

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

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Olivia's POV

"What is all this?" I asked, my voice trembling with confusion and pain. Tonight was our wedding night. I hadn't expected them to touch me—not that I even wanted them to—but I also hadn't expected her to be here.

I darted my eyes among the triplets, waiting for an answer, for some kind of explanation, but none of them spared me a glance. Instead, they all turned their attention to Anita as if I didn't exist.

Lennox sealed his lips over hers in a deep, passionate kiss. Levi reached for the zipper of her dress, slowly peeling it away from her body. Louis trailed kisses along her neck, down to her collarbone, his hands roaming freely.

My wolf howled in pain but also in anger.

My lips parted, but no words came out. I stood frozen, stunned, hurt, and heartbroken as I watched Anita moan softly into the kiss she shared with Lennox. Levi had already undressed her, and Louis had positioned himself between her thighs.

I couldn't stand it. I couldn't take it. So, with a shattered heart, I rushed to the door, my hands trembling as I gripped the handle and yanked. Nothing. My stomach dropped. I twisted it harder, rattling it in desperation. Locked.

Panic surged through me as I turned back, my breath coming in short, sharp gasps. "Open this door!" My voice shook, but I didn't care. I wouldn't stay here. I wouldn't let them humiliate me like this.

The triplets ignored me.

Anita let out a soft moan, arching against Lennox as his lips trailed down her neck. Levi leaned back lazily, watching me with amusement as he ran his fingers over Anita's bare skin. Louis had positioned himself between her legs, his intentions painfully clear.

My stomach twisted violently.

"I said open the damn door!" I shouted this time, my nails digging into my palms to keep from breaking completely. My wolf was howling inside me, torn between anguish and fury.

Lennox finally pulled away from Anita's lips, glancing at me with a smirk that held nothing but cruelty. "And where exactly do you think you're going, wife?"

I flinched at the way he said it. Like the word was a joke.

"Anywhere but here," I spat, my voice thick with pain. "This is disgusting! You're my mates, my husbands, and on our wedding night, you—" My voice cracked. I clenched my fists. "You humiliate me like this?"

Levi scoffed. "You're acting like this wasn't expected."

I blinked at him, my breath catching. "Expected?"

Louis chuckled darkly, his fingers still idly tracing Anita's thigh. "You didn't actually think we'd touch you, did you?"

Pain slammed into me, sharp and suffocating.

Lennox's eyes gleamed with mockery. "We don't want you, Olivia."

Levi tilted his head, watching as the words hit me like a slap. "You're just a mate, forced on us. Nothing more."

My legs wobbled beneath me. My lungs felt too tight.

"You should be grateful," Louis added, his tone dripping with arrogance. "We're not forcing you to perform your... wifely duties tonight. Anita was more than happy to take your place."

Anita hummed in satisfaction, running a finger down Levi's chest. "And they're more than happy to have me," she purred, casting me a look of pure triumph.

I wanted to scream. To claw at them. To shift and tear this room apart.

Instead, I turned back to the door and slammed my fist against it. "Let me out!"

No one moved.

The realization settled over me like ice.

They had planned this. Every bit of it.

"Enjoy the show, wifey." Lennox smirked, and then they all moved their attention back to Anita. With a clenched heart, I watched as Lennox took Anita's breast into his mouth, sucking hungrily. Louis spread her legs apart, his tongue teasing her most sensitive spot, while Levi kissed her passionately, his hands gripping her hips possessively.

"Mate!" my wolf whimpered, and suddenly-pain.

A strong, unbearable wave crashed through me, knocking me off my feet and sending me sprawling to the floor.

I gasped, clutching my chest, struggling to breathe. "What's happening?" I asked my wolf, but she only whimpered.

"Our mates are having sex with another woman, Olivia. As long as we wear their mark, we will feel everything they do with someone else.

"No!" I tried speaking, but another wave of pain hit me, and I gasped again.

Pain wracked my body like nothing I had ever felt before. It wasn't just emotional-it was physical, raw, and unbearable.

My wolf whimpered, clawing inside me, desperate to stop the agony tearing through us.

"Please," I choked out, my hands pressing against my chest as if that could stop the torment. "Stop... it's killing me."

The triplets didn't even spare me a glance. Lennox's mouth remained latched onto Anita's breast, his hands kneading her skin possessively. Levi dragged his lips down her stomach, his fingers tracing along her thighs, teasing, while Louis

-goddess, Louis-he positioned himself fully between her legs, his movements leaving no doubt about what he was about to do.

I gasped as another wave of searing pain crashed through me, my body convulsing with the sheer force of it. I curled into myself, clawing at my arms, at my skin, at my mate mark that burned with betrayal. Tears streamed down my face, my vision blurred as I reached out toward them with trembling fingers.

"Lennox, Levi, Louis-please!" My voice cracked. "It hurts! You don't understand, our bond, my wolf, my soul—I can't take this!"

