

Fated To Not Just One, But Three

#Chapter 161: Damien Wasn't Joking - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 161: Damien Wasn't Joking

Chapter 161: Damien Wasn't Joking

Louis' POV

A suffocating silence filled the room. None of us spoke. None of us even looked at each other. The air was heavy with guilt and pain—so thick it was hard to breathe.

Levi stood by the wall, both palms pressed flat against it, his head hung low like the weight of the world rested on his shoulders. He looked like a man torn between two impossible choices.

I turned my eyes to Lennox. He was at the window, arms folded tightly across his chest, his back turned to me. From the way his shoulders were stiff, I knew he was holding everything in—his anger, his pain, his shame.

We didn't need words to understand each other. Whatever they were feeling... I was feeling too. The regret. The confusion. The ache that came with losing her.

But we couldn't keep standing here like this forever.

Someone had to speak. And since they wouldn't, I did.

"I didn't know you guys sent her a confession letter too," I said quietly, breaking the silence.

Levi slowly raised his head, but didn't turn.

Lennox didn't even move.

"I thought I was the only one," I continued. "I thought I was being smart. I saw how you both looked at her. I knew Lennox liked her... he always lit up when she was around. And Levi... you practically worshipped the ground she walked on."

My voice cracked, just a little.

"And maybe that's why I did it," I admitted. "That's why I wrote that letter to her without telling either of you. I was scared. Jealous. I didn't want to lose her to either of you."

I laughed bitterly and shook my head. "But fate played us all, didn't it? Because none of us knew... none of us had any idea... that we all sent our letters to her on the same damn day."

I sighed and shook my head as regret filled my entire being. "And when I got that forged reply, I was pained. Those words in that letter almost made me hate you two," I said, revealing a truth I never thought I'd tell them.

When I got that forged letter, for days I hated my brothers... I hated that Olivia loved them and not me... it took serious self-reflection before I realized I couldn't hate my brothers for it.

But then it became confusing why they didn't end up with her like I thought they would. Rather, they seemed to hate her. I was confused. Why did Olivia fall out with them, but Lennox and Levi refused to say anything? I racked my brain... trying to think of reasons they'd hate her, just like I did, but I couldn't pinpoint it. But now it was clear... they also sent her a confession letter and got a brutal, forged rejection—just like me.

"I also almost hated you two," Lennox finally spoke, his back still turned to me. "Those words in that letter made me want to compete with you both... but after much thought, I realized it wasn't worth it. You're my brothers, and it wasn't your fault if Olivia wanted you two and not me..." He paused, sighed, and shook his head. "That letter... it felt off. Why didn't I notice it? Why didn't I take a critical look at it?" Lennox spat in regret and kicked a stool away.

A heavy sigh left Levi's lips as he continued to face the wall. "When I first got the letter, I refused to believe it was our sweet, loving Olivia who said such things."

He finally turned around, his eyes red and glossy, filled with everything he had held in for so long.

"I read it over and over again," he said slowly. "Trying to convince myself that maybe... maybe I misunderstood. Because the words were so cruel. Hurtful. Not like her at all." He paused, his eyes dark with memory. "It shattered something in me."

He walked slowly to the chair and sat down, burying his face in his hands. "What made me believe it was the handwriting... it was exactly hers. I had to pick out one of the funny notes she used to send me and cross-check. They were exactly the same. And that's what made me believe. I'm such a fool."

Lennox leaned against the window frame, the morning sun casting long shadows across his face. "I think we were all broken in our own way after those letters. I kept asking myself... why her? Why would she hurt me like that?" He turned his head slightly, just enough to look at us over his shoulder. "And the worst part? I didn't even ask her. I didn't confront her. I just... believed the lie."

I sank down onto the edge of the table, my heart aching. "Same. I let one stupid letter end everything I felt for her. I didn't even try to confirm anything. I just let myself believe that Olivia said those hurtful words."

Again, we went silent as we all fell into our thoughts, and this time it was Levi who broke the silence. "We have a lot in our hands. First, we need to find out who forged those letters. Second—Uncle Damien... I just hope he was joking. He can't be serious with his claim over Olivia... he can't be..."

Lennox cut him off. "He is serious, Levi... I can see it in his eyes... he wants Olivia..."

Levi shook his head again, this time more firmly, rising from the chair. "No. You're wrong. Uncle Damien loved Sofia. He still does. Everyone knows that. He won't go after another woman. He wouldn't—"

"He would," Lennox snapped, cutting him off. He turned around fully now, his face hard. "You're still blinded by who you think he is, Levi. But I saw it. I saw the way he looked at Olivia. The same way he used to look at Sofia."

"That's impossible," Levi said, stepping forward. "Sofia was the love of his life."

Lennox scoffed bitterly. "Exactly. And Olivia is just like her. The same kindness, the same spark, the same spirit. Damien doesn't just see Olivia—he sees Sofia in her."

Levi's eyes flared. "Don't say that! Don't you dare compare them like that. Uncle Damien would never cross that line—he's our uncle, for God's sake!"

"And yet he's already claiming her," Lennox shot back, his voice rising. "You think that's something a normal uncle does? He looked our father in the eye and said he wanted her for himself!"

"He was probably joking! You know how he is!"

"Wake up, Levi!" Lennox barked. "This is not a joke. He wants her. And if we don't do something, he's going to take her—just like he takes everything he wants."

"That's not true!" Levi shouted. "He's not like that!"

The tension in the room was boiling now. Both of them were breathing hard, standing just a few feet apart, their hands clenched, and their eyes locked in a silent war. I could see where this was going, and I had to step in.

"Enough!" I snapped, rising to my feet and stepping between them. "Both of you, calm down!"

They both froze, the room falling silent again except for the sound of our uneven breathing. "Arguing about it won't solve anything. We're all angry. We're all confused. But fighting each other isn't the answer."

They both turned their eyes on me, still brimming with emotion.

I took a breath and spoke more calmly, "Let's wait for Father. He's having a talk with Damien. If Damien is serious about claiming Olivia, then we'll know what to do."

Levi muttered something under his breath and turned away again, raking a hand through his hair.

Lennox shook his head, still fuming, but he didn't argue.

"I'm not losing her," I said quietly, looking at both of them. "Not to some lie, not to fate, and definitely not to Damien. But we have to stay united."

Lennox scoffed and shook his head. "And you think Olivia will want to forgive us? That woman practically hates us now... and with Anita claiming to be pregnant... it's worse now..." Lennox spat.

I frowned, but he wasn't wrong...

Levi sighed as he massaged his forehead. "Where do we begin from? How do we even start apologizing? We hurt her. We hurt her for a crime she didn't commit... damn it."

I opened my mouth to speak, but just then the door pushed open and Father walked in. We all turned to him, and I took a calculated look at him. The look on his face told me whatever he was about to say... wasn't going to be news we'd like.

Chapter 162: In Olivia's Hands

Lennox's POV

I stepped forward to Father. The look on his face was the kind that told us his little talk with his brother didn't go well.

My frown deepened, my wolf already howling possessively inside me. "Father, what did he say?" I asked, the anger in my voice already so obvious. I knew Uncle Damien. Levi might think he's just messing around, but I knew it was more than that. I saw the way he looked at Olivia... he gave me an uncomfortable feeling that crawled down my spine.

"Father, say something," Levi urged, watching as Father remained silent.

Father sighed and sat on the couch. Impatiently, I folded my arms. I just needed to hear what he had to say before I exploded.

"Father..."

"Calm down," Father cut me off. "Just calm down. Losing your temper won't solve anything."

My wolf growled angrily inside me.

"Are you trying to say Damien is still insisting on claiming Olivia?" Levi asked.

Father nodded. "Yes... and not just that. He wants Olivia to bear him an heir," he revealed.

My wolf growled, and my breath became ragged. My wolf was on the verge of forcing me to shift into him and go attack Damien, but I controlled it.

"You must be fucking kidding," Louis spat, his voice filled with rage.

Father scoffed. "I wish I was... but this is the truth... he wants Olivia, and he isn't joking about it."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My breath hitched, and my whole body tensed. My wolf was pacing inside me, growling furiously, scratching to break free. The room seemed smaller now, tighter—like the air was too heavy to breathe.

"What did you just say?" I asked, my voice low and sharp. "He wants Olivia to bear him an heir?"

Father nodded gravely. "That's what he said."

A red haze clouded my vision.

That was it.

I moved forward, my fists clenched, my wolf snarling inside, taking over. "I'm going to kill him!" I shouted, turning toward the door.

Before I could get two steps in, Father was on me.

