

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

Chapter 61

Erica's POV

My hand stings from slapping Chris across the face, but he deserved it. He left me. He took my virginity and then left me. In fact, the more I think about it he deserves much more than a slap across the face.

A low growl escapes my lips as I look at my mate. "What the f**k are you doing here?"

"I could ask the same thing of you." Chris crosses his arms over his chest and glares at me. "And it seems that I just saved your a*s."

"I could have handled myself," I laugh out loud. "I don't need you to fight my battles."

"There wouldn't have been a battle if you would have stayed in the North Pack where you belong." Chris's words are sharp and they cut me to the core.

"You left first," I say. I can feel the tears begin to form in the corners of my eyes. At any moment I am going to start crying, but not out of sadness, out of anger.

"I did what I had to do," Chris tells me. There is an impassive look on his face as I glare at him. "I did what was best for the four of us."

I cannot help scoff at him. "So taking my virginity and disappearing the next morning is what was best for me."

Chris's eyes widen with shock. "I didn't think it would matter since you had Ace and Bryce to keep you occupied."

"Occupied?" I screech at him. "What the f**k is that supposed to mean?"

Running his fingers through his already messy hair, Chris lets out a sigh. "I just couldn't stand to see them with you after I was."

"Bullshit," I scream at him. "If I remember correctly you were still very much involved after your... turn."

"I don't want to share my mate," he spits out as his face turns bright red.

I take a step away from him and my mouth gapes open. “That is something that you should have mentioned two weeks ago before you took my virginity and then bolted the next morning like I was some trashy one night stand.”

“Like I told you before,” Chris’s voice is low and calculating. “I didn’t think that you would miss me because you had Ace and Bryce.”

“You are just as dense as your brothers,” I groan. “I need all of you to feel complete.”

“Are you saying that you can’t be happy with just one of us?” Chris’s face falls.

“That is exactly what I am saying.” I place my hands on my hips and glare at him.

Chris and I stare at one another for several minutes. Neither one of us is willing to talk to the other one. I am mad because I have been tracked down by all three of my mates on the same night. Chris is mad because I left the North Pack.

Finally, the silence begins to get to me and I have questions that I want to know the answers to.

“How long have you known where I am?” I ask Chris.

“For about a week and a half. Ace and Bryce called and left me a message saying that you disappeared. I started looking for you immediately.”

“So, you have been watching me for the past week and a half?” I can feel my anger rising in my chest.

“I just wanted to make sure that you would be okay.” Chris tries to defend himself. “You have never been on your own before.”

I roll my eyes at Chris. “I have been on my own plenty. I was on my own for 3 years in college.”

“That was different,” Chris says sheepishly. “You had your parents to fall back on. This is the first time that you have no one.”

As much as I hate to admit it, he is right. This is the first time that I was actually on my own, but I was managing well on my own. I had a job and an apartment. I had also planned on applying to the local college to finish my degree. I was doing just fine on my own. The last thing that I needed was for Chris to swoop in here like a white knight and try to ruin everything I have built. The past two weeks have been so freeing.

“I don’t need you to rescue me,” I whisper. “I was doing fine on my own.”

“I know you were,” Chris says as he takes a few steps towards me. “That is why I didn’t interfere until tonight. When I saw my brothers walking into the bar I knew that I had to get to you before they did.”

“I don’t understand,” I say to Chris. “Aren’t you going to drag me back to the North Pack?”

“No,” Chris says quietly. “I want to take you to live with me in my apartment. It isn’t too far from here.”

“You want me to choose you over your brothers?” I cannot believe what I am hearing.

“That isn’t necessarily what I am asking of you,” he says gently. “I am asking you to stay with me while you figure out what you want.”

“I already know what I want.” I throw my arms up in the air and huff. “I want all three of my mates.”

“I just don’t think I can give you what you want,” Chris says quietly. “I don’t want to share.”

“The moon Goddess didn’t give us a choice,” I plead with Chris. “She wants us all to be together. If I can’t have all of you then I don’t want any of you.”

“You are willing to go rogue and work at a strip club rather than be with just one of your mates?” Chris’s eyebrows are knitted together in confusion.

“Let’s go home together,” I beg. “Ace and Bryce will forgive us.”

“I am not going home,” Chris says with a sad look on his face.

“And I am not going back without you,” I tell him.

Chris takes a few quick steps forward and he cups my cheeks in his hand. “I love you,” he whispers right before he presses his lips to my own.

Electricity flows through my body because his lips are pressed against my own, but I do not kiss him back. Bracing my hands on his chest I push him away. “I think you should leave now,” I whisper.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 62

Erica’s POV

Walking into the Bunny Club the next night feels surreal. All of the dancers and waitresses are talking about me behind my back. Either they don't think that I can hear them or they just don't care.

Many of them are wondering why I would run from the two gorgeous men that walked into the bar last night. Unfortunately, I can't tell any of them the truth. The humans that work at the bar would never understand what having a mate means, and the werewolves would never understand why I ran from my mates. So, I just keep my nose to the ground and pretend like I cannot hear what they are saying.

I am surprised to see Romeo waiting for me behind the bar. He never leaves his office to work the bar unless there's trouble.

"I didn't expect to see you back again," Romeo says with a smirk on his face.

"I have to pay for my apartment and food," I retort. I know that I will not want to listen to what he has to say.

"We need to talk," Lynne says as she comes up from behind me.

"What is there to talk about," I groan.

"You know damn well what there is to talk about," Romeo growls at me. "Explain why two out of the three Alpha Triplets were in my bar looking for you last night."

"There isn't anything to say." I try to keep my face neutral. "I left the North Pack and they didn't want me to leave."

"You are leaving out the why." Lynne crosses her arms over her chest and glares at me. "Why didn't they want you to leave?"

"That's really none of your business," I say as I push past the two of them. I ignore them standing behind me and begin to restock the liquor shelves.

