

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 151: Waiting For Her - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 151: Waiting For Her

Chapter 151: Waiting For Her

Levi's POV

"But I belong to you," she whispered. "I carry your marks. I've warmed your beds for months. You used to come to me—regularly."

I looked away, my frown deepening. "And we used to pretend that meant something. But it never did."

The words hurt her. I could see it—like they cut her skin open. But I didn't stop.

"We marked you because we wanted to hurt Olivia" I said flatly. "Not because we wanted you."

Anita took a shaky step back. "You're lying..."

"No," I said. "We're not."

"You three never loved me?" she asked, her voice cracking.

Lennox laughed bitterly, but there was no humor in it. "We never even pretended to love you."

Louis added, "We lied to ourselves. Maybe to you too. But we never looked at you the way we look at her."

Anita's mouth trembled. "Olivia," she said bitterly. "It's always been her. Even when you said you hated her. Even when you claimed she meant nothing."

My wolf surged at the mention of her name.

I took a deep breath. "Even when we hated her... we never could imagine another man touching her. Not even in theory. That's how we should've known."

Lennox nodded grimly. "Because no matter what Olivia did, we never wanted to share her."

Louis's voice was harsher. "And you... we could've shared you with anyone."

Anita stared at the three of us, naked and trembling, but this time with more shame than heat. She didn't argue. She only shed silent tears.

"What is so special about her, huh?" Anita snapped, her voice sharp with spite and humiliation. "What is so special about that bitch?"

My eyes narrowed, and before I could stop myself, I growled. Loud, guttural, and threatening. "Everything," I bit out. "Every damn thing."

She flinched, but I stepped toward her anyway, the anger boiling in my chest too hot to hold back.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," I said, my voice filled with irritation. "You both grew up together. Called her your best friend. Smiled in her face while you plotted behind her back. What kind of best friend does that, Anita?"

Her lips parted, but I didn't give her the chance to speak.

"You seduced us," I snapped. "You saw her pain, Olivia was alone, and you took advantage of it. You wormed your way into our beds, acting like a balm to our anger, but it was never about us, was it? You just wanted to hurt her. To take what was hers."

Anita's shoulders trembled, her hands clutching the fabric of her dress tightly against her chest.

"Even after you knew she was our mate—married to us—you still wanted us. And we were too fucked up, too bitter, too blind to see what we were doing. But you? You knew exactly what you were doing."

"She didn't love you!" Anita shouted, desperate now. "She never loved any of you! She told me herself!"

"It doesn't matter," I interrupted, my anger reaching its peak. "You should never have betrayed her. She was your fucking best friend."

"She never liked you..."

"I don't believe that," Lennox cut in harshly. "You saw it, Anita... you noticed her fall apart while you were in our beds."

Louis moved beside us, his voice trembling with restrained anger. "You should've protected her. You should've reminded us who she was to us. Who we were. But instead, you helped destroy her."

Anita's tears spilled freely now, running down her cheeks as she shook her head. "I didn't mean to—"

"Yes, you did," I said coldly. "You meant to."

I scoffed, stepping back. "You don't get to play the victim, Anita. Not after everything."

She looked between the three of us, realization slowly dawning in her tear-streaked eyes. "You'll never want me again... will you?"

"Anita, just leave," I ordered.

She didn't say anything else. Just turned away, gathered the rest of her things in silence, and walked out the door—this time not bothering to close it behind her.

After Anita left, I sucked in a deep breath and dropped back onto the couch. What we said to her was harsh—but it needed to be said. And for a moment, I felt lighter. Like a weight had been lifted off my chest.

I stared at the clock again. 7:24 PM.

Every second that passed... was a second Olivia was out there, burning in heat. Alone. Hurting.

My voice came out rough. "I just hope the seer is right."

Lennox sighed. "Let's wait until morning."

Louis ran a hand over his face. "I can't wait... I just need to see her."

Then silence.

The three of us sat there... waiting.

None of us slept that night. Not for a second. Our bodies were tired, but our minds wouldn't stop. We were scared, anxious, restless—but holding on to the hope that the seer's words would come true.

Then, finally, dawn came.

I checked the time. 6:00 AM.

Still nothing.

No sign of Olivia. No message. No scent. No clue.

I looked at my brothers. They were exhausted—bags under their eyes, muscles tense. I could feel their patience slipping, just like mine.

But I forced myself to stay calm, for them and for me.

"Let's wait two more hours," I said quietly. "It's only six. We can give it more time."

We all nodded and leaned back into the couches. The silence that followed was tense, heavy. The kind that makes your chest hurt. The waiting was torture.

Then...

7:01 AM.

A sudden mind link hit all three of us.

"Alphas! Luna Olivia has been spotted at the north border!" one of the guards said. "She's here—she's in a car with your uncle, Alpha Damien. They're headed to the pack house now."

My heart stopped.

For a second, I couldn't even breathe.

Then I stood up so fast the glass on the table shook.

"She's here," I whispered. "She's coming home."

Louis stood up too, his eyes wide and glassy. Lennox was already at the door before I even finished the words.

Chapter 152: Back Home

Levi's POV

We stormed down the stairs, not even bothering to grab jackets. The cold morning air hit our faces, but none of us cared. We ran outside the mansion and stood in the open, our chests rising and falling with fast, shaky breaths.

My wolf paced inside me, wild and restless. Urging me to go find her, but I held myself back and waited.

I looked at my brothers. They felt the same unease. We were all shaking, hearts beating fast. We just wanted to see her.

Then—a horn blared from outside the gate.

"There!" Louis shouted.

My heart jumped.

"Open the gate!" Lennox yelled.

The guards didn't hesitate. They ran to the gate, yanked it open, and stepped back as three black cars drove in fast. Dust rose into the air as the tires skidded a little on the gravel.

My eyes locked on the second car.

The back door opened.

And then Olivia stepped out.

I didn't breathe. I couldn't.

She looked tired. Pale. Her hair was messy, and her eyes... they looked distant, dazed. But she was okay. She was alive.

Before I even realized it, I was running.

I crossed the yard in seconds and pulled her into a tight hug.

She gasped softly, probably from the force, but I didn't let go. I buried my face in her neck, breathing her in, finally getting that scent I'd craved. That intoxicating smell of nutmeg and honey, sweet and warm.

My arms trembled as I held her.

"You're here," I whispered. "You're really here..."

She didn't hug me back.

Her arms stayed at her sides.

But I didn't care.

I just needed to hold her.

After a moment, I pulled away, swallowing hard.

Then Lennox stepped forward, wrapping his arms around her next. "Liv," he breathed, his voice cracking.

Still, she didn't move. Didn't look moved.

Then Louis came last, holding her gently like she might break.

She didn't hug any of us.

But none of us cared.

She was back and that was all that mattered.

I finally noticed him—my uncle, Damien.

He stepped out of the front car, dressed in all black like always, standing tall with that calm look on his face.

Uncle Damien... or just Damien, as he always asked us to call him.

He hated when we called him "uncle."

"You're only twelve years younger than me," he always said. "I'm not old enough to be your uncle."

And he wasn't wrong. He was thirty-five—only a dozen years older than us.

Our grandparents from each side were both only children of powerful alphas. Two different packs. Two strong bloodlines.

When they had their first son—our dad—he became the Alpha of the Full Moon Pack, the one from our grandfather's side.

Then, fifteen years later, they miraculously had Damien after several attempts to have more children.

By then, our grandmother's pack—the Pearl Pack—needed an alpha too. So when Damien was born, he was raised to lead her pack instead.

Two sons. Two packs. One family.

Our dad became Alpha of the Full Moon Pack.

And Uncle Damien became Alpha of the Pearl Pack.

It was strange to call your uncle someone who looked more like your older cousin, but that was our life.

And now... here he was.

Bringing back Olivia.

Bringing back our mate.

My chest felt tight with emotion. I didn't know whether to thank him or fall to my knees.