In one swift motion, he grabbed me by the shoulder, spun me around, and slammed me against the wall. Hard.

"Enough!" he barked.

I growled, struggling against his grip, but he pinned me there with force. I didn't want to hurt him, so I stayed still.

"Let me go!" I roared. "He's crossed the line, Father! He doesn't get to touch her—"

"Have you forgotten who Damien is?!" Father snapped, his face inches from mine. "He's my brother. Your uncle. You think I don't want to tear him apart myself for saying such?!"

His eyes burned with anger, but there was something deeper in them—fear. Worry.

"But He's not just anyone, Lennox. He's the leading candidate to become the next Alpha King. The Council of Werewolves wants him. Half the packs fear him. Do you even understand what would happen if you went after him without thinking?

My frown deepened.

My chest heaved with heavy breaths. I could still feel my wolf raging inside me, begging me to shift, to fight. But I stayed still, my eyes locked with Father's.

"We're not just fighting a man," Father continued, voice lower now but deadly serious. "We're fighting influence. Power. Politics."

I gritted my teeth, my eyes burning. "So what, we just sit back and do nothing? Let him take her?!"

"No," Father said firmly. "We will work with strategy."

His grip loosened slightly.

"I know you love her. I know what she means to all of you," he said, looking between me, Louis, and Levi. "But if we let rage guide us, you will lose her for good."

I clenched my fists, anger still burning inside me, but I gave a sharp nod.

Levi stepped forward slowly. "Then what's the plan, Father?"

Father finally released me and stepped back, running a hand through his hair.

"He's staying here for a few days, and that gives us an advantage," he said, but I wasn't relieved... I still wanted to hear his plan.

Father continued. "Olivia is legally married to you three," he said, his voice hopeful. "And she's your fated mate. That gives you a solid claim—but since Damien isn't backing down. I'll report this to the Council of Werewolves. They'll call for a hearing."

Levi's eyes flashed sharply. "That's not a good idea, Father."

The Council of Werewolves is made up of six old men, about 50 years and above. Governing them is Alpha Matthew of the Moon Walker Pack... who is sixty years, and he is about to step down. Rumors have it that Uncle Damien, despite just being thirty-five years old, is the favorite to succeed despite not being a member of the Council.

Father looked at him, his brows furrowed. "And why not?"

Levi stepped forward, his eyes filled with worry. "Because if the Council gets involved, they'll make Olivia choose—publicly. And if she says something... anything against us... we lose her. For good."

The room fell into a suffocating silence.

Father nodded slowly. "You're right. This could go either way. That's why everything now depends on Olivia."

My heart sank.

Father's voice dropped, heavy with worry. "If she tells the Council that she wants nothing to do with Damien, that she chooses you—her mates—then he'll be forced to back off. The Council will have no choice but to protect her bond with you."

"And if she says we treated her badly?" I asked, my voice rough with fear. The Olivia we hurt might never want anything to do with us again.

"Then the Council will annul the marriage," Father said without hesitation. "Your mating bond won't matter. They'll declare it broken. And if Olivia requests a formal rejection..." He exhaled slowly. "You'll lose her."

"No," Louis muttered, barely above a whisper. "We can't let that happen."

My wolf whimpered in the back of my mind.

"And that's why this plan is a risk," Father said. "It depends on Olivia's words. You three need to fix whatever is broken between you and Olivia before that hearing comes. If there's even a shadow of doubt in her heart... Damien will win."

"So now it's in her hands," I said bitterly.

Father nodded. "Yes."

I looked at Levi, then at Louis. None of us spoke, but I could see the same fear brewing in their eyes.

We had been so caught up in pain, anger, jealousy... and now we had no choice but to hope the girl we hurt still loved us enough to forgive us and choose us.

Father turned toward the door. "You have a few days. Make them count. Earn her trust back. Show her why she loved you in the first place."

I swallowed hard.

Father left the room and a tense silence hung in the air.

I turned toward my brothers slowly, jaw clenched. "We can't lose her," I said, my voice rough with emotion.

Louis looked down at the floor, fists tightening at his sides. "When we thought she broke us... when we believed she hurt us, it nearly killed us. And now that we know the truth..." He looked up, his eyes burning. "There's no way in hell we're letting her go."

Levi nodded, his expression cold with focus. "No way."

"She's not just our mate," I continued. "She's our heart... our first love... a woman we love dearly. And there is no way we will lose her."

"No," Louis growled. "Over my dead body."

"We have to act," I said firmly, stepping into the center of the room. "But this isn't just about feelings anymore—we've got a lot to fix, and not much time to do it."

Levi raised an eyebrow. "So what's the plan?"

"I'm splitting the work," I said. "We all have a part to play."

They both turned to me, listening.

"Levi, I want you to focus on that forged letter. Someone wanted to tear us apart and used that damn letter to do it. Find out who. Dig into every name, every corner. If we expose them, it'll make Olivia happy and that person will pay dearly for it."

Levi nodded without hesitation. "Done. I'll start tonight."

"Louis," I said, turning to him. "You'll handle Anita. Keep a close eye on her, and yes... Take away her title as our concubine. Right now, she's a prisoner waiting to be thrown into the cell."

Louis's lips curled into a snarl. "I've been waiting for a reason to put her in her place."

"And me..." I exhaled, "I'll focus on Olivia. On us. She doesn't want us anymore—and she has every right not to. But if I can just get her to listen... if we can get even a crack in her walls, that's all we need."

"She's not going to forgive us overnight," Levi said carefully.

"I know," I muttered. "I don't expect her to. I don't need her to take us back right away. I just need her to not give herself to Uncle Damien. That's all I want right now. She should just give us time. A chance. One chance to make it up to her."

Silence fell for a moment, then Louis put a hand on my shoulder.

"We're with you," he said. "All the way."

Levi stepped closer too. "We fix this. Together."

I nodded... but somehow, I felt a raging storm was on its way.

Chapter 163: Speaking With Gabriel

Olivia's POV

The moment Nora and Lolita stepped into my room, they both hugged me tightly. They seemed so relieved... so happy to have me back. I smiled and held them back. I had missed them... I thought I would never get to see them again. These two were like the only genuine friends I had, and I cherished them.

"I hope that snake's been thrown into the dungeon... she should be beheaded for what she did," Nora spat the moment I told them Anita was the one who got me kidnapped.

I smiled bitterly and shook my head as I sank onto the bed. "Unfortunately, she'll be going scot-free," I said, and both Lolita and Nora widened their eyes.

"Why?!" they both exclaimed in anger.

I swallowed hard as I remembered what Anita said... about still being pregnant for the triplets. I knew there was no way they would punish her with their pups growing inside her.

"She's still pregnant," I revealed. Just saying the words hurt, but I pushed down the pain. They don't deserve to cause me any more pain. I have to stop letting them hurt me. I have to forget that I ever loved those men. What should be my main focus now is proving my father's innocence.

A big frown spread across Lolita's face. "How could that be possible? She said she lost the pregnancy!" she spat in anger.

I sighed and shrugged. "I don't care. They can do whatever they want, but I will do whatever I want," I said with a sigh and began taking off my shoes so I could take a bath and rest my head.

Lolita spoke up. "Alpha Gabriel has been calling non-stop, checking if you've been found. He's been so worried since you went missing."

I smiled weakly. That was sweet of him—to actually worry about me. I wished I could mind-link with him, but since we weren't from the same pack, I couldn't.

I turned to Lolita. "Can I please use your phone?"

She nodded instantly. "Yes, of course, my queen," she said and went for the phone in the pocket of her apron.

I smiled at her and said, "You don't have to call me 'my queen.' We're friends. You two should address me as Olivia."

Lolita smiled warmly as she handed me the phone. "Alright then, Olivia," she said with a small bow of her head, though I could still see the respect in her eyes.

I took the phone and dialed Gabriel's number with shaky fingers. My heart was beating a little faster—maybe from nervousness or maybe from the tension that always comes whenever I speak to him.

He picked up almost immediately.

"Good day, Alpha Gabriel."

"Olivia?" His voice came through, tight with concern.

"Yes... it's me," I said softly.

There was a pause—just for a second—and then I heard the relief in his exhale. "Thank the goddess... I've been worried sick. Are you okay? Where are you? Are you safe?"

"I'm safe now," I replied, my voice low. "I'm back at the palace."

"Do you need me to come over?" he asked without hesitation.

I smiled faintly. Gabriel still thinks I'm going on with my pretend.

"No. I just wanted to let you know I've stopped pretending to lose my memory. I've told them I remember everything, so we don't have to act anymore," I said.

