

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

Chapter 51

Erica's POV

The apartment is a single room with a kitchenette and a tiny bathroom off to one side. There is no washer or dryer and a thin layer of dust covers everything.

"Ew," Ashley says as she walks around the room. "Are you sure that you want to do this?"

"If I can't have all three of them I don't want any of them. Plus before I settle down and become their Luna I want a chance to find out who I am." I say as I walk around the dirty apartment. "How much was this one again?"

Ashley pulls the advertisement out of her pocket. "\$800 a month."

I look around the apartment one more time. Chewing on my bottom lip, try to do the math in my head. In my savings I have enough for the first and last months and maybe one more if I am careful enough with my money.

"I think I can make it work if I find a job," I say to myself out loud.

"Are you really planning on living... here," Ashley wrinkles her nose. "You are a Beta's daughter for Goddess sake. You are mated to three of the most powerful werewolves in the world and you are going to give it all up to live here."

"I am not marked and mated to the brothers, so technically I am nothing more than a rogue," I tell her as I grab a pen from my purse and begin to fill out the application.

Ashley leans in and sniffs me. "You don't smell like a rogue," she says with a funny look on her face. "Aren't rogues supposed to smell bad?"

"I think so," I say as I look at the list of references. "Can I put you down as a reference?"

"You are really going to do this?" Ashley asks.

"Promise you won't tell anyone where I am," I ask her. "We both know that they are going to come to you first looking for me."

"You are literally right outside the pack border," Ashley scoffs. "It won't be that hard to find you if they really look."

“They won’t come looking for me,” I say and Envy howls sadly in my head. “I have blocked their numbers and left almost everything behind. I only brought what I came to the North pack with.”

I finish filling out the application and my pen hesitates before I quickly scribble my name at the bottom. Ashley lets out a frustrated sigh as she looks at me.

“It isn’t going to be the same around the pack house without you,” she huffs with her arms crossed over her chest. I can tell she is trying not to cry.

“Come on,” I say as I pull on her sleeve. “Let’s go find the building manager.”

Walking into the building manager’s office, I am pleasantly surprised. I was expecting a coat of grime and filth to be all over everything, just like the apartment, but it is clean and tidy. A little bell rings as the door shuts behind me. Ashley huddles close to me as if she feels like she is in some sort of danger.

Her mood instantly changes when a handsome man with dark hair and brooding features walks out of the back of the office. He is wiping his greasy hands on a rag that he just tosses to the side as he approaches us.

“Can I help you?” His eyes are focused on mine and it is my turn to feel uncomfortable.

Ashley pushes me to the side and bats her long eyelashes at him. “I am looking for your phone number,” she says in her most seductive voice.

He barely spares her a look and before he turns the intensity of his stare back on me.

“Umm...” I try to break the awkward silence in the room. “I am interested in apartment 2B.”

I hold out the paper for him to take from me but he only glances at it in my hand. “You don’t have a job and you only have one reference. No.”

I am taken aback. I cannot believe that he is telling me no just that quickly. He turns to walk back into the back room behind the office and I am still standing there in shock.

“I have the first and last month’s rent,” I yell out and it causes him to pause in his steps.

“What about the other ten months out of the year?” He says gruffly.

“I promise to figure it out,” I can hear the pleading tone in my voice. “Please.”

“You promise to figure it out,” he says with a little bit of a smirk on his face. “Let me guess,” he points to Ashley. “She is your reference.”

“I am,” Ashley says as she leans across the desk pushing her cleavage together.

“Is she even eighteen?” The man asks me with a chuckle in his voice.

I hang my head. “No she isn’t.”

“So you have no job and no references,” he laughs at me. “You can’t be serious.”

“Please, sir,” I begin. “I don’t have anyone or anything. I am just trying to find a place to start over.”

“What are you running away from?” He raises an eyebrow at me.

“You don’t want to know,” Ashley mumbles under her breath.

For the first time the man actually laughs out loud at the two of us. I can imagine that he was trying to keep a straight face watching the two of us.

Reaching into his pocket he pulls out a business card and holds it out for me to take. “Go here,” he says as I take the card. “If Romeo hires you I will let you stay in the apartment.”

I look down at the business card in my hand and there is a scantily clad woman on the front. In neon pink letters across the woman’s body is the name of the business, ‘The Bunny Club.’

I look at the card and my hands tremble slightly. “Is this a strip club?” I ask quietly.

“It is,” the man tells me. “But not all the girls that work there are strippers. They need servers and s**t too.”

Taking a deep breath I look at the card and swallow my pride. “Okay. I will go.”

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Erica’s POV

Ashley and I pull up outside of a seedy looking bar. It is only a few blocks from the apartment that I am hoping to get. If I get the job I wouldn’t have any problems walking to and from work. Even in the middle of the night I would be comfortable walking to and from work. My father made sure that I learned to fight. I know how to take care of myself.

Ashley puts the car in park and clicks her tongue on the roof of her mouth. “I am not going in there,” she says. Her nose is wrinkled up in disgust.

“You don’t have to,” I say to her trying to sound brave. “You can go ahead and head back to the pack house. If I run into trouble I will call you.”

“All of your s**t is in my car,” Ashley reminds me and I chew on my lip.

“Okay. Just wait for me here,” I tell her as I get out of the passenger side. “And lock the doors.”

As soon as I shut the door I hear the locks click. I look through the window and Ashley holds up her fingers. “Ten minutes,” she yells. “I am giving you ten minutes.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I tell her.

Turning around, I take a deep breath and walk towards the bar. The front door is open but it is empty inside. As my eyes adjust to the low light of the bar, I look around at the place that I am apparently desperate to work in. There is a worn down stage in the center of the bar and tables set up around it. A shiver of disgust runs down my spine as I think about being a stripper.

‘Don’t you dare,’ Envy growls lowly in my mind. ‘Our body is for our mates and our mates alone.’

‘Our mates don’t want us,’ I hiss back at her as I ease my way through the tables towards the bar.

