

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 101: Something Happened - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 101: Something Happened

Chapter 101: Something Happened

Olivia's POV

I took a taste of the chocolate and smiled. It was delicious—just the way I had imagined. This was my favorite, and I wondered how they had been able to find it. Taking another bite, I crossed my legs and stared at the gifts spread across my bed. I thought of their words, how they promised this had nothing to do with the full moon. A part of me wanted to believe them, but another part of me felt it was strange—so strange. These were men who had hated me for no reason, so why, all of a sudden, were they giving me gifts?

A knock landed on my door, and I straightened up, asking the person in.

The door pushed open, revealing the triplets' mother. She flashed me a warm smile before stepping in.

Respectfully, I stood to my feet and slightly lowered myself.

"You don't have to," she said in a friendly manner. "You are Luna... remember that." She sat on the couch opposite me.

I nodded and sank back onto the bed, wondering why she had come. She didn't speak immediately; instead, her eyes fell on the presents on the bed. A small smile curved over her lips.

"The Alphas got you these?" she asked.

I swallowed hard and nodded.

A bigger smile appeared on her face before she turned to look at me. "I knew they never stopped loving you," she said in a tone that sounded certain.

I furrowed my brow. They never stopped loving me? What was she even talking about? The triplets hated me. They hated me because I was tagged the daughter of a thief. When I needed them the most, they disappeared from my life and inflicted pain on me.

"Sorry, but I think you're wrong... the triplets never loved me," I said with a murmur. "If they loved me, they wouldn't have left me the moment I needed them. They wouldn't

have cut ties with me because my father was tagged a thief, and I was demoted to an omega. If they had loved me, they wouldn't have gone after Anita—my best friend. Hell, if they had loved me, they wouldn't have fucked Anita right before me on our wedding night."

The warmth drained from her eyes, replaced by something more serious—like she had waited a long time to say this.

"I understand your anger, Olivia," she said gently. "But... are you sure you know everything that happened?"

I blinked, my heart skipping. "What are you talking about?"

She leaned forward slightly, her fingers lacing together. "I don't know what exactly happened between you and my sons. They never told me... and trust me, I asked. But what I do know is that whatever it was, it broke them."

I frowned, confused. "What do you mean broke them?"

"For weeks, Olivia." Her voice dropped. "Weeks. Each of them locked themselves in their rooms. No training, no meetings, no food unless I forced them to eat. They were—gone. Like their souls had left them. I've never seen anything like it. They wouldn't talk, not even to each other. All they did was sit in the darkness of their separate rooms."

A chill ran down my spine.

"Lennox smashed the mirror in his room," she continued, her voice trembling with the memory. "Levi nearly shifted out of control during one of his episodes. And Louis... Louis didn't speak a single word for ten days straight."

"But..." I shook my head, a lump forming in my throat. "I was the one hurting. My father was arrested. I was cast out and made to scrub floors. They... they stopped talking to me."

She looked at me with pain in her eyes. "I know what it looked like, Olivia. And I don't have all the answers. But the boys I raised—those boys loved you. I saw it in them."

I swallowed hard. "They didn't love me. If they did, why would they do all that? Why would they throw me away like garbage?"

"I don't know," she admitted, sounding confused. "But they refuse to tell me what you did."

"What I did?" My voice rose in disbelief. "I didn't do anything—"

"Then why, Olivia?" she asked, not accusingly, but with genuine confusion. "Why do they look like they're punishing themselves every day? Why do they train until they bleed, until they pass out? Why do they all carry this... pain?"

Pain?

My head spun.

Nothing made sense anymore. I had spent all this time believing they had betrayed me... that they hated me. But now I was hearing a different story, one filled with pain I didn't know they had suffered.

"I don't understand," I whispered, my eyes stinging with tears.

"I'm not asking you to forgive them," she said kindly. "I just want you to see that maybe... maybe there's more to this story than you remember."

I looked away, unsure of what to feel.

Was there something I didn't know?

Or something I had forgotten?

My fingers gripped the edge of the bed as I struggled to steady my breathing. Her words stirred something inside me—a memory, blurry and distant, clawing at the edges of my mind. I shook my head, trying to grasp it.

"I..." I paused, blinking rapidly. "I remember the day my father was arrested. It was my fourteenth birthday."

Her gaze sharpened, clearly surprised.

"The triplets came to see me," I continued slowly, my voice dropping to a whisper. "Each of them brought a gift. Three little boxes, each wrapped differently. They smiled and told me not to open them yet. Lennox said, 'Open it tonight, after the party. We want it to be a surprise.'"

My chest ached at the memory—the way they had looked at me that day, like I meant the world to them. That day, I wanted to confess something to them, something I was scared of saying, but I decided to wait until I opened their gifts.

"I was so happy..." My throat tightened. "I remember putting the boxes on my table and rushing downstairs. I wanted to wait, just like they said. But that was the same day everything went to hell."

She remained silent, watching me intently.

"My father was accused of stealing from the Alpha. They dragged him in front of the entire pack. The triplets were there too. I looked at them—I looked at them—for comfort, but they wouldn't even meet my eyes."

Tears threatened the corners of my vision, but I blinked them away.

"I didn't think of the gifts until the next day," I murmured. "When I went back to my room... they were gone. The boxes. All of them. Just gone."

Her brows furrowed. "Gone? Did you ask anyone?"

"I tried to go to the triplets," I whispered. "I thought maybe... maybe they came to get the gifts themselves, or wanted to comfort me. But the guards stopped me at the gate. They said none of the triplets wanted to see me. That they gave orders to keep me out."

That moment came crashing back into my chest like a blade. The confusion. The pain. The shame.

"After that, everything changed. I was stripped of my title. People stopped talking to me. And the triplets... they were just gone from my life. Like I never mattered."

I looked up at her, eyes hollow. "But now I'm wondering... what if something happened with those gifts? What if something was inside them? Something that... set everything off?"

She leaned forward. "Do you think that's possible?"

"I don't know," I whispered, my head pounding. "I can't remember clearly. It's all... foggy. But I keep getting this gut feeling that I missed something. That something happened between the moment I left those boxes in my room and the moment my father was arrested."

Her face grew pale. "You think someone might have... tampered with the gifts?"

"I don't know." I hugged my knees to my chest. "But why did the gifts disappear?"

She was quiet for a long while, and then she said, "Olivia... maybe it's time to find out what really happened. For your sake. For theirs."

I nodded slowly, fear pooling in my stomach.

Whatever happened that day—whatever truth had been buried—it was time to dig it up.

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Chapter 102: How Things Changed

Olivia's POV

We stayed quiet for a while. She just sat there, watching me, while my mind was full of thoughts. I kept asking myself—did something happen that I missed? It didn't make sense. The triplets used to care about me. They didn't care about ranks or titles. So why would they cut me off just because I became an omega?

The worst part was how much they changed. I didn't see them for a whole month after everything happened. And when I finally did... the way they looked at me—I'll never forget it.

It happened at the training ground.

I had been told to bring water for the warriors. I was only fourteen, carrying two heavy buckets under the hot sun. My hands hurt, and my back ached, but I kept going. I had no choice. That was my new life now—working as an omega beside my mother in the pack house.

When I got to the combat field, the place was loud. Warriors were training, shouting, fighting.

That's when I saw them.

The triplets.

They were standing together, watching a fight. Lennox, Levi, and Louis. They looked older, stronger... colder.

Then they saw me.

And all three stared.

