything that a regular werewolf would learn. I was named the future Queen of the werewolf packs when I was just a few months old because of a crescent moon birthmark on my shoulder, the mark of the Moon Goddess.

Ever since then, I have been learning about werewolf lore and how to be a proper lady. I have received the finest education a werewolf can get. But yet I still don’t know how to take down an enemy. I don’t know what in the hell I am going to do with this curling iron, but any weapon has to be better than no weapon at all. Right?

‘You can do this,’ my wolf, Rose cheers me on in my mind. ‘Just listen to your instincts. You are the daughter of the Moon Goddess for f\*\*k’s sake.’

I take in a deep breath and swing the door that separates my bathroom from my bedroom. I charge into the room waving the curling iron over my head like a mad woman and scream at the top of my lungs. The towel begins to unwrap itself from around my ample breasts and I quickly try to recover it before I flash my intruder.

Loud laughter comes from my bed. In my hurry to enter the room, I had run right past it. Spinning around where I stand, the curling iron slips from my hand and hits me on the top of the head. Gripping the top of my head with both hands, my towel drops to the ground.

“Mother fucker that hurt,” I swear as I rub the top of my head forgetting completely about the intruder.

“For Goddess’s sake cover yourself,” my twin, Kieran yells loudly.

My eyes grow wide with shock as I stare at my brother for a moment. Realization hits me that I am standing in front of him buck naked and I let out another scream.

“What are you doing in my room?” I question him loudly as I scramble to pick the towel back up off the floor.

“Can’t a brother want to be the first to wish his sister a Happy Birthday?” Kieran says with a sly grin on his face.

“Oh no,” I say as I walk into my closet. “You aren’t pulling me into another one of your troubles. What is this time? Another night out with a she-wolf. Gabbie is going to kill you.” Gabbie has been Kieran’s girlfriend for as long as I can remember.

“What Gabbie doesn’t know won’t hurt her,” Kieran waves his hand in the air like he is bored. “Now, I was here with you all night. We wanted to spend one last night together before you go on the tour. You know, like we used to.”

I crawl into bed next to my twin. We couldn’t look or behave differently. He is tall and muscular with a head of messy brown hair. While I am short and curvy with black hair that hangs neatly down my back. Kieran has a carefree attitude that I suppose comes from a lack of my parent’s authority. All of that authority was spent on me. Making sure I turned out to be the perfect Queen.

Kieran lays on his side and brushes a strand of wet hair out of my face. “You had another dream again didn’t you?” Kieran can’t hide the concern that is written all over his face. “Maybe this tour isn’t the best idea.”

“Let’s just pretend like it isn’t happening tomorrow,” I yawn.

“Maybe I should come along with you,” Kieran says sleepily.

“The pack needs you,” I say and the corner of my lips turn upwards. “Alpha Kieran.”

“Get some sleep, Queen Raven,” Kieran says jokingly. “I will see you in the morning.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 156

Raven’s POV

The sun has barely started to shine through my bedroom window when there is a light knock at my door.

“Five more minutes,” Kieran groans as he pulls the blankets back over his head.

The knocking becomes a little louder and Kieran kicks his legs roughly and hits the small of my back. I try to roll over to escape his flailing arms and legs when I find myself on the edge of the bed. Before I realize what is happening I am falling and I hit the floor of my bedroom with a hard thud.

“Ouch, you jackass,” I hiss at him as get up from the floor.

Peeking out at me from under the blankets, Kieran smirks at me and rolls over to go back to sleep. It reminds me of when we would have sleepovers when we were younger. He would always hog the bed and I would end up on the floor at some point in the night.

Looking down at my brother I find myself lost in thought and I realize just how lost I will be without him when I go on the pack tour. Kieran and I shared a room until we started school. Then our parents decided that it would be best to separate us. But that didn’t stop us from sneaking into each other’s room in the middle of the night whenever we had a bad dream. Growing up Kieran was the only thing I needed and I think he needed me just as much.

Once again the knocking on my door continues and I am pulled from my thoughts. Shaking my head at Kieran who is back to snoring, I make my way over to the bedroom door.

Standing in my little pajama shorts and a small camisole, I fling the door open and find myself glaring right in my mother’s face. Behind her, all three of my fathers are standing with excited looks on their faces.