“We are closed,” a man yells out from behind the bar.

“I am looking for Romeo?” I try to sound confident. “I was sent here by... umm...”

“Enzo,” the man behind the bar finishes my sentence for me. “He owns the apartment building.”

“Right,” I say, slightly embarrassed that I didn’t ask for Enzo’s name myself.

“He said he was sending over a girl,” the man behind the bar looks up at me. “He didn’t think that you would actually show.”

“I’m here aren’t I,” I sigh. I am not sure I really should have showed up but this seems like the only choice that I will get.

“You a dancer?” The man asks.

“No,” I say a little too quickly and a little too loud.

“Have you ever been a waitress before? Been a bartender?” I bite my bottom lip and shake my head no. “You aren’t making a very good argument for yourself.”

“I am a fast learner. I promise.” I tell the man behind the bar.

The man steps out from the bar and flicks on the main light. I shield my eyes from the blinding light. “I am Romeo.” The man tells me.

He walks around me in a circle. Looking me up and down as he circles me. “My name is Erica,” I spit out.

“Well, Erica,” Romeo says with a smile on his face. “You got one thing going for you. You have curves for days.” He puts two fingers under my chin and lifts up my face. “And you ain’t half bad to look at either.”

“Thank you?” I respond.

Romeo then leans in and sniffs me. “What are you running from?” He asks me.

“Are you a...” I can’t bring myself to finish the sentence.

“Rogue?” Romeo finishes for me with a chuckle. “No sweetie. I am not a rogue. I belong to the North Pack. I just live out here.”

s**t. I ran straight into the arms of another werewolf. “This was a mistake. I should go.”

“Look kid,” Romeo says with a smile on his face. “I don’t care what you are running from. Your business is your business. I was just curious is all.”

“You won’t tell anyone I am here?” I say with my eyes glued to the ground.

“Princess, as far as I am concerned your name is Jasmine and you just showed up to be my new bartender. You’re hired.” Romeo has a concerned look on his face.

“Jasmine?” I ask.

“No one here goes by their real name,” Romeo tells me. “I have already forgotten that your name is Erin.”

“Erica,” I correct him and Romeo sticks his fingers in his ears and pretends not to hear me.

“You can start tonight but you’ve got to find something sexier to wear than...” Romeo gestures to my sundress. “...this.”

“Sexy?” I ask.

“Yes, Sweetheart. This is a strip club. You have to look the part even if you aren’t on the menu,” Romeo laughs.

“Okay,” I sigh. “I think I can come up with something sexier than this.”

“Be here at nine,” Romeo says as he flicks off the lights and goes back behind his dimly lit bar.

Turning around I go to sprint out of the bar. I trip over several chairs on my way out. Looking over my shoulder I see Romeo shaking his head and chuckling to himself.

I burst out of the bar and let out a sigh of relief when I see that Ashley is still waiting for me in the parking lot. She has the music blaring as loud as it will go and is singing at the top of her lungs.

Tapping on her window, Ashley lets out a shriek of fear. She rolls down the window and glares at me at the same time.

“You scared the s**t out of me,” she says as she unlocks the car door.

Climbing into the passenger side of the car I plaster a big fake smile across my face. “I got the job.”

“You were in there for twenty minutes,” Ashley ignores me. “I didn’t think that you were coming back out.”

“Whatever,” I say grumpily. “Take me back to the apartment building. Enzo owes me an apartment.”

“Who?” Ashley says as she puts the car into drive.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 53

Erica’s POV

Ashley left hours ago and I am already lonely without her. But I need to do this for myself. Chris abandoned the mate bond and left me just hours after taking my virginity. Ace and Bryce don’t seem to understand why I need all three of them.

‘You didn’t give them a chance to understand,’ Envy growls in my mind. ‘You ran after one fight.’

‘I ran after a fight I was not going to win,’ I tell her as I look through the minimal clothes that I brought with me.

I don't think any of the clothes I own could be considered sexy but maybe I can make something work. Pulling out my old school uniform skirt and a black tank top I think about how I can make it sexy.

I put on the skirt and it still reaches my knees. It's way too long. This isn't sexy at all. Measuring about 6 inches up my legs I make a cut with scissors. Taking a deep breath I hastily cut all the way around the skirt. The cut is uneven and causing the fabric to unravel but I doubt anyone will notice if I am behind the bar.

Now to make the top sexier. Chewing on the inside of my cheek I decide to cut holes all over tank top. I pull it back over my head and slip the skirt back on my hips.

'You look homeless,' Envy says and she laughs at me.

I push her roughly into the back of my mind and try to ignore her howls of laughter. As I look in the tiny mirror I disagree with her. My ample cleavage and hot pink bra are peeking out through the holes in my tank top and my round a*s is almost showing out of the bottom of my skirt. I think this qualifies as hot and sexy, but I need a man's opinion.

Tying my hair into a messy bun with the scrap I cut off my skirt I try to look at myself in the tiny mirror. This will have to do until I can go shopping for some more appropriate work clothes.

Just as I am about to leave my new apartment to go to my new job, there is a knock on my door. I freeze on my side of the door and panic that one of the brothers has found me.

"Umm..." I call out. "Who's there?"

"It's me, Enzo." He says awkwardly.

I open the door and am met with his brooding face and his brown eyes. His eyes trail over my body and his eyes darken as he looks at me.

"Romeo told me to dress sexy. I don't own sexy," I try to explain stupidly. It feels wrong having another man's eyes on me.

"I think you did okay," Enzo clears his throat. "You've got a trashy school girl thing going on,"

"Is that a good thing?" I ask, c*****g my head to the side curiously.

"It's a very good thing," Enzo laughs. "Who knew you had that body under that good girl sundress?"

I swallow hard. This conversation is being to make me uncomfortable. "Was there something you needed?"

“Oh yeah,” Enzo tears his gaze away from my cleavage and looks me back in my eyes. “The tenants in 4B just moved out and left a futon. I thought you might want it.”