There was a brief moment of silence, and then I overheard his sigh. I didn't know if it was a sign of relief or something else.

"So, what made you change your mind? And what happened to you? Where were you?" he asked, sounding genuinely worried.

I sighed and thought about just telling him the truth. "Anita set up my kidnapping and sold me to human traffickers."

Gabriel growled at the other end of the phone. "Fucking hell!"

"Yes... she did. And I was sold to Alpha Damien, who happens to be the triplets' uncle... one thing led to another..."

You don't expect me to tell him Alpha Damien almost had sex with me, do you?

"One thing led to another, and he recognized me—and here I am, back at the Full Moon Pack," I said.

Gabriel groaned. "That bitch! I hope she's been thrown into the dungeon waiting for execution because that should be the judgment for her crime. What if the Moon Goddess wasn't merciful, and you were sold to someone else?" Gabriel grunted in anger.

I frowned as I also thought about it. What would my life be like if I had been bought by someone else? Someone brutal? By now, I would have been a sex slave.

I sighed and wanted to tell Gabriel that Anita is still roaming free because she is still pregnant, but I held back my words.

"I don't care about Anita," I lied to Gabriel just to end the topic of Anita, but actually, I cared... if the triplets won't punish her because she is carrying their pups, then I will do it my own way... she will pay... pay for all she did to me... for the years of humiliation... for kidnapping me and selling me to human traffickers.

Gabriel was silent for a moment before he spoke. "So now that you've revealed that you've regained your memory, what's the plan? Are you still going to stay there and be their mate?" he asked, a bit of pain in his voice—or perhaps I heard it wrongly.

I sighed and wished I could tell him my problems... that Alpha Damien is forcing me to pretend we're lovers and possibly spread rumors of me having his baby. But I knew I couldn't tell him. This was a secret I had to keep away from him. But I wonder what he'll think of me when he hears the rumors.

I sighed. "I have to stay here for a while. It's about proving my father's innocence. And when I'm done with that, I can think of a way out of here," I said.

Gabriel quickly spoke. "I can help you... tell me. I can help with your father's case," he said, genuinely wanting to help.

I smiled and nodded. "Sure... I'll contact you if I need your help."

Gabriel sighed. "Alright... so I'll be waiting."

I smiled and nodded, though he couldn't see me. "Thank you for your help and also for worrying about me."

"Of course," he said gently. "I'll always worry about you."

The words settled heavily in my chest. I didn't know what to say to that, so I simply replied, "I'll talk to you soon, Alpha Gabriel."

"Anytime, Olivia. Rest well."

I ended the call and handed the phone back to Lolita with a soft sigh, trying to mask the strange warmth in my chest from Gabriel's last words.

But of course, they noticed.

"Oh my goddess," Nora gasped suddenly, eyes twinkling. "Was that a blush I just saw?"

Lolita grinned like she had caught me stealing cookies from the kitchen. "It was a blush! Look at her cheeks—Olivia's blushing!"

I blinked at them. "What? No. I was just... being polite."

"Polite?" Nora snorted. "Girl, you were blushing!"

"I was not!" I grabbed a pillow and tossed it at her.

Lolita laughed and ducked. "Just admit it—Alpha Gabriel has a tiny effect on you."

I rolled my eyes and chucked another pillow, this time at Lolita. "Stop it. He's just a friend. And I'm married, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah," Nora teased, ducking again. "Still doesn't mean you didn't blush."

I huffed. "You two are impossible."

"We're just observant," Lolita said, still grinning.

"Out," I said, pointing toward the door with a smirk. "Before I run out of pillows."

Both of them giggled as they stood up.

"Fine, fine, we're going," Nora said, still chuckling.

Lolita gave me a playful wink. "Just know—we're watching."

I rolled my eyes again but smiled. As the door closed behind them, I finally let out a small laugh. They were annoying sometimes... but at least they made me smile.

I fell on the bed and stared at the ceiling... my mind was a jumble of thoughts.

Suddenly, my wolf sneered. "Stop thinking about him, you are blushing," she teased.

I rolled my eyes. "I'm not," I lied.

She scoffed but didn't say anything more.

Suddenly, a knock landed on the door, and I frowned. I needed peace. But by the whiff of the scent, I knew it was Lady Fiona... the triplets' mother.

"Come in. The door is open," I said while sitting up... wondering what she had to say this time.

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Chapter 164: You All Failed Me

Olivia's POV

The door to my room pushed open, and Lady Fiona walked in. Our eyes met, and I didn't bother hiding the frown on my face. She moved from the door and slowly sat beside me on the bed. I shifted a little, creating space between us. I still had grudges—deep ones.

"Olivia, I'm glad that you're back. I was so worried," she said, her voice soft, as though laced with genuine concern.

But I wasn't moved. My heart didn't feel it.

"I believe you have something to say," I said, cutting to the point, my tone harsh.

She sighed, nodding slowly. "It's about Anita," she began.

My frown deepened, and I turned sideways to meet her gaze. "And what about Anita?" I asked, my tone already sharp with anger.

She hesitated—just for a second—but it was enough to tell me I wasn't going to like what she had to say.

"The Alphas are angry with her," she said carefully. "They want to send her to the dungeon to await trial... but you can stop them."

I felt something inside me snap. I stood up abruptly, my arms folded tightly across my chest as I stared down at her. "Really?" I scoffed. "So now you want to plead for Anita?"

My voice rose, filled with both pain and anger. "But when your precious sons were treating me like dirt, when they hurt me, humiliated me, and broke me, you stayed silent! You didn't speak to them. You didn't correct them. Not even once!"

Her eyes widened. "That's not true, Olivia. I spoke to them. I did... but they wouldn't listen."

"That's not enough!" I shouted. "You're their mother, Lady Fiona! If you really wanted to help me, you could have done more. You should have done more. You watched me live in pain—you watched me suffer emotionally, mentally, physically, and all you did was watch!"

Tears stung my eyes, but I refused to let them fall.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, voice trembling. "I truly am."

"I don't want your apology," I snapped.

She looked away for a moment before speaking again. "Anita deserves to be punished, I won't argue that. But she's pregnant. That's why I'm asking you—to please, speak to the triplets. Ask them not to punish her now. Let her give birth... then they can do whatever they want."

I stared at her, my voice low and shaking. "I will do no such thing."

Her lips parted in shock.

"If the triplets refuse to make Anita pay for what she did, then I will. I will make her pay—for kidnapping me, for selling me like an object, for everything."

I took a shaky breath. "And you—when my father was arrested, you didn't speak on his behalf. You didn't defend him to your husband. He was killed, and you did nothing. What makes you think I will speak on behalf of Anita?" I snapped, my tone coming out rude, but I didn't care. I was done being that innocent, naive, respectful Olivia.

Her eyes filled with regret, but I didn't care.

"I hate you," I said, spilling out what I have been dying to say all these years. "I hate this entire Luciano family. And once I prove my father's innocence, you will all pay for what you did to him... and to me."

Lady Fiona looked stunned, her lips trembling as if she wanted to speak, but nothing came out.

I turned away from her, refusing to look back.

"Lady Fiona, please leave my room."

Lady Fiona rose slowly from the bed, visibly shaken by my words. For the first time, I noticed her completely speechless. I couldn't see her, but I could tell her eyes were glossy, her mouth slightly parted like she wanted to say something, but couldn't.

I didn't give her the chance.

"Please leave," I said coldly, not even turning to look at her.

She lingered a moment longer before whispering, "I hope someday you find a place in your heart to forgive us."

I didn't respond.

The door closed softly behind her, and I was left alone.

I stood there for a moment, breathing hard, trying to stop my hands from shaking. My chest ached—not just from the anger—but from all the bottled-up pain I had carried for far too long.

They all failed me.

Every. Single. One.

The triplets.

Lady Fiona.

Even Alpha Damon, who once claimed to respect my father.

I walked to the mirror and looked at myself. There was pain and lingering tears in my eyes.

I placed my hand gently over my chest.

"I'm going to clear your name, Dad," I whispered. "And when I do... they'll all regret everything they've done."

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

I turned sharply. "Who is it?"

"It's me, Nora!" came her voice from behind the door.

I exhaled. "Come in."

She stepped in cautiously, followed by Lolita, both holding a tray of food and a small bowl of herbs.

Lolita gave me a worried smile. "We figured you might not have eaten."

I blinked and sighed. "Thanks," I muttered.

They both exchanged a glance before setting the tray down. Nora cleared her throat. "So... what did Lady Fiona want?"

"Nothing worth talking about," I said, waving it off and sinking onto the bed again.