"If I have to chase them off my property, I am making it my business," Romeo snaps at me.

A low growl escapes my lips as I turn back around and stare at Romeo and Lynne. "I just wanted to leave all of that behind me. At least for longer than two weeks."

Tears begin to fill my eyes as I think about the triplets. Romeo lets out a frustrated huff when he notices that I am crying and storms into the back room.

Lynne wraps her arms around me and pulls me in for a hug. "You know that you can trust me with anything, right?" She raises her eyebrows as she looks at me.

I let out a sigh and pull myself away from the hug. I have to admit that it would be nice to have someone to talk to about all of this.

“They are my mates,” I whisper.

“Which one,” Lynne asks with a hint of excitement in her voice.

“All of them,” I groan.

“When you say all of them...” Lynne’s voice trails off in shock.

“All three of them,” I whisper even lower than before.

“Shut the front door,” Lynne screams as she gently presses me backwards.

“Could you lower your voice,” I hiss at her. “I don’t want anyone to know.”

Lynne looks at me in shock. “I gotta know, why did you run?”

“That’s a really good question,” a deep voice comes from behind me.

Lynne leans back against the liquor shelves and lets out a low whistle. She leans over to me and whispers in my ear, “don’t turn around now. One of them is here.”

Refusing to turn around, I begin to restock the clean glasses under the liquor shelves.

Lifting my nose to the air, I slightly sniff. I cannot smell his chocolate scent and peppermint scent but I would know that voice anywhere. Chris’s voice has always been a little huskier than both of his brothers.

“Well, Little Fox,” he says and I can hear the humor in his voice and practically see the smirk that I know is dancing across his face. “Are you going to answer the question?”

Lynne grabs a bowl of peanuts from behind the bar and starts popping them in her mouth like popcorn. She acts like she is watching some sort of romantic television show and it is just about to get to the good part.

Turning on the spot, I glare at Chris angrily. “Only if you explain why you ran first.”

“I already told you why I left last night.” He takes a seat at the bar and smiles at me.

But it isn’t just any smile. It is the kind of smile that girls go wild for. The kind of smile that would make any woman swoon. I can tell that Lynne is affected by his charms because she shifts awkwardly where she stands and her hand freezes midway to her mouth.

I bump Lynne out her daze with my hip and she continues to eat peanuts. Her eyes dance between Chris and I as she waits for the next one to speak.

When neither one of us says anything. Lynne clears her throat loudly. “Well don’t leave a girl hanging,” she says. “Why did he leave first?”

“That’s personal,” Chris and I say at the same time.

Lynne smirks as pops a few more peanuts in her mouth. “Then why DID you leave, Jazzy?”

“Jazzy?” Chris c***s an eyebrow in my direction.

“You shut up,” I point to Lynne. “And you go away,” I point to Chris.

“Nope,” Chris says as he drums his fingers on the bar. “I think I will stay here and drink tonight.”

“You don’t drink,” I cross my arms over my chest and glare at him.

“When you look like that, I do,” Chris says with a grin on his face.

“We aren’t serving you.” I put my hands on my hips and match his grin.

“I will serve him,” Lynne says and she bumps me out of the way with her hip. “What are you drinking tonight, Sweetheart?”

A low growl leaves my lips when Lynne calls Chris Sweetheart. “Traitor,” I hiss at them both before I storm to the back room of the bar.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 63

Chris’s POV

“What are you drinking tonight?” The fiery redhead asks as I watch my mate storm to the back of the bar.

I let out a little sigh. “I’m not much of a drinker,” I admit. “What do you recommend?”

“That depends,” the redhead smiles at me. “Are you looking to forget that she’s your mate? Or do you just need some liquid courage?”

“There is no forgetting that she is my mate,” I sigh. “So I guess I am looking for the courage to drag her out of here and take her to my apartment.”

The redhead laughs loudly in my direction. "I can't let you drag her out of here. Not unless she wants to be."

"Then I guess I need the courage to sit in this place all night and wait for her," I laugh.

"My name is Lynne," she tells me as she places a pink drink in front of me.

I take a sniff of the liquid in the drink and it smells oddly familiar. "What's in this?"

"Grey Goose and Red Bull," she says with a shrug of her shoulders. "I thought I would start you out easy."

Sniffing the drink on more time, I turn the glass up and drink it all in one go. It burns slightly on the way down. But it doesn't taste half bad. Just as I place the glass back on the bar, Erica comes out of the back room. She has lost the coat that she was wearing and I can finally see what she has chosen to wear for the evening. Erica has on a black lace bra with a short black skirt. The skirt is so short I can see straps of her garter belt. My c**k begins to twitch within my pants as I look at her.

My feeling of euphoria doesn't last long when I hear someone let out a whistle beside me. I look to my right and I can see an old man sitting beside me. I have seen him come in and out of this bar plenty of times while I was watching Erica. He seems to be a regular. He has on the same flannel shirt that he wears every night and a pair of old khakis. He nudges me with his elbow and gestures to Erica.

"That Jazzy sure is a looker," he says with a perverted smile on his face.

A low growl escapes my lips as I think about another man seeing my mate in such a state of undress. I look around the bar and see that most of the men in the bar have their gaze on my mate rather than the dancers that are on the stage.

Suddenly there is a rush towards the bar and men are lining up to have drinks served by Erica. I look at Lynne and she just smirks in my direction.

"They would rather be served by her," she says and I swear that I can hear a little bit of hurt in her voice.

"I think I am going to need something stronger if I have to watch this all night," I groan and push my glass back towards Lynne.

"I recommend whiskey," the old man beside me says as he looks at Lynne lovingly.

I nod my head and Lynne pushes a glass of brown liquid in front of me. I don't bother to sniff the liquid this time. I just put the edge of the glass to my lips and turn it up. My eyes begin to water as the liquid slides roughly down my throat. I slam the glass down on the bar and begin to cough loudly.