Right at me.

Their faces were hard. Lennox's jaw clenched. Levi looked away like he didn't even want to see me. Louis just glared, then whispered something to someone and walked off.

That look... it wasn't sadness. It wasn't even anger.

It was hate.

I froze in place. I wanted to ask them why—what I had done to make them hate me so much. I wanted to scream, to cry, to ask them what I had done wrong. But I was just an omega now. Omegas don't speak unless spoken to.

So I dropped my eyes and walked past them, pretending I didn't feel like my heart was breaking. But deep down, I knew something wasn't right.

They didn't just stop loving me.

They acted like I had hurt them.

"Something must have happened," my wolf whispered.

I sucked in a deep breath, blinking back the sting in my eyes.

Maybe something did happen.

Maybe there was something I didn't remember... something I missed.

But even if that were true, nothing could excuse how they treated me afterward.

Nothing could make it right.

Because they didn't just ignore me.

They destroyed me.

Lennox was the first to lash out. One evening, I had just finished setting the table in the dining hall when he walked in with a group of warriors. I bowed my head, like I was supposed to, but he didn't even look at me. When I stepped back to leave, he tossed his drink right at me—red wine splashing across my face and uniform. The warriors laughed.

Then it was Levi.

He never touched me, but his words—his silence—cut deeper than any slap. One time, I was serving food during a feast. I placed a plate in front of him, and he looked up at me, then leaned to the warrior beside him and said, "So it's true omegas don't bathe." Everyone around him laughed. I wanted to disappear.

And Louis... Louis was the cruelest.

He found me in the garden one morning, carrying a basket of herbs for the kitchen. He didn't say a word. Just stared at me, then smacked the basket out of my hands. Everything spilled. He told me I should crawl like the omega I was. And when I stayed quiet—refusing to beg—he knocked over the water barrel I'd just filled, forcing me to go all the way back to the well.

Every chance they had, they made sure I remembered my place.

They threw things at me—drinks, food, even a book once.

They humiliated me in front of others.

They used silence as a weapon, and when they did speak, their words were poison.

I didn't know what I had done.

I still don't.

But whatever it was... it shattered everything.

They hated me.

And as if all that wasn't enough...

They started dating Anita.

My best friend.

The one person I thought would always stand by me.

I still remember the day I saw her wrapped around Louis's arm, laughing like nothing had happened. Like we hadn't made promises to always be there for each other. Like she hadn't once giggled with me when I told her I was developing strange feelings for the triplets.

One by one, they paraded her around the pack house. First it was Levi, then Lennox, then Louis. She was always there—wearing their shirts, sitting on their laps, kissing them in front of everyone. In front of me.

They knew what they were doing.

They knew it would hurt.

And still, they did it anyway.

Anita never looked guilty. Not once. She smiled at me like she'd won... like I was nothing. She even dared to call me "omega girl" in front of others, acting like we'd never spent years dreaming about our future together, about growing up side by side, about mates.

That betrayal cut deeper than anything the triplets did.

Because Anita knew my heart.

She knew how much I loved them—how I waited for my fourteenth birthday so I could tell them about my feelings. And instead of standing by me when I was cast out, she climbed into their beds.

That was the final blow.

Not the wine in my face.

Not the humiliation.

Not the silence.

But her—fucking them while I was on my knees scrubbing the floors.

"Olivia, are you okay?" the triplets' mother asked, and that was when I was pulled back to reality and felt the wetness on my cheek. I was crying.

Inhaling deeply, I wiped my face with the back of my hand and looked up at her. I could see the pity and worry in her face, but I ignored it and spoke. "I believe this is not the reason you are here? Something must have brought you here."

She hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Yes, Olivia. I am here because of the full moon."

Chapter 103: Full Moon

Olivia's POV

She was here because of the full moon? I hoped it wasn't what I was thinking.

"What about the full moon?" I asked, already sounding annoyed by the topic.

She sighed, stood from her seat, and then came to sit beside me on the bed. A small frown formed on my face. I had a feeling this conversation wasn't going to go the way I wanted it to.

"I believe you know what the full moon does to us she-wolves?" she asked. I glanced at her and nodded.

"But what does that have to do with me?" I asked, pretending to be ignorant.

Lady Fiona, the triplets' mother, sighed and spoke. "I'm worried about you... You'll go into heat that day," she said, her voice filled with genuine concern.

My frown deepened. I knew what she meant—and I was worried too. Going into heat was a vulnerable, painful experience for us. And if your mate was nearby but refused to touch you, it made everything worse.

I sucked in a deep breath. "You don't have to worry about me, ma. I can take care of myself."

I lied. I was terrified. This would be my first time going into heat, and I'd heard too much about it—how overwhelming the desire became, how badly we craved a male's touch. Some she-wolves even went as far as sleeping with strangers just to ease it. Others locked themselves in rooms and endured the pain in silence.

I think that's what I'm going to do.

"Olivia, this is your first heat... You can't endure it, especially with the triplets' marks on you. It'll be torture," she said, sounding even more worried.

I frowned. I knew she was right. It would've been easier if I didn't carry their marks. But I did. Not just one—all three. I knew it would be hell for me. But still... I'm Olivia. I've survived worse. I can get through this too.

"You're strong, Olivia. I've seen it. However strength doesn't make you immune to the heat," she said gently, reaching out to hold my hand. "You don't have to endure it."

I pulled my hand away, not out of disrespect, but because her kindness made my walls tremble.

"They don't want me," I whispered, my voice cracking. "Not really. Not as their mate. So I'll lock myself up that day, until my heat is over."

"But they marked you."

"They marked me because they were forced, not because of love," I snapped, then quickly softened my tone. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to raise my voice."

Lady Fiona nodded, as if she understood. "But I've been trying to talk to them. If just one of them agrees... would you allow it to happen?"

"No!" I said without hesitation. "I won't let any of them touch me. They have Anita. She has their marks too. She'll be in heat that day. They should go to her."

I tried to sound firm, but deep down, it hurt.

Back when I was just a teen, I used to dream of the full moon.

Back then, I didn't understand what "heat" truly meant. All I knew was that the older girls spoke about it in whispers, their eyes glassy and voices filled with desire. They said it was powerful, painful, beautiful. They said that when your heat came, your mate would feel it too—that he would come for you. That he wouldn't be able to stay away.

And even then... it was the triplets I dreamt of.

My best friends. My safe place. My entire world.

They treated me like a little sister, like someone to protect. But my heart... it had always seen them differently. Even when I was younger, I would watch them laugh together and feel something stir inside me. A wish. A quiet ache.

Sometimes I imagined it would be Levi—he'd pull me into his arms and whisper that I was his, that he had waited for me.

Other nights, it was Louis—mischievous and wild, but always gentle with me. In my fantasies, he'd burst through my door, unable to resist the bond, and kiss me like he meant it.

And Lennox... the one who always made me feel safe, who always stood a little closer than necessary. I dreamt he would worship my body with his hands and lips.

I had been so foolish. So full of hope.

"I used to dream of this," I whispered bitterly, curling tighter beneath my blanket. "I thought it would be beautiful."

But now... now I was just the girl with their marks but none of their hearts. They didn't see me the way I saw them. Maybe they never had.

"They have Anita," I said to Lady Fiona. "They'll go to her. They should go to her."

And saying that... it broke something inside me. Because when the full moon came and heat consumed me... I knew I wouldn't be the one they ran to. I'd just be the mate with their marks.