"Damien..." I called out as I walked over to him. He flashed me a rigid smile, which was unlike him, but I ignored it. "How did you find her?" I asked, curious and eager to know. It was strange that he found her so quickly.

Uncle Damien didn't respond. Instead, he just looked at Olivia, as if telling me she was the one to give answers to my question. Deep down, I felt something was wrong.

Lennox, growing impatient, asked Olivia, "What happened? Who took you?"

I turned and looked at Olivia, waiting for her to tell us who did it—who kidnapped her—and heaven help me, I'd paint the walls of this mansion with their blood.

Olivia scoffed and folded her arms across her chest. She eyed the three of us with cold looks before responding. "Your precious mistress Anita did it. She got me kidnapped and sold me to human traffickers," Olivia said firmly.

My eyes widened, and my blood boiled. My wolf was already growling in anger, ready to take action.

Louis looked like he couldn't believe it. "She sold you?"

Olivia nodded slowly. "I don't know how she got involved with them. But she made sure I was gone. And she didn't just want me gone. She wanted me to suffer."

I growled in anger, and before I could speak, Lennox yelled, "Anita! Come down here!" His angry voice boomed around the walls of the mansion.

I turned to two guards. "Go fetch Anita!"

They nodded and left.

Olivia scoffed at our reaction, seemingly not impressed by it, and then she continued. "I now remember everything she said. My memories are back. I remembered everything. The rejection. The pain. The way you all treated me like I was nothing. How you used Anita to hurt me." Her voice shook a little now, but she held her head high.

My mouth went dry. I could barely breathe. But I was relieved—at least she will stop thinking she was married to Gabriel.

My brothers and I exchanged glances with each other before Lennox cleared his throat. "We are happy that you are back, Olivia... as for Anita, we will give her whatever punishment you want us to give her and..."

"Enough, Alpha Lennox... I'm still speaking. I'm not done talking."

Lennox swallowed hard but nodded as he went silent.

Olivia continued. "About the gifts you three sent me on my fourteenth birthday—I never opened any of them," she announced, and my eyes widened. I looked at my brothers, who seemed confused as well.

"Yes," Olivia continued. She turned to Lennox. "That response you got was never from me, Lennox. Yes, that was my handwriting, but it was forged," she spat, and my confusion deepened.

Olivia turned to me. "I would like to see yours. You also sent a present and you received a response, right? I would like to see it and clear the misunderstanding. Lennox has shown me his—I want to see yours and Louis's," she demanded.

I stared at Olivia, not knowing what to say.

She wanted to see the letter.

The one I sent her four years ago, and the one she responded to.

The one I had buried at the bottom of my safe, hoping no one would ever see it.

My face grew hot. I didn't want to show it. Not to her. Not to anyone. That letter was full of hurt and regret. It was embarrassing.

I looked at the ground. "Olivia, I don't think—"

"Just do it," Lennox said quietly beside me. "She knows now why I hate her. She deserves to know why you hate her... even I need to know why you hate her."

I swallowed hard and looked at him, then at Louis, who nodded too.

I let out a shaky breath and gave a small nod.

Without a word, I turned around and walked into the mansion. My feet were heavy. Lennox, Damien, and Olivia followed behind me, and Louis broke off toward his own room to get his letter.

When I reached my room, I stood at the door for a second, hand on the knob.

I didn't want to do this.

But I had to.

I pushed the door open, walked straight to the safe. I input the code and the safe opened. I moved aside old papers until I found the small yellow envelope.

My fingers trembled as I picked it up.

I turned around slowly. Olivia was standing near the door, arms still crossed, face unreadable.

Lennox gave me a nod.

And with that, I held out the envelope.

"This... this is it," I said softly, barely able to meet her eyes. "The letter I wrote you. On your fourteenth birthday. And the response you gave me."

My voice cracked.

I was ashamed.

Because no matter how long ago it has been... the pain inside still felt fresh.

Chapter 153: What was written in their Letters

Olivia's POV

I took the envelope from Levi's hand, my fingers brushing his for a moment. There was something so heavy in his eyes, like this one small paper held a piece of his soul. Just then, Louis walked in. He didn't speak, just quietly held out another envelope. It was the same color, the same handwriting on the front.

I swallowed hard, a strange tightness forming in my chest.

Something inside me told me... whatever was inside these envelopes—I had seen it before.

I looked down at Levi's envelope. Slowly, carefully, I opened it.

Inside was a letter. Folded neatly.

My heart thudded as I unfolded the paper and began to read.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MY OLI,

I WISH I COULD STOP FEELING THIS WAY. I'VE TRIED. GODDESS KNOWS I'VE TRIED.

YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO MATTER THIS MUCH TO ME. NOT LIKE THIS. WE ARE YOUNG. FRIENDS. BUT SOMETHING CHANGED, AND I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT. I STARTED NOTICING EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU—YOUR SMILE, THE WAY YOUR EYES LIGHT UP WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT THINGS YOU LOVE, THE WAY YOU FIGHT FOR THE PEOPLE YOU CARE ABOUT. AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS IN DEEP.

I THINK I'VE BEEN FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU FOR A LONG TIME, EVEN BEFORE I KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT.

I KNOW YOU ARE YOUNG. AND MAYBE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT YET. MAYBE YOU'RE CONFUSED. I GET IT. I DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING FROM YOU. I JUST NEEDED YOU TO KNOW... THAT YOU'RE MORE THAN A FRIEND TO ME. YOU'RE EVERYTHING. AND I LOVE YOU.

I froze.

My chest tightened.

This... this was a confession of love.

From Levi.

Levi had loved me all along.

Tears pricked my eyes, but I blinked fast, swallowing the lump in my throat.

I reached into the envelope again—and pulled out another folded note. My supposed response.

I opened it.

And my heart dropped.

It was the same message.

The exact same one that was sent to Lennox.

I turned sharply to Lennox. "Get your envelope," I said, my voice calm but authoritative.

He nodded and left the room without a word.

I turned to Louis and opened his envelope next. My hands were shaking now, and I had to steady them.

Another letter.

OLIVIA,

YOU DRIVE ME INSANE.

YOU CONFUSE ME, YOU DISTRACT ME, YOU MAKE EVERYTHING COMPLICATED. AND YET—EVERY TIME YOU WALK INTO A ROOM, IT'S LIKE I FORGET HOW TO BREATHE.

I'VE TRIED TO PRETEND I DON'T FEEL THIS WAY. I'VE JOKED ABOUT IT. TEASED YOU. TEASED MYSELF. BUT NONE OF THAT MAKES IT EASIER. YOU'RE UNDER MY SKIN, LIV.

AND THE WORST PART? I DON'T EVEN WANT TO STOP FEELING THIS. BECAUSE LOVING YOU... EVEN SECRETLY... EVEN SILENTLY... IT'S THE ONE THING THAT MAKES ME FEEL REAL.

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU FEEL ANYTHING BACK. I GET IT IF YOU DON'T. BUT I HAD TO SAY IT. I HAD TO LET YOU KNOW—JUST ONCE—THAT YOU MATTER TO ME IN A WAY NO ONE ELSE EVER WILL.

Another confession.

Louis had written one too.

All three of them.

Each one of them had loved me. And I never knew.

I stared at the paper in my hand, my throat burning.

This was everything I ever wanted.

My secret dream since I was a little girl.

To be loved by these men... to matter to them more than a little friend.

I almost let the tears fall—but I stopped them. No. Not yet.

I reached into Louis's envelope again.

And there it was.

The same response. Word for word.

Cold and hurtful.

My hands shook so hard, the paper crumpled in my grip. I didn't even realize I was trembling until Levi reached out, only for me to jerk away.

I clutched the paper in my hand, feeling rage rise inside me.

Someone had forged those replies, sent the same thing to the three brothers, and they all believed it.

Just then, Lennox came in with his envelope, and I didn't bother opening it. Rather, I threw everything on the floor at them. "Pick them up and read it," I spat in anger, my eyes blurring with tears.

