

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 141: Not Me - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 141: Not Me

Chapter 141: Not Me

Olivia's POV

With trembling fingers, I reached into the envelope and pulled out the last paper.

It was folded neatly, like someone had taken their time with it. But the moment I touched it, I felt sick. Like something was wrong. Like my soul already knew this would hurt.

This was supposed to be my reply.

But I never wrote a reply.

Still, I unfolded it.

My eyes scanned the

And suddenly, I couldn't breathe.

No.

No, no, no.

This wasn't me. I didn't write this.

But the words... the words felt like knives. Every sentence hurt more than the former. They were mean. Cold. Cruel.

I couldn't believe anyone would say these things to Lennox. Not even someone who hated him.

But this letter—whoever wrote it—pretended to be me.

In this letter, I didn't just reject him. I hurt him... I tormented him. The words were words that could kill anyone... they were words that hit Lennox in all the wrong places. It was perfectly crafted to hurt him... perfectly crafted to kill and destroy him.

Tears filled my eyes.

I read it again, even though it broke my heart.

My hand started to shake. My knees felt weak. The letter slipped from my fingers and fell to the floor.

Lennox didn't move. He didn't say anything.

I couldn't believe he had carried this pain in silence for years.

I couldn't believe he got to read something like this—and worst of all, all these years, he thought it came from me. It could have been kinder if the person who wrote this letter had plainly rejected him, but he or she didn't do that. Rather, they did something worse than rejection.

They killed my loving Lennox.

A sob slipped out before I could stop it. I covered my mouth with my hand, trying to hold in the rest—but I couldn't.

The tears poured out fast.

Now I understood. Now I understood why Lennox became a monster to me, why he hated me... why he derived pleasure in causing me pain. All that was revenge—to get back at me for my supposed words. This was why he went for Anita, my best friend—to flirt with her in my face.

This letter was why he said he'd never want me—not even over his dead body.

I couldn't stop crying.

I felt like my heart had been ripped open, and now I was just bleeding all over the floor of his room.

That letter... it didn't just hurt me—it destroyed me.

Because for the first time, I truly understood what Lennox had been carrying all these years.

And even though I didn't write those words, even though I knew deep down they didn't come from me... they still had my name on them. My handwriting. My necklace. My memories of us.

That was enough to make him believe.

Enough to make him hate.

I looked up at Lennox, my vision blurry with tears.

He was standing there, cold and still, like all this didn't hurt him anymore. Like he'd already bled dry a long time ago. But I could feel it. I could feel his pain like it was echoing in my chest.

"You really believed she wrote that?" I whispered.

He flinched. Just slightly. But it was enough.

He believed I said those things to him?

That I could ever... ever say something like that to him?

I swallowed hard, my heart pounding in my chest. I looked at him, my heart aching.

He was supposed to ask me.

He was supposed to come to me. If he really loved me like that letter said... he should have come.

I clenched my jaw, blinking fast as tears filled my eyes.

I was fourteen. I was a kid. And he decided I was a monster because of one letter?

I laughed bitterly inwardly, shaking my head. He didn't even give me a chance. He just hated me. Hurt me. Played games with my heart.

All because of this?

I held the letter up, my hand trembling. It felt like it weighed a thousand pounds.

"What if she didn't write it?" I said. "What if it was someone else?"

Lennox scoffed. "It was her. That is her handwriting. And see what she said about the necklace," he snapped.

I frowned, my pity and pain for him turning into anger. I wished I could just snap out of this act and tell him the truth—that this was never me—but Lennox will never believe me. Rather, I will just expose myself and spoil my plan of leaving.

Lennox is so convinced that I did this and won't believe until I provide evidence that I didn't say all this.

So if I wanted him to believe me... if I wanted to prove myself not guilty, I have to give proof. Proof that it wasn't me... that I never opened that box, that it got missing. I have

to gather enough evidence so that when I tell him it wasn't me, he will have no choice but to believe it.

So instead of screaming and crying at him, telling him I didn't write this, I composed myself and handed the envelope back to him. "I'm sorry she did this to you," I said simply, and Lennox nodded.

Just then, the door opened and Levi stepped in. The moment he did, I used that as an opportunity to simply walk away—and none of them stopped me.

As I left the room, I began listing out my tasks.

First, prove Father's innocence.

Second, expose Anita and her father.

Third, gather every shred of evidence that proves I didn't write that letter.

Fourth, leave this goddamn pack.

And these goddamn men.

I walked briskly toward my room, my thoughts still tangled in the storm Lennox had left behind. I felt the urge to run back to him and scream until my lungs gave out—but I kept walking. One step after another.

Until I saw Anita.

She was waiting right outside my door, arms crossed loosely, like she just happened to be passing by—but I knew better. Her eyes lit up when she saw me, like she'd been expecting me.

"Olivia," she said, her voice soft, like honey laced with something sharp. "Can we talk?"

I didn't respond right away. I didn't trust myself to speak without exploding. But she stepped forward anyway, like the silence didn't scare her.

"I have something to tell you," she added quickly, "something important. About tonight."

I narrowed my eyes but said nothing. I pushed the door open and stepped inside. She followed in like she was still my friend.

She closed the door behind her, then turned to face me.

"I can help you," she continued. "I know a way out. A real way. Safe. Clean. No one will stop you."

I turned slowly to face her, my frown deepening. "Go on."

Her eyes flicked to the door, then back to me. "Tonight, there's a route—through the east side of the border. Patrol is light. I have someone who owes me a favor. He's bringing a truck in for supply runs. He'll drive you out."

"To where?"

"To Alpha Gabriel," she said simply. "Your husband. You want to be with him, right?"

Chapter 142: Refusing

Olivia's POV

I scoffed. What does Anita take me for, a fool? She thinks I've lost my memory, so I don't remember the kind of shitty person that she is? She really thinks I'll believe her? Heaven knows what she's planning, but whatever it is, it's never going to work.

"I don't know you, so why should I trust you?" I said, still pretending like I was suffering from memory loss.

Anita frowned and folded her arms. "You don't have to know me, Olivia... I'm a woman like you, and I know you'll go into heat tomorrow night, so this is me trying to reunite you with your husband," she said, sounding in a convincing tone.

What a terrible actress she was.

"I don't need your help. Gabriel said he's coming to pick me up, so I'll wait for him," I said and turned to walk away, but Anita grabbed my arm, forcing me to stop and look at her. My frown deepened—my patience was wearing thin.

"Alpha Gabriel isn't coming, Olivia. The triplets are keeping you here as a captive," she said.

I yanked my arm out of her grip.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" I snapped, my voice sharper than I meant it to be—but I didn't care. Her touch made my skin crawl.

Anita didn't flinch. She only softened her expression, eyes wide with fake concern, like she was trying to sell me some twisted version of compassion. She took a slow step closer.

"I know this is hard to accept," she said in a low, urgent voice. "But you're not safe here, Olivia. You think those triplets care about you? No! They kidnapped you, Olivia... they're obsessed with you and kidnapped you... you have to leave."

I stared at her, my frown deepening. This bitch is a fucking liar.

She didn't stop.

"They're using you. They know you're vulnerable, they know you don't remember anything, and they're using that to keep you here like some pet. Gabriel isn't coming. He was never coming. They threatened him... I heard them telling him not to come for you, or they'll kill him."

I said nothing.

"I'm the only one actually trying to help you," she whispered. "If you stay here, they'll destroy you."

She leaned in just a little, lowering her voice even more. "They want your body. And when they're done with you, they'll throw you away."

I stared at her for a long second and let silence hang in the air. My fists clenched at my sides. Anita got worse by the day.

Then I slowly smiled.

A cold, tight-lipped smile.

"Thanks for the warning," I said. "But I'll take my chances."

Her frown deepened.

"You can go now, Anita," I said, stepping back. "I don't need your help. I don't trust you, and I don't like you."

She blinked, looking caught off guard. "Olivia—"

"Get out before I tell the Alphas what you're trying to do," I threatened. And with that, she turned around and left the room.

I scoffed out loud and sat on the bed. Joke's on her for thinking I'd actually trust her.

Just then, a knock landed on my door, and by the smell, I knew it was Levi. I frowned, wondering why he was here.

"The door is open," I said as I straightened my posture.

Levi walked in, shut the door, and took one look at me before running a hand through his hair.

"Did something happen between you and Lennox?" he asked, his voice tight with worry. "After you left his room, he looked... furious, but hurt too. What did he show you? What happened?"

