

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 131: Cookies - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 131: Cookies

Chapter 131: Cookies

Levi's POV

"Alpha, are you sure you don't need us to help you?" the head kitchen maid asked again, watching me with worried eyes.

I shook my head, already tying the apron around my waist. "No. I'll handle this myself."

She gave me a small bow and stepped back, watching me for a moment before quietly leaving the kitchen.

I took a deep breath and moved toward the counter, where the ingredients were neatly arranged. Flour, sugar, eggs, butter—everything I needed. My fingers lingered on the wooden spoon, and a small smile tugged at the corner of my lips.

I wanted to make cookies. The ones I used to make for Olivia when we were younger. I remember the first time I made them—it was terrible, even got burnt—but with a big smile on her face, Olivia ate it all, telling me it wasn't the taste that mattered but the heart I used in making it.

That day... I had vowed to get better. I spent hours each week perfecting my technique. In a month, I was good at it—so good that every Saturday, I would make a fresh batch, just for her. Enough to last her the week. And without fail, every time I handed over that box of cookies, she smiled like it was the best thing in the world.

Unfortunately, her fourteenth birthday was the last day I prepared cookies for her... in that box I gave her, a pack of cookies was inside too.

I inhaled sharply, pushing the thought aside before it could drown me.

I took a deep breath and slowly began mixing, focusing on each step. The soft smell of butter filled the kitchen, and for a moment, it felt like I was back in those peaceful days.

I just want her to smile again, it's been long I saw her smile genuinely.

I wanted her to remember me—not the Alpha I've become, not the cold, distant man I was—but the boy who once burned cookies just to see her laugh.

Even if she never remembers... even if she never forgives me... at least I can remind her of the taste of something made with my heart.

I mixed the dough slowly, making sure everything was just right. When it was ready, I added the chocolate chips—Olivia's favorite part. She always said I added too many, and I'd laugh and tell her to eat them all.

I put the dough on a tray and placed it in the oven. As the cookies baked, the kitchen started to smell warm and sweet, just like the old days. For a moment, it felt like nothing had changed.

When they were done, I packed them carefully in a small wooden box. It was the same kind of box I used to use when we were younger. I tied a ribbon around it and held it in my hands, staring at it. My heart felt heavy, but I also felt a little hope.

I walked to her room and stood at the door. After taking a deep breath, I knocked.

"The door is open," her voice said softly.

I opened the door and stepped inside. She was sitting on the bed with the book Lennox had given her in her lap. She looked at me, and for a second, I didn't know what to say.

"I... brought something for you," I said, sounding tense.

She looked a bit confused as I walked closer and held out the box.

"They're cookies," I said. "The kind I used to make for you..." I paused and realized she would be confused. "The type I used to make for someone I cared for."

She looked at the box, then up at me. Her eyes showed a mix of emotions—confusion, surprise... maybe even a little warmth.

I know she doesn't remember me, but maybe... her heart will remember the taste.

"Thank you," she said and took the box from me.

I watched her open the box of cookies and pull out one. Where I stood, I anxiously waited for her to take a bite. I was so anxious—it felt like I was in a cooking competition, waiting for the judge to say if I passed or failed.

She looked at the cookie in her hand for a moment, turning it slightly like she was trying to figure out if it felt familiar. Then, slowly, she took a bite.

My heart nearly stopped.

She chewed in silence, her expression unreadable. I couldn't breathe—I just stood there, frozen, watching her every move.

Then... she blinked. And a small, very small smile tugged at the corner of her lips.

"It's... sweet," she said quietly, looking down at the cookie.

I let out a breath I didn't realize I was holding. "I wasn't sure you'd like it."

"You made them yourself?" she asked.

I nodded. "Every single one."

She looked down at the box, then back at me. "Thank you, Alpha Levi. But I think I have more pressing issues at hand," she said, dropping the box of cookies on the bed beside her and looked up at me with a serious look.

"I heard that the full moon is taking place in three days," she said, seemingly worried.

I swallowed hard and forced a nod.

Olivia looked panicked. "I want to talk to Gabriel... please put him on the phone... I can't go on heat here... I need to be with Gabriel... it's my first heat after being his mate," she said in a panicked voice, and I froze. I didn't know what to say... what to do.

"Alpha Levi... I want to talk to my husband," she demanded.

I stepped back slowly, trying to breathe. I couldn't handle this alone.

"Lennox, Louis," I said through the mind-link, my voice shaking. "Come to Olivia's room. I need help. She's asking for Gabriel."

"Damn it." Lennox sounded pissed.

"She knows about the full moon," I added. "She's scared and wants to talk to Gabriel. Please hurry."

"We're coming," Louis said quickly.

Chapter 132: Asking Questions

Levi's POV

Lennox and Louis arrived quickly, and the moment Olivia saw Lennox, she didn't waste a second.

"I need to speak with my husband. Now!" she said firmly, her voice cracking but leaving no room for argument.

I exchanged glances with my brothers. Lennox, without a word, pulled out his phone and dialed Gabriel's number. He put it on loudspeaker and handed it to Olivia. She snatched the phone like it was the only thing holding her together.

The phone rang a few times, and then we heard that familiar, irritating voice.

"Hello?" Gabriel answered casually.

"Gabriel... honey... you have to come get me," Olivia cried out. "The full moon is in three days... I'll go into heat. Please... I don't want to be here when it happens."

Her voice shook with fear, and I clenched my jaw, barely holding in the growl rising in my throat. My fists tightened at my sides.

Gabriel's tone changed, becoming soft and sweet. "Olivia, baby... calm down, alright? I'm aware," he said gently. "The war is over. We've won. I've just been cleaning up the pack and setting things right again."

I blinked, frowning deeply. What?

I looked at Lennox and Louis—both of them were frowning too. Why would he say that? The plan was for him to keep lying, to keep pretending the war was still going. That was how we were keeping her here without her panicking.

But Gabriel just shattered that lie in one sentence.

Olivia let out a breath. "Then come get me," she begged softly. "Please, Gabriel... I'm scared. I don't want to go through this alone. I need you."

"I know, baby," he cooed. "And I promise, I'll come get you before the full moon. Just give me a little more time, alright? I miss you like crazy."

"I miss you too," Olivia whispered, clutching the phone to her chest for a moment.

I looked away, my jaw clenched. Hearing her say that to him broke my heart.

"Just hold on for me," Gabriel continued. "Soon, we'll be together again. I love you."

"I love you too," she whispered back.

The call ended, and she held the phone tightly, tears pooling in her eyes—not of sadness, but of hope of meeting him again.

I turned to my brothers, my angry voice vibrating through the mind-link. "Why the hell did he say the war is over?"

"I don't know," Louis replied. "But we need to figure this out."

Lennox gently reached for the phone, and Olivia handed it to him with trembling fingers. Her gaze was distant, her thoughts clearly still on Gabriel. For a second, none of us said anything. The air was heavy and tense.

Then she suddenly looked up at us, her expression shifting from dreamy hopefulness to anxious worry.

"Have any of you ever been with a woman... during her heat?" she asked nervously, her eyes darting between us.

I blinked, caught off guard. "What?"

Louis sighed quietly, already sensing trouble.

"This will be my first heat with Gabriel," she continued, her fingers twisting the blanket in her lap. "I've never gone through it before, and I'm freaking out. What if I do something weird? Or say something stupid? What if I hurt him or—oh my God, what if I bite him?"

I blinked slowly, trying to keep my face neutral, but I could feel my eyebrow twitch.

"I mean, you three are men," she kept going, ignoring how each word hurt us. "You're his friends. You must have talked about heat cycles, right? What do guys want? Is there a position that works better? Should I act more submissive or just—let it happen?"

Louis coughed hard and looked away.

Lennox's face turned red, like someone had slapped him.

And me?

I was ready to explode.

She wasn't done.

"Do you think he prefers clingy? Or like... teasing? Should I shower right before it hits or wait until he—"

"Olivia," I snapped, my voice a low growl. "Do you have to say all of this?"

She nodded. "I'm just curious, I don't know how long it'll last! Is it like... hours? Days? Does it hurt? Will I scream? Should I gag myself or something so Gabriel doesn't hear me moaning too loud?"

I saw Louis flinch like someone had thrown boiling water on him.

"I mean—what if I get really needy? Should I just like... throw myself at him? Or will he think that's too much? Do guys like it when girls are desperate? Does Gabriel like when a girl begs or should I be quiet and classy about it?"

Lennox growled, holding down his emotions. It was a miracle that he hasn't lost control yet.

"And—oh Goddess—should I shave everything? Like everything everything? What if he likes it natural? Or waxed? I haven't done this before, and I don't want to mess up our bond!"