But no response from them. They all ignored me.

My stomach twisted, bile rising in my throat.

Louis smirked as he pressed his cock against Anita's entrance, his gaze flickering to mine as he pushed himself inside her.

A scream tore from my throat. It wasn't just a sound—it was pain itself, raw and intense. My entire body convulsed, my nails digging into my skin-deep enough to draw blood.

"Mate!" my wolf whimpered, but she was weak, so very weak.

My breathing turned ragged, my vision becoming blurry.

I dragged myself toward them on shaky limbs, desperation fueling me. "I'll do anything," I pleaded, my voice barely above a whisper. "Just... stop. I can't take it. I-" Another wave of pain slammed into me, stealing my breath.

Nothing.

No pause. No hesitation.

They ignored me.

Anita's soft moans filled the room, her fingers tangling in Lennox's hair, her body arching beneath their touch. I could hear the rustle of sheets, the sound of lips meeting skin, the way their breaths quickened with desire.

And I... I lay on the floor, broken.

My body shuddered as another wave of pain hit, worse than the last. A choked scream tore from me as I felt myself giving up.

With tears in my eyes, I watched as Lennox fucked Anita's mouth, her throat stretching around him. Louis had taken Levi's place between her thighs, their bodies moving in perfect sync, lost in their pleasure.

The sound of pleasurable moans and the clapping of skin against skin filled the air. I lost it. I lost the remaining strength I had left in me, and then darkness overtook me. I went unconscious, the last thing in my ears being their moans.

Chapter 16: awake

Olivia's POV

A jackhammer. There had to be a jackhammer pounding in my head this very second. That could be the only explanation for this horrendous aching. My body felt like it had been trampled by a stampede—my head pounding, stomach twisting with nausea, and cold sweat clinging to my skin.

I groaned, forcing myself to sit up, and that was when I noticed my mother, fast asleep in the armchair beside my bed. I swallowed hard and glanced around, only to realize that I was in my room.

I furrowed my brow as it took me a few seconds to recall all that had happened. The memory flashed back in my head. I remembered them—they played like a movie in my mind. Anita in the arms of my supposed husbands. Their bodies entwined as they had her, while they forced me to watch.

My wolf growled in my head, angry and wounded, but what could I do? This was my life now, and I should get used to this unbearable pain because I knew what happened last night was just the beginning. The pain I felt when they had her would constantly keep coming.

Sighing heavily, I looked at my mother sleeping in the armchair. She must be so exhausted, obviously watching over me throughout the night while I was unconscious.

Slowly, I left the bed and quietly got down so I wouldn't wake her up.

Crossing the room, I settled by the window, my fingers tracing the cold glass as I stared out at the tall trees. Was this my future? A life of misery and suffering? How long would I have to endure this torment?

"Olivia, you are awake." I heard my mother's voice behind me. I turned to find her rising to her feet, rubbing her tired eyes as she walked toward me. Her eyes looked tired, like she hadn't gotten any sleep throughout the previous night.

"How are you, my dear?" she asked softly, her eyes scanning me with deep concern.

I swallowed hard, unsure of what to say while memories of last night replayed in my head.

"Mother, how did I get here?" My voice came out hoarse. My throat felt raw, as if I had been screaming for hours.

My mother sighed, her tired eyes filled with sorrow as she stood beside me, gently taking my trembling hands into hers. "You collapsed, Olivia," she said softly. "One of the guards found you unconscious outside the chamber door and carried you back here."

I swallowed hard, my stomach twisting. Outside the door? That meant... they had thrown me out.

The memory hit me like a blade to the chest. The locked door. The agonizing pain. The sound of their pleasure while I lay on the cold floor, screaming for mercy. And then—darkness.

I frowned, my nails digging into my palms. "They left me there," I whispered, my voice shaking. "They left me to suffer while they—" My breath hitched, and I couldn't finish the sentence.

My mother's grip on my hands tightened, her expression darkening with barely contained anger. "Yes," she admitted, her voice trembling. "They left you there, Olivia."

My wolf whimpered in my head, but I silenced her, forcing myself to breathe through the pain searing through my chest. "And you?" I asked, looking at my mother. "How did you know?"

She sighed, brushing a strand of hair from my face. "The guard alerted me. When I arrived, you were burning up, thrashing in your sleep, crying out in pain. I—" She closed her eyes, pain flashing across her face. "I stayed by your side all night. You wouldn't wake up. I was so scared, my dear."

I stared at her, my heart aching. I knew my mother loved me. I knew she had no power against the triplets. She was just an omega, the wife of a man accused of stealing.

Swallowing the bitterness rising in my throat, I turned away, staring out the window. "I don't think I can survive this, Mother." My voice was barely a whisper, but I knew she heard me.

She took a deep breath and placed a gentle hand on my shoulder. "You can, and you will." She tried comforting me, but it only made me more annoyed.

