

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue

## Chapter 71

Erica's POV

The annoying sound of my alarm wakes me from my peaceful sleep. Chris's arms are wrapped tightly around me and it feels like he isn't planning on letting go any time soon.

"Pst," I hiss at Chris while I poke him in the shoulder. "You have to let me get up."

"Just a few more minutes," Chris whines and pulls me in closer to him.

Pushing my hands against his shoulders I try to pry myself out of his arms. "I have got to get to work," I say as I wrestle against his tight grasp.

"I don't want you going back there," Chris mumbles, still half asleep.

"Nope," I say as I finally wiggle my way out of Chris's arms. "You don't get to make that decision for me."

Rolling over onto his back, Chris lets out a frustrated sigh. "I'm going back with you then," he says seriously. "I won't let you work in that place without some sort of protection."

Rubbing my fingers against my temples, I try to combat the oncoming headache that is going to plague me as long as Chris is living with me.

"I worked there for two weeks without incident." I place my hands on my hips and glare at him.

"I was watching you the whole time," Chris finally admits.

"You have got to be kidding me," I groan. "Can't you all let me do anything for myself?"

"I would rather you be a pampered Princess," Chris shrugs his shoulders. "Come on, let's get a shower."

Rising from the futon, Chris grabs me by the hand and leads me towards my small bathroom. I look at the tiny, single person shower and then at Chris. "There is no way that we are both going to fit in there," I tell him.

"That's okay," Chris says as he sits himself on the toilet. "I will just enjoy the show from out here."

“You can’t be serious,” I look at him in shock.

“Of course I am,” he laughs. “Now hurry up or you will be late for work.”

Realizing that I don’t have much of a choice, I step into the shower, and I turn the water on as hot as it will go. But it doesn’t make any difference, the water is insanely cold no matter how high I turn the temperature. Quickly I rush through my shower, wanting to get it over with as soon as I can.

Just as I am about to turn off the water and get out of the shower a searing pain radiates through my chest. The pain is so intense that it drops me to my knees. Within a second, Chris is at my side, lifting me out of the shower. My body is trembling and shaking from the pain.

Chris wraps me in a towel and attempts to rub me dry but the pain is too strong and I cannot hold still. I writhe on the floor in pain, whimpering.

“What is happening?” Chris holds my head in his hands and pleads with me.

“Something is wrong with my heart,” I manage to grumble. “I need to get to a doctor.”

Suddenly, Chris backs away from me and looks at me in horror. “What does it feel like?” His voice is laced with concern.

Tears run down my face and onto the floor as I cry out each time a new wave of the pain hits me in the chest.

“I don’t know,” I sob. “It just hurts.”

I curl up into a ball on the floor and hold my legs as tight to me as I possibly can. Silently sob wrack my body as I lay on the cold tiles of my bathroom floor.

“Erica,” Chris says as he strokes my hair out of my face. “I don’t think you need a doctor.”

Just as soon as the pain started it has begun to subside and I am able to breathe normally once again. Chris is staring down at me with a knowing look on his face. He looks like he is ready to murder someone.

“What just happened?” I ask my extremely angry mate.

Chris takes a large gulp of air before he begins talking. It is almost as if he is looking for the courage to tell me what is going on.

“I think one of my brother’s betrayed the mate bond,” he says in a low growl.

Chris’s eyes are swirling from blue to black as he looks at me.

I shake my head over and over again. “There is no way one of them would do that to me.” I say in denial.

“It is the only explanation, Little Fox,” Chris says softly.

Once again sobs threaten to escape my chest, but I sniff them back. I refuse to feel bad for myself. Getting off the bathroom floor I tighten the towel around my body.

“It’s my fault,” I say simply. “I should have never left in the first place.”

“You can’t possibly blame yourself for this,” Chris says angrily. “You don’t deserve this.”

“For all I know they came to the Bunny Club that night to reject me. I was just too much of a coward to hear what they had to say.” I try to justify the actions of whichever brother betrayed the mate bond.

“Stop trying to make it all okay, Erica,” Chris snaps at me. “We were taught at a young age what would happen if we didn’t respect the mate bond. Whichever of my brothers did this to you knew what they were doing.”

“They knew that they were going to hurt me?” I cannot believe my ears. Maybe I truly meant nothing to whichever brother did this to me.

“Whoever it was knew what they were doing?” Chris growls.

My body feels numb. There are so many emotions running through my body that I am unable to focus on just one. But one thing is for certain, anger is at the forefront of my feelings. I would never consider putting them through the pain that I just felt. I guess I just love them more than they love me.

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Bryce’s POV

Ace and I pull up to the Bunny Club and it looks like the bar is packed. It will be hard to get Erica alone on a night as busy as this.

I turn and look at Ace. “Maybe we should come back on another night.” I try to weasel my way out of why we are here.

“Nope,” Ace glares at me. “You are going in there to reject her. You can’t keep a side piece.”

“Amber isn’t a side piece,” I growl lowly. “She is going to be my Luna.”

Ace rolls his eyes at me before he gets out of the car. “Whatever,” he mumbles under his breath.

Without looking back Ace walks into the Bunny Club and the door slams behind him. Taking several deep breaths I get out of the car and walk into the bar.

The smell of coconut oil, sweat, and lust is heavy in the air; but the scent of lavender is the strongest of all of them.

Ace is standing just inside the door with his eyes glued to the bar. I follow his gaze and that’s when I see her. For the first time in several weeks Erica is standing just a few feet away from me. It is like I am seeing her for the first time all over again.

Her blonde hair is pulled up into a messy bun on top of her head, with several stray hairs that are framing her face. She is wearing nothing more than a bright red bra and a short leather skirt. Her bright smile is lighting up the bar as she serves the patrons at the bar. I want nothing more than to rush to the bar and cover her body from the staring eyes of the rest of the patrons. Suddenly, I realize that I can’t do what I came to do.