I groaned and dragged a hand down my face.

"Also—do I sleep naked? Should I leave the door open when the heat starts? Maybe wear his T-shirt with nothing underneath? That's what they do in movies, right? And—oh wait, how do I know when the heat really hits? Will I smell different? Will he smell different? Will I just suddenly want to pounce on him like a wild animal?!"

"I CAN'T DO THIS!" I shouted, practically trembling with rage. "I am not your damn heat coach!"

"But—"

"Do I look like someone who wants to hear about how wet you're going to be for Gabriel?!" I barked, and her mouth snapped shut, her eyes wide. "You've said more in five minutes than I've ever wanted to know in my entire life! You're literally asking three grown men to coach you through your first mating session—ARE YOU INSANE?!"

Her lower lip wobbled like she might cry.

She looked startled. "I just... I thought you could help me. Gabriel's your friend! Maybe he told you what he likes during—"

"ENOUGH!" I roared, stepping forward before I forced myself to stop.

The room went dead silent.

"You think I want to hear how my friend is going to screw you stupid while you're begging on your knees? You think I enjoy picturing the two of you tangled in sheets while you go into heat for the first time?"

Her lips parted, shocked.

I shook my head, laughing bitterly.

"You know what? Ask him those damn questions. Since you're so eager to throw yourself at him the second he shows up."

"Alpha Levi—"

"No." I turned to the door, heart pounding. "I can't listen to this anymore. I swear to the Goddess, if I stay here one more second, I'll say something I can't take back."

I stormed out, not bothering to shut the door.

And still, I heard her voice as she continued asking my brothers, "Should I wear lace or silk? Do you think he likes red?"

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 133: Ball - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 133: Ball

Chapter 133: Ball

Olivia's POV

I was restless. No, I was terrified. I had just two days... two fucking days until the full moon, and then I would go into heat. I knew it was a risk—going into heat in this room, with the triplets so close. I wished I could lie to myself, convince myself I'd be able to control my sexual urges. But that would be a lie. This was my first heat, and with their marks on me, there was no way I wouldn't crave their touch. No way I wouldn't want them.

I needed to leave. Gabriel had to come up with a plan to get me out of here by tomorrow. There had to be something—anything—that could be done. It was better I went into heat at Gabriel's home than...

"What are you even saying?" my wolf snapped, interrupting my thoughts.

"Better to go into heat at Gabriel's home? Are you saying you want Gabriel to touch you? That it's better?" Her voice was sharp, accusing.

"No one is touching me," I hissed back. "But going into heat at Gabriel's home is safer. At least there, I could resist him—or any male. But with the triplets? No. I definitely wouldn't be able to resist them."

Suddenly, A knock landed on my door, and from the scent, I knew it was Lennox. I frowned and stood up slowly, walking to the door. These days, I had mastered the habit of locking it.

Unlocking the door, I pushed it open and met Lennox standing before me.

His scent hit me and I fought the urge to breathe him in. Damn, he smelled good. The full moon was making everything worse. I was too sensitive, too aware. Their scent alone was enough to arouse me. And their eyes... when they looked at me like they cherished me, it sent tremors down to my core.

Straightening up, I hid my discomfort. "Is there a problem, Alpha Lennox?"

"I got you something," he said, lifting a sleek black box in his hand.

I blinked. "For me?"

He nodded, then handed it over without a word. I took it cautiously and opened it right there at the door.

Inside was a stunning red dress. Elegant, expensive, and definitely not casual.

"I thought you might like to wear that," Lennox said gently, rubbing the back of his neck. "There's a ball night. Alpha Callum from the next pack sent an invitation... and I have to go. I thought maybe... you'd like to come with me."

My heart jumped and then immediately dropped.

"I—no," I said quickly, clutching the box tighter. "No, I'm sorry. I can't. I'm another man's wife, remember?"

His jaw clenched slightly, and he frowned. "It's just a ball."

I shook my head. "You should take Anita. She is your mistress."

Lennox didn't reply for a moment. His eyes stayed locked on mine, calm but unreadable. Finally, he said softly, "Anita's not who I want beside me."

That made something tighten in my chest. There was a time I would pay anything in this world just to hear him say that—but not anymore.

I looked away, blinking hard. "I can't, Alpha Lennox. I'm sorry."

He gave a slight nod, like he expected it, then stepped back from the doorway. "Alright. I'll leave the dress with you, though. Just in case you change your mind, I'm leaving at 6 p.m."

And with that, he turned and walked away, leaving me standing there. I closed the door and walked back into my room, the dress box still in my hand. I tossed it onto the bed and sat down beside it.

I didn't know how to explain it, but I felt this strange urge to go. Maybe it was because, since we became mates, I'd never gone on an official outing with him. Or maybe... I missed it. I missed being their date.

I recalled the first time they had taken me out. It was a formal banquet in honor of some alliance, and I had been so young, nervous, flustered... but so stupidly happy. Not because of the event, but because all three of them had shown up at my door, dressed like gods in their tailored suits, each holding a flower.

Lennox had pinned a rose to my hair.

Louis had kissed my hand like a prince.

Levi... Levi had whispered, "You're the only one I want to look at tonight."

That night, I wasn't just their date. I was their treasure. They hadn't hidden me. They had shown me off like I was their little queen. Every time one of them left my side to speak to someone, another would take his place. My hand was never alone. My smile never faltered. They made me feel beautiful. Desired. Safe.

And I'd fallen a little deeper for them all that night.

I hated how much I missed that.

Hated how I was supposed to hate them... and yet, my soul, my wolf, still ached for the three of them like a craving that wouldn't die.

Sighing, I looked at the box again and frowned. "Maybe I should go," I whispered to myself. I hadn't been out of the pack house in so long. What harm could it do to breathe some new air?

"What do you think?" I asked my wolf, who scoffed but didn't say a word.

I ignored her and stood up. Slowly, I started changing. As I slipped on the dress, it fit perfectly, hugging my body in all the right places. Of course, it would —Lennox must've made sure it was my exact size.

I stood in front of the mirror and barely recognized myself. The red dress made me look confident, but sexy, and it complimented my blond hair. But my skin felt too warm, too sensitive—the full moon was getting closer, and my body was already reacting.

I brushed my hair and let it fall around my shoulders. I didn't put on much makeup—just enough to hide the stress on my face.

At exactly 5:58, I stood before the mirror, staring at my reflection. While I was still trying to make sense of the emotions twisting inside me, I heard footsteps—and from the scent, I knew it was Lennox.

I sucked in a breath and moved toward the door.

When I opened it and stepped out, he stopped in his tracks.

His mouth parted, and his eyes—gods, those eyes—roamed over my body with a reverence that made my stomach tighten.

"You look..." he trailed off, his voice rough. "You look breathtaking, Olivia."

I swallowed hard, trying not to react to the way he said my name. Like it was something sacred.

"You're late," I said, brushing past him and walking down the hallway.

He caught up in a few strides. "You weren't even going to come."

"I changed my mind."

He didn't push. Didn't question it. And I was thankful for that.

Outside, a sleek black car waited. The driver opened the door, and Lennox motioned for me to go first. I slid in, avoiding his eyes. He followed silently. The air between us was thick with things we weren't saying. I stared out the window, wondering why I'd come. Maybe it was stupid. Maybe I was tempting fate. But some part of me wanted to stay close to him.

I ignored him, keeping my gaze fixed on the window. My silence was deafening, and I knew it was driving him mad.

After an hour drive, the car pulled up in front of a massive black gate, which, I assumed, was Alpha Callum's estate. A well-built security guard approached, prompting Lennox to roll down the window. The guard immediately bowed in respect and signaled to another to open the gate.

Taking a deep breath, I straightened up as I watched the car drive into the mansion and park in the designated space. Without waiting for the guard, I opened the door myself and stepped out while Alpha Lennox did the same. The cold evening breeze brushed against my skin, making me shiver slightly as I adjusted my dress.

I turned toward the mansion, focusing on the grand entrance. The entire property screamed exclusivity, from the meticulously manicured gardens to the luxurious chandeliers visible through the large windows.

A well-dressed butler greeted us at the entrance, bowing respectfully. "Welcome, Alpha Lennox. Alpha Callum is expecting you. And this must be Luna, Luna Olivia," he said, his gaze lingering politely on me.

I offered a tight smile. "Just Miss Olivia," I corrected curtly. "And I am not his Luna."

The butler looked confused but nodded, leading us through the grand door.

The sound of laughter and music floated toward us from further inside. The party was already in full swing.