“Happy Birthday!” They all yell at once and I move to shut the door in their face but my father, Ace, stops the door with his hand.

“Not so fast, Little Bird,” he says and I roll my eyes at the nickname Kieran gave to me when we were children. “You have a big day ahead of you so we wanted to start the festivities early.”

My mother presses a gift into my hands and invites herself into my bedroom and looks around. “I would be concerned about a boy being in your bed but I know it is just Kieran,” she says jokingly.

My fathers push passed me and make their way over to my bed, yanking Kieran out by his feet. Kieran hits the floor and moans loudly as our parents start singing “Happy Birthday” to us.

Sitting down on the chair at my vanity, I yawn loudly. “Sure, everybody just come on in.”

My dad, Bryce doesn’t miss the sarcasm in my voice. “Watch your tone, young lady,” he says with a smirk on his face. Dad can never be serious, even when he tries. “You might be the Queen today but you are still my Little Bird.”

“Dad,” I draw out the word while I roll my eyes. “I think it is time that we stop calling me Little Bird and I am not the Queen yet. The coronation isn’t for another month. I still have to visit all of the new packs.”

“Oh no,” Kieran says loudly from the floor. “You aren’t getting off that easy, Little Bird. Your name shall be Queen Little Bird.”

My fathers all laugh loudly with Kieran and my mother even chuckles along with them as well. But I don’t find it funny. How will the pack learn to respect me if people are running around calling me Little Bird?

Crossing my arms over my chest, I glare at the four of them and they immediately stop laughing.

My Papa, Chris, clears his throat awkwardly and turns to Kieran. “What are you doing in here anyway? Aren’t you two getting a little too old for sleepovers?”

Kieran scoffs loudly. “Says the man that still sleeps in the same bed as his brothers.”

“That’s different,” Father laughs. “We all share the same mate.”

Kieran and I both wrinkle our noses in disgust. Even at eighteen years old the thought of our parents sleeping together is enough to make us both want to gag.

“Okay,” I say trying to banish any thoughts of my parents together out of my mind. “Can I have my room back? I need to get ready.”

“Of course, Lit- Raven,” my mother says gently. We will be waiting for you downstairs.

“Actually, Mom, can you stay behind for a moment?” I ask and my fathers all clutch their hands against their hearts like they are wounded.

I watch silently as all of the men in my family file out of my bedroom. Each one gives me a kiss on the cheek before they leave the room, even Kieran. The action only brings tears to my eyes because I realize how much I am going to miss them.

Once they are all gone, Mom turns to me and places her hands on her hips. She already knows what I am going to ask.

“We cannot delay this trip any longer,” my mother fills in the silence between us. “The elders are becoming restless.”

“Can’t it wait one more day?” I beg. “That is all that I am asking. I just want my first shift to be with Kieran.”



All of my firsts have been with Kieran by my side. We took our first steps together, started school together, and graduated together. For every important milestone I have had in my life, Kieran has been by my side. This is the first one where we will be apart.

Dropping her hands to her sides, my mother lets out a sad sigh. “Don’t you think that we all want to be there for your first shift?” She reminds me. “But I shifted alone and so can you. I believe in you. Plus, Your father will be with you and Aunt Ashley. They will help you through it and then the next time you come to visit you and Kieran’s wolves can run together until the sun comes up.”

“It just won’t be the same,” I whine and my mother tuts her tongue on the roof of her mouth.

“Is this any way for a Queen to act?” We both say at the same time and my mother glares in my direction. But I can stop the sarcasm in my voice. I have been hearing the same thing for the past eighteen years.

Instead of chastising me, my mother pulls me up from my chair and holds me at arm’s length. “Remember, you are the daughter of the Moon Goddess,” she begins and tears begin to sting the corners of my eyes. “You are going to do great things.”

Pulling my mother in for a hug, I hold her close. “I am going to do great things because you raised me to. You are my mother.”

We hold each other for a few moments with tears running down both of our faces. I rest my chin on my mother’s shoulder and she whispers next to my ear, “You will always be mine.”