My chest tightened. The letters. But that was something I wasn't ready to share—certainly not with Levi. Not yet. Besides, I knew Levi didn't know about the letter. The Lennox I know would never show it to anyone, especially not his brothers.

"He's your brother," I said as evenly as I could, folding my arms. "If you're worried, ask him."

Levi's brows pulled together. "Olivia, I'm asking you, please. He refused to talk to me—in fact, he stared at me with anger like I did something wrong. What were you both talking about in his room? Please tell me."

I shook my head. "Talk to Lennox, Alpha Levi. He knows why he's upset. I don't have time for all this... I just want Gabriel. When is he coming?"

Levi opened his mouth as if to say something, but then he stopped. Frustration flashed across his face, but he finally nodded once, stiffly.

"Gabriel is tied up with something... but he will come get you soon..." he said, trying to sound convincing.

"Alright," I replied, turning away to make it clear the conversation was over.

He lingered a second longer, then stepped back, pulling the door closed behind him. The moment the latch clicked, I exhaled shakily and stood to my feet.

I walked over to the window and thought of my problem. How do I go into heat here? Going into heat here would be a disaster for me—I won't be able to resist them. I thought of my plans with Gabriel, and I was worried whether they would work. The triplets I know won't let Gabriel take me, especially knowing I'll be in heat. So what do I do? Should I lock myself up tomorrow night and control my urge? Will I be able to do that?

My wolf scoffed. "Of course you know you can't," she sneered.

I pressed my forehead against the cool glass and closed my eyes. The moon wasn't even full yet, but every breath felt thick—heavy with the triplets' scents that clung to the corridors, to my clothes, to my skin.

Tomorrow night those scents would be ten times stronger. So would the ache.

I need a plan.

Gabriel said he'd come, but what if the triplets blocked him at the border? What if they locked me in?

And locking myself up? Who was I kidding? When the heat truly hit, a steel door wouldn't hold me if they were on the other side of it.

My wolf gave a soft, almost pitying growl. "You want them as much as they want you."

I gritted my teeth. "That doesn't matter. I can't afford to lose control. I can't give my virginity to men who hurt me," I spat, and my wolf went silent.

I sighed and decided I had to take a walk. Maybe a stroll around the back garden would clear my head... or at least keep me from pacing around my room.

Halfway down the corridor, I spotted Cynthia—Anita's favorite maid. She was one of the maids who made my life a living hell.

She was heading in the opposite direction, arms full of linens. She saw me, lifted her chin, and kept walking as if I were invisible.

Typical attitude of her.

I stopped and called after her, "Maid." I knew her name, but calling her that would seem suspicious since I was still pretending to have memory loss.

She didn't slow. Didn't even glance back.

Anger flared in my chest. "Maid!" I snapped, louder.

She finally turned, her eyes full of hate. "Yes, Omega?" The word dripped with the same contempt she'd used on me for years.

I took one step closer. "Omega? I'm a Luna. When you pass me, you greet me."

She gave a short, mocking laugh. "Luna? Everyone knows you're an omega... the triplet-forced-upon mate."

Smack.

My palm met her cheek before my mind caught up. The sound cracked through the empty hallway. She gasped, her eyes wide.

That's for every time she spat at my feet.

I remembered the day she'd tripped me in the dining hall—how the whole room laughed while I scraped food off the floor.

Smack.

That was for calling my mother a thief's wife—and me, a whore.

Smack.

For the cruel mockery and the hurtful words she spat at me on my wedding night.

I wished I could tell her the reasons I was slapping her, but I couldn't.

Tears sprang to her eyes, more shock than pain, but I didn't care. My hand stung, yet a fierce satisfaction burned in my chest.

"You're a maid," I hissed. "Act like one. You don't speak to me—ever—unless it's 'yes, Luna' or 'no, Luna'. Understand?"

She clutched the linens, lips trembling. "Y-yes, Luna."

A familiar voice cut in. "Olivia?"

I turned; Louis stood at the corridor's end, concern written across his face. He hurried over, gaze flicking from Cynthia flushed cheek to my raised hand.

"What's going on?" he asked quietly.

I dropped my arm, breathing hard. "Just reminding the staff of their manners."

Cynthia bobbed a hasty curtsy, murmured an apology, and scurried away.

Louis reached out but stopped himself. "Are you alright?"

I drew a steadying breath, meeting his worried eyes. "I'm fine," I said, though my palm still tingled. "Sometimes people need to remember their place."

He studied me for a long moment, something unreadable in his expression. I just hoped he wasn't suspecting me.

I swallowed hard. "I have to go," I said and hurried back to my room, cancelling my idea of taking a walk.

I stayed in my room all day.

The curtains were closed, the door locked, and I ignored every knock.

When evening came, I was hungry but still refused to leave my

Suddenly, a knock sounded.

"Luna Olivia, the Alphas sent something for you," a guard called from outside.

I frowned, hesitated for a second, then got off the bed, crossed the room, and unlatched the door.

The door swung open—and everything happened at once.

Two broad-shouldered men in pack-guard uniforms surged forward.

One slammed the door shut behind them; the other yanked my wrists.

"Hey—!" The word barely left my mouth before a cloth pressed over my nose and lips. A sweet, chemical sting flooded my senses; my knees buckled.

My legs gave out. The room spun.

"Quick, she's fainting," one guard said. "No bruises. Move."

The last thing I felt was their hands catching me before everything went black.

Chapter 143: Missing

Levi's POV

"Mate!" My wolf shouted loudly in my mind, making my eyes widen as I forcefully woke up from the couch. Panicking, I ran out of my room and made my way to her room. My heart was pounding, and my wolf was howling in discomfort. Just as I reached her room, I noticed Lennox and Louis also racing down towards her room with the same panic in their eyes. I didn't need to be told to know that they also felt it; their wolves must have alerted them.

I didn't wait for them; I pushed her door open, but Olivia wasn't in her room. My heart raced as I stormed into the bathroom, but there was nothing. Her scent still lingered, but she wasn't there.

I stormed back into the room and quickly tried to make a mind link with her, but it wasn't connecting. I gasped and shook my head as I tried again, but still no connection.

"Guards!" Lennox yelled, his worried voice echoing through the halls of the mansion.

"She's not connecting," Louis said in a worried tone, running a hand through his hair.

I shook my head in fear, imagining something was wrong with her. The alert from my wolf told me something wasn't right. Olivia might be in danger, but how?

About ten guards rushed into the room.

"Search every corner of this mansion for our wife," Lennox ordered. "Now!"

But I didn't wait.

I followed Olivia's scent out of her room, through the hallway, and down the back corridors. I rushed past the garden and kept going; her scent grew weaker and weaker.

Finally, I reached the main gate.

Her scent stopped.

Just disappeared.

"No," I whispered, frozen in place. "No, no, no..."

Lennox and Louis caught up to me at the gate, and from the look on their faces, they knew Olivia was gone.

She wasn't in the mansion anymore.

My heart raced as I quickly opened a mind link to the guards stationed at the borders.

"Who left the border recently?" I demanded.

"No one, Alpha," one guard replied.

I growled in frustration. "Our mate is missing!" I snapped. "She's not in the mansion. You need to check every single border point again. If anyone comes close, alert me immediately. Don't let anyone through. Understood?"

"Yes, Alpha!" they replied in unison.

I closed the link and turned to Lennox, who was already walking fast, his jaw clenched in anger.

"I'm going to the CCTV room," he said.

Without hesitation, Louis and I followed him.

My heart was racing, and different scary scenarios were building up in my head, and to make matters worse, my wolf was howling, sounding so troubled. Something was definitely wrong with her.

We reached the security room quickly, all of us breathing hard. Lennox didn't wait; he walked straight to the door and pressed his thumb on the scanner. The light turned green, and the door unlocked with a click.

We went inside.

The room was full of screens showing different parts of the mansion. Lennox sat down quickly at the main computer and started typing fast.

"I'm pulling up the camera in Olivia's hallway," he said.

The screen changed, showing the hallway outside her room. Lennox rewound the footage to about a few minutes ago so we could see what happened.

We all stared at the screen.

But nothing moved.

"It's frozen," Louis said, confused.

"The footage isn't playing," I added.

Lennox's eyes narrowed. His hands flew over the keyboard again.

"Someone paused the camera," he said angrily.

My heart dropped. "Paused it? Why would anyone do that?"

"So we wouldn't see who took her," Lennox growled.

He kept trying to restart the footage, but the screen stayed stuck on the same still image of an empty hallway.