They all stood frozen as the letters lay scattered across the floor.

"Pick them up," I said again, my voice sharp and cracking.

They stared at me for a second—stunned—but slowly obeyed.

Levi picked up Lennox's.

Lennox picked up Levi's.

Louis picked up his but leaned over to read the letter in Lennox's hand.

The room went still as the three brothers read through letters that didn't belong to them.

Their eyes scanned the pages... then widened.

Brows furrowed.

Mouths opened slightly in disbelief.

They were realizing the truth.

That every letter, the hurtful response they thought came from me—was the same.

Copied. Reused.

Only the name changed.

My voice shook, but I forced it out. "I never read your letters," I whispered. "I never got the chance. Someone stole them before I ever saw them. Stole the gifts too. And they wrote those replies back to you all."

I moved quickly, snatching one of the fake letters from Levi's hand.

It was the one meant for Lennox.

The one he thought I had written to him all those years ago.

I unfolded it with trembling fingers and began to read it aloud.

LENNOX,

I'M NOT SURE WHY YOU THOUGHT I'D EVER RETURN YOUR FEELINGS. I TOLERATED YOU BECAUSE OF LEVI. THAT'S THE TRUTH. YOU WERE ALWAYS JUST IN THE WAY—LOUD, OVERBEARING, DESPERATE TO MATTER.

YOU LEAD BECAUSE YOU WERE BORN FIRST, NOT BECAUSE YOU EARNED IT. YOU WEAR THE TITLE "FIRST HEIR" LIKE IT MAKES YOU IMPORTANT, BUT IT'S JUST A MASK. UNDERNEATH, YOU'RE INSECURE, SOFT, AND WEAK. EVERYONE SEES IT. YOU THINK NO ONE NOTICES HOW YOU CRUMBLE WITHOUT CONTROL. HOW PATHETIC THAT IS.

I WAS NEVER CLOSE TO YOU BECAUSE I WANTED TO BE. I SMILED BECAUSE IT WAS EASIER THAN REJECTING YOU OUTRIGHT. I STAYED QUIET BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO HUMILIATE YOU IN FRONT OF YOUR BROTHERS.

LEVI—LEVI IS EVERYTHING YOU'RE NOT. HE'S STRONGER. SHARPER. MORE GROUNDED. AND HE DOESN'T NEED TO CONSTANTLY PROVE HIMSELF LIKE YOU DO. BEING AROUND YOU WAS EXHAUSTING, LENNOX. YOU MADE EVERYTHING HEAVY. I COULDN'T BREATHE WHEN YOU WERE NEAR ME—NOT BECAUSE OF ATTRACTION, BUT BECAUSE I FELT TRAPPED.

I FELT NOTHING FOR YOU. NOT EVEN FRIENDSHIP. JUST IRRITATION. AND ANNOYANCE.

LENNOX, YOU ARE WEAK. NOT EVEN A GOOD FIGHTER. I SEE HOW YOU TRY TO MEASURE UP WITH LEVI, BUT YOU CAN NEVER BE HIM. LEVI IS EVERYTHING YOU CAN NEVER BE. LEVI IS HANDSOME, STRONG, SKILLFUL... A GOOD LEADER IN THE MAKING. AND YOU? YOU ARE JUST HIS SHADOW, HIDING UNDER HIM. I CAN NEVER LIKE SUCH A PERSON.

IF I COULD CHOOSE, I'D CHOOSE LEVI A HUNDRED TIMES OVER.

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN AN OPTION. YOU'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN CLOSE. I'M TIRED OF PRETENDING SO I HOPE THIS CLEARS THINGS UP. STOP EMBARRASSING YOURSELF AND LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE.

I COULD NEVER BRING CHILDREN INTO THIS WORLD JUST TO HAVE THEM TURN OUT WEAK LIKE YOU.

SO MY ANSWER WILL ALWAYS BE NO.

My voice cracked at the last line.

I lowered the paper slowly and looked at Lennox.

His face was pale, stunned.

I saw it—the pain, the humiliation—sitting heavy on his shoulders.

He swallowed but said nothing.

All three brothers looked confused.

"I never wrote that," I whispered, my voice breaking. "Not a single word. I would never say that to you, Lennox. You should have known that."

"I believed it," he muttered, his voice rough. "For years, I thought... that I wasn't good enough. That you thought I was weak. That you never liked me."

"I never hated you," I said, louder now. "I loved you. All of you. I just didn't know. I didn't know what you felt. And your letters? I never got them."

I took a shaky breath, my eyes stinging with unshed tears, but I wasn't done.

My gaze dropped to Lennox's hand.

He was still holding Levi's letter.

The one I supposedly wrote back in response to Levi's confession.

I marched forward and ripped the paper from his grip.

"If that one crushed you," I said, voice trembling with anger, "then this one destroyed Levi."

I unfolded it.

And with trembling lips, I read:

LEVI,

I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE YOU THINK I'D EVER WANT YOU. I WAS ALWAYS NICE BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS, BUT MAYBE I SHOULD'VE BEEN HONEST FROM THE BEGINNING.

YOU'RE NOT HIM. YOU'RE NOT LENNOX.

WHY WOULD I CHOOSE THE SECOND HEIR, THE SHADOW, WHEN I COULD HAVE THE FUTURE ALPHA HIMSELF? LENNOX IS STRONG, DEPENDABLE, BUILT TO LEAD. YOU'RE JUST... FOLLOWING ALONG. TRYING TO KEEP UP.

YOU'RE SOFT, LEVI. EMOTIONALLY WEAK. YOU'RE NOT EVEN MY TYPE. ALL THAT SWEET, QUIET PINING—IT WAS NEVER ATTRACTIVE. IT WAS PITIFUL. LIKE A BOY PLAYING PRETEND.

I COULD NEVER SEE YOU AS A MAN, NOT WHEN I'D ALREADY SEEN LENNOX.

LENNOX WALKS INTO A ROOM, AND THE WHOLE WORLD SHIFTS. YOU? YOU DISAPPEAR BESIDE HIM.

I'M SORRY IF YOU THOUGHT THIS COULD BE MORE. IT CAN'T. AND IT NEVER WILL. STOP DREAMING.

I COULD NEVER BRING CHILDREN INTO THIS WORLD JUST TO HAVE THEM TURN OUT WEAK LIKE YOU.

SO MY ANSWER WILL ALWAYS BE NO.

I LOVE LENNOX. NOT YOU. I NEVER DID. AND I NEVER WILL.

I finished reading and let the paper fall from my hand. All three brothers exchanged glances.

I frowned. "Could you see this was a trap... same words... same hurtful words," I spat and moved forward to Louis and snatched his letter from him. I opened it as I began to read.

LOUIS,

NO.

THAT'S THE ANSWER. JUST NO.

I'M SORRY IF I LED YOU ON, BUT I NEVER SAW YOU THAT WAY. NEVER EVEN CAME CLOSE. YOU'RE NOT THE ONE I WANTED. YOU NEVER WERE.

LEVI? MAYBE. LENNOX? DEFINITELY. BUT YOU? YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE AFTERTHOUGHT. THE THIRD ONE. THE BROTHER PEOPLE FORGET TO MENTION.

YOU JOKE ALL THE TIME. SMILE. FLIRT. LIKE THAT'S ENOUGH TO MATTER. LIKE YOU CAN CHARM YOUR WAY INTO SOMEONE'S HEART WHEN THERE'S NOTHING UNDERNEATH TO HOLD ONTO.

YOU'RE FUN. SURE. BUT SO IS A DISTRACTION.

THAT'S ALL YOU WERE, LOUIS. A MAN TO KEEP ME COMPANY WHEN THE REAL TWO WEREN'T AROUND.

I COULD NEVER TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY. YOU'RE NOT STRONG LIKE LEVI. YOU'RE NOT COMMANDING LIKE LENNOX. YOU'RE JUST... LOUIS.