Lennox tried to place his hand on my back to guide me, but I brushed him off, stepping ahead without sparing him a glance. His jaw tightened, but he wisely said nothing.

We entered the main ballroom, and I couldn't help but marvel at the scene. The room was filled with influential Alphas, Lunas, and other high-ranking pack members. Waiters moved seamlessly through the crowd, carrying trays of champagne and hors d'oeuvres. A grand staircase led to a balcony where Alpha Callum, the host, stood, watching over the event.

"Ah, Alpha Lennox. And Luna Olivia," Callum's deep, commanding voice rang out as he descended the staircase. His piercing eyes flicked between the two of us, and I could see the curiosity there.

"Callum," Lennox greeted, forcing a polite smile. "Thank you for inviting us."

Callum looked at me and smirked. "Luna Olivia, it's nice to finally meet you."

He took both my hands and placed lingering kisses on them, his lips warm against my skin. I swallowed hard, unsure how to respond.

"Thank you for having me," I replied evenly, masking my unease.

Callum's lips quirked into a pleased smile before turning toward Lennox. "Permission to steal your wife."

Lennox glanced at me before giving a tight approving nod.

Callum gave me a friendly smile. "Come, let me show you around while you enjoy the party. You deserve a night free of his shadow."

"Thank you," I whispered and followed Alpha Callum. Though I followed him just to annoy Lennox.

Alpha Callum led me deeper into the crowd, his commanding presence parting the sea of Alphas and Lunas with ease. I could feel the weight of their gazes following me—some curious, others appreciative, and a few downright predatory. My wolf stirred uneasily in the back of my mind as the intensity of their stares increased.

"They're looking at you like they want to devour you," my wolf growled.

I straightened my spine and ignored the heat of their lingering eyes. The men watched me with hunger, their gazes trailing over my body like they were undressing me with their minds. My dress, though modest, seemed to feel tighter under their scrutiny, and I felt the distinct urge to wrap myself in Callum's commanding aura for protection.

"Stay close to Callum," my wolf muttered. "At least he's not undressing you with his eyes. Yet."

As if he could sense my discomfort, Callum's arm brushed against mine in a gesture that felt both casual and intentional. His presence was reassuring, but there was a glint of amusement in his eyes as he leaned toward me.

"Don't let them get to you," he murmured, his voice low and velvety. "They're just curious. And perhaps a bit envious."

"Of what?" I asked, keeping my tone neutral.

Callum smirked. "Of the fact that you're standing next to me, of course."

Before I could respond, Callum clapped his hands once, commanding the attention of the room. The orchestra's music softened, and the crowd turned toward him expectantly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Callum announced, his voice carrying effortlessly across the room, "it's time for the highlight of the evening. An exclusive game of Truth and Dare. But let me warn you, this is not for the faint of heart. This game pushes boundaries, tests courage, and... explores pleasures."

A wave of murmurs swept through the crowd, some curious, others nervous. Callum's smirk widened as he continued, "For those willing to participate, be prepared for dares that may involve intimacy, confessions of secrets, or... temptations. If you're in, raise your hand."

There was a brief pause as the room collectively held its breath. Slowly, a few hands went up—mostly men, with a few daring women. The tension in the room thickened, filled with anticipation.

I hesitated, unsure if I should raise my hand. This was bold, far outside my comfort zone.

Callum leaned in, his lips brushing close to my ear. His voice was a seductive whisper. "When was the last time you had fun, Olivia? Truly had fun?"

"I... I haven't," I admitted, my voice barely audible.

He pulled back slightly, his piercing gaze locking with mine. "Never?" he asked, his tone laced with disbelief and intrigue.

I shook my head. "Never."

His smile softened into something almost encouraging. "Then this is the perfect time to start. Trust me—you'll enjoy it."

Before I could overthink, I found myself lifting my hand, the movement almost instinctive. A ripple of murmurs spread through the crowd as eyes turned toward me again, some surprised, others intrigued. But Callum's approving grin made my heart race.

But then, from the corner of my eye, I saw another hand rise, the motion slow but deliberate. My stomach dropped when I realized it belonged to Lennox.

His piercing eyes met mine across the room, and I could tell he was angry at my decision to join the game.

Callum noticed as well, his smirk widening. "Alright, ladies and gentlemen, please come with me," he said and turned to lead the way.

Chapter 134: Game

Olivia's POV

Alpha Callum led up through a set of double doors at the far end of the ballroom. The hallway was dimly lit and silent. My heart thudded in my chest as we approached another set of doors. I had never done something like this, but I knew these games were dangerous.

He pushed the doors open, revealing a luxurious, intimate space. A large round table sat in the center of the room, surrounded by plush chairs. Against one wall, a decadent bed with silk sheets and velvet pillows loomed, and scattered around were various items—candles, a bar stocked with fine liquor, and a collection of objects I couldn't quite identify but that sent my imagination spiraling.

Callum turned to us, his gaze sweeping over the group. "Welcome," he said, his voice casual. "This is where we'll play tonight's game. As I said before, this is not for the faint of heart. Whatever happens here stays here. No judgment, no repercussions, no gossip."

The group murmured in agreement, though I noticed several nervous glances exchanged. I counted the participants with my eyes—ten men, including Lennox and Callum, and four women. The ratio was disturbing, but I kept my expression neutral, refusing to let my discomfort show.

Alpha Callum gestured to the chairs around the table. "Take your seats," he said. "The rules are simple: truth or dare. You can refuse, but there's a penalty—you will drink the whiskey, a full glass."

The group began to settle, and I found myself between a Luna I didn't recognize and Callum himself. Lennox sat directly across from me. His gaze locked onto mine with an intensity that made my skin prickle. I refused to look away, lifting my chin in defiance.

"Do you know the kind of things they do in such games?" Lennox murmured at me, while our eyes were still interlocked.

A shiver ran down my spine, but I replied coolly, "I can't wait to find out."

Callum clapped his hands once, drawing my attention back. "Before we begin," he said, "a few ground rules. First, this is meant to be fun. If anyone feels uncomfortable, speak up now and leave. Second, there is no outside interference. This is a game for adults, and we're all here willingly. Lastly, remember: what happens here stays here."

The group nodded in agreement, though some men exchanged sly smiles. Callum's gaze lingered on me briefly before he turned back to address everyone. "Let's begin."

My heart thundered in my chest as the bottle spun, but luckily, the neck pointed at a lady while the edge pointed at Alpha Callum.

A soft chuckle escaped Callum's lips as he leaned back in his chair. "Truth or dare, Luna Moriti."

The Luna smirked, glancing at the man beside her, whom I assumed was her husband. "Dare," she announced with a sly smile while I swallowed hard, my eyes meeting Lennox's. I could see the silent pleas in his eyes urging me to stand up and let's leave, but I looked away.

"Hmmm." Alpha Callum smirked and gently caressed his beard. An awkward silence hung in the air as everyone waited for him to speak.

"Undress and remain naked for the next two minutes," he Dared

I tensed, my pulse quickening. Nudity wasn't a big deal for werewolves; we stripped freely before shifting, often in the presence of others.

"Easy task." Luna Moroti gracefully stood up and slowly began taking off her clothes. My eyes drifted to the man beside her, and I was expecting him to look angry or annoyed, at least, but he wasn't. Instead, he had an amused smirk on his face.

Curiously, I leaned over to Alpha Callum and whispered, "Is that her husband?"

Alpha Callum nodded. Yes," he murmured back. "Her mate and her husband."

I leaned back in my chair, trying to appear unaffected as Luna Moroti slipped off her gown with deliberate, slow movements. Her confidence was captivating, even enviable, but I couldn't help the heat rising to my cheeks. The room grew silent, the sound of fabric rustling against skin the only noise.

Her mate, seated beside her, watched her with an expression of pride and amusement, his eyes glinting as if this was a game they'd played many times before.

Lennox gaze burned into me from across the table, his jaw tightening as he noticed my attention flicker between Luna Moroti and her mate.

His eyes were pleading with me. Asking me Let's leave now. This game is not for me. But I ignored him. Instead, I focused on Luna Moroti, who was now totally naked and stood confidently before the group, her head held high while a smirk played on her lips.

Two minutes passed like hours as the group observed her with intrigue and admiration. When Callum signaled that her time was up, she gracefully picked up her gown and draped it over herself before retaking her seat.

Callum chuckled, a deep, rich sound. "Well done, Luna Moroti. You've set the bar quite high for the rest of us."

The bottle spun again, and this time, it landed on an Alpha seated a few chairs to my right. The edge pointed at Lennox, and I immediately felt the tension thicken in the air. The Alpha's smirk widened as he leaned forward.