"No, Mother, you don't understand!" I snapped, my voice rising. "You don't know what those men—the ones the Moon Goddess cursed me with—are capable of! They made love to Anita right in front of me, and despite seeing how it was killing me, they ignored me. And when I fainted, do you know what they did? They threw me outside the room like I was nothing!"

My whole body shook with anger and pain. I wished I could do something—anything—to save myself from this hell.

Before my mother could respond, a sharp knock sounded at the door.

She turned and opened it, revealing a guard standing on the other side. "The Alphas are having breakfast and demand that the Luna join them," he announced.

My blood boiled at his words. Demanded?

"I won't!" I yelled from where I stood.

But my mother, ever the peacemaker, turned to the guard and said, "She will join them shortly."

As soon as she closed the door, she turned to face me. "Olivia, you have to go."

I shook my head, stepping away from her reach. "No, Mother. I refuse. I won't sit at the same table with them and pretend like last night never happened. I won't!"

"Olivia," my mother said gently, her tired eyes pleading with me. "I know you're hurting, my dear. I know what they did was cruel beyond words. But refusing them now will only make things worse for you."

I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms. "Worse?" I scoffed. "What could be worse than what they've already done? What more do they want to take from me?"

My mother exhaled shakily, stepping closer. "Your dignity. If you refuse, they'll punish you, Olivia, before the mansion staff. They'll see it as disrespect, and they will make you suffer for it."

Tears burned my eyes, but I refused to let them fall. "And sitting with them like an obedient little Luna isn't suffering?"

"It is," she admitted, cupping my cheek. "But it's a battle you need to survive first before you can win the war. Do you understand?"

I bit my lip, hating that she was right. Hating that I had no real power here. I wanted to fight, to scream, to make them feel even a fraction of my pain. But what could I do against three powerful Alphas who hated me for no reason?

I swallowed my pride, the lump in my throat painful. "Fine," I muttered, my voice hollow. "I'll go."

My mother gave me a sad smile, brushing her hand over my hair. "That's my brave girl."

I turned away from her touch, wiping my face quickly before heading towards my bathroom. If I had to sit with them, I wouldn't do it looking like a broken, humiliated mess.

After bathing, I chose a simple yet elegant dress—something that wouldn't show how shattered I was inside. Something that gave a confident look.

Once I was ready, I took a deep breath and stepped toward the door. My mother gave me one last reassuring look before opening it for me.

Chapter 17: slapped

Levi's POV

I couldn't eat, despite how delicious the meal looked on the table. My wolf was pacing angrily in my head, growling at the memory of last night—how we fucked Anita in front of Olivia.

I didn't know what had gotten into me or my brothers to let it happen. My case was understandable—I had my reasons. My hatred for Olivia had nothing to do with her father stealing; that wasn't my concern. I despised her for what she did to me, for what she said to me. That memory still burned in my mind, and I would make sure she suffered for it.

"Alpha Levi, you are not eating." Anita, who was seated beside me, spoke when she noticed I was picking at my meal. I sighed and looked at my brother's plate to see that, just like mine, their food was untouched. I narrowed my eyes at them as I wondered why they weren't eating, but before I could question it, I heard footsteps approaching the dining table.

"Mate!" My wolf was already perceiving her scent. Where I was seated, I groaned as the intoxicating smell of her hit my nose. Damn! Why does she have to smell this good?

I wasn't the only one affected. My brothers lifted their heads, all of us instinctively turning toward the door.

A second passed. Then another.

And then Olivia walked in.

I swallowed hard, expecting her to look broken, devastated, at the very least, after what happened last night. But she wasn't. She was composed, dressed like a Luna, walking with effortless grace, her head held high.

When she reached the table, she didn't say a word, nor did she acknowledge our presence. Rather, she pulled out a seat, the one right across from me—and sat down, totally ignoring us.

"Mate!" My wolf purred inside, captivated by her scent, but I put him at bay and exchanged glances with my brothers, who had the same expression as me.

"Olivia, courtesy demands that you pay respect to your Alphas by greeting them," Anita spoke up, her tone laced with arrogance.

Olivia slowly turned to her, her gaze narrowing. "Courtesy also demands that you, Anita, show respect by addressing me properly—with my title as Luna." Olivia shot back.

Anita let out a mocking chuckle, shaking her head. "You? Luna?" She scoffed. "Stop deceiving yourself, Olivia. You and I both know you're nothing to the Alphas. They

married you out of obligation. But me?" She smirked. "I'm the one they love." She said, a victorious smile spread across her face.

Where I sat, I stared at Olivia and could tell Anita's words got to her, but she was doing her best to hide it.

"No, Anita, they don't love you. If they did, they would have fought to marry you. Men fight for the women they love. But you..." Olivia paused and smacked her lips. "You are just their whore."

