

Her Triplet Alphas by Joanna J Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Makeover!

I was supposed to go home immediately after school to help with the preparations for the huge birthday party tomorrow night for the Triplets but I had to do the assignment for the girls and they had to make me over. I knew I would pay for it later but whatever. The Thorns had hired a party planner. They should be okay for a few hours without their werewolf Cinderella.

I did the assignment for the girls literally in the car on the way to the mall. It was that easy. Math was my thing. I was a nerd in general and I was proud of this even though werewolves prized brawn and beauty over brains any day.

The girls were impressed. They quickly copied it over sitting in the freezing car parking lot with the heater turned up. Mina drove a sports car. I did not know what kind but I knew that Mina and Tina were almost as rich as the Alpha and his family. They dragged me into the mall, squealing excitedly as though I was doing them a favour even when it came to the makeover. I reminded them I had no money. They rolled their eyes and ignored me. I guessed I could consider the stuff they bought as part of the deal.

I tried on outfit after outfit. Mina and Tina rated each one and seemed to having a blast. This was actually kind of fun. They encouraged me to pick out a lot of miniskirts and mini dresses. They said I had “great legs” and “nice boobs” even though the Triplets called me fat. Honestly, the clothes they picked for me did look great. I had some trouble walking in heels but the girls made me practice in the store like it was a runway. They pretended to be on a catwalk too. They were so confident. I had to marvel at them. Next they showed me what makeup to wear and how to style my hair at Tina’s house. They did a test run. I looked in Tina’s floor-length mirror and my jaw dropped.

I had on high heeled black ankle boots with a mini pleated black skirt. I was wearing black stockings as it was cold out even for a werewolf. My long-sleeved white top had a sweetheart neckline that was really flattering. My hair was so shiny in loose bouncy curls down my back. My skin glowed and I had cat eyeliner and red lips that surprisingly suited me. I hugged Mina and Tina. Did I just make two friends?

They drove me to the pack house hoping to catch a glimpse of the triplets but they were not at home yet. Thank goodness! I started helping the party planner sort out all the decorations and the food. It was tomorrow night but there was a lot to do. I did my own homework in between all of this. I was a master multitasker. I heard three cars parking. It was the triplets. Alpha and Luna were out shopping for even more gifts despite the fact that I had already wrapped like a dozen gifts. The party planner was a bleached blonde in her thirties who was obsessed with the hunk-i-ness of the triplets. She seemed to dislike me even though I was the only one helping her. She had been over everyday this week and always tried to make me look bad in front of the triplets. I

wanted to tell her that they already hated me so she could relax. Her name was Ronda Something. I kept forgetting her last name.

The triplets walked in. Each had their arm around a girl. They had different girlfriends every two months or so. It did not make sense learning the girls' names. Also, the triplets were anxious to find their real mate. They were not sure if they had three separate mates or just one mate to share. Sounds crazy but when it came to identical multiples like twins and triplets, they usually shared a single mate since they had been one egg and one sperm that split to form the multiples. So theoretically identical twins and triplets were naturally occurring clones. Every girl wished she was their mate. That was so crazy to me. The triplets were handsome but they were awful and *three* mates sounded so complicated.

Ronda glared at their girlfriends, jealousy evident in her beady eyes. The girls did not stay long and when they left, Ronda told the triplets I had showed up really late to help her. I sighed. I had been under the table literally as I wrapped tiny presents for door prizes. All the pack members got to pick a mystery present from a huge box tomorrow.

I crawled out from under the table to make myself known before they had to look for me. Hiding from them would just set them off. The triplets stared at me, their eyes wide. They looked at each other. I remembered my makeover. I did not think they would notice or even care. Alex licked his lips, trailing his eyes from my head to my toes. I took a step back. Felix looked flabbergasted and Calix smirked at me.

"Leave it to us, Ronda," said Felix, recovering his usual haughty sneer, "We'll punish her."

Ronda smiled maliciously at me. She was the most immature adult I had ever met including the triplets and that was saying something. The triplets had me backed against the kitchen island.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I had to do some extra math for Mr Johnson."

It was not a complete lie. The triplets knew Mr Johnson because they were his football stars back when they went to High school. They also knew I had won Math competitions before. They had really enjoyed making fun of me then.

"Ok," said Felix simply. He took a step towards me. "What's all of this?" He gestured to my outfit, makeup and hair.

"My eighteenth birthday is tomorrow too. I'm just trying out how I wanna look," I said, looking down, waiting for them to insult me or call me fat.

"Do you have a boyfriend, is that it?" Asked Alex, anger rising in his voice.

Why did he even care?

"I'm too fat to get a boyfriend, remember?" I said, repeating one of their classic insults.

"Don't play games with us," said Felix softly. "Is all of this for your mate? Have you figured out who he is?"

"No!" I said. They were acting so strange like I had done something underhanded.

"You'll only know for sure tomorrow. Your inner wolf will tell you who your mate is," said Calix.

"I don't want a mate," I said honestly. I had never had a guy be nice to me and I could not picture it happening.