Grabbing Ace by the shoulder I try to steer him out of the bar. I don’t want to be here anymore. “We need to leave,” I whisper next to his ear but Ace only glowers in my direction.

“You aren’t getting off that easy,” Ace yells above the music. He rips his shoulder out of my hand and he begins to walk towards the bar.

I don’t miss how Erica’s body tenses as she lifts her nose to the air and catches our scent. Instead of running from the bar like she did last time, she plasters a fake smile on her face and places two napkins in front of us.

“What can I get you two to drink?” She asks, pretending like she doesn’t know us.

“Bartender’s choice,” Ace says like he has been drinking at bars his whole life.

Erica rolls her eyes at the both of us and returns with a bottle of whiskey. She pours the whiskey into the glass and slides them towards us before she turns and walks away to help someone else.

“Erica,” I call out to her and her whole body freezes where she stands.

Erica spins around and glares at me. “My name is Jasmine.”

I nod my head in understanding, she wants to remain anonymous. “Jasmine,” I say hesitantly. “Can I talk to you for a moment?”

Erica takes in a deep breath before she looks back in my direction. "I have nothing to say to you."

"Please, Little Fox," I beg her. "I just need to explain."

"You don't get to call me that," she growls.

Turning back to face me, Erica slams the bottle of whiskey on the bar and it shatters under the force. Brown liquid covers the bar and Erica cusses under her breath.

Erica wipes the glass and the whiskey from the bar. As she wipes the bar down a piece of glass catches her finger and she begins to bleed.

"f\*\*k," she hiss as she tries to apply pressure to her wound.

Ace immediately reaches over the bar and takes her injured hand in his own. He carefully inspects the cut on Erica's hand. Delicately he pulls a piece of glass out of her hand before wrapping her finger in the napkin that she laid on the bar.

"So it wasn't you," Erica's gaze softens as she looks at Ace.

"It wasn't me," Ace says as he places a kiss on her injured hand.

"Hey, Lynne," Erica yells over her shoulder. "I need to get a bandage."

The fiery redhead from the other night turns around and sees the mess that is all over the bar. She looks at me and then back to Erica.

"Why don't you take a break," Lynne says as she walks over to where Erica is standing. "I will clean this up."

Erica nods curtly to Lynne and looks at me with a pained expression on her face. "You can come with me," she says.

Erica disappears into the back room of the bar and Lynne opens the bar so I can follow after her. I open the door to the back room and I immediately have to avert my eyes to the ground. The dancers are standing around topless chatting with one another. As soon as the dancers see me the room goes quiet and they all glare in my direction. I can only assume that Erica has told them everything that has been going on.

Erica pulls a first aid kit away from a top shelf and begins to clean her wound. I try to help her but she pulls her arms away from me.

"Don't touch me," I hiss at him.

“Is there a place where we can talk that is more private than this?” I ask her as my eyes look around the room. All of the dancers have their eyes on me.

“Either you talk to me here or you don’t talk to me at all,” Erica growls at me.

I clear my throat awkwardly and I look at her. “I came here to apologize,” I begin. “I thought the mate bond betrayal was just a myth.”

“So you thought that I would never find out,” Erica laughs sarcastically.

“You left us and I need a Luna,” I try to explain to her.

“I understand,” Erica says as she looks at me with tears in her eyes. “So, do you want to do it or do you want me to?”

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Erica’s POV

I carefully wrap up my wounded hand, trying to ignore the mate that betrayed me. But that is easier said than done. His hot chocolate and vanilla scent swirls around me and it is like a trigger for my lady parts. All I can think about is how his hands and tongue expertly ran all over my body. I can feel my core tighten and my panties are beginning to get wet. Hopefully the smell of my arousal will be masked by the rest of the smells in the bar.

Bryce is trying his best to explain why he did what he did but I know why he is here and I just want him to get it over with.

“So, do you want to do it or do you want me to?” I ask him.

Bryce’s eyes widen in shock. “I don’t understand.” He is lying and I know it.

“You are here to reject me,” I say with utmost certainty. “We should just get this over with.”

Bryce runs his hand down his face and groans in frustration. “I thought I came here to reject you,” he tells me honestly. “But now that we are here together, I just want to take you home. I miss you.”

“You didn’t seem to miss me earlier today,” I snap at him.

“What do you want me to do to fix this?” Bryce pleads with me. “If I could take it back I would.”

“I am not asking you to take it back,” I say as I get back to my feet. “To be honest I have slept with someone else as well.”

Bryce looks at me with a shocked look on his face. “That’s impossible. We would have felt it if you betrayed the mate bond.”

“Who says I betrayed the mate bond?” I answer him cryptically.

Bryce gets to his feet and knocks the chair over that he is sitting in. I can see the anger building in his chest as the realization of what happened washes over him. “So, you and Chris ran away so you could be together without Ace and me.”

“No,” I say calmly. “He tracked me down. Just like you and Ace did.”

“So you would rather be alone with Chris, than with the three of us together,” Bryce screams at me.

Heat rushes to my face in embarrassment because I know that all of the dancers are eavesdropping on our conversation.

“Can you lower your voice?” I hiss at him.

“Not until I get an answer,” Bryce yells at me.

“I never planned on running away to be with Chris,” I snap at Bryce. “I ran because you didn’t understand the importance of me needing all three of you to feel complete.”

Bryce scoffs at my response. “It appears that you only need one of us.”

I finished bandaging my hand and look up to stare my mate in the eyes. Even though he towers over me I refuse to back down. “And it would appear that you don’t need me at all to be happy.”

Bryce’s mouth hangs open like a fish out of water. There is something that he wants to say that is on the tip of his tongue but he is holding back.

