

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 121: My Plan - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 121: My Plan

Chapter 121: My Plan

Olivia's POV

The moment the door shut, I paused and used my heightened hearing to make sure no one was eavesdropping. I even sniffed the air to be sure no one was around before bursting into laughter. Oh my goodness, I was damn good! So good that I never knew I could put on such a display! The trembling of my hands... the fear in the triplets' eyes... the things I scattered around and how I acted with Gabriel—it was all perfect.

Just thinking about Gabriel's performance almost made me laugh again. He sounded so confused, poor Alpha. He had no idea he was being played like a perfectly tuned violin.

A soft knock tapped on the door in a pattern only two people knew.

I smirked. "Enter."

The door creaked open, and two ladies walked in—Nora and Lolita, my two loyal handmaids and the only ones in this cursed place who knew the truth. Nora balanced a tray with steaming food—roasted lamb, seasoned vegetables, and fresh bread—while Lolita carried a jug of fruit-infused water and a goblet, as if we were about to toast to my latest performance.

"You should've seen yourself, Luna," Lolita whispered, barely suppressing a giggle as she set the goblet down. "The way your voice cracked when you said, 'I want to go home!'"

Nora snorted. "I almost started crying just to give it more effect. You're scary when you act like that."

I flopped onto the bed, dramatically throwing one arm over my face. "Ugh, I'm exhausted from all the fake trembling. My hands were actually starting to cramp. Do you think I overdid it?"

"Not even close," Nora said as she placed the food on the table and began uncovering the dishes. "You were brilliant. If I didn't know better if you hadn't told us, I'd say you really had a memory reset."

Lolita sat on the edge of the bed, her eyes gleaming. "They totally believed you. You've got the Alphas wrapped around your finger, Luna Olivia."

"Perfect," I muttered, sitting up to grab a slice of bread. "Let them all believe I'm sick, scared, traumatized. The more they believe me, the more I'm able to achieve my plans."

Nora turned to me with curiosity. "Luna, what are your plans?"

"To leave this place," I responded without hesitation.

They both had doubtful looks on their faces. "I don't think the Alphas will let you leave," Lolita said. And I knew she was right. It would be hard for them to let me go, and that's why I have to level up my game. My plan was very simple—but tricky. I'll keep acting like I think Gabriel is my mate.

"I'll throw things. Cry. Scream. Beg them to let me go to Gabriel," I said, eating slowly. "I'll act like I'm losing my mind without him."

Lolita's eyes widened. "You're really going to pretend like you're in love with him?"

"Oh, I'm not just going to pretend," I said with a grin. "I'm going to live it. Every time one of those triplet Alphas comes near me, I'll panic. I'll scream his name in my sleep. I'll tell them they're keeping me away from my fated mate. I'll fight them like a wild animal if I have to."

Nora chuckled nervously. "That sounds... intense."

"That's the point," I said, turning back to face them. "They need to believe I'm mentally stuck on Gabriel. That they're making things worse by keeping me here. Maybe even start to feel guilty for it."

I thought of another plan and smiled. "I will pretend to fall really sick."

Lolita tilted her head. "And what if they try to heal you instead? What if they bring in someone to 'heal' your memory?"

"Then I'll make it worse," I said firmly. "More breakdowns. More screaming fits. I'll make them believe I'm traumatized beyond repair—unless they let me go."

I flopped back onto the bed, staring at the ceiling. It was not easy, but I knew I would have to achieve it. Once they let me go to Gabriel, I could travel out of the country, and they would never find me!

Shit! I remembered my father. I haven't even started on his case yet, and I have to clear his name. I have to prove to the whole pack that Anita's father framed him! Damn, I need to get to work.

I turned to Nora and Lolita. "I need your help," I said softly, listening for any movement outside my door, but it was clear. "I need an investigator for my father's case. Do you know any good ones?"

Nora and Lolita were silent for a moment before Lolita nodded. "My uncle is an investigator, and he isn't from this pack."

I smiled. "Good. Connect me with him. We'll talk on the phone, and I'll give him all the details he needs to know," I said.

"Sure, Luna."

Suddenly, I caught a scent and froze. Jasmine, amber, and a hint of lilac—unmistakably her. The triplets' mother.

I shot up from the bed and hissed, "Everyone, act... someone is coming."

Nora and Lolita instantly sprang into position like clockwork. Nora dashed toward the food tray, pretending to adjust it, while Lolita helped me sit up straighter on the bed, brushing imaginary strands of hair away from my face like a concerned attendant. My expression shifted into one of confusion and tiredness, and I let my body tremble ever so slightly, just like earlier.

A soft knock echoed at the door. I didn't answer.

It creaked open anyway, and she stepped in. Her eyes found me instantly, but I widened mine with confusion and a dash of fear.

"Olivia, dear," she said softly, taking a cautious step forward. "How are you feeling?"

I blinked at her, frowning. "I'm sorry... do I know you?"

Her perfectly shaped eyebrows twitched, just for a second. "I'm... I'm their mother. The Alphas'. My name is Lady Fiona."

I turned to Lolita, panic lacing my voice. "Why is she here? I don't know her. Please don't let her take me."

Lolita immediately held my hand and whispered reassuring words, playing into the scene with practiced grace. "She's just visiting. You're safe, remember?"

Fiona stepped closer, her voice gentle. "Olivia, I know things are confusing right now. You've been through a lot. But I promise, no one here wants to hurt you."

I frowned, giving her a glare. "I want Gabriel."

Her eyes filled with pity, but also unease.

"I understand you're confused," she said cautiously, glancing at my maids as if searching for answers from them. "But Gabriel... he's not your mate, dear."

My frown deepened. "Stop saying that! Are you all trying to brainwash me?"

Fiona stiffened. "Perhaps I should come back later."

"Please, go," I whispered.

Nora stepped in like a shield. "Maybe give her time, ma'am. Her memories are still unstable."

She hesitated... then nodded and quietly left the room, closing the door behind her.

The moment the door clicked shut, I sat up and wiped away the fake tears. "She's definitely suspicious, but I was able to act well."

Lolita exhaled and started laughing. "Oh my goddess, you should win an award."

Nora grinned. "That flinch? Masterful."

I smirked. "Let's keep the performance going. The more they believe I'm mentally sick, the easier it will be to leave this place."

Then I turned to Lolita, my voice turning serious. "Set up that call with your uncle. We don't have time to waste. It's time to bring down Anita's father."

Lolita nodded. "Yes, Luna."

Chapter 122: In Four Days

Levi's POV

"What the hell!" Louis barked in anger as he grabbed the bottle of whiskey from my hand. I growled and glared at him, hating that he had to take the bottle from me.

"If you keep this up, you'll drink yourself into the grave!" he snapped before storming off.

Where I sat on the couch, I felt miserable.

No—miserable was an understatement.

I felt like the gods themselves were laughing at me. Like every time I tried to fix my mess, life found a new way to tear it apart.

The warmth of the whiskey still lingered on my tongue, sharp and bitter, but it did nothing to dull the ache inside me.

I ran a hand through my hair, tugging at the roots in frustration.

Just when I was about to chase Olivia back—this had to happen.

Just when I made up my damn mind to stop running, to stop hiding behind pain and regrets, to fix what I broke between us... she was gone. Trapped by a false memory. And now, she's acting like she doesn't remember a damn thing about me.

How the hell did everything spiral out of control so fast?

I leaned forward, resting my elbows on my knees, staring blankly at the floor.

I clenched my jaw, the muscles twitching. I should've chased her earlier. Should've never hurt her like I did.

