Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 111: Regrets - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 111: Regrets

Chapter 111: Regrets

Lennox's POV

The door to my room pushed open and Levi and Louis walked in, both with a relieved look on their faces.

"Man, you are glowing for a man who nearly escaped death," Louis teased, and I rolled my eyes at them. If only they knew what had happened between Olivia and me, of course I should be glowing.

"How are you feeling?" Levi asked in a serious tone as he moved over and stood at the edge of the bed, giving me a quick glance as if assessing is I was really okay.

"I'm fine," I sighed. "But we need to find those bastards!"

"We've already done that. Two of the two surviving rogues you didn't kill were found, and they're in the dungeon—though they've yet to tell us who sent them," Levi announced.

My frown deepened as my wolf howled in anger. "That means I will have to torture them myself,"

"No, you won't, brother. All you need is rest to recover," Levi said in a tone of finality. I wanted to argue, to make him let me torture those rogues myself, but Louis chimed in. "You need rest, Lennox… at least for two days, and that is what's going to happen. You will not get involved with any duty for the next two days, so relax."

Just as I was about to argue with both of them, the door swung open again—this time with far more drama.

"Lennox!" a high-pitched voice rang out, and before I could process what was happening, Anita flew into the room.

She ran straight to the bed and threw herself onto me like a damn missile, wrapping her arms around my neck and smothering my face with kisses.

"Oh my Moon Goddess! You're awake! You're alive! I was so, so worried!" she cried dramatically, her lips landing all over my cheeks, nose, jaw—anywhere she could reach.

I stiffened under her weight, trying not to groan in discomfort. My ribs were still healing, and her body pressing into me didn't help. Neither did the strong floral perfume she wore that made my head spin for all the wrong reasons.

"Anita, you need to get off," I said flatly, my voice low.

But she didn't listen. She clung even tighter, as if I was her long-lost love returned from war.

"I cried for hours!" she went on, still pressing wet kisses to my cheek. "I barely slept, thinking about you! I couldn't eat, couldn't think straight—"

"Anita!" I snapped, my patience breaking. "Enough. Get off me."

That got her attention. She froze, pulling back just a little, her face showing fake hurt and wide-eyed innocence.

"I was just worried," she pouted.

"I know," I muttered coldly, shifting uncomfortably. "But you don't have to throw yourself on me. You are hurting me," I said with a frown. Deep down, I knew that if it were a certain someone, I wouldn't complain.

Levi coughed awkwardly behind her, clearly trying not to laugh, while Louis outright smirked. Bastards.

Anita blinked at me, clearly stunned by my cold tone. "I… I'm sorry—"

"It's okay," I cut her off sharply.

Anita smiled at me, a smile that had no effect on me. She sat beside me, far too close, her hand brushing mine like, irritating me even more.

I stared at her for a long moment, feeling absolutely… nothing.

No spark. No warmth. No interest. Just a faint headache and growing irritation.

How the hell did I ever like her?

I glanced at Levi and Louis—both watching the scene unfold with poorly concealed amusement—and I couldn't help but wonder how we were ever interested in her.

Anita was never my type. Not truly. She's Too loud. Too clingy. Too fake. She was all surface and no substance. My wolf had never once stirred for her. And I knew, deep down, she'd never been Levi's or Louis's type either. We only ever kept her around because… well, because of Olivia.

I exhaled slowly, the weight of the truth sitting heavy in my chest.

I had chosen Anita to get back at Olivia. To hurt her the way she had hurt me back then. What better revenge than to claim her best friend?

And it worked, didn't it?

Olivia had looked hurt when she saw us together. She stopped looking me in the eyes. She avoided rooms I walked into. She pulled away, and I convinced myself I had won.

But now… sitting here, feeling nothing for the woman beside me, all I could feel was regret.

I regretted making Anita my concubine.

I regretted marking her.

I regretted every kiss, every night, every public display meant to stab into Olivia like a blade.

I regretted that I'd ever thought about marrying her just to hurt Olivia more.

It was petty. Cruel. And above all—it wasn't me.

I glanced at Anita again. She was chatting with Louis now, trying to win him over with that fake laugh of hers. But even Louis looked bored.

I stared blankly at the ceiling, trying to drown out Anita's voice as she giggled at something Louis clearly didn't find funny. Her fingers were now playing with the edge of my blanket, like she owned the right to touch anything of mine.

Disgust curled in my gut. I couldn't endure it anymore.

I pushed myself up slightly on the bed, ignoring the sharp ache in my side as I cleared my throat.

They all turned to look at me.

"I think I need to rest now," I said, keeping my tone as neutral as possible. "The headache's kicking in again."

Louis arched a brow, seeing right through me. Levi gave me a nod, understanding. Anita, of course, pouted.

"Oh, but I just got here—"

"I know," I cut in, not harsh but firmly. "But I need quiet. And I need space. Alone."

"But—"

"Anita," Levi said suddenly, stepping in with a serious look. "Let him rest. You heard him."

She looked between the three of us as if she wanted to protest again, but something in my expression must have warned her off. Slowly, she stood, smoothing down her dress like she was some queen being dismissed.

"Fine," she said, too sweetly. "I'll come check on you later."

"Don't," I said before I could stop myself.

An awkward Silence filled the air.

Anita stared at me, stunned. For once, no fake pout. No crocodile tears. Just shock.

"I need space, Anita," I continued, my voice quieter now but firm. "Don't take it personally. Just… give me time."

She didn't respond. Just nodded stiffly, then turned and walked out, her perfume lingering in the air.

Levi and Louis gave me a curious look.

"Are you okay?" Levi asked.

"Yeah… just need a moment alone," I said.

They nodded and also left.

After they left, I settled back on the bed, my back against the headboard, and kept staring at the ceiling, my mind a tangle of mess. For a few minutes, I thought of Levi's words, how he told me he wanted to start afresh with Olivia…

I wondered If I could do that too.

Can I forgive her? I mean, can we forgive each other? She had hurt me, and I had hurt her too.

As I lay there, staring at the ceiling and thinking about everything—about Olivia, about the mess I'd made—my sharp hearing suddenly picked up something.

Voices.

At first, I thought I was imagining it. But then I heard it again—louder this time. One voice stood out clearly, even through the walls.

It was Olivia's.

My heart skipped a beat. She sounded upset, maybe even angry. I didn't know what she was saying, but I knew she was pissed.

Without thinking, I sat up quickly, pain shooting through my ribs. I clenched my jaw to stop myself from groaning. My body wasn't ready to move yet—but I didn't care.

I pushed off the bed, grabbed the nearest shirt, and forced it over my head. Every movement hurt, but I kept going.

I had to know what was going on, why she was yelling, who she was yelling at.

Chapter 112: Hit Me

Olivia's POV

I was taking a nap when suddenly I felt the door to my room was harshly pushed open, forcing me out of my morning nap.

While my eyes were half open, I noticed Anita storming towards me on the bed, and when she got to where I laid, she landed a hard slap right across my face. The pain shot through me, and for a moment I couldn't understand it—I just remained on the bed, trying to process what had just happened.

"Tell me, you slut, what witch did you visit? Huh? What spell did you cast on the triplets?" Anita spat in anger.

Anger boiled through my veins, and I slowly sat up on the bed, still trying to gather myself.

"You slut… tell me, what spell did you use? You did a spell so they hate me, right? Is that what you did?!" she yelled, and again, she landed another slap on my face.

Pain shot through my cheek again as Anita slapped me a second time. That was it. My anger exploded like fire inside me.

I jumped out of bed, my vision red with rage. I grabbed Anita by her hair, yanking her head back as she screamed.

"How dare you slap me?!" I yelled, dragging her across the room.

She kicked and fought to get away, but I was too strong. My wolf was out. My body shook with fury.