"Truth or dare, Alpha Lennox?"

Lennox eyes never left mine as he responded. "Dare."

"Very well. I dare you to kiss the person you most desire in this room... but it can't be Luna Olivia."

The group erupted into murmurs and laughter, all eyes darting toward me before quickly moving away. My stomach twisted as Lennox's jaw clenched, his nostrils flaring.

Lennox's gaze swept the room before landing back on me. "I refuse," he said flatly, his voice laced with irritation.

Alpha Callum shrugged his shoulders. "A refusal means a full glass of whiskey."

Lennox picked up the glass without hesitation and downed it in one gulp. His eyes were still locked on mine. The liquid must've burned, but he didn't so much as flinch.

The bottle spun again, and this time, it stopped with the neck pointing directly at me, the edge at Callum. My heart jumped into my throat as every eye turned toward me. Callum's grin seemed wicked as he leaned closer.

"Truth or dare, Lady Olivia?"

I hesitated, feeling Lennox's glare burning into me, but I refused to let him control me. Lifting my chin, I met Callum's gaze and said firmly, "Dare."

Callum's eyes lit up, and he leaned back in his chair, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Hmm... I dare you to let me feed you a drink. Personally."

The room fell silent, the air crackling with tension. My wolf stirred uneasily, unsure of the dynamics at play, but I refused to back down. Lennox fists clenched on the table, his knuckles white, but he said nothing.

I met Callum's stare and nodded. "Alright."

He smiled, stood, and walked over to the bar. He poured a dark amber liquid into a crystal glass before returning to my side. Leaning down, he held the glass to my lips, his movements slow and intimate.

"Drink," he murmured softly, his voice only loud enough for me to hear.

I parted my lips, letting the liquid slide over my tongue. It was smooth, with a faint burn that warmed my chest. Callum's eyes never left mine as he withdrew the glass, his fingers brushing against my chin.

"Well done," he said, his voice hushed.

The group clapped lightly, but the tension between Lennox and Callum was almost suffocating. Lennox's jaw was so tight I thought it might snap, and his eyes burned with barely restrained anger.

"Your turn to spin, Olivia," Callum said. "Spin the bottle."

With trembling fingers, I spun the bottle. This time, it landed on a single lady, with the edge pointing at Alpha Callum. Relief flooded me as I exhaled slowly.

Callum chuckled, his voice brimming with amusement. "Tonight seems to be my lucky day."

The lady with black curly hair smiled, clearly not scared. It seemed everyone here was already familiar with the rules of this twisted game. What have I gotten myself into?

"Truth or dare?" Alpha Callum asked.

"Dare," the woman replied confidently, her smile widening.

Alpha Callum smirked and leaned back in his chair. "I dare you to kiss Alpha Lennox for two minutes."

The room erupted with gasps and murmurs, but I couldn't tear my eyes away from Lennox. His entire body went rigid, his fists clenched on the table as if restraining himself from flipping it over. The woman with curly black hair seemed excited, her lips curving into a playful smile as she glanced at Lennox.

But Lennox's attention was elsewhere, his eyes locked onto mine, blazing with anger. I could feel his wolf pushing against his control, desperate to lash out.

"I refuse," Lennox said coldly, his voice cutting through the room.

The room fell silent again, everyone waiting to see what Callum would do. Callum's smirk widened, clearly enjoying the spectacle. "A refusal means a full glass, Alpha Lennox. Are you sure you want to take the easy way out?"

Lennox didn't respond, reaching for the whiskey glass without hesitation. His hand was steady as he poured the amber liquid down his throat in one long, defiant motion. He slammed the empty glass on the table, his eyes never leaving mine.

The tension in the room was suffocating. The woman beside Lennox let out a small, awkward laugh, clearly uncomfortable with the turn of events, but Callum looked amused.

"Well," Callum drawled, "I suppose even the mighty Alpha Lennox has his limits." His eyes flicked back to me, a glint of curiosity and mischief in them.

I realized that the whiskey wasn't ordinary. A few more glasses, and Lennox would be drunk.

The bottle spun again, its neck whirling around before pointing at someone else. But my attention wasn't on the game anymore—it was on Lennox. His silent, seething anger filled the room, and I wondered if I had pushed him too far.

The game continued with silly dares flying through the air. Players were dared to strip, an Alpha was asked to eat his wife's pussy on the bed while we watched, a lady was asked to have sex with an Alpha in a cowgirl position. A Luna was dared to kiss her mate in the most provocative way possible, leaving the table breathless. Another Alpha was instructed to strip and shift into his wolf.

All these while luck has been on my side. The neck of the bottle was slipping past me.

I could see the storm brewing in Lennox's eyes, his wolf pacing inside him, but he held back. He downed another glass of whiskey, and I noticed he was already getting high under the weight of the intoxicating liquid. My wolf stirred restlessly, urging me to leave, but I couldn't. I wouldn't give Lennox the satisfaction of thinking he could control me, or I cared about him.

When the bottle spun again, it stopped with the edge pointing at a lady with auburn hair, and the neck landed squarely on me. My heart sank as the group erupted in low chuckles and murmurs.

"At last." An alpha murmured with excitement.

The lady, whose name I learned was Luna Isabel, gave me a wicked smile. Her eyes gleamed with mischief as she leaned forward. "Truth or dare, Olivia?"

I hesitated, my pulse racing. Lennox's glare burned into me, silently begging me to choose truth, to take the safer option. But I couldn't back down now—I just wanted to annoy him.

"Dare," I said, my voice steady despite the tight knot forming in my chest.

Isabel's smirk widened. "I dare you to sit on Alpha Callum's lap and give him a lap dance."

Chapter 135: Dare

Olivia's POV

The room went silent, the air thick with anticipation. All eyes turned to me, and I felt my cheeks flush with nervousness and embarrassment.

But Callum looked unbothered. He leaned back in his chair, his smile cool and confident. "It's just a game. If you're uncomfortable, you can refuse and drink," he said, fixing his piercing gaze on me.

Lennox's fists tightened on the table, his wolf practically roaring through our bond. I could sense his jealousy, his possessiveness, and that excited me.

I could've just said no and taken the drink, ended it there. But I didn't. I wanted to get under his skin, to rattle him. Just a taste of what I felt every time he and his brother circled around Anita like she was the only one who mattered.

"I'll do it."

I stood, my heart pounding as I approached Callum. His eyes glimmered with amusement.

When I reached him, I placed a hand on his shoulder, my nails digging in slightly as I leaned down. "Don't get used to this," I whispered, my voice laced with a warning.

Callum chuckled softly. "I wouldn't dream of it, Olivia."

The music in the background seemed to grow louder, its sultry beat syncing with the pounding of my heart. I moved, swaying to the rhythm, my body brushing against Callum's as the room watched in rapt silence.

But as I moved, I could feel Lennox's gaze boring into me, his anger prickling my skin. My wolf whimpered in the back of my mind, unhappy with my choice, and truth be told, neither was I, but I wanted to teach him a lesson.

Alpha Callum's hands slid over my hips, settling on my ass with a firm squeeze. My stomach twisted, but I forced myself to hold his gaze, determined not to show nervousness. I kept moving, my body swaying in time with the beat, though every part of me screamed to stop.

Our eyes interlocked, but I noticed he wasn't staring at me with desire. Something else lingered in his eyes I couldn't quite place, but it was definitely not lust or the desire to fuck me.

When the two minutes were up, I stepped back, lifting my chin and returning to my seat without looking at anyone. The room erupted into applause and laughter, but I barely heard it.

Lennox growled through the mind link, but I acted like I couldn't hear it.

The bottle spun again, its neck pointing directly at Lennox and its edge landing on Callum.

Callum's smirk widened. "Alpha Lennox," he drawled, "truth or dare?"

Lennox didn't hesitate. "Dare."

The room stilled, the tension crackling like a live wire. Callum leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with challenge. That made my stomach churn. "I dare you to show everyone here who Olivia belongs to."

The room erupted into gasps and murmurs, and my breath caught in my throat. Lennox's gaze flicked to me, his eyes blazing with possessiveness and anger.

And then, he moved.

Lennox didn't waste a second. Before anyone could blink, he rose from his seat, his movements swift and predatory. My heart thundered in my chest as he crossed the room, his dark eyes locked on mine like a hunter stalking his prey.

I barely had time to react when his hand gripped my wrist, pulling me to my feet. Gasps echoed around the room, but I couldn't focus on anything except the storm brewing in Lennox's gaze.