The dining room fell into a suffocating silence after Olivia's words. Anita's face turned red with rage, her victorious smile wiped clean. My brothers and I exchanged glances, and for the first time, I saw hesitation in their eyes. Olivia's words had hit deep, not just for Anita but for all of us.

Anita clenched her fists, trembling with anger. "You—you little—" she sputtered, but Olivia remained unmoved, staring at her with cold detachment.

I couldn't deny it—she looked like a Luna. Strong, composed, fearless. Even after what happened last night, she sat there as if we hadn't shattered whatever fragile bond we had. My wolf stirred in admiration, but I forced him down. No. She deserved to suffer.

Anita recovered quickly, her lips curling into a smirk. "You're just bitter, omega. Bitter that you're nothing but a duty to them. That even after marrying you, they still come to me." She leaned in, eyes glinting with cruel amusement. "Tell me, how did it feel last night? Watching us?"

I expected Olivia to flinch, to show some sign of hurt, but instead, she laughed. A low, mocking sound that sent chills through the room.

"I must say, Anita, you do know your place well. I should thank you." She tilted her head, amusement dancing in her eyes. "You've done nothing but prove to me what kind of men I married. And for that, I pity you."

Anita's face contorted in anger. "You—"

"Enough," Lennox's voice cut through the tension like a blade, anger radiating through him. I could feel his rage, though whether it was at Anita, Olivia, or himself, I couldn't tell.

But Olivia wasn't done. She leaned back in her chair, her expression almost bored. "You see, Anita, unlike you, I don't have to beg for scraps of affection." Her eyes flicked toward me, then my brothers. "If you were truly loved, you wouldn't have to remind the world of it."

Anita let out a sharp breath, completely losing her composure. She stood so abruptly that her chair screeched against the floor. "You bitch!" she spat, lifting her hand to strike Olivia—

But Olivia caught her wrist midair, her grip firm. The room went still. Anita gasped, struggling, but Olivia didn't let go.

"I suggest you never try that again," Olivia said, her voice like ice. "I'm no longer an omega. I am now your Luna."

Anita ripped her hand free, turning to us. "Are you seriously going to let her talk to me like this?" she demanded, her voice shrill with frustration.

Lennox's jaw tensed, his green eyes darkening. I saw the exact moment his patience snapped. Without a word, he stood, and before I could even understand what was happening—

Slap!

The sound echoed in the dining room. Olivia's head snapped to the side, her cheek instantly blooming red from the force of the slap.

A sharp growl left my throat, but I bit it back before anyone could notice. Olivia didn't cry out, didn't flinch—she only turned back slowly, her gaze meeting Lennox's with an unreadable expression.

For the first time, I saw something in her eyes that sent an unexpected chill through me.

Not anger. Not hatred.

"Is that all?" she suddenly asked, her eyes darting between the three of us. "Who's next to slap me? Bring it on."

Lennox's breathing was heavy, his hand still raised slightly, as if he was processing what he had just done. This was the first time he had hit her—neither of us ever had. The entire room was deathly silent, except for the slight ringing in my ears from the slap.

Her eyes swept over Lennox, then me, then Louis. There was no fear in them, no submission—only a cold, sharp challenge.

"Is that all?" she asked again, her voice eerily calm. "Who's next to slap me? Bring it on."

My wolf stirred uneasily. Something about the way she stood there, unwavering, made me feel... uncomfortable. Anita was smirking, as if she'd won, but Olivia's confidence chipped away at that victory.

When no one answered, Olivia let out a soft scoff. "Pathetic," she muttered under her breath, shaking her head as if we weren't even worth her time. Then, with the same quiet grace she had entered with, she reached for her napkin, dabbed at the corner of her lips, and slowly rose from her seat.

Anita opened her mouth, probably to spit out some more venom, but Olivia didn't even glance at her. Instead, she adjusted the sleeves of her dress, turned on her heels, and walked toward the door.

I didn't know why, but something in me didn't want her to leave.

"Where do you think you're going?" Lennox's voice was sharp, authoritative. He didn't like being ignored, especially not by Olivia.

Olivia paused, tilting her head slightly, but she didn't turn around. "Away from this circus," she said plainly.

"You are not excused," Louis said, his voice low.

This time, Olivia did turn—just enough to glance at us over her shoulder. "Oh?" She raised a brow. "And what exactly are you going to do to stop me? Chain me down like a prisoner? Lock me away?" Her lips curled into a cold smirk. "Or maybe slap me again? Go ahead. I dare you."

The challenge in her voice sent a shiver down my spine. I clenched my jaw, torn between frustration and... something else I couldn't quite name.

Lennox took a step forward, but Olivia didn't budge. She just held his gaze, unflinching.

And then, without another word, she turned and walked out.

No one stopped her.

The door clicked shut behind her, and the silence she left in her wake was suffocating.