"You think I did a spell on them?!" I shouted. "You think I need a spell for them to hate you? You did that all by yourself!"

I slammed her face against the wall. Hard.

She screamed in pain, blood smearing across the wall from her nose.

"You bullied me for years," I growled, pulling her back and smashing her again. "You spread lies! You laughed at my pain! And now you barge in here and hit me?!"

Her hands clawed at mine, trying to break free, but I didn't stop. My wolf had taken over. I couldn't stop even if I wanted to.

"Help! Guards! Help me!" Anita screamed, her voice full of panic.

I didn't care. I slammed her again. "You're pathetic, Anita!"

Her blood was everywhere now—on the wall, on my hands, on her dress. She was crying, begging, but I couldn't hear her.

Suddenly, the door burst open. Guards rushed in, followed by Louis, Levi—

And Lennox.

They all froze at the sight.

"Olivia, stop!" Levi shouted, running toward me.

But I wasn't listening.

My hands were still tangled in Anita's hair. I raised her face again, ready to slam her one more time—

"OLIVIA!" Lennox's voice thundered through the room.

And that's when I paused, breath heavy, chest rising and falling with anger.

My eyes met Lennox's—and I saw the shock on his face. The disbelief. The concern.

Louis rushed forward and grabbed Anita away from me, holding her tightly. I stood there, breathing hard, my fists still clenched. My chest rose and fell like I had just run a marathon.

"What the hell are you doing, Olivia?!" Louis yelled as he cradled Anita in his arms.

Anita buried her face into his chest, sobbing loudly, her blood staining his clean white shirt.

I stared at her—at what I had done.

Her face was a mess. Blood dripped from her nose, and there were deep scratches across her cheek. One eye was already swelling. For a second… I knew I went too far.

Louis gently lifted Anita's face, his jaw tightening when he saw the damage. "Shit," he muttered under his breath.

"Olivia…" Levi started, walking closer. "How could you do this?"

I looked away, feeling guilty but still angry. "She hit me first. Twice," I muttered.

"That's not the point!" Lennox snapped. "You should have come to us. You should've told us—not do this to her face!"

"She's jealous of me!" Anita cried suddenly, turning her bloody face toward them. "She's jealous of my pretty face! That's why she did this to me!"

"That's a lie!" I shouted, my voice shaking. "I didn't touch her because I was jealous—I did it because she slapped me and accused me of casting a spell on you three!"

Louis's eyes narrowed. "We'll deal with this later. She needs a healer." He turned to Levi and Lennox. "I'm taking her."

He carefully carried Anita out of the room, her hand holding tightly onto his shirt.

I stood there in silence until only Levi and Lennox were left with me.

They both looked at me with expressions I couldn't read.

Disappointment,

worry,

maybe even a bit of fear.

"Don't make this a big deal," I finally said, my voice calmer now. "The healer will fix her up. The scratches won't even be visible."

Levi sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "That's not the point, Olivia," Levi said as he moved closer to me. "You are not supposed to lose your temper like that, Olivia. You

are Luna. You need to learn how to control your temper. What do you think the pack will say if they get to find out that you nearly destroyed Anita's face?" Levi said, softly—not shouting at me, but somehow I was offended by it.

"I don't care! I don't care what the pack says!"

Levi stared at me like he couldn't believe what I'd just said. His jaw tightened, but he stayed calm.

"You're not just anybody anymore, Olivia," he said slowly, almost like he was trying to reason with a wild animal. "You're Luna. You can't afford to lose control like that."

I laughed bitterly, shaking my head. "Luna? Is that what I am now?" My voice trembled—not with fear, but with rage. "Then maybe it's time people start treating me like one."

Lennox crossed his arms, watching me closely. His gaze wasn't angry—it was calculating. "You nearly crushed her skull, Olivia. If we hadn't walked in, you might've killed her."

"Maybe I should have," I snapped, locking eyes with Lennox. "If you want to blame someone, blame Anita for waking me up with a slap and calling me a slut."

"You still went too far," Levi said, his voice soft but firm.

"I don't care!" I snapped, my voice rising. "I don't care what the pack thinks of me. They already call me a thief's daughter, don't they? So let them think I'm a monster too! Let them fear me!"

There was a long silence. Neither of them moved.

My chest was still rising and falling with heavy breaths, my hands trembling slightly.

"You better warn her," I said darkly, my voice low and deadly. "Warn Anita to stay the hell out of my path."

"Olivia…" Levi whispered, but I didn't let him stop me.

"Because next time," I said slowly, clearly, "you won't be dragging her bloody body to a healer…"

I took a step closer, my eyes cold.

"You'll be picking up her corpse."

Their eyes widened slightly, but I didn't flinch. I meant every word.

I wasn't the weak girl Anita could push around anymore.

I was done being bullied by her.

I was done being quiet.

Let her come at me again… and it would be the last thing she ever did.

Chapter 113: Wanting her back.

Levi's POV

It had been three days since Olivia nearly wrecked Anita's face. That day, I was shocked—but also proud. Proud that she was finally standing up for herself, no longer taking Anita's constant bullying. Not that I hadn't known how Anita treated her all these years—I had. But I kept quiet, trapped in the stupidity of wanting to hurt Olivia. Not anymore. I won't stand by and let Anita belittle her. I was also proud that Olivia had stepped up, showing the no-nonsense fire I always knew she had.

It was a freezing morning, and we were all seated for breakfast—Lennox, Louis, Olivia, and even Anita. Luckily, just as Olivia had predicted, the healer managed to fix Anita's face, leaving only a few tiny scratches that would soon disappear.

My eyes were locked on Olivia, who sat directly across from me, and damn, I couldn't look away. She looked breathtaking this morning.

Her long blond hair was pulled into a loose braid that draped over her shoulder, with some strands falling freely around her face like golden threads catching the morning light. Her skin looked soft and fresh, kissed by the cold, and those sea-blue eyes of hers…

Those eyes were unreal. They sparkled under the glow of the chandelier above us, like waves catching sunlight. I had seen those eyes dull with pain before, dimmed by sadness—but now they were sharp, focused, almost icy.

She didn't speak much, just silently cut her food and brought it to her lips with a kind of quiet grace that held my gaze and refused to let go.

"Eat your food," Lennox said beside me without looking up, as if he knew exactly where my mind had gone.

But I didn't listen. Instead, I voiced what had been running through my head for the past few minutes. "Olivia… you look beautiful this morning," I said.

An awkward silence fell over the table as every pair of eyes turned to me. Lennox looked at me like I'd said something blasphemous. Louis stared like I'd just confessed to murder. His fork hovered mid-air, his brow rising slowly in disbelief.

Anita choked on her drink. Actually choked. She grabbed her napkin and dabbed her lips aggressively, shooting me a glare like I'd spat in her coffee.

But Olivia…

She didn't react like the others.

She lifted her eyes slowly and looked at me.

There was a slight tilt to her head, a soft arch of her brow. "Thanks," she said flatly, her tone unreadable. She didn't smile. Didn't blush. Didn't give me the satisfaction of knowing how she felt about the compliment.

Then she went back to cutting her food like nothing had happened.

My chest clenched at her reaction, but I didn't back down. "There's this movie that just came out," I continued. "I was wondering if you'd like to go watch it with me at the cinema."

She didn't even look up. It was like she didn't realize I was speaking to her.

"Olivia?" I called out again, my voice softer now.

She slowly lifted her eyes and locked them with mine, those glacial-blue irises colder than the weather outside. "Were you talking to me?" she asked, her tone laced with disbelief.

I swallowed hard. "Yeah… I asked if you'd like to see a movie with me. At the cinema."

Her gaze held mine for a long, uncomfortable second. Then she gave the tiniest shrug and said, "No."