“Rookie,” the old man says with a chuckle as he turns up his one glass and drinks the whole thing like it is nothing. “Weren’t you here last night?” He asks as he gestures for Lynne to fill up his glass again.

“Those were my brothers,” I say gruffly. My throat is still burning from the whiskey.

“I was wondering which one you were,” Lynne laughs.

“I am Chris,” I say as I gesture for her to fill my glass up again.

“Are you sure you want more?” Lynne raises an eyebrow at me.

My eyes linger on Erica’s form while she laughs and flirts with the bar patrons. “I am sure,” I say, not taking my eyes off of Erica. “I think I may need to forget that she is my mate for the night.”

Lynne gives me a pitiful look before she fills up my glass once again. I drink all of the whiskey in the glass and Lynne immediately fills it back up. She gives me a knowing look before she turns away to take care of some of the other men at the bar.

The old man turns to me and holds out his hand. “I am Randy,” he says with a sad look on his face. “It is hard to watch them flirt with other men when you love them. But I can tell you one thing, they don’t mean it.”

Reaching my hand out, I shake Randy’s hand. “How do you know they don’t mean it?” I ask as I let my eyes wander back over to Erica.

“They are just really good actors,” Randy says with a grin on his face. “Lynne is in love with me. She just pretends like she doesn’t so the other guys here don’t get jealous.”

I look at the way Randy is staring at Lynne and I can see that he is in love with her. Or at least his best estimation of what love is.

For the rest of the night Randy and I share stories and have drink after drink. I keep a close eye on Erica the whole night. I don’t miss how her eyes keep drifting over to where I am sitting. As much as I want to throw her coat over her and keep her all to myself, I know that this is something that she needs to do for herself. She needs to know that she can do this on her own.

The owner of the bar comes out and turns all the lights on and calls for “last call.” I pay my tab with Lynne and say my goodbyes to Randy. As soon as I try to stand up the world begins to spin around me and I stumble where I stand.

“Sit down,” I hear a commanding voice from behind me.

Turning around, I stumble and almost fall over. My vision is blurry but I can see a beautiful blonde with sparkling blue eyes glaring at me with her arms crossed over her chest. Leaning into the bar I look the blonde up and down and give her a little wink.

“I have a mate,” I whisper quietly so no one else can hear.

“You are an i***t,” the blonde laughs at me.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 64

Erica’s POV

Out of the corner of my eyes I watched Chris drink all night. As soon as he would empty his glass, Lynne would fill it up again with whiskey. By the end of the night he was stumbling over his own feet and slurring his words.

As Romeo calls for last call I watch in horror as Chris tries to get to his feet but he trips slightly before catching himself on the bar. I can’t believe what I am seeing. It takes an obscene amount of alcohol to get a werewolf drunk.

“Exactly how much did you give him?” I ask Lynne not daring to take my eyes off of him.

“A couple bottles?” She shrugs her shoulders as he wipes down the bar. “I thought he could handle it.”

“He has never drank before,” I press the palm of my hand to my forehead to try and relieve some of the tension that is building. “Exactly how many bottles did you give him?”

“Four or Five,” Lynne laughs as she watches Chris try to stand once again.

“f**k,” I groan. “He is wasted.”

“You can say that again,” Lynne giggles.

Chris tries to get to his feet for a third time and stumbles once again.

“Sit down,” I yell at him from across the bar.

Immediately Chris sits back in his seat and looks at me with wide eyes. I walk over to the bar where he is sitting and open my mouth to speak to him but Chris lets out a frustrated sigh. He leans across the bar and his face is just a few inches from my own.

“I have a mate,” he whispers and his face turns a bright shade of red.

I c**k my head to the side and look at him in confusion. Then it hits me. He is so drunk that he doesn't recognize me. He doesn't know that I am his mate. "You are an i***t," I laugh at him.

He presses his head to the bar and big tears roll down his cheeks. "You have no idea," he sobs.

Great. He is a sad drunk. This is the last thing that I need.

"You should get him home," Lynne tells me. She is trying to hide her laughter behind her hand but it isn't working.

Shooting a glare in Lynne's direction, I silently curse her. This is all her fault. I walk around the bar and grab Chris by the arm. "Come on." I hoist him up by his arms. "You need to sleep this off."

"I already told you that I have a mate," he tries to rip his arm out of my grasp but I hold on for dear life.

"I am your mate," I groan. "Come on."

"You can't be my mate," Chris says with tears streaming down his face. "She would never be caught dead in a place like this."

"Surprise, surprise," I say sarcastically. "There is something that you don't know about me. Now let's go."

Chris hangs his head and attempts to stand up. He leans up against me as I support his massive weight. "I don't think I should be driving," he slurs his words as he talks.

"Do you think?" I roll my eyes at him. Drunk Chris is quickly becoming my least favorite of the triplets. "Are you able to walk?"

"I can," he nods his head confidently before tripping over his own feet and almost falling on his face. Chris is so heavy that his weight pulls me down with him right before we reach the door of the bar.

"Can you though," I growl at him and pull him back to his feet.

"You know," Chris says with a weak smile on his face. "You remind me of her."

"I remind you of who?" I ask stupidly.

"My mate," Chris whispers loudly in my ear.

"I bet she and I are a lot alike," I laugh at his ridiculousness.

Slowly I walk Chris the few short blocks back to my apartment. It takes nearly twice as long because I have to keep picking Chris up off of his face as we walk down the deserted streets. Finally we make it to my apartment building and I see Enzo standing outside smoking a cigarette. But as soon as he sees Chris he runs back inside.

“Men,” I groan as I walk into the building.

Opening my apartment I pull Chris in behind me and lock the door behind me. Awkwardly standing in the center of my apartment Chris refuses to meet my gaze.

“I have a mate,” Chris says again. “I shouldn’t be here.”