For a moment, neither of us said a word. Then Lady Fiona spoke. "I talked to Lennox. He refused. I don't understand what's wrong with them." She whispered it like she didn't mean for me to hear—but I did.

So... she had spoken to them. And they rejected me.

Wow.

My wolf whimpered inside me, but I buried the pain and straightened my shoulders.

"You shouldn't have spoken to them. Because I'm not letting any of them touch me," I said, frowning and looking away.

Lady Fiona exhaled softly, clearly holding back her emotions. Her hand hovered over mine again, but this time she didn't touch me. "I'm sorry, Olivia. I just... I can't stand to see you suffer. You're like a daughter to me."

I swallowed hard, blinking away the sting in my eyes. "I'll survive," I whispered. "Like I always do."

There was a long pause before she stood from the bed. Her eyes lingered on me, filled with sorrow and something I didn't quite understand—guilt, maybe. Or worry.

"I won't push anymore," she said quietly, smoothing her skirt. "But promise me something... If it becomes too much—if it hurts more than you can bear—you'll call for someone. Anyone. Don't lock yourself away in silence."

I furrowed my brow and looked up at her, confused. Was she suggesting I let another man touch me if I can't endure the pain?

"Yes, Olivia." She nodded, as if she could read my thoughts. "It's not against the rules. In fact, the law agrees with it. If a male wolf refuses to touch his mate while she's in heat, she's allowed to sleep with other men."

I blinked my lashes, surprised that she was actually proposing this to me.

"So if you can't endure it... call for someone. I'll support you. It's the Alphas' loss."

With that, she left—leaving me stunned and confused.

Chapter 104: Caught

Lennox's POV

I emptied the bottle of whiskey and shoved it away, the glass clinking loudly against the wooden table.

Levi's words kept ringing in my head for the past few hours, circling like vultures refusing to let me breathe.

"I forgave her."

"I never stopped loving her."

"I'm going to court Olivia—openly."

I gritted my teeth, my fingers curling into fists on the table.

Why?

Why the hell was he forgiving her?

Why was he so damn eager to run back to the very person who shattered him?

I could still remember the nights Levi broke down when he thought no one was looking. I remember watching my brother—proud, unshakable Levi—turn into a ghost of himself, hollowed out by a heartbreak none of us could truly understand. Just like me, He had loved her fiercely, and when she hurt him, it gutted him.

And now... he's talking about courting her? Loving her again?

"I'm done punishing both of us for the past."

Those words struck harder than I wanted to admit. I hated them because deep down, I knew they mirrored something I hadn't been willing to face. That maybe, just maybe, I wasn't mad at Levi for forgiving her.

I was mad because I couldn't.

I stood up abruptly, the chair screeching back against the floor. My heart was pounding too fast, my jaw clenched so tightly it ached. I paced the room, fists still clenched, my eyes burning.

What Olivia did to Levi might be forgivable.

But what she did to me?

No one knew. Not Levi. Not Louis. No one.

And I didn't want to remember it either. But Levi's confession had ripped the lid off a box I had sealed shut years ago.

The memory came flooding back—raw, vivid, painful.

I slammed my fist into the wall, breathing heavily. A crack formed in the plaster, but I didn't care. I needed the pain. I needed something real to anchor me.

I couldn't do what Levi was doing. Not yet. Maybe not ever.

But... damn it, I envied him. His clarity. His courage. His ability to say he still loved her, despite everything.

I sat back down, this time slower. My hand throbbed, but the ache was nothing compared to what twisted inside my chest.

And for the first time in years, I whispered the truth aloud.

"I still love her, too."

The words felt foreign on my tongue. Bitter. But true.

I buried my face in my hands, trying to silence the war in my heart when suddenly a sharp knock landed on the door, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I frowned, dragging my palms down my face before yelling, "What?"

The door creaked open, and one of the maids poked her head in nervously. "Alpha Lennox... Lady Anita is asking to see you. She says it's important."

My jaw clenched instantly. Of course, she was.

I looked away, muttering a curse under my breath. I didn't have time for Anita's drama—not tonight, not ever, if I had it my way. But then the maid added softly, "She's not feeling well today... she's been coughing blood again."

Damn it.

As much as I wanted to ignore her, I couldn't. I had made a promise once—back when I thought having a concubine would be enough to distract me from the hole Olivia left in me. Anita had been persistent, pretty, and obedient. But never Olivia. Never close.

With a sigh that came from deep in my chest, I pushed up from the chair, my hand still aching from where I'd slammed it into the wall. "Fine," I muttered.

The walk down the corridor felt heavier than it should. Guilt mixed with frustration in my veins like poison.

I knocked once on her door before pushing it open. The room smelled of expensive perfume and something faintly metallic—medicine, maybe. Anita sat propped up on the bed, wrapped in a silk robe, her skin paler than usual, but her lips painted a deep red that screamed anything but sick.

Her eyes found mine immediately, and she gave me a small, sly smile. "Look who finally decided to come."

I didn't respond. I just stepped in, closing the door behind me.

She tilted her head. "I was starting to think you all forgot about me."

"We've all been busy," I said flatly.

She chuckled, her voice soft and dry. "No. You've been avoiding me. Again."

I didn't deny it.

She patted the space beside her on the bed. "Come. Sit with me."

Reluctantly, I did—but on the edge, keeping distance.

She stared at me for a beat before saying softly, "I missed you."

I looked away. "Don't start."

She reached for my hand, but I pulled it back. Her expression didn't falter.

Then, slowly, Anita leaned in, her lips brushing the side of my face. I turned my head, dodging her mouth.

"I said don't," I muttered, sharper this time.

She paused... but then, without a word, she slipped off the bed and knelt in front of me. My eyes narrowed as she reached for my belt, fingers nimble.

"Anita." My voice was low. Warning.

"I just want to make you feel better," she said, her tone sultry but shaky.

"I'm not in the mood."

She looked up at me with wide, pleading eyes. "Please... just let me... I'm sick, Lennox. I miss this."

I stiffened.

She saw the hesitation flicker in my expression and pounced on it emotionally.

"You weren't there yesterday when I fainted in the garden. You didn't visit when the doctor said the infection is spreading. I'm scared," she whispered. "I just want to feel close to you..."

I stared at her—on her knees, trembling, playing every card she had.

Manipulation or not, the weight of her words pulled at me.

I closed my eyes, my jaw tightening.

I wasn't in the mood, but I couldn't say no.

Anita's fingers moved to my belt, slowly, like she was afraid I'd stop her again. I didn't move. I just sat there, letting her make the choice.

I wasn't thinking clearly anymore. I was tired of the voices in my head—tired of Levi's words, tired of feeling everything I didn't want to feel. Maybe this would shut it all down. Maybe she could help me forget.

She undid my belt, and the small click of the buckle sounded too loud in the quiet room. Her warm breath touched my skin, then her lips. Soft. Careful. Like she was testing my limits.

I stayed still.

She kissed my abdomen, moving lower, and I gritted my teeth, every muscle in my body locked with tension. Her hands were warm on my thighs, stroking gently, almost worshipfully. But all I could feel was emptiness where something should have been.

This wasn't passion. It was punishment.

Her mouth took my cock, and I hissed sharply through clenched teeth. She moved with a practiced rhythm, slow and deliberate, like she knew exactly how to use every second to her advantage. Like she wanted to pleasure me.

But I didn't feel it.

Not for a moment.