I exhaled sharply, running a hand through my hair. My wolf was restless, clawing at my mind, demanding I go after her. But I stayed put, locking my emotions away as best as I could.

"She should be punished," Anita finally broke the silence. "It's only been a day, and she's already acting this way. Heaven knows what she will do next."

"Shut up, Anita. Just keep shut!" Lennox growled in anger.

Chapter 18: Regrets

Lennox's POV

"Keep shut, Anita, just keep shut!" I snapped in anger and frustration.

Anita's eyes widened in shock. I had never spoken to her like this before, but today, I did—and I didn't regret it. I was furious, not just at her, but at myself.

I had hit Olivia.

What the hell was I thinking? Had I lost my damn mind? How could I have let myself be provoked into striking her?

My wolf howled angrily inside me, and where I stood, I felt so ashamed of myself. I looked at my brothers, Levi and Louis, and they had a blank look on their faces. But without saying a word, I turned around and left the dining table.

Reaching my chambers, I paced around my room, running a hand through my hair. I regretted what I did.

Yes, I wanted Olivia to suffer for what she said to me all those years ago—for the pain she caused me. But not like this. Never like this. I had never imagined hurting her with my own hands.

Damn it!

A knock landed on the door, and by the comforting smell of flowers, I knew it was my mother. She had been out of the pack for some weeks and had only returned last night.

Sighing softly, I composed myself. "Come in, Mother."

The door opened, and she stepped inside. I forced a weak smile. "Good morning, Mother," I greeted.

"Morning, Alpha Lennox," she replied, bowing slightly, and I frowned.

"Mother, you know you shouldn't be doing that. I am your son. You are my mother."

She smiled. "But that doesn't change the fact that you are still an Alpha—you and your brothers," she said.

I sighed. I knew there was no need to argue with Mother; she always won every argument.

"Can we talk?" Mother spoke, sounding serious.

I nodded and showed her the seat.

She nodded and took a seat while I sat on the bed, across from her, her sharp eyes scanning my face.

"I was passing by the dining hall earlier," she said, her tone calm, but I could hear the disappointment in it. "I saw everything, Lennox."

My chest tightened, and I clenched my fists. I knew what was coming.

"I saw the way you slapped Olivia," she continued, her voice laced with disappointment. "Your wife. Your Luna."

I looked away, unable to meet her gaze. "It was a mistake," I admitted, my voice rough. "I—I lost control."

Mother sighed, shaking her head. "Lennox, I did not raise my sons to be weak men who let their anger rule them. You are an Alpha, but more than that, you are a husband. A leader. Do you have any idea what you've done?"

Shame clawed at my chest. I had told myself that I wanted Olivia to pay for what she did years ago, for the pain she caused me—but never like this. Never with my own hands. My wolf growled inside me, still furious—not at Olivia, but at myself.

"I know," I muttered. "I regret it."

Mother tilted her head, studying me. "Regret is not enough."

I lifted my gaze, frowning. "What do you mean?"

She folded her arms. "Olivia is your Luna. Your staff saw what happened. Even if they don't speak of it, they will remember. They will question your control. And Olivia... she will remember too."

My jaw tightened. Of course, she would. How could she forget that her own mate—the man meant to protect her—raised a hand against her?

"It won't ever happen again, Mother," I said under my breath.

Mother was silent for another moment before she spoke. "What happened, Lennox?" she asked, her voice softer now, but no less firm. "When you were younger, you adored Olivia. You wanted her as your mate. I saw the way you and your brothers loved her. That's why I wasn't surprised when Anita didn't turn out to be your mates. But Olivia..." She paused, tilting her head. "Tell me, Lennox. What changed? Why do you and your brothers suddenly hate this girl? Is it because her father stole? Because she's now an Omega?"

She shook her head. "No, Lennox. You can't tell me that's the reason."

I clenched my jaw, looking away.

I had never told anyone what Olivia said to me.

The pain she caused.

The words that, even after all these years, still echoed in my mind.

I was too ashamed to say them out loud.

"Mother, please, I don't want to talk about it," I said in a tone that left no room for argument.

She held my gaze for a long moment before finally sighing. "It seems you and your brothers really like Anita. If that's the case, take her as your mistress. Sleeping with another woman while married is wrong, but you are Alphas. If you must, then do it properly—make Anita your official mistress."

She paused. "But..."

I stiffened, waiting.

"You know what it would do to Olivia if you or your brothers slept with another woman." She exhaled. "Have pity on the poor girl."

And with that, she rose to her feet and left the room.

Where I sat, I remained seated, my mother's words lingering in the air.

"Have pity on the poor girl."

My hands curled into fists on my lap. Pity? That was the last thing I wanted to feel for Olivia. I wanted to hold onto my anger, to justify my actions, to remind myself of the pain she caused me years ago.

But deep down, I knew my mother was right.