Just like that.

No explanation. No emotion. No hesitation.

Just no.

I blinked. "Wait… just no?"

She finally set her fork down and leaned slightly forward, her elbows on the table, voice calm but firm. "You don't get to ask me out like everything's fine, Levi. Like you didn't

treat me like I didn't exist for years." She nodded toward Anita. "Anita is available; you can take her out."

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. My tongue felt useless.

"If you have nothing else to say, I'd like to finish my breakfast in peace," she muttered, then picked up her fork again and continued eating.

Where I sat, I felt utterly miserable. But I wasn't going to give up. I knew getting Olivia back wouldn't be easy, but I wasn't going to be discouraged.

I glanced at Lennox, who glared at me and then looked away. I looked at Louis. He stared at me like I'd betrayed him, then dropped his gaze too. I didn't care… I didn't care what my brothers thought. All I knew was that I wanted Olivia back—and I wasn't ashamed of it.

After breakfast, Olivia turned to Lennox. "I heard you have the record of all the she-wolves. I'll need them for my next meeting."

Lennox opened his mouth to respond, but I cut in. "Yeah, sure… I'll give it to you. Follow me," I said and rose to my feet.

Olivia stared at me, one brow arching in clear disapproval. She didn't say a word, but the message in her eyes was loud enough: Don't speak for me.

Still, after a beat, she stood too. "Fine. Lead the way," she said coolly.

I could feel everyone's eyes on us—Anita practically burning holes in my back, Lennox scowling like he was ready to throttle me, and Louis… Louis looked disappointed. But I didn't care.

We walked down the hallway in silence. The tension between us was palpable—so thick I could barely breathe. I wanted to say something, anything, but the words were jammed in my throat.

When we reached the office, I pushed the door open for her. She walked past me without a glance. I followed her inside and walked to the file cabinet in the corner. My hands shook slightly as I opened it and pulled out the folder labeled She-Wolf Records.

I turned to hand it to her, but instead of just grabbing it, she stared at me. "Is this what you're doing now?" she asked softly.

My brows furrowed. "What do you mean?"

She folded her arms. "Trying to get me back. Giving me files and compliments and movie invitations as if that'll erase everything."

"I'm not pretending," I said immediately. "I do want us back."

Her jaw tightened.

I stepped closer, carefully, like approaching a wounded animal. "I'm not asking for your forgiveness right now. I just want a chance… a real one. Let me prove to you that I'm sorry, Olivia."

Her eyes softened for a second—but then it was gone, replaced with that look of hatred.

She took the folder from my hands, her fingers brushing against mine for the briefest moment. Even that slight contact made my heart stutter.

"Thank you," she said curtly, then turned and walked out, leaving me standing there, breathless and full of regret.

The door opened again, and for a moment, I thought she'd come back.

But my heart dropped when Lennox and Louis walked in.

Chapter 114: Fight

Levi's POV

"Levi, do you know what you are doing?" Louis was the first to speak.

I nodded. "Yes. What I should have done a long time ago," I responded with regret. For a moment, I wished I hadn't let things escalate this far.

"Are you out of your mind?" Louis growled, stepping forward toward me.

"Yes. I know exactly what I am doing," I spat back at Louis.

Lennox stepped forward and folded his arms, his eyes softening.

"Are you putting up this act just because of the full moon? So she will allow you to touch her?" Lennox asked, and that got me enraged. How could he think such a thing?

My eyes darkened as I took a step toward Lennox.

"Don't you ever say that again," I warned, my voice low but full of warning. "This isn't about the full moon. This isn't about getting her to sleep with me. This is about her. About my feelings for her. I messed up, I know that—I own that. But don't you dare question what I feel for her."

"And what do you feel for her?" Louis barked at me.

My frown deepened, but I still went on to answer.

"Love." I said it loud and clear. But I didn't end there. "I have loved Olivia for a long time but kept it hidden from you and acted like I liked her like a big brother when in truth I loved her."

Louis froze, his mouth slightly ajar, while Lennox blinked like I'd just grown a second head.

"You what?" Louis asked, his voice dropping.

"I loved her," I repeated, quieter now but just as certain. "Even when she was just a little girl, when she looked up to all of us like we were her whole world, I already felt it. I knew it was wrong, that she was too young, that I wasn't supposed to feel that way—but I did. And I kept it hidden, waiting for the right moment. But when the moment came, it was a disaster."

Louis scoffed. "You can't be serious! You hurt her, Levi, and now you want to act like the perfect guy who has loved her all this while?"

"I know I made mistakes," I said, my hands balling into fists at my sides. "Don't you think I live with that every damn day? Every time I saw her flinch when I walked into a room, every time she smiled at someone else but never me, every time Anita insulted her and I said nothing—I hated myself."

The frown on Lennox and Louis's face deepened, but I continued.

"I'm going to chase Olivia back. I know she has hurt me, and I also hurt her back, but I'm done! I'm done pretending that I no longer love when I actually never stopped," I said plainly.

My wolf growled approvingly inside me.

I went on.

"I don't know what she did to you two, and I have no right to ask you two to let it go. You are free to remain angry… to continue to hate her. But I, Levi, am done."

I turned to leave, needing air, space—anything but their judgmental stares. But before I could reach the door, Louis stepped in front of me, blocking my path with a hard glare.

"You're not going after her," he said firmly, arms crossed over his chest like a damn wall I couldn't get past.

My jaw clenched. "Move."

"No."

"Louis—"

"You know how we do things," he cut me off. "We're triplets, Levi. We don't go off making decisions like this on our own. We stick together—always have."

I laughed bitterly. "You think I don't know that? You think I don't remember every second of our lives growing up, the way we moved like one person with three bodies? But this… this isn't something we can do together."

Lennox stepped in now, his voice quieter but heavier.

"We haven't forgiven her yet, Levi. For what she did."

"I don't know what she did to you two, but do you two even think for a second and realize she was just fourteen?!" I snapped, my voice shaking with rage and something close to desperation. "You think she didn't hurt me? She did! But I've made my choice."

Louis scoffed. "So that's it? You're just going to go after her while we're still nursing wounds she caused?"

"Yes!" I roared. "Because I'm done, Louis. I'm done holding on to grudges. I'm done pretending I'm fine when I'm not. I love her. I always have. And I'm not waiting for your permission to chase what I want."

Louis's eyes narrowed, and before I knew it, he shoved me—hard.

I stumbled back a step but caught myself, chest heaving.

"You wanna fight me now? Is that it?" I growled.

"We don't get to just decide without each other," Louis barked, stepping in again.

"Why not?" I shouted back. "Because we're triplets? Because we came from the same womb? Sucked the same damn breasts? That doesn't mean we have to live as one person, Louis!"

Lennox tried to speak, but I pushed past both of them, anger burning in my blood.

"I'm not asking you to forgive her. I'm not asking you to follow me. But I am telling you— I'm done holding back. You can either stand with me… or get out of my way."

Louis lunged at me, grabbing the collar of my shirt and slamming me against the wall. I shoved him back just as hard, my anger boiling over.

"You're being selfish!" he yelled.

"No, I'm being honest!" I shouted, pushing him again.

He swung at me, and I barely dodged it. My fist flew up and hit his jaw. He stumbled back but came at me even harder.

"Stop it!" Lennox barked, stepping between us, but we didn't listen. All the years of tension, anger, and pain exploded between us.

"You think you're the only one hurting?" Louis growled, grabbing my shirt again.

"I'm the only one doing something about it!" I snapped, swinging again. He blocked it and punched me in the face.

"You don't know what she did to me!" Louis roared, throwing a punch that barely missed my cheek.

"And you don't know what she meant to me!" I shouted back, ducking and slamming my shoulder into his ribs.