Breaking away from the hug, we both sniff back tears. My mother looks at the clock on the wall and cusses. “s\*\*t, the car will be here in an hour.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

# 157

Leo’s POV

Warm light floods my bedroom but I don’t want to open my eyes. Last night is a complete blur. I remember going out to the bar to celebrate the official founding of the Blue Moon Pack but after the first couple of drinks, it is all hazy.

I seem to remember something about a hot blonde with a round a\*s and firm perky breasts but I cannot remember if I got her number or not.

Yesterday was a huge day for the Blue Moon Pack. The Elder Council elected to only allow three new packs to form on their own this year. We had to prove that we could sustain our own economy and keep our identities hidden from humans. I did not doubt that we would be one of the top three packs in the running but hearing it from the council made all of the hard work worth it. Now I can tell all of the naysayers that an Alpha wolf born to a rogue created his own pack at the young age of twenty.

Suddenly the sheets of my bed are pulled off to the side and my eyes fly open in shock. I do not remember bringing anyone home with me last night. Looking to my left I a mound of blonde hair and a curvy body lying beside me. I smirk to myself. I guess I didn't forget to get her number after all. Now if I could only remember her name.

While I am running through the haze of memories from last night trying to remember her name, she stirs beside me once again. This time I come face to face with a set of brown doe eyes. I let out a sigh of frustration. If only her eyes had been blue she would have made the perfect Luna. Or at least perfect enough for one more night.

"Good morning, Alpha," the blonde puts extra emphasis on the word Alpha and I can't say that I hate it.

"Good morning, Brenda?" I try to sound confident saying the name that I thought was her's but I know I failed.

The blonde's lips curve down in a little frown and she pokes out her bottom lip. "My name is Becca," she says her name a little louder than necessary.

"I knew it began with a 'B,'" I mumble under my breath.

Brenda, I mean Becca, scoffs loudly and raises her hand to slap me across the face but I catch her wrist in midair. Flipping her onto her back, I pin her arms above her head. She struggles under my hold and the sheet that was pulled up around her neck, slips down slowly until her perfect round buds are peeking out from beneath it.

"All you Alphas are the same," she grunts as she squirms.

"Awe, Baby," I try to placate her. "Don't be like that. I just had a lot to drink last night. But I definitely remembered that you were here."

Becca gasps loudly, her mouth opening up to a perfect 'O.' "You didn't even remember I was here!" She screams, "What was all that talk about needing a Luna and I am just your type?"

"Baby, Baby," I chuckle loudly. "That was drunk Leo talking. I don't need a Luna."

Releasing Becca from my grasp, I run my hand down her neck and trail my fingers across her collarbone. She sucks in a sharp breath and I know I have her right where I want her.

She has forgotten all about how I treated her last night and most of this morning. Her big brown eyes roll back in her head as I grip her breast and I roll her n\*\*\*\*e between my fingers. Her body arches off the bed as she rubs herself against my leg.

“Leo,” my name is nothing more than a whisper on her lips.

Her lips seductively part as she takes in another breath. I spread her legs with my other hand and I run my fingers up and down her wet folds. The sweet smell of her arousal is thick in the air making my c\*\*k twitch to life. Leaning down I take one of her n\*\*\*\*\*s in my mouth and bite down.

“Ouch,” she squeals as she playfully tries to push my head away from her chest.

I laugh loudly as I lick the tiniest bit of blood from her breast and am about to do the same to the other when there is a loud bang on my door.

“Go away,” I yell out loudly. “I am busy.”

“No can do,” my Beta Brent shouts through the door. “The Luna Queen will be here within the hour.”

“You can handle it,” I yell back as I turn my attention back to the beautiful blonde in my bed.

“No,” Brent growls through the door. “The Council is coming with her.”

Letting out a sigh of frustration, I sit up in the bed and snap my fingers for Becca to get out.

“Come in,” I call for Brent to come in and Becca scrambles to hide under the blankets of my bed.

Brent barges into my bedroom and Becca squeals as I push her out of the bed. Wrapping the blanket around her chest she quickly gathers her clothes and runs into the adjoining bathroom.

“Why didn’t you tell me you weren’t alone?” Brent laughs.

“I told you I was busy what more do you want from me?” I say with a satisfied smirk on my face. “But I could have used an extra thirty to forty-five minutes.”

“Sorry,” Brent shrugs his shoulders. “We have got to get ready. The new Queen can take away our pack status with a snap of her fingers.”