If my brothers and I took Anita as an official mistress, it would destroy Olivia. The woman who once held my heart. The woman I swore to hate. The woman who was now my Luna.

And yet, despite everything—despite my thirst for vengeance—the idea of truly breaking Olivia in that way unsettled me.

A knock interrupted my thoughts.

"Come in," I called out, my voice devoid of emotion.

The door opened, and Levi stepped inside. His face was unreadable, but I could see the tension in his stance. He closed the door behind him and leaned against it, arms crossed over his chest.

"So," he started, his tone cool. "What now?"

I exhaled sharply and ran a hand through my hair. "What do you mean?"

Levi scoffed. "I heard all mother said. Are you taking her suggestion on taking Anita as our official mistress?"

I frowned at his question and stood to my feet. "Excuse me I have work to do." I brushed my shoulder against his before storming out of the room.

Chapter 19: suicide?

Lennox's POV

I buried myself in work, hoping it would help me stop thinking about Olivia—and the mistake I had made. I signed documents, responded to calls, and drowned in endless paperwork. Even Clark, my Beta, had urged me to take a break for lunch or dinner, but I refused. I didn't want to stop. I didn't want to think.

The door to my study swung open, and Clark stepped in.

"Your brothers and parents are at the table having dinner, and your father specifically asked me to call you," he said.

I growled, shutting the document in front of me. I wasn't hungry. In fact, I had no appetite. My mood was already ruined for the day, and I wasn't in the mood to sit at that damn table pretending everything was fine.

Clark narrowed his eyes at me. "Is this because of what happened this morning at the table? You still feel terrible for hitting her?"

I shot him a glare. "Why should I?" I snapped.

Clark shrugged. "Well, if that's the case, a simple 'I'm sorry' would get you out of this mess."

With that, he turned and walked away, leaving his words lingering in my mind.

I clenched my jaw, my glare fixed on the door. An apology? From me?

She hadn't even apologized for what she did to me, for the pain she caused me all these years. And Clark thought I should be the one to apologize?

No. I won't do that.

I sighed, running a hand down my face, and tried to focus on my work again. But no matter how hard I tried, my mind refused to cooperate.

Eventually, I decided to just respect my father's request and go to the dining hall.

But when I reached the table, Olivia wasn't there. Father, Mother, Levi, and Louis were present, but Olivia wasn't.

I frowned. "Where is she?" I asked one of the maids.

The maid hesitated before answering. "We knocked, Alpha, but she didn't let us in... so we left."

I groaned, pushing my chair back. Stubborn woman.

Without another word, I turned and headed for her room. When I reached her door, I knocked once. No response. I knocked again. Still nothing.

My frown deepened. Was she ignoring me?

I reached for the handle and pushed the door open. The sight before me made my heart skip a beat.

She was asleep.

For a moment, I just stood there, my gaze softening as I watched her. Beautiful. Even now, even after everything, she still had this effect on me.

But something was wrong.

The closer I stepped, the clearer it became.

Her breathing was too shallow. Her face was too pale. And when I reached out and touched her forehead—she was burning up.

"Olivia," I called her name, but she didn't stir.

Panic gripped me.

"Olivia!"

I shook her gently, but she remained still. My chest tightened, a strange fear clawing at me.

"Guards!" I yelled, my voice echoing around the walls.

The door burst open. Levi and Louis rushed in. So did my parents, Clark, and the guards.

"What is happening?" Levi asked as he touched Olivia's forehead.

"Get the healer," I snapped at a guard.

Turning around, I looked at Olivia, only to realize her breathing was becoming too shallow. My breath hitched, my wolf howled in discomfort, and I lifted her up, placing her head on my lap as I sat on the bed.

Louis, who seemed as panicked as I was, touched her neck, and his worry increased. "This is not a fever, Lennox. Something is wrong," he said, his worry so obvious in his voice.

The door pushed open, and Olivia's mother rushed in, her eyes filled with worry the moment she saw Olivia in my arms.

"What happened to her?" she demanded, her voice shaking as she knelt beside the bed, her hands trembling as she reached for Olivia's face.

"She won't wake up," I said, my voice filled with fear. The weight of my own fear was pressing down on me, making it hard to think clearly.

Louis looked at our mother, his eyes filled with worry. "It's not just a fever. Something is wrong."

Mother's face paled as she pressed her palm to Olivia's chest, feeling for something—something we couldn't see. Her lips parted slightly, her eyes widening in realization.

"No..." she whispered, almost in disbelief.

"What is it?" I demanded. "What's wrong with her?"

Before she could answer, the healer arrived, rushing into the room with his assistant. He carried a small bag of herbs and potions, but the moment he saw Olivia, his brows furrowed.

"Lay her down," he instructed.

I hesitated before gently placing Olivia back onto the bed. Her skin was clammy now, her breathing even more labored.

The healer wasted no time, checking her pulse, her temperature, and then finally pressing two fingers against the side of her neck. His frown deepened.