Now she doesn't even look at me like I exist.

"Damn it!" I roared, slamming my fist against the coffee table hard enough to crack the wood.

"Levi!" Louis yelled back at me. "If you and Lennox keep this up, there won't be a single damn piece of furniture left in this mansion! Get a grip!" He yelled at me, but I only eyed him and looked away.

My eyes landed on Lennox, who had been silently staring outside the window, his back turned against me.

"What if she never gets back her memory?" Lennox suddenly asked.

"Don't say that!" Louis cut in from where he leaned against the wall. "She will. Maybe even tomorrow morning, who knows?" He was trying to sound hopeful—for us and for himself—but I heard the fear laced in his voice.

Lennox scoffed. "And what if she doesn't? What if she refuses to remember us? What then do we do about it?"

Before Louis or I could respond, a knock came on the door, and by the smell, we knew it was our mother. We weren't in the mood to see anyone, but we knew our mother—She wouldn't leave without seeing us.

"The door is unlocked," I called out, loud enough for her to hear.

Mother pushed the door open and stepped in, her heels clicking softly against the floor. She didn't speak at first—just stood there, taking in the sight of her three broken sons. If she had any hope of seeing us even slightly composed, it died the moment she saw Lennox staring emptily out the window, Louis pacing like a caged wolf, and me slumped on the couch like the weight of the world was crushing my chest.

Finally, she spoke, her voice tight with worry.

"I just came from Olivia's room."

That made all three of us look up instantly.

"She doesn't remember me either," she said, her voice faltering slightly. "She looked at me like I was a stranger... and when I said her name, she flinched. Like I was intruding in her head."

A tense silence swept over the room like a storm cloud.

"She doesn't remember anything," Mother whispered, stepping farther into the room.

Louis cursed under his breath and slammed his fist against the wall. Lennox remained still, a muscle twitching in his jaw.

"Have you tried calling her mom?" she asked, looking between us.

That's when it hit us all at once—we hadn't.

We'd been so caught up in the chaos, the guilt, the confusion... we hadn't even reached out to the one person who might be able to help Olivia remember.

I sat up sharply. "Shit," I growled and immediately opened the mind link to her mother.

"Mrs. Parks," I called urgently through the bond. "It's Alpha Levi. It's about Olivia."

The connection opened almost instantly, her voice tight with concern.

"What's wrong? What happened to my daughter?"

I could feel her panic rising already. "She's safe," I said aloud, hoping my brothers and mother could hear. "But there's a problem. She... she doesn't remember anything. She doesn't recognize anyone."

A long pause.

"What?" Her voice broke. "What do you mean she doesn't recognize anyone?"

"She's lost her memories. Not just that—she now has a false memory in her head, and she thinks Alpha Gabriel is her mate. She doesn't even know who we are, not even our names—"

"I'm coming back tonight!" she cried, cutting me off. "Tell her I'm on my way. Don't let her out of your sight. Don't let anyone else confuse her more than she already is."

The link snapped off before I could even respond.

I exhaled deeply and looked up at my family. "She's coming tonight."

Mother nodded, visibly relieved. "Good. Maybe seeing her mother will help."

Lennox muttered, "It better. Because I don't know how much longer I can keep pretending I'm okay."

Neither did I.

Mother sat down gently beside me, her eyes flickering between the three of us—her sons, all barely holding it together. But there was something else in her gaze now. A seriousness. A tension that hadn't been there before.

"I didn't just come here to talk about Olivia's memory," she said quietly, folding her hands in her lap. "There's something else we need to work on."

Louis turned from the wall, and Lennox finally peeled his eyes away from the window.

Mother looked directly at me.

"The full moon is in four days."

I frowned, worried. "Fuck!"

"She'll go into heat," she said gently. "It's her first heat."

The words felt like a punch to the gut.

"Perfect timing!" I muttered bitterly, my heart starting to race.

"She just turned of age recently. And when the full moon rises, her body will respond."

Lennox swore under his breath. Louis sat down heavily on the armrest of a nearby chair, rubbing his hands over his face.

"She won't understand what's happening," I whispered.

Mother nodded. "Exactly. And if she believes this... Alpha Gabriel is her mate, she might—"

"Don't." I cut her off, my voice cold, rising. "Don't even finish that sentence."

But she didn't need to. The image was already burning in my mind.

Olivia. In heat... and running to the wrong man because she didn't remember who she truly belonged to.

My wolf growled furiously inside me, pacing and snarling at the very thought.

"What do we do?" Louis asked, his voice tight. "We can't force her. We can't just lock her up."

"Two choices are laid out... it's either you sit back and let her go into heat—her first—and make her go through pain while wanting Gabriel... remember, she is not mentally well. Such situations may worsen her condition..." Mother paused, letting her words sink before she continued, "or you do your responsibilities as her mates," she said and let her final words hang in the air.

We all understood what Mother meant. She was telling us we have to make love to Olivia to ease her heat—regardless of whether she remembered us or not.

Personally, I have no problem with that! Hell! It was a dream come true, but I don't know about my brothers.

"I have no problem performing my duty as her mate," I said out loud. Louis and Lennox stared at me with furrowed brows, but I ignored them.

I said what I said—and I wasn't taking it back.

An awkward silence hung in the air before suddenly Louis spoke.

"I will do it..." he said it in a whisper, like he didn't want us to hear.

I raised a brow at him and smirked slightly, the tension in my chest loosening just a little.

Louis met my gaze but quickly looked away, his jaw clenched.

"Not for me," he muttered. "For her."

I scoffed. He was still lying to himself.

Lennox still hadn't said a word. He was staring again out the window, arms folded tight, his whole body taut with conflict. I could hear his heartbeat from where I sat—faster than usual, erratic.

"Lennox?" Mother called gently, her tone patient but firm. "I know this isn't easy... but she needs you. All of you."

He didn't turn around. Not at first.

Then, finally, he did.

His eyes looked annoyed.

"You want me to touch her?" he growled, voice low and filled with anger. "While she thinks she belongs to someone else? While she doesn't even know us? While I still haven't forgiven her?"

"It doesn't matter. The answer is: are you in or not? If you are not in, your brothers can do it without you!"

Lennox's face twitched as he frowned at Mother.

"She is my mate too!" he spat with jealousy.

I scoffed inwardly. Still possessive.

"So I take that as a yes?" Mother asked, and Lennox didn't respond—he just looked away.

"Well..." Mother began. "You men have a little work to do. To make her comfortable. You have to do things like showing her familiar faces. Gentle words," Mother said. "You have four days to trigger something in her. A scent, a memory, a place. Anything that can remind her who you are and make sure they are happy memories."

I frowned. Do we even have happy memories with her?

Yes, but that was four years ago.

I and my brothers both exchanged silent glances before I stood up, ready for the task.

"Then we don't have time to waste."

Chapter 123: Old Memories

Olivia's POV

"Olivia, dear... can you hear me? It's me, your mother." I heard my mom's panicked voice through the mind link.

"Are you okay? What's going on? Do you remember me? It's your mother!"

I frowned, realizing I had forgotten to tell her about my plan.

"Mother, calm down... I'm fine," I said softly.

There was a beat of silence, then a soft, shaky sigh of relief from her end.

"You're sure? Alpha Levi just contacted me through the mind link. He said you're suffering from memory loss and false memories."

"That's what I made them believe, Mother..." I murmured, lowering my voice as I moved toward the window. "But I'm fine. Completely fine."