I wrinkle my nose at the thought of sharing a futon with a stranger. “Were they clean people?”

“Clean enough,” Enzo shrugs his shoulders.

I look around my empty apartment and sigh. I don’t really have anything to sleep on and a futon would be nice. “I don’t have time to get it now,” I tell Enzo. “I am getting ready to head to work.”

“Are you walking dressed like that?” Enzo asks surprised.

“Well. I was going to put on a jacket.” I say as I look down at my outfit.

“This isn’t the type of neighborhood you are used to,” Enzo says quietly. “You could get hurt out there.”

I laugh at Enzo. “I can take care of myself.”

Enzo looks me up and down. “I know what you are and I still don’t think that it is safe for you to be walking alone.”

I begin to feel uncomfortable, I have let a human know what I am before. “What am I?”

“You are one of them.” Enzo says. “Don’t worry your secret is safe with me.”

I begin to chuckle uncomfortably. “One of what?”

“You know... a wolf person.” Enzo says. “I know Romeo is one too.”

“A wolf person?” I genuinely laugh. “I think you have been watching too many scary movies.”

He walks up to me and looks me up and down with his brown eyes. “You definitely don’t look like you are from a scary movie.”

“I have a mate,” I spit out before he can reach out and touch me.

Enzo backs away from me and shakes his head. “I knew you were one,” he smiles at me. “Only one of you would call your boyfriend a mate.”

“Whatever,” I say as I grab my jacket and cover my outfit for the night. The jacket is a good two or three inches longer than my skirt. “I need to get to work so I can pay you my rent.”

“Let me walk you,” Enzo says quickly.

I walk out of my apartment and he basically runs after me like a love sick puppy. “I told you that I don’t need you to walk me. I can take care of myself. I have been well trained in how to fight.”

“I know,” Enzo says. “I just thought we could get to know one another a little better on the way there.”

“I already told you, I have a mate.” I roll my eyes at him.

“I am not trying to date you,” Enzo says almost angrily. “I am just trying to get to know my newest tenant.”

“Whatever,” I say again. “You can walk with me if you are able to keep up.”

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Erica’s POV

Enzo insists on walking me the whole way to the Bunny Club. His mouth ran the whole time he was walking me to work. He didn’t seem to run out of things to talk about. I didn’t think one person besides Ashley could talk so much about nothing at all.

It is ten minutes to nine when we arrive at the bar. Enzo stands awkwardly in front of the door like he isn’t sure that he wants to let me through the door.

“Well,” I say, “thanks for walking me to work.”

“I had to make sure that you arrived safe and sound,” Enzo says with a worried look on his face.

“I better get in there,” I say as I try to step around Enzo.

“I changed my mind,” he says quickly. “I don’t think you should work here.”

I look at him like he has lost his mind. “What do you mean? You are the one that got me the job.”

“That was before I knew you,” he says shyly. “You are too nice of a girl to be working in a place like this.”

“It will only be temporary,” I tell him with a small smile on my face. “I will be fine until I find something better.”

Finally Enzo steps out of my way and allows me to work through the front door of the Bunny Club. As I walk in, the sweet smell of coconut oil mixed with the scent of arousal hits my nose causing it to wrinkle.

Romeo meets me at the front door and laughs at the look on my face. Leaning in close he whispers next to my ear. “I know the smell is overwhelming but you will get used to it after a while. The humans barely register the scent.”

I nod my head as I follow Romeo behind the bar. I try to keep my eyes off of the two girls that are already dancing naked on the stage. But it is easier said than done. My eyes follow their movements. It is like nothing that I have ever seen before. The girls look like twins. Both of them have dark black hair and deep brown eyes. As they grind their bodies together to the rhythm of the music their eyes are void of any emotion. They look as if they are dead inside.

“Those two are the twins, Lacey and Stacey,” Romeo interrupts my thoughts. “They refuse to dance unless they can dance together. The customers don’t seem to mind. So let’s see the outfit you have chosen for tonight.”

Hesitantly, I let my jacket slide down my arms, revealing the outfit that I put together before I left the house.

“Interesting,” Romeo says as he circles me like I am a piece of merchandise. “It will work for tonight but you will need to go shopping for some actual sexy clothes.”

“I am just a little short on cash,” I admit and my face flushes with embarrassment.

“Don’t worry about that,” Romeo says with a smirk on his face. “With the tips that you will make in one night you will be rolling in cash in no time. Come on. Let’s get you behind the bar and see how good your memory is.”

As soon as I step behind the bar, I feel overwhelmed. There are a million drinks to remember and the customers’ orders come fast. Romeo introduces me to the other girl behind the bar.

“Lynne, this is...” Romeo pauses as he waits for me to fill my name in.

“Jasmine,” I lie but Romeo and Lynne don’t seem to notice.

“Right this is Jazzy,” Romeo takes the liberty of shortening my fake name. “She will be shadowing you for the next few nights. Teach her the ropes and be nice.”

Lynne is wearing nothing but a purple bra and a pair of leather pants. Her bright red hair is pulled up into a messy bun on top of her head. There is a tiny red apron tied around her waist and several pencils sticking out of her messy hair. She has a severe look on her face and I know that she is not a person to be crossed.

Lynne looks me up and down as if she is studying me. "You look like too nice of a girl to be in a place like this," she finally says after she is done looking at me.

"That's the second time I have heard that tonight," I mumble under my breath.

Lynne busts out laughing. "Just stick with me and I will show you everything you need to know." Leaning in, she sniffs me just like Romeo did. "You don't smell like a rogue," she says quietly. "How long have you been on the run?"

I look at Lynne in shock. "Just a few days," I tell her the truth. I look around at all of the other people in the bar. "How many people here are like us?" I ask curiously.

"About 50/50," she shrugs her shoulders.