THIRD IN LINE. THIRD TO LEAD.

IF I HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN YOU AND NO ONE AT ALL, I'D STILL PICK NO ONE.

BECAUSE PRETENDING WITH YOU WOULD BE WORSE THAN BEING ALONE.

I stopped—but it wasn't over. Not yet.

I unfolded the second part. The one that was meant to twist the knife deeper.

DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF.

YOU'RE NOT EVEN IN THE RUNNING.

LEVI IS STRENGTH. LENNOX IS COMMAND. YOU? YOU'RE WHAT'S LEFT. THE LEFTOVER SON. THE SPARE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU THOUGHT I'D EVER WANT YOU—NOT WHEN I COULD HAVE SOMEONE LIKE LENNOX. OR EVEN LEVI. ANYONE BUT YOU.

YOU HIDE BEHIND JOKES BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO OFFER. YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS. YOU'RE NOT POWERFUL. YOU'RE JUST THE FUN ONE—THE FILLER BETWEEN THE BROTHERS WHO ACTUALLY MATTER.

YOU SAY YOU'D PROTECT ME. WITH WHAT, LOUIS? A SMILE? A WINK? YOU THINK THAT'S ENOUGH?

I'D NEVER FEEL SAFE WITH YOU. NEVER FEEL PROUD TO STAND BESIDE YOU. YOU'RE NOT A WARRIOR. YOU'RE NOT A LEADER. YOU'RE A SHADOW THAT EVEN THE SUN FORGETS TO TOUCH.

YOU WERE BORN LAST FOR A REASON. BECAUSE SOMEONE HAD TO BE. THAT'S ALL YOU ARE—THE ONE THEY HAD TO INCLUDE, EVEN IF YOU WERE NEVER MEANT TO MATTER.

I WOULDN'T CHOOSE YOU, LOUIS. NOT IN THIS LIFE. NOT IN THE NEXT. NOT EVEN IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN BREATHING.

I COULD NEVER BRING CHILDREN INTO THIS WORLD JUST TO HAVE THEM TURN OUT WEAK LIKE YOU.

SO MY ANSWER WILL ALWAYS BE NO.

The final word dropped like a hammer in the silence.

I lowered the letter slowly.

Louis wasn't even blinking. He stared down at the paper like it had just murdered him.

"I didn't write that," I said angrily. "Not one word of it."

He didn't answer.

Not with words.

His lips parted, then closed again.

I glared at the three of them, and anger flared inside me. "I can't believe you three would believe I would say this to any of you."

The three brothers exchanged conflicted glances.

I continued. "This?" I hissed, holding up the crumpled letter.

"This is why you hated me all those years?"

Chapter 154: Shocking News

Olivia's POV

"Really?" I asked, my voice trembling. "Because of this? This is why you three tormented my life for four fucking years? Because of this lie?" I choked on the words, the tears finally breaking free.

No matter how hard I tried to hold them back, they kept coming. I couldn't stop.

It was painful—so painful—to realize they had hated me all these years over a letter I never even wrote.

Yes, the words in their letters were cruel. But how could they believe I could have written something like that?

How could a fourteen-year-old girl say such hurtful things to the people she worshipped?

How could they not know me?

Did they ever pay attention?

I practically adored them... every single one of them. And still, they thought I could say something so vile.

Weren't they supposed to ask me? To come to me and demand the truth?

But they didn't.

They just believed it. Hated me. Rejected me.

They made me suffer for a crime I didn't commit.

Lennox stepped forward, lips parted, like he wanted to say something—to plead, to explain—but before he could get a word out, the double doors burst open.

Anita was dragged in, still in her silky nightgown, her hair messy and eyes wide with confusion and rage.

"Let go of me!" she screamed, yanking her arms, but the guards held her tightly.

All three brothers turned to her like wolves who'd finally cornered their prey.

I clenched my jaw, my heart pounding, watching them, waiting to see what they would do to her. I expected Levi or Lennox to move first, maybe even Louis to yell. But before they could, Alpha Damien stepped forward.

His face was unreadable, his body calm.

Too calm.

Anita turned to him, confused, but before she could speak...

CRACK!

The sound of his palm slapping across her cheek rang through the room like thunder.

The room went still.

I gasped, stepping back in shock. Even the triplets froze, their eyes wide as they turned to him. None of us saw it coming.

None of us expected the man who had been silent all this time to explode like that.

Anita stumbled from the force, held upright only by the guards gripping her arms.

Alpha Damien's voice came out low but angry. "How dare you sell her?"

Anita blinked, stunned. "W-what?"

His eyes were glowing now—sharp, wild, and full of anger. "Don't insult my intelligence by pretending you don't know what I'm talking about."

"I—I didn't—" she started, but Damien raised a finger slowly, silencing her with just a look.

"If you lie to me," he said, voice cold as ice, "I will not show the patience these three have shown you. I am not one of your Alphas. I am Alpha Damien of the Pearl Pack, and if you deny what I already know, I will rip your tongue out of your mouth myself."

The blood drained from her face.

The silence in the room was suffocating.

"I did my investigation," Damien continued. "I spoke to the traffickers before we came here. The one who held Olivia... said a woman paid for the girl to disappear. Said she made it look like a rogue kidnapping. Said she was very specific about making sure the girl never came back here alive."

Anita trembled now, her eyes darting from one brother to the next. No more pretending. No more smugness.

My hands were shaking.

Tears rolled freely now—not from pain—but from the feeling of being stood up for. This man I barely knew was standing up for me.

Anita's mouth opened, but no words came.

"You will speak," he said darkly, "but only when we tell you to. Or I swear to the goddess, Anita, I will make you regret the day you ever stepped foot in this pack."

And for the first time ever... Anita looked afraid.

Alpha Damien turned to the triplets, his gaze heavy with disappointment. "I'm ashamed of all three of you," he said. "Olivia was your wife. Your mate. And yet, I heard how you treated her... because of a fucking letter. A letter anyone could have written!"

Lennox stepped forward, his face etched in a frown. "Uncle..."

"Damien." Alpha Damien corrected him. It seems he didn't like to be addressed as uncle.

Lennox lowered his head. "We were confused... the letter destroyed us. It turned us into something we're not."

Damien scoffed. "No, Lennox. The letter didn't destroy you. You destroyed yourselves the moment you chose to believe it without question. You let your pride speak louder than your hearts. You let her suffer—for years."

None of them said a word.

Louis looked pale. Levi's hands were clenched at his sides. Lennox looked like he was ready to collapse from the weight of shame.

"Take her to the dungeon," Levi snapped suddenly, turning his anger toward Anita. "I want her locked up and bound. Now!"

Two guards immediately stepped forward, gripping Anita tighter.

But she threw her head back and laughed bitterly.

"You can't lock me up," she said with a twisted smile. "You wouldn't dare."

The brothers growled, it seemed their wolves were trying to take over.

"Really?" she said, glaring at them. "Are you really going to throw me in a dungeon while I'm still carrying your children?"

The room froze.

My breath caught.

"What?" Louis asked, his frown deepening. freewebnovel.com

"You lost the pregnancy," Levi growled, stepping forward. "You told us that weeks ago."

Anita blinked dramatically, her expression softening like a wounded innocent person. "Yes... I did. I lost one. But two days ago, I started feeling sick. The healer examined me and confirmed... there are still two pups in me."

"No..." Levi shook his head, his voice almost pleading. "You said—"

"I wanted to surprise you," she said quickly. "I wanted it to be special... after everything. I just needed time."

The silence that followed was suffocating.

I stared at her, not knowing what to feel about this... Anita was still pregnant? She lost only one pup? How was that possible?

"So?" she continued, lifting her chin. "Will you throw me in a dungeon while your children grow inside me?"

The triplets didn't move.

No one did.

Chapter 155: Mine Now

Olivia's POV

Lennox growled and moved forward, grabbing Anita by both arms, his fingers digging into her skin. His eyes were blazing gold now, his anger barely contained. "You're lying," he snarled. "You can't be pregnant..."