As Lennox kept trying to fix the frozen footage, my eyes moved to one of the other screens on the wall.

Something caught my attention.

A truck.

It was driving out through the main gate... just a few minutes ago.

"Wait," I said, pointing. "Look at that."

Lennox and Louis turned to the screen.

The truck was familiar. It was the one that usually delivered supplies to the pack house—food, medicine, and other essentials.

But something didn't feel right.

"That's the supply truck," Louis said.

"Yeah," I replied, narrowing my eyes. "But why is it leaving now? It never comes at night."

The timing was too perfect. Olivia disappeared, the cameras were paused, and now the truck was leaving in the dark?

My gut twisted.

"She might be in that truck," I said. "Let's go!"

We all ran out of the room and straight toward the main gate. My heart was racing, and my wolf was howling with rage.

The guards stood at attention as we approached.

"What truck just left?" Lennox demanded.

"The supply truck, Alpha," one guard replied. "They said they were returning some empty crates."

"At night?" I snapped. "Who gave them permission?"

The guards looked at each other nervously.

"No one, Alpha," another one answered. "They said they were cleared by someone inside."

Lennox growled deep in his chest, and Louis clenched his fists.

"They took her," I said through gritted teeth. "They used the damn truck to sneak her out."

Without wasting a second, we jumped into the nearest black SUV. I got behind the wheel, and Lennox and Louis climbed in beside me, slamming the doors shut.

I floored the gas pedal, and the tires screeched as we sped out of the pack house gates.

My hands gripped the steering wheel tight, my heart pounding so fast it felt like it might break through my chest. My wolf was going wild inside me, clawing to get out, to run, to find her.

"Faster," Lennox growled beside me.

"I know," I muttered, eyes locked on the road.

The truck couldn't have gotten far. It had only left a few minutes before we saw it.

We followed the narrow road that led out of the pack house territory, headlights cutting through the night. I drove like my life depended on it—because it did. Olivia was my life.

Then suddenly, just ten minutes into the drive, I saw it.

"There!" I shouted.

Up ahead, parked awkwardly by the side of the road, was the truck.

I slammed on the brakes.

We flew out of the car and raced to the truck.

But It was empty.

The back doors were wide open. No one was inside.

"No..." Louis whispered.

"They ditched it," Lennox growled, kicking the tire. "They knew we'd follow."

I sniffed the air, hoping to catch her scent, but there was barely anything—just a faint trace of her, quickly fading.

"They transferred her to another vehicle," I said, rage burning in my chest. "They planned this."

Lennox's eyes glowed, and Louis looked ready to shift. Lennox pulled out his phone, his hands shaking with fear. His thumb flew across the screen as he dialed Gabriel's number.

We all stood in tense silence as the line rang.

"Pick up..." Lennox muttered. "Pick up, damn it."

Finally, the call connected.

"What?" Gabriel's voice came through the speaker, annoyed and half-asleep.

"Where is Olivia?" Lennox barked without preamble.

There was a pause. "What? What are you talking about?"

"Don't play dumb," Lennox growled. "Did you take her?"

Gabriel's voice sharpened. "Take her? Are you insane? I've been in meetings all day. I haven't been near your pack house."

I watched Lennox's face closely. His expression shifted—not relief, but something worse.

Truth.

Gabriel wasn't lying.

"She's gone," I said, loud enough for Gabriel to hear.

"What do you mean gone?" Gabriel's tone turned to that of worry. "What happened?"

"She was taken," Louis said tightly. "From her room. Someone used a supply truck to sneak her out. The truck's been ditched, and her scent is almost gone."

Gabriel cursed under his breath. "I swear on the Moon Goddess, I had nothing to do with

Lennox gave a hard sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose. He knew Gabriel didn't take her... he could sense Gabriel's innocence.

"Fuck!" he grunted and ended the call.

Where we stood at the dark road, I could feel our worries, our fears. Where could Olivia be? I knew she didn't leave on her own free will because if she did, then my wolf wouldn't be feeling this worried, I wouldn't be having this scary feeling in my head. Someone must have taken her, and she is not in a good position. What if she's unconscious? That is why she can't respond to us? And to crown it all, tomorrow night was the full moon! Shit! Olivia was in trouble.

I turned to my brothers. "We... need to act fast," I said, my voice tight with worry.

Lennox grunted and nodded. "Let's go to the seer... we can't waste any more time," he said, and the three of us jumped back into the car.

Just as I was driving, a mind link came through from one of the border patrols. "Alpha... a helicopter... we just saw a helicopter fly past us..."

My breath hitched. I slammed the brakes.

Lennox and Louis looked at me instantly, already sensing something was wrong. "What is it?" Lennox asked, impatient and tense.

I took a deep breath and turned to face them. "I think Olivia was taken by a helicopter. The men at the border just reported seeing one fly past," I said, delivering the blow.

"Shit!" Lennox and Louis grunted.

I didn't say a damn word. Just turned the engine back on and slammed my foot down, the tires screeching as I tore down the road toward the seer.

Chapter 144: Kidnapped

Olivia's POV

I woke up with a pounding headache and a foggy mind. Darkness surrounded me, and as I tried to move, I realized my hands were tied behind my back—my legs, too. Panic surged through me. I opened my mouth to scream, but something was shoved between my lips, turning my cry into a muffled, useless sound.

The surface under me was hard, shifting as if I were inside a moving car. And then realization hit me! I was in the trunk of a vehicle. My heart raced as I heard soft crying next to me. Turning as much as I could, I saw three other girls tied up like me. Their scared eyes locked with mine, and I knew they were just as frightened as I was.

I struggled against the ropes, but they held fast. My mind raced, trying to piece together what had happened. I remembered the guards, the cloth pressed to my nose... that sweet scent—and then... nothing. Damn it. I'd been kidnapped.

The car hit a bump, jolting all of us. One of the girls whimpered, looking at me like I might somehow save us. But I couldn't. I was just as helpless. I didn't even know how I'd ended up here.

Suddenly, the car stopped, and I heard footsteps outside. Before I could process it, the trunk flew open, flooding the dark space with bright sunlight. I blinked, trying to adjust, but before I could react, four large men began pulling us out. I struggled, trying to break free, but a sharp slap across my face made me freeze.

"If you try that again, I'll make you regret it," one of the men growled, his voice sending chills down my spine.

We were dragged inside a building, pulled through a large room, and then up some stairs. The men shoved us into a small room, and I hit the cold floor hard. Wincing, I looked up and realized there were other girls here too, their eyes empty, staring at me and the other three girls.

The men untied our hands and legs but left the strange collars around our necks. "Make a sound, and you're dead," one of them warned before locking the door behind them.

I sat up, my heart racing. The other girls in the room looked broken, like they had already given up. Fear twisted inside me. I reached out to my wolf, hoping she could help me, but... nothing. My wolf was silent.

"My wolf," I whispered in panic, trying to connect with her again, but it was useless.

A quiet laugh broke the silence. It sounded dry and a little angry, coming from the far corner of the room.

"First time?" a girl said. Her voice scratched through the air like it hadn't been used in days. I turned my head and saw her—maybe a year older than me, or maybe she just looked older from everything she'd seen. Her clothes were torn and stained, one eye swollen, but she held herself with a kind of grim awareness the others didn't.

"What—what do you mean?" I asked, voice hoarse.

She tilted her head, revealing a metallic band around her neck, just the same as mine. "That collar on your neck? It's not just for show. Blocks the bond. Your wolf, your mind link, any chance of help... gone."

I thought she was done but then she whispered. "But that doesn't mean you won't go into heat. Remember today's is the full moon."

My stomach dropped. I touched the collar, feeling its cold metal against my skin. How could I have forgotten? Today was the full moon and I will be on heat tonight!

My fear and worry intensified.

"What do they want from us?" I asked, my voice shaking.

The girl sighed, her eyes looking tired. "In a few hours from now, they'll sell us. Auction's in a few hours. Virgins to the highest bidders, the rest... to whoever wants a disposable toy."

Her words hit me hard. I looked around at the other girls, some silently crying, others staring into space. Tears burned my eyes, but I refused to let them fall. I had to stay strong. I had to find a way out of this place.

The girl saw the look on my face and shook her head. "Don't bother. People have tried to escape, and it never ends well. This place is guarded, and we're powerless with these collars on."

The blood drained from my face.

"You've got the look of someone important," she added. Her eyes flicked to the faint markings on my neck. "Pack ties?"

I hesitated. "I'm... mated. To the triplets of the Full Moon Pack."