“So,” I say curtly. “Do you want to reject me or am I going to reject you?”

Bryce continues to stare at me with his mouth opened wide. “I don’t want to reject you,” he says quietly.

“I am not going to let you hurt me every time you decide to sleep with your side piece,” I growl.

“She isn’t a side piece,” Bryce growls at me protectively and that tells me all that I need to know.

“I, Erica, once a member of the West Pack, reject you, Bryce of the North Pack as my mate,” the words flow from my mouth with ease but the pain that accompanies it is not something that I was prepared for.

I begin to pant heavily, trying to ease the pain that is radiating through my chest. I always heard that rejecting a mate bond is one of the most painful things that you can do as a werewolf because you are rejecting something sacred that was given to you by the Moon Goddess. But I didn’t expect it to hurt this bad.

Tears are rolling down my cheeks. Both because of the pain and the loss of one of my mates. I raise my eyes and look at Bryce and he is clutching his heart in pain as well. I glance up at his eyes and he looks like he has been betrayed.

“Accept it,” I say through gritted teeth.

“No,” Bryce says as he runs from the back room of the bar.

As soon as he is gone the dancers in the back room come rushing to my side. Lacey and Stacey hold me in their arms while I cry.

“Are you okay?” Lacey asks as she wipes the tears that are running down my cheeks.

“I think I will be,” I tell her honestly.

Lacey pulls me in for another hug and presses her breasts right into my face. I try to pull myself away from her hug and her breasts but she only holds me tighter.

“I have got to get back out front,” I say as I finally pull myself away from Lacey’s hold.

“I am sure Romeo wouldn’t mind if you took the night off,” Lacey tells me, but the last thing I want is to be alone for the night.

Suddenly the door to the back room flies open and Chris comes storming through it.

Lacey lets go of me and stands in front of me in protection. “Haven’t you done enough?” She snaps at Chris.

Chris looks at her in confusion and I can’t help but laugh a little.

“Lacey,” I chuckle. “This is his brother.”

Lacey eyes him suspiciously before stepping out of the way. “I am watching you,” she tells him as she points two fingers in his direction.



“Come on,” Chris says as he gathers me in his arms. He holds me bridal style and I snuggle into his chest. Breathing in his smooth scent. “I am taking you home.”

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

## 74

Ace's POV

Bryce storms out of the back room of the bar with a pained expression on his face. I immediately know what happened in that back room. He rejected her.

My heart sinks as I think about what could have been. I really thought that the four of us could have been happy together, but I guess that I was wrong.

Bryce hops over the bar and I slide his drink over to him but he pushes it away. “Let’s get out of here.” His voice is shaking and for the first time in his life I think that I might see him cry.

“Where is Erica?” I ask him before finishing the drink that is sitting in front of me.

Bryce growls angrily at the sound of Erica’s name. “She is still in the back,” he says gruffly before he picks up the drink that he pushed away and puts it to his lips. He tilts his back and downs the drink in one go. Shaking his head at the taste of the whiskey, Bryce covers his mouth with his fist and I am sure he is going to puke.

“So,” I begin to ask what happened in the back room but Bryce shakes his head at me angrily.

“Not here,” he says as he gets to his feet and walks out of the bar.

I throw a few bills onto the bar and give Lynne a little wink before I follow my brother out of the door. By the time I make it outside, Bryce is punching the side of my car, leaving massive dents in the door.

“Dude,” I yell out as I rush to his side. “What the f\*\*k?”

“She f\*\*\*\*\*g rejected me,” he screams into the night before slamming his hand into the door of my car once again.

I stand in the parking lot of the Bunny Club with a bewildered look on my face. I thought that we had come here for Bryce to reject Erica.

“I thought that’s what we were here for,” I ask in confusion.

“It is... I mean... it was,” Bryce stutters. “But when I saw her...”

“You couldn’t do it,” I finish his sentence for him.

Bryce finally stops putting dents in the side of my car and we stand in the dark parking lot. I know at this moment that neither one of us is willing to leave this place without Erica.

The thump of the music coming from the bar fills the silence between Bryce and I. Bryce is looking at the ground and kicking the gravel around in the parking lot.

“What are we going to do?” I ask him quietly.

“She isn’t my mate anymore,” Bryce chuckles but I can see the tears forming in his eyes. “What are you going to do?”

“Did you accept it?” I ask Bryce.

“What?” Bryce lifts his head and looks at me in confusion.

“For f\*\*\*s sake, Bryce. Did you not pay attention to anything while we were growing up? In order to sever the mate bond you have to accept the rejection.” I shake my head in frustration.

“I didn’t accept it,” Bryce says. “I told her no when she asked me to.”

“Then it isn’t too late,” I tell Bryce almost cheerfully. “We still have time to fix this.”

“What do you expect me to do?” Bryce runs his fingers through his hair and tugs on it. “There is no way that she will come with me now. She hates me.”

“I am not leaving here without my mate,” I tell Bryce. “I am sick of waiting for her to come home on her own.”

I storm away from my car and back into the Bunny Club. I push my way through the crowd and back to the bar. I only see the redhead at the bar. I lift my nose to the air and the scent of lavender is almost missing. I tap my hand on the bar loudly, grabbing the attention of Lynne.

Lynne saunters back over to me and leans across the bar. I can smell the whiskey on her breath as she talks to me.

“She is gone,” Lynne says with a frown on her face.

“What do you mean she is gone?” I growl at Lynne.

“I mean she left with one of you,” Lynne says with an odd expression on her face. “I don’t know which one though but it obviously wasn’t you.”

I furrow my eyebrows in confusion. “How many of us were here tonight?” I ask her.

“Three of you,” Lynne says with a crooked smile. “One of you has been coming to the bar every night and watching her.”

“Chris has been here?” I am dumbfounded.