"Why the hell not?" Alex asked like I was crazy for saying that. The Triplets were eager to find their real mate. They talked about it every birthday. They would visit other packs hoping to get a whiff of their mate. They thought maybe their mate was younger than them. That would explain why they could not pick up her scent. Only mates who had come of age could be discovered.

"Because he'd just be mean to me and call me names and I get enough of that from you," I snapped. I should not have snapped. I was a little frightened now. The triplets had not hit me since we were little. The last fight happened when I was eleven and they were fourteen. I had punched Calix, breaking his nose for calling me a "fat nasty slut" with "dead druggie parents". My parents whereabouts had never been confirmed and I always liked to think they were alive. After he had let out a blood-curdling scream and told his elder brothers about his nose, Alex slapped me and then Felix slapped me. Calix had been reluctant but they made him hit me. They dragged me out to the frozen river behind the pack house. There was a hole in it for fishing. I was small enough to dip in the hole. They had held me under the water until I blacked out. Their parents had been furious. I went to the hospital for hypothermia. I never knew what their punishments had been but after that we never got physical with each other, nothing more than a shove.

"Are you stupid?" Asked Alex.

I shrugged.

"No werewolf would insult his own mate or be mean to her," said Felix, rolling his eyes.

"Don't you know anything?" Added Calix.

"Ok, thanks, I get it now," I said simply.

"You dressed up for us, didn't you?" Said Felix smirking and rubbing his chin. The other two grinned. My heart leapt a little at the sight of their dimples. I shook my head. What

was wrong with me? The triplets were monsters and good looks did not absolve them of that.

“Don’t make her admit it,” said Calix. “She’s embarrassed, Felix.”

“Admit it! You did this for us!” Felix exclaimed, grinning wickedly. He kept coming closer and my back was pressed against the kitchen island now.

Alex was quiet, smiling faintly and watching me closely. I just wanted them to go away. I was so frustrated with my whole life. There would not be a single present for me tomorrow. No one had counselled me about my shift at midnight and I was scared. I knew it would be painful and I did not need this from these three privileged assholes who did not deserve the title of Alpha. They were physically Alphas but they had no integrity. They could not lead this pack. What a joke! I decided to play along.

“Yeah, ok,” I said softly, looking down to feign embarrassment and hugging myself tightly. “I dressed up for you. I asked two girls at school to help me. I really did have a math thing but I went to get dolled up after so that made me late as well. I’m sorry.”

I hid my face in my hands, stifling my laughter. They seemed to think I was crying.

“Hey, you know, we aren’t the stupid little boys we used to be when we would fight with you,” said Alex gently. “We’re taking over this pack tomorrow and as you’re part of this pack we just wanna know what’s going on with you that’s all.”

Huh?

“Don’t cry, stupid,” said Felix exasperatedly.

“Don’t insult her when you’re trying to cheer her up, stupid,” said Calix, turning on Felix. “Chasity,” said Calix, using my real name for the first time in nine years.

I dropped my hands. I was shocked. I just stared at him.

“You look pretty, ok” said Calix, winking.

My heart skipped a beat. He was bending down. His face was really close to me.

“Thanks for dressing up for us. I hope you wear an even shorter skirt tomorrow,” he said softly, smirking.

I rolled my eyes. Alex and Felix burst into laughter. I tried to brush past them but Felix grabbed my arms and put my back against the island again. My breath hitched in my throat.

“Did I say you could leave?” He asked, his nose brushing against my nose as he bent towards me. I squirmed in his arms.

“You need to have respect for your Alphas, Charity,” Alex said, using my awful nickname. The spell that Calix had cast on me was broken.

“f**k you!” I screamed. “Let me go! Three Alpha males against one omega female is insane. You have no honour,” I cried, struggling against Felix. He released me.

“We were just playing with you Charity!” Said Felix “Good grief! Go! Run upstairs!”

I ran upstairs and to my room. I locked the door. I sat on my cot, hugging my knees to my chest. The Alpha and Luna came knocking on my door when darkness fell. I went out to them.

“We almost forgot, you have your first shift at midnight, same birthday as the triplets,” said Alpha Romeo rubbing the back of his neck.

I smiled. Were they going to counsel me or give me a gift?

“Yeah, so make sure and be out of the house at least by 11:45pm so you don’t break anything or make any mess when you shift,” said Luna Ronnie.

I nodded. I supposed that was one piece of advice. I left the house at half past eleven wearing my old clothes. I crunched through the snow. It was pitch-black. I sighed. I was nervous. I was scared of the pain. I wished my parents could be here. For the first nine years old my life, they had been in and out of rehabs. They were inconsistent but they actually seemed to love me a lot. They would always make my birthdays and holidays special no matter how high they were. They were deeply in love with each other as mates and back then I almost looked forward to having a mate of my own. It was almost midnight. I did not want to rip my clothes so I removed them and stood in the snow naked and barefoot my curls covering me to my waist. If I had not been a werewolf I would have frozen to death.

Midnight came and I felt my bones breaking.