My hands fisted in the sheets beside me, not in her hair. I wouldn't give her that intimacy. I kept my eyes open, staring blankly ahead, jaw clenched so tightly it ached. My breath came faster, but it wasn't pleasure that had my heart racing.

It was the storm. The guilt. The rage.

And behind it all, the quiet, aching voice that whispered Olivia's name in my head.

In place of Anita, I wanted Olivia. I wanted her on her knees, driving me insane with her mouth. Fuck! I desired that woman!

Anita's rhythm quickened, sensing my restraint. She hummed softly, trying to coax a reaction from me, something real. But I couldn't give it to her. I felt nothing... my cock was just semi-hard.

I stared down at her for a moment—her head bowed, her hands braced on my thighs, her eyes fluttering shut as if she could make me cum.

But there was nothing exciting about this.

Tired of it, I reached down to stop her when suddenly the door burst open, and I looked up, expecting one of my brothers.

But to my horror, it wasn't any of them.

It was Olivia.

Chapter 105: Little Warrior

Lennox's POV

"Fuck!" I cursed, pulling out of Anita's mouth—but it was too late.

Olivia had already caught us.

Where I was seated, I felt like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar—except this wasn't candy, and the shame cut deeper. My wolf growled inside me, restless and furious. Shamefully, I looked at Olivia, but instead of the reaction I expected, what I saw baffled me.

No wide eyes. No trembling lips. No gasp of heartbreak.

She didn't look like she cared at all. She stared at us like it was nothing—like this was normal. And somehow, that made everything feel worse. What kind of woman walks in on her mate—her husband—receiving head from another and doesn't show the slightest flicker of pain?

Without sparing me a glance, Olivia turned to Anita, who was now standing, still wearing that smug little smirk.

"Why did you send Nora and Lolita out on an errand?" Olivia asked coldly.

Anita scoffed and crossed her arms. "They're maids. I wanted something, so I sent them. Is that a crime now?"

Olivia took one step forward.

Just one.

But the entire energy in the room shifted.

"Nora and Lolita are my personal maids," Olivia said, her tone sharper now. "You have your maids, Anita. Don't touch what isn't yours."

Anita chuckled and took a step toward Olivia. "And if I do? What are you going to do about it?" she challenged.

A small smile curled at the left corner of Olivia's lips, and then she took a step forward, standing just an inch away from Anita, her glare staring directly at Anita.

"Then I'll remind you exactly who I am. I'm Luna Olivia Luciano. I'm legally married to the triplets. I'm their queen. And you?" She paused and eyed Anita from head to toe.

"You are just a whore... a woman marked to warm their bed. Don't confuse your position with mine."

A suffocating silence hung in the air for a moment before Olivia continued.

"Don't dare me Anita... if you still like this position of being their concubine, then I will advise you to stick to warming their bed and stay off my way... this is your last warning."

Anita stepped back, angry. "You're threatening me?"

Olivia tilted her head, smiling coldly. "You forgot your place. I'm just reminding you."

Anita looked to me then, clearly expecting me to speak up in her defense.

But I didn't.

I couldn't.

In truth, I felt like shit.

And what hurt the most?

Olivia hadn't looked at me. Not once. Not even a flash of disappointment in her eyes.

And somehow, that made me feel like the smallest man alive.

"I will take my leave." With that, she turned and left, acting like I was invisible.

"Olivia..." I said quietly, unsure what I was even asking for.

She didn't turn.

She didn't speak.

She just walked away.

As soon as Olivia walked out and the door closed behind her, the room went completely silent. I just sat there, frozen. My pants were still undone, my heart was racing, and shame hit me like a wave.

There were times I wouldn't care if she saw this. In fact, there were times I would want her to walk in and see this, but not anymore. I couldn't explain it, but I would do anything just to prevent her from seeing this.

Anita turned to me, her voice sharp for someone who is sick. "Did you see that? Did you see how she spoke to me?"

I didn't even look at her. "I'm leaving," I said flatly as I buckled my belt.

"What? Now?" she asked, surprised.

I didn't answer. I didn't care. I needed to get away from her—and away from what I had just done.

I walked out of the room like I was in a fog. Everything inside me felt heavy. Wrong. The way Olivia didn't even flinch when she caught us... it haunted me. She didn't care, didn't yell. She didn't even look at me. That hurt more than anything.

I needed to clear my head.

It was already past 8pm, but I decided to go to the training field. The sky was dark, the moon was out, and the wind was cool. I thought I'd be alone—but I wasn't.

Olivia was there.

She was in the middle of the field, barefoot, moving like a fighter. Her braid swung behind her as she punched and kicked the air, her body sharp and graceful like she had done this a thousand times. Sweat glowed on her skin. Her face was serious. Focused. Powerful.

She looked nothing like the quiet girl people always saw.

She looked like a warrior.

My little warrior.

That thought struck something deep inside me. My chest tightened as an old memory rose to the surface, one I hadn't thought of in years.

She was just nine years old back then—tiny, stubborn, full of fire. I had just come back from a long patrol when I saw her standing outside the training field, arms crossed, a small plastic container in her hand.

"Train me," she had said firmly, like a command. Her usual playful demeanor gone.

I'd blinked, confused. "What?"

She walked right up to me and opened the container to show a single chocolate cupcake with pink frosting and rainbow sprinkles. "This is payment," she said seriously, holding it up like it was a bag of gold. "I know you're the best. So teach me."

I laughed that day. I couldn't help it.

But she didn't.

She was dead serious. "I don't want to be weak like the other girls. I want to fight. I want to protect myself. I want to protect the people I love. Please."

That word—please—was soft. Almost afraid, like she feared I would reject her request.

I remembered kneeling down to her level, accepting the cupcake, and saying, "Deal. But I'll warn you, training with me won't be easy."

And she smiled so wide, like she'd just won a battle. "I don't care. I'm not afraid."

That cupcake.

Her stubborn little face staring up at me like I was the only one who could make her stronger.

And then... there was something else. Something I buried so deep, I nearly forgot it existed.

That day... when she looked up at me with those fierce eyes and handed me that stupid cupcake...

I felt something.

A strange flutter in my stomach.

It wasn't lust. Not even close. But it was something strange. Something intense.

I didn't know what it was back then. All I knew was that I wanted to be around her. I wanted to see her train, to see her smile when she got things right. I wanted her to come back every day and push herself until she collapsed on the mat and grinned up at me, breathless and proud.

I was fourteen.

She was nine.

And I was terrified of what that meant.

So I buried it. Deep. Told myself it was just some protective instinct. Just pride in a student. Nothing more.

I trained her harder than anyone. Gave her hell. Watched her grow. And the older she got, the more I tried to keep my distance. I kept the strange feelings to myself until her fourteenth birthday when I decided it was time to tell her.

Well, I did... I told her, but it was the worst decision of my life.

"What are you doing here, Lennox?" Olivia snapped, forcing me out of my thoughts.

Chapter 106: Cut

Lennox's POV

She stood before me with folded arms, clearly not happy that I was there.

"Why are you here?" she asked, sounding so irritated.

I shrugged, pushed back my emotions, and gave her a hard expression. "Why can't I be here? This is the training field, not your room."

Olivia's eyes narrowed, her glare sharp. "Then train," she snapped, turning away from me and falling back into her stance. "Don't just stand there gawking."

I bit the inside of my cheek, trying to ignore the tightness in my chest. "Your steps are sloppy," I said coldly.

She froze. Slowly, she turned to face me again, her expression unreadable. "What?"