Lynne shows me around the back of the bar. She shows me all of the bottles of alcohol and explains to me which ones are which. I try to make a mental note of what is what but so many of them are the same color. Lucky for me she has a cheat sheet behind the bar that has a lot of the most popular drinks listed and how to make them.

"Most of the time the patrons are already drunk when they walk in here," she tells me. "So they barely notice if you get their drinks wrong."

I nod as I try to take in everything that she is saying. Before I have a chance to ask any questions men start stumbling their way into the bar. Lynne starts taking orders left and right and starts barking orders at me. I do my best to keep up with her all night long. I can feel the men sitting at the bar undressing me with their eyes every time I walk past. For the first hour or so it makes my skin crawl but after a while I get used to the feeling.

By the end of the night I am dead on my feet. I have been awake for almost twenty-four hours straight and it is starting to catch up with me. The bar closes at 2:00AM and Lynne and Romeo chase the drunks from the bar and lock the door. I help Lynne and Romeo sweep up and wipe down the tables before I grab my jacket from the bar and head towards the door.

"Hey wait up," Lynne calls out after me. "You didn't do half bad for your first night. Here. This is for you." Lynne holds out a wad of cash for me to take.

"I can't accept that," I tell her as my face flushes with embarrassment. "I didn't do anything but get in your way."

“Are you kidding me,” Lynne scoffs. “That hot body of yours brought more men to the bar. You deserve some of the credit. But tomorrow night try to show a little more skin.”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

55

It has been two weeks since both Chris and Erica disappeared. My wolf, Azul, has been howling nonstop in my head, begging for me to go find my mate. To make matters worse, Bryce isn't speaking to anyone. He is so deep in depression over the loss of our mate that he has barely left his room. I can only hope that Erica decides to come home soon.

To make matters worse our mother isn't speaking to Bryce or me because her golden child ran off. She blames Erica for everything that has gone wrong and in turn blames us for taking her side. Our father is stuck in the middle. He wants to please his mate but he also wants us to be happy. He is in a no win situation.

Standing outside of Bryce's door, I knock on it as loud as I possibly can, but there is no response. Lifting my nose to the air I can smell his sweet scent. I know that he is in there.

“Open up,” I yell through the door. “We need to talk.”

“Go away,” Bryce yells back through the door.

Twisting the doorknob as hard as I can I break the lock on the door and it swings open. I wrinkle my nose as soon as I enter his bedroom. There are dirty plates on every empty surface and disgusting dirty clothes are all over the floor. Bryce is sitting on his bed, in only his boxer briefs playing video games.

“What are you doing?” I say. I try to hold my breath because the smell of the bedroom is unbearable.

“Wallowing in self pity,” Bryce says as he shoves a bunch of chips in his mouth. Only about half of the chips make it into his mouth. The rest of them fall onto the bed around him. Bryce wipes the chips off of the bed onto the floor and continues to play his video game.

“You can't just wallow in self pity,” I groan. “We have a pack that we are supposed to be learning how to run.”

“We lost our brother and our mate,” Bryce chokes on his words. “What else would you have me do? I miss them.”

“I miss them too,” I tell Bryce. “But we can't just continue to dwell on something that we cannot control.”

“I have tried calling them both,” Bryce’s voice is full of remorse. “Chris’s phone goes straight to voicemail and Erica has blocked my number.”

I wipe the chip crumbs off of the bed next to Bryce and sit down next to him. “I have tried doing the same,” I admit. “I’ve gotten the same response.”

“What are we supposed to do without them?” Bryce has tears swimming in his blue eyes.

“I don’t know,” I tell him sadly.

I look at the state that Bryce is in and I have to admit that I want to do the same. I want to wallow in my own self pity but we are the future Alpha’s of the North Pack. We have responsibilities. Bryce needs to pull it together.

“Come on,” I say I shove him to the side. “Let’s go interrogate Ashley one more time. Maybe we can finally get her to break this time.”

Finally a sly smile spreads across Bryce’s face. He knows, as well as I do, that Ashley is the one that helped Erica run.

Bryce hops off his bed and runs out of his bedroom not even bothering to put on clothes or wait for me to follow him. I chase him down the hall and we both stand outside of Ashley’s bedroom and bang on her bedroom door. Ashley answers the door and her blonde hair is a wild mess. She must have still been sleeping. She wrinkles her nose when she catches Bryce’s scent and his appearance.

“You aren’t coming in here smelling like that,” she says as she blocks her doorway. “And why are you naked?”

“We came to talk to you about Erica,” Bryce says, not bothering to beat around the bush. “And I’m not naked.”

Ashley rolls her eyes at us. “I already told you. We went shopping and she disappeared while I was in the dressing room. I was unable to track her down.”

“Did you even try to track her down?” I ask angrily.

“Of course I did,” she scoffs. “She was the only friend that I had in this Goddess forsaken pack.”

Bryce and I share a knowing look. We know that she is lying to us but we have no way to prove it. Father has forbidden us from using our Alpha Aura on her to get the truth out of her. His excuse being that if Erica really wants us as mates she will come back when she is ready and we shouldn’t track her down and drag her back like we both want to.

‘I think we should use our aura,’ Bryce says through the mind link. ‘Father doesn’t have to know.’

‘If you don’t think that she will run to Dad as soon as we are done you are wrong,’ I remind him. ‘Ashley has always been a tattletale.’

‘Only when it comes to us,’ Bryce growls loudly. ‘But when it comes to our mate she is surprisingly tight lipped.’

“If you two are done having a private conversation in my doorway, I would like to go back to sleep,” Ashley groans. She slowly shuts her door in our faces and we look at one another with a stunned look on our faces.

“Did she just shut the door in our face?” Bryce asks.

“She did,” I say quietly.

‘We need to get her phone,’ I tell Bryce through the mind link. ‘I bet she has been texting Erica this whole time.’

‘She will never give up her phone,’ Bryce states the obvious. ‘It is practically glued to her hand.’

‘I think it is time that she starts training,’ I say with a smirk on my face.