Nora arched a brow. "You sure?"

I nodded. "Yes."

"Okay then..." Lolita sat beside me, nudging me lightly. "But if you need us to help you hide a body, we've got shovels."

I smirked at her joke. "Good to know."

They both giggled. The heaviness in my chest lifted slightly. Not completely, but just enough to let me breathe.

"I'm going to get justice for my father," I said suddenly.

Nora looked at me seriously. "And we're with you. Whatever it takes."

Lolita nodded. "I'll make a call to my uncle... let's see if he has any news for us."

I nodded. "And I will need a phone. There should be money in the drawer... please bring it out," I said to Nora, who nodded and went for it.

That was the money I'd been saving. It was my weekly upkeep money that the treasurer has been giving to me as part of the benefit of being the Luna for the past three months.

Nora took out the stack of money and brought it to the bed. I gestured for her to count it.

She sat down and began flipping through the neatly folded bills. After a moment, she looked up. "It's close to forty thousand."

I nodded, satisfied. "That should be enough."

Lolita blinked in surprise. "That's a lot. You've been saving your upkeep money?"

I shrugged. "I've been saving it every week since I became Luna. I didn't need luxury—I was preparing for something more important."

Nora looked at me curiously. "And what are you going to do with it now?"

"I'm getting a phone—one that can't be tracked easily. And I'll hire a private investigator from outside the pack, someone skilled, someone that will help me investigate who forged a letter...."

I should have suspected Anita wrote those letters, but nah... not the Anita I grew up with. Anita is not skilled, she isn't intelligent, and a fourteen-year-old Anita could never put such words together, so I'm so sure it wasn't her... but that doesn't mean she might not be involved because I don't know who else would benefit from the triplets hating me if not her.

Chapter 165: At The Table

Olivia's POV

It was time for breakfast, and as much as I wanted to stay in bed, I knew attending was mandatory.

So, to put on an appearance, I asked Nora and Lolita to help me dress in one of my best outfits—a black embroidered fitted gown. My dyed-blond hair was pulled into a neat bun so my earrings and the accessories around my neck would be clearly visible.

Once dressed, I took a deep breath and headed out with them.

The walk to the dining hall felt long, although it really wasn't. Every step was heavy, as if the walls whispered memories of all I had endured within them. But I kept my chin up.

The guards bowed respectfully as we approached. I ignored them and walked in.

As expected, the triplets were already seated.

The moment I entered, all three of them turned to look at me.

Silence fell across the room.

I kept my face blank, refusing to show any emotion. Not anger. Not pain. Nothing. They didn't deserve to know what I felt.

"Good morning," Alpha Lennox said first.

I gave a slight nod. "Morning."

Alpha Levi and Alpha Louis watched me, their eyes searching for any sign of softness. But I shot them a glare and looked away.

I walked to the far end of the table and sat down.

Lady Fiona was already seated too, and when our eyes met, she quickly looked away.

Good.

Servants began placing plates in front of us, filling the table with food I had no appetite for.

Just then, Alpha Damien made his way to the table and sat right beside me. I felt awkward and swallowed hard, but he remained calm. Unexpectedly, he leaned into the crook of my neck and inhaled deeply, then groaned.

"Fuck! You smell so good."

My lips parted in shock as I turned to give him a look, but he only smirked and focused on the plate before him. Feeling piercing gazes on me, I looked around the table—and the first pair of eyes I met were Levi's. His cool, sea-blue gaze was locked on mine, sharp and full of anger. But there was a flicker of something else—jealousy? Regret? I couldn't tell, and frankly, I didn't care. I knew Lennox and Louis were watching too, but I didn't care.

I looked away and picked up my fork, ignoring the fury and tension now settling across the table like a heavy storm cloud. I hadn't asked for this drama, and I wasn't going to feed into it.

But of course, Alpha Damien wasn't done.

Damien picked up a sausage from his plate and turned to me with a smirk.

"Here," he said softly, holding it out like he was about to feed me. "Just one bite."

He moved it towards my mouth like it was some kind of romantic gesture.

Before I could say no or react, a low, angry growl cut through the air—it was Levi's.

"She doesn't eat that," he snapped, his angry voice echoing in the hall. "If you're trying to act romantic to your own nephew's wife, maybe learn something about her first."

The table went quiet. Dead quiet.

Damien raised an eyebrow and slowly pulled the sausage back. "You're right," he said lightly. "After all, she will be having my child soon. I need to know things about her."

Those words enraged Levi even more. He was staring straight at Damien, his eyes full of fury. His jaw was clenched so tightly, it looked like he was holding back from shifting into his wolf.

I sat there frozen, feeling like I had suddenly become the prize in a fight I didn't ask to be part of.

Damien, clearly not satisfied with the chaos he was causing, scooped up a spoonful of mashed cheese from his plate and turned to me again with a teasing smile.

"I believe you eat this," he said softly.

Then, as if we were alone in the room, he raised the spoon towards my lips.

I blinked, confused for a moment. Was he really trying to feed me? To cause more chaos.

Before I could react or say a word, the sound of a loud bang echoed across the hall.

Lennox had slammed his fist against the table, making plates rattle and cutlery jump.

"Enough!" he barked, his voice sharp and laced with rage. His eyes were blazing, locked not on me—but on Damien.

Everyone froze. Even the servants halted mid-step.

Louis clenched his jaw but said nothing. Levi's eyes never left me.

Sir Damon, who had been silent all this while, slowly stood up from his end of the table. He didn't yell or slam the table like his son.

Instead, his voice came out calm. "Alpha Lennox, sit down."

Lennox's chest heaved. His fists were still clenched, but he obeyed, dragging his chair back roughly before sinking into it.

"This will be settled in the council," Sir Damon said, his voice loud enough for all of us to hear. "Not here. Not now."

I glanced between them, my confusion growing. Settled in the council? What was being settled? What did this have to do with me?

I turned slightly towards Damien, who noticed the confused look on my face.

His smirk faded a bit, replaced by a calmer expression as he leaned towards me again. His voice was low, meant for me alone. "They didn't tell you, huh?"

I shook my head. "Tell me what?"

Damien's eyes narrowed slightly as he looked towards the triplets, then back at me. "In a week, the council is meeting to decide your fate... and mine."

My frown deepened.

"What do you mean?"

Alpha Damien shrugged. "The triplets have reported me to the council. From what I gathered, they accused me of wanting to snatch their mate and wife, so the first hearing is next Monday," he explained.

I swallowed hard, picked up a glass of juice, and gulped it down.

"Easy, before you choke on it," Alpha Damien said—not in a teasing tone, but in a concerned way.

I set the glass down and darted my eyes toward the triplets, who were now glaring daggers at Damien.

I looked back at Damien. "So?"

He smiled and leaned closer to my ear... his hot breath fanning my skin.

"We'll talk about this later," he whispered in a deep, husky voice, then pulled away and returned to his food.

Alpha Damien ate casually, as though he hadn't just leaned into my neck like he owned me. As though he hadn't made a sound that sent shivers crawling down my spine—unwanted shivers.

I shifted slightly in my seat, trying to put some distance between us, but he only smirked like he knew the effect he was having on me.

Damn it. What's happening to me?

Get a hold of yourself, Olivia... this man is your husband's uncle. This is a game. Remember that. Remember!

I caught Lady Fiona watching me with curious eyes, as though trying to piece together what was going on between me and Damien.

Then my gaze flicked back to Levi—he was gripping his fork so tightly, his knuckles were white. His jaw was clenched, his gaze burning into Damien's side like he was seconds away from attacking him.

I reached for my water and sipped quietly, not bothering to eat. I had no appetite. Not for food. Not for small talk. And definitely not for more drama.

When I set the glass down, Damien suddenly stood.

"I have a few things to handle," he said, dusting crumbs off his lap. Then he leaned down again, so close his lips almost grazed my ear. "Try not to miss me too much."

And just like that, he walked off—completely ignoring the storm brewing around the table.

After he left, I took a deep breath and picked up my spoon, trying to eat. But I couldn't. My stomach felt sick.

Without saying a word, I pushed my chair back. The noise echoed in the quiet room.

"Excuse me," I said softly, still avoiding everyone's gaze. I stood up and walked out.

I could feel their eyes on me, but I didn't care. I just kept walking.

My steps took me to the garden. I needed air. I needed space to think. To breathe.

The moment I stepped outside, the cool air brushed against my face. I breathed in the sweet scent of flowers and felt a little better. The birds were singing, and everything felt calm.

But suddenly, I felt a familiar pressure behind me, and even without turning around, I knew who it was.