Without a word, he crushed his lips against mine. The force of the kiss sent me stumbling back, but his arm wrapped around my waist, anchoring me to him. His lips were rough, demanding, and possessive, pouring out every ounce of his frustration and anger.

My hands instinctively pressed against his chest to push him away, but the second I felt the heat of his skin beneath my palms, all resistance melted. Instead, my fingers curled into the fabric of his shirt, holding onto him as I gave in to the fiery intensity of the moment.

His tongue brushed against mine, coaxing a response from me, and I couldn't stop the soft moan that escaped my lips. My body betrayed me, leaning into him, my heart racing as desire pooled in my stomach.

Lennox's grip tightened, his fingers digging into my waist as if he couldn't get enough. The kiss was chaotic, a collision of anger and passion that left my head spinning. My wolf stirred, thrilled by the dominance in his touch, while my human side screamed at me to stop.

But just as I felt myself completely unravel, Lennox abruptly pulled back.

We stood there, our breaths ragged, our foreheads nearly touching as we gasped for air. The room was dead silent, the tension so thick it was suffocating. I stared at him, my lips tingling, my chest heaving as I struggled to process what had just happened.

Lennox's gaze softened, but only slightly. His hand slid from my waist, though his fingers lingered on my skin for a moment too long.

"Let's get one thing straight," he said, his voice low but firm, his words meant for everyone in the room. "Olivia is mine. If anyone here has a problem with that, they can take it up with me."

I frowned but didn't say a word.

A soft chuckle broke the silence. "Well, Alpha Lennox," Callum said, raising his drink, "you certainly know how to make a statement."

Lennox's glare snapped to Callum, his jaw tightening, but he didn't say a word. Instead, he let go of me and staggered back to his seat. Obviously, he was drunk.

Slowly, I sat down, my heart racing from the kiss while my body throbbed with desire, and I couldn't deny the wetness.

"Last game of the night, gentlemen," Callum announced, glancing at the time. "It's 1 a.m., but not to worry, my maids have prepared rooms for everyone."

A murmur of agreement rippled through the group.

I glanced around, noticing some guests were clearly tipsy, while others seemed turned on and couldn't wait to fuck privately.

Callum reached for the bottle. "I'll take the final spin," he declared, flicking the bottle deftly.

My eyes darted to Lennox, who was watching me intently. But the sound of soft chuckles drew my attention back to the spinning bottle. When it stopped, its neck pointed at me. The other end landed on a blonde woman across the table, who smirked triumphantly.

"Truth or dare?" she asked.

"Dare."

Callum chuckled beside me. "What a nice way to end the game."

The lady smirked and leaned forward. "Olivia, I dare you to give head to Alpha Lennox until he cums."

Chapter 136: Alone

Olivia's POV

My eyes widened, and I swallowed hard. My eyes met Alpha Lennox's, and he held my gaze. We waited to see who would refuse the dare and drink, but neither of us moved. Neither of us was going to back down.

"You can refuse and drink," Callum reminded, though his tone suggested he doubted either of us would.

Lennox and I didn't move. In fact, we were challenging each other with our eyes, daring each other to back out and drink. But that person wouldn't be me.

The room felt like it was holding its breath, the weight of the dare pressing down on everyone. Lennox's eyes never left mine, and I could feel the heat rising between us like a wildfire.

I leaned back in my chair, crossing one leg over the other, trying to appear unbothered even though my pulse hammered wildly. His gaze darkened, his jaw clenching as if he was daring me to make the first move.

"I don't mind an audience," I said, my voice smooth but teasing.

A few chuckles rippled around the table, but Lennox didn't laugh. His eyes burned into me with something more primal—something possessive and hungry.

Callum smirked. "I like this one," he muttered, swirling the drink in his hand.

I stood up from my chair slowly, letting the air hum with anticipation. Lennox's eyes followed my every movement, his tongue brushing across his lower lip.

The moment stretched, and I knew he was waiting—waiting to see if I'd call the dare or back down. But I wouldn't. I'd gone too far to stop now.

I walked around the table, each step slow and deliberate, until I was standing right in front of him. His legs were spread lazily, but there was nothing casual about the way he looked up at me, his green eyes blazing with desire and challenge.

I leaned down, letting my lips hover just above his ear. "This stays between us. Gabriel must not know."

Lennox's frown deepened for just a second, but his smirk returned. His hand found the small of my back, pulling me between his legs, so I was forced to straddle his lap.

The room faded away, and at that moment, it was just us. His hands trailed up my sides, his grip firm enough to remind me exactly who was in control. I let my lips brush his jaw, faintly teasing him as his breath grew heavier.

"Careful," he murmured, his voice thick with warning. "If you have a taste of me, you might just fall in love with me."

I smiled against his skin, my hand sliding into his hair, tugging lightly. "Let me have a taste and see about that."

Lennox's grip on my ass tightened, his eyes flashing with barely restrained hunger. But instead of kissing me, he leaned back in his chair, his gaze flicking up to meet mine.

"Later," he promised, his voice low and filled with desire. "When it's just us." He reached for the drink in front of him and downed it in one go.

A shiver ran down my spine as I stood, my knees weak.

Callum raised his glass in amusement. "Well, that's one way to end the night."

"Good night, everyone," he said and stood up. Just then, maids walked into the room, showing the way to each guest.

Alpha Callum turned to me while the lady with the blonde hair clung to him, desperately wanting him to fuck her.

"Sleep tight, Lady Olivia. We will talk tomorrow morning," he said. I nodded and began following the maid who would show us our room.

As we walked, I noticed Alpha Lennox seemed distracted. I realized he was probably making a mind-link to his security team, perhaps briefing them about the situation or perhaps talking to his brothers.

The maid led us through a hallway, eventually stopping at a door. She pushed it open and bowed. I stepped into the dimly lit room, and Alpha Lennox followed, shutting the door behind him.

Just as I was about to move toward the bed, Lennox's hands were suddenly on my hips.

In one swift motion, he spun me around and pressed me against the wall beside the door, his body caging mine. His face was inches from mine, eyes dark and heavy with desire that made my knees weak.

I gasped softly, my heart hammering against my ribs.

"What are you doing?" I whispered, though the breathlessness in my voice betrayed me.

Lennox's lips curled into a faint smirk. "Finishing what you started."

His hands slid slowly up my waist, pinning me in place. The rough texture of the wall behind me was cold, but Lennox's body radiated heat, making the space between us feel electric.

"You knew exactly what you were doing tonight," he murmured, his mouth hovering just above mine. His breath fanned across my lips, teasing but not touching. "Flirting. Pushing. Testing me."

I swallowed hard, my hands instinctively moving to his chest, but he caught my wrists, pinning them gently above my head.

"Is this what you wanted?" he asked, his voice low and rough, his eyes burning into mine.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. The intensity in his gaze left me breathless.

Lennox's eyes flicked to my lips, his grip tightening slightly. "Say the word, Olivia. Tell me you want me as much as I want you."

I frowned. "I'm a married woman..." My words were shoved back into my mouth when Lennox crashed his lips against mine, his kiss hard and demanding, leaving no room for hesitation. His hands slid down my body, gripping my ass with a possessive intensity as he pressed me tighter against the wall. I gasped into his mouth, my fingers curling into his shirt as the world tilted around us.

I melted into him—into the heat of his touch, the taste of him, the way his body fit against mine like it had always belonged there. Every thought, every line I wasn't supposed to cross, dissolved under the weight of his kiss.

By the time he pulled back, both of us were breathing heavily, our foreheads resting together, the air between us charged with desire.

"Now no one is here," he said, his voice low and husky. "Don't you think you should fulfill your dare?"

Chapter 137: Tell Me

Olivia's POV

"Now no one is here. Don't you think you should fulfill your dare?" Lennox challenged, his green eyes filled with lust and hunger for me. I could tell he was intoxicated by the whiskey, but I could also see the desire for me in his eyes, and he was doing his best not to lose control.

"Why are you silent? Are you chickening out?" he challenged with an annoying smirk on his face, which I found very irritating.

My frown deepened. "I'm a woman."

Lennox scoffed. "Of course you are. But you didn't remember that when you let me kiss you, did you?" he taunted. I frowned and folded my arms, glaring at him.

But Lennox wasn't finished. "Either you complete your dare and no one hears a word about this... or I call Gabriel and tell him his precious wife let me kiss her—and liked it." He smirked.

I frowned deeper, scoffing inwardly. Was he really threatening me?

For a second, I considered telling him to fuck off. Let him call Gabriel. However, that would look suspicious. I was supposed to be scared of his threat, And if I didn't play along, Lennox might suspect.

"So?" Lennox drawled, holding up his phone like a weapon. "Are you in... or not?"