Walking over to my dresser, I pull out a pair of sweats and slip them on. “I don’t understand why we need a Queen in the first place,” I groan.

“She is blessed by the Moon Goddess, don’t let anyone else hear you say that,” Brent looks around paranoid.

“What do we know about this blessed chick?” I ask Brent.

“Nothing much. She has been pretty sheltered for most of her life. She rarely was seen in public growing up her mother and her fathers kept her under their thumb,” Brent continues to ramble off what he knows about the new Queen and she sounds boring.

“How am I supposed to impress that?” I groan.

“I don’t know, Man. But bringing random chicks home every night is a bad idea while she is here,” Brent tries to reason with me.

“I am not changing for some stupid Princess,” I snarl back at him. Who does he think he is to tell me what I can and cannot do in my own pack?

“She’s the Luna Queen,” Brent corrects me. “And if you aren’t careful you could f\*\*k this up for all of us.”

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 158

Raven’s POV

Resting my head on the cool window of the town car, I watch the trees pass by. Taking in deep breaths I try to calm my nerves. I wish that we could have started the tour with the original four packs. But the elders are concerned that the newer packs aren’t on board with having a Queen that reigns over the packs. I chuckle to myself as I think about the situation. The newer packs act like the Elder Council hasn’t been lording over us all for the past eighteen years.

“What is so funny?” My father asks as he pokes me into the side.

I shrug my shoulders and wring my hands together nervously. “I was just thinking about the irony of this tour.”

“What do you mean, Little Bird?” Father wrinkles his forehead in confusion.

“I just think it is a little funny that I have to convince the packs that I am worthy to be their Queen when the Elder Council has been ruling them all for the past eighteen years,” I say. “They have had someone looking over them all along. It just wasn’t me.”

My father's lips turn up into a gentle smile as he looks at me. "You really have grown into a smart and beautiful woman," he says quietly. Quickly he turns his face away from mine and wipes the tears away from his eyes.

Leaning my head back against the window, I notice that we are approaching a huge gate that appears to be in the middle of nowhere. Several werewolves armed with machine guns stop our car before we can enter the pack. Straightening up in my seat, I try to hear what is being said in the front of the car.

"What is going on?" I ask my father.

Father's eyes are glazed over and I know that he is mind linking someone else. Tapping him gently on the shoulder I finally gain his attention. Shifting uncomfortably in his seat, my father clears his throat awkwardly. "This is the entrance to the new Blue Moon Pack."

"I thought the new packs were supposed to be blending in? This looks like a military base." I frown while I speak. I have a bad feeling about this pack and this is not the place that I want to have my first shift.

"Apparently they have a deal with the human government," my father's voice is strained. "For all humans that stumble upon this place, they are told that it is a US military compound."

Chewing on the inside of my lip I think about the consequences if they are found out. Of course, human governments know of our existence. But it is kept under wraps for human citizens but if they were to find out about the truth of this place they might think that werewolves are trying to take over the world.

Our car eventually is waved through the gate and through the dark tinted windows I can see a little town emerge the farther we go down the road. Families are walking together on the sidewalks. Cute little shops line the streets and everyone seems to be filled with customers. Without the military appearance on the outside anyone would assume that this is a normal town. Perhaps I judged it too harshly at the beginning.

The town car pulls up to a large house in the middle of the town and I know that it must be the pack house. Standing outside of the pack house are two men. Both are impossibly tall and have dirty blonde hair. One is standing at attention and the other has his hands in his pockets and looks bored with the whole situation.

Father gets out of the car and comes around to my side to open my door. As I step out of the car the chill of the wind ruffles up my dress a little and I quickly press it back down to my legs. Embarrassment flushes across my face and I keep my eyes glued to the ground.

My father nudges me with his elbow and I stare up into his blue eyes. "You are the Queen," he whispers next to my ear. "Act like it."

I nod my head and roll my shoulders back. Lifting my head from the ground, I look at the two men standing in front of the pack house. The serious one is still standing at attention, while the other one is trying to hide a smirk behind his fist.

Swallowing the lump that has formed in the back of my throat I slowly make my way up the front steps of the pack house. Without watching where I was going my foot misses the step and I trip as I move up the stairs. Before my body hits the ground I am caught by the more serious of the two men. My eyes lift to meet his and I am met with startling green eyes.