We were so caught up in the fight, fists flying, growls rumbling from our throats, we didn't even notice someone had entered the room.

"Enough!" Lennox shouted, but we didn't stop.

I raised my fist, ready to punch Louis again. He did the same. We both attacked each other.

But then—

"Levi! Louis!" Lennox screamed.

Too late.

Our fists moved at the same time, but instead of hitting each other, we both struck someone in between us.

A soft gasp escaped the person's lips, followed by a sickening thud.

We froze.

And then we saw her.

Olivia.

She stood there for a split second, her eyes wide in shock, before her body crumpled to the floor.

"No!" I shouted, falling to my knees beside her. Blood trickled from her temple where our fists had hit.

Louis dropped down too, his face pale. "Oh my God… Olivia."

Lennox rushed to her side. "What the hell did you two do?!"

I gently lifted her head. Her eyes were closed. She wasn't moving.

"Olivia? Olivia, please…" My voice broke.

Lennox growled. "Get the healer!"

Louis just stared, horrified. "We didn't mean to… I didn't see her…"

Chapter 115: Faking

Olivia's POV

"Lennox…" I moaned, my voice barely a whisper, yet laced with desire.

Warm hands slid up my thighs, spreading heat in their wake. My skin tingled, hypersensitive, as soft lips brushed over my collarbone, followed by another mouth pressing reverently against the inside of my wrist. Every touch was precise—worshipful. I gasped as a hand tangled in my hair, pulling my head gently back, exposing my throat.

A low growl sounded in my ear, unmistakably Louis. "You're ours, Olivia."

My heart fluttered wildly as Levi kissed down my stomach, his tongue leaving a trail of fire. Lennox's voice was deeper, darker—his lips hovering just above mine. "Say our names again, little mate."

I whimpered, body arching. Fingers gripped my hips, holding me steady as the triplets took turns driving me insane. Each sensation was overwhelming—Lennox's mouth against my pulse, Louis's hands kneading my thighs, Levi's teeth scraping lightly along the shell of my ear.

It was too much. Too good. My entire body trembled as wave after wave of pleasure coiled tightly inside me. "Lennox… Louis… Levi…" I breathed, lost in them.

Then, a sudden chill.

I blinked.

The ceiling above me came into view. My breath caught in my throat.

I was in my bed. My room. The scent of pine and musk still lingered faintly in the air like a cruel reminder, but the warmth—their touch—was gone.

I sat up, heart pounding. And froze.

All three of them—Lennox, Levi, and Louis—stood at the edge of my bed, eyes wide, brows furrowed in concern. They must have heard me. My cheeks flamed with embarrassment.

Oh Moon Goddess.

They heard me moan their names.

For a moment, none of us said a word until Levi broke the silence. "How is your head?" he asked.

My brow furrowed, and that was when I remembered what had happened. I remembered hearing loud voices. I remembered walking back into the study and found Levi and Louis fighting. I also remembered how I got scared that they would hurt each other, and I stupidly tried to separate them—but I got struck by both of them. That was the last thing I remembered. It seems I went unconscious.

I looked at the three of them and narrowed my eyes. They seemed worried and eager to know my response. I was fine… although I still felt a slight headache due to the impact of their blows, but I was fine.

I looked at them, and then a silly idea came into my head.

I tilted my head. "Where's my husband?"

The room froze.

Their expressions shifted instantly—like I had smacked each of them across the face. Louis's brows knitted together, Lennox's arms dropped to his sides, and Levi's jaw clenched so hard I heard it crack.

"What?" Lennox said, voice low and dark.

"I asked where my husband is." I blinked slowly, my tone soft but insistent. "Gabriel… where is he?"

"You're joking," Levi said tightly, his frown deepening. "Tell me you're joking."

I gave them a confused look, pulling the blanket tighter around myself. "Why would I joke about that? He's my mate. My husband. He'll be worried about me."

Lennox stepped forward, fire burning behind his eyes. "You're not mated to that bastard."

I flinched at the harshness of his voice, acting like I was scared of him.

Louis held a hand out to stop his brother. "She hit her head, Lennox. She's—maybe she's disoriented."

"I'm not disoriented!" I snapped, my voice sharp and desperate. "I don't know who you are… any of you. But I know Gabriel. I need to get back to him."

Louis's face turned ashen. Levi turned away, running a hand through his hair like he couldn't believe what he was hearing. Lennox looked like he was barely holding himself back from punching a wall.

A tense silence settled over the room, thick and suffocating.

Then I whispered, "Please… just take me home."

None of them spoke.

This was getting interesting.

I kept my expression wide-eyed and confused, trying not to smirk as I watched their reactions spiral from confusion to disbelief, then rage.

"Gabriel always made me tea when I had headaches," I murmured wistfully, pressing a hand to my temple for dramatic effect. "He used to hum this silly song… something about the Moon and her warrior. Do you know it?"

"Olivia," Levi growled, his voice thick with warning. "This isn't funny."

"What's funny?." I looked him dead in the eye, tilting my head like I was studying a stranger. "Who are you again?"

Levi's nostrils flared.

"Unbelievable," Lennox muttered, pacing the room now, his hands balled into fists.

Louis, the calmest of them, crouched beside the bed. "Olivia, it's us. Lennox. Levi. Me— Louis." His voice was gentle, coaxing. "You're our mate. You've never been mated to Gabriel."

I widened my eyes innocently. "I think I would remember being mated to triplets. That sounds… excessive."

Louis blinked.

Levi cursed under his breath.

Lennox snapped. "Olivia, there is no Gabriel."

My lips twitched.

It was getting harder to hold back my grin.

"I think you have me confused with someone else," I said sweetly. "I'm Luna of the Shadow Pack. Gabriel's Luna."

"You are our Luna," Louis hissed under his breath, his composure beginning to crack. "Our mate."

"I'm not!" I yelled back at them and stared at them with frightened eyes. I acted like they were frightening me.

"Tell me, are you men Gabriel's enemies? Did you kidnap me?" I asked, sounding terrified, my eyes already filled with tears that seemed so convincing.

"I want to go home," I whispered again, letting my lower lip tremble.

Levi dragged a hand down his face and turned away with a groan. Lennox swore under his breath and punched the wall so hard I heard the wood crack.

I let my hand press over my heart and took a shaky breath. "What do you want from me? Money? My pack's loyalty? Did Gabriel do something to you?"

They all snapped their eyes back to me at once.

I recoiled again dramatically, like their stares scared me. "Please don't hurt me. If you let me go, I won't say anything to anyone."

"Olivia, stop it," Louis pleaded, his voice breaking. "You know us. You know me. Don't play games like this. It's cruel."

I blinked at him, acting confused and scared. "Is that your name? Louis?" I glanced between them. "And you two—Lennox and Levi? Are you brothers?"

Lennox cursed again under his breath, storming away from the bed. "She's messing with us."

"She's not," Levi muttered, eyes narrowed on me. "We hit her head hard. She thinks this is real."

Oh, if only they knew.

I almost smiled—but I didn't. Not yet. Not until I was done.

"I'm not lying," I said, letting my voice break into a sob. "You kidnapped me. You're trying to make me believe something that isn't true. I just want to go home to my mate."

Then I buried my face in my hands and began to cry.

Fake tears, of course—but convincing.

I'd always been a good actress.

Suddenly, the door pushed open, and I lifted my head to see a healer walking in.

Shit!

Chapter 116: Believe My Act

Olivia's POV

Oh no.

I will be exposed.

This healer—he looked serious, with sharp eyes that made me nervous right away. I quickly wiped at my fake tears but kept my scared act going.

The triplets looked tense—like they'd just been caught doing something wrong. Louis quickly stepped forward.