Her confusion pulsed through the link. "What? Olivia... what are you talking about?"

I exhaled slowly, watching the wind play with the leaves outside. "I'm pretending. Faking the memory loss. It's part of the plan. I want them to let me go."

"Olivia..." her voice dropped, almost like a whisper. "You're lying to your mates? Your Alphas?"

"Yes," I said, firm and cold. "Because it's the only way they'll let me go. If they think I don't remember them—don't love them—they'll loosen their grip. And when they do, I'll finally be free."

Her silence stretched for a moment too long. Then she said carefully, "And what if they find out? What if they realize you're faking it?"

"They won't," I said sharply. "They're too focused on trying to fix me. Too wrapped up in their guilt and desperation to notice what's right in front of them."

"And if they do?" she pressed, her voice tight. "Lennox isn't the forgiving type. Louis... he'll be angry. And Levi—"

"I don't care, Mother! I will go on with my plan. All I have to do is to continue playing that I'm love-sick with Gabriel and keep begging that they let me go to him. Once they do, the rest will be history," I said.

She was quiet again. But this time, I could feel her pride, even through the worry. "Is Alpha Gabriel aware of your plan?" she asked and I frowned.

"No, Mother, I haven't had the chance to talk to him yet, but now that you've reminded me, I will," I assured her.

"Okay. Tell me what he thinks," she said, and I nodded, even though I knew she couldn't see it.

"I'm so proud of you, my little angel, and I believe your father is proud of you too—wherever he is," Mother said, her voice filled with pride. Tears gathered in my eyes, but I held them back.

"Mother, I'm preparing a surprise for you. Don't worry, you will see it soon," I said, referring to my plan to expose Anita's father.

"I can't wait," she said with a chuckle. "The Alphas want me to come back, but don't worry. I will tell them I got food poisoning and will have to rest for the next few days... don't worry, I will act well."

I chuckled. "Of course, Mother... I got my acting skills from you, remember?"

We both laughed softly, and I felt some of the heaviness in my chest lift.

"Soon, you'll see the surprise I'm preparing... just stay patient."

"I can't wait," she said with a chuckle, and with that, our mind link faded.

I stood there a moment, letting the silence settle in. My heart slowed, calm and steady.

Then—knock knock knock.

I already knew who it was.

I turned and walked to the bed, carefully sitting down, arranging the blanket over my legs. I kept my expression soft, my posture a little weak, just enough to look fragile.

"Come in," I called out gently.

The door opened.

First in was Lennox, holding a thick novel in his hand. His soft eyes scanned my face carefully before he stepped closer.

"You'll be bored in here," he said quietly, offering the book. "This... might help. It's a good one."

I smiled politely, taking the book from him.

The moment I looked at the cover, I felt a jolt.

It was the exact same novel I gave him on his seventeenth birthday.

The same one I annotated, marked with little hearts and underlined quotes. I never knew he still had it... and it seems so new, like he preserved it somewhere. I thought he might have thrown it away.

A tiny glint of happiness sparked inside me, but I didn't let anything show on my face.

"Oh," I said softly, flipping it open casually. "Looks interesting. And it's romance."

I looked up briefly and caught the pain in Lennox's eyes.

But I blinked it away, pretending not to notice.

Then came Levi, stepping in with a small speaker in his hands. "I figured you might want music," he said, setting it gently on the bedside table. "I... uh, made a playlist. You can listen if you want."

I glanced at the speaker, then picked it up.

As soon as the screen lit up, I saw the playlist name: O&L Vibes.

My chest tightened, but I forced it down.

"This is nice," I said lightly. "Thank you. It'll help with the silence."

I couldn't believe he still had this.

He looked like he wanted to say more, but didn't. He just nodded and stepped aside.

Then came Louis, walking in with a small tablet. He handed it to me carefully. "I downloaded a movie," he said with a nervous smile. "You might like it. It's called Flip."

I blinked.

Flip. My favorite movie. When it first came out, Louis had found a way to get an early download just for me. We watched it together three times in one night.

But now, I only smiled, tilting my head slightly. "Hmm. Haven't seen it before. Thanks, Louis."

He looked as if he wanted to say something, maybe remind me—but instead, he just nodded slowly.

The room fell quiet as all three brothers stood around me, all three staring with a look in their eyes. A look of warmth. The last time they all looked at me this way was before my fourteen birthday.

"Apart being married to Gabriel and being his mate... is there anything else you remember?" Lennox suddenly asked, and I frowned, looking up at him. There was a certain look in his eyes, and I could feel it—something was coming. And it wasn't going to be good.

Chapter 124: Never Got To Open THEM

Olivia's POV

I blinked at Lennox's question, pretending to think deeply.

"Hmm... other memories?" I tilted my head slightly, letting my fingers play with the edge of the blanket. "Well... I remember when Gabriel and I were younger, we used to sneak into the pack house kitchen at midnight just to steal cookies. The chef would always pretend not to notice." I gave a soft, fond laugh.

Lennox stiffened.

Levi's brows twitched, and Louis looked down at his hands.

I had done that with all three of them.

I continued, my voice light and dreamy. "Gabriel used to braid my hair when I was ten. He wasn't very good at it, but he always tried. Once, we ended up tangled in my ribbons for hours."

I glanced up briefly, watching their expressions shift into shock, pain.

That day had been with all three of them... and it was hilarious.

"There was a time," I added, as if reminiscing warmly, "Gabriel helped me build a treehouse behind the pack house. It was crooked and ugly, but I loved it. We spent the whole summer in that treehouse, pretending we were explorers."

The silence in the room thickened.

That had been Levi.

He was the one who built that treehouse with me. He'd scraped his palms and bruised his knees. We painted it together, made up stories inside it. But I acted like I didn't know.

"And once," I said with a wistful smile, "Gabriel gave me this necklace for my twelfth birthday. It had a little wolf charm on it. I never took it off."

Louis's jaw clenched. He'd saved up for months to get that necklace. I'd cried when I opened it.

"I think those are the strongest memories," I said, folding my hands neatly in my lap. "Gabriel was always there. Like my anchor."

I finally looked up—really looked.

Lennox's eyes were filled with tears.

Levi looked like he'd just been slapped.

Louis looked like a child who'd been mistreated.

I tilted my head. "Why do you ask, Lennox?"

He didn't answer right away. He just stared at me, his jaw tight.

I held Lennox's gaze for a moment longer, then looked away, acting calm, though I could feel the pressure building in the room like a rising tide. Something was shifting—subtle, but undeniable. They were digging now. Prodding in places I hadn't prepared for.

I had to stay ahead.

"Do you..." Levi began slowly, his voice quiet, almost hesitant. "Do you remember your fourteenth birthday?"

I froze for a split second, my pulse skipping.

Why are they going there?

I nodded slowly, masking the alarm buzzing under my skin. "Yes... I remember."

I could feel their attention sharpen like blades.

"That day was..." I hesitated, then gave a soft sigh, eyes dropping to my lap, "...a disaster."

Louis stepped forward slightly, voice laced with concern. "Why? What happened?"

I looked up at them with just enough sadness in my eyes. "I lost my father that day."

Their expressions changed—subtle, but clear enough.

They knew.

They knew the truth. My father hadn't died—he had been arrested. They were there. They remembered.

But they didn't correct me. Just stared.

I didn't blink.

Then Louis spoke again. "Did you... receive three gifts that day?"

I stiffened inside. I knew exactly what he meant.

They were talking about their gifts.

The ones they gave me, which I never opened.

The gifts had gone missing. I remembered crying over it, but never had the chance to tell them.