"I am!" Anita cried, shrinking under the weight of his glare. "I swear—I am! You can call the healer to confirm it!"

Louis let out a string of curses, pacing furiously at the far end of the room. Levi turned away, raking a hand through his hair, his shoulders rising and falling as if he couldn't breathe.

None of them looked at me.

Not once.

They were too focused on her... on the chaos she had dropped at their feet like a bomb.

"I never wanted children with you," Lennox spat, his voice trembling. "Not now. Not ever."

Anita flinched but didn't back down. "It's not about what you want anymore, Lennox. What's done is done. I'm still carrying your pups!"

"No—no fucking way—" Levi snapped. "This wasn't supposed to happen. We were careful. We didn't want—"

"You didn't want me," Anita cut in softly. "But you wanted my body. And now you'll have to live with the consequences."

The pain twisted in my chest like a dagger, but I said nothing. I stood there in silence, swallowing every broken piece of my heart. How much more could it hurt to discover your once-best friend is pregnant for your mates—your husbands?

The doors burst open again, and the triplets' parents stepped in.

"What's going on in here?" Lady Fiona asked, her sharp eyes scanning the room.

Her gaze landed on me, and to my surprise, her face lit up. "Olivia?" she whispered, a hand flying to her chest. "Oh, goddess... is that truly you?"

She moved forward with tears in her eyes. I opened my mouth, but no words came. I simply nodded.

Sir Damon stood frozen for a moment—his sharp, calculating eyes locked onto Damien.

"Brother?" he said, stunned. "Damien...? What the hell are you doing here?"

"I came with her," Damien answered simply, nodding toward me.

There was a silence between the two men, heavy with tension and things left unsaid. Then Sir Damon nodded slowly, looking between us all.

Lady Fiona moved closer to me and pulled me into a gentle hug, her voice trembling. "You're alive... you're really alive..."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. I still find it hard to feel any connection with her.

Suddenly, Anita's voice rang out, proud and unbothered. "Well," she said with a smug little smile. "Now that everyone's here... I guess it's a good time to share the news."

Everyone turned to her.

"I'm pregnant," she declared. "With the triplets' pups. You'll be a grandmother soon, Lady Fiona."

The room turned to stone.

Lady Fiona stared at her, stunned. Sir Damon's face darkened with disappointment.

Lennox growled, the sound deep and primal. His entire body trembled, his eyes glowing brighter with each ragged breath. Louis bared his teeth, his wolf so close to the surface I could practically see it under his skin. And Levi... Levi looked like he was about to explode. His jaw was clenched so tightly I thought it might shatter.

Their wolves were restless.

Angry.

Pacing just under the skin, snarling to be released.

"Pregnant or not," Levi hissed, his voice filled with anger, "you will be locked up in that dungeon and will pay for what you did."

"You know that is not possible... I'm carrying your children."

"Shut. Up." Lennox's voice was thick with a growl, claws slowly unsheathing from his fingers. "Don't push us, Anita."

Louis lunged, but Levi caught his arm just in time.

That's how close they were to losing control.

Their wolves were howling. Fighting to break free.

Suddenly, Alpha Damien stepped forward, his voice cutting through all the noise.

"I'm done with this nonsense," he said firmly. "This mess? It's your problem," he added, looking hard at the triplets. "You caused it. I didn't come here for drama. I came for business."

His tone was cold and serious.

But then he looked at me.

And something in his face changed.

He walked closer, and I froze, not sure what he was about to do. His hand gently reached up to my neck, his fingers brushing against the metal collar that had been there for hours.

The choker. The one I'd worn since the night they took me.

"You've worn this long enough," he said, frowning.

He gave it a quick twist with a key. I heard a small click, and then,
Clink.

The collar dropped to the floor.

I stepped back a little, my hand going to my neck. I could feel my skin again, my wolf again. For the first time in hours... I could finally breathe.

"Are you okay?" I communicated with my wolf.

She growled loudly. "Yes, I am."

A sigh of relief left my lips while I kept on massaging my neck.

My eyes met with that of the triplets who were all looking at me with pain and regrets. Levi was the first to speak. "Liv... we are so sorry... we didn't know we were fooled... please..."

Louis stepped forward. "We'll find that bastard who forged the letter... Liv..." He paused, helpless. Words failed him.

Lennox was the last... he swallowed hard and tried to move closer to me. But before he could, Alpha Damien stepped forward and pulled me firmly by the waist to his side. The sudden closeness made me flinch. His grip was steady—too steady. Protective... or possessive? I wasn't sure.

The room went silent again.

"What are you doing?" Levi asked, his voice sharp and filled with warning.

Damien didn't flinch. He looked at them calmly, then said, "She's mine now."

The words hit like a blow to my chest.

Mine?

Louis snarled. "What the hell do you mean?" Louis growled, stepping forward.

Alpha Damien's expression didn't change. "I bought her."

The words hit like a slap.

"What?" Lennox blinked, stunned.

"I paid a million dollars," Damien continued coldly. "That's what they asked for her. And I paid it. She belongs to me now. I bought her freedom. And by their own rules... she's mine."

I stared at the floor.

Was I supposed to be grateful? Angry?

"No!" Lennox roared. "You can't just say that! She's our mate! Uncle!"

Damien scoffed and glared at his nephews. "She was your mate... but not anymore, nephews... she belongs to me now and until I sell her or give her out, she is mine."

His grip tightened slightly around me. I didn't know whether to lean in or pull away.

Louis stepped forward, his fists clenched. "Then we'll pay you back! Right now. Double—triple the amount if we have to!"

Damien raised an eyebrow. "You think this is about money?"

"We'll give you whatever you want!" Levi said, his voice cracking. "Just give her back to us. She's our mate. She belongs with us."

"She did," Damien said simply. "But not anymore."

He looked down at me, his hand still wrapped around my waist.

"She is mine now..."

Chapter 156: claiming Her

Lennox's POV

"What the hell are you saying, Uncle..." I snarled, my voice shaking with fury. My wolf was already pushing through, growling, demanding control.

Uncle Damien didn't flinch. He looked straight at me, his expression calm but serious. "You heard me, Lennox," he said flatly. Then he turned to Olivia and pulled her closer against him, wrapping his arm tightly around her waist. "Olivia is now... my woman."

My vision turned red.

A deep growl ripped from my throat as my wolf surged forward. My claws shot out, and my eyes burned gold.

I couldn't stop it.

I didn't want to.

She was ours. My mate. Our mate. And he dared to claim her?

I lunged forward, ready to rip him apart and take her back.

But a body blocked me.

"Enough!" my father's voice boomed like thunder as he stepped in front of me.

"Calm down, Lennox!" he ordered, his hand on my chest, trying to hold me back. But I was shaking, snarling, barely holding myself together. "Your wolf is clouding your mind."

"Get out of my way, Father!" I roared, my voice no longer my own. It was deeper—beast-like. "He is claiming her! He dared to say she's his!"

"She's ours!" my wolf howled inside me.

"She's not yours if you threw her away," Uncle Damien said casually from behind my father. "You lost that right the day you made Anita your concubine."

My anger intensified. I tried to attack him again, but my father shoved me back hard, his eyes flaring. "Lennox—stand down!"

My chest heaved, my claws still out. I could barely breathe. The rage... the pain... the guilt—it was too much.

Father turned to his brother slowly, his voice cold and calm but deadly. "Damien... this is your nephew. You know what this is doing to him. To all of them."

Damien didn't blink. "Then maybe they should've thought about that before they let her live in pain for years."

"This is not right, Damien," my mother whispered quietly behind me.