"This isn't a normal illness," he muttered.

I clenched my fists. "Then what is it?"

The healer exhaled sharply. "It's poison."

The room fell silent.

Poison?

My blood ran cold. My brothers tensed beside me, their faces mirroring my shock.

Mother's hands trembled as she covered her mouth, her eyes glassy with unshed tears. "No... who would do this?"

I didn't need to ask that question. Rage surged through me like wildfire. Someone had dared to harm Olivia. My mate.

I turned to the healer. "Can you save her?"

He hesitated, glancing at Olivia's pale face. "I need to know what kind of poison this is before I can give her the right antidote. If we don't find out soon..." He trailed off, not needing to finish.

I grabbed the front of his robe. "You will find out."

The healer nodded quickly, then turned to his assistant. "Prepare the cleansing ritual. We'll try to slow the poison's spread while we figure out the antidote."

The healer and his assistant wasted no time in preparing for the cleansing ritual. They spread a thick herbal paste along Olivia's arms and neck, the scent of crushed roots and bitter herbs filling the air. The healer murmured incantations under his breath, his fingers pressing against Olivia's temples as his assistant placed a series of small candles around the bed.

Louis and Levi stood on either side of me, their eyes locked onto Olivia, their worry mirroring mine. Olivia's mother sat beside her, gripping her hand tightly.

The healer took a deep breath and exhaled sharply. "I'll begin the energy purification process. This should slow the poison's effect while we analyze what's in her system."

He placed his hands above Olivia's chest, his palms glowing faintly as he focused his energy. A soft hum vibrated through the air, the candles flickering wildly as the magic worked its way through her body.

Minutes passed.

Then, suddenly, Olivia gasped. Her body arched slightly before falling limp again. The healer pulled his hands away, sweat beading on his forehead.

The poison is still in her system, but I have a better understanding of what we're dealing with," he said, his voice grave.

I stepped forward, my heart pounding. "What is it?"

The healer wiped his forehead, glancing at his assistant, who handed him an aged, leather-bound book. He flipped through the pages before stopping at a section filled with strange symbols and an illustration of a pale, delicate flower.

"This is a rare sleeping poison," he explained. "It's derived from a plant known as the Moonshade Blossom—a flower often used for peaceful suicides."

A heavy silence fell over the room.

Olivia's mother gasped, covering her mouth, her eyes welling with tears. Levi, Louis and I exchanged dark glances, our wolves howling in unison.

I stared at the healer, my mind refusing to accept what he was implying. "Suicide?" I repeated, my voice hoarse. "You're saying Olivia did this to herself?"

The healer hesitated before nodding. "The Moonshade Blossom is not a poison commonly used for murder. It's gentle. Painless. The liquid is typically diluted in water or juice. The person drinks it, lies down, and drifts into an endless sleep." He looked at Olivia's still form. "That's exactly what she did."

I took a step back, my stomach twisting painfully. No.

Olivia wouldn't do this. She wouldn't—she wasn't weak. She was stubborn, fiery, infuriating—but she wouldn't...

Would she?

Chapter 20: Awake

Lennox's POV

I couldn't believe it. Olivia had thought of ending her life?

Never in my wildest dreams did I expect it to come to this. I never imagined things would escalate to the point where she would want to kill herself.

For a moment, my brothers and I were speechless. The weight of what we had just heard rendered us numb, our bodies frozen as we exchanged stunned glances. The air in the room felt suffocating, thick with disbelief and regret.

"What can we do... please do something," Olivia's mother sobbed in tears.

The healer nodded solemnly, whispering instructions to his assistant, who immediately rushed out of the room.

"What needs to be done?" Levi asked.

The healer turned to us. "I have sent my assistant to get a plant. From it, I can make an antidote."

Silence fell upon the room, save for Olivia's mother, whose cries filled the air.

Where I stood, my heart clenched painfully, my wolf howling in agony. I glanced at my brothers, reading the same worry reflected in their eyes. If Olivia had attempted to poison herself, that meant we had hurt her—deeply. So deeply that she believed death was her only escape.

My eyes settled on her unconscious state, and I swallowed hard as pain racked my entire body. This was a lady I once loved—I would do anything for her. Years ago, I would have laid down my life without thinking about it. That was how much I had loved her. But now, here she was, almost dying just because of the way my brothers and I treated her.

I moved my gaze to Mother and could see the disappointed look on her face as she glared at me. Where I stood, I couldn't move, I couldn't say a word. Just like my brothers, we were all just staring at her, our hearts racing.

"Where is he? Why isn't he here?" Louis demanded impatiently, voicing the same question that had been lingering in my mind.

Just as the healer was about to respond, the door opened again, and his assistant rushed in, slightly out of breath. In his hands, he held a small pouch, the scent of crushed herbs wafting through the air.

"I have it," the assistant announced, handing the pouch to the healer.