His eyebrows knit together in concern as he helps me back to my feet. “Luna Queen,” his voice shakes as he speaks to me. “Are you okay?”

I am so enthralled by his eyes that I am unable to speak for a moment. I let my eyes wander over his beautiful face and strong jawline. My father clears his throat awkwardly and the man drops his hands from my shoulders. I hadn’t even realized that he was still holding on to me.

“You don’t have to call me by my official title,” I manage to squeak out. “You can call me Raven.”

“I am Beta Brent,” the man says as he takes a few steps back from me. “And this is our Alpha, Leo.”

My eyes dart over in the direction that Beta Brent is gesturing. Leo is still standing with his hands in his pockets with a very amused look on his face. Something about this man has my wolf, Rose on edge. She is filled with a mix of excitement and frustration.

Pushing my wolf’s feelings to the side, I try to regain my composure. “It is nice to meet you, Alpha Leo,” I say formally.

“It is nice to meet you too, Raven,” Alpha Leo smirks and something about the tone of his voice rubs me the wrong way.

Reaching out I shake his hand and my vision is immediately filled with visions of women in his bed. Rose growls angrily in my mind and a surge of anger fills my veins.

“Luna Queen,” I correct him and his face immediately falls.

Alpha Leo clinches his fists by his sides and his Beta quickly steps between us. “I will be the one to show you around,” Beta Brent informs me.

Glancing over Beta Brent’s shoulder I glower at Alpha Leo. Offering me his arm Beta Brent guides me away from Alpha Leo.

‘What is his deal,’ I ask Rose as Beta Brent begins to show me around the pack house.

‘I don’t know,’ Rose replies. ‘But I feel like he will be important to us. Perhaps I will know more when you can finally shift into my form.’

‘No one like that will ever be important to me,’ I tell Rose before shoving her into the recesses of my mind.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 159

Raven’s POV

I plaster the perfect fake smile across my face while Beta Brent shows me around the new Blue Moon Pack. I meet both important members of the pack and unimportant ones. I shake hands and hold babies. Every time my smile falters my father reminds me that I am the Queen. By the time we retreat back to the pack house my feet are killing me and I am mentally exhausted. I haven’t been around this many people in a long time.

Beta Brent shows me to my guest room in the Blue Moon Packhouse and I quickly shut the door behind me. Kicking off my shoes, they fly across the room and I wiggle my toes against the lush rug in the center of the floor. I wander around the room and take in my new surroundings for the week.

The room is surprisingly nice for a pack that is up and coming. I will have to remind myself to ask about their finances. There is something about Alpha Leo that I simply do not trust. Not only was he completely rude when I fell up the stairs to his pack house, I can’t get the vision that I had out of my mind. Something about seeing dozens of women in his bed makes me irrationally angry.

The visions started when I turned sixteen and Rose showed up in my mind. As far as I know, I am the first werewolf whose wolf has been in her mind for a full two years before I am able to shift. I have to be touching someone in order to have a vision. My visions are also not a perfect science. I cannot tell if I am seeing the past or the future half the time. They are confusing and frustrating and it makes it extremely difficult to have a relationship with anyone.

Plopping down on the bed I begin rubbing my sore feet when a knock on the door interrupts me. “Come in,” I call out, not caring who is on the other side.

The scent of fresh grass fills the room and it immediately has Rose’s attention. She begins to prance back and forth in my mind. I look up and see Alpha Leo standing in the doorway of my room.

“Hello,” I say as I reluctantly get back to my feet.

Alpha Leo shuffles awkwardly from foot to foot. “Luna Queen,” he says as he bows his head in my direction. “I want to apologize for this afternoon. I believe that we got off on the wrong foot.”

I can barely think as his scent swirls around me. I take this moment to study the man in front of me. He is young. If I remember correctly he is the youngest Alpha of the three packs that the Elder Council accepted this year. He is tall and muscular with dirty blond hair and striking green eyes. There is a constant cocky smirk that plays on the corner of his full lips. His face looks as if it were chiseled out of stone. All except for his nose, which is slightly crooked.