With a frown, I turned fully to face him. "Are you following me?"

Chapter 166: Turn Back Time

Olivia's POV

Lennox had this pitiful look on his face—one that might have softened me once. But now? Now it only made my anger boil hotter.

"Olivia... can we talk?" he asked quietly, taking a small step closer.

I nodded, arms folded. "Go ahead. I'm listening."

He opened his mouth, then shut it again. His lips pressed into a tight line, like he didn't know how to begin. That was strange—Lennox was never the type to struggle with words. If anything, he always knew just what to say.

"Alpha Lennox," I said, my voice harsh, "if you have nothing to say, I'll be on my way."

I turned to leave, but his hand shot out, grabbing my wrist.

I froze. The touch sent a shiver through me, not from affection—but from everything that had happened. I took a deep breath, turned slowly, and yanked my hand free.

"Don't touch me," I said quietly, but firmly.

"Olivia..." Lennox stepped back a little, guilt heavy in his voice. "I know... I know what we did can't be undone. My brothers and I... we don't deserve your forgiveness. Not now. Maybe not ever. But please... just give us a chance. A chance to fix what we broke."

He paused, his voice cracking a little.

"We're not asking you to forget. You can hate us. You can be angry. But just let us try. Let us make it up to you—whatever it takes, however long it takes."

My heart thudded in my chest. I didn't reply. I just stared at him, waiting. He wasn't done.

"We've reported Damien to the Council of Werewolves," he continued, more firmly now. "The first hearing is next week."

That caught my attention.

My brows pulled together. "Why?"

"Because he's overstepped," Lennox said, his jaw clenched. "He knows you're mated to us. He's our uncle, and he crossed a line. We had to act. The Council agreed to hear it."

I folded my arms again. "And what does this have to do with me?"

He looked down for a second, then back up at me.

"They're going to give you a choice," he said quietly. "At the hearing, they'll ask if you want to stay with us or reject the bond completely. You'll be free to choose."

The words hit me hard.

"And I believe you already know what I would choose."

Lennox's eyes widened with fear. "Olivia... please don't."

He took another step closer, voice trembling slightly now.

"Please choose us. Please choose to stay. We'll prove to you that we can be better. That we will be better. We'll spend the rest of our lives making it up to you if that's what it takes. Just give us the chance. That's all we're asking for."

A bitter laugh escaped my lips as I stared Lennox right in the face. "You want a chance?"

He nodded, desperation in his eyes. "Yes, Olivia. Please. We know we were wrong. But those letters... they broke us. They turned us into people we weren't. Olivia, you know the truth. Think about the past. You know we loved you. We cherished you. You were our life. And getting those letters—thinking they came from you—it destroyed us. It changed everything."

His voice cracked with emotion, but I just stared, my expression unreadable.

"Do you even realize how badly you three hurt me?" I asked, my voice low, trembling with restrained rage. "Do you even know what you three did to me?"

"Yes," he whispered, pain flickering in his eyes. "I know. I do. And we're sorry. So sorry."

Then, to my shock, Lennox dropped to his knees.

Right there in the garden. The Alpha of the Full Moon Pack, on his knees before me.

A few staff members passing by stopped, stunned. Their eyes widened at the sight, unsure if they were seeing right.

"Please, Olivia," Lennox begged, hands open as if pleading for mercy. "All we want is a chance... Just time. Time to make it up to you. To prove we're not those same men anymore. Let us try. That's all we're asking."

I stared down at him, my jaw clenched so tight it ached.

"You want time?" I said, my lips trembling.

He nodded slowly. "Yes. Please."

"Then turn back time."

He froze.

"Take me back to when you didn't call me a thief," I said, my voice sharp. "Take me back to the moment before you all accused me, punished me like a criminal, made me kneel under the burning sun with pepper rubbed into my skin."

Lennox's shoulders dropped, guilt written all over him.

"Turn it all back," I continued. "The insults, the neglect. The way you looked at me like I was nothing. The days you let Anita mock me, while you said nothing. The days you chose her over me."

I stepped closer, my voice shaking now—but with anger, not sadness.

"Turn back time to our wedding night," I whispered. "When you fucked her right in front of me. Knowing it would tear me apart. Knowing what that would do to your mate. And yet you still did it."

My voice cracked on the word mate, and I hated that it did. I clenched my fists at my sides, trying to steady the tremble in my hands. I wouldn't fall apart. Not now. Not in front of him.

My wolf whimpered inside me, and right away, a new wave of pain hit me. It felt like my chest was breaking all over again.

A tear slid down my cheek before I could stop it. I wiped it away quickly, hating that even now... even after everything... my body still remembered the pain.

Lennox's lips trembled, but he said nothing.

"And last of all," I said, forcing the strength back into my tone, "undo the fact that Anita is pregnant with your children. Do that, Lennox. Erase every wound, every scar you and your brothers gave me. Erase the pain you caused."

I crossed my arms again, my frown deepening.

"If you can do that," I said, my voice low, "then I'll consider giving you a second chance."

The silence that followed was heavy. You could hear the wind. The sound of birds. Even the shifting of shocked feet from those watching.

But Lennox said nothing.

Because he couldn't rewind time.

And we both knew it.

The silence stretched.

I watched him, still on his knees, his head bowed in shame. But I didn't feel sorry for him. They never felt sorry for me—not once.

"You can't, can you?" I said finally, my voice hollow. "You can't turn back time."

Lennox lifted his head slowly, the pain in his eyes raw and tears stood in them, but I didn't flinch. I didn't let it move me.

"Since you can't undo it. Any of it... then I can't give you and your brothers a second chance."

I turned away before I could say more. My steps were quick, my heart pounding.

I walked deeper into the garden, needing space, air—something to drown out the weight crushing my chest. I didn't notice the sharp piece of glass hidden among the fallen leaves until it was too late.

"Ah!" I hissed, stumbling slightly as the jagged edge sliced into the arch of my foot.

I limped forward and dropped onto a nearby bench, pain blooming in my foot as blood stained the stone below. I pressed my fingers to the cut, wincing. Of course. Of all the damn times for something else to go wrong.

I leaned back against the bench, closing my eyes.

"I just want one thing," I whispered to no one. "I just want to be free of pain."

I didn't mean the foot. Not really. But even as the words left my mouth, I felt it—a soft warmth spreading over the wound. I looked down, startled.

The cut was closing, the skin knitting itself back together like it had never been there.

I blinked.

The pain vanished. Just like that.

For a second, I forgot how to breathe.

I stared at my foot, completely healed. No scar. No trace of the pain from moments ago.

"What the hell..." I whispered, breath catching in my throat.

My wolf stirred restlessly inside me, her voice low, filled with confusion.

"Gift of healing?"

I shook my head slowly, still staring in disbelief. No. No, it's not possible. Healing wasn't something passed through my bloodline. None of my parents had it. None of my ancestors. We were warriors—none was a healer.

So how the hell could I have the gift of healing?

My heart pounded. Confusion twisted inside me. I stood up, testing my foot. The pain was completely gone.

Not even a limp.

Not even a sting.

I needed answers. Now.

I rushed back to the pack house, my thoughts spinning. I didn't stop until I reached the hallway to my quarters.

When I pushed open the door to my room, I found Lolita and Nora inside, arranging fresh linens on my bed and putting away folded clothes.

They looked up, startled at my sudden entrance.

"Olivia?" Nora asked, brows pulling together. "Are you okay?"

"No," I said quickly, closing the door behind me. "I need your help. Both of you."

Lolita blinked, setting down a pillow. "What's wrong?"

"I think..." I hesitated, still unsure how to even explain it. "I think I might have a gift. A new one. Healing."

Lolita and Nora exchanged quick, confused glances.

"What do you mean?" Nora asked, stepping closer.

"I stepped on glass in the garden," I said. "It cut deep. I sat down, and I just wished it would heal. And it did. Just like that. No scar. Nothing."

Nora frowned. "You're sure?"

"Yes. I'm sure." I paused, looking between them. "Can we... can we test it?"

Nora didn't even hesitate. She grabbed a pin from the sewing kit on the table nearby and dragged it across her palm. A thin line of blood welled up instantly.

"Wait—Nora—"

"It's fine," she said quickly. "Do it. Try."

I swallowed hard, then moved closer and reached for her hand.

I pressed my fingers gently over the cut and whispered, almost afraid to say it out loud: "Heal."

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then the same warmth returned—soft and golden under my skin, like sunlight filtering through clouds. I felt it pass from my palm to hers.