Without wasting a second, the healer moved swiftly, emptying the contents into a bowl and mixing it with water. The room remained tense, filled only with Olivia's mother's soft sobs and the quiet shuffling of the healer's movements.

"How long will it take to work?" Levi asked, his voice hoarse.

The healer stirred the mixture carefully before responding. "It depends on how much poison she consumed. If we are lucky, she will regain consciousness within a few hours. If not... we will have to wait and see."

My stomach twisted at his words. If we are lucky. That meant there was still a chance she wouldn't wake up.

I exchanged glances with my brothers. The same worry reflected in their eyes, the same silent regret. Olivia was lying there because of us. Because we had been too blind, too cruel to see how much we were hurting her.

As the healer brought the bowl to Olivia's lips, helping her drink small sips of the antidote, I clenched my fists. The weight of my mother's stare was still heavy on me, but I couldn't look at her. I already knew what I'd see—anger, disappointment, and worst of all... blame.

Minutes passed like hours, each second dragging endlessly as we waited.

"She will need rest," the healer finally said. "For now, there is nothing more we can do but pray that she fights to stay with us."

I swallowed hard, my eyes never leaving Olivia's pale face. I wanted to tell her to fight. To hold on. That she wasn't alone. But I knew I had no right to ask that of her. Not after everything we had done.

And so, I stood there, silent and still, as the guilt clawed at my chest, waiting for a sign that Olivia would come back to us.

No one left the room—none of us did. We all were patiently waiting for Olivia to wake up. And with each minute that passed, my heart raced, and my worry increased. Louis was pacing around the room, Levi rested his back against a wall, his arms folded and his eyes closed. And me? I stood by the edge of the bed, staring at Olivia, my chest tight with emotions I couldn't name.

I had hated her for what she did to me, for the betrayal that shattered me. But death? I never wanted her dead.

Hell no.

"Maybe we should send for another healer," I said.

Before I could get a response, a soft gasp filled the room.

My heart nearly stopped.

All heads turned sharply toward the bed, where Olivia's fingers twitched slightly against the sheets. Then, with a slow inhale, her lashes fluttered, and her eyes opened.

"Olivia!" her mother cried, rushing forward, but I instinctively stepped in front of her.

Olivia's gaze was hazy, unfocused. She blinked rapidly, trying to adjust to the light. Then her brows furrowed, confusion flickering in her dull eyes.

"What... happened?" Her voice was hoarse, barely above a whisper.

Something in me snapped at her question. I took a step closer, fists clenched at my sides.

"What happened?" I repeated, my voice colder than I intended. "You almost died, Olivia. That's what happened."

She flinched slightly at my tone, but I couldn't stop. I was angry—furious, even. Not just at her but at myself, at my brothers, at this entire situation.

I turned sharply to the healer. "Check her. Make sure she's okay."

The healer hesitated for a second before stepping forward, pressing his fingers against Olivia's wrist and checking her pulse. The room fell silent again, the only sound being Olivia's mother's restrained sobs as she clutched her own trembling hands.

"She is weak," the healer finally said, his voice measured. "But stable. The antidote is working."

A breath I didn't realize I was holding left me in a slow exhale. My eyes flickered back to Olivia, who was now looking around as if she just realized how many people were in the room.

My jaw clenched, and my patience snapped like a frayed thread. The weight of everything—the guilt, the anger, the fear—pressed down on me like a boulder, and I couldn't take it anymore.

"Everyone, get out." My voice was sharp, laced with anger, cutting through the tense silence like a blade.

Olivia's mother gasped. "But—"

"I said get out!" I roared, my eyes blazing as I turned toward her, my wolf dangerously close to the surface. "All of you—leave. Now."

The healer hesitated for a moment, but the glare I shot him made him lower his head and step back. Olivia's mother lingered, reluctant, her worried eyes darting between me and her daughter.

My mother stepped forward, placing a firm hand on her shoulder. "Let's go," she muttered to Olivia's mother, who seemed worried to leave her daughter behind.

Tears streamed down her face, but she nodded, casting one last helpless glance at Olivia before allowing my mother to guide her out. The healer and his assistant followed swiftly, closing the door behind them.

Now, only my brothers and I remained.

The room was suffocatingly silent, save for Olivia's weak breaths. I didn't hesitate. I stormed forward, my steps heavy, my body tense with barely contained rage.

Before she could react, I grabbed her arms, yanking her up slightly from the bed. Not hard enough to hurt her—but just enough to make sure she felt every ounce of my fury.

"What the hell were you thinking, Olivia?" I growled, my grip tightening. "You dared to poison yourself?" My voice shook with raw emotion, my chest heaving as I stared into her tired, confused eyes.

I wanted answers. I wanted to shake her until she understood just how much she scared me today. But more than anything, I wanted to know why. Why had she given up? Why had she decided that death was her only option?