"Yes," I said calmly, meeting Louis's gaze. "I received them."

I saw it instantly—the hope lighting up in their eyes. That spark of eagerness that made my chest twist.

Lennox's voice was low, careful. "Do you remember... who gave them to you?"

I smiled gently. "Gabriel."

Their faces faltered. Slightly. But enough.

I wasn't done.

"I never got to open them, though," I added softly. "The gifts went missing before I even unwrapped it."

That part was true. But I let them draw their own conclusions.

A heavy silence settled again.

And then I saw it.

Realization.

Pain.

They understood.

I had never opened their gifts.

Levi's mouth parted slightly. "You never opened them?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

I shook my head. "No... I was too overwhelmed. And then everything that happened with my father..." I trailed off.

Lennox stepped closer, his jaw tight. There was something in his eyes.

He looked as if he wanted to say something. Desperately.

But he didn't.

He held himself back.

I tilted my head, with a confused look.

The way all three of them tensed—like someone had struck a chord too deep—told me something was important in those boxes which I never opened because why did all three of them go missing suddenly.

"You mean the boxes were stolen?" Lennox asked, not able to hide his emotion any longer.

I nodded slowly. "I think so. When I remember about the gifts and went to check on them, they were just gone."

Levi stepped closer, looking serious. "Do you remember what color they were wrapped in?"

That caught me off guard. But I nodded.

"Yes... one was dark blue with silver ribbons. Another was red velvet with a gold ribbon. And the last one was light purple with a white bow."

All three of them froze.

Louis's hands tightened. Lennox looked like he'd just been hit. Levi's mouth opened slightly, shocked.

"That's... exactly right," Levi said softly.

They knew I was telling the truth.

Lennox's jaw was tight. "Did you ever find out who took them?"

I shook my head. "No. I thought maybe a maid moved them. But everything was a mess after my father death... after that day."

It was quiet again.

Then Louis asked carefully, "Did you ever tell Gabriel?"

He didn't mean Gabriel.

He meant them.

I looked down, acting sad. "No... I didn't tell anyone. I was too sad about my father. I didn't talk to anyone for days... not even Gabriel."

Their faces changed. They looked hurt.

Levi stepped closer, like he wanted to say something.

But suddenly, I pressed my hand to my head. "My head..." I whispered. "It really hurts..."

If I stayed a second longer, I might crack. So I did the only thing I could—lie.

"Olivia?" Lennox asked quickly, worried.

I shook my head. "I'm sorry... I just need to lie down."

I turned away from them and curled up under the blanket. I didn't have to look at them—I could feel their eyes on me.

I kept my eyes closed, pretending to rest. But my thoughts wouldn't stop.

Those boxes... they weren't just ordinary birthday presents.

Perhaps expensive gifts were inside. Gifts that meant a lot to them. The painful and confused look in their eyes when they realized I didn't open it told me that boxes weren't just carrying ordinary birthday presents.

And I wished—God, I wished I could just turn around and ask them. What was in those boxes? Why did they mean so much to you? Why did they go missing... all three of them... at the same time?

But I couldn't ask.

Not yet.

If I did, they would know.

They'd know I was lying—about Gabriel, about everything. And I wasn't ready for that.

They'd start putting the pieces together. I needed more time.

But nevertheless, I won't stay in the dark. In one way or another, I will find out what was in those boxes.

Chapter 125: Scared

Lennox's POV

Seeing that Olivia was having a headache from our barrage of questions, we decided to let her be. So we left her room and walked into the study. I went straight to the bar, grabbed a bottle of dry gin, and poured myself a drink.

Did she never open them?

My heart raced—confused and heavy.

But... that couldn't be right.

"I... I got a response from her," I said quietly, my voice rough with uncertainty.

Levi turned to me, his eyes wide. "Me too," he said. "In fact, I got a response from her just two hours after we gave her the gifts."

Louis nodded slowly. "Same here. And her response made it clear she saw my gift."

We all went quiet again.

That didn't make sense.

If she never opened the gifts... how did she respond to us?

Louis rubbed his forehead. "Maybe her memory really is messed up," he muttered. "We should remember, she's not the same. Her memory isn't stable anymore."

But I shook my head firmly. "No. That's not it."

Levi spoke too, sounding just as sure. "She remembered the wrapping. The exact colors. Down to the ribbons."

"She didn't guess," I added, thinking aloud.

Louis sighed. "She remembered it clearly. But... she said it was from Gabriel."

There was a long silence.

"She must've confused him with us," Levi said. "Maybe that's how her mind filled in the blank. We gave her those gifts. Not him."

I nodded slowly. That felt more real.

Louis still looked torn. "But... she said she lost her father that day," he said. "That's not true. He didn't die; he was arrested."

My stomach twisted.

"Yeah. She might be wrong about that, but remember—he could have been hanged that day if Father hadn't intervened. Maybe her memory clung to that," Levi said.

Louis didn't respond.

I stared at the floor for a moment, then looked up.

"What was in them?" I asked suddenly. "Your gifts. What did you two give her?"

They both froze.

That question had been buried for years.

Ever since her fourteenth birthday, we'd all stopped sharing our ideas like we used to.

We used to plan it together, ever since Olivia turned eight. We'd each get her something and help wrap it. Sometimes we'd even compete over who got the best reaction from her.

But that year... that year was different.

We kept it secret. All three of us.

We refused to show each other.

Even I didn't let them see mine.

I looked at them now, hoping they'd finally say it.

But Louis glanced away. Levi's jaw tightened.

Neither spoke.

So I didn't push.

But I was more curious than ever.

What was in those boxes?

!HOURS LATER!

Night had fallen, but my mind refused to rest.

I tossed and turned in bed, staring at the ceiling, trying to force myself into sleep. But it wouldn't come.

Too many thoughts. Too many memories.

Too many questions.

I sighed deeply, dragging my palm over my face.

Then... a knock.

Soft.

Hesitant.

I sat up immediately, alert. My eyes flicked to the clock—it was well past midnight.

Another knock, slightly louder this time.

I slipped out of bed, walking over. Even before I touched the handle, I felt it—

Her scent.

Olivia.

I pulled the door open, and there she was.

Standing there in one of the oversized shirts she always liked, her hair messy from sleep. But what caught me off guard was her face.

She was trembling.

Her lips parted like she wanted to speak, but nothing came out for a moment. Her hands clenched tightly at her sides.

Finally, in a quiet, broken voice, she said, "I had a dream."

I stepped aside, but she didn't walk in.

She just looked up at me, eyes wide and glassy.

"It was Gabriel..." she whispered. "He—he was killed."

My brows furrowed.

Gabriel?

Killed?

That made no sense.

I stared at her, trying to piece together a response. The dream clearly shook her—her body was still trembling slightly, and she looked pale, as if the nightmare had stolen the warmth from her skin.

But how was I supposed to explain this?

Because I knew, without a doubt, that Gabriel was alive.

And more than that—I knew there was no war.

But how was I supposed to explain this?

How do you tell someone that their mind is lying to them? That what they felt so deeply—what made them tremble like this—might not even be real?

How do I explain that her dream might not be a dream at all... or worse, that it might be a false memory in disguise?

I stepped closer, slowly, carefully.

"Olivia..." I said softly, my voice steady, "Gabriel's not—"

But I stopped myself.

I stepped aside gently, holding the door open.

"Come in," I said softly.

She hesitated.

Her feet didn't move. Her eyes darted around the hallway, like she was afraid of something hiding in the shadows.