"She just woke up," he told the healer. "She's confused. Please check her."

"She doesn't know who we are," Levi added, his voice sounding worried and tired. "She keeps asking for Gabriel."

Lennox muttered, "She's lying," but he didn't sound too sure anymore.

I kept my face innocent and afraid, but deep down, my heart was racing. What if the healer figured out I was pretending? What if he told them?

"Nervous now, huh?" my wolf laughed inside my head. "You really got yourself into this."

Be quiet, I told her.

The healer came closer and looked me in the eye. "Olivia," he said gently, "do you know where you are?"

I shook my head and let a tear fall. "No… These men say they're my mates, but I don't remember them. I want to go back to my husband."

The healer raised an eyebrow. "What's his name?"

"Gabriel," I answered right away. "He's the Alpha of the Shadow Pack."

Fuck! Of all names, why did I have to choose Gabriel? Maybe because he was the most realistic, and it will definitely fit for my plan.

The healer looked at me for a few seconds, then checked my head. He touched my temples and looked into my eyes.

"Do you have a headache?"

"A little," I whispered, "but I'm more scared than anything."

Levi flinched like that hurt him more than a punch.

The healer stood up slowly and looked at the triplets.

"Well?" Lennox asked, barely holding in his anger. "What's wrong with her?"

The healer sighed. "From what I see—her fear, her confusion, and memory problems—it looks like she really doesn't remember you."

Boom.

Lennox punched the wall. Louis sat down hard like he couldn't stand. Levi turned away, his hands in his hair, breathing hard.

They believed it.

They actually believed I didn't know them.

And the pain on their faces… it looked so real. So deep. For a second, I almost felt bad.

Almost.

"Look at them," my wolf whispered. "They're scared. Scared of losing you. Scared that you forgot them."

I swallowed hard, my fake tears still sliding down, but something inside me twisted unexpectedly.

Pity?

They were scared.

Scared of me forgetting them. Scared of being forgotten.

"You're sure?" Louis choked out, eyes glassy. "She doesn't remember us?"

The healer nodded. "Yes. Head trauma like this can lead to temporary or, in rare cases, permanent memory loss. It's hard to say right now."

"Is there anything we can do?" Levi rasped.

"Let her rest," the healer replied. "Try not to overwhelm her. If what she says is true, pushing too hard could only worsen things."

"No… this can't be happening! If she can forget anybody, it can't be us… we are her mates! Her husbands!" Lennox snapped.

The healer stared at me with an unreadable expression before turning to the triplets. "In some cases, patients don't remember people they've experienced emotional distress with. It's possible that, in her unconscious state, Olivia's mind chose to suppress those memories. It's not uncommon for the brain to protect itself by forgetting what it subconsciously considers traumatic or painful."

He paused, then added, "In her case, it appears she doesn't want to remember you three. It's like her mind is rejecting everything connected to you."

The healer explained and I myself was wowed—what a great excuse!!

"And Gabriel?" Louis asked sharply. "Why does she think Gabriel is her husband?"

The healer answered immediately. "Just like she wanted to forget you three, in her unconscious state she wished she was mated and married to Alpha Gabriel instead. That was why when she woke up, her memory reset, and she thinks he is her mate."

Oh, this healer was good.

I almost burst out laughing when he said—with a perfectly straight face—that I had forgotten the triplets because my unconscious mind didn't want to remember them.

Bravo, sir. Truly. Ten out of ten. Someone give this man an Oscar.

Was this man lying to the triplets or did he really think this was the truth?

And as if that wasn't enough, he even threw in a bonus line about me wishing to be married to Gabriel so badly that my brain just rewired itself and poof—welcome to delusion land, population: me.

I had to bite my cheek to stop myself from smirking. This man was better than I ever hoped for.

The triplets just stood there, stunned like they'd been hit by a truck full of heartbreak and existential crisis.

Lennox's eyes snapped to mine, burning with pain.

Levi looked physically ill, like someone had just told him puppies weren't real.

Louis? Poor guy looked like he'd aged five years in five seconds.

I kept my scared-little-lamb expression firmly in place, even though inside, I was screaming with laughter.

Then I made it worse.

Much worse.

I whimpered and curled into myself, hugging my knees like I was hiding from a pack of monsters. "Please…" I whispered, my voice barely audible. "Please take me home to Gabriel… I don't feel safe here."

Three. Instant. Reactions.

Lennox flinched like I'd stabbed him in the chest.

Levi's breath hitched—he actually made a choking sound.

Louis blinked rapidly, like he was trying not to cry.

I bit the inside of my lip hard to stop myself from bursting out laughing. It was almost too good. This wasn't just acting anymore. This was art.

I even added a little trembling to my hands for dramatic flair. "He's probably worried sick about me…" I sniffled. "He must be looking for me."

Lennox punched the wall again. At this rate, he was going to knock the whole damn house down.

"I can't do this," Levi growled, storming toward the door like he needed air—or maybe just a private place to scream into a pillow—but he didn't leave.

Louis reached for my hand—but I jerked away like he was a monster.

He froze, then backed up slowly, his heart practically bleeding from his eyes. "She really doesn't remember," he whispered.

I blinked at him, wide-eyed. "Please, don't touch me."

Louis let out a sound like someone had just drop-kicked his soul.

The healer, calm as ever, nodded sagely like a wise old owl. "It's best you give her space. For her healing."

Healing? Oh, I was healing alright—healing their egos one fake tear at a time.

But I still wasn't done.

I sniffled again and looked at all of them with watery eyes. "I just want to go home… to my husband…"

Boom. There it was.

Triple heartbreak. Served hot.

They all turned to me again, as if I was the villain here. And technically—I was. But oh well.

I blinked innocently. "Will you… let me call him?"

Lennox groaned like he'd just taken a bullet. Levi muttered something that sounded like a curse and a prayer mashed together. Louis sat down again, looking like a ghost.

And me?

I just buried my face in my hands again and whispered brokenly,

"Please don't hurt me… I just want to go home."

God, I deserved an award.

Chapter 117: Angry Lennox

Louis's POV

Through the healer's incantations, Olivia was forced to sleep. With an aching heart, I watched her peacefully sleeping while the healer turned to us. "She will be asleep for a few hours," he announced.

My frown deepened, my eyes still on her. "If she wakes up, is there a possibility that she will remember us… remember everything?" I asked with unease.

The healer gave us a look that already told me the chances were slim.

Finally, He shook his head. "Sorry, Alphas, but in most cases, it takes at least a week for the patient to regain her original memories, and in some cases, it lasts longer, like months or even years," he said, dropping the bombshell that sank into my heart.

"This is unbelievable!" Lennox spat, and in anger, he stormed out of Olivia's room. Levi and I exchanged guilty glances. We knew we had messed up; in fact, I could see the regret in his eyes.

"Alphas, I beg to take my leave. I will come to check tomorrow," the healer said before bowing and walking away.

My eyes settled back on Olivia, and I could feel my wolf howling in pain, urging me to get closer to her, but I held myself back and stood silently there in agony.

After a few more minutes of silence, Levi walked toward the door. "I need to check on Lennox," he said quietly.

"I'll come with you," I replied, moving over to the door. I looked at Olivia one more time before we left the room.

The hallway was quiet, the kind of silence that made everything feel heavier. When we reached Lennox's room, we could already hear the sound of glass breaking inside. Levi and I glanced at each other before he knocked.

No answer.

We usually don't knock on each other's doors, but today Levi thought it wise to do so.

He knocked again. "Lennox?"

Still nothing.

So Levi pushed the door open. Inside, Lennox was standing near the small bar, an empty bottle of whiskey in his hand. The floor was littered with broken glass, and another bottle flew past us, smashing against the wall.