"Your left leg drags on the pivot. Your form's weaker than usual," I said, trying to sound calm, like I wasn't suffocating on everything that happened minutes ago. "If you're going to act like a warrior, then fight like one."

Her lips curled into a furious smirk. "Oh, really?" she asked, voice dripping with anger. And before I could brace myself, she snatched a training knife from the weapons rack beside her and threw it.

Fast. Sharp.

I caught it—barely.

The force behind it was no joke.

"You've got a mouth on you today," I said, swinging the blade, tasting it.

Without a word, she attacked me.

She didn't hesitate, not for a second. Her attacks came at me in a blur of movement, and though I blocked the first few strikes, I wasn't in the fight. I was distracted by her—the fire in her eyes, the tension in her jaw, the grace of every furious hit.

She spun, ducked low, and the next thing I knew, her blade sliced clean across my arm.

I hissed in pain, stepping back and looking down at the blood seeping through my sleeve.

She smirked. "Maybe you should spend less time fucking and more time training," she sneered.

I clenched my jaw, her words hitting harder than the blade.

She wasn't done.

"My mistake. Maybe if you weren't so busy with Anita, you wouldn't be getting your ass handed to you. Even your brothers are better fighters, and they've never slacked the way you have. And you're the eldest?"

Those words. Those exact damn words.

They sliced deeper than the wound on my arm.

My vision blurred with rage, memories replaying in my head.

Pain surged. Old pain. Deep wounds I thought were long buried were reopened.

I snapped.

With a growl, I struck back, faster and harder than before. Our blades clashed. Sparks flew. She fought back with everything she had, but this time I didn't hold back.

My blade came down in a quick, controlled arc—and sliced across her arm.

She stumbled back, clutching the cut.

The moment it happened, regret surged through me like ice water.

"Olivia—" I stepped forward.

"Don't," she said, her voice low but tight with pain.

Her eyes were wide—not with fear, but with disbelief.

And disappointment.

The kind I hadn't seen before.

The kind I had feared more than anything.

What the hell have I done?

Olivia dropped the knife, and without saying a word, she began walking away, and without thinking, I followed her.

"Olivia... I'm sorry," I said again, rushing after her, my chest tight with guilt.

She didn't stop walking. Her arm was bleeding profusely, and she covered it with her other hand.

"Olivia, wait. Please—just let me take care of your wound."

She paused for a second, then turned her head slightly, her voice calm but annoyed. "It's training, Lennox. Injuries happen."

Her words sliced through me deeper than any blade. I took another step closer.

"I don't care if it was training or a real fight," I said, my voice low. "You're hurt. Let me help."

She finally turned to face me fully, her expression unreadable but her tone sharp. "Care for your own wound, Lennox. That one's bleeding worse than mine."

I shook my head, taking another step forward, stubborn. "I don't care about mine."

"Well, you should do," she snapped, her eyes flaring. "You're bleeding."

"What the hell happened?"

A voice, furious and cold, echoed across the field.

I froze.

Levi.

He was standing a few feet away, his eyes blazing, his frown deepened, jaw tight. He took in Olivia's arm, the blood running down her skin, and then he looked at me like he could rip me apart.

"You injured her?" he growled, voice thunderous.

I opened my mouth, guilt flooding me, but I couldn't even speak before he spoke.

"You hurt her! Are you out of your damn mind, Lennox? You cut her?!"

I staggered slightly at the force of his rage. "It was a training fight—it got out of hand. I didn't mean to—"

"You didn't mean to?" he snarled. "You're more experienced. You're supposed to know when to back out, and not injure her! What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Olivia stepped between us, her arm still bleeding. "Levi, calm down. It was training. I provoked it too."

Levi didn't even look at her for a second. His eyes stayed locked on me. "You don't get to hurt her—even if it's training. You don't get to lose control. Not with her."

I clenched my jaw but said nothing.

Then Levi's gaze softened as he turned to Olivia, gently taking her wounded arm into his hands.

"Let me take care of this," he said quietly, but with a firmness that left no room for argument.

Olivia frowned. "I can take care of myself." She refused.

Levi shook his head. "It's not up for debate, I'm doing it."

She looked at me for the first time—really looked—but there was nothing warm in her eyes.

Then she nodded.

"Fine. You do it."

And just like that, I was dismissed.

Levi turned with her, guiding her away from me like I was a threat. I didn't try to stop them. I didn't say another word.

I just stood there, bleeding. Not just bleeding in my arm—but my heart was also bleeding.

Chapter 107: His Emotion

Olivia's POV

"All done." Levi sighed in relief as he finished bandaging my arm.

"I could get the healer," he offered.

"No need. I'll be fine by tomorrow. My wolf's healing abilities must have done their work," I replied, and Levi nodded, still squatting before me.

Feeling awkward being so close to him, I stood up and walked to the window, pretending to take in fresh air when, in truth, I just wanted to be as far away from him as possible. But Levi didn't take the hint. Instead, he followed and stood behind me, making me frown as I wondered what he was doing.

"Is there a problem?" I asked, irritated, my back still turned to him.

I heard Levi release a soft sigh. For a moment, he said nothing. It was like he was struggling to find the right words.

Our mate bond sparked to life, and suddenly, I began to feel his emotions—something that hadn't happened before. They'd blocked me. Blocked me from feeling anything from them. But now... it felt like Levi had unblocked me. And what I felt? It was a mix of nervousness, worry, and fear.

I furrowed my brow, confused. Why was Levi letting me feel his emotions? Why was he giving me that kind of access? That kind of connection is only shared between mates who trust each other. So why now?

"Olivia... I have something to say," Levi said gently, his voice soft—like the man I used to know... like how he used to talk to me.

"Can you please turn around? I want to look you in the eyes and say it," he pleaded.

For a moment, my heart began to race. My wolf whimpered softly, clearly confused. Why was Levi acting like this? Why was he speaking so gently? And why couldn't I be angry at him... tell him that I didn't want to hear a word? Maybe it was because I could feel his emotions. His nervousness.

I wanted to turn, but I kicked against it. "You can say what you have to say, Alpha Levi," I muttered, trying to sound as harsh as I could be.

There was silence between us for a while. I could feel Levi's emotions through the bond. I could feel everything. He was nervous, scared... and sorry.

"I want to let the past go," Levi finally said, his voice soft but clear. "I want us to be together, the way real mates should be."

I didn't move. His words were shocking. I didn't know how to respond.

"I'm sorry, Olivia," he said again. "I'm sorry for hurting you all these years. But I was in pain too. What you did to me... it really hurt. It broke me."

My heart started beating faster. I was confused. What I did to him? What was he talking about?

"What did I do, Levi?" I asked slowly, still not turning around.

There was a long pause before I finally turned to face him. I needed to see his eyes when he answered.

But when he looked at me, he didn't speak right away. He just looked... sad.

"You know what you did," he said, his voice tight.

"No, I don't," I replied, shaking my head. "I honestly don't remember. Why don't you just tell me?"

He looked away, his jaw clenched like he was trying not to say something.

"Because I can't," he finally said. "I don't want to go back to that moment. And maybe it's better that you don't remember."

His words made my chest feel heavy. None of this made sense. If he wasn't going to tell me, why bring it up at all?

"Then why say all this?" I asked, my voice cracking a little. "Why tell me you're hurt by something I don't even remember?"