That made her sit up straighter. "Well. That makes you valuable. And very dangerous. Don't let anyone know this, if they do, they will use you as a pawn to get to your mates."

I swallowed hard, feeling the collar like a heavy weight around my neck. Without my wolf, I was weak, no different from a human. And without it, I couldn't communicate with the triplets, at least to ask for their help. I knew I always wanted to leave them, but not like this... not to be kidnapped and sold off as a slave.

Tears fell uncontrollably down my cheeks as I thought of my mother. She would be heartbroken. What if we never get to see each other again? I was the only one she had left. I thought of the triplet as I wondered if they had noticed my absence. Are they even searching for me? I wonder what they might be thinking... perhaps that I ran away.

Goodness, who could have done this? I knew it was definitely not the triplet. Yes, they hate me, but not to this extent of selling me off. If not them, then who could it be? Anita? Yes, it has to be her! But How? How did she get those men to dress in the guards' uniforms? How were they able to sneak me out?

I was still trying to process everything when suddenly the door opened and three women marched in, each holding a long whip in their hands.

"The auction starts in three hours, but before that, we will have to differentiate the goats from the sheep, the diamonds from the chaff. All of you, up on your feet and take off your clothes," the middle-aged lady with piercing brown eyes ordered, and quickly, the other girls rose to their feet, scared and terrified of her.

I stood there frozen, my heart pounding so hard I thought it might burst out of my chest. The other girls, their faces pale with fear, hurriedly obeyed the command, their trembling hands reaching for their clothes. The middle-aged woman with the piercing eyes watched us like a predator, her whip tapping lightly against her palm as if she couldn't wait to use it.

I didn't move. My mind was racing, my body frozen in shock. But then I felt the sharp sting of the whip against my back. The pain was immediate, tearing a gasp from my lips.

"I said undress!" the woman barked.

With shaking hands, I slowly started to remove my clothes. I couldn't stop the tears that welled up in my eyes and slid down my cheeks. It wasn't just the humiliation or the fear of what was coming next, but the crushing weight of hopelessness. How had my life come to this?

Once we were all undressed, the women began inspecting each of us. Their hands were cold and rough as they touched us, checking for things I didn't even understand. The room was eerily silent except for the sound of sobs and the occasional snap of the whip when one of the girls didn't move fast enough.

When they reached me, I stood still, forcing myself not to cry any more than I already had. The woman glanced at me, her eyes narrowing as she looked me over.

"Still a virgin?" She seemed confused. "You are marked but still a virgin..." She trailed off, her eyes fixed on the three marks of the triplet on my neck. I wished I could tell her I'm the mate of the famous triplet of the full moon pack. Perhaps that could help, but the moment I tried to speak, she pushed me aside. "This one is still a virgin," she said, her voice cold and detached, as if I were nothing more than livestock.

I was pushed to the side, joining a few other girls. My stomach twisted with fear. What did this mean for us? What did they plan to do with us?

The other girls who weren't virgins were led to the opposite side of the room, their heads hanging low in defeat. I caught the eye of one of them—a girl who couldn't have been older than me. She gave me a sad look, as if she understood exactly what fate awaited all of us.

After the inspection, the woman with the whip looked at us, a cruel smile playing on her lips. "You'll be treated well if you behave. But if you try anything stupid... you won't live to regret it."

I swallowed hard and closed my eyes, wishing all this was a dream.

"Go in there and clean yourselves up," she ordered, pointing at a door.

We shuffled into the bathroom, a small, cold space with stalls. No one spoke. I stepped into one of the stalls, turned on the water, and let it run over me. The coldness stung, but I barely felt it. My mind was racing, still trying to understand everything.

When I finished washing, I stepped out, still shivering. The women were waiting for us, holding out thin, see-through dresses. I felt sick as I took the dress and put it on. The fabric was so light, it did nothing to cover me. I felt more exposed than ever.

"Hurry up," one of the women snapped, her whip tapping against her leg like she couldn't wait to use it again. The other girls dressed quickly too, exchanging scared looks, but no one dared to speak.

The woman with the cold eyes looked at us, smiling in a way that made my skin crawl. "Good," she said. "Now you look presentable. Come with me."

As they led us out, my heart pounded. I didn't know where they were taking us, but I knew they were taking us to our nightmares. We were led through a hallway, and when we got to a door, one of the ladies pushed it open and ordered us in.

The room inside was even colder, with rows of chairs lined up against the walls. We were told to sit down. No one spoke. The fear in the air was thick and choking. I sat down, my heart pounding as I looked at the other girls. Some of them stared at the floor, too scared to lift their heads. Others had tears running silently down their cheeks.

I swallowed hard, and again my thoughts drifted to the triplets. Will this be the end of our story? Will I never set my eyes on them again?

Tears blurred my eyes. When I said I wanted to disappear from their lives, I didn't mean it this way. Not to be sold as a slave to Goddess knows who.

It wasn't long before the women started calling girls one by one, leading them out of the room. The door would open and close, open again and close. Each time the door opened, it sent a wave of panic through me. I didn't know where they were being taken or what was happening behind those doors, but I could tell from their expressions as they left that it wasn't good.

I sat there, trying to keep myself calm, but it was impossible. Every second felt like an eternity. My mind raced, thinking of my mother, the triplets. I tried to reach them through the mind link, but the choker wrapped around my neck was stopping me. I sighed and kept wishing that somehow, I would wake up from this nightmare, but deep down, I knew it was all real.

Then, it was my turn.

One of the women called me, her voice sharp and commanding. My legs felt weak as I stood up, and I had to force myself to walk. The eyes of the other girls followed me, their fear reflecting my own.

As the door creaked open, I was shoved into a room filled with people. My breath caught in my throat as I glanced at the people before me. Rows of well-dressed men and women sat in plush chairs, their eyes cold and calculating as they reviewed me like I was some sort of prize on display. The lighting was dim, but it didn't hide the greed and hunger in their gazes.

I stood there, trembling, trying to cover myself with the thin, transparent dress they had forced me to wear. The room was eerily silent, except for the occasional whisper between the bidders and the soft hum of voices speaking bids. My heart pounded, fear surging through me as I realized what was happening. This was the auction.

A man stood at the front, overseeing the event like it was just another business transaction. He glanced at me briefly before turning to the audience. "Next up," he said with a smirk, "a rare find. A virgin, strong, and in good health. Let's start the bidding."

Chapter 145: Sold

Olivia's POV

My legs were weak, my body aching under the weight of fear, exhaustion, and the cruel choker that silenced my wolf. I could barely breathe. The room around me was filled with murmurs and whispers of men eager to own me, eager to take me as their prize. I hated it. I hated how helpless I felt, how powerless I was to stop any of it.

The announcer's voice boomed through the hall, thick with excitement. "Next up is a rare gem, a virgin... who will take this precious gem back home? And bidding starts now!"

My heart stopped for a moment, then raced uncontrollably. This was it. This moment would decide the rest of my life. I felt sick. My gaze flickered over the crowd, trying to find something, someone, that could give me hope. For a fleeting second, I imagined the triplets appearing like knights in shining armor. But all I saw were hungry eyes, greedy smiles, and faces filled with lust.

The bidding began, and the air in the room seemed to thicken. Prices were thrown out carelessly, men shouting over one another to claim me. Each new bid sent a wave of fear crashing through me. How could they bid on a person like this? Like I was something to be bought and sold?

"300,000!" one man yelled from the back of the room, and my stomach twisted.

"400,000!" another voice rang out, closer this time.

I felt my chest tightening as I heard the numbers climb higher and higher. I squeezed my eyes shut for a brief moment, trying to block it all out, but it didn't help. My fate was slipping further and further from my grasp.

Ten men had already called their prices, and I could hardly breathe. I forced myself to look up, scanning the room again, searching for something—anything—that could give me strength. That's when I saw him.

Piercing hazel eyes.

My breath caught in my throat as I locked eyes with a man sitting quietly in the corner of the room. His presence was overwhelming, even from a distance.

He didn't look like the others—he wasn't yelling or throwing out bids. He just sat there, his gaze never leaving me. It was unsettling but also strangely familiar, like I knew him from somewhere, but I couldn't place it.

What shocked me the most was that he wasn't bidding. His eyes were intense, like they were stripping away every layer of me, but they weren't filled with the same lust as the others. His desire was different—more dangerous, more powerful—and yet, I couldn't understand it.

Who was he?

As I stood there, helpless, a shiver ran down my spine. The man's eyes never wavered, and for a moment, I thought I saw something flicker in them—something raw, something possessive.