I run my hand down my face. “I am your mate,” I say slowly and pointedly.

Chris’s eyes meet my own and he stumbles backwards a little. “You look just like her,” he sniffs a little.

“Chris,” I grab his face with both of my hands. “I am your mate. I am Erica.”

He looks around my sad apartment and shakes his head. “You can’t be her. She belongs in a place much better than this.”

Refusing to argue about my identity any longer I begin to strip off my clothes. I keep my back to Chris as I change into my pajamas for the night. When I turn back around Chris is hiding his eyes with his hands.

“I am covered,” I say to him and he slowly peeks out from under his hands. He lets out a sigh of relief when he realizes that I am covered.

“I should have never left,” he whispers.

I take a few steps closer to Chris. “What do you mean that you shouldn’t have left?”

Chris flops down on my futon and places his head in his hands. “I just wanted to find out the truth. I didn’t mean to chase her away as well. Now none of us have her and it is all my fault.”

“What if you went home?” I ask him. “Surely your brothers will forgive you.”

“I was jealous and stupid,” Chris begins to cry again. “I just wanted her all to myself and now I realize how wrong that was.”

“Maybe we should have this conversation in the morning when you are less drunk,” I sit down and smile at him.

Chris nods his head and sniffs. Getting up from the futon I walk to the bathroom to wash off all of the make-up from the night and brush my teeth. When I return to the main room Chris is passed out on the futon in his clothes.

Taking a deep breath, I remove his shoes and lift his legs onto the futon. I look at the small space that is available beside him. It is calling out to me. Carefully I climb into the futon beside Chris and snuggle into his delicious scent.

“I have a mate,” Chris mumbles in his sleep and I chuckle at him as I finally drift off.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 65

Chris's POV

Sunlight breaks through the small window in the apartment and I realize that my arms are wrapped tightly around someone. I try to remember what happened last night but it is all a blur. I remember telling Lynne that I needed to drink in order to forget that Erica was my mate, but after that I can only remember bits and pieces. But I do remember a blonde woman trying to take me home last night.

‘Oh Goddess,’ I groan inwardly. ‘What have I done?’

Cyan only laughs loudly in my mind and causes me to wince at the sound. My head feels like it is splitting in two.

I look down at the woman that my arms are wrapped tightly around. All I can see is a mound of blonde hair, but the scent of lavender is thick in the air. The scent makes my mouth water and I only know one wolf that can cause that reaction with her scent alone. Erica. I let out a little sigh of relief and I allow myself to relax next to her.

Erica shuffles in my arms and I know that she is beginning to wake up. She stretches her arms widely to the side, almost punching me in the face.

“Good morning,” she mumbles as she rubs the sleep from her eyes.

“Good morning, mate,” I say as I hug her closely to me once again.

Erica chuckles a little. “So you know who I am this morning?”

“Can we not talk about last night?” I groan.

“Oh no,” Erica says with a frown on her face. “We have lots to talk about.”

Unwrapping one of my hands from around Erica's body, I press my hand to my forehead. "What did I say?"

"Are you telling me that you don't remember?" Erica asks sarcastically.

"Just tell me what I said," I mumble in frustration. My head is in no mood to play games this morning.

Erica sits up in the bed and she takes my breath away. Every time I look at her it is like the first time. Her mouth forms a perfect 'O' as she yawns softly.

"You said that you were jealous and stupid," she tells me and I can feel myself turning red with embarrassment. "Would you like to explain what you meant?"

"Uh." I scratch the back of my neck awkwardly. "Can we just pretend like I didn't say anything last night?"

"Nope," Erica says as she pops the 'p.' "You need to come clean."

"And if I don't?" I ask quietly.

"Then I won't return to the North Pack ever again." Erica says confidently and I know that she is telling the truth.

I watch her carefully as I think about how to explain what I need to say to her. She is sitting with her legs crossed under her, chewing on her bottom lip. Her oversized sweatshirt is falling off of one shoulder and I know that she doesn't have on a bra underneath. My c**k twitches painfully in my jeans as I look at her. I need her.

Leaning forward, I grab her face in my hands and place a kiss right on her lips. Immediately, she wraps her arms around my neck and deepens the kiss. It is clear that she needs me as much as I need her. Her tongue forces its way into my mouth and she explores every corner.

Breaking away from the kiss she rests her forehead against my own. "You can't get out of talking about this by seducing me," she whispers.

"I didn't realize that I was the one doing the seducing," I laugh gently.

"Shut up and kiss me." She pulls me closer and presses her lips to mine once again.

This time I run my tongue along her full bottom lip before biting down on it and pulling on it slightly. Erica groans in satisfaction and it only fuels my desire for her. Reaching for the hem of her sweatshirt, I pull it slowly over her head. I was right, she didn't have on a bra.

I take a moment to admire the beauty that it is sitting in front of me. Erica's face and chest blushes as my eyes rake over her bare body. Her perfect pink n****s harden under my gaze and it turns me on even more.

Wrapping my arms around her waist I flip her over on her back. Her breast bounce slightly as she hits the bed below her. She draws her bottom lip into her mouth as she waits in anticipation for me to touch her.

"Chris," she breathes out heavily. "Please."

It is all the invitation that I need. Roughly I palm one of her breasts in my hand while I take her little pink bud into my mouth. I roll my tongue over her n****e and her back arches off of the bed. I love how receptive she is to my touch.

Suddenly memories of my brothers ravaging her body flash through my mind and I try to push them to the side. But it is of no use. This suddenly feels wrong without my brothers present and I finally understand what Erica has been saying all along. The four of us belong together.

I sit back on my heels and stare down at the goddess that is lying before me.

"I wanted to keep you to myself," I admit.

Erica quickly crosses her arms over her chest and sits up in the bed. She c***s her head to the side as she waits for me to continue.

"But now I understand what you have been saying all along," I continue. "I realize that this bond isn't complete without all four of us together."