"Because I want you to understand why I acted the way I did. I wasn't just being cruel for no reason," he said softly. "You hurt me that day, Olivia. And I've been carrying that pain for years. But I'm tired of it. I don't want to live like that anymore. I want to move forward. I want us to start again... if you'll let me."

I stared at him, unsure of what to say. Start over? After everything?

I didn't even know what I had done to him, and he wouldn't tell me. How was I supposed to decide something so big when I didn't even know the full story?

And yet... I could feel his pain. I could feel that he truly meant what he said.

"Olivia..." Levi stepped forward, reaching out to take my hand.

But I quickly stepped back and shook my head, my voice rising. "No, Levi... you have to tell me what I did! How did I hurt you? You and your brothers keep saying I hurt you, but I don't remember anything! I can't remember doing anything!"

He opened his mouth to speak—his eyes dark and full of something I couldn't quite place—but just then, a sharp, sudden pain hit my chest.

I gasped, grabbing my shirt as the pain shot through my heart like fire. It wasn't physical exactly—it was deeper, tied to my wolf.

Levi froze, his hand reaching out like he felt it too. "Olivia?" he asked urgently, his voice full of panic. "Did you feel that?"

I nodded, struggling to breathe. "Y-Yeah... what was that?"

My wolf whimpered deep inside me, her voice breaking as she cried out one name.

Lennox.

I froze, eyes wide.

Levi's expression changed instantly—his eyes darkening with worry. "Something's wrong," he said, already turning toward the door. "Something's wrong with Lennox!"

And without another word, he ran.

I didn't think. I followed.

My heart was pounding, my legs moving before I could even process what I was doing. I could feel my wolf's fear pressing in on me like a storm. Something was wrong—very wrong.

"Levi!" I shouted as we raced down the hallway. "What's happening?!"

But he didn't answer. He just kept running, faster and faster.

And the only thing I knew for sure was that the pain in my chest wasn't just mine anymore—it was Lennox's. And it was getting worse.

Chapter 108: Attacked

Olivia's POV

Levi and I had barely made it down the stairs when a shout echoed from outside the pack house gates.

"Open up!"

We rushed outside, hearts racing, and what we saw stopped us cold.

Lennox was staggering through the front gates of the mansion, drenched in blood, one hand gripping his side while the other dragged along the ground for support. His shirt was torn, soaked through, and blood dripped from his fingertips onto the gravel path. His steps were slow, like he could collapse at any second.

"Lennox!" I screamed.

"Guards!" Levi bellowed, charging forward. I ran with him, fear crashing over me like a wave.

As we reached him, Lennox looked up. His face was pale, lips trembling, blood smeared across his cheek. But when he saw me, something like relief flickered in his eyes.

And then he collapsed—straight into my arms.

The force of his body knocked me down, and we both hit the ground. My hands immediately went to his face.

"Lennox! Lennox, stay with me!" I cried, brushing his hair back. "What happened?"

"Call the healer now!" Levi ordered the guards, who were already rushing toward us.

"I... I went to the woods for a night run..." Lennox's voice was weak, raspy. Blood stained his teeth as he coughed again, more of it spilling from his mouth. "Rogues... they attacked me. But not just any rogues... they had Wolfsbane..."

My heart dropped.

Wolfsbane

That explained the blood. The weakness. The fact that his wolf wasn't healing him.

"It weakened me," Lennox whispered, his head resting against my chest. "I tried... I tried to fight, but there were too many..." he coughed out more blood and then looked up at me... his green piercing eyes losing their life.

"Olivia, I feel like I am dying... my organs are shutting down."

"No, no, don't talk like that," I cried, cupping his face. "You're going to be okay, Lennox. You're not dying."

He smiled faintly, pain etched into every line of his face. "If I am... at least I'm dying in your arms."

"Stop it!" My tears were falling now, fast and uncontrollable. "You're not dying! You're strong! You're a warrior—you're not going to die!"

Lennox chuckled softly and coughed out blood once more. "You're... right," he murmured, his hand reaching up to brush away my tears. "I'm weak, Olivia... I need to train more..."

And then his body went limp.

"Lennox?" I shook him. "Lennox, no—wake up! Please!"

The healer finally arrived, skidding to a stop beside us with a satchel full of supplies. "Step back!"

Louis came running down the steps of the mansion, his eyes widening in horror when he saw Lennox. "What the hell happened?"

"Rogues. Silverbane," Levi growled, pacing like a caged animal. "They ambushed him."

The healer rushed to Lennox's side, her hands steady but swift as she assessed the severity of his wounds. She didn't speak for a moment, her brow furrowing in concentration. Then, she began to mutter incantations under her breath, each word blending into the next as she worked quickly, grinding herbs into a paste and pressing it against his wounds. Her movements were almost mechanical, but I could see the worry in her eyes. "We need to move him now. He's fading."

The guards lifted Lennox gently, blood still trickling from his side, and carried him into the house.

"I'm coming with you," I said, refusing to let go of his hand.

Louis nodded tightly. "Stay close."

I walked beside Lennox all the way to his room, still holding his hand even though he was unconscious. I couldn't stop shaking.

We arrived in his room and he was laid on the bed while the healer continued her spell.

The door opened and Anita rushed in and moved to the other side of Lennox. "What happened... what happened to him?" she asked in fear, but no one responded.

I looked at Lennox, my tears falling down my face freely.

He thought he was weak.

My chest twisted painfully. My knees gave way and I sank slowly beside his bed, still gripping his hand like it was the only thing anchoring me to this world.

How could he think that?

Lennox—Alpha Lennox—was the strongest man I had ever known. His strength wasn't just normal. He fights like a skillful beast...

And now... now he was lying here, unconscious, thinking he was weak because of me.

Because of what I said.

I squeezed my eyes shut as guilt rose up my throat like bile.

I had been angry—hurt—and I let it lash out through words like blades. I told him he was weak.

And he believed me.

God, what had I done?

"Lennox," I whispered brokenly, brushing his matted hair from his forehead. "I didn't mean it. I swear, I didn't mean what I said..."

Tears slipped down, one after another, soaking into his blanket.

"You're not weak. You never were. You're the strongest man I've ever met." My voice cracked. "I was just angry. Angry at everything... and I took it out on you. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

His hand lay limp in mine, cold and still. The bond between us pulsed faintly, like a dying flame.

"Please don't let this be the last time I speak to him. Please," I whispered to the Moon Goddess.

"You fought off rogues," I choked out. "Even with Silverbane in your veins, you made it back. You walked through that gate, bleeding and broken, just to get home... just to get to us. How is that weak? Tell me, Lennox—how is that weak?"

I leaned down, pressing a kiss to the back of his hand.

"I never meant it, Lennox... please come back to me."

The healer looked up suddenly, her eyes locked on mine. "It is working... keep talking to him. He can hear you."

I gasped, tightening my grip on his hand. My heart pounding as I stared at his pale, still face. My voice trembled as I leaned closer, brushing my lips against his knuckles.

"Do you remember, Lennox?" I whispered. "Do you remember the promise you made to me on my thirteenth birthday?"

I paused, tears burning my eyes. My voice cracked, but I forced the words out.

"You said you'd protect me. You said you'd never leave me. You told me nothing would ever take you away from me."

My voice broke on the last word, a sob rising in my chest.

"Are you going back on that now? Was it all a lie? Because I don't care what happened between us, Lennox—I don't care if we fight or if you hate me now. I don't want you to leave me. I can't lose you like this."

I cupped his face, my thumbs brushing over the blood and dirt.