My eyes were locked on Olivia. She wasn't moving. She didn't say anything. She just stood there, close to Damien, her expression blank. Her eyes met with mine, and she didn't seem uncomfortable, in fact, she was... comfortable. My wolf growled inside me as a silly thought buzzed in my head... the mere thought alone was driving me insane... last night Olivia was on heat... the magical choker was wrapped around her neck... does that mean she and my uncle did something...? I shook my head, not wanting to believe it, but deep down I was scared... it could really happen, and we wouldn't feel it... why? Because of the damn choker.

I was snapped out of my thoughts when I noticed Louis and Levi attacking uncle Damien... both of them together.

With angry growls, they both rushed at Uncle Damien. Louis from the side, Levi straight at him. Their wolves were nearly in control, and they didn't care anymore.

I didn't move.

I should've. I wanted to. But my mind was spinning. I couldn't stop thinking about Olivia. About the collar. About the possibility that something happened between her and Damien last night. The thought made me feel sick.

Damien moved fast, too fast.

He grabbed Levi's arm and twisted it behind his back, flipping him to the ground with one smooth move. Then, as Louis swung at him, Damien ducked and punched him hard in the ribs, knocking him into the wall.

They both staggered, groaning.

Damien stood tall, barely breathing hard. "I've trained warriors," he said quietly. "Did you think I wouldn't be ready for you?"

But before anyone else could move again, Olivia's voice rang out.

"Stop!"

We all froze.

She stepped forward, her eyes blazing with anger. She wasn't crying. She wasn't scared. She was furious.

"What do you even want from me anymore?" she shouted. "You rejected me! You hated me! You hurt me for four years! And now you want to fight for me?!"

Her voice shook, her frown deepened.

"You let me suffer while Anita walked around this pack like a queen," she continued, her voice rising. "She's pregnant with your children. Your children!"

None of us could look her in the eye. We all looked away.

She looked between the three of us, pain and anger blazing in her eyes. "You should be focusing on that—on what's growing inside her—not chasing someone you threw away like trash!"

My heart cracked open again.

Because she wasn't wrong.

Not even a little.

Olivia turned away, breathing hard, like she was holding herself together with pure willpower.

Damien stepped beside her and protectively wrapped his arms around her waist and she didn't pull away.

I growled, ready to snatch her away, to do anything—but Father spoke. "Lennox, Levi, Louis... calm down... let me have a word with my brother."

I glared at Father before glaring at Damien, who simply just held my gaze, looking reluctantly like this was normal... I couldn't just understand what the hell was going on.

Father took a long breath, his hand still raised in warning as he turned to Damien. "Come with me," he said. His voice was calm again, but serious. "We need to talk."

Damien didn't argue. He nodded once and was about to move—until he looked down at Olivia.

"Come," he said to her gently, touching her back as if to guide her with him.

That one word—come—snapped something inside me.

I growled loud and deep, the sound ripping out of my chest before I could stop it.

Why does she seem so comfortable with him? She didn't look scared or nervous. She was just... so calm.

My claws twitched. My wolf howled and thrashed, demanding we do something. Anything.

But I couldn't move.

Not because I didn't want to.

Because I wanted to respect Father and believe he will handle the case properly. Because if he doesn't, then this was going to be war.

Father turned to me sharply, his eyes filled with warning. "Lennox. Stand. Down. I'll handle it." He said it as if he was reading my thoughts.

I growled but didn't attack. I just watched as Olivia—my Olivia—walked away with my uncle's arm wrapped around her.

Chapter 157: Suspecting Anita.

Levi's POV

The moment Olivia left with Damien and Dad, I turned around and glared at Anita.

"You bitch!" I roared, seething with rage as I stormed toward her.

But Mom stepped in front of her, spreading her arms wide. "And what do you think you're doing?" she demanded, her eyes flashing with anger.

I clenched my fists, my entire body trembling. Every nerve in me wanted to drag Anita out of this room myself and to the dungeon.

"Mother, move," Lennox growled from behind me, voice like thunder

But she didn't budge. Her frown deepened as she turned to look at Lennox. "No. I won't," she said firmly. "You three are not thinking clearly. You're angry, and I will not let you do something you'll regret."

"We're not going to regret anything," Louis snapped. "She deserves to pay for what she did."

He turned to the guards standing by the door. "What are you waiting for? Take her to the cells. Lock her up!"

But Mom raised her hand and shouted, "No!"

Everyone frowned.

"She's pregnant," Mom said, her voice trembling. "She's carrying my grandchildren—the Luciano bloodline. I won't let you throw her in a cold dungeon while she has two of our own growing inside her."

"Mother—" I started, but she cut me off.

"I'm not saying she won't be punished," she said firmly. "She will. But not like this. Not while she's pregnant."

Anita stood behind her with a triumphant smirk curling her lips.

I glared at Anita, rage boiling in my blood. "How do we even know those babies are ours?" I snapped. "She could be lying!"

But Mom didn't look convinced. She turned to me, her voice calm but serious. "Of course, they're yours," she said.

I frowned. "You don't know that."

"Oh, please," she scoffed, crossing her arms. "You think I didn't know you boys were constantly sleeping with her around that time? Don't insult my intelligence."

She turned her sharp eyes to Anita. "Tell me, Anita. How far along are you?"

Anita blinked, then gently placed her hand on her stomach. "The healer said around three months."

Three months?

My heart skipped.

I quickly started thinking back, trying to remember the last time we had slept with her.

And then it hit me—hard.

It was the night of the wedding.

Our wedding night.

The night we married Olivia.

Guilt and anger twisted in my stomach. We had spent that sacred night with Anita... when it should've been Olivia in our arms.

"She said she was on birth control," I muttered, more to myself.

Mom nodded slowly. "Then she lied. And you believed her."

I clenched my fists.

"This pregnancy is yours. All of yours," Mom said firmly. "You might not want to admit it, but you know it deep down. And if you still doubt it, then wait."

"Wait?" Louis echoed, confused and angry.

"Yes. When the pregnancy hits five months," Mom said, "your wolves will be able to sense it. They'll know if the pups share your blood. No one will be able to lie about it then."

I stayed quiet, my jaw clenched tight. Because part of me already knew.

They were ours.

Anita could be a lot of things, but she definitely didn't fuck other men while with us. Yes, we didn't meet her as a virgin, but she didn't dare sleep with another man.

I stepped closer, my voice low but full of threat. "Whether those babies are ours or not, Anita... you will pay. You'll pay for putting Olivia's life in danger."

She blinked, her face dropping the smug expression just a bit. But before she could speak, Lennox cut in sharply.

"How do we even know she's not the one who forged that letter?" he snapped, his eyes narrowed.

I froze.

The thought hadn't even crossed my mind—until now. But now that he said it, it made sense. She had every reason to forge that letter. If she could really sell Olivia to traffickers, then there is nothing she can't do. But can a fourteen-year-old Anita do such? That letter was well written. The hurtful words were too deep for a fourteen-year-old to think about and write—and certainly not someone as dumb as Anita.

My brow furrowed as I stared at her. "Is that true, Anita?" I asked, suspicious thick in my voice. "Did you write that letter? Did you fake it just to make us hate Olivia?"

Her eyes widened. She looked back and forth between us, then shook her head quickly.

"What? No! I swear—I don't even know what letter you're talking about," she said, sounding genuinely confused. "What letter?"

She looked at all of us, seemingly confused. "I didn't write anything. I don't even know what you all are talking about. I didn't do anything of such. I swear on my pups."

I watched her carefully.

She looked like she was telling the truth. Her voice shook. Her eyes were wide. She didn't stutter or hesitate.

But I couldn't fully trust her. Not anymore.

Not after all the lies.

Maybe she didn't forge the letter... but possibly, she knew who did.

I stayed quiet, but the suspicion was already there, burning in my gut.

There was no proof.

Not yet.

But something told me Anita wasn't innocent in this. Not completely.

Mother spoke again. "I know Anita deserves to be punished, but remember that is your seeds growing inside of her," Mother said, and my frown deepened while Lennox growled angrily beside me.

Mother glared at Anita. I could see she wasn't happy that she was helping Anita out. "Let her deliver these babies safely, then you can carry out your judgment. But until then, I won't let you do anything that would harm those pups."