His stare felt like a burden pressing down on me, making it hard to think, hard to breathe. And yet, I couldn't look away.

Just then, someone approached him, leaning close to whisper in his ear. Even with the person whispering to him, his gaze didn't leave me.

My heart was pounding so loudly in my chest that I thought he might be able to hear it from where he sat. But Why wasn't he bidding like the others? I was surprisingly wanting him to bid.

I swallowed hard, trying to pull myself together. This wasn't the time to get distracted. The bidding continued, the prices rising higher and higher.

"700,000!" a man shouted from the front, grinning as if he'd already won.

My breath hitched as the auctioneer's voice rang out, "Going once... going twice..."

This was it. I was about to be sold. A wave of nausea rose in my throat as the hammer lifted, ready to seal my fate. I closed my eyes, bracing for the sound that would change my life forever.

But then, just as the auctioneer was about to slam the hammer down, a voice cut through the silence. A voice that made the room freeze.

"One million!"

My eyes snapped open in shock. The entire hall went silent, every head turning toward the source of the voice. I did, too, and suddenly, my breath hitched in my chest when I realized who the voice's owner was.

It was him—the man with the piercing hazel eyes. He'd been so still, so quiet, and now... now he'd bid the highest. Higher than anyone could have imagined.

I stared at him, my heart racing, my head spinning. One million? That was more than I could ever imagine. Who was this man? Why had he waited so long and bid this much?

He hadn't looked like he cared, hadn't moved a muscle during the entire auction, and now he was willing to pay more than anyone else in the room combined.

The other men in the hall exchanged glances, some grumbling under their breath, others simply stunned. No one dared to outbid him. They couldn't. It was over.

The auctioneer, clearly taken aback, stammered for a moment before finding his voice again. "One... one million... going once... going twice... sold!"

The sound of the hammer hitting the podium echoed through the room, but all I could hear was the pounding of my own heart. I'd been bought. I fucking belonged to him now.

The choker around my neck suddenly felt even tighter than before. My body felt weak, like I might collapse at any moment. I tried to steady myself, but my legs were shaking.

The man stood from his seat, and as he made his way toward the stage, the crowd parted for him like they were afraid to get too close.

He moved with a calm, controlled grace, his eyes still locked on me. Every step he took sent another wave of anxiety crashing through me.

When he finally reached me, I felt my breath catch in my throat again. Up close, he was even more intimidating, more tempting, more breathtaking.

Tall, broad-shouldered, with a presence that seemed to fill the entire room. His dark hair framed his face, but it was those Hazel eyes that held me captive.

He looked down at me, his expression unreadable. For a moment, neither of us said anything. The silence suffocated me, thick and heavy, until finally, he spoke.

"You are now mine!"

Chapter 146: Who Is He

Olivia's POV

They shoved me into the back seat of a car, separate from the one my mysterious buyer was in. As the car sped off, I couldn't help but panic, filled with fear and questions. Who was this mysterious buyer? Why would he spend so much money on me? But what frightened me even more was what he intended to do with me. Was he buying me to be his sex slave? No! I shook my head. No man in his right mind would pay a million dollars just for that. Deep down, I felt he had another purpose for me, but I couldn't pinpoint what it was.

The car drove for what felt like hours. I had no idea where we were headed—the windows were tinted too dark to see anything clearly. All I could do was sit there, tired and helpless, my heart thudding painfully in my chest.

I frowned as a thought came to my mind. Were we still in London?

I glanced around as best as I could, trying to read any signs, any clues. The car slowed, pulling through tall iron gates, and I caught a glimpse of a massive building up ahead.

A mansion.

Huge, old, and surrounded by high stone walls and thick trees. The kind of place that looked like it belonged to royalty.

The vehicle rolled to a stop, and the door flung open.

Two guards reached in to pull me out, rough hands grabbing my arms—but a deep voice cut through the air.

"Don't touch

It was him.

The man who bought me.

Instantly, the guards released me and stepped back.

My breath hitched.

Why didn't he want them to grab me?

My eyes met his, but he simply stared at me and walked away. "Escort her in," he said to his men.

I swallowed hard as the men led me. I followed this mysterious buyer into the building. As we entered, I realized he had servants; his mansion wasn't as big as the full moon pack house, but one could tell this man was wealthy by the intricate designs of the rooms.

My heart raced faster as I followed him upstairs. I began to panic as I didn't know what was happening. Was he going to sleep with me? Was that it? Would I lose my virginity to this man? I didn't even know him, nor did I like him, and I certainly didn't have a choice.

He led me up a wide staircase without saying a word, his pace calm, unhurried—as if this were all just routine. My heart pounded louder with each step, fear clawing its way up my throat. I didn't know what was waiting for me at the top, but my instincts screamed that nothing good would come of it.

At the end of the hallway, he pushed open a large double door and walked in. I hesitated at the threshold, but one of the guards gave me a light shove forward.

"In," the man said, not even turning to look at me.

I stepped into the room. His chamber.

It was elegant but cold. The lighting dim, the walls a deep charcoal, and the furniture expensive—minimalist, masculine.

"Leave us," he said quietly.

At once, the guards turned and shut the door behind them, sealing me in.

He walked toward a side table and poured himself a drink from a crystal decanter. The sharp scent of alcohol filled the air. He took a slow sip, finally turning his gaze on me.

He was older—definitely in his late thirties. Handsome, in a cold, cruel sort of way. His face was sharp, his eyes alluring. But there was no warmth in them.

I couldn't help but stare.

"Why did you buy me?" I asked softly, though I hated how my voice shook.

He didn't answer right away. He took another sip and then set the glass down with a soft clink.

"Because you fit my plan," he said simply.

The words made my stomach flip, and not in a good way. I felt sick.

"I don't understand," I forced out, taking a step back.

He walked toward me slowly, like a man who had all the time in the world. His presence filled the room, suffocating and intense.

His gaze slid over me like ice water, and I fought the shiver crawling down my spine.

"Because today is the full moon," he said, stopping just in front of me. "And I know you'll be in heat tonight."

My heart dropped.

"No..." I whispered, shaking my head. "You bought me... just for that?"

His lips twitched—maybe a smirk, maybe just annoyance. "I didn't spend a million dollars for nothing, darling."

I froze at the name he called me.

"I need a son," he said flatly. "One heir. That's all. You give me that, and I'll let you go."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My knees felt weak.

"I—No. You can't just—"

"I can," he interrupted, his voice calm, firm, terrifying. "And I will."

I stared at him, my mouth open, chest rising and falling too fast.

"My maid will prepare you," he added as he turned away from me, picking up his drink again.

I blinked. "Prepare me?"

He looked at me over his shoulder. "You belong to me now. And I'm fucking you tonight."

I gasped, stumbling back a step. A cold wave of panic hit me. My fists clenched at my sides as I tried to breathe, tried to stop my whole body from trembling.

I thought of something—anything to say. Should I tell him I'm the mate to the Alphas of the Full Moon Pack? Would that save me? I wanted to open my mouth to say it, but I remembered the warning. She told me never to tell anyone that... because if I do, they will use me as a weapon to get to the triplets, and I didn't want that. After everything, I still cared about them, even in this state I was thinking of their well-being.

Suddenly, a knock came on the door, and he ordered the person in. The door pushed open, revealing two ladies dressed in uniforms.

"Alpha, you sent for us," they said with a bow.

I gulped when I realized my mysterious buyer was also an Alpha. But who was he? Which pack did he lead? Why hadn't I ever seen his face before? Was he from one of the hidden territories? A rogue leader with influence? And what country are we in? I'm sure we are not in London.

My mind was spinning.

He turned to the maid. "This is my guest," he said. "Help her clean up, dress her, feed her, and let her rest. I need her in my bed tonight, and I want her strong enough."

His words made me feel sick. My legs felt weak, and I held on to the table beside me to stop from falling. I wanted to cry, scream, fight—but I couldn't move.

"Yes, Alpha," the maids said in unison.

One of the maids stepped toward me gently. "Please, come with us," she said, sounding friendly.

I backed up a step instinctively. "I'm not going anywhere."

The Alpha—my buyer—glanced at me then, eyes narrowing just slightly.

"I won't say it twice, darling," he said, his voice low and dangerous. "Do not make this more difficult for yourself."

I stared at him for a long second, my hands trembling. I wanted to tell him who I truly was, that I belonged to the Alphas of the Snow Moon Pack, that they would come for me—that I wasn't just anyone. But I remembered the warning.