I catch myself memorizing all of his features when he clears his throat loudly filling the silence. I don’t know how long I have been staring at him but it must have been for a long time. Embarrassment washes over me and I know that my face is probably several shades of red. I avert my eyes from his and glance just over his shoulder.

“What makes you say that?” I try to keep my voice aloof.

Alpha Leo stares at me strangely. “Are you serious?” He begins to laugh but he quickly stops. “Listen, I just don’t want you to judge my pack harshly because of how you feel about me.”

“I don’t know what kind of person you think I am,” I step forward to defend myself. “But I would never judge a group of people over a single person’s actions. But just so you know, it would serve you well not to laugh at other people’s misfortunes. I was very nervous this morning and that is why I tripped. Or perhaps you have not been an Alpha long enough to know the proper protocol.”

I can hear him grinding his teeth and I know that I have struck a nerve with him. My lips turn upwards into a slight smile at the small victory.

“I hope that you will accept my apology and will join us for dinner,” Alpha Leo says through gritted teeth.

“Of course,” I say shortly. “What time should I be down?”

“Seven,” Alpha Leo says.

I nod my head in understanding and Alpha Leo turns to leave my room.

“Wait,” I call out after him. He turns around and I am met with his startling green eyes. “I need your help.”

“What can I do for you?” Alpha Leo raises an eyebrow as he looks at me.



My throat becomes thick and I am unable to find the words. Swallowing hard, I clear my throat. "Tonight will be my first shift," I begin and blush begins to rush to my face. "I will need a secluded place to shift alone."

The shock is apparent on Alpha Leo's face. It is clear that he was not expecting this request. "You haven't shifted yet?" He asks.

"I have not," I try to stand taller as I speak. "Today is my eighteenth birthday but please don't tell anyone. I don't want to celebrate without my twin brother."

Alpha Leo's green eyes rake over my body and I feel uncomfortable. He looks at me like he knows what I would look like without my dress on. Crossing my arms over my chest, I take several steps back and trip over my feet. Luckily the bed is behind me to soften my fall.

Alpha Leo stalks toward me like I am his prey but stops just shy of my bed.

"I would be honored if you would let me be part of your first shift," Alpha Leo says almost sweetly. "You shouldn't have to shift for the first time on your own."

"I won't be alone," I tell him as I get back to my feet. "My father will be there."

A confused look spreads across Alpha Leo's face. "Your first shift is something that is supposed to be celebrated," he begins and I hold up my hand to stop him.

"While appreciate the sentiment, I am not in the mood to celebrate. But thank you for your concern." The smile that I have had plastered on my face all day falters as I speak.

"Of course," Alpha Leo says quietly. "I will see you for dinner."

He hesitates before leaving my room as if he is waiting for me to ask him to stay, but I have no intentions of doing so. Picking up a book on the bedside table I sit down on the chair in the far corner of the room and pretend to read. I hear Alpha Leo's frustrated sigh as he leaves my room and the door shuts gently behind him.

'You should have taken him up on his offer,' Rose says in a huff. 'He was right. I am supposed to be celebrated.'

'And you will be celebrated,' I tell her as I flip aimlessly through the pages of the book. 'As soon as Kieran and I can celebrate together.'

'You don't have to do everything with Kieran,' Rose growls. 'I am a part of you too. Doesn't what I want matter?'

I slam the book shut and drop it on the table beside me. 'I don't want to shift in front of a bunch of strangers. Surely, you can understand that.'

Rose huffs again loudly and curls up in the recesses of my mind but not before she growls at me one last time. ‘Don’t be too hard on Alpha Leo. He might end up being just what we need.’

Now it is my turn to scoff. ‘You saw the visions. He has a different woman in his bed every night. That is not the kind of Alpha I want to be associated with.’

‘Your visions are subjective,’ Rose reminds me. ‘Not everything you see is fact.’

‘I don’t trust him and that is final,’ I hiss back at her.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 160

Raven’s POV

Dinner seems to drag on. Beta Brent tries to keep the conversation interesting but I am too nervous about shifting tonight to respond appropriately. I simply smile politely and offer short one-word answers. My father also tries to get me to converse more as well but I can’t take my mind off of the fact that I am going to shift for the first time without my twin.