I frowned deeply at Mother, not liking her words one bit.

"Mother..." I began, my voice low and tense.

"Enough," she snapped, not giving me a chance to argue. "I'll personally keep an eye on Anita. Until those babies are born, she stays under my watch."

She turned and grabbed Anita's arm firmly—not with affection, but with anger. "Don't think this means you're free," she muttered to Anita, just loud enough for us to hear. "I may be protecting you, but I'm not blind to your sins."

Anita frowned and looked away.

Mother turned back to us. "You men have enough to worry about. If I were you, I'd be more concerned about Damien... he looked pretty serious about claiming Olivia."

And with that, she turned and led Anita out of the room.

Chapter 158: What is He Up To

Olivia's POV

The moment we left Levi's room, I quickly pulled away from Alpha Damien's arms. He gave me a look that clearly said he didn't like what I'd just done—but I didn't care. I simply stepped aside and looked away.

Sir Damon led us toward his chambers, and when we reached the door, he turned to me. "Olivia, you'll have to stay out here and wait for us..."

"There will be no need for that," Alpha Damien cut in immediately. "She's coming in," he said firmly.

I swallowed hard but felt a wave of relief—at least I'd be able to hear whatever they were going to discuss.

Sir Damon frowned, clearly not happy about it, but he nodded and pushed the door to his chambers open.

Alpha Damien stepped aside for me to walk in. I gave him a glance before walking in. I stepped in, and he did too before shutting the door.

The moment the door shut behind us, the room went completely silent. The air felt tense—thick with tension.

Alpha Damien moved to stand beside me, calm and confident as always, while Sir Damon walked to the center of the room with heavy steps.

"Have a seat, Olivia," Sir Damon said, pointing to one of the cushioned chairs near the fire.

I hesitated, glancing quickly at Damien, but he gave me a subtle nod. So I walked over and sat down, keeping my back straight and my eyes low, trying to stay invisible.

Sir Damon didn't sit. He turned to face his brother, eyes sharp and voice low. "Damien... what the hell do you think you're doing?"

Damien didn't flinch. He simply shrugged. "What I believe is right, brother... they no longer have any claim over her. Olivia is mine now," he declared possessively.

I frowned, wanting to speak—to tell him I wasn't some object to be owned—but I held my tongue, eager to hear more of this conversation.

Sir Damon didn't seem happy with Alpha Damien's words. "What do you mean she is yours now? Can you even listen to yourself? That woman is the mate and wife of your nephews..."

"I don't fucking care," Alpha Damien cut off rudely. Now he was sounding angry, more like he was losing his patience. "I brought her...and according to the rule of the slave market, Olivia is now mine..."

Sir Damon cut in. "Is this about the money? We will triple it..."

Alpha Damien chuckled, but it wasn't the sound of amusement—rather, it was more like anger. "You think everything is about money, brother. That's how everything works for you—and you've passed that same twisted mindset on those boys."

Sir Damon frowned at the words of his brother. "Mind your words, Damien. I'm still your older brother..."

Damien, looking nonchalant, nodded. "I will never forget that."

A moment of tense silence hung in the air. The two brothers didn't say a word. Rather, they stayed silent. I looked at both of them, waiting for one of them to speak. I wanted to know the way forward. What was this all about? What exactly was Alpha Damien planning?

As if reading my thoughts, Sir Damon asked, "So what is your deal? What is your plan with her?"

Alpha Damien looked at me, and I held his gaze. His eyes were blank, so I couldn't really tell what he was thinking. He glanced at me with that blank look that was unsettling before he turned to his brother. "It's none of anyone's business. Olivia and I will talk about it."

My brow furrowed. What was this man planning? Was he seriously going through with that insane idea of wanting me to give him an heir? No, that can't be possible... I'm the wife of his nephew... he surely can't still be thinking of wanting me to give him an heir.

My wolf stirred inside me. "I have a bad feeling about this," she murmured.

I swallowed hard. I had the same feeling. But I stayed quiet—I needed to hear everything first.

Sir Damon moved closer to his brother, his eyes filled with anger. "You know my sons won't take this lightly. They love this woman deeply," he said with conviction.

I swallowed hard at his words. My thoughts drifted to the triplets, and the idea that they loved me—it was still such a strange, unfamiliar feeling.

"They will declare war on you, Damien..."

Alpha Damien groaned. "I don't fucking care..."

Sir Damon's voice rose, his frustration no longer hidden. "There are plenty of girls, Damien! Dozens of willing females who would kill for a chance to bear your heir. Why her?" He pointed a finger in my direction. "Why Olivia? You're playing a dangerous game, and you know it."

The moment those words left his mouth, a chill ran down my spine.

So... Sir Damon knew about this too?

I shifted slightly in my seat, but Alpha Damien didn't look at me—his gaze remained locked with his brother's, burning with cold fire.

"She's the one I chose," Damien said through gritted teeth. "And I don't have to explain myself to anyone."

My frown deepened. Does that mean he was still going with the plan of wanting me to bear him an heir?

Sir Damon stepped closer, his voice low, but sharp like a blade. "Put yourself in their shoes, Damien. Imagine if someone tried to take Sofia from you. Imagine if a man declared she was his and said he would use her to bear his child."

The room fell into a stunned, suffocating silence.

Even I froze.

That name... Sofia.

The moment it was spoken, Damien's entire demeanor shifted. His jaw clenched so tightly I could see the muscle twitch. His hands curled into fists by his sides, and a vein throbbed in his neck.

He didn't say a word for several seconds. Just stood there, shaking slightly from suppressed rage.

Then his voice came out—low, cold, and seething with rage.

"Don't. Ever. Say her name."

Sir Damon's face softened with a hint of regret, but he didn't back down. "I had to. Because that's the only way you'll understand. You loved Sofia. And if someone had tried to take her from you, to claim her like this, you would've torn the whole damn kingdom apart."

Chapter 159: Staying

Olivia's POV

Alpha Damien grunted as he glared at his brother. "Enough, brother... that's enough. No more talk about Sofia," he spat.

From where I sat, I cast a curious glance at him—and it was clear the mention of Sofia had drastically shifted his mood. Just moments ago, he had been calm, almost nonchalant. Now, he looked furious—so furious it was frightening.

Who was Sofia? Was she his mate? If so... where the hell is she?

But Sir Damon didn't back down. His voice remained firm. "I'll keep talking about her, Damien. Maybe that way, you'll finally see reason. Perhaps you'll remember what it feels like to love someone—and lose them."

Alpha Damien growled deeply. "They never wanted her—so I'm taking her."

I clenched my fists in my lap. Why was he talking about me like I was a prize to be claimed? Like I was some commodity to be passed around. Why was he so possessive of a woman he knew belonged to his nephews?

Sir Damon's anger intensified. He moved closer, and before I could even blink, he grabbed Damien by the collar. I gasped.

But Damien didn't even flinch. He just stared back at his brother, his frown deepening.

"Stop this madness, Damien. Stop it!" sir Damon spat, his voice trembling with rage.

Damien's voice was low, rough. "I won't... I won't."

The tension between them was like a storm ready to break. Their bodies were rigid. Their breathing heavy. I was sure a fight was about to happen. I could already imagine fists flying.

But just when it looked like they were about to explode, Alpha Damien yanked himself out of Damon's grip.

"I'm staying here," he said coldly. "For a few days."

That declaration sucked the air from the room.

"What?" Damon barked.

Damien didn't repeat himself. He simply looked my way—the anger in his eyes obvious. "Come with me," he said, facing me directly. "I want to have a word with you."

With that, he turned and began walking away.

For a moment, I didn't move. My heart pounded. A part of me wanted to stay put—to refuse. Even my wolf growled softly in agreement, "Don't go with him."

But my curiosity won. Maybe it was better to hear whatever he had to say. So I stood to my feet and followed him, ignoring the intense gaze I could feel from Sir Damon behind me.