"Olivia," I said again, more firmly this time. "It's okay. You're safe."

She finally stepped in, slowly, like she wasn't sure if she should.

I closed the door behind her.

She stood there in the middle of my room, arms wrapped tightly around herself. Her shoulders were still shaking a little.

I walked over to her and placed a hand on her back.

"I'll call tomorrow," I said. "I'll find out about Gabriel—just to be sure, alright?"

She looked up at me with wide, frightened eyes.

"Please do," she whispered. "I'm really scared."

Her voice cracked.

I frowned. The fear in her voice wasn't just from a dream.

It was real.

I hated seeing her like this.

"You don't have to go back to your room," I said quietly. "Stay here tonight."

She blinked at me. "W-What?"

"Just sleep," I added quickly. "On the bed. With me. I promise—I won't touch you, Olivia."

She shook her head. "No... I—I can't. It's not right."

"I won't hurt you," I said softly. "You know that, right?"

She didn't answer at first. She looked away, chewing on her lower lip.

Then, slowly, she nodded.

Chapter 126: Asleep

Olivia's POV

I wasn't just in Lennox's room because I was scared.

I had a reason—a task I had to complete.

A few minutes before I came here, I had spoken to Mr. Grim—Lolita's uncle. He told me he could help me..."

But first, he needed the full case file.

Everything.

He needed to see the evidence that was presented in court. The names of the people who said they saw my father stealing the jewelry. The witnesses who testified against him. The judge who gave him life imprisonment. Every detail that led to his sentence.

He said if he had all of that, he'd know how to follow up. Maybe find something wrong with how the case was handled. And prove my father's innocence.

It's been over four years. Four long years of silence. Of not knowing the full truth.

And now... maybe there's a way.

I've been a maid in this pack house for a long time. I've cleaned every corner of this place. I've seen more than they think.

I know Lennox has a safe in his room.

I've dusted it before. I've wiped the top, arranged the books that sit beside it. I know the small silver key he keeps hidden behind the third drawer on the left.

I believe my father's file is inside that safe.

It has to be.

That's why I came.

"Come on, lie on the bed," Lennox said softly, and I nodded again, moving towards the bed.

Still putting on my act of being scared, I lay on one side of the bed and covered myself with the blanket, making sure to turn my back to Lennox, who was also getting on the bed. I inhaled softly and closed my eyes, pretending I was asleep—but I wasn't. The plan was that once Lennox fell asleep, I would sneak out of bed and begin my task. So I just had to wait and listen to his heartbeat to know when he was truly out.

Yes, I could hear each of the triplets' heartbeats, when I paid detailed attention to it, and right now Lennox's heartbeat was racing.

I frowned slightly under the blanket, confused.

Why was he breathing so hard?

It was as if he had just finished running a race—or was in the middle of a panic attack. But he didn't move. He lay still beside me, silent.

Was he nervous?

Was it... me?

I didn't dare turn to look at him. I stayed perfectly still, pretending to sleep, listening carefully.

His heartbeat didn't slow for a long while.

I could feel the tension in the air. Even though we weren't touching, it was like his presence was too loud to ignore. My body was stiff, alert. But I didn't move.

I stayed perfectly still, pretending to sleep, but his heartbeat wasn't calming. If anything, it seemed to grow louder, more frantic. I could hear it—steady yet fast—like a drum echoing in my ears.

It was getting hard to ignore.

After a few moments, I sighed softly.

I couldn't help it—I spoke.

"You're not asleep, are you?" I asked quietly, still facing away from him.

There was a pause, then a soft sigh. "No."

"This might sound strange," I whispered without turning, "but I can hear your heartbeat."

There was silence.

"You are supposed to... You are my..." he paused... but I already knew what he was trying to say.

"It's... fast," I added. "Why is it so fast?"

I finally turned toward him, meeting his eyes in the dim light. "Are you okay?"

Lennox's gaze held mine for a long second before he replied in a low, rough voice. "It's the effect of you."

I blinked. "What?"

"My heartbeat," he said. "It races like this because of you. Whenever you're around."

My brows drew together in confusion. "That doesn't make any sense."

He just looked at me, not saying anything more. Like he didn't know how to explain it further. Or didn't want to.

I hated the effect it had on me, so I had to put on an act. My voice turned more firm, a little colder. "I'm someone's wife, Alpha Lennox. Your heart shouldn't race for me."

I didn't wait for his reaction.

I turned back around, slowly, pulling the blanket over my shoulder again.

And this time, I forced myself to go still.

But my own heart was no longer calm either.

Not after hearing that.

A few minutes passed.

Then, slowly... finally... his heartbeat began to slow. Gradually, it found a rhythm.

And I realized he was asleep.

I waited a little longer—just to be sure. I counted the seconds in my head. I needed to be careful. One wrong move, and everything I came here for could be ruined.

Quietly, I began to lift the blanket, preparing to slide out of bed. My fingers barely gripped the edge when—

A strong arm suddenly wrapped around my waist.

I froze.

Panic surged through me as my breath caught in my throat.

Was he awake?

No. No—his heartbeat. I focused on it again.

Still steady. Still slow.

Still asleep.

He shifted in his sleep, pulling me back into him, his grip tightening just enough to keep me close. My back pressed firmly against his chest, and I could feel the heat of his body seeping into mine. His breath fanned across the back of my neck—slow, heavy, and warm.

Then... I felt it.

His nose brushed against my skin, nuzzling lightly at my neck as he exhaled deeply, as though my scent soothed him in sleep. Another sigh left his lips, soft and content, before he stilled again.

He was really asleep.

But now I was trapped.

My heart pounded wildly in my chest, even as I told myself to stay calm.

This wasn't part of the plan.

I couldn't move, not without waking him.

So I lay there, tense and still, his arm heavy around me, his body warm and firm behind mine.

I hated how safe it felt, and I was forced to lie there with him.

His breathing stayed calm, steady against the back of my neck. But then—I felt movement again.

His hand shifted slowly, fingers brushing along the hem of my oversized shirt.

My breath caught.

Was he awake?

No.

His heartbeat—still slow. Still deep in sleep.

But his hand didn't stop.

It slipped under the fabric, rough fingertips grazing the skin of my waist. I clenched my jaw, unsure what to do, what to feel. My mind screamed at me to move, to pull away—but I didn't.

I couldn't.

His hand moved higher, dragging lightly up my side until—

It cupped my breast.

A soft gasp escaped my lips before I could stop it, but Lennox didn't react. Instead, he let out a sigh—low and heavy—like a man finally at peace. Then, barely audible, he murmured, "Mine..."

My eyes widened.

He didn't even know what he was doing.

He was still asleep.

His thumb brushed over my nipple, and a jolt of heat rushed through me so fast I had to bite down on my lip to keep from making a sound. My heart was no longer calm—it raced wildly, pounding against my ribcage.

What was happening to me?

I should've pulled away.

I should've stopped him.

But I didn't.

It wasn't supposed to feel this good. It wasn't supposed to make me forget why I was here.

My eyes fluttered closed, my body betraying me as a quiet warmth bloomed in my core. I hated how it made me feel—how my skin burned at his touch, how my breath came faster, shallower.

He was still asleep.

Still lost in whatever dream had him whispering possessively.

His fingers stopped moving eventually, but he didn't let go.

He simply curled around me, his hand still holding my breast like it belonged there. His breathing deepened... and then I heard a soft snore.

He was truly asleep now.

And I was still trapped in his arms, my heart pounding, my body aching with confusion.

This wasn't part of the plan.