Lynne shrugs her shoulders. “I guess. Now, I have other men eager for my attention. Are we done with this?”

“Yeah,” I say angrily as I turn around and leave.

I storm out of the bar and back to the car where I see Bryce waiting for me with his arms crossed over his chest. His eyes are boring into my own as I walk towards the car.

“Where is she?” Bryce asks with a hint of urgency in his voice.

“You aren’t going to believe this,” I chuckle. “She left with Chris.”

Bryce turns around and hits my car again. “Of course she did,” he growls into the night. “She has been f\*\*\*\*\*g him this whole time.”

I look at Bryce in confusion once again. “What makes you say that?”

“She told me,” Bryce says angrily.

“What the f\*\*k,” I groan. “When did this get so f\*\*\*\*\*g complicated?”

“When the Moon Goddess gave us all the same mate,” Bryce growls again.

“Did they run off together?” I ask Bryce.

“She claims they didn’t.” Bryce is now pacing back and forth beside my car. “She claims that he hunted her down.”

“That sounds like something that Chris would have done,” I tell Bryce but he is too angry to listen. I don’t want to believe that Erica and Chris would run off together and leave us behind.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

## Erica's POV

Chris puts me into the passenger side of his car. Tears are still rolling down my cheeks as I think about what just happened in the back of the bar.

"You aren't going back there," Chris says angrily. "You have been on your own for almost a month. You've proven you are an adult and can take care of yourself. Now you can let me take care of you."

I look at Chris and smile sweetly. "Okay," I nod.

Chris drives me back to my apartment and insists on carrying me inside. He sits me down on the futon and begins to put all of my clothes in my bags.

"What are you doing?" I ask him as I watch him rush through the apartment.

"I am packing your things," Chris says as he stuffs a handful of my new bras and lingerie into my suitcase. "There is no way that we are leaving all of this here." He wiggles his eyebrows at me and I roll my eyes in his direction.

"I can't go back to the North Pack," I say with a sigh. "I can't watch Bryce be with another woman."

"What happened in the back of the bar?" Chris sits down beside me and pulls me closer to him.

"He defended what he did because I left," I begin to cry. "And you know what? He's not wrong. I got everything that I deserved."

"You didn't deserve that," Chris tells me. "If anything this is all my fault."

"We both made mistakes," I tell Chris. I don't want to push him away from me as well.

"I think all four of us have made mistakes," Chris says honestly.

I lean into Chris and he wraps his arm around me. Silently sobs wrack my body as I cry into Chris's shirt. I am a snotty, sobbing mess by the time Chris pulls me away from his shirt and looks me in the eyes.

"What can I do to make this better?" Chris uses his shirt to wipe my face clean.

"I just want to go home." I tell him. "I want all of my mates. I miss them."

"I miss them too," Chris says quietly. "It doesn't feel right without them here."

I let out a sigh. Finally one of them gets it. Finally one of them understands that we cannot be whole without all of us together.

“Can we go home?” I sniff.

“We can do whatever you want,” Chris says as she holds me in his arms. “Let’s go home and get your mates.”

“What if they don’t forgive us?” I break out into sobs once more.

“I know my brothers better than they know themselves.” Chris laughs. “Bryce will be the first one to fold and then Ace will follow suit.”

“Bryce has already moved on,” I cry into Chris’s shirt once again.

“Bullshit,” Chris yells so loudly that it causes me to jump. “He will forget all about her as soon as he sees you once again.”

“What about your mother?” I ask hesitantly. “She will not be happy to see me.”

Chris tenses under me and I hear a low rumble in his chest. “Don’t worry about my mother. I need to have a few words with her and my father.” Chris’s fists are balled up and I can tell that he is too angry for me to ask about what he needs to talk to his parents about.

I get up from the futon and begin to finish packing up the rest of my clothes. I stare at a pile of clothes that I bought to wear specifically at the Bunny Club. It feels wrong to take them with me.

Chris comes up behind me and whispers in my ear. “Pack them.”

“I will never wear them ever again,” I say.

I pull my bottom lip in between my teeth while I think about what to do with the clothes. Maybe I will give them to Lynne, we are about the same size. I am still staring at the pile of clothes when I look up and see Chris stalking towards me.

“You know what that does to me,” Chris says when he is finally standing in front of me.

Tilting my chin upwards, Chris runs his thumb along my bottom lip, releasing it from my teeth. My tongue darts out and I lick the tip of his thumb while he runs it over my bottom lip. Kicking my suitcase to the side, Chris presses his body up against mine.

“I should be packing,” I breathe out as I look up into Chris’s blue eyes. They are like deep pools of water that I am drowning in.

“We should be,” Chris’s voice is husky and a little seductive. “But I can think of a million things that I would rather be doing to you rather than packing.”

Reaching around my back, Chris undoes the bra that I am wearing and it falls to the ground. His rough hands trail up my arms leaving electricity and sparks in their wake. A breathy moan escapes my lips as his hands begin to linger over my breasts.

“Chris,” I breathe out. “I don’t think we should...”

“Do you want to wait until my brothers and I can all touch you at the same time?” Chris whispers next to my ear.

I nod my head ‘yes’ but my body betrays me. The scent of my arousal begins to pepper the air surrounding us.

“Are you sure that you want to wait?” Chris runs his tongue up my neck. Covering the spot where the brothers will one day mark me. Hopefully.

“We have to wait,” I say, suddenly pushing Chris back away from me. I cover my breasts with my arms. “Bryce was angry when he found out that we were having s\*x without him.”

Chris takes another step in my direction and smiles at me. “That just means you will have to give Bryce a little one on one time when we get back home.”

