

Who's My Triplet's Alpha Daddy?

- Chapter #3

Chapter 3

I wake to violent pain—hand connecting with my face in a vicious slap that splits my lip.

The taste of copper floods my mouth as my eyes snap open to find Lia standing over me, her face twisted with rage. "There you are, you fucking whore."

The guest house comes into focus slowly. Morning light filters through dusty windows, illuminating exactly how bad this situation is. The room reeks of sex, heat pheromones, and bad decisions—the holy trinity of my current disaster.

My naked body is a roadmap of last night's sins.

Bite marks, bruises, hiccups, fingerprints—each one throbs as consciousness returns. Little souvenirs from the Fenris brothers that my sister's eyes are cataloging with scientific precision.

Her fury builds with each new discovery, each visible claim on my skin.

"I came looking for my escaped sister," she says, voice deadly soft, "only to find you freshly fucked in our guest house. This place stinks of your disgusting heat and—"

She pauses. Inhales deeper. Her face twists with confusion and calculation.

"Who was it?" The question comes out sharp. "Which pack member was desperate enough to mount a wolfless bitch? The house was full last night."

Mount. Like I'm livestock. Classic Lia.

I try to sit up, scrambling for dignity that left the building somewhere between Kieran's second orgasm and Lysander's third, but she's already got her claws in my hair. The yank is vicious, practiced—she's been perfecting this move since we were kids.

"Lia, wait—"

But waiting isn't in Lia Blackwood's vocabulary. She drags me off the bed, and I barely snag a sheet before she's hauling me toward the door like I'm trash day's main event.

Outside. Half-naked. In broad fucking daylight.

The morning air hits places that should never see sunlight, and I'm stumbling across the lawn clutching a sheet that's doing absolutely nothing to preserve whatever dignity I had left.

Any pack member could be watching from their windows, getting a free show of the wolfless daughter's walk of shame.

She hauls me through the back door and straight into Dad's study where both our parents are having coffee.

The parental units freeze mid-sip when they see me.

Mom's face goes from suburban perfection to homicidal in 0.3 seconds. Dad looks at me with the kind of disgust usually reserved for finding maggots in your food. And Lia?

She's radiating the satisfaction of a mean girl who just posted revenge porn.

"She gave herself away like a common whore," Lia announces, like she's delivering a TED talk on family disappointment. "Found her in the guest house, reeking of heat and sperm."

The silence that follows could suffocate a small village.

Then Mom strikes. One second she's across the room, the next her French-manicured talons are wrapped around my throat, nails breaking skin with surgical precision.

"You stupid little bitch." Her breath smells like imported coffee and hatred. "He was paying good money for your virginity!"

Oh. Right. That arranged marriage to Beta Garrett Stone's youngest son—the genetic lottery loser willing to take a wolfless mate. I'd forgotten I was literally being sold like a clearance item.

Funny how a night with two Alphas makes you forget you're merchandise.

"Do you have any idea what you've done?" Dad's voice is cold, controlled, which is somehow worse than Mom's violence. "Garrett was our way into the Beta's inner circle. You were finally going to be useful!"

Finally going to be useful.

There it is. The Blackwood family motto regarding their youngest daughter.

"I'm sorry..." I manage, even though the words taste like ash.

Even though I'm not sorry, not really. Not about last night. Just about getting caught.

"Sorry?" Mom's grip tightens. "You're sorry? That contract was worth fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand for your worthless virginity, and you threw it away on some random pack member!"

If she only knew. If she knew it was her precious Lia's boyfriend and his brother—the actual Alpha heirs—her head would explode like a microwave egg.

The thought makes me want to laugh hysterically. Which would be a spectacularly bad idea right now and definitely end with me dead on this Persian rug.

"Who was it?" Lia demands. "I want a name."

"I don't—" I start, but Mom shakes me hard enough to rattle my teeth.

"Don't lie. We can smell him on you. Multiple scents, actually." Her eyes narrow, studying me with the kind of clinical detachment you'd give a science experiment. "How many?"

My silence is answer enough.

"Multiple?" Dad's voice goes dangerous. "You let multiple pack members..."

"That's not—" I try to explain, but what's the explanation?

That I spent my heat with two Alpha heirs who've made my life hell for two years? That my body chose them despite everything my mind knew was true?

Yeah, that'll go over great.

Lia's studying me with laser focus now, her eyes tracking each mark like she's reading a crime scene. The bite on my collarbone. The bruise on my throat. If she looks close enough, will she recognize Kieran's teeth pattern? The way Lysander grips?

"The wedding was supposed to be in three months," Mom says, her voice dropping to something deadly quiet. "Garrett's son was willing to overlook your defect for the right price. But if you're pregnant..."

The word drops like a bomb. Pregnant.

The possibility hadn't even occurred to me through the heat-drunk haze. But now it slams home with brutal clarity—no protection, two Alphas, a heat that lasted until dawn, biology that doesn't give a fuck about consequences.

Oh fuck...

"And if you were stupid enough to get knocked up..." Mom's nails dig deeper, blood now running freely down my throat, "I'll rip any bastard from your worthless womb myself before it can draw breath."

She means it. This isn't a threat, it's a promise. She would reach inside me and tear out any life growing there without hesitation, probably while checking her manicure.

"The Beta's son might still take you if we handle this quietly," Dad says, like we're discussing a business transaction instead of my body, my life, my potential child. "We'll get you to the pack doctor, make sure you're not carrying anything, get you cleaned up."

"Fixed," Lia adds with vicious sweetness. "Make you presentable again."

Mom's hand finally releases my throat and I gasp, stumbling back against the wall. The room spins as oxygen floods back, as the reality of my situation crystallizes with brutal clarity.

They'll drag me to the pack doctor. They'll make sure I'm not pregnant. And if I am? Mom's threat echoes in my head.

I'll rip any bastard from your worthless womb myself before it can draw breath.

"Go to your room," Dad orders. "Clean yourself up. We'll discuss this further once we've had time to think about damage control."

I turn to leave, clutching the sheet around myself, when Lia's voice stops me.

"You know what's funny?" She sounds almost thoughtful. "Kieran left the party early last night. And Lysander disappeared too, now that I think about it."

My blood turns to ice.

"Both complained about needing air." Her eyes lock on mine. "Interesting coincidence, don't you think?"

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