We walked through the long hallway in silence. The only sounds were our footsteps echoing off the walls and my own nervous heartbeat. Finally, Damien stopped in front of a room tucked at the far end of the corridor.

He grabbed the door handle and pushed it open. The door creaked slightly as it swung inward.

I stepped in behind him—and instantly noticed something odd.

This room... it felt untouched. Dust clung to the windowsills. The air smelled faintly of wood and something aged. The bed was neatly made, but the room lacked warmth. No personal items. No sign of use. Like it had been left alone for years.

"This room..." I murmured softly, looking around. "No one uses it, do they?"

Damien stood beside the door, arms crossed over his chest as he leaned against the wall. "It's mine," he said flatly. "This is my room... for when I stay here."

I turned to look at him, surprised. "Oh." I remember cleaning every corner of this mansion but was asked never to bother cleaning this particular room.

Alpha Damien moved away from the door, and I watched him walk over to the curtains. In one swift motion, he pulled them open, letting the morning sunlight pour into the room. It lit up the dust particles dancing in the air, casting soft, golden rays across the floor.

I inhaled deeply, feeling nervous. I waited for him to turn around and speak—but he didn't. Instead, his eyes moved slowly around the room, as if he were remembering something... or someone.

His jaw tightened.

I could see the weight in his expression now—less anger, more pain. The kind of pain that clings to a person even when they pretend it's gone.

"I haven't stepped foot in this room for years," he finally said, his voice low.

I stayed silent, watching him closely. He didn't look at me. His eyes were still on the space around him, like the walls themselves were whispering memories he couldn't ignore.

"This was her room too... sometimes," he added after a moment.

Her.

Sofia.

That name again.

So... this had been their room?

I shifted uncomfortably, unsure of how to respond. This wasn't what I expected when he said he wanted to talk.

"She used to love mornings," he continued, softer now. "Said the sun made everything feel alive again." He scoffed slightly under his breath. "I used to think she was ridiculous for saying that."

Still, he didn't face me. It was like I wasn't really here—like he was talking more to the ghosts than to me.

Then finally, his gaze flicked to mine. "Do you know what it's like to lose someone you'd die for?"

I swallowed hard, unsure how to answer. My voice barely came out. "Yes."

He nodded slowly, like he'd known what I'd say.

"It changes you," he said. "Breaks something inside you that never truly heals."

I could feel the heaviness of his words, the rawness of them.

He took a deep breath and turned fully to face me now, his tone shifting, harder again. "And maybe that's why I won't let my nephews get away with what they did to you."

I blinked, caught off guard. "What do you mean?"

He took a step closer. "I mean they had you, and they didn't value what they had. They're young, reckless, distracted by power and position. They hurt you when they should've cherished you. And for that, I'll teach them a lesson."

My heart thudded in my chest.

I didn't know what shocked me more—his confusing words, or the anger in his words.

Before I could respond, he added, "I'll be staying here for two months... just for you."

I frowned, holding his gaze. "What... do you mean?"

Chapter 160: The Plan

Olivia's POV

He didn't respond immediately. Instead, he walked over to the bed and slowly sat down, his eyes never leaving mine. The tension between us was thick, his presence intense—but not in the way it had been earlier. It wasn't rage anymore. It was something deeper. Calculated. Almost... determined.

"I'm going to help you," he finally said, voice low but loud enough for me to hear. "And in return, you'll help me."

I blinked. "Help you? With what?"

He leaned forward slightly, resting his elbows on his knees. "They might be my nephews, but that doesn't mean they get a free pass. They need to learn that actions have consequences."

My throat tightened. He still hadn't answered my question.

"Alpha Damien... I'm confused..."

"You don't have to be." He cut me off, pausing for a second before continuing. "We will make the triplets feel just an atom of what you felt when they were with her."

I frowned, still trying to follow his meaning.

"Meaning?" I asked, raising a brow.

"Meaning you are going to fake date me," he responded casually, and my eyes widened.

"For the next two months, I'll act like I desperately want you. Like I want you to bear my heir. And you... you'll act hesitant at first, like you don't want that life. But eventually, you'll give in."

I swallowed

So that was his plan?

He didn't actually want me to carry his child? A part of me was relieved... but another, ridiculous part of me felt disappointed.

"This isn't just about making them jealous. This is about making them pay," he continued. "They'll get a taste—just a drop—of the pain you felt."

I stared at him, struggling to make sense of it all.

"Fake date you?" I repeated slowly, as if saying it out loud would help me make sense of it. "You want me to act like I'm falling for you... like I want to carry your heir?"

Alpha Damien's gaze was steady. "Yes."

I shook my head slightly, still trying to absorb his words. "And that's supposed to... teach them a lesson?"

He leaned back, his expression hardening. "I want them to feel the regret they've buried under arrogance and pride. I want them to burn from the inside out."

I inhaled sharply, my heart pounding against my ribs. "So what exactly do you want from me, Alpha Damien?" I asked, my voice firmer now. "What do you mean when you say I'll help you?"

He stood and slowly closed the distance between us. "And in return," he said, his voice even lower now, "in two months, we'll let the rumor spread... that you're pregnant with my child."

My breath caught.

"What?"

"It'll be fake, of course," he added quickly, reading the alarm in my expression. "Just a plot to lure her out of wherever she is," he said, and my frown deepened. Lure her out? What did that even mean? Who were we luring out?

"I don't understand what you are saying..."

"You don't need to understand," he said, shaking his head. "Just follow my lead. We'll make the triplets pay, and then you'll repay me—by pretending to be pregnant. I'll handle the rumors."

My frown deepened as I shook my head. "I can't... yes, I want to have my revenge on the triplets... I want them to feel my pain when they were with Anita, but if I'm doing that, then it's definitely with another man and not with their uncle."

I held his gaze firmly.

"I'm already labeled a thief's daughter—I don't want to be labeled a whore who sleeps with her husbands' uncle." I said clearly.

Alpha Damien didn't look surprised. Or even offended. He simply stood there, still and unreadable, but something in his eyes shifted.

Then he finally spoke. "You're really worried about what people will think of you? At this point in your life?"

"I'm not," I said quickly, my voice a little harsh. "I don't care what they say. They've already called me a thief's daughter, treated me like garbage. That doesn't scare me anymore."

I took a breath and met his eyes again.

"But I do care about my dignity," I added quietly. "I've lost so much already. I won't lose myself too. And if I ever have children, I don't want them growing up hearing that their mother slept with their fathers' uncle for revenge."

Damien didn't move for a moment. Then he slowly walked toward me again, his eyes locked on mine.

"What makes you think you get a choice in this, Olivia?" he said, voice low but authoritative. "This isn't a deal you can say no to."

My heart skipped a beat.

"This is happening," he continued. "You and me. For the next two months, you'll pretend to be mine. And you'll do it well."

I took a step back, my pulse racing. "You're forcing me?" I whispered.

"I'm giving you an opportunity," he said. "A chance to make them feel everything you did. And if you're smart, you'll take it."

I clenched my fists, trembling with anger. "You're treating me like I'm just a pawn."

He raised an eyebrow. "Weren't you already their tool? At least this time, you get something out of it."

His words hit hard—because there was truth in them.

But I refused to let him see how much it hurt.

"This isn't how you help someone," I said through gritted teeth. "This isn't kindness."

"I'm not trying to be kind," he said. "I'm giving you revenge. And when we're done, it won't just be the triplets who suffer. She will too."

She? Is he talking about that Sofia?

My heart raced and out of curiosity, I couldn't stop myself from asking. "Who is Sofia to you?" I asked, almost trembling.

His jaw tightened, and again he looked vulnerable.

"That," he said quietly, "you'll understand when the time comes."

And just like that, he turned away from me, leaving me with more questions than answers.

"You can return to your room now," he said as he opened the door. "Our game begins immediately."

Then he stepped out, the door swinging shut behind him.