My wolf purred with desire in the back of my mind, while Lennox's gaze bore into mine, daring me to back down.

But I didn't.

Instead, I slid my hands down his chest, feeling the hard lines of his muscles beneath my fingertips. He watched my every move, his chest rising and falling as if he were trying to control the storm brewing inside him.

"You're a bastard!" I muttered, as I let my hands linger just above his waistband.

Lennox smirked, his green eyes darkening. "I know, the question is, are you chickening out?"

The challenge in his voice sparked something in me, a need to push back, to prove I could match his intensity. So Slowly, I sank to my knees before him, my heart racing in anticipation.

His breath hitched, and I noticed the way his hands clenched into fists at his sides, as though he were trying to maintain control. But I wasn't going to make it easy for him.

My fingers moved to his belt, unbuckling it with deliberate slowness, savoring the way his gaze never left mine. The tension between us was electric, and I could feel the heat radiating off his body as I tugged the leather free and set it aside.

I leaned forward, letting my lips graze his stomach, just above his waistband. Lennox's sharp intake of breath sent a rush of satisfaction through me.

I pulled the button of his pants free and slid the zipper down, my fingers brushing against his hardened dick through his white underwear. His arousal made my pussy clench, making me wetter, radiating heat inside me, I couldn't control. Why must he be so... breathtaking?

"We miss this," my wolf purred in my head, but I pushed down my desires.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" I murmured, letting my lips hover just above his dick as I slid his pants and boxers down enough to free him.

Lennox growled softly, his hand threading through my hair, not pulling but holding me in place. "Olivia," he warned, his voice thick with desire and frustration.

I didn't reply. Instead, I wrapped my hand around his dick, marveling at the heat and hardness under my touch. His grip on my hair tightened slightly, and I glanced up to see his eyes half-lidded, his jaw clenched as he fought to keep control.

I leaned in, letting my lips brush the tip of his dick before flicking my tongue across it. Lennox cursed under his breath, his hips jerking slightly as he struggled to stay still.

A thrill of power surged through me as I took his dick into my mouth, moving slowly at first, teasing him with light touches and gentle suction. His groan filled the room, and his other hand joined the first in my hair, holding my hair but not forcefully.

The salty taste of him lingered on my tongue as I took him deeper, my lips and tongue working in perfect rhythm. Lennox's breathing grew ragged, his grip on my hair tightening as his control began to slip.

"Olivia, this is good," he rasped, his voice strained. "I miss this."

I pulled back slightly, letting my tongue swirl around his dick before meeting his gaze. "Then Anita is failing in her duties," I whispered before taking his cock into my mouth, moving faster this time.

Lennox's groan deepened, and his hips began to move in sync with me, his restraint unraveling with every passing second. I hollowed my cheeks, taking him as deep as I could, and his response was a low, guttural sound that sent a rush of heat through me.

My hands gripped his thighs for balance as I sucked him, the slick sounds and his groans filling the room. His fingers tightened in my hair, and I could feel him trembling beneath my touch, teetering on the edge of release.

"Olivia—" His voice broke, and I knew he was close.

I didn't let go, my movements becoming more deliberate as I focused on making him release. His breath hitched, his body tensing as he finally gave in.

With a low growl, he spilled into my mouth, his grip on my hair almost painful as he rode out his climax. I swallowed, my eyes never leaving his as I let him fall apart in my hands.

When it was over, Lennox leaned heavily against the wall, his chest heaving as he looked down at me with awe and hunger. His hands slid from my hair to cup my face, his thumbs brushing over my cheeks.

"You'll be the death of me," he murmured, his voice rough but filled with desire that made my heart skip a beat.

I smirked, rising to my feet and brushing myself off. "Maybe. But at least I'll make it memorable."

Lennox pulled me against him, his lips capturing mine in a kiss that was just as demanding as the first. This time, Lennox kissed me hungrily, his lips demanding and insistent as they claimed mine. His hands roamed over my body, gripping my hips and pulling me closer until there was no space between us. The heat of him surrounded me, his breath mingling with mine as the kiss deepened.

His hand slid up my gown, the fabric bunching around his fingers as he reached my thighs. My heart pounded in my chest, and my body burned with a need I couldn't deny. His fingers brushed against the sensitive skin of my inner thighs, sending shivers racing down my spine.

"Lennox, am married," I whispered against his lips, my voice trembling with both desire and hesitation.

He didn't stop, his hand moving higher, closer to the place where I ached for him most. I could feel the hunger in his touch, the restraint he was desperately clinging to slipping away with every second. His other hand cupped my cheek, his thumb brushing over my skin as if to steady me.

"You're so beautiful," he murmured, his voice thick with emotion. His eyes locked on mine, filled with lust and something deeper, something that made my chest tighten. Love?

My wolf purred in approval, urging me to let go, to surrender to him completely. I gasped as his fingers grazed the edge of my panties, the anticipation almost too much to bear. My knees felt weak, and I clung to him for support, my nails digging into his shoulders.

Fuck! I was turned on and no matter how hard I wanted to pull away I couldn't, my body was acting on its own.

"Lennox, please," I breathed, unsure if I was begging him to continue or to stop.

His gaze darkened, and for a moment, I thought he might lose control entirely. But then, just as I thought he would push me over to the bed and devour me, he froze. His hand stilled, his breathing ragged as he pulled away slightly, his forehead resting against mine.

I blinked up at him, confusion and frustration burning inside me. Damn! I was so desperate that for a moment, I forgot I was angry at this man.

He cupped my face in both hands, his thumbs brushing away the tears I hadn't realized were forming.

"I once loved my wife," he whispered, gently caressing my cheek. I knew he was referring to me. "She was once my world," he added, and I could hear the sincerity in his voice.

I hated how exposed I felt at that moment. But there was no denying the truth in his words—or the way my heart ached for him despite everything.

"Then why did you stop loving her? Did she do something evil?" I asked desperately, my voice shaky, but he silenced me with a gentle kiss, one that was filled with all the things he couldn't put into words.

When he pulled away, he rested his forehead against mine, his hands still cradling my face. "Get some rest, love," he whispered.

I frowned, so desperately anxious about what I did to them... to him.

"Did she cheat on you and your brothers?" I asked, even though that was never the

Lennox scoffed bitterly. "I wished she did..." He paused and shook his head. "No, she didn't."

I frowned... for a moment, I wanted to snap at him to come out of my act of memory loss and demand he tell me what I did, but I held myself back.

"Tell me, Alpha Lennox—what could she have done to earn so much hate from all of you? I heard the rumors... that you all despised her?" I asked desperately, not caring if Lennox noticed the cracks in my act.

He sighed and simply said, "When we get back home... I'll show you."

And just like that, he stepped back, leaving me drowning in a storm of questions and a pain I couldn't name.

Chapter 138: His Smell

Olivia's POV

I woke up, and there was no sign of Lennox in the room. Last night, after everything, he didn't sleep on the bed with me. Rather, he opted to sleep on the long couch. I wanted to kick against him—at least he could sleep on one side of the bed—but I held back my suggestion and went to bed.

Throughout the night, I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking. What was Lennox going to show me? What had I done to hurt him? What the hell did I do to make him hate me this much? I was so desperate to fucking know. I needed answers, and I couldn't wait for us to return to the pack house.

My eyes fell on a white sheet on the nightstand, and I picked it up and instantly recognized Lennox's handwriting. After all these years, I could tell Lennox's handwriting anywhere. Not just his, but the triplets'.

I read it. "Good morning... take your bath and meet me downstairs when you are awake. I'm having a business talk with Callum." And then he imprinted the sign of a heart.

I smiled as a memory replayed in my head—a time before the hatred, before the confusion. Lennox used to doodle that same little heart at the corner of my notebooks during training, always pretending it wasn't him. He thought I didn't notice. But I did. I noticed everything.

For a moment, that small, silly heart made my chest tighten. Maybe there was still something—some version of him—that didn't despise me completely. But now, I didn't care.

I sighed and pushed the covers off. My body ached, not from exhaustion, but from the emotional weight pressing down on me. I needed answers. I needed clarity. And today, I was finally going to get them.

I padded into the bathroom and turned on the shower. As the warm water hit my skin, I leaned against the tiles, letting the steam ease the tension in my muscles. My mind wouldn't stop racing. What was he going to show me? Or what the fuck did I do? Or what the hell did he think I did?

I wrapped a towel around myself and stood in front of the mirror. My reflection stared back. I looked so damn nervous. But whatever it was, I was ready to face it.