And right in front of us, the cut on her hand closed. The skin mended, smooth and perfect, as if it had never been there at all.

Lolita gasped.

Nora's eyes widened. "Oh my goddess..."

I staggered back a step, my heart pounding.

"It's real," I breathed. "It's really real."

Lolita blinked in awe. "But... how? No one in your bloodline has the healing gift."

"I know," I whispered, my voice trembling. "That's what scares me... because if this isn't from my bloodline, then where did it come from?"

Nora held out her hand again, the skin still smooth where she'd cut it. "This isn't ordinary healing, Olivia. This is rare. Sacred. You don't just... get this."

I sat down slowly on the edge of my bed, still stunned. My fingers still tingled from the magic.

"What does it mean?" I whispered.

Neither of them answered.

Because none of us knew.

Nora and Lolita sat beside me.

"What will you do? Are you going to tell everyone?" Lolita asked, but I shook my head.

"No... Let's keep this a secret. And besides, I'm not sure if this is real... I may wake tomorrow and it's gone."

Both Nora and Lolita nodded. "Our lips are shut."

I flashed them an appreciative smile and looked away. I was supposed to be happy. The gift of healing was rare—sacred. But deep down, something felt off. Like this wasn't a gift at all...

Chapter 167: Jealous Of Her

Louis' POV

Instead of heading to the training grounds like I should have, I made my way to Anita's room.

Not because I wanted to. Hell, I'd rather claw my own eyes out than see her again. But I'd been given a task—a necessary one. I had to interrogate her. To find out if she was really pregnant... and whether those babies could be ours.

But beneath all the anger, I was worried.

Anita would never risk cheating on us. She wasn't that stupid. So if she really was pregnant... there was a chance the babies were ours.

My wolf growled in frustration at the thought. I sighed and pushed her door open—it was unlocked.

I stepped inside and saw Anita seated at her dresser, her two maids fussing over her like she was some damn queen.

My frown deepened.

They all froze when they saw me—shocked, clearly not expecting my presence.

I narrowed my eyes at the maids.

"How dare you," I snapped, my voice cold and sharp. "How dare you dress her like royalty?"

Their hands dropped instantly from her hair, their eyes going wide.

"She's nothing but a concubine," I said harshly, glaring at Anita. "And she's been stripped of even that title. She no longer holds any position in this house."

The room went dead silent. One of the maids looked like she wanted to speak but quickly thought better of it.

I stepped further into the room, my voice loud and authoritative. "She's not to be pampered. She's not to be served. From now on, no one in this house is to wait on her. Is that clear?"

Both maids nodded quickly.

"Now, leave us," I ordered.

They bowed their heads and rushed out, not daring to say a word. And then it was just me and Anita.

She stood slowly, looking pale but trying to hold her head high.

"Why are you here, Alpha Louis?" she asked, looking a bit panicked.

I didn't respond. I just looked down at her belly.

It was flat. No visible bump. I narrowed my gaze, studying her with suspicion.

"How far along are you again?" I asked, my voice tight.

Anita's lips curved slightly, pride flashing in her eyes. "Almost three months."

Three months.

I frowned deeper, still staring at her stomach. I felt... nothing. No instinct. No pull. My wolf remained silent. No connection. No bond. Just a void where fatherly instinct should be.

"You don't look pregnant," I muttered.

As if reading my thoughts, she folded her arms over her chest and said softly, "The healers said my baby bump will start showing by the fourth month."

I looked back up at her, my expression hard. "How can you be pregnant?" I asked sharply. "You were on heat. You shouldn't have been on heat if you were already pregnant."

She blinked... then looked away.

"I was never on heat," she said quietly, almost too low to hear. "I faked it."

My frown deepened.

"What?" I growled.

She finally looked up again, meeting my eyes. "I just... I wanted you all to touch me again. I wanted all of you to want me. So I pretended. I acted like I was in heat, like I needed you."

I took a step back, fury and disbelief clashing in my chest. "Why am I not surprised."

She lifted her chin. "I was just... horny. Lonely. Desperate. I thought if I could be close to you again, you'd love me like before. If you touched me, maybe you'd remember."

I stared at her, disgusted.

"How the hell did my brothers and I end up with a bitch like you?" I spat, my voice full of anger and hate.

Anita flinched, but I didn't care.

"Years ago," I said coldly, "you were always following Olivia around like a damn shadow. Wherever she went, there you were. Clinging to her, copying her, smiling like a fool every time one of us looked your way."

I stepped closer, fury bubbling in my chest.

"If we ever wanted you, Anita, we would've said something. We're Alphas-to-be. We get what we want. But none of us did. Not once. You know why?"

She stayed quiet, her mouth trembling.

"Because you were irritating," I said bluntly. "You were always too loud. Too fake. Too desperate. Everything about you rubbed us the wrong way."

I eyed her with hate.

"We asked Olivia to stop bringing you to the pack house because we couldn't stand it anymore. Your presence made us uncomfortable. We didn't like you then, and we sure as hell don't like you now."

She looked like she was trying to hold in tears, but I didn't stop.

"You fooled yourself into thinking we'd love you. That we'd see you as more than a mistake. But here's the truth—you were never even close to being what Olivia was to us. Never."

My voice dropped to a harsh whisper.

"You were a mistake. Just a bait we used for our stupid revenge on Olivia."

I stared at her a moment longer, then said darkly, "You know, I used to wonder why you hated Olivia so much. I thought maybe she hurt you somehow. But now I see it clearly."

I shook my head, the realization sinking in.

"She did nothing. You were just jealous. That's all it ever was. You hated her because she had what you never could."

I turned my back to her, disgusted. "Enjoy the little time you have while it lasts—because you will pay dearly for selling Olivia to human traffickers," I spat, declaring those words as a promise.

"And if you're lying about that pregnancy too... the fallout will be worse than anything you've ever imagined."

I started walking toward the door, but paused, scanning her lavish room with anger.

"You don't deserve this place. Pack your things. You're being moved to the servants' quarters."

And with that, I walked out, slamming the door behind me.

Leaving her room, I headed toward the combat ground—if not to train, then at least to check in on the warriors. I needed a distraction. Something to keep my thoughts from spiraling.

When I got there, I saw Lennox and Levi already standing near the training circle. They seemed deep in conversation, but as soon as I approached, they turned toward me.

I let out a tired sigh, running a hand through my hair.

Lennox raised a brow. "Any news?"

I grunted. "Anita said she was never on heat. That she faked it just to get us to touch her again." My jaw clenched. "And I don't feel any connection to the babies yet. My wolf is quiet."

Levi exhaled slowly. "The pregnancy is still early," he said. "We won't feel the connection until the fourth month. That's when our wolves start to react—if they're ours."

I frowned. "Why don't we just do a blood test? That would give us a direct answer."

But before I could finish the thought, Lennox cut in sharply. "No."

Levi nodded in agreement. "We can't risk it, Louis. Not yet."

"Why the hell not?" I asked, my voice rising. "It's a simple test. We could know for sure."

"It's not just about the results," Lennox replied, calm but firm. "I don't trust anyone anymore. If the test is tampered with, we'll be neck-deep in trouble. And you know damn well Anita is desperate enough to make that happen."

I bit down on the inside of my cheek, pacing. They were right, even if I hated it. The best way to know was through our wolves.

"So what?" I snapped. "We wait and do nothing?"

Lennox shook his head. "No. We watch. We prepare. If the bond kicks in at four months, we'll know."

I stopped pacing and looked between them. "And what if it does? What if we wake up one morning and our wolves recognize the pregnancy? What if those babies are really ours?" My voice dropped, heavy with frustration. "Then what the hell are we supposed to do?"

The question hung in the air like a stone.

Levi looked away, his jaw tight. Lennox didn't answer right away.

I clenched my fists. "Olivia will never want to be with us!"

Lennox's expression darkened. "If those babies are ours..." he said slowly, "we protect them. They are our blood."

"Exactly," Levi agreed. "The moment our wolves recognize them as ours, they become pack—our blood. That means we keep them safe. But Regardless of that, we are not losing Olivia."

"I wish we never did it that day," I said, feeling regret.

"Me too," they echoed.

I stared off toward the training field, feeling the storm in my chest grow worse.

Because deep down, I knew... if the bond confirmed it—if those babies really were ours...

Then things were about to get a hell of a lot more complicated.

I was about to speak more when I noticed Damien strolling through the combat ground, but he wasn't alone. With him was Olivia.

Chapter 168: Bet

Olivia's POV

"Remember, put on your best performance. The goal isn't just to make them jealous—but to make them feel the pain you once felt. Alright?" Alpha Damien whispered in my ear the moment we stepped onto the combat ground.