"I know things are broken between us. I know I said horrible things. But I didn't mean it. You're not weak. You've never been weak. You're the strongest man I've ever known. Even now... lying here like this... you're stronger than anyone."

I kissed his forehead gently, my tears landing on his skin.

"I need you, Lennox. So please... don't go. Don't leave me. You promised. Damn it, Lennox, wake up!" My voice cracked as I broke completely. "You don't get to die on me. Not like this. Not after everything."

And suddenly—

His fingers twitched in mine.

My breath caught as his eyelids slowly fluttered open, those piercing green eyes blinking into the light. My heart jumped in my chest.

He looked at me—really looked at me—and even though he was pale and weak, a faint smirk tugged at the corner of his lips.

"Moon Goddess..." he rasped, his voice hoarse, "your voice is so annoying."

My mouth dropped open in shock.

"And these tears..." he coughed lightly, his eyes still fixed on mine, "they're soaking my shirt. Disrespectful, Olivia."

Despite everything, a watery laugh escaped my lips.

But before I could say anything more, his smirk faded, and his eyes slipped shut again—gently, as though he were simply drifting off to sleep.

"Lennox?" I whispered, panic starting to rise again.

The healer placed a calming hand on my shoulder. "He's fine," she said softly. "He's not unconscious from the wounds anymore. His wolf is taking over now—he needs to rest completely, so the healing can begin."

My whole body sagged in relief.

"He's going to make it," she assured me. "Thanks to you, he will be fine."

I looked at Lennox, his breathing now deep and even.

And I smiled through the tears.

"I'm not done annoying you yet," I whispered. "So don't even think about leaving me."

Chapter 109: In His Unconscious State

Olivia's POV

For another few minutes, the healer attended to Lennox, and after she was satisfied with his condition, she nodded and got to her feet. "He's fine, but it'll take a few hours for him to wake. I still recommend someone stays with him in case he wakes up."

"I will stay with him," Anita said immediately, stealing the words right out of my mouth. I wanted to say it. I wanted to stay with him. Despite everything, despite our strained relationship. I couldn't return to my room and feel at ease knowing he was still unconscious.

"No, Anita, you can't watch over Lennox. You are sick," Louis refused immediately.

Anita frowned and shook her head. "I can manage... I really want to stay with him. It is my duty..." she tried arguing, but I cut her off with a scoff.

"Your duty?" I asked, arching a brow, my hands still intertwined with Lennox's. "Last time I checked, Anita, you are just a concubine. And I?" I smirked. "I'm his wife. His

mate. If anyone stays, it's going to be me. So I advise you to go back to your room, Anita. You're still unwell—according to you."

A deep frown spread across Anita's face as she glared at me. If looks could kill, I'd already be dead—but I didn't care. I turned to Levi and Louis, who stood at the edge of the bed. "You both can leave. I'll attend to him. After all, it is my duty as his wife," I said firmly, leaving no room for argument.

Levi and Louis exchanged a glance before both of them nodded in agreement.

As they reluctantly turned to leave, Anita's voice rang out sharply, halting them in their tracks.

"You can't let her stay!" she snapped, her eyes filled with disbelief. "She hates Lennox—he hates her too! What if she tries to kill him in his sleep?"

The room fell into stunned silence.

I turned my head slowly, narrowing my eyes at her. "You know you could be persecuted for saying this?" I warned.

"Damn you," she hissed, her voice trembling with anger. "Lennox will not be happy waking to see you."

"And yet," I cut her off coldly, "he woke up calling for me, not you."

Her face paled, her lips parting as if to argue, but no words came.

"If I hated Lennox," I continued, my voice low but filled with anger, "I wouldn't be here. Hell, I'd be in my room, taking a nice nap."

Anita's lip quivered. She turned to Levi and Louis, desperation in her eyes. "You're really going to let her stay? Alone with him?"

Louis nodded without hesitation. "Anita, she's his wife. His mate. That means something, whether you like it or not."

"You should rest," Levi added gently. "You're still recovering. Don't make this worse for yourself."

Anita opened her mouth, then closed it again, a tremble running through her. Her eyes glistened with tears, but she said nothing more as she spun on her heels and stormed out of the room.

I turned back to Lennox, brushing a strand of hair from his forehead.

God, I'm supposed to hate you

I'm supposed to walk away. But here I am—wanting to stay.

"Olivia, if you need anything or if he wakes, just reach out through the mind link," Levi said, and I nodded, my gaze still fixed on Lennox.

Levi and Louis left the room, leaving me alone with Lennox. Silence enveloped the room like a heavy blanket—calm, yet suffocating.

I glanced down at our intertwined hands and sighed softly. I should let go. Slowly, I tried to move my hand away from his, but even in his unconscious state, Lennox's fingers tightened around mine, as if refusing to let me go.

I froze.

My chest tightened, something warm and painful blooming deep inside. Why did that small gesture affect me so much?

With a shaky breath, I gave in and lowered myself onto the edge of the bed, my free hand gently brushing his hair back. I watched him in silence, studying his face—the soft lashes that fanned across his cheeks, the slight cut on his brow, the slight parting of his lips as he breathed steadily.

Still handsome. Still breathtaking. And I hated that I still found him so attractive.

"I'm supposed to hate you," I whispered, almost pleadingly. "You gave me every reason to. You broke me, Lennox... over and over. So why the hell does it hurt to see you like this?"

I swallowed the lump forming in my throat, blinking fast.

"You idiot," I muttered, brushing my thumb over his knuckles. "When I saw you on the ground, bleeding, unconscious... I thought you were going to die. I've never been so scared in my life." My voice cracked on the last word, and I bit my bottom lip hard to stop it from trembling.

"I should've walked away. Should've let someone else care. But I couldn't. Because even when I try to hate you... I can't."

I looked down at our hands again, his fingers still wrapped around mine. It was infuriating. And comforting. And terrifying.

I leaned down slowly, resting my forehead gently against the back of his hand. "Just wake up," I whispered. "Please... just be fine."

And then suddenly, a sound.

Barely audible. So soft I thought I imagined it.

My head lifted quickly, my eyes narrowing on his face. His brows twitched. His lips moved... and then again. Mumbled, broken words falling from his mouth like whispers carried by the wind.

And then, I heard it.

The melody.

My breath caught in my throat.

"...heart beats fast... colors and promises..."

My breath hitched.

I knew that song. My song.

"A Thousand Years."

The same one he used to sing to me. He would hum it into my ear as he held me close, whispering that he'd always be here.

Tears spilled freely down my cheeks as he continued in his sleep, voice gravelly, laced with unconscious slurs, but still soft—still unmistakably Lennox.

"...but watching you stand alone... all of my doubt... suddenly goes away somehow..."

My hands trembled as I held his tighter. He remembered.

Even now, even like this— he remembered me.

"... I have died every day waiting for you... darling, don't be afraid, I have loved you for a thousand years..."

A sob broke past my lips.

"You idiot," I whispered, brushing a thumb under his eye. "Why now? Why that song?" I sniffled, smiling through the tears. "You really know how to hurt me... and heal me... all at once."

He stirred faintly at my touch, his lips still forming the words.

"...and all along I believed I would find you..."

I leaned closer, pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead, breathing in his scent.

"You still remembered," I murmured.

I lowered my head, resting it beside him again, our hands still tightly entwined."

And as he drifted deeper into unconsciousness, the last soft notes slipped from his lips—like a promise echoing across the room.