“Could you two please get away from my door?” Ashley yells loudly from the other side. “You stink!”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 56

Bryce’s POV

Ace and I bang on Ashley’s door first thing this morning. We have a plan. Ace is going to force her into training and I am going to break into her phone while she is out. How difficult could her password be?

“Go away,” Ashley yells through the door but we refuse to be deterred.

Ace twists the doorknob and much to our surprise her door is unlocked. We both burst into her room to find her still in bed.

“Up you get,” Ace says with a smirk on his face. “It is your first day of training.”

Ashley rolls over onto her belly and hides her head under her pillow. “Go away,” she hisses at us again. “I don’t even have a wolf yet.”

“That doesn’t mean that you can’t start training,” I tell her as I rip the comforter off her bed.

“Yep,” Ace says he pops the ‘p.’ “It is never too early to start training. Especially if you are going to be a Luna.”

“I don’t want to be a Luna,” Ashley growls.

Ace grabs her by the ankle and pulls her off of her bed. She tries to grab onto the sheets to keep herself from falling but she hits the ground with a thud.

“You two are assholes,” she says as she gets to her feet and storms off into her closet.

“Hurry up,” Ace yells out with a bit of humor in his voice. “We don’t have all day.”

Ashley stomps out of the closet. She has on a pair of leggings and sports bra and her blonde hair is pulled up into a high ponytail. Her phone is in her hand as she goes to storm out of the bedroom.

Reaching out, I yank the phone out of her hand and toss it on her bed. “No, phones during training.”

“What?!” Ashley squeals loudly. “I need my phone.”

Ace rolls his eyes at her and chuckles loudly. “You don’t need your phone.”

A little pout crosses Ashley’s lips. “I need it,” she whines.

“You don’t need it,” I tell her again and Ace pushes her out of the bedroom.

Ashley looks back at the phone that is lying on her bed like it is a long lost friend that she cannot live without.

“You will be gone for two hours,” Ace tells her. He grabs her around the wrist and drags her down the hallway.

“Two hours?” Ashley complains, but Ace doesn’t pay any attention to her. He just continues to drag her down the hallway. “Wait?” Ashley calls out. She digs her heels into the floor, trying to make Ace come to a stop. “Why isn’t Bryce coming?”

“Today is my day off,” I tell her with a smile. “I am going back to sleep.”

“Son of a b***h,” she groans.

Ace is continuing to drag her down the hallway and I can hear her complaining the whole way down the stairs. Suddenly I hear her squeal out loudly. I look down over the banister and I see Ace has thrown her over his shoulder and is carrying her down the stairs in a hurry.

‘I will keep her busy for a couple hours,’ Ace says through the mind link. ‘See what you can figure out on her phone.’

‘Got it,’ I answer back through the link.

I wait in the hallway until I hear the front door of the pack house slam shut before I run back into Ashley’s room and grab her phone. Sitting on her bed I take the phone in my hand and look at the lock screen. Much to my surprise she doesn’t have a password on her phone. As soon as I swipe upwards the phone unlocks and I have access to the whole thing.

The first thing that I do is flip through her messages but there are none from Erica. Most of her messages are from men. Out of curiosity I open one of the messages from one of the guys and then quickly close it. No one needs to see naked pictures of their cousin first thing on a Monday morning. I shake my head in frustration. My mother would kill her if she knew how she was behaving behind closed doors.

I scroll through the messages and find one from a girl named Jasmine. Something tells me to open the messages.

Ashley: How are things going I miss you?

Jasmine: I miss you too. But things are going well. Working at the Bunny Club is getting easier.

Ashley: When do you plan on coming home?

Jasmine: Has Chris come home yet?

Ashley: Not yet.

Jasmine: Then I am not coming back.

I pause as I read the messages. This has to be Erica. Who else would refuse to come back unless Chris has come home too?

I quickly scroll through the messages but I don’t see anything else that would tell me where she is except for this place called the Bunny Club. I close her phone and lay it back on the bed and quickly leave Ashley’s room.

I head back to my bedroom and pull out my own phone. Opening up the browser I search for 'The Bunny Club,' and only one result pops up. It is a strip club that is right outside of our territory.

Blue growls angrily in my head at the thought of our precious Erica working at a strip club.

Opening the mind link with Ace I interrupt his fake training session with Ashley. 'I think I found the information that we need.'

I can hear Ace chuckling through the mind link. 'Ashley is so bad at moving her body,' he responds humorously.

'Never mind Ashley,' I growl through the link. 'Our mate is working at a strip club.'

A loud growl echoes through the air outside and I know that it is Ace blowing off some steam. 'What do you mean she is working at a strip club?'

'Come back to the house and I will tell you everything that I have found,' I tell him before I cut off the link.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 57

Erica's POV

"Good evening, Randy," I say to one of the regulars at the bar. "Do you want your usual?"

"You know I do," he says with a smirk on his face.

"Coming right up," I smile at him before I pour him three fingers of whiskey.

After two weeks of following Lynne around like a lost puppy, I finally got the handle of working behind the bar. Lynne was right when she said that most of the patrons would be too drunk to notice if I got their drinks wrong. Goddess knows I have made many mistakes the past two weeks. Those that did notice my mistakes were either too kind or too busy looking at my chest to complain too much. All and all it has been a pretty easy gig.

"What is a nice place doing in a girl like you?" Randy slurs his words and flashes a toothless smile at me.

"Are you going to make me cut you off already?" I laugh as I pour some more whiskey into Randy's glass.

Randy wrinkles up his nose in disgust. “You wouldn’t do that to old Randy would you?”

“Of course not,” I smile at him and he pats my hand gently on the bar.

Randy is one of the regulars that comes in almost every night. He rarely looks at any of the dancers on the stage. He would rather sit at the bar and talk to Lynne and me. Honestly I am more than happy to have his company. He is one of the few men that comes into the Bunny Club and doesn’t look at me like I am a piece of meat.