By the time I got dressed and made my way downstairs, I could hear voices drifting from the sitting area. One of them was Lennox—deep, calm, a little distant. The other must have been Alpha Callum.

I stepped into the room, and the moment Lennox's eyes met mine, everything stilled. There was this familiar look of admiration in his eyes, like the way he used to stare at me years ago.

I swallowed hard and looked away, making my way toward the two powerful Alphas seated.

"Good morning..." I choked on my words when Lennox's smell hit me.

Fuck! He smells so good, and I couldn't help but sniff. This wasn't his cologne. I mean, his smell... his smell was so intoxicating, and I kept breathing him in.

I knew Lennox and Callum must have noticed, and I had to step away, embarrassed. My wolf was already purring inside me... desperate to get an inch closer to him. Fuck! I was in trouble... tomorrow night was the full moon, and I was already getting the signs of being in heat.

Lennox must have noticed my discomfort because he abruptly stood up. "Alpha Callum... we will have the remaining part of the discussion on hold. I need to take Olivia home," he said, and didn't wait for Callum to respond before he turned around and led the way.

As I walked behind him, I noticed Alpha Callum's eyes on me. His gaze was so intense that I felt my skin prickle, but I never looked back.

When we got outside, Lennox's guards were already positioned... waiting for us. We got into the car, and the journey back home began.

Inside the car, Lennox's intoxicating smell of lavender filled my nose, and it was suffocating. I pressed myself to the door and looked away, trying to create as much space as possible, but it wasn't working.

Not able to stand it, I wound down the glass so fresh air could come into the car. It helped, but just a little.

"Olivia, are you okay?" Lennox asked, sounding genuinely worried.

I sucked a deep breath but didn't respond. How do I tell him that I was being turned on by his smell... his smell was driving me crazy, and all I wished for was to get a touch from him. Fuck!

He groaned lowly. "I can smell it, Olivia..." His voice dropped an octave, dark and dangerous. "I can smell your arousal."

My heart skipped a beat, and I panicked. "It's... it's because the full moon is tomorrow night!" I blurted, looking away. "That's why my body is reacting this way. Gabriel needs to come get me."

Lennox let out a humorless chuckle. "Gabriel?" he echoed with a slight smirk, then knocked once on the tinted glass that separated us from the front.

The car came to a smooth stop.

"Get out," Lennox ordered firmly. "Take five minutes. Both of you."

The driver and his personal bodyguard didn't question him. They both exited the car silently, shutting the doors behind them.

Before I could even process what was happening, he pulled me into his lap.

"L-Lennox, what are you doing?" I stammered, my hands pressed to his chest.

He leaned in, his lips brushing my ear. "I'm helping you," he said, his voice low and primal. "You're a married woman, Olivia, I get it. I'm not fucking you. I'm just helping you... at least before Gabriel comes."

Before I could protest, his hand slid under my gown. I gasped as he shifted my panties aside and pushed his finger into me. My head rolled back, a strangled moan escaping my lips. I was already so wet for him. My thighs trembled, and my breath hitched, heat pooling in my stomach like wildfire.

"Lennox..." I breathed, frozen, overwhelmed.

"Shhh," he said, his fingers moving expertly. "Let me help you. You're burning up."

I whimpered, overwhelmed but unable to pull away.

The moment I nodded, Lennox shifted under me. His hands tightened on my hips, and he let out a low groan, as if holding back something primal.

Through the tinted glass, I could still see the guards stationed like statues around the cars, forming a protective perimeter. No one would disturb us. No one could.

I felt his cock under me. Hard, warm, throbbing. The pressure of his arousal pressed perfectly against my soaked panties, and I whimpered involuntarily, unable to stop the way my hips tilted, grinding against him just slightly.

"Lennox," I gasped, overwhelmed by the heat pooling between my legs. "I'm not even in heat yet..."

"I know," he murmured, voice hoarse as he leaned into my neck, inhaling deeply. "But your body's already reacting. So is mine."

I felt his fingers move, slowly, carefully, as he reached behind me. A sound of metal sliding free—he was unzipping. My heart skipped.

I panicked for a second and grabbed his wrist. "What are you doing?"

He looked up at me with a calm but intense expression. "Relax. I told you—I'm not going to go all the way. I just need skin-to-skin contact. It will help take the pressure off. I promise."

His words made sense, even though my head was spinning from how badly I wanted him. I wanted more—needed more—but I also knew this was risky.

"I trust you," I whispered, my breath catching.

He gave a slow nod, and then, with one smooth move, he reached between us and pushed my panties away.

Chapter 139: Skin To Skin

Olivia's POV

I gasped when the tip of his Cock brushed against my entrance. Hot, heavy, and throbbing—but he kept his word. He didn't push in. He just aligned us, letting the thick head of his cock sit flush against my soaked folds.

"Lennox..." I whimpered, my fingers digging into his shirt as my body trembled from the contact.

"Shh... I've got you," he said, his voice nearly a growl. "Just let it happen. Just feel."

The friction—the delicious, maddening friction of his shaft sliding between my slick folds as he held me close—was too much. I was wetter than I'd ever been, and the ache between my legs grew unbearable. His scent filled the car, his warmth surrounded me, and all I could do was move with him.

My hips rocked on their own, desperate for more of the contact, chasing the edge I hadn't realized I was so close to. The tension between us built, his groans vibrating against my skin, his hands guiding me perfectly over him, never going too far—but never stopping either.

And gods, I loved it. I loved every second of it. Even if he never pushed inside, even if it was just this—it was enough to drive me wild.

"Lennox," I moaned again, my head falling to his shoulder, my whole body shaking.

"I told you," he whispered, voice tight with restraint, "I'm not fucking you, Olivia. I'm just helping my mate."

His mate.

The words wrapped around me like a second skin, and I realized just how far gone I already was.

His breath was hot against my neck, one strong arm wrapped firmly around my waist while the other slipped beneath the top of my dress. Slowly, deliberately, he tugged the fabric down until it bunched just below my chest. My breathing hitched as the cool air kissed my skin, my lace-covered breasts rising and falling with each shallow gasp.

"Lennox..." I whispered, my voice trembling with something between warning and want.

"I'm not going in," he murmured against my collarbone, his voice hoarse. "You just need relief, Olivia. Let me help you. Just trust me."

His words vibrated against my skin, deep and soothing, and for reasons I couldn't explain, I did trust him.

I gasped as his hands roamed my sides, one brushing over the sensitive skin beneath my bra, the other guiding my hips forward. My soaked folds slid once more over his rigid length, the heat and hardness of him pressing right against my entrance—so close, yet still outside. My nerves were on fire. Every stroke, every drag of my body against his, sent jolts through me that stole my breath.

My head fell back as I moaned softly, trying to stay quiet, but it was impossible to contain. I clutched his shoulders, fingernails digging into the fabric of his shirt. The wet friction was unbearable and perfect, and I felt myself pulsing, tightening as if my body believed he was already inside.

Outside, through the tinted windows, I could still see his guards spread out, keeping watch. The road was empty. Secured. We were alone, but not really. The thought should have embarrassed me. Instead, it only made the thrill more intense.

Lennox's hand moved again, this time cupping my breast, brushing his thumb over my hardened nipple through the lace. I cried out softly, biting my lower lip, pressing my forehead into his neck. The scent of him was maddening—woody, spicy, with a hint of wild that always made my wolf stir.

His other hand slipped beneath me, adjusting the angle as my folds glided along the length of him again and again, his tip brushing teasingly at my entrance. I was

drenched. Every glide made a wet sound between us, my body betraying just how much I wanted this—how much I wanted him.

"Olivia," he groaned, his own hips jerking up against me. "You're so warm. So wet... and I haven't even touched you properly."

I clenched around nothing, and that unbearable pressure built and built until—

"Lennox—" I choked, breath ragged. "I... I can't—"

"Come for me baby," he whispered against my ear. "Just let go."

And I did.

The climax hit me hard, a wave of heat and trembling ecstasy rolling through me. My body convulsed against his, and he held me tightly, grounding me while I cried out softly into his shoulder. I felt him shudder underneath me, his cock twitching and pulsing against me, thick release spilling between my thighs, hot and slick.

He didn't speak for a long moment. Just wrapped his arms around me, pulling me close. One hand cradled the back of my head as I sagged against him, spent and dazed.

He rested his chin on my shoulder, breathing hard, arms wrapped tightly around me like he didn't want to let go. I remained slumped against him, boneless and dazed, resting my cheek against his chest as his scent surrounded me.

"You smell so good," he whispered again, voice softer now, more vulnerable. "So good it drives me insane. I could hold you like this forever," he murmured, lips brushing my temple.