I didn't even know the name of the girl who told me that in the holding chamber... but her words haunt me now.

I swallowed hard, lowering my eyes.

Even now, even after everything, I still cared. I didn't want to be the reason Louis, Lennox, or Levi suffered. I didn't want them walking into a trap for me.

So I said nothing.

I let the maids come to me, gently guiding me out of the Alpha's chamber, my body numb, my thoughts spiraling.

As they led me down the hallway, I looked back once. He was still standing there, watching me, a glass in his hand, his eyes filled with possession and desire for me.

Chapter 147: Will be Back

Lennox's POV

My brothers and I impatiently tapped our feet against the wooden floor as we waited for the seer to finish with her incantation. When we came last night, she told us she couldn't see anything, that we should return today.

None of us had slept last night.

We tried.

But how could we?

Our Olivia was missing, taken by someone who had the resources and guts to breach pack territory, disable our surveillance, and vanish into the night—possibly in a damn helicopter.

Even my wolf had been pacing and growling inside me nonstop.

We hadn't bathed, hadn't changed clothes. The same clothes we wore when we jumped out of bed in a panic still clung to us, wrinkled and damp with sweat. None of that mattered now.

What mattered was finding her.

The seer sat cross-legged on a mat in front of us, muttering ancient incantations, her eyes glowing faintly with power. The small hut we were in smelled of herbs, smoke, and old magic. Time seemed to stretch painfully slow.

I tapped my foot again. Levi was pacing behind me, arms crossed, his jaw clenched. Louis stood by the window, his eyes darting back and forth like he expected someone to attack us from the woods.

We had done everything we could in the past few hours.

Made dozens of calls.

Warned all our

Told them what happened.

Told them Olivia was taken.

Everyone was shocked. Some were angry. Others promised to keep their eyes and ears open. A few even offered help, sending out their own scouts to check the skies and nearby cities.

But still—nothing.

No sightings.

No leads.

Just dead ends.

Levi had been the most restless. He hadn't sat still once. His wolf was on edge, snapping at anyone who tried to calm him down. Louis, usually the composed one among us three, had started snapping too. Every second that passed without word on Olivia's whereabouts was torture.

"She's taking too long," Levi growled, his voice low but filled with impatience.

"She said she needs full focus," I reminded him, though my own patience was wearing thin. "Let her work."

Levi huffed and kept pacing.

I rubbed my face with both hands, my body heavy with exhaustion, stress, and fear. We hadn't even washed up this morning—we'd come straight here after getting the report from the patrols.

Still in our boots.

Still in yesterday's clothes.

Still haunted by that last image of Olivia's empty room.

I couldn't shake the thought of her being scared... or hurt.

"We have to find her," Louis muttered from the window. "Before the full moon."

I nodded slowly. "We will."

But deep down, I feared we were already running out of time.

It was already 11 a.m.

My wolf stirred anxiously, sensing time slipping through our fingers.

By 7 p.m... she'd go into heat.

And if she wasn't safe by then... Goddess help us—Goddess help her.

My chest tightened painfully.

I swallowed hard and stepped away from the wall, my eyes fixed on the flickering candles in front of the seer, though I wasn't really seeing them.

"She's never been away from us before," I said suddenly, my voice low, rough. "Not for a full day."

Levi and Louis both went still.

"Even when we hated her..." I continued, the words scraping against my throat, "even when we treated her like dirt... I always saw her. Every day."

My voice cracked a little.

"She'd walk past me, and I'd pretend not to care. But I still looked. I still made sure I saw her."

Louis looked down at the floor, jaw clenched.

"I convinced myself I didn't care," I went on. "That she was just an unwanted mate forced on us by fate. Nothing more..."

I laughed bitterly under my breath, shaking my head. "But now she's gone. And I've never felt this hollow in my life."

No one spoke.

There was nothing to say.

I clenched my fists. "And now—for the first time—she's truly gone. Out there. Alone. Possibly scared. And we don't know where the hell she is."

Levi's pacing slowed, his breathing heavy.

Louis stepped closer and finally spoke, his voice filled with worry. "I want her back."

"Me too," Levi murmured.

I sucked a deep breath. "Me too."

The seer suddenly gasped and sat up straighter, like something had taken over her.

We all froze.

Her hands shook in her lap, and for a moment, she didn't say anything. Then her glowing eyes focused on us again.

"She's alive," the seer whispered.

My heart stopped. Levi stepped forward. Louis looked like he was holding his breath.

"She's alive," the seer said again, louder this time. "But there's a choker around her neck. A magical one. That's why she can't mind link to you. That's why your wolves can't reach her. It's blocking everything."

"She isn't hurt..." Levi muttered.

"No," the seer said. "She's trying to reach you... but she can't."

I stepped closer, heart racing. "Where is she? Can you see her?"

The seer shut her eyes tightly, trying harder. Then she sighed and shook her head.

"Yes. She is very fine."

Levi growled. "Then tell us—who took her? Who has her?"

The seer opened her eyes and looked at each of us. Her voice was calm but serious.

"You'll see him," she said. "He will bring her to you himself."

"Him?" Louis echoed. "So it's a man?"

She didn't answer directly—just repeated, "You will see him."

A cold feeling crept through my chest.

"She's going into heat tonight," Levi said, his voice tight and full of worry. "The full moon is tonight. If he touches her—"

"He won't," the seer said sharply, cutting him off.

We all stared at her.

"She won't be touched," she said again. "Your mate will come back to you... untouched. By tomorrow morning."

I wanted to believe her so badly. But I was scared. We all were.

"How do you know that?" Louis asked. "What if you're wrong?"

The seer looked at us calmly. "Tell me something. In all the time you've known me... have I ever said something that didn't come true?"

None of us spoke.

Because the answer was no.

Every single thing she'd ever prophesied had happened. Always.

"I've seen it," she said softly. "She'll come back. She'll be okay. And untouched."

I took a shaky breath and looked at my brothers.

They still looked worried. I was too.

But somewhere deep down... we started to believe her.

"Don't waste today worrying about things that won't happen," the seer added. "She will come back. Whole, safe, and all you have to do is sit and wait for her return."

I sucked a deep breath and murmured a thank you to her before leaving.

We walked back to the pack house in silence, the tension and fear bubbling inside us. Gravel crunched under our boots, the wind tugged at our clothes, but no one spoke. We were each lost in our thoughts—each of us looking so worried.

By the time we reached the pack house, the halls were quiet, most of the pack either out on searches or resting from the night's chaos. Our footsteps echoed down the corridor as we made our way upstairs.

We all entered my room.

Levi kicked a chair across the room the moment the door closed behind us. It slammed into the wall with a loud crack. "I hate this. Just waiting around like this—it's driving me insane."

"I know," I said quietly, crossing to the window. I pulled the curtains aside and looked out into the woods, half-hoping I'd see her running toward us. "But we're doing what we can."

"Are we?" Louis asked. "We've called allies. Sent out patrols. Spoken to the seer. What else is left?"

My jaw tightened.

"There's one person we haven't reached out to," I said, turning from the window.

They both looked at me.

"Uncle."

Their eyes widened slightly.

"Our father's younger brother," I said. "We haven't contacted him. He has connections in America. A whole damn pack under his command. Resources we don't."

Louis exhaled slowly. "He always said to reach out if we ever needed him."

Levi crossed his arms. "We never have."

"Well, we do now."

Without waiting for their response, I closed my eyes and focused, reaching through the pack bond. It took a moment—the distance between us made the link faint, thinner than usual—but eventually, I found the flicker of his presence.

"Uncle," I mind-linked, my voice firm despite the knot in my stomach. "It's Lennox. I'm sorry to contact you like this... but we need your help."

There was a pause—then his voice came through, deep and alert.

"Lennox? Is everything alright?"

"No." My throat tightened. "Our mate... she's missing. Taken from pack territory. We've searched everywhere, used every connection we have. But we're running out of time."

A long silence.

"You have a mate?" he finally asked, sounding genuinely surprised. It was then I remembered we didn't even invite him to our wedding.

"And she's missing?"

"Yes. And we need help. Whoever took her might have crossed borders. Could be in your territory—or at least using it to hide."

His tone shifted instantly, solidifying with authority. "You should have told me sooner. Send me her picture. I'll activate my scouts immediately. We'll start a search across the States. I have people from coast to coast."

Relief bloomed in my chest, momentarily dulling the ache.

"Thank you, Uncle. I'll send it now."

"Do it fast. And Lennox—We'll find her. I promise you that."