Tears begin to stream down Erica's cheeks as she looks at me, but she doesn't say a word to me. Reaching forward I wipe the tears that are falling down her face. I place a small kiss where each of the tears is falling. Suddenly, Erica lunges forward and wraps her arms around my neck and presses her lips to my own.

She pulls away from the kiss and looks at me with a smile playing at the corner of her lips. "Thank you," she whispers before she presses her lips to mine once again.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 66

Erica's POV

[Mature Content]

I wrap my arms around Chris's neck and pull in him for another kiss. This time it is my turn to tease him. I run my tongue along his bottom lip and he opens his mouth eagerly. I slowly let my tongue slip into his mouth and massage his with my own gently. Chris wraps his hand in my hair and tilts my head backwards. His tongue begins to fight against mine, both of us wanting to be in charge.

My fingers fumble with the edges of his t-shirt as I try to lift it over his head. We break away from the kiss just fast enough for me to slide his shirt over his head. As soon as his shirt is off, I press my bare chest against his own.

Pushing his back against the wall beside the futon, I straddle his lap. I can feel his erection pressing against his jeans. I grind myself up against his length and he closes his eyes and moans deeply into my mouth.

I pull away from the kiss and I bat my eyelashes at Chris. "These jeans can't be comfortable."

Chris only grunts in response as I continue to grind myself against his hard c**k.

Slowly I slide off his lap and settle myself on the floor between his legs. Propping myself up on my knees I slowly undo the buttons of his jeans. I slide my hand into his boxers and stroke his length with my hand. Grabbing the waistband of his pants and his boxers I begin to pull them down slowly.

Chris places his hands on top of mine, helping me guide his pants down over his hips. Moving out of the way, he kicks his pants off and tosses them to the side. I crawl up Chris's body and rub his c**k in between my breasts. I brace my hands on his thighs and slowly run my breasts all over him.

He groans out in pleasure and I can feel my n*****s harden against his skin.

"f**k, Erica," he groans. "Your breasts are f*****g perfect."

"What about my mouth?" I say just before I run my tongue over the tip of his c**k.

His hips buck wildly as my tongue runs over his c**k once again. I run my tongue from the base of his length to the tip several times before taking him in my mouth. Once again his hip bucks off the futon and he slams himself into the back of my throat.

I gag a little but I try to keep up the pace that I know he is looking for. Chris tangles his hands on the back of my head and guides me up and down quickly. I brace my hands on his thighs keeping him from going too deep. I can feel his c**k begin to twitch inside my mouth and I know that he is getting close to finding his release.

I grab the base of his c**k and stroke it with the same rhythm and vigor that he is pressing his c**k into my mouth.

“Erica,” he moans in warning.

I gaze up at him through my lashes and nod my head slightly, letting him know that I am ready for what comes next. Chris stiffens beneath me but I continue the pace on his d**k. After I thrust myself down on his c**k one last time, I feel his hot seed coating the back of my throat. Greedily I swallow everything and I lick him clean.

“f**k, Erica,” Chris groans out as he lifts my head off of his c**k. “You are f*****g perfect.”

Chris raises me to my feet and he rips my sweats off of my body. Then he wraps his arms around my thighs and pulls me towards his mouth. He settles his back on the bed and holds my p**y in place over his lips. His tongue flicks out and swirls around my clit. He dives his tongue into my core and I call out his name.

I find myself grinding myself on his face. Chris digs his fingers into my a*s cheeks trying to hold me into place but I keep bucking my hips every time his tongue flicks against my clit.

His movements are slow and calculated. Much different from how he was the first night that we were together. He dips his tongue into my core again before his hand runs along my slit. My juices coat his fingers and I can feel him sliding his fingers up towards my a*s.

His finger presses gently against my puckered a*s and I try to remember to relax, but my body is too tense. I am climbing close to my release as his tongue swirls around my clit. His finger presses inside me and it instantly pushes me over the edge. I begin to grind my face against his tongue faster and faster. Chris pumps his finger in and out of my a*s faster and faster.

I scream out his name as I find my o****m. I can feel my juices running down my thighs and coating Chris’s face. I move against his tongue until my body stops shaking.

Chris pulls me off of his face and I collapse against his side and my eyes grow heavy. He wipes my hair out of my face and he places a little kiss on my nose.

“Are you tired, Little Fox?” His voice is low and husky.

“Mhm,” I mumble as I curl up against him.

“I guess I can let you take a nap before round two,” he says with a smirk on his face.

“Round two?” I yawn.

“You didn’t think that I was letting you off that easily. Did you?” Chris chuckles as he tucks my blanket around me.

I yawn loudly again and snuggle into his chest, smelling his hot chocolate and peppermint scent. "I haven't slept well in two weeks," I tell him.

"That's what you get for running away," he says with a hint of humor in his voice.

I let out a scoff. "You ran away first."

Suddenly, I am pinned below Chris and he has placed himself between my legs. "Let me make that up to you."

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 67

Erica's POV

Chris holds my arms above my head and presses his naked body against my own. His length grows against the inside of my leg, eliciting a whimper from me. He moves my hair away from my neck and licks from the base of my neck and to my ear. As his tongue flicks over where my marking spot will be, my back arches off the futon, and I moan loudly.

"I thought you were sleepy," Chris chuckles next to my ear.

"I am." I push out my bottom lip in a seductive pout before dragging it between my teeth.

"Don't do that," Chris says as he looks down at me.

A flicker of a smile spreads across my lips. "Don't do what?" I ask as I bat my eyelashes at him and pull my lip in between my lips once again.

Using his thumb, Chris pulls my bottom lip out from my teeth. His thumb traces over my bottom lip before he cups my cheek in his hand and presses his lips to my own. His tongue explores the inside of my mouth gently. He grinds his body against my own and the tip of his c**k brushes against my opening. I try to match his movements, trying to edge his c**k into my core.