I am pushing the food around on my plate, trying to force myself to eat when Alpha Leo clears his throat. Raising my eyes I look in his direction but avoid his perfectly sculpted face.

“You should try and eat something,” he butts his nose in where it doesn’t belong. “Your first shift will take a lot of energy out of you.”

My teeth grind together as I clench my jaw. “Thank you for your consideration, but I will be fine,” I say through gritted teeth.

“He is right, you know,” my father says matter-of-factly. “You will need all the energy you can get for tonight.”

My eyes snap in the direction of my father and I instantly wish that Dad was the one that came with me on this trip. At least his boyish antics would have made the trip more interesting.

“If you three will excuse me,” I say as I lay my napkin back on the table. “I am going to get some rest before midnight. As you all have so graciously informed me, I will need all the energy that I can get for my first shift.”

Beta Brent stands so quickly that he bumps the table and I almost knock it over. "Wait!" He calls out after me. "You can't leave yet. I have something planned for you."

My face burns with embarrassment. Someone must have told him that it is my birthday. "Please, that is not necessary," I spit out but Beta Brent isn't listening to me.

Running to the kitchen door he knocks three times and then it swings open. My worst nightmare is standing on the other side of that door. A giant cake with eighteen candles blazing on top of it. It is truly beautiful but I didn't want to celebrate my birthday without Kieran, I thought that I had made that perfectly clear.

The Omegas sit the cake on the table and stand back waiting for my reaction. I try to sniff back the tears that are threatening to fall but a single tear falls from my eye. Quickly, I wipe it from my cheek not wanting anyone to see that I have been brought to tears.

I look at my father and he has a remorseful look on his face. He promised me that there would not be a celebration. But he nods toward the cake and gestures for me to put a smile on my face. I glance around the table and I am not the only one with a scowl on their face. Alpha Leo looks as if he would rather be anywhere but here.

Looking back at the Omegas, I put the fake smile that I have been wearing all day back on my face. "This is lovely," I smile gently. "However did you put it together on such short notice?"

None of the Omegas step forward to answer me and I c\*\*k my head and look at them curiously. Are Omegas not allowed to address higher-ranked wolves in this pack?

Beta Brent steps forward and smiles brightly. "When I heard from the Alpha that it was your eighteenth birthday, I decided that you couldn't go without cake on your birthday. I know you said you didn't want a celebration but I thought a little cake couldn't hurt."

Ugh, why does he have to be so damn sweet? It makes it hard to be mad over the fact that he defied me. "Thank you," I say with the fake smile still plastered on my face. "That was very kind of you."

I politely sit back down in my seat and place my napkin back in my lap. One of the Omegas puts a huge slice of cake in front of me and I cannot stop the tears that flow. The clock on the wall chimes nine o'clock and panic sets in. I will be shifting in just three short hours.

"I am sorry for crying," I sob. "I must look like such a baby."

Beta Brent rushes to my side and puts an arm around me, to which my father growls, and Beta Brent promptly lets me go. "No one thinks you are a baby," he says sweetly but I can see Alpha Leo hiding a smirk behind his hand.

My father's voice fills my head through our pack mind-link. 'You are the Queen, now would you act like it.'

Pushing my chair away from the table, I glare at my father. I don't bother using the link when I respond. "Yes Father, I am the Queen, but I am allowed to have feelings. Now. If you boys will excuse me..."

I storm from the dining room and my father follows quickly on my heels. "Do you want to explain yourself, Little Bird?"

Spinning around on the first step of the stairs, I glare into my father's blue eyes. "Am I not allowed to have feelings?" I snap. "This is the first time I have been away from Kieran on our birthday. I asked for this trip to be moved by one day. One f\*\*\*\*\*g day and I was overruled. So excuse me if I am a little emotional on the night that I will shift for the first time."

"Watch your language when you speak to me," Father yells at me.

"I suppose that is one more thing I can add to the list of things that I am not allowed to do," I spit at him.

"Raven," my father exhales and rubs his eyes in frustration. "You have an image to uphold. This is just the first stop on our trip and you are already throwing a fit like a spoiled brat. I told your mother that you weren't ready for this position."

My eyes widen in shock and more tears spill down my cheeks. "Thank you for your confidence," I say sarcastically as I storm up the stairs and lock myself in my guest room.