"Get out!" Lennox shouted, his eyes red with anger and pain. "I don't want to see either of you!"

"Lennox, listen—" Levi tried, but Lennox cut him off.

"No! You don't get to talk right now!" he roared. "You were supposed to notice her presence!"

His voice cracked as he pointed at us. "Now look at her! She doesn't even remember who she is… who we are!"

My heart clenched. I had no words. He was right.

"You think watching her look at me like I'm a stranger didn't kill me?" Levi said, his voice shaking with pain and regret. "You think it didn't break me when she flinched away from me? Like I was some monster?"

"Lennox, we didn't mean for this to happen—" I started.

"But it did!" he yelled. "Because of you two!"

He turned away for a second, wiping his face. "You better pray," he said, his voice cold now. "Pray to the Moon Goddess or whatever power you believe in, that Olivia gets her memory back."

He looked at us again, his eyes hard. "Because if she doesn't… I swear I'll never forgive either of you. Ever."

Levi didn't say anything. Neither did I. We just stood there, knowing Lennox meant what he said.

Lennox turned his back on us and grabbed another bottle from the bar. His hands were shaking, his shoulders tense like he was barely holding himself together.

The silence between us was suffocating.

I glanced at Levi, who looked as broken as I felt, and then back at Lennox.

Among the three of us, it was always Lennox who was the most possessive over Olivia. Not in a controlling way, but in a protective, almost fierce kind of love. Like he was willing to burn the world down if it meant keeping her safe.

Even when we were younger, he was always like that.

I remember one time when Olivia was just twelve. We were playing in the gardens—she was chasing me around, laughing so hard she could barely breathe. I thought we were just having fun, so I ran a little faster.

She didn't see the stone in her path.

She tripped, fell hard, and scraped her knees and palms so badly that blood started trickling down. Her laughter turned into a sharp cry, and my heart stopped.

I rushed back to her, panicking. But before I could even help her up, Lennox was already there—faster than lightning.

His eyes were filled with rage. "Why the hell did you run that fast, Louis?" he barked at me. "She's just a kid!"

"I-I didn't mean to—"

"You're older! You should have known better!"

He didn't speak to me for the rest of the day. Not even a single glance.

It wasn't until Olivia, with her bandaged knees and trembling lips, limped over to him and said softly, "Lennox, please don't be mad at Louis. I asked him to play with me."

That's the only reason he finally looked at me again.

Even then, he growled under his breath, "Next time, I swear, if she even gets a scratch because of you…"

That's who Lennox was. That's still who he is. He hasn't changed, even though he claims he hates her, that possessive spirit in him never left.

Seeing Olivia in that bed now, broken and confused, must be tearing him apart in ways I couldn't even imagine. And worst of all—this time, we weren't just playing around. This time, it was our fault. We were supposed to be alert, and we failed.

I let out a slow breath, trying to hold myself together. My eyes drifted toward Levi, who had slumped against the wall, his head tilted back and eyes red. His jaw clenched tightly, but the pain in his expression mirrored mine.

We were triplets. Our bond was more than blood—it was spiritual. Emotional. What one of us felt, the others did too. And in this moment, I knew they were both drowning in the same sea of guilt that was threatening to swallow me whole.

Lennox didn't even look at us anymore. He just stood at the window, still gripping that bottle like it was the only thing keeping him upright.

Suddenly, someone ran into the room. The door was left open.

Lolita, one of Olivia's personal maids, rushed in, her face pale and panicked. Her chest was rising and falling quickly, as if she had sprinted all the way to us.

"Alphas," she gasped, her voice shaking, "Luna Olivia is awake… and she's—she's throwing things!"

All three of us stiffened.

Chapter 118: Wants Gabriel

Louis' POV

"What?" Lennox snapped, spinning around so fast the bottle slipped from his hand and shattered on the floor.

"She—she woke up screaming," Lolita stammered. "She doesn't recognize anyone. She threw a vase at Nora, and then a glass of water at me. She's frightened. She's crying and shouting that she wants to go home to Alpha Gabriel."

"Shit," Levi muttered, already pushing off the wall and moving past Lolita.

I followed, and Lennox was right beside us, moving so fast I almost didn't recognize him.

When we reached her room, we could hear the chaos even before the door opened—Olivia's voice, shrill and panicked, echoing through the hallway.

"I said leave me alone! Get away from me! I don't know any of you!"

My heart cracked again.

Levi opened the door slowly. Inside, Olivia was curled in a corner of the bed, her chest heaving, hair wild around her face. Nora stood at a distance, looking worried. Pieces of broken glass and porcelain littered the floor.

The moment she saw us, her eyes widened—and not with recognition. With fear.

"Don't come near me!" she cried, her voice hoarse. "Why did you kidnap me! What do you want from me?!"

"Olivia—" Lennox took a step forward, his voice gentle for the first time in hours.

"Don't say my name like you know me!" she screamed, pressing herself further into the headboard. "Just—just let me go!"

I froze, unable to move, my wolf whimpering inside me. Seeing her like this—so afraid of us—was worse than anything I had ever felt in my life.

Lennox stood still, jaw clenched, eyes glimmering with pain. His hands were balled into fists at his sides, as if physically restraining himself from rushing to her.

Levi looked at her like someone had just stabbed him.

"She's scared of us," I whispered, my voice cracking.

Olivia's eyes darted between the three of us like a cornered animal, her breaths coming in fast, shallow bursts. Her fists clutched the blanket like it was her last defense.

"Please," she sobbed, "just let me go. I don't belong here—I don't know any of you!"

"Olivia, you're safe, I swear—" Levi tried again, stepping forward.

She flinched so hard she nearly fell off the bed.

"I SAID STAY AWAY!"

Her voice echoed through the room, raw and hoarse, like her throat was being torn apart by her screams.

"I want to see Gabriel!" she shouted suddenly, her voice rising above everything else. "I want Alpha Gabriel! Bring him here! He'll come for me!"

My heart plummeted.

Lennox froze.

"I don't know what kind of sick game this is," she cried, voice shaking, "but you can't keep me here! Gabriel will find me! He loves me!"

A sharp silence fell, broken only by her hiccupped sobs. She wasn't just scared now—she was desperate. Her body trembled with panic, her eyes wild with the belief that Gabriel was the only person who could save her.

Levi took a slow step back, swallowing hard. Lennox didn't move. His eyes stayed fixed on her, but his body trembled like a taut bowstring on the verge of snapping.

"I—" My voice failed. I turned to Levi, then to Lennox. "This isn't working. We're not helping her like this."

"What are you saying?" Levi rasped, barely looking at me.

I clenched my fists and took a breath that burned in my lungs.

"I'm saying we need to talk to Gabriel."

That got both their attention.

Levi's eyes widened. "You want to—what? Ask him for help?"

Lennox growled, stepping forward. "Are you insane? You want to go to the bastard? You think he will want to help?"

"She believes he is her husband now," I snapped, trying not to yell. "She's screaming for him. Crying for him. Right now, he's the only one she trusts."

Silence fell again, heavy and suffocating.

"I hate it too," I said, voice low. "I hate that she thinks he's her home. But if we want her to calm down—we have to understand that we need Gabriel's help."

Lennox's jaw clenched, his nostrils flaring. I could see the war in his eyes.

"If she stays like this… her condition will worsen," I continued. "She'll keep seeing us as the enemy."

Levi finally nodded. "He is the only one she remembers… she doesn't even remember her handmaids."

Lennox didn't respond. He just stared at Olivia, who was still sobbing, curled up and flinching away from Nora's gentle attempts to soothe her.

Then he turned away, storming toward the door. "Fine. Let's call him."

We walked back to our study in silence.

Not a single word was spoken between us. What was there to say?