Chapter 127: The File

Olivia's POV

My eyes fluttered open to the soft glow of sunlight spilling through the curtains.

For a moment, I didn't move—just stared at the unfamiliar ceiling, my heart still heavy with the memory of the night before. Then I blinked, confused.

Something felt different.

No warmth behind me.

No strong arm around my waist.

No calloused hand on my—

My eyes widened, and I bolted upright. Shit! I had fallen asleep. Fuck!

I turned around. Lennox was gone, but his scent still clung to the sheets. It was obvious he had just woken up—not long ago.

I threw the blanket off and sat at the edge of the bed, rubbing my face with trembling hands. This wasn't what I came here for. I didn't come here to feel like this—to be touched like that. To want more.

I was here for a reason. A mission.

My father.

The safe.

The file.

Quickly, I got down from the bed and set out to do my task, not even caring where Lennox had gone.

I crouched beside the small cabinet, reaching for the third drawer on the left.

It was right where I remembered.

Quietly, I pulled it open and reached behind it, fingers searching blindly until I felt cold metal brush my skin.

The key.

I pulled it out slowly, turning back toward the far corner of the room where the safe was built into the wall, hidden behind a row of old books.

One by one, I slid the books aside and revealed the small steel door.

My hands were trembling now—not just from fear of being caught, but from fear of not finding anything at all.

"Please let it be here," I whispered a silent prayer.

I slid the key in.

It clicked.

And the door creaked open.

Inside, neatly stacked, were several folders and documents. I reached for the first file, and it was labeled with my father's name.

Parker Melford.

This was it.

Tears threatened to rise—but I didn't have time to cry.

I pulled it out and carefully closed the safe, pushing the books back exactly the way they were.

Then with the key in my hand, I turned—only to freeze in place as I heard the door creaking open.

My heart jumped.

In a rush, I lifted the hem of my oversized shirt and quickly tucked the file underneath it, securing it against my stomach. The key stayed in my covered hand.

And then the door opened—Lennox stepped in, holding a tray of breakfast in his hand.

Lennox paused at the door, holding the tray in both hands.

A soft smile tugged at his lips. "You're awake."

I blinked, trying to keep my breathing calm, forcing a small nod even as my heart pounded.

He took a step inside and lifted the tray slightly. "I figured you might be hungry... so I made breakfast."

I stared at him, eyebrows lifting in surprise. "You... made it yourself?"

He nodded, almost shyly. "Yeah. I know it's not perfect but... I tried."

My mouth parted slightly. I couldn't help the quiet shock in my voice. "Did you ever do this for your wife?" I asked, already knowing the answer, but I just wanted to hear it from him.

His smile faltered. "No."

I frowned. "Why not?"

He looked away for a second, jaw tightening. "Things were... complicated between us."

Complicated?

I scoffed softly, shaking my head. "So she never got breakfast, but I do? Is that supposed to mean something?"

He didn't respond right away—just stood there, eyes dropping to the tray in his hands like he regretted bringing it.

My heart twisted in my chest, but I hardened my tone.

"I can't have this," I said, backing away.

"Olivia—"

"No." I cut him off sharply. "You didn't make her breakfast—your own wife—but you're making breakfast for another man's wife now? That's not fair to her."

He looked like he wanted to explain, like he had words but didn't know how to say them. I didn't give him the chance.

"I need to return back to my room, and please, I want to talk to Gabriel—my husband," I muttered. "Excuse me."

I walked past him, not daring to look back. The file was still tucked under my shirt, the key still in my hand.

I opened the door, stepped out, and closed it behind me. As soon as I was out, I released a soft breath and hurried to my room, praying Lennox wouldn't follow.

Reaching my room, I locked the door and exhaled in relief. I quickly sat on the bed and opened the file of my father's case.

My hands trembled as I opened the worn file on my lap. Papers, notes, and official reports spilled out.

The first page was a formal accusation.

Subject: Parker Melford – Accused of Grand Theft and Treason

My breath hitched.

I scanned the contents quickly. My father was accused of not just stealing—but of betraying the pack.

Stolen Items:

A vault of ancient pack jewels and heirlooms.

A private council file marked CONFIDENTIAL – ALPHA BLOODLINE TRANSCRIPTS.

My eyes widened. All my life, I thought my father was accused of stealing just precious jewelry. I never knew he was labeled a traitor too.

The next document listed the witnesses who testified against him.

Witness Statements:

Zavier Voss (this is Anita's father)

Connor Hale – elite warrior. (This man was a good friend to Father then. How could he betray him?)

Marcel Thorn – (The chief guard at the pack house then.)

My heart clenched as I now realized those that testified against my father were really close to him. How cruel could life be?

The more I read, the worse it got.

The trial had been quick. No real chance for defense. Just a few hours later, my father was dragged before the pack court.

He was sentenced to life in imprisonment by Gamma Edward—a name that made my stomach twist.

Then I found it—the paper that broke me.

"Effective immediately, the Parker family is to be stripped of all rank and privilege. Reassigned to Omega status. This is final."

There was a signature at the bottom:

Gamma Edward Thorne

And from our then Alpha, the triplets' father.

I felt sick.

I sighed deeply, my hands slowly closing the file.

I stared at the closed file for a long moment, then whispered to the silence of the room,

"Even if you are no more, I will prove your innocence, Father. I swear I will."

Suddenly, I noticed someone was trying to open my door, but it was locked. I inhaled deeply and perceived it was Anita.

My frown deepened, and my wolf growled inside me.

Then, she knocked hard.

Frowning, I quickly slipped the file under my pillow, steadying my breath as I forced myself to appear calm. But the moment I opened the door, I froze. Standing there, arms crossed and eyes blazing with anger, was Anita.

Chapter 128: Breakfast

Olivia's POV

I frowned at her.

"What do you want?" I asked coldly, making sure she could see the hatred in my eyes—even though I was supposed to be faking memory loss.

Anita folded her arms across her chest and glared at me. "You spent the night in Lennox's room, didn't you? What were you doing there?" Her voice was sharp, laced with jealousy so obvious it was almost pathetic.

I scoffed. "Why should I tell you that?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Because Lennox is my man, and you—you're Gabriel's wife, remember? So, tell me—what do you think your husband would say if he found out you spent the night in Alpha Lennox's room?"

I wanted to snap at her, to tell her to go to hell and that I didn't care—but I held myself back. I had to keep pretending. Gabriel was my husband, and I needed to act the part.

I took a shaky breath, forcing my expression to shift into one of panic. "Please, Anita," I whispered, stepping back. "I didn't mean to cause any problems."

My voice trembled just enough to sound believable.

"I—I had a bad dream and couldn't sleep. I went to Lennox because... I thought seeing him might help calm me down. That's all. I swear, nothing happened."

Anita's brows furrowed, and I saw a flicker of doubt cross her face. Good. My words were getting to her.

She stepped closer, her voice low and threatening. "Stay away from the Alphas, Madam. It's for your own good. If you don't, I have plenty of lies I could tell Alpha Gabriel."

I clenched my fists at my sides, biting back every insult I wanted to throw in her face.

With one final glare, Anita turned and stormed down the hallway.

As she left, Lolita and Nora approached my door, concern etched on their faces.

"Is everything alright?" Lolita asked gently.

"Yes," I nodded, forcing a small smile. "Everything's fine."

I turned and walked back into the room. The girls followed, closing the door behind them.

I went to the pillow and pulled the document back out, placing it on the bed.

Lolita's eyes widened slightly. "That's the file, isn't it?" she whispered.