Lynne took me shopping last weekend and we updated my sexy wardrobe. I now have a closet full of lingerie tops, lacey bras, and skin tight pants. I still don’t feel comfortable in the skimpy, tight clothes but Lynne swears that I look amazing. I, on the other hand, think that I am far too curvy to be showing that much skin.

“Hey Jazzy,” Lynne yells at me from across the bar. “Since it is slow I am going to go out back and have a smoke. Will you be okay on your own?”

“Of course,” I wave her on. “Take your time.”

As soon as Lynne disappears in the back room, Randy yells loudly, “You are nicer than she is.”

“I heard that, Randy,” Lynne says as she pops her head out from the back room.

Randy chuckles as he watches Lynne disappear into the back room again. “I am going to marry that woman one day.”

I cannot help but bust out laughing at Randy’s profession of love towards Lynne. “Sure you are, Randy.”

“Mark my words,” the old man says with a throaty laugh. “She will love me one day.”

“Be sure to invite me to the wedding,” I yell over my shoulder as I head to the other end of the bar to help another customer.

“What about you,” Randy yells down the length of the bar. “Do you have a man?”

My body tenses up slightly as I think about the triplets. “No, Randy, I don’t have A man.”

‘No, you have three of them,’ Envy chimes in from the corner of my mind where she has been curled up for the past two weeks.

I push her back into the corner of my mind. I don’t like to hear what she has to say these days. If she isn’t complaining about the Bunny Club, she is howling for our mates. She is getting on my nerves.

Suddenly the scent of hot chocolate fills the bar and my eyes dart to the doorway. I see two of the last people that I don't want to see me working in this place waltzing into the bar like they own the joint. Ace and Bryce.

Ducking down behind the bar, I hide from their eyes but I know they will be able to sniff me out in no time.

Randy looks over the bar with his eyes wide in shock. "What are you doing down there?" He says louder than I want him too.

"Shh," I hiss at him. "I don't want those two men seeing me here."

Randy looks back at the door and then down to me again. "The two fancy boys."

I nod my head up and down silently and bite down on my lower lip.

"I'll take care of them," Randy says as he disappears back over the bar.

I want to yell out for him to stop or to at least be careful. Poor old Randy doesn't know what he is up against. As far as I know Randy is nothing but an old human man. He certainly never smells like anything but whiskey and muscle cream.

Crawling on my hands and knees I make my way to the back room behind the bar. The dancers are back there preparing to get ready for their time on stage. The smell of coconut oil and different perfumes hangs heavy in the air. I just hope that it will be enough to mask my scent.

Once I am fully in the back room, I get to my feet and see that all of the dancers are looking at me with strange looks on their faces.

Lacey, one of the twins, helps me to wipe the dirt from my knees. "Who came in that you don't want to see?"

Stacey is looking out of one of the small windows that leads to the bar. "I bet it is one of those fancy guys that just walked in."

"Actually," I groan. "I am hiding from both of them."

"Damn girl," Stacey says as she fans her face. "Why are you hiding from those Greek Gods?"

"It's a long story that started like eighteen years ago," I moan. "But I can't go back out there with them here. They will drag me out."

"Oh hell no," Lynne's voice comes from behind me. "Leave them to me."

Lynne walks towards the door leading back out to the bar. She peers out of the window and looks back at me in shock.

“It’s not what you think,” I say as I try to find a way to defend myself.

“It doesn’t matter what it is,” Lynne says with a low growl. “Call Enzo to come pick you up.”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 58

Bryce’s POV

We pull up to a bar that looks like nothing more than a storage shed. The neon lights on the outside flicker constantly and emit an annoying buzzing sound. This is not the kind of place that I want my mate working. That is for damn sure.

Ace gets out of the driver’s side of the car and lets out a deep sigh. “Did we drive her to work at a place like this?”

“We weren’t exactly supportive when Chris left,” I remind him. “We were actually kind of rude.”

“If she is stripping, I am pulling her off the stage and away from this place,” Ace growls and I cannot help but agree with him.

Just the thought of another man looking at our mate naked is enough to send me over the edge. I am likely to kill every man in there looking at her.

“Are you ready?” I ask Ace as he pulls open the door to the bar.

“As ready as I will ever be,” Ace replies.

Walking into the bar I feel extremely over dressed. Ace and I wanted to look our best when we finally saw Erica again. So, we put on our best button up shirts and our nicest slacks. But our outfits make us look ridiculously out of place.

The rest of the patrons are in raggedy clothes. Ripped jeans and tattered t-shirts seem to be the dress code for the Bunny Club.

Lifting my nose to the air, I try to sift through the heavy scents of coconut oil, perfume, and lust, looking for my mate’s scent. That is when it hits me. The subtle hint of lavender hits my nose.

My eyes dart to the stage and I let out a sigh of relief. The dancer is not Erica. Suddenly a blonde head behind the bar catches my eyes before it disappears. I could have sworn that I just saw her there. But now it is empty behind the bar.

I nudge Ace with my elbow and gesture for him to follow me to the bar. But before we can reach the bar a decrepit old human is standing in front of us. He has on a pair of old khakis and a torn flannel shirt. Half of his teeth are missing and smells heavily of muscle cream and whiskey.

“Haven’t seen you two around here before,” the old man slurs his words as he approaches us.

“We are new in town,” Ace practically growls at the old man to get him to move out of the way.

Either he is too drunk or just doesn’t care, but the old man refuses to move out of the way. “Let me buy you a drink,” the old man tries to steer us away from the bar.

‘Maybe he knows who Erica is,’ I say through the mind link.

‘I just want to get her and get out of here,’ Ace growls back.

‘Let’s hear what the old man has to say.’ I shrug my shoulders but Ace only growls angrily in my direction.

We follow the old man to a table in far corner of the bar. He keeps looking back at the bar with a strange look on his face.

“You look like you come here often,” I say to the old man.

“Name’s Randy,” he says as he hold his hand out for me to shake. “I like to think this is my second home.”