Tingles spread throughout my body as our bodies move against one another. I can feel the pull of the mate bond growing stronger between us and I can feel that we both know that we have made a mistake. Neither one of us should have ever left the North Pack. We shouldn't have tried to sever ties that were being built between the four of us.

"Erica," Chris whispers before he kisses me deeply.

Breaking away from the kiss, he rests his forehead against my own. Our eyes lock onto one another and he releases my arms from above my head. Immediately I wrap my arms

around his neck and pull him in closely. He buries his head in my neck and inhales deeply. Slowly he reaches between our bodies and lines himself up with my core.

I wiggle my hips under his weight, begging for him to thrust inside of me. Cupping my face in his hands he slowly inches his way into me.

“I love you,” he whispers as he slowly pushes himself deeper into me.

“I love you too,” I whisper back.

Wrapping my arms around his shoulders, I dig my nails into his skin, trying to push him to go faster. But Chris continues to thrust in and out of me slowly, refusing to pick up his pace. He holds my face so that I cannot look anywhere but his eyes. His blue eyes are swirling with emotion that only gets more intense with each thrust into me.

His slow, intense movements are causing me to make noises that I have never made before. Wrapping my hands into his soft, blonde hair, I pull him in for a soft kiss. The longer our lips stay trapped together the more eager and passionate the kiss becomes.

Chris wraps his arms around me and holds me closer. I can feel his heart beating through his chest as our bodies find a soft but powerful rhythm together.

Tingles from the mate bond begin to spread throughout my body and they are only intensified by the passion of the moment. Chris’s arms tighten around my body as he begins to pick up the pace slightly. Pressing his forehead to mine he whispers that he loves me.

Pressure begins to build in my stomach as my core tightens around his c**k.

“f**k, Erica,” he groans out loudly.

My hips rise to meet each one of his thrusts, pushing me closer and closer to the edge. He wipes a strand of blonde hair out of my face and presses his lips against mine once again. As his tongue enters my mouth, I am pushed over the edge. My toes curl and my legs stiffen as my o****m washes over me.

With a final thrust I can feel Chris also find his release within me. We both pant heavily as Chris holds himself overtop of me. He rests his forehead on top of mine and kisses me on the tip of the nose. I want nothing more than to stay the way we are right now, but there are things that we need to say to one another. Things that need to be put out in the open.

Chris lays down next to me and holds me close to his side. He runs his fingers up and down my sides and I giggle at the ticklish feeling that overcomes my body. Seeing the giggles that escaping my chest, his gentle touches begin to turn into actual tickles. Loud laughter fills my quiet apartment as I try to wiggle out of Chris’s grasp.

“Stop!” I squeal out loudly as he continues to tickle me.

“Where are you trying to go?” Chris laughs loudly as he tries to hold me down.

“Away from you,” I giggle but suddenly I realize that I said the wrong thing. Chris’s face falls and he looks wounded. “That’s not what I meant,” but it’s too late.

Chris gets up from my futon and immediately puts on his pants. “I know it’s not what you meant,” he says as he paces back and forth across my apartment floor. “It is just-“

“I know,” I say as I sit up in the bed and pull the blankets up to my chest. “I ran too.”

“I thought I was doing the right thing.” Chris sits beside me on my futon and holds his hands over my own. “But the moment that I was gone I knew it was a mistake.”

“Then why didn’t you come back?” I ask with tears streaming down my face.

“I wanted to,” he tells me. “I really wanted to, but pride got in my way.”

“We should go home,” I tell Chris. “We don’t belong out here.”

“What if we go back and they don’t forgive us?” Chris runs his fingers through his hair.

I shrug my shoulders and let out a little sigh. “There is only one way to find out.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 68

Bryce’s POV

I want to return to the Bunny Club but Ace is against it. It is causing a rift in our relationship. Every conversation we have always turns to Erica and Chris, which then turns into an argument.

This morning has been no different. Ace just stormed out of my bedroom and slammed the door behind him. Pacing back and forth in my bedroom, my fists are clenched by my sides in a rage. Ace believes that Erica will come back on her own, but I want to go back to the Bunny Club, drag her out, and bring her home.

A light knock on my door interrupts my pacing. I know that the knock is too light to be Ace.

“What?” I growl through the door.

“Dear,” my mother’s voice sounds sweetly as she yells through the door. “Can I speak with you for a moment?”

I run my fingers through my hair in frustration, before I open the door angrily. My mother ignores my angry demeanor and invites herself into my room with a bright smile on her face.

“What do you want?” I ask her coldly. I still believe that she is the one that got Erica’s parents kicked out of the West Pack. I don’t trust anything that she has to say.

“I just want to let you know that Amber Lockhart will be here later today. I want you to show her around.” My mother crosses her arms over her chest and I know that there is no arguing with her.

“Amber as in the Beta’s daughter from the East Pack?” I ask curiously.

“Yes, her parents are sending her here for Luna training with Ashley,” my mother tells me.

“Why can’t Ashley entertain her?” I groan. The last thing that I want is to have a girl following me around all day. The only girl that I am interested in being with is Erica.

My mother lets out a loud sigh. “We both know that Ashley is not a good role model. As hard as I try she will not be Luna material.”

“Why can’t Ace be her chaperone?” I ask grumpily.

“Ace has other matters to attend to,” my mother wrinkles her nose in disgust. I can tell that whatever excuse Ace gave her she does not approve of.

“Whatever,” I mumble. “When will she be here?”

“She should be here within the hour,” my mother’s smile gets brighter. “So if I were you I would take a shower.”

Lifting my arm, I sniff my armpit, and I wrinkle my nose. I don’t think I could possibly smell worse, I can’t remember the last time that I have had a shower.

Without giving me a second look my mother leaves my bedroom. Pressing the heel of my hand to my forehead I try to relieve some of the pressure that is building behind my eyes. Making my way into the bathroom I turn the shower on as hot as it will go before I step inside.