I opened my eyes, blinking away the burning sensation behind them. My brothers looked at me with questions.

"He's in," I said. "Told us to send her photo. He's mobilizing his scouts across America."

Levi finally sat down, his hands dragging over his face. "Good. That's something. That's finally something."

Louis crossed to my desk and pulled open the drawer. "I'll get her picture."

Chapter 148: On Heat

Olivia's POV

It was 6 PM, and I could already feel my body reacting strangely. A sudden wave of heat washed over me. Discomfort prickled beneath my skin, and my nipples were already painfully hard. I swallowed hard as I curled into the bed, my heart pounding. I could feel it... my heat was coming. Soon, I'd lose control—and heaven help me, I didn't know if I'd survive it.

The door creaked open. Terrified, I looked up to see who it was, and a rush of relief hit me when I saw the maids step inside. They gave me a polite smile I couldn't return before they walked over.

"We're here to dress you and take you to the Alpha," the older one said.

I swallowed again, my throat dry.

Slowly, I shook my head and began backing up on the bed until my back hit the wall. "No... I-I don't want to see him."

The younger maid frowned, her hands holding a red dress that made my stomach twist. "You have to," she said softly, almost apologetically. "He said you must be brought to him before the moon rises."

My heart slammed against my ribs. I could already feel the ache starting in my lower belly, the warmth spreading through my core like wildfire. The room felt too hot, my skin overly sensitive. Goddess... it was happening faster than I thought.

"I'm not going," I whispered, shaking my head again, this time more firmly. "Tell him I said no."

The older maid sighed. "We don't have a choice. He gave strict orders. And if you don't come with us willingly... the guards outside will make you."

Tears burned in my eyes, but I refused to let them fall. I was tired. Tired of being powerless. Tired of being dragged around like I was nothing.

"I'll scream," I said, my voice shaking. "I'll fight."

"You can try," the older maid said, almost sadly. "But that heat coming on... it's going to get worse. You won't even be able to resist him. And he knows that."

They stepped closer.

I slapped their hands away. "Don't touch me!"

The younger maid flinched, then dropped her gaze.

"Fine," I snapped. "I'll go. But I'll dress myself."

They both looked surprised, then nodded.

I grabbed the dress from her hand. Even touching it felt like betrayal to the triplets, like silently agreeing to be a sacrifice. Turning my back to them, I slipped it on with shaking fingers. My body was on fire, my limbs trembling, and I could barely get the fabric over my skin.

I didn't check the mirror.

I didn't care how I looked.

All I knew was that I was going into heat... and I might have to sleep with a stranger. And my mates weren't here to stop it.

The older maid looked me over as I adjusted the thin strap over my shoulder. Her eyes swept over my shaking form. "You look like you're being led to be sacrificed," she muttered.

I scoffed bitterly. "That's exactly what this is. I don't even know who this man is. What if he hurts me? What if..." My voice cracked. "What if he kills me in bed?"

"Nothing like that will happen," she cut in firmly, sounding certain. "The Alpha won't harm you."

My lips trembled. "You say that like you're sure."

"We are," the younger maid added. "He's not cruel. And besides... we heard you were sold."

I frowned.

"You should feel lucky," the younger one continued. "He treats his people well. Be glad he's the one who bought you. Trust me."

"Lucky?" I echoed, shaking my head. "Lucky to be bought like cattle? Lucky to be offered up during my heat to a stranger?"

They didn't answer.

I frowned and gently rubbed my fingers over the choker wrapped around my neck. "He seems... mature."

The older maid's lips twitched into something close to a smile. "He is. He just turned thirty-five last month."

My eyes widened. "Thirty-five?"

They both nodded.

It seems I was right when I guessed his age.

"He's... seventeen years older than me," I whispered. Goddess. It hasn't even been three months since I turned eighteen. "Damn... he doesn't look it. He looks..."

I caught myself before I said "good". But the thought lingered.

For a man, his age... he did look damn good.

That chiseled jaw. That raw, masculine face. I hated myself for thinking it, but something about him stirred me—even through the fear.

Realizing they hadn't been entirely cold, I decided to risk it. "You two... you've worked here long?"

"Yes," the younger one said, her voice softer now.

"Then you must know him well. The Alpha, I mean. What about his mate? His children?"

Their expressions changed, frowns etching on their faces.

"It's not our place to speak about that," the older maid said gently but firmly.

That only made my heart twist tighter. What kind of man was I being taken to? Why wouldn't they talk?

Just then, there was a soft knock at the door.

The younger maid turned toward me. "It's time."

The older one moved to open the door.

I didn't feel ready.

Not even close.

But I straightened my back and followed them anyway. Because I didn't have a choice.

The maids walked quietly ahead of me, and I followed, my heart pounding. Every step toward his room made the heat between my legs worse. My body was burning up; I could barely walk straight.

My heat was already here.

I could feel how wet I was. My thighs were shaking, and my nipples were sore just from brushing against the thin fabric of the dress. I wanted to cry. I didn't want this. I didn't even know this man.

But I had no choice.

We reached a large, dark wooden door. One of the maids gave me a small nod, then pushed it open. Warm light spilled out into the hall. I could smell something masculine inside—strong, spicy, and clean. It hit me straight in the chest.

"Go on," she said gently. "He's waiting."

I swallowed hard and stepped inside. The door closed behind me.

This room was big and quiet, dimly lit by golden lamps. Everything looked expensive—thick rugs, a big fireplace, dark wooden furniture. But I barely noticed any of it.

Because he was there.

Sitting in a large chair near the fire.

Shirtless.

And damn—he looked good.

His chest was broad and muscular, his skin golden and smooth except for a few scars. One arm rested on the armrest, the other across his leg. His fingers were long and strong, his body completely relaxed.

His hair was messy like he'd run his hands through it. His jaw was sharp, with just enough stubble. And his eyes—dark and unreadable—lifted to meet mine the second I walked in.

I froze.

My legs trembled.

Heat flooded my body.

I could barely breathe.

My core throbbed, and I felt myself getting even wetter. Shame crawled up my throat—I didn't want this. I didn't want to feel this way.

But my body didn't care.

It wanted him.

My heat was coming hard, and I couldn't stop it.

He noticed.

He tilted his head and gave a slight smile. It wasn't kind. It was dark. Confident. Like he knew what I was feeling.

He didn't say anything.

Just watched me.

As if he could hear my racing heartbeat.

As if he could smell how badly my body wanted him.

And in that moment, I knew... There was no way I'd make it through this night untouched.

Chapter 149: His Touch

Olivia's POV

He rose from the chair slowly. I stood frozen, like a prey caught in the gaze of a predator. My body reacted before I could stop it, heat rushing down my spine and settling between my thighs.

"Take off your clothes," he said, his voice low and commanding.

I flinched, eyes wide. "No..."

His eyes narrowed slightly, not in anger, but certainty. "Now."

My breath hitched. Something in his tone didn't leave room for refusal. My hands trembled as I reached for the thin strap on my shoulder, dragging it down slowly. Then the other.

The silk slipped off, dropping at my feet.

I stood there, naked.

Shivering, not from cold, but from the overwhelming awareness of his gaze raking over every inch of my body.

And then I saw it.

Desire.

Raw. Hungry. Unfiltered.

It gleamed in his eyes, darkening them, tightening his jaw.

He moved—one step, then another—until he was in front of me. Close enough that I could feel the heat radiating off his body.

His hand reached out, fingers brushing lightly down my arm. I gasped at the touch—so gentle, but electric. My nipples hardened painfully as his fingers ghosted over my skin.

"You're burning," he murmured, almost to himself. "Your body's begging for relief."

He pulled me closer, and my chest pressed against his. The contact sent sparks shooting through me. Then Suddenly, his mouth descended on mine as he kissed me.

I whimpered.

The kiss deepened. His tongue brushed against mine, coaxing, exploring. My knees buckled slightly, but his arm was already around my waist, holding me up.

His mouth trailed down my throat, his stubble scraping just enough to make me shiver. He kissed lower, his warm breath brushing over my chest. Then he took a nipple into his mouth.

I moaned.

Loudly.

My hands tangled in his hair as he sucked, gently at first, then harder. My thighs clenched together, my pussy aching. I could barely think—barely breathe.

He pulled back, his eyes dark with desire, and lifted me effortlessly into his arms. I didn't fight it. I couldn't.

He carried me to the bed, laying me down like something precious. Then his hands moved to my thighs, spreading them apart.

"Please..." I whispered, not knowing if I was begging him to stop or to keep going.