He kissed the side of my head, then tilted his head down, eyes searching mine. "Are you feeling okay now?"

That question snapped me out of it.

I straightened suddenly, pulling away from his lap. My dress slipped back over my chest as I reached for my panties, yanking them back up with shaking hands. My cheeks were

"I'm fine," I said quickly, not meeting his eyes. "Thank you. But you can't tell anyone about this. Ever."

He leaned back in his seat, still catching his breath, a smug yet utterly wrecked look on his face. He groaned low in his throat, his voice dark and teasing. "You're thanking me?"

I glanced at him, swallowing the knot of heat in my throat. "Yeah. Thank you."

His jaw tensed, nostrils flaring like he was holding himself back from saying something else. Instead, he just nodded once, eyes never leaving mine.

Lennox didn't say a word as he reached to his driver through the mind link. "Get back in the car," he said curtly, his voice hoarse but steady.

A few seconds later, the passenger door opened, and his driver returned to his seat. The vehicle hummed back to life, smoothly rolling down the secluded road. Neither of us spoke. I could still feel the ghost of his hands on my skin, the wetness between my thighs a physical reminder of what just happened.

I shifted in my seat, keeping my eyes out the window to avoid looking desperate. My heart was still pounding in my chest, but I forced myself to regain control. I was supposed to hate him. I had to remember that.

By the time we pulled up at the pack house, the sun had fully risen. The guards at the gates stepped aside quickly, heads bowed in respect, as our car passed. The sight of the familiar building, brought back a strange mix of comfort and dread. This place held so many memories—some sweet, most bitter.

The car came to a stop. Lennox stepped out first, motioning for me to follow. I obeyed, climbing out slowly, trying not to show how unsteady my legs still were.

We walked in silence through the main hallway, the grand walls towering over us. I could still feel the heat of his body, the way he held me so intimately just minutes ago. My mind screamed a million things at once, but I kept my expression cool.

"So," I said, careful to keep my tone casual, "are you still going to show me what your wife did to you? Or was that just part of the mind games?"

He stopped walking.

The tension crackled between us. He didn't turn around immediately, but when he finally did, his face was unreadable. For a moment, I thought he would refuse, push me away again, maybe throw out another cryptic answer to drive me mad.

But instead, he gave a slow nod. "Follow me."

He turned and started walking again, and I followed.

Chapter 140: His Letter

Olivia's POV

Lennox led me to his room. He pushed the door open and stepped aside, letting me go in first. I was nervous. My steps were slow and unsure. I had no idea what he was about to show me, but I could feel it was going to be something

I turned just in time to see him walk in after me and close the door gently behind us.

He didn't say a word. He didn't even look at me. He just walked across the room, not to the usual safe—the one where he kept my father's papers—but to a different part of the room. He stopped in front of a painting on the wall and slid it aside, revealing another safe hidden behind it.

This safe looked newer. More private.

He typed in a code, his fingers moving with practiced ease. I heard the low beep, then the mechanical click as the safe unlocked.

He opened it, and after a moment of stillness, he reached inside and pulled out a thick, sealed envelope. It looked old. Handled. Important. He stared at it for a second too long, as if whatever it contained was too heavy to hand over.

Then, silently, he turned around and extended it toward me.

My breath caught.

"Take it," he said, his voice low.

I hesitated before walking closer. When I was finally close enough, I reached out and took the envelope from his hand, brushing my fingers against his.

"What's inside?" I asked in a small voice.

Lennox sighed. "I never wanted anyone to see it," he said in a low voice, but I could feel his pain... I could feel the hurt in his voice.

"I don't know why I'm showing this to you," he said, and I swallowed hard. What could really be inside here? What did I really do without knowing? Did I hurt him and his brothers without knowing? At that moment, I searched my memory, but I can't remember doing anything to amount to such level of hate for me.

"What is in here?" I asked again while trying my best not to come out of my act. I still remember that I have to pretend I have memory loss.

He looked at me with a hard expression. "Proof," he said. "Of what happened. Of what she did to me... proof of why I hated her."

I swallowed hard and looked down at the envelope in my hand. It felt heavy.

"Open it," he said again.

And with trembling fingers, I started to tear it open.

When I opened the envelope, I took out the first content and my breath hitched. It was a necklace—a necklace Lennox had gotten for me on my eleventh birthday. This necklace went missing after my fourteenth birthday... I searched everywhere, but it vanished. So how did Lennox end up with it? I wanted to ask Lennox how he got back this necklace, but I held back and simply said, "This is beautiful. Was this hers?" I asked reluctantly.

Lennox hesitated for a moment before he nodded, his eyes fixed on the gold necklace in my hand. "It was a gift I gave to her on her eleventh birthday, but she returned it to me," he said, and my eyes widened. What does he mean that I returned it to him? I never did! I lost this!

I wish I could say it to him, but I held back myself.

Getting more curious and eager, I went for the next item in the envelope. With shaky fingers, I reached into the envelope again, still holding the necklace in my other hand. My heart beat faster, like it already knew what was coming next.

I pulled out a folded piece of paper—slightly yellowed, carefully kept, like something precious. My eyes flicked up to Lennox, and for the first time since I opened the envelope, I saw something shift in his expression. He drew in a slow, deep breath. His jaw tensed.

"That's the letter I wrote to her," he said softly, almost like he was talking to a ghost.

I looked down at the paper and slowly opened it. The handwriting was undoubtedly his.

The first words nearly knocked the air out of my chest:

HAPPY 14TH BIRTHDAY, OLI.

I TOLD MYSELF I WOULDN'T WRITE THIS. THAT I WOULD STAY IN MY PLACE.
THAT I'D JUST BE THE PROTECTIVE OLDER BROTHER FIGURE I PROMISED
MYSELF I'D BE THE DAY I FIRST HELD YOU AS A PUP AND YOU CLUNG TO MY
SHIRT LIKE I WAS YOUR WHOLE WORLD.

BUT I'VE FAILED MISERABLY AT STAYING IN MY PLACE.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHEN IT HAPPENED—WHEN YOU STOPPED BEING THE
GIRL I PROTECTED AND BECAME THE GIRL I WATCHED FROM A DISTANCE,
TERRIFIED OF WHAT I FELT. I FOUGHT IT. SPIRITS, I FOUGHT IT HARDER THAN
I'VE EVER FOUGHT ANYTHING. I'VE ALWAYS SHARED EVERYTHING WITH MY

BROTHERS—OUR VICTORIES, OUR PAIN, OUR RESPONSIBILITIES. BUT WITH YOU... I COULDN'T. I DIDN'T WANT TO.

I HATED HOW MY CHEST BURNED WHEN YOU SMILED AT THEM LONGER THAN YOU SMILED AT ME. I HATED HOW JEALOUS I GOT WHEN THEY MADE YOU LAUGH. I HATED HOW SMALL I FELT WHEN YOU GAVE THEM YOUR ATTENTION LIKE IT DIDN'T COST YOU A THING—BECAUSE FOR ME, EVEN A SECOND OF YOUR GAZE FELT LIKE EVERYTHING.

I DIDN'T WANT TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU. BUT I DID.

AND I DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING IN RETURN. I KNOW I'M OLDER. I KNOW THIS IS TOO MUCH. YOU'RE JUST FOURTEEN. YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING. BUT THIS IS JUST ME BEING BRAVE FOR ONCE.

BUT IF YOU FEEL ANYTHING AT ALL, EVEN JUST A LITTLE... WRITE BACK. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY MUCH. JUST LET ME KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, OLIVIA.

I HOPE TODAY, YOU FELT LOVED.

BECAUSE YOU ARE.

—LENNOX

I read it again.

And again.

My lips parted slightly as I read the last line. I stared at it. My heart cracked a little more with each word. My hands trembled.

I looked up at him, barely able to hide the confusion from my face. "This... this was for her?" I asked, trying my best not to scream.

Knowing Lennox was in love with me was crazy. That means I wasn't the only one in love with him—with them. My feelings weren't one-sided... he also loved me... he wrote a confession letter to me.

"Yes," he said, watching me carefully. "I gave it to her on her birthday. Slipped it into a box of gifts I gave her."

My mind was racing. I never saw this letter. I never got it. I never opened this box. Who opened the box? Who had read the letter?

"She gave me a reply. It's in the envelope too."

My hands froze.

I didn't write a reply.

How can I write a reply for a message I never received?

What the hell is happening?

Panicking, not saying a word, I reached into the envelope again.

There was another folded paper inside.

My supposed reply.

My stomach twisted as I touched it. Something wasn't right.

But I had to see what it said.

I had to know what I supposedly wrote.