I nodded.

I glanced around cautiously, then leaned in. "You said you need to get this to your uncle, right?"

"Yes. The earlier, the better," Lolita nodded. "I'll go out today," she said quietly. "I'll hide the file beneath some clothes and take it to him."

I nodded firmly. "Good. Thank you," I said sincerely.

I turned to Nora, handing her the key. "While we are having breakfast, I want you to sneak to Lennox's room and drop this key inside the third drawer."

Nora nodded and took the key from me.

Lolita spoke up. "We need to get you dressed. The Alphas personally requested that you come down for breakfast today."

My frown deepened. "Great," I muttered under my breath.

They picked out a blue dress that hugged my curves modestly and brought out the warmth in my skin tone.

Once I was ready, they led me through the corridors of the pack house.

When we reached the dining room, I froze in the doorway.

The triplets were already seated.

And so was Anita.

But what struck me wasn't her smug expression—it was the shirts the triplets were wearing.

I blinked. I knew those shirts. I would recognize them anywhere.

The faded navy-blue fabric. The simple stitching. The tiny wolf emblem I embroidered by hand, clumsily sewn into the bottom hem.

Those were the shirts I bought them for their eighteenth birthday.

I was thirteen then—barely understanding what love truly meant. I had saved my lunch money for months just to get them those shirts. They were too big for them back then.

Now... they had clearly overgrown them. The sleeves were tight around their biceps, the fabric stretched across their broad chests.

And still, they wore them.

Why?

My eyes settled on the table.

The table was set beautifully. warm buttered toast, scrambled eggs, cinnamon rolls, even that strawberry jam I used to hoard when no one was looking. Every single dish was my favorite.

A realization hit me.

They were trying to make me remember.

But the joke was on them.

I never forgot.

I schooled my expression into something neutral, innocent.

Walking toward the table, I tilted my head. "Isn't that shirt a little tight on you?" I asked casually, glancing between them.

Louis, who had a mouthful of toast, smiled and nodded. "Yeah. Our mate got them for us on our eighteenth birthday."

My breath caught, but I forced a smile. "She must've loved you guys a lot."

There was a brief pause.

Then Louis shrugged, his voice low. "I don't think so."

His words hit me hard.

My chest tightened.

They think I never loved them?

I looked down, hiding the flicker of pain in my eyes.

They had no idea. The feelings I had for them. Even when they treated me like trash, I still never stopped loving them.

I pressed my hands together, forcing myself not to react. I had to keep pretending. But inside, the ache burned.

"I see," I murmured, taking a seat. "Well, the shirt still looks good on you, even if it's a little tight."

They chuckled softly, but I could feel their eyes on me—watching, hoping, waiting for something to surface.

But I hid my emotions well.

Just as I picked up my knife to spread the jam, Anita's voice cut into the air, all sweetness and fake concern.

"I heard you had a rough night," she said, tilting her head innocently. "Poor thing. Bad dreams?"

I looked at her slowly, offering the same fake sweetness she was throwing at me.

"Not as bad as waking up and realizing your best friend's been sleeping with your men," I said calmly, meeting her eyes.

Anita blinked, caught off guard. "Excuse me?"

"I heard you were her best friend," I said, my voice low. "Their Luna's best friend. And yet here you are... a concubine to the very men she loved. That's got to sting."

The smile dropped from her face.

"I never saw you—" she started, then quickly caught herself, her eyes darting around.

She cleared her throat. "I was never her best friend. I hated her."

The room went still. Even the sound of forks clinking on plates stopped.

I tilted my head, still calm. "So you admit it. You hated your best friend. The one who trusted you."

Anita's face flushed red. "Enough."

But I wasn't done.

"You're a bad friend," I said simply. "To betray someone who trusted you... that says more about you than her."

"Enough!" Anita snapped, her voice shrill now. "We are at the dining table. Show some manners!"

I set my fork down gently and met her gaze head-on.

"Don't talk to me ever like that," I said, my voice cool and composed. "I'm a wife to an Alpha. I am a Luna. And you?" I let my eyes drift over her dismissively. "You're just a concubine."

Her jaw tightened. Her lips pressed into a thin, furious line.

But she didn't speak again.

Silence stretched across the table while I lifted my cup to my lips, sipping slowly, as if her presence didn't rattle me in the slightest—when in reality, all I wanted was to scream the truth into their faces.

Chapter 129: Speak To Gabriel

Olivia's POV

I turned to Lennox, whose watchful and intense eyes had been on me the entire time.

"I would like to speak to my husband, Alpha Gabriel," I said softly but firmly. "Privately."

His jaw tensed slightly, and I saw hesitation flicker in his eyes. His fingers drummed against the table, then finally he reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

He held it out to me, the screen lit up with Gabriel's contact. "Here," he said, voice neutral. "You can call him when you get back to your room."

I stared at the device in his hand. A warning echoed in my mind. What if the phone's recording? What if it's tracked or tapped?

I offered a small smile, masking the suspicion growing in my chest. "Thank you," I murmured, gently taking the phone.

I didn't dial.

Instead, I stared at the number, repeating it in my mind. Again and again. Committing it to memory.

+64-9-3... My eyes skimmed each digit like a mantra. I would not forget.

Once I was certain I had it, I handed the phone back to Lennox with a composed expression. "On second thought, I'll wait for his call. I wouldn't want to disturb him unexpectedly. He doesn't need distraction at such a period."

Lennox studied me a beat longer, clearly weighing something, before he nodded.

I pushed back from the table, placing a hand on my temple. "I'm feeling a bit of a headache," I said quietly. "I'll head back to my room."

Lolita and Nora were at my side in an instant.

"We'll walk with you," Lolita said, a fake worried frown on her face.

As we turned down the hall, I kept repeating the number in my head, refusing to let it slip even slightly. Once inside the safety of my room, I closed the door behind us and turned to Lolita immediately.

"I need your handset," I said urgently. "Please."

She didn't question me. She reached into her apron and handed it over.

I took it and told them to remain in the room while I went to the bathroom and made the call so no one could eavesdrop.

Inside, I closed the door, quickly typed in Gabriel's number, and hit call. As it rang, my heart thundered. What if he doesn't want to help? What if he betrays me and tells the triplets everything? I was terrified. Truly terrified.

"Hello!" came the familiar voice of Gabriel from over the line.

I swallowed hard and composed myself.

"Good morning, Alpha Gabriel... this is Olivia," I whispered, biting my lip as I waited for his response.

There were two seconds of silence before he spoke. "Olivia? You're calling? What is it, baby?" he asked, still playing in character with me.

I smiled but went on to speak. "Alpha Gabriel, can I trust you?" I whispered while lowering myself onto the toilet seat.

There was another second of silence before his response came. "Yes... You can trust me, Olivia. I swear with my life." He sounded like it was a vow.

I bit my lip again before admitting, "I didn't lose my memory or suffer from false ones. It was all an act."

I waited for Gabriel's response, but he didn't speak until after a few minutes, when a soft chuckle came from the other end of the phone.

"Wow, Olivia... you acted so well then... even I myself believed it."

I pressed the phone closer to my ear, my voice dropping to a whisper as if the walls themselves might betray me.

"My plan..." I began, pausing for breath. "I want to leave this pack, Gabriel. I want out."

There was a long silence on the line. I could feel his breath, shallow and tense, on the other side.

"I'm going to pretend I can't live without you," I continued, keeping my voice calm and low. "I'll act broken... devastated. I'll start to fall sick—emotionally, physically, whatever it takes. They'll panic. And when they do, they'll want to send me back to you, thinking you're the cure."