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Erica’s POV

The drive back to the North Pack is silent. The only sound that fills the car is the woosh of the windshield wipers. Chris keeps his eyes glued to the road and I stare out of the passenger’s side window while the rain sprinkles from the sky. Every once and a while I glance at Chris out of the corner of my eyes. His knuckles are white from gripping the steering wheel so tightly. It makes me wonder if this is truly what he wants.

“Are you nervous?” I ask him to fill the silence in the car.

Chris’s jaw goes tight and I know that he is trying to avoid the conversation. He keeps his eyes on the road and doesn’t glance in my direction. Just when I think he is going to ignore me all together, he finally speaks.

“I don’t know what I feel,” he answers me vulnerably. “Part of me is excited but I am also very nervous.”

“What if they banish me from the pack?” I ask nervously.

“They can’t,” Chris says through gritted teeth. “The three of us agreed a long time ago that we all have to be in agreement for major decisions. I won’t let them.”

That makes me feel a little bit better but it doesn’t ease the dread that is bubbling in my stomach.

After what feels like forever we finally pull up to the North Pack pack house. As soon as we put the car in park Luna Alice is running out of the front door with tears streaming down her face. I look at Chris in confusion but he just shrugs his shoulders.

“I called ahead to let them know that we were coming.” His face blushes with embarrassment. “I didn’t think that a surprise would work well in our favor.”

Chris gets out of the car and his mother runs up to him and places little kisses all over his face. She checks him over like she is looking for injuries, then she pulls him in for a giant hug, but I do not miss the way that Chris doesn’t hug her back. He only pats her on the back a few times and then gently pushes her away.

Stepping out of the car, I stand there awkwardly while Chris reunites with his parents. I have to admit that I feel out of place at the moment. It feels like I don’t belong here. As I am watching Alpha Devin and Luna Alice chatter away at Chris I feel the hairs on my neck begin to prickle. I turn towards the pack house door and see my other two mates standing with their arms crossed over their chests. Ace is glaring at me while Bryce is glaring at Chris.

I raise my hand and offer them both a little wave hoping that they will come over to me but they don’t. Ace walks right past me and embraces Chris in a hug. “I missed you brother,” Ace says as he glances in my direction.

Turning my attention back to the front door, I see a beautiful redhead come up behind Bryce and wrap her arm in his. So, this must be the other woman. Her beautiful auburn hair falls in soft waves down her back. She is tall and lean with legs that are to die for. Everything about this woman screams Luna. She smirks in my direction before pulling Bryce back into the house behind her.

After seeing the other woman I feel self conscious. I always knew that I was a bit short for a werewolf and a bit more curvy than I should be. But seeing my competition makes me feel inadequate. I can’t say that I blame Bryce for finding someone that better suits the position of Luna.

Ace glares at me before he walks right past me, like I don’t exist, as he makes his way back into the pack house.

I am so focused on watching Ace walk back into the pack house that I don't notice Luna Alice approach me.

When she begins to speak it startles me and I jump. "Don't think that just because you are back in this house it means that you are my sons mate. Bryce has already moved on and I am sure the other two will move along shortly. Don't get to comfortable." Luna Alice turns on her heels and walks back into the pack house.

Alpha Devin approaches me with a stern look on his face. "You hurt my sons," he says curtly. "Don't let it happen again."

The fake smile that I had plastered on my face falls into a frown. I had thought that if anyone would welcome me home it would have been Alpha Devin, but apparently I was wrong. It would appear that the person that is happy I am home is Chris.

Walking up beside me, Chris walks up to me and puts his arm around my shoulders. "Don't worry. It will get better."

I look up at Chris with tears swimming in my eyes. "I am glad you can be positive at a time like this."

Chris grabs my luggage and begins walking into the pack house. I follow, silently, behind him, keeping my eyes glued to the ground. As soon as I step foot in the pack house I feel like I have made a mistake. Maybe Luna Alice is right. Maybe I should reject all three of the brothers and let them move on with their lives.

Just as I am about to follow Chris into his bedroom, I am cornered by the tall redhead. I groan internally because she is even more beautiful up close. There is a tiny sprinkling of freckles across her nose that are mesmerizing. Her chocolate brown eyes bore into mine as she looks down at me.

"Don't think I don't know who you are," she says with a smirk on her face. "I will be the Luna of this pack."

"Oh," I say quietly. I am not in the mood for a fight with some random stranger. "I don't think that we have met. I am Erica."

"I already told you that I know who you are and what a disgrace your family is to the West Pack," the redhead crosses her arms over her chest trying to look intimidating.

"I guess you and I have different definitions of what a disgrace is," I say smartly before I push past her and make my way into Chris's bedroom.

I look around for Chris but he is no longer in the bedroom. Closing the door behind me I slide down the door and draw my knees to my chest. Rocking back and forth on the floor I try not to cry.



# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter

## 77

Chris's POV

I don't know how I managed to get all three of us in the same room at the same time, but I did. My brothers and I are standing in Bryce's bedroom glaring at one another. All of our Alpha auras are mixing together in the room and it is making it difficult for me to concentrate.

Bryce is looking at Ace and I with an intensity that I haven't seen before. "So, how long have you been f\*\*\*\*\*g Erica without us?" Bryce finally breaks the tension in the bedroom.

"It was one time," I groan.

"One time too many," Bryce growls.

I look to Ace for some help but he seems to be on Bryce's side when it comes to this one. Running my hand over my face in frustration, I let out a groan.

"Fine," I exhale. "You are right. I shouldn't have slept with her. But you didn't see her every night in those outfits that she was wearing at the Bunny Club."

"Speaking of," Ace finally chimes in. "How did you find her so quickly?"

"That doesn't matter," I try to change the subject. "I didn't bring us together to talk about Erica. I brought us together to talk about Mom."

Suddenly, I have my brothers attention. Both of their eyes are instantly glued to my own.

"What do you mean you want to talk about Mom?" Ace raises an eyebrow at me.