The moment we stepped into the room, Lennox slammed the door shut behind us, making the walls rattle. He stalked to the far end of the study, pacing like a caged beast, his hands in his hair, his breathing heavy.

"This is a fucking nightmare," Levi muttered, sinking into one of the leather chairs, burying his face in his hands.

I didn't sit.

I walked straight to the desk, grabbed the landline, and stared at it for a moment.

Lennox turned sharply. "Don't."

I ignored him.

"Louis, don't you dare," he warned, his voice low and threatening.

"She asked for him," I said coldly, picking up the phone. "We have to try. If there's even a small chance he can bring her back to us, I'm taking it."

Levi lifted his head but didn't stop me. His silence was permission enough.

Lennox's jaw clenched so hard I thought his teeth might crack.

I didn't wait.

I dialed Gabriel's direct line—one only a few of us had—and put it on loudspeaker.

It rang once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then it clicked.

"Well, well. I must be dreaming." Gabriel's voice crackled through the speaker and I snarled. "The mighty trio, reaching out to me again? Let me guess… Something happened to Olivia, didn't it? What did you three do to her this time?"

Chapter 119: calming Her Down

Lennox's POV

For once, I wished Gabriel was here with us and not just on the phone. I swear to God, I would have punched him right in the face. But unfortunately…

"Listen, Gabriel, there is a situation," Louis said, sounding worried. I believe even Gabriel must have noticed it.

"What is the situation? Listen, man, Olivia is not here. Has she gone missing again?" Gabriel asked, sounding worried.

"It's not that," Levi cut in quickly.

"Then what is it?" Gabriel sneered.

From where I stood, I remained silent, while my brothers exchanged glances with me like they needed my approval. But I said nothing. I just looked away.

Louis continued, "Olivia… has some memory loss. In fact, she has false memory. She doesn't remember us. She doesn't even know who we are. In fact…" He paused and inhaled deeply. "She thinks you're her mate and husband. She thinks we kidnapped her."

There was a long, heavy silence on the other end of the call.

I could hear Gabriel breathing. Nothing else. Not a damn sound.

Then came the sharp exhale. "You're joking," he said flatly.

"I wish I was," Louis muttered.

"You're telling me," Gabriel said slowly, his voice turning darker with each word, "that Olivia—your Olivia—has forgotten everything… and she thinks I'm her mate?"

"She screamed it at us, actually," Levi muttered bitterly.

"Over and over," Louis added. "She doesn't remember anything, Gabriel. Not us. Not the pack. Nothing. Just you."

I remained silent, my jaw clenched. My eyes burned, not with sadness but with pure rage. Rage that she had screamed his name and not mine. Rage that the only face her mind had clung to… was his.

Gabriel laughed. A short, disbelieving, annoying laugh. "Well, isn't that just fantastic. Of all people, her brain decides I'm the one she trusts?"

"We hate you," Levi reminded him bluntly.

"Mutual, Levi," Gabriel shot back. "I didn't call you for hugs."

"We called you," Louis corrected sharply.

"Whatever," Gabriel sounded tired now. "This is a mess."

"No shit," I muttered under my breath.

Then his tone shifted, sounding serious. "Put her on the phone."

"What?" Levi and Louis said simultaneously.

"Let me talk to her. If she thinks of me, then maybe I can say something that jogs something useful. Or calm her down. You said she's terrified of you. Let me try before I come there."

I looked away, grinding my teeth. Every part of me hated this. Hated giving him access to her. Hated that he might be the only one she'd actually listen to.

But she was terrified of us.

And if he could help her remember…

I sighed heavily. "Fine. But if you say something against us—"

"I won't," Gabriel said. For once, he didn't sound smug. "Just… give her the phone."

"Fine!" I gave my brothers a nod.

We walked back to the room with the phone gripped in my hand like it was the blade of the very pain tearing through my chest. I could hear Olivia's soft, panicked whispers even before I opened the door. She was pacing. Frightened. Lost.

"She's not going to want to talk to us," Levi murmured beside me.

I nodded once. "She won't have to."

We entered her room, and her eyes snapped to mine. Wide. Guarded. She took a step back.

"Gabriel's on the phone," I said quietly, my voice tighter than I intended.

Her eyes widened. "Gabriel?" she gasped, nearly dropping the glass of water in her hand. "My Gabriel?"

I couldn't even look at her.

"Yes," I muttered, putting the phone on speaker and placing it on the table.

She ran to it like her life depended on it. Her hands were shaking as she clutched the edge of the table, tears streaming down her face.

"Gabriel?" her voice cracked. "My love? It's you, right? It's really you?"

My wolf growled deep inside me, writhing in agony. She called him 'my love'. It felt like a knife slowly turning in my chest.

"I'm here, Olivia," Gabriel's voice came through the speaker—calm, steady, almost gentle. "Hey, baby. I'm right here."

A sob broke free from her throat. "They took me, Gabriel. They kidnapped me. I—I don't know where I am. I'm so scared. You have to come get me. Please. You said you'd never leave me—why did you let them take me?"

She was trembling now, clutching the table like it was her lifeline.

Gabriel was quiet for a moment. Then his voice came again, softer. "Liv… listen to me, okay? They didn't kidnap you."

"They did! They're lying! They say you're not my mate—they say I belong to them. But that's not true, right?" Her voice was desperate, crumbling.

"They're your husbands," Gabriel said calmly.

"No!" Olivia shouted, backing away from the phone. "Stop lying to me! I don't know them! I want you! I only remember you!"

She curled into herself, weeping.

I couldn't take it anymore. I turned away, staring at the wall, my fists clenched so tight my nails broke skin.

But then… Gabriel did something none of us expected.

He sighed. "Okay. Okay, Liv. You're right. I was joking. Alright?"

She sniffled, pausing.

"They're not your husbands. They're my friends."

"What?" Louis whispered.

Gabriel continued smoothly. "They're helping me protect you. The pack's in danger. A war is coming, Olivia. I had to send you somewhere safe—somewhere no one would expect. That's why you're with them. Because I trust them."

She blinked, her breathing shaky. "You trust them?"

"I do. They won't hurt you, Liv. I promise. They're my friends… and so they'll protect what's mine."

Her body began to relax slightly. "So… I'm safe?"

"Yes. You're safe. Just breathe, baby. You're okay."

She smiled faintly through her tears. "I was so scared, Gabriel… I thought something happened to you. I—I kept thinking about you… I still want to fight with you. I want to protect you, too."

"I know," Gabriel said. "And you will. But right now, I need you to rest. Trust them. For me."

She nodded slowly, wiping her tears. "Okay… okay. I trust them. For you."

I swallowed hard, my heart aching. Gabriel had done what none of us could: made her believe. Calmed her.

And it killed me inside.

The silence after her last words was thick—like the air itself held its breath. Olivia had stopped crying, and her trembling had slowed. She sat near the table now, her hand resting gently against the phone as though just touching it would keep Gabriel close.

"I want to see you," she whispered, her voice soft, pleading. "Can you come get me now?"

On the other end, Gabriel hesitated. Then, with maddening ease, he answered, "Not yet, Liv. I wish I could, but I can't come right now. It's not safe—for either of us."

Her lips trembled again. "But—why?"

"Because the war's just starting. I need to stay here and lead the others. But I'll call you every day. I'll talk to you until this is over. And when the war ends…" His voice dropped into a gentle promise. "I'll come get you myself. I swear."

Her entire face softened like a storm giving way to sunlight. "You promise?"

"I do," he said. "You're mine. I'd never leave you behind."

And then… she smiled. This small, heartbreaking smile, full of hope and longing.

"I love you," she murmured.

A blade twisted inside my chest.

I froze.

My wolf howled in agony, clawing inside my chest. She said she loves him.