Leaning against the shower wall, I try to get my body to relax under the steaming hot water. But for some reason I feel more tense than normal. The last time that I saw Amber was ten years ago. She was an overweight child with bright red hair and freckles that my

brothers and I tormented relentlessly. I hope she doesn't hold a grudge against us like Erica did. I don't think that I can deal with another moody female.

About an hour later I am sitting in the front room of the pack house waiting for Amber to show up. There is a knock at the front door and I cannot help but feel a sense of dread wash over me.

One of the Omegas rushes towards the door to greet our guest and my mother follows quickly. I can hear my mother laughing loudly from the front door and I hear a melodious laughter accompanying my mothers.

My mother walks back into the front room of the pack house with a beautiful redhead. I look around my mother looking for the overweight Amber that I remember but there is no one else with her.

"Bryce," my mother says happily. "I am sure you remember Amber."

Shaking my head back and forth I try to make sense of what I am seeing in front of me. The once fat little girl that was covered in freckles is now one of the most beautiful women that I have ever seen. Her dark red hair flows like silk down her back and her dark brown eyes stare at me with amusement.

Amber giggles as she takes in the stunned look on my face. "I look a little different than I did ten years ago," Amber smiles and I swear it lights up the whole room.

"You can say that again," I blurt out without thinking.

"I will leave you two to catch up," my mother says as she sneaks out of the front room.

Amber sits on the chair across the room from me and we stare at one another for a few moments before I get the nerve to finally speak up.

"I think I owe you an apology," I finally spit out.

Amber dismisses my words with a wave of her hands. "There is nothing to apologize for," she says sweetly. "We were both young the last time that we saw one another. Kids will be kids."

I let out a little sigh of relief and I cannot help but compare the differences between Amber and Erica. Erica held a grudge against all of us for as long as I can remember, but Amber is willing to forgive and forget just like that. She is like a breath of fresh air.

"So what do you want to see?" I ask Amber.

Amber bats her eyelashes at me and pulls her bottom lip between her teeth. "What would you like to show me?"

‘f**k,’ I groan internally. ‘We are in trouble.’

‘We have a mate,’ my wolf, Blue, growls loudly in my head.

‘Our mate left us,’ I tell Blue.

“I have several things that I would like to show you,” I tell Amber seductively.

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 69

Ace’s POV

I am walking down the hall. I stop in front of Chris’s room. Stepping inside of Chris’s room, I look around the room and it makes my heart heavy. Both my brother and my mate used to stay in this room and now they are both gone. Bryce wants nothing more than to find Erica and drag her home but I believe that she will come home on her own.

I sigh quietly and shut the door behind me. I continue down the hallway. As I pass Bryce’s room I hear the sound of moans and heavy breathing coming from inside. Surely I must be mistaken. There is no way that Bryce would be cheating on our mate.

I check the doorknob and it twists open easily. Pushing the door open, I am shocked at what I see in front of me. A beautiful redhead is bouncing up and down on my brother’s c**k. They don’t even notice that I have come into the room.

“What the f**k?!” I scream out loudly.

The redhead squeals loudly and practically falls off Bryce, trying to cover herself with a blanket.

Bryce looks at me with a grin spread across his face. He is clearly pleased with himself. “Ace, you remember Amber Lockhart.”

“What the f**k are you doing?” I growl at him. “You have a mate.”

“Yeah and she left us,” Bryce says angrily. “Since you won’t let me go get her, I am just going to replace her.”

My eyes flicker to Amber and she looks slightly wounded at Bryce’s words but she doesn’t say a word.

“You know that Erica can feel your betrayal,” I yell at him. “Now she will never come back.”

Bryce's face falls slightly as it registers what he has just done, but then a smirk crosses his lips. "Good," Bryce yells back at me. "She deserves to feel some of the pain that she has put us through."

"You are a f*****g idiot." I pick up Amber's clothes off of the floor and toss them in her direction. "Get dressed and get out," I yell at Amber.

Amber scurries from the bed with her clothes in her hands and runs into the bathroom. Bryce watches her run off with a huge smile spread across his face. "She is a damn good lay," he says. "I bet she would let you have a go if you asked her nicely."

I can feel my anger bubbling under the surface of my skin. My wolf, Azul, is ready to fight his own brother over the betrayal that he has just witnessed.

"Could you please explain yourself?" I demand to know what is going on.

Bryce leans back on his bed and places his arms behind his head. "I have decided that I am not going to wait for Erica to come back."

My eyes widen in shock as I look at Bryce. "You cannot be serious," I laugh awkwardly at him. "You are the one that wanted to go into the Bunny Club and drag her out."

"And you stopped me," Bryce yells back at me. "I am not going to sit around and wait for a woman that doesn't want us."

"If you are going to betray the mate bond, then you owe her the decency of rejecting the mate bond so you don't cause her any pain." I try to reason with Bryce but I can tell that he isn't listening to me.

"Why do you care what I do?" Bryce scoffs.

"Because you are injuring our mate by cheating on her," I scream at Bryce.

"She left us," Bryce says and I can hear the hurt in his voice. "I could care less how much pain that I am putting her in."

"It's like I don't even know you anymore," I mumble.

"Maybe it is time that we all go our separate ways," Bryce says.

"If you think I am leaving this pack you have lost your mind," I growl at Bryce.

Bryce gets out of his bed and pulls his sweats over his hips. He stalks towards me and he balls up his fists at his side. "I will fight you for the position of Alpha of this pack."

I cannot stop the loud laughter that bursts from my chest. “I will kill you where you stand,” I warn him.

After Chris I am the second strongest of the three of us. I know that Bryce knows this as well. It would be stupid of him to try and win a fight against me.

A deep snarl leaves Bryce’s lips as he steps towards me again. Using both of my hands I push him backwards on the bed. Bryce bounces off the bed and falls on the floor.