"Believe it or not, I didn't leave the pack with Erica. I didn't even find her until after you left a message on my phone telling me that she had gone missing." I begin to tell them.

"If you didn't leave with her then why did you leave?" Bryce scoffs, clearly not believing a word that I have said.

"Because I needed to find out the truth," I say as I flop down on the chair behind me. "I needed to know if Erica was right about Mom. Something in my gut told me that Mom did have something to do with Erica's parents being banished from the West Pack."

"Well?" Ace is leaning in so he can hear me better.

Taking a deep breath I continue. "I went to visit the oracle from the East Pack. She told me that our mother had visited her many years ago while we were still young. She had read a prophecy that three triplet Alphas would be mated to a white wolf and that would cause a great war to break out among the four packs. We all know that mother's greatest fear is war."

Ace lets out a groan. "So she found us mates of her choosing to avoid war."

Bryce finally releases his aura and then tension in the room subsides. "Are you saying that mother got Erica's parents kicked out of the West Pack, in hopes of keeping her away from us?"

"From what I could gather from the other packs it would appear that the rumors about Erica's parents started within our own pack," I try to fill in the blanks. "I am not saying that it was Mother but I wouldn't put it past her."

"How do we even know that we are the triplets from the prophecy or that Erica is the white wolf?" Ace shakes his head in confusion. "Have any of us even seen Erica's wolf?"

"I haven't," Bryce and I say at the same time.

"I haven't either," I mumble.

"So there are two things that we need to do," Ace says. "We need to confront our mother and we need to find out if Erica has a white wolf."

Bryce growls angrily. "I am not ready to forgive her."

Ace lets out a frustrated sigh and buries his head in his hands. "I don't think I am ready to forgive her either."

"You two have got to be kidding me," I say through gritted teeth. "She came back to the pack because she wants to be with all of us."

Bryce sneers at me. "She rejected me."

"She was in pain," I snarl back at him. "You betrayed the mate bond."

"She betrayed us first by leaving us without cause. You don't think that hurt?" Bryce crosses his arms over his chest and lets out a humph of disapproval.

"It's complicated," I try to defend our mate. "She left because of me, yes. But she also left because she needed to know that she could survive on her own."

"Yeah. She survived by working at a place of ill repute." Bryce smirks.

I close my eyes in frustration and run my hands through my hair. “You all can do what you want. But you will eventually see what it feels like without all four of us together. We all belong together. I see that now.”

“Whatever,” Bryce says, getting to his feet. “I have a mate that hasn’t rejected me to get back to.”

“Bryce, please don’t sleep with her. You didn’t see the amount of pain that it put her in the last time. You weren’t the one that had to pull her off the bathroom floor.” I beg Bryce.

“If she hadn’t left to begin with, she never would have felt that kind of pain.” Bryce stands up and holds his bedroom door open, gesturing for us to leave.

“Wait,” I call out. “Who is going to talk to both Mom and Erica?”

Ace chuckles to himself. “You have already done most of the work so why don’t you just complete it. I don’t want to be anywhere near either one of them.”

Bryce nods his head in agreement. “When you figure out the truth you can come find us. Until then stay away from me and keep Erica away from me too.”

“What he said,” Ace said as he walks out of the bedroom and doesn’t look back.

Bryce gestures to me to leave his bedroom once again and I get up and leave. The door slams behind me and I am not sure if I can repair this relationship with my brothers.

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 78

Erica’s POV

I have been hiding out in Chris’s bedroom all day feeling sorry for myself. I know that I cannot hide out here forever. As the evening approached I felt my stomach churn with anticipation and nerves. I am going to have to go down to dinner with the family. I have been doing my best to give myself a pep talk about how it will be okay and that the brothers will come around, with the more time that we spend together.

As I stand in front of my closet, I try to decide what to wear. All of the clothes that I had left behind are still hanging neatly in Chris’s closet. I am shocked that they weren’t thrown out by Luna Alice.

I know that I need to look my best tonight, but not only that, I need to look the part of a Luna. With Amber walking around with her perfect body and perfect face, I can’t continue to slack off.

I try on a few different outfits, but nothing feels quite right. I can't shake the feeling that things are going to be confrontational tonight at dinner.

Sitting down on Chris's bed, I take a few deep breaths. I know that I have to face my fears and Ace and Bryce. But it will obviously be easier said than done.

I think back to the week before I left the North Pack. It had been both a good week and a rough one. I did not leave on good terms. I convinced Ashley to pretend to take me shopping and say that I ran while she was in the dressing room. It was the perfect plan when I wasn't planning on coming back. But here I am back in the same room where I decided that it was time for me to leave this place.

I know that I have two choices. I can spend my time here hiding from the brothers or I can get dressed and face my fears.

Putting on a simple black dress and a pair of heels, I check my reflection in the mirror. The black dress covers my body but it hugs my curves perfectly. It is both appropriate and sexy at the same time.

A low whistle breaks my concentration. I look over my shoulder and see Ashley standing behind me with a grin on her face.

"You made it a whole three weeks before one of them dragged you back here," she says.

"It felt like the right thing to do," I murmur.

"Are you coming down for dinner?" Ashley asks as she comes up behind me and grabs the hairbrush out of my hands.

"I can't keep hiding," I tell Ashley. She is gently running the hairbrush through my hair as she patiently listens to me. "I have to fix this."

Ashley lets out a sigh and she puts the hairbrush down on the vanity in front of me. "Well, this is going to be a s\*\*t show," she jokes but it causes my anxiety to rise in my chest.

Ashley and I walk into the dining room and all eyes are on me as soon as we enter. I don't miss how Ace's eyes linger on my body as I walk across the room to my seat. Chris pats the seat beside him and offers me a cheerful smile.