“Hey, Randy,” I say with a smile on my face. The longer I talk to Randy the more I like him. “Do you know a girl that works here by the name of Erica?”

Randy taps his finger on his chin while he thinks. “Nope. No one here by that name.”

“Who works behind the bar?” Ace asks gruffly.

“My love, Lynne,” Randy says with a love struck look in his eyes.

“Is there anyone else?” I ask before Ace has a chance to ruin with his terrible people skills.

“There is a new girl,” Randy says as he looks back at the bar. “But she is off tonight.”

‘He is lying,’ Ace says through the mind link.

‘Obviously,’ I retort.

‘Can I kill him yet?’ Ace growls angrily. I can tell that he is ready to over turn this place until he can find her.

‘We aren’t here to kill anyone,’ I growl at him.

Ace crosses his arms over his chest and pushes his bottom lip out in a pout. I roll my eyes at him before turning my attention back to Randy.

Randy has his eyes glued to the bar. A fiery redhead is behind the bar now. She keeps glancing over in our direction but she doesn’t come over to take an order. Getting up from the table I walk to the bar. The redhead flashes a bright but fake smile in my direction.

“What do we owe the pleasure of having two of the three Alpha Triplets come to visit our fine establishment?” The redhead asks, but I have a sinking feeling that she knows exactly why we are there.

I lift my nose to the air and sniff the air around the bar. The smell of lavender is heaviest behind the bar. I look at the woman behind the bar and I know immediately that she is a werewolf. But she isn’t a rogue which means she is probably part of my pack.

“We are here looking for a woman,” I tell her seriously.

“For the right price I am sure you and your brother could have your pick of the ladies here in the Bunny Club,” she smiles at me sweetly.

“I am looking for a specific woman,” I tell her. “Her name is Erica.”

“I don’t know anyone by that name,” she tells me but her gaze doesn’t meet my own.

“What about someone by the name of Jasmine?” I ask.

“Hmm...” She pauses and taps her finger on her chin just like Randy did. “Nope. I don’t know anyone with that name either.”

“I know that you are probably a part of my pack.” There is a edge to my voice warning this woman not to mess with me.

“And we are not on your pack lands,” the redhead says with a smirk on her face. “I suggest that you and your brother find a different bar to drink at.”

“Are you saying that we aren’t welcome here?” I laugh in her face.

“I am,” the little redhead says with a severe tone to her voice.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

59

Erica's POV

Hiding the corner farthest from the bar, I quickly dial Enzo's number. I watch the door that leads between the bar and the backroom like a hawk. I am sure that at any moment Ace and Bryce will come bursting through the door and drag me out by my hair.

The phone only rings once before Enzo picks up on the other end. “Why hello beautiful,” he says in his most charming voice. “What do I owe the pleasure?”

“I need you to come pick me up, at the back of the bar. Bring your car.” I spit out the words as quickly and quietly as I can. I am sure that the brothers will be able to hear me over the loud thumping of the music.

“Is everything okay?” Enzo asks.

“It will be if you come get me,” I whisper into the phone.

“Okay.” Enzo's voice is laced with confusion but he doesn't argue. “I will be there in five minutes.”

Sneaking back to the window that leads out into the bar, I can see that Bryce is now at the bar talking to Lynne. Ace is still cornered on the other side of the bar by Randy. I can't help but chuckle at the sour look on Ace's face. Who knows what Randy is talking to him about. I just hope that he hasn't given me away yet.

Just as I am about to turn around and wait by the back door, someone wraps their arms around my waist and I let out a loud squeal. Quickly I place my hand over my mouth. Both Ace and Bryce raise their heads and look towards the back room of the bar. s**t, they heard me.

I spin around and see that it is Enzo who has his arms wrapped around me. I roll my eyes at his boldness and push his arms away from me. Enzo looks like a wounded puppy and takes several steps back away from me.

“We have to leave now,” I hiss at him. I know that it will only be a matter of moments before Ace and Bryce fight their way to the back of the bar and look for me.

“You sure are eager,” Enzo says as he wags his eyebrows at me.

“I am eager to leave this place. That is all.” I emphasize my words. I don’t want Enzo getting the wrong idea.

Grabbing me by the hand Enzo leads me out of the back door of the bar. His car is still running behind the bar. I jump into the passenger seat and tap my foot impatiently while I wait for Enzo to get in the car.

“Will you hurry up?” I hiss at him.

“Why are you in such a hurry to get out of here?” Enzo asks me curiously.

“Some guys showed up at the bar looking for me.” I tell him. “I can’t let them find me.”

“How did they find out where you worked?” Enzo’s eyebrows are furrowed with concern.

“I don’t know,” I sigh. “The only person that knows that could tell them is my friend Ashley. I know she wouldn’t have ratted me out.”

“Are you sure about that?” Enzo asks as he speeds down the road towards the apartment building.

“I am not sure about anything anymore,” I mumble mostly to myself.

Within just a few moments, Enzo and I are back at the apartment. I open the door and sniff the air. I don’t smell the scent of hot chocolate. Letting out a sigh of relief I walk into the apartment building not realizing that Enzo is following closely on my heels.

Opening the door to my apartment, I go to shut the door behind me when I realize that Enzo is blocking the doorway.

“I am good now,” I tell him.

“I just thought that I would check out your apartment before I left.” He says with an odd look on his face. “You seemed pretty shaken up back there and I want to make sure that you are okay.”

I try to shut my door in his face once again but he is refusing to move out of the way.

“I can take care of myself,” I growl slightly at Enzo. I don’t like how pushy he is being right now.

“Just let me check out your apartment and I will go,” Enzo demands.

Letting out a frustrated sigh, I open the door and let Enzo come into my apartment. He quickly closes the door behind him and stalks towards me.

“I didn’t think I would ever get you alone,” he says as he walks towards me.

“Enzo,” I say as I back away from him. “You have the wrong idea. I told you that I have a mate.”