His breath was warm against my skin, and his words stirred something sharp and cold in my chest. I gave him a single nod, my expression unreadable.

My heart pounded as I stepped into the open, the scent of sweat, steel, and earth wrapping around me like a cloak. I knew the moment I walked in, they noticed.

Their eyes burned into me—Louis, Lennox, and Levi. I could feel their gazes from across the field, thick with tension, confusion, and possession.

My wolf stirred inside me. "If looks could kill, Alpha Damien would be dead by now," she scoffed.

But I didn't look at them.

Instead, I turned my attention forward, pretending I didn't see the way some warriors around the field went still. Their eyes followed me too, watching, whispering among themselves. I could guess their thoughts.

Why is our Luna with Alpha Damien? Why is she training with her husbands' uncle?

But I didn't care... I've stopped caring what anyone thinks.

Damien walked ahead and picked up one of the steel swords from the rack. He swung it once with smooth precision, then offered it to me with a smirk playing on his lips. "Let's see what you've got, firefly."

He wasn't just training me.

He was flirting.

His gaze lingered a bit too long. His tone was low and teasing, dripping with the kind of familiarity that begged for attention. He reached out and gently tucked a loose strand of hair behind my ear, and I didn't flinch.

I let him.

Because I knew the triplets were watching—and it was killing them.

I took the sword and stepped into stance, mirroring Damien's movements with ease. We began to spar—light at first, just movements, parries, footwork. But it was enough. Enough to drive the knife deeper into the hearts of the ones who once threw mine away.

"Your form is better than I thought," Damien teased, stepping in close, close enough that our swords clashed and our bodies almost touched.

That's when I heard the sudden shift in the air.

Boots scraping against the ground.

A deep, sharp voice cutting through the tension.

"Why don't you spar with me instead?" Lennox said, striding forward, his jaw clenched tight and his eyes blazing with rage.

I didn't turn.

Not yet.

I could feel Damien straighten beside me, the air between us thickening. He chuckled under his breath, not looking away from me as he said coolly, "Jealousy doesn't suit you, pup."

I finally looked over my shoulder—slowly—and met Lennox's eyes.

His anger was unmistakable.

But I?

I just smiled.

Lennox stood before us with clenched teeth... I could practically feel the anger of his wolf inside me and that made me realize he has also done it... just like what Levi did, he has done it... he no longer blocks me from feeling his emotions... now I could feel his emotions. Everything.

I was confused, but I didn't let it show. I forced a frown and glared at him instead. I wouldn't let him see the way that small crack in his walls had shaken me.

Lennox didn't even glance my way. His entire focus was on Damien now.

"Why don't we spar... for old times' sake?" he said, voice cold, eyes narrowed.

I knew then—this wasn't about training

This was personal.

Alpha Damien gave a slow, amused smile as he took a step forward. "You want to fight me, pup?" he asked, spinning the sword lightly in one hand. "Alright then... but let's make it interesting."

He turned slightly, his eyes flicking to me for a brief moment before returning to Lennox.

"If I win," Damien said, raising a brow, "you'll let Olivia slap you as many times as she wants. No blocking, no dodging. Just stand there and take it."

Lennox's jaw twitched, but he didn't flinch. Not even a little.

"And if I win?" he asked tightly.

Damien shrugged casually. "Then I'll stay away from Olivia. No training. No talking. No touching. At least until after the council hearing."

The air went still.

Even the warriors nearby stopped what they were doing.

Lennox didn't hesitate. "Deal," he said firmly, stepping forward and picking up a sword from the rack.

Our eyes met for the briefest moment. His gaze flickered, like he wanted to say something. But he didn't.

He just turned to Damien and readied his stance.

The crowd backed up quickly, making room as the two Alphas faced off.

Swords drawn.

Eyes locked.

The tension was heavy—like the whole world was holding its breath.

And then they moved.

Lennox attacked first, fast and fierce. His sword clashed with Damien's, the sound ringing through the combat ground like thunder. The power behind Lennox's strikes was wild, fueled by pure rage and something deeper—something I could feel through the bond. Pain.

He was fighting like he had something to prove. Like he had everything to lose.

The crowd started to cheer, warriors gathering around, eyes wide in shock. They had never seen Alpha Lennox fight like this before. He was stronger, faster, more brutal than anyone expected.

But Alpha Damien—he wasn't backing down.

He matched Lennox move for move. Cool, calm, collected. He dodged every strike with smooth steps, turning and spinning, blocking with perfect timing. He was older, but he was clever. Sharp.

They fought hard, blades slicing through the air, sparks flying when steel met steel. My heart thudded in my chest as I watched them circle each other like predators.

And then it happened.

Damien ducked, spun, and his blade sliced across Lennox's upper arm—fast and deep.

Blood spilled.

I gasped loudly, my hand flying to my mouth.

The crowd went quiet.

Lennox stumbled slightly, grabbing his bleeding arm, but he didn't fall. His eyes burned even brighter now, wild with fury. I took a step forward, panic growing in my chest.

"This has gone too far," I whispered, feeling my wolf stir inside me. "They're going to kill each other!"

I wanted to stop it.

I was about to speak—but I was too late.

Damien smirked and suddenly dropped into a low stance, his movements smooth like water. In one sharp twist, he swept Lennox's legs out from under him. Lennox hit the ground hard with a grunt, his sword flying from his grip.

Before he could move, Damien was already over him.

He dropped to one knee, pressing the edge of his blade against Lennox's neck.

The crowd froze.

My heart stopped.

Everything went quiet.

The fight was over.

And Alpha Damien had won.

Chapter 169: Slap Him

Olivia's POV

A heavy silence filled the combat ground. Everyone was watching, but I only looked at Lennox. Our eyes met, and I saw the disappointment in his. It was clear—this fight meant everything to him... and he had just lost it.

Unable to bear his gaze, I looked away. My eyes landed on his injured arm. It was gushing blood, the wound deep and red. I frowned at the sight, then glanced over at Alpha Damien, whose face remained unreadable. He didn't look pleased or angry—just blank. He gave me a short nod, then turned to Lennox.

"I believe you know the deal," Damien said calmly. "Since you lost... Olivia gets to slap you. As many times as she wants."

I swallowed hard and looked around, my heart thudding. I already knew Lennox wouldn't agree to that. He was an Alpha—how could he let me slap him? Let me disrespect him in front of hundreds of warriors? If I did it, the news would spread like wildfire through the pack.

"Fine... she can do it," Lennox said, surprising everyone—including me. My eyes widened. I heard soft gasps from the crowd as the warriors stared in shock.

I frowned. What was he doing? What was he trying to prove?

"I'm not interested," I said.

He stepped towards me, his expression serious.

"I want you to do it," he insisted. "You need to."

I stared at him, my frown deepening. "You don't deserve it."

His jaw clenched, but his voice remained steady. "Let yourself feel the pain, Olivia. Let yourself hit me. I deserve every bit of it."

I shook my head, stepping back. "I don't want to—"

He stepped closer. "Yes, you will... because I deserve it."

I took a shaky step back. "Lennox, I don't want to do this."

"But I want you to," he said. His voice didn't rise, didn't waver. It was calm. Almost heartbreakingly calm. "You need to."

I shook my head, feeling the heat rise in my chest. "You don't get to decide what I need—"

"Think of the pain," he gently interrupted. "Think of everything I've done to you."

My lips parted. I stood there, fists clenched, breath trembling.

But I still didn't move.

He stepped closer again, his voice low and rough. "Think of our wedding night... the pain you endured."

The memory struck me like a blade to the heart. Tears stung my eyes. My hands tightened into fists at my sides.

Yet, I remained unmoved.

"Remember when we accused you of stealing? When we humiliated you in front of the pack?"

I turned my face away, my chest rising and falling sharply.

"Remember when I struck you without even hearing your side?"

My hand twitched.

He looked into my eyes. "You remember, don't you?"

Tears slid down my cheeks.

"Don't make me do this," I whispered.

"I'm not making you," he replied. "I'm asking you. Begging you. Let me feel some of that pain for once."

I closed my eyes. My hand lifted slowly—trembling.

Then I dropped it again.

But he stepped closer once more, his voice raw now. "Hit me, Olivia. For the pain. For the betrayal. For every night, you cried alone while we shared a bed with someone who wasn't you."

My fingers curled.

Tears flowed freely now.

"I hate you," I whispered.

"I know."

I raised my hand again.

And this time—

I slapped him.

His head turned from the force, but he didn't flinch.

Didn't move.