He dipped his head between my legs, and the moment his tongue touched me, I cried out—arching off the bed. He licked slowly, thoroughly, tasting every part of me. My hips moved on their own, chasing his mouth.

I was losing my mind.

My fingers gripped the sheets, my eyes squeezing shut as he pushed me closer to organism. His tongue circled, flicked, then plunged, and I shattered. Moaning loudly, bucking under him.

I cried out, my hips lifting. He continued to lick slowly, deeply. My back arched, and I couldn't stop the sounds coming from my mouth.

I moaned louder as he sucked and tasted me. My hands pulled at his hair. My legs wrapped around his neck.

"Please," I whispered. "I can't..."

He kissed his way back up to my lips. I tasted myself on him.

Then his fingers slipped inside me.

I gasped, moaning louder. I was soaking, and his fingers moved perfectly, hitting all the right spots. My hips rocked against him. I couldn't think. My mind was foggy.

My mind tried to think of them—Louis... Lennox... Levi...—but the heat was too intense.

He kissed his way back up my body, and for a moment, I was completely lost in the feeling—until he suddenly stopped.

I opened my eyes.

His fingers moved slowly out of me, brushing my hair aside. Then he froze again.

His eyes were on the side of my neck.

Where the marks of the triplets were imprinted.

His breath caught. He stared at it like it meant something big.

My chest rose and fell quickly. I was dizzy from everything, but I knew something had changed.

He stared at the mark on my neck for a long time. His brows pulled together, and I could feel the tension roll off him.

Then his eyes drifted lower—to the other side of my neck.

And then... lower still. To my shoulder.

His eyes narrowed.

"Why do you have three mate marks?" he asked quietly.

My breath caught in my throat. I froze. I hadn't realized he'd noticed all of them. I even thought he had seen them but didn't care.

I swallowed hard. My lips trembled as I whispered, "Because... I have three mates."

A tense silence hung in the air.

His eyes widened. "Three?"

I nodded slowly.

His expression shifted. Confusion. Shock. Maybe even worry. He sat back, studying me harder now—like he was seeing me for the first time.

"Which pack are you from?" he asked.

I hesitated.

Fear twisted in my stomach. I couldn't answer. I didn't know if it was safe to tell him... what if he used me against the triplets?

So I stayed quiet.

He stood up abruptly. "Which pack?"

I flinched at the harsh tone of his voice.

"Why do you want to know?" I asked, confused.

He cursed under his breath. "Shit. Shit!"

He ran a hand through his hair and stepped away from the bed. I watched him walk over to a table, grab his phone, and unlock it quickly. His fingers moved fast across the screen.

Then he stopped.

His whole body stilled as he stared at something on his screen.

His face went pale.

His eyes slowly lifted to mine.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," he said in a low, disbelieving growl.

My heart dropped.

I had no idea what he'd seen.

But I knew something wasn't right...

"Damn it!" He hurled the phone at the wall, and I flinched in fear.

He looked back at me. This time, there was no trace of desire in him, the only thing I could see was anger and pain.

"You're Olivia," he said, and my eyes widened. How did he know that? What did he see on his phone? Had the triplets posted something? A missing person alert?

The heat inside me vanished instantly. My stomach turned. "Do you know me?" I asked, my voice shaking.

He scoffed bitterly and ran both hands through his hair. "Of course I do!" he growled. "You're my nephews' wife. Lennox, Levi, and Louis... they're my nephews."

My eyes widened in horror.

What!

Chapter 150: Worried

Levi's POV

My eyes were fixed on the wall clock as the second hand ticked past 7 PM. Right on time.

I emptied the glass of whiskey in my hand, the burn doing nothing to calm the storm raging inside me.

She was in heat now.

Wherever Olivia was—she was burning. My wolf knew it. Felt it. He growled and thrashed inside me, pacing, snarling. He wanted her. Needed her. Not just for the sake of the bond—but to ease her pain.

And still—I stayed rooted in my chair.

The air around me was thick with the scent of heat. Almost every she-wolf in the mansion had gone into heat tonight, and the ones who didn't have mates were locked away in the safe rooms just down the hall. But even with the air soaked in arousal and pheromones, my wolf didn't care.

None of them mattered.

The only scent I wanted—the only one I craved—was Olivia's. That sweet blend of nutmeg and honey that used to make my wolf go still and greedy. I was trying, desperately, to find even the faintest trace of it in the air.

But nothing.

Not even a whisper of her.

"Fucking hell," Lennox muttered, slamming his glass down on the table and standing up. He ran a hand through his hair, pacing the room like a caged animal. "She's out there. Alone. In heat. And we're just here—waiting."

Louis sat on the couch, his eyes glassy with worry, fingers clenching around the stem of his glass. He hadn't said much, but I could feel the storm building inside him. When he finally spoke, his voice cracked.

"What if he touches her?" Louis whispered. "What if she begs him because the heat is too much, and she can't help it?"

"No," I growled, standing up too. "Don't say that."

"I'm not saying it because I want to," Louis snapped. "I'm saying it because it's possible. She's strong, but heat... it takes over. And we're not there to protect her."

Lennox slammed his fist into the wall, cracking the plaster. "We should've found her already. How the hell did this even happen? How did someone just take her like that?"

None of us had an answer.

The silence after that was heavy. Painful.

We each poured another drink, but it didn't help. We were suffering, and we all knew it.

Then the door creaked open and Anita stepped inside, and the scent hit us immediately, strong, rich, unmistakably in heat.

Her cheeks flushed, her eyes glassy and pupils wide. Her breathing was shallow, chest rising and falling quickly. Her scent wrapped around the room like smoke, seductive and overwhelming. Any other time, it might have stirred something primal in us.

But not tonight.

Not with Olivia missing.

"I... I can't stay in the safe wing," Anita said softly, taking a few steps into the room. Her voice shook, her hands already reaching up to the straps of her dress. "I'm in heat."

Lennox didn't even look at her. "We're not in the mood."

She hesitated, lips parting, but her fingers still slid the thin straps off her shoulders, letting the dress slip down her arms.

"You can have me," she said breathlessly, desperation lacing her words. "All of you. You always said I belonged to you. I wear your marks. You made me your concubine."

I turned my head sharply, my jaw clenched. "Put your dress back on."

She blinked, confused. "But you marked me. I'm yours."

"Not tonight," I said coldly. "Not when Olivia is missing."

Louis stood as well, his voice hoarse but firm. "We don't want you, Anita."

She gaped at us, visibly shaking now—whether from heat or rejection, I couldn't tell. "But I'm in heat. I'm in pain. I need you. You marked me—claimed me. You're supposed to help me through this!"

"No," I said, stepping back from her. "Not anymore. I can't touch you. Not when the only woman I want is out there, suffering. Not when my mate is missing."

She looked between us, hurt blooming across her face.

"You would leave me like this?" she whispered.

Lennox finally turned to her, his expression hard. "You think we care about your heat when our mate could be dying? When another man could be touching what belongs to us?"

Anita's frown deepened. "What the hell!" she spat, her whole body trembling. "When did the three of you start caring about Olivia? I thought you hated her!" she snapped angrily.

I frowned but didn't say a word.

Anita quickly took off her dress, leaving her naked before us. I looked away, feeling guilty, just seeing her naked body felt like I was cheating on Olivia.

Before I could process what was happening, Anita moved over to Lennox and wrapped her arms around his neck, trying to kiss him. But Lennox pushed her away so forcefully that she landed on her ass on the tiled floor.

"I told you no!" he growled, the voice of his wolf mixing with his own, making it sound terrifying.

Anita gasped in pain but pushed herself up from the floor. She moved toward Louis, but before she could get close, Louis stopped her with a raised hand. "Don't come near me, Anita... I'm not myself... just leave," he warned. A warning Anita listened to.

Finally, she turned to me, her eyes brimming with tears. I felt a tiny bit of pity for her—she was in heat, and I knew exactly what she was going through. So I decided to help her.

"Anita," I said. "We understand. You're in heat. You need relief. That's nature. We get it."

She looked up at me with wide, teary eyes, like she was clinging to my voice, clinging to hope.

But I wasn't done.

"And that's why... I'm giving you permission," I said. "You're free to go. You can find another male, any male. Let him help you."

She stared at me like I'd slapped her. "What?"

Louis nodded in agreement, his frown deepening. "He's right. Go find someone who wants you. Someone who can take care of you tonight."

"Anyone but us," Lennox added harshly. "We're not touching you."

Anita's breath hitched. "You're serious?"

I nodded. "We are."