I take my seat beside Chris and I notice that I am sitting directly across from Bryce. He keeps his eyes glued to his plate. Refusing to look up at me.

There is one person in the room that doesn't have a problem looking in my direction and that is the beautiful redhead that is sitting next to Bryce. She tries to grab his hand that is sitting on the table but he quickly jerks it away from her. A scowl crosses her lips as she places her hands neatly in her lap.

“How nice of you to finally join us,” Luna Alice says with a sour look on her face. She gestures to the redhead sitting beside Bryce. “I am assuming that you have met Amber, Bryce’s new mate.”

My heart is beating loudly as I look across the table at Amber and Bryce. They don’t even look like a happy couple. Bryce is refusing to even acknowledge that Amber is sitting beside him and Amber has moved her hands from her lap and is now sitting with her arms across her chest.

“I believe that we met briefly when I arrived earlier this morning,” I say as sweetly as I can.

Suddenly Bryce’s eyes snap over to Amber’s and he is glaring at her. A growl from the other side of Bryce catches my attention and I turn to see that Ace is seething with anger.

“She was not supposed to speak to Erica,” Ace whispers under his breath at Bryce.

Amber looks down at her plate and I can see her face flushing with embarrassment. Bryce looks at Ace and shrugs his shoulders. “I can’t stay on top of her all of the time,” Bryce says with a smirk on his face.

“Yes, you can,” Amber says as her dark brown bore into my own.

I don’t miss the innuendo between the two and it stings, but I refuse to let my feelings show. I plaster a fake smile on my face as I look across the table at Bryce and Amber. Amber reaches for Bryce’s hand but this time he doesn’t pull away from her. He lets her hold his hand.

“So,” I say with a bit of a smug look on my face. “When will the Luna ceremony be?”

Bryce spits out the water that he is drinking all over the table and the food in front of him. Amber pats him on the back trying to soothe his coughing.

“We haven’t decided yet,” Amber speaks for Bryce. “You have to accept the rejection before we can proceed.”

Laughter bubbles up in my chest as I look at Bryce who is refusing to meet my gaze. “I don’t think that you have the story correct,” I tell her. “He is not the one waiting on a rejection.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Amber screeches loudly as she looks at Bryce.

Bryce lets go of her hand and looks at me like he is wounded. “Erica, can I speak with you for a moment in private?”

# The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 79

Erica's POV

I watch as Bryce gets up from his seat and leaves the dining room. Much to my surprise Ace gets up and follows him out. Turning my head to the right, I look at Chris for some sort of help but he is stuffing food in his face. A scoff from across the table catches my attention and I look up to see that Amber is sitting with her arms across her chest and an angry look on her face.

I can't help but feel a little bit of satisfaction when I see how angry Amber is over the fact that Bryce wants to speak to me alone.

"If you will excuse me," I say as sweetly as I can, but the only person paying attention to me is Amber.

I place my napkin on the table and scoot my chair away from the table. The scraping sound of my chair catches Chris's attention.

"Where are you going?" He whispers loudly in my direction.

I roll my eyes at him. "Bryce and Ace would like to have a word with me in private."

Chris looks at the food on his plate and back up at me. "Do you need me to come with you?"

"No," I groan. "I can handle them myself."

I walk out of the dining room and as soon as the door shuts behind me I am yanked by my arm and pulled down the hall to the living room.

Bryce pulls me into the living room and presses me up against the wall. He cages me with his hands and buries his nose into the nape of my neck.

I don't move as Bryce inhales my scent but I let the smell of his hot chocolate and vanilla scent wash over me. I squeeze my legs together, trying to stop myself from getting aroused at his close proximity. Just when I think that I am about to become putty in his hands he is pulled away from me and I can see Ace standing there with an annoyed look on his face.

"Did you really pull her away from dinner so you could smell her?" Ace growls.

Bryce says his head back and forth, trying to rid himself of my scent. “No, I brought her out here to ask her what in the hell she was thinking.”

“I am afraid I don’t understand,” I say as I try to compose myself.

“Why did you tell them that you were the one that was waiting for me to accept your rejection?” Bryce asks angrily.

“Because it is the truth,” I laugh out loud. “I refuse to have your chosen mate walking around here thinking that I am the reason she can’t be your Luna.”

“You couldn’t have just kept that to yourself?” Bryce asks as he begins to pace back and forth in the living room.

“No, I couldn’t. I will not be your scapegoat.” I snap at him. “Just accept my rejection and you can live happily ever after with your chosen mate.”

“Do you really think I can reject you when you are walking around looking like this everyday?” Bryce runs his fingers through his hair.

“What are you trying to say?” I ask as I take a step in his direction.

Ace steps between the two of us and growls at me. Quickly, I take a step back and my eyes widen in shock. Ace has never growled at me in such a threatening way before.

“You don’t get to come back here and try to seduce us,” Ace snarls at me.

A lump forms in the back of my throat and I can feel panic rising in my chest. “You are right,” I say to Ace. “I came back to apologize.”

Ace scoffs loudly. “You have been here all day and have yet to try and find either one of us to apologize.”

“That’s fair,” I say quietly.

“I know that it is fair, that’s why I said it,” he yells at me.

I look down at my feet and try not to let tears fall from my eyes. “I am sorry I ran,” I say in no more than a whisper.

Bryce laughs loudly in my direction. “That doesn’t seem very sincere.”

Huge tears drip down from my eyes and land on the floor in front of me. I lift my eyes from the ground and wipe the tears that are now streaming down my face.

“I should have never left,” I say as I begin to cry. “I got scared and I ran.”

“So you are saying that you didn’t run away to be alone with Chris?” Bryce asks me.

“Of course not.” My voice is high pitched and offended. “I didn’t even know Chris was stalking me until a week ago.”

“How many times did you sleep with Chris in that week?” Ace spits at me.