"...I have loved you... for a thousand years... I'll love you for a thousand more..."

Chapter 110: By My Side

Lennox's POV

Everything felt heavy.

My body... my head... even my heart.

I wasn't sure where I was. My mind floated between light and darkness, pain and peace. I heard voices—some loud, some soft. But one stood out.

Olivia's voice.

Even in my sleep, I felt her. Heard her. Smelled her scent—soft, warm, comforting. Like home.

I tried to open my eyes, but they felt too heavy. My body didn't want to move. Still, I wasn't alone. I could feel a hand in mine. Warm. Gentle. Familiar.

I wanted to wake up. I wanted to see her.

Slowly, my body started to respond. My fingers twitched. My breathing deepened. My eyelids fluttered open, though the light stung my eyes.

It took a moment, but then I saw her.

Curled beside me on the bed, her head resting near my arm. Her hand still holding mine like she never wanted to let go.

She was asleep.

Even in sleep, she looked so beautiful. So tired... but peaceful. There were dried tears on her cheeks, and I wondered if they were for me.

My heart ached.

She was supposed to hate me.

So why was she here?

I turned my head slowly, ignoring the pain. I wanted to look at her properly, to take her in. My mate. My wife. The one I had hurt the most... yet here she was, by my side.

I lifted our joined hands and pressed a soft kiss to her knuckles. She didn't stir.

"Olivia," I whispered, my voice rough and low.

She didn't wake, but her grip on my hand tightened a little, like even in sleep she didn't want to lose me.

A sad smile pulled at my lips.

"We are going out of the plan," I whispered, my voice low. "We are supposed to hate each other, remember? Then what is happening?"

I brushed a lock of hair from her face, careful not to wake her. I didn't deserve her. But right now, I was just thankful she was here.

Sighing softly, I stared at the ceiling, my thoughts a mess.

"How do you feel?"

My wolf's voice echoed gently in my mind.

I shrugged, "Okay," I replied quietly.

Olivia's fingers tightened around mine again, like a silent reminder she was still there.

I turned my head slightly, looking at her sleeping form again. Her lashes fluttered, and her breathing shifted. She was waking up.

A part of me wanted to pretend to still be asleep.

But it was too late.

Her eyes slowly opened, hazy at first, then wide and alert when they landed on me.

We stared at each other.

Silence.

And then I spoke, my voice dry and cold. "Did you lose your way, Olivia? Or did you just forget this room belongs to someone you hate?"

She sat up slowly, brushing her hair out of her face, her jaw tightening. "Don't flatter yourself. I stayed because the healer said someone should."

I scoffed. "I'm sure Levi or Louis could've done the job. Or one of the guards. Why you?"

She looked at me, her expression unreadable. Then she said simply, "You wouldn't let go."

That caught me off guard.

"What?" I asked, frowning.

She gestured to our joined hands—still locked together, even now. "You were unconscious. But when I tried to leave, you held on. Even in your sleep. That's the only reason I stayed."

My grip loosened instantly, and I let go of her hand. "Well, you're free to go now. I don't need your pity."

She pulled her hand back sharply. "Trust me, I wouldn't waste pity on you."

I sat up slightly, wincing at the pain in my ribs. "Then what was that, huh? You falling asleep next to me? Tears on your face? Was that part of your act?"

She glared at me. "Everyone was crying, so what do you expect me to do? Not cry? They will think I want you dead! So yeah, I fake cried."

I smiled, not able to stop myself from it. Her excuse was really hilarious. It reminded me of the silly lies she used to give when we were younger.

She stood abruptly, backing away from the bed like my presence physically burned her. "Since you are awake, I bet I should take my leave."

She turned to leave, But before she could take another step, I reached out and grabbed her wrist.

She froze.

"Lennox," she warned softly, not looking at me.

I didn't let go.

In one swift motion, I pulled her back—hard enough that she lost her footing and fell onto the bed. I guided her onto my lap, and in seconds, she was straddling me, both hands pressed against my chest for balance.

She looked shocked, her lips parting, eyes wide as they stared into mine.

"What are you doing?" she breathed.

I held her waist firmly, not letting her move. "I don't like feeling like I owe anyone anything," I said, my voice low, rough. "Especially you."

Her brows furrowed. "What the hell does that mean?"

"It means," I said, my hand sliding up her back slowly, "you stayed... even when you didn't have to. You sat here and cried for me, Olivia. That's not nothing."

She opened her mouth to speak, but I cut her off.

"I want to repay you."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "With what?"

My eyes didn't leave hers as I leaned forward, close enough to feel her breath. "Let me show you."

I dipped my head, trailing soft, slow kisses down her neck. She sucked in a breath, her hands tightening against my chest.

"Lennox..." she whispered, her voice shaking.

I didn't stop. I kissed the spot just below her ear, the place that always made her shiver. And it still did.

My fingers slipped under the hem of her top, pulling it upward. She didn't fight me—not yet. I pushed the fabric higher until her chest was exposed, and my lips found her skin again.

I kissed along her collarbone... then lower... until I took one of her nipples into my mouth.

She gasped.

"Lennox... stop... you're not healed..."

"I don't care," I murmured against her skin.

She moaned softly as I sucked gently, switching to the other breast. Her fingers tangled in my hair, like she wanted to push me away—but couldn't bring herself to do it.

"You're insane," she breathed.

"Maybe," I whispered. "But I have to repay you."

Her breathing got heavier, her body tense on top of mine as I kept kissing and sucking gently on her skin. Every small moan from her lips made my blood burn hotter. I could feel myself getting harder under her, my body reacting like it always did around her—hungry, desperate, wild.

She whispered my name again, softer this time.

"Lennox..."

I kissed her again, slower, deeper. My hands slid around her waist, pulling her closer against me. Her hips brushed against my arousal, and a low groan escaped me.

I was losing control. I wanted her—right here, right now. I didn't care that I hadn't healed fully. I didn't care about the pain in my ribs or the chaos we came from. I just needed her.

But just as I was about to push her top completely off,

I heard footsteps.

We both froze.

A second later, a firm knock sounded at the door.

She pulled away from me instantly, her eyes wide, chest rising and falling with every shaky breath. Her arms crossed quickly over her chest, fixing her clothes as she climbed off me.

I stared at her, still catching my breath, my body throbbing beneath the covers.

Without sparing me a glance, she turned around and walked to the door.

I didn't stop her this time.

The door opened. Closed.

Then Silence enveloped the room.

I dropped back against the pillows, staring at the ceiling... then down at myself.

My cock was hard—aching, straining against my pants. I groaned softly, running a hand over my face.

"She's going to kill me," I muttered.

I kept staring at the door like my eyes could pull her back.

But instead of her... in stepped someone else.

A tall figure dressed in a dark uniform—my personal guard, Bala.

He stepped in cautiously, then paused when he saw me sitting up in bed, shirtless, flushed, and clearly pissed.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I snapped, my voice sharp and filled with anger.

Bala stood straighter, clearly sensing my mood. "Apologies, Alpha. I came to check on you. The healer said you were stable but still recovering—"

"I'm fine," I growled.

He blinked, then glanced awkwardly toward the door Olivia had just walked through. He knew something was up.

His eyes dropped to the floor, pretending not to notice the state I was in.

My frown deepened as I glared at him. "Of all times, you decided to show up now?"

I grabbed the nearest pillow and hurled it straight at him.

It hit him square in the chest.

"Out. Now."