He turned back to me, nodding once.

"Again," he said quietly. "For when we laughed while you suffered."

Slap.

"For when we rejected you publicly."

Slap.

"For every hurtful word we uttered. Every time we treated you like nothing."

Slap.

Each strike carried a memory. Each memory tore open an old scar.

The pain. The rage. The heartbreak.

Everything I thought I had buried surged to the surface like fire under my skin.

"Remember the nights you needed us," he said softly. "And we didn't show up."

Slap.

I lost count of how many times I struck him after that.

All I knew was the ache in my arm, the tremble in my bones, the burning in my lungs as I sobbed and hit and sobbed again.

Until finally—I had nothing left to give.

My knees shook. My vision blurred. And I just stood there... gasping.

Lennox's cheek was swollen, red, bloodied.

But he stood still.

He just stood there like a man trying to atone for his sins. And where I stood, I didn't know what to feel. Relief? No. It wasn't relief. It was far from it.

Suddenly, Damien stepped up beside me and spoke casually. "Even this isn't enough."

I swallowed hard and looked at Lennox. He stood there like a broken man, and no matter how much I wanted to harden my heart—I couldn't. Not completely.

"Let's go," Alpha Damien said, wrapping his arm around my waist.

I flinched, and my eyes met Lennox's again.

That's when I noticed it—the tears brimming in his eyes.

My wolf let out a soft whimper, but I quickly looked away and walked out of the combat ground with Damien.

As we walked away, the weight of what had just happened clung to me like a heavy blanket. My heart pounded, not from anger anymore, but from confusion. Pain. Regret?

The moment I slapped Lennox, it hadn't brought the relief I'd expected. It hadn't fixed anything. It hadn't erased the heartbreak.

All it had done was remind me of everything I'd survived.

Damien's hand rested firmly around my waist as we exited the training ground. I didn't resist—I couldn't. I didn't have the strength to pull away. My mind raced, and the fire in my chest refused to die down.

"You did well," Damien murmured, his voice calm. "He needed that. You needed that."

I didn't respond.

Because I wasn't sure if he was right.

I glanced back once, just once, and saw Lennox still standing there. His head was bowed, his shoulders rigid as stone. He hadn't moved. He hadn't wiped the blood away. He just stood there... like he was trapped in a storm of his own making.

And for the first time in a long time—I didn't know if I hated him... or if I hurt for him.

Damien guided me towards the steps of the pack house, but I paused before entering. My hand hovered over the railing, and I found my voice again.

"I didn't want to do that," I said softly, more to myself than anyone else.

"But you needed to," Damien said again, his tone still gentle. "Don't forget what they did, Olivia. Don't let your heart grow weak again."

I frowned at his words but said nothing. Instead, I slowly pulled his arm from my waist.

"I'm exhausted... I need to rest," I said and began walking up the stairs.

Reaching my room, I unlocked the door, stepped in, and went straight to my new cell phone. I opened it and noticed a few missed calls from Gabriel. I thought about calling—but decided to text instead.

"I missed your calls," I sent.

His response came quickly.

"Yes. Can we meet? It's important. It's about your father's case. I have something to show you."

I replied immediately.

"Yes... let's meet at the boundary in an hour."

His next message was just as quick.

"Sure... see you soon."

I stared at the screen long after the conversation ended, my mind racing.

My father's case.

What had Gabriel found?

Chapter 170: Meeting Up With Gabriel

Olivia's POV

I ordered the guards to let me through the border, and they obeyed without question. Once I stepped outside Full Moon Pack territory, I decided to finish the journey in my wolf form. I undressed, folded my clothes neatly beside a tree, and took a deep breath.

The afternoon sun was scorching, and a good swim would help—but that would be after I got back. My wolf, eager to shift, whined in my head. I chuckled softly before surrendering to the shift.

Shifting into my wolf was smooth.

My bones cracked, my muscles stretched, and before I knew it, my brown fur had replaced my skin. My paws touched the ground, soft and steady.

As soon as I shifted, I felt lighter.

The wind rushed past me as I ran through the forest. The trees blurred around me, and the sunlight poured through the branches above. It felt good to move, to run—to forget everything, even just for a while.

Out here, I wasn't the girl who had been hurt.

I wasn't the one with a broken heart or painful memories.

I was just a wolf. Strong. Free.

I let out a long howl—not of pain, but of release.

I ran fast, leaping over fallen trees, splashing through small streams, chasing the wind like I used to when I was younger. My heart felt full. My head was quiet.

But as I got closer to the edge of the territory—where Gabriel told me to meet him—the feeling changed.

The air was colder here. The forest was quiet, almost too quiet. My wolf picked up strange scents, but they were weak.

I slowed as I reached the meeting point. That's when I saw Gabriel—emerging in wolf form from behind the trees. His black fur shimmered under the sunlight, looking more majestic than I'd ever seen it. Or maybe I was exaggerating. Still, something about him made my pulse stir.

He carried a white envelope in his mouth, then swiftly, he shifted into his human form—completely naked.

I swallowed hard as my eyes dropped—unintentionally—between his thighs. I jerked my gaze away and shifted into my human form, equally bare.

We stood only a few feet apart, bare and wordless under the sky. His eyes locked with mine, and he offered a warm, friendly smile. But me? I couldn't explain the tingling sensation crawling through my body.

My gaze drifted again before I could stop it.

It traced the defined lines of his body. Broad chest, firm abs, skin glistening faintly under the sun. But it wasn't just his looks that captivated me. It was the quiet confidence in how he stood—calm, unbothered, completely at ease in his own skin.

The envelope lay forgotten at his feet. For a moment, so was everything else.

I swallowed hard again, but it didn't help.

Because my eyes dropped lower—and stayed there.

My heart skipped.

Gods.

Heat rose to my face, and I quickly looked away, cursing myself silently. What's wrong with you, Olivia?

But then my wolf chuckled darkly in my head.

"You're gawking," she said smugly. "And you're thinking about what it'd feel like... if he touched you."

I clenched my fists. No, I wasn't—

"You were." Her voice was teasing now. "You're wondering what his hands would feel like... on your waist. On your hips. Your back."

I bit my lip, trying to shut her out.

But she wasn't wrong.

My mind had wandered there. To his hands on me. To what his skin would feel like against mine. To how his eyes might look—darker, needier. To what his mouth would feel like...

God.

I forced myself to breathe, but it didn't help much.

Gabriel didn't move. He just watched me, his eyes unreadable, his body relaxed—as if he hadn't just caught me practically devouring him with my gaze. As if he hadn't noticed my shaky breath.

But somehow, I knew he had.

He gave me that same calm smile again. "You okay?"

My voice came out low, tight. "I'm fine."

Lie.

I wasn't fine.

Because for the first time since everything went to hell... I felt something different. Something that wasn't sadness or anger or fear.

I felt drawn to someone who wasn't the triplets. And that terrified me.

Gabriel must've noticed how I avoided his eyes. Fidgeting, suddenly too aware that we were both completely naked under the open sky.

He tilted his head slightly, a soft smile playing at the corner of his lips. "If you're uncomfortable," he said gently, "I could shift back and run to grab some clothes."

My eyes widened, and the words left my mouth too quickly.

"No!"

His brows lifted in surprise—and then he chuckled. A low, warm sound that sent a little shiver through me.

"I mean..." I cleared my throat, trying to act normal, "It's fine. We're wolves, right? Nudity shouldn't be a big deal."

Even as I said it, my cheeks warmed.

Gabriel gave a slow nod, the smile never leaving his face. "Right. Just... wanted to you to be comfortable."

Comfortable. That word lingered in my head.

The triplets never cared much about my comfort. But Gabriel... he noticed. He asked.

And the way he smiled after I blurted out no—like he could see right through me, but wasn't judging—made my chest feel strange. Not in a bad way. Just... unfamiliar.

I looked down at the envelope again, hoping it would help distract me. But my mind kept drifting back to him.

I fixed my gaze on the envelope at his feet, trying to gather myself. "Is that what you wanted to show me?"

Gabriel nodded, stepping forward and crouching down to pick it up. He handed it to me, not looking away.

"You need to see this," he said gently. "My spies brought it to me a few moments ago."

My lips parted in surprise. "You're helping?"

Gabriel nodded. "Yes... I told you, remember?"

"Thank you." I smiled—offering the best one I could manage.

I took the envelope with trembling hands. His fingers brushed mine, warm and brief. I inhaled sharply and pulled back. But as I opened it, my thoughts weren't only on what was inside.

They were on him.

Because for the first time in a long time, my heart skipped for someone who wasn't them.