“If you have a mate, what are you doing here with me?” Enzo says with a sly look on his face.

“You said that you wanted to check out my apartment,” I groan. “You wouldn’t leave.”

“Look,” Enzo says as he reaches out and strokes a single down my cheek. “We have been playing this game of cat and mouse for too long. I know you want me as much as I want you.”

“Enzo, I definitely am not interested in you,” I tell him the truth.

“Then why are you always calling me when you need help?” Enzo says as he runs his fingers down my neck and across my breasts.

“You’ve got the wrong idea,” I tell him. “I thought that we were friends.”

“After tonight we are going to be more than friends,” he says with a sickening smile spreading across his face.

Swatting his hand away from my chest, I take several steps away from Enzo. “I don’t want to have to hurt you,” I tell him with a bit of humor in my voice. I know that I could take him down with one punch if I needed to.

“You wouldn’t hurt me,” Enzo says as he walks towards me once again.

“Enzo. You need to leave,” I growl. Envy is pushing to the front of my mind. Ready to protect me.

But Enzo isn’t deterred by my growl or my swirling black eyes.

Suddenly the smell of hot chocolate fills the air and a deep voice comes from behind me. “I believe that she asked you to leave.”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 60

Chris’s POV

From the shadows of the trees across the street from the Bunny Club. I watch silently as my brothers get out of their car and walk into the bar. They found her. But they are about two weeks too late.

I found out the information that I was looking for almost as soon as I left the North Pack. Long story short I owe Erica an apology. It didn't take me long to track her down, unlike my brothers. I found her about a week ago and have been watching her from afar. I am trying to get up the nerve to talk to her and take her home.

But not home to the North Pack. I don't think either one of us is ready for that. I found an apartment right on the outskirts of the North Pack, in a human city. I want to take Erica to my new home. Honestly, I don't want to share her. I want her to be mine and mine alone. I know that my brothers would never let that happen. So, I just have to find a way to get her to leave with me tonight instead of them.

I watch the bar carefully, waiting to see my brothers leave, but they don't come out with Erica as quickly as I expected them to. In fact, they don't come out with her at all.

I see a black sports car pull up to the back of the club. I know this car. It belongs to that creep Enzo that has been throwing himself at Erica for two weeks. I have seen him walk or drive her to the Bunny Club several days out of the week. Each time he tries to place a kiss on her cheek but she always moves quickly out of his reach. It makes me smile knowing that she is not moving on from us.

In the darkness of the trees I move around to the back of the bar and see Erica climbing into the car with that creep. I can't believe it. She has given my brothers the slip.

Slipping off my gray sweatpants, I shift into my massive black wolf, Cyan. Something tells me that I have to get to her apartment before they do. I move much faster in my wolf form. Running through the trees, I make my way to Erica's apartment.

Shifting back into my human form I know that I only have a few minutes to make it up to the apartment before Erica and Enzo come back. I pick the lock on her apartment door and quietly shut it behind me. I hide myself in her bathroom and hope that my scent is still masked from earlier.

As soon as I slip into the bathroom I hear the front door of her small apartment open. I can hear her trying to tell Enzo to leave but he isn't catching the hint. I watch from the darkened bathroom as he pushes his way into her apartment. Cyan is growling loudly in my head. Begging to be released. He wants to kill Enzo.

Enzo steps forward and runs his fingers across Erica's chest and I can see Erica tense up under his touch.

'Can I kill him now?' Cyan growls angrily.

‘Soon,’ I promise him.

A tiny growl fills the silence in the apartment and I see Erica swat away Enzo’s hand. “Enzo, you need to leave,” Erica says confidently.

But the i***t doesn’t move. He only takes another step towards her. I know that Erica has been trained and she can fight this battle herself but there is no way I am letting this a*****e keep his hands after he laid them on my mate.

Stepping out of the darkness of the bathroom, I clear my throat. “I believe that she asked you to leave.”

Enzo’s head whips in my direction and his eyes widen as he tries to look me up and down.

“Who the f**k are you?” Enzo squares his shoulders and tries to look intimidating. He then turns and looks at Erica. “Who the f**k is this?”

Erica’s blue eyes are sparkling with tears as she looks at me. “This is one of my mates,” she says with a little bit of a huff to her voice.

“One of your mates?” Enzo asks as he takes a step away from me.

“I have three,” Erica says as her face blushes with embarrassment.

“Three,” Enzo chuckles lightly. “I had no idea you were a freak.”

Erica’s shoulders slump over and I can tell that his words cut her deep. Is this what she is worried about people thinking about when they find out that she has three mates?

Enzo has a stupid smirk spread across his face as he stares at my mate. I finally take the chance to look at Erica. The outfits that she wears to the bunny club are getting more and more skimpy. Tonight she is wearing nothing but a bright red lacy bra that does nothing to hide her pink n*****s underneath and she has on a pair of tight, black leather pants. My mouth begins to water as I look at what she is wearing but then I realize that Enzo is still in the apartment looking at her too.

“I think you should leave,” I growl at Enzo, causing him to jump where he stands.

Erica crosses her arms over her chest and taps her foot impatiently. She is clearly waiting for Enzo to leave as well. But, damn, this guy is just not getting the hint.

I stride towards Enzo and wrap my hands around his neck before he even has a moment to react. “I think I asked you to leave,” I tell him.

Enzo claws at my hand that it is wrapped around his neck, but it only causes me to tighten my grip. Veins begin to pop out of his temples as he gasps for air. Letting my claws slip from my fingertips, I run my claw down Enzo's face, drawing blood as I go.

I am just about to rip his heart out with my free hand when I catch Erica out of the corner of my eye. She is turning green and looks like she could be sick at any moment.

Dropping Enzo from my grip, he crumples to the floor. "Leave," I growl louder and Enzo scrambles from the room on his hands and his knees.

When I am sure that Enzo is gone, I turn to Erica. There is an unreadable expression on her face. She takes a few steps in my direction and slaps me across the face.