Olivia—our mate—had never said that to us. Not once. Not even when she had her memories. But she had said it to him. Freely. Softly. As if it had always been true.

"I love you too, Olivia," Gabriel replied, his voice low and smooth. "I always will."

Olivia smiled a big, bright smile.

"I have to go now, dear… I'll call tomorrow, okay? Be a good girl for me, alright?"

Olivia nodded. "Yes, darling. I will."

My heart sank, and the call ended.

Chapter 120: What we did was wrong

Lennox's POV

The line went dead, and with it, so did a part of me.

She smiled after the call ended. A full, bright smile. Like nothing was wrong. Like she hadn't just taken a dagger and stabbed it straight into my soul with those three damn words.

"I love you, Gabriel."

The sound of it kept echoing in my head, looping like a curse I couldn't exorcize.

Olivia sat back, finally relaxed for the first time since she woke up. Her hands weren't trembling anymore. Her breathing was even. She even gave a soft hum like she felt… safe.

Because of him.

She stretched slightly, then looked up at us like a doe blinking away the rain. "I'm… hungry," she said, rubbing her stomach gently. "Could I… have something to eat, please?"

Nora and Lolita immediately stepped forward. "Of course. We will prepare something for you."

She smiled at them. "Thank you."

I watched her in silence. She wasn't shaking anymore. The fear had passed. Her walls had lowered.

And I—fool that I am—saw that as a chance.

I stepped closer, dragging the nearest chair out and sitting across from her.

She didn't flinch. That was something.

She looked at me curiously. "You are Lennox, right?" she asked.

The words burned like acid.

I forced a smile, even though my jaw ached from how hard I was clenching it. "Yeah. I'm Lennox."

She tilted her head, studying me with soft sea-blue eyes that held no recognition—no sign of connection. Just empty curiosity. "You're quiet."

I shrugged. "I was just… thinking."

She nodded. "I've been thinking too. About everything. About why I'm here. It's strange, but… Gabriel said I'm safe. So, I'll trust you."

Her trust—given to me, but only because of him.

I cleared my throat. "Can I ask you something?"

She blinked. "Sure."

"What's the last thing you remember before waking up here?"

Her expression softened. A dreamy smile touched her lips.

"I remember… lying with Gabriel. We'd made love. He held me so tightly, like I'd disappear if he let go. I remember falling asleep with his arms around me…." She gave a little laugh, almost bashful. "Then I woke up in a strange bed. Alone. And here I am."

I couldn't breathe.

My body went cold.

How the hell did such memories make up in her head? An event that never happened!

I felt my heart sink. I looked away quickly, afraid she'd see it in my eyes.

Suddenly, Levi walked forward, holding a mirror toward her. "Look at the left crook of your neck and tell me how many marks you see."

Olivia took the mirror from Levi with a puzzled expression, her brows slightly furrowed. She tilted her head, brushing aside the strands of her hair as she examined the left crook of her neck.

Then her lips parted.

Her fingers froze against her skin.

"One… two…" she murmured. Then her voice faltered. "Three?"

She turned to us, confusion darkening her features. "Why do I have three mate marks?"

Her eyes searched our faces, panic creeping into them again. "I remember only having one mark. What—what does this mean?"

Levi stepped forward, his mouth opening as if to speak.

"Olivia—"

"No." My voice was low but firm, stopping him. "Don't."

Levi looked at me, his face twisted in conflict. "I can't pretend, it's killing me," he said through mind link.

"Not now," I said, my voice sharp through the mind link. "We can't risk overwhelming her."

Olivia's gaze ping-ponged between us, confusion deepening.

I exhaled slowly, forcing calm into my tone. "It's possible Gabriel marked you again. Sometimes, when wolves have strong bonds, the mark can… intensify. Multiply. Maybe you were injured, and he had to mark you again to strengthen the bond."

She blinked, trying to process that. "So… the other two are also from him?"

"Could be," I lied through my teeth, praying she'd believe it.

She seemed to relax slightly, nodding slowly. "Okay… that makes sense. I guess. It just… surprised me, that's all."

I nodded stiffly. "It's okay. You're safe."

Just then, the door creaked open.

Anita stepped inside with her annoying presence, her eyes scanning the room before they landed on Olivia. "What is this I'm hearing?"

Olivia's eyes widened, then narrowed slightly. She looked at us, her eyes filled with curiosity. "Is she your wife?"

My jaw clenched.

Levi's and Louis' too.

At the exact same time, we all said, firmly—"No."

Anita blinked, clearly not expecting that.

"She's not our wife. Never was. Never will be," I said, my voice colder than I intended.

Olivia glanced between us and Anita. "But she has your marks."

Levi crossed his arms. "She is our concubine."

Anita huffed, but I shot her a warning glare, daring her to speak.

Olivia frowned, clearly still confused. "You guys are not married yet?" she asked, her questioning gaze fixed on us.

We three exchanged glances, not knowing if we were to say yes or no.

Anita suddenly stepped forward. "They were once married, but she is dead."

My frown deepened as I glared at Anita. "Keep your mouth shut!" I sneered.

Anita didn't care. Rather, she folded her arms and stared right at Olivia, who had a frown on her face—perhaps it seems she doesn't like Anita.

Olivia's eyes stayed on Anita, her frown deepening. "How long has she been dead?" she asked, her voice low but clear.

Anita shrugged like it didn't matter. "A little over a month ago."

The room went quiet.

Too quiet.

I could feel the storm building before Olivia even opened her mouth. Her body stiffened, her eyes moved to each of us—me, Louis, Levi—with a slow, cold look.

And then she said it.

"What kind of men take in a concubine just weeks after their wife dies?"

My heart dropped.

She didn't look sad.

She didn't even look confused.

She looked angry.

Really angry.

"That's disgusting," Olivia said, standing up now. "Gabriel would never do something like that. Never. Not even if he was broken. He would wait. He would grieve."

"Olivia—" Louis tried speaking.

But she wasn't done.

"You're saying you had a wife. A mate. And a month after she died, you brought in another woman? No. That's not grief. That's disrespect."

I looked away, jaw tight, but Anita—of course—had to open her mouth again.

"Actually," she said, smirking just a little, "they took me as their concubine while their wife was still alive."

"What?" Olivia turned to her sharply.

"They didn't and never loved her," Anita said with a shrug. "It was me they wanted. Besides, she could never satisfy them like I do."

Olivia stared at her for a second like she couldn't believe what she was hearing. Then she turned back to us.

"You did that?" Her voice shook, but it wasn't from fear anymore. It was disgust. "Your mate was alive… and you still brought another woman into your bed?"

I opened my mouth. Nothing came out.

There was nothing I could say that wouldn't sound worse.

Now as I think about it, I realized how horrible I and my brothers were. Taking in Anita as our concubine just a few days after marriage. Fucking Anita in her presence on our wedding night? How did Olivia feel about all this! She must have been so hurt but we? We were blinded by revenge and didn't stop to even think.

"Gabriel would never do that," she said again, shaking her head. "He wouldn't even look at another woman if I was gone this early. He'd mourn me at least for a year. But you… you had a concubine. You slept with another woman before she was even gone."

Her words were like ice. They didn't scream. They didn't need to. They cut deep, straight to the bone.

"Wow!"

She sat back down slowly, turning her face away like she couldn't stand to look at us anymore.

My frown deepened as I glared at Anita. She had just made things worse for us. "Louis, take Anita out of here before I snap her head off her neck!" I growled to Louis through the mind link, and he obeyed, grabbing Anita's arm and dragging her out of the room.

"Please, I would like to be alone… can you two leave too?" Olivia murmured, sounding angry.

I exchanged a glance with Levi, who looked like he wanted to speak, but I subtly signaled him not to, and together we walked out of the room.