“Just the one time,” I hang my head in shame. “We both agreed that it didn’t feel right without the two of you there.”

Ace and Bryce look at one another. Their eyes are glazed over as they speak to one another over the mind link.

“You aren’t forgiven,” Ace says as he storms out of the living room.

A sharp pain radiates through my chest because it feels like a rejection. I am just glad that he didn’t say the actual words. That means that there is still a chance that I can smooth things over with him.

I look up from my feet and see Bryce is still staring at me with a confused look on his face. Slowly he approaches me and lifts my chin so I am looking him in the eyes. Gently he wipes the tears that are streaming down my cheeks. Even though I had rejected him I can still feel the tingles of the mate bond. For just a moment it feels like nothing has changed between us. For more free novels, visit [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com)

Bryce leans down and places a quick kiss on my lips before he quickly turns and leaves the living room.

I stand frozen to the spot where I am standing. I reach my hand up and touch my lips. The electricity from the bond still lingers on my lips. I lean up against the wall and try to calm my racing heart.

‘There is still hope that they will forgive us,’ Envy says within my mind.

‘I hope you are right,’ I respond to Envy.

‘I hope you are right.’

## The Alpha Triplets And The Rogue Chapter 80

Erica’s POV



I am still leaning up against the wall thinking about the soft kiss that Bryce just placed on my lips when the overpowering scent of roses fills my senses. It is not a scent that I have smelled in this house before. I can guess who the scent is coming from. Amber.

I turn and look towards the door of the living room and see Amber standing in the doorway with her arms crossed over her chest. She is wearing a deep blue dress that is several inches too short and cut way too low. If she would bend over, her breasts would fall out of the top and her a\*s out of the bottom. Her dark red hair is pulled back in a tight ponytail.

She strolls into the room with a disinterested look on her face and sits down on the couch closest to the door. She pats the seat beside her, gesturing for me to come sit beside her.

“Come, sit,” she says with a sickeningly sweet tone in her voice. “I think that we are going to need to have a talk.”

Pushing myself off of the wall, I walk to the chair that sits across from the couch, and cross my legs daintily. “What do we need to talk about?” I c\*\*k my head to the side and pretend to be ignorant.

“Don’t play coy with me,” she snaps at me. Her whole demeanor has changed from when she first sweetly walked in the living room. “You know exactly what we need to talk about.”

“I suppose you think that I came back to steal your chosen mate from you.” I look at the edges of my fingernails and pick at the dead skin around them. I would rather look at anything than look at Amber right now.

“That is exactly what I think you are here for.” She leans forward and snaps her fingers in front of my face trying to gain my attention.

My eyes fly up to meet hers and I plaster a smile across my face. “I have already rejected him,” I say shortly. “I think you are having a conversation with the wrong person.”

“Oh, I will have a conversation with MY mate as well, but I want to clear the air with you.” Amber hisses at me.

“What else would you like for me to say?” I keep my eyes on Amber instead of looking away. “I have rejected him. There is nothing else that I can do.”

Once again Amber leans towards me, only this time she sniffs the air around me. “You have one of their scents all over you,” she sneers. “I just don’t know which one it is.”

“You can’t tell their scents apart?” I ask with a bit of humor in my voice.

Amber scoffs loudly. "I doubt even their mother can tell them apart by scent alone. Are you saying that you are able to do so?"

"I have been able to tell them apart since I was eight," I laugh loudly. "I can tell them apart by their scent, by their voice, by the way they carry themselves, and by how they touch me. Do you know why I can tell them apart and you can't?"

Amber crosses her arms over her chest and rolls her eyes. "I suppose you are going to tell me why you can and I can't."

"It is because I am their mate. They belong to me." My voice is filled with malice.

"Two of them belong to you," Amber quickly corrects me. "You rejected Bryce, remember."

I let out a sigh. "I did," I agree with her. "And if he decides to follow through with the rejection then you can have him."

"Ha!" Amber jumps up and yells loudly. "So you are admitting that you are here to take my mate."

I am not ready for this fight but here we are. "Yes, I am here for your chosen mate. I am here for all of my mates."

A tiny growl erupts from Amber's chest and I burst out in laughter. It is the most pathetic growl that I have ever heard.

"Was that supposed to be intimidating?" I laugh and it only serves to make Amber angrier.

"Stay away from my mate or else," she attempts to snarl in my direction.

"Or else what?" I growl back at her.

At the sound of my growl, Amber takes a step back and glares at me. "I am warning you," she says but her voice is shaking.

"What are you going to do?" I get to my feet and try to stand a little taller. "I am the daughter of a Beta and my father taught me how to fight."

Amber mocks my words with her lips. "You are the daughter of a disgraced Beta, who isn't worth anything. I am the only true daughter of a Beta in this house. You are nothing more than a rogue." Amber then wrinkles up her nose in disgust like she smells something foul in the room. "You are even beginning to smell like a rogue."

I can feel my face begin to heat with embarrassment. I know what rogues smell like. They smell like dirt and rotting flesh. The thought that I am starting to smell like a rogue is

embarrassing. Amber takes a stride towards me and lifts my chin up with two fingers so I am looking her in the eyes.

“You are nothing more than a filthy rogue and you will never be Luna of this pack,” Amber spits at me.

I lose my temper and I slap Amber across the face, leaving a clean imprint of my hand on her cheek. Amber screeches out loudly in pain causing the brothers, Alpha, and Luna to run into the living room. Amber is huddled on the floor holding her cheek screaming loudly at the top of her lungs.

“What happened in here,” Alpha Devin demands to know.

“She slapped me,” Amber cries and turns her head to the side to show off my handprint on her cheek.

“Erica!” Bryce gasps out in anger. “How could you?”

I don’t bother to answer any of them. I just walk out of the living room with my head held high.