“You son of a b***h,” Bryce yells as he barrels towards me and tackles me to the ground.

Bryce and I roll around on his bedroom floor, both of us trying to land punches on the other one. I roll Bryce on his back and punch him across his face several times. Blood splatters from his lips and coats my hand. I continue to land blow after blow on Bryce’s face, thinking only about the pain that he has caused our mate.

“What is going on in here?” My father’s voice booms loudly through the room and my fist pauses in midair.

I climb off of Bryce and wipe his blood from fist onto my pants. “Just a disagreement between brothers,” I lie to my father.

“It looks like more than just a disagreement,” my father says as he helps Bryce to his feet.

“I want to challenge him for the position of Alpha,” Bryce growls.

“Over my dead body,” my father yells loudly. “You three will run this pack together or none of you will run the pack.”

“I can’t work with him.” Bryce glares at me from across the room. Blood is dripping down his face onto the floor below him.

“I don’t want to work with you either,” I spit at Bryce. “I can’t work with someone that cares so little for the bond that the Moon Goddess gave to us.”

“I will f**k who I want when I want,” Bryce screams at me loudly.

“I will f*****g kill you,” I scream at him before I run at him again.

My father steps between the two of us and puts his arms out to keep us separated. Amber comes out of the bathroom with a shocked look on her face. My father looks at Amber and then back at the two of us. “Both of you, in my office now.”

The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 70

Bryce's POV

"Both of you, in my office now," my father's voice is serious and Ace and I know better than to disobey him.

Amber looks down at her feet while she stands in front of my bathroom door. She is shuffling from side to side and I know that she is unsure of what she is supposed to do next.

Walking over to her, I give her a peck on the cheek. "You can wait for me here, Baby," I tell her before slapping her on the a*s.

Amber lets out a little yelp and her face turns bright red. She is truly beautiful. Not as beautiful as Erica but she will do in a pinch.

My father rolls his eyes at my actions before he turns on his heels and storms out of my bedroom. Ace quickly follows after my father, leaving me alone with Amber.

"I will be right back." I wiggle my eyebrows up and down at her.

Amber refuses to look up from the ground. Her freckled skin has turned another shade of red. I cannot tell if she is embarrassed or angry with me.

"You didn't tell me that you had a mate," she says with a frown across her face.

"Our mate left," I tell her.

"She is mated to the both of you?" Amber lifts her head and looks at me with her wide doe eyes.

"She is mated to all three of us," I tell Amber honestly. "But she ran."

"Do you still love her," Amber asks with tears filling her eyes.

I walk over to her and I cup her chin in my hands. "Does it matter? You want to be a Luna don't you?"

Amber chews on her bottom lip and looks up at me. I can see the wheels turning within her mind. "I want to be a Luna," she says confidently.

"That settles that," I tell her.

I give her another kiss on her cheek and I walk out of my bedroom.

‘Where the f**k are you?’ My father’s voice booms within my mind.

‘On my way,’ I call back through the mind link.

I walk into my father’s office and the air is tense. Both my father and Ace have their Alpha Aura pushed into the air and it is suffocating.

“Can we not act like this?” I say as I sit down in the chair next to my brother.

“What in the f**k are you thinking?” Ace growls at me and he pushes his Alpha Aura out into the room.

“I am finding a Luna,” I growl back at Ace. “Something that you should be doing too.”

“We have a Luna,” Ace groans. “I don’t need to find another one.”

“So you are just going to wait until she comes back?” I scoff at Ace. “What if she doesn’t come back?”

“She is going to come back,” Ace says confidently. “She has to miss us as much as we miss her.”

“If you would have let me bring her home that night at the bar, we wouldn’t be in this situation at all.” I snap at him.

“We can’t force her to do something that she doesn’t want to do,” Ace screams at me. “We can’t just man handle her whenever she does something that we don’t like. She is her own person.”

I roll my eyes and groan loudly. “I am not giving up Amber,” I yell a little too loudly. “I deserve a Luna that wants to be with me as well.”

Our father is just sitting silently watching us argue back and forth. He doesn’t interrupt our conversation until Ace gets to his feet and tries to lunge at me once more.

“Ace, sit,” my father growls. His Alpha Aura is so strong that it causes both of us to bare our necks to him in submission.

Ace takes his seat beside me and glowers in my direction.

“So, let me get this straight.” My father crosses his arms over his chest as he looks at the both of us. “Erica has run off and so has Chris. I am assuming that both of you caused them to run.”

My face turns red as I think about the last words that I said to Erica. I basically accused her of being selfish for wanting all three of us. When in reality she only wanted all of her mates. My heart sinks a little as I think about how I treated Erica.

“Now,” my father continues, “it would appear that you have decided to take another mate without rejecting Erica to begin with.” My father doesn’t take his eyes off of mine.

Squaring my shoulders, I try to sit a little taller in my seat. “I have,” I admit.

“Do you have any idea of the pain that you caused Erica by sleeping with another woman?” My father raises his voice a little.

“I thought that was a myth,” I mumble.

“It most certainly is not,” my father chastises me. “If you are going to continue this relationship with Ms. Lockhart, you need to reject Erica.”

A stab of shooting pain radiates through my chest as I think about rejecting Erica. It isn’t something that I want to do. Deep down I had hopes that she would come back to us and the four of us would work through our disagreements.

My father’s eyes are still boring into my own as he waits for my response.

A lump forms in the back of my throat as I try to answer my father. “I just assumed that I had more time,” I tell him.

“Not if you will be taking another mate,” my father says with certainty.

Out of the corner of my eyes I can see Ace crossing his arms with a scowl spread across his face. He is not happy with this situation.

“Fine,” I grumble. “I will go to the Bunny Club tonight and reject her.”

Ace gets up from his seat and pushes his chair over in anger. “You are going to ruin things for all of us.”