I swallowed hard, anxiety curling like smoke in my stomach. "That's when I'll need you the most. I need you to help me escape. Once I'm back with you, I'll vanish. Far away. Somewhere they can't reach me. A place I can finally breathe again."

I paused, giving the words a moment to settle.

"And when I'm safe—when I'm far enough from their grip—I'll tell them the truth. Everything. No more pretending."

A lump caught in my throat, but I forced myself to finish. "Will you help me, Gabriel? Will you help me disappear?"

I hesitated, my heart pounding. "I'll understand if you say no. This is... a lot. And it's dangerous. I won't hold it against you if you don't want to get involved."

For a moment, there was only silence. My heart raced as I waited.

Then Gabriel's voice came through. "You think I'd let them keep you like this?" His voice was low, rough with emotion. "You think I'd let you go through all this alone? Olivia... the moment they send you to me, I won't just help you escape. I'll burn the world if I have to."

A shaky breath escaped my lips. I felt a tight knot in my chest start to loosen.

"I'll get everything ready," he continued. "Passports. Safe house. New identities. Whatever you need."

"Thank you..." I whispered, my voice trembling now.

"You don't have to thank me. Just stay strong. Keep pretending. And when the time comes... I'll be there."

"I'll hold on," I whispered.

"Good. And Olivia?"

"Yes?"

"You don't have to fear. I will not tell the triplets. Trust me."

I closed my eyes, gripping the phone tighter. "Thank you so much," I whispered, genuinely grateful.

"You are welcome. Let's keep acting, okay?"

"Okay," I said.

There was a comfortable silence on the line before Gabriel spoke again. "I'm ending it now... call me anytime."

"Thank you," I said, and the call ended.

A sigh of relief left my lips, but my wolf spoke. "I have a bad feeling about all this," she murmured.

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

She stirred. "I don't know. I just have a bad feeling about this, Olivia... you have to be careful."

"I'll be careful," I whispered to my wolf while drawing my hand over my face. "I'll trust Gabriel... but not blindly."

A knock suddenly sounded on the bathroom door, and Lolita peeked her head inside.

"Luna, you have to come... the healer is here to check on you."

I froze. My heartbeat raced.

The healer.

Shit. What if he finds out I'm perfectly fine?

Chapter 130: The Healer's Help

Olivia's POV

I stepped out of the bathroom and found the healer waiting at the door. Our eyes locked, and I swallowed hard. I couldn't tell whether he truly believed I'd lost my memory—or if he knew I was lying and had simply chosen to go along with it.

"How are you feeling today?" he asked.

I swallowed again, slipping into my act even though something deep down told me there was no need. "I'm... fine," I whispered, taking a seat on the edge of the bed.

He nodded and glanced at Nora and Lolita. "Could your handmaids give us a moment?" he asked.

I blinked, confused. Why did he want them to leave?

"Is there a problem?"

The healer shook his head. "No... I just want a private session with you. That's the same thing I told the Alphas."

I still didn't think there was any reason for Nora and Lolita to leave, but I had to respect his request. I gave them a small nod, and they returned it before quietly stepping out.

The door clicked shut behind them, and an eerie silence settled between the healer and me. He didn't speak. Just stood there, watching me with eyes far wiser than I'd originally assumed. I sat motionless, my heart thudding too fast.

He finally stepped forward, setting his satchel on the bedside table, but not opening it. Instead, he turned to face me directly, his expression unreadable.

"I've been a healer for over thirty years, Luna Olivia," he said calmly, folding his hands in front of him. "Do you really think I wouldn't recognize when someone is acting?"

My heart dropped to my stomach.

"I... I don't know what you mean," I tried to whisper, but the words were dry, lifeless.

He smiled faintly, not unkindly. "You're good. Very good. Most wouldn't have noticed. But I've watched countless faces—real pain, real confusion, real trauma—and yours?" He paused, tilting his head. "It's practiced. Controlled. Too deliberate. I knew the moment I examined you... you hadn't lost your memory."

I couldn't breathe for a moment. My fingers curled into the bedsheets.

"Then why..." I finally managed to whisper. "Why did you go along with it? Why didn't you tell them?"

The healer's expression softened.

"Because I believe you have your reasons," he said simply. "And more than that... I saw everything, Olivia. Everything that happened to your family. Your father's arrest... you and your mother demoted to omegas."

I blinked, my vision going blurry. My throat closed up.

"I was there that night," he continued. "I saw the pain in your eyes when your father was sentenced to life imprisonment... I saw everything, and I knew he was innocent, just that I had no proof of it."

Tears stood in my eyes... it was really nice to know that someone apart from my mother and I believed my father was innocent.

He took a small step closer. "I wished I could help then, but I couldn't. So when you woke up pretending to remember nothing, I saw the eagerness in your eyes. That spark of someone with a plan. And I decided... if you were trying to survive again, the least I could do was not get in your way."

Tears slipped silently down my cheeks, and I didn't bother wiping them.

"You have no idea how much that means to me," I whispered.

He offered a slight smile. "I think I do. Just... be careful, Olivia. You're not surrounded by fools. The moment your act slips, the wrong one might see it—and that could end very badly."

"I know," I murmured.

He finally opened his satchel and pulled out a small brown bottle. He placed the small brown bottle carefully in my hand.

I stared at it, confused and curious. "What is this?"

"It's a memory-confusion potion," he said in a hushed voice, as if the walls had ears. "A very rare brew, nearly impossible to find these days without raising suspicion. I made this myself, specifically for you."

I looked up at him sharply. "What does it do?"

The healer sighed, lowering his voice even more. "If the Alphas ever begin to doubt me—if they call in another healer to examine you—take this a few minutes beforehand. It will affect your mind temporarily. Your responses will become sluggish, your attention will drift, and your emotions will seem detached. To any trained healer, it will look exactly like someone who has suffered trauma-induced memory loss."

I held the bottle tighter, as if it were my lifeline. "Will it hurt?"

He hesitated. "It won't cause you physical pain, but it may disorient you. For a few minutes, you might genuinely forget where you are, or who you're with. But it won't last long. Just long enough to fool the observer."

I nodded slowly. "Why are you doing this?" I asked again, more from emotion than curiosity.

He smiled faintly. "Because I couldn't help your father. But I can help you."

He looked away for a moment, his jaw clenched, as if still haunted by the memory.

More tears gathered in my eyes again.

"Hide the potion well," he warned gently. "Only use it if absolutely necessary. And if it ever runs out... tell your handmaid to call me. I'll make another."

I nodded again, carefully tucking the bottle beneath the mattress where no one would find it.

"Thank you," I whispered.

He gave a small bow of his head and moved to the door, pausing with his hand on the handle. "I'll still play my part. I'll tell them your headaches are worsening. That your emotional state is deteriorating. I'll do my part to make sure they see what you want them to see."

I nodded, swallowing the lump in my throat. "Thank you... for trusting me. For helping."

He nodded, opened the door and left.

The moment the door shut again, I buried my face in my hands and let out a long, shaking breath.

"Thank you, Moon Goddess... things are falling into place," I whispered to myself.

The door pushed open. Lolita and Nora walked in and closed the door. They had concerned looks on their faces, but I assured them with a smile. "He knows, but he is helping me," I said.

They let out a sigh of relief and moved forward.

"That is good news, but we have bad news to share..." Nora said with a worried look on her face.

My brows furrowed. "What is it?" I asked, already panicking.

